

Gleason L. Archer

45 Mt Vernon St.

Boston, Mass.



December 1917.

Our roof "garden" in winter

Friday - December 28, 1917

Today I turn over a new leaf, without waiting for January 1st. Several times in the past I have kept a diary, but have never found a diary satisfactory. Reasons, eh? Well, I don't mind telling you confidentially, since you are to be my new accomplice in the recording of fitful and fleeting thoughts, that I do not have momentous events to record every day, nor daily thoughts worthy of imperishable record. But that is not the whole story - a diary by its daily allotment of a page of space encourages one to write a venereal twaddle to fill up that space, until one sickens of the task and lo, he is a convicted laggard with innumerable vacant pages on his conscience. On the other hand when days of momentous happenings dawn ~~and~~ or thoughts worthy of record spring up in the mind, one is limited to a single page to record them. Hence the true purpose of the diary fails. Have I not made out a case against Sir Diary and in favor of Hon. Journal, who can receive much or any day or nothing for weeks or ~~and~~? Shake - Hon. Journal, I am with you from now on. You may see me daily or once in a dog's age as I prefer. No snittings of conscience if you

please! No writing of piffle, if I can
write anything better (of which I am by
no means ~~not~~ certain).

Now let me introduce myself and the family.
I am thirty seven years old, tall, lanky, and
slightly ^(my wife, ordered me to write "slightly") stoop shouldered like my yankee ancestors. To
say one is tall, does not mean much in a world
of short statured men, so we will be specific -
my height is six feet one inch. My present
weight (after dinner) is 180 pounds. My
hair was black, is now flecked with gray
at the sides and temples, and has grown
woolens this on top. What it will be on
top, I sigh to contemplate and bethink
me of my father's bald dome. But like
the sane philosopher, I shall make the last
days of these hairs as orderly and pleasant
as possible and strive to have no regrets
when the last lingering lock drops onto
my shoulder and leaves me ~~with~~ a soft
pink complexion under my hat. As for
my eyes, they are hazel. As for my faults,
they are many, although my wife is so
blind as to disprate me on this point, except
when she is indignant with me and then she
is frank enough to agree to what I insist
right along. There is one particular, however,

in which she is quite consistent in admitting my fault - when some of the more or less charming ladies in the house across the street stage "a moving picture show" and I can see without being seen I am not averse to looking. However, I admit that it is a fault, for if ~~it were~~ ^{a man} were the star performer I should not even look up from my writing. But then men never do such funny stunts. They are matter of fact. They shave and make their toilet with haste and precision in less time than it takes some of the "negligently clad" ladies over yonder to powder their noses. Then the same females ~~also~~ differ so in ^{the mode of} ~~the~~ entertainment of their friends. One girl, who has been rather conspicuous of late but now I am glad to say has departed, was the rarest example of feminine duplicity that I ever saw. When ^{ever} a certain young man was observed in her room she was a perfect puritan and doubtless has led him to consider her a model of propriety, but perhaps on the following night she would stage a hilarious party with ^a man old enough to be her father with much drinking and

cigarette smoking. Well, Journal, you see I am trying to justify my fault by showing you how I am studying human nature through the occasional glimpses into the lighted apartments of our mysterious neighbors. But, never mind. Here's hoping that they will forever and continuously keep their shades drawn and not tempt honest folks to look at their interesting performances.

My wife, Elizabeth, is now thirty three and more beautiful today than when I married her eleven years ago. She is five feet and five inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds (but she is trying to reduce her weight, which I tell her is absurd for she is now just a plump and pleasant armful). Her hair is luxuriant, a dark brown color with a bronze tint that lends it richness in whatever light. She is sad to note a few gray hairs here and there, but is prodigiously comforted by the fact that I have more gray in my hair than there is in hers. She has brown eyes that I have always admired, a well shaped nose and a mouth that adds to her charm. But I must not forget her most striking facial characteristic-

heavy black eyebrows, much more heavy than mine. ~~How~~ How well I remember the striking picture she presented when I first met her - she was rather pale and delicate then, her skin the fairest imaginable and what with her heavy brows, her brown intelligent eyes, ~~and~~ her spiritual face, and her slender girlish grace, she was one before whom I bowed down and worshipped - and I have been doing so ever since (fully fifteen years).

Wifehood and motherhood with their joys and sorrows have done much to develop her in body, soul and mind, but she is still the same fascinating creature, full of life, vivacity, originality and above all of loving tenderness as when we came to make our home together in a poor little ill furnished flat in Roxbury, eleven years ago. She has a great passion for church going and as I write this she and her mother are at prayer meeting. Her father was a minister and she has inherited the ministerial gift. She likes to speak in public and her remarks are so witty and pungent and original that everybody takes notice when Mrs A. arises to speak. I often tell her that I always hold

my hearth while she is speaking for I never can precast what surprising thing she will say, for like all impulsive people she never measures her words and is as likely to voice some choice bit of slang in church as at home, or make some complimentary reference to me that causes my very ears to blush.

She has a very fiery little temper, but has now broken it to harness so that she rides it very well. If the tempest does burst I know that it will soon pass and she will be very repentant and loving perhaps within the hour unless my offense is really serious (and there have not been more than two or three serious misunderstandings in our married life). I will relate one typical instance that shows my dear impetuous girl in one of her harmless (and to me perfectly charming) little "storms":

I had told her a secret and fearing lest she might innocently disclose it prematurely I cautioned her to say nothing. Then came lightning and the storm - my caution was a reflection upon her judgment and she demanded an instant apology. Of course I was delighted to apologize and I did so with a sober face, but she saw a mischievous twinkle in my eye as I said it, and she

threw me into a perfect gale of laughter by instantly retorting "I refuse to accept your apology," and stamping off into the house. But a few minutes later I made so abject an apology that she forgot she was mad and laughed merrily over the affair.

Such is my charming, vivacious and wholly adorable little wife. Well, my dear Journal, I may have to apologize for giving you this little bit of gossip, but I thought you would like to know, so I am taking the chance. However, I shall be on the safe side and not let her lay hands on this book until I have sufficiently apologized.

Alas! my dear Journal, I fear I have disclosed another of my massy faults - my tendency to tease people. I was born that way and doubtless will always yield to the temptation. That reminds me - I am inordinately fond of "puns" and my wife says punning is the lowest form of wit! She is right - her mother agrees with her and they are two of the most sensible women ~~persons~~ of my acquaintance.

Now I must introduce you to our

eldest son, Allan Frost Archer. He will be ten years old January 22nd. He weighs 69 pounds and is 4 feet and seven inches tall.

Allan has a very large head covered with a bristling thatch of light brown hair. His ears are like mine in size - generous and like his mother's in sensitiveness to ~~sharp~~ sounds. He has his mother's heavy brows, and wonder of wonders - large blue eyes (he takes back to his grandparents - my father and Elizabeth's mother each have blue eyes). His nose - well his nose is an unredeemed promise as yet, but I hope it will develop as mine did when he reaches adolescence. His mouth is generous and too often stands gently ajar with some broad teeth in the ~~front~~ ground (of course I scold him a great deal and urge him to overcome the habit which he contracted when he had adenoids years ago). But he has a strong chin and a slight dimple like mine (when he was born I was greatly delighted to find two points of resemblance to his plain old dad - a dimple in his chin and a peculiar tip on his ear).

He has always been frail of body, but

exceedingly vigorous of mind. He has an unusual pertinacity for "crazes" as he calls them. Once he had the bone "craze" when he collected such quantities of bones ~~to~~ ^{from} the fields around our Woburn home that I was obliged to conduct many a secret burial of buckets of bones in my garden. He had, at a still tenderer age, a "chu-chu-car" craze when all he would say from morning to night was "chu-chu-car" ^{chu-chu-car} until he nearly drove us distracted. Thus it was with many things, for he never took up a new fad without exhausting its possibilities. Perhaps the most memorable one was when he collected an army of deceased horseshoe crabs and decorated his nursery with them. We woke up one fine ^{warm} morning with the insufferable notion that the world had become rotten during the night. But our noses told us that the world was more rotten in certain directions than others and we located the nuisance. But Allan loved them - those horseshoe crabs, with a love that passeth understanding and ^{he} lifted up his voice and "let the hissing tear

fall down" while I carted off the carcasses. Well, he has taken this same pertinacity into his education. Several years ago, I got for him the "Book of Knowledge" (20 volumes) and later the "Book of History" (12 volumes) and last summer a very entertaining geography. The way he has absorbed knowledge from these books is most gratifying. I have always had a great thirst for knowledge, but I wonder if I would have made such good use of books as he does. My tastes are more universal and I should doubtless have read more broadly and secured more indefinite results. But Allan's "crazes" keep him to one line of reading. Last winter he was absorbed with ancient Egypt and not only could he tell about the various dynasties but he could draw pictures from memory of all the chief rulers whose portraits were in the "Book of History". He even dragged his grandmother off to the public art museum to see the mummies and Egyptian relics. She tells an ~~extreme~~ interesting anecdote of that trip. They entered a room and Allan ~~said~~ exclaimed "There's the Assyrian Apollo" Sure enough it was. But one of the amusing incidents of these

days was when Allan's mother entered the room where he was - in the midst of a Napoleonic reverie. All at once he startled her by exclaiming in a voice of utmost solemnity "The dust of Centuries!"

From Egypt Allan turned to Assyria and ancient Babylon and for the last few months he has been absorbed with China and Japan. These changes are all reflected in his drawing, in which he is passionately fond and in which he has developed wonderful skill for a child.

Needless to say Allan is considered "queen" by his playmates. He overwhelms them with information and startles them with big words. Games are not to his liking, but I do get him to use the boxing gloves with me. I wear one glove and sit in a chair and defend myself from violent lunges of Allan and his sister. He likes to go fishing with me when we are in the country. Many the pleasant trip we have had together during the past summer and he looks forward to going out deep-sea fishing for codfish. Doubtless he will go next summer.

The fourth member of our household is our only daughter, Marian Glenn, aged seven years. She is tall for her age, but as she ~~eats~~ eats very little does not accumulate much flesh. In appearance she is quite like her mother. Her eyes are ^{like hers} brown, but of a darker shade. Her eyebrows are like mine and her forehead is rounded and almost bulging. Her hair is almost black and will be very beautiful, for it has the same brilliant quality of her mother's. Her face is still in the stage of babyhood except for her ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth} which is quite grown up - she has a wide grin like mine and a round chin like her mother's. She has always had difficulty in the pronunciation of words - being unable to sound the letters "s", "t" and "d" - which results in a language all her own. Unlike Allan she has no "crazes" but does lend her support to some of his strange games. They have a game that they have played for years called "Teeny" in which the chief characters are "teddy bears"; Allan furnishing the voice for one bear and Marian for the other, the said voices being their squeals guaranteed to drive the innocent listener frantic in a very short time. For a time I placed a

ban on the squeal and imprisoned the "teddy bears" whenever I heard the nerve distracting squeals, so these children have learned to moderate their "teerney" voices and now play with impunity.

But the relations of Allan and Marian are not all playful - until recently they fought like cats and dogs (when they weren't playing "teerney"). Scolding did no good. We tried all manner of punishment. Finally in desperation about six weeks ago I procured a wide strap of battleship lineoleum with which to "strap" their hands whenever they fought. They were greatly alarmed at the advent of the strap (which we named "Nancy") for I announced that whenever they fought thereafter both of them would get the same punishment irrespective of how the fight started. The remedy worked a complete reform, and has been applied only on very few occasions.

It is very hard to determine who is in the right in their squabbles - Marian is full of mischief and inclined to appropriate Allan's belongings, while

Allan is absurdly jealous of Marian and inclined to attempt to boss her.

But "Nancy" hangs on a nail in the dining room, like the sword of Damocles, and teaches them self control and suppresses peace by the recollection of her red hot kisses on their palms.

Marian's "nerve" is well illustrated by the following incident. I chanced to see the children in a rough and tumble fight (conducted in grim silence for fear of Nancy) and demanded an explanation.

"Well", explained Marian, releasing her grip on something, "I was only trying to make Allan loan me his crayons."

I could not restrain my mirth at this strenuous way of suppressing a loan and the result was that I purchased daughter some crayons of her own.

She is a great girl to play games and promises to be athletic. She has a very annoying habit of whirling around - it makes me dizzy to look ^{at her} at such times, and I tell her that her hair will turn into a scrambled egg. She also has a very barbaric taste for decking herself in all sorts of rags, and padding around

the horse - but that is of course the eternal feminine desire for advancement not yet trained nor subdued by culture.

Both children go to school to their grandmother Snyder and do very well for the limited time actually devoted to study. Marian is quicker than Allan in some things. Strangely enough, she takes after me in an aptitude for mathematics while Allan follows his mother's disinclination in that field of education.

The fifth member of our household is the baby - Gleason L. Archer, Jr. - one of the handsomest and brightest little cherubs that were breathed. ~~He~~ ^{He} is ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~eighteen~~ ^{eighteen} months old, plump and rosy, blue eyed and fair haired. His dotting mother insists that his hair is curly (that is one of her ambitions hitherto unrealized in her children because my hair is so straight - I come of a straight haired race) but frankly my dear Journal I fail to see what she so fondly imagines. To be sure his long fluffy hair does bend in toward his neck, but when it is once barbed it will be as straight and uncompromising as mine.

Son is a very active little man - he has walked since he was ten months old. Since he is ^{nearly} as wide as he is tall, he presents a cute picture as he trots around the house. He has learned to amuse himself and plays by himself upstairs every forenoon. We live on the fourth floor and use the chambers above for sleeping rooms. I have put up a gate in the corridor, so Junior has the range of the two front rooms. He plays ball a good deal - will throw the ball across the room and ~~run~~ chase it with merry laughter. Such an appetite he has! And when he has eaten he runs straight to the sink and squeals until he is treated to a drizzle of water.

He does ^{not} talk very much yet, although I verily believe he can ~~say~~ talk if he chooses, for occasionally when he feels like it he surprises us by throwing out a full grown sentence. For instance a few days ago he succeeded in pulling the switch and lighting an electric light and he cried out in triumph "See what I did!" Another time I made some noise that pleased him and when I

had repeated it as an encore until I was tired and stopped, he cried out "Why don't you say it again?" His grandmother is so sceptical as to refuse to believe that he actually said this - claiming that it was my imagination that gave his words an intelligent interpretation - as though a father could be mistaken in his son's language!

Now, my dear Journal, I have introduced you to the entire Archer family. We have no regular maid. My wife's servants are an electric washing machine and a dishwasher (one-boy power). To be sure she has a woman, Sarah Bailey by name, who comes in two days a week to do the washing, ironing and housecleaning. Sarah is short, squat, square and swarthy with a broad British brogue hard indeed to understand. But she is an industrious little body and gives excellent service. She also works for the school.

Perhaps I will be pardoned by the good folks downstairs if I tell you ever so little

about them. Elizabeth's father and mother live on the floor below and are a great comfort to us all.

Father Snyder is Assistant Treasurer of the school and also superintendent of this building. His presence is an immense help to me, for everything he undertakes is done as well as it can be done, and I have no cares in his department. He is a strong vigorous man - gray unattached heavy bearded and gray haired, built upon curves rather than angles. Handling money is a keen delight to him and I am sure he takes more pleasure in his "treasury cage" downstairs than when he is stoking the furnace or sifting ashes, all of which he does with equal efficiency. He never gets ruffled except when the boys thoughtlessly hold the door open of a cold night and the arctic blast congeals his marrow as he sits in his "cage". Then he lifts up his voice which grows more and more commanding every time he repeats the request to "Close that door". The students hasten to comply for he has been known to make a dramatic

exit from his cage to surpise his commands. He is a regular devotee of the stock market and sallies forth twice a day and returns serenely noon and night. At such times when I encounter him on the street and notice his abstracted and reminescent smile I cannot help being pleased that he derives so much pleasure from what to some men of less poise is a dangerous venture. Gambling and plunging are not in his makeup. He pursues it as a calm business venture in safe investments.

What shall I say of Mother Snyder, except that she is the mother of my wife and resembles her in many ways? She is surely the best mother-in-law that ever lived and the best grandmother to my dear children. She is school mistress to Allan and Marian (we had originally thought of hiring a tutor to come in, but it was infinitely better to hire her to act). She is full of the spirit of youth - enthusiastic and always game for a "hike" with the kids. That is why she has

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continued slender and girlish in form so that nobody would dare to call her an old lady merely because she is grandmother of a boy who stands as tall as Allan. She takes great delight in meetings and lectures. Why she will sit through a long program of speech-making that would bore me to death and she ~~would~~ enjoy it. All in all she is a very wide awake damsel!

Here I pause. Introductions are over and I am free to ramble all over the lot - to kick up my heels in sheer joy of freedom. Which reminds me what a contradictory chap I am.

* I am always setting myself a task such as writing a book - being driven to death with pressure of the task after it is begun - sighing for the freedom that will come when I have finished it - and then when the task is over and freedom attained I straightway start something else equally difficult. Is this what the poets call the "divine unrest" - the eternal urge of the creative instinct

that god has given to man? Well, it is something that I cannot understand and rarely attempt to analyze. When I was a youngster some of my candid relatives branded me as lazy - and physically it was so - but mentally I was ever on the alert. Certainly I cannot be accused of laziness mentally when my "think-factory" is so constantly running full tilt. Now for instance when I ought to be abed (11:20 P.M.) I am still impelled to clear up my mental clutter and complete this fragmentary thought before closing for the night. But I must end ~~such~~ unprofitable musing and close this day before another begins - which I now do, this third day of January 1918 (you see I have been several days at odd moments writing the foregoing matter).

Friday Jan 4, 1918.

For exactly a week we have been having the most remarkable spell of cold weather that I ever experienced in Boston. It has eclipsed all previous records of the local weather bureau, the temperature remaining below zero a large part of the time. Even with an abundance of coal we have kept warm with difficulty, and some of the lecture halls have been too cold for use - the classes have been accommodated in the library. Monday and Tuesday evening I lectured with my overcoat on and advised all my students to wear their overcoats.

But the irony of the situation lies in the fact that there has been ^{and still is} a great coal famine in Boston and all over the State. Coal is simply unobtainable at any price. The Puritan dinstype, the printers who are at work on my new book on Equity have shut down because unable to procure coal, and this is typical of the situation generally. Even the courts of Suffolk County are closed for lack of heat. The suffering of the poorer classes who customarily purchase coal in small lots is of course intense - God help them. The Federal Government, fortunately has just taken

over the railroads as a war measure and Secretary McAdoo the director is adopting drastic measures to rush coal to New England. The coal shipments by water which should be here are ice bound - Boston harbor itself is closed up with ice.

One of our sailor lads told me tonight that the ice was more than a foot thick in the harbor.

Well my dear Journal the past week has made history that will be recalled by the old graybeards of 1980 as a sample of winters of old times, just as the old folks of our own time have until now boasted that the winters of their childhood were vastly different from modern weather. I fancy that nature changes little in the roll of centuries. But human beings change and lack wisdom to recognize that it is their own change that accounts for much of the difference between old times and new. The exceptional ~~cool~~ cold or the exceptional death is remembered as the regular thing. In my own case I remember

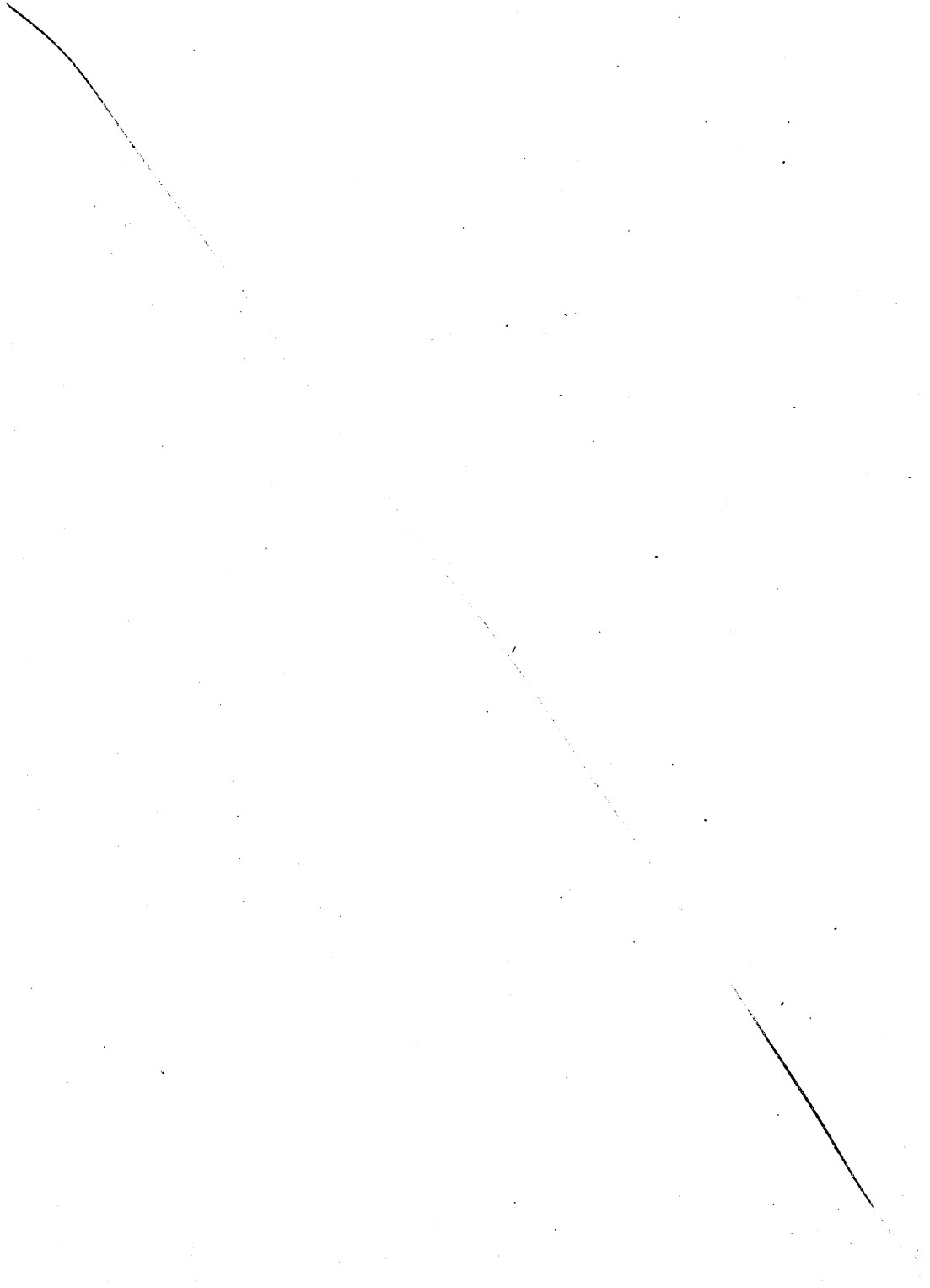
perfectly mountainous drifts of 3000
 or 4000 feet - except that I could
 easily fancy them to have been twenty
 feet deep except that I realize that I
 was a tiny lad and a six foot drift
 would look vast indeed to me then
 just as a man looked gigantic to
 my childish standard of measure.

But however true may be to the
 impression and recollection of personal
 events, it cannot magnify unduly
 the ~~importance~~ historical significance
 of these passing days and months of the
 world war.

Wednesday, Jan 18, 1918

* The country has been thrown into consternation by an order of Fuel Commissioner Garfield announcing a five day suspension of business and every Monday for the next ten weeks as a legal holiday - to conserve fuel. While the fuel shortage has been serious and in some cases resulting in great suffering to the poor, it has never impressed the people hereabouts as requiring such drastic action. While the full order is not yet public it seemingly calls for the closing of all industries; the prudent business with an abundant supply of coal being denied the right to use it and even the establishments depending upon waterpower being closed with the others. Millions of men will lose a portion of their wages and business will suffer losses of many millions to save a few thousand dollars worth of coal. I jokingly characterized the order to my wife this morning as resembling ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ wisdom ~~of~~ cutting off a man's head to save wear and tear on his collar button. However, I may totally misapprehend the situation and Garfield may be right. At present I can't see why I should close the school Mondays when we have enough coal to last us

x not actually ordered.



all winter and the building must be heated as usual because of its occupants.

But this^{is} time, capital and labor are united in one mighty protest. The senate of U.S. has already started action to hold up the order.

The war still drags out its weary length. The Germans and Russians are still negotiating for a separate peace. Meantime German soldiers are being withdrawn from the Russian front and massed on the west for a mighty offensive against the allies. Our own soldiers are being hurried across to France, while our training camps are running full blast with the newly conscripted men to prepare them for the grime work of the future.

The war is touching all of us in an intimate way. Nearly a hundred students from Suffolk Law school are in the service and school revenues have shrunk considerably. If the war continues for years, as I fear it may, it will tax my financial qualities to keep the school running smoothly but I have complete faith

in the vitality of the institution.

But the war comes home to us every time we go to market - the high prices of food and the inability to buy sugar at the stores is grim evidence of war.

Then too soldiers and sailors are seen on every street, home on furloughs and held in higher esteem than at any time for twenty years. This is no mere hysterical appraisal in a time of war, but proceeds from a knowledge that our new universal conscription law has gathered up for army and navy the choicest multitude of young men that ever wore uniform.

It is grand to live in such days of sacrifice for an ideal. How immeasurably the nation has advanced for the better during the past nine months. The great reforms that have started with every prospect of success are worth all the agony and stress of war. We are united in the great adventure and full of zeal and faith that we may win the war and deal a death blow to militarism and to lust of conquest by a savage people.

June 18, 1918.

The Garfield order is explained more fully today by a statement which he made to the Senate committee yesterday and I am convinced that there is some justification beyond what I had thought possible. It seems there is such a shortage of coal that ships cannot sail with supplies for the allies and our troops, and the congestion of railroad traffic increases daily because of the overproduction of goods that are loaded at factories and not able to be moved. Closing one day a week will slow down this production and enable the railroads to clear up the congestion. If these things are true, Garfield's order is a far sighted piece of statecraft and will save us from "national apoplexy" due to congestion of traffic in the arteries of trade.

But my dear Journal, what a mighty howl is going up all over the country. An insistent demand for Garfield's removal is being made and even the President is being abused no end.

By the way, ~~the~~ it now transpires that the order does not close plants run by water power as the papers were saying last night. Neither does it close schools, which relieves me of some embarrassment.

Today I arranged a new lecture program based on the supposed Monday closing order but delayed giving it to the press until tonight when the weekend news came from Washington that schools were not included.

I attended a "men's supper" at the Temple Street Church last evening. There is a project to start a men's club. I was chosen one of a committee to draft a constitution. The chief speaker of the evening was a young man named Crane, newly returned from Yucca work in France. He gave us a vivid picture of conditions "over there" - a very sensible and high minded young man he was and his experiences and observations were inspiring to us all.

The senior bar review started this week. I pulled an inscription in the senior class last week based on their reluctance to take the review and they have responded now almost to a man, which is very gratifying to me. I realize more fully than they do how much they need this summing up of their four years' work.

And now I may as well confess it:

I am at work on another law book, "Evidence". So before Equity is out, the keel of the new ship is laid and work begun. Such is life and thus I spend my vacations. I started it January 4th, that is to say I started to work out the outline and began to write one week ago today (the 11th) I now have about thirty pages of text.

Sunday, Jan 20, 1918.

A cold but sunshiny day. Elizabeth, Allan, and Marian are at church. I am taking care of baby Gleason and incidentally doing the housework - sweeping, washing dishes, peeling potatoes, etc. Have been struggling with a cold for a week and it is now in my bronchial tubes. Whether it will yet free me to take my bed is uncertain. Remedies of many kinds have had little effect - but I have hopes that nature itself will effect a speedy cure.

Monday, Jan 21, 1918

Abed today with bronchitis, but not very ill. The morning paper and Tennyson's poems have beguiled away an hour or more. I now turn to you my dear Journal for assistance in the passing of this day, but the dull

roaring in my ears warns me that what I now write will be of little worth and ~~the~~ perhaps had better remain unwritten.

What a seductive thing is memory of past events! What pictures it can paint of bygone felicity - days of warm sunshine at our country home, with green fields and blossoms of golden dandelion and the orchard full of dazzling white or warm pink among the green newly unfolded leaves. Even the busy murmur of the bees lives on in memory and the glad shouts of childish voices from the swing echo as they did ~~and~~ on the slumberous Sunday afternoons when my love and I sat on our screened porch and read in turn from some romance of long ago. Truly a happy remembrance of happy days, but yet I know full well that memory has idealized the picture by conveniently forgetting the petty worries and the petty unrest that followed hard upon our minds even in our elysium. The children ^{perchance} would quarrel and I must go to right their wrongs and punish the offender. The baby too would wake and wail in his room and my love must lay ~~the~~ aside the book and minister to his needs. We would settle down again and ask the ^{smiling} ~~question~~ ^{question}

"How long this time?"

But life is full of jutting cares and constant duties that often blind one's eyes to the great blessings and the golden hours when they come to us in the course of life. Then it is memory that paints in warm tints the glory that has passed. Thus we know its value. Thus summer days seem fairest when winter rages fiercest about us, and like fickle creatures that we are winter's calm peace and fairland of snow-cad hills and fields and snow-~~covered~~^{glad} forest seem most ~~a~~ enchanting when we bow beneath the searhing breath of some mid summer day.

All this is the work of memory - the master magician of human life. But should this not teach us all ~~that~~ to grow more appreciative of present joys, ~~and~~ to set aside the trivial and petty that blind the eyes to the great and enduring ^{things} that memory snatches up and presents to us later on. With wonder we recognize the scene and the experience and with a sigh we recall the words of the old song
 "Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweetvoiced bird is flown."
 Therefore, I am resolved to appraise life

more fairly, not merely in the future (good resolutions are usually proffered in their effect) but now!

How trifling is my present illness, as compared with the manifold blessings that encompass me this day. Headache and cough and obstructed breathing are not things that men care for and in future days I may well look back to the picture of myself ^{writing this,} propped up with pillows in the bed in my study; sunshine streaming in the window; my dear wife nearby and the sound of toddling feet on the floor above, not to mention the continuous murmur of voices from Allan and Marian playing "Jeany" in the back room. This day and these surroundings are materials of happiness - of present happiness. Well I know that when these dear busy children have grown up and left the home nest to make their own homes and fulfill their separate destinies my love and I will treasure these days - forgetting the petty cares and worries of every day.

