



Milestones and Memories

An Autobiography by Father Wagner

Rudolph, Wisconsin

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by

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Foreword

Many have asked me: "What prompted you to build this wonderful GROTTO?—Where did you get the idea to construct such vast handiwork? Why don't you write the story that we may understand where you received so much strength and endurance to carry on?—Surely there must be something more than just ordinary ability and skill and will-power back of such masterpiece. When you began you must have had faith in God and the Blessed Virgin to move a mountain?"—The mountain I am speaking of stands before you in the form of a vast shrine— "GROTTO SHRINE."

I hope—friends—my story will be of interest to you. Along the pathway of my life are many Milestones, many Memorable Events—and follies.

The Author

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I suppose there is a story worth telling in the life of every man, could it be fully told. Each of us is a little secret world, whose inner life the outsider cannot hope to guess. Blunders, stupidity, suffering and struggle mark every human life to make far deeper marks than transient joy and happiness. The most important things are not what one has accomplished, or endured, but how one has played his part in life's eventful drama for the good of his fellowmen and the glory of his God. If I could only show someone, or leave on some library shelf, something that is worth more, and will last much longer than the flowers in my garden and the trees around my shrine.

This story, which tells of my birth, childhood and youth, and of my days spent on the farm, and in school, college and seminary, and of my random ramblings at home and abroad—all will have little significance except as a finished story and a complete picture.

I

My Humble Beginnings

My grandparents were among the early settlers of Wisconsin and Iowa. My father was born in Port Washington, Wisconsin, and baptized in the Holy Cross Catholic Church. My mother came from Indiana with her parents. When eight years old my father came to Iowa. They came along a wild and dangerous journey beset with Indians and wild beasts. Crossing the wide Mississippi on rafts, and camping along a lonesome trail, they finally reached a beautiful green valley, where they made their home on the banks of the Turkey River, about two miles from a small town, named Twin Springs, which was later called Festina, Iowa.

Father and mother believed in large families. I, the sixth of nine children, was born on December the twenty-first, 1882. It almost seemed that the pathway of my life was predestined at my birth. It should, therefore, not be imagined that I chose its direction, but rather wandered down its ever-changing course, not knowing whither it was leading. I realize today that I was born suitably into an environment adapted to a lover of nature. As a child I was small and weak, and being among the youngest of our neighborhood group, I was often dragged about by the others and easily led into doing things.

How I recall my days as boy
All filled with carefree childish joy!
When dash and dare endeared each scene,
'Long rolling hills and rippling stream ;
With restful night and golden dawn
The forest, farm and field along.
Unknown were then dark days of gloom,
Not till my life had reached its noon.
How innocent and worry-free
Were boyhood's blessed days to me!-
Oh thou sweet Paradise of Joy!
Oh blessed days when I was boy!
E'er leading to bright hopeful days
Of nerve and pluck and manly ways.—

In these days of automobiles, radio, movies, and television, the homes are no longer what they used to be; nevertheless today as ever before, in the home the mother is the companion of her husband. She holds the key to the souls of her children. She is their guiding-star; she opens their hearts and places into them the seeds of character, conscience, and religion. When the mother leaves, the heart of the home is stilled; it loses its fragrance, inspiration and symphony.

If mother exercises such powerful and intimate influence upon a family of children, what then is home without a mother? My mother died with a lingering illness when I was a mere child. Looking at her picture now, taken when she was young and happy, sadness comes over me.—

"The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the Land where sorrow is unknown."

II

My School Days

I started going to school when I was about six years old. Early on the first day, I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and said my morning prayers. I pulled off my night cap and slowly went down stairs—and there I was. When father saw me he exclaimed: "Philip, hurry up!" "I'm coming!" was my immediate reply. "John left already, he couldn't wait for you; you should be in school early on the first day!" continued my father. "I'll have all kinds of fun in school, just wait and see, thought I; the Hubers who go by every morning and evening told me they have much fun in school. When I came to the sink with a small brush and basin in it, my sister took me by the head and washed my face and neck and ears cleaner than they had ever been washed. "Oo-oo-oo! the water is so wet, and cold, and the soap burns in my eyes!" I sobbed. Suds were plentiful, and so was water; it was from our own spring.

I sat down to a good breakfast of corn-mush, sugar, cream, bread and molasses—but it wouldn't exactly go down. What was the matter? Wasn't I hungry; I always had been on other mornings. I grabbed my lunch pail, containing two slices of bread, covered heavily with molasses, a slice of home-cured ham and an apple. I jammed the cover on and followed the others—to school. I really felt big because I wore suspenders, and long trousers and boots—

"Ho! Ho!—Look at my suspenders, please!
And at my little red boots clear up to my knees!"—

September was still young; a few trees were beginning to turn from green to red and gold. Walking through the woods I saw the other boys and girls not too far ahead. They played that I might catch up to them. "Hey, you kids!" I exclaimed, "wait for me! Can't you see I'm tired?" "Tired from what?" questioned Joe, one of the older boys, "you haven't walked even a half a mile." "I wish I could stay in the woods all day and pick nuts," I said. "Ah, you with your nuts!" exclaimed Willie. (Hickory nuts and acorns were beginning to fall.) "I can read," I continued, "and that should be about enough for anyone—oh, see a squirrel, he's eating a nut—look it!" I cried in surprise as I walked towards a tree on which I tried to make the others believe that I was seeing a squirrel. "Come on now!" ejaculated Alf, who was about my age, "I believe you are seeing things—a squirrel—where? I know what's the matter with you—you don't want to go to school!" "I want to go all right," I said, "but I don't like those black"—"black what?" questioned Joe, "with that black thing over their head—you know—they always look so scary!" "Oh, you mean the Sisters—they won't hurt you—come on now!" Concluded Frank Brockamp. The others, too, coaxed me to hurry. Soon we arrived at school, where I could hear the shouts and laughter of other children. In Shakespeare's Macbeth we read:—

"When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors."—

Standing in the shade of a clump of trees I watched the goings on. Boys and girls were running and playing and laughing. A few older boys were standing in a group and talking in an undertone; a number of tall girls went into a huddle pointing their fingers at me. I recognized some of them; they were our neighbor's girls. One came running towards me and said: "Hello, there! Are you coming to school?" I answered: "I guess, so, if I like it." "Like it!" she said in surprise, "You'll like it all right!"

When I came home in the evening father asked me: "Well, Philip, how did you like school?" "Oh," I said, "all right, but I don't like those black women." "Did you say 'hello' to all the boys and girls?" he continued. I answered: "Sure, I did, but I don't like the girls either." "The girls—why not—girls are nice, what's the matter?" Looking down somewhat bashful I mumbled, "One of 'em kissed me, but I rubbed it right off—I got madder than a wet hen—I told her so, too! The next time I'll make my face all dirty, then they'll stay away; that'll teach 'em a lesson."

On the following day the school-bell rang just as I was coming to the door. It signified the time for study. Another larger bell was on top of the school, which rang every morning at nine o'clock.

Now one of those black creatures came directly towards me. She was all white in front—at least I thought so—which frightened me still more. Holy Hopkins! She looked almost like a scarecrow; and she took me by the hand.—

"Ouch!—Look at my face!" I said to one of the boys: "Am I getting red—or pale—or what? My face feels so funny!" A large chain was dangling from her side, with balls on it almost as large as black marbles—her rosary.

All the marbles faded from my vision when I came into the classroom, where there were long benches, on which many pupils were sitting—girls on one side of the room, boys on the other. No one had paper, nor pencils, nor ink tablets, nor anything. The older pupils used slates on which they wrote their lessons with slate pencils, which was easily erased with a sponge, or a piece of cloth, fastened to the slate with a string. There were no waste paper baskets, because there was no waste paper.

After I became acquainted and more accustomed to school, and was no longer afraid, I noticed that one of the girls across the aisle was making "goo-goo" eyes at me; naturally I returned the compliments, although in a somewhat bashful manner. Would you have blamed me for it?—

"She was my queen in calico,
I was her bashful barefoot beau;
And she wrote on my slate: 'I love you, Joe!'
When we were a couple of kids."—

A few years later I was promoted into the room for the intermediary grades. In those years, however, the children were not graded according to their knowledge and age. By now I was able to speak English fairly well, at least I thought so.

On a certain school-day, being next-door neighbors we were invited to a wedding at Brockamps; Josephine got married. After school brother John and I went to see, and partake of the goodly feast. I had on a loosely fitting blouse, into which I crammed the books for my evening's study period. However that day I deliberately forgot my books, because I wanted to pick apples along the valley. I knew every apple, cherry and plum tree within a radius of at least one mile from our pathway to school. How awkward I looked with so many apples bobbing around my ribs, whenever I tried to dance a few steps! But no one asked me what I carried under my blown-up jacket. Coming home I quietly "snuck" them away. I had apples for weeks after that. They were indescribably delicious with a sprightliness of flavor suggestive of apricots, pineapples, and oranges combined. Their bites came off as easily as bonbons from a candy-dish. My pocket-knife should also receive some credit for slicing off the peelings, which was as simple as lifting the cover from a sugar bowl.

After a fatiguing walk from school I was hungry. Soon one of the waiters brought me a steaming plate heaped high with roast chicken, prime rib of veal, large crisp lettuce leaves, gravy, a few brown cookies, two biscuits, and a large slice of the wedding-cake— as white as snow. The first mouthful started something within me. At the end I experienced a well-being suited to my drowsiness and glowing cheeks. Soon I fell asleep on an easy chair near the table. Bewildered in the presence of so many I awoke. A good boy I must have been while I was sleeping; afterwards I hurried home to my studies.—

A bright-eyed country lad was I;
Loved red apples in July—
Blackberries in a shady nook,
Hanging grapes beside a brook.
Knew as little country lad
Where sweet cherries might be had:
Pussy willows, new-born things,
Shiny fish in silv'ry springs.

By now I had become a regular scholar in St. Mary's parochial school at Festina, Iowa; and I was no longer too young to let more serious problems disturb my scholarly life. We children were blessed with a good father, who labored incessantly to instill good morals and honest thinking into our developing minds. He loved to read mostly in German. Often I would spread the large sheets of the weekly newspaper—Der Wanderer—on the floor and lie on my "tummy" trying to find pictures. There were scarcely any illustrations in the paper, except, perhaps, near the border somewhere a soda, or sarsaparilla, or castoria advertisement.

On the table in the dining-room was my catechism, speller, arithmetic, geography, reader, and Spencerian copy-book. Since I was able to read quite fluently I thought myself learned enough to quit going to school.

When there was no school father was glad when we youngsters played peacefully around the home, as long as we did not disturb his reading. Whenever I was naughty, he never preached, nor quoted the Bible to me, as some good non-Catholic parents of our neighborhood did. He did better than that. Often there followed for me one of those old-time sessions in the woodshed, or smoke-house, where my cries notched off the blows of his powerful razor-strap.

Instead of report cards, now used in school, with ninety-five in this, or eighty-five in that, or instead of the symbols A, B and C, tickets were given after each lesson. White counted one, blue five, yellow ten, and red fifty points. There were no black tickets. The hickory stick in the corner, and the blue and red marks on my hand signified my points below zero in my studies.

When a pupil knew the answer to a certain question in class he did not only hold up his hand, but he snapped his fingers vigorously to draw the teacher's attention, which often sounded like icicles falling from a tree during a sleet storm. And if some asked for permission to leave the room, they held up two fingers.

During childhood it seemed we children did not grow up exactly as father wanted us to. When I was about nine years old I did not care too much for school. The only study I really liked besides arithmetic, Bible stories, and English was geography, with imaginary stories and journeys over continents and countries. Sailing lakes and rivers, climbing mountains and exploring the ends of the earth, seemed interesting to me. But sitting on hard benches all day in stuffy rooms and leafing through books, and scratching over paper, or on a hard slate with a dull pencil—all such never appealed to me as much as the free and easy life out in nature, the life of the rough-and-ready boy, that gives health to body, strength to muscle, and dash and dare to mind. I always dared to walk into the classroom with my own two feet, and do my lessons with my own two eyes, and mind. There was no one to help me, and I wanted no help. To know the three "R's" I considered enough for any boy who loves to roam the fields, swim the rivers, and walk the woods. I always loved to talk of the great attractions of the forests and the sea, rather than about school. Father could never quite understand our various dispositions and eccentricities; he could never find any clues in his own make-up to answer the "riddles of life" of those who daily sat around his table for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Where were the results of his training our minds and molding our characters? He was always a man of method and order, always an early riser and wide-awake, and punctual.

In the morning I was usually in time for mass. The Sister expected me to be because she depended almost entirely upon me for the singing of the Requiem, and the hymns for low mass.— Perhaps someone going over these lines may say:—"Hi—ho—silver! He must have been a real canary when he was young! Singing was never difficult for me. I could sing every popular song straight from my shoulders.

Time had now come to make my first confession. Sister Phillippina had instructed me in all wrong-doings, which I had written down—the big sins I had underscored, making the pages appear almost like proof sheets. I told Father Haubrich all that in confession.

At the age of thirteen, on the fifth day of July, I received First Holy Communion. The priest was very earnest in instructing us; it seems he took special interest in me. He even expressed the hope of some day seeing me in the Sacred Ministry. The suggestion may have flattered me, but I was still too young to understand the dignity and responsibilities of that Most High Office. I followed his teachings and instructions in simple faith. He was more free in expressing his opinions and feelings to us growing youngsters, than he dared to be when speaking to a mixed congregation from the pulpit. I remember him strongly emphasizing the sinful dangers or arousing our natural inclinations; and the supernatural presence of Christ in the great Sacrament of Love. I firmly believed everything he told me. One day old Father Sauter, the pastor, said to me: "So, Philip, are you always a good boy?" "Oh, y-a-a-s!" I drawled out solemnly.

The last three days before the reception of Holy Communion were strictly observed. In school we weren't allowed to speak at all, and at home?—Father said I carried a long face, which signified that I well understood the seriousness of our faith.

On Saturdays, and other days when there was no school, we youngsters of the down-creek gang often wandered all over creation, that is if the work on the farm was not too pressing. Sometimes our trail led to where the hawks were flying high. There we could sail our kites, and enjoy rolling in the grass and weeds, and see who could accumulate the most "Yankee Lice," and be first to pick them off. I cut slender reeds from bulrushes, near the pond, or squatted down, Indian fashion, to play mumble-de-peg with the others, or with sling-shot I would topple off a bird or two, sitting on a post or dry branch of a tree—striking him down as David did Goliath. Roaming along a cliff-girded hill brother John discovered a nest of goat-suckers, while I gathered bouquets of cowslips, buttercups, ink flowers, also a few pussy willows. We did anything and everything, as we roamed over the hills, and through the valleys; and I thought this is it—a Land of Peace, Pleasure and Plenty.

One day while watching the hawks soaring high, dark clouds gathered over the hills, and flashes of lightning zigzagged through the dark mass. The sun had faded and thunder rolled, and we became drenched. The beating of

the rain, and the swaying of large oaks and walnuts was as much a part of the Iowa weather as was the brilliant sun, and the shining fields of green after the storm had passed. Joy filled our hearts on seeing the dark-gray bluish clouds passing on with the storm. It came and went like the disturbances that come into every man's life.

III

Home on the Farm

"Set thine House in order."—Isaias 38:1.

Our home was built on an elevation not too far from the river; it was a plain country home. It had two stories, with six large rooms. There were no carpets on the floors, no coal nor oil for heating, and the furniture was plain and simple. It was built by father of mostly common and rough lumber. Its roof was too steep to play on, and in winter the heavy Iowa snows slid off easily. I still remember its design. When I was nine years old the characters of that ancient cottage had become a part of me. I knew it well from the cellar, where the potatoes were piled in a dark corner, and where the cabbage and pork barrels stood, to the top of the roof, where the cat ran when the dog was chasing her. Our home had, indeed, a beautiful setting, down in the valley, where nature was so inviting, the sky ever blue, the grass ever green—in that low green valley where the bright waters met.

In the kitchen near the pantry-door was a large wood-box. It was my duty every evening to fill the box—an act of childhood bravery, as every youngster knows, who has to learn not to be afraid in the dark. Every evening I cut the kindling, too, for the starting of the fire in the morning, which was not too difficult when the butcher-knife was sharp. Father usually saw to that; a whetstone was hanging near for the purpose, also soldering material for repairing the teakettle and the coffee-pot, whenever they had sprung a leak.

In front of the stove was a small projection, which was meant for retaining the ashes that sometimes trickled out. How often did I sit on it to get warm, especially on cold winter mornings after dressing? When my trousers began to smoke I knew it was time to move. How vividly I remember, too, when a large frying pan was placed on it into which large spoonfuls of bacon drippings were poured, and how I watched the bubbles, as they formed and spattered, often striking burning-hot on the back of my neck. Then I knew it was time to turn the cakes, usually with a spatula, or a large knife, before they began to burn. My sisters, who were the cooks, were not too clever that by skillful manipulations they could somersault the frying cakes, as is often done in restaurants, where hundreds of guests are daily served. In "dry frying" no grease nor butter is used. How delicious such pancakes were after being slowly fried, and made of fine buckwheat flour and sour milk? Sometimes, too, they were prepared from potatoes, with large apple flabs inside, and well seasoned, over which thick dark molasses freely flowed from a large sticky pitcher! In early spring maple syrup, gathered from our own trees, or honey from our neighbor's bees, added considerably to their taste. O-o-u-mm! —I must rub my "tummy," and moisture gathers round my tongue as I think of all that now. There is nothing I have tasted since, and perhaps never will, that will give me such enjoyment as those delicious friers did.

In my day mostly every farmer had chickens. When one of our first springers had grown to maturity, my sister Mary one Saturday morning asked me to butcher it for a broiler for Sunday dinner.

"Who is going to kill it?" I queried. Pressing a sharp butcher knife into my hand she begged: "Here, you kill it; we cannot have a man in the house who is afraid of blood!" Catching a fine young chicken I tried to quiet it by stroking its shiny feathers. It was a bright day; and now to think that from this fowl's bright eyes the world of light should fade forever!—Holding her legs in one hand I tried as quickly and as cleverly as possible to sever its head. As the knife was about half through, the bird gave one sudden jerk and ran off. The knife fell as though gravitation had yanked it from my hand. With long strides I tried to overtake the half dead chicken. I seized its head unscrupulously, and with one twist it came off. Before me the feathered biped was leaping demented. Could it have acted differently when its mind was lying in the grass, while its body was still performing?

Like so many homes in bygone years our home had a small porch, with a doorway leading into the dining-room, where father's old musket—a souvenir, most likely of Civil War days—was perched on two large square nails over the pantry door. It was used to keep the wolves from the door, the Indians, too, or some stray dog, or to shoo away some occasional hawk, or crow that came prowling about the premises. When father was not at home John and I one day tried to shoot it off. There was a charge in it, old and rusty, and I was afraid to pull the trigger. John fastened the barrel firmly to a fence-post, I tied the stock to a small willow tree. A piece of string, about twenty feet long was tied to the trigger. And when I pulled—BANG!

"It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder."—

The tree to which it was tied broke off, and the report of the terrific shot rolled on and on. To reload the old blunderbuss with powder and shot and wads, all this required skill and haste before father came home—however I let John do it.

On the walls of our dining-room, were large pictures, one of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and one of the Sorrowful Mother, and a more beautiful one of the Youthful Jesus. They were an inspiration to me when saying my prayers. "Will you walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly; "it is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."—

In one part of our home was the family sitting-room, which was not often used as such; the farmer of olden days didn't find much time for sitting, except perhaps on long winter evenings, or short Sunday afternoons. It was also called "the parlor," and was kept in better condition than any of the other rooms, and was reserved for visiting guests. Seldom were we children allowed to enter and much less to play in it. I remember the girls usually had their wardrobe in one corner. It often seemed mysterious to me that they were so quiet when rummaging through their clothes and things. Now I understand: they were then in their first years of maidenhood. Perhaps I shouldn't talk out of school, but coming from their seclusion one day one of them unwittingly dropt a few pages of some amorous letter addressed to Tom, Dick, or Harry.

When young folks were invited to a gathering, or when some of the neighborhood came uninvited, they usually assembled in the parlor. Often a dance was included in the affair. If such was the case it was called a "spree." And if, perchance, some gallant youth brought a violin or an accordion, or even a mouth organ, naturally, then there followed a "whirl," which continued sometimes into the wee hours of the morning. And if a quadrille was in order, some pumpkin-cheeked tiller of the soil rose to the occasion, on a chair or box, and announced the various steps and drills the folks were to follow. One evening while I was standing along the sidelines and watching the goings-on a young fellow from the floor called to me: "Hey you, young guy—join in! 'Hop along Cassidy!'" And I swung in line with some buxom milk-maid, or smiling kitchen belle, and we "danced with unshackled feet," especially when a schottische was on the air. On some eventful evening I may even have appeared like the "Answer to some Maiden's Prayer."

Later, however, when I hurried to the seminary the maiden well understood that her prayers had been said in vain.

Happy songs, too, rang along the country roads in summer and into the cold atmosphere in winter, when I was young. Whenever music was on the program at our home my sister, Regina, sang alto, accompanied by a guitar, and I soprano, or tenor, which was pleasing entertainment for an evening's get-together.

In olden days drinks were never served at parties, except on special occasions perhaps a little apple cider, "doctored up a little" from grandfather's superannuated wine-keg, to give it a more "punchy" flavor. On quiet evenings games were played like "heavily, heavily hangs over your head, fine or superfine" or "grunt" and "Post Office" which included an amusement almost as common as licking stamps. Those were the days—the enjoyable days of youth!

Long-to-be-remembered snow-parties and sleigh-rides, too, were numbered among the best of our winter pastimes. The deeper the snow, and the colder the night the merrier the snow-bells jingled around the horses' shaking bellies. Sometimes, too, "misfortune was our lot, and when there came a drifted bank, whoop-sie—we got upsot!"—a tip-over into the soft snow. After an hilarious scramble, the sleigh was set up and the ride once more continued.—

"Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls tonight,
And sing this sleighing song—"

Arriving at some home there was no cider too tart, no apples too sour, no cookie-jar too full, no cheese too strong, and no pig shanks too fat for the satisfaction of our ravenous appetites. Homeward bound the singing and cheering continued.—

Then—"tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

On Sunday afternoons in winter, and on long moonlit evenings there was ice-skating on the river. One day I had a tip-over, and when my head struck the hard surface—!—!—!—no astrologers, star gazers, meteorologists ever saw what I saw. At another time after my skates had been firmly established on my leather boots, I "cut loose" with long and graceful strides for an enjoyable get-away—suddenly—I skated head-on into a barb-wire fence, crossing the river—!—!—! There I lay bleeding on the ice. I still bear marks of the disaster on my nose and forehead.

The bed-room where my brother and I slept had no storm windows; in winter the snow drifted in on our beds. A stove-pipe leading through the room, coming from a small heater downstairs, made but little heat. On very cold mornings the bed covers were frozen stiff. In summer the rattling of the windows made frightful noises as the thunders woke me with lightning flashes. I often stood horrified watching the large cottonwoods and willows swaying in the storm. Our old home was not safe at all during such weather; it often quivered and quaked like a ship on the tempest-tossed sea.

In one corner of the bed-room was a large closet, where things had been stored away, usually all kinds of paraphernalia belonging to the girls. How interesting it was for me and John to rummage through all that when the others were not at home! We weren't supposed to—but—then? They say "curiosity is the mother of invention." In the closet were gaiters and tooth-pick shoes, high heelers and button-shoes. If the button-hook was lost, or had been mislaid, then a hair-pin belonging to the girls came in handy. There were also "Merry Widow hats," with long hat-pins sticking in them.—we had a "heck" of a time trying on the dresses the girls wore—just for amusement. Some were queer contrivances. One had a circular frame sewed around the bottom like a hoop of a beer barrel. At a dance it was amusing to see women performing with hoop-skirts on. Another dress was called a "choker," in which it was rather difficult to breathe.

In this autobiography I am trying to give mere glimpses of the happenings of my life, as I recall them. Investigating the jungles near our home, I one day came upon a swarm of wild bees. Being more afraid of bees than a bear, one came after me and stung me near the left eye. Soon I looked like Joe Louis after he had lost in the third round. It was not my fault; I dislike bees ever since. I like their honey, but I don't like their sting. To take the honey from their nest, John heaped a bundle of weeds around his head, which made them madder than "blazes," and they took after me. I do not understand how St. John the Baptist fared so well with bees; they may have been charmed by his sanctity.

In one corner of the kitchen stood an old lantern with besmoked chimney, which was used for the chores, and to light the way to the cellar and upstairs. Standing near the lantern in the kitchen were a pair of wooden shoes and a boot-jack.—"Where is the boot-jack?" was often heard at our home, when the men came in from the outdoors, after doing the chores. It was made of wood in the shape of the letter Y; it came in handy for removing the boots, clumsily made of heavy leather. Some men and women wore wooden shoes; they couldn't run with them; they might land in the gutter. Wooden shoes never pinched, and were always comfortable.

Through our pantry door I often saw on a shelf a bottle of sarsaparilla, Dr. King's Nervine, and a box of Arm and Hammer Brand soda. Castoria and sarsaparilla were the panaceas for every child illness. Indian and home medicines were greatly used, since there weren't many doctors. For colds camomile and sage teas, for stomach and bowels a cup of wormuth; baked sunflower seed for whooping cough; for pink-eye caraway seed, and for pneumonia a concoction made from pumpkin seeds and Juniper berries. For relieving the mumps father placed a large flab of cold fat pork on my cheeks.

In my growing years I became strong and courageous—sometimes even bold. I filled my lungs with fresh air, and my body with pure water and wholesome food. I took strenuous exercise every day, until my cheeks became rosy, my chest firm, and my limbs sturdy.

Have you "punch" and courage? Do you maintain a high batting average in all you undertake? Are you of the priceless few who do things thoroughly and well? What can you do with a sallow complexion, drooping shoulders, slovenly walking? Are you given to drink and debauchery?—about face? Chest up! Head high! Dare to be somebody with character and conscience. Let your good deeds endure, and your fame ring out: "Reardon rah!"—Have you personality, always a pleasant look? Or do you give that flabby handshake? A face that smiles, a voice that rings out,

steps that are firm, interests that are broad—these are the things that add up. I dare you to be a man. Hidden down in every man is something of the divine. It is something real and good and genuine. It is your spirit. It belongs with the kings and the angels. Be proud of your heritage; ever fly its banners high. Look at the Honor Roll of Christ's Crusaders! Witness the noble and brave pioneers, the missionary men and women of Our Country!— Physical strength demands exercise. Mental adeptness requires study. A winsome personality thrives on noble service. Growth in religion comes from doing what is right at all times.

IV

The Waves of Life Roll On

"The web of life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together."
—Shakespeare.

As I fill these pages with words and phrases the story of my boyhood and youth continues.—May Jesus, Mary, and Joseph help me!

A loyalty to religion and a faithfulness to duty continued throughout my youthful years. Saying grace at meals, and the Angelus at the ringing of the bell; the rosary during Advent and Lent; the fulfillment of all our Sunday and Holy Day obligations all belonged to our routine of Catholic living when I was young.

When my oldest sister, Mary, entered the Holy State of matrimony I was asked to say a few welcoming words before the wedding breakfast. Naturally I was abashed when I saw so many staring at me. I, however, had memorized my lines. Later a girl brought me a glass of sweet Burgundy. It was the first time I tasted wine; already then I well understood that "Wine maketh joyful the heart of man."

Living on the farm and in nature's very bosom, I often roamed along the river, where I trailed the crawfish and the clam in the sand. Where the water was deep I often fished for Big Ones.

Today as I am writing here in my study the memory comes back to me of the robins and blue jays of my childhood; the woodpeckers and flickers of the woods; the mockingbird on the house-top; the screech- and the hoot-owl in the deep of night. I remember the mourning dove's plaintive notes, the catbird's calls, the Bob White's startling cries—all were as familiar to me as they are to

most American ears. I remember of having heard the song of the wild canaries among the maples. Many years ago I listened to the song of the nightingale. Frequently along the Turkey River I was startled by the loud laugh of the kingfisher, often called "The Laughing Jackass"; and along lakes and across swamps I have listened at night to the loneliest, most dismal of all bird

cries—the voice of the loon. On the farm the answering calls of the cockerels, and the crowing of the old roosters awoke me many hours before daybreak, but none of all these bird calls can ever make me forget the chorus of songbird voices which often entertained me in the wee hours of the morning in my dear old Iowa home.

Along the hills flanking the Turkey River in Iowa, I often saw chipmunks and squirrels playing hide-and-seek among fallen trees and low-growing bushes. A cotton-tail frightened from its hide-out, dashed away through underbrush. How I would have enjoyed banging at it with a rifle or shot gun! In those days my brothers and I destroyed everything that did not earn its own living. We trapped the gophers, caught the sparrows, killed the killdeer, poisoned the rats, beheaded the groundhogs, and deodorized the skunks. Crows were often caught in traps or killed with strychnine. One day John and I tamed a young crow, which seemed more difficult than "The Taming of the Shrew."—What is more stupid than a crow? The one we had bowed and cawed and bent its feathery neck whenever it expected a hand-out. It was finally killed, which was, perhaps, more tragic than "The Killing of Cock Robin."

When I was about eight or ten years old the experience of death had not entered my life. No one whom I knew passed beyond that veil. Suddenly my little sister, Anna, became seriously ill with spinal meningitis. The old family physician, Dr. McNinny, shook his hoary head and said: "I fear that she cannot live." Soon she died, and then came the funeral.

In olden days the Fourth of July or Independence Day Celebration was among the greatest festivals of the year, including Christmas. For the "Glorious Fourth" father usually gave each of us a quarter or so to buy a few packages of firecrackers, Roman Candles, and Sky Rockets, Already at three or four o'clock in the morning of that important day, loud reports of dynamite blasts were heard from far and near signifying that the Celebration was on. After a comical parade there was usually a ball game or a horse race, and in the evening a Woodmen's or Firemen's ball at some bowery, ending with a free-for-all fight near some saloon or livery stable. Once I remember a heated dispute began among a number of Irish and Germans in some kitchen adjoining a saloon.

The Germans sang: "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles" (Germany above everything), to which the Irish replied:—

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch—
What the Irish can't accomplish it don't amount to much:
With their scientific tricks—they can never fool the Micks—
You can bet it takes the Irish to beat the Dutch!"

This naturally irritated the Germans and a fight was on. Blood flowed freely. After the fight was over there was left in the entire party but one whole nose—and that belonged to the tea-kettle.

In our orchard I knew all the apple-trees; there were two kinds: Duchess and Siberian Crabs; these names were more difficult to remember than the names of our cows and horses. Among the most pleasing memories of my boyhood was the recollection of the days when the apples became ripe and plummeted to the ground. How shiny and red some were like boys' cheeks on a cold winter day. And of how many shapes and sizes? How beautiful as they hung in full opulence on wide-spreading branches! I watched very closely, when they were getting ripe and picked for eating all I found every day before they began to spoil.

