

ment—Miss Hussey, kindest of teachers, came over to say "Goodby" and to bring the eldest girl's passing card—Mr. Lowell, the late father's friend dropped in to say "Be sure to let us know how you come on and be doubly sure to let us know if trouble comes".

The two little girls wore black dresses, the six year old boy a short trouser suit, the second boy plaid kilts and the baby regulation baby dresses.

The little mother in deep black with long crepe veil, then in vogue, led her little flock—The five looked upon her then, as always, in adoration.

The grandfather and grandmother in the seventies, benign and benevolent were too old for pioneering but bravely faced it with their only daughter. The uncle who was a new doctor, with his wife and year old baby and the wife of the youngest brother with three bright children, eight, six and two years respectively completed the party.

The best remembered part of the trip is that the children sang most of their waking hours to Kansas—The travelling public must have thought them infant revivalists or minstrels of some sort. They knew Gospel hymns from cover to cover, and were unafraid so opened their mouths and sang—Occasionally they changed to school songs—"Give said the Little Stream" and "Scotland's Burning" as a round, in four parts, but soon veered back to "Beulah Land" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus".

Living in Minnesota they had seen few colored people, who were of great interest to them in Kansas City. At the station hotel doubtless a Fred Harvey eating house, they saw colored men beat on gongs and call "Rah for the Hotel Sah"—It was new and thrilling—They knew their father had served during the Civil War for the preservation of the Union and freedom of slaves—They knew Civil War history from the father and from his father, who also served even though he had to dye his thick gray hair to pass for a younger man. The mother's father, too old for en-

listment, had maintained a station of the underground railroad and was one of the first abolitionists.

Even though all these happenings had occurred long before these children were born they felt quite a part in it.

Little did those Kansas City negroes realize the kindly compassionate thoughts, behind the bright eyes of the wide awake children.

At Kansas City came the first disappointment. The fine dog was stolen and the little mother was amazed to discover that the younger brother had fallen into the hands of a certain type of real estate men, then termed "Sharks" who had persuaded him to reroute the car west to Larned in Pawnee County. They told him there was no more government land in Cowley County, which was an untruth. Thus Cowley County lost sixteen pioneers to Pawnee County, and then on to Hodgeman, the first county west of Pawnee.

Another night's travel and on a bright March morning the little group arrived at Larned, an interesting little town bustling with friendliness and the activities of new settlers.

At this time there were probably 1500 inhabitants in Larned, that had been settled by a good class of earnest respectable, God-fearing people. It was never a wild lawless town—There were kindness, refinement and considerable culture in Larned, even in its early days.

With men like the Edwards brothers, John, Tom and Billy; the Booth brothers, William Brinkman, Louie Wolfe, M. A. W. Jordon, John Bassiger, G. Krouch, Mike Landauer and genial Tim McCarthy, all working to advance their town and its interests, it just had to grow and grow decently.

The eldest girl will always remember Tim McCarthy as the first person to address her as "Miss"—She felt quite grown up.

The March morning, of the arrival of our pioneers must have been made to order—The air was warm with bright sunshine, the sky was too blue ever to forget.