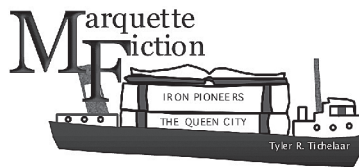


When Teddy
Came
to Town
a novel

Tyler R. Tichelaar



Marquette Fiction
Marquette, Michigan

When Teddy Came to Town

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“To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make
you something else is the greatest accomplishment.”

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Principal Characters

Fictional Characters

- Matthew Newman—Reporter for the *Empire Sentinel* of New York City and former Marquette resident.
- Delia Newman Richardson—Matthew Newman’s married sister who lives in Marquette.
- Roger Richardson—Delia Richardson’s husband.
- Lydia Richardson—Roger and Delia Richardson’s daughter.
- Rowena Richardson Robillard—Roger’s sister.
- Reginald Robillard—Rowena’s husband, of the Philadelphia Robillards.
- Martha—The Richardsons’ servant.
- Mrs. Honeywell—The Richardsons’ cook.
- Lysander Blackmore—Lydia Richardson’s fiancé.
- Richard Blackmore—Father to Lysander, deceased at time of novel.
- Joe Sweet—Boyhood camping companion to Matthew Newman and George Shiras.
- Madeleine Henning—Friend in youth to Matthew, Delia, and Roger; she drowned in Lake Superior during a boating excursion on July 4, 1876.
- Mordecai Whichgood—Visiting Methodist preacher.
- Cecilia Whichgood—Mordecai Whichgood’s daughter.
- Carolina Smith—Wealthy wife of Judge Smith.
- Josiah Pritchard—Matthew Newman’s editor at the *Empire Sentinel*.

Historical Personages

The Players in the Roosevelt vs. Newett Libel Trial

The Plaintiff:

- Theodore Roosevelt—Former president of the United States, accused by George Newett in his newspaper, the *Iron Ore*, of being a drunkard.

Lawyers for the Plaintiff

W.S. Hill—Marquette lawyer.

James H. Pound—Detroit lawyer.

William H. Van Benschoten—New York lawyer.

Witnesses for the Plaintiff

A.W. Abele—Ohio businessman who met Roosevelt during his 1912 campaign stops.

Lawrence Abbott—Secretary to Roosevelt during his 1909-1910 African trip.

Lyman Abbott—Father to Lawrence Fraser Abbott, Roosevelt's secretary. A theologian, editor, and author.

James E. Amos—African-American former bodyguard of Theodore Roosevelt. Later a special agent for the FBI.

Robert Bacon—Former U.S. Secretary of State.

Joseph E. Bayliss—Member of Michigan House of Representatives and witness to Roosevelt's 1912 campaign when he passed through Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Arthur D. Bevan—Attending physician to Roosevelt when he was shot.

Albin Z. Blair—Former Rough Rider and Ohio judge.

George B. Cortelyou—Personal secretary to President McKinley. Later Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Secretary of the Treasury, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Lucius F. Curtis—Member of the Associated Press.

Oscar King Davis—Secretary of the Progressive National Party (the Bull Moose Party).

Admiral George Dewey—Admiral of the U.S. Navy.

William B. Dulany—Confidential messenger to Roosevelt during his presidency.

Edwin Emerson—Journalist and a former Rough Rider who served as Roosevelt's regimental clerk.

Gilson Gardner—Washington Representative of Scripps newspapers.

James R. Garfield—Former Secretary of the Interior, son to President James A. Garfield.

Lawrence Hill Graham—Journalist and former Commissioner of the Interior for Puerto Rico.

Edmund Heller—Served as naturalist for large mammals for the Smithsonian-Roosevelt African expedition of 1909-1910.

Alexander Lambert—Roosevelt family physician.

William Loeb, Jr.—Presidential secretary to Roosevelt.

John B. Murphy—Wisconsin surgeon who attended to Roosevelt after he was shot.

Truman H. Newberry—Former Secretary of the Navy.

John Callan O’Laughlin—Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*.

Gifford Pinchot—Former chief of the United States Forest Service.

Henry Rauthier—Assessor for the City of Ishpeming, Michigan.

Jacob A. Riis—Danish-born reporter and author of *How the Other Half Lives*. Roosevelt enlisted him in helping to reform the police department in New York City.

Presley Rixey—Former Surgeon General of the U.S. Navy. A personal physician to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

George Emlen Roosevelt—Theodore Roosevelt’s first cousin once removed. Member of banking firm Roosevelt & Son.

Philip Roosevelt—Theodore Roosevelt’s first cousin once removed. A newspaper reporter.

W. Emlen Roosevelt—First cousin to Theodore Roosevelt. Member of banking firm Roosevelt & Son. Father to Philip and George Emlen Roosevelt.

William P. Schaufflee—Traffic manager for the M.A. Hanna Company of Cleveland and witness to Roosevelt’s campaign in Ohio.

Albert Shaw—Journalist and academic.

James Sloan—Secret Service guard to presidents from Theodore Roosevelt to Harry Truman.

Charles W. Thompson—Correspondent for the *New York Times* who campaigned for Roosevelt in 1912.

Frank H. Tyree—Bodyguard to Roosevelt in the White House.

General Leonard Wood—Physician to Presidents Cleveland and McKinley. Organizer of the Rough Riders with Roosevelt.

The Defense

George Newett—Owner of the newspaper the *Iron Ore*. Accused Theodore Roosevelt in an editorial of being a drunkard.

Lawyers for the Defense

William P. Belden—Ishpeming lawyer.

Horace Andrews—Ishpeming lawyer.

Witnesses for the Defense

George Martin Miller—Claims he has seen Roosevelt drunk on many occasions, including at Speaker of the House Joseph Cannon's seventieth birthday party.

Anonymous—Numerous people who wrote depositions claiming to have seen Roosevelt drunk.

The Judge

The Honorable Richard C. Flannigan—an Upper Peninsula of Michigan native and former resident of Marquette residing in Norway, Michigan.

The Jury

Robert Bruce—A fifty-four-year-old woodsman from Powell Township.

William Fassbender—A twenty-eight-year-old farmer from Marquette.

John Fredrickson—A thirty-one-year-old miner from Negaunee.

William Garrow—A twenty-six-year-old miner from Diorite.

Thomas Howard—A forty-nine-year-old farmer from Chocoley Township.

Andrew P. Johnson—A sixty-one-year-old farmer from Humboldt Township.