When I saw the grape-vines, laden with the fullness of autumn, hanging like golden chains from tall elms and cottonwoods, I was glad. Great Caesar! Think of the golden goblets these delicious grapes might have filled on some king's table, or at some bridal feast. Think of the hearts that might have gladdened with the fruit of the vine, which here slowly dried away, or were gobbled up by gluttonous birds! My interest in each tree and my appetite for grapes increased with each mouthful. It also gave me an appreciation of the kindness of God; I loved to pick and eat the purplish blue bunches. An old decrepit bachelor, whose name was Pete Kickere—who himself did not know how old he was—and who lived down along the river in a dark and dingy hut, made the sweetest wine from those grapes.

One day in July, instead of setting up the bundles in the harvest field, where father was reaping with a Deering binder, I broke a few branches off a willow tree, and went with John to the river, where I thought I saw a big fish splashing; it was spawning in the sand, I called it "spooning," how could I have known otherwise? Just as I was to swat the monster John announced from nearby, "Philip, I am going to pick cherries!"

Hanging over the river bank were two medium-sized trees, filled with clusters of ripening cherries. I had often heard father speak of cherries, but I was still too young to know what they were and how they tasted. I looked at the tree as did Eve in paradise and it looked good to me. I did not see any danger, yet I wished to see whether the birds were eating them. I thought perhaps the fruit was still too green and bitter. I offered John a nickel, although I hadn't any, if he could discover a bird with a cherry in its mouth. He has not yet received the nickel, though he watched very closely. I knew that birds, especially robins, are just "crazy" for ripe cherries—I heard father say so.

After watching for a time John exclaimed: "I'm not going to wait any longer: I like to know how they taste!" As he was trying to climb the tree, which was rather slippery, I tore my handkerchief into strips, and wrapped them around his feet to give him better footholds. Higher and higher he went, and soon he was high among the branches, and he begged me to follow him. "I'm no climber," I answered, and I never will be, I am always afraid I might fall." The tree was literally full of reddish-black fruit, about the size of blueberries. Filling out pockets and caps we took them home, and put them into a large bowl. Adding sugar and cream I found them quite tasty, But, oh, they were nearly all kernels, with just a little skin over, not any more than there is over a toe of a chicken. Since we took them without asking, I thought surely they should be good, and if they aren't then I'll make them so by adding cream and sugar. Putting on more and more, I noticed that John refused to touch his. Thought I, I bet he tasted some already, most likely up in the tree. "John you mustn't treat me like that," I said—"I'm going to cry, if you don't want to play ball with me, then I'm not going to play with you either—I don't care—it makes me so mad! I gave you a nickel, at least I offered you one to watch the birds eat some, and you told me you'd eat some yourself, and now when I offer you some you refuse, even with cream and sugar on. You don't like them? You ate tomatoes and pickled olives, why don't you like these?" I continued arguing with him until he finally consented.— Adam took and ate.—"Adam, where art thou?"—

Then Adam dug and Eva span—now who was there the gentleman?"

The effect was disastrous. On the following morning John and I remained in bed. There was no fever, nevertheless we were "down and out" with no score on either side. A very active and acute and prostrating sickness called "cholera morbus" had come upon our internals. The pain in my stomach was terrific. I writhed in agony until my groans attracted father's attention downstairs.

Coming up he found John deadly pale, and me very sick. While I was looking for castoria or sarsaparilla I finally found Pain Killer, the panacea in those days for all family pains and ills. Father had a strap which he kept for emergencies behind the wood box. John could not rise that morning, but I did after punishment had been vigorously applied—then I was really in need of Arnica salve. We had taken of the forbidden fruit; it was non-poisonous, but very bitter—as bitter as gall.—Green cherries! Was it surprising the birds would not eat them?

While John and I were sampling wild cherries, becoming sick abed—gracious me!—we forgot all about the harvest field and the reaper. "The harvest indeed was great and the laborers were few."—When people went to work in the harvest field, they usually took along a jug of water and set it somewhere along some tree or fence, where it remained cool. In one autumn when "corn-tops were ripe, and the meadows all in bloom, and the birds were making music all the day," my father and I cut thirty-three acres of corn, with large knives, while John set it up in shocks. The Little Brown Jug was then our best friend, supplying us with much needed refreshment.—

When I go toiling on my farm,
I take Little Brown Jug under my arm;
Set it under some shady tree—
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.
And when my cheeks are all ablaze,
Sweat-drops gather on my face;
Put little juggy to my nose—
Tip 'er up and down she goes!"

As a boy I seldom wore shoes, except on Sunday morning for church, or whenever I went to a wedding, or a funeral, or to some social event. One reason was I had none, and if I had a pair I wouldn't wear them, because I would rather go barefoot, besides it was too difficult to put them on. My feet were often scarred from going through fields of stubble, stones, briars, and sand pickers. Whenever I stepped on a sharp rock, or rusty nail I would hobble along on one leg till my foot was healed.

Often in early spring, or late fall, when the weather was not too warm, nor too cold, I looked on, or helped when a fatted calf was being butchered, or a corn-fed pig slaughtered for our winter consumption. The entrails dressed and cleaned were used for sausages. Fried brain was a specialty for me. Head-cheese, too, was often made, and pickled pigs' feet and canned calves' liver.

One of the principal occupations on the farm in late summer was threshing the grain. On that memorable day, when the threshers came, father called me early in the morning to drive Old Charlie on the horse-power machine. I was afraid—the old grandpa horse, stiff and awkward might fall over the tumbling-rod. "Gid-dap, Charlie!" I said and round and round he went. With a long stick I tried to make him go faster whenever a wet bundle went into the machine. Sometimes the "whole works" would stop. Then the machine had to be gone over, and all its teeth repaired. Soon all again went well like a marriage-bell as the wheat was separated from the chaff. Then John Axman worked for us; later Mike Ott took his place.

A few days before the great event, which seemed almost as great as Christmas, or the Fourth of July, father told me to go from house to house in the neighborhood, to invite all men to help with the threshing. My invitations were successful except George Schneeberger was not present at the festival. I was afraid to go along dark-looking hills and dismal valleys, beyond which he lived. Often we could hear the howling of the wolves from that direction. Coming home after my long trek I said to father: "George Schneeberger is not at home." Was I justified in saying what I did? As natural sequence I was made to take the missing man's place at the machine, next to John Von der Sit, who was doing the feeding. There I stood cutting the bands of the bundles. Suddenly a broken tooth of the cylinder zoomed past my head, which frightened me terribly. Soon a stray barley-beard detoured directly into my eye, causing terrific pain. And the threshing continued.

To me our farm of two hundred and fifty acres seemed limitless in extent—a place of far horizons and wide open spaces. Along the river and hillsides were extensive pastures, where I drove the cows home in the evening, and back in the morning. Among the herd was one cow as stubborn as a mule, whose name was "Blacky." She was black all over, except she had a white spot on her right hind leg. One evening when I called all cows Mrs. Blacky became stubborn; she cared not to follow the accustomed cow-trail along with the others. To the left was a mud-pond into which the river overflowed on a rampage. We called it a "frog pond"; it was simply teeming with frogs, turtles and snakes. But Blacky cared neither for frog, nor turtle. She had made up her mind to detour through the quagmire. It was a short-cut, but a wicked one to the cow-yard. No other cow would have dared what she dared. She was so black-hearted to try almost anything; and the more she tried the deeper she

sank. At home she was needed for the milking; she was a splendid milker—of course she could not remain with the frogs and turtles all night.

Now what might I do? Inspired by sudden fear I called: "John— woo-hoo! Blacky is stuck in the mud! Bring a stump or a block of wood and a few hand rails—and a shovel!—Hurry, she is sinking fast!" Soon he came puffing like a steam-engine. And—then—"Wee-ho—hee—Wee-ho—he!"—up came Blacky, away she slowly walked, stiff as a board, and slow as a road-grader—home to the barnyard she went, and back to her own cow company. After I had given her a vigorous shower-bath with hose and broom she was cleaner than she had been for many years. She had, indeed been "washed whiter than snow," even though her hair was black—the Black Beauty!

We had another cow named "Lily," not as spotted as a tigerlily, nor as white as an Easter-lily; and she was a heifer, rather handsome, a mixture between a Guernsey and a Jersey. During her calfhood days I had tamed her. Often she followed me around the barnyard, even up to the kitchen-door. At my bidding the clumsy thing would lie down, roll over with all fours sticking up into the air. Nevertheless with all her faults I loved her still, and she liked me too, so that I could make her do almost anything.

One nice day—

I stood at the bars as the sun went down
Over the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were bright and her hair brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.
Two hearts were beating—two like one
Then with the slowly setting sun.—
I see her peacefully standing now—
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rub her ear—that Jersey cow!—

It escaped my memory one evening whether or not I had closed the door on the corn-crib. Lily, the snooping cow, comes along; she feels very hungry. Seeing the door of the corn-crib ajar, she walks in nonchalantly, like a lady into a parlor, with now-if-you please-I-am-hungry idea. Seeing so much corn around she begins to eat. One ear after another glides down her throat like so many bottles down a conveyor in a bottle factory. Soon her abdomen becomes as round as a beer barrel and as tight as a kite. During the following night—mercy on the lovely heifer! On the morn she was rolled unto a stone-boat and taken to the fox farm.

Cows with horns are dangerous—farmers know. Strutting around the barnyard or the pasture they may be a cause of fear to humans and of conflict to other cows. A good farmer will have the horns of his cattle removed, when they are still young. When our young herd felt that they were the undisputed rulers of our farm, my uncle came in early March with a dehorning rack. And now—who among us country Braves will volunteer on horseback to round up the young stock for the dehorning massacre? They talk of the bravery of a western cowboy, of his exhibition of skill in roping cattle and riding horses; who was more gallant in feats of agility and endurance than were my brother John and I?—Suddenly the stampede was on as I hurtled my fiery steed into the wildly-rushing fray. To the right—to the left—on and around—forward—backwards—

over the meadow, through the river—over rocks and stumps and fallen trees—bronco-busting—back-breaking—leaping like antelopes—snorting like deers they ran, and John and I after them, till finally crippled and fatigued they were corralled into the cow yard and into the operating stables, where, midst roaring and snorting they were dehorned. One certain ox, however, objected to being so cruelly mistreated. Over fences and fight. Picture to yourself a Mexican bullfighter, or Samson wrestling with the lion. Leaping to one side I thrust my fingers into his nostrils, and with a powerful half-Nelson I brought the ox down to mother earth. There he lay as obstinate as a pig on ice; after a short breathing spell he slowly rose completely subdued. I brought him into the company of the others, where he lost his freedom and his rights of self-defense.

V

The Road Ahead

As the light beams over my table in my study I am still writing of my happy young-manhood. Since then more than half a century has gone down the corridors of eternity, and I have grown considerably older and more sullen. On my brow are no longer the locks of brown and hazel, no longer "silver threads among the gold," but now all is ashen-gray—the hoar frosts of December have settled upon my aging head.

Is there any time in life as wonderful as childhood? Are there any days as golden and cheery, when the hours go by so rapidly, when friends are so true and companions so fond, as in those days of long ago? As I ponder over the range of my years, I find that none others have left deeper traces on my memory and that bring a deeper longing for their return.

On a bright summer morning, in those golden days, when I was about twelve years old, I ascended a rocky slope about one half mile away from home. There I thought I heard the sound of a waterfall. A bluejay flew upon a rock and hopped to the ground, looking for something to eat. While it was pulling angleworms I waded out into a nearby pond and began to look for water-lilies. Breaking off a few of the most rare, I offered them to strangers passing along the road, with shining top-buggies and well-groomed horses. I remember the first nickel I received for flowers so exquisite and sweet—fit for the adornment of a queen.

Coming from the water with my trousers dripping and my sleeves wet, I noticed red blotches below my knees, where small tongues, like pieces of fresh liver, were hanging. They were leeches, commonly called "blood suckers." After removing them they left a fingering pain. Near a murky fen I saw widely scattered groups of miniature lights chasing one another. When I came home father told me they were lightning-bugs playing hide-and-seek among the bushes. Soon I felt something stinging on my arms; the sensation was almost like that of fire—"Snakes!"—I thought I saw one.—What!—not at night! It was stinging nettle; the burning sensation soon passed away.

Returning on the following day I came upon a large colony of frogs. When they saw me they scurried into all directions; some watching me from behind bullrushes, others floating carelessly on wide lily-pads. To hurriedly get away some tumbled head-overheels over embankments, hiding among the willows. Near the river bridge I heard wolves howling. At night they sniffed in furtive mood where ducks and geese were usually roosting. They became bold on a wild goose chase. The geese always took off before the wolves could catch them. Their howling sounded wierd and monotonous, often foreboding a storm. A few days later a den was found with four young wolves. Taking one by the ears it growled. And I thought: "Beware of the wolves that come to you in clothing of sheep." I shut the little fellows into a box near the cellar door; seen, however, they were released, their yoking and yelping disturbed the entire neighborhood.

When autumn was nodding over the yellow plain in October, and when the air was smoky, and the pumpkins lying red along full rows of corn, Indians came with spotted ponies and blanketed squaws. I remember the strange-looking men with cheerless leather faces. They encamped not far from our home. I can still hear their hooting, as they danced with lively feet to the regular tomtoming of their drums. It was the first time I saw or heard of Indians. Their shrill cries with Billy Bowlegs as their chief frightened me awfully. One evening a few came through the darkness where I was hiding behind willow-lane. Across the field a fire blazed, throwing into sharp silhouette a circle of dancing Indians. A lantern shone faintly in one of the shelters where an old woman was puttering. Soon after she took an unruly youngster by the nape of the neck and threw him headlong into the river. After making a touchdown with his nose on the sandy bottom, he swam out with his clothes dripping, and his hair flattened to his head like a soaked muskrat. From the Indians I learned how to find medicinal plants and herbs—blood root and ginseng and May apples growing in shady places. They also taught me how to catch the beaver and the mink, the muskrat and the skunk and how to tan their hides. Then I was no longer afraid of becoming scalped, or having my fingers chewed off. I felt really big when they let me ride their ponies. How soft and gentle and pretty the colts were!—

Wild gypsies, too, frequently came along the road. Every child knew of the gypsies. They, too, had small ponies like those of the Indians; perhaps they had traded with them. I was always afraid of gypsies. They stole anything they could lay their hands on—even children.—Who would like to be a gypsy with dark complexion, and black hair? Who would like to have gypsy eyes and a gypsy mouth? As I came close to one gypsy woman she took me by

the hand, which frightened me so that I became warm all over. Soon, however, she let go—I thought—you better—I would have swatted her one.

Once or twice a year a Jew peddler came with a large pack on his back. By his steps it was evident that it was difficult for him to walk with such an enormous load. Seeing me he said: "Ish your mudder in the house? Don't she wants to buy good und faluable ardickles? I haf blankets und bed sphreads, and a whole lot more." It would have been dramatic had I turned the key on him. But I had pity and let him enter. Father bought very little, and I less; I had no money, yet I waited patiently, expecting a hand-out, because I helped him fold his blankets and pillow cases, and polish his cuff and color buttons, and worn watch chain. I would not have cared, but he slept in my bed, while I was made to sleep on the floor.

In the spring of 1893 my father with a few other men attended the Chicago World's Fair. I was then eleven years old, and I became very lonesome when daddy was gone. He brought a beautiful colored picture book along of Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes. How often did I page over the many comic verses and memorize them, which meant more to me then than catechism,

Bible history or arithmetic. On his return father emphasized that the Fair was a perfect Babylon, with nights of pleasure and days of hurry, "where money is King and Fashion Queen."

We lived near a creek in Iowa, and after a heavy rain the creek rose rapidly. When a flood came at night father would rouse his sleeping sons, telling us to rise at once and save what could be saved. Of importance were the cans of milk in the spring-house. Pigs, too, in the barn had to be taken to higher levels. Besides the horses and cows, standing knee-deep in water in their stalls, the chickens in the coops had to be rescued. Often the flood came fast and furious, like a sweeping tide. The fearful sullen sound of the rushing waves often frightened me as fences creaked and trees were carried away. One night as the lightning seemed to be breaking all records I observed a rooster sitting on a board and riding the waves—just sailing along. The poor chicken, thought I, in that watery turmoil. Had he intelligence he might have reasoned:—

"Which way shall I fly—which way I fly is hell." —Milton.

VI

Among Strangers

Home is a sacred place, as refreshing as spring roses, or a glass of cold water on a hot summer day. The company at home is familiar—father, mother, sister, brother: one should feel perfectly free amongst them. At home work and play, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain succeed each other naturally and inevitably as the days of the week and the seasons of the year. The song of the robin, the rippling of the brook, the fragrance of the refreshing green of spring, the glories of summer and the pomp of autumn— all fill us with delight when we are at home. And in winter the gloom and the cold outside, and the room filled with the glow of the evening lamp, lighting up every countenance in a kindlier welcome, makes each smile more cordial, and every love more eloquent.

Twelve dollars a month was the tune to which the world away from home first welcomed me. But I was rewarded somehow. Instead of environments low and profane, perhaps among factory workers, or workshop gangs, I was ushered into the warm and comfortable rooms of a farmer's dwelling, where I was hired out as an ordinary chore-boy, and baby-sitter.

I was to shift for myself, being fifteen years of age. I was glad in a way, because it meant money of my own earnings and in my own pocket. I gladly agreed when father told me of the change in our home, and I promptly assumed the role of an ambitious and independent American youth, who would have liked to become a self-made man. Now I could do whatever I wanted to, and go wherever I pleased—which really marked the turning-point in my life.

I was, then, a mere lad; my net weight was ninety-six pounds, and I was strong and healthy. After "I knew all the ropes" of taking care of children, including a complete change of swaddling clothes, the farmer let me drive his span of four-year-olds afield, and do other odd jobs around the place.

Time passed rapidly when I was sixteen years old. I was then working for another farmer, and as everyone knows, young folks always like to come together to enjoy the health and the good looks of evening parties. Often I had quite some time getting ready to be presentable for such gatherings. If someone would have listened at the door of my room he might have heard something like this: "Blast it all! Why don't my hair lie down properly as well-behaved hair should? The girls will laugh at me the way I look. Do you think Agnes and Lizzie will be there? Most certainly they will. Isn't she a darling? I wish I were in the Sahara desert now, I wouldn't have to go through all that.—Oh, let it go; I don't need a shave as badly as all that; it's only a little fuzz. The girls like me nevertheless.—Hang that collar and tie! Gee, but it's hot! (The summer sun was still sitting high and hot in the western sky,) "Why don't someone turn on a fan somewhere? What is the matter with this blamed old tie? Oh Lizzie won't mind, neither will Dora—they think a lot of me. (Singing a tune) With all my faults she loves me still—I know it! ... Finally I was ready—resplendent in my newly-creased trousers, clean shirt and cuffs, green silk socks, brown derby hat, and a small white kerchief showing from my vest pocket—but that old tie?—It's the "craziest old thing!—There, now I am a man at last!" At the party I was the admiration of all the "donnae generosae," and the envy of the fellows. After enjoying the pleasures of the table and the cellar, I remained with "my Darling Nellie Gray" for some time longer.

Some people may think that boys are not too religious; often they are not, because boys will always be boys; and boys weren't any better or worse when I was young. The effects of the religious training of my childhood and youth continued to run deep even in my manhood. The bringing-up in my boyhood no doubt had much to do with it. My father dominated our home, and naturally his good examples and instructive words carried through.

The owner of another large farm where I worked had exceptionally fine horses, and it was my duty to keep them looking well, and to lead them occasionally to the trough to drink. A high steel windmill, rattling and squeaking, supplied the water. After the horses had satisfied their thirst "with the purest and sweetest that nature can yield," I hitched them to a wagon, and went into a field. With a long-handled pitch-fork I lifted large forkfuls of hay onto the wagon, and lo!—a large snake tumbled out, falling down over my shoulders. "Whow! That was close!" It gave me an awful chill; it happened rather suddenly.

In the Fall I labored in a nearby field of ripe corn, picking large ears with a husking-peg, and tossing them into a wagon. When there was a good yield I often picked one hundred bushels a day, beginning in the morning at six, and continuing till late in the evening. When I heard the pigs squealing nearby I knew they were fighting for the better corn. Even hogs know what is good, thought I, although they are mere dirty pigs.

Working in the field till late naturally made me hungry. One evening I met the maid, coming from the kitchen, carrying something hot to the chickens for their supper. And I inquired:— "Say—good-looking!—What are you cooking?—Have you cooked something good for me?"

A goodly meal indeed she had prepared; and I did eat, and was filled, and there remained enough for all who came after me.

The following year I worked with a farmer, who was building a large dairy barn. It was in the spring of the year as the snow was leaving. The saw-mill was on the bank of the river. As the muddy water carried huge blocks of ice downstream an ice-jam was formed, causing the back water to spread far out over fields and roads. To cross it seemed hazardous, retreat I couldn't. Standing on a load of logs I gave the horses full rein. Deeper and deeper into the swirling flood they went, till the water rose high above the logs, on which I was standing. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," I cried: "only the helping hand of God can take me across." Soon the water became shallower, and the fear of the horses and driver abated. Once more I stood on "terra firma." I was wet to the skin, and up to my hips, nevertheless I carried on till evening, when a complete change of clothes had become necessary. After the walls of the barn had been masoned (I was both hod-carrier and mortar-mixer) the corner posts were set up and the roof plates laid across. The skeleton of the barn was completed. In the evening beer and pretzels were served, bringing to a happy conclusion a work well begun.

VII

Along the Path of Knowledge

Until now over twenty years of my life had gone down the ages, during which I had been working mostly with machinery and farm animals, which was not too easy, often even fatiguing. Nevertheless I was cheerful and carefree with the youth of my time. Though romance had not been completely eliminated from my heart, yet whenever the boys and girls of the neighborhood met, I chatted and hobnobbed with the girls as well as with the boys, and I never found more than a friendly relationship with any female. I always preferred their frank and free companionship without any signs of sentimentality. Often I was amazed at some girl's keen intellect and resolute determination to face the facts of life with courage, and to claim absolute equality with, and in some cases, overlordship over any man. Then too, as now, some girls would

ask for a man's love, yet laugh in his face when he asked for an exchange of hearts.

But those were not exactly the reasons why I took the preliminary steps towards applying for admission to a college, and later to a seminary. Even though I realized that it was not too easy to become a servant of the church, involving twelve or more years of earnest study, with strict discipline, at the same time giving up the pleasantries of the world, yet heeding the behest of Our Divine Master: "Go you also into My vineyard, and I will give you what is just," I resolved to carry through to the end.

After my father had been informed of my intentions, he began to ponder over my sincerity, and he wondered just how far the silk threads in his greenbacks could be stretched without breaking.

And—calling all girls once more for a final interview, like a last call for supper—of course I knew that God had made them lovely, as lovely as their hair, and now to give up all hope of ever courting one, and of ever "having and holding one for better or worse"—

I began to think seriously.

One day while I was alone in an open field, and mellowing the stubborn Iowa soil between long rows of fast-growing corn, and thinking how long waving leaves were covering the growing ears, I said to myself: "The roasting ears are here again!"—And while my tongue was still moist with the taste of corn, I suddenly heard the old church clock striking. For a few moments it made me think; it seemed I was alone in the world, and for a while the petty things of life—its ambitions and fallacies and disappointments—all seemed to fade into insignificance. I resolved then and there to change my life. When my brothers and sisters heard of my intentions they began to wonder. The one said: "I don't see why he wants to go to college; he thinks he knows so much now." One day my sister said to me: "Do you think father can afford to send you to school? And what are you going to study? You'd make a poor lawyer." No one imagined that I intended to become a priest.

Among the farmers living in the neighborhood was Fred Sutelchte. I had worked as hired-hand at his neighbor. Meeting me on the street in Ossian one day he said: "Say, Philip, you know what?" I answered: "No, I don't." He continued: "If you become a priest I'll give you the best team of horses I've got in the barn—yes, Sir, I will." Meeting him after a few years I warned him: "Fred, you better start fattening that team of horses you promised me—I'm getting along—soon I'm going to the seminary, and after a few years I may ask you to sing the Gloria, or to be usher at my first mass and take up the collection. "You aren't kidding?" he said in surprise. "By golly, I would never have thought that!" And blushing he walked off; and I never received the team of horses.

Until then I had been a mere country youth, who loved the outdoors, and the work on the farm. To see the luminous landscapes, beautifully crayoned in early morning, and to hear the song of birds, the rippling of the brook, and the bark of a squirrel from some neighboring tree; or to ride horseback, thundering across a stretch of turf—all this was music to my ears and joy to my heart. On the other hand the thumping and clacking of a typewriter, and the scratching of a pen over a white surface of paper, and the flutter of leaves on a student's desk never appealed to me as much as living in the open under the blue canopy of heaven.

In the beginning of January, 1903, I began going to a Jesuit Residential School for Boys, at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, which was then called Sacred Heart College. Four months of the scholastic year had already elapsed, nevertheless I thought that I could make up the deficit by hard study.

From Ossian to Prairie du Chien was a trip of few hours by train. My cousin John Wagner, who went along, enjoyed every mile of it. As the train—cow-catcher style, speeded down the valley, the hills became higher, the stream wider and more turbulent, gurgling over rocks and forming interesting cascades.

"Yonder comes McGregor," shouted John, pointing down the valley. "There the train crosses the Mississippi River!" Soon the engine and cars puffed over a long wooden structure, with long piles driven into the deep water. The river was frozen where it was shallow. On the main channel large cakes of ice were floating. On the opposite shore girls and boys were skating and enjoying the bracing January air. Nearby a lad sat rubbing his hands and crying from the cold. Tears were streaming down his cheeks like drops of rain down a window. To the north and south of the bridge, on the Wisconsin side, were many homes and business houses.

Walking along Church Street, with our heavy suit cases, we reached a shady avenue, leading to the college. In front was a line of young elms, where two clerics in soutanes were absorbed in conversation. Seeing them John whispered: "Jesuits!" For some reason he seemed afraid of the Jesuits. As a matter of fact he knew more than just a little about them. His brother, Dr. James Wagner took his preparatory course there some years before.

Coming to the main entrance of a huge structure, where large columns were supporting the roof of a porch, Father Huber, the Guest Master, and prefect of discipline, with his hands resting under his wide cinch, and his eyes fixed on the new prospects, approached us saying: "A few more students for the college, I suppose?" And taking me by the hand he asked us to enter. After John had thawed out enough to shake the Jesuit's hand, his face glowed like a kiln-fresh brick, and pulling out the deepest stops from his vocal chords he said: "My brother went to school here, too." "Well, well, your brother, is that so?" came the answer from the dark-visaged priest—"and what did he study?" "Oh, he studied everything," replied John, and now the ice was broken, and it melted as with a January thaw, and he felt happier and easier.

After I had entered the large door I thought after the Christmas holidays should be an opportune time to begin a college course. The weather was dry and cold, the air crisp and clear, the fields white with snow; after all it should be a wonderful time to begin anything. Looking at the college catalogue, handed me by the Father, I said: "Any course in this book looks good to me. All these subjects seem to lay open the way to a new world." Passing through a large library, with tomes and tomes in bright yellow binding, the smell of books made my head swim with knowledge unknown to me.

Placing my suitcase on a nearby stair, I saw a number of boys playing pool and billiards. Going up a steel stairway I came past the music-room, where I heard the Blackhawk waltz, the Maiden's Prayer, and Strauss's Over the Waves. By the irregular poundings of the ivories I noticed that the boys were mere beginners. To the left was the kitchen, and nearby the "mess hall" for an immense crowd, where one should be able to get a pair of "hot dogs," a plate of potato salad, and a few cookies, thought I. Hungry as I was no one offered me anything. In one corner was a large sink where a Brother was wrestling with the dishes. He was an ancient looking, toothless, burly-headed little fellow. Later I heard the boys call him "Toothless Willie." I believe he was Irish; in fact some of the Brothers did come from the "Old Sod." The little man was hunched in a huge cassock, twice too big for him. Being also the gardener, he had lived in the shadows of the college for many years. Soon Brother Joachim and a few others came in. He put them to work washing the dishes and waxing the floors—all in silence.

Suddenly I found myself in the Infirmary, where a Big Black Brother stood smiling at me. It was the Infirmary, who looked after and diagnosed as best he knew every physical ailment of the students, and of the Religious Community. The students called him the "Brudda Moment." Whenever someone rapped on the Infirmary door, no matter at what time of the day or night, or whether on Sunday, Monday, or Christmas, or whether he had to wait five minutes or fifteen—one would always hear from within the same hopeless: "Moment!"

The Infirmary was often a refuge of joy and peace; at least it was for me. Everyone consigned to the sick room, whether it was for toothache, headache, heartburn, sore eyes, ingrowing toe-nail, or what have you—everyone at any time always received a pill, as surely as the laborers hired for the vineyard (as the Good Book tells us), "everyone received a penny." Once I was interned on account of a fever I might, or should have had—Spring Fever it might have been. After I had swallowed the conventional "pill" the Good Brother put me to bed under two heavy quilts. I had merely an "old-fashioned cold." When I asked for my mouthorgan the Infirmary well understood that my "fever" had completely subsided.

The study-hall was a cheerful room facing the eastern sun. In it were comfortable chairs and desks, and a large Prefect's Bostrum. Along the walls were shelves filled with countless books. A young Jesuit was working amongst them. He seemed pleasant, with a twinkle in his eye and a good-humored twist in his mouth. It was Father Wells who later became my Greek and Lathi professor. But then I found that—

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort." —Shakespeare.

The next room was a chapel where I knelt for a moment in silent prayer. On one side was a statue of St. Aloysius, on the other of Saint John Bergmans. In this humble chapel many came to pray and meditate.

One day a student, who had just entered, said to me: "Say, you ought to see the playground out there to the south—it is one vast level—acres and acres of it—all one has to do is walk right out of the classroom and he's right on it, ready to play ball. I went to see it—level as the ocean.—"Boy!" I exclaimed, "you can surely hit 'em here; I bet the ball will go a mile. The short-stop surely has to be on his pins here, I tell you!"

On my first day in college besides taking care of my class assignments, my time was occupied learning the names and studying the faces of all students. A certain Fred Gores, about my age, became one of my great pals. "Pete" Bartholomew became another great friend of mine. Be it known to all that in all respects he was a real gentleman. Allow me to introduce to you, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Bishop, now the Ordinary of the St. Cloud, Minnesota Diocese.

