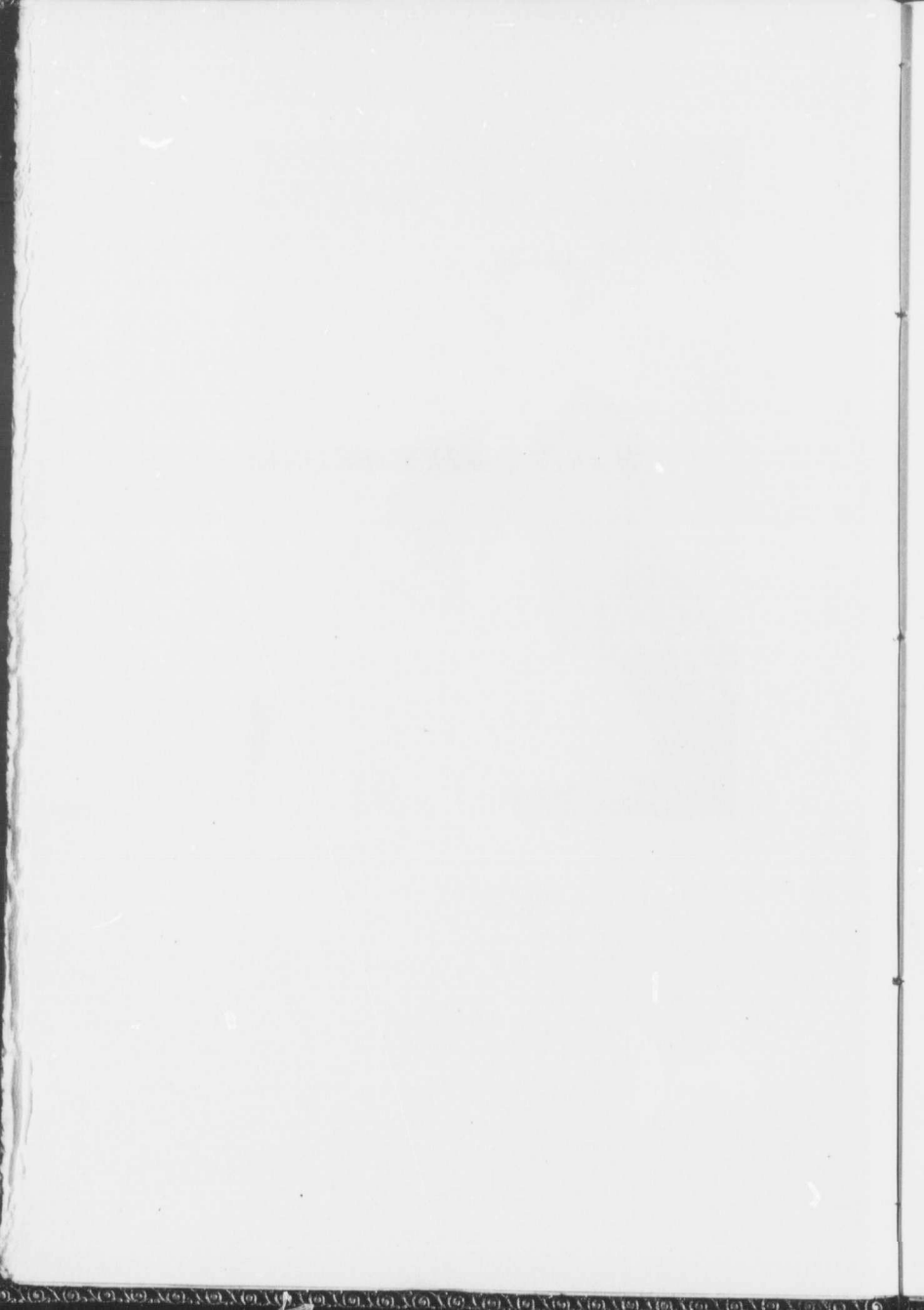
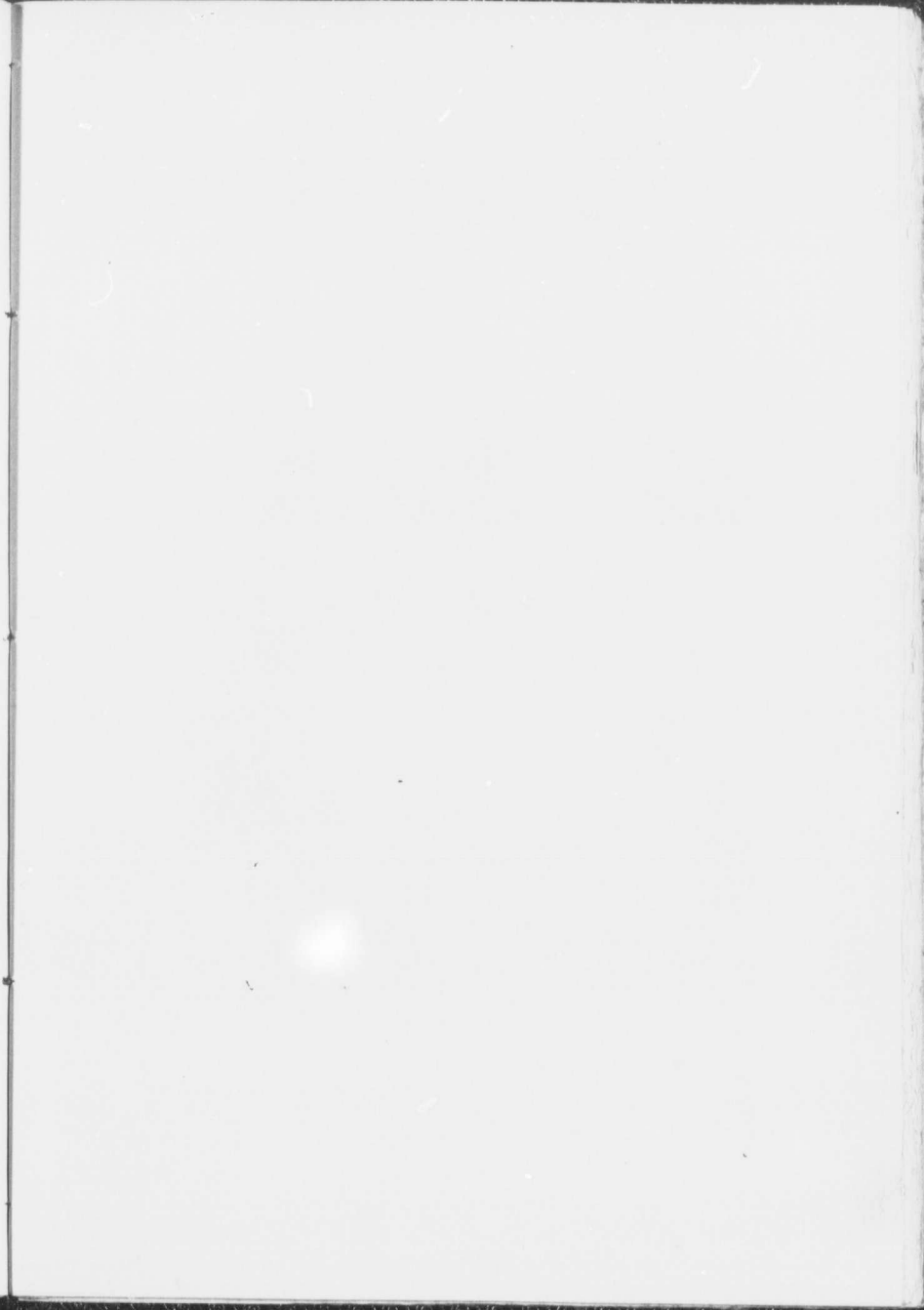


RICHARD BARRY FUDGER







Memories and Letters

RICHARD BARRY FUGGER

RICHARD BARRY FUGGER
PORTRAIT AFTER THE PAINTING BY
SIR WM. ORPEN, A.R.A.

Toronto
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1919



Memoir and Letters

RICHARD BARRY FUDGER

1880 - 1918

Compiled by his Father

Toronto
Printed for Private Circulation
1919

O thou untaught ! What manners is in this
To press before thy father to a grave.

Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Scene 3

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Chapter I
Childhood and Youth

I turn unto the Past
When I have need of comfort: I am vowed
To dear remembrances: most like some proud,
Poor noble, who, on evil fortunes cast,
Has saved his pictures from the wreck, I muse
'Mid these that I have gathered, till I lose
The dreariness of the Present.

Dora Greenwell

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH



RICHARD BARRY FUDGER was born at 208 Carlton Street, in the City of Toronto, on Sunday, June 27th, 1880. His father, Harris Henry Fudger, also a native of Toronto, at the time of Dick's birth, had just started his career as a Wholesale Merchant, and had associated with him in the business, Grandpa Edward Fudger, who came from Ireland in 1851. Dick's paternal great grandfather was Harris Fudger of Kinsale, County Cork, Ireland, married to Eleanor Barry, after whom Dick was given his middle name. On the maternal side Dick's ancestry was English. His mother, Hannah Wickens, eldest daughter of Richard Wickens, whose family home was in Hampshire, inherited English traits from her mother also. She had a brother Richard, who died when a lad, and she called the name of her first born Richard in honor of his uncle and his grandfather. Three other sons were born to this brave mother of ten children. Dick's brothers had all passed on before him. Two died in infancy and the third, of whom Dick was very proud and fond, in his sixth year. The public baptism of their first born in the Church used to be a trying ordeal to young mothers and fathers, especially if the infant candidate was lusty and obstreperous. To Dick's parents it was an act of dedication and an expression of gratitude. Accordingly, he was baptized in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church on Sunday, 26th September, 1880, accepting without audible protest the office and ministry of the clergyman. Physically he was the son of his mother, inheriting the sturdy build of Grandpa Wickens and his brothers. From his mother, as she had done from her father, he inherited also an aptitude for mimicry. Instinctively from the time he was old enough to notice them, he could reproduce the walk, the words, the gestures, but chiefly the facial expression or peculiarity of almost any one he met.

*Childhood
and Youth*

His school life from the first was very happy. Beginning at the Model School he won the love of teachers and scholars. Succeeding well at his studies and at sport, he secured his share of prizes and medals. He combined both types of school-boy in fairly equal parts, the athletic and the intellectual. He retained this dual characteristic throughout his student life at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, at Upper Canada College, at Toronto University and at Oxford. Rugby football and rowing were his favorite sports in his student days. He was a member of the junior eight of Brasenose College, Oxford, and of the Varsity Rugby team. At Varsity he chose the honor course in English and History, so that the reading in which he specialized at school, and which was his delight afterwards, consisted of a variety of English prose, but still more of poetry. His taste was discriminating. He read Walter Pater and loved Robert L. Stevenson. Probably his favorite poet was Shelley—he went into raptures over Swinburne and was a diligent student and admirer of Browning. Among the selected verses inserted between chapters in this volume are several of his favorites. He was the centre of a group of student friends, kindred spirits, who shared his literary tastes. These are unanimous in their testimony that interesting and entertaining as he was in criticism, in composition or in debate, it was his personal charm that most of all attracted them. Few could resist his loveable nature and almost every one who came under the sway of his personality counted his comradeship one of the choice experiences of life. His unflinching sense of humor relieved many a situation at college, in the home, and afterwards in business life. He seemed to radiate good will and good cheer wherever he was and at whatever he was doing. During his student years and on into the time when he had assumed manhood's responsibilities, his outlook upon life appeared to be what is expressed in a verse of Hilaire Belloc:

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends.

As a reward for matriculation examinations he was given a trip to Europe. Some of the letters he wrote at this time and later when a student at Oxford are typical of the intense delight and interest he took simply in living. At the age of nineteen,



WOMANLY WORLD



Childhood
and Youth

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FOUR GENERATIONS

HARRIS FUDGER; EDWARD FUDGER;
HARRIS H. FUDGER; RICHARD B. FUDGER

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on board a Cunard liner en route for Liverpool, he is experiencing the sensation of voyaging to an unknown land and being for the first time without guide, parent or friend. He writes home from the steamer:

*Childhood
and Youth*

Royal Mail Steamship "Servia"

May 30th, 1899.

Dear Father and Mother:

In one more day, they say we shall see again that unappreciated substance "terra firma" and be able once more to make connections with the "folk at home." The last letter that I wrote from the steamer brought me out as far as the Statue of Liberty in a drizzle of rain, but the novelty of everything about me kept my spirits up, and in the course of an hour the sunshine was flooding the seas and all looked fair. Just outside New York Harbour we came upon a fishing fleet, that disregarded all warnings from our ship, and we had to stop while a hundred or so saucy little smacks drifted under our bows and scraped along under the portholes while the captain cursed them to his heart's content, and they gave him all kinds of cheek. When I went below I was honored with a seat at the captain's table, beside a widow who has grown quite motherly. The way she pictured to me my lonely position, made me feel quite sorry for myself. She has a peculiar knack of making a dive at a dish, just as the steward is removing it, and always at the end of a meal takes great pains to assure him she "didn't touch that at all," referring to some unsavoury dish. But I would forgive all else if the old lady would not insist upon my lending her books.

I found that there were two other people in the stateroom with me, both Scotchmen from Glasgow, but unacquainted with one another. The younger is about twenty-two years old and has spent four years in New York studying art. The older is a man of about thirty-five years, who is a Mahogany Merchant in Liverpool. They are very pleasant room-mates, and we have pulled together very well. There are no great celebrities on board outside of a couple of actresses and a millionaire, and most of the saloon passengers are English. We have had perfect weather overhead but the sea has been real rough. On the first day out of New York a brisk northeast wind was blowing, and the sea was fairly ruffled. This kept on increasing steadily until, although the sailors would not admit it openly, it became "damn rough," as one told me privately.

There were not more than fourteen people at the captain's table on Thursday or Friday, and this number *included myself*. I had no idea that people went under so easily and compared with most of them I am a regular old sea-dog.

The meals are fairly good, I think, but most people aboard (being English) are never done grumbling about them. They may save money on a great many passengers, with regard to meals, but not

with this chick, although the very look in the steward's eyes as I eat a hearty meal betokens that he is a firm believer in the reverse of that old maxim, "whatever goes up must come down."

The American liner "St. Louis," which left New York last Tuesday, passed us very closely on Saturday, and there was beaucoup de crowing on the part of the Yankees, but one must bear in mind what one of the crew pointed out, that the Cunarders land their passengers at a landing stage.

With love to all,
Your loving Son,
Dick.

His destination was Berlin and he carried letters of introduction to business acquaintances of his father. With one of these, a Mr. Alt, he was invited to make his home. He soon became as one of the family, and was welcomed not alone on this maiden trip, but on subsequent visits to the Prussian Capital. This is how he tells the story:

Central Hotel,
Berlin, den 4 Juni, 1899.

Dear Father and Mother:

As I suppose you know from the cable I sent last night, I have reached Berlin in safety, and by the grace of God, have accomplished my journey without any evil befalling me. I think I had better follow the aboriginal method with regard to my travels, and tell you of the events in chronological order, otherwise I might miss one or two of the catastrophies that have come the way of "innocents abroad."

All day Friday, I tramped about London, and saw all the celebrated places, Westminster, St. Paul's, Parliament Buildings, etc., and at about four o'clock, called at Meadows', where I saw the manager, and learned that Harris E. Fudger had been enquiring for me. The latter has just changed his situation, and is at Hudson & Co., who have a number of provision stores, precisely like Wm. Davies Co. in Toronto. I went to Hudson's from Meadows', but as Mr. Fudger was not in, I left my address for him to call at Holborn Viaduct before 8.30 o'clock, and being very weary, I went to the hotel and slept until within half an hour of train time, 8.45 p.m. This startled me considerably, and I had to pack up, get my supper, and my ticket in short order. As I was leaving the clerk at the hotel, a gentleman with a glossy "topper" and a frock coat came up and asked for me, and I knew that this was "me dad's cousin." He was very glad to see me, but as I had just three minutes, and he had three hundred questions to ask, he knows very little more about the Fudgers in Canada than he did before. He asked to be remembered to all at home, and is looking forward to seeing you in the near future. It took the train two hours to make the run to Queensboro, and the "Wilhelmina" was waiting there, a short distance from the station.



ESTATE OF
GODDAM OT GODDAM MARY



Thought
of France

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went, made me think someone else he is a firm believer in the reverse
of it all being. "Someone goes up must come down."

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certain time.

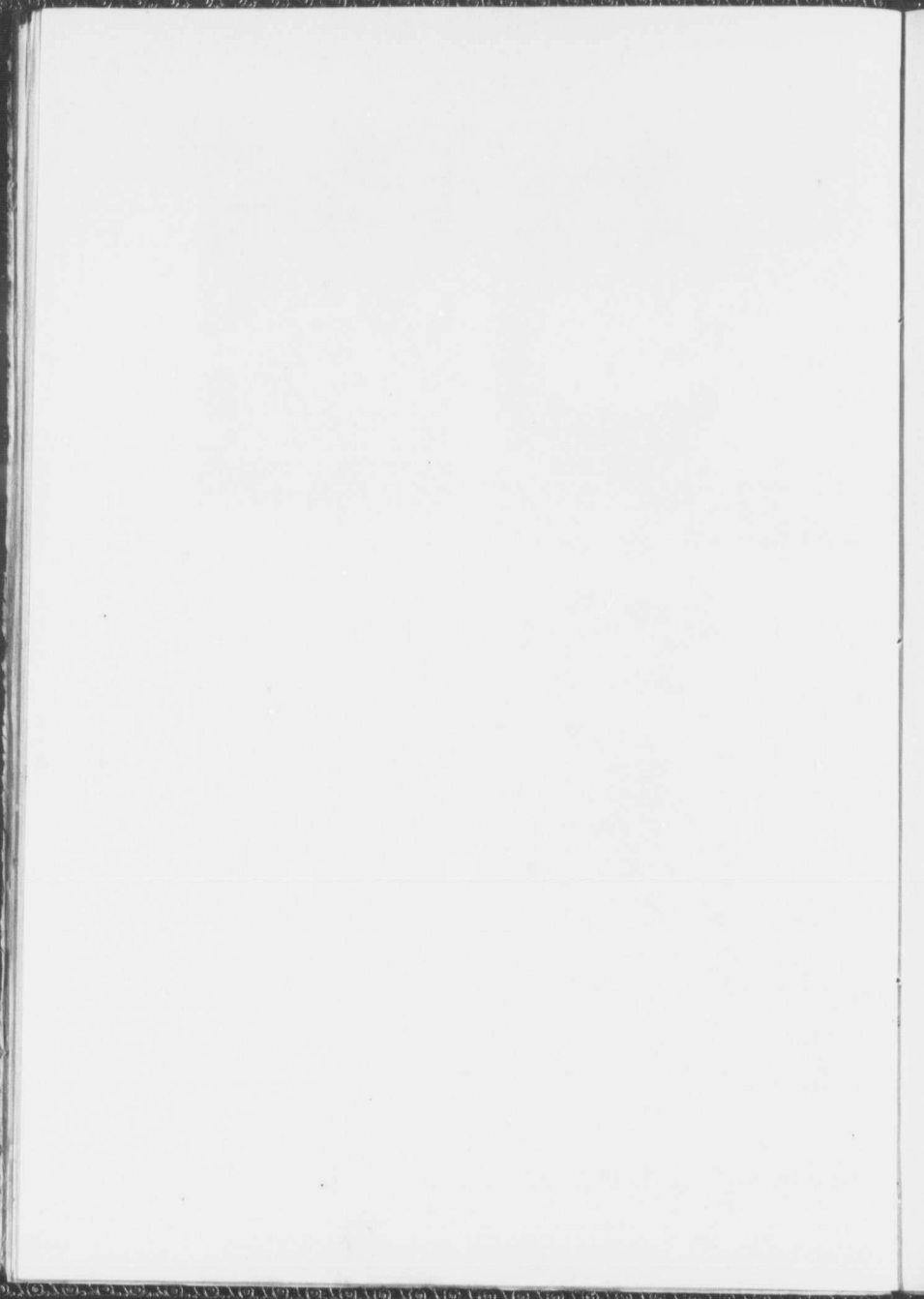
With love to all,
Your loving Son,
Dick.

Mr. Dick was Berlin and he carried letters of intro-

FOUR STAGES
FROM BABYHOOD TO MANHOOD

...the situation, that is at Hudson & Co., who
...like Wm. Davies Co. in
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...just three minutes, and he had three hundred
...knows very little more about the Fudgers in
...He asked to be remembered to all at
...forward to seeing you in the new square. It
...make the run to Queensboro and the
...was waiting there, a short distance from the station.





She is a steamer something like our Niagara boats, but with only a lower deck; the boat was very full, and I got into a stateroom near the stern, along with an Englishman and two Germans. The vibration caused by too powerful machinery was something terrible, and I found that sleeping was impossible. At five o'clock in the morning, the guard came round and announced that there was just half an hour before the train left Flushing. The two Germans were out of bed immediately, and after washing and dressing went out in great haste. When the Englishman and I arose, we found that they had scooped all the towels, and left about half a pint of water in the tank. The Englishman then proceeded to damn all Germans from Kaiser to Bauer. I shook hands with him over it, and we went on our separate ways rejoicing, although feeling remarkably "mucky." In the station were a number of Dutch people in native costume, that were very quaint-looking. I saw one poor fellow, laden with two valises and clattering blindly along the pavement in his wooden shoes, walk right into an iron pillar, and forthwith his face ceased to bear any resemblance to a face. I took my luggage right into the compartment as I had done throughout, but there was not much room left there; one of those elephantine dark-visaged beer-vats lay sleeping there, blowing and grunting away like a huge fat sow. Not content with covering one side of the compartment, he had extended one huge leg across to the other and left about two square feet for the rest of the passengers to occupy. I was the only other one, but I called the guard and tried to make him understand that the whale was monopolising the whole compartment. He simply shrugged his shoulders and disappeared, so I proceeded in a delicate way to rouse the sleeping beauty. I let my two valises, my cane and my umbrella fall, at once, and this just did it nicely. He opened his eyes and beamed on me in quite a friendly manner and presently began to pull himself together. I found that he spoke English quite well, and he proved to be quite an agreeable travelling companion. The train started and I was going through that picturesque country that I had seen so many times reproduced in paintings, and I recognized the different characteristics of the landscape as old friends. Even at that early hour the peasants, men and women, were out in the fields, working, and I was reminded constantly of Millet's pictures, "The Angelus" and "The Man with a Hoe." We had not gone far before the guard came round and asked for three shillings. I gave it, when I saw that the German was doing so, and he explained afterward, that one always had to pay extra for travelling on this fast express train! (it went about 20 miles an hour). The journey was a very long and dusty one, and I didn't reach Berlin until seven o'clock that night. The Central is right across from the station and it wasn't long before I was enjoying a refreshing bath. I had just one clean collar left; this I put on and repaired to the dining room to exercise my jaw and my German. Rindfleisch, Kartoffeln, Wecke, und Thee, and for this I paid something like 6 Mark! After that, I was anxious to leave, but H. P. & Co. were closed and also Isaac's concern. On consulting the directory, I found that Alt's in Berlin were like Jones' in London, and that

there was a page full of Hermann Heckt's. The porter said that it would be impossible to do anything until Monday morning, and I have given up the search until then. I was very tired after my long journey and my loss of sleep on the previous night, and I do not wonder that I slept thirteen hours last night. I awoke at half-past ten, and the happy thought occurred to me that I needed only two meals to-day. I ordered just what I had had the night before, but instead of leaving half of the enormous steak, as I did before, I finished it, in spite of the fact that the waiter came every two minutes to see if I were going to leave any, and gave me a look that I knew meant "Schwein." I forgot to tell you in my last letter that I met Dr. Dickie on the "Servia." He is the successor to Dr. Stuck-on-the-mountain, in the American mission church, but will not be in Berlin until next Friday. He gave me a different address from the one you gave me, for the church, and thinking he should know, I ordered a cabbie to drive me there this morning. I enjoyed the service very much, especially the singing, but saw no one that I knew. I made myself known to the acting pastor, told him of my acquaintance with Dr. Dickie, and also enquired about Herr Alt. He did not know him, but tried to find out something about him in the directory, but without success. After church, I found my way with the assistance of a map, to Ritterstrasse, and went into the court-yard of H. P. & Co., in the hope of finding out where Mr. Alt lived. I went up to a group of children and asked in my nicest German where the Porter was. "Es giebt Keiner," the chorus replied: then I asked if any of them knew Herr Alt, but all rolled their eyes and shook their heads. A woman came to one of the windows overhead, but her jabber I could not understand. Then women appeared at a number of other windows, and I asked them the same questions, but all answered at once and most of them were laughing at me. If you can imagine a score or so of Mrs. Faders, all jabbering at once from the four sides of a court-yard, you will know how well I knew what they were saying. But I stayed and enjoyed the fun for half an hour, and then went up to Jagerstrasse, but there had no better success. I walked up and down "unter den linden" for a couple of hours, and then came in to write. It is nearly six o'clock, the time when I am to have my second and last meal, and I am as anxious for it to begin as you are for this letter to end. Tomorrow morning I hope to see Herr Alt, and when you get this, will likely be nicely settled.

With love to all,
Your Son,
Dick.

P.S.—I received your telegram at Liverpool.

Central Hotel,
Berlin, den 6 Juni, 1899.

Childhood
and Youth

Dear Mother and Father:

I am thankful to say that the mansion at the top of this page (Central Hotel) is no longer my abode, but thinking that I hardly got my money's worth there, I tried to square the account by "borrowing" a few of these bed-sheets (of paper). I found Herr Alt on Monday morning without any trouble, and was introduced to the brothers H. Afterwards I went to pay my respects to Frau Alt, who was very glad to see me and honored me to the extent of doing the prodigal-son-tumble. "Else and Hans" were there too, and welcomed me with as much delight as they would *ein glas bier*. As Mrs. Alt explained (?) "Hans has not yet, no, any money enough to marry," and is for the most part, a son of rest. He takes all his meals here, but sleeps across the street; he cannot speak any English, but with the assistance of Latin, Greek, French, and German we get along fairly well. A very noisy parrot is the only other member of the family, but he is more in evidence than all the others together. The suite of rooms is on the third floor of No. 19 Tempelherm St., quite close enough to all the main thoroughfares. My bedroom is in the house of Frau Werner, but is the very next room to Alt's sitting room, and to say that I live "next door" would mean in English something quite different. You may be sure that I accepted Frau Alt's invitation with alacrity, for although living at the hotel was very grand, it was not home-like, and I had no one ever to speak to; I used to have my meals in a beautiful garden, surrounded by balconies filled with flowers and by night, illumined with hundreds of concealed lights; in the centre, a fountain murmured continuously among the palms, and the soothing music of the violins, as they swung softly into some wonderful waltz-melody always make me aware of an aching void that eating could not fill. But here I am just as "cumfy" as I ever wish to be anywhere, and in the fullest sense of the words, I am one of the family. I am getting along fairly well with German, and have started to work on Latin and Greek. What I find harder to learn than German is Mrs. Alt's English. She was telling me this evening of a little girl that was hurt lately on the railway, and with a terrible, a horrified look on her face she was saying, "und dee train go so fast dee railroad along, und Paf! dee pore leetle girl, her face vas ja so red like a lobster und her legs was gebrocken but dee upstairs part uv see boddie vas allright." I tried to look astonished, but I'm afraid I myself was very like a lobster.

I have seen most of the celebrated places in and around Berlin, and it is truly a magnificent city, and the life is so different from ours. In the evening everyone flocks to the numerous parks along the river Spree (and some even go on the spree) to enjoy the fresh air, and drink with their friends, and never a fight or disagreement have I seen among these thousands of people. It is the greatest place for sign-boards and warnings of every description, whether they are needed or not, for the people don't seem to feel comfortable without seeing before them in large black and white letters that they may still

*Childhood
and Youth*

breathe, and that the water is wet. Coming home this evening, we passed a triple archway, where one of the arches was piled ten feet high, with old iron tracks, making it impossible for anyone even to climb over it, but such a splendid chance to exhibit a sign could not be missed, and there sure enough, was "GESPERRT." Things just as queer as the signboards are the half-inflated balloons, that one is supposed to use as a bed-comforter. When I first saw the one on my bed in the hotel, I thought some "biddie" had left her clothes-bag, and promptly shoved it under the bed; when lo and behold, there was nothing left on the bed but a small-sized sheet! If the weather is fine tomorrow we intend going to Potsdam to see the Emperor and his soldiers, for there is to be a large review and some kind of a "schauspiel."

Your affectionate Son,

Dick.

Chapter II
Varsity and After

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

Shelley.

CHAPTER II

VARSITY AND AFTER



ON returning home Dick entered upon his course at Varsity with earnest effort to master its difficulties, but was handicapped from time to time by rather indifferent health. Writing in the Spring of 1901, he speaks of a "chronic tired feeling and head throbs that are taking the energy out of my work," and says:

"The doctor has given me a new kind of medicine just for fear I might think there was nothing wrong with me. I expect to feel well enough to start off at nine a.m. tomorrow and not have to miss any lectures."

Referring to his college chum, Irving Robertson, with whom he afterwards was transferred to Oxford, he writes to his father, who was abroad:

"Irving and I do not speak to any one in Varsity corridors now since Prof. Keys has read out both our Essays in class and compared Irving's style to Ben Johnson and mine to Shakespere! I got higher marks than Irving on account of two misspelt words in his attempt."

Having learned that no rooms would be available at Balliol for more than a year, Robertson and he began correspondence on the advice of Professors Milner and Fletcher, which resulted in their registering at Brasenose College, Oxford, for the Autumn term. A Brasenose man named Hubert Carlton (a triple blue, by the way) was influential in bringing about this decision.