John A. Johnson—A thirty-six-year-old farmer from Skandia Township.

W.H. Mathews—A thirty-one-year-old mining office clerk from Ishpeming.

Gus Paulson—A thirty-two-year-old blacksmith from Wells Township.

William Pryor—A twenty-seven-year-old locomotive fireman from Marquette.

Joseph Robear—A twenty-five-year-old teamster from Ishpeming.

William Sharpe—A thirty-three-year-old teamster from Negaunee.

Reporters Covering the Trial

Harry Atwell—*Chicago Tribune* photographer.

L.F. Curtis—Associated Press.

J.H. Dunnewind—*Detroit Free Press*.

Richard Fairchild—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Chris Haggerty—Associated Press.

Carroll McCrae—*Toledo Blade*.

Homer Guck—*Houghton Mining Gazette*, Houghton, Michigan.

Other Historical Personages who are characters or referenced

Will Adams—Marquette playwright who suffered from ossification. Died in 1909.

Byrne, R.P.—Confederate Civil War Veteran who lives in Marquette.

Byrne, Samuel E.—Brother of R.P. Byrne who fought for the Union in the Civil War.

Fred Cadotte (Bawgam)—Indian guide for George Shiras.

Mrs. Charlton—Wife to D. Fred Charlton, Marquette architect who designed the Marquette County Courthouse where the trial takes place.

Robert Dollar—Millionaire known as the Grand Old Man of the Pacific. Former resident of Upper Michigan for whom Dollarville, Michigan, is named.

Mrs. W.S. Hill—Wife to Roosevelt's Marquette attorney.

Robert "Bob" Hume—Caretaker of Presque Isle Park.

Chief Charles Kawbawgam—Last Chief of the Chippewa, buried at Presque Isle.

Charlotte Kawbawgam—Wife of Chief Kawbawgam and Daughter of Chief Marji Gesick.

Jack LaPete (Jacques LePique)—Brother-in-law to Chief Kawbawgam—part-Indian, part-French-Canadian and Irish.

Chief Marji Gesick—Father of Charlotte Kawbawgam. Responsible for leading the white men to the iron ore deposits in Upper Michigan.

Bessie Mather—Daughter of Henry Mather and Mary Hewitt Mather.

Henry Mather—Brother-in-law to Peter White.

Kate Mather—Half-sister to William Gwinn Mather and niece of Henry Mather.

Mary Hewitt Mather—Wife of Henry Mather, sister of Ellen Hewitt White.

William Gwinn Mather—Nephew to Henry Mather and half-brother to Kate Mather.

Carroll Watson Rankin—Marquette author of *Dandelion Cottage*.

Reynolds, Alfred Owen—Toddler son of Maxwell and Frances Reynolds.

Reynolds, Frances Jopling—Granddaughter of Peter White and niece to Frances Shiras White. Married to Maxwell Reynolds.

Reynolds, Maxwell—First cousin to George Shiras III. Resides next-door to him.

Frances White Shiras—Wife to George Shiras III and daughter to Peter and Ellen White.

George Shiras II, or Jr.—U.S. Supreme Court Justice who summers in Marquette.

George Shiras III—Son of George Shiras II. An eminent naturalist and wildlife photographer. Host to Roosevelt while in Marquette.

John R. Van Evera—Former warden of the Marquette Branch Prison, in the crowd when Roosevelt speaks in Marquette.

Ellen Hewitt White—Wife of Peter White.

Morgan White—Son of Peter and Ellen White.

Peter White—Marquette pioneer, father-in-law to George Shiras. Died in 1908.

Byron Williams—Master of Ceremonies for the press men dinner at the Marquette Commercial Club.

Constance Fenimore Woolson—Aunt to William Gwinn Mather and Samuel L. Mather. A popular novelist who wrote about the Lake Superior region.

Joseph Zryd—Violinist in late nineteenth century Marquette. (The author's great-great-great grandfather.)

Stewart Zryd—Spanish-American War veteran. Son of Joseph Zryd.



Roosevelt Campaigning in Marquette on October 9, 1912

PROLOGUE

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1912, former U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt, who now styled himself Colonel Roosevelt, based on his past military experience, arrived by train in Marquette, Michigan. He was there to campaign as the Progressive “Bull Moose” Party candidate for the presidency of the United States.

An estimated six thousand people turned out to see Roosevelt—most would not be able to hear him because the crowd was so thick. Throngs of people squeezed into the train yard surrounding the depot and on both sides of Front Street near the makeshift platform erected for him in downtown Marquette.

Among Roosevelt’s listeners was George A. Newett, editor of the *Iron Ore*, a newspaper published in the city of Ishpeming, some fifteen miles west of Marquette.

Because Newett and his paper were staunch supporters of the Republican Party, Newett was already inclined to have an unfavorable view of Roosevelt’s speech. Newett was angry that Roosevelt had broken with the Republican Party after it had nominated incumbent U.S. President William Howard Taft over himself for its presidential candidate. Roosevelt had then decided to form his own Progressive Party and be its candidate. The result had been division within the Republican Party since many of its members chose to support Roosevelt.

No doubt many other Republicans present were not fans of Roosevelt, but regardless, the enormous crowd was thrilled to see a former U.S. president. The only other president ever to have visited Marquette had been President Taft the year before, so regardless of Roosevelt’s politics, the community saw it as a day worth celebrating.

2 *When Teddy Came to Town*

Although Roosevelt had never before visited Marquette, he knew several of the local politicians, including George Shiras III, who summered in Marquette and had served as a congressman for Pennsylvania in Washington, D.C. Roosevelt and Shiras had developed a friendship because of a bill Shiras had introduced to protect wildfowl. Roosevelt shared Shiras' conservation interests, and since they had met, he had taken great interest in Shiras' efforts to photograph wildlife. Now seeing Shiras in the crowd, Roosevelt shouted to him, "Did you get your beaver picture yet?" Shiras shouted back that the glass plate had not yet been developed. Then Roosevelt's attention was diverted away from his friend, and in a few more seconds, he was ready to give his speech.

A presidential candidate's speeches are notorious for pointing out what is wrong with his opponent's position on various issues, and Roosevelt's speech that day was no different. He spoke out boldly against the steel trust, which he blamed for taking over the Republican convention and preventing him from getting the presidential nomination. But today Roosevelt was in steel country. Marquette County's economy relied on its iron mines, which shipped ore to the great cities of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo, where the ore was turned into steel. In fact, George Newett's newspaper, the *Iron Ore*, was named for the community's bread-and-butter.