Another real pal of mine was Tom O'Shaughnessy. When he heard that I won sixth place in an Essay Contest among the fifteen Jesuit Colleges of the St. Louis Province he said: "How could you do it?" "I 'plugged' for three or more months," I replied, "studied all the pros and cons, and all the questions that could, may, or might be asked about the given topic, then I read and re-read the title: "The Catholic Graduate and the Aid of Catholic Activity," then I sat down and wrote and committed the whole treatise to memory; and on the day when the essay was to be written, I reproduced it on paper. "Simple wasn't it?" he remarked. "As simple as Simple Simon" was my reply.

For a few months I studied side by side with "Dodo" Ryan, taking the Commercial Course, under the tutorship of Father "Stonewall Jackson"—Father Steffen. Towards spring I slipped into the classics, which I thought better for my education. Often when he should have been studying, the professor found "Dodo" with his legs curled around a chair, and a pen in his mouth, trying to find the square root, or the third exponent of some imaginary number, or a certain word or phrase with which to begin a sentence.

Mr. Schwery, who was to blame for my nickname "Happy," was a red-faced and rather noisy "guy," who came from I don't know where. He usually mixed in with the crowd which daily milled around me. His laughter was loud, and his exclamations well-meaning; and it was characteristic of him to drive his fist through some old window, or board fence, after I had led the way.

From Eau Claire, Wisconsin came a student of the real hearty type, who was jolly and friendly. Peter Cremer was his name. He usually greeted me with: "How's Hap?" For one thing I shall accuse him—for being the head brains of the greatest and cleverest piece of mischief ever pulled at the college—"Kicking the Shot!"—

Once upon a time so dreary,
As I looked at 'Willie Weary,'
And a bee-line I was making from the south-side college door—
There before me I saw lying, lying heedless on the floor:
That old musty hat of 'Dippy's'—lying heedless on the floor—
There it was and nothing more.

Near the shed for goods athletic,
Boys were looking so pathetic—•
When I asked for information: "Whyfor are you looking so?"
Thrilled me filled me with fantastic wonders never felt before.
And my heart began abeating,
As I stood there oft repeating:
"What's the matter, Theodore?"—
Presently my soul grew stronger,
Hesitating, then, no longer;
No more doubting, no more dreaming of the fears that came before—
Fears of Third Notes, fears of learning Greek on that cold classroom floor—
Soon they left me evermore.
As I was about-face turning,
And my soul within me burning—
"Surely!" said I, "There is something,
That hat's not lying there for nothing!"
Though it was as black as raven,
The head for it was shorn and shaven,
The reason why a whirlwind threw it right-side-up upon the floor,—

There it lay just as before.
 Then I bounded with a hop-step,
 Jumping fifteen feet or more,
 Upon that wretched thing of evil, right before me on the floor!!!
 "Father! Mother! Sister! Brother! . . . By all the stars o'er Labrador!"—
 With a soft, light slipper on it—oh, my foot was awful sore!
 Thus it was you may be sure!
 Then from all the students round me
 Came a long and teasing roar,
 Like the roaring of the billows on a wild and rugged shore
 And the news of the disaster spread from here to Baltimor
 End of Story—nothing more!—

Not far from college was St. Mary's Academy, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Some of us frequently went to visit some girls there, with permission from the Rector, that is if they were related. I was to a few but not too close, in about the fifth or sixth degree of kinship, fifth cousins about they were as I had figured according to our family tree. On close inspection

Father Rector thought a few of the branches on the tree unsafe. Oftentimes my distant cousins brought another friend or so along to the parlor, to make the conversations more interesting. Later I heard that the one or the other of the girls was put into the "kalaboos," not because there was no relationship, but "just because she made those goo-goo eyes." At that time I was twenty-two years of age, and in the golden years of young manhood, and naturally, too, I was tall, dark, and handsome, as young men usually are at that age. There should be no vanity in saying that at that time I was "easy to look at." If nature had blessed me with brown eyes, wavy hair and a fair complexion, and with health and vigor, I could not help but draw admiring glances from the average females. In the following summer during vacation, I boarded train for Parkston, South Dakota, where my brothers lived, and I was often thrilled by the eye-homage I received walking through the coaches. Later I grew accustomed to it, and accepted the compliments as a matter of course. Travelling on a train at another time I do recall a man jabbed his thumb over his right shoulder, like an umpire calling a base-runner out—thought I, does he mean me—or what? Perhaps he meant that I should stop parading along the aisles.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers for Happy!" was heard in the music-room one evening as I was rolling out one song after another for the amusement of the students. During my vocalizing the one or the other student played the piano; more than one piano was ruined in that way.

Since no one was allowed to leave the college premises, a certain Mr. Du Charme, a barber from the city, performed tonsorial operations every Saturday afternoon. I believe he was French, yet I may be wrong, he may have been Italian, because—

"Giuseppe, da barber, ees greta for 'mash,'
 He gotta da bigga, da black-a moustache,
 Gude klose an gude styl-a an playnta of cash."— T. A. Daly.

My first years in college passed by rapidly. In the beginning I was trying hard (at least I thought so) to get everything I could out of school. I began studying Latin in March and completed the First Academic year in three months. During the following year I attended St. Joseph's College at Dubuque, Iowa, and again returned to Prairie du Chien in the following September. Then I began to lay the groundwork for permanent study habits. Reading good books, too, became habitual.

When I began studying Latin, one of my friends showed me how to study syntax. Soon I was able to decline any noun, and conjugate any verb including—"fero—tuli—latum—ferre," (to carry—bear—bring). This irregular verb was a brain twister for many Latin scholar, no matter how intelligent he thought he was.

Father Bundschuh was our literature and rhetoric professor; when he first entered the classroom I thought, who is that young with rosy cheeks? Though his voice was often dry, yet when he had warmed up to his subject great wisdom flowed from his teachings.

One evening I was called to the Rector's private study. "I have senior you," he said calmly, "it is account of a letter you received yesterday, which I opened. You are writing to a girl not too far away. (I had written to the one at the Academy, who had made those goo-goo eyes.) "And you know that is against the rules of the college," he continued, "now this has to be stopped at once. And furthermore," he said, "you are not sending all your mail through the regular college channels, but through some of the farmers' mail-boxes. It is a

special prerogative that you are going to school here. What will your father say, and what have you to say?" Almost in tears I answered somewhat shamefacedly: "You know how it is, Father Rector, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." After a few kind words I asked for his blessing. Placing his hands affectionately upon my sorrowful brow, he blessed me and said: "Now go in peace and be a good boy, and let those girls alone, and come and see me sometimes." And I did see him quite often, usually when I had been called on important business.

In the year 1909, I continued "math" in the form of logarithms, and I noticed that my brain was no longer operating so smoothly.

The days were saltless, and the Ides of March were at hand. Flinging my book of "logs" aside I took up Caesar and read:

'Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres"—ah, the heck! I didn't care into how many parts it was divided, and I returned to my logarithms, but my thoughts flew off on a tangent, like water from a duck's back. Laying the book aside I looked for my violin—it was time to take my lesson. I loved to play some musical instrument during hours of leisure. At home I often played the harmonica, but—such baby music—thought I, there is no pride in that, and what skill is required? I could never finger fast enough to play a piano, although in my visits around countless homes, people had begged me thousand times to play. They thought as long as I was able to sing so well, naturally I should also be able to play, at least the piano, which was so popular in those days.

Professor Greg was music teacher and director of the band. "How long have you been playing?" he asked me when I came into the music room with my violin under my arm. "Two years," I replied, "but I have never taken any lessons; I just played—'pady—wep—wep—wep—didy—shum—shum—shum I—just like that, by ear they call it, I guess." Looking into the violin he said: "It is not a Stradivarius, but it seems to be a good instrument. Whoever gave you the idea of playing?" Becoming poetic, I answered: "The sighing of the winds in the pines; the murmur of the brook in the valley; the song of birds in the forest!" "You like nature, don't you?" he questioned with surprise. "Now let me see how you can play?" Trying to please or even surprise the professor I tried very hard to play well, but my fingers seemed stiff and clumsy, and I played rather faulty. Hearing my scratching he said: "Young man you'll have to do better than that, you have still a long ways to go before you'll be an accomplished violinist." Taking the instrument he played a few orchestral strains with crescendo and decrescendo, staccato, affettuoso, andantino—and giving the violin to me after tuning it once more, and adjusting it correctly under my chin (I usually held it against my left shoulder like a dance fiddler does) and tightening the bow he said: "The violin is all right, but the player is sometimes a little flat or a little sharp, and a little scratchy—ain't so?" And he laughed.

"I can play better with the boys in the recreation hall," I suggested. "All right, let's see how it sounds down there!" he advised. It was during the evening recreation period. Entering the hall with my violin under my arm the students applauded vehemently; naturally they expected a few rounds for a dance.

"Will a few boys come up on the stage and help me—please!" I questioned. A few of the glee club to which I belonged came forth. After they had arranged stand and sheet music, and a few chairs, I began, as quiet settled upon the whole assemblage. Having found a selection I loved, "Hearts and Flowers," I began interweaving the voices of the two accompanists with the clear notes of the violin. Completing the song I rendered a few strains of a country style dance as the boys swung into groups and circles. When I stopped playing there was prolonged and loud cheering.

"You did exceptionally well!" said the professor, "you improved ninety-nine percent on upstairs. You did wonders; more could not have been expected." "Now I feel better!" I ejaculated, "but when I had to play for you in the music-room, I was so afraid that I didn't know the difference between a gray goose and a red brick, unless it fell on my toe." Laughing loudly he said: "I've had some like you before in my years of teaching experience; that's nothing new."

When the books on my desk were piled higher than Mount Moria, then everyone knew that I was in the thick of my studies of psychology and scholastic philosophy. It would have been easier to study the life of Adamsky Adamovicz than to understand the psychology thesis for the day's assignment. According to the definition of psychology "the soul of man is considered a projection of God; and in addition to man's ordinary method of cognition"—"Nuff said!" thought I, who can grasp that in one sitting?

Undoubtedly you have heard, or may have read of great men, or vigorous speakers? Yet I am convinced you have never heard nor seen anyone who had so much influence over the minds of men—students, if you will, as "Jerry" O'Connor, our Prefect of Discipline. Whenever you were "down in the dumps," "Jerry" would bring you up every time with a good-natured joke, or a well-directed, harmless witticism.—Good old "Jerry"! The boys liked him, he was everyone's pal—outspoken, using stern and splenetic language sometimes, when necessary, but he was honest and true to the core. He looked upon me as the "lightning-rod of the college??. because upon me often fell the thunderbolts of his invectives.

One of the primary rules of the college was, all lights, whether in the dormitory, or in private rooms, except along the corridors, were to be out by nine-thirty every evening. One early morning in May, 1910, when Halley's Comet was racing across the sky frightening many, I rose at three o'clock; I wanted to see what a comet actually looked like. I heard that it had a long tail, much longer than that of a horse, and that it moved very rapidly. Approaching an eastern window near my room, I bumped into "Jerry." Nothing was said, yet it seems he recognized me. When morning came there also came for me one of those sessions in "Jerry" O'Connor's room, and there was no one to skim the froth from my cup of sorrow, nor from the surface of my soul.

The readers of this story may think this to be a rather unique transition from Halley's Comet to a Sodality Meeting. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was well organized at Campion. The wandering youths of those days found in the Mother of God a special Protectress. My hope of becoming a priest soared on rosy wings after joining the Sodality. Every morning I was asked to raise my thoughts to her in special consecration. I have never omitted the wonderful prayer since then.

Mr. Veerer, from South Dakota somewhere, and I one day thought of editing a college paper. We named it "The Sporting Extra," and it dealt mostly with base-ball, foot-ball, basket-ball, and the Olympics. Later Edgar Maline of Youngstown, Ohio became co-editor, and it was named "The College Booster." The students sometimes called it the "scandal sheet."

On Thanksgiving after a wholesome dinner the students usually went skating for the first time on the Mississippi River. By that time the weather was cold and the ice safe for skating. Vitus Stoll was the first to start onto the vast expanse. Arriving at the Wisconsin River railway bridge, about four miles from school, the ice suddenly gave way and Vitus fell in. The inconvenience of his turkey dinner did, however, not hinder him from scrambling out—soaked from head to foot. I put him to bed at home where he was as warm as a raisin in a bun. I consoled him saying: "Don't be afraid, the prefects will never hear of this, I will never tell. After he was sufficiently dry we returned to the river. From a distance we could hear the other boys; they were skating over very thin ice, which bent like rubber—rubber-ice. The ice was transparent and I saw fish swimming beneath. "Let's catch some!" I suggested. "How kin yap" queried Robert Zachman. "Watch me," I said as I broke the thin ice with the heel of my right skate, and reaching into the icy water I grabbed one struggling in the mud. Soon there were dozens lying on the ice. Taking them home I asked the kitchen Brother to prepare them for the following Friday dinner. They had no scales and were as slippery as snakes. Sharp needles were on both sides of their heads. Few boys were stung. "They are cat fish!"—cried Schmitt from St. Paul. "Bull Heads"—if you please!" I said correcting him, "I caught many in the Turkey River!" Their meat was white, tender, and tasty.

Thanksgiving-Day continued gloriously. There were still a few hours remaining for recreation after supper. When the students had assembled some cheered: "Let the batteries be charged I—'Happy' Wagner against 'Peter the Rock.'" "Just a minute!"—I exclaimed, "That sounds awful hard, I may break my knuckles on his bones!"—"Ah, don't be a Sissy!" came back Joe Schaeffer. By that time the blood-thirsty Romans had massed themselves on both sides of the arena awaiting the gladiators. The gloves having been put on the fighters were stationed in the center of the ropes. As the gong sounded my right fist shot out squarely for the 'Rock's' jaw. Not expecting such a wallop he jumped back but not far enough to avoid the power of my fist. "Not so rocky, after all!" said I, seeing him shrinking and arching his eyebrows as he spoke, at the same time my balloon of optimism rose into the stratosphere of youthful arrogance. At the same time I thought—ah-ha—a small horse is soon carried, and the smaller the dog the lesser the bite. But "Peter the Rock" was not too small, he was almost as tall as I, and he was not to be played with. After the first round I stepped forward like a bombarding general and dared: "How did you like that one, Pete?" "Not too good," he replied, "it was more than a mere love-tap, but then—it's all in the game." "Oh, I didn't mean to strike so hard!" I pleaded. "Of course you challenged, and I accepted." Hearing our exchange of words someone along the side lines yelled: "Don't be scared, Pete, he won't kill you!" After that it seemed I was merely beating a sandbag without making any impression. "You know big things are made of little things," I said in a joking way, looking at my fists. "With these same bombers I've chopped and I've hoed, I've cracked rocks and split wood—hundred pounds of possibilities concealed in one thunderbolt," and I laughed and so did he. "Go ahead, Pete!" cried 'Crow-bar' Johnson. "He can't more than kill ya!" As I lunged forward Pete let one fly which caught me completely off guard. It was planted squarely amidships, exactly half way between the pelvis and the collar-bone. It brought me down to Mother Earth with a bang—at the same time a Babel of "boos" and "bans," and "Kill the referee!" went thundering down the corridors like the kettledrums of war. He had knocked the wind slick and clean out of me. He caught me quite below the Mason and Dixon line, which was scarcely fair, but "all is fair in love and war," they say. After the stars and moon had returned to their normal places, and the fogs and whirls had cleared from my vision, I was no longer to be outclubbed. Blow followed blow in rapid succession; his eyes, nose and jaw received vigorous attacks; blood flowed. When I saw him reeling like a horse with the blind staggers, and holding both gloves over his head, I said: "Did you say 'enough'?" If not you'll have to look for a blood

donor after my big guns cease cannonading. The roar of the multitudes subsided with the calming of the storm, and bowing we left the ring.—I never put on the gloves again.

It was towards the end of May; many months had elapsed since my great work-out on that memorable Thanksgiving evening.

The boys were scurrying hither and yon and preparing things for the greatest event of the year—The Olympic Games. The long-looked-for races began with a 'bang.' The hundred Yard Dash I sealed in exactly eleven seconds. In the High Jump William O'Shaughnessy came very near; yet I overleapt him with five feet and three inches. My distance in the Standing Broad Jump was eleven feet and two inches, and in the Running Jump eighteen feet and ten inches. The finals at the end of the meet were: Wagner first with thirty-two points; Stoll second with twenty-six; "Weary Willie's" record stood at zero.

I was now in the full vigor of young-manhood, and I was feeling my "wild oats." Before undertaking further activities I would insist upon a few interrupted spells of running every day. In Xenophon's *Anabasis* I read that the Greeks of old often ran twenty-six miles on the plains of Marathon, why can't I do likewise, I thought. Our gymnasium enclosed an excellent running track one-fifteenth of a mile in circuit. And I argued if I round this track twenty, thirty, sixty times or more I would cover at least one half of the distance the Greeks did in their Marathon races. Okay—I began—I ran and ran as though I was to "run with the hare and hold with the hounds" till my heart thumped and my head swam and my side ached. Blisters had formed under my feet; my skin felt parboiled—and for what? Just to see how long I could run. And I saw it—and I was no longer glad.

It was half past eight in the morning of June tenth when "Hans" Schneider coming downstairs announced: "Have you heard the latest? We are going to have a boat-ride on the Mississippi. The Rector has rented a side-wheeler from the St. Paul Steam Boat Company!" "You ain't kiddin'!" said I. "Goodie! Goodie!" I cheered, "are we going to take the band along? I always like to play that old bazon, you know 'Poo—poo—poo—poo!'" I don't see how Tom can play the slide," I continued, "he doesn't know A from Z in music; he has no more aptitude for music than an elephant has for catching grasshoppers! Nevertheless our band went marching on.—"

Coming to the steamer special chairs had been reserved for the band, and before was the wide expanse of the Great Waterway. Across the river mists were shimmering. Soon the ship began to move along stagnant hay-sheds, edged with bulrushes and low growing willows. As far as the eye could see the Mississippi rolled his vast panorama of water.

"Hurrah for Pictured Rocks!" shouted the Flag Bearer as the boat neared the Iowa shore. "What are Pictured Rocks, and where are they?" questioned George Hackner, who had never been outside of the city of La Crosse. "The people around here calls 'em Pictured Rocks, answered a boy from the Third Academic, because some rocks up there instead of being brown and gray and black, as rocks usually are, are in layers of red and yellow and orange and blue and green. They say the Indians often came here before a war dance, and smeared these colored stones on their faces and hands—we call them war-paints."

"Did you hear the train whistle?" said Freyman to Bob Suelzer, "I believe it's going to stop!" As a splendid train on the Burlington Road was slowing up near the college, inquisitive heads were popping out of the windows. In an open door of a Pullman car a Negro porter was standing, holding a heavy traveling-case. All eyes were on a princely personage with long coat and silk hat. They were wondering who the "Big Shot" might be for whom the train had been ordered to stop. His Excellency, the Most Rev., James Schwebach, Catholic Bishop of La Crosse, stepped off as the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." As the train puffed away, the student group, headed by Old Glory, and followed by the Honored High Priest and others moved towards the college premises, where "the stone which the builders rejected (for they would rather have His Excellency seal and set it), was to become the head-stone of the corner." Glorious indeed, was the event. By a bright light shining on the wall of my room I was suddenly awakened. I noticed a mysterious flickering, and a strange noise in the air, as if some destructive element was at work. Looking out of my window—sure enough—there was an enormous fire not too far away. "Fire! Fire!" I suddenly screamed. Just then I heard a stern voice: "Stay in your rooms—everyone! Let no boy leave the college!—Fedgedda—go to bed!" (One of the students' name was

"Fetgather.") The voice I heard was either "Jerry" O'Connor's or "Blacky's."—"Dumm Kopf!—I take whom I catch!"—he blurted out. When the prefects had left for another part of the building where a commotion was brewing I suggested: "Let's barefoot over to the fire, and line up like a firemen's squad. They cannot do us anything; this is an emergency!" When we came to the main door we found it locked. Jumping from a window we were soon near the burning building, where we saw a few men struggling with a paint barrel. Naturally we enjoyed the excitement; it was different from the ordinary routine of college days. Hurrying back to our sleeping quarters we let the fire burn till it was extinguished. On the following day very little was said in class of the great nocturnal conflagration. It came and went as such things come and go.

By this time everyone in my home town knew that I was going to college. Consequently I felt somewhat elated among my kith and kin and acquaintances, and I thought surely smoking a cigar shouldn't hurt, as long as cousin John offered me one—a Cremo. I had never smoked before except perhaps a few dried-up grape vines on the way to school, and I thought how delicious a "Crema" must taste—which sounded like the cream of the tobacco crop!—

"How dear, congenial to my heart,
One goodly smoke, than all the gloss of art!"—

Soon the fragrant fumes were billowing gloriously upward, and soon, too, my throat became parched and my forehead clammy. The touch of tobacco accelerated my heart and made it thump loudly. "I need help!" said I. "This cigar is making me sick." Through the Crema fog I saw my sister in the kitchen preparing a meal. Looking from her mixing-bowl, and seeing my greenish countenance she said: "Philip, you look sick—you look like lemonpie, can I give you something?" But it was too late for kitchen ministrations, I wanted only to be left alone. With miniature whirlings, like toy windmills all around, I found the way to my room and threw myself on my bed. My breast throbbed like a furnace under a full load of steam. After a short time I rose and swayed to the wash-room and let water gargle down my burning throat. Opening the pantry I took a bottle of Kentucky Rye to whisk the evil away. "Distillation rules the nation," I hummed. I shall use a milder cigar next time, thought I, or a cigarette—how about a Camel?

During vacation I went to my brothers in South Dakota. Not having too much work they asked me to hire out at some farmer. I always dreaded milking cows; this farmer, John Webber, had a certain one, which was rather disoblging. She did not make the slightest attempt to cooperate with me. She had a nasty way of squinting around whenever I tried to milk her, and she gave short hysterical shudders when I accidentally touched her side. I might have protested when her stringy tail swished across my face, but like the boy who dropped the ball, I thought—well—it's all in the game. Just fresh from school and a poor player in the game of farming I tried to be vigilant and indefatigable.

One day while gathering the eggs, where hens usually lay them I came face to face with Mr. Cow taking a nap.— In the Book of Isaias we read—1:7,—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." I wasn't his owner, and consequently he didn't know me, and his ugly growl distilled bitterness. In order to give quick release for his accumulating anger churning in his head, he threw himself from side to side, scratched the floor, puffed and snorted, and made the barn vibrate with the importance of his presence. Seeing the ox in anger I did not remain long in his presence.

A few miles to the southwest of where I was employed lived people who had moved many years before from Iowa. Nearby was the village of Starr, now called Dimoc, where was the Catholic Church of the community. On a beautiful Sunday, "a day which the Lord hath made," I went to mass there for the first time. Through a wide open door people came to the coolness inside. Seeing so many at the Holy Sacrifice, the richness of the Catholic Religion, which I began loving as a child, came back to me. I was glad to see so many ordinary people together in church, more conscious of God than of one another, and so many ladies, not so much, I believe, to show off their hats and dresses, as to fulfill their religious obligation. It was "a mixture of all flesh" and mostly farmers. Since I was entirely strange I finally found a place to kneel on one side. A few paces away I noticed a young girl—perhaps in the twenties, about my age, pretty as a picture, kneeling straight and praying devoutly. To my surprise it was one with whom I had gone to school in Iowa. She did not see me, nor did she realize that I was so near. What revelation it was to me to see someone I knew! She was single; later, however, I found that after courting for some years with a certain tall young fellow, she moved a notch higher and got married.

Since the summer vacation was coming to end, and before school commenced I attended the Minneapolis State Fair. Hearing of my intentions, Alphons Untereiner, an old neighbor and schoolmate, accompanied me. The trip was delightful with unusual experiences. On the first night we were given a "free trolley ride" in an old grass-widow's rooming-house, where a large colony of cock-roaches came upon us just when sleep was the sweetest. The thrill I experienced on the chute-the-chutes in Wonderland Park was terrific. Behind me on the "Scenic Railway" a young couple in the glory of their honeymoon, seemed as unafraid as a sundae-eating freshman girl in the arms of her boyfriend. Going through the Katzenjammer Castle something seemed to follow, which appeared like a "spook." Looking ferociously at every passer-by it screamed: "I am Minnie from Minnesota!"

Once more the college lid was on as piety and earnestness of study returned which continued till the mid-winter holidays. In October I was called home to be the Best Man for my brother John's wedding. Not having heard of a Best Man before it was a puzzle to me why I was considered better than my brother. I never knew there was a better

man in any marriage than the groom. Later I found why they called me the Best Man, because it was my duty to see that my brother did not escape before the marriage.

It would require much time and literary ambition if I were to narrate all my experiences, and tell of all the places where I lived, labored, and roamed during my days. On one Fourth of July Celebration I helped my brother John to operate a Wheel of Fortune at Dimoc, South Dakota. In the afternoon I participated in a foot race. Later there came a free-for-all fight and the wheel was broken. A man with fearless voice and reeling from "rock-and-rye," and brandishing a hammer, climbed on a beer-keg and shouted: "Who said I am afraid? Who wants to fight? Come-on anyone! I'll show you!" When a strong young man came forward he struck him squarely in the face, breaking his left cheek-bone, and a battle-royal was on. Watching the combat from the sidelines, a stranger tapped me on the shoulder and asked: "How goes the fight?" I replied: "Off hand I can't tell; it seems to be about a fifty-fifty proposition; both of these men may be poor farmers, but they are first-class fighters." "It seems that way, doesn't it?" he replied. As the mob became dangerously unruly we left with horse and buggy.

I was at home once more and about twenty-five years old, when telephones were first installed. A long ring in the beginning signified that someone was furnishing free entertainment over the phone. The first party lines included thirty to forty members. How I enjoyed singing over the telephone in those days. It was when Carrie Nation was smashing saloons in Kansas and when "Merry Widow" hats were common, and "23-skidoo" was on everyone's tongue.

Travelling through Minnesota later in the summer, I met a few Jesuits at Mankato, where I learnt much about their novitiates, tertianships, colleges, universities. What great men of efficiency in education they were, thought I, as I saw them with faces sharpened by asceticism and saintliness.

After school had ended in June I went to my brothers in South Dakota for a third time. They were batching, and fresh from school I wasn't much help to them. I knew absolutely nothing about cooking, I didn't even know how long to boil an egg; I thought the longer it boiled the softer it would become; but I found that just the opposite was true. Neither had I experience in making a bed. At college sometimes I had to make my bed for punishment. I could sweep and dust a little, but other household sciences were "Greek" to me. I often heard the girls speak of "home-ec" (economics) like baking, cooking, cleaning, and what have you, but such drudgeries were not interesting to me. Naturally I like good things to eat, but I paid little attention to how they were prepared.

My first concern on my brothers' vast Dakota farm, with its large buildings, was to paint the cupola on the barn, which was in need of external decoration. It had rained a few moments before, and as I was ascending the steep roof I began to—slide—slide!—

"Down went McGinty, to the bottom of the sea—"
Down in fathoms many went the captain—ah poor me!—

And there followed in rapid succession boards, shingles, nails. I landed with my pelvis in the mud below. The disaster was terrific— my lower garments needed a new backing; behind my right ear and on my right hip a large rusty nail had grooved its speedy way. No stitches were required to hold my frame together.

During Christmas vacation I went to Caledonia, Minnesota, where I greeted many friends and sang many happy songs. There I strengthened old family ties and renewed old family endearments. There sumptuous tables were set for me, with drinks that "rejuvenate the heart" and drown every sorrow.

Inasmuch as I had not seen Iowa's fertile plains to the southwest, and the home of Vitus Stoll, a college classmate of mine, I arranged a trip with him. Fields of corn and oats, and pastures dotted with well-fed Herefords came to view as the train sped along. At the homes of Stoll and Kaufman I was treated like a king. Although there were not set before me "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie," still I feasted sumptuously on the things from the farm that were gloriously arrayed before me on a wide table. Reluctantly I left the homes of these two great pals of mine.

At Omaha Nebraska I carried my traveling-case to the office of The Creighton University, where my cousin, John Wagner, was taking a course in pre-medics. At the depot I saw a long train arriving from Los Angeles. As the passengers were leaving I noticed how fatigued they were from the long trip, with marks of cinders and soot on their faces like an Ash Wednesday crowd coming from church. At South Omaha, the area around the stockyards appeared like a miniature Africa. Darkies in vast numbers were lying on the grass, or lounging on benches, while others were loitering along walks in real southern style. I imagined many were employed in the slaughter-houses there.—At the Creighton lunch counter I received a cup of coffee "that would have made a politician wise."

Arriving at Milwaukee I went to Marquette University. After climbing countless steps and walking through endless corridors, I was tired. Here, thought I, "Scholars' pens carry farther, and give a louder report than thunder." The bright wheel of the sun had turned inexorably through the long afternoon, wearing away the minutes and the hours, like an ever-grinding millstone, when I

entered a small boat and sailed into Lake Michigan for a short fishing tryout. Whether the fish would bite or no, I couldn't tell. I didn't know too much about fishing then; I caught merely a few "small fries" for supper.

Fifty years ago excursions on trains and ships were common. They gave people a cheaper rate of travel to points of interest. The Michigan Lake Steamer "Roosevelt" affording such opportunity, I boarded it going to Sheboygan. It was a Fourth of July excursion. On such day naturally the boat would be crowded. Nearby on a seat was a group of girls, fifteen of them, mostly in their teens; I could not help noticing them. They were rather outspoken, and they struck me as a rather silly group. A few of them had a large C on their sweater, and one of them appeared as though she might have stepped from the cover of "Vogue" magazine, or from a page of the Ladies Home Journal. Anything more vapid and giddy than their conversation, which was unceasing, would have been difficult to find. But to me even their senseless remarks seemed interesting. I was still young then, and immensely enjoyed traveling and seeing and experiencing things. Since many of their characteristics were common I concluded that they were students from some Academy or "co-ed" college. I studied their free and easy though ridiculous behavior, their limited vocabulary, their comments on boys and girls, their hairdos, their love affairs, which gave me much to think about. After some time I noticed, too, that everything about me seemed odd and peculiar to them. Perhaps it was; I had been traveling a bit, and I would not deny that perhaps I needed a hair-cut, and my clothes a going over at the dry cleaner.

Arriving at Sheboygan I noticed that public interest had been aroused on account of our ship coming in. A band was playing near a church, where many people were assembled; it might have been a social gathering of some kind. There I met Roman Stephanie, who at the time was studying the classics with me at the Prairie du Chien CoUege. After I had made a visit to the church, Roman hitched his horse to an ancient rig, and we rode along the streets of Sheboygan in horse-and-buggy fashion—just to see the sights.

At Kaukauna I spent a memorable day with Louis Brill, and at Appleton with Kamps and Gluecksteins—all college chums of mine. It was amusing to me to sit beside Louis Brill on a grocery delivery wagon, bringing to many homes the things they had purchased.

