

Hard Handwriting August 1927

ACC. NO. P  
WYOMING GOVERNORS



Nellie Tayloe Ross found all her previous life only a training school for the work her husband's tragic death left to her to finish.

**H**A SHORT time ago, while I was traveling in the south, the business men of a hospitable Florida city, hearing that Governor Martin with a party including Governor Ross was about to visit their section, arranged an elaborate stag dinner in honor of the two officials. The gracious but preoccupied hosts had overlooked the fact that the accompanying guest was a woman. It is probably difficult for some, even yet, to grasp the fact that there has been such an innovation.

Why or how it happened that the dis-

tinction of becoming the governor of a great American commonwealth was vouchsafed to me is not a question to which any answer will be attempted in these pages. Whether chance or destiny rules the affairs of men, philosophers may debate among themselves, but in either event I am indebted to the people of Wyoming for the fact that my name is now associated with the latest development in the momentous experiment of democratic government, and my gratitude toward them for the honors they conferred upon me far outweighs any disappointment I may have

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BEARD COLLECTION

# The GOVERNOR Lady

Nellie Tayloe  
Ross

*Tells the  
Intimate Story of  
Her Life  
as Wife and Mother  
—and as the  
Chief Executive of  
the State of  
Wyoming. It is a  
Record of Which all  
Women Should  
Be Proud*

felt that the innovation was not long-lived. Nothing, perhaps, better epitomizes my attitude than the paraphrase of the words of Job in which my brother at San Antonio, Texas, conveyed his sympathy to me when he learned that I had failed of re-election:

"The People gave and the People taketh away; Blessed be the name of the People!" It may have been chance, or it may have been destiny, that Wyoming, first of all the states in the Union to extend equal suffrage to women, was also first of all actually to have a woman inaugurated as governor. It does seem passing strange, when one considers the countless women who are well fitted to fill the office of governor, that I should have been the pioneer. A lingering influence from the Calvinistic faith in which I was reared, despite my present allegiance to the Episcopal creed, makes me cling to the belief that events of

importance in one's life do not just happen. In the back of my head or the depths of my heart, or wherever the seat of such conviction lies, I recognize the hand of destiny.

Experience and history have taught us that it is not those who apparently have the most distinguished ability or the best training who reach positions at the head of the state. As I look back now through the years, I see that the experiences they brought, even the most trying, constituted a training school for the governorship. It was a training, however, such as no human mind would ever have devised or approved in advance, but without it I should have been utterly unprepared for what awaited me.

A political career for myself had never entered my mind until the suggestion was made by my husband's friends that I should become a candidate for governor. My life had been made up of those domestic and social activities that engage the time of the average American woman. I had not militantly or aggressively identified myself with public affairs. In Wyoming women had long been voters when I went there, and as intelligently as I could I voted and exercised all the prerogatives of citizenship. I had married an ardent young southerner, a lawyer with zest for politics in his very blood, and sharing his interest, my own quickened and deepened with every passing year. Like the usual loyal wife, I found my absorbing interest in my husband's career—his professional activities and any others that his ambitions might compass. However limited my assistance was to the man who looked to me for cooperation, we stood shoulder to shoulder every step of the way.

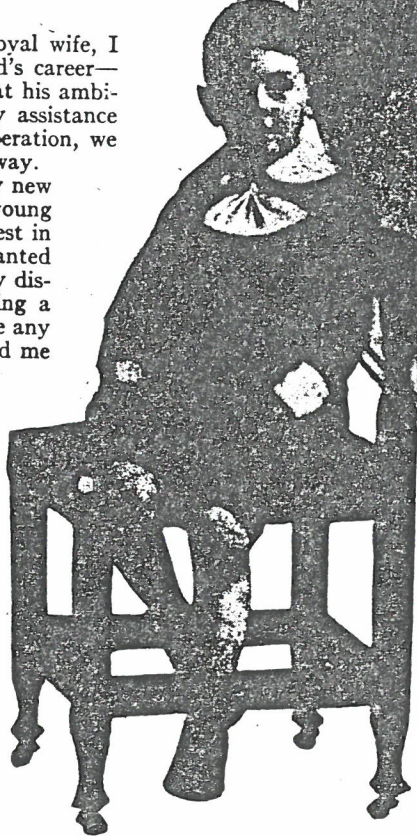
At the beginning of our married life, every new case was a real event to the almost briefless young lawyer and his wife. So eager was my interest in my husband's advancement that when he wanted to test the effect of his theories of the law by discussion with me, he could depend on finding a ready listener and one not unwilling to expose any fallacies I thought I could detect. It pleased me that he always heard my objections with respect. I did not then realize that I was absorbing an understanding of law and government that was to prove invaluable to me in later years and which otherwise might have been beyond my ken.