Thursday Jan 31, 1918

On the day following the last entry in this Journal I received a most disquieting surprise. My illness having become worse we called Dr Francis H. MacCarthy and he made a very thorough examination of my lungs. ~~He~~ He declared that my left lung was affected, whether by bronchitis or tuberculosis he could not then determine. Elizabeth was greatly worried and while the report staggered me I had no fear that I could ^{not} overcome the disease, even if I had it. But I had no temperature - a favorable sign. In fact I have had no temperature since and my lungs have cleared up. Yesterday I went to Dr James E. Prior, my regular physician, and asked for a very careful examination of the lungs. He pronounced them absolutely sound and declared that they would score 97%. I shall see Dr MacCarthy again, but am convinced that he will have to admit that Dr Prior's recent ^{decision} ~~examination~~ is correct. I am of course very happy to have the nightmare of tuberculosis removed from our happy fireside.

The world war furnishes us new sensations every day. ~~At~~ A persistent report of a great peace strike in Germany in which a

Million workers are participating, is going the rounds just now. I pray God it may be true. Surely of this horrible war can be brought to a close by an internal revolution in the Kingdom of the Arch-Fiend who is ^{all but} destroying Christendom it would be a blessing of first magnitude.

If this pregnant rumor proves true the world will have cause to bless Trotsky and Lenin, the Russian "dreamers" ~~that~~ ^{whom} we were all exulting a few weeks ago. After overthrowing the vacillating Kerensky they opened peace negotiations with Germany, and the whole transaction seemed so much like German propaganda and Trotsky and Lenin so much like traitors that universal execration was the order of the day. But when the peace parleys developed and Trotsky stood up against German demands it sounded too good to be true. Then Germany unmasked and demanded immense territories as the price of peace. Trotsky defied the German agents. But now that the villainous designs of Germany are known to the world it gives an impetus to social unrest among the

slaying masses of Germany and teaches them that the ^{pious} boasted war of defense of the "Fatherland" is in reality a brutal war of conquest. God speed the day when the light of reason penetrates the thick skulls of the German people.

Sunday February 3, 1918.

Elizabeth and I joined the First Methodist Church today, having taken out our membership letter from Park Street church. While my personal religious belief is Unitarian, yet for Elizabeth's sake I have always attended Congregational or Methodist churches. I do not believe in families ~~attending~~ separating at the church door and certainly my belief is broad enough to include all denominations that are doing God's work in the world, so it is my duty to attend her church rather than one more in conformity with my own creeds. Then too Temple Street church has a new pastor Rev Wm M Gilbert who is a splendid wide awake man, full of zeal to remedy deplorable conditions that exist on Beacon Hill. For this reason my support is glad and spontaneous.

Wednesday Feb 13, 1918

The Russian armies have been ordered demobilized and the present rulers of Russia have concluded to quit the war. Whether they have signed a peace treaty with Germany does not yet appear. But for some months Germany has been transferring troops from the eastern front to the western, in preparation for a great drive which will doubtless start soon. Pres. Wilson has ^{recently} restated our peace terms and Lloyd-Gorge has voiced England's claims. There is a rumor that the Pope has asked Austria to hearken to Wilson's terms, but of this we are not certain. There is strong evidence that the people of Austria Hungary are eager for peace, but I am not very optimistic at the outlook for peace. Germany in her arrogance looks forward to the spring campaign as one of smashing victory for the central powers and even we must admit that the outlook for the Allies is grave, so we cannot expect Germany or Austria to make peace until the spring campaign has written itself into history.

To my mind our only hope of an early peace lies in ~~allied~~ success of the allies this spring. It is admittedly difficult

for an entrenched army to be dislodged. The attacking army must suffer frightful losses. If Germany attacks, undergoes great slaughter and fails, I look for a popular revolution in Hungary and perhaps Austria (and possibly in Germany itself), but if she wins victories and makes any considerable advance into French territory the war party will be able to smother unrest among the people and the war will drag on for weary years, until America can bring up force enough to turn the tide. Germany cannot win without conquering the world and she has reached the limit of her man power already, so the war will last until the military party in Germany is overthrown from within or crushed in battle.

It is evening and I have been keeping house while Elizabeth and her mother attend a church social at the Temple Street church. Allan and Marian have gone to bed but baby Gleason is on the floor at my feet making various cunning remarks and chuckling when I look down at him.

He has been amusing himself ever since I began to write by kicking my foot ~~and~~ regardless of the effect of such conduct upon the legibility of my penmanship. ^(I am writing on my knee) He has such a merry laugh and such a mouthful of gleaming white teeth that it is worth while to play with him. If I do not look as often as he thinks I should, he will exclaim "Papa - see," and follow it up with an unintelligible sentence that must be very funny for he laughs at it immoderately.

I went to Norwell today, for it was quite warm and springlike - a most welcome change from the frigid weather of the past six weeks. I was surprised to find very little snow in my orchard and grounds. There was too much water and slush in my wood lot to admit of working there as I had planned, so I returned to Boston on the noon train.

The spring fever has already laid violent hands upon me. I have ordered quite a lot of fruit trees and berries for planting this spring and have this evening planted celery and tomato seeds in flower pots in the house at

45 Mt Vernon street.

Wednesday Feb 20, 1918.

The latest development of the war must indeed come as a shock to the socialist dreamers of Russia and elsewhere who have clung to the belief that soft words and non-resistance would so appeal to the chivalry and honor (!!) of Germany that the war must ~~then~~ immediately end.

One week ago I recorded the fact that the Russian army had been ordered demobilized. Today I must record the report that German armies are overrunning Russia on a five hundred mile front. Perhaps Russia has been knowingly betrayed into their hands, but it is a sad spectacle ^{see} to the largest empire in the world being gobbled up by the war-mad "huns." This will doubtless ~~increase~~ lengthen the war if the allies persist in crushing Germany's military power. I should not be surprised however to see Germany sue for peace after she has taken all the territory in Russia that she desires. Perhaps she will restore the Czar. But at any rate a tremendous event is coming forth from the womb of time.

Sunday, Feb 24, 1918

I am trying a fascinating experiment. For a long time I have not written any fiction, and whenever I have it has been with a carefully prepared plot. Last Thursday as I was writing on my law book and not very enthusiastically, the impulse came over me to try my hand at fiction for an hour or so.

I drew out a blank sheet of paper and ~~with~~ ^{without} the slightest vestige of a plot I began to describe my hero as he took form in my mind. I took the name from the telephone directory by joining together a sir name from one place and an alliterative Christian name from another column. The name selected was "Robert Rand" and the story I now call "Far from the Maddening Boys." I follow where my pen leads me and am free to confess that the new scheme has produced a better story than I ever wrote before.

March 1, 1918

I completed the story today and am well pleased with the result. It ends in a big surprise and one which I had not contemplated. Mother Snyder guessed the ending originally designed so about midway of the story I made a radically different solution.

My new text book on "Equity and Trusts" came from the bindery today and pleases me greatly. The mechanical execution is good and it is bound handsomely.

Sunday March 10, 1918

For some days there have been rumors of a new uprising in Russia due to the signing of a shameful peace treaty by the Bolsheviki, and the fact that the Germans, disregarding even this, continue their invasion of the country. The announcement is now made that Trotsky has been forced to resign and Lenin is likely to meet a similar fate.

There are disturbing rumors that thousands of German prisoners in Siberia have been armed (with the connivance of the Bolsheviki) and are likely to assist in subjugating Russian dominions which

A project is afoot for the Japs to invade Siberia to counteract the German invasion. I am afraid of the result, for I seriously doubt Japan's honor and fear that having gained large territories in Siberia she will form an alliance with Germany to partition the vast surplus between them and hold the same in defiance of other nations. Brutal and without honor as the unspeakable Germans are they are yet white men and for that reason would not annihilate the white race as the Japs would perhaps do if they had the power. Truly these days in which we live are the most momentous ever known to the children of men. Three continents are already battle grounds. I should not be greatly surprised to see armed conflict in North and South America before the war is over. The world cannot be conquered by Germany as things stand, nor can Germany be crushed after the Russian collapse except by years of conflict.

Although I realize the futility of prediction of events yet ^{for} the sake of comparison with actual facts later on I will make the following forecast of the war during the next few months.

The reawakening of war spirit in despairing

Russia will I believe hamper the march of conquest of the German army. But I believe the German land that will be so far divested from France and Belgium that to the fertile, ^{mammouth,} and defenseless provinces of Russia that the much heralded western drive will not be launched. I believe the Germans will stand stubbornly at bay on the west front ~~and~~ to hold off the allies until they have gobbled up all they desire of Russia and have begun to derive support for their war programme from the minerals and agriculture of the captured provinces.

Japan will doubtless invade Siberia and add new problems to our world war.

I look for violent offensives to be launched by the allies in Belgium and France, with the result of forcing the Germans back to new lines but probably not beyond the French border.

Now that I have thus committed myself to prophecy we will soon see what a poor prophet I am. The only way I can save my reputation as a seer is doubtless to prophesy that none of my ^{previous} ~~the~~ prophecies will come true - but this I disdain to do. Now my dear Journal bring on your history and the swift march of events.

Sunday March 24, 1918.

In my last entry I made a prophecy that the German drive in the west would not take place and thus early my prophecy seems to have failed, for what appears to be one of the titanic struggles of the war is now in progress. The German hordes are flinging themselves in fury against the English troops in the Cambrian section - have captured many prisoners and forced the English back for several miles. They have not broken through for grand Johnny Bull is fighting savagely and well. A most astounding report came out last night that Paris was being bombarded.

I had been in Nowell during the day and when I passed up Summer street the newsboys were yelling, on every hand, "Paris Bombarded". People looked unusually sober and the Saturday afternoon gaiety was very little in evidence. I am sure I felt sober enough. The news ~~that~~ of German success and the portentous fact that Paris was under fire came to me as a shock.

⊙ Deep dejection and the feeling that God had forgotten the world in allowing such bloody monsters to overcome the entrenched possessors of champions of liberty and righteousness.

were the first thoughts that came thronging to my mind, but before I had reached the school my faith in the eventual triumph of the highest principles over the archaic bloodletting passions of brutal conquest had returned.

As I look back to the events of one year ago and realize how my mental attitude has changed it seems that I was then in a cloud of darkness concerning the ~~world~~ world menace of the unspeakable Hun. I judged them by the standards of our own day in America and when atrocities, ~~and~~ unthinkable dishonor and hypocrisy were alleged against them I refused to believe. I felt that the real facts were being withheld and that ~~we~~ ^{we} were the objects of designing propaganda. I even felt that our wise and good President was being misled into unwarranted hostility to Germany. But I was ~~altogether~~ utterly wrong and my only consolation for so grievous an error is that the virtuous and honorable cause, without the facts before them, conceive the depths of wickedness and dishonor ^{to which} ~~that~~ other men may ~~descend~~ descend. It is ~~only~~ ^{usually} the ignoble who are ever ready to see evil everywhere. This lesson, however, should

teach me humility and disabuse me of the foolish and arrogant notion that my judgment without knowing the facts is a safe guide in any important matter of life. Even the militarists whom I had denounced were wiser than I. As a statesman I am a very successful law school executive.

What has transpired to change my view of the Germans? A variety of things - a grim harvest of unassailable proof of German villainy. Ambassador Gerard's revelations, the proofs of the deliberate precipitation of the war by Germany; the exposure of German plots against us and the shameless way in which Russia was despoiled even after peace had been made - these are some of the things. But I was astounded some weeks ago when I attempted to read some of Grimm's fairy tales to the children to find in them the most fiendish crimes and most unspeakable perfidy held up as ideals for innocent children. This gave me a great light upon the German problem. The Germans from the cradle are taught by precept and example the code of Attila of old and they become scientific, ~~proving~~ ^{proving} ~~human~~ ^{moral} degenerates. God grant that the world may never rest until this black

cancer is cut out of the flesh of Christendom!

Monday, March 25, '18

The great battle is still raging. The British are making a wonderful stand and the French are making troops to the scene. The tide of battle sways from one side to the other in a manner that is as confusing to ~~us~~ ~~in America~~ ~~as~~ as can well be imagined.

Two days they say must elapse before the turning point can be expected for the German hordes are being poured into the breach as fast as possible and the crest of their strength cannot be reached for forty eight hours. Meantime we can only wait and pray that the awful carnage may leave the allies steadfast and strong - the champions of all that makes civilization great.

Elizabeth and daughter Marian went to Manchester N.H. on the 12:30 train today and to visit E's sister Mrs C.S. Osgood. Allan and Junior are at home. With grandma's help I shall take care of them. Junior was very entertaining and sweet tempered (as usual) this evening. He and I had a very jolly race around the roof garden and he afterward played very happily

until bed time. I "chased him" successfully and put him to bed.

Today I had a very gratifying letter from President Geo C Chase of Bates College congratulating me on my two articles in the last number of the Register "Lincoln and Bacon - a contrast" and "What makes great men great." His comment was "In these articles you have presented a fundamental truth with decided effectiveness. I wish that every student at Bates could make character as you have sketched it in these articles the great aim of his efforts."

Wednesday, March 27, 1918

I have several causes for rejoicing. First, the House of Representatives of Massachusetts yesterday afternoon passed by a large majority the amendment to the Federal Constitution for National Prohibition. The measure is by no means safe for the Senate is said to be doubtful. The chances seem to be even that Massachusetts will be the eleventh state to ratify the amendment. If national Prohibition can result from the great war (which unquestionably has brought about the wonderful change of sentiment on the liquor question) the world calamity will not have been in vain.

My second cause for rejoicing is the cheering news from the battle front after six days of ~~unparalleled~~ unparalleled carnage, in which it is estimated that 400,000 Germans have been slain, the British line holds together although losing ground daily.

The German drive is slowing up. Such a reckless ~~loss~~ ^{sacrifice} of ~~life~~ has never been witnessed since the world began. ~~The~~ Changes in solid formation have furnished the British machine gunners living targets to be mown down like grain until the guns refused to work because of the heat of incessant firing. The German strategy seems to have been to roll wave after wave of soldiers into martyrdom until the British gunners were unable to continue shooting - and must retreat. And Kaiser Bill sends messages of thanksgiving to Berlin telling how God is fighting for Friend Bill!

It is reported that the Allies have a powerful reserve army ready to strike the German hordes at the psychological moment. I hope that the British retreat may result in entrapping the German Army and capturing the

survivors of the "big push".

News comes also of German reverses in Russia - that Odessa has been recaptured by the Russians. An allied drive in Italy is also reported.

It may be that my present state of mind is a natural reaction from the shock of the first results of the German drive, but I am now very free from worry. I feel that the end of the war is possible before 1919. A great German disaster in France will cause tumultuous events in Germany itself and perhaps overthrow the mad gang that ~~are~~ are crucifying the Christian world. God grant that that disaster may even now be impending.

A happy postal from my Darling today tells me that she and Maaran are enjoying their vacations. I spent the day very ~~busily~~ busily in Nowell (leaving Grandma in charge of the children).

I did not mention that more than a month ago I started tomato and ~~celery~~ celery plants in flower pots. They came along quite well but the mice (hauling for spring I suppose) ate up the tender plants. So a week ago tonight I started a new lot.

They are coming up well and I am taking special precautions to protect them from noise.

Thursday, March 28, 18

Lloyd George has appealed to America to hurry troops across with utmost speed. But the war situation is much the same as yesterday. The English are holding the Germans and have recaptured several towns. It is reported that the Germans are turning their attention to the French lines. Every day of delay is a gain for the allies for it enables them to bring up reserves and additional supplies as well as affords our own troops ^{time} to get into the fray.

Sunday March 31, 1918

This is indeed a happy Easter Sunday for me - the fifth since Governor Foss perpetrated his famous "Easter" joke. The latest cause for happiness, added to those innumerable causes that have long operated in my life, is the astounding news that I received through the mail last evening upon my return from Nowell. A law school in Japan has adopted my book on Jutsu for classroom

use and has sent an initial order for one hundred copies to be shipped at once. The law school in question (order through a New York firm with no disclosure of name) is undoubtedly the "Imperial University of Tokyo" for a professor of law from that school visited in America two years ago and attended Suffolk Law School for a time being much interested in our methods of teaching. I think he bought my books on Contracts and Agency at that time - Torts ~~not~~ being then in preparation.

The honor of having my book chosen for use in a foreign land after an impartial investigation by the earnest little yellow man is one of which I am deeply conscious. Torts having been published by me personally and never having been advertised has acted as its own salesman and this ~~success~~ triumph should lead to others.

Yesterday I was in Nowell and went through a strenuous and exciting experience. While burning brush in my woodlot with a neighbor to help me the fire got beyond our control and went roaring into the woods. I fought it desperately until I was near

collapse and my wrists and hands lacerated by briars. Then I was obliged to confess defeat and call the fire department. They came very promptly and with chemical extinguishers put out the ~~flame~~ roaring fury as it licked up the underbrush. It did no damage for it really burned only the briar jungle that has bothered so. Unfortunately they put it out before it had burned all the jungle. However, what it did burn is so much gained.

This day marks an epoch in American history for it is the day when the new daylight saving plan is put into effect - all time pieces have been set ahead one hour. We set ours ahead a bedtime last night. I am glad of the ~~plan~~ change. It will save electricity, gas and oil used in illuminating homes at night, and send the nation to bed an hour earlier than would otherwise be the case.

The great struggle in Flanders is much as it has been for some days - furious fighting

Sunday April 7, 1918

Yesterday was the anniversary of our formal entry into the great war. Although a modest parade was scheduled for the celebration as well as for the beginning of the third Liberty Loan drive I felt it to be my duty to go to Norwell and prepare for my "war garden" rather than be an idle spectator in Boston. So I put in a busy day on the "farm" turning brush, digging a trench for my sweet peas and working on the strawberry bed in which green leaves are beginning to appear. I dug the trench on the north west side of the house along the piazza and because it is so shady the spring sunshine had not banished the frost, so when I had penetrated the soil eight inches or so I encountered frozen ground. Leaving it exposed for a few hours had some effect and in the afternoon I chopped it out with a heavy grub ~~hoe~~ hoe and filled the trench with a rich mixture of soil and manure and planted the peas.

While riding down in the morning I had written some for amusement ~~etc~~ but when I returned was too tired. Reaching Boston at 5:30 P.M. I thought the celebration would have long since ceased. But the parade was still in progress and Summer Street was

jammed with people. I had left an order
 for a roe shad with a fish market about half
 way up the street and it was therefore
 necessary to reach the market. But the
 density of the crowd made progress
 exceedingly difficult. I would alternately
 watch the parade and work my way
 forward. ~~Finally~~ A passage was being
 kept open (a foot wide) for a constant stream
 of people going toward the south station. One
 could tell without looking the size of the
 person who passed in the endless chain - the
 large party increasing the pressure and
 the slim person releasing it. I worked up
 against this current, followed by two or
 three less husky mortals, slipping forward
 where the pressure was least but ~~held back~~
^{impeded} always by the dragging anchor of my leather
 hand bag. The crowd was goodnatured and
 took pressure and jostle as a part of the
 programme. The music was inspiring
 and the gay uniforms of the young
 lady bank clerks as they swung along
 in admirable military formation, bearing
 flags, pennants and placards, made the
 part of the parade I saw well worth the
 seeing.

But when I reached a point where a policeman

was staided in a mammoth crush I was informed by this functionary that there was no passing that point. So I made a detour around a ~~side~~ side street and swung back into Church Green where a "first aid tent" stood. I worked my way into the "channel" again and soon gained the fish market. My journey up the balance of the way to the Common was much as before indicated. A break in the parade enabled me to get across the street to a drug store to execute a commission for my wife and I proceeded up Park Street to Beacon where for a few minutes I feared that I must remain for hours with that surdless parade which was swinging past the State House cutting me off from home. Finally I appealed to a good natured looking policeman, and he told me that if I would wait until the first break in the parade it would perhaps be possible. Five minutes later I was facing my way through the dense throng on the Bowdoin street side. I reached home more than an hour after leaving the South Station.

Today I am at home with the baby while Elizabeth and the children are at church

The endless battle in France still continues, with slight German gains. But we are all hopeful of victory in the present drive and sure of the ultimate result. President Wilson made a notable speech at Baltimore yesterday. I believe Wilson will go down in history as one of the very greatest Presidents we have ever had. Great as was the task of Lincoln, Wilson's task is ~~so~~ vastly greater. The measure of the man will of course depend upon how well he carries these burdens to the day of victory. Certain it is that the same principles for which Washington and Lincoln gave the best efforts of their lives now animate us in this war. We are pouring out lives and treasure without thought of conquest, or revenge, or any of the ignoble purposes that have animated so many nations in other times of war, but simply and solely that freedom may continue a common heritage of mankind.

German despotism is I believe waging the death struggle of, expiring despotism. How savagely she battles for that ignoble relic of a barbarous past all the world knows. But the march of human liberty

cannot be stayed. God's plan in the world cannot be set at naught by any league of mad and hypocritical princes and powers of this world. It may be delayed of course. Even though Germany should win (which I do not for a moment believe) despotism is doomed. If it cannot be crushed by the allies it will be by the German people when the iron hand of war is taken from their throats and they find how manynous is their desire to end it all. The nation may have entered this war animated by the false doctrines that have been drilled into the people for forty years but they have had a chance to taste the fruits of their iniquity, ~~and~~ they have had a chance to become disillusioned and woe be to Kaiser Bill in his crowd if the people ever come to know each others, secret thoughts and join hands to execute vengeance.

Japanese troops have entered Siberia. England goes on rations today - all foodstuffs are purchased on cards which limit the amount that can be obtained.

This suggests what we may come to in America later in the war. We are having

a pretense now, for $\frac{1}{2}$ wheat flour can be purchased only in small lots ($\frac{1}{8}$ of a barrel, I believe) and an equal quantity, pound for pound, ^{of substitutes} must be purchased, (such as rice, corn meal oat meal and barley, etc.). We have been having war bread lately, ~~for~~ of a violent type and tint, due to the fact that we purchased whole wheat flour of a dark quality and were obliged to use the substituted with it. Hereafter we will purchase ordinary white flour (while we can, which may not be long for there is talk of commencing all wheat) ~~for~~

The fact ~~will~~ ^{is} ~~has~~ brought to an end the prohibition ^{in the state} fight and glory be - Massachusetts has ratified the Federal amendment.

Sunday - April 14, 1918

The usual spring weather has heated us to a surprising snow storm which lasted for nearly two days, ending in rain which lasted all ^{last} night. The weather has cleared and bright sunshine is very agreeable after the cold disagreeable weather of the past five days.

I have been invited to address the Merchants Association of Rockland on Tuesday evening

next. By having Mr Douglas teach his subject on that evening, I will be able to get away.

Not much change in the war. Two weeks ago Gen Foch was appointed generalissimo and because of his great ability we are looking for great things in checking the Huns. American troops are now in the thick of the fray and daily casualty lists are now more formidable.

The Liberty Loan drive goes on well.

* Monday I purchased six hundred dollars worth of ~~bonds~~ bonds making over five thousand's worth thus far. How glad I am that it is possible for me to lend an active hand to the common cause - though I cannot render military aid I can aid in this way.

Sunday April 28, 1918

* Pressure of work has kept me from confiding in my friend Journal for two weeks. Well my Rockland address was a success and the local papers spoke of me in their headlines as a "famous lawyer". This together with the fact that I have had a second large order for my "Tots" for shipment to Japan and a second order from Holland makes me quite "cheerful" or would do so if I did not realize that the vainest a man is the smaller he becomes. In fact the

vainest men I have ever met were those who had not the slightest claims to genuine ability.

The great battle in Flanders continues its sanguinary course. The Germans are slowly pushing the allies back along the Picardy front. America is rushing troops across as rapidly as possible and our daily casualty lists grow more impressive and sobering. Thus far no Suffolk Law School student has come to my attention in these daily lists.

The latest draft call has taken several of our boys away and I expect that more will go before graduation. The school year will soon be over now and it has been successful ~~but~~ beyond my last-summer forecast. How the next year will treat the school is a more difficult question - a considerable decrease in attendance is inevitable. If the war goes on for three years more as many persons in touch with conditions confidently assert, then my task in keeping the school running will be all the more difficult with each succeeding year. There is talk of raising the draft age to forty in which case I will be affected. But it is a great

* -

comfort to me to know that Elizabeth is at last reconciled to my going if Uncle Sam needs me for cannon fodder. Nor should I hesitate except on her account and on account of the children - but I can leave them if need be fairly well provided for. ~~and~~ My dear wife's brave spirit lifts the last barrier and I shall face the future cheerfully, ready to give every ounce of ~~energy~~ ^{strength} to whatever task is laid upon me. My whole attitude toward life has changed by this war. I used to look forward to years of usefulness as a trust committed into my keeping by God but when so many of the choicest spirits of the world are going into the mud and wallow of the trenches and even to death at the hands of the mad hordes of Germany I say what am I that I should shrink from doing likewise? The man who ^{has} made his place in the world - whose name will live even in a small way can better afford to lay down his honors and honorable duties to assume the humble role of the common soldier with its possible gory finish, than can the budding genius who is still unknown and whose death would make him nameless forever.

In fact as months pass I have a growing

super!

desire to play an active part in any capacity in this war. I buy bonds to the limit of my resources and plant my "war garden" with diligence, but still I envy those who will be known hereafter as veterans or victims of the great war.

Sunday, May 12, 1918

Now my dear Journal that I have neglected you for two whole weeks I will make amends. War gardening and many duties have so engrossed my energies that I have had little time nor inclination to write. For a week the war has been at a practical standstill so far as heavy carnage is concerned, but doubtless many things have transpired behind the scenes of which we will be made aware hereafter.

A serious situation developed a few days ago in England that threatened Lloyd-George's power but the fiery little Welshman met the issue triumphantly. Gen. Maurice had charged Lloyd George with misinforming the people concerning vital conditions and happenings in France and had called for a Parliamentary investigation. When the day came for the vote in Parliament Lloyd George in a fiery speech proved that if there

first was misinformation he was the one who had
 been misinformed for ~~the~~ all his state-
 ments were based upon official reports from
 * the very department of which Gen Maurice
 had lately been the head. I am very glad
 at the vote of vindication of England's
 great Prime Minister for the war needs ~~is~~
 such strong men at the head of affairs
 in all the allied countries.

It seems also to be a time of charges and
 counter charges if not actual scandal
 in our own midst. The aviation programme
 upon which vast sums has been expended
 has been somewhat of a fizzle. The same is
 true of our ordnance programme.

But the greatest development of recent
 weeks has been the appointment by the
 President of some of the greatest industrial
 geniuses of the nation to have sole charge
 of various ~~also~~ war activities, Chas M Schuch
 is now in charge of our shipbuilding programme
 John D Ryan of aircraft production; Edw R
 Stettinius of Munitions and Bernard M Baruch
 of war industries. We may breathe easier
 and redouble our faith and hope in America's
 winning part in the great war.

The effect of war upon colleges and law
 schools is astonishing everybody. Suffolk Law

School has held its own well because so many men ~~beyond~~ outside of the draft age are here enrolled. Then the fact that many of our students are men with families to support is an additional anchor of safety.

As a sign of the times John C. Driscoll a session who works in Harvard Law Library told me a few nights since that Harvard Law school had been reduced to about one hundred and forty students. He states that they do not expect more than seventy students next year and if the war continues beyond that time they expect the school to close ~~and~~ until peace is declared. Harvard's plight is doubtless extreme and not truly typical of the condition throughout the country. All of Harvard's ^{Law School} students are of draft age and probably nearly all in class I making them especially ~~so~~ susceptible to the draft or to voluntary service.

My labors in the country have been most strenuous and very rewarding for the place looks much improved and the garden is making a good start: Peas, lettuce, radish and spinach are already growing thriftily. I have been unable to secure

the services of an electrical expert for my electric pump, nor of a plumber for mending burst pipes, so have been obliged to attempt the repairs myself. By buying pipes cut to order and threaded at both ends and going to Rockland after them I was enabled to replace all the damaged pipes and put the plumbing system into perfect repair, so that it does not leak a drop. I have also persuaded the pump to work but it still leaks around the packing.

* Allan has rarely been sent on errands to the stores but a few days ago he was sent for several articles and told to be sure that he got the proper change. Son carried out his orders in a most original manner. He was afraid to trust his ability to figure out the correct change ~~where~~ several articles were combined so he bought one thing at a time and forced the dealer to give him the correct change for each so that the disgusted gentleman had to make change four or five times for the same customer.

* Allan said lately: "Strange papa and mamma will believe Marian's gosh blinked lies and won't believe mine."

June 25, 1918

Six busy weeks have passed since I last wrote in this book. The closing of school occurred May 24th with commencement on May 22nd, the most successful in the history of the school. We graduated 57 men. We moved to Norwell ~~on~~ May 23rd. The summer school opened June 3rd with between sixty and seventy men in attendance. An unexpected event was my purchase of the Lyons place opposite my bungalow. I did this to prevent ^{an} undesirable ~~neighborhood~~ booze-fighting gang from purchasing it, but I am delighted with my bargain. Have already had the house painted.

*

July 8, 1918

The extent of my bargain in the Lyons purchase becomes more apparent with the passing weeks and we have now quite definitely decided that we will sell "Sunny Crest" and live in the old mansion. In some ways ~~the~~ such place excels the other and we have had many fluctuations of purpose with reference to them. When we were in the old house we felt that it was the more desirable, but later when in our bungalow with its more modern

beauty and up to date conveniences we ~~felt~~ veered again. Then when I worked in my garden with all its richness of soil and ~~so~~ ^{its} fullness of growing things it seemed that I could not give it up to alien hands and the broad acres of untamed sod land of the Lyons place were far less desirable. But our present plan is to transfer as speedily as wise and convenient such transplantable things as possible to my new possession, leaving enough to richly endow a possible purchaser and thus to make both places the richer for the change. Next year we can make determined efforts to sell.

Father visited us from June 24th to July 2nd and on the latter date Clifford and Susie came for a week. Tomorrow I take Isadore our "corner newsboy" down with me for a week in the country. I hope he will find the country as wonderful as his imagination doubtless pictures it.

The war situation looks more encouraging since the great Italian victory of two weeks ago. They administered a crushing defeat to the Austrians.

invaders and hurled them back across the Piave river. Germany is reported to be rushing up reinforcements for a new drive in Italy. Germany is at a standstill on the western front but a new drive has been daily expected for several weeks.

