# Witchcraft in the Arctic as Stefansson Saw It Practised

## Explorer Relates His Experiences Among the People of Prince Albert Sound Who Pin Their Faith to Miracles

## Eskimo Tells of Visit to Collinson's Ship in 1852 and a Battle Between White Men and Natives—A Tribe That Died Out

THE TWO. LEADING FIGURES *are* NOT MEN, BUT WOMEN.

CAUGHT *in* A THAW WITH FULL WINTER EQUIPMENT.

ESKIMO WOMAN PERFORMING CHARMS ON A VERY YOUNG PUPPY *to* MAKE HIM STRONG *and* LARGE.

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

ON account of the number of individuals gathered together in the village on the ice of Albert Island Sound (the largest village of the Copper Eskimo), their social life tended a little more to complexity than was the case in any of the other districts; but still it can hardly be said that there was a semblance of government. Certain individuals appeared, however, to have a preponderating influence, based apparently on individual prowess and to some extent on their records as travellers. The men who had been down in the vicinity of Chesterfield Inlet and who had visited numerous tribes other than those with which the tribe as a whole comes in contact were apparently looked up to for that reason.

One of the more prominent men was named Kitirkolak. He gave me varied information about distant sections of Victoria Island but told me that if I wanted to be really well informed I must visit his father, Pamiungittok, who lived in the next village to the westward and who was the only man now living of those who had seen Collinson in Walker Bay (1852), Kitirkolak volunteered to guide us to his father's village, and on the evening of May 15 he accompanied us west along the trail by which the party had come from Banks Island. In sixteen or so miles of travel we came to a village of the twenty-seven deserted snowhouses which had up to a week before accommodated the party we had just left. At the outskirts of the village were three houses still occupied by Pamiungittok, his son Alunak and his son-in-law, Hitkoak, with their families.

Before leaving the large village we had purchased a complete ethnological collection of hunting implements, clothing, cooking gear and household utensils, with all of which our sled was now heavily loaded for its journey to our base at Langton Bay. We therefore added at this last village virtually nothing to our material collection, as we could carry no more, but we did add considerably to our stock of information, for Pamiungittok knew many things and was ready to tell all he knew.

Perhaps I could make a clearer summary by rewriting the information obtained from him, but it seems possible that the reader may be interestcd to see the way in which I made hasty note of the new facts given to me at this village. I will therefore set down here a few pages from my diary without editing, but merely adding in brackets, what appears necessary to make the meaning intelligible. Matter enclosed in ordinary parentheses marks it as it appears in the diary.

### From Diary Compiled on Ice.

There are two reasons for the brevity and fragmentary character of my diary entries at this period—one that time was always scarce and the other that writing paper was even scarcer than time. The one diary book in which all my entries had to be made was so nearly run to its close that everything had to be written in an almost microscopic hand, in many cases over 1,500 words to a page of eight inches by nine.

Tuesday, May 16—[Taking] cephalic measurements, &c. Caribou are crossing here [going] north but not in such numbers as farther east. This village—three tents [standing at one edge of a deserted snowhouse village] which once housed the whole tribe. [This village] seems about in the middle of the sound from north to south (but farther west than middle probably?). Two families of the tribe seem to have hunted bears on the point south of the sound [Cape Baring] but the rest [were in] Banks Island last winter. Those in Banks Island found no whale [carcasses] "this year" [which implies they usually find them], but those on Cape Baring found one with the meat mostly gone but the head bone [baloon] still there—the bears had eaten all the meat. When the wind blows either east or west [there is] open water at Nelson Head and off southwest Victoria Island as well.

Pamiungittok tells: He was about 8 years old when [in 1852] he visited Collinson's ship [in Walker Bay] with his father. The white men were excellent people and paid well for water boots, &c. They threw away much valuable stuff which the people picked up. At that time there were numerous people beyond [north of] Minto Inlet. He has never heard more than one name for these people—Ugyuligmiut. He has heard that they attacked a ship (what ship?) and killed some white men.