Neither of us ever dreamed that our modest home sheltered two future governors, but we were happy, hopeful, and ambitious in the Cheyenne of the new century—a cow town in which there still lingered some of the vivid frontier color, the lavish extravagance, the adventure, and the gaiety of the Old West. My husband had lived in that interesting western town for a year before he took me there a bride in 1902. He had many delightful friends who soon made me feel that they were my friends, also. Entertaining then was upon an unusually lavish scale owing



As soon as they could, the young Rosses built this house. Two things they required of it: Colonial it had to be, as true to type as possible, and with log-burning fireplaces. Other expensive features, too ambitiously planned, they sorrowfully eliminated, but always they clung to the fireplace. Tender memories will ever cluster around its broad hearthstone

Governor Ross (at right) questioned little Bradford (below) one day, "Bradford, tell me why you and your brothers always call your mother at night, when she never got up with you in your life and your father always does?" Bradford, painfully embarrassed, hesitated only an instant. "I'll tell you, Father," he explained. "I just love you so much I can't bear to disturb you"



ACC. NO. 8  
WYOMING GOVERNORS  
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to extravagant standards set in the early days—a period that is still spoken of as "the days of the cattle kings," "Cheyenne's palmy days," when Wyoming's little capital city was said to be the richest town of its size on the continent, and the gayest. The social life was alluring, and we enjoyed it in so far as the cares of a growing family permitted us to participate. I was weak and inefficient, being motherless and the only girl, I had undoubtedly been a little spoiled by my father and brothers. My husband, too, almost in infancy, (Continued on page 118)

~~had been left fatherless, and at the time of our marriage was still under a heavy burden of debt for his education. Not a very promising start, wise ones must have said, for a young pair dependent entirely upon the precarious income of a youthful lawyer's practise, but actually these apparent handicaps only spurred us on to more serious effort.~~

We had abounding faith in each other, and with hearts for any fate marched forth unfalteringly to meet whatever good or ill the future held in store for us. ~~Both came in plenty soon enough—twin boys the first year, and the birth of another little son two years later brought joy and tribulation without measure into our lives. The twins were delicate from birth, and many were the anxious days and nights of vigil we spent watching over them in terror lest the faint flame go out altogether. We did suffer the loss of our third little son at the age of ten months.~~ Let any young mother, overwhelmed with the care and responsibility of one well baby, picture the situation—an inexperienced, delicate mother, who in after years as the Governor of Wyoming was to demonstrate unlimited physical endurance, thrown prostrate upon the bed beside those wailing, colicky babies, and from sheer exhaustion and despair mingling her tears with theirs. It was not often that I thus surrendered to weakness, but I still remember one such hour, and the distinct feeling that though those babies might survive the perils of infancy, their mother would never live to tell the tale.

It may well be asked what sort of training was this for future official service to Wyoming. Simply this: the demands of that day, which could not be ignored, evaded, or postponed, challenged and strengthened every resource of which I was possessed, and made ultimately of the weak and inefficient young girl that I had been, a self-reliant and useful woman—useful, at least, to my own family.

Notwithstanding all the cares and trials, there were satisfying compensations. That was before the motion pictures had developed sufficiently to offer much enticement, and before bridge playing had become so popular. The motor car was not yet in general use. Clubs and civic organizations were not numerous, so even if domestic conditions had not curtailed our activities outside the home, we would yet have found time for more evenings around own fireside than we were able to in later years. Often, however, we had no choice but to forego some tempting pleasure, because it was frequently difficult to find any person brave enough to undertake the care of babies, in numbers, long into the night. Dread of mutiny on the part of our one maid-of-all-work, even had there been no consideration of justice, spared her from undue demands.