Two events which happened rather earlier than the date of the last paragraph should be referred to here. The one was his choice of, or rather his being chosen by a fraternity or Greek letter Society, the other was taking a Military course to obtain his Officer's Commission in the Canadian Volunteer force. Among undergraduates in American and Canadian Universities the rage for secret societies seems insatiable. There is always

keen competition for popular students. Dick was very popular, and consequently was approached or canvassed by members of more than one fraternity. He joined the Zeta Psi, and was doubtless horribly fearful of, and then duly impressed with the initiation, the tortures tests, and awful oaths which gave him the right to know the meaning of the mystic letters and to call each fellow-member "brother." Dick proved a loyal "Zeta" and while even the best have certain drawbacks, fraternities have the compensation of affording opportunity for friendship. Dick formed almost all of his most enduring friendships in his fraternity. His wit enlivened their meetings and suppers; his skill at comic illustration brought his pencil into demand for decorating the menu cards. When in the more serious atmosphere of business life the glamor, which at the time fascinated him, had faded, he never forgot the claims of active members on the elder brother and never neglected an opportunity of doing a service for his early associates in the College "frat."

Having taken the required training and examinations, he obtained a commission as Lieutenant in a Volunteer Cavalry Corps known as the Governor-General's Body Guard. In this he rose to the rank of Major, having been paymaster on more than one occasion when the corps was in camp. Writing to his mother from Niagara, he says:

"I am writing on the third day of our camp in the very first spare half-hour I've had since our arrival. We arrived here late on Monday night in the pitch dark, and all our luggage went astray. At 2.30 a.m. we located it in the middle of the common, and I finally got to bunk about 4 o'clock. Seeing that I was Orderly Officer, next day I was aroused by the Major at 4.30 a.m. and just had a half-hour's sleep. Since then things have been running smoothly. I have one of the best horses in the regiment."

Thus he early had a taste of the fatigue if not of the danger he afterward so greatly desired to share with the boys who enlisted for the great war. A serious surgical operation rendered him absolutely unfit for military duty, but he planned to go as Ambulance Chauffeur in order that he might do his bit in Active Service. The cause and the comradeship appealed to him most deeply and almost the only difference he had with his father was his reluctance to abandon a suicidal expedition and to accept what everybody saw was the only wise decision, that he remain at home. His compliance was finally signified in a letter to his father, from which the following is an excerpt:



with, and competition for possible approval. This was very popular, and consequently was well liked as evidenced by members of both the Phi Kappa Psi and the Zeta Psi, and was especially favored by the latter. It was a job impressed with the character of the fraternity, and actual oaths which gave him the right to issue the letters of the mystic letters and to call them "Zeta Psi" letters. This proved a loyal "Zeta" job, and while it had some certain drawbacks, fraternities were the representation of a steady opportunity for friendship. This formed the basis of his most enduring friendships in his college days, and he still enjoys their meetings and suppers; his job in college brought him into demand for a number of years.

MAJOR RICHARD B. FUGGER

1914

CHAPTER IV - "The Regiment"

It was a hard and a taste of the fatigue if not of the danger of active war. He was ready to share with the boys who were in the war. A serious surgical operation rendered him incapable of military duty, but he planned to go as a volunteer in order that he might do his bit in Active War. The cause and the comradeship appealed to him most. He was the only difference he had with his father was that he was a suicidal expedition and to accept what he thought was the only wise decision, that he remain at home. His consent was finally signified in a letter to his father, from which the following is an excerpt:







"The difficulty has been that duty to one's Country being less pleasant and more urgent than the duty at home, it has been hard to fall back on the family view and call oneself honest. But there is enough uncertainty about the matter to give the benefit of the doubt to those who are dearest to me, and though it's hard to get rid of the feeling that it is a weak thing to do, yet out of this weakness may come strength to keep me going every day on the duty at hand in the hope that this honest purpose will eventually accomplish more than the adventurous sacrifice formerly proposed." *Varsity and After*

From this it appears he himself ignored the physical handicap which everyone else knew to be insurmountable. He became a member of the committee for raising and administering the Toronto and York Patriotic Fund. He also administered The Robert Simpson Company's appropriation for the families of those members of the staff who had enlisted. Regarding his effort on behalf of Y.M.C.A. membership, the General Secretary, Mr. G. A. Warburton, wrote his father:

"Congratulations upon the fine spirit your son is showing. If you could have seen and heard him last night you would have been proud of him. He not only gave a fine talk, but his whole attitude was splendid. This is not for him but for you as his father. God is surely blessing his life and I rejoice heartily with you in it."

Although a period of thirteen years or more elapsed between the first Niagara Camp incident and his determination, at the outbreak of the great war, to go Overseas, it seemed fitting to connect them here because they really stood in his life somewhat in the relation of cause and effect. At Niagara began his friendship with an intense admiration for the late Lieut.-Col. Geo. A. Peters. Col. Peters who was recognized as head of his profession in surgery took a deep personal as well as professional interest in his young comrade. In two critical operations which Dick underwent, Dr. Peters was in charge of the case. Two of his sisters, Martha and Beth, took up V.A.D. work and served in Lady Roberts' Hospital, Ascot, Berks, for three and a half years. Dick was very proud of them and considered they in some degree filled his place, performing on his behalf and on behalf of the family, a noble work.



Chapter III

Oxford

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Miss W. M. Letts.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD



OXFORD was the Mecca of Dick's hopes from the time of his matriculation, and though because of ill health he did not complete his course he always believed the university gave him a broad outlook on life, and gave direction to his thought which prevented his ever becoming sordid. In fact, though he turned his attention to commerce, he was ever restive under its daily grind and its mercenary aims.

In anticipation of some day seeing the famous university city, he used to dream, with Hawthorne, about grey, weather-stained, ivy-grown edifices wrought with quaint Gothic ornament, and standing around grassy quadrangles where cloistered walks have echoed to the quiet footsteps of twenty generations—spires, towers and turrets—vast college halls, high-windowed, oaken-panelled and hung round with portraits of the men in every age, whom the university had nurtured to be illustrious.

And so the wondrous charm of Oxford inviting to the pursuit of beauty wrought its spell and called forth his artistic instincts. The Vice-Principal of his college—Brasenose—was a musician and gave inspiration to Dick, who with natural aptitude for music could play on the piano, by ear, almost anything he heard. His residence in the city of ancient towers made an epoch in his life as the enchantment of its architecture and its gardens whispered messages to his receptive soul. Always a good sport, he imbibed the English characteristic and learned to "play the game" not alone on the river and in the rugby field, but also in the contests and competitions of after years.

But what Oxford was to him and wrought in him can best be inferred from the story as he told it in his letters home. He wrote regularly, at least once a week to mother or father. The following are culled from numerous letters fondly preserved by the mother who sorely missed him from the home circle. The

Oxford first describes his arrival at Brasenose, a day or two before term opened, and was written to Liverpool as his father was returning home.

B.N.C. Oct. 4/01.

My dear Father:

It is getting colder and colder in my rooms, and I expect there'll be ice in the pitcher before morning. However, the freezeout will soon be over, as men are now carrying coal into our staircase and the Rev. the Scout has promised me a fire as soon as possible. As a matter of fact my hand is quite stiff and the ink is congealing in my fountain pen, these two drawbacks are enough to hamper my volubility, but with benumbed faculties I shall try to relate what has happened since you left.

I partook of a rather modest lunch, consisting of bread and clear soup for the first course, and followed by nothing else. The kitchen is hardly in working order yet, but I'm looking forward to a good meal "in Hall" to-night; as there is only one other unfortunate dining, I hope to relieve the craving in my stomach. Tommy the Scout says I don't have to dress, and really I don't think I'd have the courage to disrobe in this frigidarium even if it were quite proper. The other unfortunate is walking in the quadrangle, and must be built of sterner stuff than I, for he is strolling up and down in a flannel suit and pulling a cigarette as if it were the middle of summer.

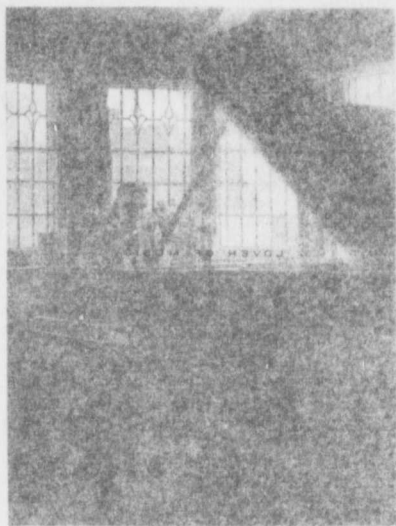
This place is the chief seat of the spirit of gloom about this time; just between the dark and the daylight the spirit seems to glide from the battlements and towers and spread itself close to earth and smother all human things in cold, dank mist. But I think I can hollow out a cheerful cave in the mist by means of my little red lamp-shade, that will turn the shade of this letter to something other than this depressing blue which is enough to taint you during your whole voyage homeward.

Although the environment is not of that inspiring character that leads on to great and noble deeds, I think it does lead to the making of sound lasting resolutions to try to fulfil the hopes of all who are nearest and dearest to you. It has never struck me so forcibly before what great things are really expected of me to justify the great outlay that has been made in my behalf. Too much has been done for me for all that I can offer in return, but as far as conscientious hard work can be called a return, I shall do my utmost to make it a generous one, and if I return home a stronger, broader-minded man, my turn may come later of showing how I feel toward those who have done so much for me. I have been thinking of you and those at home ever since you left me, and trust that the time is already in God's care when we shall all be together again.

Now, here's hoping for you all things to your taste on the voyage home and good news when you get there. Give Mother and all the Kiddies my very best love.

Your loving

Dick.



...the weather the arrival at Bransmore, a day or two before
...and was written to Liverpool as his father was
...the house.

LOVER OF MUSIC

...now come to the chief seat of the spirit of gloom about this time;
...and between the dark and the daylight the spirit seems to glide from
...the battlements and towers and spread itself down to earth and
...and make things in cold, dark mist. But I think I can hollow
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...voyage home.

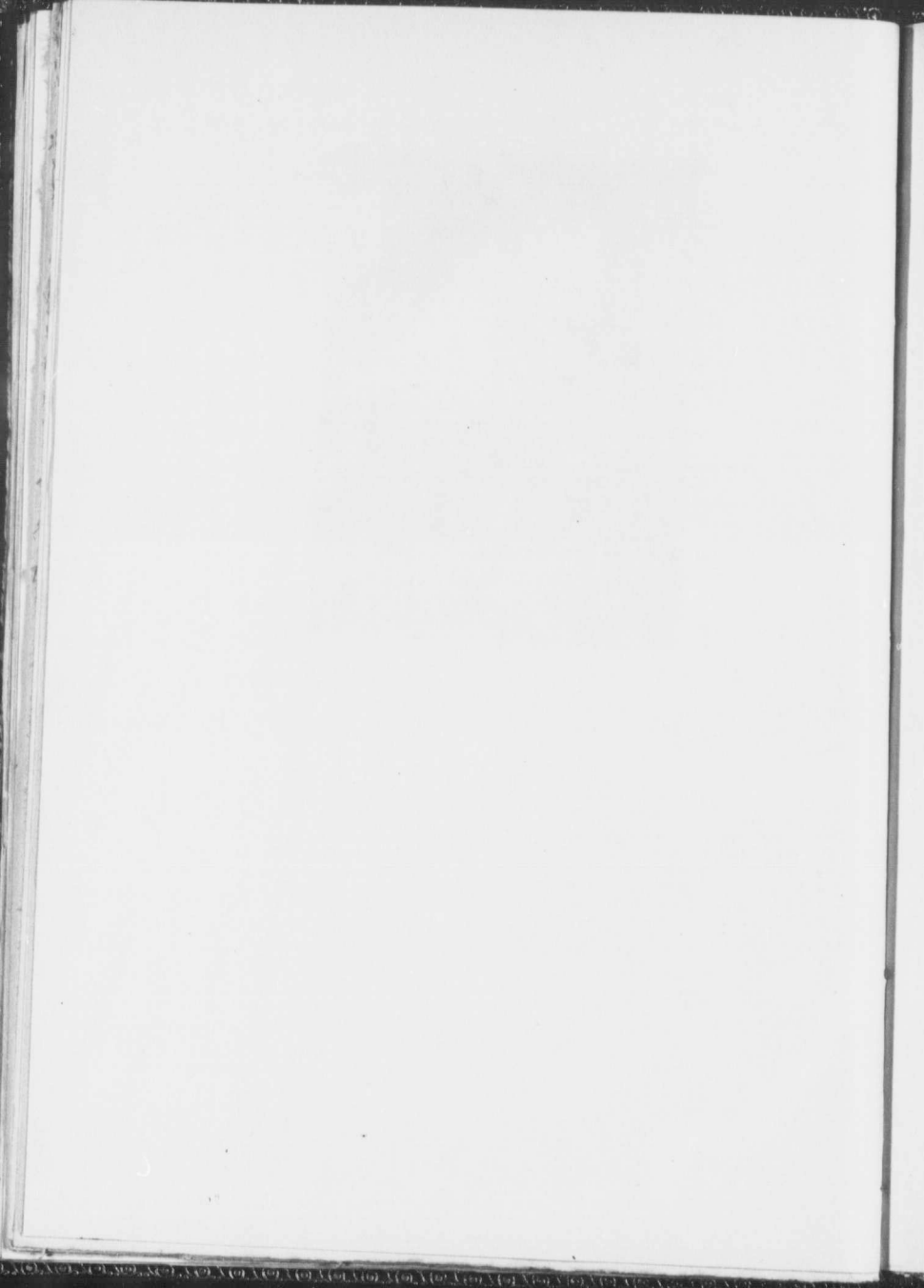
...Although the environment is not of that inspiring character that
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...that I can offer in return, but as far as conscientious hard work
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...and if I remain inside a stronger, broader-minded man, my turn may
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...left me, and trust that the time is already in God's care when we shall
...all be together again.

Now, here's hoping for you all things to your taste on the voyage
home and good news when you get there. Give Mother and all the
Kiddies my very best love.

Your loving

Dick.





My dear Mother:

This is just the second day of the term, and therefore I'm still feeling a little sick of my own company, since all the friends I made previously seem to have gone off with their pals.

On the whole the men here don't seem a bad lot, but there are some glaring exceptions. Mr. Carleton told me there were two classes of people here, the quieter, decenter crowd, and the horsey-sporty crowd. A large package of the latter variety came in to see me last night as I believe they did to all freshies; eight or ten, all drinking from beer-bottles asked themselves into my room about 11.30 last night and stayed over half-an-hour. They might have come to see me, but you wouldn't have suspected it. One or two of them deigned to smile at me, but the rest sat down in all the easy chairs, helped themselves without asking to my cigarettes, and talked of horses, hunting, grouse, etc., I think just to impress me with their importance. I felt a little uncomfortable at first, but when I found that no one was thinking about or paying any attention to me, I lit a pipe and waited patiently for their departure. One man said "Good Night," as he departed, the rest simply got up and stalked. It was really one of the most humorous performances I ever saw, but if they think I was the least bit impressed they have another guess coming to them. I've seen most of them around today but all have given me the cold and clammy stare, and I returned it. I'm hoping that this isn't a representative party, and I don't believe it was, for I've met as nice fellows as anyone could wish, outside of these muffs.

I've been to chapel twice already and take rather kindly to it. But twice a day every day is, I think, a little too much, even for a well brought up saint. However, I daresay I'll get used to it, as also to many other oddities.

Afternoon tea at half-past four is another thing that I have to get used to; all, to a man, go in at this hour and sit around a fire sipping tea. Most of them have three cupfuls, and everyone started today, when I said, after my first, that I'd had enough. All the meals except dinner at seven, you have in your own room; but dinner in the big hall of the college, where all the freshmen sit together at one table.

I have another Latin paper tomorrow and have been working hard to get ready for it. The last one was very satisfactory, "Mr. Sammy" said. I found out today that I had to attend some lectures in history this term, so that's another burden for my overloaded pate to carry till Christmas.

Mr. Sampson discussed holidays with me yesterday, and I just hinted at Berlin. He seemed to think the plan a good one, even better than going home, on account of my work. He said also, that German would help me in my history a great deal.

My first exercise I had yesterday, playing goal in indoor football, and I feel much better for it. The players in Oxford are not very good and I feel sure if I could play Rugby I'd show them a trick or two.

Oxford

I'm keeping this letter open for some photos, which ought to be here by now. I took them with my Kodak. Tell dear old Mart to send some of the ones she took. This letter's a rush on account of my exam. tomorrow. Best love to all.

Dick.

B.N.C. 20/10/01.

My dear Father:

I am sending you by this letter as promised in my last, an idea of the state of my finances. Sunday seems to be the only day in the week in which I am allowed a breathing space. I think my chances of passing on Dec. 1st are brightening every day, and if my good health continues and people don't become too sociable, I think I can do it, but it'll be the nearest thing that ever happened to me.

Whoever tells you that the drinking days at Oxford are over now, believe not that man, for the truth is not in him. I was really never so thankful for anything before, as I am for the absolute prohibition that is laid upon me. It is this drinking class of people who chiefly trouble me, coming in late at night and staying till all hours, but I'm thankful to say they've discontinued it of late, and I hope the good work will go on. One of the biggest 'busts' of the year happens tomorrow night, called 'The Freshies wine.' I was warned by two or three of my friends to take down all my pictures and remove anything I set any value upon from my rooms, before the affair gets well under way, otherwise I should have to refurnish my rooms.

Of course there is another and better class than the toppers, and among these I have already many friends. Eddie Kyley who won the Flavell scholarship has visited me once or twice. He is attending Balliol, which is probably the most unpopular college in the Varsity, but has by far the best students.

I have lunched with the Principal and three of the Masters already, and all have been extremely kind and encouraging. The V.P., Dr. Bussell, preached the sermon in chapel tonight and took as his text, Paul's exhortation to be sober. I did not go to chapel this morning as it was communion Sunday and I was rather afraid of it, but the ordinary church service I am now quite at home with.

Now I approach the part of my letter where subscriptions are usually asked for: (1) If it would be quite convenient and is not too late, and would not cost much money, could you send me a barrel of eating apples? It doesn't matter much about them, but they'd be a nice variety in the college fare. (2) Are my pictures coming? Those I need, and preferably with the frames. (3) Ask H.H. to get for me these three songs, he knows them—"Stein-song" (with words), "Men, Men, Men," Count Armour's "Lurelec." They're to be used in the Saturday Night "Shouters" which I'll tell you about later. I have not got a letter or paper from home for over seven days!!! and I like getting them exceedingly. Best love to all.

Dick.

Junior Common Room,
Brasenose College,
Oxford.

Oxford

My dear Mother:

I received your ripping long letter, full of all sorts of news, and can only say that a few more like them would be remarkably welcome. I think the photos are very good and you don't know how wonderfully near they make home seem to me.

The time of the exams. draws nearer and nearer, and even that old exam. campaigner Irving is feeling decidedly funky about it. I think I have slightly the better of him in Scripture translation, for I'm now reaping the benefit of Sunday School, R. Brown's Class and other such experiences of my youth which appeared at one time rather futile.

They have begun to prepare for the 5th of November here which is absolutely the day of all others in the College Year. I have just parted with ten good shillings as a subscription to the same.

John Ross Robertson is coming to see Irving tomorrow for the last time ere he leaves for home. He is bringing with him a dozen elaborate pictures which will make Irv's rooms put all others to the blush. It is one of the hardest jobs in the world making my rooms look at all cozy, that is at anything like a reasonable cost.

I had a long letter from Harry H. this week and he told me most of the interesting Varsity news and also of the Fraternity. I suppose the Frat will be quite changed when I see it again and a good many friends will have made one shift or another. The only place that won't change I hope is my home, and I should often like to have a peek at it if it would be only to run through and see what everybody's doing. I should like to have a more complete system of correspondence with people in the different branches of life I was interested in, at home, to keep me posted, but such a thing's absolutely impossible in this rush. After Christmas I hope to get things running as I like them, but till then, work, work, work.

The fifth of November eclipsed all exhibitions of how to be a fool that I ever saw. There were no end of fireworks as well as a big bonfire, and into it were thrown rockets, Roman candles and mines, imagine the result. There were thirty-nine windows broken in our quad and any man who was unpopular had a fusilade of Roman candles fired by "the tenth legion" specially enrolled for that purpose. There was plenty of fun, but the most dangerous I ever saw. One unpopular freshman, who is an American, had to pay £10 to get his rooms fixed up again. I am coxing a four now and think I will be chosen for the race because the other cox ran into the Oxford Eight today and smashed things up rather neatly. When I have more leisure I'll write letters worthy of a penny stamp, but the present must be excused. Please tell father there's no law against his answering my last to him. Love to all.

Yours as ever,

Dick.

Oxford

20/11/01.

Brasenose College,
Oxford.

My dear Mother:

Your letters have been coming very regularly lately, but yet I feel as if twice as many would not be too much.

Many thanks for the songs and your picture, which I think is awfully good. Most of the Dons who've visited my rooms have passed some highly complimentary remarks on it. I think you would be extremely popular here.

I've had all sorts of invitations out lately, from people from other colleges and also "outsiders," to say nothing of the Dons. I'm asked to afternoon tea at Mrs. Gerran's of London, Ont., next Sunday, to breakfast with Alan Radford of McGill, and to dinner with some third year men, which makes quite a busy Sunday, counting two Chapels. I have refused a good many invitations on account of work, but there are some that are like invites to the King's drawing-rooms, i.e. commands. These have interfered rather with my work, but not so much as I expected.

I have hit upon a capital scheme of getting work done now. I got permission from Mr. Sampson and the rest to skip dinner in hall altogether, to go to the library at 4.30 p.m. and work there till 10 p.m. At that hour I have something brought to me from the kitchen and then go on working till after twelve. Besides this I work all morning, if I haven't lectures, so you see I'm getting quite a "plug."

In the afternoon, of course, with every other mortal in the college I repair to the river. I have got still more important there, for since my last letter I coxed my boat to victory (to put it conceitedly) four times, and then beat Morton, a coxswain of three years' experience, in the final, thereby winning 10/6. Now I am promoted to an eight-oared boat, and yesterday for the first time, in an awful wind, I took it over the course, even through "the gut" successfully, which is a narrow turn in the river, very hard to manage.

I have not been trying to get my weight down at all, as that is not necessary.

Ten days from now my exams. will be on, and all the Dons say I'm going to get through, but of course they can never tell. I have hopes myself, but am not confident, for they don't tell you what exam. you're going to write on, on any special day, and this is a terrible handicap. But two weeks will see this struggle all over, and I hope me through.

Best love to all,

Dick.

12/12/01.

Brasenose College,
Oxford.

My dear Mother:

I'm at present speeding toward London with Irving on the fastest train of the day, just having heard the joyous news that we're both through both exams., and as I may have said before, it's the grandest

work I ever did in my life. Immediately after getting out of my "viva," where an old white-headed man scared me to death and then, blandly smiling, told me my work was "quite satisfactory," I made a tear for the station and caught this train. Out of about fifty chaps who were trying both exams., only six got through, of whom we were two of which! Besides, most of those people had been working for it for a year and we had only seven weeks, with the difficulties added, that we were freshmen (and, I may say, far too popular for good work) and I was coxswain on the river every afternoon, and at the same time none too well. My knees smote together in the viva, when I heard man after man told that he would have to come up again. I felt almost like hugging the dear old white-head when he smiled on me, but I waited till I was outside the Holy of Holies, and then vented my enthusiasm by embracing one of the stone pillars. I believe if one of the lady attendants had been around, I would have proposed to her.

I hope you'll excuse this pitiable boasting and blowing, but I never before remember being so happy, and I think I deserved it all. My Scout Tom said in his 33 yrs. experience he never saw a chap who could work like I could, and dear old Wylie, my logic Don, used to come in from a dinner once a week about 1 a.m. while I was at work and simply drive me into bed. But really these Oxford people don't know what real hard work is. Irv. and I were the only people from B.N.C. up for both exams, and were the only people who even made a pretence at working this first term. One of the third year men, who is the head scholar in his class, and also rows in the eight, told me the other night that he knew now, since he'd seen us working, what "American push" really meant, and could understand how it was that old England was being overtaken in every walk of life by the people from over the water.

Well, Mother dear, this is the most modest epistle I ever penned, but I think I've bragged everything I want to, now, in true American style, but there's something that quickly removes all other thoughts from my mind—the fact that when you get this letter it'll be very near that joyous time at home, when all those I love come together, the time that comes only once in the year, and I have never missed it before.

The train is very near London now, so I won't be able to scratch longer. The penmanship in this letter outdoes even some previous letters of mine, but we're on the back coach, and going 60 miles per. I'm enclosing a little memo of my financial status quo, and I'm afraid it's my only contribution to Daddie's sock this Christmas.

Will write again before leaving London. Best love to all.

Dick.

7/11/02.

Brasenose College,
Oxford.

My dear Mother:

I've started to wonder if anything has gone wrong with the transatlantic service, for I haven't had a letter for dear knows how long—at this point my fountain pen has run dry and my room has been invaded

Oxford

by a number of noisy persons who are trying to prevent me from writing this letter, so if it's the worst yet, you mustn't mind.

Just a week from to-day the famous "torpids" start; these are bumping races, where thirty boats start in three dimensions at intervals of about fifty yards and try to catch one another. These races continue for six nights, and the situation after the last race determines the standing of the boats for the year. Brasenose 1st boat is third in the first division, and the 2nd boat, that is mine, is seventh in the second division. Great things are expected by the coaches of both boats, but I hardly think they should be very sanguine.

At present I weigh 132 lbs. and have to get down somewhat, before the races start. But I'm not going to strain myself at all; they have to take me no matter what I weigh, on account of my superb skill (!)

Just here the messenger has brought me a letter from home, so I'll take all the first part of the letter back. I've had good skating now for three days. Robertson's hockey sticks arrived from Berlin just in time to be useful. The weather, though cold, has been simply magnificent for this much libelled country, and if it keeps on until after the races, my heart shall overflow with gratitude.

My reading has been coming along very well, but I've attacked some tremendously heavy books lately. Maines' Ancient Law, Aristotle's Politics, and Hobbes' Leviathan are volumes that would worry most human beings for a night or two, but with the assistance of Mr. Wakeling, I'm beginning to grasp it. Mr. Wakeling, by the way, has just announced his engagement to an Oxford nymph.

The principal has invited me to dine with him next Saturday night—what a blood I'm becoming! Next week I'll be able to tell you about the first of the races, and hope it will be an altogether better effort than this.

Dick.

Friday 14,
Brasenose College,
Oxford.

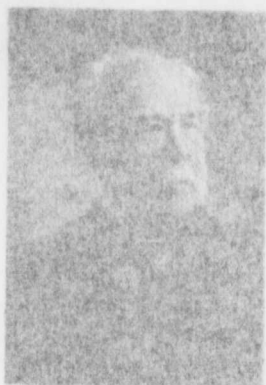
My dear Mother:

I am as happy as a clam, so don't expect anything but an effusion in this letter. Our boat succeeded in bumping Lincoln today, after a hard fight of a mile and a quarter. It was the first bump in my experience, and I don't know anything I've ever enjoyed more, than ramming the bow of my boat into the other one's rudder. The hopes of the crew have gone up tremendously: they expect now to make a bump every night, and then our glory will soar sky-high. I received a fine letter from Dad the other day. Altogether apart from the cheque part of it, it's the kind that does me good. I intended to write one back by this mail, but the hilarity is such that I'll have to postpone it until the mid-week.

My health is as usual excellent, in spite of the cold days on the river. The Iris was completely frozen over this morning, and they had a gang of men working from quite early, making it fit for the races. If I get much more famous, I shall soon send you a paper with my picture in it.

A party has just blown into my room, so I must stop for the present.

Ever your affectionate Son,
Dick.



MOB MEN



by a number of noisy persons who are trying to prevent me from writing this letter, so if it's the worst yet, you mustn't mind.

Just a week from to-day the famous "boyzuds" start; these are burning, where thirty boats start in three dimensions at intervals of about fifty yards and try to catch one another. These races continue for six nights, and the situation after the last race determines the standing of the boat for the year. Braconne's boat is third in the first division, and the last boat, that is mine, is seventh in the second division. Some thought are expected by the coaches of both boats, but I hardly think they should be very sanguine.

As soon as I weigh 125 lbs. and have to get down somewhat, before the moment. But I'm not going to strain myself at all; they have to take me no matter what I weigh, on account of my superior skill (I)

And here the messenger has brought me a letter from home, so I'll write on the first part of the next book. I've had good skating now for some time.

HIS MOTHER, HER FATHER AND HER SON

My night's sleep is in a quarter. It was the first bump in my career, and I don't sleep anything I've ever enjoyed more, than running the bow at my boat with the other one's rudder. The hopes of the crew have gone off tremendously they expect now to make a bump every night, and you see our glory will soar sky-high. I received a fine letter from Dad the other day. Altogether worth from the cheque part of it, it's the best that does me good. I intended to write one back to this man, but was thinking to such that I'll have to postpone it until the mid-week.