The white men then shot them down with guns and killed the last one. This he has heard; what he knows is that there are no people now beyond Minto Inlet—they are all dead, for one reason or another. Of the Minto Inlet people (Kanhiryuatjiagmiut or Napersvigmiut) there are now only four families, though they were once numerous, and one of these four families is really a Prince Albert Sound family moved over [to Minto Inlet].

### Extinction of Eskimo Tribe.

There were numerous people once resident on Banks Island summers, and on the ice near it winters. These are all dead—some of hunger in (or near) Banks Island and the last party on the ice at the mouth of Prince Albert Sound. These last died "because they had no food for their stomachs and because they had no oil [for fuel] to make water with." There are many stone houses here and there, chiefly between the Sound and Minto Inlet. These were not built by "the forefathers of our countrymen," but by the turnnrak [spirits] long ago.

The Prince Albert Sound people never heard from the Ekalluktogmiut whom they see most summers, of ships being lost [Franklin's] or of white men starving on the east coast of Victoria Island. Pamiungittok has never heard of any white men having Eskimo wives [or living in any part of Victoria Island—this question I asked with reference to the blond traits of many members of this tribe]. It is "in the nature of Eskimo to have light hair and blue eyes" [he told me, and all his countrymen agreed with him].

Wednesday, May 17.—Have given up going farther in direction of Banks Island, as there are no people that way. Started 3:30 P. M., heading for Cape Black, about true southwest. Camped 7:30 P. M. to get chance to write up some of my briefer notes before the fillings-in are forgotten or misremembered.

Game—No seals seen on top the ice—ugrug (bearded seals) are to be expected nearer land and seals are not up yet. Crossed about 400 or 500 caribou tracks, three-quarters of them over a week old. Migration seems over, or at least there is a lull. Saw three bands of eight, seven and three. The latter two Natkusiak tried but got shot at last only—three misses on the run at 200 yards. Ptarmigan seen every day, mostly (or all?) rock ptarmigan. Crows every day. No snow buntings since leaving Walliraluk. Dist. [ance travelled] 12 [miles].

Pamiungittok tells: The Banks Island people used to be well off. They killed so many deer and [musk] oxen that their dried meat sometimes lasted the year round. They got to killing each other. One man killed had relatives in the Sound. For this reason (i.e. because of witchcraft practised by the dead man's relatives in the Sound) food became scarce [in Banks Island]; there were no seals for food or fuel and the people died of hunger—those that had not been murdered in the feuds. This happened some fifteen years ago.

### Population of Eskimo Villages.

Population—In the village first visited (May 13) there were twenty-seven dwellings. These were, on the average, much larger than among other groups (because skins are more plentiful?). In one house there were nine persons and this was probably not the largest number. There were forty-one married women—none single—as I found out in giving one needle to each tattooed woman. I was told there were many unmarried men, and children seemed numerous. This village, therefore, had over 150 persons. That of May 16 had eleven. There are four houses that we did not see—that have moved to shore about north of the May 16 village. Estimate these at fifteen. This gives 176 for Prince Albert Sound group [as a minimum estimate—the true number is probably higher]. There are four families in Minto Inlet, or about fifteen to twenty more [there are therefore] about 195 or 200 [people] north of Cape Baring. The Ekalluktogmiut are about the same number as the Prince Albert Sound people.

There are said to be the Tununirohirmiut, north or northeast of the Ekalluktogmiut. I could get no idea of how many they are; my informants are not even sure that they are on Victoria Island. These are said to have no bows and to dress only in seal. (They may be a fabulous people, though I think not.) Besides these groups there are the people from the Nagyuktogmiut east, for whom I have no data. The west coast north of Minto Inlet and the north coast where the same [Prince Albert Sound] people sometimes reach it are said to be uninhabited. This sea to the north is said not to thaw all summer, but the coast has caribou and there are seals on the ice. People sometimes reach it by sledding through rough country, "but when the snow is hard yet" in a generally northern direction, from the foot of Prince Albert Sound.

### Witchcraft Among Eskimos.

Shamanism—May 15 we missed our primus stove "needle"—it may have been taken by some one or it may have got lost. A woman angatkuk [shaman], I-ku-tok [by name], offered to get it for us (by witchcraft) if I paid for the performance. This I refused to do unless it were a success—in which event I would give her a small file. That suited her and the performance began.

