

## Forward

Family genealogy, it seems, is a never ending search and study. With each generation reviewed additional family connections seem to enter the picture; it is no different in the genealogy of the Jones, Cole, Gibson, O'Meara line up.

In prior sections of this study, published on this or other websites the early history of the Jones, Gibson and Cole clans have been approached (mostly the Jones family). This started with the Stephan and Phoebe Allison **Cole** family (Stephan being the brother in law of Hanna Cole of Boonville fame) who arrived in Missouri about 1810 and became the first white settlers south of the Missouri River. This family originated in New River, Wythe, Virginia. This family was to become linked to the **Gibson** name with the marriage of daughter Rhoda to William Gibson.

The Gibson family left North Carolina and settled in Potosi, Missouri sometime around 1800 . By about 1820, a son, William, was settled in Boonville . William who became a well to do farmer married Rhoda Cole. They had a number of children; the one of particular interest to this story was Henry Clay Gibson. Henry Clay Gibson married Mary Lavinia **Jones** McCarthy.

The **Jones** family was well settled in Baltimore, Maryland before the Revolutionary War. They left Baltimore for Cynthiana, Kentucky. From this point a son, Caleb, left to find his way in life. Young Caleb ended up in Missouri where he started a merchandising/trading business which was centered in Boonville .He married Nancy **Chapman** of Franklin, Missouri. The two daughters of this family brought the family connections of Gibson and **Muir** into play. Addie Sands Jones married William Muir who became a well know lawyer in Boonville; and Mary Lavinia Jones McCarthy married Henry C Gibson.

The Gibson family daughters, in turn, brought two additional family names into play. Martha Gibson married A. K. **Mills**; and Nancy Jones Gibson married Joseph **O'Meara**.

The story of the Jones/Gibson clan is told in the following family history which was prepared by William Justin McCarthy in the 1930s. W. J. McCarthy was the son of Mary Jones & Justin McCarthy. He was born in San Antonio, Texas in 1862. Following the death of his father and the Civil War the McCarthys returned to the Jones home in Boonville. After a number of years Mary McCarthy married Henry Clay Gibson.

My maternal grandfather was Caleb Jones and my grandmother was Nancy Chapman. The Jones' came from Wales. Just when they came to the United States, I don't know, but they established themselves in Baltimore sometime before the American Revolution and one of my ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War under George Washington as is shown in the family tree held by Joseph O'Meara, Jr. Another relative was Rear Admiral Sands of the U. S. Navy. The family home was in Baltimore, Maryland, and Caleb Jones was the oldest son of a large family. They were well to do and it is claimed that Jones Creek was named after the family. The sons were Robert, Benjamin John, Joshua, Richard and William, the youngest, who became a Methodist minister. William was the father of John Jones and Caleb Jones of Lamar, Missouri. John married a relative of Martha Washington and had a son who was an Episcopalian minister, and a grandson, Custis Stephens, named after the Custis family.

My great grandfather Jones fought in the War of 1812 and Grandpa Jones laughed and said the only time he was ever on a battle-field he ran. His father was encamped near Baltimore and his mother sent him with a servant to take a message to his father which was delivered, but, just as it was, the fight started and they had to run to get out of the firing line. My great-grandmother told of twelve English officers who came to her home asking if they could have their decorated hats with her, saying they could call for them after the fight. She received them and told how eleven of them came back, but the

twelfth hat was uncalled for. Financial losses came and the family moved to Cynthiana, Kentucky, and there Grandpa Jones grew to young manhood, and from Cynthiana he moved to Missouri. His first work in Missouri was that of a country school teacher, near, I think, Arrow Rock, a town in Saline County about twelve miles from Boonville, and the first hundred dollars that he saved he sent to his mother.

He became a merchant and was married to my grandmother, Nancy Chapman.

The Chapmans came from Kentucky and lived for a time in a fort for protection against the Indians. The fort was near Old Franklin, Missouri, in Howard County across the Missouri River from Boonville, then an important town which was entirely washed away by the Missouri River.

I have heard Grandma Jones tell the most wonderful Indian stories of those days, but strange to say, I don't remember any of them. The Chapman family was small, there being only two children, Nancy, my grandmother and John, Uncle Jack, as he was called. My sister Nancy Jones O'Meara, has framed photographs of Uncle Jack and his wife, Aunt Hallie.

The Chapmans lived for a time in Kansas City, where Aunt Hallie kept a boarding house, but Uncle Jack was interested in mining, and after Sallie and Lutie, their children, married they all moved out to Colorado and lived for a time at Aspen, Colo.

As a boy I remember when Hallie came to visit my mother in Boonville. She was a very handsome young woman, a blonde and tall. She dressed handsomely and spent money freely, was full of fun, gay and popular with the men. We all loved her.

Grandpa Jones was in business in several locations. At one time he conducted a business at Arrow Rock, where he had as a partner Caleb Jackson, who afterwards was Missouri's war-time governor. He was a merchant in Bolivar, a town in southwest Missouri, where my mother was born. Mother said she was born in a log cabin and rocked in a shoe box, a cradle made from a shoe box, as furniture was scarce. He lived for a time in Philadelphia, where grandma bought her family silver, but eventually located in Boonville, Missouri, which he thought then would be larger than St. Louis.

He conducted both a wholesale and a retail business. Several of his brothers were stationed in Philadelphia and they watched the markets, bought the supplies and sent them to Boonville, where they were sold again by Caleb Jones. I don't know how many years he conducted this business, but he made money, and when he had made a hundred thousand dollars he said that was enough to satisfy any man, so he disposed of his business and became a retired merchant.

He invested his money in Missouri farming lands and played at farming and Grandma Jones always said it took Caleb Jones, the merchant, to keep up Caleb Jones, the farmer.

Three children were born to Caleb and Nancy Jones, Addie Sands, Mary Levinia, and George Chapman. Mary Levinia was my mother and there were seven years between the birth of Aunt Addie and my mother. My mother was four years older than Uncle George.

Aunt Addie was married when she was very young, I think about seventeen, to William D. Muir, a brilliant young lawyer of Boonville, who was born, I think, at Culpepper Court House in Virginia and moved with his mother and family to Missouri, locating in Boonville.

The children of the William Muir family were Douglas J., called Doug, Mary Howard, called Minnie, Mattie, Frank, Caleb Portress, William Toebert, and Hugh Draffen. When the Muirs came from Virginia they brought their slaves with them, and among the slaves was old Aunt Lizzie. She nursed Uncle William and nursed all of his children. After Willie Muir she retired to her cabin saying she was too old to work, but when Hugh, the last of the children, was born, she was back in the old place, saying she had nursed Marse William and all his children and wasn't going to miss the new baby. We called her Colizzie, and her devotion to the Muir family was truly beautiful.

Aunt Addie was beautiful and one of the loveliest characters I ever knew.

Uncle William Muir was a brilliant lawyer and a wit. He was always ready to give or take a joke, was generous to a fault, had expensive tastes, and liked to indulge them. He was a southern sympathizer and aroused the enmity of the Union people to such an extent during the War of the Rebellion that he sent his family to Canada and located in St. Louis. In St. Louis he was associated in the practice of law with Judge P. B. Ewing, the father of Mrs. John R. Walker and Mrs. Senator Cockrall

of Missouri. He refused to take the oath of allegiance required by the famous "Order Number Eleven", the subject of one of George Bingham's great paintings. George Bingham was one of Missouri's great painters and artists and steel engravings of this picture will be found in many of the old homes of Missouri. For this offense Uncle William was disfranchised, denied the right to vote. After the war he and his family returned to Boonville and he practiced law with Mr. Draffen under the firm name of Muir and Draffen. Their office was over the Central National Bank and the Muir-Draffen partnership continued to his death. The family were all Methodists and Uncle William Muir was a student of the Bible and Shakespeare. He said any man who knew the Bible and Shakespeare could make a speech on any subject. When he died he was Grand Master of the Masons of Missouri and the Masons came from all over the state to attend his funeral with their paraphernalia. I was a small boy and, it was a great sight to me. He died of cancer and his last words were "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit".

My grandfather lived during his business life in Boonville. I think, in the old house on Spring Street, now the home of Dr. Charles Swap. When he retired he built a house on one of his farms about three and a half miles from Boonville. It was a frame house, very comfortable, but it was destroyed by fire.

Mother's early life was in Bolivar. In those days the best families lived in the country. In the neighborhood was the home of Mr. James M. Nelson, Mr. Sam Wooldridge, Mrs. Williams and her daughters and there was a Scotchman, Dr. Main and his wife who had a school, Westwood Seminary, to which the young people went. Dr. and Mrs. Main were very refined and cultured people and the young people were well taught under their care. Afterwards my mother attended Fieldings Institute in Boonville and mother was one of the prominent members of the school. There was a school paper published by the school and mother was one of the editors of this paper and some of her essays may be found in an old scrapbook to be found in the Boonville home. The Fielding Institute afterwards became the Boonville Seminary, conducted by Professor Farminger, who had a music school as well as a literary school, which I myself attended as a small boy. The building was destroyed by fire during the summer of 1876 and I saw it burn.

When my grandfather's home burned, he replaced it with a large brick mansion, but he said Grandma and Mother never liked the new home, so it was sold and a third house built. This house was about half a mile further out and was called Oakland because of the many oak trees on the ground. This house was the last of his homes, and was never finished. It was about half built when the war came and was finished so it could be used. It had a great hall and stairway, a large parlor with a bedroom the same size back, of it, and a dining room and bedroom on the main floor. The kitchen and cellar were in the basement and there was a large bedroom in the half story above. After my father's death, when my mother returned to Boonville, we lived in this house until she married father Gibson. In the old days it was a custom to have the kitchen in the basement for there were plenty of servants to attend to everything. Mother often said she never did any work until after the war. Grandpa was always very kind as a master. He did not buy and sell slaves for profit, but he always had enough to supply the needs of the family, and when my mother married and lived in San Antonio, Texas, the same order prevailed there, so there was no need for her to do anything. She was fond of embroidering and did so much of this that she injured her eyes: and when she was a girl. Nannie O'Meara has a little cloak that Mother embroidered for Minnie Muir, which is a specimen of her work.

After Mother finished her school life, Grandpa decided to take a trip, saying he had time and wished to see the country, so with a carriage for Grandma, Mother and himself and a wagon with supplies and a negro maid, they started on a long overland trip to Texas. When they reached San Antonio, the outfit was sold and the servants were sent back to Missouri and Grandpa, Grandma and Mother spent the winter in San Antonio. There was a delightful society open to them with an interesting setting and they enjoyed the new world that opened to them. They were thrown with and made warm friends with the Gallaghers, the Tevoligs, the Elliotts, the .Mavericks, the Bennetts, the Richies, the Tonstals, an aunt of Mrs. Triggs the Merrits, the Howards and others of the old San Antonio set, and it

was during this visit that my mother met my father, Justin McCarthy. She was popular in Boonville and had chances there, but she met her fate in the person of the Irishman from County Kerry.

They returned to Missouri and after a time my father came on to Boonville and they were married at the home of Uncle William Muir. The house is still standing, opposite the Lutheran church Building, the end house of the block on Spring Street near Sts. Peter and Paul Catholic Church.

Mother was not a Catholic and in deference to her the ceremony was performed first by the Methodist minister and then by the Catholic priest, father Hildner.

They went East for a bridal trip and were at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York when the war began. Furniture was ordered sent to San Antonio, but only a few pieces of what was ordered ever reached San Antonio.

My father rented Dom Pedro Gallagher's house and it was in this house, right back of the Alamo, that I was born.

Mother was thrown with Catholic friends and after a time was converted to the Catholic faith. Grandpa was very prejudicial against the Church, but accepted the situation saying it was right for a wife to be with her husband.

My father came from Irish gentry. His father was a landowner and there was a large family of children. The older ones were given fine educations and well started in life. My uncle Daniel McCarthy was President of Manooth College, a well known institution in Ireland and had my father lived I would have been sent to him for my education. My Uncle William, for whom I was named, was a very charitable man. On one occasion he met a beggar poorly clad, and, moved with sympathy for him, took off his coat and gave it to him. It was cold and from the exposure of this act of clemency an illness was caused that resulted in his death.