Roosevelt did not let Marquette's interests in steel dissuade him. Instead, he addressed the situation directly. Speaking without hesitation, he declared, "The steel trust is here in Marquette County, and its attorney, the congressman against whom—"

"That is not true!" a man interrupted him.

The man was John Van Evera, former warden of the Marquette Branch Prison, and a strong supporter of the Republican Party.

Roosevelt, without blinking an eye, shot back, "You stand for theft and you stand for lying and false witness bearing. Another thing I will give you a chance to deny: that every paper influenced by the steel corporation in Marquette and by the standpatters is against us in this county."

Van Evera replied, "I am not afraid of a Bull Moose."

Roosevelt continued, "It is perfectly natural that you should object to hearing the truth told about the side you are championing; and it is perfectly natural that you should come here to try to interrupt a meeting in which I am exposing the falsities and misinterpretations of your side."

"Then tell the truth," persisted Van Evera.

Roosevelt continued, naming local politicians, including Horace O. Young of nearby Ishpeming, who was currently a member of the Michigan State House of Representatives. “Mr. Young is the ex-attorney of the Steel Trust, and his law partner is attorney for the Steel Trust now. I understand, sir, that I am telling you the truth; I speak here from the information given me; but when I speak of the Chicago convention of last June, I speak of what I know. You are supporting the receivers of stolen goods, and a man engaged with the theft; and if you are a man of intelligence and education, you are acting as dishonorably as if you were supporting a man who had stolen a purse. Now you ask to hear the truth. You have heard it. A man who approves of the commission of theft, or who brazenly defends it, is no better than the thief himself.”

Roosevelt continued his speech without any further interruptions. When he was finished, the crowd applauded, and soon the former president was off to his next stop on the campaign trail. Meanwhile, the local newspapers’ headlines declared:

**‘Big Bull Moose’s’ Tour a Continual Triumph
Upper Peninsula Turned Out More Than 40,000 People Wednesday
to Welcome the Great Progressive Chieftain
He Was Seen and Heard in Marquette County by Larger Throngs
Than Ever Before Had Greeted a Great National Leader**

All that said, Roosevelt had already given several speeches that day, and his voice had been somewhat raspy, which caused some people to wonder, especially when he became so animated while responding to Mr. Van Evera’s charges, whether he might have been intoxicated.

George Newett did more than wonder. He went home and wrote the following editorial, which appeared in the *Iron Ore* on October 12, 1912.

The Roosevelt Way

According to Roosevelt, he is the only man who can call others liars, rascals and thieves, terms he applies to Republicans generally.

All that Roosevelt has gained politically he received from the hands of the Republican Party.

Had he won in the Republican convention in Chicago, then the Republican Party would still be a good party, and all others would have been made up of liars and thieves and scoundrels generally.

4 *When Teddy Came to Town*

But if anyone calls Roosevelt a liar he raves and roars and takes on in an awful way, and yet Roosevelt is a pretty good liar himself. Where a lie will serve to advance his position, he employs it.

Roosevelt lies and curses in the most disgusting way; he gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently, and all of his intimates know about it.

What's the use mincing things with him when he maltreats everyone not for him?

Because he has been president gives him no privileges above other men and his conduct is just as deserving censure as is that of any other offender against decency.

How can Roosevelt expect to go unlashd when he maliciously and untruthfully strikes out at other people?

It's just as Mr. Harlan said, he's the greatest little fighter in the country when he's alone in the ring, but he acts like a madman if anyone dares criticize him. All who oppose him are wreckers of the country, liars, knaves and undesirables.

He alone is pure and entitled to a halo. Rats! For so great a fighter, self-styled, he's the poorest loser we ever knew.

Two days later, October 14, would be a doubly fateful day for the former president. Roosevelt was continuing his campaign, traveling that day from Chicago to Milwaukee. He was already experiencing a sore throat from all the speeches he had given, but he planned to give another that evening. That same day, he would be handed a copy of Newett's editorial by Oscar King Davis, his party's secretary. After reading the article, Roosevelt whispered to Davis, "Let's go after him." Then, while en route to Milwaukee, the former president sent instructions to Henry M. Wallace, the Progressive national committeeman from Michigan, to retain a lawyer and file a libel suit against Newett.

Once Roosevelt arrived in Milwaukee, he went to the Gilpatrick Hotel, where the hotel owner, a supporter of Roosevelt, provided dinner for him. Word quickly got out that Roosevelt was dining at the Gilpatrick. When he prepared to leave the hotel for Milwaukee Auditorium, where he would give his speech, he found a crowd outside, clamoring to see him.

Roosevelt got into the open convertible waiting for him at the hotel entrance. At first, he sat down, but when the crowd cheered for him, he stood to acknowledge and wave to his supporters.

Suddenly, a gunshot was heard. A man, standing just seven feet from Roosevelt, had drawn a revolver from his vest and shot the former president.

The bullet struck Roosevelt in the chest and knocked him back down into his seat.

The would-be assassin was John Flammang Schrank, a former saloonkeeper from New York who had become profoundly religious. He had followed Roosevelt from New Orleans to Milwaukee. Schrank would later claim he had been writing a poem in the night when the ghost of President William McKinley appeared to him. McKinley had asked Schrank to avenge his death and pointed at a photograph of Roosevelt.

Schrank was immediately arrested. He would later maintain that he had nothing against Roosevelt and he had not intended to kill “the citizen Roosevelt,” but rather “Roosevelt, the third-termer,” claiming that President McKinley had told him to shoot Roosevelt as a warning to other third-termers. Schrank would be diagnosed by doctors as suffering from delusions and insanity. He would then be committed to the Central State Mental Hospital in Waupun, Wisconsin, for life.

As for Roosevelt, the bullet had lodged itself in his chest, but first, it had penetrated his steel eyeglass case and passed through the folded fifty pages of his speech in his suit pocket. Being a hunter, Roosevelt had a good knowledge of anatomy; because he was not coughing up blood, he knew the bullet had not sunk far enough into his chest to hit his lung, so he refused to go to the hospital until after he gave his speech. His motorcar proceeded to the Milwaukee Auditorium.

When Roosevelt took the stage in the auditorium, he began to address the crowd by saying, “Friends, I shall ask you to be as quiet as possible. I don’t know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot; but it takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose. But, fortunately, I had my manuscript, so you see I was going to make a long speech, and there is a bullet—there is where the bullet went through—and it probably saved me from it going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech, but I will try my best.”

