

4 AMERICANISM *VERSUS* BOLSHEVISM

surely is the only one who ought to be laughed at. Anyhow, it is always easy to convert the man who laughs.

We built a home on Beacon Hill and lived there for many years, until my family increased so in size that we outgrew the house and spread out into two tent-houses. Then my wife, woman-like, insisted on securing a home with fourteen rooms. She said, in order to house the family, but verily, I believe, in order to have more work to do. While we now have a larger home, every now and then I return to the old spot to relive, as it were, one of the happiest periods of my life. And how we worked to plan and then build that first home! I dug the holes and planted the trees, brought the climbing rose-bush from Oregon, the birch from California, the magnolia from Florida. Really, you know, I like the old place best, and some day perhaps, when the boys and girls have gone out into the world, if I have money enough, I may buy it back and live there again. But we wander.

About Christmas time in 1917 people in Seattle began to look around for a mayor. They said they wanted a war-mayor and were tired of the old campaign issues. No one came and asked me to become a candidate, but folks generally conceded that if I made up my mind to run, I would win. Few ever ask an independent free man to seek office! Usually those who ask you to run want something *an honest man cannot grant!*

I happened, one evening, to go up to look at the old place and as I stood on the same promontory where I