My Uncle Daniel was made Bishop of Kerry with the title of Lord Bishop of Kerry. He was considered a very learned man and was a great theologian. When I was a student at Notre Dame, I had, as a professor of Logic and Philosophy, a Professor McSweeney, an Irishman whom the boys called Ireland on Stilts. One day in class he was telling of his experience in the American college in Rome and spoke of Bishop McCarthy of Ireland. He looked at me and in sport said, a relative of yours? and when I answered "yes he was my uncle", the professor was almost knocked off his feet and from that time on he could not do enough for me, and I received the first prize at the end of the course.

On one unfortunate occasion, however, Grandfather McCarthy lost his temper and cursed Queen Victoria and for this offence his entire estate was confiscated by the British Government. The older children had been provided for, but my father was one of the younger children and he had to shift for himself. He was apprenticed to learn the mercantile business and after his apprenticeship came to the United States to make his fortune. He landed in New York with \$75.00 in money and a trunk of good clothes. His first position in this country was with the great New York firm of A. T. Stuart & Co., which was in time absorbed by the John Wanamaker Co., which still uses the old building with a new one annexed on lower Broadway. How long he remained in New York, I don't know, nor how he made his way to San Antonio, Texas, but when Mother married him he was the head of a business firm composed of himself, a Mr. Rose and a Mr. Duff, under the name of McCarthy, Rose and Duff. Mr. Rose was a Jew and Mr. Duff, a Scotchman. There was a combination for you, Irish, Jewish and Scotch. They conducted a large business in New Orleans over which Mr. Rose presided and in San Antonio, where my father and Mr. Duff had charge. San Antonio was then considered the gateway to the Southwest country.

There was a cousin of my father, Geoffrey McCarthy who lived with them in San Antonio for a while. He objected to becoming a priest, which his family wanted him to be, so my father told them to send the boy to him and he would make a merchant out of him. Geoffrey came and all was going well when the war came and he was drafted. Geoffrey did not want to serve, so there was nothing for him to do but to go home, which he did. He afterwards became a physician and practiced medicine in London.

My father was on the way to making a fortune when the Civil War came. Of course, he was with the South and being an active business man his ability was used by the Confederacy in furnishing

supplies for the Confederate government. He bought the supplies, furnishing his own money to procure them, with the promise that he would be reimbursed when the goods were delivered and accepted. To do this he went to Paris to make his purchases and before leaving San Antonio he bought an exchange on a Paris bank for \$50,000.00. This was a large amount of money for those days. When he arrived in Paris he found to his dismay that the draft furnished him was on a bogus bank. He, however, established his credit, bought his supplies and ordered them, sent to the United States, but just as he was about to deliver them to the Confederacy they were captured by the Union forces. This was a double loss to him.

It seems hard to believe that a draft on a bogus bank could have been imposed on a good business man, which my father was, and I said as much to Mrs. Peter Gallagher when I was speaking to her on one occasion. She answered that it did, but that things were in such an upset condition and such a turmoil prevailed that one could not believe or trust anything.

During the war my father made frequent trips into Mexico bringing supplies for his own household back with him. I have often heard my mother say that while many of her friends suffered privations from the scarcity of supplies to be had in the an Antonio market, she always had everything she needed in her own home. She spoke of having made a dress for m out of a silk handkerchief that had been brought from Mexico. Business suffered because of the war causing many losses and a wreck to my father's prospects. Had he lived, he no doubt would have recovered, but worry incidental to his losses made him ill and he died about the end of the war. The firm of McCarthy, Rose and Duff ceased to exist. The Texas law was generous to the widow and any mother was given about \$3,600.00 from the wreck of my father's estate.

My mother was entirely separated from her family during the war, her family being in Missouri and later going to Canada for safety. There was the blockade between them. No mail could be sent in the regular way. The only way a letter could reach her was to have it given to somebody who was making the trip to Texas overland.

There was an Englishman in this country whom my father met and entertained at dinner in his San Antonio home. The Englishman was making a study of the war situation and wrote a book "Three Months in the South", a copy of which is in the Boonville house. In this book he speaks of the dinner party and mentions the fact that the hostess, Mrs. McCarthy, was thrown into a great state of excitement by the receipt of a letter from her mother who was in Yankeedom.

Missouri suffered greatly during the war. It was the scene of action for both the Union and Confederate forces, and there was a state of guerilla warfare that raged among men cut off and unable to reach the Confederate Army and who would not fight in the Union ranks. They carried on an independent warfare and there were many outrages committed by both sides. It was largely to this wild life during the war that the state was harassed and defamed by such outlaws as the James boys, the Younger brothers and others in after years. Terrible days were the days of the war in Missouri. There was a battle fought near Boonville. Nothing was safe. If you had money you did not know what to do with it. The banks were uncertain. In the library at Notre Dame one day I came upon an old copy of Harper's Weekly, on the front page of which was a full page illustration of the Battle of Boonville, Mo.

Grandpa, Grandma and Uncle George were at the home, Oakland. Uncle William Muir and his family in Boonville, Uncle William Muir's mother and her family were at her farm home on the other side of Boonville, where one day her house was surrounded by a troop of Union soldiers bent on a raid. She did not know what to do. In her excitement she picked up the dinner bell and went out on the back porch and started to ring it. The troops thought it was a signal she was giving and turned and quickly retreated and so her home was saved.

Grandpa had money in gold, which he was afraid to deposit in the bank. One day he filled a large jar with gold pieces and buried it. He thought it was safe but Grandma heard one of the servants say to another, "I wonder what it was Marse Caleb buried in that jar", so the jar was unearthed and the disposition of the money still unsolved.

Another day there were ten thousand dollars in gold in the house. The troops were all around the place, fences were torn down in preparation for a fight which was anticipated. The gold was placed

in a sack and strapped around Grandma's waist under her dress and this way she was seated on the porch and sat quietly knitting while commotion went on all around her. If she had been ordered to move, she could not have done so, so heavy was the gold.

War days in Missouri were times that tried men's souls. You could trust no one. Your next door neighbor might be a spy and inform on you. The Union supporters were bitter towards the Southern sympathizers. My grandfather was in sympathy with the South, which placed his life in danger. Uncle George was a young boy, liable to do and say rash things. In Grandpa's neighborhood was Mr. Sam Wooldridge and Dr. Main, who, with himself were marked men. Dr. Main was called upon one night and after taking his visitors into his house and feeding them he walked with them to the front gate and he was never seen again alive. A few days later his body was washed ashore by the Missouri River. For awhile Grandpa stayed in the country during the day and came with the family to the hotel in Boonville for the night. People were required to take the oath of allegiance. This was an oath not to aid in any way the Southern cause. It was Order No. 11. Father Hildner, the Catholic priest in Boonville refused to take the oath, saying that his church said feed the hungry and clothe the naked. He was arrested and imprisoned, but public indignation was so strong over this act that he was soon released. Grandma said she took the oath as a safety precaution for her family.

When the Dr. Main tragedy came it was decided it was the safe thing to do to get out of the country, so the Jones' and the William Muirs went to Canada where they remained until the war ended. Then they returned to Missouri, taking up their lives again in the old way.

When my father died mother went to the Manger Hotel on Alamo Plaza to live and one of my earliest recollections is standing in a room on the second floor of the hotel watching the stage coach drive up and unload its passengers. Mother was with me, and we were expecting the arrival of Grandpa and Grandma Jones. As one after the other got out Mother shook her head and said, "No, they are not there. They are all men. Then there was a cry "Oh, there is Pa", as he stepped from the coach, followed by Grandma, and away ran Mother to meet them, almost overcome by joy.

There were no railroads in Texas then and travel was slow, either by boat or stage coach.

It was not long before I had made friends of my grandparents who were almost a father and mother to me. I had their love and they had mine, indeed, Grandma always said she loved her grandchildren as much as she did her own children. Hers was a gentle, loving character and we were all the better for knowing her and receiving her kindness. We left the hotel and spent the winter in a select boarding house where we were comfortable and had intercourse with friends. In the Spring we returned with Grandpa and Grandma to the house in Missouri, which was our home, and lived very happily with them until Mother married father Gibson about four years later.

I had an old Scotch lady, Mrs. Bence, who was my nurse from the time I was born until she died. She taught me to call her Bence after the English fashion and was so attached to my mother and myself that when we went to Missouri she went with us. One Christmas she wanted to give me a present. She had a ring of gold made out of a twenty dollar gold piece and suggested that she would sell the ring and buy me a toy with the money it brought. My mother told her not to sell the ring but to give it to me, which she did. When I grew up I had my monogram engraved on the ring, which I wore until I lost it by using, it as a prop in a certain play. The actor I gave it to in the play claimed he had returned it, which he had not done, and so I lost it and that was the end of the ring.

Mother brought with her to Missouri some of the things she wanted to keep. Her jewelry, which was divided among her children, a set of champagne glasses. My father always drank wine at dinner, claret for ordinary days, but when he entertained his friends the drink was always champagne, the piano, silver, a coffee urn, which Nannie has, and other things.

The trip to Missouri was a long one. We had to travel by stage for three days to Indianola, where we took a vessel and crossed the Gulf of Mexico. This trip kept us three days out of sight of land and Mother and Grandma were both sick, but I enjoyed it and had a companion in Grandpa who was not affected. The boat landed in Galveston, Texas and I remember walking with Grandpa on the beach at Galveston and collecting a lot of shells, which we took with us to Missouri. From Galveston we made

the trip by boat and rail to Missouri. I don't remember how long it took us but we were all glad when we reached Boonville.

We were taken at once to the Muir home in Boonville and I was happy in being with people who were of my own family. Caleb and Willie Muir were about my age. Caleb was a little older and Willie a little younger than I was, but the intimacy between us was so great they were almost like brothers to me. Uncle George was about eighteen years old. Doug Muir was almost a man and Minnie was a well grown school girl when we came to Missouri. Frank and Mattie Muir, mentioned before, died in their infancy.

It was a new world opening to me. Of course, the Muir's relations were my relations. It was Grandma Muir and Aunt Rich, cousin Rich, Lon Harrison, Cousin Gus, Cousin Dol and Cousin Allie Howard, and so on. All southern people, warm hearted and hospitable and ready to share anything they had with their friends. I loved them all and will never forget them.

There was plenty of work to be done to put the Oakland home in order for occupancy. Papering, painting and refurnishing, but Grandpa and Grandma were happy to have us with them.

At last things were in order and a very comfortable and lovely house it was, with its big parlor, velvet carpet, satin brocade curtains at the windows, piano in one corner, whatnot with ornaments in another, open fireplaces with brass andirons and wood fires in winter, pictures, books etc. and back of it Grandma's bedroom with its mahogany furniture that Nannie has now. It was all fine in those days, but it would be like going back to the dark ages to live under those conditions now. It was impossible to heat the house comfortably in winter. There was no way of lighting save coal oil lamps, and they were considered a great advance over candles, but Grandpa was a generous provider and we had everything that money could give for our comfort and pleasure. Looking backward I have always felt the four years I spent on the farm as a small boy from four to eight years of age, were among the happiest of my life.

Mother was young and ambitious, full of energy and desirous of doing things. She played well on the piano and had a good soprano voice. She sang very sweetly and had all the popular music of the day. I also sang and we had many happy hours together, with the old folks listening in. In speaking of Mother, Mr. Draffen described her as Caleb Jones over again in petticoats. She was fond of company, and enjoyed being with her old friends. Captain Howard's home, old Mrs. Muir's home, Uncle Williams' home, were open to us and we were frequently guests of all these homes. We had magazines, papers and music, but I don't think Mother ever liked living in the country. It was lonely for her. She liked being in the midst of things, within reach of whatever she wanted. She bought a gentle horse and buggy and with this we went and came at pleasure, Mother became interested in music and took a course of study under Professor Farminger, whom she considered a fine musician and afterwards sang in the choir of the Catholic Church.

After the slaves were given their freedom, the servant question became a very serious matter. It was hard to secure help and the ladies were frequently forced to do work they never did before. There was a family of colored people, who lived across from the big house. Uncle Joe was the man of all jobs and his wife, Aunt Sinai, did the cooking. Two of their boys, Jackson and Willie helped to entertain me.

Just after the war there were many lecturers touring the country, Confederate officers who found themselves without money and took this opportunity of helping themselves financially. Some of them had won distinction in the field and Mother would enthuse when she spoke of their description of the battle scenes.