The former president went on to deliver his speech, and although at times his voice was hardly more than a whisper, he spoke for ninety minutes, and when he had finished, he was cheered by the crowd. Only then did he agree to be taken to the hospital.

6 *When Teddy Came to Town*

At the hospital, Roosevelt was attended by his personal physician, Dr. Terrell. An x-ray showed the bullet lodged in Roosevelt's chest muscle; the bullet had also broken his fourth rib. Dr. Terrell determined that because the bullet had not penetrated Roosevelt's pleura, it would be less dangerous to leave it in place. The former president would carry the bullet inside him for the rest of his life. Because it would hinder his ability to exercise, it would cause him to gain significant weight in his later years.

Roosevelt remained in the hospital for a week. During that time, one highlight of his stay was receiving a photograph from his friend George Shiras. On the back was inscribed the note, "Here is the answer to your question!" It was a nighttime photograph of a beaver gnawing on a tree trunk.

Although the election would be held on November 5, only three weeks away, Roosevelt's opponents, President Taft of the Republican Party and Democratic nominee Woodrow Wilson, both halted their own campaigns out of a sense of fair play while Roosevelt was hospitalized. Once Roosevelt was released from the hospital, all three candidates resumed their campaigns, although Roosevelt himself would only make two more speeches before Election Day.

Roosevelt would not garner enough votes to be elected president, although his 4.1 million votes surpassed the 3.5 million of his Republican opponent, Taft. Because Wilson's 6.3 million votes won him the electoral vote, he would be sworn in as twenty-eighth president of the United States.

With the election over, Roosevelt would quickly turn his attention to his lawsuit against George Newett.

Newett's charge that Roosevelt was a drunkard had not been the first accusation made to that effect. Several reasons existed for these accusations. First, Roosevelt had a very animated presence when he spoke. His voice boomed and he liked to wave his arms about. He did this largely so the people in the back of the crowd could see and hear him, but it often led to people thinking his behavior somewhat erratic and possibly influenced by alcohol. Second, Roosevelt usually gave multiple speeches a day on the campaign trail and he had to speak so loudly to be heard by the massive crowds that his voice often became quite hoarse and, sometimes, it even sounded like he slurred his words. Finally, the prohibition of alcohol was being hotly debated across the country, but Roosevelt remained uncommitted on the issue. When

he was asked for his opinion on prohibition by reporters, he often shrugged off the question or muttered a barely audible response. This attitude made people speculate that he was not in favor of prohibition, the reason being that he was a heavy drinker himself. None of these speculations, however, had sufficient support to prove Roosevelt was a drunk.



George Shiras' beaver picture

Tired of all the accusations about his drinking, Roosevelt decided he would make an example of the *Iron Ore* and its editor. On October 25, 1912, his lawyer, James H. Pound of Detroit, filed an extensive Declaration of Intention in Marquette County, and four days later, Pound filed the following formal and detailed complaint:

That the said defendant, George A. Newett, did upon October, the twelfth, A.D. 1912, publish the following false, scandalous, malicious and defamatory words...“The Roosevelt Way.”

That the entire article is libelous. But that Theodore Roosevelt waives all claims for damages for any of the libels contained in said article, except the words, “Roosevelt lies and curses in a most disgusting way. He gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently and all of his intimates know about it.”

That Theodore Roosevelt does hereby begin an action of Trespass, in the Circuit Court for the County of Marquette and claims as his damages, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Newett then hired his own lawyer, William P. Bedell, of Ishpeming, and filed the following response to Roosevelt’s allegations of libel:

Take notice, the defendant will give in evidence and insist in his defense that the words charged in the plaintiff’s declaration, were published in good faith, without any malice, and under circumstances creating a qualified privilege, vis.: That at the time the plaintiff was a candidate for the office of the President of the United States, and that as such candidate his public conduct and his fitness for said high office were properly subject to discussion as matters of common and general interest.

And the said defendant will further give in evidence and insists in his defense, the plaintiff had been and was guilty of the facts and acts charged and imputed to him in the publication.

Newett and Bedell now set out to prove that what Newett had printed was true. They began by collecting depositions to support the statement that Roosevelt often became drunk. Upon hearing of their actions, Roosevelt convinced the court to order that the depositions not be made public until the time of the trial, scheduled to begin at the Marquette County Courthouse on May 26, 1913. A great deal of media attention and interest would build throughout the nation as the trial approached.

“To announce that there must be no criticism of the president...is morally treasonable to the American public.”

— Theodore Roosevelt



George Newett (left), who wrote the libelous editorial “The Roosevelt Way.”
The other man is believed to be Richard Fairchild, reporter for the
Chicago Record-Herald.

MONDAY
MAY 26, 1913



Publicity Photo of Theodore Roosevelt

“The unforgivable crime is soft hitting. Do not hit at all if it
can be avoided; but never hit softly.”

— Theodore Roosevelt

CHAPTER 1

“HE SAYS HE’S NOT GOING,” said Delia Richardson, returning to the breakfast nook where her brother Matthew was finishing his scrambled eggs.

“Why not?” Matthew asked, although he didn’t need to. He could well imagine what his brother-in-law’s reason would be.

“He says it’s too early in the morning and he can’t afford to be late at the office,” Delia replied. “Plus he has a headache.”

Matthew grimaced and then sipped his coffee. He knew Roger had a hangover and didn’t want to move any faster than he had to this morning.

“And you know how he feels about Roosevelt,” Delia continued, as if needing to defend her husband. “He blames Roosevelt for dividing the Republican Party. If it weren’t for Roosevelt, Wilson wouldn’t be in the White House now.”

“Perhaps,” said Matthew, “but it isn’t every day a former U.S. president visits Marquette, and especially not for a reason that evokes international interest.”

“You can’t reason with Roger sometimes, Matthew,” said Delia, sighing. “You know that.”

Matthew didn’t comment. Instead, he said, “What about Lydia? Doesn’t she want to go?”

“Lydia?” Delia laughed. “She’s rarely up before nine. I’ve warned her that once she’s the lady of the house, she won’t be able to lie in bed all day. I hope Lysander breaks her of that habit after the wedding.”

“When do I get to meet this future husband of hers?” Matthew asked.

