- Preface -

The interest of many people has been awakened in regard to my work. How did I ever happen to think of it? How did I start to take hold of it? Why did I choose such a life? and similar questions have been asked me hundreds of times. This little book is intended as an answer to all.

For fifteen years I have led a drummer's life, have come into contact with all manner of mankind, high and lowly, rich and poor, patricians and plebeians, knights and cowards, and it must be an opaque nature that could not, in turn, learn a lesson from each, as they came along.

Every conversation, every incident narrated is an actual FACT, given exactly as it occurred. In no sense of the word is it an advertisement, but an account of my work, concentrated into its title. The Chivalry of Man, as exemplified in the life of

Mrs. Joe Person.

Dedicated to my beloved children, for whom I have 'lived and learned'.

Part 2.

Notes by the Wayside

Flowers plucked from the Hedges, and Thorns from the Briarbushes.

I have made allusion in the first part of my little work to the music, company, and bright days at the old home. In that way I kept up my music, playing principally bright lively music, and the old plantation melodies so dear to the Southern heart, and when my work called me forth in the world I found that my music attracted attention and gave pleasure and enjoyment that I little thought it capable of.

I visited the Raleigh Exposition one day near its close, and some friends asked me to go into one of the Musical Exhibitions and "knock off" some of my old tunes, which I did. I soon had a crowd around me that seemed to enjoy it vastly. My music was so different from the music of the present day that it touched a responsive chord in the hearts of many a one present.

To my surprise, the owner of the Exhibition — a Richmond House — made me an offer to play for them at the Fairs to be held that fall.

I accepted this offer. which brought me into closer touch with the people and gave me better chance to ~~work out~~ advance my work than anything that had yet presented itself.

I played for the same House for several consecutive years.

On one occasion I was in Charlotte, and my friend. Mrs. Eccles,

with an eye always open to the possibilities of the future and the latent developments within 'me', asked me why I did not go to the Atlanta Exposition, which was to open the next week, and delay. I told her I couldn't ride and it was too far to walk. She advised, she begged, she entreated me to go and see what I could do. No, I had no money to risk, I knew no one in Atlanta, and no one knew me. I could hold the County Fairs, but what could I do with an Atlanta Exposition! The suggestion was an absurdity. I had no business there and I could not go.

The next-morning she handed me a round trip ticket from Charlotte to Atlanta, and said, "Now you will have to submit to the inevitable and go. I have bought you a ticket, it is a present from me, so pack up and go."

I did pack up and go, with scarcely an idea of what I should do, or how I should start, when I got there—(Mind you, this happened in Charlotte too.) I merely folded my hands and drifted with the tide.

I arrived in Atlanta and again, as "big as life" drove to the Kimball and registered. I determined to ask the Manager of the Hotel, the names of the Music Houses, general directions, and so on, but any one who attended that Exposition can appreciate what the word 'crowd' means. I could not get near the Manager or Clerk to ask anything..

Feeling as nearly like a nonentity as I ever felt in my life, I sauntered up the principal street and passed a music House. A small boy came to wait upon me. I asked for the proprietor, who soon appeared. I ~~said~~ asked "Is this Mr. Ludden?" "No, Madam, this is not Mr. Ludden." "Is it Mr. Bates?" With a humorous smile

he replied, "No, Madam, it is not Mr. Bates either. I flatter myself I am a much better looking man than either Mr. Ludden or Mr. Bates". Then he explained that Ludden & Bates was a Savannah House, whereas I was addressing Mr. Phillips, Crew of the firm of Phillips & Crew.

Accepting the amendment, I explained my business, that I wished to play for him, if he had an Exhibition at the Exposition. He regretted so much that he had to disappoint me, but several of his men played, and he really had no need of a performer.

No, he did not wish to engage anyone. "But," he courteously added, "you must not leave without going out to the Exposition, and seeing what a display we have," and he reiterated his regret that he could do nothing for me.