There were also great trains of covered wagons moving through Missouri. People moving with all they had, to some new location where they hoped to better their condition. I used to climb up on the front gate and with a basket of fresh fruit would ask the movers if they wanted to buy. Sometimes they did. They would take the basket, help themselves and give me any little change they wished. One day I was doing this. To my question "Do you want to buy some fruit?" the man answered "Yes", and with that he lifted me from the gate, basket and all, and took me by force with him up the road. Of course, I was frightened and called for help, and Aunt Sinai and her family came to the rescue and the man put

me down, but kept my basket of fruit. After a time, a year or so, it was decided I should go to school, so I was taken to the District School and entered as a pupil. This was a little country schoolhouse built on ground that Grandpa had given for the purpose. There was a lady school teacher. I did not like the idea of going, but came to like it as soon as I knew the children. There was Mollie Wooldridge, the Woolsey children and others living near Oakland and we had fun along the road going to school and coming home from school.

My old nurse Bence became ill and died, also my Great-grandmother Chapman and both were laid to rest in Walnut Grove Cemetery, Boonville, Mo.

My first Christmas in Boonville was spent at the Muir home on Spring Street and we boys had a great time over our toys. The second Christmas was at Oakland. I had a huge Christmas tree and the Muirs came to dine at Oakland. On Christmas Eve I was awakened to see the burning of a tenement house on the farm. Mother became excited and said she did not know why she did it, but she caught me in her arms, threw a blanket around me and ran down to the front gate.

Uncle George was married to Miss Nannie Trent, sister of Wilson Trent of Boonville, and brought his bride to live at Oakland and I remember the excitement attending the coming of the bride and groom. I was on the watch for them and claimed the privilege of opening the door for them when the bell rang. Aunt Nannie was bright and was a pleasant addition to the family circle.

There was a house built for Uncle George on a farm in Blackwater Township and in due course of time he made it his home. In this house his children were born. Caleb, Addie, George, Rilie, Nannie and Woodson, all of whom married, except George, who is a dentist and who lives in Pilot Grove, Missouri.

I remember Willie and Harry Harper and Willie Trent were brought from Boonville for a week's stay at Oakland. We were to have a great time. The second day of their visit a message came Aunt Nannie was very ill and Mother was needed to nurse her, so we left our guests and Grandpa drove us. Blackwater was about twelve miles from Oakland. We had scarcely started when it began to rain and as night came on the weather grew worse and worse. It was dark, so dark you could not see anything and the road was through a dense section. We were lost in the forest and off the road. Grandpa got out to look for the road. After a time we heard him cry out and Mother thought something had happened to him. She got out to help him and I was left alone in the dark and the rain. But relief had come. Men were looking for us and had found us, and we were taken to Uncle George's.

Aunt Nannie was desperately ill but she passed the crisis and recovered, and when we reached home we found out the Harper boys and Willie Trent had stayed their invited week out.

Grandpa was fond of gardening and spent much of his time at this work. He raised all kinds of vegetables and fruits. It was the custom to eat strawberries in season in soup plates. In winter there was a pictorial history of England that he always read and studied. Mother laughed and said she could always tell when the winter season was on when she found this history of England on the table in front of his fireplace. The table now belongs to me and is in the home of Joseph O'Meara, Jr., Holly Lane, Cincinnati.

I can remember Mother saying she was born on the day that William Henry Harrison was elected to the presidency, in a log cabin and rocked in a shoe box. The home in Bolivar was a log house, very comfortable and attractive with wild roses trained about the walls of the house. It was a very happy period of Grandpa's life and he always thought life in a log cabin was ideal. Furniture was scarce. There was no cradle available for the baby, so a shoe box was placed on rockers and improvised as a cradle.

My first recollection of a president was U. S. Grant, and I remember when Nellie Grant, the President's daughter, was married to the Englishman, Sartoris. The wedding took place, I think, in the East Room of the White House and I was interested in hearing the newspaper accounts of it read in the family circle. Another important historical event that I remember was the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. The family were all in sympathy with France. It did not last long, I think, it was over in about four months.



My fifth birthday was celebrated at Oakland. There was a big dinner to which the Muirs all came and among the good things served was calves' foot jelly. Sewing machines were just on the market and Mother bought one, a Wheeler and Wilson. It was thought to be a wonderful invention and a great saver of labor.

The first play I saw was the "Pearl of Savoy" with Wellie McHenry and Louise Sylvester in the cast. Nellie McHenry was the mother of Jack Webster, an actor that I knew and worked with at the old Star Theater on Central Avenue, Cincinnati, with the Brady Stock company, in 1898, the year Joseph O'Meara, Jr. was born.

We went to the play with Mr. Wilson Trent. The play, "Pearl of Savoy", was a play of French life, made famous by Maggie Mitchell, a noted soubret actress who flourished and made a fortune in the seventies. As a child I was thrilled and could never see enough of the theatre.

Concerts were popular, given by young society people of Boonville and when Uncle George and Aunt Nannie were at Oakland we often went with them to these entertainments.

Old Mrs. Muir, Uncle William's mother, gave up her country home and had a residence on Spring street in Boonville during the war. Uncle William had a fine farm near his mother's on the other side of Boonville from Oakland and upon this farm Uncle William built a very fine residence. The Muirs lived in Mrs. Muir's country home during the building of their new home, which they named Maple Hall. It was a fine house built on an elevation some distance from but in full sight of the road. Four large rooms on the ground floor with a great hall and stairway leading to the upper story, where the bedrooms were located. There were large porches the full length of the house, both front and back, large windows and open fireplaces in all the rooms, with closets big enough for rooms. In the basement was the kitchen and cellars for storing apples and winter vegetables. There was a granary, stable, and outhouses for the servants and tenants. This was built during the post-war period when labor and materials were most expensive, and cost a great deal of money. Grandpa spoke of the building as Muir's folly.

Wherever there was work to be done, mother was called upon. When the new house was finished, she helped Aunt Addie to move into it and get things in order and it was in this house that Hugh Draffen, the last of the Muir children was born.

Dr. Henry C. Gibson was the attending physician and Mother was in charge of the household affairs and in this way they were re-introduced to each other and they became friends. The friendship ripened into love and they were married. I was too young to know what was coming and when the news was told me was surprised.

Mother and Father Gibson were married at Oakland by Father Henry Mueres of the Catholic Church in January 1870. It was a home wedding, only the families present, Captain and Mrs. Stephens and Speed. Mrs. Stephens was Father Gibson's only sister. Miss Emma Hix, who afterwards was Mrs. A. D. Howard, Uncle George and Aunt Nannie, who acted as attendants, and the Muir family. It was a day wedding. Mother wore a gray silk gown with train and Father Gibson, the customary broadcloth and white gloves. The ceremony was followed with the serving of an elaborate dinner and the new life began.

We were brought to Boonville and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. William S. Myers on Spring Street. Across the hall from the room we occupied were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Trigg. William Hull Trigg was then a baby. I was then about eight years old. Father Gibson was the son of William Gibson and Rhoda J Cole and both families were pioneer settlers of Missouri. William Gibson was a wealthy man and Father Gibson had advantages. He was a handsome man, as his pictures show and a brilliant physician. He studied medicine and graduated first at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and then took a course at the Transylvania University. If he had been ambitious and had located in a city he might have become a celebrated physician. Instead when he had finished his studies and was licensed to practice medicine, he located in Boonville, the town of his birth. He was very much of a gentleman and was loved and respected by all who knew him. His friends were the cause of his financial ruin. He was generous and kind in his nature and went security for various ones to his own loss, for when they failed to pay the amounts he had secured he was held responsible for the debts.

Father Gibson was fifteen years older than Mother. He was first married to Miss Mittie Nelson, a sister of Mr. James M. Nelson, the banker, who was said to have been very beautiful and who died shortly after the birth of a daughter, also named Mittie. Both are buried in Walnut Grove.

Father Gibson's first wedding was at the Nelson home in the country, not far from Grandpa Jones' and among the guests was Mother, then a school girl. Left a widower and childless, Father Gibson devoted himself to the practice of medicine. He had an old slave, Willis Bird, who waited upon him in a room back of the office. When Willis was told of the approaching marriage of father Gibson and Mother, he refused to believe it. He said, no, it could not be true, that other women had thought they were going to get Marse Henry, but they didn't and it, would be this way again, but he at last accepted the situation and came to the wedding. I started to school at Mrs. Mains. She had a school for girls and small boys conducted on the second floor of her house on Fourth Street. The lower floor was used as a school for boys conducted by Professor Lampshire. It was a cold winter and there was an unusual fall of snow. For three days or more the snow fell. Sleighing was fine, and Mother was kept busy receiving and repaying the calls of her acquaintances.

One afternoon we went for a walk and rang the bell at Captain Stephens. The door was opened to us by Mrs. Stephens, whom we called Aunt Mat. She was most cordial and insisted on our staying to supper, saying she would send word to Father Gibson to meet us there instead of going to the boarding house, which he did, and this was my first introduction to the Stephens family complete, though I had seen Captain Stephens, Aunt Mat and Speed at the wedding and Speed had introduced himself to me as a new cousin. Rhoda Johnson was the baby. Alex was a small boy and considered rather original. He would say funny things and ask funny questions that would make people laugh. Mattie was somewhat older than I was, but we became good friends and playmates. Son Gip and Speed were much older than I was. They told Alex that I was a Texas ranger and he was anxious to see me, and when he had that privilege, needless to say, he was much disappointed. The Stephens' home was on Fifth Street, called Main Street and there was a vacant lot between their home and Uncle Dave Gibson's home, called the middle lot. Later on father Gibson bought the house next to Uncle Dave's so the three families were next to each other, and as there was much intimacy between the families, we were all in and out of the various houses at all hours, day and night. Aunt Matt was always entertaining and there was nearly always something doing at the Stephens home. After a short time a big reception was given at the Stephens' mansion in honor of Mother and Father Gibson. Everybody who was anybody socially in Boonville was invited. It was a rainy night, but that did not keep the guests away. The ladies were resplendent in their fine dresses. We went in a carriage and Father Meurs, the catholic priest, went with us. B. Gratz Brown was then the Governor of Missouri and he came from Jefferson city to attend the reception. I remember him wearing a dove colored suit with a frock coat something like a Prince Albert. As the guests drove up and entered the house they were met at the door and escorted to the dressing rooms above by Speed Stephens and Laura Speed, afterwards Mrs. John S. Elliott. Supper was served in the long dining room in the basement and there was champagne for the favored friends of Captain Stephens. The reception was much talked of and long remembered as a brilliant social event. Of all the people there I think Mrs. Trigg of Boonville and myself are about the only ones living. The next night the Stephens mansion was open to the young people of Boonville, a party given to the friends of "Speed, Gibson and Mittie. At this party supper was served in a smaller dining room under the parlor.

We boarded at the Meyers for several months and then moved to a house on Main Street, known as the Bowers house, which was afterwards remodeled and enlarged by Mr. Sam Wooldridge.

There were three rooms, one after the other, with a kitchen and servants' room. The first was used as a combined guest room and parlor, the second as a family room, and the third as a dining room. In this house Mary was born in 1872 and here Mother entertained Bishop Ryan and the Catholic clergy with him. Bishop Ryan was then coadjutor bishop of St. Louis and afterwards was made Archbishop of Philadelphia. I remember when I was presented to him he took off his Bishop's ring and put it on my finger. Bishop Ryan was a great orator, who spoke with dramatic power. That night after the dinner he delivered a lecture on the signs or marks of the true church in the Thespian Hall. The

Thespian Hall was built by the Thespian Club of Boonville. This club was made up of the wealthy young men of the town and the hall was built to provide a place for their entertainments. There were no theatrical companies on the road then and but few towns in the state had theatres. The Thespian Club of Boonville rehearsed and presented plays. Among the members were Senator Vest, Captain Stephens, Dr. Gibson, E. R. Hayden, and others, and it was an important institution in Boonville. The building stands as it was built, but in after years was converted into a modern theatre. It was used also for church entertainments, festivals, fairs, concerts and lectures. The Catholics had a big fair for the benefit of the church, lasting several days, and Mother was a big worker in this affair. There were various contributions disposed of and quite a sum of money raised. Old Folks concerts were popular. The young people nearly all sang and in these concerts would dress in costume of former years, and sing and play the songs and music that were once popular.

Mr. John L. O'Bryan had a family of young people, and lived in the home now owned by Dr. Van Ravenswaay, and it was large with double parlors that gave ample space for dancing. We were invited to these affairs. Mr. John O'Bryan was a brother of Grandma Gibson, who was Father Gibson's step-mother.