“Oh, he’s coming over for lunch today,” said Delia. “He seems to be here all the time now. It’s hard to imagine that my little girl will be getting married in just six more days. I’m so glad you’re able to be here for the wedding. How

lucky that the Roosevelt trial gave you an extra incentive to come. I'm sure your editor was thrilled to have a reporter on his staff who's from Marquette."

"Yes, he was," said Matthew. Had his editor not given him the assignment, Matthew might have found an excuse not to come for the wedding, but he wouldn't hurt Delia's feelings now that he was here by admitting that. "Well," he said, changing the subject, "should we get going? I don't want to be late if I'm going to get my scoop."

"I'm ready. I just have to put on my coat," said Delia, stepping into the front hall. Matthew stood and for a moment wondered whether he should carry the dishes to the sink, but he knew Delia would only scold him. "That's why we have servants," she would say. Still, being a bachelor, Matthew was used to waiting on himself. Nor would he ever want to have servants.

In another second, he was in the hall with his sister and reaching for his own coat.

"You know I hate that you don't live in Marquette," said Delia, "but it is nice that you can come home to visit and get paid for it."

"When I left Marquette," Matthew admitted, "I never imagined I'd return here to report on a libel trial involving an American president."

"Isn't that the truth," said Delia, opening the front door and stepping outside. "It's a beautiful day. It feels like summer finally."

Matthew thought it was still a bit chilly out, but it was only quarter after seven. Roosevelt's train was to arrive at 7:45, and it would take a good twenty minutes to walk from Roger and Delia's house on Marquette's east side to the train depot. Roger could have driven them in his automobile, but since he had decided not to go with them and needed to go to his office, he would be using it himself. Since Roger did not open his office until nine o'clock, Matthew knew his brother-in-law had no reason to worry he'd be late; he was only being difficult, but Matthew did not mind walking, and years ago, he had quit taking offense at Roger's mood swings.

For a few minutes, Matthew and Delia walked along in silence until they came to Ridge Street and turned west toward the downtown. Then Delia remarked, "I wish Frances were here so I'd have a chance of getting to meet Roosevelt."

Frances was the daughter of the late Peter White, one of Marquette's founders and most successful businessmen. He had become known as the Honorable Peter White for his political services and Marquette's Grand Old Man for his many acts of philanthropy. White had died five years before,

leaving his house to his only surviving child, Frances, and her husband, George Shiras III. Shiras was a former Congressman, an internationally famous wildlife photographer, and the son of Supreme Court Justice George Shiras II. In his home, Shiras would be hosting Colonel Roosevelt—as he preferred to be called since he was no longer president—and many of those who were coming to Marquette to testify on his behalf. Unfortunately, Frances was out East at the moment with her children; she had been unable to change her plans to return in time for the trial and play hostess to the former president.

Delia had scarcely finished her wish to meet Roosevelt before she and Matthew heard a motorcar approaching them from behind. When the driver honked his horn, it startled Delia. Matthew turned around to see that the automobile had stopped just feet behind them and its driver was waving at them.

“Speak of the devil,” muttered Delia, who had now also turned around.

“Matthew! I thought it was you!” exclaimed George Shiras III, quickly climbing out of his vehicle and rushing forward to shake Matthew’s hand.

Matthew laughed and shook his old friend’s hand—he couldn’t quite say they were friends now, but they had been once, and he felt pleasantly surprised. “It’s good to see you, George,” he said. “You must be on your way to pick up Colonel Roosevelt.”

“Yes,” said George. “I’m a little early, but I didn’t want to take any chances. I didn’t know you were in town, Matthew.”

“He’s here to report on the trial,” said Delia.

“I should have known,” said George.

“Isn’t that something,” Delia added, “an all-expenses-paid trip to his hometown for business?”

“You must be on your way to the depot then,” said George. “Would you care for a ride? Of course, I’ll have to bring Theodore back home with me so I can’t give you a ride back, but you’re welcome to a ride there.”

“Oh, think of it, Matthew,” said Delia, laughing. “We get to ride in the same car Colonel Roosevelt will be riding in.”

Matthew felt he should decline, but Delia seemed too pleased for him not to accept.

“Let me help you in,” said George, and he gave his hand to Delia as she stepped up into the automobile and settled herself in the backseat.

“Thank you, George,” said Matthew, now climbing into the front seat while George went around to get in on the driver’s side. As they started back down the street, Matthew thought about how many years it had been since he had seen George or felt friendly toward him.

“I understand Frances didn’t come home. I saw your niece, Frances Reynolds, yesterday,” added Delia, using Peter White’s granddaughter’s name in full to avoid confusion between her and the aunt she was named for, “and she said Frances wouldn’t be coming home. I don’t know how she could miss the opportunity to be hostess to a former president.”

“Well, Frances has met Theodore plenty of times in Washington so the magic of his presence has worn off on her, I guess. And the servants are more than capable of making sure he and all our other guests will be comfortable.”

“Other guests?” said Matthew. “Who else will be staying with you?”

“Who isn’t?” said George, as he started the car moving west along Ridge Street. “Sixteen people total, all of the rest of them witnesses also; Gifford Pinchot for one, and Edmund Heller—he traveled with Theodore in Africa—and then some of the other witnesses will be staying with some of my relatives.”

Matthew knew the Whites and Shirases were related to half the wealthy families living on Ridge Street so he didn’t bother to ask which other relatives.

“I never thought I’d see the day when so many famous people would be coming to Marquette,” said Delia. “I understand President Garfield’s son is coming too as one of the witnesses.”

“Yes,” said George. “And Jacob Riis, the reformer—he’s a great friend of Theodore’s—and also some of Theodore’s bodyguards and Secret Service men and his former cabinet members.”

“Matthew knows Jacob Riis,” Delia mentioned.

“You do?” said George, surprised.

“Yes,” Matthew replied. “Years ago, I spent an evening with him and Roosevelt walking the streets of New York City when they were trying to stop police corruption when Roosevelt was the police commissioner there. He’s quite an interesting man, Riis.”

“That he is,” said George. “I don’t know him that well, but I know Theodore thinks the world of him. And so you’ve obviously met Theodore before as well.”

“Yes,” said Matthew, “but it’s been several years now so I doubt he remembers me.”

By now they were at the corner of Front Street. George turned to drive down the hill through the downtown to the train depot.

Matthew could not help staring at the towering Savings Bank with its clock as they approached Washington Street. It was the tallest building in Marquette, six stories, though only four stories faced Front Street. In New York, it would have been dwarfed by many other buildings, but here, it gave Marquette a metropolitan flair, especially for a small city that had been home to less than ten thousand people when the bank had been built in 1891, several years after Matthew had moved away. Marquette had certainly changed from the frontier village Matthew had known when he had come here as a young boy soon after the Civil War.