* German U-boats have crossed the Atlantic and sunk nearly a score of vessels near our southern coast. For three weeks however we have heard little of their activities.

* The war department has decided to install anti-air craft guns on the Public Gardens to protect Boston from German air raiders. Such raids seem unlikely, but it is better to be prepared.

War is the chief aim of the country today and mammoth activities are going on with ^a secrecy that is as remarkable as it is wise. We had heard rumors that a great naval plant of some sort was being constructed in Scituate - Four ~~2000~~ million dollar plant with four thousand workmen, etc. but had seen no confirmation in the newspapers.

Last evening we had motored in the vicinity several times and seen nothing, but last evening we set out with the express purpose of seeing for ourselves whether there was truth in the rumors - and we found abundant confirmation that important work was going on. In a wooded section of the country we came to a dead line with guards stationed and the notice that ~~no admittance~~ a government reservation was before us to which no admission could be obtained except upon pass.

Nearby was a tract of land from which the public was not barred where sheds and large buildings of some sort were being constructed. There was also a large sign "Situate Proving grounds - watch it grow!" But somewhere in the mysterious reservation it is rumored that buildings are springing up at the rate of one a day. God speed their commendable activities!

President Wilson has added new lustre to his fame by a great speech at the Tomb of Washington on July 4th

July 25, 1918

We have been treated to a full week of glorious news from the war front - news that in the first days set the bells ringing and the whistles tooting in an abandon of joy. About ten days ago the Huns started another drive which was announced by them as the "Victory offensive". But the drive ran against a stone wall of French and American troops. The attack was checked and when the glad news of the heroic defense put up by our boys had heartened us there came the tidings that the Yankee boys had turned aggressors - had pushed the German back and captured a brigade with all its officers. This intelligence came across the cables last Friday. I was in Boston to attend ^{conduct} a hearing before the State Board of Charities on the chartering of the Beacon Hill Community Centre and thus saw the universal celebration of the victory.

August 12, 1918

We have grown accustomed to the glad feeling of success in the world war, and an hundred fold greater success than that recorded above has failed to ring a single joy bell, except deep in the

hearts of all of us. It is announced today that the great allied drive is netting thousands of prisoners and that the Germans have lost one hundred thousand troops. We must make due allowance for exaggeration but the fact remains that our armies in the field are doing wonderful work.

August 26, 1918

Many times in the fleeting busy days my thoughts have turned to my journal, for the mighty crisis through which civilization is passing brings news that make history for future generations. But farming and repair work on the old farm buildings have kept my hands too full for the work of the scribe and when evening tide would furnish the opportunity to write, then sheer physical weariness would keep me from it. But I thank God to have been able to live in such days and to see the turn of the tide of war. Steady and relentless, our brave armies are hammering home to the German butchers the old lesson that he who ^{unjustly} ~~draws~~ draws the sword must perish by the sword. Day by day in seeming sudden succession new

fields are won and new villages liberated. Today it is Bapaume that is being fought over and rumor has it that the city has fallen into British hands. Several cities and towns in the old Hindenberg line, so long held by the Germans prior to the ~~last~~ great offense of March have already been captured. It is perhaps not too much to hope that within the next six weeks we shall see Germany itself invaded by the victorious allies. With nearly a million and a half of American soldiers in France and the "bridge of ships" pouring troops and supplies into the war zone at an almost incredible rate, Germany's day of ruin is at hand.

Human nature is so prone to side with the winning contestant that we already see a newly awakened zeal for the allied cause in those nations ~~who~~ that have remained either neutral or pro-German. Even the Scandinavian countries that have lost so many ships at the hands of the under sea pirates are becoming restive. Spain has uttered fresh protests that rise almost

to the dignity of threats. I noticed in the morning papers that Spain had voted ~~great~~ credits to the United States.

This will enrage Germany and perhaps add to the growing belligerency of the two nations.

Dread and buried Russia - buried by the German owned Bolshewiki - has ~~so~~ already manifested a desire to come forth from the tomb and strangle the German oppressor with the very *shroud of its putrefaction. Two high officials of Germany have already been assassinated. Ukraine is in more or less open revolt and on the frigid Arctic coast open rebellion is making considerable headway. The allies are cautiously inserting the steel spear-head of all expeditionary force to add point and power to the Arctic rebellion.

* The poor weak Czar and his fourteen year old son have been killed by the murderous Bolshewiki and all accomplished in a way that must have excited the admiration of the very Germans themselves.

The so called peace that Germany extorted from its tool the Bolshewiki has

indeed failed to bear the fruits that its springtime blossoms gave fair promise. The growing problem of a reviving Russia remains the eastern frontier dangerous at the very moment when German armies are being rounded out of their conquered territory in the west. It seems highly probable that Germany's troubles will multiply as the months pass until the great day when an outraged God will exact through human hands full reparation for the monstrous crimes she has committed on sea and land.

When will the war end? The opinion now voiced almost universally is that 1919 will see the final overthrow of the German power. While I am a pretty punk prophet, my personal belief is that Germany will go to pieces suddenly, as she did before Napoleon. A nation without ideals cannot fight long ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ hope of victory and pinning and submission over conquered peoples must soon fade when the Hindenburg myth has been shattered. The Germans still

hugging the fatuous belief that if Hindenberg
 retreats it is because of some deep
 laid scheme to lure the allies to dire
 destruction - but let the day come when
 the Allies cross the Rhine and lying
 evasions from the "All Highest" have to
 give way to admissions of panic
 and shrieks of despair then will come
 the floods and tempests that will
 undo forty years of diabolic building
 in the Kaiser's Kingdom

Monday Sept 9, 1918.

I have never approached an opening day
 of the school since its foundation with less
 anxiety than now. Is it because I expect
 a prosperous and pleasant year? Quite
 the reverse, for I am sure that the great
 war will lay heavy hands on Suffolk
 Law School during this new school year.
 With fifteen freshmen registered as
 * against eighty one Sept 7th 1916 and
 forty eight Sept 9 1917, the conclusion
 is inevitable that days of hardship and
 struggle are at hand. Yet it is war -
 the greatest war that the world has known
 and mean spirited indeed would be
 the man who did not rejoice to bear

his part in the common sacrifice.

I read in the papers yesterday that John J. Deveney of last year's attendance had been wounded in France. I learned today that Wm. Hickey had been killed in the great war. Next Thursday I register for the new draft, which includes all men from 18 to 45. I will doubtless be in a deferred class and not called for active service, but I am ready to go if needed and to face the supreme sacrifice if Providence so wills it. My only regret would be my family and my duties at the school, for I think I have come to see that the influence of a mass death may be more potent for good than the ~~total~~ balance of an ordinary lifetime of well living. Death in a great cause ~~so~~ exaggerates one's virtues and abilities and minimizes the weaknesses of character and defects of mind that were very real in the living man.

SUPERLATIVE!

The glorious news from France has become a well nigh settled feature of daily life. The Germans have lost all the ground that they gained

in the great drive which began in March. They have retreated to the Hindenburg line and in some places have been suddenly jostled out of it by the ~~gallant~~ ^{victorious} allied troops. It is said that one hundred and fifty thousand Germans have been captured since the allied drive began.

The first large batch of wounded soldiers has been received in Boston, but there is a very large number of the slightly wounded who never go far from the battle front. There have been rumors

that we have not heard the full news as to our casualties but now it is announced that Gen Pershing has wisely withheld reporting on some 20,000 of the slightly wounded thus far. The reason alleged being that such men would be back in the ranks before their names appeared in our casualties list, thus causing unnecessary anxiety to their families here.

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I have had a very active and healthful summer and my muscles are ^{as} like steel as it is possible for human muscles to be. My weight has changed very little but my waist line, never very great, has shrunk about three

inches. I can work from daylight to dark in the field or at carpenter work on my farm buildings without much fatigue. I have raised about an acre and a half of beans and a plentiful supply of garden turnips. I have cut bushes and hoed, shingled roofs and painted walls, set glass and windows and performed a multitude of similar tasks.

We have moved into the Lyons house and our present status is this. The new piazza is almost finished - the electric wiring is well along and the plumbing also. The long shop in the background of the lawn is complete outside but there is much to be done inside. The small ~~house~~ building, once a hen house, has been transformed into a dainty little cottage and has been occupied for a month by Mrs Sarah Bailey my wife's maid of all work. Sarah has been a very good worker but has an insane streak in her makeup which has caused her to go "bug-house" several times this summer, once because

The poor idiot had a yeast cake and the last time because Allan told her that his mother wasn't at home when she came to the house for water. This happened Saturday evening last while we were at the store and Allan was left to keep house. Sarah went away in a fury because she fancied Allan didn't want her to have any water. All day yesterday the poor "idiot" sulked in her "hut" and lived on the triflings of water from her ice chest.

This morning before I came away I went to her cottage and found her looking like a fury. I had warned her before that I wouldn't have her on the place if she continued to "cut up" so this capped the climax. When she offered to go I told her that she could go as soon as she pleased. She had gone up to a neighbors house where she had worked some by the hour, so when I came to Boston her plans were still uncertain. She will probably be gone when I return Wednesday morning. Well, I am sorry for the poor unfortunate creature for she is her own worst enemy. Surely she can never find anyone who will

be kinder to her than we have been
 and the asylum for the insane is
 more than likely to be her ultimate resting
 place. But domestic help ~~is~~ after
 have that abnormal sensitiveness and
 lack of balance. I maid we had the
 first summer in Howell was a
 "terror" in that line - some fancied
 slight would turn her into a stonefaced
 automaton who would not speak nor
 render anything but most gaudy
 services. Many the stormy times we
 had with her and I was called upon
 to ~~say~~ ^{voice} some very unpleasant truths
 to her, and several times to tell her
 to apologize to Elizabeth or pack up
 her goods and kettles. We sighed with
 relief when she went. Now however
 she sees with clearer eyes who her
 friends were and a few days ago
 she came to Howell for one day's
 visit (which cost her nearly two dollars
 in fares) just to see the employer whom
 she had so often thought unjust. Such
 is life and such the reason ~~why~~ we
 do ~~work~~ without maids.

Sept 19, 1915

Some busy days have flitted past since the last entry in this journal and I write this while seated in my auto with Junior in Rockland. Elizabeth and little daughter are interviewing the dentist while we wait.

Reinforced as we are to news of success of the allied armies the news that came over the cables a week ago today gave us all a new thrill of exultation for an American army operating as an independent unit had that day launched a big offensive against a hitherto impregnable salient - that of St. Mihiel held by the Germans against all assaults for four years. Gen. Pershing attacked this salient from both sides and with a dash and skill that called forth the admiration of the world swept forward in a pinning movement that in twenty seven hours closed its jaws upon the German lines, capturing many thousand prisoners and taking the great fortress town of St. Mihiel. Since these there have been few events of unusual magnitude.

Wilson made an appeal for peace asking that a conference of allied diplomats be held to formulate terms of

peace by negotiation. This was of course a London ruse to save the plunder they have gained and which they fear to lose later on. Our great President answered this appeal with one of the shrewdest and wisest diplomatic notes ever penned, saying in substance that ~~the~~ America's terms of peace were well known and no other would be considered, negotiation therefore being useless. Whether Austria will ask for peace on our terms is problematic.

Well the school has opened and the war has ~~too~~ cut down our attendance to about fifty per cent of last year's enrollment. This makes my problems difficult indeed, but it was not unexpected, so I view the result with serenity. Never in recent years have I had such an ordeal at opening time as this year. It happened in this wise:

Just as the classes were ~~assembling~~ ^{in my hall} the electric light blew out over one side of the building, darkening the front hall and the Senior, Freshman and Sophomore halls. With a step ladder and a supply of new fuses I spent ten frantic minutes in testing fuses to locate the "dead" one but they were all

- * dead on three or four circuits. Finally I was obliged to quit and start the school. I called the seniors out of their lightless hall into the Junior hall (the only one with any illumination) and explained to them a plan that I had been forced to adopt of going back to our old custom of combining the Junior and senior classes, giving the combined classes the senior work this year. In response to questions I made
- * all details of the plan clear and then to my surprise and dismay met a storm of protest from the senior class! I might have expected it from the Juniors, but
- * to leave the seniors kick up was a thunderbolt in the midst of my storm of anxiety for I could picture all the times the Sophomore class in darkness and
- * the freshmen coming to a darkened building. This year of all years I needed to secure every new man and the prospect made me heart sick. I responded with some spirit to the seniors complaints but ordered the work to go forward, promising to see the class again Friday night.

~~I telephoned~~ Upon leaving the ~~class~~ classroom I ran to my office and put in an

- emergency call for the Electric Light Company service man. Then with step ladder I
- * went over the system again and even called in an electrician who was attending the Sophomore class. But we could not find the trouble. Sooner than I had expected however help came. An expert from the company with his testing apparatus found the trouble in the fuse ment and our lights again resumed their functions. I washed off the dust
 - * and grime from my hands and spent a busy half hour in the office with applicants. Hiram was in the meantime steering the newcomers into the Fishman hall. About forty men awaited me when I hurried in to deliver the opening lecture. I do not believe I ever did better in my first lecture than in that. Thus the evening passed and I found at its close that one hundred and seventy three men had been in attendance. That number, however, will easily exceed two hundred when the men present on a later part in appearance.
 - * Well I am registered in the draft and carry my green registration card with

some thirteen million other loyal sons of America. My questionnaire has not yet arrived.

Evening, my wife's domestic helper, departed from our abode a week ago Tuesday and we are all relieved. Allan and Marian are attending school and getting on nicely. We are delighted with our cozy and substantial old home.

Monday Sept 30, 1918

The greatest news of the year for the cause of humanity comes to us today in the dispatches announcing that Bulgaria has quit the war. This is the result of continuous hammering by the Serbians and French ~~also~~ ~~has been~~ during the past week. Two days ago the defeated Bulgars asked for an armistice until negotiations for peace could be instituted but the French general cruttly refused to pause in his victorious pursuit saying however that he would courteously receive survoys from the Bulgarian government. The announcement today says that the armistice was signed on the allies' terms which are understood to be the disgorging of all war plunder and a complete severance of relations with

* the Teutonic powers. The fortentious nature of this news hastens all of us. The church bells were rung in eastern Massachusetts at noon today in token of joy. The blow to Germany is terrific and may well be the first act in the drama that will leave her alone to face her enemies.

For several days there have been rumors of von Hertlings resignation. Tonight it came again in more definite form. The rumor is also current that Turkey is about to follow Bulgaria's surrender by a like action. This she may well do, for Gen. Allenby the British commander has practically destroyed the Turkish armies in Palestine, taking whole armies as prisoners.

* Events at home are very encouraging. The Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was launched Saturday and is in ~~full~~ full swing today. I shall add my pledge tomorrow. One ~~of~~ recent development at home has affected all of us in an intimate way. The so called ~~Spanish Influenza~~ that some months ago raged so disastrously across the water broke out in New England.

two or three weeks ago and has now closed the schools of Massachusetts and so taxed our hospitals and medical staff that the state has been obliged to send out a call for outside assistance. Suffolk Law School is closed and I am enjoying a brief vacation in consequence. The closing order came at an unfortunate time for me ^(Friday last) for I was at home sick with a violent bilious attack. I went to Boston today to arrange matters at the school and returned this evening.

My secretary, John V. Sherry, left me today to enter the Office's Teaching Unit at Boston College, so I shall have to act as my own stenographer.

I am very busy with my harvesting and shall be for some days to come. My bean crop is turning out well. I have flailed out over five bushels and have quite a lot more in the barn and field. My apple crop looks very good with such big apples as never grew on my trees before.

~~(The)~~ While I was at the Telephone a moment ago baby Gleason got my pen and started the above entry. He was very much upset because he could not continue operations. This reminds me of a little

incident that occurred a few days ago. Jr., as I have doubtless recorded before is somewhat of a tyrant with his female relatives but shudders with fear when he receives a stern command from his father. On the day of which I speak I heard him roaring with wrath in the kitchen. It was his meal time and he was cutting up because he couldn't strew his food around. I suddenly appeared in the ^{doorway} and called out sharply. "Here! here! what are you trying to ~~do~~ do?" Jr. jumped as if shot, dashed the tears from his eyes and called out instantly "Nuffin- isit crying." His ~~is~~ so comical was his transformation and so unexpected his reply that I exploded with merriment and soon laughed with me. He was very good during the remainder of the meal.

Returning to the subject of the school. I met the Senior-Junior class on the Friday of opening week and found a full ~~fledged~~ ^{grown} school on my hands. I had prepared a written statement but did not use it, for the occasion called for more fiery and impromptu

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treatment. I fancy I made the most
 telling speech of my career and the
 result was that the class voted as a
 unit to stand by me and the leaders
 of the revolt came to me afterward to
 make their peace. The president of the
 class told me afterward that it was one
 of the best things that ever happened in his
 experience in the school for the class had
 a new spirit of loyalty after my frank
 explanation of the needs of the school and
 the crisis we were facing.

October 7, 1918

The Bulgarian peace has come and King
 Ferdinand has abdicated in favor of his son
 Boris. The Bulgar armies are being disbanded.
 This morning comes official confirmation of
 the rumor that Germany, Austria and Turkey
 have asked for an armistice and peace parleys.
 Changes in the German government have
 taken place - von Hertling has resigned and
 his place as Chancellor has been taken
 by Prince Maximilian, but I doubt if
 any bona fide alteration has occurred
 in the sinister powers that rule the
 empire of the Hellish Hun. The an-

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announcement by Maximilian professes
 to agree to the peace terms announced
 by President Wilson last January, but I
 believe it a mere trick to escape the just
 punishment that the "barbarians" see
 staring them in the face. Until they
 are rendered powerless to do evil no written
 pledges will be more valuable than the
 scrap of paper that they so wantonly
 disregarded when they slaughtered
 neutral Belgium. I am human enough
 to wish to see red war carried into
 the heart of criminal Germany so that
 she may experience the horrors that she
 has heaped upon millions of innocent
 villagers in the past four years. To ask
 peace as she now does while her looting
 armies retreat through French villages
 and destroy daily everything capable of
 destruction is sacrilege.

A development that worried me somewhat
 in our local situation was the outbreak
~~two~~ ^{three or four} weeks ago of Spanish influenza
 but for some time I did not realize
 its significance. Now that it has
 closed the schools and all public assemblies
~~offices~~ in Massachusetts, not for one
 week merely but now for a second week

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the gravity of the situation comes with sobering effect to all of us. Last week when it was thought that schools in general would reopen today I advertised that Suffolk would reopen. Now, however, we must postpone the opening. If we can hold ~~one~~ ^a session tonight and suspend for the balance of the closing period it will doubtless be the best solution of an unfortunate situation, for students will certainly come to the school tonight.

Later: -

Upon reaching town I communicated with the city board of health and found that no objection would be made to a session tonight if the men showed up. I notified the professors who were on Mondays to be on hand. My accumulated correspondence kept me busy for hours for having no secretary it is slow work.

In the afternoon came the staggering news that Webster a Chase is one of my teachers and a dear friend had died during the forenoon - a victim of the dread pestilence. Thoughts of a session for the evening were abandoned. During the afternoon I appointed Geo. F. Hogan

I began (class 1916) to resume charge of Mr. Chandler's course in Practice and Pleading. When morning came and the students ~~were~~ gathered at the building I called them together and made formal announcement of Prof. Chandler's death. They accepted my suggestion of adjourning ~~into~~ out of respect to his memory and they voted to extend to the news through me their condolences. Shortly after this I wrote Mrs. C. the best letter I could write and enclosed a check from the school for \$50. (Fr. 1st being due for teaching by her late husband)

October 1, 1915

I returned to Howell on the 6:37 AM train and met in a very busy day commencing the afternoon - strenuous work and all the loads of work were very heavy.

This morning I began to teach beans in the kitchen but it was a light day of work, but my best wife went out with the prospect that we should the day out of some picnic style. The lady girl has been so much at home for a long time that I thought she

needed the outing. We drove in
 our "fiance" to the beautiful lakes
 between Bayanville and Halifax
 and stopped for lunch on the
 pine clad bank overlooking the
 most pond. What a gay time we had.
 The children ^(wife and I included) threw stones and slid in
 the sand pits, or slipped down the pine
 needled slope. Junior slid down a little
 hill back and was much alarmed and
 vexed when he found that he could not
 climb back to where his mother and I
 were. Assistance was not long delayed
 A sight that interested us greatly was
 a flock of ~~geese~~ wild geese in the lake
 with a man in a motor boat trying to
 shoot some. While it was too far away
 for us to ~~see~~ see how many he got we
 heard faint reports as though he had
 a silence on his gun. He must
 also have used ~~some~~ smokeless powder
 for we could not see the smoke from
 his gun.

After lunch we drove to Harris
 in Middleboro and visited them until
 about three o'clock, returning to
 Hamner to do some shopping. Thence
 home. I pulled beans like a Trojan

until dark. I write this in the living room, with Junior across the study table from me imitating my actions as much as he can. He tries to rest his cheek in his hand and his elbow on the table as I do but is too tiny to manage it.

October 10, 1918

* An active day on the farm splitting wood in the forenoon, threshing beans in the afternoon and doing various odd jobs about the place. Early this morning Mrs Leach a widow who lives next door with her bachelor son came hurriedly to me at my work and told me with great agitation that her son was sick and she feared that he had the dread influenza. I telephoned for a doctor and Dr Hammond came during the forenoon, pronouncing Walter's illness a mild case. This is the nearest case to our home and we shall of course observe all precautions that humanity will permit. Our "Herald" failed to come yesterday and we received two today, both full of glorious news. Yesterdays paper contains Wilson's reply to the German peace overture and it's not a ~~q~~ reply at all but a shrewd query that will cause some discomfort to Prince

Max. The first proposition is to ascertain whether the German government agrees to the ~~to~~ conditions previously set forth by Wilson or ~~has~~ desires merely to treat them as the basis for negotiation. He also asks if Max is speaking for the German people or ~~the~~ those hitherto in authority. Of course it is obvious that he is a mere creature of Red Bill, who can dismiss him whenever he pleases and if he admits this to be the fact ~~with~~ Wilson ~~would~~ will probably refuse to discuss peace with him for he has previously declared that the present German government has proven that its promises and solemn covenants are absolutely valueless. The President also intimates in his inquiry that no peace parley can occur while German troops continue to occupy invaded lands.

The joke of it all is that the allies are hammering the Germans ~~as~~ as though no peace talk were in the air and if there is much delay about the matter all the "hellish huns" will be chased out of France before any parley occurs.

Today's paper tells of the capture of Cambrai the great strategic stronghold

of the Hindenburg line and the capture
 of 10,000 prisoners. A neighbor showed me
 the headlines of his "Globe" tonight which tells
 of flight of the german troops to escape
 capture and of the ~~the~~ sweeping pursuit
 by the allied armies. It contained
 also the rumor that Red Bill has ~~abdicated~~
 abdicated and that Gen Lindendorff has
 quit. A few days ago there was
 an unconfirmed rumor that Hindenburg
 had quarreled with the Kaiser and
 resigned. There may be no truth in
 any of these rumors but I have
 thought for some time that the Kaiser
 would finally abdicate as the last
 desperate effort to save his dynasty.
 But unless things are worse than we
 expect in Germany itself I do not
 credit his abdication at this time.
 He is too thick headed a man to
 see that his ~~own~~ doom is sealed at
 this distance from the final catastrophe.
 We went for a ride this evening and
 I called at the Navarre drug store to get
 some ~~of~~ iodine to treat some my poison
 on my hands and while there I saw
 headlines in a Brockton paper saying
 that the allies had broken through the

german ~~own~~ lines which is a mighty important development if true. The capture of cities and main junctions is not so important an achievement if the enemy can retreat in an unbroken line, as it was evidenced so strikingly when the allies recaptured Bapaume March during the German lull. But to break their battle line makes possible a cutting up of the line and the capture of great numbers of prisoners and all the real booty that is incident to such capture.

But whether this last news is true or not is of less importance than the change that has come to pass in the last thirty days since the Yankee boys at Chateau Thierry helped to start the Germans back to the Rhine.

- 3:30 a.m. - 11.18.
- * I can't believe they would send that to a kind of news man or ed. It will get to me.
 - * I was awakened by the insistent ringing of our telephone bell. Elizabeth got to the phone before I did for she is a lighter sleeper than I. There was a call from Wilton, Maine. While Elizabeth
 - * bundled me up as I sat in the cold waiting for the message I was all ashiver (and so

was she (or girl) before a voice came and then it was so faint and indistinct that I could not distinguish a word. The telephone operators relayed the ~~the~~ message however, that Harry Young my sister's husband, had just died of the dreadful influenza and that the funeral would be at 2 P.M. Saturday. I sent back word that I could not come to the funeral but stood ready to help Maude in any way possible. Surely it would be a mistaken sense of duty to my loved ones and even to Maude herself to travel so far in germ infested trains to the house of death itself.

I returned to bed but not to sleep. I could hear Elizabeth in her room tossing restlessly in her bed. The reaction from her child had made her very hot and feverish. I got up and insisted upon going downstairs for medicine and a thermometer to take her temperature. Fortunately the glass shows no temperature and I hope she may sleep.

As for me, my sorrow for Maude and worry over those in Milton, Clifford with his large family and Uncle Leonard and his children, kept me from sleep so for more than an hour I have been

sitting before the open fire in the living room and writing letters to Maude and Alf Clifford ^{resolving} ~~hope~~ ^{advising} him as best I can from this distance.

Monday Oct 14, 1918

Prince Max has replied to the President's note that he represents the German people and consents to the terms laid down by the President. He suggests a joint commission to arrange the terms of evacuation. This news arrived yesterday and many people hailed it as an ending of the world war. A neighbor came to my house to tell me the good news ~~but~~ that Germany had "surrendered" but I was sceptical and told him it was a mere trick. I find today that the consensus of newspaper comment is to the same effect. In fact some people blame Wilson for asking the questions, knowing the fact of Max's being a creature of the Kaiser and knowing moreover the tricky and untruthful nature of the Huns. They say that Wilson tried to put Max into a corner and is himself the cornered party. It does look like an error on the part of our President but I have faith enough in the good judgment

and greatness of the man to believe that he possesses knowledge of world events that we do not possess and sees above the smoke and vapor of world turmoil a shining goal ^{to} which this move brings us ever [^] nearer. It was reported this afternoon that Wilson was in conference with Col House, Secretary Baker Lansing and Daniels, presumably on the matter of reply to Germany.

Meanwhile we await with great concern the nature of his reply. The President cannot repudiate his old terms and lay down new, so I expect he will fall back upon the well known unreliability of any promise or pledge of any ~~German~~ statesman ~~and~~ or upon the fact that German armies are still trespassers on foreign soil. Unconditional surrender should be the only condition of a cessation of hostilities.

There were rumors today that the Kaiser was about to remove Max as Chancellor. This would be incredible if Red Bill thought to gain by pretending that the government had become democratic as Max

asserts for it would at once give the lie to such an assertion and emphatically prove what we all know only too well. I should not be surprised however if there was an understanding between the Kaiser and Max that if the latter's peace bid failed he would be at once removed by an indignant Kaiser who would allege as a cause that he had no authority to humiliate Germany by asking for peace.

I have never seen a time since we entered the war when there was such manifest confusion in the newspapers as was in evidence in Boston today - Every paper was out with headlines each featuring a radically different thing - one paper saying "Unconditional Surrender to be President's answer" another "Kaiser to remove chancellor" and still another "Turkey asks Peace."

The latter report is based upon an unsigned appeal from Turkey imploring the President to endeavor to secure peace for the world.

The fact is that the Red murderers of earth after a four year carnival of slaughter and rapine are being properly and

severely chastised and they are frantic for peace. Gen Foch with matchless strategy and resolution continues to gather a full harvest of prisoners as he reclaims village after village of French territory. It cannot be denied however that the Germans are conducting a masterly retreat and avoiding thus far any great military disaster.

I went to Boston in the morning to attend to routine duties at the school. The closing order still prevails and Suffolk will not reopen until next Monday, so I returned home this evening, and worked at the woodpile half an hour or so before dark.

No news from Maine later than Friday. I am relieved to know that my poor sister and her daughter have ^{already} had the influenza and recovered. This relieves of one worry at least.

October 15, 1918

The President's reply is made public today and we all breathe easier. In it he has executed a skilful retreat from what seemed a dangerous position. He counters upon Germany by pointing out two very signif-

ican fact - one that the process of evacuation
 and the terms of an armistice are matters
 for the military authorities; two that the
 allied governments will never consider an
 armistice so long as german military
 forces "continue the illegal and inhuman
 practices" of sinking passenger ships &
 sea and winter destruction of cities
 and villages through which they are
 retreating in disorder. He closes with
 by calling special attention to a message
 in his July 7th speech in which he had
 declared for the restoration of soviet military
 power capable of bringing the world
 into war, asserting that germany's
 present government is such a power.
 The destruction of this power by the
 german people themselves - the
 allied view is therefore a solution.
 President to germany. Whether it will
 not have been better to ~~see~~ have said this
 in the first place, my only objection to
 function but also that it is a possibility
 been said we may all rejoice and
 face the future with firm assurance
 that germany's murderous atrocities
 shall presently be destroyed. The other
 result will follow, the german people

will see with deadly clearness the only road to peace. May it not be that Wilson was naïve enough to have unilaterally raised their hopes and set the whole nation rejoicing at the prospect of peace only to point out to them thus effecting the same condition precedent that must be fulfilled?

Their only hope for peace is now all in hand in this region. The only one who is being used to bring down will be a next morning. My school will be open again next week.

As finished for the day, they took a walk in the woods. The birds were singing, and the trees were green. The sun was shining brightly. The children were playing happily. The teacher was smiling. The school was a happy place.

October 22, 1918

The school reopened last evening and the attendance exceeded my expectations. We now apparently have 216 students. It will be several weeks however before the exact figures are known for some men are expecting to be called any day.

A new German peace note, and a new signal of distress from the murdering crew, has been received in Washington. It pretends to yield to all of President Wilson's terms but urges negotiation for terms of evacuation of occupied territory. It trusts that the President "will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people", the first time it has ever been hinted for years that the German nation have any sense of honor. They who have brutally disregarded their most solemn covenants, wallowed in the blood of the innocents, wantonly destroyed the most sacred monuments of civilization, carried whole peoples into slavery and gave innocent wives and maidens ~~into~~ ^{to the} ~~the~~ ^{spot of} savage beasts in the German uniform and now they talk of "German honor".