### We Enjoyed Our Children

We found our reward in companionship with each other and in enjoyment of the babies, in whose development we found a daily miracle. We never doubted that we had the most remarkable babies that ever blessed a home, and the most beautiful—at least, according to their father's estimate. One evening I made the tactless remark,

"I passed on the street today the prettiest little child I ever saw."

"Prettier than our babies? I'm surprised at you," he retorted reprovingly, as though the suggestion were high treason.

Oh, wise Mother Nature! Never was there a more devoted father.

Out of consideration for me he almost invariably rose when the children called at night, though nearly always they called for their mother. One morning, with some spirit, he asked our fourth little son, then five,

"Bradford, tell me why it is that you, just like your brothers, always call your mother at night, when she never got up with you in her life, and your father always does."

Bradford, painfully embarrassed, hesitated only an instant. "I'll tell you, Father," he explained. "I just love you so much I can't bear to disturb you."

For years that was a favorite story of my husband. He would point out that he had one son who was a born diplomat, and never, he said, after that, would the night be too cold, or he too weary to rise and render cheerful service to that little boy.

### We Read Together

One of the chief compensations which our evenings at home afforded us was reading together. I have always wished that I had kept a record of the books that we read aloud during those first years of our marriage. The number I can recall is amazing. We decided that only classics of proved worth should claim our time, and we adhered strictly to that plan. The wisdom of the decision we realized more and more in later years. It was our custom to make a note for investigation of all unfamiliar words or allusions.

More exciting diversion could not have afforded us greater enjoyment, I am sure, and certainly not more profit. So interested did we become that often we would read far into the night, taking turns until the voices of both of us would fail completely. Many times, when we were in the midst of a thrilling story, such as one of Balzac's or Dumas', we would resume our book in the noon hour, when I hurried through my luncheon to read until my husband had finished his, and until his departure for his office forced me to close the book. I'll admit now that at times I fudged a little while he was gone, though never did I confess it then. Often, too, the children, little as they were, became interested. They were quite enchanted with the story of "David Copperfield," I remember.

I commend to young married people this practise of reading aloud, not only as a source of pleasure, but as a means of supplemental education. No matter what their future activities may be, it can not fail to yield them profit. I remember seeing some time ago the statement that the reading of the average lifetime is done before the age of thirty. I believe it is true. My husband pursued this practise with the conscious thought that whatever treasures of knowledge or literature he could store up would further prepare him for a career of achievement in his profession or public life, or both. How little we realized, though, that to me would come a day when in public office all the resources of my lifetime would be levied upon—when even the strengthening of my voice by the exercise of reading aloud would prove, upon the public platform, an asset beyond price!

One of our most thrilling experiences in these early years was the building of a home. We began housekeeping in a five-room bungalow, but the coming of the twins, and the innumerable things that followed in their train, overcrowded this temporary nest, and plans had to be made for a permanent home.

Colonial it had to be, and true to type as possible. It had to include also log-burning fireplaces adequate to meet our hearts' desires. Other expensive features, too ambitiously planned, one after another we sorrowfully eliminated, but we clung to the fireplaces. The climax of our desire in that direction was realized in the fluted, columned, beautifully proportioned mantelpiece of classic design that was to grace our living-room, and with the acquisition of a gold-framed, three-part mirror of authentic historic design our satisfaction was complete. If inanimate objects might talk, what intimate tales that chimney-piece could tell! Tender and cherished memories will ever cluster around its hearthstone. My children will not live to be so old that they can forget the little feasts around the glowing logs on Sunday evenings, often shared by their young

friends, when the fun of toasting marshmallows, roasting chestnuts, or popping corn added zest to the occasion. Always there followed stories from the Bible read or told by their father—and supplemented by tales of ancient and modern heroes. He would tell them, too, so thrillingly of the adventures of his boyhood in the South that their eyes would shine with wonder. Or if the guests were grown-ups, the children participated happily by passing the sandwiches and tea, and listened eagerly to the conversation of their elders. The plea of one of my little sons, once when reluctantly he ran upstairs on an errand, "Please don't anybody say anything while I'm gone," suggested the interest that can be awakened in the mind of a child and the deep impression made by the casual conversation of his elders.