Front Street in Marquette, circa 1913. The Savings Bank is the tall building with the clock tower on the left.

“I wonder whether there’ll be a crowd,” said Delia.

“I doubt it,” said George. “It’s awful early in the morning.”

“You never know,” said Matthew. “It is a former president coming to town, after all.”

“Oh, everyone in Marquette is excited,” said Delia, as they approached Main Street and George turned toward the depot.

There was a crowd, not anywhere near the six thousand who had crowded the depot area when Roosevelt had spoken there while campaigning the October before, but probably two hundred people were standing about, waiting for the train scheduled to arrive within a quarter of an hour.

George parked his vehicle. Matthew and Delia quickly thanked him for the ride before he was approached by a policeman, who was obviously there for security purposes. The officer wanted to discuss Roosevelt’s exit in George’s vehicle.

Delia and Matthew now joined the crowd of curiosity-seekers, several of whom they knew—with a population of nearly twelve thousand, almost everyone knew everyone else in Marquette, and if they didn’t know someone, they knew the same people that person knew. Matthew’s wait for the train was quickly taken up by old acquaintances greeting him and asking him how life was in New York. A few minutes later, the sound and then the sight of the train’s approach drew everyone’s rapt attention.

The spectators felt excitement and a little impatience as they waited for the train to come to a full stop. Once it did, some railroad employees disembarked from it and a few police stepped forward so the Colonel wouldn’t be mobbed by the crowd. A few men stepped off the train—Matthew recognized most of them as witnesses—prominent men he had met when reporting in Washington; he had even interviewed one or two of them himself in the past—the social reformer Jacob Riis; James Garfield, son of former President Garfield and Roosevelt’s Secretary of the Interior when he had been in office; also Gifford Pinchot, former chief of the United States Forest Service; Robert Bacon, former Assistant Secretary of State; and George Cortelyou, Roosevelt’s former Secretary of the Treasury, who had also served as Postmaster General and Secretary of Commerce at different times. In all, about twenty of Roosevelt’s intimate friends had come with him to testify at the trial, a few of them even being Roosevelt cousins. People in the crowd, however, did not recognize most of these men by their faces, so it was not until Colonel Roosevelt himself stepped off the train that a few young women squealed with excitement and then applause broke out for the former president. The crowd was not large, but Roosevelt was welcomed warmly by everyone.

In a moment, Roosevelt was surrounded by reporters and spectators. Normally, Matthew would have pushed forward to get his scoop, but he did not want to abandon his sister on the platform, so he stood back, trying to hear what he could.

After generously answering several questions about the trial, which Matthew unfortunately could not quite hear, Roosevelt finally said, “That’s enough questions for now. There will be plenty of time for more as the trial progresses. Thank you for your warm greeting.”

“Thank you, Mr. Roosevelt,” said several reporters as the police tried to move back the crowd so Roosevelt could depart. At some point, George had made his way through the crowd, and he was now guiding Roosevelt toward his automobile.

“I have the car waiting just over there,” Matthew heard George say, taking Roosevelt’s arm to guide him in the right direction.

“Mr. Roosevelt, won’t you take just one more question?” shouted a reporter.

Roosevelt smiled but waved him off, though he shook hands with many well-wishers as he headed toward the automobile. He was now only ten feet away from Matthew and Delia so they could hear what he said.

“Mr. Roosevelt,” said a local man as Roosevelt shook his hand, “my wife and I would be honored if you would join us to see *The Prince of Pilsen* at the opera house on Thursday night.”

Roosevelt smiled at him and graciously said, “I much appreciate the offer, but I am here on business, not for my own enjoyment, and I do not want my presence at social activities to affect the course of justice, so I must respectfully decline. Plus, I think it would be best given the circumstances surrounding this trial that no one confuses my going to see *The Prince of Pilsen* with drinking Pilsener beer.”

The crowd roared at the joke, for the confusion between the words Pilsen and Pilsener was a well-known trademark of the popular play. Clearly, Roosevelt had seen it before. But while the mix-up between a Cincinnati brewer and a European prince made for good comedy onstage, a mix-up between a drunkard and a former president was not so funny in real life. Matthew, however, was very fond of the play, so he made a mental note to take Delia to see it later that week.

Other invitations for the former president followed, which Roosevelt also kindly turned down—from dinner invitations to an offer of free tickets

to see the high school's production of another popular play, *The Chimes of Normandy*. Roosevelt's cheerful and gracious manner of refusal left no one feeling slighted, and Matthew marveled at how everyone clearly liked Roosevelt, inviting him into their homes as if they knew him personally. He suspected Delia would have invited the former president to dinner herself if she could get him alone, but she was too proud to make an invitation likely to be refused in public.

After one more thank you, Roosevelt said, "I must go with my host now and meet with my attorneys before the trial begins. I wish you all a good day." Then with Secret Service men and police closing in around him, Roosevelt made his way down the path the crowd had opened up for him, and soon he was beside George Shiras' automobile.

Shiras had the honor of opening the door himself for his illustrious friend, and then Roosevelt climbed into the back of the automobile, followed by the naturalist Edmund Heller and Frank Tyree, who had been Roosevelt's bodyguard while he was president and seemed to be playing that role again today. Once everyone was seated and comfortable, Shiras walked around the automobile to take a seat behind the wheel.

Apparently, some other vehicles were also waiting—perhaps those of George's relatives, since the rest of the witnesses soon piled into them after a few introductions and a bit of confusion over who should ride with whom and what to do with the luggage.

Just as Matthew thought George would now drive off, he saw his former friend lean back and say something to Roosevelt. Then Roosevelt turned, looked straight at Matthew, and said, "It's good to see you again, Mr. Newman. You must visit George and me while I'm here."

Matthew was stunned by the remark. He had often been assigned to cover stories concerning Roosevelt when he was a police commissioner in New York City, but that had been nearly twenty years ago. Matthew certainly hadn't expected Roosevelt to remember him. Was George trying to put in a good word for him so he could get a better story for his newspaper? Matthew wouldn't put it past George to show him such kindness—but was it kindness, or some form of compensation to make up for the past? Did George even realize he had anything to compensate for? Well, truthfully, perhaps George was the one he should compensate for the jealousy he'd held inside all these years.

