

# BOOTH'S YOUNG DAYS.

The Great Tragedian as a Close Companion Saw Him.

## HIS FIRST ASSAY IN TRAGEDY.

How He Replaced His Father in the Part of Richard III.

## STORIES OF VARIED ADVENTURES

Many Were the Difficulties That Struggling Genius Met and Nobly Overcame.

Thursday next, June 7, will be the first anniversary of the death of Edwin Booth. The occasion will be fittingly commemorated by the Players' Club, of which he was the founder, and gives interest to some stray pages from a journalist's note book, chronicling chance talks with those who knew and labored with him in his youth and touching luminously upon some of the lesser known features of the great actor's life.

Edwin Booth was born in the old log cabin at "Farm in the Forest" on the night of Nov. 13, 1833. Flowing meteors filled the sky on the night of his birth, recalling the lines in "Henry IV.":

At my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes. His schooling was received under the direction of private tutors; he saw some of the outdoor life that all boys need, and early gave evidence of what his future was to be. He was often seen in the romantic drama before juvenile audiences, and in the old court house yet standing in Belair, when seventeen, he played and recited to the farmers of Harford County. John Sleeper Clarke was his partner in this latter venture, and the playbills, which the lads had printed in Baltimore and posted in a few prominent places, are still extant. While still young he became the companion of his father on his tours. Many odd experiences he had with this man of wayward moods and sudden impluses, and in the wandering life of father and son the grave and the gay were strangely mingled.

"Few people understood my father," said he once in speaking to me of this period of his life, "few people could. Even to me he was always opening new leaves in the book of his life. I remember once in a dressing room with father, during a long wait between the acts, I was humming 'Old Zip Coon' and picking the chords on a banjo. Father, who was fond of music, was listening to me with pleasure, when there came a knock at the door and an instant later, in response to father's 'Come in,' Edwin Forrest, then at the heyday of his powers and fame, entered, tall, dignified and impressive. I stood in great awe of Forrest and was quietly slipping the banjo out of sight, when Forrest, having found a seat, suddenly turned to me and said: 'My boy, where is that banjo? I like music. Give us some more of 'Old Zip Coon.'" I drew the banjo from its hiding place and resumed. The air was lively and in a moment Forrest was on his feet. At first he only kept time with his cane, but soon he began to move up and down on his heels and his body swayed gently as the music moved him. Then father, who was dressed for the character of Richard III., got up and also began to jerk and sway. As I gradually warmed to my work and the music grew hotter they put in all the memories they ever had of

jig, double shuffle, turn and twist, round and round the center, and all the fancy heel and toe touches they could think of, till sheer exhaustion compelled them to stop and they dropped panting into their chairs. When Forrest finally succeeded in catching his breath he said to father, "Well, this is fun, ain't it? It don't remind me of Shakespeare, but it does of the Bible. "Whatsoever ye findeth to do, do it with all your might." What is the reason we old fellows cannot always have a banjo?" And in great good humor he rose and took his departure."

Edwin Booth's debut was made in Boston, Sept. 10, 1849, as Tressel in "Richard III." Two years later he enacted the title role of the play at the Chatham Theater in New York. On the occasion when he related the anecdote given above, Mr. Booth also told of the curious circumstances which led to this, his first appearance in an important role. "On this particular night," said Mr. Booth to me in a chat I had with him a year or two before his death, "father had been announced as Richard III, and, as was the rule whenever he enacted this role, a crowded house was assured. Just as we were leaving our hotel for the theater one of the strange moods to which he was often subject seized him, and, though he had been in splendid health and spirits all day, he now announced that he was too ill to perform, and should not leave the hotel. I urged that he should rouse himself to the effort—that he should at least present himself at the theater, hoping that once there he would abandon his sudden and strange resolve. I recalled how splendidly he had acquitted himself at rehearsal that morning, and how well he had been that day, but all to no avail. Nothing I could say seemed to move him in the least.

"What will they do without you, father? I finally asked in despair. "What can they substitute at the last moment?"

"If you are so anxious to have Richard acted, go and act it yourself," was his only response. I begged and implored, but this only caused him to further insist, and with increasing vehemence that I should assume the part myself. No time was to be lost, and I hurried to the theater to announce to the manager that father refused to appear and had commanded that I should take his place.

"No matter," said John R. Scott, who was the manager, "you can do it."

