

CHAPTER III

Letters of a Lecturer



Bliss's letters to his family during the next five years constitute what must be one of the most complete records of the experiences of a member of the Board of Lectureship in the first two decades of this century. As the letters speak so eloquently for themselves, little editorial comment is needed. Lecture appointments in 1906 had taken Mr. Knapp to Riverside, California; Leavenworth, Kansas; and Chicago. In 1907,* he had spoken in Providence, Rhode Island; Hasbrouck, New Jersey; and in cities in Wisconsin and Ohio. This series of letters begins from Canajoharie, New York. Many details attest to the broad interests and sharp observation of the traveler. Through the vicissitudes of one-night stands, in all sorts of accommodations, there is the warm glow of enthusiasm for his work, the unquenchable good humor, and the indomitable spirit. One wonders that, with his busy schedule, the uncertainty of conveyances and the machinations of mortal mind, he managed to write any letters at all, let alone well composed narratives studded with vivid descriptions. Some of the passages in these letters rise to the level of fine literature. Every one of them throbs with vitality. Many of them deal with the unusual problems a lecturer faces and the means Bliss Knapp employed to solve them.

*On August 5, 1907, he lectured at the Hotel Pines, Cotuit, Massachusetts, and Ira Knapp attended.

Hotel Wagner
 Canajoharie, N.Y.
 Apr. 29, 1908

Dear folks:

It is about eighteen hundred (A.D.!) and frozen to death here in this hotel this morning; so I am taking some exercise on this paper to warm up. We had about six showers yesterday, but the evening was fine, and a good crowd came out for the lecture. . . .

The streets here in Canajoharie remind one of the narrow and crooked ones down in the old part of Gloucester. Everything looks prosperous, however, and the horses are all sleek and well kept. This is the famous Mohawk Valley, with the river flowing between Canajoharie and Palatine Bridge.

I spent a delightful hour and a half yesterday visiting the plant of the famous Beechnut hams, bacon, and so on. Everything there is the personification of neatness. For example, a colored manicurist is employed to care for every employee during working hours. Signs are posted everywhere reminding people that they should be neat and clean. Ample conveniences are provided to make cleanliness and neatness easy. What is more, a pianist, one in each of the rooms where a large number are employed, gives a concert every day between two and five, so as to keep the employees light hearted and able to turn out as much work in the afternoon as in the forenoon.

Father may remember that there is a scythe factory here. I may see that this morning, before I go out at 11:32 for Utica. . . .

Lovingly yours,
 Bliss

Hotel Majestic
 Hammond, Ind.
 May 2, 1908

Dear Father and all:

. . . It rained or snowed about seventeen times yesterday, the day of the lecture. I say yesterday, but it seems like a week ago.

However, it was clear as a bell from supper time to the close of the lecture. . . .

After the lecture I had to hurry away without meeting any of the people, pack my case, and board a car. The connecting place was about a mile out of town, and I was the only passenger going out there. There was nothing there but blank darkness. The conductor told me to follow a path up on to a hill, but he had first to get me onto it before I could see it, it was so dark. Then I was directed to follow that path up to a platform along the third rail track, find an upright post and pull a string to signal the through car to stop. Then the conductor was off before I could ask any more questions. I had about fifteen minutes to wait. So I finally found the platform as directed (up on the hill or embankment) and then the upright post. Sure enough there was a string. I pulled it and behold a light!

The conductor had said that it was rather a lonesome place to wait, and I agreed with him. I couldn't even see the edge of the platform, or know where the live rail might be. Then I thought, "Suppose I am on the wrong side of the track." I tried to see the dipper to find the North Star, but all was inky darkness. Finally I heard the car as it came around a curve, and then the headlights shone forth. I was on the right side; so I pulled the string, and two short toots acknowledged it.

Soon I was aboard and whizzing along at a terrific speed for an electric car, but it was a big one, and the road bed was smooth, — the tracks of the West Shore R. R. By and by, a lady opposite pulled out a Sentinel. Soon I stepped across and spoke to her husband, and learned they had attended my lecture, but had boarded the car at a station farther back from the one where I got on. They lived in Syracuse, and showed me the way to find the station after leaving the car. . . .

Lovingly,
Bliss

Hotel Hascall
Goshen, Indiana
May 11, 1908

Dear ones at home:

. . . I gained a very good impression of Piqua [Ohio]. I was greatly interested in their market day custom. It is the custom every Wednesday and Saturday for the farmers to drive to town to offer their wares for sale. . . .

Needless to say, I took much interest in strolling leisurely about and observing the various characteristics of human nature. It was really a study fit for an artist; for they all looked so simple minded, and in their happy good nature were enjoying this bit of a breath of village bustle, and were incidentally learning the latest news. Well, it was soon dark, and as the countryman disappears with the dark, the square was soon cleared.

Next, in the stillness of the warm evening, — for my windows were open facing the square, — I heard the old style preacher exhorting a crowd of bystanders, much as a Salvation Army man might. Respectful consideration was given by these lamb-like people, staring at the preacher to discover, if possible, something sensible in his words; and when finally the “Amen” came, they all dispersed to their respective homes. When the curfew had struck the hour, all was as still as the scene which Gray pictures in his “Elegy.”

The morning service brought out some of these placid people to the little square room, just off the sidewalk, near the canal, where the Scientists hold their services. There was no need for a vestibule to shut out the gaze of curious passers-by; for none came that way, save the few who congregated inside. The venerable gentleman, with his long white beard and keen eye, who is First Reader, showed his shyness in the presence of strangers by the way he announced the first hymn. But he elicited my admiration as he read the lesson in full tones and without glasses. This lovable old gentleman is the father of Mrs. David McKee of Boston.

The same characteristic, respectful attention greeted me at May's Opera House in the afternoon. The entire floor was filled, and the quiet sense of appreciation that came out afterwards betokened their pleasure in attending, but no applause disturbed the

solemn quiet of the occasion. I was very graciously introduced by Mr. Coates of Dayton. People came for miles around to hear the lecture, and I had the pleasure of the company of some of them as far as Lima in going to Toledo that afternoon.

With no prospect of any fodder for my evening meal, I foraged at Lima in the five minutes we stayed there, and got a ham sandwich, glass of milk, and orange at a bar; otherwise I would go without anything to eat until morning, as there was no dining car attached. The bar, however, advertised lunches and did no other business on Sundays. . . .

Hoping to hear from you soon again, and thanking you for your letters of good news,

Lovingly,
Bliss

The following newspaper report, in the *Piqua Journal Gazette* for May 15 is unusual because it records the reporter's personal reaction to the lecture, which had been given on the tenth:

After dinner and a brief siesta, I went to May's Opera house to attend a Christian Science lecture, by Mr. Knapp, of Boston. The house was well-filled by a splendid-looking audience of adults, at least a score or more being from Sidney. It was a calm, Christian talk with which no one, however orthodox, could find fault, and no collection was taken to give it a worldly air.

For the life of me, I did not hear any doctrine in his address which did not comport with true Christianity, nor hinder a belief in it, and still be a consistent member of an orthodox church. Christian Science goes a little farther, that is all, and in doing so it does not transcend the positive teachings of Christ.

Healing the sick, as well as preaching, was in obedience to Christ's command and was a part of the disciples' duty in the early times and continued to be so for three hundred years of the Christian era, or until Constantine wrought a change. Is it not possible that this movement is but a renaissance of the custom in the early days which will work wonders? Many orthodox, eminent preachers are making healing a part of their work, but they claim that they attempt to cure no ills except those largely mental, or

susceptible to mental influence. "Do you think," said a person to me after the lecture, "that Christian Science can heal a broken leg, remove a cancer or tumor, or perform in the realm of surgery?" I replied, "Do you think that Christ, who restored the withered hand, cleansed the leper, gave vision to the blind, and raised the dead, could do it?" "Certainly," said he. "But," I said, "did he not say to His disciples, 'The works that I do ye shall do also, even greater, for I go to my Father.' " I am apt to think that the "O ye of little faith" stands in the way, or handicaps the duplication of what is termed the miracles of Christ. I know it does in my case, but I hope to outgrow it, even if I commenced a little late.



Palmer House
Chicago
May 14, 1908

Dear Daphne et al.,

I have just been re-reading father's letter referring to the Jews, and I have looked up the references to the law of Moses and the Messiah with much interest. The Bible frequently speaks somewhat like this, that "Paul preached Christ to them" and so forth. That would be a prolific subject for study for the purpose of getting new material for a lecture. You should write me more letters along that line. I have saved Mr. Kimball's lecture for the same purpose. I notice by that Jewish paper much stress is placed upon "salvation by *righteousness*." Martin Luther's cry was "justification by *faith*." Perhaps that needs a little study for the purpose of explanation. You see there is plenty to do.

A lawyer, a non-Scientist, introduced me in Elgin, as was also the case in Goshen. Both were good and opportune. The one in Elgin who had also introduced Mr. Young, remarked to me, as he extended his hand in congratulation, "I have heard more or less of Christian Science, and have looked into it some, but you gave me the clearest interpretation I have ever heard." An old gentleman stopped me on the stairs when I had returned to the hotel and talked a little, introducing me to his wife, and they both seemed delighted with the lecture.

Do you know, I got quite a lesson myself from those expressions, for when that lecture is given in the spirit, it touches their hearts as nothing else can. When the word is uttered in its spirit, it carries healing, but otherwise it is like a lovely voice that can sing well, as Ezekiel puts it. People are not convinced of the fundamentals of Christian Science from the purely intellectual viewpoint; but the same words, imbued with the divine Spirit, will purge the whole mind and body of its opposition and disease. We don't learn these things by somebody's say-so, but only from our own experience.

This evening I go home with Mr. Geo. Shaw Cook for dinner and then to Fifth Church for the evening meeting.

This weather ought to make Ralph's grass grow.

Lovingly yours,
Bliss

Letters of gratitude, accumulated at home, gave evidence that the lectures were bringing results:

McKenzie, Tenn.
Aug. 31, 1908

Mr. Bliss Knapp
Boston, Mass.

My dear Friend:

Your letter containing check for \$25.00 received. In the name of our church, I thank you. We certainly appreciate the gift and also the loving advice contained in your letter. Your lecture has borne fruit. It caused many to investigate Christian Science.

The preacher who took notes the night of your lecture never used them. He was advised by men who heard your lecture not to do so. They told him that it was unanswerable.

Probably you may remember I sought your advice in reference to some ministers, who were reading Christian Science and asking questions. I followed your advice. The result is, one preached his farewell sermon last night, in which he said, "I would as soon be caught entering my neighbor's house at the dead hour of night for the purpose of robbing it, as to have my neighbors find me sick. An evil thought would produce both." He has left

the ministry. The other very frankly tells me that he must preach until Truth shows him how to otherwise support his family. I have before me a letter from a Presbyterian minister in Texas seeking light. I guess you will think my particular line is preachers. I write you the above that you may know the good you did in coming in our midst. May God bless you in your work.

If you should be in the South or Northwest, when our church is completed, we want you to deliver the first lecture in it.

Again thanking you for your loving and substantial remembrance to us in our present need,

I am yours in Truth and Love

Mrs. Willie McKenzie

The year 1908 was notable. At Mrs. Eddy's request, the Board of Directors of The Mother Church invited Mr. Knapp to lecture in the church edifice on Thursday, October 22, at eight in the evening. His lecture, entitled "Christian Science: Its Healing Ministry," was printed in full in the *Journal* for December (Vol. XXVI, p. 513). The printing of this lecture had its usefulness beyond the readership of the Christian Science movement. The University Alliance of the International Congress of Arts and Science wrote to Mr. Knapp as follows:

Three West Twenty-Ninth St.
New York
February 3rd, 1909

Mr. Bliss Knapp
Boston, Mass

Dear Sir:

No doubt you are aware that a national congress of arts and sciences was held at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, which was attended, upon invitation, by representatives of the leading universities of the world, who read papers, or lectured upon sciences in which the lecturers had achieved distinction respectively. Among other subjects thus treated were medicine, surgery, and religion. These lectures were published by the Exposition Company, in eight or fifteen large volumes, copyright of which was conveyed to the University Alliance . . . which is now upon the point of issuing a second edition.

As Christian Science had no representation in the first edition, the University Alliance, fully alive to the general interest in, and very great importance of the cult, both as a religion and as a demonstration of the divine power in real practical Christianity, we desire to add one or more lectures on this subject to the list contained in the present edition. To this end, recognizing your ability to truly represent Christian Science, we urgently solicit such a contribution from you. . . .

Mr. Knapp wrote to Mrs. Eddy on February 14, 1909, concerning this request. On February 16 he received her response in a letter from her secretary, Adam H. Dickey, saying that his request to send the University Alliance his lecture that had been printed in *The Christian Science Journal* of December 1908 met with Mrs. Eddy's approval. Mrs. Eddy added her own handwritten note of approval.

Mr. Knapp's records of his experience continue:

The Knutsford
Salt Lake City
Nov. 1, 1908

Dear ones at home:

It is now 10:30 P.M. and the last caller has just left. I have somewhat on my mind, and being in the spirit, I shall proceed to give vent to that spirit, ere it either bursts or filters away. It relates especially to the closest connection I shall be called upon to make for the remainder of this trip.

You have learned by my letters mailed from Kansas City that I made my connection all right there Friday morning. All day Friday my train pulled into the stations on time, to the very minute, and I retired peaceful and happy. I was happy, too, that I had engaged my space at Boston; for only one Salt Lake Pullman was on, and every section but mine was packed. Directly across the aisle a child whimpered more or less. Other babies there were, but more agreeable. The mother, I could see, seemed somewhat careworn and worried, — possibly traveling was strange and irksome to her.

We pulled into Denver the following morning. I was awake,

looked at my watch, and it was 6:30, absolutely on time. A good demonstration for an all day trip. We were to have no dining car attached until 10:30. So, many got up to get a "hand out" at Denver. I stayed in bed, not being bothered about food so much as formerly. I had waked up rather earlier than our arrival in Denver, because of the "kid" across the aisle; so I was getting a little added rest.

When finally I did get up, I was surprised to notice that the child seemed very ill, and the mother was trying to keep from crying. The little boy was in a comatose condition, feverish, and wasn't saying much by this time. I thought it time to get busy, as the thought of contagion came very strongly to me, and the thought of what would happen if I got quarantined.

By that time the mother had telegraphed for a doctor to meet the train at Cheyenne at 10:30 in the forenoon. I thought the child ought to be well before that. About nine he began to come out of that comatose state. By 9:30 he wanted to get up, but soon proved himself too weak. However, he was no longer sleepy or drowsy, and seemed content to lie back on the pillow without that continual whining. I just kept up the good work, and finally he wanted an apple. I spoke to the mother about his being so much better, and she assented with much feeling.

By 10:30, the child was sitting up. Then came the doctor. He made a thorough examination all over and inside, and then pronounced very solemnly that the child's tonsils were swollen, but there was no membrane, no canker, no rash, but there ought to be, and the mother had better watch pretty closely for it. He also said that the comatose condition and fever would probably return and told her that if she saw any white membrane to take the child immediately off the train to a hospital. He left some pills and disappeared, leaving the mother to worry to her heart's content, having paid two dollars for her fears.

At Cheyenne our train consolidated with the train from Chicago and Omaha and went out in two sections thirty-five minutes late. You remember my train was due at Ogden at 5:45, and I must catch the seven o'clock over the D. & R.G. [Denver and Rio Grande] for Provo, and there was no other train at all to get there. This made an hour and fifteen minutes to make connections at

Ogden. Well, we had lost thirty-five minutes of it at Cheyenne.

However, at Laramie, our first stop, we were only eight minutes behind, and at our second stop we were on time again. A good demonstration. When I passed through the train for supper, I noted the "kid" was quite lively and enjoying himself. He and his mother had been moved into the next car. That night (Saturday night) I went to bed with much assurance, for we were on time and had covered most of the up-grade, and it was mostly a coast into Ogden, which was not very far away. I left a call for six o'clock to give plenty of time to dress and get the seven o'clock at Ogden.

I slept very soundly and did not wake up until 6:30. The train was standing still, but the porter had failed to call me. I dressed hurriedly and asked if we were in Ogden. No! Here it was 6:45, fifteen minutes before my train was to leave Ogden, and we were seventy-five miles away, and there was no knowing when we would start. I thought how interesting this would have been for father had he been there.

I learned that we had reached Green River, about two hundred miles from Ogden, on time at 10:05 Saturday night. Then we waited for the second section of eighteen cars to have the two sections made into one train. Something was happening from that time on, all the time. This broke, and that gave way, and something blew out, and what not; and here we were seventy-five miles from Ogden with one train of over eighteen cars, most a half a mile long. The conductor told me the D. & R.G. might be late, too, for it had to wait for the train from San Francisco, and if we didn't pass this train, which was Number 10, before we got to Ogden, I might make my connection after all.