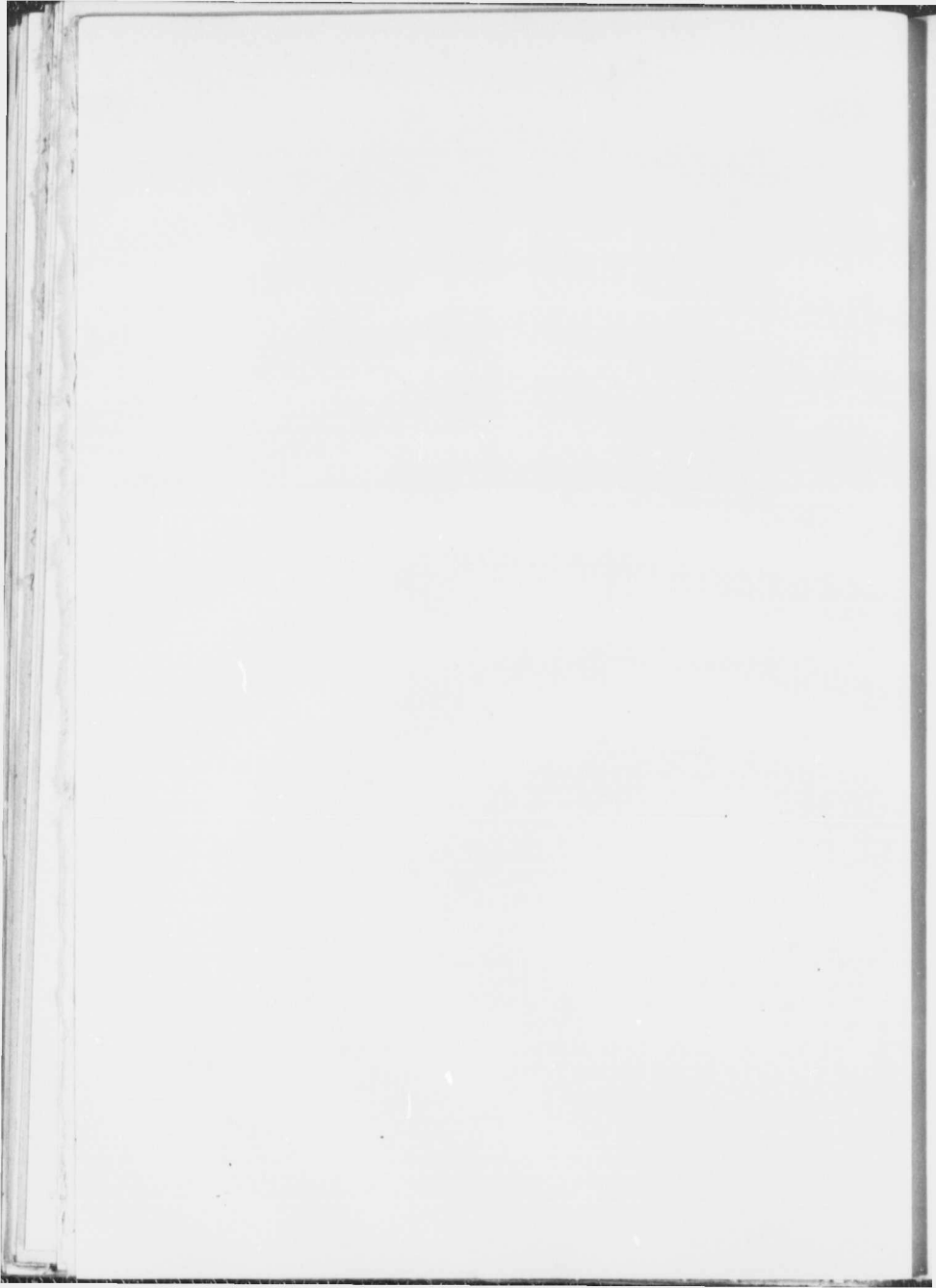
My health is so well as usual, in spite of the cold days on the river. The Iris was considerably better this morning, and they had a good of men working in the river early, making it fit for the river. If I get much more fatness, I will soon send you a paper with my picture in it.

A fairly hot day, but not too hot, so I shall stop for the present.

Ever your affectionate Son,

Dick





17/11/02.

Brasenose College,
Oxford.

Oxford

My dear Father:

I did not expect to be writing to you this (Monday) afternoon, but now it seems best to embrace the opportunity, though it's two days before the mail leaves.

I am sitting before a grate fire in a summer suit, and the clock has just struck three. All these strange things are accounted for in the fact that a quarter of an hour ago I fell through the ice!

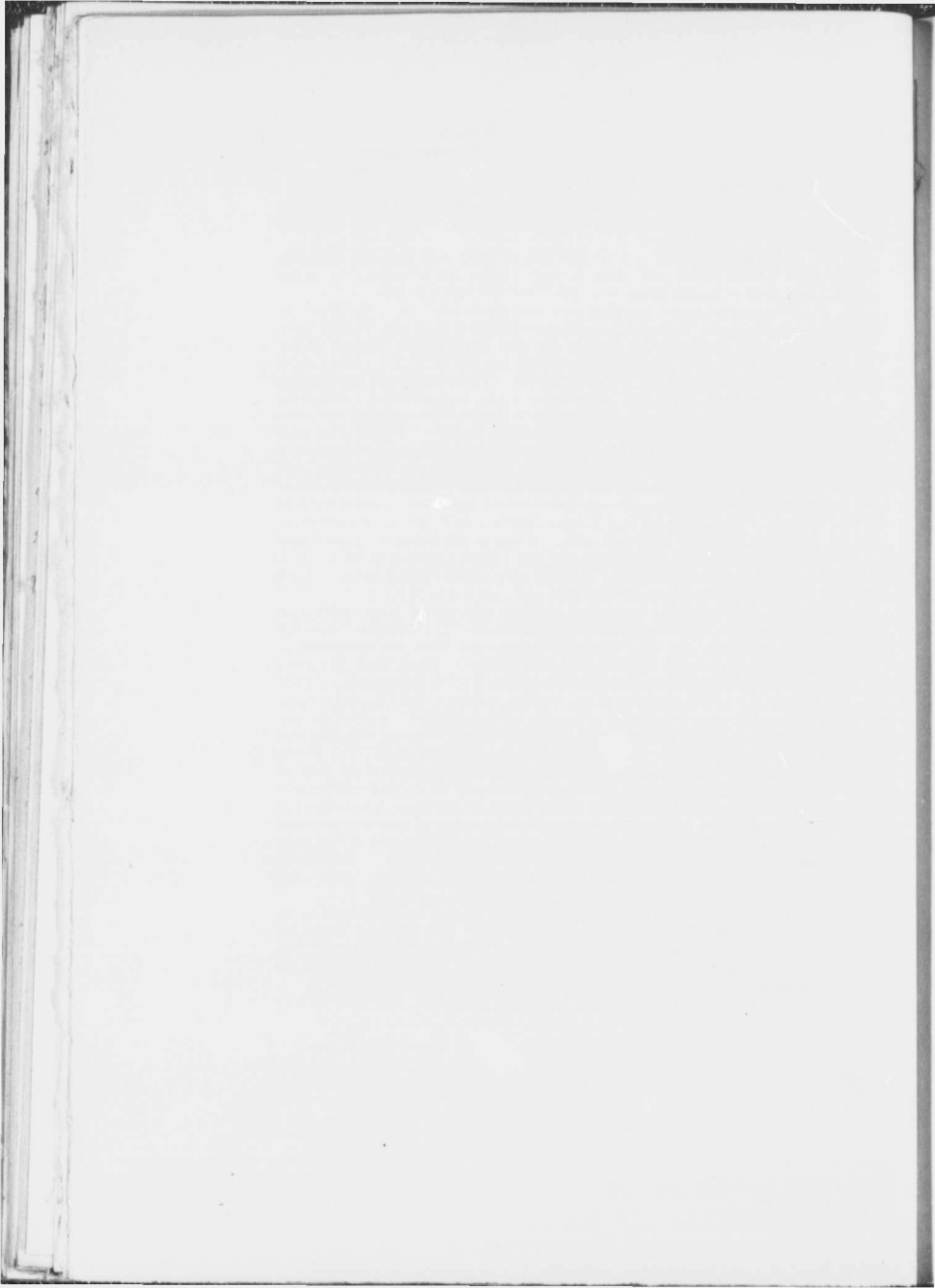
This morning the startling fact was announced that the Iris (i.e. local name for Thames) was frozen over, and that the Torpid races could not be finished. This is the first time in the history of the Varsity that after getting half way through the races, i.e. having three days of it, the rest have had to be put off. There was great lamentation here, for both our boats expected to make bumps today. However the crews have to stop in training until Wednesday and had the alternative of a ten mile walk, or one hour's skating. Nearly everyone chose skating. The hardware shops did a rushing business all morning and in the afternoon everyone made a dash for the river that runs into the Iris here, called the Cherwell. Unfortunately the honor of leading an exploring party up it was thrust upon me as being the best skater. There was no real danger attached to it, for in no place is the stream more than four feet deep. I was going along at a good pace when the ice suddenly disappeared and I began cutting through weeds in the bottom of the river. I did a very rapid retreat home, took a hot bath and drink and here I am.

The chief matter I wanted to write to you about is in connection with a letter I got last week from "Feather." The Chapter house has been sold over the dear brothers' heads, and they are compelled to build, as the other fraternities have started. They have started a subscription, every brother, active or elder, is being canvassed. I want to know if you'd approve of my sending a cheque for £20 to them, as at present there is plenty of money to my credit? I have to pay virtually nothing for being an elder brother so a great cost has that way been removed. Besides, I know the brothers didn't like Irving and myself coming away just when the Chapter needed us most at Toronto University, and I thought this would be a good recompense. Finally, they need the money in the worst way, and if it is a signal of my passing out of the Chapter's active life, I should like to give them this amount. It's probably the last I'll ever give, and I feel very sincerely that the Chapter has been one of the strongest influences in my life, and has found me my very best friends. Let me know what you think about it, as "Feather" is in a hurry about it.

With the history course, I'm just as well pleased as I expected to be, and its possibilities are constantly widening. Mr. Wakers let me off my essay Torpid week, and I really haven't had much chance to work the last few days. But I think it's all over now, and I'll be into steady ways again tomorrow, with no river-duties to interrupt me.

I hope to write you again after seeing Hannah. My best love to all at home.

Dick.



Chapter IV
A Student's Holiday

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

W. Shakespeare.

CHAPTER IV

A STUDENT'S HOLIDAY



FROM numerous letters of the kind a college student addresses to his father and mother during vacation excursions two or three have been selected. They take on more or less of the character of the Guide Book or descriptive essay, but one can trace in them enough of skill in expression and keenness in observation to indicate what would be his manhood's preferences and pursuits.

The long vacation at Easter was the time chosen by many students for a continental trip, and Dick started south soon after term closed. On his return to England there still remained a week before college re-opened and this he spent with school friends of his sister Hannah, who had invited him to join her at their home in Scotland. This was his first experience of the mode of life of the British Aristocracy and he humorously contrasts it with the simplicity of his own Canadian home.

Nice, le 18. III. 1902.

Grand Hotel Metropole,
Boulevard Victor Hugo,
Nice.

My dear Mother:

Somewhat after the close of this letter, endeth the greatest day, from one point of view, of my existence. I've been doing some rather swift travelling lately, and am consequently tired, but I really believe the sights I saw on today's journey would inspire a dying man. I left Paris at 7.10 last evening, passed all the uninteresting part of the country in the dark, and awoke with a start at 5 a.m. in a perfect paradise. All the trees were out in pink blossom, and whatever green there was about the scene was of that very light tint that we sometimes have in the spring. The road that ran along beside the train was as white as snow. On the other side, was the river Rhone, with tall cyprus trees along its bank. To both sides too, of this picture were backgrounds of mountains, on one side blue in the distance, on

the other, just across the river, almost red in colour. When I awoke I could see that the sun was just below the blue mountain rim on the left. Just imagine the sight when the sunlight first spilled over the horizon-brim, and flooded all this paradise with light. I'm afraid this gives you a very meagre idea of what I really saw, but I was in nothing short of an ecstasy through this whole day, and only calmed down when I saw the sun sinking down behind the Islands of Cannes. It was not the least bit monotonous, for I had no sooner got quite at home with the Rhone scenery, when I had my first glimpse of the Mediterranean, an ocean of deep blue, bordered with rocks that are an absolute red. In fact the soil is so red all along this coast, that where one furrow had been turned up, in a green field, you could half-close your eyes and imagine it was a row of poppies.

We passed through Lyons late at night, so I saw nothing of it. In Marseilles, however, I had a good breakfast and a little time to spare to look about the town. I had also a good look at Toulouse and still better at Cannes, where the King of England is daily expected. It is a place just on a par with this one where I am now, one of the most luxuriant places in the world. I just arrived at 6.30 p.m. but I've been looking about me. Every store in the place is a regular edition de luxe, the hotels are gorgeous, and the dresses of the people, beyond description. I must say it's a bit too thick for me, but I am just staying here to break the strain of the journey, as I've had very little sleep now for two nights.

After the long day's revelling in "nature pure and holy," it's almost disgusting to be plunged into this whirl of artificial society.

I intend hastening to Italy tomorrow, for it was the chief object of my journey and I want as much time there as possible.

The climate at mid-day here is quite oppressive, but I am prepared for all sorts, even to rain. At night it turns quite cold and one has to keep the duds pulled up tight under your chin.

Well, good-night Mother dear, till the next time.

From the tiredest kid that ever wrote,

Dick.

Rome, 23.III.02.

My dear Mother:

After many vicissitudes I am at last settled for the time being in the Eternal City, but it is only by the best of good luck that I'm not living in the street. Never until now did I realize what the Easter pilgrimages to Rome really were—apart from foreign sight-seers from all the countries under heaven, people flock here in thousands from all parts of Italy and stay most of this week. The result was that when I arrived here I could not get into any hotel whatsoever at any price. I was driven around in a cab for three hours after my train came in,

looking in vain for a jumping-off place. At last, as a final resort, I went to a house (pension) recommended by a young couple I met at Monte Carlo—by the way, the nicest possible pair, whose home is in Sydney, Australia, who are on an extended tour for a year or so, who have no end of money and who luckily for me, have taken a fancy to "little Willy." Well, I got the very last available room in this pension, one on the top floor, and had no sooner come down from it for lunch than I walked the aforesaid couple in great distress about rooms. So the three of us got in a cab—they take me along as a sort of courier, because I can speak German, and make a bluff at French and Italian—and after another hour's hunt got a single room in hotel Suisse. Fortunately the hotel has proved quite a good one, though they are rather cramped in a single room. They have added a great deal to the pleasure of my trip. They are both so companionable, and really the best looking young couple I ever saw. They are en route to London at present and have promised to visit me in Oxford; apropos of Oxford, yesterday was the day of the Boat Race. I haven't heard who won yet, but I think it will be Cambridge.

This morning I went to Church at St. Peter's, the largest church in the world. Today there was a special Palm Sunday service, called "The Blessing of the Palms." I got there at 8.30 a.m. and for fully an hour and a half, listened to a dozen priests making weird noises at the altar. Meanwhile the crowd was collecting, and by ten o'clock that vast church was simply crowded with people—not sitting down, remember, but packed in, standing up, just as tightly as possible. At ten o'clock the processional was sung, and the head cardinal appeared followed by a man swinging incense and about a dozen bearing long candlesticks. After these came about two hundred boys of the choir in black velvet with white surplices. They took their places at one side of the altar and rendered one of the most beautiful anthems I've ever heard. After this the palms were brought in. They look like yellow dried grass, and each piece was done up in some fantastic shape. These were distributed among priests and choir. Then the Cardinal produced huge piles of olive branches that had been blessed by the Pope and distributed them among the congregation. Of course only those near the front had a chance of getting any, of whom I was one of which, and I'm sending a leaf of it in this letter. By this time I was getting almost weary, for the priests had commenced making funny noises again, and it was getting on my nerves. So after three hours of it, I ventured home. Each day this week there is some special service with fine music, so I intend to go to all of them.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the most interesting part of the city, the Palatine and Capitoline hill, with the Roman Forum right underneath them and the Colosseum just behind.

This is one of the saddest sights one could ever see, and yet one of the most interesting; to see where criminals used to be thrown from the Tarpeian rock (now about 6 ft. high!), where Marc Antony made

*A Student's
Holiday*

his speech, where Caesar fell, where Manilius, with the help of the geese, saved the Capitol, and where Horatius defended the bridge—all so wonderfully interesting. And "The Yellow Tiber" is still just as yellow and muddy as it was then. One's feelings in places of this kind are almost overwhelming; the man who has come nearest to expressing them is Lord Byron, whose poetry I would rather have for real helpful appreciation than a thousand Baedeckers. See Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

I haven't been inside a museum or art gallery yet; the tremendous task of "doing" Roman art begins tomorrow morning. This afternoon I am resting, for I've had a hard week, with a great deal of night travel, and it wouldn't take a great deal more to knock me out. So today is going to be a good rest for me, and I expect to start "on pastures new" tomorrow, feeling quite fit. In spite of the enormous changes I've experienced in climate, food, water, etc., my health has, so far, been absolutely all right, and I have great hopes of completing the vacation without the slightest relapse. I'm going to try to spend this whole week in Rome, and leave for Naples next Sunday night. In this way I shall just be going the opposite way from the crowds. The cities that I still have ahead of me on my route are Naples (Pompeii and Vesuvius, which is in eruption) Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan. Then through the Italian lakes and Alps, back to London, where I expect to pick up the Kid. Travelling and sight-seeing at such a pace as I am at present is about as hard work as cutting the lawn on an August afternoon, but it's so well worth it. In St. Peter's this morning I met two Oxford chaps, one from B.N.C., so with my other friends as well, I'm never lonely. Staying at this pension there is a Miss Meredith, sister of Chief Justice Meredith. She came up and spoke to me today when she heard the part of the world I hailed from. She knows Dr. Peters, so we got along quite nicely together, talking about him. This, I think, is about all the acquaintances or interests we had in common.

Cook's office was closed yesterday afternoon and today, so I haven't been able to get any mail. I expect there will be some waiting for me tomorrow. Don't stop writing just because I'm not in England, for I feel the need of it all the worse when kicking about Europe like a waif or orphan. I'm trying to write my two letters a week this trip, so you mustn't be surprised if they get rather feeble in spots. Remember me to all the people I know. Best love to the family,

As ever, Dick.

P.S.—The 3-leaved stem I plucked out of a cranny in the wall of the Colosseum.

27.III.02,
Parker's Hotel,
(Late Tramontano),
Naples.

My dear Mother:

I may have told you before that "smell Naples and die" is the recognized modern version of the old saying, and that's what I've been doing ever since arriving here today. I decided to come here



the people there, those tall white bastions, with the help of the
city walls, the bridge, and the Muretus defended the bridge—
and "The Yellow Tiber" is still just
as it was then. One's feelings in places of this
kind are almost unbreakable; the man who has come nearest to
this feeling is Lord Byron, whose poetry I would rather have
than a thousand Baedekers. See Child's
edition, *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

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Roman art begins tomorrow morning. This afternoon
I've had a hard week, with a great deal of night
work, and it wouldn't take a great deal more to knock me out. So
I'm going to be a good rest for me, and I expect to start "on
my feet" tomorrow, feeling quite fit. In spite of the enormous
change I've experienced in climate, food, water, etc., my health has
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BRASENORSE COLLEGE
OXFORD

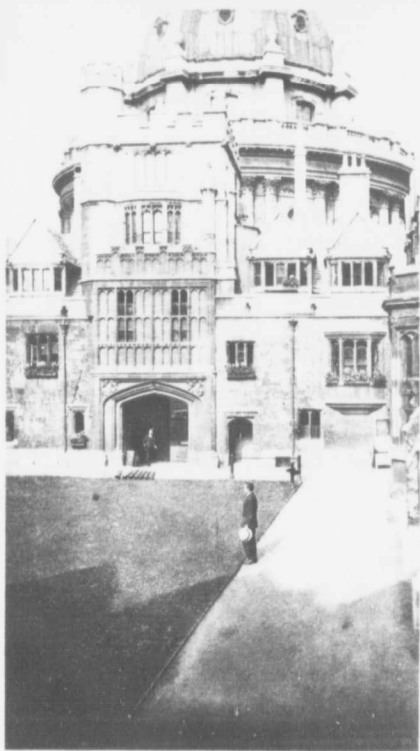
on this trip, so you wouldn't be surprised if they get rather feeble in spots.
Remember me to all the people I know. Best love to the family.
As ever, Dick.

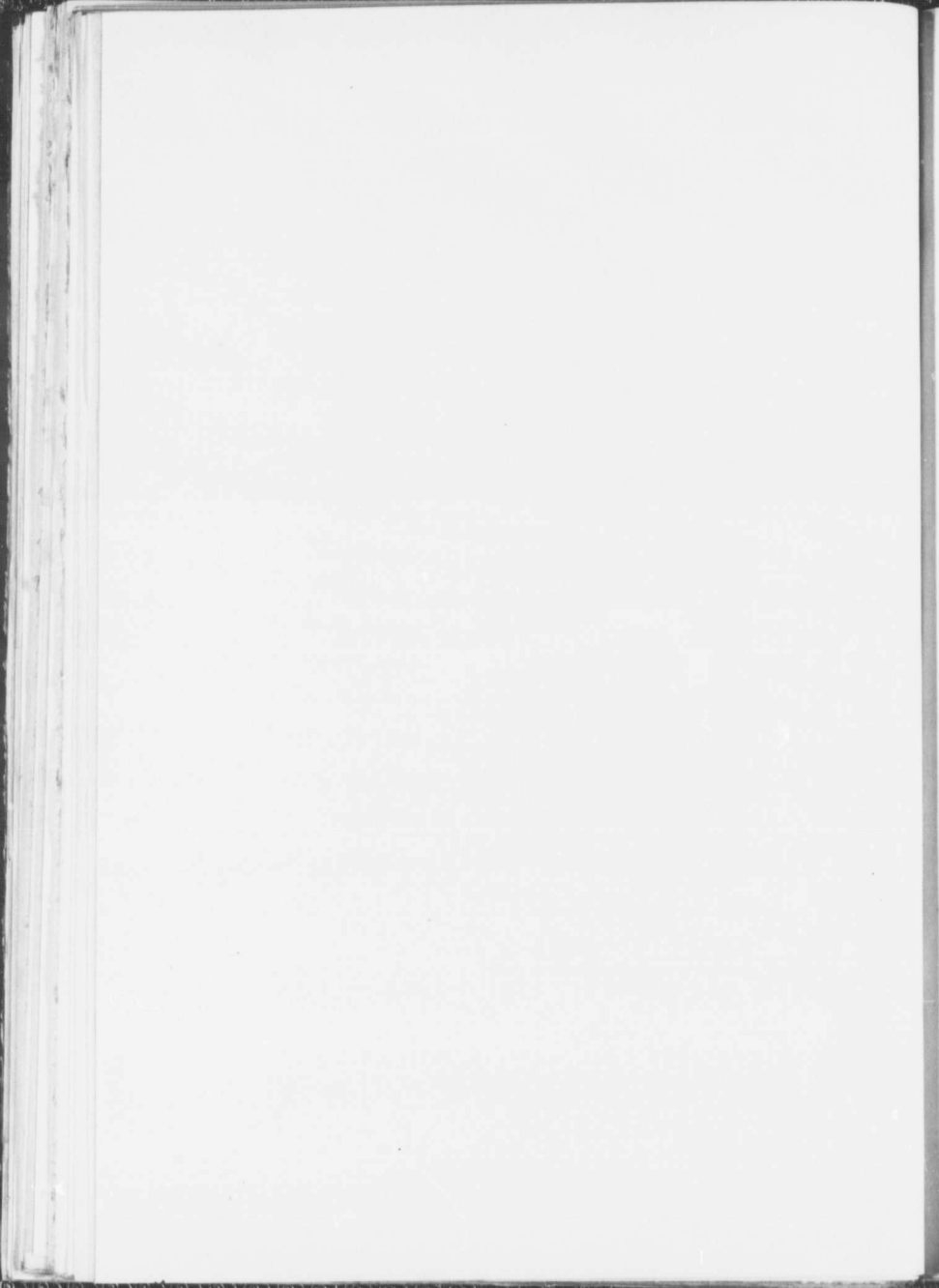
P.S.—The *Chimera* seen I plucked out of a cranny in the wall of
the Colosseum.

27.11.02,
Parker's Hotel,
(Late Tramontano),
Naples.

My dear Mother:

I may have told you before that "swell Naples and die" is the
recognized modern version of the old saying, and that's what I've
been doing ever since arriving here today. I decided to come here





this week because of it being holy week, during which so many of the famous things in Rome cannot be seen. Luckily I worked hard the first two days in Rome, saw the Vatican, etc., and St. Peter's, and most of the celebrated paintings and statues in the other churches. Now, the Vatican is closed and all pictures have curtains drawn over them. So I'm able to see Naples without really missing anything possible to be seen in Rome.

*A Student's
Holiday*

As is usual with these world-famous places, I was just the least little bit disappointed with Naples at first. Vesuvius is not nearly so high as I imagined and the bay itself is really not so picturesque as Monte Carlo. But I strolled out this evening just about sunset, and had to reprove myself for not at first thinking this the most beautiful spot in the world. The town is very narrow, but runs entirely round the immense bay and behind it is a rugged fringe of mountains, whose culminating point is Vesuvius. Only a couple of days ago there was a violent eruption here, and the old mountain is now belching out huge clouds of vapour and presents a much angrier appearance than it usually does in pictures with a filmy wreath of smoke curling up from its summit. I intend to make the ascent to the crater to-morrow—just the usual Tourist's route, accompanied by a guide, so there's no danger. The other great attraction of this locality is Pompeii. Only last summer, I read Lord Lytton's "Last Days," so that I'm sure it will be most interesting.

This is the worst place in the whole world for beggars and thieves, etc. Today when I was out walking I had two cabbies follow me for at least half a mile, trying to get me to take a ride, and the so-called "guides" the shoe-blacks, flower-girls, and match-sellers are simply indescribable. Wherever I go, I'm accompanied by the toughest retinue I ever saw. I usually carry my own valise, and this seems to incite the demons to greater activity. When coming through a crowd at the station today, I looked down at my bag and saw that three other hands beside my own were carrying it, and three grinning confidential mugs gleamed upon me. Well, as I was carrying a bamboo cane in the other hand, I administered three gentle (?) taps on the knuckles to those three sweet hands and I blush to relate that the mugs used some naughty Italian words in reference to me. But for the next five minutes I was unmolested.

I was warned before coming here to buy absolutely nothing, under any circumstances. Nothing has a fixed price; even up to hotel proprietors, the whole nation devotes itself to skinning tourists. I think I shall try to buy a shoe-lace tomorrow, just to have the sport of seeing the man ask 2 lira for it and get about 5 centimos. But this is a very aggravating state of affairs, for most of the shops here keep exceptionally fine wares. I've been looking about for something nice in silk, for Hannah, but so far without success. I'm not a very good judge of silk and a man might send me away quite happy with some fibre-chamois, and I shouldn't know the difference.

Best love to father and the kiddies,

As ever,

Dick.

Thursday 17th.

My dear Mother:

Hannah and I arrived here this afternoon at five o'clock, and I experienced so many shocks in quick succession that I'm glad to get up to my room and chance a few easeful breaths, where nobody's watching. We were terrible toffs in the train, and had it stopped at a little wayside station, though it was an express between Carlisle and Glasgow. The people are rather grand; the Mother is like a dowager; one of her daughters is engaged, the other not; both are brilliant musicians and good looking rather, but extreme society folk. Although Hannah seems to take to it all right—(and really I never thought she was so good-looking until I saw her to-night in her new frock, under candle-light)—I really couldn't stand it for many moons at a time—the talk gets on my nerves, and I feel the forced expression on my face hurting me.

Hannah seems to like it down to the ground, but it's the last kind of a show in the world that I'm looking for, and I feel as if I "wanted my money back." At Oxford and on my travels everything has been so natural and easy; it's an awful shock to be plunged into stiff society, where every one conceals or has no feelings. I've appreciated home a good deal since leaving it, but I think tonight caps the climax. I hope my dear old home will never change from the simple, natural sympathetic place it is, and if it remains so, I'll stay with it and stand up for it till the day I die. But now for a few more experiences. We were met at the station by a "black Maria," and eight of us got into it; three other guests arrived here on the same train as we did. I didn't know whether or not to keep my hat on, but thought I would, and no one stared more than usual. Upon entering the house, a manservant demanded my keys—this took most of my breath away, but he had the drop on me, for he did it before everyone and there was nothing to it but to fork out. This wretch is always fiddling about my room and makes me feel as if I had only half a right to it. I almost expected to see him asleep in half of my bed tonight. I had a great rush to get dressed in time and simply tore off the things I was travelling in, and thought I'd come up right after dinner and get what I wanted out of the pockets. But Hey Presto! no sign of a ruddy thing when I came up. Money, return ticket, letters, everything cleared out—and why? to be brushed. There's not a garment left save what I've got on my back, and if something doesn't turn up before morning, I'll have to go down to Brekker in my pyjamas. Oh, if I ever felt like saying a few things, and putting my foot through a few panes of glass and heaving a bun or two at people, it's here and now.

The one good thing here is the fact that it's just a quarter of a mile from Ecclefechan, the home and birthplace of Thomas Carlyle. I stayed half an hour in the humble little room today, saw his old hats and pens and books, and many other interesting relics of the great prophet—and I thought what he would say and feel, if he were living "up at the hall," as I was. I daresay this great soul never dreamed of getting so up in the world, when he was young, as to be able to

look down alike on hall and cottage and write "Sartor Resartus." And yet he hasn't made much change to these people in the hall; they show you the place in a condescending way—all Americans like to see it, they say, but it's such a smelly, dirty little hole. It made me almost blaze out in fury, their blind and ignorant disdain, but it isn't worth it. How he hated shams and how he ridiculed them; yet after a quarter of a century his voice is as the silence to those who should be most deeply affected—what could any word of mine do. The lesson is one for me alone. The only satisfaction is in the future, which will show Carlyle and his cottage incorruptible, when the aristocracy and their court have crumbled in oblivion.