Grandpa Gibson's house was just outside the city limits of Boonville and was a large brick mansion. Over the front porch he had painted in black letters "Gibson House". This was misleading and people passing would often consider it a hotel sign, but it was Grandpa Gibson's idea and it stood as long as he lived. The Gibson mansion was on the road that passed Walnut Grove Cemetery, a short distance from where the road turned into the long lane that led to the new cut road.

Grandpa Gibson named all his children after famous people. Father Gibson's name was Henry Clay. Then there was Martha, likely named for Martha Washington, Benjamin Franklin, the father of Emma Roddy, and Rhoda Arnold, Levi and Mattie: the last two dead. David Barton was the father of Nannie Forsythe, Mittie Irvine, May Wagner and Shelby Gibson of Dallas, Texas, and Philip Gibson, dead. Uncle Dave was married twice. His first wife was Mary Shelby, his second wife was Flora Phillips and May and Philip were her children. Then there was George Washington Gibson and John T. Gibson, the youngest of the children, who married Dora Owens, and was the father of Emma Vawtee, Gertrude Hickman and Jewett. George died of typhoid in 1876. There was an epidemic of the fever that year and there were many deaths and several in the family. Minnie Muir, George Gibson and Gip Stephens all died that summer. We lived in the Bowers house on Main Street for something over a year. Father Gibson bought a home on Main Street that was known as the Leftwich place. It was next door to Uncle Dave Gibson's and has been the family home ever since. When we moved into it Mary was about a year old, so that makes the place the family residence for sixty-three years.

Mother's marriage to Father Gibson broke up the home of Grandpa and Grandma Jones. They were lonely without their children and said they would furnish a room in the house of each of their children and live with them in turn. This was their intention, but the Muir home seemed the most available and they spent most of their time there. They would come into town on Sunday to attend church and would usually have dinner with Mother. The new home we moved into was very comfortable, parlor and back of it a servants' room, hall and family room and a back hall where I had my bed, and a bedroom back of it. In the basement was the kitchen, dining room and pantry. We had various servants to come and go, but at last secured a very excellent woman who took charge of things and was with the family for years. This was Sarah Carville. When Joe, Jr. was sick she came to assist Nannie long years afterwards and Joe called her Aunt Sarah. She also nursed Gibson when he was a baby.

Nannie was born on March 1st, 1874 and named Nancy Jones for Grandma Jones and two years later a third daughter was born, Rhoda Cole, named for Father Gibson's mother. She died early in 1877 of membranous croup.

In 1876 I was entered as a student in Professor Anthony Haynes' School, Cooper Institute.

It was only a few years after the death of Uncle William Muir that Aunt Addie died. Father Gibson had taken as a partner in the practice of medicine Dr. Ed. Evans. This was about 1876.

It was the Centennial Celebration of American Freedom and there was a great exposition in Philadelphia, to which Captain Stephens took Aunt Matt, Son and Mittie, also for a visit to New York. In Philadelphia they stayed at the Continental hotel on 8th and Chestnut Sts., where the Benjamin Franklin Hotel now stands, and they had a great deal to tell of the interesting things they saw when they returned to Boonville. That summer Cousin Fannie Jones came to visit the family. She taught in the school of "The Good Shepherd" in St. Louis, and made the trip from St. Louis to Boonville in company with Cousin Joshua Jones. Father Gibson and I met her at the Missouri Pacific Station and took her to Mother and she and her sister Anne, who came later, spent the summer in Boonville. After Aunt Addie's death, Grandpa and Grandma Jones lived and took charge of things at the Muir home and Cousin Fannie was their guest as well as Mother's, dividing her time between the two places. The Fourth of July in 1876 was celebrated everywhere, and Boonville had its big celebration. There was a parade on the night of July 3rd and speeches in Thespian Hall, a picnic on the Fourth and a display of fireworks in front of the old courthouse that night. 1876 was also election year, the first presidential election I remember. The Democratic candidates were Samuel J. Tilden of New York and Thomas Hendricks of Indiana; the Republican candidates were Hayes and Wheeler. There was much excitement and the election was so close that it was not known until Congress met who the victors were. It was at last decided in favor of Hayes and Wheeler, though many thought the victory really belonged to the Democrats. On March 4th, 1877 Hayes and Wheeler were inaugurated and Grant started on a trip around the world.

At the opening of school year Cousin Fannie and Anne returned to St. Louis, but when Christmas came Cousin Fannie came to Boonville to spend the Christmas vacation. Doug Muir met her in Tipton and brought her to Boonville. The Muir carriage was waiting at the station and we were all glad to have her with us again. Christmas was always a big day in the family. Presents were exchanged and a good time followed. The Muir boys were with us and we all went shopping the day before Christmas. Everybody was out and it was like a reception meeting friends and acquaintances. Christmas day we were all invited to have dinner with Grandpa and Grandma in the country. A day or so after Christmas Uncle Dave's wife, Aunt Mollie, died, and some weeks later Aunt Matt Stephens died. Peggie was then only about two years old. This last death was in 1877. Lon was a student at Washington Lee University, Virginia, at which school Speed had been a student previously. Lon came home when his mother died, and her death was followed shortly afterwards by the death of our little Rhoda. Death had left its trail in five of the family homes within the year.

Our home was small for the growing family and Grandpa Jones offered to improve it. Things were packed up and we went to live in the country while the improvements were made. The back room and the room under it was extended making them large room and two small rooms, one on each side of it were built with a north porch and a room back of the parlor built. It took some time to do this for Boonville workmen were slow. Old Mr. Jeter, Austin Speeds father-in-law, did the work. When it was finished and things were in order it was a very comfortable home. After little Rhoda's death, Nannie became the baby again, and a very exacting baby she was. She was cute but badly spoiled. She and Mary were playing they were peddlers one day and Nannie undertook to walk on the rail of an upper porch with her peddler's pack, she lost her balance and fell striking her head on the steps below and cut a gash in her forehead, which laid her up for sometime and frightened us all very much.

In September 1877, Mother took me to Notre Dame and entered me as a student. The school had been suggested to her by cousin Dick Muir of Brunswick, Missouri. I was fifteen years old and had really never been away from home before. It was a new world to me, Captain Stephens took us to St. Louis where a railroad friend of his met us and saw me aboard the sleeper for Chicago on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. From Chicago we went to South Bend on the Lake Shore Railroad, and from South Bend to Notre Dame in Skickeys Bus. Father Corby was President. We arrived on Saturday and Mother left me Monday afternoon. I felt desolate, but soon made friends and fell into the school life. I went home for Christmas and Cousin Fannie and Mittie Stephens, who was at the Good Shepherd School in St. Louis were also in Boonville for the Christmas vacation. We had a pleasant Christmas. The young people gave a dance and Speed Stephens took Cousin Fannie to the dance. She wore

Mother's jewelry and said none of the girls had anything to compare with the jewels that she wore. She returned to her school duties before I went back to Notre Dame. I went out to see Grandpa and Grandma. Hugh and Caleb were the only ones of the family left at the Muir home. It was the last time I saw Grandma. She died shortly after I returned to Notre Dame. One night after Supper she lay down on the bed and when Grandpa went to her she was dead. It must have been a heart attack that caused her death.

I remained as long as I could, but finally went back to Notre Dame. Cousin Joshua Jones went to St. Louis the same day and he bought my ticket to Chicago. In the sleeper I met W. B. Walker, a student at Notre Dame, so I had company from St. Louis, which helped to keep up my spirits. Cousin Fannie and a companion also met me at the station and were with me to train time.

We were several weeks late in returning to Notre Dame. When we met Father Corby, the President, he smiled, shook his head and said, "Well boys, better late than never". She died several months after my return to Notre Dame. She wrote me a beautiful letter after my return, the only one she ever wrote me. I am sorry I did not keep it.

Grandma's death broke up the home in the country. The furniture and belongings were sold and Grandpa, Hugh and Caleb came to town and lived with Mother. Sallie Chapman, who was in Boonville at the time, took Willie Muir back to Kansas City when she went home. Willie lived with the Chapmans and learned telegraphy and became an operator and so earned his living. Caleb became a merchant, starting with Howard and Allen in Boonville and later he was with a Sedalia firm, Johnson and Wharton I think was the firm's name. He came to Boonville several years with a branch store which the firm had in Boonville during the Christmas season. Later he had a large book and stationery business, wholesale and retail, I located in Sedalia, and with him as partners were Reed Quarles and a Mr. Farrel. The firm's name was Muir, Quarles and Farrel. Afterwards he took over the business in his own name and continued it until a few months before his death. He had lung trouble and when his health failed went to Phoenix, Arizona for the benefit of the climate, but he failed rapidly and came back to Sedalia a few months later to die. He was engaged to marry a beautiful Sedalia girl who at the time of his death was at a school in the East. He asked to see her but the girl's mother thought it would be too hard on her daughter to come and be present at the final scene. He died at the home of Mr. Johnson on Broadway in Sedalia. Mother and I visited him during his final illness and when he died his remains were brought to Boonville and he was laid to rest in the family lot in Walnut Grove.

When a young man, Willie Muir went out to the west coast and located in Portland, Oregon. He became a lawyer and was a brilliant one, and stood high in the legal profession. He was associated with Judge Whaley in the practice of law and married the Judge's daughter Jane. There were several children born to them, a son William and a daughter Jane or Jean. The son took a course of study at Columbia University, New York, and once visited Boonville, while returning to Portland from New York. He called on Mother and Mary, who at the time were not in a position to entertain him. I heard Mother express deep regret over this and say that she wanted him to come again when she could make his visit pleasant. This son is now a lawyer and the daughter, I understand, is a writer. The mother, Willie's widow, and children now live in Miami, Florida. Willie Muir's health failed about 1912. He made a fight for his life, but died something more than a year afterwards.

Cousin Fannie came to Boonville to attend the funeral of Grandma Jones. Captain Stephens was in love with Cousin Fannie and on the trip back to St. Louis he asked her to marry him. She wrote to Grandpa and Father Gibson asking their advice. Both advised her to accept, which she did. She gave up her position in the school and went to the Lacleed Hotel in St. Louis where she lived in company with Cousin Joshua Jones and his wife, Cousin Richy, until she was married to Captain Stephens. The wedding took place in the spring of 1878 in St. Louis. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Betts, a friend of cousin Fannie, and a large party of relatives and friends went from Boonville to attend, Mother and Father Gibson were among those who went, and Mother wrote me about the wedding in a letter to me at Notre Dame. Captain Stephens was appointed a delegate to the Paris Exposition and he and Cousin Fannie went abroad for their wedding trip, which lasted until mid-summer.

When I went to Notre Dame in 1877 Mary was five and Nannie three years old.

I soon grew to like Notre Dame. It was a world to me in itself. There was nothing rough about the life. I had congenial friends in the students and faculty. Father Timothy Maher, Professor Joseph A. Lyons and Brother Leander were among my best friends. In the spring of 1878 I took part in a play given by the Philopatrian Society of which I was a member. The play was "The Expiation", a story of Spain. I had an important part and the Notre Dame Scholastic in speaking of the play said "William J. McCarthy carried off the honors of the evening by his splendid conception of his part and the manner in which he carried it out."

When I went home at the end of the first year I was met in St. Louis by Mother who with Speed Stephens had come to St. Louis to select furniture, carpets and wall paper for the rooms Cousin Fannie was to occupy in the Stephens home, and we spent several days at the Hotel. Mother helped to put the Stephens' home in order and the bride and groom returned to Boonville. Cousin Fannie improved in looks and was really a very pretty, and attractive woman and her marriage to Captain Stephens was the talk of the town.

In September I returned to Notre Dame, where I met my old friends and made new ones. When the Christmas vacation came I went to Boonville again. There was a theatrical company playing that week in Boonville and we saw several of the plays "Divorce" and "The Two Orphans".

There was a party given at Captains Kinney's on the other side of the Missouri River. It was very cold and the Missouri River was frozen so hard that teams and conveyances crossed on the ice. A party of society girls from Boonville started for Captain Kinney's late in the afternoon in a sleigh, Mittie Stephens, Cora Wertheimer, Maggie Stephens, Mary Bunce, a Miss Peckman of St. Louis and several others. When they were on the river the ice began to crack. The girls became frightened and got out of the sleigh and ran towards the shore and as they did so the sleigh and horses went under. The driver saved himself, but the sleigh and horses were lost. It was a narrow escape for the girls. The St. Louis papers had an account of it the next day. My vacation was shorter this year and I returned to Notre Dame about the time school reopened.