Then I began to plan. I proceeded to change my underclothing and put on my winter clothes and my winter suit. The conductor had got the dining car open, too. Meanwhile everything was fixed and our train started off. I thought I ought to be sure of a good breakfast, not knowing whether I would get anything else or not. So I ordered a beef steak and shredded wheat, potatoes, and so forth, and filled up.

We finally pulled into Ogden at 8:45, three hours late. Out I rushed to catch the D. & R.G. It had gone an hour and a quarter before, although Number 10 was still at Ogden. Again I turned

my thoughts to the calmness with which father would meet this situation.

Well, I discovered a local D. & R.G. for Salt Lake was leaving in fifteen minutes, and here I was at 8:45 A.M. eighty-one miles from Provo, with the lecture at 2 o'clock.

I rushed into a telegraph office and not having the clerk's home address at Salt Lake I sent this message to Henry M. Teasdel, Salt Lake (without the address): "Can you arrange automobile for Provo and meet me Salt Lake station 10 o'clock. Rush." I knew that he would be off for church almost any time after nine.

However, the local pulled into Salt Lake on time at 10 o'clock but no Teasdel and no automobile and Provo 40 miles away. Had he received the telegram and so forth? I went to the phone. The maid answered. Mr. and Mrs. Teasdel had both gone out. Probably to church. Had they received a telegram before going out? Oh yes, they had. So I went out on the platform and waited.

At 10:15 up drove an automobile. It was Mr. Teasdel. He had done the trick, had the chauffeur, plenty of gasoline, extra tubes, and so forth, and I was off with my two grips in a Pope-Hartford, the winner of all the races hereabouts.

By the way, that "kid" was perfectly well when I passed through the train for my breakfast this morning.

You see now, why I put on my winter clothes. I needed them, too. All these mountains hereabouts are snow-capped. Mr. Teasdel had brought along two letters and two telegrams, and these I proceeded to read as we flew through the streets of Salt Lake.

Soon we were leaving the city behind and were out on the stretch of roads that winds down the valley between the snow-capped mountains. The roads were so bad we couldn't make much speed, but the chauffeur opened up the throttle whenever he could. I wouldn't have missed that ride for anything. When he had gone about eighteen miles, I suggested his water tank had better be filled, as most of its contents had struck my face in the rear seat. So we stopped and filled up. Then he noticed one cylinder wasn't working. In fact, it was leaking gasoline. So he took some tape and tied it up so that it wouldn't leak and explode, and we were off again, with twenty-seven miles ahead of us at 11:20 o'clock.

On our way we passed all manner of prairie schooners. One

man had three beasts. He was riding one horse, leading a second all saddled, and behind that horse a donkey packed down with a whole outfit of bedding and camp utensils. It was the real thing all right. Sheep herding abounds here. This valley is also a great fruit country; but wild as the open prairie. We kept moving, however, and at 1:15 pulled into Provo safe and sound.

Perhaps you think those people weren't glad to see me. They were getting rather excited. Well, the trip cost me twenty-five dollars, but it was worth every cent of it. It was grand, *de-lightful*, right next to nature, and that of the wild and woolly sort, known only to the Rockies.

I proceeded to the hotel, — my breakfast was still good; so I didn't stop for lunch, — washed up, donned my lecture clothes and was ready when the hack called. But my face was red!

The man who was to introduce me, knowing I had just arrived, thought I would stop for lunch: so he hadn't arrived by 2:05. Instead of waiting longer, I went onto the stage and, as most of the people were nearer the rear door than the platform, I invited them all forward. They came. Then I began the lecture, minus the introduction.

This over at 3:30, I had to hustle back to the hotel, change and pack and catch the 4:02 back to Salt Lake. It was thirty-five minutes late, arriving at 6:15. Again I hustled to the hotel, got a substantial dinner, changed and washed up, and was ready just as the carriage called to take me to the theatre.

Well, the theatre here was packed, with the platform filled as well. I had a good introduction, and the audience just drank in all I could give them. Mrs. Kimball told me in Boston some points to cover here, and I did, and it suited the need exactly, as they all told me afterwards.

And now tomorrow, or rather this forenoon (for it is past midnight) I shall occupy my time with letters and study, and in the afternoon see the town. And so it goes with another trip to Milford tomorrow night. If I had the time I might write a little more, but I think with these few lines you may get a glimpse of the news, and live in the hope of something more later.

Lovingly,
Bliss



Hotel Lennox
Florence, Colo.
Dec. 2, 1908

Dear Ones at home:

The Colorado lectures are all over, and now I have a vacation until next Sunday. I am beginning to really enjoy this country. It has been snowing most of the time since I have been here, and the temperature has been around zero since Sunday. It doesn't seem cold to me at all, not more than *thirty-five*. The reason I notice such a difference is because the air here is so dry. The natives seem to mind the cold much more than I do. . . .

Up around Victor, which is nearly ten thousand feet above sea level, the rocks are covered by a thin soil, but the grass never grows to more than an inch in height, and no vegetation besides the grass can be cultivated. Chickens cannot be hatched up there. If any one attempts it, the eggs have to be moistened daily and kept warm with steam while the hen is off the nest, and then only a small percentage of the eggs will ever hatch out, and great care must be exercised for a long time to save the little ones. Everything edible, therefore, has to be brought in by rail.

The train I went up on was a freight train of considerable length, with a passenger coach attached. There were three engines, one before and another behind, and a third in the middle of the train, so as not to strain the curves in hauling a long train. Leadville is much higher than Victor, but the rise to Victor is more precipitous, while one approaches Leadville on a rise that continues for several hundred miles.

There are lots of mortal mind beliefs that attach themselves to these different climates and elevations. . . . When one is under the divine law, he is acclimated to all climates, provided he keeps in that law, and I am thankful to say I have seemed to become acclimated to them all without any inconvenience.

The Scientists told of one lecturer who had quite a time of it up in Victor because of the altitude; but I carried my base of supply right along with me and had a glorious time. In fact I never felt

better in my life and had fine lectures all up through here. I had to change it some to suit the conditions so that it would appeal to mining people. . . .

Love to all
Bliss



Mr. Knapp lectured in Mexico City on November 22, 1909. The only record we have of this event is his letter to Mrs. Eddy which was printed in the *Christian Science Sentinel* for January 8, 1910 (Vol. XII, p. 371):

Boston, Mass. Dec. 27, 1909.

Beloved Friend:

I have just finished reading some of your letters of encouragement to my first efforts on the lecture platform, and I have been deeply touched by this evidence of your watchful care for my success, — the same that a mother might have over the first efforts of a child to walk. I have a great appreciation of the help this has been to me. There has been some progress, I am sure, based upon the quiet, dignified, and restful attention given to the lecture, and also upon reports of healing derived from the lecture. Increased attendance over the previous lecture is also a source of much encouragement, and this we find nearly everywhere.

It may interest you to know that students in seven of our universities have availed themselves of the privilege, provided by The Mother Church Manual, of organizing Christian Science societies and giving an annual lecture. These organizations seem to fill a need that neither the local church nor individuals could supply. What is more, the work done by these organizations is of great benefit not only to the students, but to the local church. I have had the pleasure of meeting with each of these seven organizations, and they offer a refreshing contrast to the more material pursuits of college life.

It has been my great privilege just recently to lecture for the Christian Science church in Mexico City. The vigorous work of the Scientists there has built up a church that is said to be the largest Protestant church in the Republic, as regards both membership

and attendance at the services.

Thanking you for your Christmas message in today's Monitor,
I am

Lovingly your student,
Bliss Knapp

Meanwhile, on November 29, Mr. Knapp had lectured in Cairo, Illinois, at the Opera House. The audience, in the newspaper report, was described as "immense." "The house was crowded with people who listened with reverence to the helpful scientific discourse presented by this able lecturer." Mr. Knapp was introduced by Senator Reed Green, "who in his usual happy manner, said just enough in just the right way." The lecturer was referred to as an "earnest, honest man and one desirous of helping others to lead a better life."

Such letters as the following were the real rewards for lecturing:

Dallas, Texas
Jan. 4, 1910

Mr. Bliss Knapp
Meriden Conn.

Dear Mr. Knapp:

Ever since your lecture here in November I have wanted to write you of the benefit your lecture was to me. . . .

The physical claim is of accident when I was a very small child, leaving me with a dreadfully disfigured little body which no material means could remedy. I did not come to Christian Science on account of this, however, but in the short year that I had been interested in Christian Science, I had received much help on this trouble, and had had two especially beautiful experiences, each one revealing decided physical improvement. . . .

We went [to the lecture] . . . As you began to speak I eagerly drank in the Truth, . . . and as you continued to speak, I was semi-conscious of physical disturbances and general physical commotion, attended by pain, but not ever enough to take the thought back to the material self again though I experienced this physical condition throughout the lecture.

When you finished speaking I was so happy I scarcely dared to

speak. My friend, noticing it, spoke of the pleasure I seemed to derive from the lecture. . . .

I went to church that evening . . . All this while I had not dressed again and had not noticed any physical difference, and even when I retired that night I did not notice it, but when I was dressing the next morning, my sister noticed something wrong with the band of a skirt I was trying to put on and she came to assist me. She looked at it so strangely that I asked her what the trouble was. She said there was nothing wrong except that it was about four inches too large, and it had fit me perfectly the afternoon before. I took the skirt off and tried others with the same result, which proved clearly to me that it was Love's work and that the Truth was freeing me physically too, as well as spiritually. . . .

I am grateful for each step toward the complete healing. Each experience has led on to greater and greater joy, and I am now so thoroughly, so peacefully happy that I want to express my gratitude to you, even this tardily, for the help that the Truth spoken by you in your lecture here on Nov. 14th was to me . . . and for the physical benefit which was one of the fruits of your work on that afternoon.

Very sincerely yours,
(Miss) Ruby C. Anderson

One of the most thrilling trips of Mr. Knapp's life, across the mountains of Northern California from Eureka to Ukiah, took place in April. Four letters enable us to take this trip with him:

Palace Hotel
San Francisco
Apr. 19, 1910

Dear ones at home:

Well, I *have* had a busy time of it since arriving at San Francisco. However, I arrived in the city an hour late Sunday morning due to a real western train hold-up. Perhaps you read of the China-Japan fast mail being held up late Saturday night near Sacramento. Well my train was the first one going in the opposite direction which passed that same location just a few hours later.

Then here is another thing. The Steamer *Santa Clara* from Eureka to San Francisco, which I expected to take and on which I had passage for next Tuesday, went to the bottom of the sea on her last trip, so that I didn't have to so much as wire to cancel my reservation, since the reservation itself has disappeared. This means that I shall have to return over the mountains by the stage line. Olcott Haskell is going to Eureka with me, and we have a state room bought and paid for to leave next Friday at ten o'clock in the morning. This allows me two hours after arriving from Salinas to get the boat. We get back Wednesday night, and I leave for Ashland Thursday morning.

The lecture at San Francisco in the Dreamland Rink was a great success. The place was filled and every word was heard and all opposition was met with a round of applause at the close. . . .

Lovingly,
Bliss



Hotel Vance
Eureka, Cal.
April 24, 1910

Dear ones at home:

The two lectures for the day are over, and before retiring for the night I wish to write a few lines while some of the interesting experiences of the trip up here are fresh in memory. It has necessitated one continual demonstration from the outset of this trip here, and I might say that two lecturers were knocked out up here in pretty bad shape, and Frank Leonard said the other day it was one of the hardest experiences up here he ever had, but tonight I feel very happy, fresh and ready for anything that may come along.

On the way up nearly everybody was sick, even Olcott fed the fishes, but I did not, nor was I sick, but enjoyed the trip very much, and should like to repeat the experience. The food was good and plenty of it. We left San Francisco Friday morning at ten o'clock. Before leaving, however, Olcott handed a letter to me from Sacramento asking for a lecture for Thursday, April 28. I answered it before the boat sailed, accepting the date. It had been considered

before when I was there on my way to Placerville.

The way out through Golden Gate was a beautiful sail. Our state room was the only one on the upper deck not occupied by an officer; so we were not molested by passers-by to any great extent. I slept well as did Olcott that night, but was awakened early by the steam whistle. It continued at intervals to sound, which indicated a fog. I didn't know until later what that meant, but it meant a lot of Science work for one thing. If you were never caught in a thick fog you don't know what it means, especially when one has to pass through a narrow and dangerous opening. Opposite Eureka are some very dangerous sand bars, the same ones that sent the *Santa Clara* to the bottom a week ago. There is but one opening between them to get through into the harbor, and then only at high tide for our boat which drew more water than a tug. We were supposed to get in at 7 o'clock. But instead the captain stood by a bell buoy and didn't dare venture forward for fear of going ashore. We couldn't see fifty feet away. The fog was filled with boats, all outside the bar waiting for the fog to lift so as to get into the harbor. All were tooting their horns or whistles, but we couldn't see them. There were buoys to mark the channel, and the captain would go as far away from one bell buoy in the direction of the next as he dared, not daring to lose the one he had before sighting the next, or he would be lost, but each time he returned to the first bell because of the thickness of the fog; he couldn't "pick up" or find the next buoy. It was therefore a continual sea-saw, back and around for hours. Sometimes he would go far enough to hear the roar of the breakers and would drop his sounding lead and then fall back to the first bell again, unable to pick out the channel. I never appreciated the value of a bell buoy before as I did then.

You may suppose we went to work to dispel that condition of being "befogged in error" (Science and Health, 205:15). Finally a tug brought a freighter out, and we saw which way it came out, but lost the trail right off and again fell back to our buoy. High tide was at 11:50 noon. We had to get in before three o'clock or stay out until the following day. We then learned of another boat there in the fog that left San Francisco the day before we did and hadn't succeeded in getting into the harbor. We also learned that sometimes boats had to stay out a week for the fog to lift. We were told

those men were not hired to take chances with their boats. We were about ten miles out from Eureka, and this was Saturday, with two lectures for Sunday. Well, by-and-by another tug came out, and following its direction, we and another boat started full speed in its direction and at last picked up the next buoy in the channel. The fog then thinned just enough to keep going right toward the breakers, but soon to pick the next buoy up and so on until at last we were over the bar and in the harbor and all was sunshine and clear sailing. But just outside the fog was thick as ever, whereas inside was clear blue sky. We landed about 12:30 Saturday noon, just in time. One more boat got in an hour or so later, the one that left San Francisco the day before us, and then the fog settled down so thickly that nothing else ventured to try it. But we were in! It was really a remarkable demonstration, for the fog has been very thick ever since with no sign of clearing up.

Well there had been no arrangement for getting up out of here Tuesday since the *Santa Clara* went down. The stage didn't begin until May 1. Mr. Smythe, the one who runs the automobile stage over the mountains, wouldn't listen to a proposition to start earlier than the twenty-eighth, and I needed to leave the twenty-sixth. One man said he would do it for a hundred dollars. We got a Mr. Swift at work on the proposition. Mr. Tooley also went to work, both Scientists. Finally Mr. Tooley in going on the train to Arcata Saturday sat in the seat with a man who he learned simply had to get away Tuesday. Later a fourth man was discovered. Then Mr. Smythe agreed to take the four of us through Tuesday. That is now agreed to and settled and we are to pay twenty dollars each clear through to San Francisco, going a hundred and five miles by automobile and the rest by train, arriving at San Francisco Wednesday evening. That was another demonstration of Truth.

The results of my experiences on Sunday proved the value of getting busy on Saturday with arrangements to get out of this place by automobile.

Mental conditions have been rather thick and heavy and difficult to break through: for example, since I was to lecture at A Sunday afternoon, Olcott and I went over there Sunday morning to church. Soon after being seated, I began to feel rather and sleepy. I was sure it could be nothing but mesmeric

tried to handle it on that basis with very little success. In fact, the thing seemed to be getting the better of me; for I was so oppressed with that argument that there were alarming symptoms that I might soon be sound asleep in the congregation, and that would be something awful, to have a Christian Science lecturer slumbering in church.

Then something occurred to me that Mr. Kimball told us at the Board of Education. Soon after he issued invitations to a college class, he began to feel a pain in the back, which he handled as a pain in the back for three days unsuccessfully. Then he demanded the intelligence God gave to him, by which he could know instantaneously whatever he needed to know. Right away it occurred to him that several hundred disappointed ones, realizing that their applications to the Board of Education had been turned down, were beginning to express themselves quite freely towards the teacher, with thoughts of resentment, hurt feelings, anger, and malicious criticism, disappointed ambition, and the like. Well, when he began to protect himself from projected anger, resentment, hate, and so forth, that pain in the back stopped right away.

So, in my extremity, I just demanded my God-given right to know instantaneously whatever I needed to know to break up the mesmerism of that sleepiness and stupidity. Instantly it came to me to handle something I never before had thought of: that is to say, evil spirits or spiritualism, operating through Roman Catholicism. Immediately the roof of that church began to crack and snap and made a terrible commotion. Then it subsided, and I was completely free and remained so throughout the service.

