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No. 111	2:15 p. m.
<b>Arrive Bingham.</b>	
No. 109	8:25 a. m.
No. 111	3:35 p. m.
<b>Leave Bingham.</b>	
No. 110	8:45 a. m.
No. 112	4:00 p. m.
<b>Arrive Salt Lake City.</b>	
No. 110	10:05 a. m.
No. 112	5:40 p. m.



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# CAPTAIN HANKS OF ALBANY

By VINCENT STARRETT

ALMOST the first words Captain Hanks said to me were these: "Yeh couldn't spare me a dollar, could yeh?"

There was something sublime about the request. A quarter I might have laughed off as a jest, putting the old man down as a humorist; had he asked a half dollar I might have sneered and give him a quarter. As it was I hurriedly handed him the dollar he requested; a large, circular, silver affair, given me in change on my first purchase in Albany, and later I placed the disbursement on my expense account. \* \* \* He was an astonishing old fellow.

I had arrived in Albany, which is a Mississippi river town and almost the Ultima Thule of Illinois, some six hours previous to this encounter, or at four o'clock in the morning. Trains do not commonly stop at the village and only upon request when they do. I had knocked up the landlord at the Marshall House, after a freezing ten minutes on his doorstep (for the month was February), and procured a bed, which I occupied until eight o'clock, when I had breakfasted and sallied forth into the coldest atmosphere in my recollection. Wet gusts blew in from the river, piercing to the bone, and the deep snow was wet and cold under foot. Through it I had tramped to the cottage of Captain Hanks—\* \* \* Captain Stephen B. Hanks, son of Thomas Hanks, nephew of Nancy Hanks, and by that token first cousin to Abraham Lincoln.

As the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, it was my duty to interview this veteran on the subject of his illustrious kinsman, and it was now ten o'clock and I was doing it.

A dog snarled at my heels as I entered the house, but the captain's daughter drove him back with tongue and apron. The captain, seated at ease before a roaring stove, straightened his 82 years and his more than seventy-two inches to greet me. We exchanged the customary greetings; I marveled at the force of his grip; we spoke of the weather. Then. \* \* \*

"Yeh couldn't spare me a dollar, could yeh?"

As I have suggested, I could and did, but I was shocked none the less. An illusion had been shattered and my interest began to slip. I was no longer interviewing a cousin of Abraham Lincoln; I was impatiently questioning a mercenary old man, who slobbered plug tobacco juice as he talked and proved inordinately vain of his own achievements as river pilot.

That was the first reaction. Shortly, however, the humorous side of it hit me, and thereafter the conversation was a delight. Scrapbooks were trotted out; the captain roared through the house as if he trod a quarterdeck; his daughter scurried from basement to attic in search of treasured mementoes and yellow clippings. The clippings concerned Captain Stephen B. Hanks, retired river pilot. I locked them over in vain for recollection of the great president.

Too soon it was apparent that Captain Hanks could add nothing to history. He confessed at once that he had never seen his distinguished cousin.

"I dunno how many times I missed him," quoth the captain. "Yeh see, I wanted to see him. Yes, indeed. But every time I tried he was somewhere else—where I wasn't! Missed him in Dubuque one day by five minutes. Time I was in Springfield, blessed if he wasn't away from home. That's the way it went. Never did see him. That's the way it went. Never did see him. But, say I know this old river by heart. Sailed her for fifty years. As good a pilot as yeh ever \* \* \*

"Didn't you ever hear your mother speak of Abraham Lincoln, Captain?" I insisted gently.

"Oh, yes, but not so often, either. I 'member mother used to talk about him when he was in Congress. But we didn't see much of any of our folks. We moved away, and father died, and \* \* \* there yeh are! I've always regarded myself as a sort of 'off sheep' in the family.

"But I'm kin, all right! I've got papers to prove that. Father was Thomas Hanks. Funny thing his (Lincoln's) father was Thomas, too. My father was Nancy Hanks' brother. I 'member they used to talk about Aunt Nancy. Nope, never saw her, neither. Guess I was on the river too much to see anybody. One of the best \* \* \*

"But wasn't Lincoln ever in this town, Captain Steve?"

"Sure he was. He surveyed this town, Abe Lincoln did. When he was a young man, yeh know. Later on I helped lay out the town, myself. But I never saw him. Lincoln was a captain in the Black Hawk War. It was after that he came through here surveying. Laid out this deestrick. My brother Sam saw him in Springfield when they told him he'd been elected. Went to Springfield myself, but didn't see him. I was on the river a lot. Later I became a pilot on the \* \* \*

"Do you remember your old Kentucky home, Captain Steve?" I asked desperately.

"Course I do. Pretty young shaver then. Guess I've heard a lot about it that I wouldn't remember otherwise. It was a big brick house and we had about 1,300 acres."

"Slaves?"

"Lots of 'em \* \* \* don't know how many. Remember one poor devil, though. When we moved we sold him to a man named Smith and the poor nigger cried like his heart would break. We had a good distillery, too, and a tobacco house and horses and cattle. I don't remember how many. When I was a pilot on the river. \* \* \*

What Captain Hanks was endeavoring to make known was that he was a pilot on the Mississippi for fifty years or more and that he was in charge of many fine boats. It is the captain's favorite subject—or was; I have not heard whether he still lives, and this was in 1914. There are 619 souls in

(Continued on Page 13.)

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