On April 23, 1879, Notre Dame was destroyed by fire. I telegraphed the news and money was sent me and I came home. We had four months vacation that year instead of two. The school reopened with new buildings in September and Mother went on with me when I returned. In January 1880 Martha was born and father Gibson wrote me the news. Speed Stephens married Jennie Thompson just before I came home for another vacation, and Lon was married to Maggie Nelson. Lon had a quiet wedding. Speed a big one. Lon and Maggie lived with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. Speed and Jennie had the old Ackle (Aehle?) house on Main Street for their residence.

I was graduated in the class of 1883. Mother and Mary come on to the commencement and we visited Cousin Jane Simpson in Lafayette, Indiana. Cousin Jane was the daughter of a sister of Grandpa's and a first cousin of Mother's. We met Nannie, Martha and Aunt Kittie in St. Louis, spent a week in St. Louis and came on to Boonville. Captain Stephens only lived few years after his second marriage. I think he died the summer of 1881. It was very hot and he was taken ill early one morning. Drs. were called but nothing could be done and after a very brief time he died. After Captain Stephens' death, Cousin Fannie lived in St. Louis and it was with her we visited on our way home.

There were two sons born to Cousin Fannie and Captain Stephens, Custis G. and Joseph L. Stephens, Jr. Custis married a Baltimore girl, and after his death his widow and children went to live in Baltimore. Joseph married a St. Louis girl and he and his son now live in Los Angeles. After a few years Cousin Fannie married W. J. Ladd, of St. Louis, and there were three daughters born of this marriage, Mary, Anne and Louise. Mary Ladd married a young St. Louis physician, who after the World War located in Los Angeles and this caused Cousin Fannie and her children to move to Los Angeles. Cousin Fannie is still living, but she is blind and eighty-six years old.

In the spring of 1883 Grandpa Jones died he had been generous in providing for his children and the estate he left was not large. His will was that the income from his estate be used for ten years for the benefit of the children of Uncle George Jones and for Hugh Muir, and then divided among his heirs. The executors named in the will refused to serve so the Public Administrator, Veit Eppstein,

served. The will was carried out to the letter, but at the wish and request of the heirs the final settlement and distribution was made through W. W. Trigg. There was a family by the name of Cox who lived in the old home Oakland and Grandpa spent a lot time at the old place with them. I think he was well on in the seventies when he died. He grew quite feeble, and slept much of the time. When we were boys he wondered why we liked to sleep in the morning, but the latter part of his life he slept most of the time. He died at our Boonville home. The funeral services were at the Methodist Church, of which denomination he had long been a devout member. He was a man of iron will, the soul of honor, prejudicial, but very just from the standpoint from which he viewed things kind and generous to his children and grandchildren, and he held the respect of all who knew him. He was always very kind to me and I felt almost as near to him as if he had been my father and loved him very much.

I have oil paintings of Grandpa and Grandma which I claimed, as I was the only one of the family who really knew and remembered them.

I spent a year at home in Boonville after my graduation and had a little taste of Boonville society. Henry Thompson bought and improved Major Clark's home across the street from us and he and his wife, Clara Bell, an old neighbor in the country, gave a party to which I went. Mittie Stephens had married Abiel Leonard of Saline County and they were in Boonville for Christmas. Mother gave a supper in their honor and Speed and Jennie gave a party to which we were invited. Martha was then about three years and was a bright precocious child. We went to a circus and Mother and I spent Fair Week in St. Louis. The streets of the city were illuminated with gas lights with variously colored glass globes turning night into day and it was considered a wonderful sight. We saw the Veiled Prophet's parade and attended the fair.

The year 1884 was a Presidential Election year. The Democratic candidates were Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Heuchics. The Republican candidates were Blaine and Logan. There was a big Democratic rally held in Boonville and I heard speeches delivered by Governor Crittenden of Missouri, Senator George G. Vest and Senator Francis M. Cockrell. Senator Vest was the orator and had a national reputation for his eloquence. He called to see Father Gibson who was slowly recovering from an accident. One Sunday afternoon some stray hogs were found in the garden and in driving them out Father Gibson slipped and fell breaking his leg. He was laid up for weeks but entirely recovered. In the early fall I left for Philadelphia to attend lectures at the University of Pennsylvania.

It was my first winter in a city and I enjoyed the advantages of city life. Electric cars were just beginning to replace the old horse cars. I made a friend of a young man of the University and we roomed together. We first boarded near the University, but moved to a house downtown located I think on North 14th Street. I enjoyed the advantages of the theatre and saw some very celebrated artists. Madame Jannchek in "My Life", Joseph Murphy in "The Kerry Gow". Gow is the Irish name for blacksmith, and in the play Murphy shod a horse on the stage, which was considered a wonderful piece of realism, Adelaide Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne in "Marie Antoinette" and Schiller's "Mary Stuart", Lotta Crabtree in "Zip" and "Nitouche", John T. Raymond in "For Congress", Joseph Jefferson in "Rip van Winkle", the Union Square Company with Sarah Jewett in "Separation", the Madison Square Company in "May Blossom", Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart", Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Merchant of Venice", "Hamlet", "Twelfth Night" and "Louis XI", Lawrence Barrett with Louis James and Marie Waizright in "Frances Da Rimini", "Richlieu", "Hamlet", "Yorick's Love", and "Julius Caesar", Fannie Davenport in "Dedora", Pattie and the Mapleson Opera Company in "La Traviata", also the operas "Faust" and "La Sanambula" and the spectacle "Sisaba" at the Academy of Music. At the Cathedral I heard Archbishop Ryan's sermons and at St. John's I heard the famous choir in musical vespers on Sunday afternoons.

The political campaign waxed warm. Republicans had been in power over twenty years. Election night came. It rained, but that did not keep the crowd in. The streets were packed and I waited with the crowd in the rain to get the returns. The result was not known for several days, but at last victory was given to Cleveland & Heneicks. During the campaign I saw and heard the famous Ben Butler speak in Horticultural Hall on Broad Street. I was told that he always appeared with a flower in his buttonhole. That night I looked, the flower was there. My friend went home Christmas. He lived in

Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Charlie Swap was in Philadelphia taking a course at the Dental College. He had Christmas dinner with me and we went to see a comic opera "Nell Gwynn" at the Broad Street Theatre afterwards. I was attending lectures at the Law School of the University. I was discouraged and had a feeling that I was needed at home. There were three newspapers published in Boonville. The Republican paper, Boonville Advertiser and Boonville Topic are weekly papers. The Topic was edited and published by Samuel J. Ravenel who consented to sell me a two-fifths interest in the paper, so in January I returned to Boonville to take up this work. Mr. and Mrs. Trigg had just moved into a handsome new home just opposite from us. I had my twenty-third birthday. Mary was thirteen. Nannie eleven and Martha five years old. I had for a birthday gift this year a copy of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur".

Nannie Gibson, Uncle Dave's Nannie, or big Nannie, as we called her, was about grown, also Uncle Frank's daughter Emma Gibson. The Boonville society girls had a club called the N. S. Cooking Club. N. S. stood for None Such. They gave parties at the homes of the members and the supper was furnished by contributions of the members, the items supposed to be of their own making. These entertainments, social functions were chaperoned by Mrs. Lon V. Stephens, Mrs. Fred Babcock and Mrs. H. M. Clark, and the Cooking Club was a much talked of institution in Boonville. Each of the members invited a gentleman escort for the parties and I was usually honored with an invitation from one of the members. At these receptions there was no dancing or card playing. They were simply social affairs.

Mother and Father Gibson celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary by entertaining a large company of their married friends and the young people of the town, but the guests were not informed it was their crystal wedding until they assembled. The next day there were a number of gifts sent them and the side board was full of new glassware.

In 1885 Doug Muir had developed consumption and came home to die. His death was at our home. I was given a party on my twenty-fifth birthday. The young people of the town and some of the older ones were our guests.

In the late summer of 1887 Father Gibson had a stroke of paralysis. He was unable to use his legs. Gradually the disease worked upward until it reached his heart, then he died. His death came in December. He was a Methodist and was buried from the Methodist Church. The Masons attended in a body and took part in the service. Everything was done to minister to his comfort and help but to no avail. We had a celebrated physician, Dr. Hughes of St. Louis, come to Boonville to see him. He examined him but could do nothing to help him. Father Gibson was a good man, the soul of honor, charitable to all and kind and affectionate to his family. His books showed many thousand dollars due him. We collected only a very small amount of this.

Uncle Dave's daughter Nannie was married in the fall of 1887 to J. W. Forsythe, a tailor of Kansas City. The wedding took place at Christ Episcopal Church and the bride and groom went direct to Kansas City where they still live.

In September 1888 we took Mary and Nannie and entered them as students at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. Mary was in tears but Nannie accepted the situation. Returning by way of Chicago we saw an exposition on the lake front and Thomas W. Keene in "Richard III". Martha wanted to get home, so we left during the performance and took the night train for Boonville by way of Quincy and Hannibal.

The girls appeared to be satisfied and kept us informed through letters of their school life. In June I went on to the Commencement and brought them back to Boonville. To our surprise they did not want to go back to St. Mary's, so Mother made arrangement to send them to the Visitation Academy in St. Louis. This put them nearer home and they grew to be fond of the School.

I was having trouble with my newspaper business. Mr. Ravenel was in debt and his creditors were after their money and tried to force me out. I took the matter up with a lawyer and instead of forcing me out I had a receiver appointed, the paper sold and received my two-fifths share of the investment.

I took Mother for a trip to Texas. We visited Uncle Dave and Flora who had moved to Dallas and also San Antonio and how Mother did enjoy the visit to San Antonio and meeting her old friends.



We went to the Manger Hotel and Mother located her old room then across Alamo Plaza to the Gallagher home, entering through the back gate. Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Julia Gallagher and her daughter had just returned home from the East where Eloise had been at school. They gave us a warm welcome and insisted upon our being their guests. We also went to see Mrs. Kate V. Elliott, another warm friend of Mothers. Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Tonstall, Mr. Twohy and his sister Miss. Kate, Mrs. Maverick and others. Mrs. Elliott had us to dine, and Mrs. Bennett and the Tonstalls also entertained us. We were there only a few days, but it was a very pleasant visit. Mother said when she saw the plains of Texas she felt like she was back home again.

When the World's Fair was on in Chicago about 1893 Mrs. Elliott attended it and stopped for a short visit in Boonville. When Thanksgiving came I went to St. Louis and took Mary and Nannie out for dinner and to a matinee at Grand Opera House, where we saw Sol Smith Russell in "A Poor Relation". "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was being shown that week at the Olympic Theatre.

The Girls city: home for Christmas and there was the usual round of entertainments including a dance to which we all went. I took Mary and Charlie Keith of Kansas City, Nannie. Mother gave a dinner on New Year's day, and the girls went back to school. Senator and Mrs. Cockrell were visiting Mr. and Mrs. John R. Walker and Mother gave a reception to Mrs. Cockrell. There were only ladies invited, but the Senator came before supper was served and willingly took a seat at the table. Rhoda Johnson was just through her finishing school in Washington and back from an European trip and she and Emma Gibson assisted in receiving the company.

I was looking for something in a business way and so took another trip to Dallas in January 1890 and from Dallas to San Angelo, Texas, where Will Wright, a connection of the family lived. I thought of locating in Dallas, but after looking the field over I went back to Boonville and bought an established book and stationery business from Mrs. John P. Neef. The girls came home for the Easter vacation and also for the summer. They liked the Visitation Academy and made friends, two of whom, Veach Mathews and Gertie Flanagan came for a visit to them in Boonville during the summer. Mrs. Trigg gave a party in their honor and Mother gave a dancing party.

The second year at Visitation, the girls both graduated and Mary was valedictorian of the class. When they returned home from school there was a surprise for them. The house had been made over and a second story added making it a very comfortable and attractive home.

After Christmas that year Clara Nelson of Ft. Scott, Kansas, came to visit Mary and Nannie and remained for about five weeks and Charlie Keith was a guest for a few days. The young man gave a dance with a supper at Wagners, to which we all went, and the girls gave a party at Major Clark's home.

In January 1894 Uncle Frank Gibson died. He was sick but a short time. The family were deeply grieved but the three children, Emma, Rhoda and Levi continued to live at the home in the country.

That fall Rhoda Stephens was married to Wilbur T. Johnson. The reception was to have been held at Speed's, but due to the death of Speed and Jennie's little son Speed, the reception was at Alex' home on Morgan Street. The ceremony took place at the Presbyterian Church. There were six bridesmaids and their attendants. It was a big society event. Clara Nelson came for the wedding and Mother gave a party for the young people.