After the lecture, which, by the way, was rather indifferent in spite of my continued work, Olcott and I took the train back to Eureka. While on the way over, I remarked to him that that church seemed to be pretty well mixed up with Roman Catholicism. "Yes," he said. Mrs. Burchard had told him the young people in the church seemed to be in an epidemic of marrying Roman Catholics. Then he asked how I found out, and when I told him my experience, he remarked that he had heard that noise. It was a weird sound, and he wondered what it was all about. I was simply interested in knowing that I was not the only one who heard the noise. That experience aroused me to see that spiritualism might be the

greater beast of the two.

The evening lecture at Eureka went off very nicely indeed.

I expect to buy a draft and send with this so as not to have much with me in going over the mountains. I am writing this now as I expect to go sightseeing tomorrow morning, so will write more at the next opportunity, maybe at Sacramento.

Lovingly,
Bliss

~~Bliss~~

Palace Hotel
San Francisco
Thursday P.M.
Apr. 28, 1910

Dear ones at home:

When I wrote last Sunday I described the trip to Eureka by boat and the results of the two lectures for Sunday. Then I inserted a money order and mailed it Monday morning.

That Monday morning I enjoyed the most wonderful sight, a look into the working up of Redwood lumber in a saw-mill there at Eureka. It was a mill that sawed into all sorts of finish 250,000 feet of lumber daily. Those logs range from five to fifteen feet in diameter. One of the first I saw placed on the truck in front of the saw towered above the man fully a foot. In other words it was about 6½ feet in diameter. They sawed this into plank, so you may imagine a plank six feet wide, without a crack, all in one piece. All the modern devices for handling such long planks were on every hand. Really it is a wonderful sight to see such tremendous logs handled with the greatest ease and then sawed up into such big boards and planks. I saw everything from the log to the finished door or shingle or whatever it might be. Piazza posts and dowels of every sort are made there. Every portion of a log is used for something. Its parts are sorted by experts for every purpose to which it is most adapted. It seems almost wicked to have such big trees cut up for market when they were saplings away back in Moses' time.

Tuesday morning before leaving for the trip overland

Mr. Newell, who introduced me at Fortuna, drove Mr. Haskell and me up into a big grove of Redwoods, 12,000 acres. The land was bought years ago for twelve dollars an acre. There are about twenty trees to an acre, and each tree on the stump is worth about seven hundred dollars for its lumber. We saw trees there at least fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred feet tall.

At ten-twenty Tuesday we left Fortuna by rail for Elinor, arriving there at about eleven thirty-five, where we were to take the automobile. That region is filled with logging camps, and the railroad stations are called "Camp five," "Camp three," and so on. Our chauffeur met us at Elinor and we found Mr. Crown on the train with us. He was the fourth man going. Mr. Bull, the third man, backed out at the last moment. It was better that he did. Three passengers made a more comfortable trip for us. The machine was across the river; so we took the stage across the ferry and the old hard-seated rig without springs made us glad we were to ride through that charming country in an automobile. Our purpose was to make Dyerville for lunch.

The machine was a Maxwell five passenger, four cylinder car, and the chauffeur informed us it had run the smoothest he had ever known it to that morning, taking all hills on high speed and so on. This made us all happy, and we tucked ourselves in, Mr. Crown riding with the chauffeur, and Mr. Haskell and I in the rear. My two grips rode in the rear seat with us: the other two rode on the front mud-guards without the necessity for fastening them. Mr. Crown had himself driven an automobile over that road, and he said it was the finest scenery in the country. We were to pass through a redwood forest for twenty-three miles, without a break, and all giant redwoods, too.

Well we were soon started, but hadn't gone far when the spark began to miss, and then the power shut off in some way, so we stopped. The chauffeur informed us it was the magneto, which was accordingly taken out, overhauled and replaced. This lost us three quarters of an hour. You know I had to catch the noon train at Willits the following day, Wednesday, so as to reach San Francisco Wednesday evening, as I had to lecture in Sacramento Thursday evening. There is but one train a day from Willits, so that Thursday's train would not do at all. When the machine started

again, it went fine for a mile or two, then stopped again, and here we were on a hundred and five mile trip to catch the train at Willits. Again the magneto was overhauled and a terminal wire was found to be broken. It was soon remedied and off we started again. But so much time had been consumed that we had to stop at Holmes for lunch, and the chauffeur took the time to go over everything once more. It was a good dinner for hungry people: corned beef and potatoes, lemon pie, and so forth.

We went about two miles further when again the car stopped. This time the chauffeur thought some water was in the carburetor. That was all overhauled, emptied and replaced. I might say that from that time we had no further trouble with the ignition system. But my, it went fine, and most beautiful of all was the scenery and the redwoods! It was well worth going miles and miles to see the wonders we saw on that trip. Dyerville wasn't reached, however, until the middle of the afternoon. We were nearly two hours behind our schedule there.

We had to ferry across Bull Creek. Steep banks on one side and sandy grade on the other made both sides exceedingly hazardous for an automobile. We passengers all piled out and called for the ferry-man who soon appeared, and after a little while the machine was aboard and then across. In taking the soft gravel road rising from the river to the turnpike above, the wheels simply sunk to the hubs and they revolved and we were stuck. All of us got hold and pushed, and finally we got it extricated by backing down to the river again. Another effort in a different direction soon proved the soft gravel was too much for us, and I suggested a team without delay. The only horses within ten miles of us were in plain view on the opposite shore. We called to the men with them and soon they came to our assistance and we were landed on the turnpike, again speeding along the forest road. It was almost twilight at sun-up in those woods. We saw many trees twenty feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. Bunker Hill Monument is 220 feet high. Imagine a tree growing beside it twenty feet in diameter and towering above it eighty feet, and then contemplate riding through a grove of them for twenty-three miles. Few limbs are to be seen on them except for the small tuft at the top. Numerous fallen trees lie about in confusion all along the way, but even these

are solid as a rock. Redwood is so hard and wet it seldom burns to advantage. Forest fires never destroy redwoods. A fire in a house made of redwood timber is easily put out. Fire can't get into it because of its dampness and hardness.

After going for about two miles beyond the ferry, we were again stopped. This time it was a redwood that had fallen directly across the road. It stood right beside the road and had completely intercepted our path. We tried to build a corduroy road around its uprooted roots, but the ground was soft and it was an exceedingly hazardous undertaking as the roots had left a big cavity or hole, into which the machine might slip. Mr. Haskell had gone back a bit and discovered a man with a dog who came to our assistance. He showed us another road leading around it by going back a bit over our route and making a long detour through the woods. Some of us went ahead removing obstacles and finally we were back on the road and on our way again. The man told us that redwood fell across the road just one hour before we got there.

Things seemed to be coming our way pretty fast. But don't think for an instant I hadn't been at work for a long time, too. Nevertheless things seemed to happen just the same.

It was necessary to make Belle Springs or Cummings for the night in order to reach Willits the following noon. However, every bit of the way was over *mountains*. Not mere hills, like Mt. Washington, but real mountains, with curves, oxbows, and devil's bows galore. Sometimes we could see three roads above us, one above the other, and we had to work our way in and out, back and forth, but always higher and higher, with the slender Eel river winding its way below, and the valleys stretching out before us for miles and miles. Views like what we saw from those ridges, we never see in New England, and all this dotted with giant redwoods. The view and the redwoods are away beyond the Yosemite Valley in grandeur; so Crown and Haskell, who had been there, said. There is just a small bunch of redwoods at Yosemite. Well finally we went bowling down the other side and passed more along the ridge, from one side to the other, with a river way below in either valley.

We pulled into Harris at seven thirty that evening, just as it was getting pretty dark. But Harris was only about half way to

Cummings where we had to go. As we stopped at Harris we noticed a front tire flat. A fresh one was handy and it was put on. We had a good supper, and made way with as much as four hungry people could. It was cold, too, and a fire in the fireplace felt and looked good. There was no house nor telephone for thirty miles either side of Harris; mountain roads, and you know what that means. But after dinner we lighted up and were off again by eight in the evening, prepared to make Cummings in any event, in order to start from there in the morning.

It was my party — it was gotten up for me, and the chauffeur understood that I had to make Sacramento for Thursday night. Mr. Crown's sister-in-law was Second Reader at Arcata, and he knew I had to be there and that to do it I must make Willits Wednesday noon.

The headlights showed up well into the darkness of the night. We caught several jack-rabbits in their glare as we would turn a curve, and once a small black bear hastened to make his exit from the dazzling eyes. Some calves got drawn into the light and fled before us in the road for at least a mile, keeping in the light, partly because of the narrow defile of the road, until we had led them a long way from their home.

Mile after mile we reeled off along the narrow mountain defiles in the starlight. The moon didn't rise until ten. At nine thirty, I noticed an unusual light under the car and spoke of it. Immediately the chauffeur stopped to investigate. He reported that the universal joint was broken and was so hot it was striking sparks. That was the light I saw. Now the universal joint is that which communicates the power from the drive shaft under the car to the rear axle. Although broken, it was still holding together, but could not be used longer. Well we were miles from anywhere, *but!* the chauffeur had put an extra universal joint into his tool-box just at the last moment. However, it was going to consume some time to install the new one. Indeed, it was ten thirty or eleven before we were off again.

We finally passed Belle Springs about midnight, or twelve thirty, and continued for about five or six miles when lo, the universal joint again broke and no more new ones! and we fully twelve miles from Cummings! This time the chauffeur fixed it up with wire and bolts and it took us two miles when that fell out.

Again it was fixed up with wire, straps, and more bolts and two more miles were covered when the whole shaft and all went out of commission and we eight miles from Cummings and two o'clock in the morning with nothing between. But if we got to Cummings there was nothing to take us in the morning unless we could hire a rig. We would have to walk. I saw that right away. Consequently every minute wasted in waiting was out of the question. Olcott agreed to go with me, and Mr. Crown to stay with the chauffeur. I took both grips, Olcott leaving his and his address with Mr. Crown who lives in Oakland. Two straps had been brought along by Olcott and we put these through the handles and over our shoulders, each carrying a grip. We figured we could make four miles an hour, as it was all down hill, so that we should reach Cummings by four o'clock or thereabouts. There were but two houses at Cummings.

Thus we parted from the automobile and walked out into the night, away up there in the mountains of California, with nothing but woods about, infested with bears, wild-cats, and so on. However, nothing came across our path: we just hurried along. My! those grips got pretty heavy; the roads were poor so that I stumbled over rocks many times, turning my ankles in my low shoes, but I knew from those suggestions what error would like to do and handled it. Shucking down a mountain with a load, too, got hard on one's knees after a while, and I wondered whether there would be holes in my stockings. An eight mile hike with a grip, like coming down the road from Mousilauke, is no enjoyable matter, especially at night and with wild sounds going on about one.

The last few miles were rather weary, but after a while we heard some dogs bark and then growl and come out at us. We were in a door-yard which we could see by the light of the moon. I called out several times and finally a man appeared at the door. We enquired if that was Cummings. He said, "Yes." So we sat down and explained that we wanted a rig to get to Willits. He said we never could get there for noon time. He didn't seem inclined to do anything, saying we were too excited about getting there; that he wouldn't let us take his horses under any consideration.

We reached Cummings a little after four o'clock in the morning, five minutes after four I think it was. Well we seemed to be up against it. The roads were bad from there on. We had walked as far as we proposed to walk. I had acquainted myself with the timetables, however, and I knew of another train from Ukiah, thirty miles beyond Willits, which left Thursday morning at 5:50. We might be able to make that. This seemed reasonable to the old man, and upon the strength of that, he told of a neighbor a mile above, off the main road who might take us part way. He agreed to go after him, a Mr. Williams. So he called down a woman to get breakfast for us and off he started. While we were eating breakfast, he returned saying Mr. Williams would take us to Laytonville and would be along very soon.

I must stop here a while to continue later.

When I stopped this afternoon I thought I would have time to continue but will continue perhaps tomorrow.

Bliss



Hotel Sacramento,
Sacramento, Calif.
Apr. 29, 1910

Dear ones at home:

In writing yesterday I neglected to mention concerning that redwood that fell across the road, that for a tree that size it requires two experienced woodsmen at least a day and a half to cut through it, using both saws and axes.

Well I left off at Cummings. We had breakfast there and also had some boiled eggs and bread and butter put up to take with us. Mr. Williams came at seven and we were off. Mark you, all these roads are way up in the mountains. There are no towns, just single houses every twenty or thirty miles. Our next stop, however, was to be a town of a dozen houses about fifteen miles beyond Cummings called Laytonville. Mr. Williams agreed to take us that far but not beyond.

Soon after starting out we saw a wild cat up in a tree quite near the road, but he didn't bother us. Someone had shot him and

left him hanging up there. A vulture was after him.

The ride to Laytonville was without particular moment, save the matter of time and money. He agreed to get us there in four hours and charge five dollars. I made no remark about the price, preferring to say something later. By some persuasion we arrived at ten o'clock. We were twenty-five miles from Willits, and the train left there at noon. It was out of the question to make it. In fact, all said that it would take four hours to get to Sherwood, fifteen miles away.

No one at Laytonville seemed willing to go to Sherwood. I learned later the reason why. It is positively the worst road for a road I ever saw. No automobile could ever negotiate it in the world, and fifteen miles of it. One man wanted twenty dollars to take us over to Sherwood. Another said he would go for six dollars and all expenses for two days paid. Mr. Williams didn't want to go. However, by considerable influence and urging I got him to set a price. I had meanwhile got his first lap down to four dollars. He said he would go to Sherwood for ten dollars altogether. I immediately accepted his offer, and he was sorry I did. But I had to keep with him to keep off others' influence until we were started by eleven o'clock for Sherwood.

There was a freight train leaving Sherwood for Willits at four o'clock arriving at Willits at 5:45 in the afternoon. My objective now was to make that train and get another rig at Willits for Ukiah, thirty miles beyond Willits.

Mr. Williams was grouty for some time after leaving Laytonville, in fact until we turned over to him the larger part of our lunch, — then he brightened up a bit. After that he was quite talkative again. But in going up a steep mountain, the horses were poking along, when he gave them a sharp crack of the whip. It was a democrat wagon and I was seated alone in the rear. The horses started up with a jerk and threw me, seat and all, right over backwards to the ground. Well I had time to think while I was going, and aside from nearly knocking my wind out I picked myself up unhurt, leaving not so much as a bruise. I recognized this attack upon my life as indicative of the whole trip, but error had again failed and after tying the seat on, we were off again. I think that experience began to waken Mr. Haskell up for the first

time to see what we were up against. I was able to turn part way around in falling so that I struck mostly on my elbow, with no bones broken, and not even a black and blue spot or soreness to show for it. It didn't seem to surprise Mr. Williams the least bit, and he had no apologies to make. We finally reached Sherwood at three o'clock, an hour before train time, the first train in miles and miles.

While waiting I called up Willits by phone and got hold of a man who said he would meet that train and take us to Ukiah for eight dollars. It would take from four to five hours to cover the thirty miles.

It did seem good to ride on that train, and gave us an opportunity to relax a bit. Our faces began to burn a bit from the continued exposure, and we got a bit sleepy.

At five forty-five we pulled into Willits; our man was there and we asked first to be taken to a store for some fruit. Oranges and bananas served for our dinner after a light breakfast, half a hand-out for lunch and fruit for supper. But we were on our last lap.

Willits is quite a big town, the largest we had yet seen. The roads were fine and by the time darkness had set in we were a third of the way to Ukiah. This was the smoothest and best drive of all, and the horses trotted most of the way. There was one stretch of ten miles down hill without a rise, just winding in and around the mountain sides. Mark you, we were not to get out of the mountains until leaving Ukiah.

At half past ten, we pulled into Ukiah, another big town like Willits. I guess I slept half the time during that last hour, and when I got out of the carriage I could hardly walk, my hips were so stiff. I hadn't noticed anything like this before.

By eleven o'clock we were asleep. At 4:45 A.M. we were called, got breakfast, and took the 5:50 A.M. train for San Francisco. Again we had a chance to rest. The train pulled into San Francisco on time at 10:37 A.M. Olcott left me as we passed through San Rafael. My train left for Sacramento at just noon, leaving me time to get shaved and have my boots blacked. The former installment of this letter I wrote going out on the train in Sacramento where I arrived at 3:35 in the afternoon, in ample time to get ready for the evening lecture.

The lecture went off successfully. There was a crowded house and all, but the Scientists told me they had been meeting every sort of opposition in preparing for that lecture, but everything had been met, as it had with me. My stiffness in walking had nearly disappeared, and no one would know by my appearance that I had done any work for a week.

