

lively that the embellishment of facts is something he cannot resist. The Slovenly Liar is one who is too lazy to observe, so lies to save trouble. The Immoral Liar is one who backs up wicked designs, scandal and libel with lies. I was none of these but was in a class by myself. I was better than some liars and worse than others.

My father had a friend he called Eddy who was a typical specimen of the fancy liar. I found him very entertaining. I calculated from the personal experiences he related that Eddy must have been about one hundred and six years old although he looked younger than father. He had played marbles with several of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and related experiences of that day—political, social, scientific and sporting—wherein he had personally figured. He had studied for the bar, the ministry and the army. He was a mechanic and a hunter; had run a marine engine and hanged greasers in Mexico and Indians in Arizona, lassoed wild horses on the Prairies and dug gold in California. An anachronism here and there did not trouble him in the slightest.

When I began to get about after my illness I found myself dull and listless ; I wanted nothing but peace, and hated all physical effort. As there was no promise of my ever developing sufficient energy to *make* myself, the delicate and complicated operation of making me was left to tutors, parsons, teachers and the like. I was carefully and expensively educated, much against my will; for I most heartily hated every teacher I ever had, especially those who were parsons.

When I look back over those years during which I passed through many forming hands, I find that it was