The disgusting document further says:
"The German government protest against

the reproach of illegal and inhumane actions made against the German land and sea forces and thereby against the German people." They may well protest - the foulest and most degraded criminal always protests against having ~~his~~ the nature of his crime blazoned to the world in its true colors.

~~But~~ I suppose the reason this new note disgraces me so much more than the previous ones is the attempt ~~to~~ at righteous indignation that it manifests - God knows how late a hypocrite.

President Wilson will not be outdone, however, in any note writing contest - but here's hoping that we do not have an extended correspondence.

Meanwhile the gallant armies of the allies are sweeping forward from all sides. The entire Belgian coast has been cleared of the unholy crew

October 28, 1918

The President's reply to the German peace note was a skilful and effective termination of the correspondence. He made it clear that negotiation for peace could only be had with the actual representatives of the German people's

that the word of the present ruling class was valueless and if dealings must be had with them no conditions but actual surrender would be considered. The reply has now been published in Germany. At the present writing we can almost hear the crash of the timbers as they fall & out of the German edifice of state. The Kaiser is being called upon to abdicate. Gen Ludendorff has resigned. The German submarines are reported to be hastening home flying the white flag. But the most significant of all is that Austria Hungary has just virtually surrendered - agreeing to all of Wilson's terms and asking an armistice.

I verily believe the great war is now in its final stages. Every day is pregnant with great events. The allied armies still hammer the fleeing hussars, while the Kaiser prays to his devil which he calls "god" to extricate him from the grave peril that encompasses him ~~about~~ about.

Hiram is the proud father of a son born last Friday, named Thomas Clifford - a very fine looking baby.

October 29, 1918

(My thirty eighth birthday)

The rumor is out tonight that Germany has surrendered, but I fear it is a hum trick to stay the hand of the allies. Very crafty is the Potsdam crew - to make our people feel that Germany is on her last legs and ready for the knockout blow or that the knockout is unnecessary would naturally ^{tend to} relax our vigilance and ^{thus} give the enemy a respite and a possible escape from a grievous peril. Even though the morning papers actually announce the message agreeing to surrender I shall still doubt the good faith of the enemy. To gain an armistice they might agree to surrender but when actual terms are to be settled at the council table they could easily declare the allied terms too harsh and thereupon resume hostilities. To treat Germany as Bulgaria was treated is the only safe rule.

Politics at home are raging fiercely. Until a few days ago all was calm but President Wilson issued an extraordinary appeal to the electorate to send Democrats to Washington to aid him in his arduous duties.

I ~~suspect~~ suspect Trexy was excessively vexed some days ago by the introduction of a bill in the Senate to forbid further negotiations with Germany. Perhaps in his indignation he has committed himself to an error. Certainly it has stirred up a mighty tempest among the Republicans and from now on until election the political atmosphere will be lurid indeed. I am still uncertain how I shall vote in the state contest. Shall probably vote for the Democratic candidate for U.S. Senator, David F. Walsh. Walsh is an able and honorable man who has deep sympathy with the common people, while his opponent is more or less "high brow" and certainly the representative of "Big Business." While "Big Business" deserves to be fairly represented in Congress I am quite sure it is very well represented without the additional senator from Massachusetts.

Friday November 1, 1918

great events crowd thick upon ~~to~~ each other in these great closing days of the world war. Turkey has surrendered and an armistice has been signed. This opens the Dardanelles to the allied fleets and the report is out today that the allied fleet has passed through the straits to clean up the ~~the~~ Teuton war craft. Austria has made an abject plea for peace and President Wilson has transmitted the request to the allied war council now in session in France to agree upon terms to be imposed upon the Teuton nations as the ~~punishment~~ ^{price of their} for their fiendish attempt upon the liberty of the world. However we may doubt the sincerity of Germany's peace plea we cannot doubt that of Austria for the nation is crumbling in a most spectacular fashion. Her armies in the Balkans have been gloriously whipped and are in mad flight from the victorious Italians. The Czech(?) Slav(?) Republic has already been carved out of the Empire and Red Ruin stares the nation in the face. The German armies are still being pounded fiercely, but no such signs of collapse are evident as in the case of the Austrians. But the end of the war is surely in

not afford to cope with strikes and granted practically all demands of the trade unions. But the conditions will change with the coming of peace - wages must be restored to a more normal figure and this cannot be accomplished without tremendous outery and perhaps a great financial ~~panic~~ depression or even panic.

But this is only one of the many problems that will await our new congress. While Wilson is wise, yet his party leaders in congress are from the south ~~and have~~ ~~little~~ full of theories and out of sympathy with the industrial centres of the North where the questions of greatest moment ~~are~~ will arise. For these reasons I am inclined to look with more favor upon the reelection of Senator Weeks, but have not decided definitely.

Later:

U. S. Deputy Marshall Backus of our senior class told me tonight that the people in his office had been given to understand that Germany had made an unconditional surrender and the ~~papers~~ official notification had been received in Washington. This news is incredible and except for the fact that my informant is in a position to gain inside information I should

describes it as the rumor. What possible
 reason could the press conceivably have for
 withholding such important information?
 Surely not the influence, the relation which
 will occur Tuesday next. I can see no reason
 at all (if true) why the press is trying to
 prevent a letting down, was actively until
 Germany was shown "found and gagged" and
 beyond the point where teaching is possible.
 There certainly is something in the air
 in the air for some newspapers complain
 of an unusual stringency of censorship
 on all war news. For instance, we did
 not learn of the resignation of Ludendorff
 until two weeks after the event. Are we
 being treated to stale news?

Saturday Nov 2.

I came from Boston on the early train and
 found my own little place cozy and happy.
 We have to seaweeds in the back room - had
 a floor of white sand & nearly an hour's
 delay in the afternoon at about 10
 We were not near the street in the house
 but at a berry garden. I set out a
 raspberry garden, a strawberry bed and
 some ^{in turn} berries. When evening came Elizabeth
 and I read ^{to} each other from a novel which

we started several evenings ago "The Hidden Children" by Chambers. The children, with the exception of little Junior, always nowadays listen to our reading until bed time sends them away in their warm little "nighties".

How much comfort we take, therefore, in this country, no more with its grand fire places that give forth such suddy warmth grows as we sit round them. We are all well and happy - a great blessing indeed in these days of pestilence and world turmoil.

A few days ago Sunday Sunday sent Bob, a toy Betty. He played with it somewhat too strenuously. The head came off and he exclaimed in a shocked tone "My Gwayshus - La La Lat."

Tuesday Nov 5, 1918

Yesterday the armistice with Austria was officially signed and the terms of the document are such as to make glad the hearts of all those who would see criminals brought to judgment for their crimes. Perhaps also the terms of the armistice give us a clearer conception of the terms to be imposed on criminals - in chief for it is reported that the allied demands upon Germany have now

been agreed upon and will be immediately be presented. Austria must demobilize her armies and surrender the greater part of her navy. She must withdraw from all occupied alien territory and turn over to the allies the major part of her artillery and ~~so~~ military equipment. - She must surrender forthwith all ~~the~~ prisoners of war" without reciprocity. The allies will have the right to occupy such strategic points in Austria as they may desire and they shall have free access to the air routes and the right to move by through Austrian territory. There are other minor details, but it is evident that the surrender is as complete as could be desired.

This vindication of Wilson's judgment and policy makes him as the preeminent statesman of the world. What a lot it will have upon today's election no man can tell. It is not to be wondered if the wave of thanksgiving from the electorate resulted in a great Democratic victory in spite of the strenuous Republican endeavors of the past week.

I have just voted - Weeks for senator, because as I have before indicated the new congress now being elected will not be seated until the war is officially closed. They will face only these tremendous problems of peace to solve.

in the event we should send only the most level-headed of men. While I like Walsh immensely and am full of gratitude for his kindness to the school, I was obliged to conclude that the interests of the nation demanded the other man whom I do not like.

However, if it transpires that Walsh wins - and the chances are even that he may - I shall rejoice in ~~the~~^{his} success and ~~the~~ⁱⁿ belief that the judgment of the whole people is wiser than my own.

For Governor I voted for Coolidge, ^(Republican) Tennessee. I consider him a very able man, a man more likely to exhibit broadminded statesmanship than Mc Coy his opponent.

For United States Senator I voted for Jos H O'Neill (Dem) because Cox the Republican is a hen man & a notorious corruptist.

For Congress I cast my ballot for Francis Horgan (Democrat) in preference to Tinkham. I know both in the Senate when our bill was pending and never had any special respect for the arrogant, ~~and~~ selfish and "high brow" Tinkham. Horgan is a man of pleasant personality but of no great mental power. But I think he will be a safe follower of our great President.

^{less}
The State of pieces of the Republican

tickets all having secured with credit
received my indorsement

I voted for nearly all the proposed constitutional amendments. One or two I considered mischievous and voted no but on the Initiative and Referendum I voted yes. Until yesterday, however, I had expected to vote no, but because I was afraid that professional agitators would take undue advantage of it. However, yesterday, papers contained a full page advertisement from the friends of the measure ~~showing~~ showing how it has worked in other states and other countries and quoting the expressed opinions of ~~previous~~ governors and others showing that the evils I feared had not followed in its wake. Hence my change of attitude.

When I voted today the man who preceded me into the "sacred circle" was Henry V. Cunningham, the chairman of the Ballot Law Commission. When I announced my name to the station teller Mr. C. turned around and greeted me cordially. When we had voted we ~~started~~ climbed Mt Vernon Street together exchanging views on the war ^{and} the election. He inquired especially about the school.

10:15 P.M.

After school tonight Hiram and I and Wm. J. Dolan, the recorder of Suffolk Law School went down to newspaper row to view the election returns, but the disappointment that we met was heralded in advance by the small crowd assembled. In other years on election night I have seen Washington street jammed full from the Globe office to the old South Church with several stereopticon "shows" staged by the various papers. Tonight blackboards were displayed with returns in chalk upon them. The Post proclaimed Walsh's election as senator while the Record indicated a victory for Weeks. But only a small portion of the state had been heard from, so we returned ~~to~~ deserted the waiting and dejected throng.

Wednesday Nov 6, 18

Well the great election is over and half the candidates are rejoicing - Walsh was elected U.S. Senator, defeating Senator Weeks who has served during the past six years. The direct election of U.S. Senators by the people has introduced a new order of things as is made manifest by this incident. Had Weeks been a candidate before the legislature as of old his election would have been an absolute

certainty for the legislature is always
 overwhelmingly Republican and no
 Democratic opponent could hope for even
 a respectable minority vote. It was moreover
 a venerable custom among senators to control
 the political machine that selected ~~and elected~~
 the members of the legislature, thereby insuring
 their ^{own} perpetuity in office with little regard
~~for~~ the people or their ^{humble} desires. But now
 within the past three or four years ^{that} we
 have had the new dispensation many of
 the old guard in the senate ~~has~~ been
 replaced in that august body by a man
 more in touch with the people. And now,
 exit senator weeks! I am not at all
 disappointed in his defeat for I believe
 the whole people are wiser than any one
 man and that Walsh may as effectively
 serve our interests, ~~in all~~ ~~as~~ considering
 all things, as ~~though~~ would the other man.
 As the business expert needed in recon-
 struction weeks won my vote, but I was not
 unmindful of his reactionary views
 of woman suffrage, Prohibition and some
 other great issues before the nation

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Thursday, Nov 7, 1918

(2 P.M.) Church bells are ringing and whistles are blowing in glad token that the long expected Peace has at last arrived. I pray God that it may be true. I have run old glory to the peak of my flag staff at the bungalow (my flag pole in my new premises not being complete) Elizabeth is so jubilant that the house cannot contain her. I hear her now rejoicing with a neighbor in the street.

If this report is authentic this day will stand ~~in history~~ ^{to future generations} as the most momentous in the history of mankind. The devils that plotted the overthrow of freedom in this world have tasted the bitter fruits of defeat. They have gone down before the embattled armies of righteousness and all the world is filled with rejoicing. To the latest generation this day will be a hallowed memory.

(5 P.M.) ~~The~~ The rumor of peace is false - for stock market purposes doubtless. I have just telephoned to father Snyder and he tells me that the latest news brands the cable message as false, but does declare that a great revolt has broken out in the German navy - a Bolshevist movement apparently. Well, we will see what we shall see. If a revolution could finish

the whole Hohenzollern clan, it would be well worth the delay. God's justice must overtake the guilty, so we can rest content.

9:15 P.M.

It is extraordinary how people will take a rumor for truth. The whistles of factories are screeching madly and have been for a full half hour. Church bells are adding volume to the din and I suppose night will be made hideous by enthusiastic celebrators of "Peace" - a peace that has not yet arrived. I thought at first that perhaps a new and authentic report had come by telephone from Boston, but when I called "Central" to inquire I found they were celebrating the same unfounded rumor. Elizabeth and the children have gone to bed. While ~~they will~~ the youngsters will sleep I fear that my dear wife will remain awake and thereby increase her disgust and wrath at the cruel hoax that we are being treated to. If this were only truth we could join so heartily and gladly in this second outpouring of vocal rejoicing - but as it is we feel sorry for those who rejoice for they will learn tomorrow the truth. Silence at last and I am right glad for I had already heard E. stirring in

*

the room above. So now I ~~see~~ must
~~prepare~~ bank my fire in the fire place
 and go to bed. 9:25 P.M.

Friday Nov 8, 1918

Another day of suspense has passed and we still
 await the word of rejection or acceptance of the
 armistice by Germany. The German com-
 missioners are reported ^{to be} in conference with
 Marshall Foch. President Wilson has taken
 measures to protect the public against the
 recurrence of another such hoax as that of
 yesterday by announcing that when the official
 word of the signing of the armistice comes to him
 he will immediately make the news public
 by a personal statement.

* It was a shameful affair - the sending
 of such a message as came over the cable
 yesterday and passed by the censors at
 that. The ill effect upon the public of
 mocking the high patriotism that flamed
 forth in the universal wave of thanksgivings
 will dim the reception that should be accorded
 to the greatest victory of righteousness in
 the annals of mankind when it does
 come.

Events in Germany are apparently of a
 highly sensational nature. The revolution

is said to be spreading rapidly. But Germany is the fatherland of lies and ^{lying} propaganda so it is well to receive such tales with due reservation. The papers say that the Kaiser is expected to abdicate tomorrow. He had better do something of the sort, then ~~and~~ embark in one of his submarines and prepare to live on fish the rest of his days for he ~~can~~ ^{never} ~~hardly~~ expect any spot of this earth to welcome him except as a corpse. The load of guilt upon the shoulders of one man or upon the shoulders of many men responsible for the slaughter of millions of innocent fellow creatures should make conscious existence a hell upon earth - but then those who have no conscience cannot suffer the sharp stings of remorse nor can guilt inflict ^{upon them} its own punishment.

Saturday. Nov 9, 18

The German envoys have sent by courier the allied armistice terms to Red Bill who has again demonstrated that he is the "German Democracy". Yesterday he refused to ~~abdicate~~ abdicate at the request of the socialists and Prince Max resigned as Chancellor. I suspect the whole show of revolution is a cunning



scheme of the tricky knaves to endeavor to hoodwink the allies and to deprive them of ~~the~~ some of the fruits of victory. Knowing in advance that the greater part of their fleet would be required of them and hopeless of saving it, they stage a mock revolt and the "rebels" make off with the fleet perhaps to sink the ships or otherwise destroy them. The whole aspect of things to my mind bears out this conclusion. The German press are loudly proclaiming the spread of the revolution, when if such movement were genuine it would be high treason to the Kaiser and his army to give the news prominence for propaganda effect abroad and not for serious consideration at home is the natural conclusion. A bolshevik reign whether Bill will see of anarchy would doubtless be more difficult for the allies to deal with than it would to make peace with Bill himself. It may therefore be a part of his policy to permit it to appear that anarchy is in the ascendant.

Whether the Kaiser will surrender without more ado is problematic. If he thinks that his crown can be retained by such a course he will surrender. If not he will probably take a gambler's chance and fight on, so long as his army is loyal.

I came from Boston on the 6:37 AM train this morning and took ~~the~~ breakfast at home. During the forenoon I drove to the store for groceries and also worked at the woodpile. During the latter part of the forenoon weariness and headache so overcame me that I was obliged to lie down. Sleep refreshed me greatly so that in the afternoon I resumed work on my berry garden (which I worked on a week ago today). I set out a row of currant bushes, ~~and~~ six grape vines two rows of black cap raspberries, a second strawberry bed, a row of blackberries and also a row of red raspberries, the last mentioned work being done in darkness for the sky was cloudy and night came early. But now the garden is complete except for rhubarb and asparagus which I shall set out next spring.

Sunday morning, Nov 10, 18

A neighbor (Wm Tolman) has just called at the house with a copy of last evening's Boston "Traveler" which claims that Kaiser Bill has abdicated and the crown Prince has renounced the succession. The news comes by cable through the medium of the United Press, the same agency that circulated the great hoax of last Thursday. This may be another of the

same kind. At any rate we will wait for confirmation in today's papers before wasting any perfectly good emotions of joy.
(Evening)

Our Sunday paper apparently confirms the news already indicated, but I am still sceptical. The comforting thought, however, is that disaster unmistakable and overwhelming has overtaken the wicked gang that precipitated the world war. Austria is in the dust and Germany has come ~~to~~ to face her hour of retribution. Her boastful maniac-war-lord must abdicate or be dethroned by force. ~~and the~~ ^{the} toil of generations yet unborn must Germany witness before the colossal load of guilt can be lifted from her shoulders. The fate of all brutal conquerors has alighted upon this latest would be conqueror - the ~~so~~ self-styled super-man who would succeed where Alexander and Napoleon failed - and he a ^{now} more woeful failure than either of them! ^ I thank God to have lived to see this day and above all that I have been able to loan ^{to} my ~~country~~ ^{country} of more than five thousand dollars to be used in the struggle to overthrow the mightiest ~~ambition~~ scheme of conquest that was ever launched on this earth.



Monday, Nov 11, 1918.

The hoped for news has come!

We were awakened at about five o'clock this morning by the glad voice of Thanksgiving that burst forth all over the land in a real "Dawn of Peace." Factory whistles were the first notes in the mighty chorus and now that I have reached Boston the booming of cannon, the roll of drums, the tooting of horns, the ringing of bells, the endless succession of ~~parades~~ ^{noisy} parades make this an ever to be remembered day in the history of the world, for it is a world celebration with every race of man participating and every civilized language made vocal in its universal hymn of triumph. The Hellish Hun has bowed his murderous head. The arch fiend himself has abdicated and fled to Holland, and his galaxy of kings and princelings have cast their crowns into the dust and decamped for places of refuge.

My trip to Boston was through scenes of noisy jubilation. At one station a big crowd had gathered around a bon fire which a great placard marked "Hell" and an effigy of the Kaiser was being thrust into it amid tremendous cheering. When I reached the South Station

and started up Summer street the first of the vociferous parades was coming down ~~Summer~~ ^{the} street. No orderly parade was this but truck loads and barge loads of cheering, trumpet ~~and~~ blowing, flag waving humanity, with contingents afoot here and there, a happy rabble upon which we of the sidewalks smiled encouragement and approval. I am sure I wore a grin all the way up to the common. But my grin was erased when I attempted to slip through the endless procession and thus cross Tremont street. However, I gained the common and had little further difficulty in reaching the school.

There I was greeted with volleys of telephone calls from students who desired to know whether we would hold a session tonight. ~~At~~ [§] I soon decided that the rising tide of enthusiasm would by evening render it impossible to accomplish anything by attempting to hold school. Tomorrow is a holiday, by the Governor's proclamation, so closing tonight means closing until Friday.

Never have I experienced a harder day to work. Not only the distraction of telephone calls unsettled me, but the very



spirit of the cascade abandon of the hour was in my veins. I made several short excursions to the streets. When I went to the store that I patronize on Anderson street I passed through Pinckney street and there saw one of the most impressive sights of the day. * Several thousand (I should judge) of primary school children were massed in solid formation from sidewalk to sidewalk flanked with school maams to keep them in order. Every child carried a flag which ~~they~~^{it} waved as they sang, standing still meanwhile and pouring forth a volume of sound joyful to the ear. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "America" and "The Yanks Are Coming" were three of their songs. One strange thing about it was that more than three fourths of the youthful army were girls, all nationalities represented from dusky pickaninnies to the fair haired northern types. But such bright eyes, beaming with excitement, it was a sight worth traveling far to see. What a first great lesson in Americanism was there taught to these impressionable little mothers of posterity.

Another excursion was down Beaman street to Fremont Street where the groups were parading. Floats very hastily gotten together furnished no end of interest. One side inscription read "we are going to the Kaiser's funeral". Another "He tried to conquer the world. Hell is the place for him". Having some shopping to do I went down through Houghton-Dutton's store and when I passed out through the revolving doors at Fremont Street corner I saw something that I never beheld before. The crowd outside was so dense that those desiring to enter the store were pushed, not one at a time as is the custom but in groups of four or five into each segment of the revolving door, men, women and children crammed together like sardines, all laughing and squeaking to good naturedly as they were ground through the mill wheel.

I made my way to Fremont Temple for I had some papers for A. W. MacLean one of the faculty. As we talked some one blew a trumpet in the corridor with such unearthly violence that

~~the~~ a man in the next office ran out to chase away the offender but the culprit had escaped.

This evening at about 6:75 o'clock I went out to view the evening celebration and remained out half an hour. There was no organized celebration at all but the mall side of the common was densely thronged with sailors, soldiers and citizens. But the only regrettable feature was that women who were obviously of the degenerate street walking type were capturing the entire navy and like the german revolutionists at Kiel making off with them. Some of the sailors and the more reckless of the young men were armed with boxes of tatum powder which they flung into the faces ^{or hair} of the young women making them look very comical indeed. In several cases I saw girls digging the powder from their eyes - and I fancy they were ~~at least displeased~~ ^{not at all pleased}.

Such a melody of racket I never heard before - every ~~body~~ ^{body} of girls ^{it seemed} ~~was~~ ^{was} armed with bells or tiny horns or some such racket producing instrument. This with giggles and shouts helped on

the babel, while men whirled stuttering things that clicked fiendishly, or blew horns, or jangled bells. The eternal small boy was there with battered tin things, out of all semblance to what they may once have been, but still giving forth a hoarse noise as they hammered them.

It must not be supposed that all the things were thus engaged, for a great many orderly persons like myself were abroad in the happy maze of humanity ^{merely as amused} spectators.

But speaking of noise-makers, there was one young man with an automobile horn that he concealed for the most part. It was only when he was in the street behind a jam of people that he would cut loose the most appalling warning and watch the effect on the crowd as they made hair breadth escapes from ^{an} imaginary automobile.

My farthest northward course was to Merchants row beyond Scollay Square where I saw a marvelous display of motley flags and a solid mass of surging humanity around them.

X

I drew near and found an Italian celebration that was well worth the seeing. Such earnestness and such peculiar antics! Every man was a law unto himself with only one notion in common and that notion was to endeavor to punch the sky with his fist. But for such a short race ^{man} to attempt such a gesture was little short of ludicrous. Long I gazed at the witting twisting mass of men as they ~~at~~ went through their strange rite, punching ~~the~~ at the sky with a bare fist or with a fist with a hat on it or perhaps a flag, no impunity of motion, each man for himself, and each distorting his features as though yelling madly some sort of Italian cheer. So far as I could tell in the din, they were not yelling loudly for I stood quite near one of the maddest of the lot and could not hear his voice above the ~~din~~ ^{murmur}. But the Italians did not remain in one place, ~~but~~ for suddenly they would dash off, apparently without leader or signal and go at it again. In one place they found a smooth surface and some of them

climbed and reeled around in a dance.

* Such is my impression of Boston's first day of Peace.

I returned to the school at 7:15 and have since employed my time chiefly in letter writing and writing in this journal. (while carvers have boomed and incessant noises have come up from the street). It is now ten o'clock and (as Sam Pepys would say) "so to bed".

Friday November 15, 1918

Kaiser Bill has been granted permission to live with a friend in Holland, but he is hedged about by restrictions that amount practically to internment. The crown prince it appears did not accompany him in his flight, but yesterday the younger scoundrel is reported to have crossed the Dutch frontier and that met prompt internment. I am greatly puzzled over the situation in Germany, for while on the surface there seems to be a completely successful revolution yet there are strong indications that the same old accursed wolf is lurking under the woolly garments of revolution. Hindenburg still commands the army, and the great majority of

Government officials are those holding over from the old regime. Revolutions are not accomplished by the mere change of the head of the state while all important posts are still held by his friends and partisans. This German revolution does not ring true. It seems to me that Bismarck is putting over a bluff to save his "Imperial fare", expecting and intending to mount into the saddle of state as soon as his fleas have attended to the disagreeable duties of a peace conference. If there were a real revolution ~~at~~ every public official owing his appointment to the Kaiser would be ousted from office, mobs would have stormed the imperial palaces and ~~the~~ a revolutionary party would have set up a new government perhaps demanding the Kaiser for trial from those in whose custody he now rests.

The coming peace conference, so vitally important to the safety of the world now ~~comes~~ calls for serious consideration. It has been hinted that President Wilson is likely to sit in person at the conference and the newspapers are offering much earnest advice. Those editorial comments that I have thus far seen from upon so radical a step, declaring that the welfare of the

country ~~is~~ demands that our President remain at home. For my part, so far as I have now revolved the matter in mind I favor most heartily Wilson's presence at the council table of the world in this momentous session. It is true that we need him at home, but ~~in essence~~ ~~we need~~ ~~that~~ we need ^{him} far more at the great task of safeguarding the interests of our nation at the council table that shall reshape the nations of the world. Our ideals are not the same as those of ~~our~~ our allies in the great war. ~~These~~ ^{European} statesmen are more or less overshadowed by the imperialistic and militaristic traditions of a long past. If we are to abolish war the virile cosmopolitan republic of the west must bear its true share in the coming deliberations.

There is a rumor abroad that the queen of Holland has been called upon to abdicate and that a genuine revolution is beginning. However, the fanning state of the world is responsible for more or less hysteria in all countries and the clamoring of a small group of radicals may after all mean little in way of actual national movement.

* *

Saturday, Nov 16, 18

Came from Boston on the 6:37 train. The day devoted to work on the ^{large} lawn setting out an ~~orchard~~ orchard according to a landscape garden plan drawn up some days ago. I dug up from the other place about thirty fruit trees (set out last spring) and reset them on the lawn. The general plan of the orchard is to have the trees radiate like the spokes of a wheel from a flagstaff as a centre. A person approaching the ^{lawn} from any direction is sure to see, resolving itself from the mass of the orchard a striking vista of trees in a straight line formed by two "spokes". In passing along the street five of these vistas are disclosed - a new and original idea in landscape gardening. But the beauty of the orchard plan will not be fully apparent for several years, when size and characteristics of the various trees will show the harmony of their relation in the general scheme.

Nothing new in the national horizon nor in European affairs.

Tuesday Nov 19, 1918

The first effects of the passing of the great war cloud ~~is~~ ^{are} beginning to be felt all over the world. People are ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} to realize that the problems of reconstruction are exceedingly grave. It is now the beginning of an era of fear of the extreme radical swing of society that can ^{only} with difficulty be restrained from passing beyond pure democracy to the diabolism and deadly Bolshevism that has prostrated Russia and rendered the new days ~~of~~ ^{there} more undesirable than the old days of depression. The two mighty problems that concern us here in America are the high cost of living and the wage problem. While the earning power of the ordinary worker has not advanced to meet the new scale of living cost, that of the powerful groups of trades unions has been artificially raised by the war to unheard of rates, thereby still further raising the cost of living to the rest of the public. The cry goes up from all around that ~~excess~~ the inflated wage scale must come down - but the powers that be in trade union circles say that organized labor will fight to retain its present advantage. We have every reason to suppose that it will fight

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and fight bitterly with increasing bitterness toward the mad ~~bolshch~~ bolshevik theories. For my part I would gladly see the working man retain his ten dollar a ~~week~~ day wage scale if the situation of society could be equalized so that the burden of such high wages would not bear most heavily upon an equally worthy portion of society. The government in its endeavor to control the soaring cost of things has set prices for ~~the~~ the natural products so that farming has become comparatively unprofitable as an occupation. Unless something is done for the farmer he will turn to more remunerative employment and we shall be in danger of famine. If he is assisted, up goes the cost of living again, and the already distressed salaried worker at pre-war rates must also be substantially aided. To raise wages in all fields will result in the same comparative relation between income and expense as formerly, with the additional danger of increasing our whole financial picture and general distress.

* So it seems to me the wisest course would be to reduce inflated ~~and~~ wages now existing rather than to inflate all along the line. I believe that is what

will be attempted and strife between labor and capital of portentous nature may be expected in the near future.

It seems now to be officially settled that President Wilson will attend the Peace Conference not perhaps as a regular delegate, but to better explain his ideas on the League of Nations. I am greatly pleased, for the future security of the world demands an unusual degree of care in the settlement of this greatest of all wars. There is danger, ~~that~~ now that the immense pressure of war is removed, that European diplomats grow lukewarm toward the untied plan of a ~~League~~ League of Nations. Wilson, however, is for it heart and soul, believing as do many of us, that in it lies the only possible guaranty that wars shall hereafter be ^{not} impossible. Of course I am not so optimistic as to believe it a certain guaranty of peace, but I do believe that it is vastly preferable to try out a promising and noble experiment than to continue the old discredited system that so often has deluged the world in flood.

Some of the newspapers are beginning to predict that if the League is adopted Wilson will be chosen as its first President. Surely no man among all the diplomats of the world is more

entitled to this supreme honor. While he came into the war councils of the allies at a late stage of the conflict - he led our great nation into camp at a time when the strength of the allies was at the breaking point, and with a stern and serious purpose ~~we~~ plunged into the great conflict to rescue civilization. How well our nation has responded to the call, all the world knows. The war is finished and the chief of the great Republic of the West cannot be other than a commanding figure at the council table of the nations. The President's critics plead for national humility and declare that modesty forbids Wilson's trip abroad. But when the fate of the world is at hazard there is no time for modesty or humility in one who has the power to act the ~~heroic~~ saviour.

Thursday, Nov 21, 1918

Owing to the delay in our schedule arising from the epidemic our first court trials of the year were held this evening. I came to Boston on the 4 P.M. train. Three sessions of court were held and very lively indeed were all of them. It is a source of gratification to have the different departments

of the school run so smoothly and efficiently.