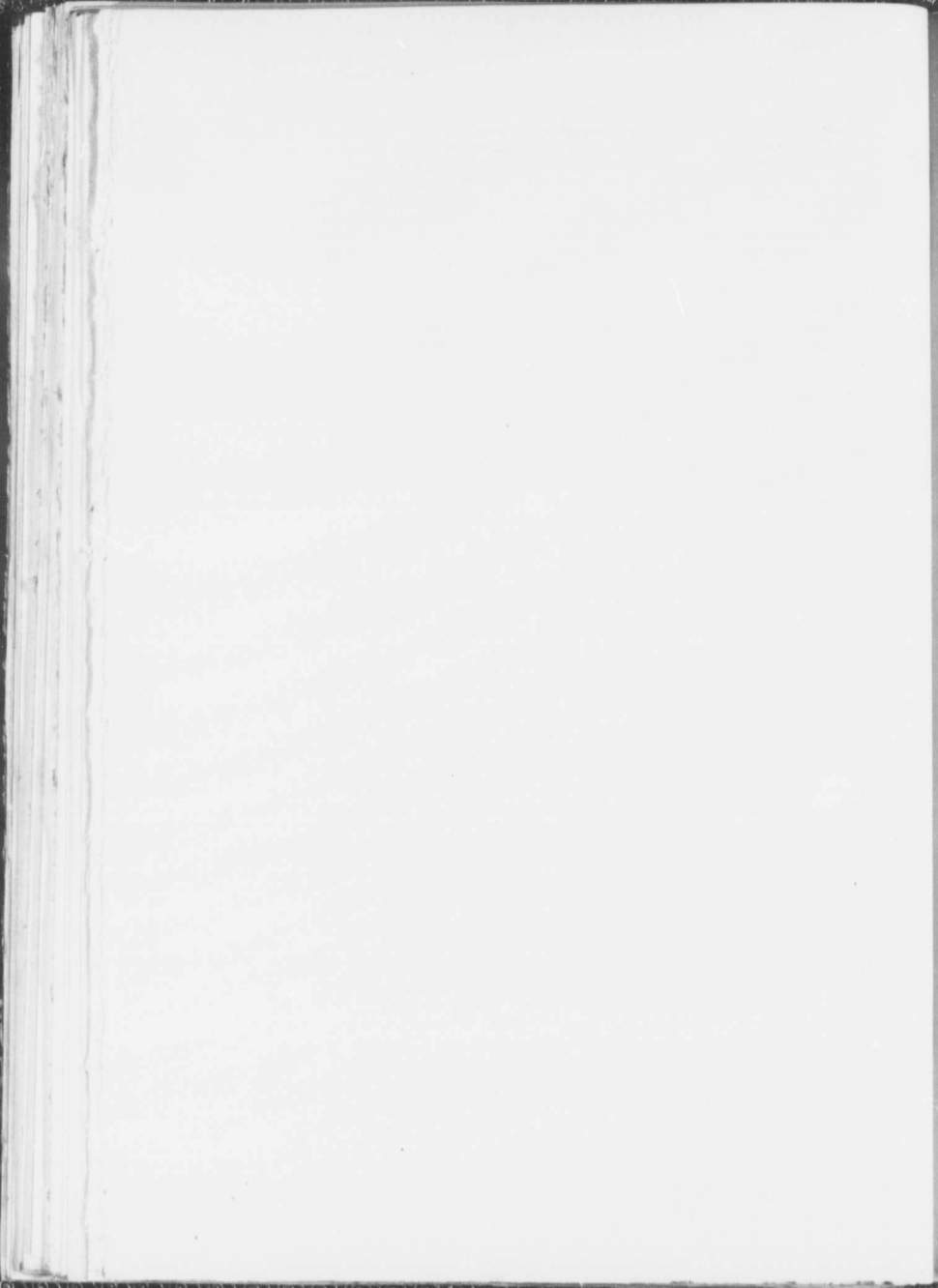
Don't mind all this, Mother dear, I'm feeling rather stirred up tonight. I've got to go through these antics until next Wednesday, and then back to dear old Oxford!

As I said in my last, it seems ages since I've had a letter; please write soon. I am going to write to father by the next mail.

Best love to all the dear ones,

Dick.

*A Student's
Holiday*



Chapter V
Oxford Athletics

GIFTS

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read;
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate
At home, on land, on sea.

James Thomson.

CHAPTER V

OXFORD ATHLETICS



O one of the student publications of Toronto Varsity, Dick was asked, while at Oxford, to contribute. His "brothers" of the Zeta Psi kept him posted on Varsity affairs and he responded with the news of Oxford and an occasional paper of which the following is an example. It has remained an unsolved question how Dick, coming from vigorous healthy long-lived ancestry, contracted the disease which was the cause of his early passing away. It is not unlikely that mishaps in athletics, especially at Rugby Football, may have been responsible, altho' he himself would never entirely admit this.

OXFORD ATHLETICS

If the sign of equality were inserted between the words "Oxford" and "Athletics," the formula might well express the impression that is made upon one going into residence there for the first time. Perhaps it is because Athletics is the "open sesame" to acquaintances in Oxford—certainly in this branch of college life, an Englishman, contrary to tradition, will come more than half way, in forming associations. A neophyte's first week "in college" is taken up by a succession of visitations from the powers that be—not the dons whose authority is as yet slumbering, but the chief members of the college eight, fifteen, and eleven, they are the three delegations; if to these a man seems unpromising, the interest in him dies away. After a respectable lapse of time, he is called upon by the track, hockey and golf delegations, and still if no ray of hope is discovered by them, he may be consigned to the representatives of the Mugger Ugger (or Musical Union) to do with him what they will—and this is sure to include an initial subscription of £5.

This is fairly typical of how a man's status in the Varsity is primarily determined. If he is nothing athletically it takes him a term or two to demonstrate that he is anything in any walk of life. A man's athletic record comes before him from his school, and if up to the present no record is extant, it behooves him to make one in the

college as soon as possible. And he may start with the encouragement that the man who makes an honest effort is almost sure to find himself representing the college at some kind of sport.

The only thing quite unforgivable in college life is not trying, and the sentiment has very beneficial results. Daily at two o'clock, from every staircase come men in rowing or football togs, some looking like Greek Olympians, others of the most unpromising appearance, ill-favored mortals who in this country would never dare expose their contour to their fellows. In half an hour the college is deserted, and until the time comes for tea-brewing, no human soul is seen about the quadrangle save the scouts and their near relations.

Rowing is the sport par excellence of the Varsity. Every one is given a trial on the river during the first two weeks of term. A long list of names is posted in the lodge, and opposite each name, the time at which the victim is to be "tubbed." Day by day the list becomes smaller, until finally only a score of names survive. These men make up the two boats for "the torpids," the races held near the end of the Easter term and those who prove themselves worthy are given a trial in the college eight, when summer comes.

The rowing man is such a superior kind of animal, that for him alone, a "training table" is established in Hall. Here double portions of beef and beer are consumed and as a recompense a double portion of patience is necessary at the head table, to put up with the animal spirits that such indulgence arouses. Yet the lot of the rowing man, when actual training starts, is not a happy one. Regardless of the weather, he must rise at 6.30 a.m., and trot about the parks for half an hour or so, improving his wind. Twice a day, at breakfast and dinner, he accomplishes a most stupendous meal, but a very sketchy lunch atones. From two o'clock until half-past four or five, he is worked on the river as mercilessly as any galley-slave and the skin is soon missing from sundry parts of his anatomy. Before each day's training, his weight is taken, and if it shows a falling off, his companions become extremely assiduous in their attentions to him at meal times. By ten o'clock all rowing men are in their bunks, and their beauty sleep is jealously guarded; woe betide the reveller who disturbs a rowing man!

"Eights Week" is the greatest week of the year from the undergraduate standpoint. The city is full of sisters, cousins and aunts—collectively dubbed "does" by the overweening undergrad. For six days out of the week, they troop down to the river to watch the eight best men of the various colleges strive for "bumps." The narrowness of the river makes rowing abreast impossible, but produces the inspiring sight of a pursuit race, with a dozen boats engaged in it.

Before the start, the eights are moored along the banks of the Iris at intervals of a length and a half, with the last boat quite close to Iffley Mill. At gun-fire, the smooth-running river is lashed into foam, as the eights dash from the bank. At the same instant, the hundred or so "runners" who accompany each boat along the tow-path—hooters, we would call them—send forth deafening yells of

encouragement or advice—"Well rowed, indeed!" "Keep it long!"—"You're going up!"—"Use your legs." Then as one boat pulls up on another, rattles, horns and whistles announce the fact to the gaining oarsmen. But the official intimation comes from the responsible person who discharges the pistol, once when the pursuing boat is within a length, twice for half a length, and three times for overlapping. When one boat succeeds in touching any part of the boat ahead of it, the "bump" is achieved and both crafts pull to one side of the river to avoid holding up the boats that follow. If any one boat succeeds in making four bumps or more within the week, the college is entitled to a bump supper, the crowning glory of all eights week festivities.

The Varsity eight is made up of the best men from the various college crews. As a rule a score of men are chosen in the Michaelmas Term and two trial eights are formed. The Varsity boat emerges in fairly definite shape at the beginning of the Hilary Term and a very severe system of training is begun. A couple of weeks before the great race, the training quarters are moved down the river to get the crew accustomed to the rougher waters of the lower Thames, and to make them familiar with the weather conditions which prevail over the four and a quarter mile course between Putney and Mortlake. The race itself is regarded as a more important event than any other inter-Varsity contest, but like all the rest, it takes place at the beginning of a vacation, and for this reason is not so great a feature in rowing circles of undergraduate life as either the "eights" or the "torpids."

Some points of comparison with our home institution may not be out of place.

Rowing may be taken as a typical branch of the Oxford system of Athletics. In every variety of sport—football, cricket or hockey, the same procedure is in vogue—a man must represent his college before he plays for the Varsity. At Toronto University, there is a very slight analogy during the football season, in the Mulock Cup series, but the whole point of it is spoiled on account of these matches being played *after*, instead of *before* all the important events. The Oxford idea would be to make this a series with no "sudden death" matches, and to have it begin very early in the autumn. If all the colleges in affiliation with the University would enter one or two teams each, the series would be sure to bring out many new and promising men that now pass unnoticed, for the prospect of gaining a place on the Varsity team later in the season would be a tremendous incentive.

The fact that the rules prevailing in the Mulock series differ from those of the Inter-college Union is at present the great objection to this change, but surely common sense suggests the removal of this barrier as soon as possible. The adoption of the football rules that are used throughout all parts of the British Empire, except Canada, seems to be the only safe and efficient way of settling the difficulty. The testimony of those Canadians who have lately toured the British Isles should carry good weight; any one, they say, who has ever played the game there can never be persuaded that any other kind of football is worthy of comparison with it.

*Oxford
Athletics*

Such a change would soon make it possible for Canadians to take creditable part in struggles with the best football teams of the Empire, and it is quite within the range of possibility that an all-Canadian team should some day stand pre-eminent in the "Football World."

R. B. Fudger.

Brasenose College, Oxford.



... it would seem to be possible for Canadians to take
... the best football teams of the Empire,
... within the range of possibility that an all-Canadian
... in the "Football World."

R. B. Fudger.

... ..

THE CANADIAN BEXHILL
THE LODGE OR GATE HOUSE





Chapter VI
A London Nocturne

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stain'd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

John Keats.

CHAPTER VI

A LONDON NOCTURNE



URING the Autumn term at Oxford, Dick's health was precarious. It was thought best to consult Dr. Mitchell Bruce, and to Dick's great disappointment, because it prevented the completion of his Oxford Course, the doctor advised a surgical operation. Dick returned home to

Canada and the operation was performed soon after the New Year. His convalescence was spent first at Fortress Monroe, Va. Here with a medical student who had been a chum at Varsity as his nurse and companion, he sailed about Hampton Roads, having an old negro for navigator, and enjoying many a good laugh at the dialect humour of the southern sea-going darcy.

Returning to Canada as the weather became warmer, he spent part of the summer in Muskoka, where canoeing was his chief diversion. Here he met Miss Kathleen Howard, who has since become famous as a contralto in the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Miss Howard was later the guest of Mrs. Richard Fudger at Bexhill, in England, while filling an engagement at Covent Garden, and was subsequently a visitor at the Canadian Bexhill. The vogue of the short story, then at its height, greatly interested Dick. The following example of his own work in this department of literature was written during the Muskoka holiday. His recent hospital experience—the question a man must ask of himself as he faces a surgical operation—is reflected in the story and accounts for the dolorous setting. His native kindness of heart and readiness to help the down and outer, especially if he should happen to be connected with art or music, is here shown, and many a time in after life he himself was the good Samaritan.

Brenchard was not having a good time; even a day of famous London clinics sometimes palls on a "medico." An enthusiasm very much toned down and a mind that refused any longer to assimilate *Materia Medica* had driven him from his reading out into the streets. Brenchard felt that he wanted something more than what came from his medical books. Tonight he yearned for real life or real art—something that would appeal; in the morning, he would knuckle down to work again.

He was now sitting in the balcony at Covent Garden, but the dogs within him were still unappeased—Tannhauser was wooden, not man enough for the *Venus* by half, and Elizabeth's voice was the mere remains of a soprano, not yet buried by the ever-increasing flesh-mountain. Brenchard waited for the "abend stern" solo. How much better he had heard it rendered in Dresden! On an impulse he collected aquascutum and topper, and walked out.

The night was cold and damp; the flaring street-lamps near by were reflected in the waters under foot, the distant ones were veiled in enveloping mist. Brenchard was not particularly keen on this part of London after dark, but he did want air, so he thrust his hands deep down into his side pockets and strode into the gloom. A quiet little eating-house in the Strand came into his mind; he decided to get rid of his dissatisfied feeling even at the cost of broiled lobster and beer—and this always included a headache. The outer edge of the pavement seemed the natural place for him to walk. He was ready at a moment's notice to defend himself, if anything should spring upon him from the darkness in front or from the linking shadows at his side.

Brenchard had just passed under a gas-lamp and was watching his shadow swim out before him into the blackness. Suddenly some moving whitish thing caught his eye. It was close to the pavement and seemed to be protruding from a dark alley. As he stepped into the roadway to give it a wide berth, there came a low voice from the alley—"Fear death?"

Brenchard stood stock still; his first impulse was to run. He listened and the voice began again—

" . . . to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe."

Brenchard waited; to hear Browning recited under such circumstances was an entirely new experience. He cautiously approached the alley; the whitish thing had a shadow above it. He struck a match and the blue spurt revealed a man, emaciated almost to a skeleton. A night-shirt showed beneath the coat he wore; his feet and hands were bare, his eyes were wide open and a fever shone out

of them. It occurred to Brenchard that a drunk who would squat down in a wet alley and recite Browning deserved a better fate than merely being left there. He tried to help him to his feet: raising him up, Brenchard noticed that the poor wretch weighed next to nothing. As he held him against the wall, a convulsive coughing shook the poor frame almost to pieces.

When the fit had passed, the man gripped Brenchard's wrists with bony fingers that felt like hot iron bands.

"Take me to the opera," he said—"to the pit!"

"It's too late," said Brenchard; he considered that he knew how to manage drunks. "I've just left it."

"The stage door then," said the man eagerly.

"All right. Where do you live?"

The poor wretch saw Brenchard's meaning. "I'm not drunk," he said quietly. "I'm only ill. In the hospital they said I was going to die. I didn't believe them, but now I think they're right. I'm quite near Covent Garden, am I not?"

His voice was full of culture, low and tense.

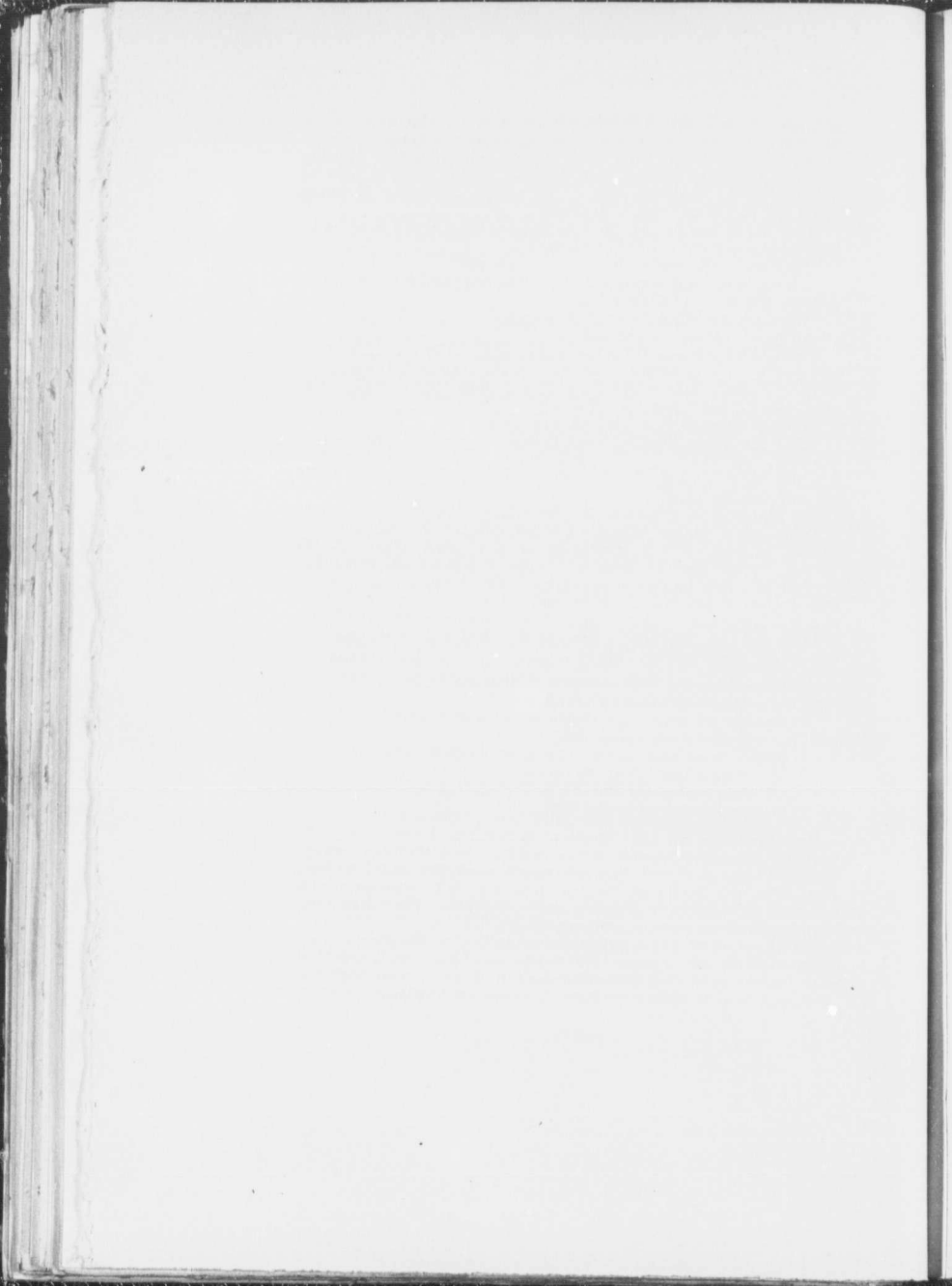
"Let's get a four-wheeler," said Brenchard, and whistled. As he supported him, the man sank into a sort of stupor, and mumbled as if explaining to himself, "She's singing Elizabeth tonight—used to be my wife—see her soon..."

The four-wheeler drove up and Brenchard laid the man across the larger seat. He got in beside him and directed the cabby to the nearest hospital. For a quarter of an hour they rolled through the fog; by the glare of occasional lamps, Brenchard perceived that the man had sunk into unconsciousness. After a time, he felt for the man's wrist; it was barely warm, and he could feel no pulse. He struck a light and held it close to the man's face; the mouth was smiling—the man was dead. Brenchard looked at him and saw the end of the poem written there—

"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
Oh, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest."

Brechard was the only mourner at the burial next day. He promised the house surgeon to say nothing about the man's escape from the hospital if that dignitary would allow Brenchard to bury him. The man had been brought from a P. & O. steamer a week before in the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis. There had never been any hope, and no one knew his name.

Brechard wrote to the prima donna at Covent Garden, but was never troubled with a reply. "The man may have been insane," he said, "otherwise..." he persuaded himself that the real "she" was dead, and he went back to his materia medica, well content.



Chapter VII

Marriage

ROMANCE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear.
That only I remember that only you admire
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VII

MARRIAGE



THE day of days in Dick's calendar was November the twenty-second. He had spent the early months of 1905 in Riverside, Cal., recuperating after a surgical operation. Here he met his fate and was married in the autumn of the same year to Eva Katherine, youngest daughter of Ex-Senator A. P. Johnson. Originally from Kent, England, the Mason branch of the Johnson family settled in Braintree, Mass., where afterwards the ancestors of Mrs. R. B. Fudger's father was born. He was a successful merchant in the Middle West, and in 1881 moved to Southern California. This was after his marriage to Miss Nancy Cairns, daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister. Her mother is "Grandma Cairns." She comes of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, whose women are known as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors, as well as incorruptibly just and strong in all that makes for duty. Mrs. Richard B. Fudger, born in Riverside, is a typical descendant of this hardy ancestry, reproducing their characteristics of patient wisdom and deeply restrained affection. A pretty house wedding amid a profusion of flowers, for which Southern California is famous, united this man and this woman on the twenty-second of November, Nineteen Hundred and Five, to be comrades and companions for little more than a dozen years, but these were crowded full of happiness such as falls to the lot only of those who are truly wedded in heart. Dick realized the reverent and tender duty of the lover was also the privilege of the husband, and with him marriage was the vow and covenant which translated enthusiastic devotion into eternal love.

He received in turn from his wife not only the encouragement, stimulation and reward of his effort to make for her a home, but so far as any choice was open or any question difficult of decision he received guidance and direction also. Each had

Marriage what the other needed in temperament. His was the creative artistic instinct, hers was the orderly calculating sane disposition which made for stability and sobriety. And so his home became to him a sacred place, as Ruskin says, "A temple of the hearth watched over by household gods before whose faces none might come but those they can receive with love."

The planning and furnishing of their home in Toronto was their pleasure and pastime during the first season after the honeymoon trip. This as well as the designing and setting of "Bexhill" ten years later, brought out in marked degree the happy relation in which man and wife stood as the complement and counterpart one of the other.

Dick sensed at once what was correct and artistic and Eva's wifely intuition, as Browning puts it, "knew the right place by foot's feel." She took it and trod firm there. Their studies and discussion together were enlivened, hundreds of times, by Dick's unflinching sense of humour. When the inevitable differences with architect and builder would arise he was ever quick to see the ludicrous side, if such existed, in any proposal, and was simply irresistible when he would give a comical turn to the conference.

The first stopping place on their honeymoon journey was the place of their future home, Toronto; but there had been weeks of planning for an extended European tour. Much poring over guide books, much weighing of the merits of this route and that, searching of time-tables and planning the itinerary resulted in the final decision being to sail on the Cunarder Slavonia, taking the Mediterranean route to Trieste. Making Constantinople by way of Vienna, the eastern limit of their journey, they returned via Athens to Cairo. Abandoning the Nile trip for reasons which appear in letters which follow, they sought the sunny skies of Italy, and finding the Island of Capri the Paradise of lovers, there rested for some weeks. They returned home, after touring Italy, by way of Berlin and London. While in Berlin Dick consulted Dr. Casper, the celebrated specialist, author and inventor, and renewed his consultations with him seven years later by visits to Berlin from London.

It was the humorous boast of her husband that Mrs. Richard had captured his father's heart as well as his own. It was certainly an especial happiness to Dick that there sprang up between his wife and his father a close affection and confidence. In this respect R.B.F.'s choice of a wife resembled that of his



W. G. BROWN

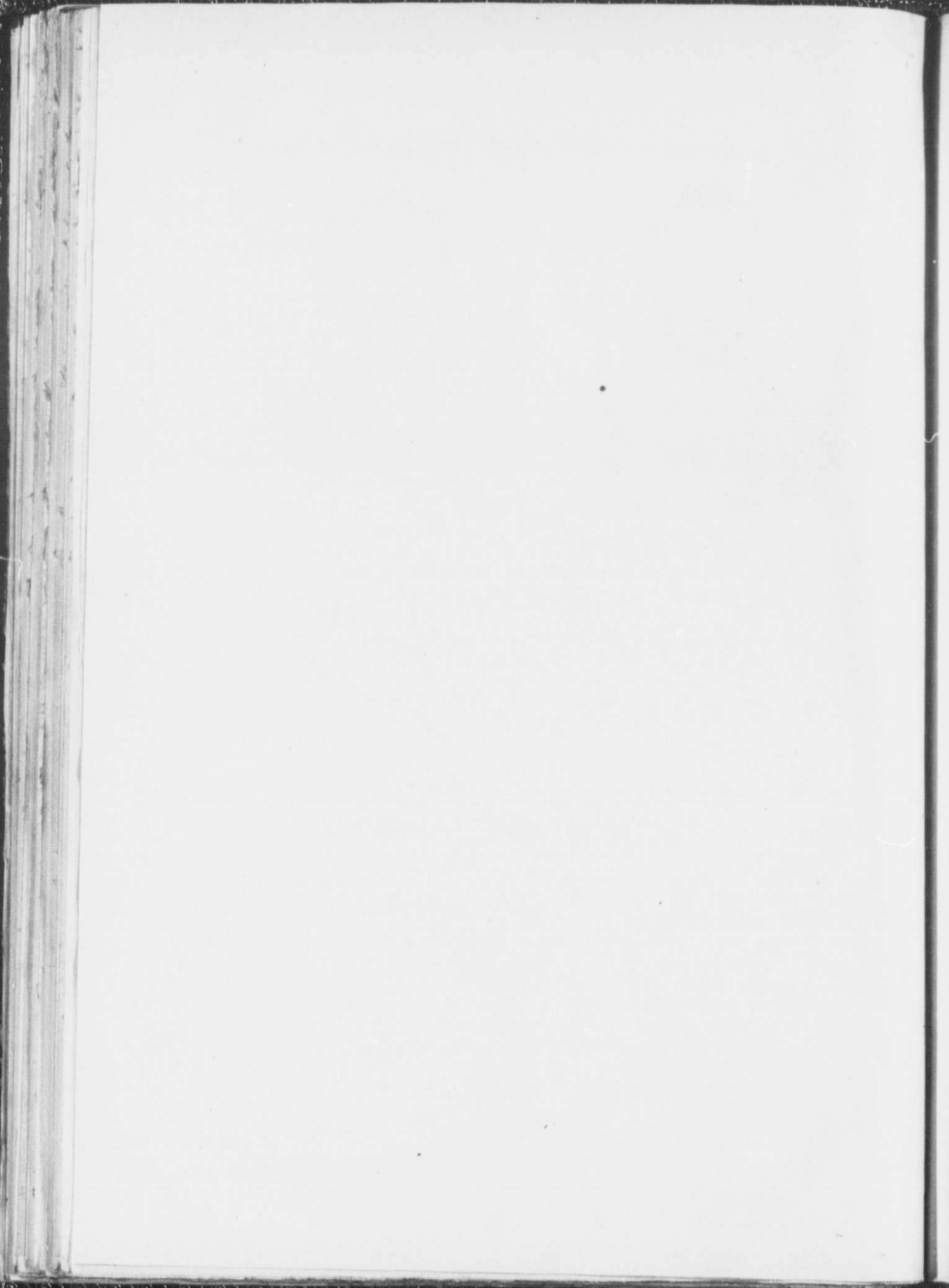
BRIDE AND GROOM

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model and hero, R.L.S. Dick's wife also proved to be like Stevenson's, the inseparable sharer of all her husband's thoughts, the staunch comrade in all his adventures, a most shrewd and stimulating critic alike of his artistic efforts and his business plans, and in sickness the most devoted and most efficient of nurses.

Naturally the letters written on this honeymoon trip are enthusiastic in appreciation of what the happy pair saw through their rose-colored spectacles. Three or four examples follow, one of them telling the plain tale of a Cook's tourist up the Nile.

My-dear Mother:

You may be surprised to learn that Eva and I have "settled down" on the island of Capri for a month. We both of us were sick of packing and unpacking every three or four days. Capri is a famous health resort, a very small island that rises straight out of the sea, and looks for all the world like Gibraltar. At one place the slope is gentle, and there the passengers are put ashore from the little paddle-wheeler that doesn't come within a hundred yards of the landing. Unfortunately the sea was very rough yesterday when we landed, and if you could have seen us getting from the steamer into row-boats, and not only us, but our large trunks, you would have been highly amused. We had to wait for a big wave to bring the row-boat within jumping distance, and then leap! The trunks had a very narrow escape, but finally we and they were all safely ashore.

We piled everything onto a cab, and began the ascent of the island; I directed the driver to an American pension that I had heard of, and he nodded as if he understood. After going up for about half an hour, we came to the village of Capri "hung on the edge of a rock, between sea and sky," and immediately found ourselves in the chief "square" of the town, the tiniest thing you ever saw, just about as big as our front lawn. Then the cabby informed us that the road did not go any further, but that we could scramble up the rocks for half a mile, and then we would see our pension. Well, that settled the American pension. A man came to my assistance and told me of a German "hotel," a small house quite near by, that was famous for its good meals and hospitality, so we decided to try it—and how happy we are! It's a place frequented by famous people, who had not yet arrived; we were shown a fine room, full south view, looking towards Sicily Bay, that we could have until the first of March, but that we would have to give up then to the Crown Prince of Sweden, who was at Shepherd's when we were there. The proprietor is a Bohemian, and all the servants speak German. The meals are the best yet, good, wholesome food, and I've made arrangements to have a pint of Swiss cow's milk every meal—a thing I've been longing for, and haven't been able to get ever since I left home. The proprietor brought these two cows from Switzerland, and they're the only ones on the island—the milk is as good as I ever tasted.

Marriage

We're both feeling as well as possible now, and are just tickled to death to be in such a place. It's a very small house, perched right on the side of the rock five hundred feet above the sea.

There are a dozen row boats right below us, and we expect to spend a great deal of our time rowing and fishing around the island; the little town is the quaintest thing you've ever seen. All the people wear wooden sandals—there's no noise, because there are no horse roads up as high as this. We intend to explore the island thoroughly; there are extensive ruins of Tiberius' castles, etc., here. The view toward Naples and Salerno, both of which are in sight, with Vesuvius in eruption between them, is the most wonderful imaginable.

Best love to all at home from Eva and

Dick.

My dear Mother:

Today, who should turn up but our old friend from Pittsburg, Mr. Carpenter. He had just come from Cairo, and the Nile expedition. Nineteen days on a Cook boat cost him just about \$300! and would certainly have cost us more than double this amount, as he's a Scotchman and vera canny with the saxeence. He said that half of the people on board felt ill after the temple expeditions, which had to be done entirely on donkeys and lasted sometimes eight hours. One man on board was sunstruck, and became delirious; they wouldn't let him into any of the hotels up the Nile, so he was shipped back to Cairo by train, accompanied by his unfortunate young wife, who was nearly crazed with worry and fear. When I heard Mr. Carpenter tell of this trip, the fakes that were constantly perpetrated upon them, the exorbitant price of everything, and the fact that you had to ride a donkey or a camel everywhere, I thanked my lucky stars that I hadn't taken it in. I've had a couple of nice letters from Currelly, in which he offered to come to me at Cairo if I needed him—but I'm glad to say this was unnecessary. He was very disappointed that we did not come, but after all, we did the best thing. Even if I had been perfectly well, I don't think I could have persuaded Eva to go; she was absolutely set against it. Mr. Carpenter tells of one expedition, when they were all warned that they should have to start at 4.30 a.m. and that armed guides would have to accompany the expedition on account of the fierceness of the natives. Well, about noon, after tracking miles of desert on donkeys, and not seeing a blank native, fierce or otherwise, they came up to a place where once upon a time there had evidently been some sort of building, for part of the floor could be plainly seen. The guides then turned their faces toward the boat again, and the luckless tourists looked at one another in blank amazement—this, then, was what they had come to see. Then back over the same weary miles of desert to the river, arriving at 8 p.m., having been gone over sixteen hours! The Nile trip under the gentle guidance of Cook is a gigantic fake, and we're so glad we side-stepped it. I think I told you that when we left Shepheard's the people were occupying all the bath-rooms, barber shops, etc., as

bedrooms and for such accommodation were paying anywhere from \$7 to \$10 a day. We wouldn't exchange Capri, the pearl of the Mediterranean, this one little island, for a dozen Cairos with Upper Egypt thrown in.