As Natkusiak understands them [the shamanistic performances] somewhat better than I, it was arranged he should act in my part and "say yes" for me. There were about fifteen persons in our tent and fifty or sixty outside listening. The woman got a free floor space about one and a half by three feet in the middle of the tent, where she stood up. She began at first quietly, saying in an ordinary tone and manner that she would first look for the lost articles "apkuota"—the "road," I suppose, by which it was taken away when stolen. Where was it when it was stolen? In that box? Where was the box? In what part of the box was it? Was she to find the thief? Was she to get her spirit to find the "road" of the thief? (To nineteen out of twenty at least of her questions the answer was "yes.")

Most of her questions [the shaman] asked of me, but some she asked of others. Not only the person asked but half a dozen others would answer "yes" in chorus, or else [they answered] by other affirmatives and urgings to "Go on," "Describe the thief," &c.

Gradually [the shaman] became more excited and little by little she narrowed her eyes till they were finally held closely shut. Then of a sudden she changed her tone of voice, evidently now trying to imitate an old man both by tone of speech and by hoarse laughing. She now announced that she was so and so (the named escaped me—it was no doubt the name of the spirit that now possessed her). "Ha, I see the road! It did not go out by the tent door; it went out by that corner of the tent! (As a matter of fact, our visitors used to come and go under any but the back side of our tent.) She goes to the village! It is not a man; it is a woman. She has hidden the needle in her boot. She has on a pair of 'fancy' boots." (Here followed a detailed description of [the thief's] costume, but as most women dress alike no one could recognize the description.)

[The listeners now commenced asking eager questions of the shaman.] "Tell us is she old or young? Is she a big woman?" &c. [But the sorceress kept on as if she did not hear.] "Oh, now I cannot see clearly; there is a fog coming over me. But I see one thing. She goes to a house a little east of the middle of the village. ([The audience]: "Which house? Which house?" The house has snow walls and a tent roof [nine-tenths of all the houses had]; it has a peaked tent roof [three-fourths of the houses had] (audience: "What sort of gear is outside the house? Tell us and we will recognize the house.") There is a bag full of clothes [every house had one or more]. There is a seal spear; there are two seal spears [a common number—most houses had two families]. I cannot see more, the fog darkens. [Here she became more quiet. After being possessed by the spirit she spoke in hoarse shrieks. By now she was out of breath and tired.] I am now myself again; I am now no longer so-and-so."

### Shaman Fails to Find Thief.

Of a sudden the shaman staggered as if to fall backward, then regained herself and began to mutter rapidly and not harshly. It was now said she was possessed by a Kablunak [turnnrak. Kablunak means "white man"; turnnrak, spirit]. There were apparently no real words in this muttering [i. e., no Eskimo or any other speech], but it was said she was now speaking Kablunat [white men's] language. There were constant repetitions of -a-tji, -la-tji, &c., reminding one strongly of Athabascan Indian speech and almost exactly like our Tannaumirik's alleged imitations of Loucheux talk.

When all was done [about ten minutes of mutterings] the woman announced that the thief had left the village. She then assumed her natural voice and the performance was over. As two or three families had left that morning, starting east toward the bottom of the Sound, it was concluded one of the women [of those families] was the thief. A man offered to go get the needle [from them]. No one seemed to doubt he would get it. I offered the man the file if he would go, as the woman acknowledged she had failed to get the needle for me. She was, however, to get some pay also if the man succeeded. The man was gone about six hours and came back unsuccessful. With him came back the whole suspected party, apparently to assert their innocence.

### Man Witch Tries His Luck.

A man angatkuk now offered to try. His performance consisted in "ceremonially" removing from the primus stove box every article it contained except the [glass] alcohol bottle.

This he feared and I had to take it out for him. Fearing this was considered by the rest to be a sign of great wisdom. None of them had known enough to fear it and several had touched it [for it had looked harmless to them and it was only the supernatural wisdom of the Great Shaman that saw the insidious peril of this transparent thing that looked like ice, but wasn't]. He then stuck his head in the box and kept it there three or four minutes, lifting and setting down the top several times meanwhile [his head all the time in the box]. He finally emerged and announced he could not see the road by which the needle went. He said he had not been looking for the thief merely for the "road" of the needle.