I had to leave Sacramento that night at midnight, getting to bed in an upper berth soon after midnight. I didn't get up this morning until nearly eight thirty. I have had my breakfast, got off at Shasta Springs to drink some of their famous spring water and so on, as did everybody on the train. It tasted to me more like ancient eggs than delicious spring water. It is said to have medicinal properties, but I don't believe I shall ever want any more of it. It isn't a sulphur spring, but a kind of soda spring. Geysers were spurting from the side of the mountain. Mt. Shasta was enveloped in clouds as it is raining a bit this morning. However, we could see its snow-covered sides. I have just sent you some views of it in a book; so you may be looking for them.

My train is right on time, and I shall arrive at Ashland at 4:55 this afternoon, where I expect to get some mail from you, after having been isolated about a week.

This has been the most strenuous trip I ever had. I am feeling as fine and kinky this morning as ever, and ready for lots of work. It gave me lots of experience and I am glad for it, but don't want to try it again right away.

It is time I closed, so good-by for this time.

Bliss

P.S. I am enclosing a map of the route.

B.K.



4 Batavia Street
 Boston, Mass.
 May 3, 1910

My dear Bliss:

We just got your letters with check enclosed for \$270.00. Well now we were glad to hear from you, but it almost made our hair stand up on end before we got to the end of them; however, we saw by the post mark that one of them was mailed in Sacramento; otherwise we might suppose you were up in the woods, for that was where you left us. I suppose we shall get the remainder of the eventful trip tomorrow.

The letters read like some of the "wild west" overland trips of the 49ers who went through to California in those days when there were no railroads at all. I hope you won't have to take a trip to the North Pole. I guess you were glad to have Mr. Haskell with you for a companion. . . .

When you take another wild west trip, just send us a telegram when you get out of the woods; it takes so long to get a letter.

In your lecture when you speak of Mrs. Eddy's rediscovery of the demonstrations of Jesus Christ, which the world had lost for centuries, give the reason that the chain of revelation cannot be broken. The references in S&H Page 172:12; 271:1, will give you some idea on that point. I will not write any more now for this will let you know that we are all right at home.

Lovingly yours,
 Ira O. Knapp

The following is an extract from a letter written by Bliss Knapp to First Church of Christ, Scientist, Jamestown, New York, in May 1910. The Board of Trustees of that church had decided to change the hour of a lecture at which Mr. Knapp was to speak, and had written to ask his permission to make the change. The letter gives a line on the nature of his metaphysical preparation for each lecture:

The only difference with me will be a difference of four or five hours for my next appointment. I believe, however, that you should be led by Principle, not only in setting the time, but also in gathering your audience. Jesus said: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Therein is a law of Truth containing an affirmation and denial that completely regulates the gathering of your audience for any service you may hold. The demonstration of that Law of divine attraction will nullify the belief in any other attraction. It matters little, then, when your lecture may be held. It might be held Saturday morning in the rain and your people would be there, if that Law were demonstrated.

Again, Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all *men* unto me." Therein again is the divine attraction intimated. This Law of divine attraction demonstrated will determine who shall come out, and it will prevent all others from coming with an evil purpose. You have, then, a receptive audience, — one gathered by the Truth, — and a better lecture will result.

During these years of Bliss's lecturing, Ira Knapp had continued, as before, in his unswerving efforts to aid his Leader* and to further the Cause. He remained a member of the Board of Directors (Chairman until 1903) and of the Bible Lesson Committee to the date of his passing on November 11, 1910, just a month before Mrs. Eddy departed this earthly experience. He had served with undeviating devotion for twenty-two years, eighteen as Director, eleven as Chairman of the Board; during this time the

*A significant event in the lives of the Knapps was the dedication of the Extension of The Mother Church, June 10, 1906. Margaret Williamson in her book *The Mother Church Extension* states (p. 51): "As to numerous inscriptions which appear on the inside of The . . . Extension, Mrs. Eddy herself chose them." This is not to say that she did not ask for advice. Sometime prior to the completion of the edifice, Mrs. Eddy asked Ira Knapp to choose a quotation for the large panel at the left of the platform (as one faces it). He asked Bliss's cooperation and both came up with the same, John 14:16-17. . . "He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not . . . but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you . . ." One of Bliss Knapp's students, remarking on the aptness of this choice, said, "Every time I go to The Mother Church it is an inspiration to me. It links again the Knapps with our Leader." — Mrs. Rose Sweetland, to whom Mrs. Eloise Knapp repeated this story several times.

Christian Science movement grew from a tiny group of loyal followers to unnumbered thousands, from one church in Boston to hundreds of branches. To the end Ira Knapp was a profound student of the Bible and of his Leader's teachings. According to a close friend and associate, Judge Hanna, "His tender regard for our Leader and her work was touching in its simplicity and depth. In this respect he stood a shining example. He had no aim or purpose in life, after adopting Christian Science, than to aid in promoting it."¹

The following tribute to Ira O. Knapp appeared in the *Sentinel* for November 19, 1910, p. 230:

Ira. O. Knapp, C.S.D.

Mrs. Eddy says on page 166 of "Miscellaneous Writings": "The monument whose finger points upward, commemorates the earthly life of a martyr; but this is not all of the philanthropist, hero, and Christian. The Truth he has taught and spoken lives, and moves in our midst a divine afflatus." This is markedly true of our beloved friend and associate, the late Ira O. Knapp, whose good works are an eloquent testimony of his Christianity.

Mr. Knapp became a Christian Scientist almost thirty years ago, and early in his career as such was a student of the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, from whom he received instruction in the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, after which he successfully devoted his energies to the practice of Christian Science healing. He was one of the twelve who with Mrs. Eddy formed The Mother Church, and in 1892 he became one of the Christian Science Board of Directors by appointment of Mrs. Eddy. He was also a member of the Bible Lesson Committee; and, above all else, he was one who did those mighty works of healing which Jesus declared should be done by "them that believe." In every one of his varied relations to the church and to his fellowmen, Mr. Knapp's whole-hearted service earned the "Well done, good and faithful servant," and he was greatly loved and esteemed by the entire field of Christian Scientists.

As our beloved Leader has said of another, so may we say of this dear and true brother: "Evil has no power to harm, to hinder, or to destroy the real spiritual man. He is wiser today, healthier and

happier, than yesterday. The mortal dream of life, substance, or mind in matter, has been lessened, and the reward of good and punishment of evil and the waking out of this Adam-dream of evil will end in harmony, — evil powerless, and God, good, omnipotent and infinite” (*Sentinel*, Dec. 14, 1907).

Archibald McLellan

Less than a month later a similar notice was published in the *Sentinel* (December 10, 1910, p. 283) concerning the passing of Mrs. Eddy at her home on Beacon Street at 10:45 p.m. Saturday, December 3:

She had been indisposed about nine days, but had been up and dressed and as late as Thursday transacted some business with one of the officials of the Christian Science church. She took her daily afternoon drive until two days before her going. Saturday night she quietly fell asleep, and those around her could at first hardly realize that she had gone. Her thought was clear until the last and she left no final messages.

Mrs. Eddy’s funeral was held the following Thursday, and Bliss Knapp served as an active pallbearer, upon invitation of the Board of Directors.

The loss of his father and his Leader within so short a time gave Bliss Knapp a challenge the extent of which was indicated in a letter written years later to one of his students:

Cleveland
October 6, 1921

I remember only too clearly what it meant for my father and Mrs. Eddy to go, where I could no longer enjoy their advice and loving counsel. They went — at the same time practically — so that all the props seemed to go at once. What troubled me most was the question, “To whom can I go?” Well, there seemed to be no one but Principle, and gradually the peace and confidence came with greater trust in Principle. The vacuums all were filled with my own growth.

In an Association paper he wrote for 1931 (Paper #1, p. 7) Bliss recalled:

“Once I could go to my father and to Mrs. Eddy, but when both were taken from me, all in the short space of three weeks, my first reaction was that I had lost every support. There was no one now who would help fight my battles. I had to get over that sense of loss, that sense of void. I had to learn that I must go to Principle, I must get my answers from God. He would have to sustain me, or as Peter said to Jesus: ‘Save or I perish.’ Jesus saved Peter. The Comforter will save us all. That is good medicine for us all and we deserve it.”

Also, his 1911 lecture, called “Christian Science: Its Religious and Healing Elements,” reflected his attachment to Mrs. Eddy. He said:

It has been my pleasure and privilege to know Mrs. Eddy personally for nearly 25 years. She has visited in my father’s home. At one time she came to our home and remained nearly a week. Thereafter she moved into a house directly across the street from where we then lived; and there again she visited in our home. I have visited her in her home, and I know from personal acquaintance with her that she has lived as pure a life, as unselfish and Christian a life, as is possible for a denizen of this world; and in all that she has done she has considered herself but a humble disciple, seeking to learn more of the spiritual meaning of the Bible that she might impart it to the world, and to its great advantage.

The lecture tour of 1911 provided the opportunity, in February, of a trip, on muleback, to the floor of the Grand Canyon, mentioned in the following letter. Five pictures in the memento book record this journey, but the emphasis of the letter is on something quite different, and, apparently, more important to the writer:

El Tovar
Grand Canyon, Arizona
Feb. 10, 1911

Dear ones at home:

When I arrived here last evening I found your telegram about Fresno. This is such a delightful spot that I shall try to stay until Sunday night. It all depends upon getting transportation on the limited train for San Bernardino.

There was a peculiar combination of people coming over from

La Hunta. My seat-mate was a Catholic priest. His efforts to engage me in conversation were difficult. He left the train at Albuquerque. There was an M.D. from Chicago, Dr. Grow, a Methodist minister, and some mining people and health seekers. Not all came into the Canyon Hotel, but most of them did.

We got here at 4:30 last evening and there was a sunset drive, three miles west at 5 o'clock. The Doctor from Chicago rather hitched up with me and wanted me to ride with him, which I did. This got us a bit more acquainted, and after the drive we dined together. At eight we went together to see the Hopi Indian dance and stopped to buy some trinkets, so that it was 9:30 when we were about to separate at my room door. Then he asked me point blank what my business was. When I told him I was a Christian Science lecturer, he was the most surprised man you ever saw. He ejaculated, "My God!" and then laughingly referred to the kinds we had represented in that Pullman. However, he stepped into the room and said he wanted to talk with me about it. He stayed until nearly 11:30.

He did most of the talking at first, and I had my turn later. His niece is a Scientist, but he had some peculiar ideas about it which he aired right off. He said he didn't believe Christian Science could do this or that, or heal certain diseases and so forth. Well I let him run on a bit; then I asked him what he would accept as evidence. Nothing unless he could see it with his own eyes. Then I began to tell him about the testimonies in the *Journal and Sentinel* and the care exercised in getting the facts, — that they had to be vouched for by competent witnesses. Then they were held a year and again vouched for and so forth, and that critics of Christian Science had investigated them with a view to disproving their veracity without success. Going over all this carefully, I asked him finally if he considered such evidence competent, and he admitted it must be correct.

He began then to listen to me; so I took the opportunity of telling him something about his own profession. I told those experiments to him about the man on the glass and the viewing of a cat's digestion by the X-ray and so forth. He couldn't deny these things. I proved to him that disease originates not in matter but in mortal mind and so forth. He had to admit it, though he confessed

he didn't follow it. I assailed his inconsistency. He began to see our position in a new light as being consistently scientific.

Then we got around to the matter of fear, and he attributed a large class of diseases to fear; so I asked him what fear was. He had never thought of it. So I proved by a careful process that fear is ignorance. He accepted the proof. Then he had to follow along to agree that understanding is the cure for ignorance and fear. But what kind of understanding? He didn't know. So I quoted the Scripture, "Fear hath torment," but "Perfect love casteth out fear." Then I told him it was not human will, or hypnotic suggestion or any other phase of the carnal mind but the understanding of divine Love that heals fear and disease. He accepted it like a child. He had never read anything on Christian Science; so I asked permission to give him something. He said he had wanted something to read about it for a long time, and I gave him Mr. Dixon's article, "Causation." Then he began to tell me some of his own experiences that seemed to him proofs that he had already been drifting toward Science, and really I guess he is. He really doesn't believe in medicine.

Just as he was leaving today, I gave him a Chicago paper with my lecture in it. He said he dreamed about that talk all last night, and he was wonderfully impressed this morning. Today we took the trip down the trail clear to the river together and again dined together. He left on the night train. Well the seed is sown, and almost the last thing he said was that he would have lots of time to read what I had given him on the train.

. . . I believe the manager of the hotel here is a Scientist, and the Monitor is on sale at the news stand. I bought Saturday's and Monday's.

The trip down the trail to the river was fine. I was in the saddle all day from 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Missouri mules are used, and the scramble is seven miles over the trail in either direction. The Hotel provided lunch at noon. I feel fine tonight. Not a bit lame, and everything seems good out here. I have a fine room, and the meals and all are four dollars per day.

I shall be about the hotel tomorrow for study and so forth, and shall have more time to buy things and write you again.

The long drive along the Cliff is not open now on account of

the poor roads. Snow covers the ground, but down the trail it is warm, and the snow line goes down only about a thousand feet. I shall write about that later.

Lovingly,
Bliss

There is a gap of two and half months in the record. It picks up again in Canada:

Canadian Pacific Railway
En Route
April 26, 1911

. . . The service at Edmonton was well attended, so much so as to tax the capacity of their hall, and many had chairs in the vestibule. The Readers performed their duty with extreme intelligence and meaning and gave a wholesome sense to the audience. The First Reader appeared in frock coat and conformed to the customs of the Boston Readers. He is the head of Dun & Company for this section. He and his wife are young people from Winnipeg.

About six hundred people attended the lecture, and Magistrate Taylor introduced me. After the lecture he took me, together with Mr. and Mrs. Darby, the First Reader and his wife, for an automobile ride to see the city. The site of the old Hudson Bay Company, where the original settlement was made, was an interesting feature. The automobile was a Buick like mine, but with side doors.

In Calgary I was presented to an audience of about 500 by a member of parliament, Mr. Bennett.² The Saturday before, the lecture was announced in an editorial which told who was to introduce me. The introduction was fine and the lecture got hold of the audience better than it had for two weeks. They just sat right up and took in everything, so that I felt better about it than I had for a long time.

Just as I closed, up jumped a gray haired man in the audience and wanted to say something. I paused to hear what he had to say, and he worked himself down to the front of the audience, talking meanwhile, and he let it be known that he desired to ask me some

questions before the audience. I saw directly that I must butt in before he got his question announced. So I spoke up, and said, "If you have any questions to ask, you may come to me privately, and I shall be glad to answer them." But he said he wanted to ask them before the audience. I therefore repeated what I had said, said the lecture was over, and then I added very firmly "The audience is dismissed," whereupon they all rose and prepared to leave, and that was the end of the affair. The old fellow didn't even take advantage of my invitation and never came near. Mr. Bennett said I handled the situation very well, and said it was evident to everybody that the fellow wasn't sincere, or he would have come to me afterwards.

The lecture was such a success, — and here was an avenue to spoil it. But I was too quick for the enemy and closed the door before the question was asked and dismissed the audience. That is the first and only experience of the sort I have had in the seven years of my lecture work.

The editor of the Herald was present and reported the lecture, and made a friendly call on me the following day, Tuesday. The paper evidently declined to take my report, desiring to make its own. The editor was honest and very friendly to me and to Science, — said he knew Mrs. Hunt, our soloist. However, he made a regular mess of it. When I read it, it was pretty bad. He scarcely got anything right. Whereupon, I hid myself over to the Herald office, and it was then I learned that he was the editor. I told him as nicely as I could what he had done, and it disturbed him not a little. He assented to my offer to submit a correction for publication and asked me to present it in the form of a letter addressed to him personally, giving me his name as J. W. Davis.

I consequently returned to my hotel and proceeded to write out a reply as briefly as I could, at the same time covering all the points of a questionable character. Last evening (Tuesday) when Mr. Dickey and another came to conduct me to the train for Winnipeg, I had it ready and read it to them. They suggested a few additions which were embodied and were glad of the opportunity to get something further in the paper. Mr. Dickey had a Smith Premier machine; so I typed it off, to prevent possible errors, and turned it over to Mr. Dickey, so that he could get it to Mr. Davis

early this morning. I expect it will appear in this afternoon's edition. If I get one, I shall send you a copy.

Yesterday afternoon I took an automobile drive all about the city. We went out on some country roads and found them so bad that they tossed the machine and us up and down quite a bit. Once I started skyward and was forcibly and abruptly stopped by the rib of the top. My hat coming naturally between me and the stout rib of the top, was precipitated with such force upon my head as to nearly smash it, — that is the hat, — with the result that when I reach Winnipeg tomorrow, it will have to be reblocked. It is too good a hat to throw away, and a local hatter said it could be put back into shape all right.