**I Joined the Woman's Club**

Another diversion which I now realize, as I look back over the years, has been of exceeding benefit to me was my participation in the activities of the Woman's Club, particularly during the first years of my membership when I was young and impressible. There were in Cheyenne a number of clubs composed of women, but the one known as the Woman's Club was a select and exclusive organization limited to twenty-five members. It was regarded a high distinction to be elected to that sacred circle. Membership was conferred only by grace. When there was a vacancy, a member suggested the name of some woman she counted worthy, and without any consultation with her whatever, her name was balloted upon. One dissenting vote sufficed to exclude. The cruelty of the system is manifest and happily has been abandoned.

I was flattered beyond measure when one day, out of a clear sky, came notification that I had been elected to that charmed circle. The honor was irresistible, and I accepted with alacrity as though afraid that the invitation might be withdrawn. My time was already sorely taxed, but aside from the desire to join this interesting group, I believed that it was the binding obligation of every wife and mother to avail herself of every means of self-improvement, and prepare herself to enter into the expanding activities of her husband and children. I know scarcely any person more pitiable than the mother, in the midst of an attractive family daily growing in culture, who has failed to keep pace with her husband and children. Mere devotion and provision for their creature comforts is not enough. Of course, if uncompromising necessity holds her back, we must assume that virtue is its own reward, and duty well done will find recompense in the affection of her family and her friends. How tragic, though, the state of that woman who through neglect or her own choice has forfeited the loving pride of her children, and realizes it!

Physical beauty is dear to the feminine heart, and more generally coveted, perhaps, than the more important beauty of soul. With either, or both, a woman may captivate interest and admiration, but can not hold them long if the mind is found lusterless. The one great service that women's clubs have rendered American women has been to stimulate the cultivation of natural gifts. Hundreds of women the country over have developed in women's clubs talents worthy of national renown, which, though exercised chiefly for family or friends, constitute an invaluable contribution toward the elevation of our intellectual standards.

To the Cheyenne Woman's Club I am indebted for the development of qualities and capacities that helped me meet the demands of public office. It was something like the training men receive in county boards, municipal councils, and legislative halls. It is an experience that sharpens the wits and develops the gift of expression, particularly of oral expression. In a small club like ours there could be

no slothful members. Participation at the time I was taken in was serious business. Year after year we delved into many and deep subjects, ambitiously including the geography, history, literature, art, philosophy, and religion of most of the countries on the globe—in fact, almost every branch of knowledge, except mathematics, was embraced in our curriculum. Civic enterprises made no claim upon our attention. Self-improvement, purely intellectual, was frankly our objective. Owing to restricted membership, some were required not once but twice or even three times a year to produce exhaustive papers on subjects assigned. This meant much hard work and a great deal of time—much travail of spirit, too, for those who wanted to shine among their sisters. I confess that I was ambitious to appear a scintillating star. Even now I can not think of the bigotry and selfishness of that small club, acknowledging freely my four percent responsibility, without much amusement and some embarrassment, too, and I am glad to say that it has long since become vastly more democratic both in membership and in the scope of its interests.

However, it was in that little forum that I received what training in public speaking I carried into the office of Governor. So familiar were we all with one another, and yet so restrained when it came to expressing ourselves on our feet! When I first went into the club, the mere act of making a motion almost gave me palpitation of the heart, so in awe was I of those women who then were all my seniors and so much wiser than I. In order to overcome this excessive diffidence, I abandoned the practise of reading my paper and undertook to speak on my subject without the aid of written notes. Again the training school for the future demands as yet undreamed of!

How little we understand at any step of the way through life those forces within and without which are urging us on to certain destiny! At any moment of despair, however dark the way may seem, this thought should give us courage—we can prepare for future responsibility only by meeting creditably that which each day brings. The invitation to the wedding feast went finally to all, even to those in the highways and byways, but at last only those who possessed wedding garments were permitted to remain.