"Thus encouraged I hastily dressed myself in father's costume, a world too wide for my slight and boyish figure, and greatly excited hurried to the first entrance and took the center of the stage. The theater was crowded and the audience burst into applause as I made my entrance. The applause ceased on the instant. No announcement had been made and the spectators were lost in wonder at the change in the cast. I had seen my father play Richard a hundred times and, imitating him to the best of my ability, succeeded as the play progressed in evoking several rounds of applause. At the close of the performance Scott led me before the curtain and introduced me as 'the worthy scion of a noble stock,' adding in an undertone, 'I bet they do not know what that means.' When I returned to the hotel I found father in the same chair and position as when I had left him. He questioned me briefly as to my reception and then dismissed the subject, never referring to it again, but I have reason to believe that he witnessed the whole performance and had not been wholly dissatisfied with my humble but earnest endeavor to fill his place."

### II.

#### Booth's Experiences in California and Australia.

In 1852 Edwin Booth went with his father by way of the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco, where the latter fulfilled a successful engagement of several months under the management of Catherine Sinclair, the divorced wife of Edwin Forrest. During this engagement the son played the leading juvenile parts in the several plays produced. When the father returned to the East, Edwin remained in San Francisco, where for several months he enacted leading parts at the Metropolitan Theater.

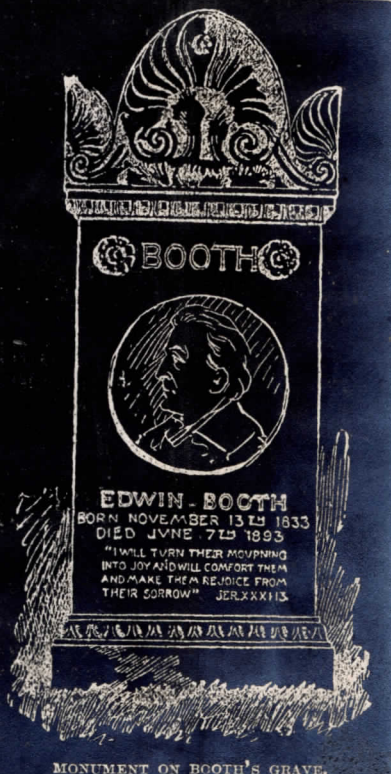
Among his associates at this period was J. J. McCloskey, the veteran actor and playwright, who never grows weary of relating his reminiscences of the "prentice days of the great tragedian. "It was in the Jenny Lind Theater, San Francisco, that I first met Edwin Booth. I was then the low comedian at that play house," said Mr. McCloskey not long ago, "and he was then a general actor, one night essaying

the comedy parts in Morton's farces and the next the juvenile roles in some melodrama. He had not yet learned to be a tragedian either on or off the stage, and was then light-hearted, vivacious, given to merry pranks and fond of a practical joke.

In those days we all took life on the humorous side, and when searching for fun generally found it. The Supreme Court had ordered the sale of the property known as the sand hills, just outside of the city limits of San Francisco, but no purchaser appeared, though to-day any of these sand lots is worth a fortune. In the absence of an owner, Steven Massett, better known as "Jeems Pipes;" William Barry, David Anderson, Barnes, the comedian; S. K. Murdoch, Booth, myself and several others pitched our tents in the sand hills and founded the town of Pipesville.

"One amusing incident of our happy-go-lucky life in Pipesville I still recall. A gang of bandits, led by a Mexican named Joaquin Corilla, then infested the country about San Francisco, and had aroused universal horror by their deeds of violence and bloodshed. When a popular merchant named Murphy was murdered in a fiendish way by the bandits a few miles south of the city the people resolved to put an end to these outrages at any cost, and a posse of sixty men left San Francisco to hunt Corilla down and capture him dead or alive. On the second day one of the members of the posse found Corilla alone in an isolated canon, shot him dead and cut off his head. The bandit leader's death impelled the disbandment of his gang, but individual members continued to live by knavery and petty thieving. The inhabitants of Pipesville often rode out to a hotel called 'The Lakes,' situated on the shores of a pretty pond six miles from the city.