Real interest was kindled along the streets of Appleton when the first automobile—a Ford—came chucking along. Brill's horse became awfully frightened; it nearly threw me off the seat. The car was a ramshackle contraption, "Puddle Jumper," like the first models were. The first auto-ride I experienced was in an open "E-M-F"—Detroit car on an open country road near Oshkosh. The owner and driver of the automobile was old Father Shelter of St. Mary's. Next to me was Mr. Wheling, another student from Campion. The country was radiant with the glories of summer, and red barns glared beyond golden harvest fields. The woods were green with oaks and maples. All nature was full of color and the sky above swam with fleets of white clouds. Although the speedometer of Father's car registered only twenty-three miles per hour, still it seemed the car devoured the road infinitely faster than I had ever travelled. The old master driver sat enthroned on a lofty rocking seat, and we listened to the old padre, telling of the people who lived in the many homes we passed. Soon we seemed to be going rather fast down a hill when I screamed: "Hold 'er Newt—she's a-rearin' I—This would never do in Iowa," I continued, "where the farmers greeted the first cars with pitchforks." While I was still speaking a large truck with a load of steel rails was approaching. "They evidently mean business here!" I ejaculated. In the rear seat of our car was an old man, perhaps the parish janitor. With both hands he was holding to the sides of the vehicle; he was afraid he might fall out. How glad was he after we had returned to the city. Pointing at the new device he said: "How does that thing run, anyway? No push—ee, no pull-ee, but going like hell-eel—I have e—nuff!" and he slowly walked to his home as though he were drunk.

Many months of travel by now had taught me the art of observation and of talking intelligently to people. What folly, therefore, thought I, is there in poring over maps and guide-books to ascertain knowledge of places and people, when a man sitting beside you can perhaps give you better information than you can find in any book?

Milwaukee by now had become a rather large and prosperous city, with its large breweries and cumbersome beer wagons rolling over cobblestone streets. I visited the breweries and many factories, where everything was new and interesting to me. I witnessed great steel roofs, under which long avenues of machines were running with deafening whirrs and "dire noises of maddening wheels." There I saw girls manipulating mysterious gadgets, that buzzed and clicked and clanked with day-long monotony, where the air was saturated with oil and dust, and where the perpetual glare from unshaded lights, suspended from shadowy girders fell from blackened roofs. As I glanced at pretty painted girls, some of which caused my eyes to stop with their first look—girls with broad-rimmed eye-glasses, and dressed in oil-stained boiler suits, I understood why so many behaved so outrageously when they were let loose from factories. Surely I could scarcely blame them for wanting to, and feeling like kicking over their trestles.

After trying the various amusements in the electric park—riding the figure eight almost made me foolish—and after visiting the Jesu and Jehoshaphat Churches (the latter was artistically and elaborately adorned) my Milwaukee chums escorted me to a function in Schlitz Palm Garden. I enjoyed the (variety) bijou entertainment immensely.

Soon I came to St. Francis Seminary and Pio Nono College. I had never been in a seminary before. At E. M. Wiltzius Co. Store I saw all the things a priest needs to carry on—chalice, ciborium, ostensorium, and what have you. Although I was preparing in a vague way for the "Sacred Office" I never thought that I would make the grade.

A few days in Chicago was a treat for me. My reaction on seeing such vast city was not one of fear, but rather of expectation and wonder. Having been reared on a farm, and inexperienced in city travel, I simply dared. I dared the crowds, the noise, the hurry and bustle, and the way of crossing the streets and getting anywhere and everywhere. By sheer willpower I propelled myself

through the midst of the heavy traffic. Soon I made quite some progress down State and other heavily populated streets, zigzagging madly forward and back, crossing streets at least a dozen times, when I should have remained on the same sunny side. I didn't know anybody and no one knew me. I didn't know whom to ask, nor how to find any particular person or place. Instead of

asking a policeman, I inquired about persons and places of anybody who came along. Oftentimes I became so fatigued and dissatisfied that I could have cried, but I knew that wouldn't have done any good. One day I saw a certain restaurant with "Cafeteria Style" printed over the door. The word "style" gave me the idea that it must be a swanky place for eating; I had never heard of a "cafeteria" before. With hunger gnawing at my vitals, I entered. The place was crowded with shop girls (some looked like painted Jezebels), office clerks, middle aged women, youths of both sexes, working men, and few police. I sat down by a small table and waited for someone to bring me something to eat. But nobody came, and as far as I could see there was nobody to come. Near me was a long line of people with trays. They were grabbing plates, knives, forks, cups, saucers, and helping themselves along wide tables to everything to eat one could think of. Seeing the folks go at it in such grand style I thought, well—that's simple, I believe I'll get busy myself. Somewhat fidgetedly I joined the crowds and took whatever I could lay hands on. When the pile on my plate began to look like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, I found a place at a small table in one corner of the large eating-room. I scarcely had started to "pitch in", when a girl came and wrote down everything I had on my plate. After adding the long list two or three times the total amounted to six dollars and eighty-two cents. "Victuals are rather high-priced now," she said stammeringly. "I beg your pardon?" I broke in. (It was the first time I had used that expression). "Things to eat are expensive now," she repeated. "Oh, yes, they are," I replied "but I don't think that's too much for such a big pile!" and looking at the bill I said in surprise: "you forgot something, Lady" (I tried to speak as stylish as I could in that stylish place), there is a napkin and a toothpick somewhere under this pile, which, I suppose is as difficult to find now as a needle in a haystack." "Toothpicks and napkins are free," she chuckled loudly as she walked away. After I had finished eating, and paid the bill, my countenance beamed with self-satisfaction and delight.

While digestion was going on without a cigar or a cigarette, (I never smoked except once in Iowa) I asked a youth next to me where Ed. Jendrzek lived. Pointing to a man in blue uniform he said: "There's a police, ask him!" Elbowing my way through the crowd I finally came near the man in blue standing near a counter. Seeing me somewhat fidgetedly he questioned: "Well, sonny, what can I do for you?" I repeated the verses I learnt in school to identify myself in a large city.—

"Around the corner I have a friend
In this great city that has no end,
'Tomorrow,' I say, Til call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.' "

"To what school are you going?" the policeman asked. "Way out in Wisconsin—Campion College!" I responded with pride. "You came quite some distance to see me, didn't you? Who is that Jim you were talking about?" After telling him my friend's long Polish name—J-e-n-d-r-z-e-j-e-k he inquired: "On what street does he live, and what is his house number?" "Mr. Policeman, I was just going to ask you all that?" I continued. Taking out from his large pocket a city map he began showing me. "You are here now— you go three blocks to the right (this way), then turn to the left seven blocks—you see that big chimney, or smokestack over there?" "Yes," I answered. "Well, there'll you come to a carbarn,"—" Is that a barn where the train goes in?"—"No, not the train but the street-car!" he said abruptly. "Oh, yes I understand," I said joyfully. "A few blocks over is Milwaukee Avenue," he continued, "yes," I said a second time, "and there you take a street car and go—m-m-m—about seven miles northwest," "Which way is northwest?" I asked again. "You'll find out," he stammered laughingly, "And when you get off you'll see a haystack near a broken-down barn, well, he doesn't live there, and to the right is a large sign—'Lost Lake,'—now don't you get lost out there—you'll be nearly out of town then. In order to get back into the city, and onto the right track you'll have to turn sharply to the left. If you see a policeman or street-car conductor, you ask him. From then on he can tell you better than I can."

Disgustingly I said to him: 'Wouldn't you please write all that down; I can't remember all those turns and stops.' Cheering up he said with a wave of his hand: "You'll make it all right, lad! Chicago is a very large city, you know!" "Yes, I've found that out" I answered in surprise.

I finally found the home of my friend—Ed Jendrzek—after about three or four hours asking and walking for blocks and blocks. But Ed was not at home. Rapping on the door a lady opened it who appeared like a maid in disgust. When I repeated the poem to her: "Around the corner, etc." "Well, hello!" she exclaimed, "so you are the student Ed was talking about? He told me when a certain young man would come, speaking the words you just repeated, I should let him in. Quite some way of identifying yourself in a large city, isn't it?" and she laughed. I got along quite well after that. Ed either directed or accompanied me every day.

Entering Hanley's Hangout one afternoon, for a glass of lemonade, or some other soft drink cool-off a few Negroes accosted me at the door. One took my hat and brushed it vigorously, then went down the back of my coat. I acted big and brazen amongst them, at the same time holding my hand on my hip pocket. I thought— one can never tell. I believe they expected a "tip" for service rendered, I didn't then know what a tip was; very soon, however, I found out the intricacies of the trade.

After experiencing a few hair-raising dives on one of "White City's" Scenic Railways, I entered the Great Union Stock Yards and the Packing House of Libby McNeil and Libby, where the air was surcharged with the smell of the "blood of goats and oxen and the sprinkling of heifers." In the Slaughter Houses I saw many butchers and women bookkeepers. The general appearance of a certain big burly meat-cutter, manipulating a large spanking-new butcher-knife, did not appeal to me at all. He was wearing an open-throated, dark shirt, and syncopated summer-weight slacks, which caused me to think that he might be either Mexican or Sicilian, and therefore doubly dangerous. Seeing so much and so many kinds of meat piled before him I imagined he had more irons in the fire than he could conveniently handle. Since my visit here was not desperately important I departed, as a good-looking young lady gave me delicious ham sandwich with a goodly portion of McNeil's mustard poured over it. "Take this for your trouble," she said smiling graciously. Naturally I returned the compliments.

In 1910 the Chicago White Sox boasted of having had one of the best base-ball teams in the country. On the tenth of August of that summer forty-seven years ago, they were to play the Athletics of Philadelphia. Connie Mack was then still young. I didn't see him at the game, nevertheless he was there. After all had risen for the playing of the Star Spangled Banner, the game was on. I had never been at a major league game; I had never seen such wonderful ball-playing and such gay, happy people.

Having returned to college, at the first meeting of the Athletic Club I was unanimously chosen as the General Director. My high average in bowling was 185. Rip Van Winkle's team in the Catskill mountains did not have anything on my great bowlers.

I was now a senior in college, and I had intended to take my seminary course somewhere in Europe, preferably in Innsbruck Austria. Before taking such important step I thought of first visiting my sister Louisa, living near Houston, Texas. My father sent me the necessary funds for the trip, which I took during Christmas vacation. Not far from the college campus stood an empty box-car, sidetracked on the Burlington rail-way. Over the door I had written with chalk: "Bound for Texas—Hurrah!" As the train puffed through Oklahoma, slower than "the train through Arkansas," I heard people speaking with southern accents, which sounded a great deal like "Kentucky Twang." I heard one man saying: "How are you folks, all? And how is your cotton, brother?" To which the other replied: "My cotton is all right if the damn 'Niggers' weren't so damn slow in pickin'." Seeing so many Negroes huddled in a separate apartment I realized that I was now—"down in Dixie."

On the train I had all kinds of time to observe my fellow travelers. Soon a cowboy came on, who was rather red around his ears, and smelling of beer and tobacco. Few hatless young women also boarded the train, one of which was smoking a Chesterfield, which considerably surprised me. I had seen a Negro woman with a pipe in her mouth, and another with Copenhagen under her lip, but white girls with cigarettes—and their skirts well nigh of shocking shortness?

And now I began to wonder when and where to get off, and whether I was supposed to tip the porter. As the train slowly moved through endless Texas, it finally sidled towards Plantersville. Now—my time had come. Stepping off I saw no one. "Alone—alone—all, all alone?" said I. To the left of the depot I saw a narrow country road. The train had scarcely come to a standstill—just to let me off—when it gained momentum once more. And there I was in the center of silence and in the middle of nowhere—in a solitude of Texas vastness. Placing my suit-case on the sand I wondered. Had they forgotten to meet me at the train? I had telephoned that I was coming. Suddenly before me I saw the shadow of a man—my brother-in-law, Martin Klein. I didn't know him; I had never seen him before. After prolonged greetings I climbed into a rickety southern shay, and we started up the road, with two crippled horses ahead.

Arriving at the home my sister, she kissed and embraced me. "How well you look!" she exclaimed, "and how are all the folks, and how was the great snow?" (She had read in the papers of the terrible snowstorm we had in Wisconsin and Iowa.) "I just shiver when I see a picture of snow in the newspaper," continued my sister. "How are you anyway?" I broke in.—"Oh, so, so—as long as one is well!" she replied, "and righteous." As I was still speaking two pairs of dark eyes came peeping around the corner of a bedroom door. "What do you think of my twins?" she questioned. "They are darlings! Two girls—well—well!" was my response full of glee, "what are their names—Floosie and Flossie?" and I laughed loud. "If they were boy rascals you might have called them 'Donner and Blitzen' " and I laughed still louder. "I had twin boys, too, but one died," she continued. "Wasn't that too bad," I said with sorrow. "That's the way it goes isn't it, God knows best. But what are the girls' names?" I asked again: "Cecilia and Martha—'Molly' for short." "Molly, come here – come here to your uncle!" I begged. But she wouldn't—too shy. "So—you had a full set—quite a collection, triplets, or quads, or quintuplets would have been worse," I continued. "That would have been too much of a good thing," she asserted, "too hard on the pocket-book,"—"and on the bread-basket, too, I answered laughing.

On a bright sunny day in December Martin and I went hunting. Seeing a large rabbit I ran after him with my loaded shot-gun. A pretty shot might have flopped him, but since I was running I couldn't take accurate aim. Suddenly I noticed that my watch was missing. A small leather fob with a small souvenir medal from the college, was dangling on it. "St. Anthony, help me find my watch!" I prayed.—"St. Anthony, where did I lose my watch?— Our Father—Hail Mary ..." Returning to the place where I thought I lost it—there lay my watch pleasantly among some leaves—just like that I found it. "St. Anthony, thank you!" We also hunted the 'possum and the coon on the meadow, the hill and the shore. There is something more delicious even than opossum meat for the Negro.—

"De ham-bone am sweet, and de sweet-potato good,
An' de possum-steak am very—very fine,
But give me, oh, give me, oh, how I wish you would
De watermellon smilin' on de vine!"—

At Christmas Eve Martin said to me: "Let's go to Plantersville and see the fun!" Plantersville was a small dingy town—about two and a half miles away—with bicycles, umbrellas (it had rained) dogs, wild pigs (razor backs), darkies and donkeys. What we saw was more exciting than a Wild West Show. Plump and shiny Negro women were standing along fences, or reclining in open sheds, chewing Copenhagen and Plow Boy, while the men were having a real hell-a-bell-oo. It was even more dangerous than the Skullduggery and Scuttle-de-but of New Orleans' Mardi Gras. Drunken men on horses and donkeys were having a real battle with guns as bullets were whistling on all sides. The one who became drunk first was the first to be put out of town. As many as were taken out returned faster than they went out. The noise-making and fighting continued till the ringing of the Christmas-bell from the small Catholic Church at twelve o'clock—midnight.

The following may sound like a story from the "Land of Spooks." A few nights after Christmas Mr. Klein and I crawled into an old vacant Plantation House nearby. After we had entered the noises within became rather sinister. Long, low meanings—faint whisperings—nightmarey flutterings (like that of fighting bats)—loud footsteps padding up and down creaky stairs and along empty halls. "Cats—rats—bats—whow!"—Shuffling sounds, like splashing through water, and like bathing ghosts and gulching witches—burglers—night-hawks—"Bow-wow!" It was a night when the wind was blowing with determined ferocity, bending crops and trees, and causing the old mansion to whale and creak with slamming of doors.

All around darkeys were living, big bozoes, little pickaninnies, women with long black hair, unkempt and unadorned. They lived in log cabins like Old Black Joe of old, where on quiet evenings one could hear "the banjo tumming," and when strange and prolonged noises were heard in yonder Old Plantation Homes, they came from their huts sly and slowly, with open mouths and owlish eyes and frantic feet. They imagined that perhaps the "goblins were trying to get them."

Deep down in Dixie where I then sojourned far from the protection of President and police I almost ran into serious trouble. The train on which I was traveling towards San Antonio had suddenly stopped; a freight train ahead had jumped the track account of a washout. A flash flood had gone before, carrying mud and debris across the tracks. Looking out of the window I saw the freight engineer mopping his face and neck with a red bandanna. The engine of Freight No. 1 had snapped a rod. For me to idle many hours in a dark and brushy wilderness seemed little inviting. "Is there a place around here where one might get a little bite to eat?" I asked the conductor. "Yes, there is some sort of a hut a little ways off where you might get a sandwich and a cup of coffee," he said pointing it out to me. It looked something like the House of the Seven Gables so well described by Hawthorne, but not at all inviting.

In the depth of my conscience I thought—take 'er easy boy—hereabouts in the wilderness, among so many Negroes, they are apt to get ugly with strangers—nevertheless let me take a chance. Leaving my luggage on the train I went to what looked something like a social center of gossip and scandal. As soon as I entered I noticed a minor disturbance among a certain brigade of seven or eight loungers, who appeared like the most unemployed gang in the world. It seemed their friendship was more closely sealed than that of the League of Nations. A few were sprawled on the floor, with their backs against a dingy wall, full of gum wads and tobacco spots. I could have stepped on one or two of them, but even then I believe they would not have moved. All were apparently engaged in some gossiping-spree or political discussion. The accuracy of shooting towards a far-off cuspidor depended largely upon the number of teeth in a chewer's mouth. "Hu-hu, you think you are the only pebble on the beach!" shouted one loungeer to another, "you might be mistaken!"—The room smelled like a fish market. "I believe I better 'vamoose' from here," thought I, this is no place for one about to graduate from a Catholic College. I'll go to the depot and make myself at home there, and wait till the train arrives.

It was about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. In the small country depot at Sommerville, besides myself and the depot agent, was a man dressed in khaki, sleeping on a bench. For some reason or other he appeared "nutty" to me. He had some sort of a Tom Mix look about himself. I imagined he was some sort of a cowboy. Watching him closely I noticed after a short time he was no longer sleeping, but was continuously looking at me between the fingers of his right hand. "Courage Sonny!" I said to myself. "Perhaps he never before saw anyone from the north. Just out of school and well-dressed, he perhaps thought: "A-ha—here is where I may get in possession of a fine roll of greenbacks, or gobs of silver!" Perhaps he already imagined hearing the money jingle in his pockets. If he knew that I was a mere student, he would have given up in despair, because students very seldom have money.— Soon I saw him loading his revolver in a nearby closet. Seeing this I began to pray as sweat was creeping down my face. Had I left the depot I might have been a "dead duck." I continued praying till I heard the tooting of the train. Grabbing my traveling bag I hurried to my haven of refuge and rest.

It was in the month of January and the eighth day thereof when I came to Kansas City on my way home from the south. It was as difficult for me to find someone I knew there as it was for someone to find the place where he dropt his snuff-box into the Missouri River. Standing in the midst of a network of rail-road tracks, not far from the Union Depot, an elderly lady approached

me asking: "Can you tell me, Mister, when the ten o'clock train leaves for Chicago?" "At ten o'clock, Madam, I suppose," was my answer. "Thank you!" she said soothingly, and walked off. The light breakfast I had taken some hours before, was beginning to tell. Downtown I saw a line of stores, a shop with red, white, and blue pole, a drug store with green and blue vases in front, and over the door: "Health to all who enter here." Across the street was a Chinaman's restaurant advertising "Chop Suey, tasty, healthy, and refreshing." I had never before tasted such. "How much a bowl?" I inquired of the Pig-tailed Man behind the counter. "Twointy-foive zents," came the twang. "Give me two bowls, I'm hungry," I begged energetically. Soon there stood before me two bowls of Chop Suey—a mixture of fried and stewed meats (fresh from the Kansas City Stock Yards), with suey sauce (Chinese flavor) aplenty. That about satisfied me with little room left for pie-a-la-mode, as appetizer for the following meal.

Farther down the street oranges were piled in pyramids, outside of a large window, bananas, too, hung yellow, and tangerines, lemons, onions, brown as chocolate, and carrots—all tempting to the appetite. It seemed the Chop Suey hadn't gone too fat, for looking at a keg of pickled herring again started something within me. Buying a bag of peanuts from a man operating a copper roaster I heard the clinking of ice inside of a fruit shop.—"This is great!" I cheered, "Kansas City, forever!" "Is there anything worth while to see here?" I asked a man next to me. "There is an important convention this afternoon at 2:00 o'clock in the Convention Hall, a Republican Rally I believe." Following a large crowd into a spacious hall, I pondered: "That doesn't interest me!" After strolling along the Court House, and attending a movie, I began to think of my trip back home. I had about two feet of my rail-road ticket left,—and—when I came to the depot—"Pots, Donner und Hagel! Where is my ticket?—hadn't I placed it into my bill-fold?—No, it's not In there (reaching into my coat-pocket). Now what'll I do?" I felt worse than Peter in a Pickle.—"I will have to buy another ticket—that's all!—How far is it to Prairie du Chien? Still 700 miles?—Whew!—How much money have I left?" Opening my pocket-book I found not one red cent!—"Boys—oh—boys! Where are the cops—Where is anybody?" Sweat was dripping from my face like rain from a woodshed. The word "pawnshop" now came to my dazed mind. I heard the boys in college speak of such thing. Across the street I saw one—three shiny balls over a door. Going in I inquired of the philosopher in charge as I held my watch high in my hand. "How much will I get for this?"—"Let-a ma zee!" said the Italian pawn-broker. "It is a butter-gold watch that never has lost more than two seconds in a week, for twenty years," I pointed out. "How long-a you haff-a it?" "Almost twenty years, I bought it with the money I earned as hired man; guaranteed for twenty years, twenty years ago; the guarantee has almost run out, and yet it is good—as good as gold!" I encouraged. "I always had faith in that watch." "Yes-a but faith alone-a is a not enough; it must also haff-a good works-a," he assured. "I geef-a you eight dolla," was his

reply. "That's hardly enough," I argued. "Veil biznees ees biznees!" he continued, "you tak-a or leef-a all de same-a to me-a."

Slowly I plodded my weary way towards the depot. Telling the conductor of the train for Prairie du Chien, and of my terrible accident, and awful plight I was in, of my trip, college, parents, conditions of birth, miles from home, he finally allowed me to pass through the turnstile with my eight-dollar ticket.

Soon the train wriggled along rocks and bluffs bordering the scenic Father of Waters. And then—Prairie du Chien. "Fifteen minutes for lunch!" shouted the conductor. "Lunch—Mister?" chimed a lady behind a counter in a small eating-house. "No, thank you!" was my immediate reply, though I was hungry as a wolf.

Entering the college, with a Texas look about me, and a broad brimmed Texas hat shading my tanned face, it was evident the gray-headed Jesuit Fathers were profoundly shocked at my seven day late comeback. Had I been a few days later I would have been "kicked out of College," but belonging to the upper class, to the college elite, to the graduates in June—all this evidently saved me.

And now my days at Sacred Heart (Campion) College were drawing to a close. The time for graduation was at hand; I was to receive a diploma after all, with a B.A. after my name. Then I would no longer belong to the "hoi polloi," to the common crew. Great Caesar! I was now full of learning up to my neck. I was now able to step into the arena of life panoplied in cap and gown—sally forth with prestige, power and prominence. And be it known to all—I now knew all that was to be known.

A few weeks later since no news had arrived from Washington, D.C. regarding my citizenship papers, I boarded a train for La Crosse to have a short interview regarding my travels and studies, with my aged uncle-in-law, the Most Rev. James Schwebach. On the train I took special notice of a mother and her boy, sitting beside me. Judging from her appearance and manner of speech, I took her for a Jewess. She was bejemmed and bejewelled most lavishly. Speaking to her small son she said: "I-kee git out of de vindow and let the sun shine on de diamonds!" The sun made her diamonds sparkle brilliantly.—To give even a fragmentary sketch of all my travels seems fairly impossible. Often meeting dynamic personalities I tried to assimilate some of their knowledge, and experiences.

VIII

Studies and Travels Abroad

My principal reason of going to Europe, was not merely to tour the country, and see places of interest, but I had wished to follow other students, who went to complete their studies in the University at Innsbruck, Austria. My travels were merely accidental, yet they formed an informative supplement to my course of study.

You may have heard of people, who lived their whole life, in the place where they were born. I know a man advanced in years, who never set foot outside his farm and village. I remember a good mother, having been laid away in her tomb, without ever having tasted a whirl through space in a motor-car, or rail-way train, not to mention a voyage across the sea, or a speedy air trip.

When I arrived at the Union Station in Chicago the hurry and bustle of vast multitudes of all tribes and tongues and peoples greatly amused me. On the announcement board I enjoyed reading the names of the trains that arrived and left. Looking for something to read an old merchandiser, examining a razor-blade package, suddenly broke in:

"How are you fixed for blades? Be sharp — feel sharp!"

"Ah! fixed, thank you!" was my answer.

"How about a bill-fold with a patent key-holder — a special on today."

"No, not today," I earnestly replied as I slowly moved in the direction of Track No. 32.

Showing my ticket to the officer in charge I asked: "New York?" as if uttering a pass-word.

"Take car to the left," he replied.

Soon the train was clattering through a tangle of switches, and I gazed squarely into uncurtained rooms of darkies' homes. — "Negro Section" — I uttered. Lumpy bedding on grimy beds; sprawling sullenness of men, patience of women, standing over hot stoves, with children tugging at their skirts — all this I saw as the train passed through. This was nothing new to me; I had seen like conditions in the Negro districts of the south.

The conductor taking my ticket and punching it said: "Bad storm blowing up from the west."

"Another dust storm?" I questioned.

The old train-man grinned and said: "Not exactly—but we can take it—used to it," and he passed on.

About ten minutes had elapsed when the storm broke. It was terrific. So rapid was its progress that before I was able to think, the fury of the tempest was moving opposite the window where I sat. Never will I forget the commotion. The larger trees were bending and writhing in the gale; others suddenly snapped, or fell uprooted to the earth. Momentarily the train stopped as rain was unleashed in bucketfuls. As the sky was clearing, and the train passing slowly and cautiously through the debris-cluttered area, I slowly slipped my rosary back into my pocket.

Just then a black porter approached, and seeing me he questioned:

"Were you afraid—Fatha?"

"A little," I replied.

"That's nothin'," he continued. "Once when I was ridin' a donkey in Kansas many years ago, I was then working on the cattle ranch, employed as a cow-puncher—western Kansas yea—I had a whiskey jug strapped to my side. A storm came like the one that just passed; it blew so hard that it turned the jug inside out and outside-in again without spilling a drop.—Man—and when the storm was over the sun came out really hot—a farmer was hauling ear-corn he had picked from his field. The corn began to pop—pop-corn yea—and it popped all over. The donkey thinking it was snowin' layed right down and froze to death. That's the hones' fac'—yes-sah! Y-o-u-a-h!—Y-o-u-a-h! Oh, how he laughed.

"Good-bye—Niggah! You old Fibba!—good-bye-now! I chuckled.

It was a warm day in August when I came out of the Grand Pennsylvania Terminal into the heat of New York City, where a long line of taxis were waiting. A dozen or more boys and girls, presumably High School students were sitting on benches along one side. It seemed they were having some kind of a learned discussion; it may have been a mere love affair. Asking one whether he knew of the "Leo House" he said abruptly "No!" Not too far from the Leo House, was the Ghetto, the Jewish District, and nearby a large Catholic Church. And there the story went that one Sunday three Jews went to mass. When the collection-box came around, one of the Jews fainted and the other two carried him out. When they returned the collection was over.

Before leaving the "downtown" and "turning in" for that night, we took a last look into St. Patrick's Cathedral. A steady stream of people were circling the main altar, where countless flames from votive candles were diffusing dim lights over many bowed heads.

A native of Iowa, I had never seen the waves of the sea. It was a moment never to be forgotten when I first beheld the Briny Deep. The sounding of the Steamboat whistle signified that friends of passengers were to leave the ship. As the skyline of New York was receding I saw the last vestiges of my Native Land fade away like a bluish cloud on the horizon. At the first call for lunch I went down into the refectory, and then I noticed the first "swell" of an ocean wave. It was a minor thrill which brought a smile to many faces. I heard a few girls exclaim: "oh, swell!" It was the ocean merely taking his first deep breath.—

"Holy Raphael with Tobias; holy Gabriel with Mary;
Holy Michael with all the heavenly host
Be with us on our voyage!"—Amen

My cabin with one bed was delightful—an ideal arrangement for a contented seafarer. Among the mail I received one evening was a box of flowers marked: "Love from Adeline," and I thought "I wonder who in the 'heck' is thinking of me?" It was a mistake. The box had been placed before "one-cabin-door-too-soon" along the line. On board ship there was dancing and music every day. After I had been "rocked in the cradle of the deep," I awoke one morning at half-past-four, and I could see the White Cliffs of Dover, England appearing, like mountains of chalk in the hazy distance.

In Belgium the train went along stretches of lonely marshes, and streams edged with bulrushes and pussy willows. Along the Rhine I saw picturesque castles lording it over high and rugged cliffs. Some had overhanging balconies with "Romeo and Juliet" effect. The homes in Germany are mostly built of cement and stucco and stone; neat and fireproof they are made to last. No fire engines rush along the streets with hose and ladders. Frequently, however, I met Schornsteinfeger (chimney sweeps), dirty and black as crows, or as the "ace of spades." They were usually a joking and jovial lot. I remember one making fun of Noah's Ark, saying: "Noah took into the Ark seven pair of clean animals and only two pair of unclean. He wanted to know why the unclean were underprivileged. 'If I'd been Noah' he said, 'I'd washed 'em all clean, because I think all of the animals should have the same rights.'" I thought to myself, you better wash yourself, and perhaps you would have more rights too, you wouldn't have to be walking the streets with hook and ladder.

One time in Germany I was at a complete loss to find the facilities of a lavatory. Asking a man on the street he told me that "Abort" was the place I was looking for. Soon I found one on which a clock was ticking. Inside a small scrawny woman was in charge, keeping her eye on every user. Her motto was: "Pay when you leave according to the length of use." Three minutes amounted to about ten Pfennig, the payment of which was absolute, without tip, sales tax, income tax, or what have you.

Boarding an Eilzug (fast train) at Duesseldorf, there was a great commotion among a number of men passengers. I take it that they were university students—duelists perhaps. However, I saw no colorful ribbon down their vests—no sword hanging at their sides. Suddenly a burly fellow yelled with great gesticulations: "So far I will go and no farther; no one will move me one inch from this spot. "Boys!" thought I, he evidently means business. Better let him alone, he might do something rash. It fairly frightened me to see so many pale faces. Soon after I left the train.

At Cologne my first inspection tour was directed to the Cathedral, which is, perhaps, the noblest Gothic structure in existence. It can be seen well only by a visit. The grandeur of the rich artistic windows, the massive carved proportions, and the height and delicate stonework of its interior are beyond words.