In those days, not only did I not anticipate a political career for myself, I did not aspire to political honors for my husband. This was due partly to my ambition for him to shine in his profession. I confess, too, that I found the acrimonious controversies of political campaigns wearing, especially when they took my husband from home on long speaking trips, as they usually did—and they came so woefully often. It would not have been so distasteful to me if our party had more frequently been crowned with success. But Democrats were so distressingly in the minority in Wyoming that running for office on that ticket was simply to immolate oneself for the good of the party. My husband took his turn with the others. The love of politics was in his blood, and he was always in the thick of the fight. He believed in the principles of his party, and popular or not, fearlessly contended for them in and out of season, for he was not made of that malleable stuff which "alters when it alteration finds."

**The First Political Victory**

When Wyoming first became our home, there were scarcely more than enough faithful Democrats to fill the ticket at each election, and candidacy for public office involved serious sacrifice. Great indeed was the joy in our little household when, contrary to customary results, the election of 1904 indicated Democratic victory in the office of county attorney—for the Democratic candidate was my husband. True he won by the scant margin of twenty votes, and his election was immediately



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contested. For nine long months, until the decision of the court was rendered, he could neither defend nor prosecute. Interminable months they seemed to me. I hung upon the decision of that court as though our very lives depended on it. And indeed it was an experience that worked real hardship on the family of a struggling young lawyer, and one not calculated to deepen in his wife a fondness for politics. Triumph, though belated, came with a favorable decision. The evidence established not only his election, but also the fact that a certain ballot box had been illegally tampered with and enough votes stolen from him considerably to increase his majority.

I recount the story of that remote victory not only because it introduced me, though vicariously, to public life, but because it was typical of Democratic successes in Wyoming.

A series of events had made this gifted and intrepid young husband of mine the leader in the public mind of the movement against legalized gambling. A recently enacted law making open gambling a criminal offense was being disregarded by local authorities on the advice of the county attorney, a man of exceptional brilliance, who held that the law was not constitutional. This flagrant disregard of the statute aroused a large element of the citizenship, and in a test case to establish the constitutionality of the law, my husband was employed to defend it. The fee was meager, but the chance to appear in court and win his spurs in a case of such wide public interest was not to be disregarded. He won his case notwithstanding the talent arrayed against him. Naturally enough, when the county attorney who had opposed the law was renominated, the young lawyer who had so successfully championed it in the courts was chosen as his opponent. Public opinion in favor of the anti-gambling law broke down party lines, and he won the election.

#### My Husband Was Nominated

Eighteen years later my husband appeared on the scene as the nominee of his party for governor. In the meantime he had established himself in his profession and in the esteem of the people of the state. He had lost none of his youthful enthusiasm for the principles of the Democratic party, and had become known as a progressive rather than a conservative.

It chanced that in that year certain conditions induced cleavage upon liberal and conservative lines rather than on a strict party basis. Wyoming shared in the agricultural unrest that was felt throughout the west. Just at that time Representative Mondell, who as Republican floor leader had resisted certain legislation for which progressives were contending, had arisen to contest the reelection of Senator Kendrick (Democrat) who had been definitely aligned in Washington with the farm bloc. In the midst of this unrest bitterness and acrimony developed in the race for the Republican nomination for governor between Robert D. Carey, the incumbent, and John W. Hay, one of the leading bankers of the state. The result was a rift in the party that admitted of no immediate healing. So when my husband entered the field on the Democratic ticket, it was easy for Liberal Republicans to rally to his support.

In the light of future events it seems unreasonable that I should so strenuously have resisted his candidacy. Some time before the suggestion was urged upon him by his friends, he and I had come to an understanding that he would eschew politics for the rest of his life, that is, as a candidate for office. His decision was partly out of consideration for my desire and partly, I am sure, because down in his heart he questioned, as did I, the wisdom of abandoning for even a few years, in the event of his election, a practise that had taken years of effort to build to satisfactory proportions. Our sons were growing up. Two were away at school, and their needs were multiplying

daily. Still the game itself was alluring; the power, dignity, and distinction of so high an office were considerations not to be scorned.

As for me, I never allowed myself to contemplate the incidental pleasures the office held for the wife of the governor.