We are quite uncertain about our itinerary, but as far as I can guess at present it is as follows:

Rome.....	until	March	15
Venice.....	"	"	22
Berlin.....	"	April	1
Paris.....	"	"	14
London.....	"	"	23

Best love from both of us.

Feb. 16.

Dick.

Rome, March 10-06.

My dear Mother:

Wife and I arrived in this wonderful city two days ago from Naples, in the finest weather imaginable. For the past week the weather has been just like summer. In spite of the fact that we've had to make a couple of very early starts, we're feeling quite fit and able for "doing," not overdoing, Rome. We had to arise at 4.30 a.m. (Wednes.) to catch the morning boat from Capri; otherwise a day would have been wasted. We went out to Pompeii that day, on the slowest train in the world. Thursday we saw the museum and had a good rest for our seven o'clock start next morning.

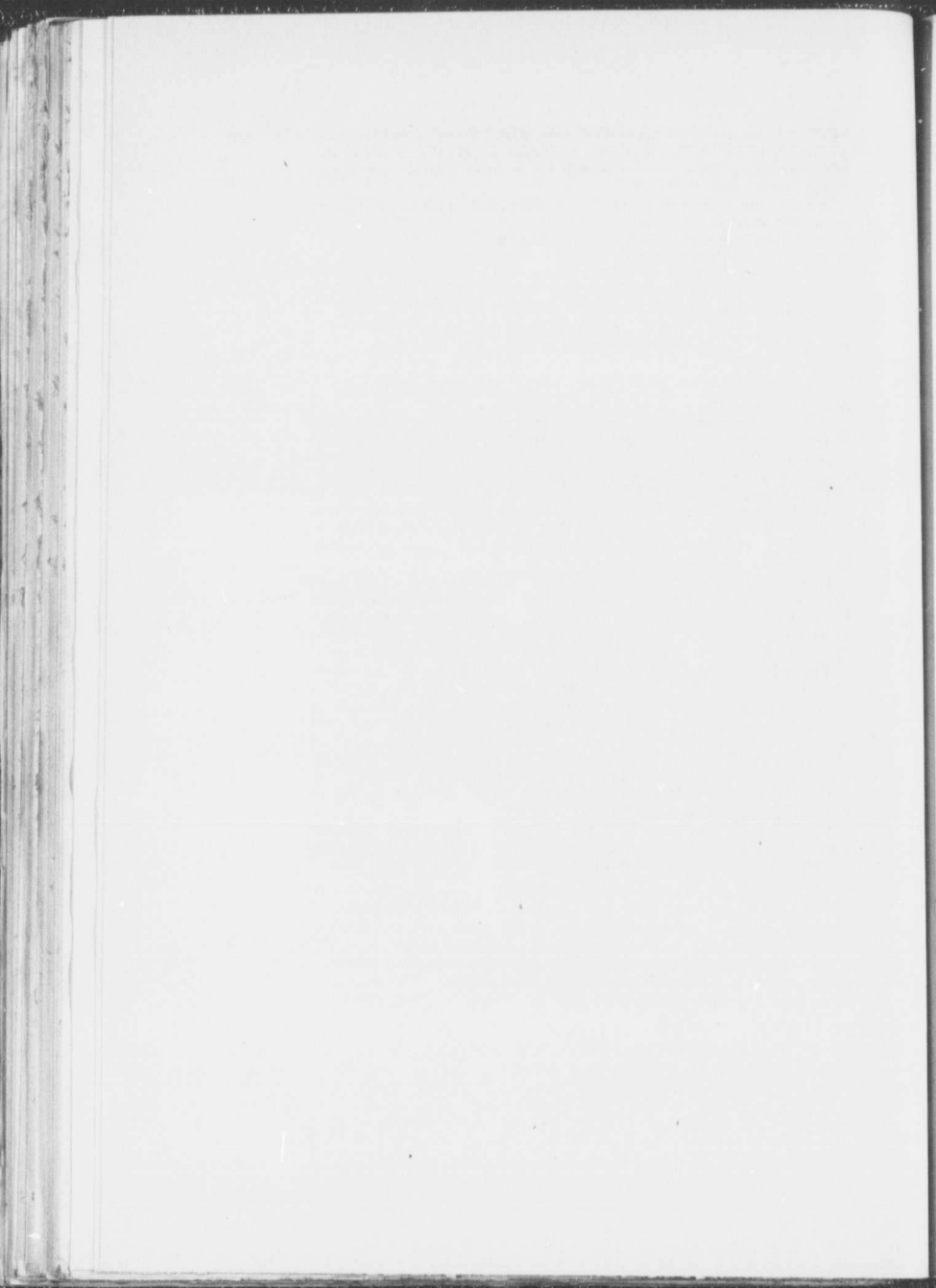
Eva is simply delighted with this city. We're staying at the same pension that I stayed at four years ago; we've got the best room in the house, facing south and west, with a little private harbour that overlooks the whole city. Each evening we watch the sun go down behind the great dome of St. Peters, with thoughts that cannot be uttered.

Yesterday Eva ran into an old school friend of hers on the street, and this morning she has gone over to see her. We also met Mr. Strakosch who crossed with us on the "Slavonia." He asked us to come and see his wife (Clara Louise Kellogg) and last night we spent a very pleasant evening with them. They have a beautiful suite at Hotel Suisse. There we met Sebastiano, the biggest banker in Rome, who was very attentive to Eva. Mrs. Strakosch is of course a top notcher in musical circles and arranged for us to come and see her in London, promising us a good time.

We expect to rest most of today—in the afternoon will probably take a carriage and drive out the Appian Way, then over to the English cemetery to Keats' tomb. Keats died in a house quite near here.

Best love from

Eva and Dick.



Chapter VIII

The Riviera

WORLDLINESS

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

It moves us not. Great God. I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

Wordsworth.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE RIVIERA



SO that he might become familiar with the purchasing department of the business, Dick was transferred for a year and a half to the London (Eng.) office of the Company with which he was identified.

With his wife and two little daughters he took up his abode in the Metropolis and lived in Hornton Street, West Kensington.

As the winter approached it was thought best to move to a warmer climate in order that he might have the benefit of living out of doors. Accordingly the family crossed the Channel, motored through France by way of the Rhone Valley to Nice. Nice is but a short distance from Beaulieu, which was their objective. Here they found temporary quarters and set about looking for a residence for the winter. They were fortunate in securing from a physician about to travel, his home on Cap Ferrat, known as the Villa Desirée, overlooking the Mediterranean, with a little fishing village nestling at the foot of the rock, while across the blue waters might be seen in the distance the promontory of Monaco. Beaulieu and its environs known as La Petite Afrique are generally considered to be the most exclusive and retired of all the Riviera resorts. Jutting out into the sea just west of Beaulieu is the peninsula of St. Jean, washed by the Mediterranean on either side of its ragged, indented shores. It has become almost an annex of Nice, and its opulent villas of Kings, Princes and multi-millionaires include the celebrated palace of Leopold, King of Belgium. Still quaint and unspoiled amid all these splendors is the little fishing village already referred to, and on the rocks above, reached by a secluded path, the Villa Desirée avoids the dust of the highway and enjoys in charming retirement one of the most picturesque sites on the coast.

*On the
Riviera*

Further seaward is the Promontory or Pointe de St. Hospice, which was formerly a fortification dating back to an attack by the Saracens. Halfway up the foothills of the Alps the great white ribbon of the Corniche road roils its length toward La Turbie, famous for still more ancient ruins. One of colossal proportions known as the Augusten trophy has been a subject of study and speculation for archaeologists for centuries.

Over against the miracle of brilliancy displayed by sea and sky—probably excelled nowhere in the world, must be set the discord of mundane things expressed in the nearby resort of the swell-mob gathered from the wide world to gamble at Monte Carlo. To many, the Riviera means that same “beautiful, subtle, sinister place,” and that alone. But to the lover of beauty as Dick was, to the student of nature in her varying moods, the shelter furnished by the Villa Desirée from inclement weather and from business cares was truly a haven of rest and recuperation. Even from its superlative loveliness and luxury Dick was wont to turn a longing eye homeward, especially at the festive Christmas season as the next group of letters indicate. On returning to England in the Spring, instead of London they chose to live at Bexhill-on-the-Sea in a typical English cottage known as the White House. It will be seen that his experience on the Riviera and at this English watering-place determined his choice of a summer home in Canada. One letter which follows, written to his father from the Villa Desirée, was prophetic, for he afterward found in the Canadian Bexhill a dream come true. His twilight walks with wife and children about this farm while he had strength to enjoy them, were the counterpart of the Riviera episodes. The atmosphere is balsamic and perfumed with wild flowers. As the softening shadows creep on, all is like unto fairyland. The myriad lights just twinkling into existence might indeed be Monte Carlo, and in their gentle plashing the waves of Lake Ontario at times lack little in music or in color of the wondrous charm of the Mediterranean.

Villa Desirée,
November 22nd, 1912.

My dear Dad:

You doubtless remember where we all were, seven years ago today! Seven years seems quite a slice of life, and the last seven have certainly been my happiest, and Eva is good enough to say they have been hers too. When I weigh all the good things I've had, with the single



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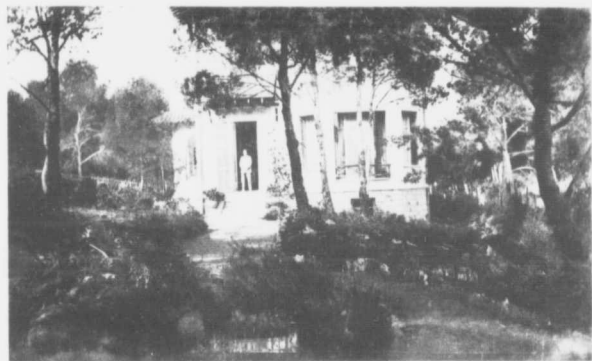
VILLA DESIRÉE

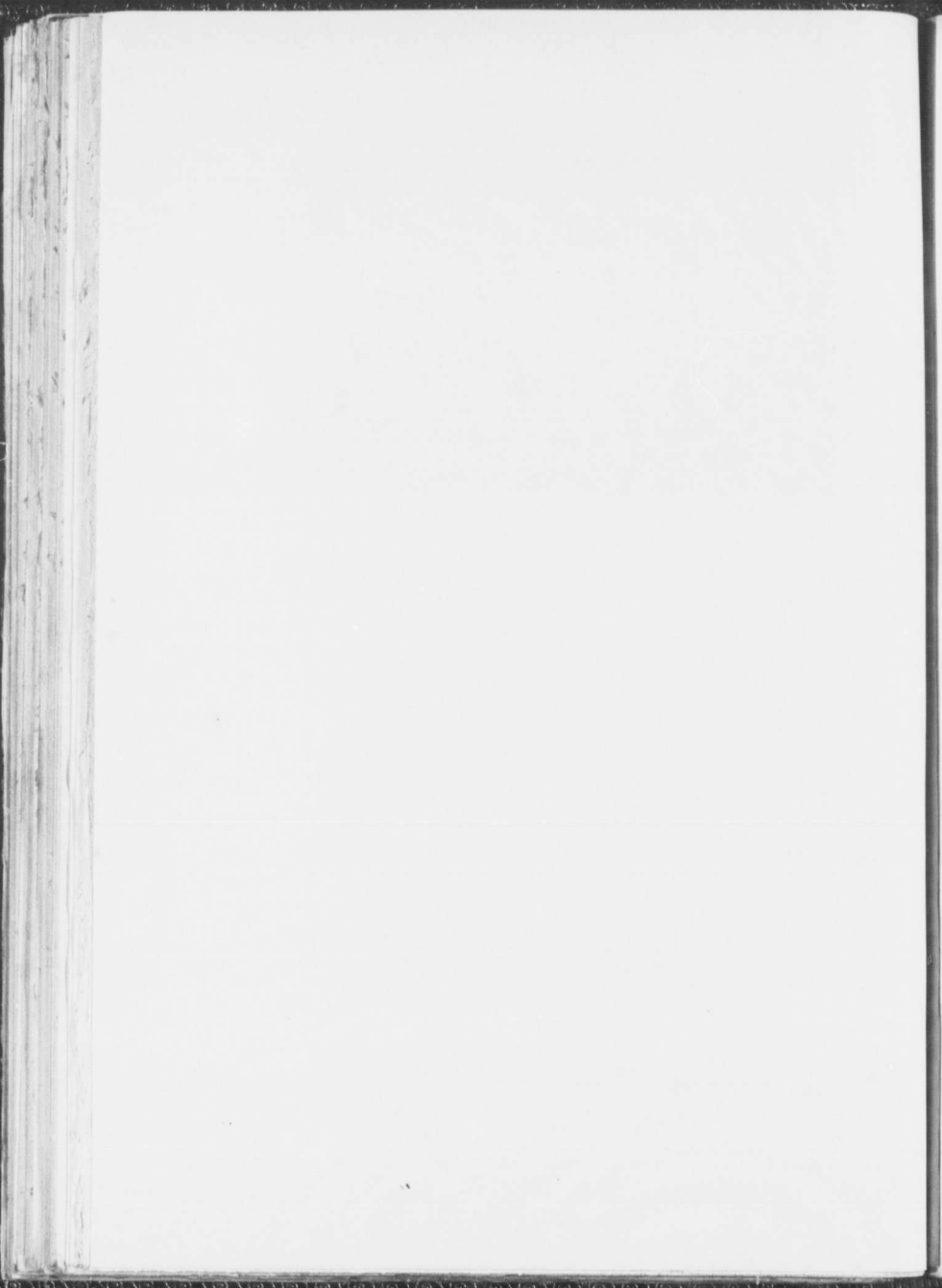
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"thorn in the flesh" that has more or less stayed with me, and steadied me, it makes me think back to the days of Grandpa Douse, and "not more than others I deserve, yet God has given me more." With my dear wife and two darling kiddies, any sort of kick at trifles would be the basest ingratitude.

*On the
Riviera*

We've had some blowy weather here, but the sun is nearly always shining, and as they call this their "Mauvais temps," we haven't much to fear. I started out early this morning to buy Eva some red roses, and finally cornered three dozen, all there were in the market, as they are very much behind this year.

Yesterday we blew out a tire in the principal street of Nice, and an admiring multitude watched me perform the duties of chauffeur. This is the second tire destroyed since I bought the car, in other words, two of my original tires have run about six thousand miles, nearly twice as far as guaranteed!

When I'm not running the motor, we're learning French and I'm doing a self-portrait. In the latter, Eva is a hard critic, and if I wait until one suits her, I shall be breaking Leonardo du Vinci's record with "Mona Lisa." Eva discovered a little French girl next door who speaks good English, and has arranged with her to come and spend the mornings here "parler"-ing. We found that otherwise we were constantly talking and listening to *English*.

We've arranged a change in the domestic side of the house, bouncing the present cook and housemaid for general incompetence and aversion to soap. The crowning agony was when Eva discovered one of them washing her stockings in the dish-pan! Very Frenchy, n'est ce pas?

According to Adams' list, this letter, poor as it is, goes home by your old friend Kron-Prinzessin Cecilie. I haven't begun to write the letter I planned, but find I'm more "all in" tonight than I supposed. I shall try to get another one on this same boat. Best love to Mother and the girls; we had a letter from Ruthie this week, she seems happy as a lark.

Ever yours,

Dick.

Villa Desirée,
St. Jean Cap-Ferrat,
Alpes-Maritimes,
Dec. 11.

My dear Dad:

It will be a near thing if this letter reaches you by Christmas: the "America" that leaves here next Sunday should get to New York about the twenty-third, and this *may* be delivered in Rosedale Christmas morning.

Home takes an awful pull at my innards at this time of the year, and if it wouldn't be foolish from every possible point of view, not to mention its expensiveness, I'd chase home for Christmas on this same ship. This being impossible, I'm sending my representative, all bound up in string and paper, via the *American Express Co.* The enclosed pink paper is the receipt that may help you to locate package

*On the
Riviera*

if it does not turn up as soon as this letter, or nearly, for they've sworn to send it by this ship. I've valued it at twenty francs just so some one won't kick a hole in it. If you think it's worth framing, get a *dull* gold one about three inches wide, and rather massive, so that the picture will be sunken in from the frame.

This long discipline has done a heap for my "think-tank," and my outlook generally has helped me to get a truer perspective, shown me the things that count, and altogether put a Christmas spirit into me that I am sure will survive. Filled with this spirit, and surrounded by the misery of Europe, including the French Mediterranean squadron of twenty battleships and dreadnoughts that are here, I deplore more than I can tell, Canada's contribution to Britain's Navy—it's reactionary lick-spittle politics.

Well, this is getting out of the Christmas spirit already, so will hasten to wish you all the very best kind of holiday—I know without telling that you'll enjoy the break—make it long enough to visit us if any way possible.

As ever yours,

Dick.

Villa Desirée,
Dec. 15, 1912.

My dear Dad:

By a further perusal of the sailing list, I find that the one-time "greyhound of the Atlantic," the *Majestic*, is supposed to arrive at New York on Christmas Day. So this letter should reach you in the lull between Christmas and New Year's, when you may have time to drop a line and tell me if the Christmas business was up to expectations. I am also dispatching by this same post a cinematographic representation of the family before it left London; I believe you can work it frontwards or backwards. Eva doesn't think it very flattering of her, but if you work it uniformly, it gives a very life-like idea of our small group.

All four members of the family are, I think, at the top of their form physically and mentally. Starting with the least important member he is getting into wonderfully good trim. Eva is putting on weight slightly, and goes for long walks daily all round the Cap or into Beaulieu. We both spend every evening with a French *Mamselle* and can get along now with any of the natives without embarrassment. The two youngsters are also learning French, Katherine can ask for almost anything in French and little Pat. puts her oar in on the last word. Katherine is learning to write, and can knit quite marvellously—in fact at this moment she is teaching Eva to "pearl," a stitch that Mary taught her, and ever and anon she exclaims—"Dear me, it's rather a trouble teaching you to knit!" She has already knitted two articles for her grandmothers that look like chest-protectors but are as perfectly done as if by machine.

This open-air life in the sunshine, out among the pine trees and the sea breezes, away from all the fuss of a city is a great stimulus to mind and body. I've never been able to do so much right thinking

before, and with conspicuous results. Certainly one's better side doesn't seem to get a fair chance in a city; here, where we're in touch with nature all day and night (for I practically sleep in the open with the moon above me and the Mediterranean beneath) every part of the day is a fresh inspiration, and I at least, am continually conscious of a great presence that has a tendency through all things, toward good; and seems to make me an ally "of that which doth provide"—though as yet I have little to show that this feeling is within me. My task will be to keep this feeling and inspiration when I return to surroundings less ideal.

*On the
Riviera*

I've been wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing for both you and me, when we're working together in the business, to have some such retreat as this near at hand, where cramped souls could get "smoothed out" about once every twenty-four hours, and where we could help other people to get smoothed out when they needed it. For me, the conditions that help are (I) to be more or less surrounded by trees, preferably pine or cedar or balsam, (II) to have a wide view over a large body of water, and access to a bathing beach or a boat when desired, (III) to be more or less in the country and surrounded by simple souls that till the soil. Now this may all sound like foolishness, but these things help me in my relations to the world at large, and I wondered if you had any corresponding feelings about it. I think there are a good many available spots near Toronto, either out past the Hunt Club, or up round that place we went to see once with Jerry Strathy, on the Credit. In any case you could be close to a golf links, or have a couple of holes on your own place; but this is not the gist of the idea. It's to be able to break away once in a while from all kinds of "city-fication" and luxury—it's a "back-to-the-land" cry, not for monetary gain, but for spiritual.

Well, on the approach of this New Year, I have more confidence in myself, more feeling that I am on the earth for a good purpose, more idea that there's a problem to solve, a fight to be fought, and that I've got the strength and ability to fight and solve it. I hope that to you there is more in the future than there has ever been, and that we're going to go through it, and achieve together, something more worth while than we've been able to reach in the past. With all these wishes (badly expressed and intangible, but never more sincere), for nineteen thirteen, I am,

As ever yours,

Dick.

Villa Desirée,
Dec. 21, 1912.

My dear Dad:

We are sitting up a couple of hours past our bed-time, because of Harriet's arrival from Paris in the middle of the night. So I'm taking this earliest opportunity to acknowledge your generous cheque; such continued kindnesses of course are putting me horribly in the hole—but I hope you won't think it presumptuous if I think they indicate your hope as to the future—that you are tiding me over

*On the
Riviera*

a bad spot, and that the time is not far in the future when I can "make good" and show my appreciation of the fatherly care that has followed me all the days of my life—your care, that has always gone the human limit in helpfulness and consideration.

The preference share dividend came to hand all right, and I deposited it in London. Yorston's draft was made out in francs, so I could deposit it here.

I hope by this time you have received my profile intact. It would never be mistaken for a Velasquez, but to revert to the opening remark, it has more "character" in it than anything I've done hitherto. It is the first thing I've painted since I left Toronto, and as I had to balance two mirrors to get this inspiring view of my mug, it was no cinch. I think a straight front view would be easier and I intend to try it.

Eva's writing to acknowledge all the things sent her and the kiddies. She's tickled because her dad gave her an electric runabout for Christmas, to be delivered when she arrives in Toronto.

With warmest love to Mother and the girls, I am,

As ever yours,
Dick.

Villa Desirée,
St. Jean Cap-Ferrat,
Alpes-Maritimes,
Dec. 30.

H. H. Fudger, Esq.

Dear Sir:

In reply to y'rs of recent date w'd say that in addition to monies formerly acknowledged by us, we beg to acknowledge a further sum of three thousand eight hundred and eighty-five decimal nine three (fr. 3885.93) francs, same being now deposited in our name at the Societe Generale. This being purely a business letter, it behooves us not, to "throw a fit" over how good said wad looked to us—but you betcha it did. Here endeth my business letter, so,

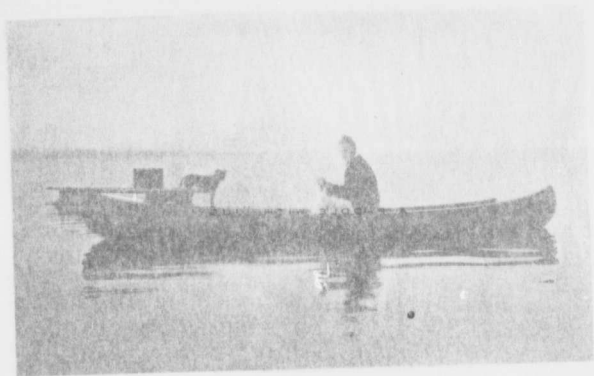
My dear Dad:

Eva's cousin Harriet has been with us now for about ten days, and we've been enjoying her beautiful playing and singing. Today we motored over to the neighboring hell, Monte Carlo, to show her the sights, and my virtuous wife took advantage of five minutes at the tables to pry a hundred and twenty francs from the Casino Bank. I told her where to put it, and it was like taking candy from a baby—but the candy left a bad taste, and we're not going again till some guest demands it. But I regret to report that my virtuous wife is a "sure-enough" gambler, and it was like pulling teeth to get her out when she was a hundred and twenty to the good.

Ginger sent me a book called "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," by Stephen Leacock, which I know you'd enjoy.

I don't know what steamer this goes on—our list is run out.

As ever yours,
Dick.



... that you will find me there is not far in the future when I can
... and show my appreciation of the fatherly care that
... of the days of my life—your care, that has always
... kindness and consideration.

A PADDLE WITH "JUDY"

Alpes-Maritimes,

Dec. 30.

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I don't know what steamer this goes on—our list is run out.

As ever yours,

Dick.





Chapter IX
The Amateur Artist

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

'This is the way,' laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Elisabeth Barrett Browning.

CHAPTER IX

THE AMATEUR ARTIST



IN the hurry and bustle of the day's life and work, many of us do not see the beauty of which the world is full. This is especially true of business men. We become absorbed in affairs and "having eyes, see not." As a caustic critic has put it, "Business men, your business is your greatest prejudice, for it ties you to your locality, your society, your inclinations. Diligent in business but lazy in intellect, content with your inadequacy and covering your contentment with a cloak of duty." Under a pencil drawing he once made, the subject of this memoir carefully transcribed the above quotation. It voiced his protest against the daily grind that admits of no interest in other things, no pastime or hobby. There are merchants who should have been painters, and while Dick himself would have been the last to claim he had missed his calling, or that he might have made a name for himself as an artist—painting was certainly his favorite pastime and hobby. His choice of books further indicated his bent, and his love of good pictures helped to make his year and a half in Europe as resident Director of the R. S. Co. a time of great delight. If only experience and feeling were necessary to make an artist, Dick would certainly have shone, but the prime necessity of the artist, namely the power of expressing on canvas the experience and feeling, this to which Dick aspired he was unable to fully attain. For portrait painting Dick reserved his most profound admiration. He joined enthusiastically in crowning Velasquez "the First of the Moderns," and recognized the tremendous influence this great and solitary genius had exercised on the work of America's chief painters, Sargent and Whistler, not to mention the talented Irishman, Sir Wm. Orpen, who, Dick said, must yet come to be regarded as the greatest Velasquez exponent of them all. Among Orpen's thousands of admirers there was probably no more ardent worshipper than Dick.

*The
Amateur
Artist*

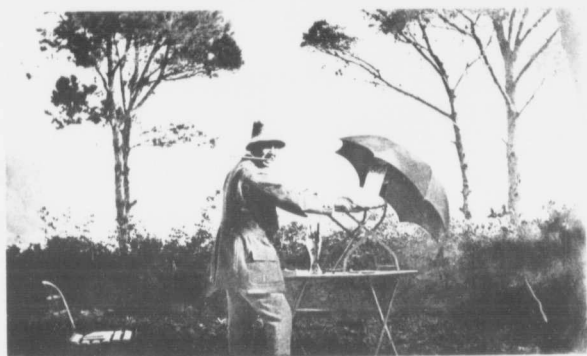
While living in London in 1912-13 Dick had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Orpen's work, and also of forming a personal acquaintance which ripened into firm friendship with the artist himself. Orpen graciously recognized and encouraged Dick's hobby and was in turn won by Dick's charming personality and happy disposition. The chief artistic treasure of the Fudger household is Orpen's portrait of his friend Dick Fudger. The artist humoured his sitter by the pose and costume he chose (see frontispiece). Writing home at this time Mrs. R. B. Fudger remarks: "Orpen has undoubtedly been good to Dick, showing him every consideration, asking him to luncheon every day—giving him morning sittings, and what pleased Dick most of all, he rigged up a mirror so Dick can watch every brush stroke! Rather decent, wasn't it?" Orpen expressed himself well satisfied with the result and asked to have the portrait returned to London to be hung in the Royal Academy in 1914. Dick, as may be supposed, was highly delighted with the press notices of what was now a famous example of Orpen's work and most of all pleased that his was the good fortune to be the subject who brought this added celebrity to his friend and hero. Dick's correspondence at this time shows how thoroughly he appreciated and enjoyed his intimacy with Orpen, as will be seen from the letter which follows. His companionships in Toronto were with artistic people. As a member of the Arts and Letters Club, he enjoyed the society of several well-known Canadian artists. He took a hearty, sympathetic and practical interest in the struggle of beginners, rejoicing in their progress and sharing their discouragements.

His own amateur efforts at portrait painting include one of "Sing," their Chinese Cook, and "Grandma Cairns," as well as self-portraits and a pencil sketch of his little daughter, Patricia, asleep. Over the fireplace in the dining-room there is a panel which he decorated. The scene is in the country and includes a wayside church with spire silhouetted against the evening sky. The time is the dusk, the close of the day. A deep peace has settled on all the landscape. A single beam of light shines from a window. It seems appropriate that this should have been his last work. About two months later his brief day of life was ended.



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The White House,
Cantelupe Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea.

*The
Amateur
Artist*

My dear Dad:

The picture is completed! Eva and I lunched with Orpen and Mrs. St. George (George F. Baker's daughter) at the Berkeley yesterday, and then journeyed to the studio for a first view. Eva was greatly pleased with it—in fact no one yet has been able to suggest a criticism. Orpen himself, likes it better than any portrait he has done, and in this connection, a few words. I told him you would want it as soon as possible, and suggested it be shown at the big exhibition in the Canadian National Exhibition. The Orpen that was at the Canadian National last year is, I believe, being acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of New York for £2,000.

Orpen is very anxious, however, for you to consent to have this picture returned either for the Autumn Exhibition or for next year's Royal Academy. I said I could not speak authoritatively, but I thought you would consent to this, after you had had it for a while. He is giving me a dozen large photographs of it, one of which I will send you immediately—or would you rather see the original first?

Eva liked him very much—he told her half jokingly and half in earnest that he had sacrificed some of my natural beauty in order to paint my character, which interested him more. He wants me to come over to Ireland and visit him, but I'm afraid this is out of the question. He gave me two or three original drawings of his, and an unfinished portrait of himself in oils, as well as numerous signed reproductions.

I understand that Christy's will not value any pictures unless one sends them there to be sold, so Thompson had some other specialist value the three masterpieces(?) now in the Simpson office. I believe they are insured for about £250 and this turns out to be just a nought too many—for in the words of this man, they would never bring collectively more than twenty-five or thirty pounds! However, do not take this to heart; Orpen showed me a small picture in his studio, alleged to be a Reynolds, which up to last week was insured for £10,000. Sir Hugh Lane, when he came to the studio, valued this picture at half-a-crown! And he is the last word on pictures—he's the man that wanted to grab my portrait for the Dublin Permanent Collection.