After Cologne and Nuernberg I landed bag and baggage in Munich, the beer-capital of Germany. In the Hofbrauhaus "ein Liter Muenchner Bier mit offenem Deckel" (one quart of beer with open cover) came to good advantage. Here I listened to Richard Wagner's wonderful music, played by a sixteen-string orchestra. Nearing Innsbruck, Austria my nasal radar picked up the soft sweet smell of the mountain evergreen and larch. Innsbruck is the principal city of Tyrol, and the seat of the Tyrolese Grafschaft (titled nobility). The city is protected on all sides by high rugged mountains. Along its streets "one sees mostly soldiers, students, dogs, and bicycles." (Students' Song). Displayed in its shop windows are sportsmen's complete outfits: skis, mountain shoes, weather coats, ice picks, snow-goggles, and all kinds of souvenirs, made from deer antlers, chamois claws, Edelweiss blossoms, Alpine roses, mountain Entien, dried and preserved in wax, and boutonnières and bouquets of many kinds, all hand-made for the tourist trade.

Directly south of the city the visitor sees Berg Isel, where in 1809 Adreas Hofer with Speckbacher and Haspinger, at the head of an immense army of gallant farmers with pitch forks, axes, scythes, grub hoes, rakes, and what have you, recaptured the city, which had been taken by the Bavarians and the French during the war with Napoleon.

The Canisianum, the seminary proper, was a cheerful well lighted building. I never entered it without an instinctive feeling of reverence for the Saint Peter Canisius, after whom it was named.

Going up the wide stairs I was introduced to the Rector, Father Hoffman, a picture of ascetic benevolence. Underlying his natural courage was his strong religious heroism, burning with supernatural fires, and with union of grace with God. He was a Jesuit in all the faithfulness of love for the rules and regulations of the order; he was uncompromising in his love for the students. He was more than a mere Order Man in his ardent love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a love that had in it something of the fire of St. Bernard.

After a formal introduction he listened with interest to the accounts of my journey, and he commended me for having chosen the better part of coming to the seminary, instead of serving the Lord in the cornfields of Iowa, and the wheat fields of South Dakota. Delicate of frame he was far from filling the swivel-chair in which he was circulating in front of his desk. His face, built on pontifical lines, and illumined with a smile now and then, was paternal enough to embrace a whole diocese. He assigned me to a fairly-large room (im ersten Stockwerk) on the first floor, from where I could see across the street, to a small monastery with its Herzjesukapellchen (Sacred Heart Chapel.) Nearby were houses and gardens and far away the mountains.

Everyone knows that health is the groundwork of all happiness. To insure happiness to all inmates a Doctor (Hausarzt) came to the seminary at least once every week for a physical check-up of all who were ailing. I was one of his regular customers. When a tooth ached the Rector sent me to the University Dentist, who had his office near the railway station. A warm snuff-like perfume of tobacco usually pervaded his dental quarters. I knew him merely by Der Zahnarzt—the dentist. He was a lively sort of a fellow, and he knew me well, because I went to see him regularly. He was as "simple as a dove, but not as prudent as a serpent," especially not in mending teeth. He put some sort of a clatter-wag into my mouth, which, whenever I ate sounded like the rattling of bones. I used it till I came to America, where I had a regular dentist put in a substantial mouthpiece. Whenever I screamed with pain he seemed to shiver with horror, at the same time he would trot gaily around his large chair, twirl the drills and sing:

"It won't be a stylish marriage—
We can't afford a carriage;
But she will look sweet
Upon a wide seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"—

The crazy loon, thought I; there I was writhing in pain while he was singing with glee.—I believe he was actually in love. And then he would wreck my teeth all over again. He would tap on one and look serious, and say: "I'm sorry this one will have to come out; there is a great deal of infection." "Well, go ahead!" I demanded as I braced my legs firmly against the window-sill. Taking an ugly-looking pliers, he began singing again: "It won't be a stylish marriage"—and when he came to the word "bicycle" the tooth was out with one big flash of lightning and pain. "Oh, Boy!" I cheered with satisfaction, "no more dentist for me, till I get home to Iowa!"—and the bill was \$70.00.

One afternoon while engaged in rodling (sliding) in winter, I slid under a team of horses, pulling a load of wood. Sprawling under the horses' bellies I tried to get out. I might have been kicked into the next world, had it not been for the horses' gentleness—my Guardian Angel, my scapular medal, God's bountiful protection, and the driver's alertness, who grabbed me by the nape of the neck and pulled me out.

IX

Viva Italia!—Eviva Roma Diletta!

At Easter time a vacation of four weeks was given to all who wished to make a pilgrimage to Rome to see the Holy Father, and to visit and pray at the four famed Basilicas. On the twenty-third of March, 1912, Vitus Stoll and I, and about forty others crossed the Brenner Pass, leading from South Tyrol into northern Italy. When the train left Innsbruck the weather was fair, but on the mountain-pass it was not. I gave the conductor a tip of twenty Kreuzer, if he guaranteed me a place near a window on the right side of the third-class *Nichtraucher*. (Coach in which smoking was prohibited.)

After passing through many tunnels the train arrived at Firenze (Florence), Italy, which boasted of 160,000 inhabitants. Florence is famous for art and artists. Walking the streets of the city, with halls filled with paintings and sculptures, it appeared to me that at some time or other every man in Florence tried to be great and admired. Naturally any man can marry a girl, but not everyone can produce a great artistic work. After all man is a conceited being, and nothing appeals to him more than praises and applause. Who wants to be a sailor, a fireman, or a policeman? Who wants to be an officer in the army? Men love uniforms to set them apart, to make them different from the other fellows.

Crossing the Arno River, lights were twinkling from across the waters. After purchasing a guide-book we managed to find many places of interest. I recall one noon we sought a place to eat, and we found a small restaurant, clean and hospitable, on a side street. It seemed the waiters did not understand a word of English. My fingers did most of the talking to them in a "deaf and dumb" language. After the "ice was broken" one young miss became rather loquacious. "Are you priests like our Italian priests?" she said. "Do you wear a cassock on the street, and do you marry?" I wasn't a priest then yet, but a clerical student. After the waiters became wise to that they were no longer "flapergasted."

If someone would ask me about the climate of Italy I would tell him: "Have you ever heard of The Land of Sunshine and Roses?" If he is an old man I am sure that in Italy he would enjoy freedom from cold and from overcast skies. If he were young I would tell him: "There is no skating and skiing for you in Italy; you may wear light clothes, and take your outdoor morning swim every day."

One day I witnessed a funeral coming around a corner. In front was an officer in medieval dress, then a number of men in black dominoes, with black pointed hoods, and black masks, and long rosaries at their sides. Four priests in surplices, birettas, and stoles, came next in order, followed by an ornate hearse, in black and gold, drawn by six black horses, draped in black, with a medieval horseman; and flanking were more hooded brethren carrying long lighted torches, that flared and sputtered. And lastly came the city brass band, playing a funeral dirge, followed by the family and friends and more guards.

Assisi, protected by wide walls, appears ancient, like a huge citadel on a hill. Entering the city gates a peasant was giving his donkey to drink from a rustic water-trough. In the Church of St. Francis were beautiful frescoes from the life of the great saint. There was one scene with St. Francis in a boat; the fish were sticking their heads from the water, with open mouths, while he was talking to them. Among the sightseers with me was a small boy. Seeing the painting he remarked: "If daddy were here I bet those fish wouldn't stick their heads out like that!"

Arriving at Rome, we first went to see St. Peter's, which is really something great. From the moment the graceful arms of the vast Piazza di San Pietro reach out to embrace you, till you stand on the very top of the dome and see the vast city beneath your feet, you have one grand and glorious feeling. Here immense crowds come and go. Standing in the center of the vast basilica, hemmed in by multitudes, I read the glorious words of Christ's promise to Peter, written high in golden letters, which at the same time was His commission to all the popes, bishops, and priests of all times.

It was one of the glorious days on which the Holy Father appears officially in St. Peter's Church. Long before his arrival multitudes of anxious spectators had assembled in the piazza. The whole affair seemed like the assembling of the Israelites before crossing the Red Sea, or like a vast gathering before a base-ball championship game. Suddenly there is a great commotion: "Eviva il Papa! Long live the Popel Three cheers for Pope Pius the Tenth!" —It seemed as if the pillars around the Great Rotunda might break from the roaring waves of cheers and applause. It was merely the coming of the humble Fisherman into the Barque of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, coming into his own.

On the day when we had audience with His Holiness, seeing us kneeling around his studio, the severity of his expression melts into a kindly smile. He listens to what we have to say. Our spokesman reads a letter of greeting from our Pater Regens. Then calling us to himself we take his kindly hand and kiss the Fisherman's ring. He gives us the Apostolic Blessing, with the right of conferring it on all present at our first mass. His steps were slow and his form straight and spare as a Lombardy poplar. On his noble head is a white skull-cap, and over his shoulder a broadcloth cape; indeed he appeared like the captain of St. Peter's fleet.

Returning to our headquarters for the night, after visiting the catacombs and many churches, Yitus and I had quite some argument with cab-drivers. They were dissatisfied with our offerings.

The meters on their cabs showed decidedly more than we had agreed to give. Hearing the discussion a number of other drivers rushed upon the scene. I begged Vitus to pay the amount they asked. "What can we do," said I, "in a strange city, and against fifty or more enraged Italians, perhaps with daggers, stilettos under their belts?"

I have never been in a prison though I have seen pictures of Daniel in the Lions' Den, and Jonas in the Belly of the Whale. When I entered the Mamortine Prison, where St. Peter had been incarcerated, I was astonished at the narrow cell, and the dinginess of the place. How could anyone survive for many days in such dark cavern, thought I? In the center was a pillar of stone to which St. Peter had been chained—San Pietro in Vincoli. An angel delivered him.

The Ruins of Rome are looked upon like a public park. Here mothers sew and knit, while their children find the ruins the grandest place for playing. Here young couples are blissfully young in the midst of all this antiquity. Here nurse-maids guard their children; boys play noiselessly, girls walk primly.

Rome is a city of churches; I have visited seventy-five of them. It would take too long to describe even a few. Leaving Rome for Naples the train was so crowded that arms and legs, bundles and boxes were sticking out at all angles from the windows.

When one arrives at Naples he takes it for granted that everyone will be singing in high soprano, or dramatic tenor, with a bombast of basso profundo now and then in between. They do sing on sidewalks, and over their wine-kegs on wagons, to one of which I saw hitched a cow, a donkey and a crippled horse. Here I couldn't find a decent place to eat. After I had gathered sufficient courage I entered a restaurant but I couldn't make heads or tails of the roasted creatures that were set before me on a large platter. Almost despairing I ordered "rivoli" which might have been anything from a cat to an octopus. Behold there came before me a most delicious plate of ordinary spaghetti, fresh from the factory.

And now—"Saluti Vesuvio!—Viva Spagetti con fromagio! (Greetings to Mt. Vesuvius—Long live cheese and spaghetti.) In front of me was the mountain of smoke and fire and lava and rocks.—Who will dare to ascend the huge volcano? My sturdy comrade Vitus Stoll dared the climb; I thought it safer to remain below; I considered the climb too strenuous. On high he saw the pale outcrops of rock and lava burnt red and ochre and orchid by the hot sun and intense volcanic heat.

While my companion was climbing the mountain I loitered along the streets of Pompei. Looking into alleys I saw clotheslines stretched from side to side, where not too clean-looking lingerie fluttered in the breeze. In the year A.D. 79 the city had been destroyed by an earthquake. For a tip of due soldi (ten cents), some encased pictures, along the walls of destroyed houses were shown to curious sightseers. Lizards and toads were in abundance all over the place of desolation. Frequently I stepped on one—!—!—!— What ugly creatures!

One thing may be mentioned here: the condition of the sleeping quarters in warm countries like southern Italy. One cannot blame the people; it is really part and parcel of the warm climate. Try as I would, I really found it impossible to rouse the inn-keeper to take action about my bedding. When I mentioned fleas she merely raised her eyebrows, gave me a wild look, and asked me whether I knew what flea-bites were, and whether I had competent authority on the matter. She declared that certain bites on my arms and neck had been inflicted by an even more sinister insect, called the cockroach, or bed bug.

At Pisa I saw the Grand Cathedral and nearby the Leaning Tower, where Galileo discovered the law of gravitation, and of the pendulum. I knew that Genoa was the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. Near the center of the city stands a large memorial with the inscription: "A Christophoro Colombo, La Patria." (To Christopher Columbus—his Fatherland.) In the Campo Santo (Cemetery), one of the largest in the world, where over a million are buried, I stood beside mausoleums, monuments and gravestones.— Seeing so many memorials of the dead Vitus said to me: "Do you know how many are dead in this vast cemetery?" "No, I couldn't guess!" I replied. "They are all dead!" he said with a loud laugh. "Oh, naturally!" I exclaimed.

At Milan I saw the first seaplane; as it was taking off I stood back of it—"whew! it almost blew me over. At the La Scala theater I witnessed Wagner's Meistersaenger—their singing was terrific. There I saw even horses on the stage—a colt with its mother. I believe their names were "Horsey" and "Dorsey." After the show there was a street-fight. I saw a man dancing around—not a square dance—he didn't take sufficient time to make the corners. Some

men were shaking his head, others his arms and legs; and occasionally someone shook a terrible fist. Finally they embraced each other and the fight was over. Milan's Cathedral is one of the largest in the world. The long rows of columns inside make a wonderful impression upon the beholder. In an adjacent church—Santa Maria della Grazie e Coenacolo Vinciano, I saw the original painting of the famous Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, painted on a rear wall of a huge dining-room in a basement.

X

A Pilgrimage to Lourdes, France

In September, 1912, I made a pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine in Lourdes, France. The trip was not too prayerful; it was taken more in a sightseeing way. I hope Our Lady was pleased with my visit; I am certain she helped me considerably. After the train was well under way, looking at Jack Stoesser, one of my companions, he appeared not too well. Asking him what was the matter he said he had strained his back in the morning brushing his teeth. To which I remarked: "Don't worry, Jack, the trip will cure all that!" Looking out of the train window, along a dense forest I saw a small animal, smaller than a red squirrel, or chipmunk, and faster than lightning, so fast that when lightning struck a tree on top on which one of the animals was farther down, it beat the lightning to the ground every time. Then it would look up at the tree as if to say: "It split the tree—all right—didn't it?"

When the train seemed going too slow for Jack Stoesser from Chicago, where everything is hurry and bustle, he exclaimed: "Come on—you train guys—let's get going!"—When the dreary weather continued, to cheer up the gang I would hit upon—

"Wait till the sun shines—Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by!"

Soon the train passed through a country pastoral and beautiful, the home of Swiss cheese and Swiss cattle. Closely-set shocks of golden grain were drying in the sun, while green expanses of waving clover were restful to the eye. Set in opulent valleys neat homes were beautifully adorned, and bulky red barns suggested patient toil, prosperity and idyllic peace. Lying in the shade mild-eyed cattle were chewing their cud, and shiny-backed chickens crowded the feeding-boxes, or lifted their heads as they drank.

At Lyons I sojourned at the Hotel Nice. A circus had just moved in and I shall never forget "That terrible night at Lyons!" —"Did you hear the lions roar and the hyenas scream? Then I heard strange sounds of 'Macbeth doth murder sleep!' " Soon I heard the Circus Barker: "super-colossal—stupendous—gigantic, etc." Directing my steps to the remarkable Basilica de Notre Dame de Fourvieres I had a magnificent view of the plains to the east, the snowy cliffs and ridges and slopes of the Alps—and one hundred miles away Mount Blanc in eternal ice.

From Lyons the Marseilles Express took a due southerly course along the banks of the Rhone, with the stream on one side, on the other woodlands and farms. At Avignon is a noteworthy palace (very old, and in ruins), which, for seventy years was the abode of the popes of Rome. Bearing dignity in its isolation, it still holds a graceful prominence over all the surroundings.

Now we are in Lourdes, France, the home of a most famous religious shrine of Our Lady. Here the faith of millions is roused, and salvation brought to many. Here the Magnificat, oft repeated and solemn, resounds o'er hallowed precincts. Here the Ave Maria rises from hearts innumerable to the throne of the Immaculate, and the Te Deum and the Laudate to God in heaven. Before the shrine, rich and poor, high and low, educated and unlearned daily come to greet Mary. Here six times I drank and was submerged into wholesome waters.

Leaving the baths I entered the church, which is more than a chapel.—"Go tell the priests to build a chapel here!"—the heavenly Lady commanded. It rises majestically upon the rock of Massabielle. Inside it is decked with flags of all nations, and with countless "Merci!" (Thank You!) banners. Every day at four o'clock in the afternoon a Eucharistic procession is held, during which the sick in wheel chairs are blessed with the Sacred Monstrance. Suddenly there is a great commotion. People are crowding around a young girl, who is being taken to the medical bureau. "She is cured! She walks without crutches!" is loudly heard. Then she is taken to the Grotto, where she kneels in thanksgiving before the Statue of the White Madonna. In the evening every day a vast multitude assembles to witness, and to take part in a grand Flambeau (beautiful flame) procession.

Crossing into Spain no one questioned for my passport, nor visa. There were no customs officers to ask "Quien esta?" (Who goes there?) The train choo chooed freely into another country without stop or station. The Spanish girls who came to meet the train were courageous and charming, perhaps the most elite among the daughters of

Eve.—Attractive señoritas—Spanish Cinderellas! Some perhaps came to meet and to greet a great toreador (bull fighter) high-headed—wax-moustached, in velvet fedora, and with bull-fighting intelligence.

I visited a few churches in Spain, the Iglesia (church) del Buen Dios, and Santa Maria; both were large and beautiful in the city of San Sebastian.—"O come bueno e San Sebastian!" (How beautiful is the city of San Sebastian).

Watching divers diving and swimmers swimming, and many wading along the beach at Biarritz, sea gulls by the dozens were wheeling, and gliding and zooming and dipping to within a foot or two from my head. A certain one in a nose dive actually parted the hair on my head, with his swooping tail.

I can easily understand why people get excited about Paris. Even Americans say: "Oh, it's a 'swell' city!" Despite being dressed like seminarians, we were frequently accosted and eyed by women, who lingered as they passed. Some were as persistent as Kentucky Blue Grass, which, sheared to the roots, will nevertheless sprout again.

It was interesting and educational to travel along the subways. Climbing down I saw long corridors, and halls, and rooms, where people changed cars and travelled on. The walls were made of solid rocks, and brick, yet everything seemed to be vibrating, and every voice had a sepulchral ring. If you can imagine a vehement voice, ringing through a forest, you may understand how it sounded as near me a powerful man was calling all trains as they came and went. He seemed a stranger to everyone, and no one could understand how he could carry on with the conductor's permission. Sweat was rolling off him like rain. He seemed to me like a Mexican bandit attacking a train, but, perhaps, it was merely a hoax, a mischievous trick, something different for the entertainment of the travelling public.

I did not ascend the Eiffel tower; it seemed too frail for me; yet we know it is very firm, having braved the storms and earthquakes of centuries.—The dawn was bright as I planned a visit into the Notre Dame Cathedral, one of the most elegant and renowned churches of Europe. The marvelous details of its exterior, and the entrancing beauty of its interior overwhelmed me.—The

Louvre, once a magnificent and spacious palace of kings and emperors, is now used as a museum—a vast picture gallery.—Arriving at L'Eglise de Madeleine (Church of Mary Magdelene). I was dumbfounded at finding such temple of glory in such worldly city.—Next to New York, the houses of finance in Paris transact more business than in any other city in the world.

Leaving Paris the train passed through a small town, where screaming was heard outside of my train window. Asking the Negro porter about the commotion he told me that two boys, coming from school made a bet to see who could stand nearest to the passing train without getting hurt. When the train came whizzing through, one of the boys was actually standing too close. Consequently his nose was cut away and also his right big toe. A doctor was called—the bleeding was terrific. Without much consideration he put the toe on in place of the nose, and the nose where the toe should be. Now the poor chap is in an awful predicament. "What's the reason?" I questioned with interest. "Because" replied the Negro, "every time the boy feels like sneezing he must take off his shoe." "Che—a che—a che—!" he laughed with gusto and walked off. "Oh, you prevaricator!" I exclaimed, "you should receive first prize for telling the biggest yarn."

Arriving at the city of Luxembourg over a long bridge, I at once felt at home; my grandfather's folks came from there. When a policeman saw me looking around in a sort of a dumbfounded way, he asked me where I came from and what I was seeking. I told him that I was looking for distant relatives. "There are hundreds of Wagners," said he, "living in the Grandduchy of Luxembourg, yet it would be difficult to trace my direct lineage from any of them. Inquiring at different homes and various families I found no one that knew me, nor was interested in my story.

Trieves (Trier) is Germany's oldest city. Built by the Romans it was already a city when Caesar Augustus was a child. The Sacred Garment of Christ, for which the soldiers drew lots at the Crucifixion ("They divided My garments amongst them, and upon my vesture they cast lots") I went to see, but it was shown to the public only every twenty-five years.

On the following day I entered an animal garden at Basel, Switzerland, which was extremely interesting. There I saw a large lion murderously mad; the hair on his mane stood straight as porcupine quills. He clawed the concrete and bit the bars; he knew that he couldn't get even one pound of flesh, nor wrench an arm or leg, not even a tiny finger from a passer-by.

Coming home to Innsbruck I contemplated another trip, to the XXIII International Eucharistic Congress at Vienna, Austria. The scenery along the way was beautiful. The countryside stood knee-deep in green glory. The trees and gardens were festooned with leaves and flowers, which appeared like the silks and satins of noblemen of imperial days. Consulting the timeworn fragments of European history, I found that Salzburg was the most picturesquely-situated city in Austria. Visiting the Cathedral I saw strikingly artistic paintings from the Life of Christ.

Even though "Old Pluvius" did not desist from sending down his cold needle-point rains upon Vienna, the Eucharistic Procession nevertheless continued along the principal streets and boulevards. I myself and a few other Americans joined in the long march through the city. Everyone in line was either dressed in royal or religious

fashion. Priests and people, princes of the Church, policemen, soldiers, members of religious societies, children and grownups, nuns, monks, and acolytes, even the Emperor Franz Joseph himself in a gala wagon, preceding the elaborately adorned carriage, in which the Blessed Sacrament was held by the Apostolic Delegate—all made up the pompous Eucharistic Procession, that lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. In the Habsburg Square, over the main entrance to the imperial palace the Eucharistic Sacrifice was to be celebrated; but since the rain continued there was no mass.

After the Congress had closed I boarded a train for Salzburg. Entering a restaurant I saw an elderly man standing near with a hearing-aid. "Travelling from place to place," he said, "I really get a great fund of information, which I can never lose, because" he said, "everything goes into one ear and can't get out of the other." (He could hear only with one ear.)

In Venice I climbed into a gondola (an Italian Paddle-boat), and sailed the Grand Canal (the city's Main Street). The gondolier (the man who paddled and steered the boat) sang all the way as though he was singing his way to heaven.

"You mean little blood-sucker!" cried a boy beside me, as he slapped a mosquito on his bare arm.—"Ah, Venezia diletta," (Oh, delightful Venice) blurted a fat female on the other end of the boat, who made it lean her way with her middle-aged spread.

Attending mass in St. Mark's Cathedral one Sunday at 12:00 o'clock, when the collection basket came around, I put in uno soldo; I had no other change. Yet the tax-gatherer was more than thankful. He repeated "Grazie! Grazie!" (Thanks), which was heard throughout the services from every corner of the vast Church.

Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic" still lives in her glorious past in the Doges Palace. Upon its walls the richness of an opulent Renaissance had been flung in profusion by famous painters. Looking into the notorious prison cells, I saw a small slot into which ballots were cast to condemn, or release a prisoner. If condemned he was taken during the night across the Bridge of

Sighs and drowned in the sea.—On the Rialto Bridge a number of women were sitting all day, equally poised to buy, sell or swap. One of them said: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, or walk with you. They were under a constant and intense pressure to do business at any margin, on profit from one hundred to one thousand per cent.

I was fast asleep in a gondola, when the gondolier approached me exclaiming: "Wake up, Mister!" Opening one eye I saw a smiling man with a large straw hat. He was brimming over with enthusiasm.

"Welcome to San Lazzaro!" he said loudly.

"Now you may come ashore!"

Sleepily I stood up. On deck I paused involuntarily to gaze at a breath-catching sight. Spreading from the harbor and the island was the green-blue sea, not particularly rough, but capped with small summits and ridges. Clouds were clinging to the sky like white ships to the infinite.

On Good Friday Mr. Gallagher and I entered St. Mark's Cathedral to attend the Mass of the Presanctified. Fatigued from roaming we sat in a pew. Near me was a man signaling that we should kneel down. Not understanding what he meant we remained sitting. Soon a Cathedral guard approached, and commanded us to rise. I rose at once, while Gallagher still remained seated. The officer, becoming incensed, spoke more loudly: "Protestanti! Protestanti!" I believe he would have "booted" Mr. Gallagher from church had he not made a quick move at my orders: "Get up! Get up!" and taken a more devotional attitude.—with this excitement I lost my second umbrella.

It was splendid weather in the high country of northern Italy. The aspens glittered like silver on the hills. It gave me a tingling thrill to hear a deer stag braying. Suddenly I saw him in a proud pose not too far away, with his back sleek as a horse, and with his many-pointed rack silhouetted against the sky. He was in his splendid prime. To the south spread the Sea of Garda, shining beneath a golden sun. North lay hills of green and east I could see the mighty cliffs of Monte Baldo. Nearby two boys were arguing. The one said: "Hm-hm, my father was a doctor, so I can be sick for nothing!" The other answered: "Ho, that's nothing, my dad was a minister, so I can be good for nothing!"—Asking to stay over night in a certain mountain-home the father of the family replied: "Oh, certainly, you can, although my mother-in law snores like an earthquake, and my children may drive you mad, still my beds are as soft as clouds,"—old fashioned featherbeds. And we slept soundly—we were tired.

XI

Highland Sojourn—

I Walk Through Switzerland

To omit Switzerland—"glorious Switzerland"—on an extended trip through Europe is no better than travelling blindfolded. Ordinarily when tourists become weary of incessant rounds of travelling, and look for a place to rest, they often go to Switzerland, where they may enjoy the beauties of nature, and the quietness and grandeur of the mountains. In Switzerland are many villages with winding streets and shady lanes, luxurious hotels, situated in suitable places on mountainsides and convenient highways. In Switzerland are all kinds of fresh air, plenty of goat's milk, butter and cheese, delicious venison, and mountain trout—all of which the out-of-country visitors immensely enjoy.

I wrote these lines on the train passing through Switzerland, where the swaying and bumping was awful. I had ordered a glass of goat's milk to give me continued energy, but I was sorry, the glass tipped over. I had been drinking such on various occasions, but strangely enough, it left a certain mountain taste in my mouth. Throwing open the shades of my train window, I saw the pale moon coming in, which tempted me to sing:—

"Shine on, harvest moon!—shine on!—shine on!—
Shine on harvest moon!"—

In a passing cottage I saw a lady at her spinning-wheel, making silk yarn. How different this than in our Wisconsin homes, thought

I. A spinning-wheel seems as easy to operate as writing Pepsicola
in the sky with an airplane. I imagine both are not as easy as
they might seem.

Along a pathway through the mountains a young Englishman accompanied, and stayed overnight with me in a cottage near the Gemmi Pass. In the morning when he started to dress he could find only one sock. I told him he couldn't go on that way—he might get cold feet. He lost nearly half an hour before he located the other sock—he had both on the same foot.

Seeing so many people, travelers if you will, in hotels and tourist homes, along highways, mountains and lakes, I thought it was easy in Switzerland to slip into a serene way of delightful living. Everybody there loves to rest, roam, play, and climb. How readily I myself took to all that. Particularly pleasant it was for me when tired to set on some hotel veranda and drink in the quiet beauty of the mountains.

Near Einsiedeln I boarded a "Sleepy-town Dozer" train going to Arth-Goldau. It travelled so slow that every coach seemed like a "Sleeper." Somewhere along the way a superannuated horse was standing obliquely near an unpainted hay-shed. The horse was large and black, and had gained a bad reputation by kicking over its traces. It, too, was sleeping beside two male calves, dozing in the bright sunlight.—Two sleeping pigs were keeping them company. The whole surroundings seemed more sleepy than "Sleepy Hollow."

Seeing a fine road ahead I took to it on foot. Suddenly I heard tinkling bells, and the clack of cows' hoofs, sounding o'er the hard road. Around the corner came a yoke of cows pulling a wagon with firewood. Urging the animals onward, barefoot urchins shouted in a language strange to me: "Uu-ffa—uu-ffa—am Berg—mal nuf-fa!" Behind the boys a small girl, black skirt flying and blond pigtailed bobbing above a red handkerchief, was tugging at two bleating goats longing to be milked. In the rear of the procession came an enormous pig snuffling and grunting ponderously; and finally the lordly watchdog walking cautiously.

Rain seemed inevitable as I followed a gloomy road leading to the Hole Gasse, a dark avenue of birch and elders. Hard by a place is shown where William TeU cleft the apple on the boy's head.

"This feat of Tell, the archer will be told,
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.

By Heaven! The apple's cleft right through the core."
—Play of William Tell. Act III.

At the end of a long vista is Tell's Chapel, erected on the spot where Gessler was killed.—

"Along this narrow pathway he shall come;
There is no other way to Kuessnacht!
Here I shall end his villainy—
This—my chance!
Here's a bush where I can hide
To fix my aim I
This rugged path will delay his followers!
Acknowledge your guilt—tyrant!
Away with you—your days are over!"—William Tell.

At the southern extremity of the Lake of Luzerne, Monsieur Beret from Paris was flying his hydroplane along the mountains. It was the first of its kind that I had seen. When I saw a few young men taking a chance in the air it gave me "cold feet." Flying was a novelty then. After listening to Steirmark's Yodelers in a theater, a number of American youths, coming from a restaurant—it seemed they had taken more than a mere goblet's gleam—gave a free-for-all performance on the pavement. One trotted like a turkey, another imitated a "wild goose chase," and a third yelled: "Who gave the bride away?" Standing nearby, I loudly answered: "I suppose father did!"

Before ascending the Furka Road I bought a Rucksack (knapsack), (a leather or cloth carry-all) which I flung over my shoulders, filled with provisions and equipment: a guide-book with directions of paths and roads, a sweater, which came in handy on higher levels, a few sandwiches, a jar of tea, and a first-aid kit, which weren't too heavy for a wide-awake traveler. Arriving at the highest elevation of the road, I entered a small hotel, where I removed a blister from my foot. It was not too painful: I tried to ignore it, yet it made walking unpleasant.

Near Handeck I witnessed a 220-foot waterfall, where wood berries were growing, sweet as sugar. Seeing mountains all around the song of the Highland Hunter came to me:

"My heart's in the highland, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the highland aching the deer,
Ahunting the wild deer and chasing the roe;
My heart's in the highland wherever I go."