"Booth, Barnes and Anderson were one



MONUMENT ON BOOTH'S GRAVE.

night at 'The Lakes,' whiling away an idle hour, when they were espied by a couple of Frisco detectives who, from their attire and the bloodthirsty quotations from the



dramatists that formed part of their small talk, at once set them down as three of the much wanted members of Corilla's band. They followed the actors to their tent in the sand hills and from there shadowed them into the city, where of a sudden all trace of them was lost. Thereafter, however, the detectives kept a close watch upon the tent, and one morning, when the occupants were absent at rehearsal, carefully overhauled its contents. The wigs, false beards, guns, pistols and swords which rewarded their search to their mind furnished convincing proof of the rascally and double life led by the suspects and warranted their immediate arrest. Fearing a desperate and perhaps fatal struggle, the detectives decided not to attempt the arrest of their men in the sand hills. Instead, they followed them into the city that afternoon and, backed by a gang of special officers, effected their capture in a crowded street. The chagrin and disappointment of the detectives, when informed of their mistake, were laughable to witness, but it was some time before Booth and his companions could be brought to regard the matter as a joke.

"Business finally grew dull in the city," continued Mr. McCloskey, "and a company headed by Waller, and including Booth, Murdoch and myself, started out to play the mining towns. We were penniless when we left San Francisco. We fulfilled our first engagement in Red Dog, Booth playing 'second' to Waller. Ill-luck attended us, and at last, to recoup our fortunes, Waller started a hotel, the members of the company acting as waiters and cooks. Booth, however, stood on his dignity, and would have none of it. After a time we were able to resume our wanderings, and reached Downeyville, where we played 'Hamlet' in a theater built over a 'drift.' Murdoch was the Hamlet and Booth the Horatio on this occasion. The First Gravedigger had just left the grave and Hamlet had picked up the skull of Yorick, when a big miner appeared in the hole. He was the first of the night shift men, and in following the lead had come across the grave. Murdoch and the miner gazed at each other for a moment in silent amazement, and then began an exciting and angry debate, Murdoch commanding the miner to leave, and the latter, standing on his rights in the premises, stubbornly refusing to do so, until the manager of the theater, springing up from his seat in the audience, and pointing a revolver at the intruder's head, shouted:

"Hey! you Bill Miles, get down out of there, or I will bore a hole through you."

"Whereupon Bill Miles made a hasty exit and the play was allowed to proceed. No one enjoyed more keenly or laughed more heartily over this incident not set down on the bills than did Booth. There was not much profit, but there was a good deal of fun connected with barn-storming in the mining camps of California in those days. Mounted on mules and broncos we would follow the mountain trails from one camp to another, and when we reached a new stand the whole town would turn out on the plaza to welcome us. If there were women in the company the miners would often come from miles around to witness our performance, and sometimes a sturdy, red-shirted fellow would jump up in his seat and throw a nugget at some actress who had taught his fancy.

"Our wanderings, after a few months, ended with our return to Frisco, and Booth secured an engagement at the Metropolitan Theater. One night, soon after our return, a fight broke out in the theater, shots were exchanged and in an instant the combatants had the house to themselves. Booth was passing in front of one of the scenes when a bullet pierced the scenery in line where his head had been a moment before. Theatrical affairs were at a very low ebb in Frisco and Booth and the rest of us soon set out again for the camps, with Booth as our leader. The venture proved a dire and speedy failure, and Booth and another actor named Speer started from the diggings without a cent to walk to Marysville, fifty miles distant. They made the entire journey on foot and not a blessed thing did they have to eat on the way.

"A week or so later Booth again turned up in Frisco, penniless and considerably the worse for wear. This, to my thinking, was the critical point in his career, for it determined his bent as an actor. The fortunes of the Metropolitan Theater were sadly in need of mending, and Joseph Lawrence, of the Alta Californian, suggested that this result might be accomplished by Booth's debut as Hamlet. Booth's elder brother, Junius Brutus, then the stock star at the Metropolitan, scouted the idea, and Edwin himself was at first timid and reluctant to make the attempt. But Lawrence was persistent in urging the enterprise, and it was finally decided upon. While Booth was studying the part Lawrence, in a series of judicious newspaper articles, prepared the public for his appearance. His Hamlet was witnessed by small audiences, but proved a masterly and brilliant impersonation. Ben Baker and others, who saw a splendid future in store for him, urged him to go East and enter the lists against Forrest and the elder Murdoch, while Laura Keene, who was in Australia, invited him to join her there. Halting for a time between two opinions he in the end set off for Australia, and Anderson, the latter's wife, Barnes and myself accompanied him.