Now, for business. I got all your letters and papers at Calgary. That letter from Ethel was more vivacious and spirited than I supposed such a demure little maid could write. I really smiled a wide smile over it, and would invite another if I only knew the mainspring to touch. It may have been that rat of hers. At any rate, Ralph told me you had one. And that other admiring sister of mine, I believe in time will be sending some excerpts from Jim Jones' Joke Book. You remember the criticism an editor made of a manuscript submitted for publication? "The larger portion is quite familiar to me, sir; and I really like those portions you stole the best." Well, Daphne, you are the finest girl to have a letter always awaiting me at my next stop, and that is more than most people can say. My papers, too, have come more regularly than hitherto, and that I appreciate perhaps more than you may be aware of. . . . Ralph, you said you weigh 188 pounds. I beat you by two pounds. I am glad, Daphne, that you have a pretty blue dress and hat. I think I shall have to have a blueberry blue suit, too.

Well, I must save something for next time, so by-by,

Bliss

In October Mr. Knapp paid a visit to the Mabury family in California, and made the trip with them, by cog railway, to the summit of Mt. Lowe. The picture in the memento book shows Bliss, in a derby hat (perhaps the same one that was reblocked in Winnipeg), standing in the front tier of the inclined car and beside him, in a large hat decorated with a flower, stands Miss Eloise Mabury, who, seven years later, becomes his wife. It is there-

fore time to bring her story up to date, as she is an integral part of this biography.

Eloise was born February 22, 1879, in San Diego. Her father, Hiram Mabury, was a native of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and came of a very poor family. His father died when Hiram was only ten, and from that time the boy's one thought was to help his mother whom he dearly loved and respected. Briefly, his life became an American success story. He moved to Jeffersonville, Indiana, where in 1860 he married Josephine Hardman. Just after the Civil War ended, they went by steamer to California, where they lived the rest of their lives, bringing up seven children.

When Eloise, the youngest, was six months old, the family moved to San Jose, to what Eloise referred to as the Mabury Homestead on McKendree Street. According to his daughter Bella, Hiram Mabury always believed in investing in stock of companies formed in the town where he was living. Consequently he invested in the San Jose Water Company, the San Jose-Santa Clara Horse Cars, the Sperry Company and others. The horse cars finally developed into the Overhead Trolley System, in which he was interested. He came to be looked upon as a "public-minded genius." Gradually he acquired shares in banks, large and small, up and down the coast of California. Bella writes: "I remember so well how often the bankers from the various small institutions up and down the Coast, from San Francisco all the way down to San Diego, would come to his library for consultations on business methods, and what great respect they accorded him."

Eloise has provided some autobiographical glimpses, events she remembered as highlights in her experience. Her first memorable trip East was to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 with her parents and her sister Carlotta. In 1896, she graduated from the Washburn School. The following summer (1897), she went with her mother and brother Paul on a trip to Boston, via Montreal; they stayed two months in Boston, waiting for the opening of Smith College. But in September Eloise failed to pass her entrance examinations for Smith — and so met Bliss Knapp! The circumstances occurred on this wise: as she could not enter Smith that fall, the Maburys decided that Eloise should remain on in the East and attend the Gilman School for Girls in Cambridge. Arrangements were made for her to board with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bangs, at 2 Batavia Street, right next door to the Knapp family. As the Maburys were Christian Scientists, it is probable that they met the Knapps at church. The highlight of the

aburys' visit to Boston was being shown through the Original Edifice by William B. Johnson.

Eloise remembers that the following spring, when Mrs. Flavia Knapp passed on, there was an exceedingly heavy snowfall in Boston.

In June 1898, Eloise joined The Mother Church. She went home for the summer and, having now passed her entrance exams, she entered the freshman class at Smith in September. It is significant that one year after her admission, she was made President of the sophomore class and a member of the College Council. She became thoroughly absorbed in college affairs. In *Bliss Knapp and Eloise Knapp, Their Book*, she mentions particularly the Junior Prom — but, tantalizingly, does not tell us who escorted her. Apparently she had become better acquainted with Bliss during the time he was at Harvard because she records, as of her graduation, in June 1902, that Bliss and Will Turner planned to come “but trains changed and they didn't come!” — with a twinge of disappointment!

The outstanding event of her years in the East was Eloise's attendance at the Annual Meeting of The Mother Church when Mrs. Eddy was present, June 6, 1899. Eloise later wrote:

. . . It was at the time when the original edifice of The Mother Church was the only building of our denomination in Boston, and it was far too small to seat the members who came from far and near to attend the . . . Annual Meeting of The Mother Church, so the . . . meeting was held in Tremont Temple, a Baptist Church in downtown Boston.

I had come down from college to attend the services, and my friend [actually her sister, Eugenia Mabury] was studying music in Boston. I was staying with one of Mrs. Eddy's students, and on the morning of the Annual Meeting she said to us, “Girls, when do you plan to go to . . . the meeting?” We said that as the meeting was at 2 p.m., we planned to get there about 1:30. She said, “If you girls are not there by 10 o'clock, you will not get a seat.” We thanked her, and then went out to talk over her advice. . . . We would compromise on noon, and then there would be only two hours to wait.

So at noon we met at the street entrance of Tremont Temple, and went onto the first floor foyer. There was no one in sight, and . . . such a stillness, a feeling of emptiness. We said to each other,

"Now you see how early we are. There is nobody here." climbed the stairs to the auditorium floor and looked at the auditorium from the front row to the topmost gallery with people! Not an empty seat could be seen. And such silence! There didn't seem to be any mortal mind there, just the calm peace of God's presence, a holy, all-embracing calm.

My friend and I climbed up stairway after stairway until we reached the topmost gallery, and there halfway back, we found two seats. After we were settled in them, we looked at the platform.

There, at the front of the platform, and next to the pulpit, was an armchair covered in rose-colored velvet, and at the foot, a pillow of white roses. Then we knew that Mrs. Eddy was coming. That great audience knew it too . . .

At once we too began to work and pray to purify our thought to receive our dear Leader. And as we worked there for two hours, I got a faint glimpse of what it must have been like on the Day of Pentecost when "they were all with one accord in one place."

Promptly at two o'clock, the President of The Mother Church (Mr. William P. McKenzie) began reading from the Bible and Science and Health. Then a door opened at the end of the platform, and the First Reader, . . . Judge Hanna, stepped onto the platform, his face radiant, and escorting on his arm an exquisite lady. She was small, graceful, beautiful to look at. The audience rose . . . to greet her. Then she was seated in the . . . armchair. Soon she arose and gave a short address, recorded on page 131 of Miscellany. Her voice was sweet and feminine but clear, and reached every corner of that great auditorium.

This proved to be Mrs. Eddy's last public appearance in Boston. Everyone in that audience was blessed by seeing and hearing our great Leader . . .³

Hiram Mabury passed on in July 1903. *The San Jose Mercury*, in his obituary, called him "The Father of Banks" and praised him for his stimulating acumen and faith in the future of San Jose City corporations.

The "Grand Tour" was a natural turn of events for the children of Hiram Mabury. Jeanie and Carlotta had made it in 1902, Paul and Eloise in 1904 (February to September) and Blanche and Bella when they can

home. At this time Paul and Eloise took over the running of the family estate.

The following year, Eloise went through class in Christian Science with Sue Ella Bradshaw, C.S.D., in San Francisco.*

In the fall, Eloise moved to Los Angeles to live with Bella who had bought a house there at 919 West 28th Street. It was while their mother was visiting them in April of the next year that the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco occurred, severely damaging the family home there. Two months later, in June, Eloise's mother sent her and a friend, Ethel Yates, to Boston to the dedication of the Extension of The Mother Church. They visited Concord, New Hampshire, also, to see the church which was Mrs. Eddy's gift to the Scientists there.

A significant note for November 1908:

Blanche takes Eloise to New York City, where we spend three months seeing the sights, operas, plays, buying jewelry, etc. Bliss calls on us one evening at our hotel near the Opera House — where Caruso lives, and we see him at meals quite frequently.

Eloise became very active in church affairs upon her return home, serving as Sunday School Superintendent (1910) and as Second Reader (January 1911) for three years. The circumstances of Bliss's visit that year are obscure, for, as Eloise Knapp told the author, she destroyed almost every item of correspondence between them.

But there are hundreds of other letters to draw upon, and these keep us amply abreast of Bliss's activities. On December 2, 1911, Bliss was writing his family from the Harney Hotel in Rapid City, South Dakota, thanking them for the box of sweets they had sent him for Thanksgiving:

I wish you all were up here in the Black Hills. They are beautiful. You would have laughed to see where I had to change cars at

*Miss Bradshaw had been a pioneer Christian Scientist in California; of Quaker stock, she had received Primary instruction from Caroline D. Noyes in Chicago in 1884. She went through Mrs. Eddy's Primary Class in Boston in 1885 with the senior Knapps, the Normal Class in 1886 and the obstetrics class in 1888. She instituted First Church, San Francisco, and became its acting Pastor in 1890. She served the Cause faithfully for forty years. — Eloise Knapp: "Biographical Sketch of Sue Ella Bradshaw, C.S.D."

Mystic. One could nearly touch the sides of the mountain on either side of the train. And yet, there was still room there to build a town. The town consists of the station, a store, eating house (saloon) and a couple of houses with one barn, — in other words Mystic!

The connecting train soon backed down the track, for there was no room there for car storage. There was a dinkey little engine, two freight cars and the most archaic day coach and baggage combination in one end one could imagine, were it not for the fact that I actually had to ride in it. We made the thirty-four miles to Rapid City in two and three quarters hours. It is indeed a scenic route, directly through the heart of the Black Hills, and the canyons are gorgeous.

I was told by a man in Rapid City that he went down to take that train a while ago only to be told the train had gone.

"Gone!" he said, "Why I thought I was in plenty of time." "Well," said the ticket agent, "we didn't callate on gittin' any passengers this morning, so we sent her along ahead of time." Whereupon he intercepted the train on its way, by phone, and back came the train for the single passenger.

I was over in Ely, Nevada last Monday night. Ely is a hundred and forty miles off the main line, away down in the bowels of the mining camp section. There I found officiating as usher at the lecture, one of the former ushers of The Mother Church, — Jaccard of Kansas City — a Technology student. The Superintendent of the Railroad was at the lecture, and learning inadvertently that I was to go out on the only train the following day, and knowing there was no convenient place for breakfast so early in the morning, he extended an invitation to take breakfast with him on his private car, that was to be attached to that morning train.

In the hundred and forty miles, we passed about three towns. These towns were all a great deal like Mystic. As the train was jogging along past a lake that had been turned bottom up, we saw a team racing toward the train and out jumped a man with a suit case, waving at the train. Meanwhile we had run by quite a distance. But the Superintendent pulled the bell rope and had the train back up for the passenger. They were looking for all the revenue they could pick up.

I visited the Yosemite Valley on this trip to California, and

took the glass bottom boat trip out to Catalina Island. I also took the trip up Mt. Tamalpais near San Francisco. These three points constituted my sight seeing for this trip. But everything is a sight out here. This morning I visited the School of Mines. The President of it introduced me last night.

After the lecture was over two women came down to speak to me. They told how they started away out in the country for a train, to come to the lecture. They just missed the train, but they did so much want to hear the lecture, whereupon they got two strange men to take them part way on a hand car, and how they made the remainder of the distance I do not know. But they were there, and so grateful. Three hundred people were there, and the hall was filled. The people of Ely had as many out for their lecture, and when I was called there four years ago, there was a population of only three hundred. People in those mining towns kind of perch around on the cliffs, and a fellow never can tell how many thousand people may spring up from a dozen houses, nestled on some stone shelf.

Well, I shall see you in a couple of weeks and thank you again for that Thanksgiving box of sweets.

With love to all,
Bliss

The following letter indicates the persistence of the lecturer to keep his engagements:

Hotel Booth
Independence, Kansas
Feb. 6, 1912

Here's to you all at No. 4:

I have just fifteen cents in my clothes. Now what do you think of that? Moreover, I got snowed in Saturday for twenty-six hours! What do you think of that? Lots of things have happened to me since I wrote last.

You remember I was to lecture in Lincoln Sunday. Consequently I arranged to leave Des Moines Saturday morning at 8:40 over the Rock Island and reach Lincoln at 3:15 in the afternoon Saturday. But it snowed Friday night so that my train didn't

reach Des Moines until 11:25, nearly three hours late.

I bought a seat to Lincoln in the sleeper, got my lunch in the dining car, and all the while the train was just creeping along. Finally I found out that, inasmuch as the temperature registered fourteen degrees below zero Saturday morning, several rails had broken, and one of those velocipedes had been sent along ahead of us to watch for broken rails. Moreover, those broken rails had played havoc with the block systems. The engineers could not know therefore whether a clear track signal really meant a clear track or not.

At Atlantic we stopped so long that some began to make inquiries, but no information was forthcoming. We did find out, however, that No. 13, the Nebraska Limited, was keeping us back at Shelby, having been held up by snow drifts. Finally our train was backed on to a siding at Atlantic, and the time was getting along toward nine o'clock in the evening with no prospects of knowing when we were going to move.

Anyhow we had good warm beds at hand and a dining car attached. What would we have done without them? Some kind of impenetrable resistance seemed to confront all my work. It came bed time, and we all went to bed, not more than a hundred miles from Des Moines. I didn't sleep much, and about dawn we began to move, or rather creep along as before. We went twenty-seven miles this way and finally reached Shelby where No. 13 had been held up so long.

The dawn had broken cold and crisp as before, and the ground was all white with the fine drifting snow. We were now thirty-three miles from Omaha, and nearly a hundred from Lincoln, and it was Sunday morning, and I was scheduled to lecture at Lincoln that evening. But we were snowbound. About nine o'clock I ran out to the station near by to get some information. My, but it was cold! This is what I learned. No. 13 had met a head-on collision. I later saw both engines and they looked like a derby hat when one sits on it. That was the result of the block signals not working because of the broken rails. Then when new engines came, finally, No. 13 got lodged in a snow-bank that drifted in solid in the cut where they had been held so long.

It took a long time to get men to shovel her out. When finally

that was done, and No. 13 got through, then No. 8 going East went through the drift and got stuck. You see the drifts were as high as the cars themselves. Our engine went to the assistance of No. 8, and the two engines managed to pull out half of the train, going back later after the other half. Meanwhile the warm cars had melted the snow just enough to make it trickle down on to the wheels and freeze. So when they got back for the second half, it was frozen solid and the two engines couldn't budge it. The fine snow had very rapidly filled in around it, and there she was, blocking my way to Lincoln. The gang of shovelers that got No. 13 out had meanwhile been sent home, having been out all night.

I inquired about some other railroad. The nearest was the Milwaukee, eight miles away; but they were all tied up there with a wreck. The next parallel road into Omaha was the Great Western, and no train had been moving on that road for two days. Surely no automobile would come out after me from Council Bluffs, thirty miles away, in that snow, and there wasn't an automobile in Shelby. So about 9:30 Sunday morning I telegraphed the Clerk in Lincoln that I was snowbound at Shelby, and no knowing when I should get out.

There was nothing to do but go back to my car and stay there until we went through that cut, and possibly we might get stuck. A snow plow was of no use when a train is already in such a cut. It has to be shoveled out.

In my work I tried to feel around to know first which was the one feasible way out. Then after settling on that one right way, to put all my work into that problem and not to scatter my fire. My work finally made me decide that the only way out was to keep to my train and get through that cut. Finally things began to open up, and I got the realization and assurance that I was going to get out all right, and in time for that lecture. I knew it just as positively as though some one had told me. I then figured out when we would have to leave there to reach Lincoln in time, — that is, what the very latest time would be which would make the demonstration possible. I found I still had several hours, and I proposed to make the most of it.

At about eleven o'clock a shout went up. An engine with a carload of shovelers hove in sight. They had finally succeeded in

finding some men to shovel, and they were hurried down to the snowbound section of No. 8, two miles distant. These men evidently worked with considerable industry, — in fact, I had worked on cooperation and a loving purpose to activity, — for about 12:15, they had the train dug out and hauled up to the station. It had to be connected with the other section and hauled out of our way. When finally No. 8 was out of the way, we were still held. We learned later it was to let the snow-plow through from Council Bluffs.

Finally, a little after one o'clock we were on our way to the snow banks, wondering whether we were going to get stuck as the others had. We bucked the line hard and went through all right! My but the snow banked in there high. We continued to creep along, finally reaching Omaha at three o'clock, with Lincoln sixty miles away. We had to stop there for water and provisions, and so forth, but at 3:25 we were on our way once more.

I was very grateful when we finally pulled into Lincoln at a quarter of six, — twenty-six hours and a half late, — in going two hundred miles. I was very thankful, too, that this Sunday lecture was scheduled for eight o'clock in the evening.

I rushed up to the hotel, took a bath, dressed for the lecture, entertained a representative from the church, read my mail, and was ready for supper at 6:30.

There were about 1200 people to greet me at the Opera House, and the best of attention was accorded me. After the lecture I met many of the Scientists, including Mrs. Buswell of Beatrice. She is looking fine, and seemed very glad to see me.

Remembering faintly what an experience I had had in reaching Lincoln, I proposed to leave that night at 10:15 for Independence. I reached the hotel at 9:50, too late to change my clothes, but Mr. Gregory was with me and we hurried to the station just in time to get the train.