Matthew would question George's motive later, but for now, all he could think to say was, "Thank you, Colonel Roosevelt. It's a pleasure to see you in my hometown."

Roosevelt flashed his famous smile, and then the automobile was heading toward Front Street, and in another minute, the entire caravan for the plaintiff was out of sight.

"How exciting, Matthew," said Delia, squeezing his arm.

"I can't believe Colonel Roosevelt even remembers me," he replied.

"If you get to go over to George and Frances' house to see him, you must tell me all about it," she said.

"I doubt he'll have time to see me personally," said Matthew. "George was just trying to be kind."

"There's nothing wrong with that," said Delia.

"No," said Matthew, taking out his pocket watch to check the time. He wanted to make sure he had plenty of time to write up a story about Roosevelt's arrival. "Well, we should get back. Are you ready to head home?"

"I suppose," said Delia. "None of the stores are open yet, and I don't need anything anyway. What do you want to do until the trial starts? It starts at two, right?"

"Yes, but I need to write up a story about Roosevelt's arrival and maybe something about Marquette itself to send to my editor today," said Matthew. "After I do that, though, we can have lunch together, and then I can get to the courthouse early enough to wire my story before the trial starts."

"You are going to take me to the courthouse with you?" asked Delia.

"Yes, that's another reason for us to get there early. There are seats reserved for the press, but I imagine a crowd of people will be wanting to get in."

"Then we'll have an early lunch and camp out on the steps if need be so I get a seat," Delia replied.

With that decided, brother and sister linked arms and headed home, following the route Roosevelt had just taken.

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The Mining Journal, May 26, 1913

Marquette businesses tied Roosevelt into their ads during the trial, as if to suggest he endorsed their merchandise.

CHAPTER 2

BY THE TIME MATTHEW AND Delia were back home, Roger had already left for his office, but Lydia was still in bed. It was past eight-thirty, but it was none of Matthew's business how late his niece lay abed. Perhaps she just wanted to get her beauty sleep so she'd be ready for the wedding on Sunday.

"Oh, I forgot that Lysander is coming by for lunch. I hope we'll still have enough time to get to the courthouse early," said Delia.

"We just have to," said Matthew. He was always punctual if not early, especially when it concerned his reporting duties. He would not disappoint Josiah Pritchard, his editor at the *Empire Sentinel*, by missing even one moment of the trial.

"Well," Delia replied, "he should be here a few minutes after twelve. That's when he usually takes his lunch break at the bank, and he'll have to be back to work by one, so we can leave by then. We should be there by one-thirty certainly."

Matthew grimaced and got a bit of a knot in his stomach. The trial would not start until two; half an hour should be enough time to wire his story and find their seats, but he'd have rather had an hour to be safe.

"All right," he said, trying to remain calm. "I better go up to my room now and write my story."

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable downstairs?" asked Delia. "You could use Roger's study."

"No, my room is fine," said Matthew. The servants would be wandering in and out of the downstairs rooms, and frankly, their presence always made him feel nervous and distracted.

Five minutes later, Matthew was seated at his desk in the guest bedroom and scribbling away. He didn't have much material from Roosevelt's arrival,

but he tried to fill space by creating a human interest story out of the northern city he called home.

Former U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Marquette, Michigan, on Monday morning, May 26, to be greeted by a small crowd of onlookers and reporters, all there to welcome the famous politician to their town. Roosevelt is not visiting this northern city for pleasure, however. Rather, he is there to partake in the role of plaintiff in a libel trial. George Newett, proprietor of the Ishpeming, Michigan newspaper the *Iron Ore*, accused Roosevelt of being a drunkard in an editorial following Roosevelt's campaign stop in Marquette last October. Roosevelt has filed suit against the newspaperman for blackening his good name.

Whatever the outcome of this infamous trial will be, the ugliness of the allegedly libelous charge is offset by the beautiful setting where the case will play out.

Marquette is a small but proud city on the shore of Lake Superior. In the last couple of decades, it has become known as the Queen City of the North. Despite a population of just under twelve thousand, the city is home to many of the most important mining, lumber, and banking magnates in the United States. It is also the summer home of former Supreme Court Justice George Shiras, Jr. In fact, Justice Shiras' son, George Shiras III, the award-winning photographer of nighttime wildlife and a frequent contributor to *National Geographic* as well as a former member of the U.S. Congress, will host Roosevelt at his home. Shiras and Roosevelt have been good friends for a number of years due to their shared interest in wildlife and conservation issues....

As Matthew wrote, he could not help but marvel that the enthusiastic young George Shiras he had known as a boy had grown up to be a famous conservationist, photographer, and even politician. Matthew imagined George largely had his father-in-law, Peter White, to thank for that, as well as his father and grandfather, who had been enthusiastic fishermen in their days. George had been lucky compared to Matthew and his father, who had rarely found time to go fishing, at least together. They'd had the family store to run, so the two of them could never leave it unattended except on Sunday, and then only for church. Matthew's mother had forbidden them to go fishing on Sunday afternoons, saying it was a sin, and Matthew's father had silently kept the peace by agreeing with her.

Matthew had loved his father dearly, but he had often wished the store was not like a noose around their necks. He had sometimes imagined—though he felt such a thought might also be a sin, and more so than fishing on Sunday—that he would have preferred to have Peter White as his father. Mr. White always seemed to have time to go out to his camp or to do anything he wanted, even though he owned a bank and an insurance agency and was involved in who knew how many other business ventures. Peter White was successful enough that he could pay people to run things when he was away—Matthew’s father was not so fortunate.

As a young boy, Matthew had seen Peter White around town, though he had not known rightly who he was, being still too young to care who was prominent in Marquette in those days. It wasn’t until he was eleven and working as a clerk in his father’s store that he truly got to know Mr. White.

Matthew vividly remembered that first meeting with Marquette’s Grand Old Man, although no one considered him grand yet, being only forty, but Peter White was already rich, owning the bank and having just built his fine home on Ridge Street—the first of several mansion-sized houses. It had been during that meeting that Matthew had also first been introduced to George Shiras III.

To the best of his memory, Matthew thought it was the summer of 1870 when he and George had met. He had been working alone in the store, so it must have been lunchtime; his father had probably gone into the family dining room behind the storefront to eat with his mother and sister while Matthew watched the counter; Matthew would eat later when his father came to relieve him. It was then that Peter White entered the store with another man and two boys.