It was on my thirty-third birthday that I had my last sitting, so the portrait will be a fair representation of what I was like after living for a third of a century! Thinking of it in these terms has a sobering effect—and I made a promise to myself that the next third, be it ever so short, would see me giving a better account of myself. Your cable and Mother's letter are the sort of things, or rather symbols, of the best influences in my life.

Eva wants to be particularly remembered in this letter, and wishes to join her thanks to mine for the portrait—she thinks you will never have a fleeting regret in connection with it.

The babies are wonderfully well, and all send love to you, Martha and Hannah.

As ever yours,

Dick.

*The
Amateur
Artist*

A letter of this period though having no relation to the heading of this Chapter, is inserted here as it relates a thrilling experience. An account of the rescue was cabled from London to one of the Toronto papers.

Saturday Evening, Aug. 23, 1913.

The White House,
Cantelupe Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea.

My dear Dad:

Bergson's book has just been received—I think I wrote you that I had it, but evidently, not in time; with your approval I will send this copy to "Ginger," who gave me his.

I've had an experience this afternoon that makes all philosophies save that of a beneficent Providence look worthless—for some reason or other that I cannot explain I got undressed and went in swimming today a few minutes before Billy Blackstock was ready. The surf was terrific, and there was a strong ebb tide, so I knew it was dangerous. When I got into the water, I saw a girl about fifteen years old out beyond her depth, and in trouble. I got out to her in a few strokes, and got my hand under her arms, but the ebb tide was so strong and the breakers were pounding so that I thought the poor youngster would be drowned in my arms. The tide had swept us around the end of the groin, where the water was much deeper, and I realized then that I could never get in with her alone. So I began to yell for Billy who was just ready, and he came right out to us like the brick he is. Then we got her on her back and for ten strokes didn't gain an inch. Though we were supporting her, her head had lolled back and I thought she was drowned then. Every little while I'd try for the bottom, and then fight the tide again. When we were both at the point of exhaustion, I went down and felt bottom when the water in the hollow of the breakers was just up to my nose. Then I got a grip with my feet and carried the youngster a few feet, but the next one knocked us all over, and as I had swallowed quarts of salt water, thought we were done again—a couple of men waded in as far as they dared and one of them threw a rope which I linked my arm through, and then it was all right. Bill and I just doubled up on the beach—he looked like a dead man, and Eva said I did too. She saw it all, and urged the men with clothes on into the water to help us; she is absolutely knocked out with the experience tonight,—as her agony must have been terrible. I was quite certain that I was a "gone goose," for my strength was practically gone when Billy arrived. The only thing I remember thinking was whether my body would be washed up or taken right out on the tide. This is the narrowest squeak in water that I've ever had. If I hadn't been in good physical condition, goodnight!

The girl never lost consciousness at all, and after the water ran out of her was all right. If I hadn't been in just when I was, nothing could have saved her, for no one was noticing her at all, and you



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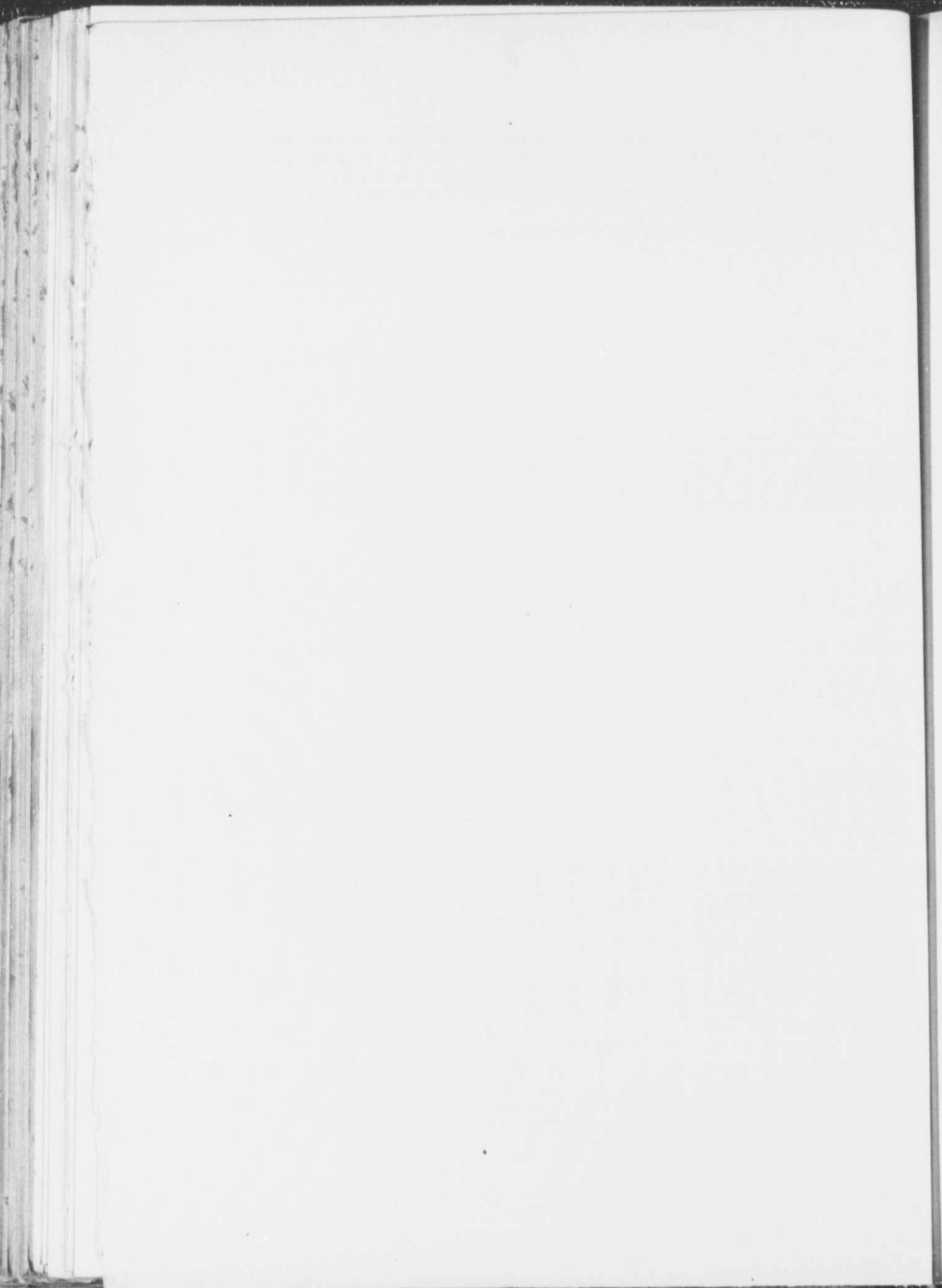


couldn't possibly have heard her cries among the breakers. It must have been a horrible performance to watch, as we both had given up hope, and I guess had that expression on our faces. I have a fierce headache from it yet, six hours after, but thought I'd write this to you, before going to bed.

*The
Amateur
Artist*

With great thankfulness that I am alive, and as ever,

Dick.



Chapter X

Contribution to a Stevenson Evening

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England!—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

William Ernest Henley.

CHAPTER X

CONTRIBUTION TO A STEVENSON EVENING



BEFORE returning to Canada Dick again visited Berlin and consulted Dr. Casper, who wrote his father that the following Winter at least should be spent in a warmer climate than Canada. Accordingly they sailed for home. During the pleasant Atlantic voyage he and his wife made the acquaintance of a charming Englishman, a Mr. Charlton, whose letter appears among appreciations in Chapter XV. After a brief stay in Toronto the family proceeded to Southern California, making their home for the Winter with Mrs. Fudger's people.

Occasional winter evenings in Dick's father's home in Toronto were devoted to the study of the best English authors. Under the leadership of the Rev. George Jackson, a professor in Victoria University, a little group gathered from time to time to enjoy social and intellectual fellowship. To one of these evenings Dick sent from California the following contribution. As indicated elsewhere, Stevenson was his model in style and his hero in the fight for life against odds.

CONTRIBUTION TO A STEVENSON EVENING

(From an absent member of the reading circle.)

I have been thinking a good deal about your Stevenson evening, and had my contribution planned; but alas, on a sandy, southern Pacific peninsula one should not hope to find "Thistle" edition of R. L. S., or for that matter, any edition. My plan was to take up a couple of Stevenson's best poems in the light of his fine essay on Burns; it seems to me that this should be profitable. But no San Diego or Coronado bookshop held the precious Burns essay; the last shop I investigated looked to be a really likely place, but when I told the proprietor my troubles he replied, "No I ain't got many of Mr. Stephen's in just now!" Then I fled; the shock would have been less with any other author; but crudeness is utterly at variance with thoughts of Stevenson; and this, I think, is an idea that gets hardly

enough emphasis, that whatever were his other virtues, Stevenson was primarily, an *artist*. The pleasure given in the reading or re-reading of any book he wrote is akin to the pleasure one finds in pouring over an etching of Whistler—every line, every touch has its own peculiar artistic purpose and no other touch would be quite as good. I would almost be inclined to call Stevenson an etcher in literature, if he himself had not suggested a truer figure; for after all, his correspondence shows us that Stevenson's stroke in letters was not always as true and unerring as, for instance, was Whistler's, on copper. An infinite capacity for taking pains accounts for a great deal of his best work; he himself likens his labour to that of a worker in mosaic, for he had to produce his effects "with finite and quite rigid words."

For him, it was no easy task; a casual reading of his essay on "Style in Literature" will show what incessant practice and infinite pains was necessary for him to attain to anything like literary excellence, and as he says in this essay (speaking of the contents of the phrase) "to understand how constant is this pre-occupation of *good* writers, even where its results are least obtrusive, it is only necessary to turn to the *bad*."

Stevenson's father, a lighthouse builder, had ambitions for him other than literary, and I believe Stevenson was actually called to the bar before (to use his own expression) "for some liking to the jingle of words," he betook himself to letters for his life. He considered that there were *two just reasons* for the choice of any way of life; *first*, inbred taste in the chooser; *second*, some high utility in the industry selected. He had not worked long at the trade of letters before he discovered that he had chosen better than he knew, and he shows his grasp of the matter by formulating for us the following: "Such is the happy star of this trade of writing that it should combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching."

Everyone present at your Stevenson Evening will probably assent to the statement that Scotchmen make good preachers; and Stevenson was no exception to the rule. He considered writing a useful calling. He perfected himself in his art, not for the sake of dilettantish pleasure (and no dilettante ever wrote with more grace than he), but that others might benefit by his cheerfulness and sympathy. He believed that the best teachers climbed beyond teaching to the plane of art. "It is themselves," he says, in essays and criticisms, "and what is best in themselves that they communicate." As a preacher, Stevenson was no such giant as Carlyle, but his sweet-running periods are always more pleasing and often more helpful than the sulphurous thunderings of his great contemporary and compatriot.

Stevenson called Carlyle one of the great elders of literature; and certainly, any exhaustive comparison between them would be rather unfair to our author. But I would like to make a very slight one. When your letter came, asking for this skit, I had just two books by me; the first, Sartor Resartus, the second, the Oxford book of verse. In the first is a chapter entitled "Romance," in the second a short poem of Stevenson's, of the same name.

In Carlyle, the heart of romance is *deep* and mystical:—

"With the Wanderer, it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses; and all that was painful and that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him."

Stevenson's is like a picture on a *flat* surface—but a perfect one.

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight of bird-song at morning, and star-shine at night. I will make a palace fit for you and me, of green days in forests and blue days at sea. I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room, where white flows the river and bright blows the broom, and you shall wash your linen and keep your body white in rainfall at morning, and dewfall at night. And this shall be for music when no one else is near, the fine song for singing, the rare song to hear! That only I remember, that only you admire, of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire."

This comparison brings out, I think, the virtues of our author. Carlyle's ideas are chiselled out like the unfinished marbles of a Michel Angelo; Stevenson works with words like a fine craftsman in mosaic, every phrase well chosen, every word carefully placed, yet no sense of effort is left in the finished product. This is the characteristic of Stevenson's work that I would like to emphasize in this little sketch, but it is only one aspect, and we cannot overlook the fact that he, as well as Carlyle, has succeeded in giving us ideas that seem to "break through language, and escape." If you can stand one more quotation from these two authors, I shall feel that I've left Stevenson in a little better position, for the thought is remarkably similar.

The first quotation is again from Carlyle's "Romance" chapter.

"Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aerial on the mountain tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded everyone that as this bright day was drawing toward its close, so likewise must the Day of Man's existence decline into dust and darkness; and with all its sick tollings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity."

"O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath!"

The Stevenson quotation is the last stanza of his poem, "In the Highlands."

"Lo! for there among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes,
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death."

*Contribution
to a
Stevenson
Evening*

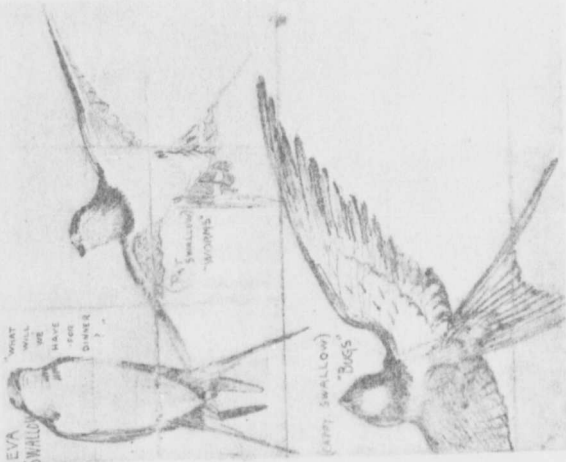
If you find this screed of mine undigested and hard to bear, please remember that I'm on a holiday with my wife and that, as R. L. S. says "the practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of the author is extinct; he will bully, back-bite, and spear daggers!" and again "It is more important (in marriage) that a person should be a good gossip and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that he should speak with the tongues of men and angels; for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage, than the presence of a distinguished foreigner at dinner."

And lastly and quite frankly, Stevenson himself wrote an apology for idlers, so why am I not excused here and now!

R.B.F.

EVA SWALLOW

"WHAT
WILL
WE
HAVE
FOR
DINNER



CHERE PATRICE

COMME TU PRÉFÈRE
 LES HIRONDELLES J'AI DESSINÉ
 POUR TU UNE FAMILLE DES
 HIRONDELLES DE QUI LA
 MÈRE DEMANDÉ TOUS LES
 JOURS LE MÈME QUESTION.
 SI LA MÈRE PREND LES
 SUGGESTIONS DES FILLES
 TOUTE LA FAMILLE SERAIT BIENTÔT
 GRASSE ESPÈRE QUE TU
 NE RIS PAS SI CE FRANÇAIS
 EST ÉPONGEABLE
 TE T'EMBRASSE
 DADDY-BOY

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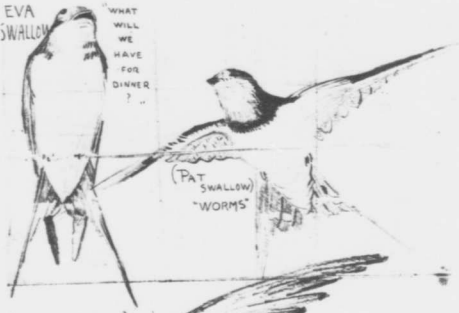
And lastly and quite frankly, Stevenson himself wrote an apology for others, so why am I not excused here and now!

R.B.F.

LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER PATRICIA

EVA
SWALLOW

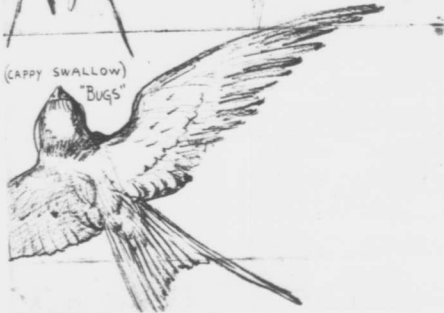
WHAT
WILL
WE
HAVE
FOR
DINNER
?



(PAT
SWALLOW)
"WORMS"

(CAPPY SWALLOW)

"BUGS"



CHERE PATRICE

COMME TU PRÉFÈRE

LES HIRONDELLES J'AI DESSINÉ

POUR TU UNE FAMILLE DES

HIRONDELLES DE QUI LA

MÈRE DEMANDE TOUS LES

JOURS LE MEME QUESTION.

SI LA MÈRE PREND LES

SUGGESTIONS DES FILLES

TOUTE LA FAMILLE SERAIT BIENTÔT

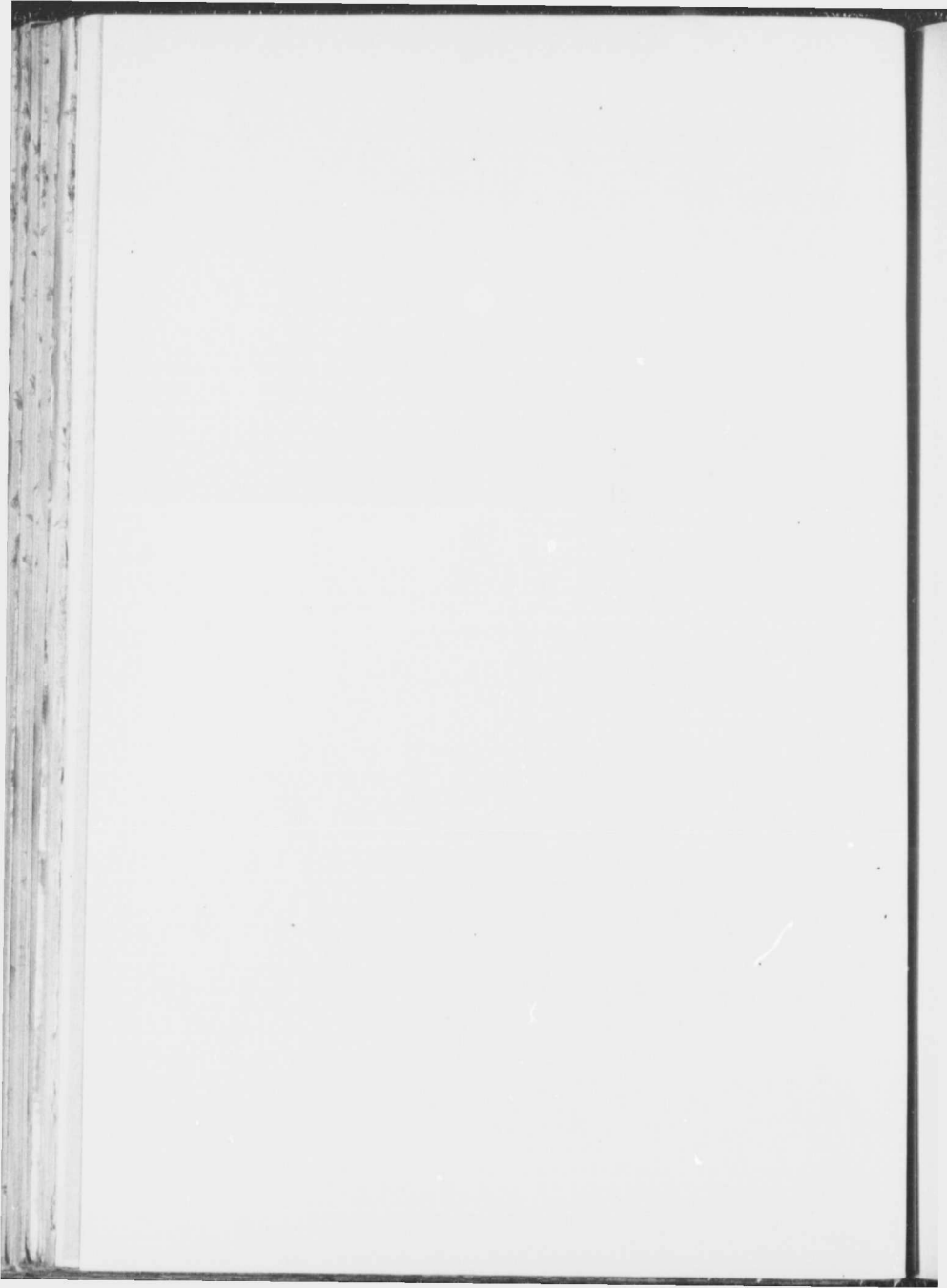
GRASSE. J'ESPERE QUE TU

NE RIS PAS, SI CE FRANÇAIS

EST EPOUVANTABLE

JE T'EMBRASSE

DADDY-BOY



Chapter XI

The College Man in Business

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart.
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am
listening now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CHAPTER XI

THE COLLEGE MAN IN BUSINESS



THE Spring of the year of the Great War—1914—saw Dick again active in the home office of the business of The Robert Simpson Co. Whatever may have been his earlier doubts concerning the line of life he should pursue, he had overcome them and entered enthusiastically into plans for the development of the business. He never quite lost the Ruskin viewpoint that business is essentially restless and probably contentious. His bent was always to obtain the most out of life in living it instead of aiming directly at great financial achievement, or what is termed success by subordinating everything to that end. In this and other ways he exemplified characteristics of the college-bred man. In our Canadian business community the college man, although a comparatively recent arrival, has come into his own. Two score years ago saw his advent, and for some time his influence was feeble and his success inconspicuous. Up to that period few names of college men stood on the honour roll of Toronto's commercial enterprises, and the same was true of other Canadian cities. There were several reasons for this. In the third quarter of the last century business in Canada was largely in the hands of men who came from the Motherland, and who had received their early commercial training there. English Universities not deliberately but effectually influenced young men to despise trade. There was—is yet—in Britain a distinct social line drawn between members of the learned professions and tradespeople, however important their enterprises. Dick found this atmosphere at Oxford. Probably among the wondrous changes that the War has wrought it will be found that the line of demarcation above referred to has been partially obliterated.

In former years few English college men came to this country to engage in lumbering, storekeeping, manufacturing, railroading

or banking. Our own colleges were attended by men who sought equipment for some profession as a means of livelihood. There was little attention paid to fitting men for commercial life. Intercourse with the United States, the overcrowding of professions, and the greater monetary rewards of commerce, brought about a change. Formerly a college education was popularly regarded as a handicap in business, but now men choose their studies with a view to a commercial career, and lay a foundation in college on which to build the superstructure of industrial or commercial knowledge.

Dick always held that choosing a college course mainly with a view to its future commercial value is fundamentally wrong; the man's investment must be in himself. He specialized in English and History, and incidentally found it a most valuable asset. Vast financial and industrial enterprises have called for Canadians trained in such subjects as higher Mathematics, Chemistry and branches of Applied Science. The marvellous extension of commercial advertising in the press, in the magazine and by pamphlet, has attracted the best talent in the United States and Canada. The specialist in English finds scope in this advertising field. As a member of the Board of Directors of The Robert Simpson Company, Dick took the supervision of their Advertising Department and was soon recognized as a leader. During the Convention of Ad. Men of America in Toronto, he collaborated with a local artist to produce a series of full-page announcements which were regarded as possessing unusual merit. At the request of the Convention Committee, they were reproduced and sent to headquarters as a contribution to their permanent exhibit. Dick had acquired a general knowledge of the merchandise advertised, he had a keen appreciation of the constituency addressed, and was not without the instincts of a salesman. These qualifications, together with his mastery of terse and vigorous English, made him a most effective advertising man.

On the whole, he refuted the position still taken by successful business men who set no value on a college course as preliminary to a commercial career. For the most part these are self-made men of strong personality. Some of them affect to despise education as an expensive hindrance to a young man. There are still a few successful merchants who say, "Let him begin and make his way as I did," and would set a graduate in Arts to work, with watering-can and broom, cleaning out the office. But



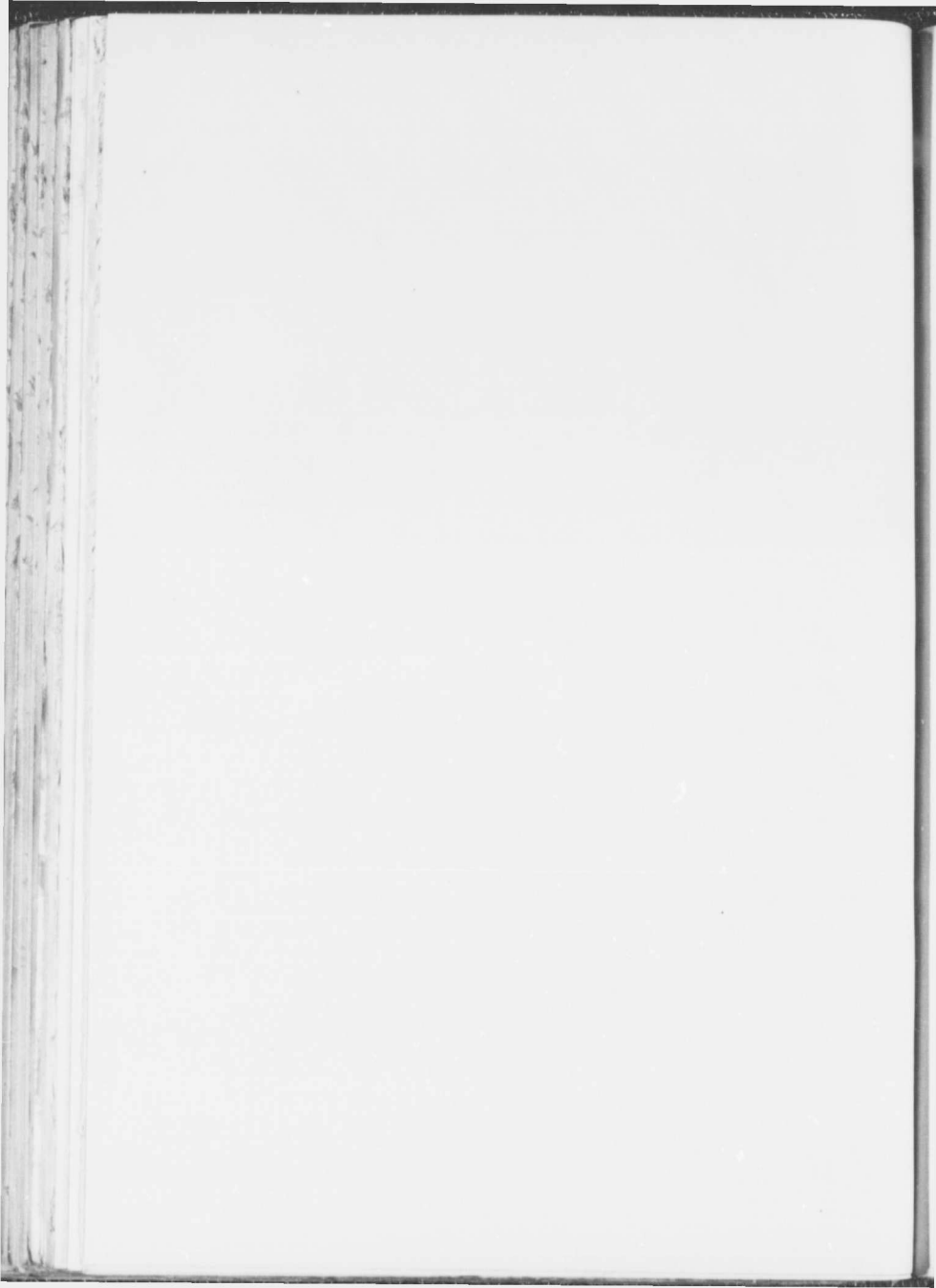
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... for some profession as a means of livelihood.

TORONTO HOME
77 ELM AVENUE

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many men who have developed their businesses from small beginnings into large and lucrative enterprises have discovered their own limitations, and are covetous that their sons and successors laying broader foundations might be fitted for the still larger things that lie before us in the future of Canadian trade, commerce and finance. Dick was given this opportunity, and when at the age of 34 he found himself confronted with the problems of business he realized the truth of Peel's statement—"the satisfactory conduct of the office (Vice-President of British Board of Trade) must after all depend more on the intrinsic qualities of the man than upon the precise amount of his previous knowledge." So he set himself to study the business. He was what is popularly known as a good mixer, and had no difficulty in forming acquaintance with leading merchants in New York and in Los Angeles, and in obtaining not only permission but cordial co-operation in studying and comparing their systems with the methods of the home business. He made detailed reports of his visits, forwarding them with letters to his father, from which extracts are reproduced in this chapter. He interviewed the Postmaster in Los Angeles, and wrote a report for the Mail Order Department, comparing the United States Zone System with our own postal regulations for the transmission of merchandise.

To him a most attractive feature in the business was the opportunity it afforded for the development of esprit de corps in the staff. He aimed, by taking an active interest in the welfare of his associates to cultivate their loyalty, and he speedily succeeded in winning their admiration and friendship. Directly or indirectly may be traced to his influence, developments along the line of welfare work and for participation by employees in the profits of the business, as well as the encouragement of thrift and economy in their personal affairs. Since his passing the suggestions of his letters on the next page have been crystallized in the Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Fund inaugurated on the twenty-first anniversary of The Robert Simpson Company. His pleasure as a student-merchant was greatly enhanced by keeping in close touch with these newer aspects of business administration. He refused to be warped or stunted in soul by the struggle to make money. So "as the bird wings and sings" the work of life had the accompaniment of mental pleasure, and with the melody and beauty of life came also the satisfaction of material progress. Thus his influence became

helpful to his business associates in all ranks of the commercial army in which he was an officer. No place was found in his life for the petty jealousies that keep men who are engaged in competing businesses encased in a kind of offensive and defensive porcupine covering. The sharp practices which make some businesses malodorous he despised. The tortuous ways of double dealing had no attraction for him. The straight path of candour and common honesty—the open way manifestly right, obviously simple and straightforward to those who desire to walk in it, found him a daily pilgrim. He had learned on college campus to fight fair. Time and again in his correspondence will be found expression of the principle that actuated his short business career. It was Gladstone's precept—"Be inspired with a belief that life is a noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny."

EXTRACTS FROM BUSINESS LETTERS :

London, Eng., Aug. 1913.