In 1894 I had an interview with John W. Norton, Manager of the Grand Opera House, St. Louis. He heard me read a scene from Julius Caesar and consented to train me for the stage. I went to him for instruction in June and was with him in the fall and early winter until about Christmas. He was killed in a railway wreck in January going to New York to arrange for the appearance in St. Louis of a Grand Opera Company at Music Hall, and I was assisted in my study for the stage by Charles R. Pope, and it was through his assistance that Nannie secured an engagement with Rhea and I with Effie Ellsler. This was in 1895. Nannie was with Rhea for two seasons, 1895-6 and 1896-7 and it was in the company of Rhea that Nannie met Joseph O'Meara of Cincinnati.

When I returned to Boonville in 1896 I was informed of their engagement. I was with them, that summer when Rhea and her company were playing at the Soldiers Home in Dayton, Ohio. Both

continued with Rhea another season. At the end of this Nannie came home. Late in the spring Mr. O'Meara came to Boonville and he and Nannie played the Missouri towns in Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" and I was with the company. In September they were married by Father Kussman at St. Peter and Paul's Church, Boonville, with a nuptial high mass. The ushers were W. H. Trigg, John Waltz, Erskine Russell and myself. In the evening there was a reception for the family and a few friends.

The Gibson - O'Meara Company played that season with a repertoire of three plays, "Ingomar", "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Romance of a Poor Young Man". Lon Stephens was governor of Missouri and when the company played Jefferson City the entire company was invited to the governor's mansion after the performance.

Business was poor and the venture came to an end about Christmas. We went to Boonville after Christmas. I secured a position with the St. Louis News Company and Mr. O'Meara went to Cincinnati and became a member of the Brady Stock Company at the Star Theatre and later Nannie joined the company. The next year I came to Cincinnati to play with the Brady Company. That was in 1898 and on November 8th, 1898, Joseph O'Meara, Jr. was born. Mother had rented her home in Boonville and had come with Mary and Martha to Cincinnati. They had a flat on John Street and it was in this flat that Joseph, Jr. was born. I was sent for Dr. Flanagan early in the morning. At the theatre we were doing "Our Boys". Mr. O'Meara was doing one of the fathers and I had the part of the butler. We were anxious to get the news and as I was ready to leave from the theatre as soon as the curtain was down, I was the first to reach the flat and see the baby. Mrs. O'Meara and Mother had charge of things and I was told Nannie had the finest baby ever seen.

Next followed Martha's marriage to A. K. Mills, Jr. This took place about Thanksgiving, on a Saturday between the matinee and night performance of "Passion's Slave". They were married in the sacristy of St. Edward's Church. After the supper that followed the ceremony we returned to the theatre and Martha and Mr. Mills took the night train for St. Louis and from St. Louis they went to Boonville.

Business at the Theatre was poor. J. K. Tillotson had a new war play which he had written and wished to try. The title was "Report for Duty". A production was given the play with the members of the stock company and others in the cast. The first performance was on Christmas Eve. The play was kept on two weeks and the company afterwards taken to Chicago where it had a brief showing and was closed. Mother and the family returned to Boonville, I to St. Louis and Mr. O'Meara was engaged to play the leads with the Hopkins Stock Company in Memphis, Tennessee. Nannie joined him and they were there to the end of the season when they went to Boonville for the summer.

I played with the stock company at the Imperial Theatre, and with the Giffen Company at the Grand Opera House and went to Paducah, Kentucky for the summer with a company playing at LaBelle Park. In the fall I returned to St. Louis and played Fair Week with Lawrence Hanley and Edmund D. Lyons in "Lady Clancarty" at the Grand and then went to Chicago and from there to Davenport, Iowa, to join Ferris Comedians. Mr. O'Meara returned to Memphis for another engagement with the stock company. I think he was in Memphis three or four years and in Nashville for a season at the Vendome Theatre there. He was a fine actor, tall and distinguished in appearance, a fine voice and ability as a director. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Meara of Cincinnati. He was educated at the Jesuit College and went on the stage when he was young. He met the French actress Rhea and she made a place for him in her company, took an interest in him and taught him how to act. He was an apt pupil and was a member of her company for four years. In October 1900 Henry O'Meara was born at the home in Boonville, and in August 1902 Margaret Mary O'Meara was born at the home in Boonville. She was named for the two grandmothers. They were this season in Nashville, Tennessee and spent the summer in Boonville. In 1903-4 I think they were in Toledo, Ohio. In the summer of 1904 Rhoda was born in Boonville. The season of 1904-5 was spent in Chicago. Joe Jr. was ill and under treatment. Dr. Glenn of Chicago, a celebrated specialist had charge of his case and he was benefited by his treatment. Joe Sr. had an engagement with the stock company at the Peoples Theatre on Van Buren and Levitt Streets. The family lived in an apartment on Garfield Avenue near the hospital where Joe Jr. was taken for treatment. In the spring Mr. O'Meara went to Philadelphia to join a stock company that Walter Edwards was organizing to play through the South.

When Joe Jr. was ill in Boonville, Mr. O'Meara gave up his engagement with the Walter Edwards Company and came to Boonville. The rapid increase in the family numbers made it necessary for him to be with the family and he decided to give up playing and devote himself to teaching, so after a stay in Boonville he left for Toledo to take up this work, but it was a brief trial for Joe Jr.'s condition required that he be taken to Chicago for treatment, and it was necessary for Mr. O'Meara to be with the family. He wrote to Eugene Moore, an actor friend, whom he knew in Nashville and who was leading man with the company at the Peoples Theatre and through Mr. Moore's recommendation, the company's manager, Fred G. Conrad offered him the place of heavy man of the company and he went to Chicago where he secured the apartment on Garfield Avenue and made arrangements for the family and this was all done prior to Nannie's departure with Joe Jr. and the baby Rhoda. I and a man crated and packed the family belongings and sent them by freight to Chicago.

The World's Fair was on in St. Louis this season and travel was heavy. Dr. Roddy and Emma met Nannie and the children in St. Louis and helped them aboard the sleeper for Chicago and Mr. O'Meara met them on arrival in Chicago and took them to a boarding house not far from the hospital until the apartment was made ready for them.

This left Henry and Margaret in Boonville. Henry was four and Margaret two years old. When they were ready for Henry and Margaret I took them to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Seward and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Nelson were with me as far as St. Louis and their attendants helped we with the children. Mother had gone to St. Louis to have a look at the Exposition and she and Emma Roddy met us at the train. They dressed Margaret so she made the rest of the trip comfortably. We had supper at the station and I secured a lower berth to Chicago. We made the trip without much trouble. Margaret began to cry after all had gone to bed in the car and I walked her and quieted her. The train was late in reaching Chicago. The porter had misplaced a little cap Margaret was wearing and could not find it, so when we arrived I tied a handkerchief around Margaret's head that made her look like a little emigrant. Mr. O'Meara met us and took us out to the apartment on Garfield Avenue. A national election had just been held and Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for the presidency had been defeated by Theodore Roosevelt. Lincoln Park was not far from the apartment in Chicago and when Joe Jr. began to improve in health I could take him with Henry to the park to give them a little outing. There was a baby carriage used for Rhoda. I would put Joe in the carriage and wheel him in this manner to the park and would sometimes take Margaret also in the little carriage. Margaret would sit on the floor of the little carriage, Joe on the seat. Henry was a was a good walker and would trot along beside us.

Grandfather O'Meara came once for a little visit to Chicago and he went with us to Lincoln Park. He walked slowly and we had to go slow that day for his benefit. I had difficulty in making Henry understand why we could not move at the usual pace.

Shortly after Mr. O'Meara went East Nannie decided to return to Boonville with the children. The furniture and household effects were packed and freighted to Boonville and I saw her off. Joe, Jr. was on the way to recovery, but not strong enough to walk. I carried him from the Elevated Road to the Union Station where they took the Chicago and Alton train to St. Louis. During that same summer of 1904 Henry was desperately ill with typhoid fever and I did not think he was going to get well. The crisis came and I watched with Nannie through the night. It passed and he was on the road to recovery.

In 1902 A. K. was born in the old home in Boonville, and he grew into a very beautiful baby and he and Margaret were playmates. They were very fond of dressing up in their mother's dresses, lifting their trains and calling themselves Mrs. O'Meara and Mrs. Mills.

At the end of the summer's engagement with Walter Evans, Mr. O'Meara went to New York and was engaged by Harrison Gray Fiske for the company of Madam Bertha Kallish in "Mona Vanna". "Mona Vanna" was produced at the Standard Theatre in New York that stood about where Macy's Department store now stands. When Harrison Gray Fiske leased it the name was changed to the Manhattan and it was the home theatre of Mrs. Fiske and her company called the Manhattan company, and here for several years Mrs. Fiske produced many of her long list of successful plays. The "Snow

Ball" was preceded by the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet", Mr. O'Meara playing Romeo and Nannie Juliet in costume. "Mona Vanna" ran for eight weeks in New York and then was taken to various cities. There was a short lay off before Christmas and Mr. O'Meara visited the family in Boonville.

He was in Boonville the following summer. The traveling men of Missouri had a meeting in Boonville that summer and the Boonville people made of it quite an event. There was a flower parade. Different people who had cars decorated them with paper flowers and joined in the parade. Mrs. Charles Andrews invited Henry O'Meara to ride a pony that the Andrews had in the parade and Henry dressed in his best and was a part of the parade. Alex Stephens who with Crockett Hickman managed the Opera House, wanted an attraction at the opera House. There was no road company available at this time of year, So Mr. O'Meara was invited to furnish an entertainment, which he did. The play selected was "The Snow Ball". Mr. O'Meara and Nannie played the leads, and I did the character part, Uncle John. We were assisted by Margaret Michelle, Minnie Gross, Henry Goodman and Mr. King. The Play was presented to a capacity audience at Thespian Opera House and quite a good sum of money made. "The Snow Ball" was given for a matinee performance also.

The following season 1905-6 Mr. O'Meara was with Nance O'Neill and McKee Rankin. To begin with Miss O'Neill had a repertoire of plays. After a time it was necessary to replace the gentleman who had been doing the lead and Mr. O'Meara was given the place of leading man. Miss O'Neill was featuring a garden play, "The Sorceress" and the company were out on the west coast when she was offered the leading part by Belasco in "The Lilly" and the company was closed to enable her to accept this engagement.

A stock engagement was offered Mr. O'Meara in Salt Lake City and he was there for the summer, returning to Boonville late in the summer. In the fall he moved the family to Cincinnati and became Professor of the Dramatic Department in the College of Music, Cincinnati, which he held up to the year of his death, 1921. He gave up acting to be with the family. During the vacation periods he sometimes had engagements with stock companies. One summer he was in Sacramento, California and several summers he spent at the Suburban Garden in St. Louis when the Openheimers had the garden. He went first as an actor member of the company, but for several seasons he was director of the company. The Stock Star System was followed there bringing him in contact with Amelia Bingham, Marguerite Clark, Charlotte Walker and other well known players.

When the O'Meara's first came to Cincinnati they lived in a rented house in Norwood, afterwards buying the house at 2263 Monroe Avenue, which is still the family home. In November 1907 Agnes was born and named for the two grandmothers.

In 1896 Lon V. Stephens was elected governor of Missouri. Prior to that he had filled the office of State Treasurer during Governor William J. Stone's term of office, and prior to that had been State Treasurer by appointment. In 1896 Margaret B. Stephens was married to Paul B. Moore of Charleston, Missouri. Lon V. Stephens acted as guardian for Peggie, as Margaret was called by the family, and the wedding took place in Lon and Maggie's home in Jefferson City. Nannie and I were on the road at the time, but Mother and Mary attended.

The servant question was a very difficult one in Boonville and to be relieved from the care of housekeeping Mother decided to rent her home to Mrs. Baker, retaining only the upper floor for the use of herself and family. Mrs. Baker taking the rest of the house and boarding the family. This was in 1894. Mrs. Baker was a very charming lady, but she had a lady boarder who was antagonistic and this caused an unpleasantness that led to Mother taking back the home in 1896.