The coming of peace has caused an unexpected increase of students, although nothing really extraordinary. The influenza epidemic, like a fire that has smouldered long, now springs up again perhaps as the result of the peace celebration crowds, and several of the students are down with it. I hope it may be kept within safe bounds for it has exacted heavy toll already.

A great deal of unrest is apparently being created in Holland ~~of~~ over the presence of the Kaiser and his brood. I half suspect that our friends of England and France will find means to make Holland too hot to hold him and that this very unrest is the beginning of the process. It is said that he cannot legally be extradited and that his offences are political. In the interest of eternal justice I hope that this arch criminal is punished as his colossal crimes deserve, but no human punishment can atone for the millions of slaughtered men, women and children that have fallen victims to his mad lust of power.

Friday, Nov 22, '18

I awoke this morning with a bad headache and a touch of cold in the head. A heavy dose of laxative and copious water drinking resulted favorably by evening, but I did no work all day except necessary office routine. For diversion I indulged in poetry, working on a poem inspired by the war.

The German fleet surrendered today thus putting beyond reach the one possible weapon of treachery. Surely God reigns when such glorious triumphs of righteousness are possible. The nations have been tried by fire and have come forth purified and made new. A great era is dawning for the world, an era of great problems for us all. May we who remain to face them do our full duty in all things.

Agitation as to the Kaiser still continues and it is claimed by influential British newspapers that he has never really abdicated as King or Kaiser. They point out that no formal message ^{or statement} of abdication has ever been announced by the "revolutionists," which they would certainly have done had there been such a paper in existence.

Plans for the Peace conference go on apace, and the dates of arrival of

the rulers of the various countries are being announced. President Wilson will be provided with a house in Paris, it is said and will receive a reception such as ^{is granted} no other ruler unless it be the King of Belgium.

Saturday, Nov 23, 18

The great sensation of the day is the resignation of Wm G McAdoe as Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of the Railroads of the Nation. Mr McAdoe states that his salary as Secretary (\$12,000) is insufficient to meet his necessary expenses in Washington (he receives no salary as Director of the Railroads), thus rendering it necessary for him to retire to private life to recoup his fortunes. The President has accepted the resignation.

Monday, Nov 25, 18

The Germans continue to surrender U-boats for internment. So many amazing things have happened of late that we cease to wonder at ~~stagger~~ events that would stagger one's intelligence in ordinary times. Who would have dreamed, for instance, that the great German fleet built up so laboriously and relied upon so vainly would surrender without firing a shot? No nation but Germany would probably have done such a thing. Surely

Great Britain, France, United States or even Spain would not have thus acted. Perry at Lake Erie was not made of such craven stuff. I more than half suspected that the German fleet would come forth for a great sacrificial battle rather than surrender so ignominiously. If the U-boats had come to the rendezvous, obstensibly for surrender and had treacherously sunk a part of the allied fleet it would have seemed entirely in keeping with the German "Kamerad" character. It all goes to show that Brutal Force is all in all with the German people and no great spiritual faith such as sustained France and England existed with them. So long as Brutal Force garnered victories, and spoils and female prey the soldiery could fight on with ^{the} dash and ^{the} zest of the wolf pack, but when the tide turned, the day of spoils was done, and the thundering guns faced them back, surrender was swift and ignominious.

The internal unrest in Germany is reported to be on the increase. The extreme radicals call for a republic rather than for the convocation of a national assembly. Threats to secede from Germany are being made by some of the hitherto dependent racial groups. If there is anything that the Germans

feel they will gain in the swasion of peace indemnities and punishments for crimes by such action I should not be surprised to see Germany dissolve as a nation to reappear in a variety of new pseudo-republics. But the allies will not be fooled by such tactics and the immediate appearance of such a tendency ~~would~~ doubtless result in strong allied garrisons everywhere in Germany as a means of forcing the criminal nation to settle for its crimes.

* The newspapers now report that Mr. Adoo's resignation may have other causes back of it than the financial cause alleged in the resignation itself. It is ~~is~~ claimed by some that the President and his son in law have seriously disagreed on the future policy of the government toward the roads - the President standing for government ownership and Mr. Adoo for returning the roads to private hands as soon as expedient.

Nov 26, 1918

The newspapers are devoting great headlines to a report that the allies will sink all German naval vessels because of the difficulty that may be experienced in dividing them among the victorious nations. This report is so very

incredible that it seems to me to be unworthy of even passing notice. To absolutely waste the assets of Germany when all those assets will be needed a hundred times over to satisfy the demands of just reparation for wrongs committed would be criminal folly. Junk them if need be but by all means save what real assets the Red Murderers possess and devote such assets to the alleviation of suffering humanity.

Bolshevism seems in the ~~air~~ ascendent in Germany and the crisis will soon come. I do not look for the Ebert government to last long. The sham revolution may after all become a real one with bloodletting and massacre before the new year. However, the ~~German~~ people are well educated, and the virus of Bolshevism cannot be as deadly with them as it has proven with the ignorant savages in Russia.

* We are having the same Bolshevick agitation here under the name of the I. W. W. ~~but~~ but except among the foreign element it cannot gain great headway. The great mass of the people are too deeply attached to representative government and with two hundred years of it behind them, one hundred and forty as a free sovereign people, our national institutions are secure. Trouble we may

have, violence and bloodshed, perhaps but the final issue will be democracy triumphant and a nation united and strong.

December 2, 1918

Because of the severe weather we decided to quit the country and return to Boston earlier than we expected, so return we did last Friday. The drain to the cess pool had given more trouble, ~~so~~ and I was unable to fix it before moving, so on Saturday morning I went back to Nowell. A Mr Baker whom I have employed some recently assisted me. We worked all day digging the trench deeper in order to secure more pitch to the tile but boulders were encountered. Much to my disappointment I was obliged to remain in Nowell over Sunday. It required nearly all day to complete the job. I then drained off the water from our plumbing system and prepared the house for the ~~rest~~ winter. I came to Boston this morning.

Allice and Marian started in school in Boston this morning and from this event has come one of the most stunning shocks that I have ever experienced.

The school physician sent us word

thought that our dear little daughter
 has heart trouble. I took her at once
 to Dr James E. Prior and he confirmed
 the report. My poor darling little treasure,
 * how we prize her and what a comfort
 she has always been! If human
 * skill can thwart the dread malady
 that has laid hold upon our darling
 it shall be done. I am greatly
 * distressed and worried for one child
 of ours has been taken from us
 by this same fatal disease.

However, she is young and with
 care and proper medical attention
 it may be possible to save her. How
 I thank God that we have thus provi-
 dentially been warned - that we may
 treasure and protect our darling
 and love her back to vigorous health
 if such is possible. God help us to act
 wisely.

Friday Feb. 6, 1918

We are beginning to be more hopeful in little
 daughter's case. The principal of her school,
 Miss Towne, says that the trouble is fairly
 common and that children grow out of
 it in most cases. We have taken her

out of public school and will have her taught at home where we can keep her from violent play or exercise. She is very happy at the change except that she does not like medicine that must be taken to build up her general health. But she has already begun to gain in weight.

Sunday, Dec 8, 1918

President Wilson and his party are on the Atlantic today en route to the Peace Congress. One of the great questions upon which faction is likely to develop seems to be that of freedom of the seas. Great Britain will doubtless insist upon her present maritime supremacy and just how that claim can be reconciled with true freedom of the seas for all nations is not now apparent. The pressure of war which unified the allies and ~~subordinated~~ subordinated selfish interests for the time being has now been removed and each of them may now be expected to be brought forward in the general settlement of affairs. It is said that ~~England~~ Great Britain will claim thirty nine billions indemnity from Germany. Whether this stupendous claim will be in addition to her claim for all ^{conquered} occupied German

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colonies has not been stated. While Great Britain is entitled to a mammoth indemnity France and Belgium ^{each} are entitled to vastly more and Germany is bankrupt. She should be made to pay to the utmost limit of her present resources and the whole nation should be forced to labor for a generation or more to pay up the vast debt of guilt, but no one nation ~~should~~ of her conquerors should receive at one time more than her just proportion of ~~the~~ indemnity. Of course I am not sure that Great Britain will show the cloven foot and demand the lion's share but of this I am sure, if she does she will have trouble with America. A peace of justice is our aim, and the idealism of our great President will be felt mightily at the Peace congress. In fact I believe the chief difficulties that will arise in the ~~the~~ coming session will come from the clash of his ideals with the practical materialism of the old world diplomats. But both elements are vitally needed. A combination of ^{these} ~~the~~ idealism and practical ~~will~~ offers the greatest hope of peace to the world.

School ~~prospects~~ prospects grow brighter with each passing week. It is still true that the present school year will be a hard

one financially but the certainty of peace and prosperity in the near future makes ~~it~~ lighter the task of the present. Whether the school will grow to its former size I cannot with certainty predict, for the war has wrought vast changes. The world will never ^{again} be the same. ~~again~~. We are at the dawning of a new era. Our dreaming, prosperous past through the mid shoe of war has vanished, to be replaced by an age ~~of~~ of strenuous and perhaps bitter internal conflict. How that struggle will react upon law schools is uncertain but it seems to me that it is more than likely to benefit them. Laws will multiply and grow more complex. The legally trained man will be in greater demand in business ^{life} than ever before. The law schools should therefore occupy a greater and greater place in our new and mightier era.

Thursday, Dec 12, 1918

The first transport of returning soldiers to reach Boston arrived at the Charlestown docks yesterday and whistles and bells set up a mad serenade of welcome. How pleasant it is to awaken from the long nightmare of war and welcome the glad

dawn of peace and the valiant defenders who put the nightmare away from our hearts. How different a Christmas we will spend this year than we did last year when to so many homes it brought sadness and dread rather than gladness and buoyant hope.

Freedom of the seas and what shall be done with the German arch-criminals when they are caught ~~are~~ themes occupying the attention of the world just now, although there are of course many other vital matters that allied diplomats are meeting with in comparative silence, to be brought forth at the great conference.

I have resumed work on my text book on Evidence, beginning Saturday Dec 7th. I am very glad to be making progress on a permanent achievement for the satisfaction at the end of a day or week of such work is far greater than at the end of a corresponding period of mere routine work. My time is limited, however, for the absence of my secretary (in the officer training school) render my ~~so~~ routine duties heavier than they would be if he were here.

Friday, Dec 13, 1918

* President Wilson reached France today in such a baptism of glory as no other American President ever enjoyed - such as
 * no other ruler on earth could at present command. He is being hailed as the "Liberator of Mankind" and wherever he goes will be accorded royal honors. Well, I hope that he will not lose his mental poise and come to regard himself as something more than human. But well I know he will meet sobering tasks in the Peace conference, so we cannot begrudge him his overwhelming carnival of glory.

Soldier boys continue to return and Suffolk Law School is greeting its share of them. Lieutenant P. C. Bourke of the flying corps is the first arrival from France, but there will be other veterans of ours back very soon.

Dec 15, 1918

I went to Norwell yesterday to attend to some last matters at the house; picked over apples and canned 6 1/2 qts of those that were spoiling and brought back three pecks for use in Boston. While there I learned some very

sad news. For three summers the children have had grand times playing with Esther and Lillian Oaken, children who lived next door. Since we moved to Boston the whole family have been taken down with influenza and little Lillian is dead. She was sick only one day. We shall all miss her for she was a very lovable little girl and a regular little mother to Junior who always persisted in calling her "Esther" because he couldn't pronounce her name.

Tues Dec 17, 1918

I have developed a cold and a very disagreeable hoarseness that will interfere with my teaching tonight, so Ariens will substitute for a part of each lecture in the two divisions of Contracts. Elizabeth and I went to the "movies" this morning, the first time since last spring, and enjoyed the program very much.

Allan has been obliged to put on glasses lately and they surely make him look like wisdom. He enjoys his school very much and we are pleased at his progress. Marian seems to gain in health and as for Junior he is

health personified.

Tues Dec 24, 1918

Well, tomorrow is Christmas day and the world has moved so far out of war that the chief headlines in the newspapers today convey the message that President Wilson will take his Christmas dinner with the American troops in Germany - how different from six weeks ago when red slaughter filled the newspapers so full that commonplace news had no place. God be praised for the blessings of peace and ~~the~~ for the returned sanity of the world! Never in this generation has Christmas tide been so appreciated as this one, for peace is never so blessed as at the end of war.

President Wilson's presence in France is apparently moulding world events in a way most glorious for us all. The power of his personality and the prestige of the great nation whose leader and spokesman he is has already won many of the allied statesmen to his viewpoint. It is said that now the troublesome topic of "freedom of the seas" bids fair to present less difficulty. English statesmen are less inclined to the dangerous

M. BENNETT
A SAVING OF 20%
SERIOUS!
7 FEDERAL ST.
NEAR MILK
OSTON, MASS.

theory ~~grounded~~ that Great Britain's navy should dominate the world. Wilson will go to England next week and the fact of his presence in England will do much to draw the two great nations together and wear England away from ~~a~~ a selfish policy that bodes ill for our future relations if persisted in.

I went to Norwell yesterday and remained overnight in order to accomplish tasks that needed attention. I picked over my apples, culling all those showing a tendency to decay. Eight bushels of apples still remain of the harvest.

January 1, 1919

Well, my dear Journal, it has been more than a year since we became close friends, and in that year the most wonderful events have transpired. The new year opens and at the very beginning I must record a fact that may or may not prove of great moment to my little family. The long eluded and treacherous malady that has devastated so many homes has at last laid hold upon us. Little Marian as I write lies sick with Influenza, but thus far her case is mild. She was ailing yesterday complaining of headache

languor and pain in the limbs. I took her temperature last night and it was $100\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. This morning (after rather a coughy and sneezy night) her temperature was ~~101~~ 101° and tonight it is 102° . She is abed in my study. Dr Francis H MacCarthy has been here and pronounces the case influenza. The rest of the family are all well tonight except Junior who has a nose cold which has afflicted him for a day or two but he is as lively as a cricket

* President Wilson's visit has apparently developed an encouraging degree of harmony, although of course we know nothing of what really goes on during secret interviews. We had just been treated to a little of the escaping steam from the boiler room of the peace conference in the fact that the Prime Minister has declared in the Chamber of Deputies that he stands for the old balance of power scheme that has brought about so many wars and heartburnings of nations in the past.

* Wilson has neatly countered by having Sec. of the Navy Daniels declare that if the League of Nations does not come about America will build the greatest navy in the world. Wilson has also said that unless we have a League of Nations the United States will not join any combination

of Powers of lesser magnitude.

The Peace Conference will open soon and we shall undoubtedly hear reports of heated debates and of ^{diplomatic} battling such as the world has never seen. The fate of the civilized world ~~is ~~at~~ ~~stake~~~~ is in the balance and the next six weeks will see that fate decided.

Returning to family affairs once more - Two weeks ago, fearing that the persistence of the influenza epidemic to which I was so frequently ~~exposed~~ exposed in my office and lecture room might strike me I took out twelve thousand dollars more of insurance so that now my life insurance totals * twenty five thousand. It is a great comfort to me now that I have done so, for if I should meet the fate of Professor Chandler (which I do not for a moment fear) my family will be well provided for.

I have been indulging in fiction some lately, having written several short stories. Finished one today which I call "The mysterious farmer hands"

4 P.M. January 2, 1919

Little daughter is a very sick girl with a temperature of $103\frac{1}{10}^{\circ}$. I am greatly worried for the fever seems on the increase. The nurse from the Community House (1st M E Church) has just been here. Elizabeth and I are caring for her for in this time nurses are practically unobtainable. We are giving her the best of care that loving parents can and we pray God that she may be spared to us. The doctor has made another visit and tells us that Marian does not have pneumonia and he hopes it may be averted.

11 P.M.

An eventful evening. Marian is better. Her temperature has dropped to $102\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ but my big girl has come down with the same malady. She was seized with a violent chill about 7:30 and there was of course nothing for her to do except get ready to take her bed. I spent nearly an hour telephoning every place for a nurse but could find none. As a last resort I called our minister Rev W. Gilbert to see if I could secure our Community nurse for a portion of the time and he suggested an even better plan. Miss Ewing of his staff of workers is a trained nurse and he said she would come and stay with us until Sunday. I brought down a bed into our living

room for Elizabeth. Mother Snyder helped make it ready for her. I called Dr. McCarthy and he ordered a hot bath for her and hot lemonade. This was all accomplished in due course.

His sister from Manchester N.H. is expected tomorrow so I put in a telephone call to advise her of our illnesses so that she could be forewarned. After several attempts I reached her.

Now my patients are abed and I shall go out onto the sleeping porch with Junior leaving my door open so that I can attend to them. I have a suspicious aching ~~and~~ nose and a tendency to sneeze but am very sure the malady has not got a real hold on me yet. I am possibly in the incubation stage, but I should worry and get a winkle.

We'd have led the flu a merry chase and eluded it for four months at any rate. I expected it sooner or later and now that it has come we must make the best of a bad situation.

Friday Jan 3, 1919

Well, another day has passed and I will record very briefly the chief incidents. I slept rather poorly last night because of anxiety for my sick ones, and the making of excursions into the "hospital" zone. This morning Elizabeth's temperature was $101\frac{1}{2}$ ° and Marvin's 100°/101°. They were both cheerful and reasonably comfortable. Poor little Junior was badly used up with a head cold but had no fever. Allan had a slight cold but no fever.

* Elizabeth telephoned that she would not make her visit now and the nurse I engaged last night sent word that she was too ill to come. I spent the forenoon waiting on the sick ones, washing dishes, etc. as well as in telephone conferences on school matters. Mr. McCarthy came and made the rounds of the family. Miss Hunter the community nurse came at noon and placed herself about disposal which was a great blessing. Reinforced in this way I could attend to school duties and also steal time for a nap.

* I went to bed at 2 PM and slept half an hour at which time Allan ~~was~~ woke me because an express package collect had come. Then a few minutes later he

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piloted one of the students to the door of the room where I was (on the top floor front). By the time I had answered his questions my "appetite" for sleep had vanished. I went down to the office and spent a busy hour.

* In order to relieve my mind of possible anxiety if I should be suddenly stricken with "flu" I wrote a letter to the sisters of the school (to be delivered only in case of my death) urging them in most earnest language to elect my brother Hiram to my place in corporation and school. In the evening I told father Snyder of the existence of this letter so that he might know it was in the safe. I also gave him the secret of the combination so that he could open it in case I were no longer able.

I had a very busy evening, especially with two or three seniors who are anxious about the degree. One of them, Russell King, who had failed to pass in the required written work and had been absent ^{much} last year, tried to convince me that he was entitled to the degree notwithstanding.

So far as the sick are concerned tonight Marvins maximum temperature this evening has been about $102\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and Elizabeths 101° . I feel vastly encouraged and even happy.

Mrs Dolan the Reader was much astonished that I could have the possibility of being sick with influenza and even make plans to have my work taken care of during the time.

Saturday, January 4, 1919.

* Another anxious and busy day! Poor little baby Gleason is the latest addition to our hospital. He is tonight a very sick child with a temperature of 104° and at this time last evening he was apparently getting over his cold. He slept well last night and ate his breakfast this morning with little evidence of trouble. But directly after breakfast he came to me and fussed as if in distress, complaining of his hair. Thinking that there was a tangle in his fluffy locks I smoothed it out for him but still he complained. I took him into my lap and he hung so limp that I asked him if he wished to go to bed, to which he assented.

* I put him to bed and he went to sleep only to awaken later flushed and crying hard. The nurse ~~and~~ came at about 10 am and the doctor an hour later. The little fellow's temperature was 102° then but it has since risen to 104° .

Marion has a temperature tonight of $101\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$

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* and her mother of 102° . Except for a bad and persistent cough Marian's friends comfortable and Elizabeth's case has been very mild from the first.

I pray our Merciful Father that I may not have to record worse things than in today's entry.

5 P.M. Sunday Jan 5, 1919

* Elizabeth holds her own and continues to remain quite comfortable. Marian^{102.1} seems to be a trifle sicker today and Junior¹⁰⁴ is much the same. Miss Hunter came this morning at 9 am, one hour after Miss Ewing the night nurse had departed. Miss E. will come again tonight which will give me another night of sleep. If I can only keep my health and be able to do the cooking during the day, as I am now doing, and tend the sick folks at night it will be a very great blessing. I am watching Allan^{making him drink lots of water} carefully, stuffing him with nourishing food and making him ~~use~~ rinse his mouth and throat with antiseptic wash.

* He seems to be in fine condition and I hope that he may escape the general contagion.

I have been very busy at odd moments during the last two days setting my affairs in order and writing letters and memoranda.

in case I should ~~lose~~ take the contagion and lose the Big Fight. It relieves my mind greatly to have done this, for although the labor may prove to have been unnecessary ~~in human estimate~~ it would be criminal negligence not to do it even if my chances of living were less to me for the "one" ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~not~~, if ^{I were} unprepared, would bring expense and difficulty to those I love.

I took Allan out for a walk today and we spent an hour and a half in the open air. The mecca of our excursion was the old North Church on Salem Street which he had never seen. It was a ~~bit~~ crisp winter day and son had difficulty in keeping his hands and feet warm. We had an amusing adventure at the old church. We crossed the street to look up at the grand old edifice and a gang of youngsters charged down past us and lined up at the edge of the side walk and the funniest noise began - a sing song chant that was neither English in its inflections nor anything else intelligible. My attention was diverted from the church to the youthful company and especially to the smallest boy of all, a doll looking dirty faced kid with coal black eyes. His mouth

Answering

was working and his eyes had the fixed glassy look of a boy speaking "a piece".

* By listening intently I made out enough of his spiel to recognize "one if by land and two if by sea" followed by a lot of unintelligible jargon winding up with epithets in the near by coppers hill cemetery. I knew the youngsters had spotted me for a easy mark and that this was a case of commercialized patriotism. I very ostentatiously drew out my purse and the young orator paused.

* "Good for you" I said, "I was afraid I would have to pay you to stop." Then I asked Allan if he didn't think that a boy who could commit so much to memory ^{ought} ~~ought~~ to have a penny. So I readily agreed so I gave the young quaffer a penny and all the others of ~~the~~ the band looked blankly at me. As we turned to go up the hill I heard one say

* "Huh. Only a cent." I was with more in that."

* Then when we were well up the hill toward the entrance to the cemetery another boy with black eyes and a dirty face, perhaps a brother to the orator, darted out from some ambush and began the same sing song spiel.

"Hello," I said, "going to say it over again?" The youngster stopped and stared.

"Why aren't you the same man that made the speech down there. It's the same speech at any rate."

He looked sheepish and ceased his attention, except that later ~~to~~ while we were in the cemetery he poked his head through the ~~gate~~ ^{gate} and yelled "si centi". Allan's

Allan was much interested in the quaint tomb stones and epitaphs but was quite aghast at the three wives of a certain Deacon buried side by side with tomb stones ~~all~~ alike. We searched for the Deacon himself but he was not to be found, so I told Allan that no doubt the old fellow was still busy accumulating wives. Son took this joke very seriously and pointed out to me that since ~~the~~ ^{the} last wife was buried in 1751 or thereabouts the Deacon could not be a marrying man in this year 1717.

We returned by way of causeway street and saw the camouflaged transports which had landed troops at the Charleston docks. I ~~wanted~~ desired a nearer view but when I found that Allan's hands were so numb with cold that he could not blow his nose, I performed the rite for him - in the public square with smiles in evidence

all around - and took him home at a swift pace. Before we had climbed the hill, he was warm again.

Miss Ewing came again this evening to care for the sick folks but did not arrive until 11 P.M.

Monday Jan 6, 1919

The sick folks are much better with almost normal temperatures. My dear wife is able to sit up and she and Baby Gleason are together the happiest pair imaginable - with joy shining in their faces. The nurse brought him from his crib in the study ~~to~~ ^{and putting the bed} with his mother. Our hospital arrangement has included two beds in the living room and the crib in the study.

Later -

* The whole country is shocked and saddened at the sudden death of Theodore Roosevelt which occurred this morning. A very great figure in American history has passed on and at a time ~~when~~ of life when he was still able to render great service to his country. But what a testimonial to the greatness of the Republic that its great men are raised up in sudden succession and the passing of such a man as Roosevelt cannot disturb the calm and steady progress of national

affairs. Had it been the President in whose hands we have placed sovereign power and upon whose decisions the fate of the world is now trembling it would be a vast calamity indeed, but if a few years hence the principal citizen Woodrow Wilson ~~has~~ should tie his Rossvelt has ^{now} done we would mourn a great man as we do now but no ^{great} national calamity would be precipitated by his death. Other hands will then steer the "Ship of State" and the great Republic of the West ~~will~~ will "carry on" and continue to exemplify ~~the motto~~ ~~of the~~ "the government of the people, by the people," to the world.

I lectured to the freshmen tonight and if I can manage it tomorrow night also my first Semester lectures will be over. I sustained a slight chill after lecture tonight but it was probably due to the colder air of the office, so much opening and closing of the front door by departing students.

I took Allen out for another walk this afternoon and at the close of our walk we visited the market and also called at the fish store where they have a mammoth stuffed bat of the vampire species. Son was greatly

interested. The proprietor of the store gave Allan two terrapin shells and he came home very happy. He looks well and I hope that he and I may both escape the influenza.

Tuesday, Jan 7, 1919

I received an unpleasant surprise this morning. Allan, who usually vociferously clamors to get up as soon as he hears anyone stirring, slept later than usual. When he awoke and I went into his room to close his window I saw at a glance that he had the "Flu". His eyes were red and he looked feverish. He insisted however that he was ~~awake~~ all night, but admitted that he had been having a headache "caused by eye strain." I ran down and got my clinical thermometer and lo! his temperature was 101° . So my last well comrade has deserted me and my faith in my own imminent immunity is shaken. I have a slight cold but my temperature is normal.

It is a great blessing to have the three first patients so far along on the road to health. My wife has been reading to the children quite a bit of the day.

The family washing "came due" today so it was up to me as the only healthy one in sight to do the work. I did it very suc-

cessfully and it whitened my hands so remarkably that I am proud of them. Such are the by products and blessings of humble tasks

Jan 8, 1919.

Elizabeth and Marian have had normal temperatures all day but Allan's fever is pronounced and Junior's somewhat less so. I am very well indeed and show no symptoms of "flu". The relief to my nerves to have my two girls so well has doubtless contributed to my healthy condition. My weight remains at 180 pounds.

I am greatly pleased to be able to record the fact that Hiram passed a very exacting life insurance examination today and has taken out \$10,000. of insurance, making thirteen thousand in all. For many years his health has been so precarious that no insurance company would accept him as a risk, but this result sets an official seal upon his good health.

Friday Jan 10, 1919

I am happy to say that our "hospital" is beginning to release its patients. My dear wife sat at the regular table at her meals today and little Marion likewise for their temperatures have been normal for several days. Justice is practically well, so that Allan who was the last victim is the only one who is really sick. The poor faithful nurse Miss Hunter is sick today but whether it is "flu" or not we do not know. She did not appear this morning, so I went to her lodging place and learned that she was feverish last night and had a bad throat today.

While it is too soon to boast I feel quite confident that I shall escape the infection and strangely enough I was the very one that the family feared was most susceptible to the disease.

Saturday, Jan 11, 1919

* well, I do not feel so confident today. The doctor announced today that he had made his last call upon my sick folks but since he ~~is~~ was here I have suddenly developed symptoms that remind me distressingly of "flu". I felt so languid after dinner that I went to bed and slept for several hours. I have just gotten up from that nap feeling like poor ~~old~~ Socrates after he had drunk the hemlock, my legs from the

* knee down as heavy as lead and even my arms are stiff. My head is clear and my temperature normal, but I cannot diagnose my symptoms as meaning anything but influenza.

Monday, Jan 13, 1919

Well, I didn't have the "flu" after all. I took a hot bath and drank a quart of hot lemonade before going to bed Saturday night and when I awoke Sunday morning my influenza symptoms had vanished. I was a trifle shaky during the day ~~but~~ yesterday but feel O.K. today. The sick folks are ~~all~~ around the house today "clothed and in their right minds". Allan has a bad cough still but Marian has ceased to "bark".

Miss Hunter, the nurse, is well again so our uneasiness on her behalf has been relieved. I have paid for nurses during our eleven days' trials just \$55.

Thursday Jan 16, 1919

* The greatest moral victory ever achieved by measures of peace was consummated today when the National Prohibition Amendment secured the ratification of the last necessary state - thirty six out of fifty eight. All this week we have watched the grand procession of states come

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marching into the prohibition ranks - one
 day alone added six states. I cannot find
 words to voice my feelings of thanksgiving
 for this epoch making victory. Since the
 world began men have been seen to
 drink and the men have waxed rich
 in the hell born traffic - rich, ~~and~~ powerful
 and corrupt, able to control governments
 and nations. But now our great
 nation has led the way out of bondage
 and proclaimed to the world the conquest
 of the mightiest enemy that ever a nation
 conquered. My own home state of Maine has
 reason for rejoicing. Prohibition was first
 * proclaimed to the world by the state of Maine
 and for many years it was the only state
 in the union with constitutional prohibition
 as a part of its laws.

Wednesday Jan 22, 1914.

This is Allan's eleventh birthday and he has
 grown to be a tall manly boy, with an
 intellect that delights my fond parental heart.
 How many things have happened during
 these eleven years and especially to affect the
 financial status of Allan's parents. Then
 I had nothing in way of financial resources
 while today I have twenty thousand dollars

of assets of my own while my dear wife has ten thousand in her own right, all but five hundred of which I have given her.

Things have settled down to a normal routine. This is vacation week and I am working on my new book at every opportunity. The "flu" has completely vanished from all the patients but Allen. He has a troublesome cough, so this afternoon we let him accompany his aunt Marian to Manchester for a visit in order that the change of climate may help his cough.

The Peace Conference is in session. The German elections have been held and the bolshevik menace has been defeated. A republic has been proclaimed in Ireland and an Irish parliament has been formed. Thus far the authorities have not interfered.

Saturday Jan 25, 1919

There was a report yesterday that Trotsky the bolshevik traitor had been captured but this morning the papers have no confirmation of the rumor. An apparently serious revolution has broken out in Portugal with a strong faction fighting for the restoration of the monarchy.