Mr. White had been in the store before, but Matthew’s father had always made it a point to assist him personally. After all, Mr. White had no shortage of money to spend, so Mr. Newman wanted to please him all he could.

But today, Matthew didn’t have time to duck through the back door and into their living quarters to fetch his father because the youngest boy in the party, who couldn’t be more than six, marched straight up to the counter and proclaimed to Matthew, “I want a fishing pole!”

“You do?” said Matthew, amused by the boy’s eagerness. “Well, I think a fishing pole is a very fine thing to want.”

"I'm going to catch a big trout, like this," said the boy, and he spread his arms so wide that Matthew doubted a trout that size could be found in Lake Superior.

Peter White, who had now joined his son at the counter, said, "Hello. It's Matthew, right?"

"Yes, sir," said Matthew, starting to feel nervous.

"I don't know if you know my son, Morgan," said Mr. White, smiling. "He likes to exaggerate, so I think he'll make a wonderful fisherman someday."

Mr. White's humor instantly put Matthew at his ease.

"My papa's going to teach me to fish," Morgan told Matthew. "Do you go fishing with your papa?"

Matthew hesitated and then frowned a bit before saying, "No, but I wish I could."

"Why don't you?" demanded Morgan.

"Because my father and I have to take turns watching the store, so I usually go fishing alone or sometimes with a friend."

"Oh, so what kindsa fishing poles do you got?" Morgan asked, either uninterested or satisfied with Matthew's explanation.

"I'll show you," said Matthew, stepping out from behind the counter and over to the wall where all the fishing paraphernalia was kept.

"Wow, Papa. Look at all of them. I like this one," said Morgan, reaching up to grab one off the wall. Peter White grabbed it first before his son could knock it over.

"That one's a bit large for you, Morgan," said Mr. White. Then he turned to Matthew. "Do you have anything Morgan's size?"

Matthew drew their attention to a smaller fishing pole designed for boys.

"But that one's small," said Morgan, smirking his disapproval.

"It doesn't matter," said Matthew. "What matters is—"

"It does, too," Morgan interrupted, "because I need a big one to catch a big fish."

"Hold on, Morgan," Mr. White said. "Let Matthew finish his explanation before you protest."

"Morgan," said Matthew, squatting down to be at the boy's eye level, "you don't need a big pole to catch a big fish because the pole just stays above the water. It's the hook the fish is interested in—or actually what you have on the

hook to lure him in—and that should be a big juicy worm. As long as you have some juicy worms, you can catch the biggest fish in the lake.”

“Oh,” said Morgan, nodding his head up and down as if this all made perfect sense.

“Yes, sir,” said Matthew. “The bigger and juicier the worm, the bigger the fish you’ll catch.”

“George knows how to dig for big juicy worms,” said Morgan, gesturing toward the other boy in the store. Matthew looked over at the boy while Morgan continued to speak. He realized George must be about his age. He also noticed that George had been watching them. “George says you have to get worms when they’re out crawling around at night. Then you can sneak up on them easily because they can’t see you in the dark.”

“Well,” said Matthew, turning his gaze back to Morgan, “I would say that George knows his worm business very well. With this fishing pole and the worms your friend George will help you find, I think you’ll catch a mighty fine-sized fish indeed.”

Peter White laughed and then asked, “What do you think, Morgan? Should we get this fishing pole?”

“Yes,” said Morgan, jumping up and down.

“We’ll get some of these fishing hooks too,” Mr. White told Matthew, selecting a packet of them.

“Very good, sir,” said Matthew. He took the fishing pole and the hooks over to the counter and began to write out an invoice so Mr. White could pay for them.

A few minutes later, Morgan had his fishing pole in hand and was pretending to cast it. When the boy nearly knocked over a display, Mr. White quickly took the pole from him and said, before his son could protest, “Morgan, let’s go outside with it. You can practice casting it better out there.”

Matthew smiled gratefully at Mr. White for preventing an accident in the store. Mr. White winked at him, and then father and son departed while the other two in their party brought a few items up to the counter to purchase. Matthew did not know who the man was, but he accepted his payment and thanked him. Then the man turned to George and said, “Son, I’ll wait for you outside.”

“Okay,” said George, as his father turned to leave. Then he set some fish hooks on the counter and dug in his pocket for his wallet.

“You did very well with Morgan,” said George. “He can be a handful sometimes.”

“Well,” said Matthew, “I imagine we were too when we were his age.”

“True enough,” said George. “I’m George Shiras by the way.” He gave Matthew his hand to shake. As Matthew took it, he looked George straight in the eye and saw sincere friendliness there that made him like George instantly.

“I’m Matthew Newman,” Matthew replied. “Are you new to Marquette? I’ve never seen you around here before.”

“No, not really new. My father comes up here fishing every year and my grandfather too. They’ve been coming up here since Marquette was founded, and now this year I’m joining them. We’re from Pennsylvania; not Mr. White and his son, though. They’re from here.”

“Yes,” said Matthew. “Everyone knows Mr. White. But Marquette’s a long way to come from Pennsylvania just to go fishing.”

“It is,” said George, “but we love the scenery up here and my family has gotten to know Mr. White and his family very well so we keep coming back. That, plus I think our Scottish blood naturally yearns to be farther north. There’s nowhere like the rugged coast of Lake Superior.”

“I have to agree with you,” said Matthew. “My family came here from New York. I was probably about Morgan’s age when we got here, so I barely remember New York now. I know I wouldn’t want to live anywhere else than Marquette.”

“You’re lucky that you get to live here year-round,” George replied. “So how much do I owe you?”

Matthew totaled the items being purchased and then George paid him.

“Well, I’m sure I’ll be in to get some more hooks soon,” George said when their transaction was concluded. “I always manage to lose a few.”

“We all do,” said Matthew, smiling.

“George, are you coming?” asked his father, sticking his head back in the door.

“I better go,” George said, and he again reached his hand across the counter to Matthew. “It was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Newman.”

“Same here,” said Matthew, feeling a little intimidated by George’s good manners.

And then George departed, and Matthew was left with an inexplicable feeling that he had just met someone very important in his life, although he couldn't say why.

"I still like George, even now," he said to himself as he put down his pen and stretched his hands to avoid writer's cramp. He'd been at his trade so long that he could easily whip out copy while thinking on another topic. He quickly read over what he had written and made a few tweaks to it, but he found he was more focused on hoping he would see George again this week than on the upcoming trial. Somehow, he was starting to think maybe he owed George an apology, although George might not even know it.