Another problem was confronting me. I intended to buy one of those nine months tourist tickets either at Lincoln or Kansas City to Phoenix and Prescott, but I didn't have money enough as I supposed, — only thirty-five dollars in bills, — and the ticket would be about eighty. The treasurer paid me in a check. I wanted the money. He agreed to go home for it, — only a short distance

away, and meet me at the hotel. He didn't overtake me there; so I told the clerk to send him to the station and he didn't overtake me there. I had backed over [endorsed] the check at the Opera House; so I told Mr. Gregory to have it sent home.

When I reached Kansas City in the morning, I asked about the price of the ticket. It was sixty-five dollars. I began to rummage in my clothes. I had thirty-five dollars in bills. I dug up twenty-five dollars in gold in another pocket. Still five dollars was lacking. Again I went into my purse and found two paper dollars folded in the pocket. That made sixty-two. I bethought me of my loose change. With that I had the sixty-five, and bought my ticket for Arizona. I still had change enough to send a telegram to Montreal and get a bite to eat, and here I am here in Independence with fifteen cents in my trousers' pocket, and a ticket to Arizona. But I am among friends again, and have a little leisure to look around.

On my way down here I crossed the snow line, and everything here is springlike, with the farmers doing their spring plowing. I have packed away my arctics and lined gloves, and am now ready to put on my spring garb. I walked up the street yesterday afternoon without my overcoat, and it seemed fine.

Lovingly,
Bliss

The early spring of the Southwest inspired a lyric style; the statehood of Arizona an historic one:

Hotel Adams
Phoenix, Arizona
Feb. 15, 1912

Dear folks:

All the glory of the freshness, balminess and buoyancy of spring is just oozing into my system as I sit here in the peacefulness that is like Sunday. The sun is clear, the doors and windows, flung wide open, admit the fragrance of trees just like apple trees in full bloom; beautiful song birds of every description give music to a valley carpeted in green that is bursting into view after six weeks of winter. Yesterday, I took a twenty-five mile automobile drive out to the

foothills, and the boulevard all the way was as good as the best in Massachusetts. The young orange groves were being stripped of their winter coverings, and everything here embodies the spirit of spring. I wore no overcoat on the ride, and everything is just filled with the deliciousness of good feeling.

When I got aboard the train at El Paso for Tucson, I learned that William Jennings Bryan* was a passenger in the same car. He and his wife occupied section four and I had section ten. In the morning I found him to be really "the Commoner." He breakfasted with his wife, like any other man. No one stared at him or caused him annoyance, although everybody knew who he was. After breakfast, he busied himself with a magazine, paying no attention whatsoever to his fellow passengers, just like any other stranger.

At Tucson he left the train with me. His son and son's family live there. They were at the train to meet their father and mother, but no one else intruded upon the privacy of the family greeting.

Tucson is equipped with a magnificent hotel. It is built in mission style and is fireproof, being constructed of reinforced concrete with plaster stucco outside. It is very attractive in appearance, and I found the court filled with guests taking advantage of the warm sunshine. The men were either dreamily discoursing on some current topic, or poring over the morning papers.

A dapper Mexican in uniform met me at the door and immediately relieved me of my grips, and soon I was shown to a fine corner room, admitting the sun from both sides. It was well furnished and had a bath and all the modern conveniences of a metropolitan hotel. The dining room was also all that could be desired.

Tucson is really a lively city of considerable size. The old Mexican section is in marked contrast with the newer section. . . .

The lecture was given in the church building, and the accommodations for seating two hundred people were overtaxed. A very appreciative audience gave earnest heed to the lecture, and of those

*William Jennings Bryan was a major public figure at this time. He had been the Democratic candidate for President in 1896, 1900 and 1908; Secretary of State; and later he was the prosecutor in the infamous 1925 Scopes trial where he successfully argued for the Biblical account of creation over the theory of evolution.

who greeted me afterwards, I found many mutual friends. . . .

When I arrived at Phoenix Tuesday night, the whole city was in gala attire, waiting for the morning when the new state was to be born and add a new star to the blue field of old glory. I never saw a state born before, and this is the last one. So I was interested to know how it was done. At ten o'clock yesterday morning, President Taft in Washington signed the document admitting Arizona to statehood. By Arizona time this was eight o'clock. The telegraphed message reached here at nine o'clock, and then all the bells, gongs, and whistles in the city began to peal forth their joy, and everybody shouted. It would seem that the population of the entire state is here for the celebration, and the headquarters are here at my hotel. My room opens onto the balcony of the second floor, so that I can see all that is going on.

The Governor and all the State officers were on hand to be inaugurated, and Mr. Bryan was an invited guest. He spoke for over two hours in the open air in front of city hall. He could be heard easily and was by all odds the chief attraction. The inauguration of the governor did not attract half the people that Mr. Bryan's talk did. Possibly this may have been due to the fact that the State House is about a mile and a half distant. The city is large and spread out, with plenty of breathing space. It has a population of nearly twenty thousand.

In addition to a big parade, in which the Indian school and Indian band participated, along with the officials of the state and so forth, the chief attraction was the outdoor dance. A fine asphalt road has been laid out in front of the hotel, so well built that the portion of the street in front of the hotel was roped off, all vehicles excluded, and the street cleaned and scrubbed. Here was to be the outdoor dance, to the music of the Indian band. After the outdoor event had spent itself and the crowd had largely dispersed on account of the lateness of the hour, the elite began their dance or hop in the marble lobby of the hotel. . . .

A telegram invited me to repeat the lecture at El Paso Monday night, and I have accepted. . . .

Best wishes to you all, I am

Lovingly,
Bliss



Santa Fe, Colorado Flyer
Feb. 26, 1912

Dear folks:

Somehow I have had to work like a painter on about every job I have had so far on this trip, but Truth has given me the victory, nevertheless.

Sunday at Muskogee was a terrible day, so far as weather is concerned. There was an incessant downpour of rain with thunder and lightning galore. A bare handful of people got out to morning services, and after dinner, I got to work on the situation, and do you know, as a result of my work, I absolutely knew while it was raining the hardest that it was going to clear up and that there would be a good audience out. When I had gone over the ground and over it again, and felt all sense of mental disturbance gone, and peace and joy abiding, I just thanked God for having done the work, and just got my thought right off of the situation. Soon the rain ceased falling and clearing began, only to be followed by a very black cloud, and it seemed to rain worse than before. I just looked upon it as an attempted denial of what I knew to be true. I held that sense about it, and did not take up the case again, but held to what I had already proved to be true. About a half an hour before the lecture, the sun was shining, the wind had gone down, and everyone got to the lecture without the need of rainy day garments. After the lecture, the sky was all clear and the sun was shining a good warm glow of rejoicing.

There was a big crowd out that completely filled the floor of the Opera House, and I felt it was one of the best and most receptive audiences I have talked to. There must have been healing there.

Within an hour after the lecture, we had another thunder storm, and I doubt if it has stopped raining yet. That same afternoon at Little Rock, not very far away, a blizzard blew down houses, and several people were killed. North of that district, the rain was all snow and has blockaded the whole western part of the United States. How then was I to get into Chicago? . . .

Well, this is what happened. The Katy, or M.K.&T., was due to leave at 4:55 right after the lecture. It was nearly two hours late. It finally left at seven o'clock. It was a twenty-five minute run to Wagoner, and the M.P. was due to leave there at 7:25, and the stations are some distance apart.

However, the M.P. was thirty-five minutes late; so I made that connection all right. But now I was in bad; for I had only a seven minute connection at Independence, and the two stations are six minutes apart with a cab horse on the run. What is more the M.P. is part of the Denver and Rio Grande system and has the same reputation. It can lose time, but never makes up any, on account of the poor condition of the road bed. We were due in Independence at 11:37 at night and due out at 11:45. As a result of some quiet talk with train men and something besides, we pulled into Independence at 11:46, — one minute after the Santa Fe was due to leave, and the stations six minutes apart!

One of the Scientists was there to meet me, and had a good hackman engaged, and we jumped in and were off for the Santa Fe Station, not knowing whether the train had gone out on time or not. The old cabman whipped up his worthy steed, and we galloped through the streets of Independence at midnight about as lively as the Ducklows did after their coupon bonds. We pulled towards the station with the horse right out straight, and behold, there stood my train waiting for me. The brakeman was having difficulty in connecting the air and steam pipes to the last car, and the conductor was impatiently standing over him ready to give the signal to be off. The signal came just as I threw my grips aboard, and I was off for Kansas City, having made a connection that seemed impossible.

When I paid my Pullman fare, the conductor knew me. He belongs to our lodge, — is a member of the Second Church in Kansas City and called me by name. I had a good talk with him this morning.

During the night we got into the snow belt . . . We are due tonight at 9:15, and the lecture is tomorrow night. About every other road is all tied up, and no trains are running.

Three girls came into the observation car just before I did, and took off their wraps, and do you know when I came in, they had

a wrap or bag in every chair in the whole car, so that they had to clear out a chair for me to sit in. Just like girls, I thought. Men wouldn't do that. Then they were so helpless they had to ring for a porter to tote their handbaggage for them when they got off.

Love to all,
Bliss



University Club of Chicago
March 1, 1912

Dear folks:

It was great! I wish you all might have been here to attend the gathering at the Auditorium Theatre Tuesday night. The theatre seats 4300. There were five hundred seated on the platform and two hundred in the orchestra enclosure, making 5000 in all. When the doors were opened at 7:30, that place was promptly filled in less than ten minutes, and then hundreds were turned away.

The curtain was down until all were seated. When that went up, the two audiences saw one another and began to clap their hands. Promptly at eight, Jim Hemingway and little Blissie stepped out to two chairs on the front of the stage, and then there was more clapping. Finally, Mr. Hemingway arose to deliver the introduction, and he had to force his voice a bit, but all could hear him. Then when I got up, a tremendous applause burst forth, — just what a Chicago audience of 5000 can give. It took some little time for that to subside, and then the lecture began. My voice was all there and came out, making quite a contrast with the voice of the man who introduced me. Well, it was fine, and the strictest attention was given from start to finish, — and at the finish, there was the same rousing applause.

Next to the audience in The Mother Church, that was the largest audience I ever saw. Then what do you suppose happened? One of those up back of the stage who waited and shook hands with me was my friend, Dr. Grow, whom I met a year ago in the Grand Canyon. The bread cast upon the waters had returned. He was especially pleased, too, that I should recognize him and call him by name right off. He showed me some more pictures, told me he

enjoyed the lecture, but added that there were some things I said he could not quite agree with. "Well, that is to be expected," I said. Today at lunch a Scientist, Mr. Hall, said he sat up in the very top balcony and the man sitting next to him got to telling Mr. Hall that he knew me, — that he had met me on the train and was with me all day before he found out who I was, and he said: "I love that man." It was the same Dr. Grow. . . .

Lovingly,
Bliss

While still in Chicago, at the Hotel LaSalle, Mr. Knapp received a telegram from Boston telling him that he would be making an Australian lecture trip. The telegram was dated April 11, 1912, and signed by J.V. Dittmore. This was the first step in Mr. Knapp's first around-the-world lecture trip (June to December 1912). His passport, which he must have applied for immediately, is dated May 6.

Handwritten flourish

Sherman Hotel
Aberdeen, S.D.
April 20, 1912

Dear folkses:

It seems about a week ago since I wrote last, and I hardly remember where I left off. I guess it was at Waupun. I have been getting more experience ever since. . . .

At Oshkosh, I was met by two charming women in an electric automobile, and whether I was in the line of vision or not, I couldn't tell, but the driver nearly ran over a street cleaner's implements, but did no damage. At the hotel I had a fine corner room with bath and all the conveniences desirable. I decided immediately to remain over Wednesday as I was sure of my surroundings, and I remained in my room to enjoy its comforts until it was time for the lecture. About nine hundred people were out, and everything went off well. The high school principal introduced me.

Wednesday some callers came to see me. One little woman interested me greatly. A year ago she attended the Science lecture here on crutches. She could barely drag herself about and could not

move her limbs. When she came to Science, she learned what her difficulty was and sought to overcome it. Her husband is evidently a regular beast in the home and abroad. Through dishonesty, he lost his business, and then devoted his time to making a hell out of their home. The wife grew to look upon him with loathing. She not only loathed him, but she hated him; for he no longer provided for their needs. They were without food and she had to earn for the children. The father's conduct caused the children to be disrespectful to him. The wife learned upon coming to Science that her hatred of her husband, regardless of what his conduct might be, had poisoned her system with rheumatism and crippled her limbs, and she knew she had to overcome that with genuine, heartfelt love for him. It seemed to be a task greater than she could undertake, she seemed to have such a deep-seated resentment towards him. However, she resolved that she must purify her thought of that canker spot of hate, — that she couldn't afford to be miserable over his faults.

It was a mighty struggle. But gradually, as she intrenched herself more deeply in the sweetness and love that no amount of slander and abuse could impress, she began to improve. Her stiff limbs began to relax and become more supple. She was having the proof that her suffering was the result of lending her thoughts to malice and hate, and that love and sweetness and joy and gratitude opened the door to her healing. But she had to intrench herself in these qualities daily, until the evil could not disturb her peace, and she became a law unto herself. This time she could walk to the lecture, though not quite free from her difficulty.

As her husband blasphemes against Science, she loves him just the same, and treats him. He always responds to the treatment. When she asked me about it, I told her that no one but herself had the right to treat him without his permission, but inasmuch as it involved her own well-being, the right belonged to her. A while ago, she got a position for him at eight dollars a week, and now she has sanguine hopes that she can send the children to college.

Hers is a lesson long to be remembered, — to be willing to change her thought from one of loathing to that of loving affection; and the sweetness of her face and her trust in the possibilities of the truth in Christian Science show what can be done when we lose our

selfishness and live Christian Science. Temptation and trial are severe to those who love lightly, but even greater calamities can not impress one whose love is more deeply entrenched. . . .

There was a good meeting Wednesday evening, and some of the Scientists came to the hotel until it was time for me to leave for my train to Minneapolis at 11:41. It was an hour late; so that I got to bed about a quarter of one in the morning.

Upon awaking next morning, I learned that our engine was off the track. In going over a soft spot in a new portion of the road bed, the rails just sunk in and slid the front of the engine into the quick sand. The exceedingly slow movement of the train at the time prevented a wreck. Four hours were consumed in extricating the engine from the mire and filling the hole. There was no dining car, — just a buffet to serve coffee and eggs and so forth. These were all consumed, so that we had nothing for dinner. We were due at 8:55 A.M. and arrived at 3:00 P.M. I got some popcorn and chocolates from the newsboy for my lunch.

Arriving in Minneapolis, I found a stir-up there. The college authorities were somewhat incensed over the Scientists' having a lecture. The chapel was withdrawn. The physics lecture hall was secured, and the meeting had to be of the nature of a prayer meeting. Such was the ultimatum. The introduction was diplomatic, and I announced at the outset that I should talk (not lecture) on the kind of mentality employed in prayer, that we might depart at the close of the meeting (not lecture) with some well defined thought upon the characteristic features of the mentality employed in prayer. I omitted any references to medicine or aught that might be controversial. Thus defining my lecture, I proceeded to give my regular lecture, changed enough to suit the occasion, only cutting out the last third, which might seem controversial. It occupied just an hour, and all seemed much pleased.

After the lecture, Mr. and Mrs. Deutsch and Mrs. and Miss Thompson had a Welsh rarebit with me at the hotel. After my grip was packed, Henry took me to the train which was due to leave for Aberdeen at 11:30. Although I had asked for a berth earlier in the afternoon, none was to be had. My study of all available connections again came in handy. The Soo train was leaving at 11:10 with plenty of berths. I took the Soo. This made it necessary for me to change

trains at Hawkinton at 4:48, the connection leaving at 4:50.

Since the train was forty minutes late, I didn't have to get up until five o'clock, and the connection waited. I saw the sun rise that morning. It looked great. I had a thirty minute connection to make at Oakes for Aberdeen, and the stations were a mile apart. That was a freight train due to leave Oakes at eight o'clock. We made up time enough, so that by making his horses gallop, the bus man just got me across in time to get the freight. Meanwhile, I had secured an orange and some popcorn, and had my regular fruit and cereal for breakfast, — but nothing to drink. In this way, I reached Aberdeen at 11:30, having wired meanwhile of my change in schedule.

The temperature out here is warm and pleasant. Not once on this trip has it rained for a lecture. Friday evening was especially fine, and a big crowd turned out. The lecture is to be published in full. At the close of the lecture, one of those beady eyed old farmers with chin whiskers and no moustache, jumped up and wanted to say something. I quietly said, "The audience is dismissed," and walked right over to him. He blustered a bit, but soon subsided, as I had something to say to him in a quiet way. He admitted no offense was intended, and expressed himself as having really enjoyed the lecture before he got away.