The degenerate ex-king Manuel is safe in England and protects innocence of ~~the~~ complicity, but doubtless he is the instigator. A new party has arisen in Ireland for home rule under the British Empire but so ~~many~~ fighting has occurred. In fact England is in no position to repeat her accustomed "pacification" of Ireland, for just now she is at the Peace Table with one of her chief policies the right of self-determination of small nations. It would give the lie to such professions if she were now to lay waste rebellious Ireland with fire and sword. But one thing is sure Ireland will not secure independence unless the ~~League~~ League of Nations becomes a real factor in world affairs, for if Ireland were free to plot and harbor enemies of Britain at her back door it would mean disaster for the Empire. Therefore, Ireland must be throttled until such a time as she may be let go without the possibility of revenge for the bloody past. If the League of Nations can prevent one nation from attacking another for past grievances, then Ireland may have her chance to sober up from her intoxication of hate and work out her own salvation as an independent member of the family of

realities.

Serious difficulty is developing in this country over the lack of work for returned soldiers. Thousands of ~~them~~ ^{soldiers} are finding so little work that they are willing to take. Possibly that is one of the reasons for so much unemployment, for even in my own students who have been in military service I found many who disclaim to return to the jobs they held before the war. For instance, I have had a letter from one of the boys who has been in the aviation service for more than a year and who was a plumber before the war. He says he wants a job but does not care to go back to his former work.

Friday Jan 31, 1919

The second semester has opened with a very gratifying increase in attendance. Many former students are back and nearly thirty new students have been added to the Freshman class.

Allan is still in New Hampshire and reports that his health is improving. The family at No. 45 are very well.

January has been a great month for it has seen the adoption of the national Prohibitory amendment and

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* the virtual adoption of the League of Nations plan of President Wilson. The great work of our great President will never be properly appreciated until history has been written and posterity has received it with eyes unclouded by party animosity and prejudice. But surely America has produced another supremely great man - the greatest statesman that she has ever produced and one who idealism places him on a plane with Lincoln and Washington.

Thursday Feb 13, 1919

Calendar winter has barely a month more and we are still enjoying a maddness of weather such as I never saw in a winter before. We have not had a single really cold spell since we moved from Norwell in November. Of course there is yet time for some winter but nothing that can compare with the long cold winter of last year.

How agreeable it is to a war weary public to look again in the sunshine of peace. The great conference in Paris ~~is~~ furnishes daily news items, but we are still in the dark as to what has been actually accomplished. President Wilson

is scheduled ~~to return~~ start home tomorrow to be present at the closing of congress and possibly to bring back the text of the ~~the~~ plans for the League of Nations. He plans to return to Paris again early in March.

Last week we held a grand two day convention of the League to Enforce Peace in which I participated as a "delegate at large". The idea was to educate people to the necessity of a League of Nations so that the great project might not fail when submitted to congress for ratification. Ex-President Taft, former Ambassador Gerard and Van Dyke ^{and Sec. of War Baker} were among the more notable speakers.

Feb 14, 1919

* well, the text of the proposed constitution of the League of Nations is in tonight's news columns and my first impression is that of disappointment. Perhaps I had expected too much and perhaps also there is more in the rather vague wording of the document than appears from a casual reading. I had expected the creation of an international body with executive legislative and judicial branches

somewhat after the fashion of our Federal Government. The executive power of the League is to be vested in an Executive Council of nine members who are "to meet at least once a year". The legislative function is seemingly lodged in a "Body of Delegates". An international court is to be created but the constitution does not say how except that it provides that "the Executive Council shall formulate plans for the establishment of a permanent court of international justice". A permanent "secretariat" is to be established.

But there is certainly the germ of all necessary power in this international covenant and perhaps from this beginning may come the long dreamed of antidote for ~~the~~ war.

Saturday Feb 22, 1919

* Washington's Birthday and no winter weather yet. The air is like April today. A light coating of snow fell last night and the sunshine of this forenoon is rapidly turning into trickling streams along the sidewalks.

The great question before the public is the League of Nations. President Wilson is on his way back to U.S.A. and will land in Boston Monday. He is expected to deliver

*

* a very important address in Mechanics Building which will seat seven thousand people, but seventy five thousand have applied for tickets of admission. They will be awarded by lot and I scarcely expect to secure one although I applied for three.

* By a fortunate ^{seizing of opportunity} ~~chance~~ I have won two great victories during the present week - a four column article in the Globe on Monday on the "Machinery of the League of Nations" and a longer one in the Post this morning on the League is ^{World War} ~~World War~~ ^{Doctrine} ~~Doctrine~~. Only one other "legal light" has thus far gotten into the "spot light" as an interpreter of this wonderfully pregnant document and his article was merely a brief argument that the old system had broken down and that it was better to try a questionable remedy than continue a discredited one.

The history of my literary activities in behalf of the League is as follows.

Saturday last I went to Lowell and devoted my time on the train to a close study and analysis of the League constitution. On the way back I drew a diagram of the machinery of

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The League is disclosed by the various provisions of the document. Then in the evening after I got home I analyzed the constitution by using eight cards, each headed with the name of one of the departments of government provided for by the constitution. I then took up the constitution section by section and indicated on the appropriate card any reference to a given department. The result was a surprise even to me for it caused each department to assume definite form.

- Having applied my "law book method" to the material I started to sketch the league machinery. Then as a natural impulse I
- * called the Boston globe by telephone to offer to prepare an ~~write~~ article on the league. The member of the editorial staff tried to sidetrack me, but finally when he knew
 - * who I was he put me into communication with a man higher up who at once saw the light. He wanted to restrict me to a quarter page until I assured him that
 - * it would not cost the globe anything. He then declared that I could have all the space I desired and set the time for copy as 8 P.M. Sunday.
- so I fell to work and wrote steadily until

half an hour past midnight. In the
~~12.30 in the morning~~
 forenoon I completed the article, but
 it took me all the afternoon to type it - a
 most disagreeable task. But it was
 ready at 8 P.M.

The globe gave me a great "boost" and
 printed my picture with the article, which
 occupied half a page Monday morning.

Later in consequence of violent assaults
 upon the League in the United States
 Senate, I wrote a second article to
 show that the reserve doctrine laid by
 the express provisions of the League had
 extended to include all nations and
 all peoples. This I gave to the Boston Post
 and although they failed to print it as I had
 expected yesterday it came out very prom-
 inently in today's Post.

* I am continuing my study of the Constitution
 and have started a scrap book of important news-
 paper discussions of the League. The excellence
 of the constitution holds my admiration and
 enthusiastic approval. But there are defects
 still to be cured. These defects will be aired
 in public discussions, for a very determined
 assault is being made upon the scheme
 by the enemies of the President. This
 will do no harm, for it is well to have

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all possible defects cured in the constitution before it is adopted by the League of Nations.

- * Some apprehension is felt for the safety of President Wilson, for assassins have attempted the life of Clemenceau of France and ^{have} killed the Bavarian Prime Minister within a few days as well as killed and wounded some senior officials.

Sunday, March 23, 1919

More than a month has passed since I last wrote in this book. President Wilson made a brief visit ~~to~~ at Washington and is now at the peace conference in Paris. When he visited Boston on his return from France there was a mammoth gathering of people - greater than I have ever ^{before} seen ~~in~~ in Boston.

- * I took Allan and Marian to a good vantage point on Beacon Street but when the crowd grew into a mighty gathering, the heat and tobacco smoke grew too much for me and he ~~was~~ fainted, so I was obliged to make a way through the crowd and bring him home. Marian and I ~~then~~ went down for street and saw the President when he passed - a smiling gray haired man

in a yellow fur coat - just a brief glimpse and that was all.

The League of Nations I have has stirred up a great deal of discussion all over the world. There are certain defects in the constitution as it stands which I hope and believe will be ~~minutely~~ cured before the draft is submitted to the world.

This is the anniversary of the great German drive. How marvellous is our deliverance from the horrors of last year. It now seems that the world has awakened from a hideous nightmare, and except for the awful desolation, ruin and suffering that ^{remains to} remind us of the dead reality of the four years of war we might delude ourselves into that belief. But the war is over. May our peace delegates work out for the world a league that will end all wars!

Lewiston, Me. - Sunday, Mar 30, 1919, 5:15 P.M.

I am seated in a cosy room in the De Witt House, having come down from Dryden on the afternoon train. My visit to Clifford and Maude has been necessarily brief. I left home early Friday morning and reached Clifford's place early in the afternoon having driven from the Wilton station in a four

A rain and through quagmires of mud. I had expected a storm and a storm it has been. With driving rain Friday and a snow storm since, it was not a very favorable time for visiting. Yet I had a delightful visit. I remained with Cliffords very interesting family until Saturday forenoon, then went to Maudie's and in the early evening tramped up ~~the~~ across the fields and ~~to~~ woods with Uncle Leonard to his house. The snow storm and the exercise were very invigorating. I took supper with Uncle, Aunt and the boys and it was a most bountiful supper (all the meals were excellent and my small appetite, ^{as compared to their appetites} alarmed the ladies in each house that I visited, yet I ate more than I usually do.) The boys came back with me down the hill at 10 P.M.

This was my first visit to Maudie since her husband's death. I am very proud of the strong noble character that she has developed in these months of bereavement. Harry's half witted brother, a man of fifty with a child's intellect ^{"Arnie"} has the chores and exhibits a docility and faithfulness that is very pleasing. Maudie's word is law and were little Gladys' bosses her

chimney Uncle around as if he were some obedient old horse - which he is. Harry left two farms and other property all valued at about three thousand dollars. The house where Maude lives is very cozy and is papered with excellent taste, so that all the rooms are attractive. She is planning to run the farm, with Forrie as man of all work so far as his feeble mental powers will permit.

Wednesday, April 9, 1919

* A serious situation has apparently developed at the Peace Conference in Paris. President Wilson has asked for the "Geo Washington" to be sent ~~home~~ to France in readiness to bring him and the American delegates home. ~~He~~ He is reported to have delivered an ultimatum to the conference, calling for immediate action and an end to uncertainties and delays.

* Of course we have no authoritative explanation. It is alleged by newspaper correspondents that Wilson has been hostile to French claims for punishment of Germany, has in fact been inclined to great leniency in Germany's direction. For some time ~~England~~ Lloyd-George

was in apparent accord with Wilson in this alleged attitude, but political pressure or genuine change of view has caused him to ~~the~~ join forces with the French adherents. Wilson is now said to be powerless to accomplish anything - hence his call for "a ship".

Sunday, April 13, 1919

The Peace conference has apparently smoothed out its differences and is again functioning, for which I am glad.

Today I may record a fact that brings great satisfaction to us all at 45 Mt Vernon Street. I have sold the Woburn place to Frederick C. Bean who has conceived a strong liking for the house and will no doubt enjoy it as much as we did during the years that we lived there. The price was \$4200 and the agreement of sale was signed yesterday. I have owned the place nearly ten years but have been obliged to live elsewhere nearly half of that period. Have just had the house painted and fixed up inside from top to bottom, and that fact has doubtless made the sale possible.

I had two offers ^{at} the same time
(I don't know why the following page was cut out.)
M. J.



“SUNNYCREST”

CHURCH HILL, NORWELL. Beautiful summer home, 24 miles south of Boston, 6 miles from ocean, in delightful country district, 1 1/4 miles from R. R. station; near Boston-Plymouth motor highway. Electric lights, open plumbing, hot and cold water; 8 rooms and bath, screened porch 26x8, front piazza 38x8, two pergolas, crimson ramblers and shrubbery, classy stone garage, 185 feet of ornamental stone wall, 1 acre excellent garden soil (more land available); 20-year orchard in full bearing, McIntosh, Gravenstein, Red Astrachan, Yellow Transparent, Baldwins, Greenings, etc.; peaches, strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb and asparagus. Owner, Dean Archer of Suffolk Law School, has recently purchased for occupancy, Colonial homestead next door, and will sell “Sunnycrest” to desirable “neighbor” for \$4500. Tel. Hay. 886, or call in person at 45 1/2 Vernon St., today or Thursday. Owner will go to Norwell Friday morning at 8.54 and will show place by appointment only.

April 17, 1919

I inserted the above ~~ad~~ advertisement in the “Transcript” yesterday as the first move toward selling “Sunnycrest.” This noon two parties called to make appointments to see the place tomorrow. We are being treated to a telephone strike which began Tuesday (Apr 15th) so it is necessary for people to call in person - thus eliminating the lukewarm individuals. One man will go with me on the train tomorrow and the other will come down with his automobile.

Sunday, May 11, 1919

I have not sold "Sunnycrest" for the difficulty of finding the right party caused delay. Now that the orchard is putting forth its promise of fruit time and harvest and the Sunnycrest orchard is pink with buds and the Lyons orchard has none I have about decided to keep Sunnycrest until I can bring the other orchard into bearing. That will mean years but I believe the crops will repay me for the loss of interest on the investment.

Alban and I made a ~~ten~~^{nine} day trip to Great Pond and met with considerable success at fishing. I caught 56 trout and one large Salmon.

Wednesday, July 16, 1919

The two months that have elapsed since the last entry in this book have been very busy and happy ones for me. We moved to Norwell May 14th. Commencement occurred May 28th and my dear wife and the children came to Boston for the event. Sixty eight men were granted degrees and the graduation was the most brilliant in the history of the school. Summer school started June 2nd with about eighty men in attendance. My time in the country has thus far

been devoted largely to work on the farm with occasional fishing trips (at least once a week) and automobile rides with the family. My garden has been very thrifty - or rather my gardens for I have three. Our big lawn is planted to potatoes. The bungalow lot has a complete garden ^{with} ~~from~~ potatoes, corn, beans, peas, beets, lettuce and radish. The acre lot across from the house I have separated into garden and buckwheat (equal portions). The garden is devoted to berries of all kinds, potatoes, beans, peas, lettuce etc.

* We had our first ~~two~~ green peas at about the middle of June and various lots have come to maturity since then. We are using from the third lot at present and a still later one will come on in August. We also have new potatoes.

The season has been ideal for crops with hot weather and short rains. It is raining today by spells and this morning it came down in torrents, such torrents that the garden and road ~~both alike~~ showed pools of water everywhere. All during the war I have been driving a

"flivver" or cheap tinny automobile but last Friday I purchased a seven passenger Willys-Knight car (price \$2000.) a beautiful and altogether desirable machine. On Saturday, however, we took the children to * Nantasket with the Church Hill Sunday school picnic and on our return, at the Black Rock crossing (near the railroad station) our car was run into by a "joy rider" in a Ford automobile and badly damaged. Allan was thrown out and we were all badly shaken up. One occupant of the other car was quite badly injured but it is little short of a miracle that no one was killed. The "Ford" was wrecked badly. I have * taken my car to the repair shop and expect to have it again in a week or so. The "other fellow" was insured ~~so~~ but I was not. His company have practically agreed to settle for the expense of repairing "Willys".

The Germans have signed the peace treaty but with much grumbling and sullenness. Many good people in our own land profess great distress because the terms of the treaty are so severe that the Germans cannot sign cheerfully and the whole affair turns into a love feast. But I fancy no vanquished desperado ever took his sentence very joyfully

Thursday, July 24, 19

My car is still in the repair shop and we have been "prisoners" for about ten days. The weather, however, has not been such as to permit riding with any degree of pleasure, for we have had a week of unprecipitated rains and today ~~is~~ ^{bring} the first sunshiny morning.

School prospects continue to brighten. Men are registering as in the days preceding our entrance into the war. My secretary, Miss Catherine Caraker has proven a most faithful and efficient worker. I had previously feared that it would be unwise to employ a young woman because of the possibility of the students coming in too much and bothering her at her ~~work~~ work with attempts at flirtations. Miss Caraker, however, has been with me since January and has proven to be ~~a~~ very modest and ladylike and has formed no friendships with the young men.

The second edition of the history of the school is now in the hands of the printer; likewise my new book on "Evidence". I am at present dictating when I can find time during my Boston trips the text of a new course on "Introduction to the Study of Law"

VERY
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We have certainly reaped a harvest of trouble as the result of the great war. Wages have risen to unprecedented heights, not in itself a bad thing, but the unions have been adopted the policy of the I.W.O. organization whose avowed policy is to overturn existing society by forcing wages up to the point where the whole industrial structure of the country must collapse. This is a race on between employers and employees - the one to raise prices to a level of profit and the other to secure the "full social value" of their labor. We have experienced three very distressing ^{local} strikes during the past few weeks - a telephone strike when all telephones in Massachusetts remained silent until the strikers terms were met. Another of the Bay State Street railway company employees - result great distress to the public and victory for the strikers. The latest strike occurred in Greater Boston during the past few days. The employees of the Boston elevated railway went on strike and won very considerable advances in wages.

The company had shortly before imposed a ten cent fare on the traveling public and will perhaps be asking for more.

~~I do not~~ We shall be treated to other strikes

Sept 1, 1919. g.R.A. 176 1/2
E.G.A. 149 1/2
a.F.A. 81 1/4
M.G.A. 55 1/2

Very
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in all quarters where the public can
be forced by keen distress to yield to the
workers' demands.

Thursday Sept 11, 1919.

Pressure of school duties have prevented my
making record of ^{the} demonstrations made of the
past few days in the city of Boston. We have
fitted for blighted Russia and the ravaged
and pillaged lands of Europe but ~~the~~
now we must hang our own heads in
shame that Boston has become the steam
centre of a movement fully as disgrace-
ful as that of Portugal. Some that fledge
and reign of terror we in light degree
but our higher state of civil enlightenment
renders the condition as offensive in the
right of the world.

*

Some days ago it was announced
that the policemen of Boston had formed
a labor union and had been formally
admitted to the American Federation of
Labor. The city authorities challenged
their right to transfer their allegiance
from Boston to any outside agency
that would have the power to call them
out in a sympathetic strike whenever
a strike of any branch of the federation

very important

and the lives and property of citizens of Boston. The Police Commissioner presented the officers of the new union before him for trial. The police, fully threatened that if the Commissioner's funding was advised they would all go on strike. The strike vote was taken to go into effect Tuesday September 9th at the evening roll call. The decision was adverse. The police struck in a body at the time set and our great city was turned over to the mercy of the lawless element that was waiting for the word.

Surprisingly enough neither Police Commissioner, Mayor nor Governor were ready to do anything, and the city was left ~~down~~ without police protection. While we were not molested on Mt Vernon St, yet Elizabeth & I were kept awake a good part of the night by the bedlam that reigned in the city. The sound of shooting, of fire alarms (false in most instances) and the noise of fire apparatus as it dashed about on fruitless missions gave us strong proof that hell had broken loose in Boston.

The morning papers of Wednesday were shocking indeed. Windows had been smashed in many sections of the city

and lives had been lost. Two people had been injured but war time prohibitions was doubtless the saving cause for the mob could do no more.

Yesterday the city was in confusion over the horrible riots just related.

The Governor ~~and~~ the Mayor and the Police Commissioner each tried to shift the blame. But hope came through Mayor Patis' action in taking over the control of affairs, which he was enabled to do under an old statute that provided that in case of riot and inadequacy of police protection he might have that power (the Police Commissioner is appointed by the Governor and in ordinary times not subject to the Mayor at all).

The Mayor called for troops to protect the city and the Governor called out seven thousand or so of the State Guard. They came into the city in the morning to the infinite relief of all good citizens.

Earlier in the day I had with great difficulty procured a revolver and ammunition to protect the school.

very important

property in case of need. I keep it loaded and else at hand lest the crooks who infest the city may raid the residential section, now that the business section is so well guarded.

Today I went through the "battle grounds". Troops were everywhere. In the "island" ~~at~~ near the city square subway ~~there~~ a squad of soldiers were drawn up in such a way as to command the square in all directions while others patrolled the sidewalks with hand-held rifles which were fixed by glistering bayonets.

But the same that greeted the eye was in evidence, ~~to~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ the looting work was everywhere in evidence. Plate glass windows, on the lower side of the square and down Cornhill ~~where~~, were either shattered completely or left with jagged holes in them. Carpenters were at work putting wooden barriers to protect windows or to close gaping holes through which the looters had come in.

In spite of all the tumult and rioting students have continued to register. Nine registered the day of the strike; seven Wednesday when

very important

the riots and disorder were our fault and today that the soldiers are here eight registrations have come in making the total to date one hundred and thirty six.

Saturday Sept 13, 1919.

The school registration has now risen to the high mark of 158 new students with a large number of returned service men to swell the upper classes. The prospects are of a truly wonderful attendance.

The police situation is most alarming. Several days the prospect of a general strike was alarming but the almost universal condemnation of the Boston police as traitors by the newspapers of the country has cast a chill over the labor ~~and~~ organizations. President Wilson branded the police walkout as "an intolerable crime against civilization".

Even the Am. Federation of Labor that advised the strike now suddenly fears that it has made a mistake! Pres. Hughes telegraphed the traitors to return to their duties. They voted to do so provided their

if we yield. But all with whom I have talked agree with me that the gang must be licked.

Speaking of I.W.W., I noticed a significant fact ~~at~~ today. When I went to the market on Anderson street I noticed on several window shutters ~~on~~ ^{along} Pritchney street I.W.W. stickers all of which I removed. One of them I pasted on this page as a souvenir.

* **INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY** ←

→ **THE MASTERS FEAR IT
THE WORKERS NEED IT
THE I. W. W. WILL GET IT!**

This indicates that bolshevism is taking advantage of the present unhappy state of affairs to spread its propaganda and why not when the police are playing the same game with the A F of L to support them?

School opens next Monday and the year promises to exceed all previous records in matter of new students.

IMPORTANT

Dec 25, 1919

More than three eventful months have passed since my last entry in this book.

* The police strike which then agitated the city and nation has passed into history and a new police force was formed. *
 * The police strike was not only selected for a... into the police strike but he has been a truly a national figure and is even being bound for the Presidency (a book which I fear will not go to the extent of placing him in the White House).

* The peace treaty and the League of Nations were rejected by the Senate, after what seemed to me a sad exhibition of party politics. The President has been hindered for months and is just beginning to... his...
 * ... from the White House

* they believe that the railroads of the country will be returned to private ownership March 1st. Under the circumstances I think this is wise, but it will certainly stir up a mighty war, with the American Federation of Labor and Hearst believing the President.

As for the school itself, we have had a very busy season. We are facing a momentous question - none less than the building of a new school building.

When school opened in September it was with a mammoth freshman class, which grew until we now have a total registration of new men of 352. In spite of the fact that we have three war-depleted classes the big first year class fills the school to a greater extent than ever in its history.

I at once foresaw the necessity of enlarging our quarters. My first thought was of the You & A building next door and I set about an investigation of whether it could be purchased. It was apparently on the market and I sketched a plan for the consolidation of the two buildings. A firm of architects made a finished sketch.

The question of raising money was a troublesome one but I finally came to the conclusion that an endorsement campaign might be feasible. While I was working out the idea it became apparent that the You & A people were likely to hold out for a stiff price. Then

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the question of whether it were wise to change over ~~an~~ old building at all began to trouble me. Real estate friends declared that two floors of a new building could be constructed for what it would cost to remodel the old one.

I then conceived the idea that if we could raise \$25,000 of endowment the balance of the cost of a new building (perhaps \$125,000 in all) could be carried on a mortgage. On October 16, 1919 we had a trustees meeting and I laid the situation and plans before the trustees. The board was of my mind in the matter. A committee of three (myself, Mr. Frost and Mr. Swift) was appointed to have charge of the endowment campaign and the matter of remodeling or erection of a school building. I submitted a draft of ~~articles~~ a folder to be used as material for propaganda, but the others thought a more attractive booklet was necessary. That night I worked until well toward morning drafting a booklet of respectable proportions which I handed out for their consideration and appeal. The next day I

submitted it to Mr. Frost and Mr. Boynton. It then went to the printer. I announced to the students the action we had taken and found them full of enthusiasm. The identifying matter and appropriate blanks were soon ready. On October 25th I launched our endorsement drive. We began it in the school and many of the students broke up their entire enthusiasm by public pledges. We raised nearly eight thousand dollars in student pledges. I gave \$1000. and Mr. Frost a similar amount. Mr. Bufft gave \$500 and Simon Swig, a banker contributed the same, but the substantial aid we had hoped for failed to materialize. The students doubtless did their best to raise the amount we had set but our total of pledges ~~reached~~ reached only \$7,000.

In the meantime I had examined many building sites. There were three that attracted my attention especially, one on Hancock street beside the State House, one between the Wood Building and Commonwealth

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Hotel on Bondin Street and a third at the corner of Avenue and Temple Streets.

Two weeks or more ago Mr. Boynton and I called on the Investment Trust Co. to find how large a first mortgage ^{we could} place on a new building and was informed that we could get \$200,000 at 6%. This was indeed encouraging but Mr. Sving informed us that before the loan could be made we must possess the building site.

This put our problem in more definite form. I took counsel with members of the board and other friends on the respective building sites. The magnitude of the undertaking troubled me, now that the advancement campaign had failed, so I sought prayerfully (as I had from the beginning of school) for a solution. One night in November I lay awake nearly all night thinking of it.

A thought came to me then that perhaps our proposed ~~and~~ auditorium could be made to earn money for the school. The idea of making it a film theatre came into my mind. The next

...ing I visited ... the ...)
 the ... that ... for ...
 ... (...) and ...
 ... the ... : ...
 ...
 ... expenses and
 ... might be involved therein.

He ventured the opinion that it would be a sure money maker. I saw Mr Frost and "shook" him with the proposal. He called however and admitted that the idea was not a bad one.

A day or two later I held a meeting of the committee and both Mr Frost and Mr Swift agreed with me that the film idea was a good one. We examined building sites on Horwich Street and Bond Street. They favored the latter location.

But that night I again cogitated a good part of the night. I saw that so far as school and auditorium was concerned we needed only three or four stories in our new building. But to build a new building in a large area

would be unwise. My conclusion was that three floors of offices would add greatly to the appearance and to the overall economy of the building - in short that with three floors of offices the building would pay for itself.

So I tentatively submitted the plan to the Board at that site and found some difficulty that it was all added to office space, saying that that it was proposed - I told him a little bit more. Then I showed the same - sample street site, with streets on three sides. I had previously rejected it because the owner wanted \$90,000 for it.

Elizabeth was somewhat disappointed. At my next measurement next morning that I had a third building site overnight. He said that it would be reasonable to live on Hancock Street that she was rejected and placed on Bowdoin Street and now after one evening there was transferred to this new location. He returned the opinion that my new plan was no more permanent than

the others, and that she refused to be alarmed.

I went to Codman & Street's Office and talked over the new plan. They pronounced it feasible. I authorized them to offer \$85,000 for the Dorset street site (7146 square feet with eight or nine houses on it).

The question of raising the money for the land proved a troublesome one. I finally decided to get out a bond issue (\$50,000 of 2nd mortgage bonds at 8%) provided we could get the land. After some days I was informed that the trustees had come to my terms but that it would take some time to procure the signatures of ~~all~~ all the parties in interest.

A few days ago we held a meeting of the Board of Trustees. The Board authorized me to ~~purchase~~ purchase the land and to issue the bonds to which I have referred.

I made the announcement to the students last week and on Tuesday evening distributed subscription blanks for bonds. In order that students who had given

or pledged to the Endowment fund should not feel that less loyal students were reaping advantage by their delay and the resulting opportunity to come in on a splendid investment. I am convinced that subscriptions to the Endowment fund might be counted toward bonds. This awakened enthusiasm.

The subscriptions for bonds (including my own of \$15000) has now totalled \$38000. That leaves a considerable sum to be raised. How I will do it I cannot yet see but I believe the way will open. So sure do I feel of this that I expect to sign the agreement for purchase within a few days and to deposit \$5000 which will be forfeited if we do not go through with the project on February 17th.

I also have an option on 200 feet of land in the rear of the main premises, but am not sure what I will do about that. If I see a way of raising the money, will add it to the other and thus make room for a larger auditorium than would be possible on the original tract.



One circumstance that may be a leading
 of fate is the fact that two weeks ago
 I met on the street a cousin, Jimmie
 Jackson whom I had not seen for a dozen years
 but who is an architect employed
 by a large firm of consulting engi-
 neers. I told him that I had thought
 of him recently and tried to get in
 touch with him but failed. He naturally
 wanted to know the reason and I told
 him of our building needs. Later
 in the afternoon he called at
 the school and I gave him a more
 or less detailed account of our school
 needs and ^{financial} problems.

He is very enthusiastic and is working
 on plans. He tells me that his firm
 may be able to finance or to arrange
 the financing of the whole project
 and just that way! However, I
 shall continue ~~to~~ and plan
 for the best solution of the problem.

Sunday, December 28, 1919

* Well, I have taken the "fatal step" - crossed
 the Rubicon "as it were" - and have signed the
 agreement to purchase the \$85,000 property
 at the corner of Berne and Temple Streets. This
 was done December 26th

The title is to pass February 14th provided I can raise the money by that time. I also have an option on 2070 sq feet additional land and will have to act upon that tomorrow. I expect to take it.

Was in conference with the big engineering firm (Say Spofford + Thorndike where my cousin Ralph Jackson works) yesterday forenoon and so far satisfied them of the soundness of the proposition that Mr. Thorndike pronounced it a "gold mine". The firm will take up the matter of finance with banking connections of theirs. Ralph promises to have the building plans in shape by tomorrow noon and the matter will probably be laid before the bankers tomorrow afternoon.

School resumes tomorrow after the Xmas recess and the final exams are scheduled for the following week. I am contemplating a change in Bar Review plans and may place the whole review in the hands of an expert coach who is a member of the faculty. This will probably be Karl G Baker, a college classmate of mine and a graduate of Suffolk Law School in the class of 1916.

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Thursday Jan 1, 1920

The first page of the new year! With what plans and hopes I greet the new twelve months. No tasks of the past have loomed so large as do those now before the school. A half million dollar venture is involved in the new school building and yet strangely enough I have faith that ~~it~~ to whom I have prayed so earnestly for the past three months ~~is~~ is leading me and will help me see it through. Yet early in October my plans were to raise thirty thousand dollars to remodel this building and the adjoining one. When the adjoining building seemed unobtainable I quailed at the idea of a building site costing \$50,000. Then when the endowment campaign fizzled six weeks ago there was a day when I gave up all hopes of doing more than remodel our present building so that it would give us nine rooms for a year or two. This was of course the dark period before the dawn of new hope and the new idea which gradually unfolded itself in my mind. Perhaps I have hypostatized myself into unwarranted faith but be that as it

may, I have also ^{important} hypnotized a lot of hard headed business men into a belief that the proposition is sound. So there for it with every power of mind, purse and credit.

Monday afternoon last, I signed the agreement for the purchase of the additional land, so I am obligated, in the school's behalf, to the extent of \$102,000 for land alone. The building will cost \$400,000, or thereabouts.