The Jungfrau Mountain, called "The Beautiful Maiden," rises to a height of 14,000 feet. I ascended it in a cogwheel train. Going higher and higher we passed through a tunnel, where everything was as quiet as in a grave. Suddenly: "Bravo! Isn't it wonderful! Oh! The Jungfrau!—the Virgin Mountain!"—was heard on all sides.—Continuing my travels my journey led along high precipices; below I saw homes that seemed to have dwindled into mere toy houses. On one side the rays of the sun were sleeping on a walled-in field that appeared like a beautiful miniature sun parlor. I was now almost on top of the world, and climbing still higher. Meeting a young Swiss student, he walked with me and talked with me, making my mountain climbing more interesting. "I cannot give credit to the man who made these shoes," I said looking at my shoes, when my feet began to ache. Sitting on a rock I pulled the left one off. The skin was lacerated at the heel; putting on salve and a fresh cloth I hobbled on. "I may as well laugh as cry; I may as well sing as weep," I cheered.

My young Swiss friend now left me and I walked alone. Suddenly there was an awful noise—a rumble and a roar. An avalanche, breaking from the summit, crashed into the valley, carrying along trees and rocks and debris. Huge chunks of snow and ice and immense boulders were hurled through space in its downward plunge. In the valley below barns and houses and fences were crushed by the impact of the mountain of snow.

I began my descent of 2,000 feet along the side of a colossal precipice. Cut into the solid rock, and not more than three feet wide, perpendicularly downward, with nothingness below, the narrow pathway descended—the Gemmi Pathway. Far below I saw an automobile, which seemed no larger than a creeping ant. I met mules, carts with children coming up the rocky pathway. There was little room to spare as we passed, especially when a tolerably corpulent woman came along. I usually walked along the inside wall when I heard someone coming. I preferred the inside and let the mules take the outer walk.

At Leukerbad were large bathing-houses, where people came to have their avoirdupois taken down. The property of the baths were also curative; the patients usually remained in the water a few hours at a time. While they were in with all their clothes on they played various games. There were floating tables and a desk on which they read, ate, and played chess, checkers and cards. A floating platter brought beer, wine, and ginger ale. If one was hungry he asked for chicken, soup, pork, potatoes, beans, rice, melons, pineapples, tomatoes, pudding, and coffee. If he finished before one o'clock he removed his outer clothing and went to sleep in the water. The water running kept it fresh and clear; otherwise a patient with ringworm might lose the ring, yet keep the worm.

While I was visiting at Berne, the capital, I looked with others into a famous bear-pit. "Hang onto your property when you watch the bears," read a sign on the wall. People were always dropping things in. A few days before an American lady let fall her handbag. The bears scattered her money, lipstick, and car-keys all over the place. An Englishman watching laughed so hearty that his false teeth fell in. A cub grabbed them, ran up a pole in the center of the pit, and let them fall to the concrete. Not one tooth remained in the plate. And the Englishman was "flabbergasted."

As I turned my steps toward a certain mountain-pass a storm was brewing, and night was coming with a dense fog. Suddenly I was in the midst of a huge thundercloud with lightning flashes. It began to rain heavily; the steep path became slippery; I could scarcely continue. Reclining on the wet grass I began to pray. I thought I would have to stay there all night 'mid rain and storm. I knew not what to do, nor where to go; I had no friend in the world. No sound was heard through the fog, except the padding of the rain, and the rolling of an occasional thunder—long-drawn and ominous. And I prayed more fervently still. Suddenly the clouds lifted. Not far away I saw a cottage, not too large but well-defined against the murky sky. Light streamed through a window—I was glad. Coming near the cottage I saw two people inside—a boy and a girl: a young couple on their honeymoon. The bride's feet were blistered and bleeding. I couldn't see anything sweet in their "honeymoon." Knocking at the door they were very glad to see me; they spoke English. I was surprised to hear something so familiar so far away from home. Like myself they were foot-touring through Switzerland; as night came they found their way into this forsaken mountain hut. I would have slept well in an old long-forsaken bed—but during the night I heard the gnawing and squeaking of rats. From their noises I judged there were multitudes and not too far away—

"Oh, anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"—Browning.

After the rats went to sleep—so did I—I was so tired.

Overnighting at Lac Champex (a beautiful small lake), I rose at an early hour, and praying for my daily bread and a happy journey, I once more took to a mountain road. Again I became lost and a complete stranger to everyone I met. Suddenly before me stood a man; it seemed he came from behind some bushes, like the appearance of a ghost in the Arabian Nights. He pushed me aside; I might have been in his way, the path was narrow. I did not fall over the cliff, and I was not afraid; I merely held on to some bushes. Again I wandered on.

Soon I came to St. Bernard's Pass, where there was an hospice, belonging to the Brothers of St. Augustine. They had large and powerful dogs, wide-awake and keen of scent. They went about finding humans buried in the snow. Every child in school is familiar with Longfellow's Excelsior. I stayed overnight in the hospice filled with travelers of every class and condition.

A few days later I again lost my way, after I had been in a worse town than in Passamaquoddy, Newfoundland. A strange man was following me, who did not appear like other men. His walk was slouchy; his looks gave me the "creeps." I was afraid he wasn't "all there." I kept my distance from him as best I could. The whole surroundings gave me no feelings of security. There was another small town some distance ahead; I feared that he might overtake me before I reached it. I had on no twelve league boots; my umbrella served as my alpenstock. Realizing that he was coming nearer my knees began to quiver.—soon he was almost upon me. If he seizes me, thought I, I will scream—I'm sure someone will hear me. As he was about to—he said in a grunting tone: "Say, podner, I'm lost in this valley—can you help me out?" "I'm lost myself!" I ejaculated. Giving him a Swiss coin, I continued hurriedly on. Now I realized that I had been imagining things. The man did look awful—such a face, and such lopsided walking! I am sure if he had looked at a bottle of milk it would have turned sour. His cough sounded as though his lungs were filled with gravel. His hair stood straight like bristles on a pig. I was nearly frightened out of my senses.

Soon after that experience I came to the Col de Crete Seche, where rocks were lying all around, like the aftermath of an earthquake. There was no path across, no guide-board telling of avalanches and landslides. On one side the mountain was steep and high, on the other a steep precipice continued. What shall I do, and where will I go? Shall I venture to cross? I may fall—down—and no one may ever find me. I sat on a rock unable to think and move from fear. I prayed to St. Raphael as many elements of isolation were crowding in upon me—without a home—without a

country—without parents and friends—without shelter and food—all alone on a lonely rock, and many miles from nowhere. I thought I heard my mother calling—far—far—away—

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care;
The child of my love and prayer?"

Now I knew what I should do; I will return to where I came from—as did the Prodigal Son, and continue my trek from there, some other way.

On the following day, after passing huts and sheds and chalets, I arrived at Fenetre de Balme. Again clouds were around me, and once more it began to rain and thunder; in the distance I heard the rumbling of snow slides. How glad was I when wet and tired I came to a cabin (Cabane de Charion). It belonged to a lonely mountain-climber. My conversation with the old fellow was interesting. He treated me like a king. For breakfast I had canned sparrows, flax soup, and powdered milk. I had slept well on rough boards, covered with straw and a blanket. It was as poor as the Stable at Bethlehem.

At Brig the train entered the Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world (fourteen miles long). Suddenly the train stopped—perhaps to cool off. I sat holding my hopes in my hands, thinking that perhaps the engineer fell asleep. Suddenly there came a jerk that set the wheels a spinning. After countless consecutive puffs, the train slowly moved on.

After an hour's ride I came to Oberammergau, in southern Germany, made famous the world over by a great Play of Sorrow and Prayer—The Passion Play. I visited with Anton Lang, who took the part of Christ, and his family. His hands were not those of a farmer, wide and horny, and smelling of the earth, but the ascetic, pliant hands of an artist and a potter. One evening I visited the Residenz-theater in Munich, when the King and Queen of Bavaria had come to grace the occasion. I was dressed like an ordinary mountain-climber, with Stutzen (long white stockings), knickerbockers, and Berg Schuhe, (mountain shoes). Many a damsel from the upper "400" directed her opera glasses, or gold rimmed lorgnettes upon me up in "Nigger Heaven."

At Reichenhall I was present when a group of boys and girls received First Holy Communion in a newly-built church; in the afternoon I came to Mauthauesel, an ancient hut in the woods. It was situated on the brink of a deep and rocky gorge, through which the Weissbach was flowing. Before reaching Ramsau I came to a roaring waterfall where a trapper was approaching. His walk was heavy; he had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet, and was carrying a bleeding swamp-rabbit (about the size of a jack-rabbit).

"Guten Tag!" (Good day) he said.

"Guten Tag! Is this the right way to Ramsau?" I questioned.

"Ya sure!" he assured.

"How far is it noch?" I continued.

"Oh, so about five miles!"

"Goodness gracious!" I replied, "noch so far?"

"Yes," he continued, "I left there about two hours ago. Follow the blood that trickled from my rabbit, and you will find it."—A poor way of finding a place by the blood of a rabbit, thought I.

At Koenigsee I entered a peaceful and lovely Wonderland, with towering mountains around. I could not have imagined a more beautiful place in nature. If the Angel Raphael had come from heaven and entered the boat with us, I just wondered if he would have cared to return. Three fawns were grazing along the water's edge. As we approached—swish—swish—they were gone. Higher up a herd of chamois was playing. They were as beautiful as kids. One climbed onto a rocky ledge, where it stood looking back seeing whether others would follow. "See how daring I am!" it seemed to have said. "See how near I can walk to the edge of the rock without falling down!" Another step and it would have gone over the edge of the cliff. But chamois seldom slip or fall; they are better climbers than either goat or man.

At Berchtesgaden I visited the private headquarters of the German Kaiser, and of Herr Hitler, with spacious halls, salons, conservatory, grotto, and fine gardens. I slept more soundly in the Bavarian Hotel, than Hitler ever did. Many believe that by causing war in Germany he "missed both the bus and the train."

XII

A Voyage across the Adriatic to Greece

During the summer of 1914, Mr. Kuenzel from Dubuque, Iowa, and I planned a trip to the Holy Land and to Egypt. We considered visiting the places where Christ had lived, suffered and died; where Mary became the Mother of God, and watched over Jesus during His childhood and youth. We also thought of seeing the places where the Apostles went fishing, and where they became priests and bishops, and one of them a pope—St. Peter—the first pope.

It was dark and dreary as we left Innsbruck on a fairly good train. Beyond the Brenner Pass the weather had cleared. At Trieste, the side door to Europe, we purchased our boat-ticket for Patras and Athens. "Gelati! Gelati!" cried a youthful voice of a vender of ice-cream sticks. Along the streets, near restaurants, came the mixed scents of olive-oil and cheese, fish, lobsters, crabs, eels, which were major items on Trieste's diet. A crowd gathered about a sailor with a monkey; a school-girl shrieked when the animal leapt on her shoulder. Nearby was a man sorting "Blue Gills." We boarded the Steamer "Styria," although things were becoming quite unsettled about war. On deck were many Turkish women, with faces covered, sitting or lying in the steerage section.

The ship anchored at Corfu. Walking along the streets I was accosted by a man, driving a two-wheeled caretta with a spavin donkey and a lame horse. He begged to take us to Achilleion, where the German Kaiser had a magnificent castle. A few hungry children forlorn and in tatters ran after our vehicle the entire four miles, begging piteously for "Bachsheesh! Bachsheesh!" I threw out a few coppers for which they scrambled in the dust and heat of the tropical sun. At Patras the weather was humid and very warm, so warm that not only the dogs, but even the wagons had their tongues out. Is it any wonder that the whole country turned into Greece?—At Corinth I witnessed the ruins of an old town, situated on higher ground. The inhabitants of this ancient city were once the happy recipients of two letters of St. Paul.

At about half past eight o'clock in the evening on July 29, 1914, we came to Athens. On the street corners unclassified youths were selling papers, which sounded like the disposing of cigars: "Si-kare—si-ka! Si-ka-re—si-ka! Si-ka-re—Si-ka-re-Si-ka!" Others with the regularity of the fever-bird yelled on the top of their penetrating voices: "Se-ki—Se-ki—Tria—mia—Se-ki—Tria—mia—se-ki!" After the noises of the street vendors had somewhat quieted down, other monotonous came upon the night air. Although our beds were tightly screened with huge canopies of mosquito-netting, nevertheless sleep became impossible. The Fahrenheit thermometer registered 110 in the shade at noon, and ninety at night.

Along benches I saw men sitting, fingering long bead strings, which looked like rosaries made from Job's tears. Asking a man, who could understand English, what the beads signified, and what they were doing with them, he said: "Have you never seen nor heard of the 'Kombologeon'? I believe you Americans could call them—'Conversation beads.' They give your hands something to do, when the heat is so terrific. The continual heat we have here makes people nervous."

On Sunday morning we attended mass in the only Roman Catholic Church in the city. The principal religion in Athens is Greek Orthodox. Standing before the ruins of the Parthenon, the scorching winds became violent making the sky appear dark, dusty, and dismal. At sundown it abated, that we might fully enjoy the beautiful words of Lord Byron:—

"Slow sinks more lovely ere his race is run,
Along Moria's hills the setting sun;
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss,
The glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis."

Looking down upon the city I was tempted to exclaim with Aristophanes:
"O thou, our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable City!"

The rumors of war became more ominous with the passing of the hours. In the evening as many were grouped around tables playing cards on board ship, the buzz of conversation suddenly died down, and card-playing stopped. The good humor which had prevailed a few minutes before suddenly gave way to excitement and fear. Shortly the ship's passengers rose to their feet and paced the deck as eager questions flew. I felt like sitting in a dentist's waiting-

room. Were we in danger? Was the ship to continue its voyage to Austria, or was it to return back to Athens? The officers as well as the ship's crew were bombarded with questions. The ship's barber did a rushing business that evening. The moments became tense; there was gossip galore and suggestions aplenty. The hopes of all were fading fast, but the barber kept on shaving.

As we left Santa Quaranta the western sky began to give signs of an approaching storm. Flashes of lightning were seen in the far distance in a rapidly-expanding thunder-cloud. At eleven o'clock the captain said: "We are running into an awful storm; I think it were well if you would put away everything in your cabins that is likely to fall over, and remove everything from your wash-stands. It'll go all right; don't be afraid—we get lots of them here." As few were taking lunch at a late hour their soup and drinks suddenly went all over the floor, and over trousers and dresses. Just a few minutes before they were quietly sipping their coffee, and drinking their punch and champagne. In the kitchen cooks held anxiously to trays of bread ready for the oven. Far below an engine-man wiped his greasy hands with a rag and grabbed for the railing. From wave to wave the dark hours passed. Sleepers in their bunks breathed deeply and rolled over. Mrs. Zip fell headlong from her chair during one big swell. I with a few others remained on deck; whenever a breaker rolled in we went under some sort of an improvised roof, where the big splash quickly rained off. Again the sea broke across the deck up to my knees. "If I am going to be washed way," I said to a fellow standing by, "I should at least know about it." Downstairs the sickness and groans were awful. From time to time a ship's officer passed by with his wet shirt clinging to his body and his rubber boots filled with water. "How's the barometer now?" was usually my first question. "Still going down!" he would say. I couldn't sleep well at all on a hard bench on the top deck. Often it felt as if the boat was tipping—going over completely—but it always righted itself. Towards morning I tried to reach my cabin—"with dizzy gait"—to get some sleep. But I found little; often I grabbed the side of my dresser to keep from falling out of bed. Leaving the ship at Brindisi, I found it difficult to walk; to plant one foot before the other with the conviction that it would stay put, until I moved it. Just to lean against something rigid, a post or tree—was reassuring.

Now the miles flew away under the wheels of a splendid *diretissimo*. (most direct train). Arriving in Austria there was wild confusion; general mobilizing had begun. The trains were crowded with soldiers, "Chao! Chao! Viva Austria!" was heard on all sides. Mothers were kissing their departing sons, and wives were weeping and babies crying. At every railway station a band was playing. Hot coffee, sandwiches, cookies, cigarettes came in through the train windows. It was a real treat for me; I had free lunch, although we Americans were not in the war. On the streets of the cities crowds were hurrying to and fro. Automobiles were stopped at the point of bayonets; horses and oxen were taken from wagons and shipped to the battle-fronts. All through the nights war-songs and war-cries echoed along the streets. In churches many were praying; they knew that only before the tabernacle their country's tanglements could find their unravelings. The confessionals, too, were crowded. Before leaving for the front the young men realized how wonderful the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist really are.

On the last day of August, 1914, the following message came from the American Consul in Vienna:—

"Notice to American Citizens: Officers of the United States Army are at the Imperial Hotel in Vienna, to arrange for transportation direct to America. Immediately upon receipt of this notice, come to the Imperial Hotel, and arrangements will be made." Arriving there, we were informed by the American Ambassador that there was no immediate danger for us to leave the country; however we could leave if we cared to.

On the following day I boarded a Danube steamer for Linz. There was a fog hanging over the water, and soon a thunderstorm broke, and it became darker and heavier with rain. The ship simply had to feel its way through; suddenly it was stuck on a sandbar, in the center of the Danube. In the blackness of the night I found no place where to lay my weary head. I could see a little now and then when the lightning flashed. Placing my head on my small guide-book I went to sleep on a bench. It was a terrible night; at one o'clock I began to pace the deck. Since it was too damp outside I went into the small engine-room. There, too, my hard bed on the floor became harder. Going into the dining-room I placed four chairs side by side, and my pedal extremities, I stuck out through a window and went to sleep. I cared little as long as some swallow, or night-hawk wouldn't perch on my toes outside.

When the fog had cleared in the morning the sun was steaming full upon my body lying at full length.—Leaving the boat at Kammerschaerfling a gendarme (police) came to see me. "Excuse me," he said, "May I see your citizenship papers?" The important document was beginning to look pocket-worn and grimy. Paging it, he interrupted: "Are these papers genuine?" "They certainly are; they are supposed to be," I answered, "I ordered them from Washington D.C. before I left home." "What are you doing in Innsbruck?" he continued. I told him all about my schoolgoing there. "Excuse me," he broke in, "you understand as long as there is war it is our duty to identify all strangers. Would you mind coming along to our police headquarters?" "Certainly not!" I exclaimed, "if it is a 'must.'" Between two policemen I marched through town in the center of the street, while eyes along the windows were upon me. The one police had a gun, the other a sword. (It looked very sharp to me.) Now, thought I, I must

behave. After my papers had been examined in detail, the chief-of-police spoke: "So you are Mr. Wagner?" "I always have been so far," I bravely answered. "Please turn yourself somewhat towards the light," he begged, "that I may see you better—so—thank you!" Comparing my countenance with my picture he continued: "I see this photo is not of recent date!" "I had it taken a few years ago," I answered. "At that time I had a different friseur (haircut). I used to part my hair in the center." "How old are you?" he continued. "My thirty-second birthday was last Dec. 21st." "Correct!" he exclaimed. "Most likely you are acquainted with Father Wimmelhammer, who was ordained in Innsbruck a few years ago." Had I said 'yes' I would have been a 'goner.' The name he proposed was fictitious; he was merely trying to catch me. "No!" I replied, "I do not recall such a name among the students of my time." Then followed his important pronouncement that set me free—oh, was I glad. "I find no cause for your arrest. If you are attacked by someone, somewhere, anywhere on account of your nationality, while in this locality, call upon us and we will protect you!—I have the honor!—Adieu!"—and I walked, off smiling. Leaving the police headquarters, after this interesting experience, we continued our travelling.

Hallstatt on the Hallstattersee was our next objective. Leaving the boat I went to look for a room at the Hotel zum Grauen Baer (Gray Bear). It was Saturday evening and I had intended to go to Confession. Walking to church I saw women gossiping along the trottoirs (sidewalks). (Most of the men had gone to war.) Scarcely had I and Mr. Gallagher entered the church, when the priest who was saying his office in the Sacristy, was called by a man, who I thought was the janitor. While we were preparing to go to confession the few people in church went out, and I heard the following from a number of men outside: "Englishmen—ah!—what!—no!" Going outside a man looked at men in great surprise and said: "Just a minute, please! May I ask you a few questions?" Just then the Burgermeister (city mayor), all out of breath, approached saying: "We identify you two as Englishmen—What proofs have you to the contrary? May we see your identification papers?" "NO!" I replied, "we are not Englishmen—we are Americans." Scrutinizing my passport, the priest, who knew some English, began to translate: "Embassy of the United States of America—Embassy means Gesandtschaft (office of an official messenger of a country), now—see—ah!—what! There is no reason at all for us to become excited! That is not so bad at all—see—I told you!" "The people in town told us you are English spies," broke in the Burgermeister. "and that you are going to bomb the church and kill the priest." The priest continued to translate: "United States of America—Department of State," etc.

After all this commotion, the mayor excused himself for having made such a blunder. I, too, begged for pardon for disturbing the peace of the little city. After going to confession, we went back to our hotel feeling happy that things turned out as well as they did. Well—well—whoever thought of such thing?

Arriving at the Seminary it looked more like a hospital than our dear old Canisianum. Wounded officers and soldiers had occupied many of our rooms. While the war continued we American students were held like prisoners of war; we could not go anywhere, nor see anything worthwhile without being stopped and questioned by policemen. Consequently I became depressed. It was still vacation-time, and one day I took a leisurely walk to Schlitters, a few miles away, which was a mere ghost-town during war, but it had not completely given up the ghost. The people living there were so pious that they did not even "spit" on Sunday. (They were no tobacco chewers.) Yet I considered it a refreshing and delightful little place. And to my great surprise I met an old acquaintance there, with whom I had threshed and played ball in South Dakota.—"Well! Well!—Look who is here?" I exclaimed when I saw him. "What are you doing in this god-forsaken ghost town? The scenery is beautiful," I continued, "but where can a feller find something to eat? What are you doing—just bumming?" "Oh, just snooping and mosing around, enjoying the mountain-air and the scenery," he said. Then turning towards me he questioned: "And what are you doing here? And what are you doing for a living?" "Oh, merely eating and drinking, and a little sleeping," I answered. "What brought you over here?" he again broke in. "Who I? I'm studying!" "Studying for what? I always imagined you knew enough," he continued. "What are you studying for now?" "I'm going to be a priest," I replied. "A priest?" he answered. "Well of all—! Who put that notion into your 'noodle'? You'll make some priest—I'd surely like to hear you preach! Do you remember when you used to declaim: 'Katherina's Cat'—and 'Zachery's Hen'? Where are you going now?" "I'm on my way to Rome," I replied, "I'm going to see St. Peter—that is St. Peter's Secretary—the pope; I was there once before!" "Where at St. Peter's—in heaven?" he questioned. "No, in Rome—But once I dreamt I was in heaven; I'm from Wisconsin now, you know; I'm originally from Iowa." "Wisconsin is a poor state," he broke in. "Poor?" I said in surprise. "You know all those people I saw in heaven in my dream, were from Wisconsin, and none of them wanted to stay there; all wanted to go back to Wisconsin. They had enough cheese, it seemed, and good hunting and fishing—big fish, too—but still they'd rather have lived in Wisconsin—of course Wisconsin is a wonderful state—it has always been good enough for me."

XIII

To Rome a Second Time

The sun was smiling for me as I left Innsbruck and went to Rome a second time. At Ala the train stopped for the Oesterreich-Italienische Zollrevision (Austro-Italian customs inspection). A detective in ordinary civilian clothes asked for my credentials, permitting me to travel into Italy during the war. He questioned me for what purpose I was traveling—where I was going—and came from; and after asking me for my name he wanted to know at which hotel in Rome I intended to stay—which were almost more questions than a wise man could answer.

In the train with me was a man with a soft Tipperary accent, which recalled a vision of mashed potatoes and melted butter. It seemed to me he was spying for England. He did not tell me so, but I merely surmised . . . which made it rather difficult for me to travel into Italy. (They might have also taken me for a spy.)

Arriving in the City of the Popes it was raining, and the streets were dark and wet. At the Germanicum we were royally received. The Superior General of the Jesuits mentioned that on account of the war many missionaries were taken captive, and sent into concentration camps. He also spoke of the sad condition prevailing in Mexico, regarding the welfare of the Church in general, and the Jesuit Order in particular. After the audience with His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, I boarded the train for Avezzano, which recently had been destroyed by an earthquake. "Not a stone had been left upon a stone." At Loretto I was eager to learn about the Holy House of Nazareth. The story goes that "during a bloody war in Palestine, after Infidels had taken Jerusalem, and devastation was passing over the Holy Shrines, the small Home of Jesus was not forgotten by God. Coming to Nazareth the despoilers saw the Blessed House lifted high, borne by hands of angels and carried to the sunny shores of Italy, to the small town of Loretto."

At Bozen I met other students where we foot-toured to Slanders and Vinchgau and to the Stilfser Joch (mountain pass). At the Gasthaus we met an officer who demanded: "In the name of the law I beg you to show me the papers that allow you to pass through this town!" I handed him my identifications. Looking at the papers he continued: "Follow me to the police headquarters!" After waiting for more than an hour in the fourth story of an imposing building, until our appetites had improved wonderfully, the commander-in-chief said to me: "Your name is Wagner, I understand, and you are a German-American?" "From German ancestry," was my prompt reply. He continued: "Parate Lei Italiano?" (Can you speak Italian?) "Si, si, un poco," (yes, a little) I answered. "Parlez-vous aussi francais?" (Do you also speak French?) he questioned. "Un peu, oui!" (Yes, a little) I believe he tried to find whether I was a spy (a spy often travels through many countries and knows many languages). After examining my papers he continued in German: "My friends, on account of the war it will be impossible for you to cross the mountains into Switzerland. On the Stelvio Pass is an army of soldiers guarding the Austrian frontier; besides there is much snow on the pass; no one is permitted to cross into Switzerland without having his papers stamped by a Swiss consul."

Since we couldn't pass into Switzerland we journeyed in another direction. At the Gasthaus Tscharf I buckled on my Schneereifen (Snowshoes). The higher I climbed the more it snowed, and the harder it stormed. "Oh, God, save us, we perish!" I prayed. After ascending about 7,000 feet I entered a mountain-hut where I was safe from wind and weather. Between Ausserschmirn and Innerschmirn were huge accumulations of snow. At a good farmer's home wohlgeschelcter speck (smoked fat pork) with war bread and milk made up our lunch before crossing the Tuxerjoch. The climb was steep and difficult, like climbing up the roof of a barn. Just a little slip—just a h'ttle weakening of the knees—and down I'll go, thought I. I tried another way but it proved to be more difficult. My knees began to tremble, and my legs to weaken. By now the others were lost from sight. I screamed for help, but no answer came. Alone I was and shivering from cold and fear. Helping myself as best I could I finally reached the summit. But soon I came to a steep bank a few hundred feet down. "Down this we must go!" I said, "there is no other way." Down I went head-over-heels—rolling—sliding—somersaulting over bumps and brambles—"Ach du lieber Strohsack!" At the next moment we were walking in the valley below hungry and "soppin'-wet." At the Gasthaus zur Bruecke we were welcome guests indeed. They took off our mountain-shoes, dried our stockings; the old grandmother even washed our Stutzen (like heavy woolen bobby socks). They were surprised that we had gone over the top while the snow was still so deep.

XIV

The Ordinations—"A Priest Forever"—Going Home

The time for the Ordinations had come; I was now to become an Ambassador of Christ, a Disciple of Jesus, "a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." I had passed all my examinations, and with the help of recently ordained priests I began saying the Divine Office and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. If the church is an army the priests are its captains; if a sheepfold, they are the shepherds, leading their flocks to green pastures and refreshing springs. I was ordained a priest by Bishop Waitz of Brixon in South Tyrol, on June 30, 1915. On August the eighth of the same year I sailed from Europe on the Steamship Amsterdam.—Farewell to Europe!—Farewell to Tyrol and to Innsbruck!—Oh, beautiful Land of France!—Good-bye to delightful Switzerland!—Chao Italia!—Viva Roma Diletta! Evviva il Papa!—Deutschland—Deutschland—ueber Alles!—Ein auf-wiedersehendes Ade!

On board ship, when the weather was fair there was a band concert every day. Every evening there was dancing and general merry-making. I often read, or talked of war, or watched others play shuffle-board. One night there came a fog—the fog-horn blew continuously. Suddenly the ship stopped—all passengers rushed to the top deck.—"What—a collision!"—Another ship was passing in the opposite direction, coming from America. I screamed: "Now listen—listen!—There it goes but a few feet away!"—The fog was so dense that we could not distinguish the lights from the other vessel.—And it slowly passed on.

Nearer and nearer we came to New York. All night long light ships appeared; farther on large buoys were bobbing here and there.—And—then—"Hurrah!—I see the Statue of Liberty in the hazy distance!"—I cheered—"Hail Columbia—happy Land!—Hail—Land of the free and Home of the Brave!" As the large vessel came to a standstill, there was leave-taking on board ship of a delightful people. And as the gangplank was let down there was hurry and bustle—meeting of friends and greeting of acquaintances. I alone was idle; I had no hands to shake—no friends to greet—I felt like a stranger in the Land.

Passing through Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio I came to Chicago, where I met Father Condon, Pastor of St. Mary's of La Crosse, at the Railway Station. He accompanied me to the Most Rev. James Schwebach, Rishop, who appointed me to take Father Franke's place, at the Cathedral, who had recently died.

Going to Ossian I met my father at North McGregor, who had come to greet me. Arriving at the city the band was playing. Many of my friends and relatives had come to see me at the depot. My first Solemn High Mass was celebrated on the 26th of August, 1915, in St. Francis de Sales Church, where Father Tiltgen was pastor. A heavy golden chalice was given to me at the celebration, held at the home of my sister, Mrs. Wensel Lansing.

XV

My first Assignment at the Cathedral at La Crosse

On the 28th of August I made my appearance at the Cathedral Rectory. Anna Simon, the housekeeper, met me at the door, and asked me whether I was the new assistant to Father Pape. Meeting the Pastor, he directed me to school where I was to catechize one hour every day in German. During the day I took census from house to house on a bicycle. Later I purchased a second-hand Jeffry car for \$600.00. Whenever the Bishop, Most Rev. James Schwebach, came for a Pontifical High Mass, I was to be the Master of Ceremonies; which also meant that I was to help His Lordship put on his Episcopal robes. Once as I was helping with his shoes and stockings, which were tight-fitting, I pulled, and—r-r-r-r-r-r-i-p!—the stocking ripped through the center of the heel. Hearing it the Bishop exclaimed: "Oh, that's all right! Accidents will happen!" Besides teaching school and sermonizing on Sunday I also had charge of the Young Men's Club, and of the Girls' Sodality.