"We embarked on the slow sailing City of New York, and the voyage occupied many weeks. Honolulu was the only point at which we touched on the way, and here we remained for several days while the ship was receiving supplies and undergoing repairs. There was an apology for a theater in Honolulu, and, encouraged by the promise of the patronage of the King and the prospect of earning a few dollars, we decided to turn our stay there to account by giving a performance. 'Richard III.' was the play selected for the occasion, and by an ingenious system of doubling up among the five of our company, the twenty or more parts in the play were all provided for, when it was discovered that we had no Lady Anne. To Mrs. Anderson, the only lady in our company, had already been assigned the roles of the Duchess of York and Elizabeth, and how to fill the gap we did not know. We were almost in despair when we were informed that there was a white man in Honolulu who at some time in his career had been connected with the stage, and who was willing to help us out. He was sent for in hot haste, and proved to be a short, stumpy, bow-legged, cross-eyed German of thirty or thereabouts. Worst of all, his front teeth were gone. He chewed tobacco incessantly, and spoke with a strong German accent. His stage career had been confined to the duties of scene shifter at some theater in the States. However, it was any port in a storm and as he faithfully promised to suspend the consumption of the weed for an evening, and to look to the best of his ability the part of an English Princess, the newcomer was cast for Lady Anne, and rehearsals went briskly forward. Meanwhile we had had trouble posting the bills, announcing the coming event, and which we had sent natives out to post about the town.

"Flour was at that time very dear in the islands, and as a substitute for paste we resolved to use poi-poi, a sticky concoction with intoxicating qualities, very popular with the natives. We gave a painful of this stuff to our bill-stickers, who promptly got drunk upon it and failed to post a single bill. We found them sleeping by the roadside, and with what remained of the poi-poi posted the bills ourselves. The night for the performance came. The King sat in the wings on his chair of state, borrowed from His Majesty for use in the play, and the house was crowded. Dusky natives made up the rival armies of Richard and Richmond and fought the battle of Bosworth Field, but our Queen Anne formed the central figure of the performance, which was one to be remembered. Dressed in woman's attire she was more amusing and grotesque than ever, and it was a scene begging a description to see Booth making ardent love to her, addressing her as 'Sweet Saint' and 'Divine perfection of a woman, fairer

than tongue can name thee,' or telling her of the 'beauty which did haunt me in my sleep,' while she replied in accents that flavored of the Fatherland, waddled about the stage or stood mourning at her dead husband's bier, at the same time—false to her solemn promise—vigorously working her toothless jaws and ever and anon squirting tobacco juice to the right and left of her.

"With a replenished purse," said Mr. McCloskey in conclusion, "we left Honolulu and in due time reached Sidney. We opened there in 'The Lady of Lyons,' Booth playing Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Laura Keene, and later he was seen as Shylock to her Portia. His brilliant methods proved a revelation to the people of Sidney, who were familiar only with tragedians of the noisy, stilted school. The critics damned him with faint praise, but the women went wild over him. From Sidney we journeyed to Melbourne, Ballarat and the mines, but Booth soon tired of Australia and, with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson to keep him company, again set sail for California. I parted with him with keenest regret, and thereafter saw him but twice. The last time was at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, three years ago, when old and broken before his time, he took what proved to be his final farewell of the stage."

Another of Booth's companions in his California wanderings was Frank Mayo, and during a pleasant afternoon which I spent with him at his country place among the northern Pennsylvania hills last summer, when the tragedian's death was fresh in the minds of all, that sterling actor and fine gentleman fell to talking of Booth and the youthful days they spent together.

"I was a big fat faced boy of seventeen," said Mr. Mayo, "whose aspirations as an actor had not thus far been brilliantly realized when I first met Booth. It was in Nevada City, where for the first time, by the way, Booth played Iago, a part in which, to my thinking, he always showed his powers as an actor at their best. I had started out from Frisco to do small parts in the company of Edmond S. Connor, a famous actor in his day, and at the time of his death not long since the oldest player in America. Lawrence Barrett was a scene shifter in the company, and among its members were Laura Keene, Matilda Heron, Charlotte Bawms, John Lewis Baker, Junius Brutus Booth and Walter Lebbman. But despite the talent these names infer, we had played to poor business from the start, and finally stranded in a small place called Mud Springs. I had walked from there to Nevada City, without a penny in my pocket, and stood small prospect of getting anything to eat that day when Booth and his company rode into town. I followed them to the Nugget House, the principal hotel of the town, and, introducing myself to the manager, was engaged on the spot for the period of one year. Nothing was said about salary, that being a matter of small importance.