"When you feel lost for half an hour's reading you might glance over enclosed clipping on Insurance for Corporation employees, and also the copy of the Lloyd George Insurance Act which goes forward with The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

Los Angeles, January, 1914.

"There is a growing sentiment in business circles on this side of the line against secrecy, and in favor of profit-sharing with employees. I don't know whether you noticed the strong declaration of policy by the Kuhn Loeb firm in New York City, but it was right along these lines. You and I have often spoken together about combatting the very secretive policy now in favor with us, and I think if we are ever going to get the store established in the hearts of the people, if we are ever going to get loyal service from the ground up, the matter ought to be addressed seriously before long.

"My idea is that we might offer to certain employees, not necessarily all managers, some such prospectus as the enclosed one of the United Dry Goods Companies. Straight profit-sharing which gives the hard-working employee the same percentage of net profits as the loafer has been found to be a failure. Any such thing as the wiping out of individuality must be avoided—paternalism and treating employees en masse is what plays havoc with all these well-intentioned schemes. But there is a chance for some plan that will *individualize the man*, no matter how lowly his station in the store. And if there are two or three employees in every department of the business who have the business as much at heart as you have, that will be the foundation for the best store service in Toronto. Enclosure B is a clipping from the Sat. Ev. Post, that made me wonder how many of our employees are up against it just as hard, while 'the machine' knows nothing about it."

New York, May 21st, 1917.

*The College
Man in
Business*

"This has been a happy day for me (Monday) working hard with B— 8.30 to 5 p.m., half an hour off for lunch and all that time feeling absolutely comfortable. I am thoroughly tired tonight. It is the first time in years that I remember doing a normal man's work, and being able to converse with business men in an interested way, without having something else on my mind all the time. I cannot tell you what it means to me, and how much more I hope to be able to do for you when I return, for I feel that this 'good work' is going right on to a perfect demonstration. To have this happen to one makes one have a reverence for life and yet shows that it is full of joy. I can never be thankful enough!

"After my appointment with Dr. Burton, we went over to the C. and S. Co. and met the more important people. The most important man was B—, the merchandise manager, a very nice, thoroughly straight, shrewd German. He talked to us as to two boys, in fact called us that. He said—'Well, I would like to be the President's son for about 24 hours!' when our Mr. B— introduced me as such. He said in effect—'Now I know, boys, I'm all wrong, for everybody else is talking high prices and looking for big increases—but I, vell, I said when I heard them, 'Don't listen, or you'll buy big and go crazy and lose you job'! So I just came back and thought it all out for myself, and I don't think goods are going to be higher in price or scarcer either, and I'm not going to buy for any increase!

"He told us he could sell shoes far cheaper than we could buy them in Boston or Lynn. After lunch we took the subway down to W—'s. There we first talked with J— A—, Advertising Manager, for an hour, and then to the Merchandise Manager. The latter's views are important, for I figure that they largely coincide with B's. A— thinks that all manufacturers are putting up this bluff of only being able to fill 60% of your order just because they want you to place orders 2/3 again as big as usual—then they'll sting you with the whole order. He said that in spite of all this holler, they were picking up shoe-bargains, men's clothing bargains, and hosiery bargains."

New York, Tuesday, 22nd May, '17.

"I have just returned from an hour's conference with M.C. & Co. heads, father and son, by name of Stewart, very nice people, who told me all I wanted to know. They do a business of ten million a year at selling, and their stock at cost on January 1st was \$1,500,000 and on July 1st, \$1,350,000. Unlike other people whom I met, they say their stocks are not high, 60% of their business is charge accounts, 25% of it cash, and 15% C.O.D. Among many other papers and forms I enclose, please note their monthly statement to customers; this is the form that all the New York stores have now adopted. They rarely send out an incorrect statement. Note that purchases after the 24th appear on the following month's bill, but as to "merchandise returned" after the 24th, they credit this as much as they can in the same month, in spite of this rule. In their whole organization

they don't have 2,000 complaints a month. They do not believe in objecting to refunds or returns, because their competitor goes the limit on this and always makes capital out of it. Their Furniture Salesmen are on 4% commission basis, but the commission basis generally throughout the store is a straight salary plus one-half of 1% on all sales.

"They use a market letter that might be worth subscribing for, called '*Babson's Letter*,' giving trade and market forecasts very accurately. I am trying to get a copy."

The following specimens show the spirit of his Christmas advertising:

"*Christmas Waits*" were among the earliest known procrastinators. They used to wait till Christmas Eve to get their spending money (those being the days of course when one could buy a souse on the holiday). But this business of Christmas waits doesn't pay nowadays. The person who just can't wait till her Christmas shopping is all done is the happiest little cricket on Christmas morning.

"Hast Thou ever any toys
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the *things*
Play '*Can you see me*' through their wings!"

Wouldn't it be grand if we all had Francis Thompson's gift of going back to childhood again and getting this complicated Christmas of ours as simple as it was in the beginning! No matter what a gift costs, it is valueless unless it brings joy and good-will with it. Let us not give for any other motive, let us forget the people of importance, and let us give to the ones we've never given to before maybe, those who are accustomed to be overlooked—they are the ones to whom your gifts will bring great joy.

"On the Outside, looking in"

Most of you people who read this page are, so to speak, on the inside looking out, in the matter of Christmas cheer and happiness. You've planned all your gifts, for everybody in the family, and you feel a mild glow of satisfaction.

But you haven't earned any Christmas halo and you know it! Just move out of your cosy family circle for a few minutes; stand at the Queen and Yonge St. corner a little while, and see how judiciously you could place a few quarters. Chase some of these lonely kids down to the nice warm basement, and ask them what they'll have—and they'll give you a Merry Christmas.

Chapter XII
Business Interests

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist:
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour:
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
And music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

Robert Browning.

CHAPTER XII

BUSINESS INTERESTS



T is the custom of the Company with which Dick was identified to hold annually a reunion of Directors, Managers and Assistants about the end of February. He looked forward to these gatherings with great interest, and every one looked forward to his genial presence and the happy faculty he had of making members of the staff feel at home. He shared with the President and other Directors the relation of host. His contribution to the speech-making usually took a kindly, jovial turn and put the gathering in good spirits. A meeting of this kind was held three weeks or so before his last journey to California, but he was unable to attend. In response to a request for a message to be read at the gathering, he sent the letter as below. The war was on his mind and here as he frequently did in his letters, he referred to his own fight against disease as the counterpart, to a small extent, of what the boys were going through at the front. The personal mention of certain Managers was greatly appreciated, the reference being to some of their goods recently advertised. Also in the humorous verses he hits off some of the complaints of customers and the worries of Department Heads.

Mr. President:

You suggested that the Managers might like to have a few words from the Rosedale Casualty Clearing Station, so you must cheerfully shoulder the blame for anything that may follow. As I remember the Annual Dinner we sit so far apart at the head table anyway that wig-wagging takes the place of conversation—so I'll just wig-wag the following from Rosedale.

I don't envy the man who hasn't got a fight on his hands these days. I've got a peach! It wouldn't seem right, somehow, not to be in a real scrap now, with all one's pals at the Front! I've got a lot better berth than most of them, so there's no kick coming from me. I often amuse myself by comparing my nights with the nights in a front line trench. And so you'll see, it's in my favor all the way through.

Just about the time tonight that Mr. Johns will be giving his famous imitation of a man singing "God Save the King," the enemy is beginning to put over the "rough stuff" on me—instead of a gas attack mine may be gastrick—then a life-like imitation of whizz-bangs and minnie-werfers that seem to send the bed spinning. When the barrage is nearly lifting my hair off I get down between the pillows and hang on to the bed slats. After this has gone on for hours I get a flash at my wrist watch—and it's just 9 p.m.! We're wide awake now, and the next attack isn't due till midnight—so cheers! At that hour star shells begin to burst, green flashes made by an icy trolley-pole maybe, but for me it's the signal for enemy shock-troops that attack in waves—sometimes the beggars get right in on top of us, in the dark, and jab us with their bayonets, but they never seem to reach a vital spot and finally they're repelled. Hurrah! It's three a.m.—in an hour it will be four a.m. and the night practically over. After listening intently for a long time I hear some one stealing through our barbed wire! No, it's a cat coming through the grape vines—it's making weird sounds like an infant crying in the night. I might impale it on that icicle if I were a bosch—but it's gone. Now I hear the chug-chug of the five o'clock train, drawing reinforcements up the Don Valley—hear the old bridge creak and roar as the engine runs on to it. Soon the sounds of the first snow-shovels crunch on the sidewalk—digging in again! At six o'clock the Chinaman's alarm goes off and I listen for him to come out of his room. "Yong," I call, "get me the newspaper!" for I've just heard the whistling boy throw the curled-up "World" against the door with a thud.

After reading all the allied catastrophies, including the weather, I turn to Simpson's ad. and find a cut I drew inserted upside down! "Same old World!" I exclaim, and reach for my morning tonic, which is a verse by Service and goes like this:

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Well, after that I feel better, so I just wiggle into my bath—the big event of the day—something the boys don't have at the Front—then hop out into the embrace of John's 6 x 4 Turkish towel—special three seventy-nine—and sit on the radiator. Then I pull on some of Linstrum's Bodyguard underwear at two forty-nine per garment, one of Sutherlands "three for two" shirts, and last—Mac's nineteen forty-five suit, custom made in our own factory! And so, fitly attired in Simpson simplicity, I emerge in time to see the red sun just poking its face up through the trees. So I sing a hymn to the dawning day that goes something like this:

Sure this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough and double,
Reason for complaint.

Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often grey;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the way—but say,
Ain't it fine *today*!

Yesterday my meal was meatless,
Ross forgot address,
And tomorrow will be wheatless,
Bogart's fault, I guess.
Yesterday's complaints and refunds
Made me far from gay.
I must write an ad. tomorrow;
Rotten job!—but say
Ain't it fine *today*.

Last month's mail receipts were feeble,
"Weather!" says Burnett.
Next week, *store* is formidable,
Burton's all a-fret.
Soon a presidential message
On my desk will lay,
"See me ten o'clock next Wednesday!"
That is all—but say
Ain't it fine *today*.

It's *today* that I am livin'
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but say,
Ain't it fine *today*.

To avoid the trying changeable weather of our March and April, Dick and the family had gone to California. It was on a previous visit that the Los Angeles report annexed to this chapter was compiled. From there his letters were optimistic although he was almost a constant sufferer. His references to his illness were meagre and he would rarely adopt the invalid point of view or invite attention to his ailment. But his condition could not be entirely ignored in family correspondence. The following is the last letter but one he wrote to his father:

My dear Dad:

Los Angeles, May 5, 1918.

I've noticed that good fighters like Haig, when they're getting beaten up all along the line, make their reports very laconic—this week I think it behooves me to follow suit. I think my new practitioner must be a "chemicalizing" specialist. I've spent the week in bed—nuf sed.

Eva received a bad shock when she went to book the accommodation. The first clerk told her everything was booked for May and June! Then she found another who told her that two compartments had just been turned in for May 13th. Needless to say she lit on them like the proverbial possum on a june-bug. So that means that a week from tomorrow, by God's help, we will be starting for home. We were also able to get the accommodation, drawing room and adjacent section, out of Chicago, C.P.R., Thursday, May 16th, at 5.05 p.m. Unless it be on account of the earthquakes, I don't know any reason for the rush East, but the railways say it is quite unprecedented.

And now, dear dad, let all our thoughts be towards our reunion—in my present state the journey looks like a fearsome undertaking—but I mustn't look ahead—just make each day count all it will toward good.

Give our best love to all and assure them of our happiness at the thought of being home again. As ever yours,

Dick.

Katherine was glad to get Mother's telegram on her tenth birthday. We cannot be too grateful for her wonderful goodness and health and beauty.

From the time of his return to Toronto in May—although he was rarely able to be in his office, he displayed increasing interest in plans for the well-being of the staff. It was recognized by his associates in the business that a serious voice had become audible, a note had been struck ringing true to lofty ideals and desiring to do justice to the changing demands of the new spirit of co-operation and brotherhood. The voice has been swiftly stilled, only the echoes and memories remain. But these will linger and will become increasingly influential. And who can tell but he participates consciously in the progress and development of his cherished plans? According to Ian Maclaren "the whole spiritual content of this present life—its knowledge, skill, aspiration and character—will be carried over into the future and life hereafter be the continuation of life here. When one richly endowed, carefully trained and come to the zenith of his power is suddenly removed, he has not sunk into inaction, is not to be substracted from the forces of righteousness. He has gone where the fetters of this body of humiliation and embarrassment shall be no longer felt. We must think of him as in the van of battle, and follow him with hope and a high heart."

"No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's worktime,
Greet the unseen with a cheer,
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be
'Strive and thrive,' Cry, 'Speed, fight on, fare ever,
There as here!'"

My Dear Das

I've noticed that your fighters like things when
they're getting beaten up all along the line, more than
apart from any laconic - this was I think I believe
me to follow you. I think my new propositions must be
a "chemicalizing" operation. I've spent the rest of last
- night.

What we best have is all - I mean this -
is happening at the thought of being here for
- as -
- think

May 8th
Kleinman was dead right under the gun on his back
sitting. He cannot be transported in his current form
to the 3rd company.

Dick received a bad shock when she went to book the accommodation. The ticket agent told her everything was booked for May and June! This was the day of another who told her that two compartments had just been booked for May 15th. Needless to say she lit on them like the proverbial salmon on a June-bug. So that means that a week from tomorrow, by God's help, we will be starting for home. We were able to get the accommodation, drawing room and adjacent section of the Chicago, C.P.R., Thursday, May 16th, at 5.05 p.m. Unless on account of the earthquakes, I don't know any reason for the such fuss, but the railways say it is quite unprecedented.

And now, dear dad, let all our thoughts be towards our reunion—in my present state the journey looks like a fearsome undertaking—but I won't look ahead—just make each day count all it will toward good.

Give our best love to all and assure them of our happiness at the thought of being home again. As ever yours,

Dick.

Katherine was glad to see Dick—

FACSIMILE OF HAND WRITING

...and the... of life here. When one richly endowed, carefully trained and come to the zenith of his power is suddenly removed, he has not sunk into inaction, is not to be substracted from the forces of righteousness. He has gone where the fetters of this body of humiliation and embarrassment shall be no longer felt. We must think of him as in the van of battle, and follow him with hope and a high heart."

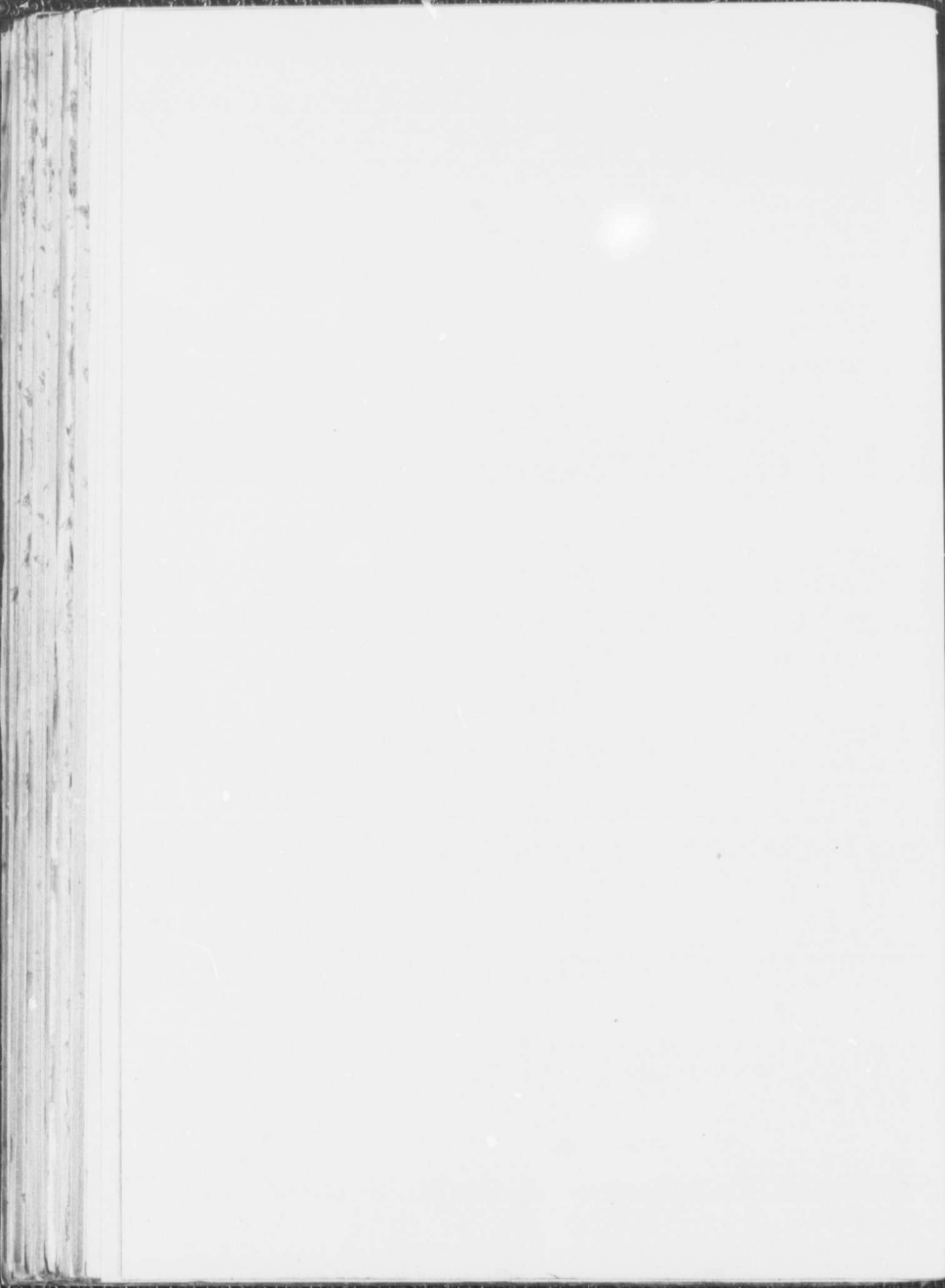
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Chris as best he can well - I am sure that I am happier at the thought of being home again
as in
Dad

Monday 5th
Katharine was glad to get mother's telegram on her tenth birthday. We cannot be too grateful for her wonderful presence & health & beauty.



REPORT OF INSPECTION OF BROADWAY DEPARTMENT STORE, LOS ANGELES

ARTHUR LETTS, Proprietor

The Broadway Department Store has just completed a fine new building at the corner of 4th St. and Broadway. As it is a part of the town from which the retail business is moving, the problems they have to face are interesting.

Arthur Letts used to be an employee of R. Walker, The Golden Lion, Toronto. In twenty years he has become a multi-millionaire in the Department Store Business. The Broadway Store force has the name of being a very loyal organization to Mr. Letts. As I will show, he has always made the best treatment of his employees a prime consideration.

Since the completion of the new building this store has gradually changed the character of its merchandise. They used to attract all the cheapest trade. Now they try for the best, and confine their cheap trade to their Bargain Basement Store. I asked them if the removal of the bargains didn't leave the parent departments flat. But the General Manager assured me that the parent department had themselves shown an increase, and that the Bargain Basement was all found business. They have stairways going directly from the street into the bargain basement, and the cheaper crowd do not come into the rest of the store to any extent. This has a tendency to improve the tone of their other departments, and attract a better class of trade. They have removed the whole of their "basement" goods—Hardware, Glass and China, Electric Fixtures, etc., to the fifth floor.

Superintendence of Sales Help

In every department there are two chiefs who work together harmoniously and to the best interests of the department. They are (1) the buyer, (2) the department superintendent. The buyer has everything to do with the merchandising of the goods; the department superintendent has everything to do with the selection, training and supervision of the sales help. There is one other man with a title in each department—he is called either the assistant buyer or the stock man, in whichever position he can be of most assistance to the department.

Beside these officers of departments, the basement, the main floor, and the second floor are each in charge of a floor superintendent, who has authority over all managers and help on that floor.

Under normal conditions the store has 1,500 employees. At Christmas this number is increased to 2,500. The floor superintendent can take

Business Interests help from one department and send it to another for special sales, but as a rule they rely largely on extra help, as they try to keep the numbers at a minimum in normal times.

Instruction of Sales Help

There are two class rooms; one where store system is taught; the other where educational salesmanship is gone into very thoroughly—the way different goods are made; what silk and wool mean—what all wool means—when is the former better? etc. I was surprised to find all the girls (there were two dozen being instructed in this latter class when I visited it at 11 a.m.) between twenty and thirty years of age—they do not allow any one under eighteen years of age to sell. Every store employee at one time or another has to go through the store system class. There is nothing perfunctory about either of these classes—the girls have to pass examinations before they leave.

Minimum Wages

No girl under sixteen is employed at all—for any work. The manager told me there were only half a dozen employees in the store so young, and they were paid a minimum of \$6 per week. \$7 per week is the minimum for girls of 17 years of age, \$8 per week is the minimum for girls of 18 years of age, and this automatically becomes \$9 per week when she has been there one year. After that increases are according to her selling percentage. No matter what the girl's age, \$10 is the minimum wage paid to girls living away from home, and no matter what her age, \$12 is the minimum for girls who have children to support.

There is a time-clock on every floor with separate locker rooms and lavatories for men and women. This separate locker room on each floor is considered a mistake, as it is too easy for the employees to slip merchandise into their lockers. On the eighth floor there is an employees' rest room for girls, with a branch of the public library in it; a private sewing room for girls to use, an hospital and very fine lavatories. In the men's room on the same floor there is an employees' smoking room. There is also an auditorium seating 400; seats can be removed and it is used for employees' dances in the evening, as well as amateur theatricals.

Benefit Societies in the Store

First. The mutual Benefit Society, non-compulsory, monthly subscription 25c. Through this, employees get free medical attendance when they are away sick, as well as \$5.00 per week sick benefit. At present this society has a surplus of \$3,000.

Second. The Arthur Letts Employees' Association—a free organization formed by the employees for social intercourse, and for investigation of any of the store's activities. This Association recently put on a sale of its own; it was advertised as the Employees' Sale, and they had the enthusiasm of a Roosevelt political banquet. It was the most profitable sale the store ever had. This Association elects what is known as a Grievance Committee, and any complaints from the employees

are dealt with by it. The humblest clerk can state her case against a manager here, and be sure of a fair deal. The Grievance Committee make a recommendation, and if it is not followed out, the case is referred to Mr. Letts.

There is a very fine employees' lunch room on the 7th floor, where employees can eat the lunches they bring, or supplement it by what is for sale here. The same grade of food is served as in their best restaurant.

Even the drivers, when they come in, are provided with shower baths and separate lockers.

In the matter of service, they consider that the notion department is a criterion by which any store may be judged. Therefore they have in this department some of their best sales-people, and the service here is certainly as near perfection as one could wish. It is on the main floor, and they make a speciality of unique and new merchandise.

Merchandising

The whole of the 7th floor of the building is given over to the receiving room. Here the merchandise is brought in by the trucks that deliver it—hoisted on huge elevators seven floors up and unloaded there.

There is a manager in charge of this floor; he has under him what is known as the "marking corps." When goods are received, the buyer comes down and instructs the marking manager just how he wants the goods marked. This one corps does all the marking for the store. If it is decided to put through a credit note for a certain line of goods, these goods must all be returned to the 7th floor and the pieces must be charged by the marking corps. This makes the one-price feature a certainty.

They claim that having two or three responsible men in each department is justified by the wonderful condition of their stocks. At the end of their last financial year, only 3% of their total stock had been in the building more than a year. They encourage the "spiff" system, i.e., putting a bonus on the selling of certain goods. This is by no means confined to old goods; when I was there the general manager showed me where they were putting a bonus of 25c. on certain brand new Boys' Suits of the better class. These "spiffs" are punched on the price ticket, 25c. or 50c, and they do not think, with their stock in the condition it is, that this imposes any hardship on the customer.

One of the most important departments on the 3rd floor, and one which they claim attracts the very best class of people, is the hair-dressing and manicuring department. This is very large and elaborate. In the manicuring parlor there are ten or twelve white enameled tables, with all the sanitary fittings. Then there are a dozen separate hair-dressing booths, and nearby the hair-dressing workroom, where hair is matched and made up. All the employees in this department dress in white—I saw about a dozen occupied. This department they consider a great adjunct to the women's floor. The ladies' rest room and toilet are very fine; they have thirty toilets and everything spotlessly white.

A beautiful soda fountain is made a main floor feature. Here they serve over five thousand drinks a day, and it is known all over the city that the finest ice cream soda can be bought at the Broadway fountain for 5c.

*Business
Interests*

The Bargain Basement is a magnificent floor, ceiling over 20 feet high and with mezzanine rest-room and penny library. This is practically a separate store, with boots, cloaks, suits, hardware and everything cheap. Here also is the "Luncheonette," a cheap lunch-room where prices are just half the eighth floor lunch-room. This pays; the other does not! As I mentioned before, a class of customers come here that will not go to the better departments at all.

In the sub-basement is the delivery and machinery. Each driver has a locked cage, one end of which abuts upon the checkers' desk which receives parcels from the moving carriers. The other end is opened by the driver and his delivery wagon is backed right up to it, having come down two floors from the street, wagon and all. Of course they do not use any horses. The driver signs for every parcel he takes out (not only for the C.O.D.'s). The average wage is \$12. They have only two deliveries a day.

The restaurant is on the top floor, built around a very attractive court. It consists of various rooms; the men's grill, where men are allowed to smoke with their meals, accommodates 150. The main dining room accommodates 200, and the tea-room 50. A band of 15 pieces plays daily in the court. Whenever a person orders tea, the tea is brought by a cute little Japanese girl in native costume, who makes it as you like it. So far this department hasn't come near paying expenses.

Various Notes

A call-bell system is used throughout the store so that any important man can be communicated with wherever he is in the store.

They believe in giving as many titles as possible, as men take added pride in their job when it has a name.

The Fire Brigade is a very effective organization, consisting of 100 fire fighters. At a given signal each arms himself with a three gallon extinguisher and comes to the place that is calling for help. There are 120 of these extinguishers (beside sprinklers) throughout the building. There is a city-fire-call-alarm on every floor, as well as a store fire-call, and a system whereby as few as or many fire-fighters as necessary can be called. They are drilled once every two weeks. On every floor there are also three boxes marked "merchandise covers"—waterproofs to spread over merchandise in case a sprinkler bursts. There are also three bags of sawdust on each floor against the same emergency. Then there is a small stopper handle that can be inserted into the sprinkler nozzle that will plug it temporarily.

There are drinking fountains on every floor, with two taps; one to bend over, the other to use cup under (price 1 cent). All this water is filtered by the Permutit system which removes all alkali and makes it beautifully soft.

This is the most popular store in Los Angeles, and I think it largely due to the imagination of the Proprietor. Men acknowledged to be better merchants have not had anything like his success. The motto printed on all his ads. is—

"Don't Worry—Watch us grow!"



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The main floor is a magnificent floor, ceiling over 20 feet high and with a magnificent book room and penny library. This is practically a store of goods, with books, cloaks, suits, hardware and everything cheap. There is also the "Lanchonette," a cheap lunch-room where prices are just what they should be. This pays; the other does not! As I have said before, a class of customers come here that will not go to the other departments at all.

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THE HAPPY FATHER

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Chapter XIII

His Home and Children

THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XIII

HIS HOME AND CHILDREN



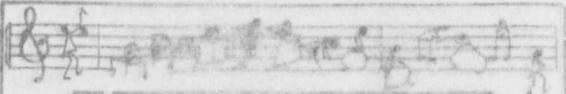
T is to be regretted—as is remarked in one of the letters of appreciation addressed to his wife—that Dick in his home life was not under the observation of some great novelist, because it furnished material which, woven by a skilful hand, would have produced a most pleasing and interesting story. Thus might have been made to live for the many the memories which are among those most dearly cherished by his family and intimate friends. Whether we have regard to the simple routine of his intercourse with wife and children, or see him in the larger circle of companions and acquaintances, his presence and influence were the sunshine of the home and the joy of his children's hearts.

As host Dick was at his best. Naturally of a cordial and winsome disposition, his welcome to his guests was an unfolding of his nature. It was like the holding open of a curtain which seemed to enwrap one as you entered and envelop with warmth and brightness. From the first moment when you surrendered yourself to the magic spell of the host's ministry, right through the enchanting hours of your visit, dullness or stiffness were unknown. You were increasingly conscious of a demonstration of true friendship and bonhomie so natural and cordial that it seemed to be the atmosphere of the home rather than the effort of the host. He had a real genius for entertaining. His banter was contagious and his jokes—often on himself—never with any smart or sting if aimed at others—were the occasion of uncontrollable mirth. Several of his friends were lovers of the game of lawn tennis, so tennis parties became a favorite social event, the exercise being followed by the relaxation of tea on the lawn and a jolly time together.

When you dined with the choice spirits who formed the intimate circle of his friends the table was sometimes the scene

of boisterous merriment. It was almost continuously convulsed with laughter at the brilliant repartee of the group of Varsity men who there renewed college friendships. Dick himself was very ingenious and artistic in suggestions for anniversaries or special occasions. The card of invitation reproduced on the following page was of his own designing. Besides being clever and humorous it gives a hint of the fine literary flavor which permeated these gatherings. Of course there was nothing approaching pedantry or bookishness—any tendency in that direction was promptly met with a fusilade of good-humored ridicule, but the social intercourse of the home was redeemed from the conventional and the commonplace. There was almost always a piquancy like that given by the sage leaf in Browning's description of the ortolan sandwich in Italy.