When at leisure I often went fishing. On one bright May morning Dr. Egan asked me to accompany him. Naturally I did not refuse. Driving along the River we soon reached Genoa. Near an extended bay of the Mississippi, Dr. Egan stopped his car saying: "Here is a good place for fishing; I know there are pickerel here and bass. "Nearby a boat was fastened to a tree, which he untied and taking his rod he unreeled the line—and—"plunk!"—went his fly-hook—he was off in silence. Whether he was dreaming or merely meditating on the beauties of nature, I could not tell; at least he would not speak another word. Seeing this I took my bamboo and walked down the river for quite some distance. Over the store in La Crosse, where I bought my fishing paraphernalia I read the words: "Buy at Bates ," which I thought sounded quite encouraging. Soon I was seen walking down the street with a large box under my arm filled with a Perfectereno Level Wind Casting-Reel with synchronized action—a feathered and fluted spoon June Bug spinner with treble hooks—a No. 7838 "Oreno Lou" level leader, transparent gut line three feet long with swivel attachment; and one "Silver Streak silk" twenty-five pound test, casting line, fifty yards long. (Total cost of outfit with steel box—complete \$67.25)—No bobbers—no sinkers; besides a strong rustproof eight-swiveled "keep-'em-alive" chain.—"Okay!"—Panoplied in complete fishing-togs I strode forth, like a knight of the Middle Ages, to meet the Father of Waters. Never before was I so well equipped for a mighty haul, and never before had I gone fishing with pole and reel in the Big River. I walked along the bank for a distance, till I came to a small bay. "Boys! this looks good!" I said.—Zee—ee—ee—ring—went the spinner—almost to the opposite bank. I slowly began winding—"nothing doing!" Again I cast—and—bang!—Just like that!—It almost jerked me off the bank;—then—to and fro—out and in—backward and forward—hither and yon—I kept the line perfectly taut—Splash! there he is only ten feet from shore—a big head—like the head of a bull-dog—with mouth wide open!—"Gee!" I said "it's a whopper!—Don't let 'em get away!"—I was breathing heavily; I had never seen such creature before.—"Shall I call the Doctor?—I better not— he may think I am sick, or fell in." I had a fever, that I knew, my heart-beats told me that—"fisheritis"—perhaps!—

I continued pulling as hard as I could. Suddenly—right before me—out comes a big black terrible-looking monster. His mouth was snapping—his eyes blinking—his tail flapping. It was a fish, that I could see—but what kind is it? A cat?—no!—a cat-fish has feelers on the side like a cat. Pickerel?—no!—too clumsy. It isn't a bass?—a bass is flat. I pulled the chain through his gills—I couldn't carry it very well—it was too long. I dragged it after me to where the Doctor was preoccupied. "Hey—look-er here! See what I got?" "What kind is it?" he exclaimed.—"A wall-eye?" "It has no walls around its eyes!" I said in wonderment. "I never saw such kind before—but it's a whopper—and so slippery—almost pulled me in!" By this time I held the fish partly from the ground. The Doctor seeing it said: "Throw the damn thing away—no good!" "No good—why not?" I questioned in surprise. "Dog Fish!" he said in disgust. And I dropped it like a "hot-dog." "A Dog Fish?" I interrogated, "can't you eat them?" "Cook it and find out!" he exclaimed. "Oh, surely I'll take the fish along and show it to Father Pape," I said with assurance; the others at the Cathedral, too, want to see the Big Fish I caught. I don't think they ever before saw such a Big One." I fished still for a while and caught smaller fry—blue gills, crappies, perch. By that time the Doctor had quite a mess—beauties, too, but no Dog fish; he said he pulled out a few small ones, but threw them back in.

My Grand Catch was hauled into the trunk of the car; it was almost as long as the car is wide—and we "hit" the highway for La Crosse.

The news that the new Curate at the Cathedral caught a Big One travelled far and fast. During the entire evening the door-bell and telephone rang. All wanted to know about and see the Big Fish. With the help of the housekeeper I slaughtered the monster. The meat was white and tender. On the following morning for breakfast we had fish aplenty; it was soft as butter, and white as cottage cheese. It had no taste whatsoever. "That old Dog Fish!" I said to the others at the table,— "spoiling all our fun—it tastes like a dog, too!" End of Story.

It was a few days after the Fourth of July, when the Bishop called me to his Episcopal Mansion. I thought another game of Zwick (cards) I suppose! I did not expect such a formal audience, and of such importance. After asking me about a few things at the Cathedral he said: "I have a place for you, I think you will like it. You better go to Rudolph; there are many good people there of various nationalities; you will preach only in English. The buildings are poor there; I want you to build a church and a school. Drive over and see how you like it." And I liked it so well at the Cathedral. I didn't have the least idea where Rudolph was.

On the following morning after breakfast I drove my Jeffry, accompanied by Father Multerer, the Bishop's Secretary, to Rudolph. Father Multerer was a native of Hewitt, and he knew all about this great town. Our first stop was West Salem—gas and oil—fresh water for the radiator and a little more air in the tires with a hand pump. Chuck!—Chuck!—Chuck!—on and on we went about fifteen to eighteen miles per hour—at times only six or eight. Leaving West Salem the road was no longer surfaced. Being almost noon we lunched at Sparta, after which the road was sand—sand—loose sand, causing the wheels to spin, and the engine to snort. A little farther on came the steep Tomah Hills. I put the gears into second, then into first—the clay was sticky—the engine became hot—the water in the radiator boiled—steam whizzed out all over in front. Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!—Poof!—There we stopped. "Place a rock under the wheel—quick! It will run back!" I yelled to Multerer. "Now, what's wrong?" "It's too hot," I explained. Father Multerer cranked it, I tried every lever, and pushed every button—nothing stirred. There it stood in the center of the road like a balky horse. "Now, what are we going to do?" I asked. "Here comes a Ford, going to Sparta." I asked for a ride. Arriving there I waited almost an hour before I could see a garageman. Looking over the car he said: "It doesn't get gas—the line is blocked." Pouring gas into a small container in front, and blowing into the pipe-line as I cranked it—"woo—mm—ps!" away she went. Arriving a few feet from the top of the hill—chunk!—chunk!—it stopped a second time. I had given the man three "bucks," and he had gone home. I repeated the same performance—and—r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—she went. Downhill the old "Puddle-jumper" naturally went by itself. Near Camp Douglas we got into real sand—quick-sand—much quicker than the sand near Sparta. Again it stopped. Putting cold water into the radiator, and after giving it time to cool off, it started once more with the help of a crank. Finally we arrived at New Lisbon at six o'clock in the evening—sixty-two miles from La Crosse, in nine hours. Hungry and tired and still 54 miles from Rudolph, we decided to stay overnight in a hotel.

Starting on the following morning at six o'clock I encountered more sand, I chucked through it till I came to Necedah, then through Finley, through Nekoosa, through Port Edwards to Wisconsin Rapids,—nine and one-half miles per hour. At Father Reding's I met Father Leuther, with whom I had gone to school in Prairie du Chien, and also in Innsbruck. After a wholesome meal we started for—Rudolph.

XVI

First Tears at Rudolph

Everything went well until we came near the farm where Markech's now live. It had rained; the red clay was like putty. When the car-wheels had become like steam rollers I said: "Leuther, I believe you'll have to push!" Chuck, Chuck! Chuck!—On top of the hill I gave the Old Jeffry a breathing-spell. There I had a grand view of what was to be my new field of labor. "There is Rudolph!" cried Hilary, pointing to the northeast. "Rudolph!—Well!—Well!" I exclaimed, "quite some town, isn't it?" Far to the north I could see one farm home after another, with large dairy barns—the Holland Road. To the west was mostly timberland; to the east more land had been cleared; behind the hill, trees could be seen on all sides. In front of us were the church, school, and parsonage. "Far out in the country!" I exclaimed, "I thought the church is in town?" The buildings looked stately on the hill; but the grass around was fit to be cut for hay. From the road to the house was a path of flat stones. Large trees growing near made the premises look graceful. Planting my suit-case on the small 3 by 4 porch, without railing, in front of the house, I went to church, where a few ladies were cleaning, trying to make things look presentable for the new priest. As I came near they watched every move I made; finally one said: "Are you the new priest? How do you like it here? Are you going to stay?" Smiling I said: "I merely came to see." Coming near school a Sister quickly hid behind a door. In the rear of the church was the cemetery with a few large granite tomb-stones. Reading the names on some I said: "Mostly French names?" "Yes," said Martin Joosten, "This was first a French parish, but of late years many Germans and Hollanders have moved in. Aren't you afraid, Father," he continued, "Some graves are rather close to the priest-house?" "Oh!" I answered "these are peaceful neighbors; they will not make as much trouble as the living."

On the following day I went to the Bishop and said: "Your Lordship—I have been to Rudolph—I've looked the place over." "How did you like it?" he questioned. In response I said: "Oh, it doesn't look so bad;—yet I would rather stay at the Cathedral." "No, I think you better go there," he continued; it's a nice parish; you can put up new buildings, the old ones are getting rather shaky, and they are cold in winter." To this I answered: "Rev. Bishop, if you want me to go to Rudolph, then I'll go." Kissing his ring I said good-bye and returned to the Cathedral Rectory.

On the first Sunday I was highly edified on seeing so many young people receive Holy Communion—it was Sodality Sunday. In order to get acquainted with so many families, I took census, and visited every family throughout my new assignment. I worked with indefatigable zeal to make my new parish what it should be: "A good Catholic Community for a God-fearing people." There were baptisms and funerals, catechising in school, and confessions. Since money wasn't plentiful in those days, at the end of the year Martin Joosten and I, with horse and cutter, went around to collect all unpaid dues. I remember once, the thermometer registered 23 below zero. We had borrowed a team of wild broncos and an old cutter. The snow was deep; near Adam Zimmerman's farm we were made to detour through a field, thick with stumps. One was partly hidden by snow; the sled struck it just halfway between stem and stern. And the result—the sled remained behind the stump, and the horses went home (four miles), leaving Mr. Joosten and me sitting on the cutter. We continued our collecting on foot.

When not employed spiritually, nor mentally, nor sometimes physically, I would take my firearms and my impetuous beagle and scour the brush woods for the "bunny fluffy-tail" and the fleet winged partridge. Suddenly "br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—there goes one!" Bang!—Never got 'em!" Just then— "Look out where you're shootin'!" was heard from the other end of the range.— "I'll kill ya!" Through the cracking brush I saw two men approaching, highly incensed. The one carried an axe the other a brush-hook. "You'll get yours now!" screamed the one— "why don't you look where you're shootin'?" It was a father and his son; they were cutting brush about two hundred feet away. Closer and closer they came. I now imagined seeing a dead man in every tree. The father holding his son by the arm was trying to appease his anger with soothing words. The son holding his hand on his abdomen thought that now he surely had to die. Seeing him walking along I thought it cannot be too bad. Besides I knew the two men were so far away that the shot, even though they were chilled, could not have done too much damage.

To give the men courage, I advised them to see a doctor at Arpin at once, at the same time telling them that I would pay the cost incurred by the accident. After they returned there was no more hunting that day, nor were we invited into the home for a cup of tea. I offered them a \$10.00 bill. I am sure it was the most they had ever earned in such short time.

Time and space will not allow me to tell in detail of all my hunting experiences here in Rudolph; a few minutes, however, should be given to the particularizing of at least one more of my hunting episodes. Until now I had thought myself a fearless nimrod—a great and ambitious baron of the chase; my greatness however came to nought when I came upon Popple Ridge—a hunters' paradise—edging the Little Eau Pleine River, one-and-one-half miles west of State Highway 34.

After disembarking from my old and sturdy Buick with all the necessaries for a successful chase, with my fleet-footed beagle, and the mighty Art Hentjes with his quick-fire automatic at my side, I sallied forth unto the unsuspecting cottontail. Walking a short distance through underwood and bending ferns, I arrived in a somewhat "bottle-necked" part of the extensive forest. Until now a few rabbits had come to grief. Below along the woodland was an extensive marsh, with adjacent pasture-lands, affording excellent pasturage for a monstrous beef sire and a number of his bovine associates. As the cannonading through the wooded area continued, Mr. Cow rising from his bed of matted grass, shook his floppy flanks, looked disturbingly around, thinking what about all the noise and commotion within my very domain? Indeed, I shall investigate.

By now Art Hentjes was quite some distance ahead, while the awful hound, fierce as a lion, was setting to with all the propensity of a skilled hunting-dog. By no means a master of this situation I was now out in the clearing, a short distance from the wooded area. "There goes one—Aim!—Fire!—too late—he's gone!—There goes another!—Gone!—there goes a third!" Well, thought I—just wait a minute—you Bunny Cotton-tails—let me climb on a fallen log or stump where I can see things!—Fine!—What a glorious panorama! All set—now let 'em come!—Bang!—there goes one head-over-heels—There goes another—two dead!—Suddenly I heard an awful commotion and a roar in the brush like the oncoming of some powerful steam-roller, or military tank—and there I stood face to face with His Majesty—Nicholas Van Power—Lord Mayor of the Barnyard! My courage sank; my heart went by leaps and bounds—my frame shook—and no place of refuge—no place to hide. Well, thought I, I don't think I can bulldoze this guy!—suddenly a bright idea struck me, and my strength returned. "Right-about-face!" I said,—"run for your life—over the hill to the barn!"—As I entered I thought that perhaps the mad beast may hold me all night in solitary confinement. Away I hurried to the house.—When the infuriated beast came to the barn, he rubbed his bushy forehead against it—pawed the earth—and threw the mud high over the roof—bellowed fiercely and walked off. He had been "licked," and he knew it.

In the spring and summer of the year 1920 a large school was built by popular donations. It consists of four large well-lighted rooms, living accommodations for the teaching Sisters, a library, and modern hot lunch facilities. In the beginning the basement rooms were used as a church.

XVII

I Journey to the West Coast

On June 29th, 1922, I began a trip to the West Coast with my sister Mrs. Wensel Lansing, my niece Mrs. Herb Kleisart, and my second cousin Fred Klein. We travelled about 8,000 miles through eighteen states and 400 cities and towns.

After leaving Parkston, South Dakota late in the evening, a storm broke. There came a heavy rain with fearful sullen sounds of rushing winds and rolling thunders. Not coming upon a turnpike road it was very slippery—a real South Dakota gumbo road, which necessitated chains on the car wheels if we contemplated to continue. "By guess and by gosh" they had finally been fastened, with the help of lightning-flashes, and the trip continued. Chuck—a—Buick—chuck—a—Buick—chuck—chuck—chuck!—the nineteen nineteen model continued steady by jerks. After a few hundred feet the engine needed a cool-off; its fever had risen to 1,007 degrees. I had taken along 12 large jugs of Wisconsin Allouez mineral water. It had been reported that the water west of the Missouri River was undrinkable.) I emptied the contents of one container into the radiator, and yet it was steaming. Nevertheless we continued. To find my brother's homestead in the darkness of the night, and during a terrific storm, was enigmatical; I had never been there. As the storm increased with the night it began to hail. Stopping in front of some forsaken Lutheran Church—not the "little brown church in the vale" by any means (this church was on a small hill), I could see the light of my brother's summer kitchen, and at 12:10 A.M. we "fell in" at my brother's.—"What on earth—where in the world did you come from?" (They didn't know we were coming). My brother mentioned that he would have sooner believed that a rooster can lay eggs, than to have expected us at such terrible and ungodly hour of the night. There we were "bemuddled, begrimed and besoaked" from head to foot. Did we sleep well that night? You tell the world that we did!

Arriving at Miles City, Montana, there was a great commotion on the streets. It seemed a great deal like the preliminaries of a real western Round-up. There I saw people of "all nations, tribes and tongues." Some were whistling and shouting: "Hold the Whipper-snapper!" "Catch the devil and hold him!" Along the main thoroughfare there was continuous blaring and hooting of car-horns, and long lines of cars and trucks loaded mostly with young people. In the center of the typical western town there was a large open space, like a market square; there I saw boys climbing telephone poles, and girls were waving kerchiefs from second-story windows. I thought what's up, anyway? Did a mad steer get away, or what? Suddenly I saw right before me a wild-looking man, with hair disheveled and angry look, wet as a hen from sweat, hand-cuffed, and tied in the rear of a Ford Pick-up truck with a heavy log-chain. As the barn-storming and the cheering and hooting, and the triumphal march through the city continued, a young man with loud voice cried out: "Who gave the bride away?"—Then I noticed on the back of the truck on which the man was chained in large letters: "JUST MARRIED."—A western Wedding Celebration.

In Yellowstone Park were numberless sightseers enjoying the interesting features and exquisite scenery of the extensive pleasure grounds. One morning a report had circulated that a bear had visited our tent during the night; someone had seen bear footprints in the mud. "What—a bear? Don't tell me!" screamed my niece, "let's go home!" Walking about one hundred feet, we actually came upon a big black bear and two cubs, surrounded by inquisitive on-lookers. "Kate!" I said to my niece, "I'll give you a five-spot if you'll ride that bear!" "Oh, no, not me!" she exclaimed. After sniffing along the crowd, a Yellowstone Ranger, with a long blacksnake whip, drove the beasts into the jungles beyond.

Leaving the Park a storm was gathering; soon we were in the very maws of a mountain hurricane. The wind blew a terrific gale, and we were hardly able to "keep to the road." Just then a Chevrolet Coupe approached, occupied by a quartette of pleasant young-looking damsels. They appeared like a troupe released from Hollywood. They were gentle as angels, but may have been "Angels of a Ruined Paradise" judging from their scanty apparel, heavy smoking, and chromatophorous make-up. Seeing the plight they were in, and remembering the slogan of every true knight of the highways: "Be kind and helpful to all your fellow-travelers, some day you may be in need of their assistance, as now they stand in need of yours," we went out to help the four "Calamity Janes." Seeing their helplessness as they were trying to put on the network of steel around their car-tires, I thought Man, oh, man, come hither quick! One was manipulating the car-jack up-side-down, another was plying a pliers, holding them

backwards; another was standing by hopelessly in disgust. After mud-puddling for twenty minutes, we continued our weary way into Idaho.

Asking to stay overnight at Hutching's Ranch we were royally received. The old landlady was such as one would like to meet many miles from home. There I saw wild-cats, mountain-lions, cougars, and bears mounted in grand display along the walls of the home. The hospitality accorded us at this rancher's home—of cow-boys—was a real treat. At Butte, Montana, the streets were so complicated that it took three hours before we left the city.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, is a wonderful city; a fine place to live. Nearby is an attractive lake with exceptional tourist accommodations and excellent fishing facilities, Spokane is unique, on account of a great waterfall in the very heart of the city. There I met my cousin, Mrs. Joe Cannon. She directed me to the Davenport Hotel, one of America's finest. The large dining-room was filled with guests. As we entered all eyes were upon us; Mr. Cannon was one of the most prominent lawyers of the city. My sister said she felt like a blushing bride; my nephew who never had been away from home had a great thrill. Although my niece, Mrs. Kleisart was more or less accustomed to city formalities, yet to her it was partly a shocking surprise; and I in my Roman collar, felt like "The King of the Golden River." Dressed in clergy clothes, and with my auburn tresses streaked with silver, I was the very center of attraction. Without the least bit of doubt we were a real curiosity, with hair disheveled, clothes wrinkled, and not having had a universal going over with soap and water since the last Fourth of July. Imagine us coming into such place, from a three thousand mile trek through heat and dust and smoke and rain and mud! There we were in a celebrated dining-room, decked with ornamentations—flowers, lights, and all other customary trimmings. Not having had a square meal for over three weeks naturally the table d'hote dinner just "hit the spot" and more than one spot in my shrunken stomach. After rather learned discussions, and the accounts of our personal experiences had entertained our elite group for a certain length of time, we directed our journey towards Seattle and Portland, Oregon. Near Tacoma, Washington, I drove my heavily-laden road-wagon into an auto-camp. About a stone's throw away forest fires were raging unmercifully, illumining the sky and the surroundings and covering the lowlands with a heavy haze. One stately evergreen after another went up in crackling flames and pitchy smoke. Frequently during the night as the air was "holding a solemn stillness," I was startled from sleep in my lowly tent, as the fire-wagon went by with a rattle and a clatter that sounded more horrible than "The Battle of the Rolling Bones." After seeing countless roses bloom in Portland my Wisconsin Buick rolled along the famous Columbia River Highway, one of the most scenic in the world. At Forest Grove we were invited to stay at Van Dyke's, whose family had a membership of thirteen. "Oi Yoi!" One of their older daughters was tall, dark, and handsome, and she wanted our Freddie to stay for days.—

"Stay," the maiden said, "and rest,
Thy weary head upon my breast!"—
To which the bashful youth replied:
"We should go farther yet this night!"—

Knowing that no one as yet has ever stopped Cupid, we heeded her wish and stayed till the morrow.

Entering Canyonville it was rumored that a few days before a number of tourists had been robbed by highwaymen. When my niece heard it she exclaimed: "Oh, Gee! Take me back to Tennessee!" I myself began to feel a little shaky; soliloquizing, I said: "We cannot stay here forever, through this hell-gate we must go.—Sing the Swanee River Blues, while I shake my shoes!" For the following few hundred feet the Speedometer on the Old Buick registered 98 in the shade. The Big Scare was over, and we continued. Next came Lucifer's Lodge: I again gave 'er the gas and like an eagle swooping through Hades we arrived safely on the other side. After which my sister was first to speak: "Was there an accident?" she questioned. "Not yet!" I replied, "but I went through the door of Lucifer's Lodge without breaking the glass!" "Oh, you were lucky!" she said, "it might have been worse."

"Gold! Gold! Gold!"—Bright and yellow—hard and cold!" I exclaimed when we approached Oroville, California. "Pay dirt" was sparkling on all sides as we left the road master to look over the grounds. Since time was short we had to hurry on.

Following the yellow signs of the California State Automobile Association we soon came to Watsonville, and to the home of my brother, John. He was sitting in the office of "Wagner's Transfer & Storage" as I entered. After we washed and dusted and brushed, cleaned and ironed everything we had we sat down to talk and rest. We were way worn, played-out, more dead than alive, after having travelled continuously for a month and eight days. The women were homesick and in bad spirits. When a beautiful scene came to view, they would sigh and look and sigh again. They were simply "fagged out."

One day my brother took us to the ocean beach, six miles away, and to a whaling-station. How would you like to go fishing with a cannon and a steel fish-line three miles long and three inches

thick? And instead of a reel, a spool three feet in diameter is used. With such line you should be able to catch "a whale of a fish." The largest whale captured at this station weighed 90 tons, or 180,000 pounds. The whale is pulled from the water with a train. Sometimes one is caught in three years, at other times three in one year. At one time there was a story going at Watsonville (not a fish story, because a whale is not a fish) that after a whale had been towed in, and everyone thought he was dead, but he wasn't, he merely had fainted, or just passed out. Suddenly he made a mighty lunge and rolled over into the streets of the city. With a mighty sweep of his tail he pushed over the court house, and the steeple of the Baptist church. With his powerful jaws he bit a large chunk out of Fifth and Sixth streets, and swallowed it. The entire city, having come together, men, women, and children, overwhelmed the whale and smothered him. To celebrate the event the city elders voted on a great festival, ending with a whale dance. With telephone poles the whale's mouth was pried open; a thirty-six piece orchestra seated themselves in the monster's open mouth, while the young folks danced on his tongue, and the spectators sat on his teeth. End of Story.

Leaving Watsonville enroot for Los Angeles, "wealth and beauty" are perhaps the only words that can be applied to such gardens that produce apples, peaches, pears, plums, oranges, figs, dates, pomegranates, grapes, cocoanuts, sugar-cane and bananas. Besides flowers blanketing the earth in great profusion, filling the air with rare perfume, make this a blossom land where one gets more thrills of awe and surprise than in any other land on earth. It is like a fabled fairyland, where—

"The morning-glory nods 'good morning'
And the nightingale sings fond 'good night!' "—

Speeding along El Camino Real (the King's Highway), the famed mission trail, we soon came to San Luis Obispo, and Santa Maria. Along the ocean rocks sea gulls and ptarmigan and pelicans were roosting and flying by the thousands and filling the air with weird cries and plaintive songs.

"A funny old bird is the pelican;
His bill can hold more than his belly can;
He can put in his beak
Enough food for a week;
I'll be blessed if I can see 'how in the hellican!'"—

Los Angeles!—(Cuidad de Nuestra Senora Reina de los Angeles) The City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. In this vast city I tried to find some of my relatives, and the grave of my brother. I did find the monument and on it the inscription: PETER WAGNER, born Feb. 2, 1873; died June 5, 1893. I found the homes also of a few of my uncles and cousins. They were glad to see us from so far away. In Hollywood (Holy wood of the Cross) I heard the slogan: "Are you married, or do you live in Hollywood?"

We visited the best preserved old mission on the west coast at Santa Barbara. On the fifteenth of August I was happy to say mass in the Old Mission Church, founded by Father Junipero Serra. The mission chalice was a large golden vessel inlaid with jewels and gems. On the altar were heavy gold and ivory candlesticks; and the communion railing was of finest wood. Just at noon we heard "the sledges of the old mission bells; what a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

At San Francisco I drove up the Twin Peaks, 925 feet high, where we had a panoramic view of countless streets and the Hall of Justice, Postal Telegraph, Family Club House, U. S. Mint, Columbia Square, etc., etc.

There was a blare of trumpets and a blast of megaphones as we drove into Stockton, seventy-five miles east of San Francisco. It was more awful than a Boomville Band Concert; the yelling more frightful than an Arkansas Wood-choppers' Square Dance Calls. It was not a charivari for no one got married. It was simply a Youths' Convention of some kind. To say the least the noise was nerve-racking. There was no rest and less sleep for us that night in one of the city's large hotels.

Speeding along the highway on the following day—suddenly—"there's a calf—in the center of the road—where did it come from—whither was it going? Where will I strike it: in front—in the center—or in the rear?"—I couldn't stop—we were going downhill—and with such heavy load—room—sch!—I passed it in the rear—without spilling any milk—it had no milk as yet—a mere calf.—And the women laughed loud.—It was a laugh in behalf of a calf!

In my Automobile Blue Book, No. 8, 1921 edition I then read the following: "Leave Stockton Court House on right.—Go east with trolley to Weber Ave.—Cross R.R.—Turn right—Turn left—Irregular four corners.—Turn left.—Fork School on left.—Don't bump into tree. Don't drive into Witches' Gulch.—End of road. And by now the patience of the backseat drivers was exhausted. "Is this California?" Moaned my sister, "I thought California was a

land of fruit and flowers, of fair weather and fine roads!" "Every state has a stretch of poor land," I answered, "we can take this or leave it."

Up the hill, now, to a Land of Wonder and Admiration—into Yosemite Park. We hit a snag along a most rugged detour. Bead this: "Up she goes! Up she goes!—Chug! Chug! Chug!—Hold 'er from going back!—Place a rock under the back wheel!—Hurry!—Back it against that stump!—We can't make it; we must go back where we came from." Finding some sort of an alcove among the Big Trees into which I backed my Buick, we stayed for the night. Suddenly at 2:00 o'clock in the morning:—"Ca—boom!—Ca—boom!"—

"Which thundered on the mountain-tops,
And rumbled 'long the dale,
And struck upon the hillsides
And rattled through the vale."—

"Thunder!" exclaimed my niece. "The sky is clear, how can it thunder?" I interrogated. The answer; there was a forest-fire not too far away and the forest-rangers blasted a tree with dynamite that had fallen across the highway.— The timing-gears in the car were stripped; to have them repaired necessitated a wait of three days. When day broke on the following morning I found we had parked in "Moonshine Valley" not far from a gangster hangout. How did I know? Pointing to a rickety building nearby I said: "Go over there and smell!" You could smell the improvised distillery of malt, barley and hops. We were in a "town of wasted honors, and in streets of lost delights." "Tea Toper Tavern" that's what the building is.—"A wait of three days!" cried my niece, "what'll we do?" We might go for a treasure-hunt in these mountains and find all kinds of gold!" I encouraged. "Not me!" exclaimed my sister, "with so many wild-cats and mountain-lions and snakes around!"

In Nevada came one more trouble. Driving along "Hurricane Hill" Ga—bang!—the left hind wheel was lying on the road. There had been one rain-storm after another; bridges were washed away, deep ruts and holes were in the road. There were no homes, trees, nor people, no neighbors or friends to give us a helping hand. No telephones, no stores, no gas stations—it was distressing, indeed! Far from home society and civilization—in the sagebrush—beyond the mountains. And night coming on, and a terrible tempest approaching with lightning and thunder. In the night wolves came—their howling was horrifying. They sniffed and snarled around our stranded car—they were hungry for living meat. Only prayer and watchful waiting carried us over the ordeal. In the morning a lonely man came with a lonely Ford. I accompanied him to a far-away town where I received help.

Salt Lake City has the "Sacred Square of the Mormons" and the famous Tabernacle, which I went to see on passing. A few days later we entered "Welcome Wyoming" with its antelope, elk, and dude ranches. At Cheyenne we witnessed the hang-outs of "Buffalo Bill" and "Wild Bill Hiccup" and the home of the cowboy of frontier days. I can imagine them still singing o'er the western plains:—

"Whoo—pee—ti—ye—yo git along little dogies;
Oh, you'll be a soup soon for Uncle Sam's Injuns
It's now your misfortune and none of my own;
And now wide Wyoming will be your new home!"—

Schools were on for over a week when we came home. My sister was greatly thinned-down from the continuous jogging of the car. (She lost nine pounds on the trip.) Fred Klein looked like the "Kid that was kicked out of College"; my niece Kate appeared as though she had passed through a knothole. Otherwise our healths had not suffered too much, except that the thermometer of our dash and dare had gone down from June to January. Home, sweet Home—indeed!—

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam,
His first best country ever is at home."—

XVIII

At the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago

On the twentieth of June, 1926, I with a few others attended the twenty-eighth Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. It was international, as consequence there were Cardinals, bishops and priests there from all parts of the world.

On Monday June 21st was Children's Day. Girls dressed in white and boys in black with beaming eyes and cheerful features and lively gait were seen passing along streets with priests and Sisters, going to God's vast amphitheater in Soldiers' Field, where the Holy Sacrifice was offered by the Holy Father's representative, Cardinal Bonzano. In the vast assembly of children I felt once more as a child. They greeted me as they would their own pastor; they hailed me as a priest of their own parish; although I was a stranger in the vast throng from so far away. The Mass of the Angels sung by 60,000 children from two hundred and fifty Catholic Schools of the city, was highly inspiring.

The Holy Name Rally in Soldiers' Field, attended by 250,000 men with lighted candles, was a grand spectacle; likewise was the Eucharistic Procession at the St. Mary of the Lake Seminary at Mundelein, Illinois. Over one million people were present for the grand occasion. While the Sacred Festivity was at its highest, the sky became threatening and thunder began to roll. It seemed God wanted to try his people. It began to hail and rain and storm on countless forms bowed in prayer and adoration.