I went with them to the Fair grounds, and a grand Exhibition they did indeed have, in their department.

It is not an enviable feeling to go to anyone and offer one's services and to be told in cold blood that you are not wanted, so, when Mr. Phillips Crew invited me to try some of their fine instruments, it was rather with a feeling that courtesy demands courtesy than any impulse I felt to be musical, that I ran my fingers over the keys of their Concert Grand Knabe.

Then I struck up a waltz and the crowd gathered around. I went off into some gay dance tune, and the crowd rapidly increased. Then I struck up "Billy in the Low Grounds", and the crowd began to applaud.

Then, "I Bet- bet my money on the bob-tail nag," and the crowd became enthusiastic, and would not have me stop.

"One more piece", I told Mr. Phillips, "and then I am done."

I struck up "Dixie", and with what effect anyone can imagine who knows the effect of "Dixie", on a Southern crowd.

Cheer after cheer went up as I stopped.

Mr. Phillips said, "Upon what terms will you play for us?" Mrs. Pemp's

I told him, "Ten dollars a day".

"Well", said he, "We will pay it."

I could only play for them three days, as I had an engagement to play at the Raleigh Fair the next week.

This was the beginning of my playing at the big Expositions, and was soon followed by engagements in Augusta, Ga., Richmond, Va., Dallas, Texas, and other places.

At the close of my first day's work, of Atlanta Mr. Phillips said that he wished he could show me, in some way, how he appreciated my work, besides paying me for it. I told him of my Remedy work, and he had a large number of cards printed, with my Remedy advertisement, and distributed them the next two days, and would not allow me to pay a dime on them. Furthermore, when he handed me the thirty dollars for my three days work, he said it gave him genuine pleasure to do so, and that he had never paid out money to any one, with more satisfaction.

What big things little things are, after all!

Twelve years ago! And yet how vivid is the recollection of the kindness shown me then, again, a stranger in a strange land and working in a new field.

Why will not men more generally recognize the importance of these little acts of courtesy, so grateful to the peoples' heart, and observe them, and thus settle the disputed question. "Is life worth living?"

Among the most pleasant recollections of my business life are the remembrances connected with my musical engagements.

Surely there must be something about music that softens men's nature and brings them into closer touch with the humane side of human nature.

My engagements with Messrs. Thomas & Barton at two of the Augusta, Ga. Expositions, with Mr. C. F. Edwards at two of the Dallas, Texas Expositions, and with Ryland & Lee at Richmond, are but a series of most pleasant remembrances.

Then came a call for the notes of the old time melodies as I played them. I published them in '89, and so link was added to link which strengthened the chain, and I now had three friends to depend upon, instead of one - my Remedy, my playing, my music - each one bringing me nearer the people, & at the same time, adding to my income.

In connection with the publication of my music, let me show what man can do when "Looking upward, not downward, outward, not inward" - and living to "Lend a helping hand."

When I had determined to publish my melodies, I went to Richmond, Va., to have them written for me.

My friend, Mr. Geo. A. Minor introduced me to Mr. John Baseler as one who would serve me well. I asked Mr. Baseler what he would charge to write my music, about twenty pages. He said he did not know, and could not tell me until he had finished the work.

"Give me an approximate estimate".

"I cannot even do that, I will tell you when the work is done. I can only promise you that I shall not charge you more than you can pay".

I had by now acquired a habit of submitting to the inevitable— whenever I couldn't help myself— so I consigned myself to his tender mercies, and as he did not look like a wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking whom he might devour, I was not much afraid.

We worked hard for more than two days and the work was done. I then asked him what I owed him, perhaps he would tell me now.

Note his reply: "Mrs. Person, go ahead with your music and have it published. I trust you will make a success of it. I am only too glad it is in my power to help one who has tried so hard to help herself. I know something of your life and its responsibilities, and I am glad to do this for you. I do not wish you to consider it a debt or obligation, for it has been a pleasure to me. I am the debtor, for you have given me the opportunity to work in a good home mission, which I always enjoy", and he made me no charge.

