

tion. Years later, there was found in the grandfather's old desk, a letter written before the father's death, to the grandfather by an older son. It said, "I have just visited Jennie and her husband in their new home. It is a pretty place and a happy home—I think Jennie's children are the noisiest in the world but they are smarter than the devil."

Perhaps a doubtful compliment but the first part was correct. In fact they are noisy yet when they get together.

During the month our pioneers lived in the Stone Block waiting for their new house, some men from Larned churches came over to organize Sunday School in the large English basement room—If they expected to find unregenerate citizens, they must have been relieved to meet such willing co-operation. The children helped to straighten up the room—Many hands made easy work of it.

They even decorated the pulpit with huge bouquets of wild onions that grew everywhere in profusion.

The Superintendent was a brave man to withstand the odor for the good of the cause.

The children knew all the Golden texts and all the answers. They didn't need urging to sing. They made not only the welkin ring but the entire Stone Block and north end of town with "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Jesus is Mighty to Save." The little mother came down to play the organ and whispered later to the oldest little girl, (that one grandfather always called "The Bell Sheep") "I would find some other kind of flower for the pulpit. The wild onion is pretty but almost too strong in odor." So the child went farther and brought back beautiful crimson mallow for the next Sunday.

This group of young pioneers played as vigorously as they sang, every known game and many of their own invention.

They made "sugar" on the north side of the Stone

Block by rubbing a small piece of sand stone or a nail against the wall of the building.

When you are in that part of town, look at these little troughs and ridges on the north wall—You won't have to look very high for they were very small pioneers.

This was making "sugar", several years before Mr. Bennyworth put up his sugar mill out toward the Fort in the Riverside neighborhood.

Later Mr. Krouch had a store in the Stone Block. He was a kindly man, who always bowed, even to little children—The last years of his life were spent with his daughter in Chicago, who said his happiest memories were of the old days in Larned.

The editor of the Chronoscope, at this time was Henry Inman, an author of note and a scholarly man.

A Santa Fe conductor, on the Strong City extension years later told me this story. This mixed train with one coach made one trip daily to Concordia and back. On one particularly hot day and that is really the hottest part of the state, the roadmaster and Henry Inman were on the train—There was also on board a mother with an ailing baby. The heat had soured the milk in the bottles and the baby wailed. The roadmaster and Henry Inman persuaded the conductor to stop the train where a bunch of cattle pastured—Henry Inman held the cow and the roadmaster milked enough for the baby. They made up the few minutes lost, there was no train to meet, unless they met themselves coming back. The baby was comforted and everybody pleased and happy over the humanity of the road. Henry Inman wasn't satisfied to let well enough alone but wrote the story for Harpers. The conductor was called on the carpet. "I almost lost my job," the conductor mused. "If people like us, tell them not to mention it, for in reality we are a hard tough lot." We both laughed. I always did like that conductor and so did everybody.

We don't know when Mr. Leftwich started the