After the procession had ended and the papal blessing had been given, there came a great commotion. "Where is my slipper?" I heard a lady say. "I'm soaked; I'm wet and cold!" cried another. "The wind took my hat! Look at that Bishop's face—it is all colors!" stammered a third. Just then I heard an Irishman remark. "Mary, indeed, heard our prayers; we prayed: Hail Mary—
Hail Mary! And it sure did hail!"

XIX

Glimpses of the Whirling Past

In 1926, on July fourth, after I had returned to Iowa, a number of us went fishing on the Turkey River. The weather was humid and hot. The fish weren't biting, and the water was warm. With little clothes on we waded into the river to catch some by hand. "How can we catch them?" I asked, "we cannot even get near them! We used to kill them with pitch-forks," I continued, "when we lived here." Soon a few forks were at hand; into the river I plunged, striking the water with my fork. The others followed. Splash! Splash! Splash!—Our came one fish after another. "Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" shouted my uncle. "Here, take and eat!" I shouted as I threw one squarely across his mouth.

Driving along the hills between Caledonia, Minnesota, and Spring Grove, one evening something dark appeared before my Whippet, which I was then driving. Slamming the brakes I heard what had occurred: "Oink! Oink! Queek!—Plunk!—Bumpse!"—"What's that?" someone screamed in the rear seat.—"Just a pig!—I couldn't stop—it was too late when I saw it!"—I answered. As the pig walked off we drove away.

A few times Mrs. Peter Hartjes accompanied me to Iowa; this time Joe Grab went along. Arriving near Lansing's place I said: "Let's have a little fun and play a trick on the folks!" They had gone to town; when they came home at about 11:00 P.M. Margaret, my niece, exclaimed: "What's that?—There's something white behind the big tree!—Ku—Klux—Klaners! (At that time the Hooded Men were quite notorious—burning fiery crosses—having spooky meetings.) One is coming toward us!—Klu—Klux—Klaners are in our yard! They are going to hold us up!" As she was going to the telephone to ring the neighbors, I came from my hide-out and broke in: "What's the matter, Margaret?" "Oh—you!" she said in surprise, "scaring us like that!"—Margaret had always been a fair child. I thought that perhaps a sudden heart-quake might spoil her complexion forever.

XX

The Century of Progress Exposition

I accompanied Hattie Hartjes, and Frances Ver Hagen to Chicago in early September in 1934, to visit the Century of Progress Exposition, where we met my sister, Mrs. Louisa Klein from Navasota, Texas, and Martha, her daughter, from North Vernon, Indiana. At the Travel and Transport Building we saw what progress had been made in the last one hundred years in sky, land, sea, and submarine locomotion. In this regard Henry Ford had a grand display of his own and in his own building—the Ford Building. In the Home Planning Exhibit a rather refined lady was explaining the principles of planning interior home decorating.

Walking along the Exhibition Grounds a Heidelberger Fass, a facsimile of Heidelberg in Germany's Beer Barrel came to view. It was larger than a Hogshead, or even a double Hogshead, even many times larger than a hippopotamus-head. It was filled with beer, and many German beer-drinkers were sitting around tables with foaming Steins—a real German Trinkfest. In the General Cigar Building I discovered large upholstered settees. Here we took time out for a much-needed rest. We watched the crowds go by; all day long they were coming and going by the hundreds and the thousands. There came a mother with a crying baby, and trailing behind on a long leash was her small black poodle—a cute little thing. (I mean the dog not the baby.) Its tongue was lolling from its mouth and breathing heavily. Next came a goat hitched to a cart, in which two boys, dressed in flashy colors were sitting. They were goading the animal with small red-white-and-blue sticks, and screaming on top of their voices: "He—aie! He—aie!—Get along little goatie—get along!"

"Hot—ga—malie! Hot—ga—malie!" was then heard from a brawny-looking Mexican.—"Do you see the girl with long curls, and two small dolls," asked my sister, "isn't she cute?" She was lost in the crowd, before I could even take a glimpse at her. "There's another doggie!" cried Mollie. This time it was a Spitz as white as snow, and as cute as a cucumber. A boy about ten years old was carrying it. It didn't like the crowds; often it growled and snapped when women tried to pet it. "How do you like those Negroes?" I questioned Mollie, as two fat darky women came along. "You mean those blacks?" she asked. "We don't like 'em at all; they look too greasy; they just shine as though they were polished with stove blacking. "Extra! Extra!—all about the bank hold-up on State street," shouted a boy with a pack of Chicago Tribunes. Now a cart rolled by with a large sign: "Mexican Mustang Linament, for sprains, rheumatism, neuralgia, aches of all kinds, and pains of every description." And thus the Big Fair continued.

A dazzling sight was the blue and white Rotunda of the Hall of Science. Leaving the vast building, where we saw the most interesting demonstrations from every field of research and study, a thunderstorm was on. Water was everywhere. Rain coats and capes were sold by the thousand and at a premium. Along the buildings the crowds were pushing like cattle in a stampede. Gentlemen and ladies tripped along slippery walks and under dripping eaves. We visited many more buildings and exhibits including the Agricultural, Dairy, Electric, and the most interesting Field Museum and Aquarium. After leaving the Exposition we directed our journey home through Milwaukee.

XXI

Trip to Canada and the Near East

Off to Canada and to the Shrines of the Martyrs, and the New England States.—Ed Rybicki was my driver on the journey; we left on October second, 1952. At Briggsville I visited a small shrine of St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. At De Forest a politician was holding a small number of listeners spellbound with his pompous speech. Stopping the Mercury a few minutes we heard: "Are we beaten to a frazzle? Good Lord, no! Not a bit!—Put this party in power, and keep it in power. This is your sacred duty and mine; this is loyalty to our country. Our opponents are thieves—liars—racketeers—live and let live is our program I (prolonged applause). That phrase of mine about picking pockets—you didn't take it too literally—I hope!"—And thus he raved on and on. We had no special interest in politics, and we continued towards Chicago. Following Highway No. 12, and leaving the Big City on the left, we came to Hammond and Whiting, Indiana. Ed's cousins lived there, where we were graciously invited to stay. After a huge decanter of wine had been brought and freely enjoyed, there followed a sumptuous spread on a fulsome table. We ate, while the children were looking on, and rose with the glow of brotherhood shining round. With my eyes apop, mouth agap, and ears aquiver, I here for the first time beheld the wonders of television, with Amos and Andy on the program.

At Northbrook, Indiana, I tried to find the home of my nephew, Allen Wagner. Through the graciousness of the proprietor of the IGA store, who rang many numbers for me on the telephone (dial system)—mail carriers—farmers—truck drivers—carpenters, he was not to be located. At every home heads popped out from windows; and after a brief experience with a large police dog, which greeted me at the door with a loud: "woof!" I, a darkly clad priest with Roman collar turned aside but I was not to be frightened. Lastly a carpenter, who had built my nephew's house, knew where he lived. It was a grand and glorious feeling when uncle and nephew met. The accommodations in his small home were very welcome to two wanderers far from home.

As we entered Notre Dame University Church, at South Bend, Indiana, there was the giving away of a beautiful bride, to a polished young fellow, with some Doctor's degree. Beneath a side altar was a wax figure of a girl, who had been killed by her father, at the Communion Railing. The ghastly wound was evident on the girl's neck. In Notre Dame's Stadium we witnessed where the fame of football lives on, where Rockne won his crown and Notre Dame their popularity. Here the Church may be loved, hated and criticised on account of the clever playing of a great gridiron eleven.

On the following day we entered "Michigan, my Michigan!" on our way to Detroit. Soon we came upon the Twelve Mile Road, where my gaze became fixed upon an immense tower, with a very large crucifix. The Shrine of St. Theresa, "The Little Flower" at Royal Oak had been built by Father Coughlin, with funds contributed by listeners to his nationwide Sunday radio broadcasts. In the Chapel are exquisite paintings and statuary inscribed with the saint's own pronouncements. One reads: "My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice. These invincible weapons, far more than words, will win hearts to God." Another: "I will spend my heaven doing good on earth." In St. Joseph's chapel, beneath the statue are the words:—

"Capital cannot do without Labor—
Labor cannot do without Capital."—

Above a huge statue of Christ I read: "King of the Nations—Keystone uniting that which is divided." Outside of the Basilica, which is modernistic—unique—grand—sublime, are a profusion of flowers of almost every kind.

On the following evening we arrived at Buffalo. Crossing the Peace Bridge we came to Father Hoffmeyer, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church. There was no one in church, no blaze of light from many candles, no sound of music from the choir, no kneeling worshippers. Yet some Great Presence filled the silent hall with light and life and color, for this was indeed the House of God and Gate of Heaven. I walked quietly towards the main altar, and dropped on my knees at the railing. I felt that here where so many come to pray, the walls must be filled with prayer, and the floor rich with devotion. Before me was a large Red Lamp, showing that Christ was truly present—Jesus Who had compassion on the multitudes in the desert, miraculously feeding them, and Who said: "I am the Living Bread if any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever." Later I dropt in on Father Schreckenberger, whom I knew so well. But now he was round-bellied and plump as a partridge. "So long, no see!" he remarked, as he clenched my aging

hand. "You used to be quite some singer and comic actor in your day, weren't you?" he remarked. "Yes, I was in the good old days," I said.

Towards evening Ed and I hurried to Niagara Falls ere the shades of night would fall. I had seen those Wonders of Nature before—

"Water falling, falling, falling—
As the deeps are calling, calling.
Mists are rising—wider spreading—
Rainbow—as the sun is setting—

Leaving Buffalo I followed Highway No. 104 along Lake Ontario.—Apples! Apples! Piles of red-cheeked apples were lying all over a nearby orchard. "Oh, if I could take just one—may I,— and take just one juicy bite?" Farther on was a long row of baskets, filled with autumn's luscious harvest.

At the One Thousand Islands we crossed the St. Lawrence River. (I wonder if anyone ever counted all the islands; there may have been only nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine.) You should have seen me now in the back parlor of my rolling chariot; I felt like a lord of all I saw—as snug as a raccoon peeping from a hollow tree. When I left home I had quite some cold, and I was still coughing along the St. Lawrence River—coughing—coughing! I smeared all kinds of Vapo-rub on my throat. Well—thought I—

"It's not the cough that carries you off,
But it's the coffin they carry you off in."—

And what have we here on the left side of the street? A dog pulling a girl by a small rope—and the girl is pulling another smaller girl—mutual assistance in miniature, and a manifestation of youthful energy.

Montreal, Canada! Now where find a place to stay and rest? I will ask a priest at some Catholic church. But where find a Catholic church? Here I was in a large city of over one million

Frenchmen of whom I didn't know a soul. It was night; I saw a large cross shining on high; it was a neon cross on the highest pinnacle on St. Joseph's Oratory, situated on Mount Royal (Mont Real). Arriving at the street "Notre Dame de Grace" I knocked on the door of a spacious rectory, at the same time asking an elderly lady standing near: "L'Eglise Catholic?" (Is this a Catholic Church?) As a Father opened the door I asked whether I could stay overnight. Shrugging his shoulders he said: "No place—no room!" (No room in the inn). He directed me to a certain "Madame Hermanie Bourgeois, 4152 Northcliffe Ave. She was a good French lady and she gave us shelter and food. (Oh, was I happy!)

On the following morning I said mass in Notre Dame de Grace Church during a High Mass at the Main Altar, one lonely man sang the entire mass with "the proper" sine organo, sine melodia, et sine nihilo. After mass the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for forty hours. The entire sanctuary floor, up to the highest pinnacle of the altar was loaded with flowers and plants of every kind and size and description.

In St. Joseph's Oratory countless visitors were bent on seeing Brother Andre's heart and kneeling before his shrine in soulful prayer. After visiting the Cathedral of St. James and the Church de Notre Dame de Beausecours and the Shrine of Katheri Tethawicka at Caughnawaga we entered the Wax Museum. There was a scene of the Stable at Bethlehem—Christ as a Boy in the Workshop of St. Joseph,—the Flight into Egypt—a Baptism—a Marriage—a Martyrdom in the Colosseum at Rome—a burial in the Catacombs—St. Peter preaching to the first Christians—Jacques Cartier among the Indians—Lord Montgomery with Dwight Eisenhower, and Pope Pius the Twelfth with the Cardinals—all life size and lifelike made of wax.

Truck—truck—and truck-a-die—trucks were rolling along the highway between Montreal and Quebec. The one was La Patrie, the other La Presse, and Shell's gasoline truck (the Yellow Fellow), besides Coca Cola, and loads of Canadian fertilizer, and coal, and a bus-load of school children.—On a building to the left I read: "Hod Doc Sandwiges." Such spelling would scandalize the First Graders in our school.

Have you ever visited the Cap de Madelaine in the Province of Quebec?—C'est magnifique! During the Klondike Gold Rush, a resident of the cape, trying to find a fortune, gave as votive offering a statue, which later became miraculous, the eyes of which became animated in the presence of three reliable witnesses. When you stand on the elegant bridge, on which three large rosaries are suspended from massive stone pillars only one feeling fills your heart—you are a child of Mary if every day you say well your rosary.

Well! Well!—See a wonderful "one hoss shay!"—a man and a horse with a rickety cart, filled with red beets—well, can you beat it?

My Mercury is rolling nearer and nearer to St. Anne de Beaupre. My first sight of the Grand Basilica was highly inspiring. The "glimmering landscape was fading on the sight, and all the air was holding a solemn stillness," when I hailed good Saint Anne in her lovely meadow, (Beau Pre), nestling at the foot of the lofty Laurentian hills, and watered by the mighty St. Lawrence River. As I moved into St. Anne's Basilica to get information where to stay and where to eat, the Father at the Pilgrim's bureau directed me to Les Peres Redemptorists in the rear of the Basalique. For our Friday supper there was soup-a-la-spaghetti, delicious, and un peu de fromage Suisse, with holes as large as pullet eggs. And there were string beans, and fish fresh from the St. Lawrence. Not bad for a monastic refreshment.

Outside was a Fontaine Miraculeuse (miraculous spring), called the Holy Fountain. I drank deep and often from its wholesome waters, which tasted like the sweetness of heaven. I did not ascend the Scala Santa (Holy Stairs); I considered the climb too difficult. It leads to the five-size Stations, erected along the hillside.

No pen can describe the grandeur of the majestic Basilica. What abundance of grace must flow from the heart of St. Anne on so many of her children, who kneel at her miraculous shrine, pleading for help! "What shall I ask of thee that thousands of others before me have not asked?"

In the Basilica are the Holy Family Chapel, the chapel of St. John the Baptist de La Salle, of St. Joachim, St. Gerard, St. Patrick, St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. Alphonsus, and a Grand Reliquary of many saints—all designed, and most artistically executed in richest and most colorful marble and mosaics.—Across the highway and the railroad tracks is a large circular building (The Cyclorama), with an immense painting—Jerusalem and its surroundings at the time of Christ.

We are now in Augusta, Maine on the Kennebec River. Maine is a land of rugged grandeur, of unspoiled wilderness and backwoods solitude. "Forty miles of woods" read a sign as we drove through. "Halt!"—There was a boy playing on the highway; he threw a rope across it, as my car went over, he pulled—did he fall? Going so fast we couldn't see what happened.—It is noon and some are eating lunch near the road. For table-cloths they have newspapers, for napkins leaves from the oak-trees.—Here's Philipps 66 station—take some gas—"Smooth in power from start to stop."—Stick to your ropes! The road is smooth and Ed is now "cutting 'er loose!—As we passed into "Breezy Corners" I wouldn't give a coin of any denomination for one hundred of these acres.—We are now on the Augusta-Roston turnpike—"straight as a shot"—not a turn in it.

The flames of Fall were leaping high along New Hampshire's hills with the setting of the sun beyond the Woods of Merrimac. On Sunday, the twelfth of October—Columbus Day—I said mass in the Immaculate Conception Church at Portsmouth, where an old Monsignor was pastor. He had studied with Dr. Condon of St. Mary's in La Crosse, at the Niagara University. His assistant, Father Kenny, had had intimate scholastic relations, with my nephew, Father Etteldorf, at the American College in Rome.

We moved very happily through Massachusetts, the Bay State. And then came Roston. Driving round and around for a considerable distance, in a manner quite confusing, I stopped a policeman and asked: "How do we get out of town?" He laughed and told me in a polite policeman-like manner.—A maze of winding streets—some sidewalks too narrow to hold the crowds—countless historical landmarks and places of more or less interest—Old North Church—Old South Meeting House—Paul Revere's House—Site of Roston Tea Party—The Liberty Tree—Yard of Old Ironsides—Place of the Roston Massacre—Roston Terrier—Roston Raked Beans— all that is Roston.

One thing I couldn't fail to notice: The loveliness of the highways and roads in the eastern sections of Our Country—double lanes—triple lanes—boulevards—turnpikes on which one could go—go—and go. What a difference from our Paths of Glory, from our side-roads in the country!—Mud puddles!

In Rhode Island—"Rhodus Insula"—the Island of Roses, I thought the picturesqueness of the state almost perfect—rocky contours—rugged tree lanes—sloping hills of green—winding rivers — groves of junipers — white spruce — beechnut — limpid streams alive with trout—the sun gliding goldenly through boughs and leaves, and silver candles illumining the altar of the sky by night.

Sunday afternoon. Where do all the folks come from in Dodges, Fords, Mercurys, Oldsmobiles, Studebakers, and what have you? From parks, football games, fishing trips, cities, towns, taverns, shows, woodland lodges as gas is freely flowing, giving all cars that "go" and "onward push."

Night had settled around as we came into the upper areas of New York City. I became gloomy; I didn't know how to get to Yonkers, where I knew priests at the Capuchin Monastery. It was on the map, of course, but how will I find the home of the bearded men? If I could find a Catholic Church, I might get information there. First came an Episcopalian, a notice inside near the altar said so; the second was Methodist, and the third a Jewish temple.—"Oh, night of horrors," I exclaimed—dark—dark—dark—irrevocably dark, without any hope of day! Across the street a group "in golden glamour" were coming from a tavern-restaurant. Though they were beaming, yet they felt free to talk to me. Nearby was a girl on bicycle with dungarees above her knees, who seemed to have been taking bourbons

straight without blinking an eye; she gave me the full candle-power of her eyes, and I dared: "Would you please tell me where I can find a Catholic priest?" Answer—"Oh, certainly, there lives one not too far from here—a few blocks away. Follow this street, then turn to the left, then up the hill over to the right, and around a corner—there's his church." Right—left—corner—hill, I couldn't get the directions. Then another standing by spoke: "You follow me!" (They had two cars.) The other said: "And we will follow you!"—"That should get you there." I laughed. "A sinner between two saints," I remarked. Even the ladies in the party giggled at that one. Arriving at the place it was dark from top to bottom. The lights from the Rig City were illuminating the sky with a bright vermilion—the north was black as jet. Were we in a valley or on a hill, I could not determine; the city smog was hanging heavily around. The hours seemed darker than The Dark Ages. Millions of people were living and laughing, playing and eating not too far away: it seemed no one cared for me. "White Plains,

9 miles; Mount Vernon 7; the Bronx 8. Speed Law 50 miles per hour," read a sign on highway No. 9. Climbing a steep stairs, leading into a house, in which I saw a light, I rapped. A girl opened the door. "Excuse me!" I stuttered, "I thought this is the priest's residence." "No! the Father lives three blocks away, down that way," was her reply. The mother, then, came to the door. (The family was Catholic.) "Come in," she said, and let's talk this over." I had on a Roman collar, and she recognized me as a Catholic priest. "You are looking for Father Carey?" she continued. "I doubt whether he is in; have some wine and rest yourself!" Boys, thought I, this is "honkey-dorey!" What a grand and glorious revelation! Wonderful hospitality! The good lady rang for information on the telephone—and behold her good spouse escorted me, like a guard of honor to the very door of the Capuchin Monastery. When I entered the padres and fraters were in a fit of surprise.—"Well—well—look who is here! Where did you come from? How did you get here?" Questions like these were hurled at me in rapid succession. They offered me a good Franciscan brew, but I did not taste. Then they gave me a glass of sweet Muscatel; naturally it went where all good things go when you are dry on the liver. They gladly furnished me and Ed with a hospitable table and cozy bed, and on the morn a nice altar on which to say mass. A few hours later we departed with the fondest of thanks. At the Washington Bridge, leading to Newark and Elizabeth, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C., I could see the skyscrapers of New York projecting from the low-lying smoke, like so many towers from a foggy sea.

The Jersey Turnpike, on which we went speeding along, left little of Delaware for me to remember. Yet "Delaware, Dover, on the Jones Creek" was still fresh in my memory since my days in school. A few more fast miles brought us to Baltimore. There were crowds everywhere; some side streets looked poor and forlorn. The restaurants were filled to overflowing. It was about the hour of noon. Many were standing along the walks, enjoying the music, coming from taverns and cafes. The displays along the shop windows were beautiful in their choice arrangements of things.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The whole city was on the move on the evening of Oct. 13, 1952, when we arrived in Our Country's Capital. The only place of which I had so often heard, on account of its beautiful grounds, was the Franciscan Monastery. Here I inquired about some church where I might say mass in the morning. The informant directed me to the Jesuits at the St. Aloysius Church, near the Gonzaga High School, on Capitol Drive. The Father in charge directed me to some hotel downtown. The first hotel where I inquired to stay overnight was for Negroes only. Entering the lobby I saw darkies eating and drinking and talking. Negroes? thought I—in Washington? What do you know? This surprised me considerably. There were Negroes on every street corner and among the pedestrians. Later I found that 51% of the inhabitants of the city are Negroes. For a nickel a colored boy sang and danced for us on Capitol Hill. For nothing I saw a white man dine with a young mulatto, and a strikingly beautiful blond of the Caucasian Race walk with a virile youth of the Buster Brown variety. I do not believe it was Joe Louis (he is pretty well out of the picture by now) though he lived but a few blocks away.—Oh, how the lovely ladies of the colored race like to wear bright posies in their hair, and the men in the lapels of their coats! At a certain street intersection I almost skidded head-on into a Negro funeral, coming suddenly before me. Even the Negro cabs in black were distinguishable from the yellow, blue and brown cabs of the whites.

We hired a Yellow Cab for a sightseeing tour of the city. We first visited the Capitol, magnificent, awe-inspiring, beautiful. The Federal Reserve Building has simple lines of classic grandeur. At high noon we stood in Arlington Memorial Cemetery, watching the guards changing. The Jefferson Memorial was inspirational. Near Washington Monument crowds of sightseers were sitting on benches, and lying on the grass, or idly strolling along.

At Mount Vernon were mammoth shade trees, spacious lawns, extensive flower gardens, where the wide Potomac moves on, along the home of Our First President.—The Pentagon Building is an immense thing—exhaustingly large. After entering you walk and walk and pause and walk again. I was dumbfounded when the guide told me that 40,000 were employed in this military bastion. There were two parking lots, each having room for 20,000 cars.—Across the Potomac we were in Virginia, with its balmy breezes, where folks are so congenial, where fields are filled with cotton, corn and potatoes.—

"Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters' grow... "

And now the White House! A steady stream of people are coming and going. Where do we from Wisconsin fit in, coming from a state where Guernseys and Holsteins and Brown Swiss are prominent elements of the cattle population?—In front of the Blair House we were shown the place where an attempt was made not too long ago on President Truman's life.

In the afternoon we walked into the basement chapel at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, which is a part of the Catholic University. I was inspired seeing the grand ceiling and ornate walls and marble columns—I found a bit of Rudolph—Elmer Blonien's name among the Men Forester Soldiers' names.—He died in the Philippines.

After we had toured the city we stopped in a Childs restaurant. A rather youthful and energetic waitress, with dimples in her cheeks, spilled the soup all over me. She apologized graciously, and promised to give me a check to have my clothes sent to the dry-cleaner. I "forgave her all the debt because she besought me." Accidents may happen to anyone.

Not long after we had left the United States Capital we were in the Allegheny Mountains, and on the Pennsylvania turnpike road, where a speed of seventy m.p.h. was prescribed. Up and over went my Mercury, high and around, through tunnels and over bridges. At Monongahela, after whirling around mountains and hills, in a small Italian restaurant, I asked for information. As a policeman came around the corner I asked him about Ann Street, where my acquaintance lived, he said: "Come in and have a cup of coffee with me and I'll show you where they live." That suited me right, because I was hungry. After lunch the police took us to the higher regions of the city. The street was so steep, it seemed we were going up in an elevator. Looking down from the top story of the town, the street lights below appeared like lights from a submarine boat, so dense was the smog. Coming to the looked-for home the policeman opened the door without rapping. (We know policemen are not bashful.) There stood the Missus, with eyes almost as large as owl-eyes—she was "skeered to a frazzle." And suddenly seeing me she nearly fell over me with affirmations of love. I said: "Hold 'r Newt—take 'er easy, madam!—What's the trouble in this house that the city police has to restore order? Besides, how dare you assault the Anointed of the Lord?" "Excuse me!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't help it!" It was Mrs. Piczarka, who had spoken. On the following morning I said mass before a neighboring rooster sent forth his clarion calls like a "trumpet of the morn," and we hit the highway once more.

At Carey, Ohio, I drove through the gates of a spacious park to a Shrine of Mary, where countless votive lights were burning. On the altar stands a miraculous image of Our Lady of Consolation—Consolatrix Afflictorum. After a good night's rest in a Pilgrim's Home we drove along Ohio farms, where pumpkins were lying yellow between long rows of corn that had wilted, and wide pastures where the grass had lost its green. Seeing the sheep standing in huddles and the cattle hugging the straw-piles I thought it was turning cold. It was snowing when we returned home, the place of my labors, my joys and longsufferings—home again to the same Old Town.

On my second trip to Canada I visited at Midland, Ontario, and Ossernenon, New York, the Shrines of the North American Jesuit Martyrs, also at Maryknoll and Graymoor. The latter is a wonderful place, high in the hills, from where the skyscrapers of New York can be seen thirty-five miles away. At Hyde Park, where Theodore Roosevelt lies buried, we also made a short stop-over. Coming to Hamburg, New York, where my niece, Mrs. John Kolodczak lives with her family of five fine children, we had a marvelous time in the home and on the lawn. We stayed only for a day, because our time was too short—a mere breathing spell, and a few hours' rest-up from our long journey. The worst of the trip was: We ran into a hurricane in Warren, Pennsylvania. The storm was terrific; in one word—we were lucky we didn't drown in those deep mountain valleys.

XXII

Grotto Shrine

From 1911 to 1915 I studied for the priesthood in the Canisianum at Innsbruck, Austria. During the summer of 1912 I made a pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine in Lourdes, France. There amidst the peace and quiet and beauty of nature I prayed for help. If my health should be restored, I promised to build a shrine to Our Lady, but I didn't know when, where, nor how. Taking baths in the miraculous springs, my condition slowly improved, my strength returned, my courage revived.

In the Fall of 1928, with the faithful assistance of Ed Rybicki, I began building a shrine here at Rudolph, Wisconsin. Glancing at the rugged country around, I knew this was it—the place I was looking for where my dreams were to be realized.

Now here within this farming zone
The countryside was full of stone:
Along the hillsides and the vales,
Where men were making clover-bales;
Beside the rocky water-lane,
Where drinks the horse with sorrel mane;
Along the farm-yard's rugged fence,
Where grows the milk-weed tall, by chance;
Behind the barn, the old haystack,
Where stood the young herd's feeding-rack;
All through the meadows, down the roads,
Where hay-hands smiled on well-built loads—
Together with few men e'er strong,
From day to day, and all day long,
There gathered I, with help of God
The truck-loads for this Garden-lot.—

Every spring choice plants and flowers are donated by the Ebsen Greenhouse of Wisconsin Rapids, which is responsible, to a great extent, for making Grotto Shrine one of Wisconsin's most scenic spots.

Passing through the grounds the visitor follows a regular path, where thousands come and go to see. First is a mound with a symbol of the Ten Commandments, the Sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice. All are embedded in stone with colored shells. There is a miniature church in amazing detail; a chalet patterned after the famous "Ruetli" in Switzerland called "Wisconsin in Miniature." A sunken garden, a rustic bridge, a gift shop and a spacious log cabin appeal to the eye. One of the most prized possessions here is the register, which shows that more than a million people have viewed Rudolph's famous Grotto. They came from all over the United States; a few from France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

A statue of the Blessed Virgin is tucked away in a small alcove, where it can be seen from every part of the Grotto. The Virgin watches over everyone who comes here, as she watched over her Son through all the troubled years. There is also a small Hall of Fame, dedicated to the men who fought in the World Wars. A statue of Victory, perched high on a monument of stone, stands guard over the hallowed place. A bridge passes over an aquarium, and leads to the monument.

The grotto proper is an underground cavern, which winds for an eighth of a mile, and gradually rises to an opening on top. Inside it is completely dark. The only illumination comes from countless colored bulbs along the way.

Near the entrance is a lighted cross, the symbol of our faith; on the left is I.H.S. Jesus—Hominum—Salvator. Jesus, Savior of Mankind.

The symbols throughout the cavern are made of sheet aluminum, through which colored lights shine.

Following along a cool winding corridor, the visitor sees a symbol of "Praise to God"; to the left is a prayer book and a rosary. A brightly illumined symbol of the Seven Sacraments, and the Triple Crown and Keys signify the dignity and power of the Church. In spectacular niches are statues that have been carved in Italy, and made to order

especially for this Shrine—The Youthful Christ, Moses receiving the Commandments, Grace, Adoring Cherubs, Christ in the Garden of Sorrows, the Blessed Virgin extending the Rosary to St. Dominic, and others. Miss Lyda Lessig and Ed Rybicki did the painting. The statue of the Youthful Christ seems to say: "If you love me, come follow me."

Outside above is a statue of Christ in priestly dress, and framed in rustic rock. Images of children, and of the sick and old come to Christ to ask for help. Spread out below are countless flowers: Roses, pansies, smiling gladioli, Johnny-jump-ups, hydrangeas, periwinkles, petunias, goldenrods.

This is a "Work of Art, and of Devotion." Thirty years of Father Wagner's life went into building this Shrine. It cost \$125,000; at the cost of things now it would cost half a million. To many it is merely a garden; to him it is a Monument of Religion.

Near the Grotto is the Parish School and Church, in the construction of which everything has been studied—the splendid altar, beautiful Communion Railing, pompous organ, convenient pews—all to develop a feeling of devotion and reverence, which does so much to help make the services inspirational, and the Church a worthy habitation for God and his people.

The school consists of four large well-lighted rooms, living accommodations for the Sisters, a library, recreation room, and modern hot lunch facilities.

The Grotto Shrine and the elegant Church-Rectory Combination and School and spacious picnic grounds are a lasting symbol of the cooperation and good will of the parish, which shall forever endure.