Other weddings in the family were those of Alexander H. Stephens and Addie Edgar, who have one son, Alexander Stephens, Emma Gibson and Dr. W. A. Roddy of St. Louis, Rhoda Gibson and R. L. Arnold. The Arnolds have a family of children and grandchildren and live now in Joplin, Missouri. Levi W. Gibson married a lady by the name of Harte and lived with her at the country home and in Boonville. For some reason she left him and nobody knows what became of her. Levi died in 1921 of cancer of the throat. Dr. Roddy died in 1926 and Emma still lives in St. Louis.

About 1908 A. K. Mills, Jr. tried at the Democratic Primary Election for the nomination for the office of County Treasurer, but was unsuccessful. He decided to move his family to Denver, Colorado. There were two children now, A. K. and the Baby Gibson, born in Boonville. They made their home in Denver for several years and Mother and Mary made them a visit while they were living in Denver and A. K. took them to see the places of interest, Pike's Peak and other places. The Mills moved from Denver to Kansas City for a time and then Mr. Mills bought a funeral director's business in Webb City, Missouri and the family went to Webb City. This was about 1913. I saw them in the fall of 1913 in Kansas City, the week I was playing at the Grand Opera House with Sarah Padden in "Lavender and Old Lace". I missed Gus at the station when we arrived in Kansas City, but he and Martha came to the theatre to see me during a matinee we were playing. After the matinee they took me out to their home. It was some distance out and I had to hurry back for the night performance at the theatre. A. K. and Gibson had been left at the home when Martha and Gus came to see me at the theatre and as it was dark before we could reach them, they were frightened at the idea of being left alone. I was out a number of times during the week. One afternoon Martha, A. K. Gibson and I went to an afternoon performance at a vaudeville theatre and they were all my guests for the Saturday matinee performance of "Lavender and Old Lace".

The summer of 1914 the Mills family spent some time in Boonville before deciding definitely to make the move to Webb City and Gus took Martha to Webb City to look things over. Gus had great confidence in Martha's judgment and said he always consulted her about his business moves.

In the fall of 1914 I played a night in Joplin, Missouri, and passing through Webb City enroute to Joplin, got off and spent the afternoon with the Mills. They were comfortably established in Webb City and were making some very good friends there. I had dinner with them and we all took the street car for Joplin. Joplin is only a short ride from Webb City. They were my guests again to see Sarah Padden in "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row". The Mills family returned to Webb City after the performance, but I remained in Joplin. We did not leave Joplin until the afternoon of the following day, so I went to Webb City for a last good-bye to Martha and it was a last good-bye, for I never saw her again. She died in January 1916. I had been playing in New York with Sarah Padden in "The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row" in a dramatic act taken from the play of the same name, by Howard McKent Barnes. He did it first at the 81st Street Theatre and afterwards at various vaudeville theatres in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. A route had been given the act in the big time Keith Theatres and we left for Springfield, Mass. I knew Martha was very ill and that Mother had gone to Webb City to be with her. After we left a telegram was sent me to New York announcing her death, but I had left the city and did not receive it, it not being forwarded to me. From Springfield we went to Woester, Mass. and there I received a letter from Emma Roddy telling me of Martha's death. The letter was received at the theatre when I went to it for a matinee performance, which I had to play just after receiving the sad news. I was crushed, heart-broken, for I loved Martha very dearly. She was always kind to me. Martha was always delicate. She had heart trouble. I don't know really what caused her death. Martha developed into a very fine character. She had a well balanced mind that made her view things from a common-sense point of view. She made friends and was popular. As a child she was beautiful, and in her new home Webb City, she made warm friends and was very much thought of. She was bright and attractive, a good wife and a good mother. Her death was a blow to the family and to us all. She was brought to Boonville. The funeral services were from the Catholic Church and she was laid to rest in Walnut Grove.

Martha's death left Gus with the two boys, A. K. and Gibson, with nobody to take care of them. Mrs. Mills' Gus' mother returned with them to Webb City after the funeral and as soon as Mother could arrange her affairs in Boonville she and Mary went to Webb City and took charge of the boys, keeping house for Gus. This they did for nearly two years, until the early summer of 1917 when they returned to Boonville, bringing A. K. and Gibson with them. I gave up a stock engagement with the Ed. Williams Company in Quincy, Illinois and reached Boonville the Saturday before they came and did what I could to put the house in order for them. They arrived Monday afternoon and Mrs. Trigg invited us all to supper that evening. Mother and Mary were delighted to be home again. I spent the summer in

Boonville. Aubrey Mills' wife was sick and was brought to Boonville for treatment. Mrs. Mills came with her and while they were in the house Nannie sent a letter that Gus had written her announcing his engagement to Fyrne of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mrs. Mills was in tears and very much upset but Mother and Mary accepted the situation quietly.

When the schools opened A. K. attended the Laura Speed High School and Gibson the Catholic School. Mother had a bad attack of hay fever but was better, so in September I left for Chicago, where I secured an engagement with Mary Nash in "The Man Who Came Back", playing at the Princess Theatre in Chicago. When Gus was married he and his bride went to Kansas City where A. K. and Gibson met them. They went to Webb City, I think, for Thanksgiving and Gus kept Gibson, while A. K. returned to school in Boonville. Mr. O'Meara's health failed and he was placed in a hospital during his illness Nannie took his place at the College of Music and Mother and Mary came to Cincinnati to do what they could to help in this emergency. A. K. returned to Webb City. It was very cold this winter. One night as Nannie was returning from the College of Music and a visit to the hospital she was held up by a negro man between the car line and her Norwood home and her purse taken from her. She was badly frightened and reported the incident to the authorities as soon as she reached home, but the negro was not found.

Mr. O'Meara was benefited by the treatment and recovered sufficiently to return to his work and Mother and Mary went back to Boonville. This was in 1917 and 1918. The United States had entered the World War and history was in the making. I was in Chicago for nineteen weeks playing at the Princess Theatre. Between the acts of the play Liberty Bonds were sold from the stage and we gave extra performances for the benefit of the War Fund. Soldiers were seen everywhere, on the streets, in the railway stations, the hotels, churches and restaurants. Excitement ran high. There were meatless days and days for fuel saving. For weeks all the theatres were closed for one day each week, this being done to save coal and there was the greatest snow fall that I ever saw in Chicago that winter. It was on a Sunday and lasted all day and into the night. I went from my hotel, the Clarendon on North Clark Street and Ontario Street on a street car and said before I started if there was anybody in the audience they should be spanked and sent home. When the curtain went up I was surprised to find a large audience assembled. The City was snowed in. People could not get out of the city or into it. The hotels were all crowded. People had to do something and that accounted for the large audience at the theatre. For several days the big department stores closed at 2 P.M. to enable the employees to get to their homes. Everybody was at work clearing the streets of the snow and the Chicago papers said the snow was a greater disaster to the city than the great fire had been. The company went from Chicago to Detroit for two weeks, then to Philadelphia for twelve weeks. From there I went to New York for a few weeks and then to Boonville, stopping for a night and day in Cincinnati. I found Joe Jr. doing his accustomed work at the College of Music and Nannie was busy training some of the younger pupils for an entertainment. I went with Nannie in the afternoon and heard several of them recite, among them Agnes. Agnes recited "When Grandma Danced the Minuet" and I thought she did it beautifully. The family had been increased by two arrivals since I had been in Cincinnati, William G. born March 18th, 1913, and Gerald born June 4, 1915. I was in Chicago when Joe, Sr. wrote me of Billy's arrival and in San Francisco when I heard of Jerry's entrance. I was honored in having Billy named after me and I was quite proud of the distinction. The railroads had all been taken over by the government on account of the war. They were very independent and you had to take whatever they gave you and be thankful for whatever it was. I left New York on one train and was in Boonville several days before my trunk came and then it was all plastered with war tax charges. I heard Mr. Elmer, the company's manager, say he had difficulty in finding a railroad that was willing to take the company from Detroit to Philadelphia and when he did find one, the train was late in reaching Buffalo and we were sidetracked all day Sunday.

In Philadelphia we were invited to see a musical play given by the soldier boys from the training camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania and it was very good. There was one scene, a burlesque of a scene from "The Man Who Came Back" between Mary Nash and Conrad Nagle that the boys were particularly anxious for us to see and it was very good.

Henry O'Meara, who was sixteen years old, enlisted and took the training course and was sent to Miami, Florida to await orders. Wilbur Johnson, Jr. also enlisted and was stationed in the East and Joe Stephens, Speed's son was in uniform.

In Boonville, I found Mrs. Frank Lionberger and her daughters, Addie and Mary living in Mother's cottage next door to us and they were very pleasant neighbors.

In August I went back to Chicago and was engaged for the part of Grandpa Allison in "The Girl He Left Behind", a war play by Ralph Kettering. We opened Labor Day and were doing well when the Flu struck this country. We played Kankakee, Illinois, when the Flu was at its height and Kankakee was listed among the five worst stricken cities in the country and Battle Creek, Michigan when the soldiers at the training camp were dying at the rate of eighty a day and the society women of the city were at the camp nursing the sick soldiers. The manager of the company received word for him to bring the company from Battle Creek to Chicago. We were to lay off a week and then open at the Imperial Theatre in Chicago on West Madison Street. We reached Chicago Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning every theatre in Chicago was closed indefinitely and remained closed for four weeks. While waiting in Chicago I had a call from Joe, Jr. He was in Chicago attending to some war mission and came out to see me at the Clarendon Hotel on Sunday morning, and I spent the afternoon and evening with him at the LaSalle Hotel. From Chicago we went to Cleveland.

We had to rehearse the play again and be re-routed before starting out again. We were sent to Burlington, Iowa, for the new start and were there when the Armistice was declared. The season continued until March, ending in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. I was sent back to Chicago and in the act of registering at the Clarendon Hotel I met Bert C. Gagnon, an actor-manager whom I knew and was offered by him an engagement with a stock company that he was taking to Green Bay, Wisconsin. I accepted the engagement and left the next day for Green Bay.

While I was in Green Bay I was informed that Mother had collapsed. She was taken ill while at church. Her condition was considered serious and I left for Boonville as soon as I was able to get away from the company. When I reached home I found her to be in better condition than I expected to find her. She recovered and was able to get around the house after a short time, but was practically house-bound from the time of her collapse to the end of her life. She made no attempt to go out, not even to church, but apart from this she was in good health. She was always full of energy and became a great newspaper reader. She thought the Kansas City Star one of the greatest of newspapers and would sit in the big chair that I had given Father Gibson for his last birthday gift, in the window of the north room, and watch the people that went by and read the papers hour after hour. She was interested in everything and kept up with all of the political news of the day, and was bright and entertaining. She was fond of company and her friends were very kind in coming to see her. Nannie came on for a visit during the summer and brought Agnes and Billy. Billy would play around with me and we soon became good friends. When he got tired I would spread a comfort on the parlor floor and tell him to go to sleep. He would throw himself down and soon be asleep.

Joe Jr. came to Missouri that summer to give a reading in Warrensburg and came to Boonville for a few days. While he was there Mrs. Mills died and Gus and his wife, A. K. and Gibson came on to the funeral. Joe Sr. and Nannie attended the funeral and left the same day for Cincinnati and this was the last time that I saw Joe, Sr.

Mother being better I felt I could get away and I went to Chicago and accepted an engagement with "The Yellow Lash" a play of Chinese life. Business was small and the company closed after a few weeks and I then went with a repertoire company playing through Wisconsin. It was the coldest winter I ever experienced and I told the people I was with that I was on a voyage of discovery. The winter started Thanksgiving and zero weather was almost regular diet but I lived through it without having a cold. There was snow on the ground from Thanksgiving until the company closed in March and I went to Boonville. That summer I was away with the Hazel McOwen Company, a fine company, playing in a tent. This was another new experience for me. During the winter I was in Boonville but left in the spring for an engagement and was away when Mother met with the accident that caused her death. Nannie, Henry and Margaret were in Boonville on a visit and A. K. and Gibson were expected. Mother

got up to see the time and fell breaking her hip. She was taken to the hospital and suffered greatly for several months. I came home at the end of my engagement. Mother grew worse and the Drs. Evans and Ravenswaay consented to her being brought home. A trained nurse came on from Kansas City but she only lived a few days after she was brought home. She died in October. Had she lived until November 2nd she would have been eighty years old. She was a devoted Catholic to the end. She would have liked to have lived but her death was peaceful. She had the best treatment that could be given her in Boonville, but felt it was not what she needed and I heard her say she thought if she could have had more expert treatment that she might have recovered. The morning of the day she died I was in her room and she was trying to say the Hail Mary prayer. It made an impression on me I will never forget.