General [Comment]. The Sound people are evidently the most prosperous Eskimo we have seen; they are the most "travelled" and the best informed about their own country [Victoria Island] and its surroundings. While they have been to the Bay of Mercy on North Banks Island and west beyond Nelson Head on South Banks Island they do not seem any of them to have been across the [Dolphin and Union] straits to the Akuliakattok summer hunting grounds [near Cape Bexley on the mainland] or to the sea anywhere on South Victoria Island except among the Haneragmiut and Puiblirmiut. Those who have been to a little west of Uminmuktok have come from the east to it as visitors of the Ahiagmiut in most cases [Hanbury's Arctic Coast Huskies?]

Hitkoak, about the most travelled of any, has been at the Bay of Mercy, well west of Nelson Head, to Uminmuktok and into Bathurst Inlet, and to the Arkillnik [near Chesterfield Inlet]. He looks not over 35. He says he has ceased travelling, for he has seen "many places and none are so good as the [Prince Albert] Sound country." He told us that he and some other families with him killed not a single seal last winter—lived on polar bears alone. They got seal oil to burn from others in trade for bear fat and meat.

### Superstitions in Arctic Regions.

Superstition—"Superstition" is perhaps more in evidence here than anywhere else. At the large village I could get no single individual to be photographed. An attempt to get a sample of "auburn" hair was futile and caused much [unfavorable] comment and suspicion. I tried first to trade some of my hair for a sample of the hair of a European looking Eskimo, then to buy it.

There were continual requests that I should next summer "think away" sickness from them and "think them" plenty of game and good fortune. There have been requests of this sort at all villages, but nowhere so serious, insistent and often repeated. Pamiungittok gave me a pair of breeches and an arrow to make me "think good" for his son, who was sick—Agleroittok [is his name]. He asked repeatedly that I give him nothing in return, for he feared if I paid for the breeches I would not "think good" for his son.

The blind man, Avranna, in Clouston Bay [there is also a blind man at Prince Albert Village—old man about 60] told us the reason of his blindness was that he had killed a large ugrug and when the people came wanting to cut it up he grudged to let them help themselves, therefore he became blind. I could not make out if the grudging of itself caused the blindness or if some "doctor" [shaman] was angered by it and made him blind—I believe the former. Natkusiak says it is no doubt true, for he knows of parallel cases in his own country. Usually there, however, it was this way: Some one committed a bad deed [grudged to give something, stole, &c.] in secret. The "doctor" would then so ordain "magically" that the guilty person would in some way suffer—then not only was the guilty punished, but also people found out who was guilty [e. g. if an article had been stolen].

At the first Nagyuktogmiut village in April some noise was heard outside our snow house. Our visitors of the time decided it was our [or my] turnnrak [familiar spirit] and forthwith started a chorus of requests and prayers to me [not to the turnnrak] to have the turnnrak provide plenty of seals, good weather, good health, the safe birth of expected children, &c. As we were leaving there was a concerted request by all present that we intercede with the turnnrak for two women, Arnauyak and Anaktok [both young, though only Anaktok recently married—other two or three years], that they might have children born to them.

Natkusiak says the angatkuk performances are very different here from [those among] his people—he does not seem to think Victoria people are very powerful angatkuk [shamans], but has firm faith in all the claims of his own people's angatkuk.

### Spirit Men Seek Mothers.

Natkusiak tells: Some or all children are turnnrak [spirits] before birth. A few people can remember the things they knew when they were [pre-natally] turnnrak. These are powerful angatkuk and can tell people many thinks they must not do (i. e. [these shamans], impose taboos). He has known one such man. He came as a turnnrak along the coast from the east and north, following every curve of the coast. Like other turnnrak of his class, he was looking for a mother through whom to be born. He found her at Prince of Wales.