Day after day he came home with letters and telegrams or accounts of conversations with friends urging him to enter the primary campaign.

Always I would ask, "But you won't consider it, will you?"

He would reply, "Oh, no, I don't care at all to run"—which I knew was the truth.

On the last day for the filing he came to luncheon quite keyed up over a bombardment of telegrams and telephone messages promising him support to the bitter end, if he would file. Suddenly the feeling came over me—"Who am I to attempt to thwart a career that might prove to this husband of mine an everlasting satisfaction?" I capitulated, and the evening paper announced that he had filed.

For two solid months he was away. Left alone with my ten-year-old son and a domestic, my nerves ran the whole gamut, I think, of human emotions—hope, discouragement, pride, chagrin, anger, gratitude—and any others I may have failed to mention. Any high-strung wife of a candidate will understand. The one thing, perhaps, that most stirs the emotions of a candidate and his wife is knowledge of ardent support where there is least claim upon it, and at the same time to find withheld even so much as an expression of interest on the part of those from whom by reason of close ties of friendship support might most reasonably be expected. Happily, when it is all over, gratitude on the one hand balances the disappointment on the other, and political campaigns can not fail to develop a comfortable philosophy.

#### His Fine Character Elected Him

The significance of that campaign will better be understood when it is pointed out that the young state of Wyoming is endowed with almost unlimited natural resources. Already they have yielded vast fortunes to those individuals who have gained control of productive areas. State lands are rich in mineral deposits, particularly oil, that present allure to enterprise, ambition, and avarice. Naturally, in a state of such resources, the question of their proper administration becomes one of acute debate between the exploiters and the exploited in political campaigns. My husband militantly contended for such a policy in the administration of those lands as would yield the greatest possible benefit to the people of the state, rather than to private interests. He declared himself in favor of a special tax called a "severance tax," such as had been imposed by law in other states upon those engaged in similar development.

Espousal of this policy undoubtedly strengthened his candidacy. While disaffection in the Republican party also contributed to his success, I believe the strongest factor of all in his favor was the absolute consistency of his past record. Few candidates for public office have ever escaped the tongue of malice and the sting of misrepresentation, yet throughout the campaign, so well known was his character and so implicit the confidence of the people in his motives, that no personal aspersion was flung against his name. No foe could find the slightest stain of dishonor in his record with which to discredit him. An engaging personality enabled him to arrest the attention of the people, and he had the gift of presenting the issues so clearly and convincingly that even a child could not misunderstand, and the flame of feeling that seemed almost to consume him on the public platform carried assurance of sincerity. Though there was opposed to him in that campaign a foe man worthy of his steel, one high in the esteem of his associates, liberal principles triumphed, and my husband was elected.

Messages of felicitation poured in from every

quarter where the friends of a lifetime had scattered. Such busy days for the governor-elect and his wife! For him a deluge of applications for office—perfectly natural and necessary, too! Business affairs also to be settled, and, with all, arrangements for change of residence.

Remembering that "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," we did not at once accept the retiring governor's invitation to make a visit of inspection to the governor's mansion. My husband had won by none too comfortable a margin, and I still feared that belated returns, or some other unexpected development, might upset the apparent result. We deferred that trip for some time, lest we might become subjects for jest by prematurely inspecting a mansion that was not to be committed to our care, but "All's well that ends well"—late returns only increased the majority.

As I look back, it seems that the three months that intervened between the election and the inauguration were scarcely so many weeks, so quickly they sped by. My husband had to prepare his inaugural address and other official papers. I had to plan necessary changes in the governor's mansion that it might better suit our needs and tastes. Thought had to be given, also, to the social affairs devolving upon the new position, and to that vital question of apparel for the governor's wife worthy of great occasions before us—the inaugural ceremony and the glamorous ball to follow.

### The Inaugural Ball

Together we worked and planned. It gives me more than passing satisfaction now to know that such assistance as I could render in the preparation of the important official documents was not regarded inconsequential by him. And now unbidden my pen records that intimate information that the selection of the gown for the inaugural ball was deferred to his impeccable taste. Soft and lovely was the hue, as its name implied, "honey dew;" it was soft in texture and devoid of all harsh and glinty embellishments that, on his wife, were abhorrent to his taste.