It were invidious to compare the different walks of life in which Dick moved, to find where he most signally displayed his talents, but there was one sphere secluded from the public eye and which should indeed be regarded as most sacred where he shone with a mellow light perhaps more sweet and tender than that seen by business associates or college friends. This was the silver radiance which, God be thanked, is shed by a true man in his home and is known only to wife and children. From their earliest infancy Dick seemed to exercise a charm on the children. He could hush them to sleep with a crooning lullaby when even the mother failed. As they grew older his aptitude was more and more in evidence. His return home after the day's business was usually about the hour of the children's tea. There was a rush to welcome him and a place would be made for him at table. Shouts of laughter soon proclaimed that Daddy-boy had been up to his trick of stealing the children's cake. This would bring on a skirmish with the "blue-eyed banditti" both energetic and hilarious. A visit to the nursery piano would probably be the next act in the drama, for nobody like Daddy-boy could marshal the keys and strings of the children's Chickering and engage them in the rollicking music-hall song-service which was the children's delight. Patricia especially inherited her father's musical talent and both the children had an amazing repertoire of Kindergarten songs and dances. Their graceful movements were accompanied on the piano in truly wonderful fashion while Dick was having his daily relapse into childhood. Indeed he had not far to travel at any time to find anew "the vision splendid" which youth recognizes



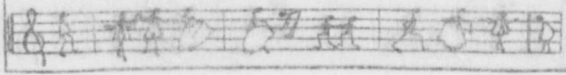
In the Name of
Heurik Absen

YOU ARE INVITED TO USE

The League of Youth
BECOME A Wild Duck FOR
THE EVENING OF WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-SECOND
When We Grad Amaken

CHURCH WHO APPEAR WITHIN
The Pillars of Society MUCH
BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK WILL BE
REGARDED AS AN ENEMY OF
the People LIVES IN THE
Ball's House

Seventy-seven Elm Avenue



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It were inviolable

CARD OF INVITATION

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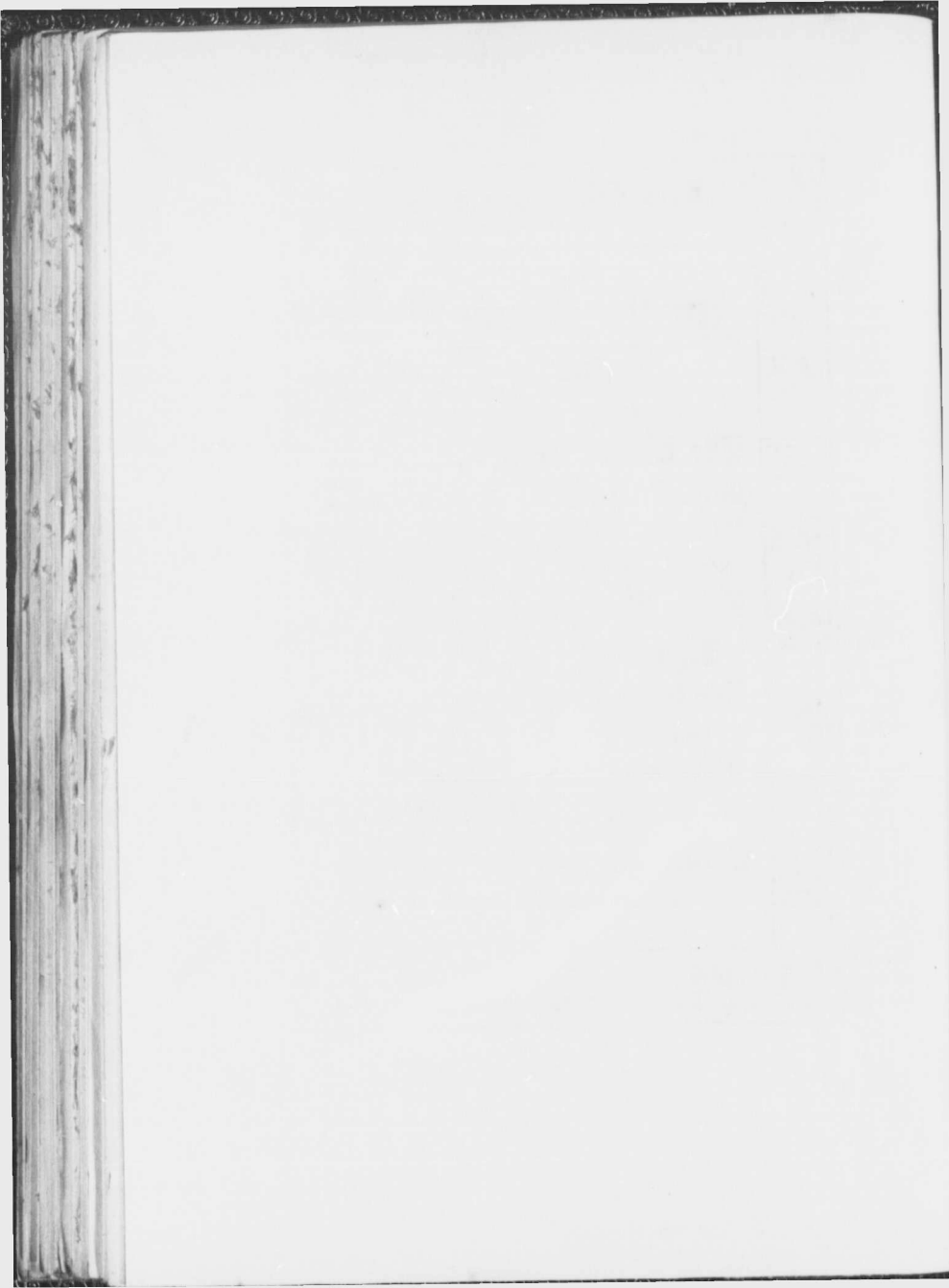
**In the Name of
Henrik Ibsen**

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN
**The League of Youth AND
BECOME A Wild Duck FOR
THE EVENING OF WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-SECOND
When We Dead Awaken**

**Ghosts WHO APPEAR WITHIN
The Pillars of Society MUCH
BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK WILL BE
REGARDED AS An Enemy of
the People LIVING IN The
Doll's House.**

Seventy-seven Elm Avenue





and revels in. The naive comment of their Chinese cook, "Boss allee samee kid," was so apt and true that it became a by-word in the family.

*His Home
and Children*

No claim of business or society prevented Dick from devoting time and pains to the children's mental and physical development. The father was solicitous to make the girls good sports, fair and brave and generous. In all their games his own boyishness made him a real comrade. Whether the pastime was swimming, skating or canoe paddling, Dick was instructor and companion in one, sharing in the merriment and enthusiasm like a schoolboy. The children inherited his love for animals. No excursion was undertaken without the dog. The dog knew the master's regard was not a mere fancy but true friendship and it seemed as if "Judy's" attachment partook of the same quality.

Dick encouraged the children to learn by heart the gems of English Verse and they recited them with entire freedom from self-consciousness. He marked their copy of Palgrave's Golden Treasury, the companion of his own youthful journeys into literature, so as to direct their reading to selections most suitable to their years and coming within the scope of their appreciation. Naturally he taught them the rudiments of drawing, many a quiet hour being spent in explaining and illustrating the principles of light and shade. Paint boxes were conspicuous in their collection of toys, with the consequence that their juvenile correspondence was fearfully and wonderfully illuminated in brilliant colors. They became industrious correspondents and Dick would respond in turn with illustrated epistles. One to each little daughter is here reproduced. "Cappy" is the pet name for Katherine. She and her younger sister Patricia had picked up some knowledge of French while on the Riviera. On their return to Canada the family secured a French governess, Mademoiselle Richardot, whose devotion to the children they heartily reciprocated. Mademoiselle's painstaking solicitude in their studies secured for her an intimate place in the family circle. Since Dick's passing this has been continued, a firm friendship and close companionship having developed between Mrs. Fudger and her. One of the sweet memories of the home is how the children enlisted Daddy-boy in a celebration of Mademoiselle's birthday, when a wonderful Punch and Judy show was produced. The dialogue of that perennial domestic tragedy was modified and improved by Dick

His Home and Children to suit the occasion. The stage, scenery and costumes were of home manufacture, the children themselves taking the leading part in the performance. From Mademoiselle the children learned to read and write French earlier than English. Hence the father's letter to his younger daughter is in his amateur French.

Dear Cappie:

Thank you so much for your post card so nicely written in English. I did this picture by dipping my finger in ink. Mother will tell you who it is and what a great man drew it first. The ink is getting thin, so I will say Goodbye in lead pencil. I hug you.

Daddy.

Chere Patrice:

Comme tu préfère les hirondelles j'ai dessiné pour tu une famille des hirondelles de qui la mère demande tous les jours le meme question. Si la mère prend les suggestions des filles toute la famille serait bientôt grasse. J'espere que tu ne ris pas, si ce Français est épouvantable.

Je t'embrasse,

Daddy-boy.

The signature to Patricia's letter recalls the significant fact that mother and children always spoke of him as "Daddy-boy." Thus do truth and beauty shine out in the simple words and ways of the fireside—a psychological necessity refusing to be masked or concealed. Thus did his prevailing characteristic register itself in the home vocabulary—this loving diminutive uniting the sacred relation of fatherhood to the effervescence and spontaniety of youth. He put on the new manhood and its responsibility without divesting himself of the garments and garlands of boyhood. The boy would "not be unclothed, but clothed upon," with the result that a more abundant and beautiful life was his portion and it now abides, as a sweet memory and most consoling ministry, with those who love him best.

Dear Cassie.

I thank you so much for
your best card so nicely written
in English. I did this picture by
dipping my finger in ink, making
and I tell you will it be and what
a great idea was it first. The
ink is getting thin so I will
say goodbye in love forever
I love you
Daddy



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parts of the performance. From Mademoiselle the children
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Dear Cyprien:

Thank you so much for your post card so nicely written in English.
I did this picture by dipping my finger in ink. Mother will tell you
who it is and what a great man drew it first. The ink is getting thin,
so I will say Goodbye in lead pencil. I hug you.

Dad

Chère Patrie:

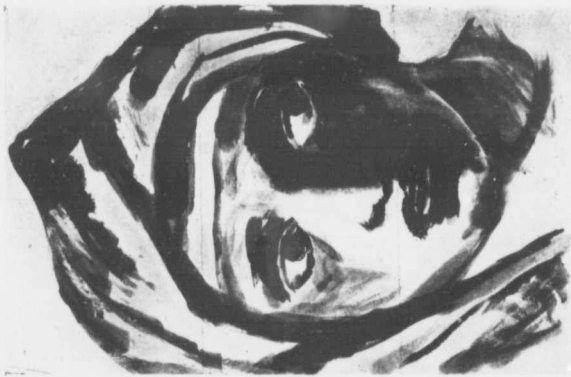
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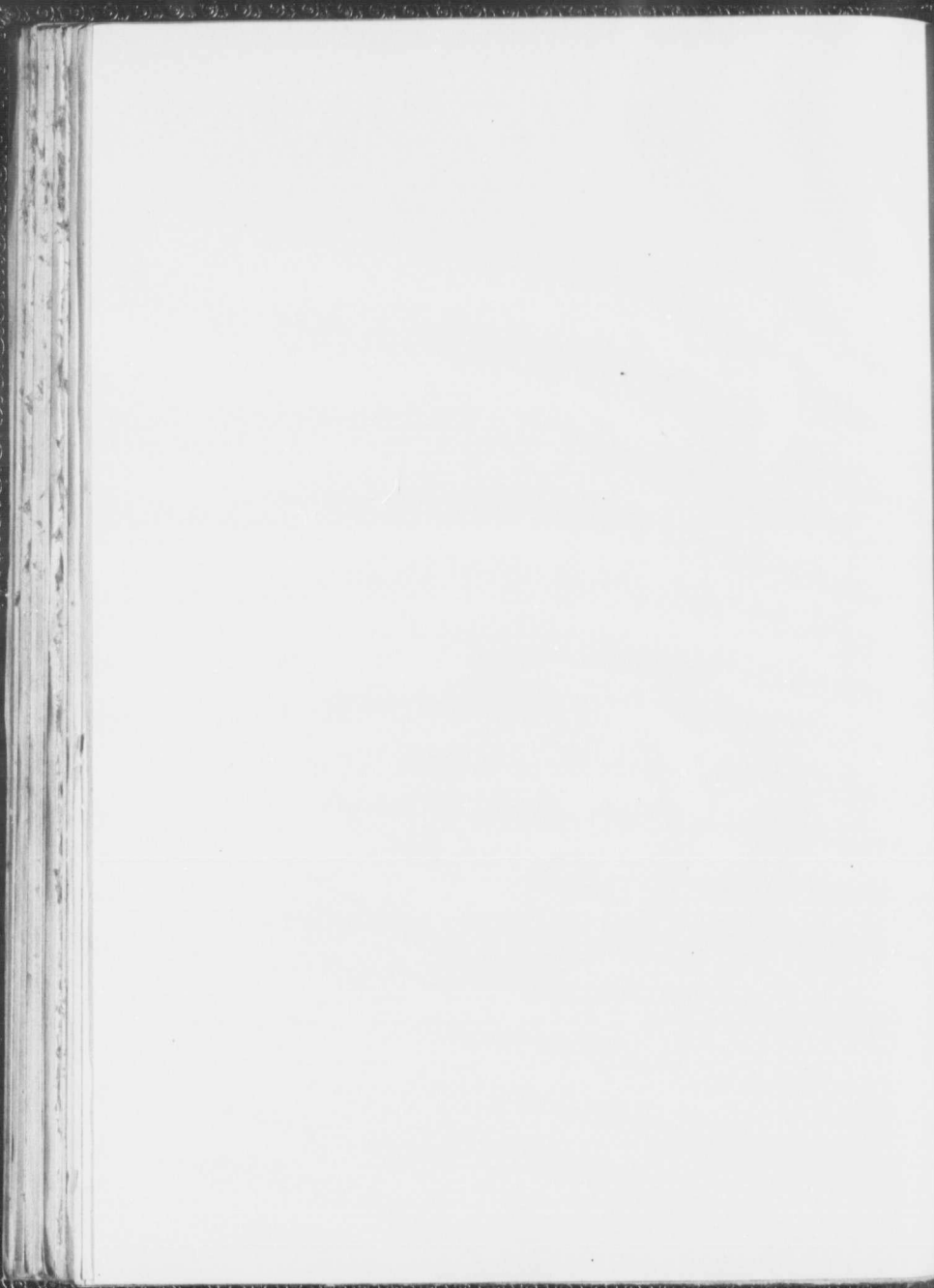
LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER KATHERINE

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The boy would "not be unclothed, but
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in English. I did this picture by
dipping my finger in ink: mother
said that you will it be and what
a great man drew it first. The
ink is getting thin so I will
say goodbye in lead pencil
I hug you
Daddy





Chapter XIV

The Canadian Bexhill

FROM ONE WHO WENT AWAY IN HASTE

Sweet friends, I could not speak before I went,
We could not wait—the Messenger and I;
Will you guess all—with love's clear vision bent
On that poor past, with eyes that search the sky?
Some things I would have done, some words have said:
Swift had my feet on those last errands run.
Once more I would have said 'I love you'—pled
Once more forgiveness for the good undone.
And do I hear a whisper, "Ah forgive,
Forgive us any tenderness forgot."
Hush dearest pleader, where today I live
Love's depth drowns all: the things that were are not.
Of all the wondrous tale anon we'd talk
And on some sunny height together walk.

Sophie Winthrop Weitzel.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CANADIAN BEXHILL



FROM the Autumn of 1915 until his passing away, three years later, Dick was greatly interested in his country home on Lake Ontario near the village of Clarkson. During the first Winter and following Spring the plans and furnishing occupied his spare time. Later he designed the gatehouse with quarters for chauffeur and farmer. He and his wife chose the name "Bexhill Farm" after the Sussex watering place. He "discovered" the property when he was scouring the environs of Toronto for a place that might to some extent reproduce the atmosphere of the Villa Desirée or Bexhill-on-the-Sea. He regarded it as a "find," in many respects surpassing the attractions of the European watering places. In its retirement he passed many peaceful happy hours enjoying the comradeship of his wife, the merriment of their two little daughters, as well as the delights of out-of-door life. The piano and his paint brush supplemented the charm of ideal surroundings. Here on a calm day the lake makes no sound. It changes with the sky so often and so subtly that its variations are to be described, if at all—as Edward Thomas says, in terms not of color but of thought. All such moods as pass through the mind during the long hours in a place where outside world does not disturb are symbolized by the changes on the surface of the lake. Marsh and meadow change with the lake. All take their thoughts and fancies from the sky, when the sky is flecked with cloud. Here one may watch the clouds come and go. They grow big like roses in the sun. They change and vanish and reappear. Here Dick thought out his problem amid surroundings conducive to high thinking and devoid of distracting interruptions. Here in the twilight after completing the circuit of the meadows of Barrymede Farm, his father's country place named after him, and adjoining Bexhill,

*The Canadian
Bexhill*

he and his wife, "in fair companionship through two sweet years," would take the lakeside walk,

"When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech."

"But where the path they walk'd began
To slant the third autumnal slope,
As they descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man."

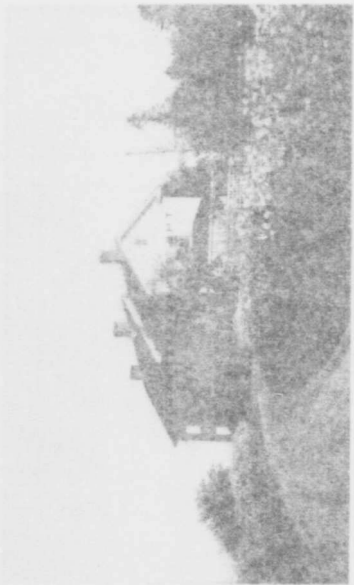
It was not, however, 'till Summer was well nigh ended that it became manifest the fight was going against the cheerful, hopeful soldier who had contended so long and bravely against fearful odds.

It is hard to understand why this man placed in a position of advantage, receiving a liberal education at school and college, and opportunity for the higher and more practical education of affairs and experience, should pass from the stage of action just when one would think that these preparatory accomplishments must now find their fullest use. He himself was at a loss to understand it. With Alan Seeger he used to say:—

"From a boy
I gloated on existence, Earth to me
Seemed all-sufficient, and my sojourn there
One trembling opportunity for joy"

but when he came to man's estate and responsibilities, it was the opportunity for service that loomed large on his horizon. A disappointed feeling occasionally crept into his later correspondence—that of impotency in his effort to fulfil his destiny. The irrepressible wish of his heart was to enter the Promised Land of his own life. He had the hard lesson of non-attainment, but he came to believe for himself in an eternity of development. His unfulfilled plans were resigned in the hope they would grow after him and benefit those left behind. If we must here and now develop the energy that is to carry us over into the life beyond, and start us along its new ascending path, then he did not live entirely in vain.

He frequently spoke of life's deeper meanings, especially in the last year or two, to those with whom he was most intimate.



...in fair companionship through two sweet
...the lakeside walk.

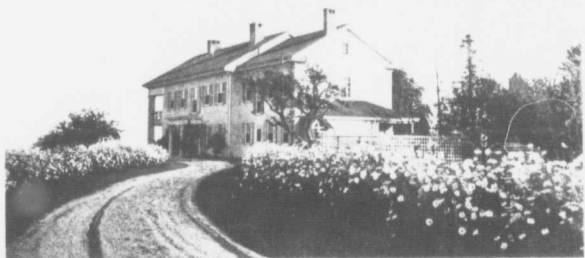
THE CANADIAN BEXHILL

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Sometimes one who seems frivolous in social intercourse is found to have another side to his nature that is shy of being discovered. This is a side unseen by any except those who enter the secret place of the soul, where, in mutual confidence and reciprocal respect, is given opportunity for unfettered intercourse and for the rare fellowship of spirit with spirit. Such intercourse revealed that Dick had overcome the sense of fear, that he for some time had been living a life of faith, that

*The Canadian
Bexhill*

"God stooping down shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

It was at Bexhill on a peaceful October day, the eleventh of the month, when the "body of humiliation" gave place to the luminous robe through which the spirit shines and in the change a reflection of a smile remained on the loved features. We laid the body away the day following in Forest Lawn Mausoleum, inscribing on the slab the verse chosen by his Mother, Psalm 21-4:

HE ASKED LIFE OF THEE AND THOU GAVEST IT HIM,
EVEN LENGTH OF DAYS FOR EVER AND EVER.



Chapter XV
Appreciations

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low and the eyes grow dim
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

CHAPTER XV

APPRECIATIONS



OME indication of the extent to which "Dick" Fudger was held in affection and esteem is furnished by the letters of sympathy addressed to the family after the news of his passing had become known. These number some hundreds and they fasten with wonderful unanimity on certain traits of his character—the cheerfulness, the kindliness and lovable goodness that knit the hearts of his friends to him. The few that follow are examples of many not less cordial and which are not less highly valued though they cannot appear in print.

From George H. Locke, Esq.
Chief Librarian, Toronto.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF TORONTO

Dear Mr. Fudger:

I was away on the Pacific Coast when the sadness came upon your household. I was shocked and deeply grieved for I had come to know Dick very well at the Arts and Letters Club, where he and I were on a sub-committee of two, for many months. We all liked him so much and everywhere in the Club I have heard the regrets expressed that we would see him no more. In addition to the expression of sympathy sent by the Club I wish to add my personal note.

Yours sincerely,

Nov. 7.

George H. Locke.

From Prof. Pelham Edgar,
Victoria University.

Sunday,
286 St. George Street,
Toronto.

Dear Mr. Fudger:

You have my deepest sympathy. To my own loss I never saw enough of Dick, but I always loved to be in the same room with him, and his cheerfulness and his charm were a perpetual refreshment.

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There was no one quite like him, and I can realize what his loss must mean to you. I have been writing to Jackson of Upper Canada College who had always a very warm corner in his heart for him, and I told him of the brave fight that has ended—here at least.

In all sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

Pelham Edgar.

From G. A. Warburton, Esq.,
Gen. Sec'y, Y.M.C.A.

Oct. 12, 1918.

My dear Mr. Fudger:

Will you let me tell you of a brother's deep sympathy and also permit me to say that I loved your son Dick very much. He was unusually winsome, had such a fine and high view of life, was so human and friendly and so utterly unspoiled by prominence and position. And now he is taken away in the midst of his years. What but faith can hold you and his other dear ones steady now? I confess to the sense of mystery, but God always reaches out His Hand in the days of darkness. May you and Mrs. Fudger find it so. God bless you.

Sincerely,

G. A. Warburton.

From Prof. W. S. Milner,
Toronto University.

74 Grenville St.,
Oct. 13, 1918.

My dear Mr. Fudger:

I just want to say that your loss touches me deeply, and brings to me a sense of lost opportunities. Dick slipped away from College before I really came to know him, but not before I could see very clearly that there was something very noble in his bright spirit. The enduring impression he left on me was what for want of better words I can only call a bright eagerness. There was something very vivid and lovable in him, and in all the years that have passed since he went out of my life, I have felt a regret that somehow I seemed to have lost him and could not get him back into my orbit.

Will you kindly convey to Mrs. Fudger my heartfelt sympathy?

Faithfully yours,

W. S. Milner.

From Miss Julia S. Hillock, B.A.,
Parkdale Collegiate.
To Mrs. H. H. Fudger.

47 Withrow Avenue,
Oct. 12, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Fudger:

You have been constantly in our thoughts since we learned this morning that your dear Dick had been called hence.

I know that even in your great loneliness you will feel grateful for the thirty-nine happy years in which you had him with you, so brave



R. S. Mudge



R. B. Mudge



and buoyant, so merry and so kind. Surely life is worth living when one can leave so many happy memories as Dick's friends will ever cherish of him. *Appreciations*

We ourselves have met him in recent years only at long intervals, but he was always the same, so cordial and gracious, that, as Margaret said this morning, "It made you feel better for the rest of the day."

With sincere sympathy, my dear Mrs. Fudger, to you and Mr. Fudger and to the girls,

I am,

Affectionately yours,

Julia S. Hillock.

From Eustace Charlton, Esq., to Mrs. R. B. Fudger.

Briar Rigg,

Keswick, Eng.,

20th Nov., 1918.

Dear Mrs. Fudger:

The newspapers that someone had thoughtfully sent me have arrived this morning and I have just read the sad news. It has come as a painful shock, and I cannot yet realize that that eager, rich, buoyant life has passed. His was such a vivid personality. It comes back to me in a hundred ways, from my first word with him on the upper-deck, the morning after sailing, as he gazed, glass in hand, at the Irish coast, through all our interesting talks and confidences during the fog-prolonged voyage.

We had much in common, our ideals, hopes, and aspirations, ran on parallel lines, and I grew very fond of him before we parted. The photographic reproduction of Orpen's portrait of him has hung on my study wall ever since it came. It smiles benignly down on me now. Many have asked about him, struck by the unusual face, and I have been proud to tell them of my "Canadian friend."

The family know all I could tell of him, and of you, and one of our first thoughts when news of the Armistice came, was that we might see you before long, for he had promised to visit England again, and to come here.

All this helps me to share your sorrow; to measure your sense of loss; to understand how lonely you must feel. You have my warmest, deepest sympathy, in your bereavement, and there must be many who suffer with you, in degree, for I can well believe that he was widely loved.

But you have consolation in the precious memories of the Past, in the thought of your glad comradeship, and in the children, and I know you will be equal to the path before you.

If you feel that you can write to me, sometime, please do so.

With warmest regards and every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

Eustace Charlton.

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From Major E. Percival Brown,
C.E.F.

Mons, Belgium,
20, 11, 18.

Dear Mr. Fudger:

From a letter received a day or so ago from my father I learnt for the first time of the illness and death of my old friend Dick—one of my best friends for over 30 years past.

Many a time in recent months I have looked forward to seeing him on my return to Canada—chatting over the experiences of these war days and the incidents of those happier ones of long ago.

His rich, many coloured nature endeared him to us all and we shall miss him sorely—irreparably. To Mrs. Fudger and yourself I can say little that will avail in your sorrow, but sympathy of Mrs. Brown and myself you have in fullest measure.

Yours sincerely,

9th Bn., C.E.F.
B.E.F., France.

E. P. Brown.

From Sir William Orpen, A.R.A., to Mrs. R. B. Fudger.
c/o D. A. P. M., A. P. O. S26,
B.E.F., France,
28-1-19.

My dear Mrs. Fudger:

Thank you so much for your letter, which I have just received. I would have written to you before, but I did not know your address. A little girl I know in London wrote and told me the sad news a few weeks ago; she had often heard me talk of him—and she was told about it by a Mrs. Reynolds, a friend of hers who lives at the Carleton Hotel, London.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you. He was a great chap—and had the real joys of life, which to me is the greatest thing of all—and rare. Thinking of him I think of Maurice Baring's great poem on Lord Lucas who was killed out here—I cannot remember the exact lines, but they run something like this:

"Nothing awry, not anything misspent,
Only content, content beyond content
Which hath not any room for betterment."

Please remember me to his parents, though I never had the pleasure of meeting them, but I congratulate them on producing Dick—a real joy to those who came in contact with him.

Yours very sincerely,

William Orpen.

From Professor DeLury, Toronto University.

To Mrs. R. B. Fudger.

Dear Mrs. Fudger:

One fears to intrude upon such grief as must be yours, but I would assure you of my deepest sympathy for you and your dear little girls in the great sorrow that has come upon you. To your husband my attachment was as strong as friendship could make it. His charm of manner, openness of mind, and fine outlook on life endeared him to me as to all who came to know him, and marked him as one who should take a commanding place among us; a hope, however, that was darkened by the fear that health and strength might be denied him. The fear has been justified, yet his short life, lived out in a devotion to the better things, has made it that "he shall not all die."

Yours in profoundest sympathy,

October 13th, 1918.

Alfred T. DeLury.

From F. S. MacKelcan, Esq.

To Mrs. R. B. Fudger.

Carleton Hotel, Pall Mall, London,

Oct. 27th, 1918.

Dear Eva:

When I arrived here Gerry Strathy gave me the sad news about poor old Dick. Perhaps I should have realized that this time he might not hold out for long, but he had come through so much that one felt he might still have many years of life ahead of him. All the way over on the boat I had been reading the "Benvenuto Cellini" he gave me at Christmas and had been thinking of him more than usual and telling some chaps on the boat about him, and then landing in England made me think of the last time I was here and the brief but so happy trip to Bexhill, so when Jerry told me at first I could scarcely believe it, and indeed can hardly realize it now. When I start to think what it will mean to me never to see him again, the thought of what it must mean to you is overwhelming. But in these sad days we are learning to think of those who have gone as if they were still with us, and above all others Dick's wonderful personality will remain vivid and strong in our memories, and his undying influence will continue to do some part of the good it would have been his delight to do if he had lived.

I only wish some great novelist could have known him and have made live in some degree for thousands that most loyal and self-sacrificing of friends and most inspiring and lovable of men.

I had first intended to write him before sailing, then thought that might upset him, as he might wonder why I had written then, so I determined to write as soon as I arrived here—little thinking that would be too late.

I am wondering what you will do, and hoping that you will feel that Toronto has become your real home, though doubtless that wonderful California will make a deep, strong call to you.

Yours ever faithfully,

Ginger.

Appreciations

From Dr. Helen MacMurchy,
To Mrs. H. H. Fudger.

Thursday.

My dear Mrs. Fudger:

I hope that you and Mr. Fudger, and all the members of your family will accept from me an expression of my sincere sympathy in your very great bereavement.

You know I have always thought so much of your son. I had a strong personal regard for him, and my deep regret at his early death is sincere and heartfelt. I remember him so well as a boy at the Collegiate Institute, and sometime when I see you I would love to tell you one or two incidents that happened there, which, slight as they were, illustrated his kind heart and good manners, and merry ways—he was such a nice boy!

I do sympathize with you all in this sad loss.

Yours with kind regards,

Helen MacMurchy.

Editorial Notice in
Canadian Courier.

A BUSINESS GENTLEMAN

Real chivalry and gentleness in a common business is perhaps more common than we permit ourselves to suppose. There are not many Cheeryble Brothers in modern business. But underneath the hard egotistical bluster of the gospel of Number One there is sometimes the lurking charm of a gentle character such as always belongs to a golden age of the world. One concrete and very modest illustration of this is the life of the late Richard Fudger, one of the Directors of The Robert Simpson Co. "Dick" Fudger is gone. His influence remains. He was a gentleman of business who to our certain knowledge could find time even when he was ill and weary of the grind to go out of his way that he might help some other fellow who was ill, and who was not to know whose was the helping hand. Dick and his gentleness are not dead. There is a picture of him painted by Orpen with whom he studied art in London. It is a gentle portrait of one who was himself no mean painter if he had not been called to harder business. And it has no grace of line or beauty of color more inspiring than the life of the young man who sat for the picture.