Last night Ralph Jackson brought me the preliminary drawings of building and floor plans. The building is a dream of beauty and stateliness. Ralph was the draftsman and he has caught my idea exactly and translated it into artistic lines to which I can add nothing but "admiration".

The financial end of the campaign is of course the big feature. The big firm of engineers are working to secure the financial backing necessary and of course I am making all possible plans to float the bond issue. Less than half the issue has been subscribed. I have an appointment with Mr. Foggy of the Rockland Trust Co for next Wednesday to discuss a personal loan which may!

enable me to take more bonds. I have also found that I can change the Woburn mortgage so that I can realize three thousand dollars or so from that.

It is all a very interesting game of finance that must be won.

Thursday Jan 8, 1920

I met Mr Jogg yesterday and discussed matters with him. He gave me some hope that his bank might loan me \$10,000. The trustees will have to pass upon it. Today I sounded Mr Swig of the Trust Company to find if I could secure a personal loan there. He told me that under present circumstances his bank would be unable to loan in this way. One bank has been closed recently and a determined drive is being made by banking interests to catch Mr Swig's bank. This is a sore disappointment to me for I had fancied that the Trust Company was a certain taker, especially when they had agreed some weeks ago to loan the school \$200,000 to finance a smaller building than we now plan. There, several of the students have already "fallen down" on their bond

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subscriptions. Troubles are indeed thickening. The fight will be the most difficult of my life. There is only one thing that steadies my faith - this plan is the result of weeks of prayer - I have felt that God was leading me into this particular avenue out of our troubles and if I am right I know the way will open. He has never failed me in the great hour of crisis. Time after time I have marched up to the blank wall that apparently barred the way only to have the way miraculously open. There is a blank wall ahead - a wall ~~25,000~~^{102,000} high, but if ~~the~~ it is for the best I shall yet pass the barrier and ~~realize~~^{gain} the great and dazzling prize of the building for which our plans are made.

Today Jan 9, 1920

Deliverance has come with miraculous speed. This day has been crowded with events. My desire to secure a tenant for our four office floors led me to decide to try both the state and federal departments that need office space. Last night I learned that the Internal Revenue department was

remained in its present quarters and was thinking of moving. I therefore got in touch this morning with Andrew Casey the acting collector (also a former in the school) and found him quite enthusiastic. He says that he has no other building in view and that he will be glad to go over the whole question with me Monday next.

Desiring to have more than one project in hand I secured the cooperation of Mr Swift of our board of trustees and together we went to the state house and canvassed the situation there. There is a possibility that the state income tax department may desire our office space.

But the big development resulted from a talk I had with Mr Swift. I told him of my proposal to Mr Jogg that if his bank would loan me money that I could invest in school bonds I would deposit bonds as collateral and take out term insurance on my life in favor of the bank. The difficulties we were in was stressed and Mr Swift declared that he would take the matter up with Max Mitchell

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the president of Cosmopolitan Trust Co. Sure enough, he did so and called me by telephone to say that Mr Mitchell was in a receptive mood. He made an appointment to meet me and introduce me to Mr Mitchell. We called at the Trust Company and had a most interesting session. Mr. Mitchell has agreed to make me a personal loan of \$25,000 and also make a loan direct to the school sufficient to close up the real estate deal. So I am very happy and vastly relieved. God is indeed kind.

Tuesday Jan 13, 1920

Our building project received a lot of very favorable publicity in yesterday's newspapers. I gave out the story Sunday night. The Herald printed my picture with it. The Post likewise, but the Globe Record and Transcript each had a good write-up.

Yesterday at 3 PM I had a long conference with the firm of Fay Spofford & Thordike and again this forenoon but today we had with us a representative of a big building concern. The

Fred T Lye Co. who sometimes arrange the financing of the project. Mr Fay explained the building plan, while I handled the earning capacity of the building when devoted to its three fold use. Mr Ellis (the man from Lye's) seems very favorably impressed. The firm think he will make us a proposition within a few days.

Sunday January 18, 1920

Today at church Mr Gilbert preached a "jubilee" sermon on the advent of national Prohibition. The constitutional amendment went into effect January 16th an event that should thrill the heart of every advocate of moral reform.

Again I must record a tragedy in the life of my only sister. Two months ago she became again a bride - marrying a dear friend of her late husband. Today she is again a widow and this is the hour of the funeral. Roy Gordon, her husband, died very suddenly last Thursday of hemorrhage of the brain. Poor girl, she has had more than her share of sorrow.

The Life Company have not yet reported on

the building project although an incident occurred a day or two ago that renders the situation hopeful from that angle. Prof. Spofford conferred with the officials of the First National Bank and they expressed interest but declared that if they took it up they would insist upon naming the ~~architect~~^{builder}. He inquired who that would be and they said "Fred T. Lye". The professor responded in his gruff way "well, I don't think that would be an objection."

I am busy with many details as well as the main project itself. Wednesday I visited the tenants of the Temple Street side and found them much distressed at their plight. They had seen the story in the Monday papers and knew of their coming eviction. I was much moved at some of their stories but of course can do little for them except to try to find them new tenements which I am endeavoring to do.

Various working concerns are writing to me in regard to the old buildings. One company has offered \$1500. for the privilege of razing the buildings but I shall hold out for

\$2,000. or more.

I am trying to get the Internal Revenue Department to agree to rent our office floors, for it will need very nearly all the space when the time comes.

Mr Boynton now gives me hope that the Tremont Trust Company may yet take on the ~~the~~ big loan. Yesterday I took up the matter with the United States Trust Company and found them interested. Will probably see their "mortgage" expert tomorrow.

I have applied for \$25,000 of insurance on my life to be assigned to the Consolidated Trust Company as security for their promised loan. The doctor examined me yesterday and was apparently pleased with the result. My present weight is 176 pounds and my blood pressure 126 (which the doctor said could not be better)

(Noon) Wednesday, Jan 21, 1920

Words cannot express my relief and satisfaction at the news that has just come to me by telephone. A Mr Rogers with whom I was in conference yesterday on

our building project (and who represents some bankers, unknown as yet, whom Prof. Spofford has interested) I made an appointment just now for 1:30 P.M. and gave me assurances that his people had agreed to loan us \$450,000 for the building. Glory be!

date: -

I met Mr. Rogers and Owen Farley who seem to be brokers for banking interests. Having explained the proposition to Mr. Farley's satisfaction he agreed to finance our building project to the extent of \$450,000. The contract will be drawn up within the next two days.

I later called at Jay, Spofford & Thordahl's office and ordered full speed ahead on building plans.

One development of the past few days should be mentioned - relating to my books on "Contracts" and "Agency." I have had great trouble with J.H. Hood ever since the books were published. They have capped the climax by leaving me stranded for Agency books for our mammoth freshman class. Yesterday I wrote to them formally cancelling

our royalty and publishing contracts because of their repeated breaches of same. Had been troubled as to how this "divorce" could be legally accomplished but found out that the royalty contracts in both cases failed to mention future editions of the books. I therefore forbade Flood to publish any more of the present editions and announced my intention to get out new editions to be published by myself.

Tuesday Jan 27, 1970.

School reopened last night with fifteen or twenty new students. I had a bad throat and became very hoarse ^{during lecture in}. My ^{throat} hoarseness is even worse today.

J & Flood & Co have written me a "sassy" letter.

Today I met with disappointment on our boarding project. Mr Rogers was too "cohesive", it seems. The party he had in mind was not interested, so he has talked with some New York people by the name of Straus. He called me into a conference with their Boston Representative. This man seems favorable but ~~the matter must~~ ^{the matter must} be submitted to another

member of the staff who will arrive from New York Thursday. Doubtless if he approves of it I will then be obliged to go to New York to see Stearns himself. I hope not for it would be so much better at this busy time to be able to do business in Boston.

The Boston representative declared that it was doubtful whether they could loan more than sixty percent of our needs. I am inclined to see some of the Trust companies that I have a line on myself. Perhaps I will tomorrow if my cold improves.

I am sorry to record that daughter is ill and quite feverish today. She has not been well for several days. It appears that she has chicken pox.

Monday Feb 2, 1920

Well, changes have come about in my plans. The grave difficulty of raising the money for the big proposition forced me to adopt a more modest programme. The new plan is to build a building for school and theatre omitting the four floors of offices and what is

very important cutting the cost in two. This new plan occurred to me yesterday morning while I lay on my bed after Elizabeth and baby Gleason had left the room for the day. While I am somewhat disappointed not to have the tall building that I had pictured, yet the new plan has many redeeming features. with the strong assistance of Mr Swift Today also, I won a big victory in getting an official vote of the Cosmopolitan Trust Company approving a loan to me of \$25,000 and a loan to the school of \$35,000 so the land deal is taken care of. As soon as this was made sure of I warned out the tenants for this was rent day and Mr Child one of the trustees had just been around to collect the rent. The warning calls for them to vacate the premises March 1st.

Saturday Feb 7, 1920

My note of rejoicing over the vote of the Cosmopolitan Trust Company as contained in the last entry above has been somewhat tempered by the events of the past few days. I still expect the Trust Company to make good but the officials have sidestepped the matter

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in a way that has caused me no end of
uneasiness. I was informed on ~~the~~
Monday that I could have the money on
Thursday or Friday. Thursday morning
I telephoned to the secretary of the bank to
see if the money was ready. He replied that
an unexpected difficulty had arisen
through a report from the bank's real estate
expert "that our present school building
upon which I expected to get a \$25,000
second mortgage was worth only \$27,000
instead of \$45,000 as I had claimed.
I explained that the building had cost
with the annex about \$42,000 and that
real estate values had risen; that I had
a prospective purchaser at that price
and furthermore that Codman + Street
the real estate dealers who handle Beacon
Hill real estate considered it worth that.
I then phoned to Mr Swift. He asked me
to find out whether Codman + Street were willing
to be quoted and also to give him the name
of our prospective purchaser. In due time
I secured the assent of Mr Street to be quoted.
I went to the bank personally and we
finally got the matter cleared up and
the agent's report was then said to be
on a totally different piece of property.

The secretary then said everything was ready and suggested that I complete all legal documents except signatures so that at the President's OK, the money could be turned over to me. I did this but he could not get the President to act, so suggested that I come back at 2 P.M. ~~I did~~ But at 2 o'clock the question of length of term of notes was the question that troubled. President Mitchell could not or would not see me all the afternoon but I was assured that Friday morning would be the end of my waiting.

Friday morning I was again at the bank and this time President Mitchell was accessible and quite frank. He told me that conditions in the money market had so changed that if he had not promised to help us he would not think of doing anything at all. I pleaded our case as strongly as possible. He replied that since he had given his word he would see it through, but it must be done through several banks. The documents I had drawn were therefore useless, but I did not mind that so much as Mr Mitchell's allegation that I had disregarded his suggestion that my \$25,000 life insurance

(which I had taken out especially for the bank) be taken out through his agent. I told him that to the best of my knowledge he had never mentioned an insurance agent to me. Well, the conference ended with an assurance that the money would be ready for me today. I was troubled over the insurance matter however and consulted Mr Swift. He confirmed my statement that Mr Mitchell had not mentioned agent to me at either of our early conferences (at which he had always been present) but did say that when he had first talked with him on the subject Mr M. had said something of the kind but had not mentioned names. He explained this by telephouse, so the matter rested.

↙ This morning I went to the bank ready for business, but was informed that owing to unexpected difficulties the matter would have to lay over until Wednesday or Thursday of next week. This is all ~~very~~ trying to the nerves but nothing can be done. If I am insistent, that is likely to be seized upon as a pretext for turning me down. Patience is the only policy that can win and if in the meantime ~~the~~ financial affairs grow blacker ~~the~~ they

may repudiate their promise entirely.

Mr Swift is my only reliance in the matter. The promise has been made so definitely to him and he is of such prominence that they would hardly dare to go back on it.

But repudiation would ruin all my months of work. I have thirty one thousand dollars in the bank ready for the deal. Five thousand is on deposit with the real estate men. I have a check for four thousand in my possession from a wrecking company for the salvage of the buildings (this I dare not accept until I am positive that the land deal will go through) and there is something like five thousand dollars more in sight for bonds. This makes a total of forty five thousand dollars. The ~~sixty~~ ^{sixty} thousand from the bank would put us over handsomely for the land will cost ~~\$102,000~~ \$102,000.

My constant prayer is ^{that} the bank may not fail us!

I have referred to the wrecking company. They by hangs a story of negotiations that have just culminated. The first offer that I received was for \$1000. but other companies came forward with offers. While I had set two thousand

as my highest hope in the matter yet when so conservative and powerful a firm as Swift-McNitt Co. offered ~~2000~~ that amount two or three weeks ago I knew that I could get more. I did not call for sealed bids but told each company that applied to make me their best offer. Then one company offered \$3,000; another \$3,350 and still another \$4,150.

But I let the matter rest until after the vote of the Cosmopolitan Trust Company. A few days ago I notified the various bidders that I would decide upon a week by today. So in they came again. The \$4,150 man raised his bid to \$5,000 but I feared his ability to do the work on time. Then yesterday Mr McNitt president of the Swift-McNitt Company called. We discussed the matter at some length. He raised his two thousand bid to thirty five hundred but I told him that while I was willing to give the contract to his firm for a lesser price than to an irresponsible concern yet I was not willing to let him have it so far under offers I had just received. He then raised his bid to four thousand, so I asked him to send me his idea of a contract. I stipulated

pay in advance. So later in the ~~afternoon~~ day the assistant treasurer called with a check for \$4,000 and a formal contract. I objected to certain wording and insisted that a clause be inserted that the company pay us \$75. a day damages for every day of delay in completion of the work beyond April 1st. This was agreed to and the amended contract reposes in my desk. I will sign it as soon as the land deal is certain.

I had originally set the time for the conveyance from Feb 14 to March 1st. When the bank made its promise last Monday I thought we might hasten matters ~~but~~ and agreed to receive a conveyance February 6th. But when troubles thickened I had to find some valid excuse for delay. ~~so~~ This came to me through the title question. We have found an apparent discrepancy in the figuring of fractional interests of the various heirs. One of the grandchildren of Samuel ~~John~~ sold out his fractional interest and if this was improperly figured the heirs of this grandchild must join in the conveyance.

to us. I had a session with the lawyer for the owners today and demonstrated to him that there was a real tangle in the affair. So I have a comforting assurance that I have unearthed enough trouble to put the burden of delay on the owners and thus prevent them from taking advantage of my present unhappy plight in regard to the bank.

Thus the contest goes on and my hair turns gray, confound it!

Monday, ~~January~~ February 9, 1920

At last, thank God!, I have gotten through the formalities of the bank loan. The notes have been signed and essential documents executed. I was informed positively that the money would be ready for me Wednesday morning.

Mr Swift has again thrown his powerful influence into the scale in my behalf. This afternoon as I worked in the registry of Probate I was called to the telephone. Mr Swift was on the line. He told me that it was all arranged so that if I would go to the bank and execute the necessary papers the money would be forthcoming. It was then after three o'clock. I hurried to the bank, but found a business meeting on. So?

waited, for the Treasurer could do nothing until he could have the President explain just how it should be done ~~to~~ (the three loans were to be distributed among as many banks.) The business meeting ended but some of the directors tarried. Four o'clock came. Four fifteen and four thirty but I controlled my nervous impatience, resolved to give no cause for a breach in diplomatic relations. Then the President came out, explained matters to the treasurer and we "got busy".

* But the treasurer was interrupted and it was after five o'clock before the last document was signed.

I managed to get home and swallow a hasty lunch before my lecture came at 6 o'clock.

It is now 10:40 P.M. and so to bed with gratitude to the Infinite Being ~~that~~ ~~that~~ has sustained me in the trying days that have elapsed since school opened in September. If I am permitted to carry through the ambitious programme that I have mapped out my gratitude to God will take tangible form in increased effort to benefit His children here below.

Wednesday, February 11, 1920

This day will go down in the history of Suffolk Law School as one of the most momentous in all the years of its existence. Today the great act was consummated that makes possible a new school home - papers were passed giving Suffolk Law School title to 9500 square feet of land with ~~eight~~ houses upon it.

This morning at 10 a.m. I went to the ^{Commercial} bank to secure the promised loans. True to their words the bank officials put the thing through for me and gave me a certified certification of a check which I drew for eighty four thousand dollars. I met Mr. Frederick Guild one of the owners of the Guild estate at Mr. Robbins' office and after much discussion we passed papers. I secured a written notice from the vendors to the tenants that they had sold the land to Suffolk Law School.

In the afternoon I went to the office of the attorney for the Bowen estate and took title to that property also, having checked out during the day more than one hundred and two thousand dollars.

The various deeds are now in the Suffolk registry of deeds and my relief

and satisfaction is unbounded. For months waking and sleeping this problem of a new school home has ridden me like the old man of the Sea and now the burden falls, through today's glorious accomplishment.

God has been very good to me. He has guided me I feel sure through every phase of the project. Even the office building plan was providential, for had I not enlisted Mr Swift in an attempt to get the state authorities to become tenants I ~~would~~^{might} never have had just the opportunity to say the words that started his negotiations with the Cosmopolitan Trust Company. How vividly it stands out in my recollection now. We were standing by the railing of the staircase in the State House opposite the door of the Secretary of State's office when I mentioned that I was planning to get out special life insurance in order to secure a personal loan to put into bonds. I also mentioned second mortgage on our property at 45 Mt Vernon Street and a loan to the school on Bonds as collateral. He inquired carefully into the plan and

then took it up with the Cosmopolitan Trust Company with the glorious results we now understand.

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Saturday, February 14, 1920.

A development of today gives me the keenest of pleasure. J H Flood & Co whom I have mentioned recently as having given me so much trouble in failing to deliver "Contracts" and "Agency" and whom I have been scrapping with ~~for~~ by mail for more than a month have at last "surrendered". They have yielded to my ultimatum that they must sell out their rights in the two books or lose them without compensation. The lucky move it now appears was my cancelling an order for 250 copies of Agency when they failed to deliver on time. The expense to which they had gone in having it reprinted and the loss of their only large customer (Suffolk Law School) coupled with my warning that I would never buy another book of them unless in way of a final settlement brought them to terms.

The ~~week~~ week when considered from all aspects has been a notable one. Things have not all gone my way but the most of the important ones have. A development

at the Tremont Trust Company has apparently raised an obstacle to an early solution of the building loan. Thursday P.M. I met the executive committee of the Bank and explained our case - our need of a new building, the film theatre plan and the financial arrangements by which I had put through the land purchase.

John Feeney, a vice-president of the Bank and a very pugnacious lawyer has apparently had an unfortunate experience with a movie theatre investment and our theatre plan set him off. He and I had a very earnest debate on the subject. While our proposition gained in favor during the conference, for Mr Feeney's objections became more moderate the longer we talked yet I am by no means sure that we will get the loan from the Tremont Trust Company.

Upon my return to the office Thursday I immediately called Mr Rogers by telephone and asked him to take up the matter of a loan on our smaller project, assuring him however that I should feel free to accept any offer that was

satisfactory whether it came from him or from anyone else.

A gratifying development of the week has been the fact that the insurance companies to whom I applied for additional ^{life} insurance to assign to whomsoever loans as the money for the building have issued one hundred thousand dollars on my life. I am now carrying \$150,000 life insurance and as I tell Elizabeth, the insurance companies must be praying for my continued health.

The tenants in "our block" are much more friendly now that they have seen how zealously I am trying to help them find new lodgings. One or two of them I have promised to help by rebate on their rent. They all seem disposed to be out by March 1st.

Saturday March 6, 1920

The past week has been filled with activity that spells progress for our building venture.

A week ago today I raised a row with the architects and forced them to put Ralph Jackson onto our job in place of their staff architect who had been muddling things up greatly. It seems that Ralph is their concrete engineer

so in the natural course of ~~office~~ office routine another man ~~who~~ would do the architectural work. I was not aware of the situation until after a month of delay I found that he was going over the same ground that Ralph had covered and was not doing the thing half as well as Ralph's early drawings. When I found that he had left out ventilation for theatre and lecture halls (as well as other good points of Ralph's plans) I became very "moth" and made some very plain talk to the firm. But it all came out right for R. is on the job for the balance of the work.

The heavy snowfall of the past weeks has so blocked traffic that it is still impossible for one of the tenants to move into her new lodging house, but one by one during the week the others have left.

Tuesday morning wrecking operations began in real earnest and has continued with unabated vigor until tonight. They have ripped out woodwork and plaster from six or seven houses in the block and next week will see walls come down.

MEMO

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Saturday, March 13, 1920

Never was my faith in the leading Providence more strikingly justified than in the manner in which our building loan problem was settled yesterday. And the loan comes from a totally unexpected source. The events leading up to that happy solution are as follows.

The tenants had been giving me a great deal of trouble, or rather the snow blockade kept some of them from moving until I was obliged to take a hand and hire a mover myself. When this important detail was arranged I set out to push the loan project through.

Mr Swig of the Vermont Trust Company still held out hope that his bank might help us and asked me to bring Mr Boynton in for a conference with him. Mr B was in Vermont for the week end and ~~was~~ Snow bound by the great blizzard until Tuesday. On Wednesday morning ~~he~~ he ~~made an~~ met me at the Bank but Mr Swig was not there. In the afternoon, however, I arranged a conference and we discussed the matter at length.

Mr Swig talked all around the subject and said that if the banking laws would permit so large a construction loan

he thought his investment committee could be won over to letting us have at least half of it. He suggested that we endeavor to secure the cooperation of some other bank. Mr Boynton advanced the idea that perhaps the Exchange Trust Company would come in on it. Mr Swig asked his son Louis to find out if the ~~Metro~~ Metropolitan Trust would be interested. Louis agreed to see the President of the latter bank the next morning. It was arranged that I should furnish him as full information as possible.

At the close of this ~~conference~~ conference Mr B. and I went to the Exchange Trust Company, but it was after 4 PM and the bank was closed. So we made an agreement that I should work out the law as to the right of a bank to loan on construction work while he would see the Exchange Trust officials as soon as possible.

Early Thursday morning I set out on my campaign. At the Cosmopolitan Trust Company I learned that the law probably gave ample authority for the entire loan from the Savings Department of a Trust Co. I called at the Suffolk Savings Bank to see if they would

go 50-50 on the loan. The treasurer told me that his bank was very conservative in its real estate investments and charged heavy interest for construction loans. Satisfied that there was nothing to be gained from submission of the matter to his investment board, I left the bank and went to Tremont Trust Company.

Louis Swig was just leaving to attend a hearing at the State House so I gave him the information he desired in typed form and we walked up to the State House together. Then I made an investigation (the third for the morning) of the moving of the East tenant and finally got the matter under way in real earnest.

At the bank commissioner's office I got authoritative information that Mr. Sweeney's contention that the Tremont Trust Company could not legally make the desired loan was wrong - that it had ample authority if it desired to exercise it. So I hurried down to the bank to see Mr. Swig. But as luck would have it Mr. Boynton had just come in. I told him my news and

he responded with news even more interesting. He had just come from the Exchange Trust Company. They had given him to understand that if they liked the looks of the proposition they might take the whole thing. He urged me to go there immediately and see Mr Fay, the vice President.

It did not take long for me to reach the Exchange Trust Company. Mr Fay, whom he knew who I was, greeted me cordially and immediately introduced me to the president John J. Martin, a big magnetic man to whom I took an instant liking. He informed me that since my controversy with Governor Foss in 1914 he had been interested in me and my school.

I explained our building project and the causes leading up to it. He responded in a hearty fashion and I could see from his face that our chances were good. But I had no ^{building} plans with me. He asked me to bring down all the information I could, and added that he thought we could do business. I explained our location to Mr Fay and before I left, he personally assured

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me that the Bank would take care of our loan. He told me that the next meeting of the investment board would be held Tuesday. When I left him a few minutes later I carried in my pocket an application for a loan drafted by Mr Jay which I was to sign.

By appointment at three o'clock I was at the bank with plans of the new building. These plans I discussed with some officials who deal with such things. But President Martin called me over and introduced me to ~~the~~ a Mr Tibbets, a lawyer and vice President of the Bank.

While he was explaining matters to Mr Tibbets he said that I had made application for a loan. I corrected him in this and he expressed surprise so I explained that Mr Jay had said the matter could not be passed upon until Tuesday.

"Like Hell it cant" said Pres. Martin, "It will be passed upon before that."

Then I told him that the Tremont Trust Company was considering the loan and would not charge a 2% bonus if the loan was made. Mr Martin

flashed up at that:

"We won't take any bank's savings. We'll let you have the money provided we have first chance. You sign your application tonight and we'll pass upon it tomorrow at 9:30."

While I was not at all displeased at this forcing of my hand yet I considered it proper to seek counsel with Messrs Swift and Boynton. By good luck I found them both and each agreed that the proper course was to apply for the loan. So I returned to the bank and signed the application.

So on Friday morning March 12, the fateful building loan was voted by the Exchange Trust Company. I am of course very happy at the outcome of my weeks and months of anxiety and effort.

Another thing happened yesterday to mark the day as a red letter day for me. Last evening, for the first time since eleven years ago (when Dean Warren of B U College of Liberal Arts affronted me, and the University declared hostilities against Suffolk Law School) I entered the college building. The

reason for my return to my alma mater was highly gratifying. I had been invited to speak and headed the toast list at the menu Banquet. But the joke of it was that the Banquet Committee had put the two Deans together at the head table - Warren and I side by side - and I made an address while he had no part in the programme. My reception there was highly flattering and I renewed associations that were very pleasant indeed. I truly hope that the old estrangement may be forever banished for I harbor no grudges for the past.

Thursday April 5, 1920

The bank loan went through March 30th and half of the sum ^(less interest and commissions) has already been turned over to me. The weeking work is nearly finished and I am very anxious to start ~~work~~ work on the new building. The architects are bothering me greatly by delays. The plans were promised for March 15th but are not yet ready. Not only that but it will be weeks before they are. I am raising a row over it.

Saturday April 10, 1920.

The Fred T. Legg Company has submitted an estimate on our new building that calls for a construction cost of about \$366,000 which is about one hundred ^{and fifty} thousand dollars over the amount that we can spend. I have not yet seen the estimate but have learned of it by telephone.

Next Monday I expect a bid from the R. H. Howes Construction Co., so I am hoping and praying that it will be within our means.

Sunday, October 24, 1920

More than six months have elapsed since I have had time or energy to write in this book. The busiest six months of my life have passed and my labors have not lessened. Neither have problems become less numerous. But to ~~the~~ a brief recital of facts:

I have referred to the expected bid from the Howes Construction Co. It came but when I examined it I found to my dismay that without the foundation or the contractor's percentage the cost plus estimate was - a figure beyond what I dared undertake.

But the building must be built.

The first great problem was that of the foundation. I called in Harris C. Porter, one of our graduates for advice on the matter. We discussed it at length. I called for bids from various contractors but could get none to make a definite bid. Cost-plus estimates of distressing proportions (none of which were anything like as high as they should have been had the magnitude of the undertaking been known) were submitted.

The result was that I decided to advocate going ahead with the building ourselves with Porter as foreman.

The trustees approved. Porter was engaged but for two weeks I could not get him started on the work. Part of the delay was doubtless due to real need for preparation but a good deal of it ~~was~~ originated from Porter's reluctance to begin a work for which he secretly knew himself to be so unfitted.

On April 29th the first spadeful of dirt was cast up at the lower corner of the lot on Ridgway Lane. Porter, a sub foreman named John Zeldner and ten laborers were the first men on the job.

During the two weeks of delay I had been putting forth every effort to acquaint myself with market conditions for if I were to handle the buying of materials it was highly important that this be done. ~~There~~ I called for bids for steel to be used in the building and for all other of the outstanding needs of the structure. Days of negotiation, of comparisons and bargaining preceded the closing of each contract, but I had already begun to file ^{away} completed contracts when the building operations began.

In fact I freed the beginning of work by closing a contract with an Italian "Padrone" by the name of Isullo for a supply of laborers, tools etc for the foundation job.

To see work going on in the wilderness of cellars that I had brought about was relief indeed. Three to four weeks was Porter's optimistic estimate at the beginning - but the weeks lengthened - one month, two months three months passed before that dreadful foundation work was complete. The trials and tribulations of those months to one so impatient to see the building start

as was I would be beyond words to describe. We had strikes over the most idiotic of causes - petty jealousies of the men, factional differences, unskillful handling of the crowd and the like. Such surprising quantities of lumber as I was forced to buy to shore up the great walls of earth that the workmen were turning up. Such quantities of cement and steel and sand and stone as went into the bottomless ditch before we were through.

And then despite the architect's original assurance that we need do no excavating or carting away of dirt I was forced in July to hire a steam shovel to excavate a veritable township of earth. It in fact cost \$3600. for excavating and carting, entirely aside from the three months of incessant digging and shovelling by fifteen to twenty men.

* The foundation cost that we had expected to be about \$5000 became twenty five thousand instead.

I came from the country nearly every day, being rarely at home all summer, but still I managed to

Keep my garden growing, to do a little fishing and motoring, so that my health remained normal throughout the trying days.

But the end came to the foundation chapter at last. On August 4th Governor Coolidge laid the corner stone of our new building. It was an impressive and triumphant occasion. It marked moreover the beginning of real progress, the germs of which had already begun to leaven the mass of incompetence with which I had been dealing.

Joseph Seyray, a ~~F~~ French hatter, who had had a good deal of experience in building came onto the job July 13th. Porter and I had decided that Zedens mistakes and incompetence could be stood no longer. Seyray was the man sent to us in response to a search for Zedens successor.

Porter was loud in his praise and events have since justified all that was said of him.

But a development that Porter himself had not foreseen ^{was} soon to toss him also out of the seats of

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the mighty." Lemmy knew so much more about building than Porter did that it was only natural that he, the sub foreman, soon was directing all the activities on the job.

Porter could not read a blue print. Lemmy could not only do that, but he was a good workman at every thing on the job. He could run a gasoline engine. He could rig derricks. He could use a transit and take the elevations as the work progressed.

Porter soon became jealous and sullen. Some days after the corner stone was laid I saw that all was not well on the job. On August 14th I was in conference ^{over the pay} with Joe and Porter came up and gave him what I considered an unwarranted call down right before the men. I took Joe's part and assumed the blame if there were any for calling up some of the men to have alleged shortages in their pay adjusted.

But this was the end of Porter's activities. He resigned. I was of course greatly troubled over the matter.