There are governor's wives, I am told, who find the demands of the position onerous. I never did. So warm was my heart with appreciation of the confidence which the people had shown in my husband that it gave me pure delight, as it did him, to welcome as many as possible to the beautiful residence the state had provided for its governor. I say "beautiful" because I think it beautiful, although I had heard in the past many complaints about its arrangement and finishing. With such improvements as were made for our occupancy and the addition of our personal belongings, it became a real home to us, and I loved it to the last day I lived in it. I wish for all my feminine successors the same joy that I found there when I presided over it as the wife of the Governor. Far from being burdensome, it was the most glamorous and interesting period of our life. I was kept busy with numerous state functions, dinners, teas, and receptions for officials and others who came to the capital, often from beyond the state, and I found joy in dispensing such hospitality as I could. Always I wanted the people of Wyoming to feel that a welcome awaited them in the executive mansion and weekly "at homes," which were open to all who cared to come, soon became one of the most pleasant features of our life there. These social duties naturally widened my acquaintance throughout the state, a circumstance soon to prove a valuable asset.

The two years of my husband's administration were characterized not only by devotion to the interests of the state, but by the most energetic service. While he did not live to arouse the state to the adoption of his people, who did have the intense satisfaction of seeing executed, while governor, a modified contract with a subsidiary of the

Standard Oil Company, which increased the state's royalty in the rich and famous Salt Creek oil field from thirty-three and one-third percent to sixty-five percent; a contract still in effect and the most advantageous of the kind that this state or any other has ever known. Through his effort, in cooperation with the legislature, the Farm Loan system of the state was greatly expanded so that a large portion of revenues thus derived were made available to farmers and ranchmen at a low rate of interest. These and similar policies, together with reduced taxation, commended his administration to the favor of the people.

My husband did not premeditatedly, I think, bring home his problems and plans for discussion with me. But the same eagerness of interest that had characterized me in earlier years, and the knowledge that he had in me a safe repository, caused him to confide his affairs freely to me. He knew, too, that I stood ready to give such modest help as I could in times of stress.

The night before the burial of President Harding, we sat up until dawn, preparing the address he was to deliver next day at the memorial ceremony at Sheridan. We were guests at the beautiful H F Bar ranch, high in the picturesque Big Horn Mountains. Through the long hours after we had said good-night to our hosts we worked, I taking dictation in long hand—the only way I knew; and even after he had succumbed to weariness, I worked on until the copy was finished.

One day, when the pressure was especially strong, he came hurrying down to the Mansion and asked me to help him prepare a Labor Day proclamation. Time was short, and somehow his secretary had been unable to meet his ideas, so putting our two heads together, we evolved one that expressed what he wanted to say.

The Labor Day proclamation was the last he ever wrote. So generous was he in his praise of my assistance that I jokingly asked, "Don't you think, if anything should happen to you and I had to support myself, I could qualify as a governor's secretary?" "Yes, indeed, you could," and much more he said.

He seemed to think the suggestion a very amusing one and referred to it several times in conversations with our friends. Once or twice he added,

"I think I shall have to write her a recommendation and attach it to my will."

### And Then the Tragic Ending:

How lightly we jested of a tragedy we never dreamed would come to pass so soon! We thought of the inevitable separation as something away off in the future, that would come to us when we should be very old. But in less than a month he was stricken—he who in the prime of his vigor had radiated strength and cheer. Daily bulletins somewhat prepared the people for the news from which they shrank—kind and loyal hearts that responded with a great outpouring of sympathy. It seemed impossible that the combined prayers of all the people of every race and creed, and the combined skill of all the doctors, could not avail to save him, but after one long week of anguish, in the quiet of early morning, while the people of Wyoming slept, the silver cord was loosed, and they awakened to learn that their governor was no more.

The stately dwelling that so lately had been a house of gaiety became a house of mourning, and within a stricken family faced desolation unspeakable. Naturally the question that must have been on every tongue did not penetrate to that upper chamber. Concern for the great calamity that had befallen the state had not yet found entrance to minds so engulfed in personal sorrow; nor the question that were asking, "Who will take his place?"

(To be continued)

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