There were nine people in the company, and that night we presented 'The Iron Chest' to a fair sized audience of miners and cowboys. An old barn did duty as a theater, and the basket in which Booth kept his wardrobe was so fashioned as to serve as the iron chest. The receipts were mainly in the form of gold dust, and sufficed, after the hotel and other bills were paid, to carry us to the next town, San Juan. We left Nevada City early in the morning in two ox carts and at noonday halted to eat dinner. The night before some of the members of the company had told me of a circumstance that made a very deep impression upon me. They said that in nearly every town in which Booth had played since leaving Frisco destructive fires had followed his visit, and that people had begun to call him the fire fiend, and to regard him with superstitious dread. While we were eating our dinner a man galloped up, his horse white with foam, and informed us that Nevada City, which we had left that morning, was in flames.



The series of peculiar fires that seemed to follow in Booth's wake had already seriously affected the fortunes of his company, and at the news of this fresh calamity its members were appalled and dismayed. The women burst into tears and the men bitterly cursed their ill-luck. Leaving our dinner half-eaten we again got into the carts and resumed our journey to San Juan, which proved to be a small mining camp in a recess of the mountains. We played 'Richelieu' there, again appearing in a barn. I took the role of Richelieu, Booth having been completely prostrated by the events of the day. From San Juan we journeyed on to Downeyville, where we presented 'Richard III.' The house was full—what there was of it. A fresh consignment of whisky had reached the town just before we did and most of the miners were too drunk to attend the play. At Downeyville I was dropped from the company in order to reduce expenses—some one had to go, and I was considered the poorest actor of the lot. After a good cry, which made me feel better, I started for the next town on foot and finally succeeded in working my way back to 'Frisco, where better luck awaited me than had attended my wanderings in the mountains. There was also balm for my wounded pride in the fact that Booth's company stranded soon after leaving Downeyville, and its members drifted into 'Frisco about the same time that I did."

"If you wanted to be considered a good fellow in 'Frisco in those days, you had to be a fireman, and scores of men, who have since made their mark in one way or another, were then members of the city fire department. Booth and I boasted active membership in Old Dewdrop Hose Company, to which a number of other actors also belonged. One frightfully hot afternoon in July there was an alarm of fire, and a few moments later Old Dewdrop's engine came dashing down the street on the way to the scene of action. Ben Moulton and I were on the tongue, cutting a fine figure as we bowled along through the dust set in motion by our horses' hoofs. Booth was standing on a street corner as we came along. He had just come from a visit to a doctor, who had informed him that he was a hopeless sufferer from heart disease; unless he avoided excitement of all kinds liable to drop dead at any moment, and was holding in his hands a package of powders which his medical adviser had given him. He tried to get out of our way, but failed, got entangled in the ropes and was carried along in the rush. He lost his powders, forgot all about his heart and his physician's stern injunctions and ran with us to the fire, where he rendered as gallant service as the best of us. He never after that," concluded Mr. Mayo, with a laugh, "complained of heart disease."

### III.

#### Booth's Second Visit to California and Return to the East.

Soon after his return to California from Australia Booth fell in with Ben Baker and formed a partnership with the latter which was to have an important and happy bearing on his future. Kindly old Uncle Ben—green be his memory!—not long before his death gave me some interesting details of his association with Booth. "I saw Edwin Booth for the first time," said he, "when as a forced substitute for his father he enacted Richard at the Chatham Theater, New York, one night in the season of 1851. He was little more than a boy at the time, but I could see even then that he had the right stuff in him. When he came out to California I was already there, and we soon became warm friends. After he first played Hamlet in 'Frisco I urged him to return at once to the East and become a star, but he was reluctant to make the plunge, and went off to Australia instead. When he returned from Australia a few months later I was stage manager of the Sacramento Theater under Sam Colville.

The latter was not making money, and was anxious to get out. I went to 'Frisco and had a talk with Edwin, the result of which was that we took the theater off Colville's hands, agreeing to share equally in the profits. Booth opened in Richard, was cordially received and fulfilled a profitable and successful engagement, lasting several weeks. Later we returned to 'Frisco, and Edwin starred at the Metropolitan with his brother Junius, and created Raphael in "The Marble Heart." Then came the panic of 1855, and in the hard times that attended it the stage suffered along with all other branches of business. I again urged Booth to return to the East, and after some persuasion he finally consented. We returned by way of the Isthmus, and reached New York in October, 1855.

