

The morning of my sixty-seventh birthday was beautiful. A clear sky, a cool breeze, and the song of many birds. It has been a good season, with timely rains which have made everything grow luxuriantly.

I awoke rather early and as I lay upon my bed I blessed the memory of mamma, one of the best and most courageous of women and thought of papa, taken away so many years ago. Someway I started thinking of my birthdays in ten year cycles ending with today. I thought of my loved ones and of what they mean to me. Here I am, sound and in good health. I have much for which to be thankful. And in remembering my wife, three sisters, four children and their spouses, and the seven little grandchildren, and the one soon to come; - I also thought of those who are gone, of what they have meant to me, and how greatly they are missed.

Ten years ago, in 1928 Coolidge was president. A man who never opened his mouth to speak, without giving words of wisdom. A sound and sensible man, who cared more for doing things well, than for the plaudits of the people. We had but two grandchildren, and Dolph and Dorothea were unmarried. Generally speaking the country was prosperous. Many of the counties in Kansas had rented out their county farms, because there were no inmates to occupy them, and a good many county jails were empty. No one was suffering from want and in Douglas county, with its twenty-five thousand population, one person only was employed to look after the poor. There was less money in the banks of Lawrence than now, but it was available to those who wanted to borrow. During this period great headway was made in reducing the national debt. John Louis had passed away just a few months before. Etoile had recovered from her fall. We had occasion for grief and for thankfulness.

Another decade takes us back to 1918 when twenty-eight men who had been connected with the Journal-World were with the American armies in France. We watched the papers feverishly every day for news from the front. President Wilson was stumping the country to reelect Democratic congressmen and senators--may F.D.R. profit by his example. How we ever came thru the war without financial disaster is hard to tell, but we economized, while the President and his Dollar a Year advisors spent money like water. Saving the World for Democracy came near bringing about the annihilation of civilization.

Take away another ten years and I see myself working day and night to make a success of The World. My partner had gone to the Journal in December 1905, and the Gazette was making a great show in doing a lot of job printing at insufficient prices. Dolph was three years old, and it was over three years before Dorothea came. Those were the days of starvation prices for subscriptions, advertising and printing. We were working in one room, only fifty feet deep, and had but one linotype. This was in 1908 and it was two years before the room was extended to the alley and a flat bed Duplex press installed. Big display ads were spread over the first page of the paper and the whole office force consisted of myself, a reporter, office girl and circulation manager.