The man when he grew up could tell many wonderful things that he knew before incarnation. Among other things, he told that the reason people don't see these turnnrak that are looking for mothers is that they iglaurut tautugnaittuagun (literally: travel through, or by, unseen regions). Natkusiak does not know just how this is—he has merely heard the expression. "Perhaps it means they travel underground," he says. He learned in Prince Albert Sound [that there are there] some men who remember their prenatal existence.

Friday, May 19—Started 3:30 P. M. and camped 10:30 P. M. Distance, twenty miles. The ice is a little rough on getting near shore and [there are] a few cakes of ground ice on shore. At camp all looks smooth to north and northeast as seen from fifty foot elevation, but rougher [ice] ahead of us. Our camp is at the furthest point that has ever been visible to us—a cape at about a 20 degree angle of the coast.

Caribou tracks as numerous as ever, but mostly old. The height of the migration here was probably the first week of May. Tracks all [heading] between north and northwest true. Plenty of fox tracks, one wolf [track]. No bear [polar] signs yet. A wolverine was shot [bow and arrow] on the ice of the Sound [somewhere west of where we found people the other day] in the spring a year ago. I got both the skin and the phalanges bones, &c., from the man who shot it. [This wolverine probably became lost; otherwise it seems unlikely a forest animal would go a hundred miles north of the tree line.]

Saturday, May 20—Started 1:10. Camped midnight. Distance 25 miles. The ice became rough inshore after travelling about ten miles to-day. At one time we lost three-quarters of an hour making with axes a road to get inshore of a 40 yard strip of broken ice.

From "land sky" ahead it seems we are nearing Cape Baring—the land sky curves south a little west of us.

This "land sky" is a common Arctic phenomenon. When clouds of a uniform color hang low there is reflected in them a map of the earth below them. Snow free land and open water are shown in black on the clouds; the pure white sea ice appears in white, and land covered with snow soiled by blown sand, &c., is reflected darker than the sea, but lighter than snowless land. This sky map is of the greatest use to sledge travellers always, and especially in crossing wide bays from headland to headland; where the landmarks themselves are below the horizon their position is accurately indicated by their reflection in the clouds.

Tide cracks very numerous along shore. May 18 we crossed two tide cracks about four miles apart, running perpendicular to the land, or north and south. These were about three feet [wide] and showed no pressure ice—looked like new cracks. Just east of Cape Back we crossed the third similar crack.

Caribou tracks fewer—three or four dozen all day, the last five or six just before camping. I fancy if they come to the coast here the rough ice turns them back [from crossing the Sound]. One ugrug, but weather not suited to their being out.

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*(To be continued in next Sunday's* SUN.)

# Launching a Prima Donna on a Check Book and a Smile

## Undertaking a Tough Proposition, the Impresario Pulls Through With Flying Colors But Shattered Nerves

THE credulity of mankind is without limit, and judging by actual experience an amateur impresario says that with a pleasant smile and a check book he could go round the world without a dollar of real money.

His story is interesting and may be profitable. In August of 1913 he was approached by friends of a singer possessed of some reputation in Europe which had reached this country vaguely; her agents had disappointed her and she saw the season opening without an engagement. To obtain these it was proposed that the amateur make a trip to the principal cities of the country at a fee of $1,000, the money to be placed in his hands before he started.

The offer was tempting because, as it happened, the bank account of the man to whom it was made was pretty low and he saw no immediate way to increase it. Following the law of "needs must," he accepted the offer, although he fully realized that the work he was expected to do should have been started six months before, and with an unknown singer would have proved difficult. But the thousand in hand looked big.

Unfortunately, it did not come to hand; the promises of a singer's friends are apt to be piecrust, and when the day arrived when the new agent had arranged to begin his travel the proposition on the money side took this new phase: $200 would be put in his hands for immediate expenses and a deposit of an equal amount would be made in his bank weekly for four successive weeks. He "fell" for this new arrangement, although he did not need to be told that he would be depending on a reed. Hoping for the best, however, he boarded a train for Baltimore and began the first lap of a trip about the wide United States without that first safety for a traveller, actual coin.