One of the Scientists went over to my room to talk and it was 10:45 before I turned in, having left a call for 4:15. Riding on a freight all day may be enjoyable for a change, but to get up so early is not. Besides there was no time to get breakfast. So I provided something last night, — namely an orange and some popcorn, thus having my regular breakfast of fruit and cereal, in the caboose, amidst the tobacco smoke. One of the men was very friendly. He is taking a load of horses to Canada, and sleeps in the freight car with the horses. He would come back in the caboose to talk with somebody besides the horses. He had to rustle for water between times at stations to keep them from getting thirsty. We would all pile off, in fact, at the stations to watch the switching and to get the pure unfermented air outside.

So here I am, back at Hankinson for dinner in a hotel (?), but it was a good enough dinner for fifty cents. Now I have to wait here until my train comes along at six o'clock. Hence the length of this letter, for there are no moving picture shows here so far as I

have discovered.

Tomorrow morning (Sunday) I have to leave my train at Rouleau at 10:15 and ride about thirty miles in an automobile to Regina. Then there will be only two or three more stunts left for this trip. The worst is already over.

With love to all, I am
As ever good naturedly,
Bliss

A conversation with Mr. Knapp is continued by mail:

Pittsburg, Kan.
May 6, 1912

Mr. Bliss Knapp
Dallas, Texas

My dear Mr. Knapp:

Pardon me if I continue our conversation a little farther by writing to you. First I want to tell you I am very grateful for your kind graciousness in helping me and your approachableness. I thank you ever so much. . . .

Sometimes just a few words illuminate so wonderfully. Your question "What was the disease?" opened a much more intelligent dissection of thought. I had been dealing with a thought of death and not the malignity of a mortal law of incurable disease. Your presentation of the difference between the belief in and the knowing why all errors have no foundation was so clear and so helpful . . .

I want to tell you one more experience and a beautiful demonstration of a little boy's which illustrates the thought on page 113 of *Science and Health*, "The vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is Love." I had a case of curvature of the spine where the body was drawn down sideways until you couldn't push your hand through the opening. The patient went to sleep and slept three days and nights; when she awakened she arose and dressed straight and well. This was three years ago. She has remained perfectly well. This was one of the wonderful works of God I should have liked to ask you about.

The little boy was eleven years old. His parents are Scientists, who have lately moved to Arkansas. After starting to school he was subjected to much teasing and abuse. One day the boys pushed him into a barbed wire fence, cutting and mangling his back so severely he had to be taken home in a wagon. His mother asked if she should help him; his answer was that he could do it himself. He went up stairs to his room and remained about an hour; then he came jumping and whistling down and went out to play and that was the last of it. His mother who was quite frightened wished to know how he had met the case. She asked him that night. He said, "Oh! I just stayed up there until I could love Jim."

. . . Wishing you all good manifested, also a clear and unobstructed pathway to the goal, I am

Your friend,
Mrs. Mary Alice Curran

704 N. Catalpa
Pittsburg
Kan.

The possibility of sharing part of the trip across the Pacific with his brothers Ralph and Sprague prompted the first paragraph of this letter:

The Southern
El Reno, Okla.
May 7, 1912

Dear Brethren:

I have thought that if you could get some one like some of the Maburys to go with you, it might be enjoyable for you to go as far as Honolulu with me. I notice by the Monitor that the return fare from San Francisco is \$110. That would be about two hundred dollars for the fare from Boston, besides hotels and so forth. Have you noticed in the Monitor (Wednesday) that there is a list of Atlantic and Pacific sailings, also of the mail routes and times for mailing in Boston for the Orient? That is what you will need in another month.

Down here the temperature stands around the eighty mark during the middle of the day. The nights, however, are very cool. Last night at Chickasha I had my first experience with a cyclone.

You know this is the country where they are frequent, and where one hit pretty hard a few weeks ago. The clouds came up and thunder and lightning hovered in the west and was coming directly toward Chickasha. This was just before the lecture. I worked on it a little and took the precaution of carrying my raincoat along to the hall.

There were about two hundred people gathered for the lecture. Then the superintendent of schools who was to introduce me, told me there wouldn't be many out because the townspeople were frightened at the approaching storm. The storm broke just as we seated ourselves on the platform, — but the audience was all there. There was evidence of considerable fear in the audience, which I tried to dethrone as I sat there. A few (six or eight) hurriedly left. The others stayed, and I began to bring out the thought of peace in the lecture, with the result that one could have heard a pin drop, so still was everybody. And the wind, after the first few gusts, seemed to subside. Intermittently the wind and rain returned to a slight degree, and each wave of nervousness was met all along until the lecture was all over.

Not over twenty-five left from start to finish, — most of them really interested in Christian Science, so I was told, but they had to leave because of some friend or relative. However, the greater part of the audience stayed and were intensely interested. Lots of things came up to be wiped out, and in every case, it was cause for gratitude to see how effectively the disturbance would vanish, until finally the audience began to see that there was lots of healing going on right there before their eyes, and naturally that intensified their interest.

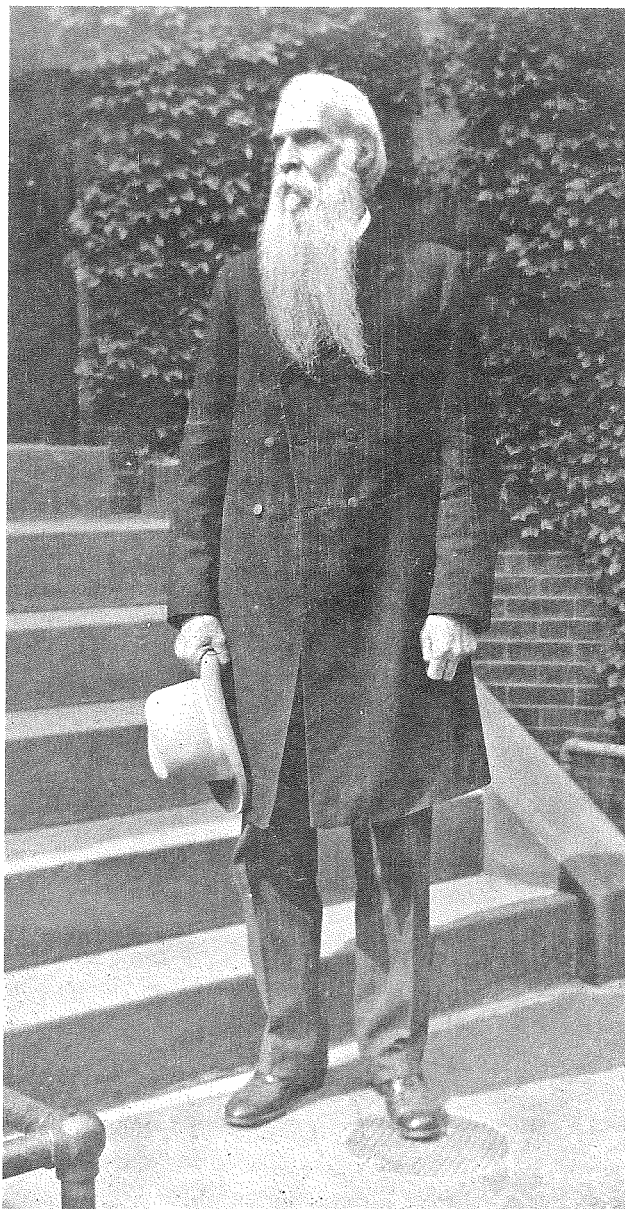
This morning I learned that a good portion of the inhabitants actually took to their cyclone cellars. However, nothing really happened, and even the rain was dried up by the wind by the time the lecture was over, and all was calm and clear above and below. The story went around that the lecture wasn't given on account of the storm, and many seemed surprised to learn that it was given and that we had a really good-sized audience.

Meanwhile the Scientists were meeting with opposition in getting the lecture published. The ministers had all been preaching against Christian Science, and the trend of the lecture met their

points, and so it was necessary to get the lecture published in full. The only newspaper in town charged an outrageous price. It was graft. I told them that whatever was right to do could be done without harm or disadvantage to any one. We did our metaphysical work and cleared the way for progress. Then they called up El Reno and learned that the Scientists there could publish the full report at a merely nominal sum, papers and all. So they agreed to share the expense with El Reno and get five hundred copies, and the El Reno paper was to print a statement in the introduction saying that the same lecture was given the previous evening in Chickasha.

Well, those Scientists began to look grateful and happy. They could see that the whole situation was being saved for them, and they were getting all they asked. The charge for the printing, for five hundred papers and for postage was not to exceed ten dollars. The Chickasha man was going to charge \$45.00 for printing and five cents a piece for the papers, making nearly seventy-five dollars in all. Then finally, when the Scientists took everything away from him, even a short synopsis they had offered to pay twelve dollars for, he volunteered to print the introduction and a short synopsis free. That offer was accepted. Later I went over and had a talk with the editor, on the strength of his being a Harvard man, and we had a very pleasant talk. So, I left town this morning leaving everything harmonious and happy. I spent until nearly midnight with two of the directors giving them an audible treatment as to how to handle the situation and they left my room feeling as if they were walking on air.

Love to all,
Bliss

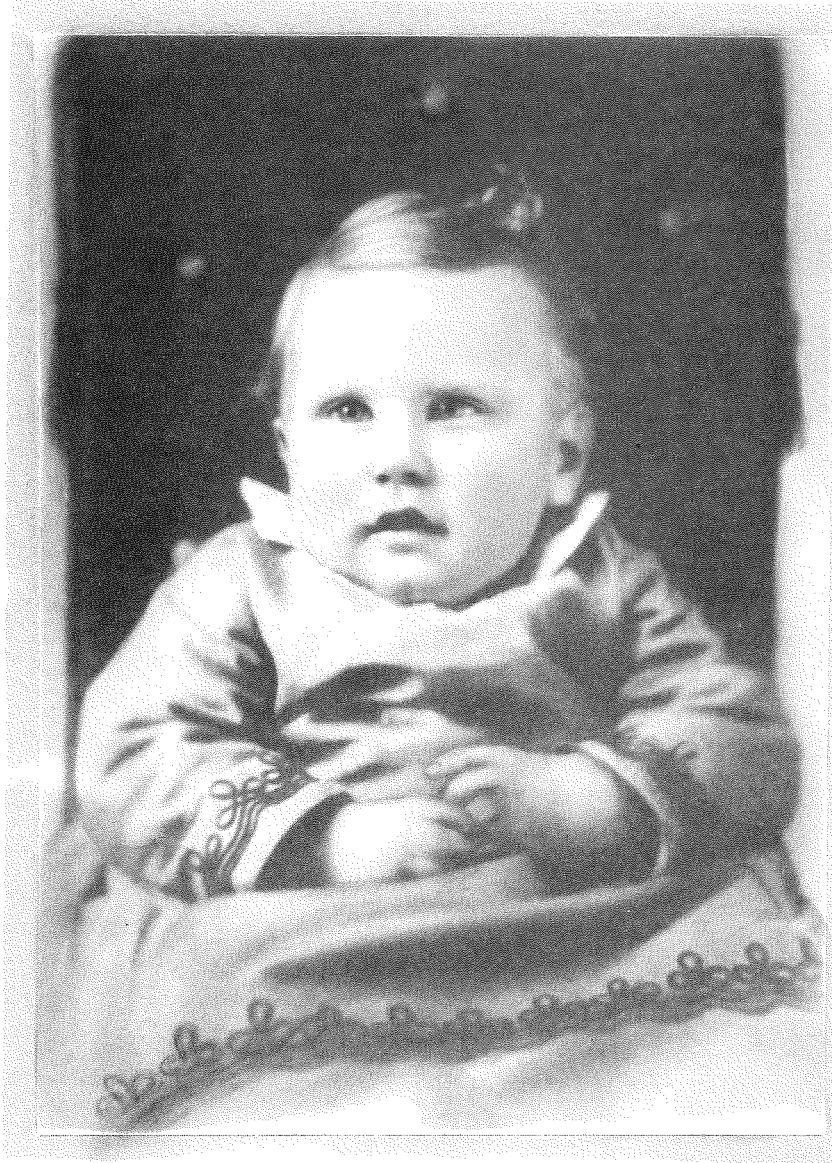


Ira O. Knapp, C.S.D.
Courtesy of Longyear Museum, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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Flavia Stickney Knapp, C.S.D.
Courtesy of The Principia, Elshah, Ill.



Bliss Knapp as an infant, 1877 or 1878
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsah, Ill.



Photo of Mrs. Eddy, 1886, a few years before she visited the Knapp farm
Courtesy of Longyear Museum, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

FABYAN HOUSE,

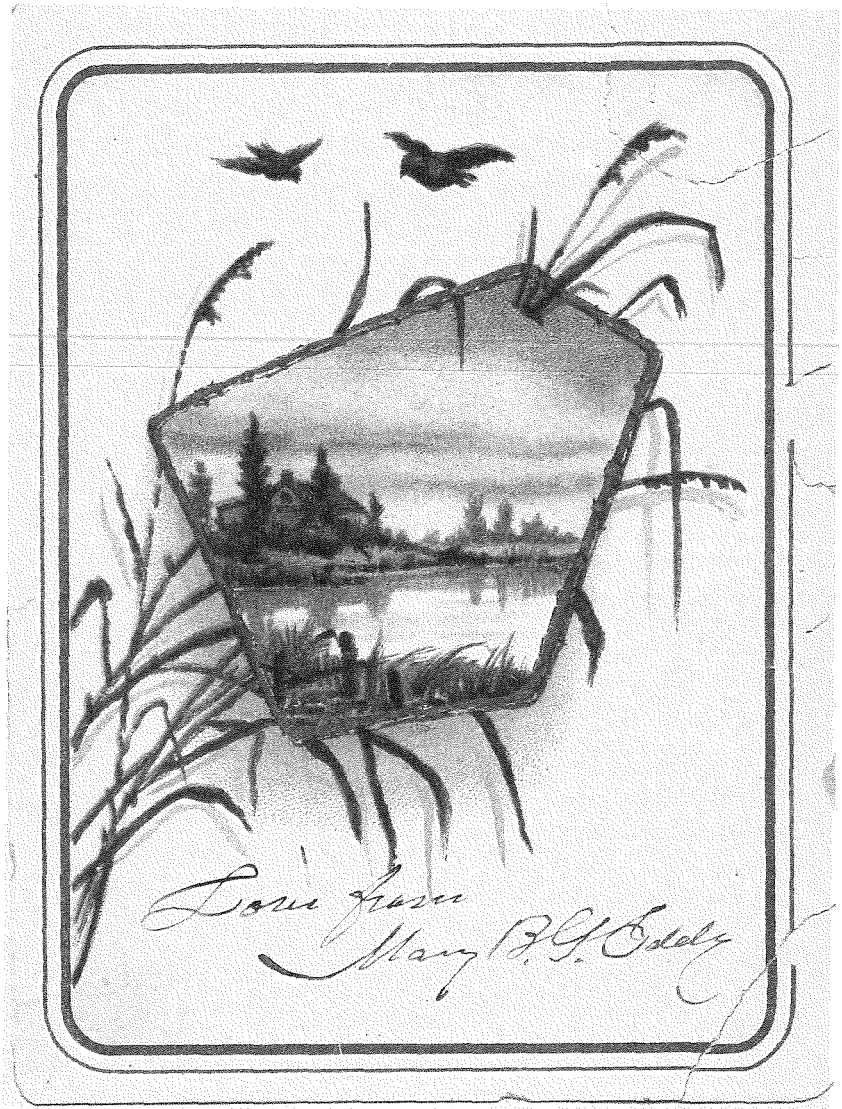
WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

REGISTER OF THE VISITORS TO THE HOUSE OF F. FABYAN, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H., AUGUST 15, 1888.