I argued with him and even asked his wife to try to persuade him to come back. Work went on for a week while Porter sulked. Fay Stofford + Thorndike raised a row and wanted an efficiency engineer appointed to superintend the work.

They found me in a far from amiable mood. I made a fine counter thrust at their organization - pointed out the costly errors they had made, the lack of coordination among their experts, etc. and wound up by saying that if "Teck" graduates, professors and experts ~~had~~ ^{were} so vulnerable an organization, they had no right to expect perfection in my staff of workers. I pointed out that a new "over lord" would mean that my whole staff would quit and we would need to build up a totally new crew and organization.

The result was that the ~~Eng~~ firm withdrew its suggestion and I have heard no criticism from that quarter since.

After Porter's week of sulks had expired I learned that he wanted

Joe "fried", so I gave up all hope
of having ~~him back~~ Porter back.

I made Joe the superintendent and
work went on with new zeal.

The superstructure began to take shape.
The walls of the auditorium grew day by
day. Stone for the Dorne street front
was delivered. Steel came. Frames for
windows and doors arrived and our
activities broadened until we had
nearly one hundred men on the
job ~~at that time~~.

By the time school opened for the year
the new building had begun to ~~at~~
display majestic outlines, although it
was merely the outlines of the first
story.

But speaking of school reminds
me that the building project was only
one phase of my summer's activities.

To begin with, the bar examiners
harded us "an awful wallop" by
flunking all but twelve of our
men. This blow coming at such a
time gave me intense anxiety.

Surely when a great and hazardous
undertaking was underway it was no
time for a reverse in the school's

exchequer. Thousands of dollars in revenue were assuredly lost by this unfortunate occurrence.

I took it over with the trustees. Then I called a meeting of all the men who had taken the examination, we met the situation frankly and fully. The men decided not to ask the examining board for copies of their answers. They also voted to hold a new bar review on lines indicated by me

(November 21, 1920)

I immediately issued a special letter to all the students, frankly admitting the bar examination disaster but calling attention to the fact that in 1915 we had suffered an even worse fate, to be succeeded by five years of remarkably high records. I promised a similar "come back" and appealed to their loyalty in the present critical summer.

Thus I hoped to frustrate the evil effect of "enemy propaganda". That I was successful in this is borne out by the mammoth attendance of the present year - seven hundred students.

The opening of school brought with it the usual heavy demands upon my



my time and energy. The building project moreover ~~was~~ now developed a host of troubles - troubles so thick and threatening that my ~~whole~~ ~~existence~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~question~~ whether waking or sleeping were hours of respiration.

A general strike was threatened. The bank refused to advance more money on the building loan. The building facts now developed that I had estimated that I should need fifty thousand dollars more than our building loan to complete the building. Reinforcing steel and floor tiles of proper dimension were held up in transit from New York.

But most appalling of all the Comptroller Trust Co. (whose loan on our school building and to myself is the school's belief amounting to \$46,000 ^{which} I had expected to be renewed until we could sell the building) was taken possession of by the state. Our loans were of course called and I had no funds to meet the demand.

Mr. Swift of our Board now proved a friend in need. He went with me to the bank examiner (after I had spent a week or two in frantic endeavor to sell



45 Mt Vernon Street) and made a successful plea for leniency.

I found that the Exchange Trust Co ~~would~~ not increase their loan above \$200,000. The company now insisted upon strict adherence to the terms of the ~~old~~ construction loan agreement which were so unwisely drawn (upon the architect's "progress chart") that the bank might insist upon the completion of one floor before advancing toward the cost of the next. In vain I pleaded with them. The fact that I had purchased the material for the entire building and needed money to meet the bills made no impression upon them.

The first who went with me to the bank had no better luck in his appeal. I had about \$11,000 on hand which would meet the pay roll for three weeks so I resolved to fight the thing out to the last dollar and ^{possibly} get the building roofed in before the heavens fell.

I went to our chief creditors and told them of the bank's refusal to advance more money until we had

reached a further stage in the building I found them sympathetic. On their bills I could wait thirty days before payment could be demanded (prior to October 1st I had discounted all bills). Thus I saw a month's progress ahead if the strike did not materialize.

But the ~~striker~~ delegates came to see me and delivered their ultimatum. Unless the masons in Mexico Co. who supplied our building with stone trimmings, settled with the strikers at their own plant, every job on which their stone was being used would be tied up.

Badgered as I was by so many cases I responded to their demand with some heat; informed them that their proposal was illegal, unreasonable and F. W. W.

My mention of law was like waving a red rag to the proverbial bull. They ~~not~~ called our job the first of all just to show me how little regard they had for the law. It was a week of desperation to me - that awful week when no work whatever was done upon our building, beautiful

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weather for winter and fall coming on. I was not at all sure that work could start again. My desperate cogitations upon finances however yielded a grain of hope. My bonds purchased last winter could be returned to the school treasury and sold again to raise money. We had a mammoth new class and I figured that twenty thousand dollars could be raised in the school itself.

Was for my optimism! The student made as little response to my appeal as though I were trying to finance a project in China instead of the building in which they hoped to receive their future instruction. I was fairly stunned by the result. ~~But~~

But despair sits not long upon my doorstep without receiving a reminder to move on. I now attempted to sell the ~~bonds~~ ^{bonds} outside. A Jewish friend with whom I had done business advised me that he and his associates could buy \$25,000, but would need 12% interest. I immediately agreed

to give a school note bearing that interest with the bonds as collateral

But the bonds were pledged at two banks - the Cosmopolitan and the West-
 yon Trust Company. I arranged to
 get \$12,000 ^{of bonds} I pledged at the latter
 bank. I mortgaged the bungalow
 in the country and managed to get
 seven thousand dollars together, with
 four thousand on deposit at the Cosmo-
 politan. I hoped to get \$11,000 bonds
 from there. Mr. Frost would let me
 have some of his bonds, so I figured
 that I would have bonds for the
 expected deal.

The agent of the Bank Commissioner
 however rebuked me by refusing to
 surrender any of the security until
 the whole ^{debt} was paid, notwithstanding
 my plea that I could not raise money
 for the balance unless I had collateral
 to raise additional funds. So I refused
 to pay him any of the money I had
 raised, whereat he was very indignant.

I wrote to the bank commissioner
 setting forth the facts and some
 days ago my original proposition was
 accepted although I then had only

200 thousand of my own to pay (I got 15,000 in bonds out of pledge).

The object of my zeal however, had failed. The Jewish brother had fallen down on his promise to convince his associates of the wisdom of the investment. The school owed him some five thousand dollars for cement and other supplies, so I "nailed him" for that amount in bonds.

The strike to which I have alluded failed. The men returned after a week of idleness, cursing their delegates on the disastrous move. Work went on with new zeal during the balance of October. Repeatedly I went to the bank to see the President, but could not get an interview. Everybody was tied ~~up~~ up until election so I was obliged to wait, although making ~~at~~ desperate attempts to reach individuals who might be able to solve our difficulties. I talked with this man and that, all to no purpose.

By November 1st, although I had raised and put into the building fund about 78,000 the treasury was

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very low. Creditors are becoming clamorous. I made some very pointed remarks in the bank, and charged that because two of our trustees had supported a political ^{with} President Martin that we were being treated as we were. The very next day the bank threw out. They advanced \$20,000 which I repaid among our creditors, leaving all that I could for pay roll.

I am now at the end of this fund and have only enough in the treasury to cover half a days pay roll. However I don't ~~have~~ ^{need} to pay the men until Friday and if the bank ~~had~~ ^{had} to make another advance I have in reserve \$1500. of my own (raised by mortgage on my farm in Howell) as well as a similar amount in the school account.

For three weeks I have been working and playing with a new idea in mind.

While the building will cost about \$250,000, yet if we had let the contract out it would have cost (according to the lower ^{cost plus} bid for the completed structure) \$366,743. Adding to this the cost of the

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land we have a \$470,000 property. My idea is to try for a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mortgage \$260,000 which would be about 55% of the value. If I can see me such a loan it will enable me to finish the building in proper shape. As it is I am holding back on the contracts for finish and ornamentation until I can know whether I shall be obliged to put expenses to the bone or not.

It must be expressed that I have already eliminated ~~many~~ the bulk of possibilities. The loan is large and money is scarcer than in recent years, except during the critical days of the war.

I have an appointment tomorrow and shall "carry on" until the last possibility is exhausted, if indeed that end I am ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~end~~ ^{end} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~road~~ ^{road}. But I know that J. D. has never denied me, (unworthy as I have been and am) so I have a serene faith that he will show me the way even yet.

We are trying to sell 45 Mt Vernon Street. One or two prospects keep up our hopes. But the trustee

who holds the first mortgage notified me a few days ago, that his business had died and that he must close up the estate, so must ask me to pay off the mortgage as soon as possible.

I must do so as speedily as I can try for a size the 1st mortgage as it is to tide us over.

Thus I am determined to do: to keep work moving to the last moment possible. If I can get close enough to completion so that we can use the building I believe that I am in a place to ask creditors with school notes, with bonds ~~of collateral~~, or convince them that the best serve their own interests by permitting us to use the building to earn money to pay off their claims.

People say to me these days when they pause in front of our magazine it was building - "My! you must be the honest man in Boston!" - little dreaming that the ~~original~~ travail of "giving birth" to this new creation has been too great to admit of vainglorious sensations.

Of course it is a great satisfaction



to me to see our majestic new home with "Duffell Law School" in your letters, across its stone capped front elevation.

The greatest effort of my life is now nearing the final verdict. It is an hour - when every power of intellect that I possess, when every ounce of determination, every atom of patience, every effort of faith and prayer are called into play. May God help me to the best and wisest solution of it all. May He lead me in the carrying of the great work ~~into~~ which He has so signally blessed me in days past.

Monday Nov 22, 1920

This afternoon, Mrs. Rush (one of my new students and a real state man) and I went to the office of the New England Mutual Insurance Co. to talk over the question of loan. Mr. Baboy, the head man, was not at all enthusiastic. He made inquiries and filled some memoranda, but was non-committal in our respects. He promised to let us have the decision of the investment committee in a few days. Mr. Rush feels hopeful, but I

have no expectation of a favorable report. When I returned from the trip I found a phone call from the lady, daughter of the widow ^{say} ~~same~~ to whom I applied some days ago. When my calling card was returned that his committee considered our loan ~~favorable~~ but that his bank did not have the funds required. He kindly volunteered information as to some banks that he considered it would be well to interview, naming the Charleston Savings Bank, the Warren Institution for Savings, and the Cambridge Savings Bank.

This evening I conferred with various students and got one or two new names to canvass.

Tuesday, November 23, 1920

A disagreeable rain today, but I managed to canvass quite a number of prospects. The Warren Institution for Savings, and the Cambridge Savings Bank each declared that so sizable a loan was out of the question at present. At the Charleston Savings Bank I was offered some encouragement. The president, Wm. P. Hart was very genial and interested. He asked me to make the formal application

and also give him some additional data for his finance committee. This I have done. There is, I think, a fair prospect of success in this direction.

I was unsuccessful in ~~my~~ ^{my} efforts to see the president of the U.S. Trust Co.

Mr. Rush reported quite a number of failures, thereby eliminating names from my list. He also reported a prospect that we are to see tomorrow, the "Institution for Savings in Roxbury & vicinity". Our appointment is for 10 A.M.

Wednesday Nov 24, 1920

A busy day with no tangible results so far as the financial question is concerned.

Mr. Rush and I visited 15 banks but got no success out of it, even at the bank where he had been making a loan. I also called on several other banks, only to learn that the size of the loan made the matter impossible.

Several complications at the bridge caused trouble, which I was obliged to take time to straighten out. The West states bank company, that have been sending me bills - notified me by mail that they would not take it.

I called on the Old South Trust Company, of which one of our students Andrew Casey had just been elected President. This was a mere social call, however, for this bank has recently been closed and is still in too precarious a condition to undertake a loan such as ours. I discussed my problems with Mr Casey, however, and he made the suggestion that two banks come in on it. I have heard of this being done but have never heard a bank man, except at the Newmont Trust, advocate it.

After I left the bank I met Mr Frost on the street and we discussed the matter. During the afternoon I saw Mr Evans, but he could not suggest any help. I called at the Exchange Trust Company and saw Mr Tibbets about another advance on the construction loan. He told me that the school note would have to be renewed before any more money could be advanced. It will fall due November 30th.

The November Exams, the junior and senior classes were held this evening. All my leisure moments during the evening were devoted to

X

drafting plans for our theatre organization I later called Mr. Wright in for a conference. We had a very humorous ~~disc~~ session.

Well, my courage is still good. I have utmost faith that in some way the great problem will be solved. My dear wife is a great comfort to me for she has as much faith as I have. My new office assistant, Alden M. Cleveland, shares our optimism. Today he told me that he had a most vivid dream last night of my coming to him at his work and announcing that the battle was won. His is of course optimistic. Surrounded by such a phalanx of faith I could not well yield to despair. We will assuredly win.

Nevertheless I am worried lest our victory be too long postponed to avert a financial tangle that will be most embarrassing.

Thursday (Thanksgiving day) Nov 25.

In the early hour this morning I concocted a plan that may solve our difficulties - to propose to the Charleston Savings Bank that if they will

Everybody Take Notice

The Fourth Annual

FIELD DAY

AT

Church Hill - Norwell

SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1919

PROGRAM

- 1.30. 100-yard DASH for boys from 12 to 15 age.
- 100-yard DASH for boys from 10 to 12 age.
- 100-yard DASH for girls from 12 to 15 age.
- 100-yard DASH for girls from 10 to 12 age.
- 2.40. SACK RACE.
- 2.45. THREE-LEGGED RACE.
- 2.50. SHOE RACE.
- 2.55. FAT MAN'S RACE.
- 3.00. BALL GAME. Boston First National Bank team vs. local team.

Evening Sports

- 7.30. 100-yard DASH for boys and girls.
- 8.10. BAND CONCERT. Miss Burke's 14th Reg't Band with Soloists.
- 9.00. FIREWORKS under the direction of National Fireworks Co.

Refreshments will be on Sale

ADMISSION—Afternoon 10c, Evening 25c
Autos in Evening, 25c
(PLUS WAR TAX)

PRIZES AWARDED

ROCKLAND INDEPENDENT PRINT

agree to take our loan and can advance (upon collateral) \$60,000 about Jan 1st and the balance February 1st or March 1st that we will continue our construction work until they can have time to marshal their finances. I have just written to the President of the bank and posted the letter with a fervent prayer that it may accomplish its mission. Of course, if the proposal fails there, I will immediately take it to the Wadley Bank and one or two others whose objections have been temporary scarcity of funds. There are more possibilities in this loan matter than I had thought, ~~and~~ and I shall certainly keep up the good fight until I find the long sought solution, if I have not found the solution already.

At any rate I am much more cheerful and "full of zest for the fray".

I took Allan and Father Snyder over the new building today. They loved the ladders very well. Their admiration for the structure especially on the third floor where our apartments (some street side) are ~~located~~ walled in was very gratifying. Allan recognized his bed room and was much pleased there.

We also went onto the roof and looked out over "the high places of Zion", a pleasant view even on this overcast and slightly stormy day. The North station, Bunker Hill monument and other objects interested them. Allan managed to get his feet wet in the pit of the theatre.

Father S. took dinner with us, since Mother Snyder who has been ailing for some months has gone to Manchester N.H. for a rest and change of air.

Sunday, November 28, 1920

For many weeks I have been hoping and praying that each week would be the week of victory. Many the last I have followed to the end, the price only in having ~~proved~~ ^{proved} a barren possibility. This new week is like unto those that have gone before. I see the new hopes and new trails to explore. I am hoping tonight that God will grant me victory this week and set me free to plan and work on the new building ⁱⁿ inquiring upon the question of finances. If we have the money to spend I wish to finish the theatre and building in

a manner that will need no doing over with better materials a few years hence. But I dare not horse ^{the} expensive & immense ~~intire~~ I know how much money will be forthcoming in that grand day of reckoning that lies a month or two ahead.

Mr. Rush has failed in all his attempts thus far, but he has an appointment for us tomorrow at the Franklin Savings Bank. Of this interview he feels some assurance. I have not yet heard from the Charleston Savings Bank, but expect to Tuesday & Wednesday.

The Exchange Trust Co. (by Mr. Tibbets) has sent me one extension of mortgage to May 1st, but I am ~~not~~ unwilling to sign so long an extension, lest it hampers me in completing the building by taking of the possibility of a new 1st mortgage loan.

There is a busy day ahead of me tomorrow for with all these duties and worries of school and building venture, I must not forget my little home nest and its occupants. Baby Gerson has adenoids and is to be operated upon by Dr. Timothy J. Reardon tomorrow at

10:30 A.M. Of course I will go with him to the doctor's office and see the little man though if I can possibly manage it.

November 30, 1920

Two busy days have elapsed but the end of my financial quest is not yet. Monday morning Mr. Bush and I went to the Franklin Savings Bank and interviewed the president, but I have no hope of favorable action in that quarter. Hurrying back from there I took Gleason to the surgeon's office and spent 2 1/2 hours of ordeal. It is very hard to see a well loved child put through the bloody stages of an operation for adenoids. Baby took the ether well until he had counted to about fifty five, then he began to scream and fight. The nurse had a hard time to hold him down for he is very strong for his age. Later when he began to revive he continued his struggles "No, no I don't want any more," was the burden of his woe. Poor little man, when I took him home he was still but half conscious. I held him in my arms and he slept

until the back reached #45 wt
 Vernon. He is alright today, but
 he has no use for doctors.

In the afternoon I had a session
 with the Officials of the Exchange Trust
 Company, regarding that they are. They
 tried to put over two hard conditions
 in the renewal of the mortgage - one,
 that it continue until May 1st and
 two, that we pay 12% interest.

On the interest question, there was no
 help for it - I had to comply, but
 I won a partial victory by inserting
 in the renewal of the mortgage that
 I should have the privilege of prepayment
 at any time between now and May 1st
 by giving a thirty day notice of such
 payment. How I do hope that I can
 give them a thirty day notice very
 soon.

Today has brought no special
 developments. A good part of my time
 has been devoted to the new building
 in its structural details. No word
 has come from the Banks. Mr. Reek
 tells me tonight that he has a
 man who will take a second
 mortgage on our property, but

course that would have to be on a note with bonds as collateral. Whether this can be managed I am not at all sure.

Mr Street reported tonight that the oil Company that had examined #45 with a view to purchase were still interested.

I have today worked out a school problem that has troubled me for several years. Some of our faculty, particularly those who teach at the Portia Law School where only one division of classes are held, have for years murmured against teaching ~~two~~ two sessions and have openly advocated abolishing the second division. Yesterday I got word from Mr McKean (Dean of Portia) that he would probably give up teaching at Suffolk next year owing to the burden of two divisions. I should deplore greatly the losing of our "old guard".

To meet the situation I have decided to inaugurate next year a plan of having a second teacher in each of the subjects handled by our "old guard", the second man to teach the late division, which is always

small. Thus we can train up new men to replace the old when they get too busy to teach it all, (but it will perhaps result in keeping them on indefinitely). To enlarge our faculty is a good idea anyway.

Wednesday, Dec 1, 1920

The Charleston Savings Bank proposition still holds fire and I am uncertain whether there is further ground for hope in that direction. I talked with Mr. Taber Treas. of the Willey Savings Bank today and he gave me some good advice, although he declared that the size of the loan made his bank unable to undertake it. ~~exchange trust Co~~ was unsuccessful in getting the ~~to advance~~ to advance more money for current payments. They are great dodgers and always have an alibi. ~~Today~~ Today I met Mrs. Martin on the stairs leading to the second floor. I suppose I must have looked somewhat out of sorts at my treatment there. He said "How are you, Sam. Why don't you smile?" "I will" I shot back, "if you'll give me some money."

He shouted with laughter, slapped me on the back and said that it was the best joke he had heard lately. But the bank didn't loosen up.

Mr Cleveland worked on our second mortgage proposition today but got very little encouragement.

Work is going well at the building for in spite of the rain the crew can be kept busy at inside tasks. The balance of the heavy stone has now been delivered. The seal cap stone and one course of small stone is all that remains of the exterior work to be delivered. The windows have been temporarily installed nearly all over the building.

The balcony of the theatre is being poured - the right wing

Dec 2, 1920.

A very trying day - trying because of the Exchange Trust Co. I had an appointment to meet W E Martin of the bank to go over the building ^{at 9:00} and see how much work had been accomplished. But he did not show up and telephoned. The report was that he was on the way. I waited the whole

morning and learned by a second telephone call that he claimed to have been there (he may have seen it from the State House grounds) and had placed \$14,000 to our account (\$2,000 being taken for interest - the others) I was so angry that I went down to the bank to give them a blessing, but Pres Martin was away and Fetters was in a conference. So I decided to do the "blessing act" by letter in which I could express myself even more adequately than by word of mouth. This I have done and it is very satisfactory to my outraged soul.

I have told them in polite language that they are cutthroats and that the whole story will be in the third edition of my history of the school. But I have addressed it to Pres. Martin as though he were not mixed up in the "dirty work" and have appealed to him to investigate the situation so that he can make matters square with his repeated assurances of friendliness. There may be nothing come of it, but they certainly can not use us any worse than they have already done. W. Cleveland has discovered one or two new sins today. Mr. Rush is still

working. I have heard nothing more from the Charleston Savings Bank.

Work has gone well at the building today. I am growing more and more to appreciate the treasure I have in Joseph Carey. We have some five ton stones that are being set on the Home Street front - very difficult to handle. But Joe has rigged up a cantilever that will handle them as easily as if they were small. He has bossed the stone crew today and set nearly the entire course on the Home Street front - about a week's work if done as they have been doing.

The partitions in the Lingle Street apartments are now nearly finished. The metal lathing is well along in the second and Home Street apartments.

Dec 4, 1920

Saturday night finds the quest of the golden ~~flute~~^{flute} still unfinished. Nevertheless I feel more cheerful than at any time for several weeks, and there are several reasons. 1st The president of the Charleston Savings bank is still in favorable mood and says he will visit the building early next

week. and Mr. Frost has sent me word that next week he will take up the matter of the loan with a Mr. Mills of the First National Finance Corporation.

and I have today talked with Frank Halloran one of the people ~~who~~ located by A.W. Cleveland in a pilgrimage two days ago. He says that he and Federico Bionzo (a law school acquaintance of mine) have recently sold ~~to~~ a building for a client and a \$240,000 payment is coming in on Dec 15th. This money will need to be invested and Halloran thinks his client will be glad to take on our loan. Now I hope that he will, for the long succession of shattered hopes is not easy to bear and remain cheerful.

Tuesday, Dec 7, 1920

Zip goes one hope after another. Mr. Halloran's rosy hope has vanished. The client whom he so confidently expected to take hold of, our loan would have none of it. He now says that he has another prospect, but admits that the task of placing the loan is harder than he expected.

Mr. Spillane tells me tonight that a friend of his who has just inherited

six million dollars (which he objected to interest in the matter), says that his property is so tied up that he cannot do anything on the loan.

Mr. Rusk reports that he took a trustee to the building today and has some hope that he will be able to do something. Mr. Frost reports that the Mr. Mills referred to on page 284 cannot help us. He will try to get the Massachusetts Trust to help us out.

I have not yet heard the bad news from Mr. Hart, but expect it any day now.

We are making good progress on the building. Plastering began today. Many hills have come in that I am unable to meet, but I am plugging desperately ahead, confident that the way will yet open. But it is dark just now.

Dec 8, 1920

Awoke at 1 AM this morning and wrestled with various problems, only one of which is worth mentioning now. But I have worked out a new endowment plan that I hope may produce substantial results. We ^{shall} have over 2000 steel framed open chairs in the new building

My plan is to urge the students to donate at least one chair to the school with the privilege of having their name go on the chair as the giver of it. I have set the donation per chair at \$10. in the lecture halls and \$20. in the theatre. If the plan works it should be the means of raising \$30,000 before all the chairs are taken (which of course I don't expect this year).

Arose at 5 AM and drafted a "prose poem" advertising folder. It is now in the hands of the printer. I have also ordered a sample chair sent to the school to aid in the drive which I have planned to start Friday night.

Sunday December 12, 1920

Never was my faith put to a greater test than now. Every trail that I have taken up so courageously in these weeks past has led nowhere. The students have failed me. even in the trifling matter of giving a chair to the school. While I have not put the matter to a final issue yet the reports from the announcement made on Friday night (by a mimeographed sheet handed to each student) are that the students resent the suggestion that they help even to the extent of \$10. This is one of

the hardest blows of the year. It rained with the shock that came to me when the ~~school made~~ students refused to assist in an Endowment campaign last October.

Why was I such a fool as to stand out against the suggestion of the trustees two years ago that we increase our tuition to \$100. These men ^{with rare exceptions} have no gratitude, no appreciation and no sense of personal obligation to uphold the institution. When I see the day schools that charge a heavy tuition go out for Endowment and reap a golden harvest from their graduates I feel that they indeed work for a class of students in whom loyalty and self sacrifice is far more highly developed than ~~with~~ in the sons of the working man.

It is extraordinary but true that the average "self made man" tries to forget his humble origin and spurns those who have given him the helping hand. Men who got their start in life in Suffolk Law School and paid \$135. for their entire course when I was giving my heart's blood for the struggling institution now say. "I owe nothing to Suffolk Law School - I paid for what I got." Nevertheless - I know that

in spite of ingratitude and disloyalty of the men themselves ~~we~~ have ~~been~~ made them better and more useful men to the community. That is after all the main thing.

But, hereafter we will exact from them as they come to us a more adequate compensation in order that the institution may continue to minister to the future needs of the community.

The failure of my hope with the students is not the only disappointment of the week. I have spoken of some others in my entry of Tuesday. Mr Hart of the Charleston Savings Bank has at last upped and his report is the usual kind.

Mr Spillars' millionaire friend turned him down. Mr Bush has not been able to accomplish anything. Mr Halloran has nothing that promises results.

One of the freshmen, Mr Cocke, has a friend who just won a mammoth estate, Victor A. Seales. He brought Mr Seales to the school a few days ago, ~~but~~ I met him and found him of a humble and sympathetic type, but still almost penniless because the estate will not be settled for some time.

In fact all of my own clues have failed and at this writing I cannot perceive any silver lining to the cloud that blackens my sky, except that Mr Frost and Mr Swift are both working. Mr Vahay has been promising for weeks to see some wealthy friends of his on the question of a loan.

My heart is indeed heavy with the burdens I bear. Whether defeat by bankruptcy (and newspaper publicity of an unfavorable nature that would accompany the failure of my great building project) awaits me in the immediate future, I know not but I do know this that I will fight to the end with every power of will and every atom of intelligence that I possess - that I will play the man to the end and if I am licked it will be because God has not been willing to allow me to succeed in this ~~last~~ greatest achievement of my life - for it is a mammoth achievement to have done what I have done. Even that unfinished building as it stands is a greater monument to me than I deserve - for I have done the deed almost single handed and God knows

*
 that I am neither great intellectually
 nor morally - simply an ordinary sinful
 * soul who has struggled all his days
 * without much success in that line to
 rise to the heights of his ideals of life.

* Perhaps this is why such heavy burdens
 are being laid upon me, for God is just
 and withholds the supreme prize if it
 is greater than even his favorite children
 may deserve. He has blessed me so signally
 * in the past that even defeat in this
 * crucial hour cannot turn me from
 Him as the source of all my strength.

Tuesday, December 14

I wonder if I have reached the bottom of this
 low tide of affairs with my boat aground for
 a season. No, I am not aground for the
 building is progressing mightily and I have
 cash enough to meet this week's payroll. More
 money is promised by the bank for next week.
 I can still postpone the evil day when the
 sub-contractors and fate combine to shake the
 sky down upon me. I have a desperate clinging
 to hope so long as work can go on. In fact I
 am gambling with time and trying to force
 the work to such a point that we can use
 the building and earn money for our creditors

even in the midst of their clamor. I am still fighting for funds. The chair proposition is not entirely dead. We have subscriptions for 130 chairs ^(90 for students) which means \$1300. of assistance in our hour of need. The total will run higher. If I can raise \$2500. in this way I shall be satisfied in the purchase of ~~supplies~~ building and materials such as cement and tile. I am turning our custom ^{from whom I purchased} to Walds BROS. for I have a scheme of unloading upon them our gasoline winch and some of our mechanical equipment. They would never buy it ~~back~~ but I figure that if I owe them enough they will take it on account. Equipment turned into money is equivalent to endowment to that extent. My courage is good, but my thoughts are largely directed to how I can weather the gale and not be cast upon the breakers of bankruptcy, if the good lord does not think it wise to see me through. But oh how earnestly I am praying these days that ~~He~~ will not desert me in my hour of need.

Saturday, December 18, 1920

Nothing definite yet. Mr Swift introduced me to a broker by the name of Nason yesterday and he is certainly

interested. But it will involve a bond issue. If he takes it and I fear that in the present state of financial stringency will make the task of sale of bonds too great for his firm to undertake.

I have written to George Eastman, the millionaire Kodak man who gave so liberally to Mass. Institute of Technology. His hopes to follow to mention here except that I now have only the most forlorn of hopes of deliverance.

Of course I expect to win in the long run whatever the complications of the immediate future may be. I have stamped "Suffolk Law School" so indelibly upon our magnificent building that it cannot so well be used for other purposes. Our creditors must let us see the building.

I am driving the walk ^{hoping to gain} to the point where I can see the building even though it is not completed this year.

There is some prospect of selling #45. The President of the oil Company was here yesterday and liked the building.

Now my dear Journal for nearly three years I have made you a close confidante. I am sorry to leave unfinished the story of my greatest battle and to close this book with such a cloud of troubles - but this is life as it really is - and so, good bye - Thason L. Archer

Merry garden Cultivator - directions for operation (293)

3/4 pint motor A + 1 gal Gasoline

- 4. grease cups filled + turned down 2 turns
- 2 oil cups

once a day for every grease cup

do not tighten bolt over left wheel

Starting

- 1 advance spark (to handle)
- 2 open pet cock.
- 3 open air mixer
- 4 open gas valve 3/4 of turn.
- 5 hold finger under valve under mixer until gas flows.
- 6 crank

after retard spark

shut off air mixer half way
adjust gas valve to shut + run 1/2 minute

If clutch fails to ~~to~~ stop.

Loosen up 3 nuts on left hand
of machine & tighten right nut
(4th) 2 turns

If clutch fails to work
reverse above.