### The Roll Starts Melting.

Two hundred dollars is a lot of money if you spend it in Hauppauge, but it wastes away rapidly in a big city where you are expected to live at the best hotel, to go everywhere in taxis, to buy wine for a possible contract, and when the impresario left Baltimore for Washington it had shrunk badly. But he consoled himself with the thought that he had a contract for $100 for the appearance of his singer at a club in the former city and a note of introduction to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (the first Mrs. Wilson) in his pocket, and these first successes he accepted as good omens. The second especially looked like a gift of the gods; he had remembered a woman whom he met crossing the ocean and a call on her, prompted by mere politeness, had brought out the fact that she was a friend of the President's wife. On to the capital with a limp purse but a high heart!

The Shoreham is a pretty and comfortable hotel not overrun by Congressmen, and as it happened its manager lived in Baltimore and had formerly managed the hotel there at which the impresario had registered. Unknown to him this hotel man had been notified by phone of the impresario's arrival and on descending at the Shoreham there was the manager to greet him exactly as if he was a person of importance.

### Off for Pittsburg.

"Your suite is ready for you," said he, and personally conducted him to show the parlor, bedroom and bath which were too ornate and expensive for an ordinary purse. The manager did not weaken in his attentions while the impresario was his guest (at $6 per day), but arranged for a meeting with the woman who has been the White House social secretary through many administrations, and sent a call out for the reporters of the capital's dailies in order to flood them with items about the coming singer. If he had been asked to stage manage the call on Mrs. Wilson it is probable the hotel man would have undertaken the delicate task and carried it through, but the virtue of the letter of introduction from Baltimore rendered that kindness superlative. In brief the whole Washington week was a success culminating in a promise of an engagement of the artist for the first state dinner and the moment came for the impresario to depart to new fields.

"I couldn't have told save in a general way what had become of the money, but it was gone," said the impresario, "and I had to get out of town. A wire to New York for assurance that the second two hundred had been deposited to my credit brought no response. What could I do? I had to go to Pittsburg and the walking wasn't good. I suggested to my friend the hotel man that it would be convenient to pay my bill with a check, expecting a rebuff. Quite the reverse; he took me to the cashier himself and bade that gentleman 'give me anything I wanted.' What I wanted was a receipt for a week's board and $50 in currency. I got 'em both and took the train for Pittsburg feeling like a millionaire.

"Then began a race between my checks and the promised $200 per week, to see which would get into the bank in New York first. I was always in doubt, and this made an element of dramatic suspense which kept my trips from place to place highly exciting. I never knew when the check would beat the deposit, and the passing interest of a stranger gave me the uncomfortable feeling that he was about to arrest me for beating my hotel bill. Nevertheless, I kept on smiling and writing and signing checks.

"If the manager of the Fort Pitt had been a different type, less genial, less confiding, these memoirs would have come to a quick close. In order to 'pick off' two engagements for my singer I had to linger in his neighborhood for a week, meanwhile wiring collect to New York and getting no answer, with the smile always on the point of coming off. He proved to be helpful in every way, placed his private office at my disposal for any trifles of business (chiefly the writing of overwrought telegrams) and beaming all over when I announced the success of my mission. A sweet, stout and elderly lady at that time held the musical situation of Pittsburg in her hand, and while she had never heard of my prima donna by name she took my word for her talent and signed two contracts for her appearance at Pittsburg and at a small town near by for which the singer was to be paid $350. I couldn't ask for a money advance, although strongly tempted to do it, and once more I flourished the check book. Luck still loved me; I paid my bill with a check made out for twice the amount owed, receiving the difference in money acceptable to the railway company and adjourned to the Hotel Sinton in Cincinnati.

### Cincinnati Beams Hospitably.

"Its manager welcomed me like a member of the family, and as he was musical himself and as the hotel was the scene of concerts given by the Morning Musicale Society he put me wise to conditions, aided me in securing a contract with the lady directors of this fashionable society, and wrote a letter which induced Mrs. Charles Taft to grant me a hearing.