Some years afterwards in writing to his Aunt Mary, A. K. said "I have been thinking a great deal of Grandma lately and though I have met a great many of the best people in this country and abroad, I think she was the most superb person I have ever known". I think this was about as fine a tribute as could be given her. Her nature was kind. She was thoroughly good and always charitable and was held in high respect by all who knew her. Had her life been cast in a wider sphere she might have made a very brilliant woman.

Nannie came from Cincinnati to be with Mother at the end and Mr. Mills and Gibson came from Webb City, also Emma Roddy from St. Louis. Rhoda Arnold and Peggie Moore were also in Boonville, so the family was well represented at her bedside. Her funeral was from the Catholic Church and she was laid to rest next to father Gibson in Walnut Grove. Father Jennings said the Requiem Mass and preached a beautiful sermon. The will was read by Mr. Trigg the afternoon of the funeral day. She left her estate as a trust fund to be used for Mary's benefit during her life and at her death to be divided between her heirs.

Mary decided to remain in the old home and fortunately A. K. who had a position in Boonville on the daily newspaper was in Boonville that year and lived with Mary. The upper floor of the house had been made into an apartment and was rented to Dr. and Mrs. Shields.

Nannie returned to Cincinnati and after a short time I went to Chicago. At Thanksgiving I went to Cincinnati and remained there, the guest of Nannie and her family, until after Christmas. Agnes who was attending school at the Visitation Academy in St. Louis was home for Christmas and Tom O'Meara and his wife were in Cincinnati from Kansas City where they lived. During Christmas week Nannie entertained her club and had the family out to supper. While the club entertainment was in progress I took Billy and Jerry to town with me and we went to the Lyric Theatre, then a pantages house. We saw a vaudeville performance and a picture of the "Little Minister". Going out to Norwood the street car was crowded and we had to stand. Billy did not like this.

I returned to Chicago about New Years and was there until spring when I went to Battle Creek, Michigan for a stock engagement with the Butterfield Company and from Battle Creek to Kalamazoo with the same company. In June I went to Cincinnati again and was there until August. Nannie had a class at the College of Music and went to Chicago in August to take a course of instruction and I went with her. Nannie was in Chicago about four weeks.

I was offered an engagement in Kingston, Ontario and went on to take it and from there I went to New York, where I met a number of old friends and had a very pleasant winter at the Marlborough Hotel. In the spring I went to Boonville by way of Chicago. After a short stay in Boonville I went to Oklahoma for a stock engagement and back to New York. That next summer Joe Jr. came to New York to take a course of study at Columbia University. I was living at the Grenoble Hotel and he would come out to see me every Friday and we would go to see some performance at one of the theatres. In August 1924 I opened with "The Shame Woman" at the Princess Theatre in Chicago. It was a powerful play of North Carolina mountain life and the Chicago papers gave it fine notices, but the people didn't come. Instead of a run as we expected we were in Chicago but two weeks, but played engagements in Detroit, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Jersey City, New York, Brooklyn, Providence, Springfield, Mass. and Buffalo. When the "The Shame Woman" closed I went back to New York. The day before Christmas I left New York for Cincinnati. There was a warm rain falling that turned into a snow and when I arrived



in Cincinnati Christmas morning it was way below zero and a heavy snow on the ground. Joe Jr. met me at the station and took me out to Norwood. Agnes was home, but Margaret was in Santa Fe, where she had been for more than a year for the benefit of her health. Rhoda had a good position and Joe Jr. was advancing rapidly in the practice of law. Billy and Jerry were growing fast and were fine boys. I was only a day in Cincinnati, leaving the night after Christmas for Boonville.

Mary had been unfortunate in renting her house to a family. To please them she had gone to expense and trouble and after it was all done they kept the house but a short time. A. K. was in Boonville. He was editor of the Daily paper. It was intensely cold and when I got to Missouri the state looked like the Arctic regions.

I found the house in a chaotic condition. Everything had been moved and was out of place. Furniture stored in the basement in such a way that it was being injured. I got things in order and cleaned up the house and yard. This took me the better part of the next few months. Mary was short of money. The interest on loans that Mr. Trigg had made for her was unpaid and she was without income. A. K. and I paid her board and this took her through the winter. In the spring I was offered an engagement with "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" over the Redpath Horner Chatauqua Circuit and went to Chicago to rehearse with the company and then to Kansas City to pick up the chorus and from Kansas City to Carlsbad, New Mexico for the opening. Agnes graduated at the Visitation Academy in 1925 and Nannie attended the Commencement in St. Louis and visited Mary in Boonville and then went to Santa Fe to visit Margaret and be a guest of the Sanatorium in Santa Fe. She and Margaret were in Santa Fe when I played Las Vegas, but we did not meet. At the end of the chatauqua season I went to Boonville, expecting to stay a few days, but I found the house full of people, so I took the first train out of Boonville for Chicago. In New York the winter of 1925 I had an engagement with "Give and Take" and the summer of 1926 I played Matt McAllister in "Apple Sauce" and this was the last engagement I had. The following summer, while rehearsing in Washington, D.C. I became discouraged and gave up the part and came to Cincinnati. Through the influence of Joe Jr. a place was made for me with The Western and Southern Life Insurance Company and I was with them from June 27, 1927 to October 10, 1936, nine years and three months. I am now retired and living with Joe Jr. and his wife, Jean.

In 1926 I was living at the Aberdeen Hotel on West 32nd Street. One morning while in my room the telephone rang. I answered it and was told Mr. Mills was below. "Send him up," I said and I walked A. K. He had come to New York to see what he could do. With A. K. came a friend from Kansas City, Karl Boarman who wanted to be an actor. I could do nothing to help A. K., but I took Mr. Boarman around, showed him the agencies and introduced him where I thought an introduction would do good. A. K. started to look for a position. One day he came to see me and told me he had answered a certain advertisement for a man to fill a certain position, and had received in answer a card instructing him to call upon the firm's representative, which he did. A. K. was informed that the advertisement had brought one thousand applicants for the position. And that from the thousand applicants he had selected fifty whom he was interviewing. A. K. was one of the fifty, and later he was informed that he was the chosen man, but he did not take the place. He rushed in to see me a few days afterwards with "Uncle Willie, I have four jobs offered me." Of the four, the one he took was with the United Press Company. They started him with night work in New York and after a few weeks sent him to Boston. He did not want to go to Boston, but I told him I thought he would like Boston, that most people did. He went and liked Boston after he learned to know the city. A. K. became a publicity man and returned to New York. He has been very successful and has gone from one company to another. At present, 1936, he is publicity man for the magazine Time and has had charge of the picture "The March of Time" being shown in the theatres throughout the country. He met Amelia Earhart when she first flew the Atlantic and arranged for her reception in London. His latest advancement is taking charge of the London office of "Time". This takes him to London again and should be a great experience. When you consider that he went to New York unknown and has done what he has without any aid but his own energy and personality, I credit him with having done a great deal and he has done it all in ten years.

In 1928 Joe, Jr. and Jean Collow were married in the Fenwick Chapel, Cincinnati, by Rev. Marcellus Wagner, and April 21, 1929 David Collow O'Meara was born, and December 18, 1930, Nancy O'Meara was born. Since 1926 Joe Jr. has been counsel for The Western and Southern Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati. Agnes O'Meara, Nannie's youngest daughter, was married to James Gordon Simmons. Father Nolan married them in the chapel at the Jesuit University. Margaret was maid of honor and Bill and Jerry ushers. They went to live in Baltimore and it was in Baltimore their first child, Nancy Jane, was born. James Gordon Simmons is a chemical engineer with the Procter & Gamble Company and after a few years in Baltimore he was returned to Cincinnati. I am writing this in 1936. A son has just been born to Agnes and James Gordon Simmons, James Gordon, Jr. November 8th, 1936, was the thirty-eighth birthday of Joseph O'Meara, Jr., the oldest of the O'Meara children. It was also the baptismal day of James Gordon Simmons, Jr., the youngest member of the family.

Margaret and Rhoda made a trip to Europe, covering a good deal of space. They were gone about six weeks and Margaret went to Paris and spent almost a year there a few years later. She took a course at the Sorbonne, attended the lectures given in the French language, passed the examinations, both written and oral, in French and received a diploma. Something, I think, to be proud of. Returning to this country she became secretary to Dr. Fye until her health failed and she and her mother went to Santa Fe, New Mexico for the benefit of the climate, where she now lives and holds a position with the State Health Department.

Henry O'Meara, the second son of the family has been for years an automobile salesman. Word has come within the last few weeks from Miami, Florida, where he has been for a year, that he has married a lady from Alabama. This is the third marriage in a family of seven children.

Billy wanted to go to West Point and was given the appointment through Congressman Hess of Cincinnati. He passed the entrance examinations and was a West Point Cadet for six months. He entered West Point at an inopportune time. The allowance had been reduced and the officers in command wished to reduce the number of cadets. The examinations were severe and Billy failed to meet the requirements and this ended his career at West Point. He is now in Chicago.

Jerry, after finishing High School, secured a position in the First National Bank of Norwood. He is twenty-one years old and still fills the position in the bank. Rhoda has devoted herself to social welfare work, and has been very successful. She was for years with the Catholic Charities of Cincinnati and filled a responsible position with the Federal Relief work in Tennessee. Her duties taking her to Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga and Knoxville. She now holds a Federal position in Washington, D.C.

Gibson Mills Martha's youngest son, married when he was eighteen years old and I hear he and his wife have lived very happily together.

During the summer of 1936, Joseph O'Meara, Jr. and his wife Jean made a trip to Europe on a six week's vacation. They sailed from Montreal and visited Paris and motored through the province of Normandy, then crossed to London, visited Oxford and Eaton, and saw the various places of interest in and around London. Joe saw Parliament in session and visited one of the English courts. They then went to Glasgow, Scotland, and there met Jean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Collow, who were there and visited two of Jean's aunts living in Glasgow and from Glasgow made the return trip home. The children, David and Nancy, spent the summer in a children's camp near Cincinnati.

In September 1936 Nannie returned to Cincinnati from a year's stay with Margaret in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She stopped for a brief visit in Kansas City, where she met Wilbur and Rhoda Johnson, Martha Johnson and her husband and son, Will, Nannie and Mary Forsythe, Jennie Stephens, the Rilies, and Marie, also Hugh Muir and his wife, and from Kansas City went to Boonville for a day with Mittie and Major Irvine, and saw Gertrude and Crockett Hichman, Alex and Addie Stephens, Mrs. Trigg and others, and she spent a night with Emma Roddy in St. Louis. Emma had been in poor health but is better.

The greatest tragedy in the family is that of poor Mary. In 1933 we received word that Mary, who was living in the old home in Boonville, was acting strangely. Joe, Jr., who was in Chicago at the time, was informed and went to Boonville and brought her to Cincinnati on September 9, 1933. She

was placed in St. Mary's Hospital under Dr. Vonderahe's care. He at first hoped she might be restored to health, but later pronounced her condition hopeless. She was taken to Nannie's home in Norwood, but it was found impossible to keep her there and she was placed in a private institution, Grandview Hospital. She had lost her mind upon the subject of religion and was there for three years when the hospital was closed and it was necessary to find another place for her, and she was taken to a Catholic institution in Detroit conducted by Catholic sisters for people mentally afflicted. Poor dear Mary. Her suffering is a great sorrow to us all. Hers is a living death, cut off from everybody and everything. A sad reward for a lifetime of Christian endeavor.

When I retired from the stage in 1927 I came to Cincinnati and through the influence of Joe, Jr. I was given a position with The Western and Southern Life Insurance Company. My work was in the Claim Department where I had a desk and did the indexing of the claims. I held the position for nine years and three months, from June 27, 1927 to October 10, 1936. I am now nearly seventy-five years old and due to my advanced age it was thought best that I resign. The Company has been generous with me and I gave up my position with regret. I miss my regular occupation and feel terribly no account, but apart from that I am happy with Joe Jr. and Jean and the children. God bless them and all my family for the love and kindness they have all shown to me.

This is the family story as I have heard it told and known it covering a period of more than a hundred and fifty years. It is something to our credit and satisfaction to know that the members of the family through all these years have been loyal citizens both in war time and in peace. So far as I know there has been no dishonor connected with any of our ancestry.

I have been asked to write what I know about the family and I have made this attempt. It is poorly done, I know, but what else could be expected of me?

William J. McCarthy

Cincinnati, Ohio, November 10th, 1936.