"Barry's Boston theater was then the swell place of the East, and while Edwin visited with his family in Baltimore I went on to Boston to talk with Barry and see if I could secure an opening with him. Barry was at first reluctant to play a new star, but finally consented to give Booth an opening. He said he would play Booth and share the profits with us equally after \$400 a night, but could not give us an opening until the following March. Considering the low prices of admission then charged, I thought these terms too stiff to accept and so hurried to Baltimore and saw John T. Ford, who received me cordially and agreed to give Booth an opening at the old Front Street Theater without delay. We played a splendid engagement there, Booth being seen to fine advantage as Richard and in other legitimate roles. At its conclusion we visited Richmond, where Booth was well received, being supported by a stock company that then included Edwin Adams, John Jack and other equally accomplished players. After this we visited in turn Washington, Pittsburg and Wheeling, and from there went on down the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis. Crisp was then manager of the stock company in Memphis, and Ada Isaacs Menken was his leading lady. The Menken, true to her wayward and impulsive nature, at once fell violently in love with Booth, but he failed to return her attachment. In fact, though at this period the idol of the women, Booth never displayed any fondness for their society and as a rule avoided it. New Orleans, Charleston and other Southern cities were visited before we turned our faces northward and returned to the East by way of Chicago, where Booth appeared at McVicker's Theater. Wherever he appeared he made a favorable reception and laid the ground for profitable engagements in the future.

"But our luck at the time was often indifferent, and we now and then found it hard work to make both ends meet. I made nearly all of the costumes Booth wore on this tour. Neither of us could afford to buy them, and so I had to do it. At night after the performance I would sew for hours in the double-bedded room we usually occupied together, while Booth waxed the thread and threaded the needles for me. I wore boots and Booth shoes. When the part he was playing called for boots Booth would appropriate mine, while I, in preference to going barefoot, would don his shoes for the time being. The ermine which one night formed the cap of Richard, would the next be used to trim the robe of Richelieu, and by ingenious twistings of this kind we managed to meet all demands. After a time his mother gave Edwin his father's wardrobe, and this proved an immense help.

"Some of our experiences were amusing in the extreme. In Detroit Booth resolved that he would no longer appear on the hand bills and posters as Mr. Booth, but as plain Edwin Booth. Compliant to this resolution, I at once called on our printer and said to him: 'Mr. Booth wishes simple Edwin Booth put wherever his name occurs in copy.' The printer promised to make the change, and kept his promise to the letter. Next morning, to our surprise and dismay, the bill boards of the town

were placarded with the cast of 'The Apostate,' headed by 'Pescara, Simple Edwin Booth.' When I called on the printer in high dudgeon I was coolly informed that he had simply obeyed orders, and that 'it was a printer's business to follow copy even if it flew out of the window.' When we reached Rochester the bottom of our cash-box was in sight, and as there were a good many Germans in that city, we decided to present Schiller's 'Rollers.' The hand bills, printed in German, announced the appearance of 'Herr Edwin Booth,' and we were rewarded with a full house. The sturdy Teutons were very angry when they discovered that they were not to be favored with a performance in German, but Booth's spirited and brilliant acting in a measure allayed their wrath and solaced their disappointment. However, we were not long compelled to resort to devices of this kind to replenish our finances. Booth's position as the coming actor was soon assured, and thereafter his pathway was a pleasant and prosperous one."

So ends these random leaves from my note book, and with them the story of the youth of Edwin Booth.

The remains of Edwin Booth lie in beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston. His grave is on Anemone Path, and on it has recently been placed a beautiful memorial. It is a marble slab, on one side of which is a bronze tablet, with the head of the famous actor in bas-relief. Just above the bronze is the name "Booth," and below it is the inscription:

"Edwin Booth. Born Nov. 13, 1833. Died Jan. 7, 1893.

"I will turn their mourning into joy and will comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow.—Jeremiah xxxi. 13."

The inscription on the reverse side of the stone reads:

The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep  
Into my study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of thy life  
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,  
More moving delicate and full of life  
Into the eye and prospect of my soul—  
Than when thou liv'st indeed. Shakespeare.

From Booth's grave the prospect is something almost indescribably beautiful at this season of the year, with a little pond at the foot of the hill on which it is situated, and the long stretch of wooded hills ranging off into the distance.

RUFUS R. WILSON.