"The home of the Tafts is in the heart of the city, only a few blocks away from the Hotel Sinton, an old but well preserved stone mansion. I went into its heavily upholstered interior without having prepared what I was to say to Mrs. Taft if I really did see her. From the many pictures which almost covered the walls of the parlor I was seeking inspiration when an instinct told me that I was myself under observation. In a few minutes Mrs. Taft came into the room and before many more we were talking amicably about musical matters in which she was much better versed than I was.

"As soon as I learned that the lady entertained once a season with a private musicale to her friends my mind was made up to get the engagement for my prima donna with a similar fee. I did it, too, but how I shall never tell you because I don't know myself. I walked back to the Sinton on air and even now I think the job of digging up $750 with two engagements for a singer who had never been heard in Cincinnati was an impossible task. I had accomplished the impossible and was due in Chicago.

"These contracts were on paper, of course, and couldn't be of any help toward paying my board and buying a railway ticket to Chicago.

"I couldn't take a train to anywhere without money and when I got it without the least objection raised from the hotel I didn't go back to New York but on to Chicago.

"The manager of the Sinton had obliged me more than I knew; he had wired to the manager of the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago that I was coming and that gentleman, who had been trained at the Waldorf, sent his own car to meet me at the station and started in to treat me like a prince. The prince on arrival had exactly $2 in his pocket.

"But while this treatment was cheering, the best glow came from a telegram awaiting me. It said '$500 deposited in your bank Friday.' For the first time in three weeks I breathed a long free breath; at least for the moment I was free from dishonorable arrest. But was I? I made a hasty calculation; yes, if all my checks were totalled up the $500 deposit would cover them and leave a balance of $10 to my credit. I felt rich.

### Successful Tea Party.

"My tactics in Chicago were suggested by the pervading evidence that I was persona grata to the Blackstone management and I suggested a big tea party for a number of society women and to include all the women who were at the head of musical clubs in Chicago and in Evanston and other suburban places. The ballroom was put at my disposal. I summoned several local artists to come and entertain on the score of my being a great New York impresario and I invited everybody the manager suggested by special messenger or over the telephone. It was an exhibition of colossal nerve but it worked. Nearly everybody came, the hotel produced a delicious tea, 'my' artists sang, I made a little speech to tell of the wonderful voice and still more wonderful career of my prima donna and distributed her literature judiciously and then sat back to see what would happen. Three engagements resulted and while these only totalled the single fee Mrs. Taft was to pay nevertheless I felt like a conqueror.

"Unfortunately the $2 had not grown; instead by a process of small but unavoidable tips it had disappeared.

### A Letter Saves the Day.

"As I was beating my empty skull for an expedient came a letter forwarded from New York, written by a friend who had gone to Kansas City to assume the direction of a Society of Fine Arts recently founded there. He explained that a singer engaged to appear in a recital at the opening of the new building had fallen ill and wanted to know if my prima donna was available. The concert was dated a week off.

"Before wiring to my star I showed the letter to the Blackstone manager, confessing my predicament. 'Why, my dear boy,' said he, date your check for us a week ahead and make a current check for what currency you need.' This man was a New Yorker and a clever business man, and by coming to my rescue he falsified all traditions, but if he had been a woman nothing could have prevented me from kissing him.

"The prima donna wired back accepting the engagement and I set off en luxe for Kansas City to meet her there. All went merry as a wedding bell. She sang magnificently—remember that I had never heard her sing until then. She received her check for $350 above expenses and she paid me $300—all that was coming to me.

"I had succeeded in getting her ten engagements, one each in Baltimore and Washington, two in Pittsburg, two in Cincinnati and three in Chicago. Also the Kansas City date must be placed to my credit, although it came by chance. The total fees amounted to $2 310.

"Naturally she wanted me to continue but I couldn't; the strain had been too great. I needed rest and a quiet mind so I took the train back to New York.

"Miss Alcott tells a story of a lecture trip made by her father, Bronson Alcott, which terminated one snowy winter night with his arrival at home to relate to his anxious wife the incidents of the tour. He spoke of the warmth of hospitality he had enjoyed, the pleasant and intellectual men and women he had met. 'But,' said his wife, 'what money did you bring home, Bronson?' 'Ah,' answered the philosopher, 'the money? That reminds me I owe the cabman a dollar, my dear.'"