

officials, and members of the Governor's staff all in uniform, and the ceremony and paraphernalia of an Inauguration. The Executive Mansion was a big, ugly, rather shabby house, larger than any house we had heretofore lived in, hideously furnished. I think the prize room for ugliness when we were there was the billiard room on the top floor, in which hung what I should say were crayon portraits of all the previous governors. It really was a very dismal house. The family were not sufficiently well-to-do to bring any of their own things to cheer it up; I doubt if they would have anyway. Next to the billiard room in dreariness was the breakfast room, a medium-sized room, its one window looking out on an area facing north, and there I pursued my education with my very nice governess, Miss Gertrude Young.

The summer before while Father was in Cuba, I had been told that I was to be sent to boarding school in New York at Miss Spence's school. I had seen Miss Spence's scholars marching two by two in their daily walks, and the thought of becoming one of them shrivelled me. I practically went on a strike. I said that I would not go—I said that if the family insisted, and sent me, I should do something disgraceful. Every afternoon I made a point of crying about it. I would go to my room and weep. Of course I did not think about it all the time, but I never forgot to register a protest.

The time for school approached and the sheets and towels and other things for me to take to school

were ready, marked with my name, and then suddenly one day the family yielded. They announced that I was not to go to school but to have a governess; so I won my point; but I rather think that I also lost an education, as with the aid of a good memory I don't think any girl ever managed to do so little studying. I simply loathed not being grown up. I had one dress that I wore whenever possible at the Executive Mansion parties at which I was allowed to appear. Between election and New Year's I had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of my Uncle George Lee to Madeline Jackson; the other bridesmaids were her contemporaries and I was dressed to match them. How I loved that dress! I was sure that it made me look at least eighteen. I still remember and have a warm feeling for the people who thought I was two or three years older than I really was and treated me accordingly.

Those were the days when politics in New York State, both Democratic and Republican, were run by bosses. In the Republican party, Senator Platt was absolute. He and his lieutenants had complete control of the organization and of the nominating machinery. They did not really want Father, but the prestige of his Cuban campaign, the apparent rise in sentiment for him among the rank and file of the Republican voters, led them to believe that he was the only Republican who could win the election. While he was Governor, Father dealt fairly with the bosses, but never for a moment permitted them to run him; he appealed over their heads directly to the people, who responded by