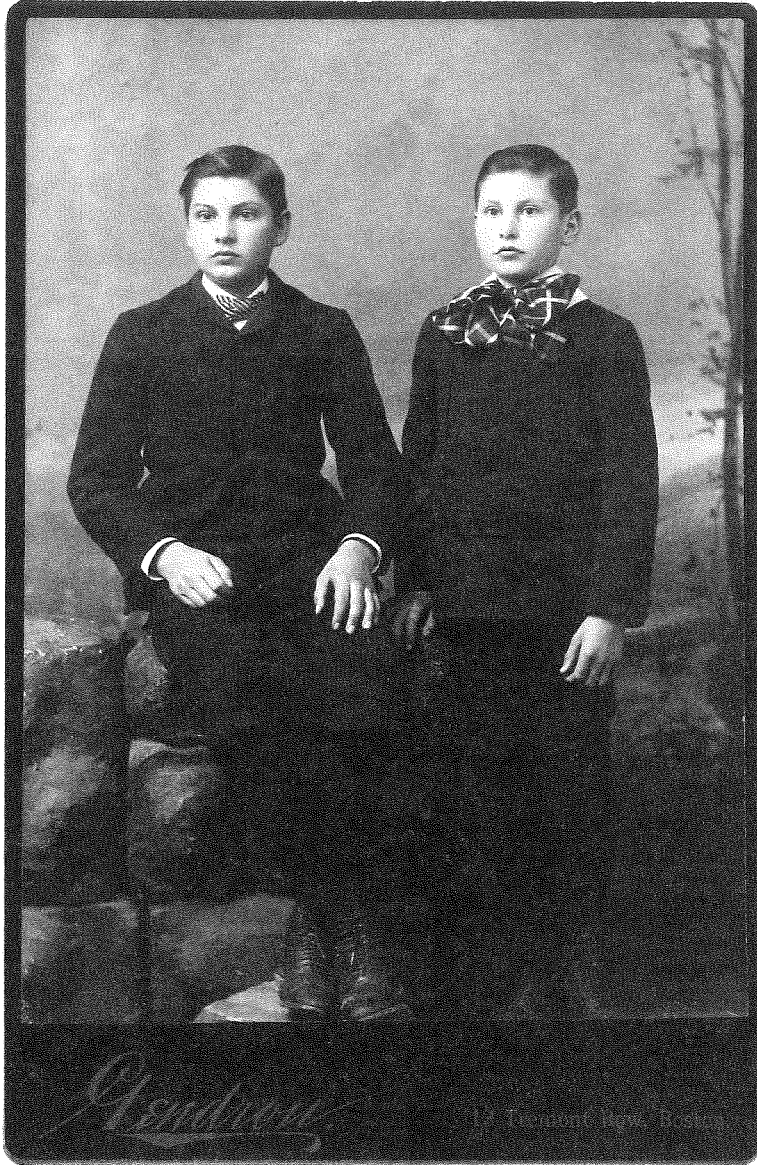
Name	Address	Time	Room	Rate
Wednesday Aug 15th (continued)				
Mr. H. Flagg	New York	4		
Mr. W. M. ...	Boston	4		
Mr. L. ...	Boston	4		
Mr. ...	Malvern Mass			
Mr. ...				
✓ Rev. M. B. G. Eddy	Com. Sec. Boston	7		1.00
✓ Mrs. M. A. Osgood	513 Chicka St	9		1.00
✓ Dr. E. J. Foster	Boston	9		1.00
✓ C. A. Frye	...	9		1.00
✓ M. C.	9		1.00
✓ Thomas E.	9		1.00
✓ Howard	4		1.00
✓ Miss	4		1.00
✓ W. B. Ellis's wife	Boston	9		1.00
✓ A. C. ...	New City, N.Y.	9		1.00
✓ H. W. Bates	S. J. & C.	9		1.00
✓ B. S. de Garmendia	S. J. & C.	9		1.00

Registry of the Fabyan House for August 15, 1888. Highlighted are the signatures of Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Osgood, Dr. Foster and Calvin Frye. Mrs. Eddy went to Lyman to visit the Knapps after speaking here.

Private Collection



Christmas card sent to Bliss Knapp by Mrs. Eddy on December 25, 1888, from 385 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. The back displayed the Lord's Prayer with Mrs. Eddy's spiritual interpretation from 1888. Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, Ill.



Ralph and Bliss about 1890
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, Ill..



Bliss Knapp, graduate of English High School, Boston, 1894
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, III.

To whom it may concern.

This is to certify that I am opposed to the theory and practice of "vaccination". Believing it to be against the true and enlightened understanding of morality, Christianity and Science, I do hereby object to this practice on the person of my son Elias Knapp, and respectfully request that you will not enforce this unconstitutional statute requirement, which is more apt to give license to ignorance and cruelty than to benefit the human race.

Respectfully

Boston Jan 15-1894

Ira O. Knapp

Note from Ira Knapp regarding his objection to vaccination, January 15, 1894
Courtesy of The Principia, Elmhurst, Ill.



Knapp Family portraits from 1899
Clockwise from left, Sprague, Bliss, Ralph, Daphne, Ira and Flavia
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, III.



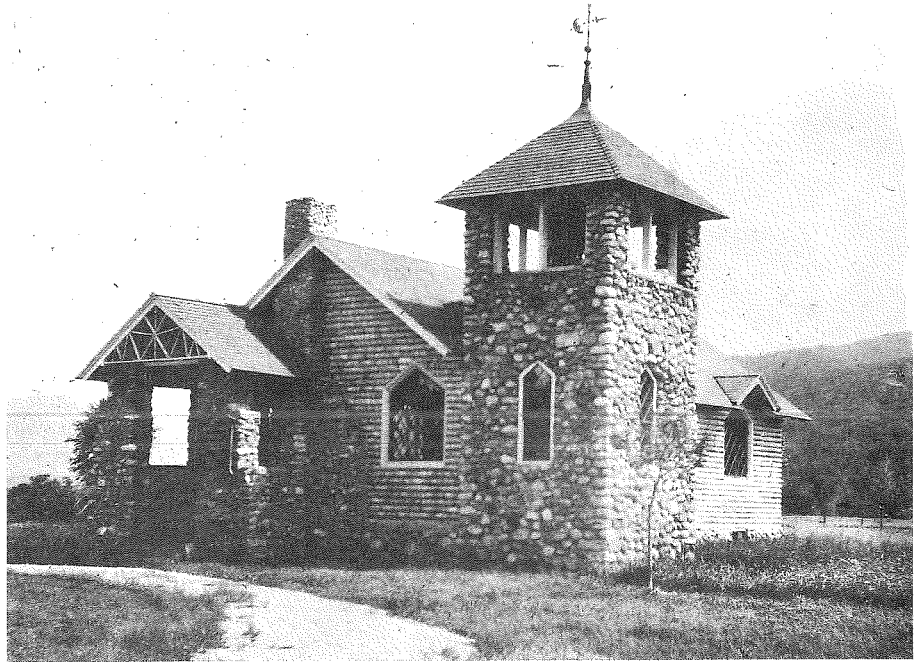
4 Batavia Street, Boston, the Knapp home from 1895 to 1913
Courtesy of Longyear Museum, Chestnut Hill, Mass.



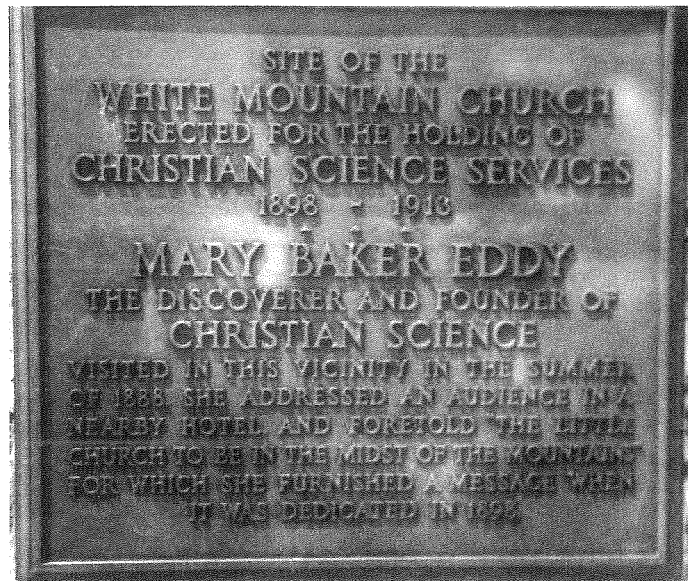
Bliss Knapp, Harvard graduate, June 1901
Private Collection



Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, John W. Reeder, Bliss Knapp
and William P. McKenzie on a bicycle ride during Bliss's days at Harvard
Courtesy of Longyear Museum, Chestnut Hill, Mass.



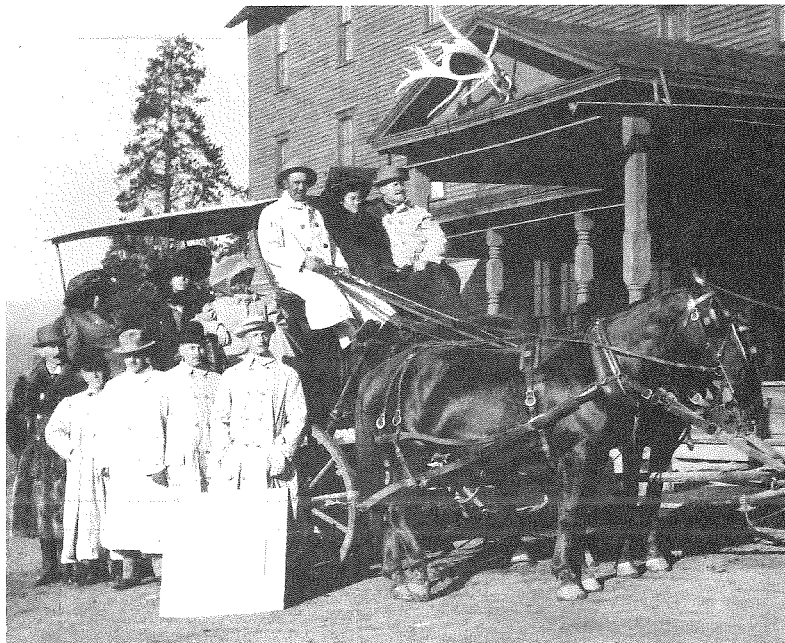
First Church of Christ, Scientist, White Mountains, New Hampshire,
built in 1898 and torn down in 1913.
This was the site of Bliss Knapp's first lecture, August 7, 1904.
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, III.



Plaque supplied by Bliss Knapp in 1939 to commemorate the site of the White Mountain Church and a speech Mrs. Eddy gave at the Fabyan House Hotel
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, III.



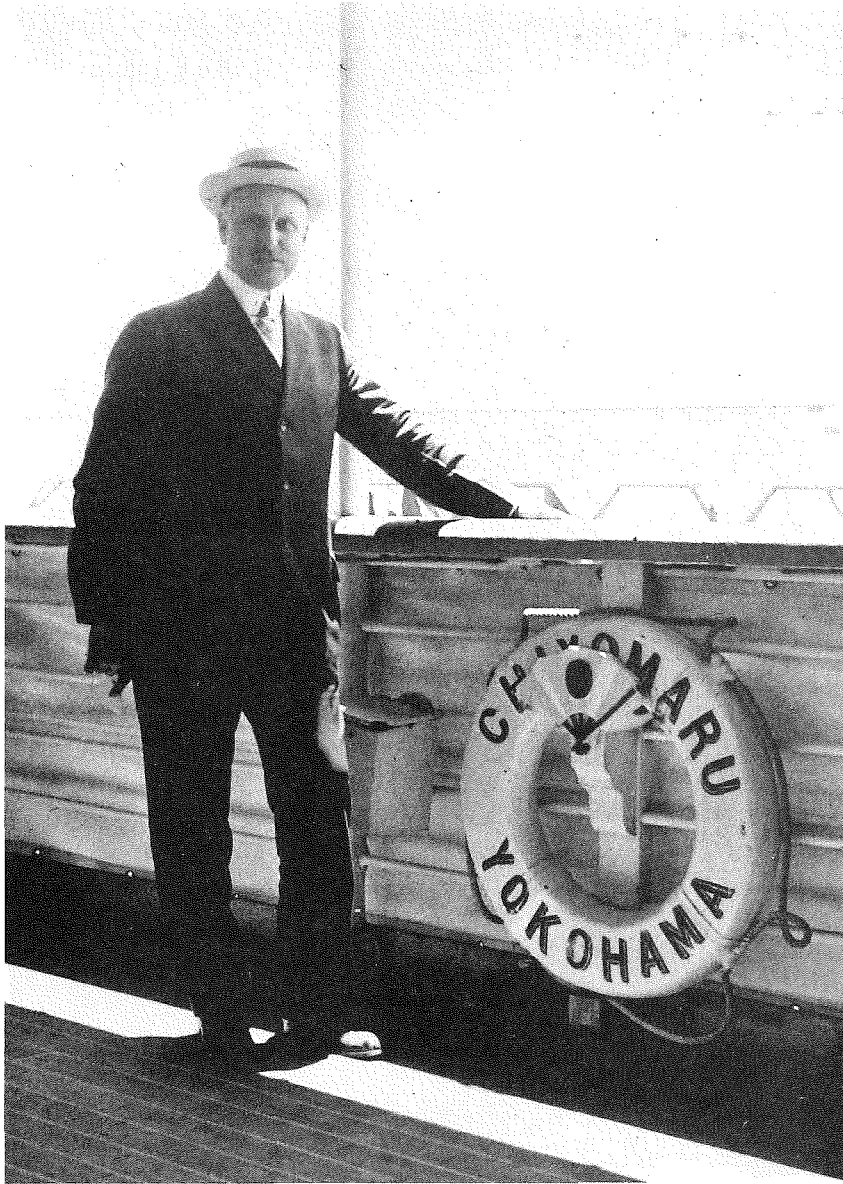
Bliss and Daphne Knapp surrounded by family and friends
at the White Mountain House after his first lecture
Private Collection



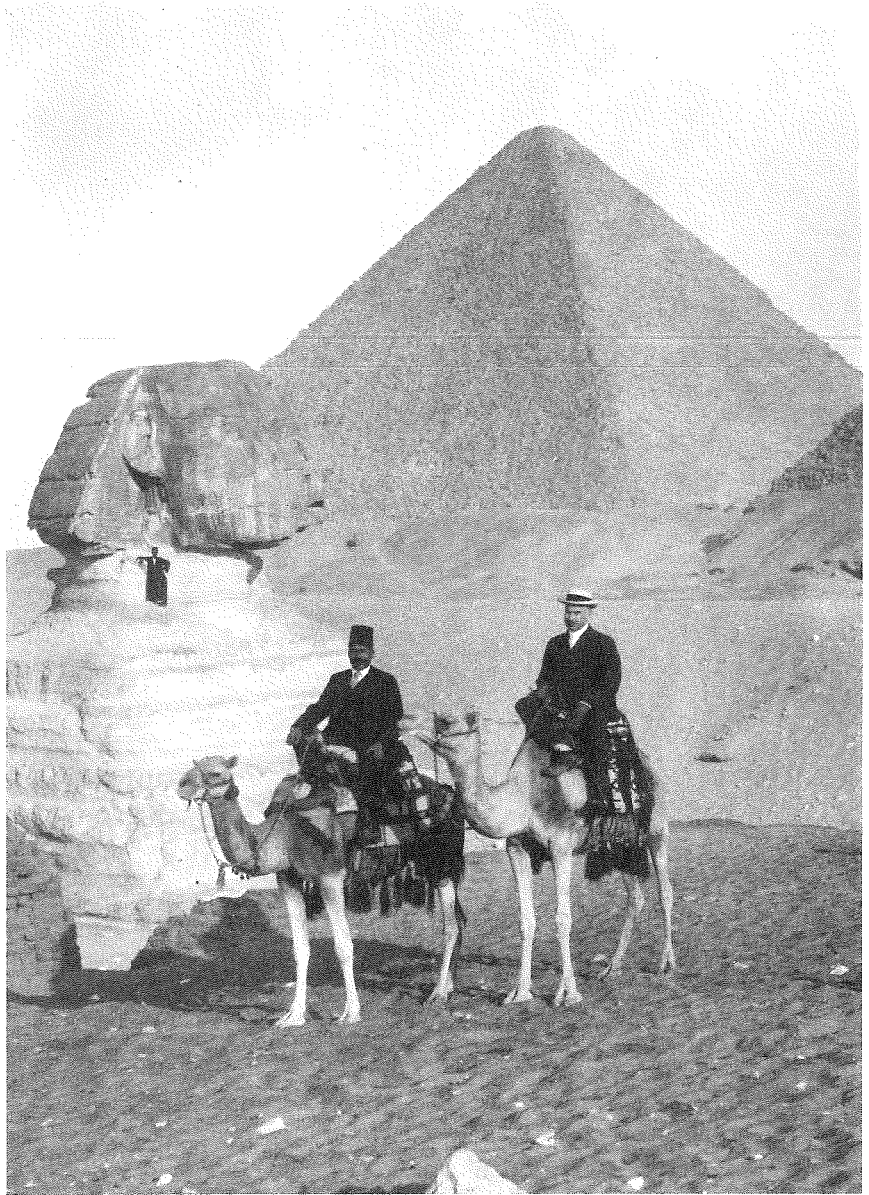
Bliss Knapp (standing, second from the right)
at Yellowstone National Park
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, III.



Dr. Grow, Bliss Knapp and
guide in Devil's Corkscrew,
Grand Canyon, February 1911
Courtesy of The Principia,
Elsah, III.



On board the steamship *Chiyo Maru* during the first
round-the-world lecture trip, 1912
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsay, Ill.



In Egypt during his first round-the-world lecture trip, Bliss Knapp rode on a camel in front of the Great Sphinx and pyramids, October 21, 1912.
Courtesy of The Principia, Elsayh, III.