

make me move ten times as fast and far as Boston. Right there my plans went glimmering. Like Huck Finn, "I lost all holts." I was willing to forego a holiday, but I did not propose to invite apoplexy. Since then I have been doing business in a catch-as-catch-can way — and getting information and impressions in the same way. And what I am getting I shall pass on just as I get it — without plan or too much order. The impossibility of keeping step with New York without a long previous training has compelled me to give up the attempt and has restored me to the holiday humor I was in when leaving the farm. So now we can step lightly again.

One day many years ago I happened to be with the late "Billy" Garrison, whose memory still lingers in New York newspaper life. A bewildered individual approached and asked Garrison:

"Are you a Scotchman?"

"No," said the wit, "but if you wait a minute I think I can find you one."