The days of Chivalry are not past, nor its Knights all dead.

* *

When I go to a county now to ~~advertise my~~ introduce my Remedy, I make the county seat my headquarters, and hire a double team, requiring them to send a good reliable white man with me to drive. I go to every country store in the county to advertise and sell my Remedy, stopping at every house on the wayside that has an organ or piano, to sell my music, staying at night among the country people. In that way I suppose I enter more homes and see more of the home life of the people than any man, or any other woman in the State has ever had a chance to do.

And do I love the life? Most undoubtedly yes, though I

find many things, many people, that are more than a revela-
tion to me. I find that right here, in North Carolina, there are
scores of people who actually believe that MUSIC is a sin!

Think of it! "A Sin?", I ask, "How can that be, why
do you think it is a sin?." "Because it makes me feel good,
and like I want to pat my foot, and you know that would
be a sin."

And yet we are sending missionaries to China!

Oh, Consistency, what a virtue thou art!

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I carried my music to a lady's house one day to see if I could
not sell her a copy. ~~And~~ She asked me to play some of the pieces, as
she needed some new music and wanted to hear them. Catching
glimpse, as I thought, of the almighty dollar, I played the
"Italian Waltz."

Poor John.

"Oh, my", she said, "I wish John was here". I asked her "Who was
John?" She said he was her husband, and she wished he could
hear that music. I then started on some of the livelier pieces, and
I never saw anyone who seemed to enjoy them any more, as she patted
her foot to the rythm of the music. After playing one or two
more pieces I turned to her to accomplish the object of my
visit. I asked her if she liked the music.

"Like it? Why I like it better than any music I ever heard in my life."
"Well, would'nt you like to buy a copy and learn the pieces?"
She turned to me in holy horror, and said "I- learn- those- pieces?
"No Madam, I would'nt have that music in my house for any-
thing in this world". I told her I understood her to say she liked it.
"Well's what the matter, I like it too well, it made me pat my foot,
and I am afraid of it. No Madam, I don't want any of your

music. I did wish John was here, but now I am glad he was away. It would have done him more harm than good, for John loves music anyway". Let us drop a tear for "Poor John".

" "

I left the house cogitating and meditating, but then I had found something new under the sun, and novelty always interests.

Chapter
"Sonny."

On another occasion I went to a preacher's house with my music. ~~I~~ I saw his son, a manly little fellow of about twelve years old, ~~and~~ he said he wanted a copy, and asked me to go to his home and show it to his mother. I did so, and played the pieces. The little boy said he must have the pieces and appealed to his mother. She hesitated. He said he had a silver dollar of his own, and if she would not buy the music he would get it himself. The mother told him, his father (the minister) was in the study, and to go and see what he said about getting it. The study was in an adjoining room, and I could hear the conversation.

"Sonny," said the Reverend gentlemen, "Go and ask the lady if she will not take ninety cents for her music, if she will, you can get it. Tell her that is all the change I've got."

I told him "Yes, as that is all your father has, I would not stand on ten cents. You can have the music, as I had rather have your father's ninety cents, than to take your own silver dollar." So the little boy returned to his fathers' study for the money, and again the Reverend gentleman spoke:

"Sonny, ask her if she will take eighty five cents for her music, tell her I lack a nickel of having as much as I thought I had."

I told him I would not, that I had rather not make the sale, and made a move to leave. He went into the study to report.

"Ask her if she can change a ten dollar bill?"

I told him I could, and he sent me a ten to change. ~~and~~ While I was counting it out, he called his son and said:

"I don't believe I want that note changed. Here are two fifty cent pieces, which I didn't know I had(!) Pay them to her,

and <u>be sure to get the ten cents change</u>.
So he beat me out of ten cents at last, and the next Sabbath, I suppose, filled God's pulpit, and with raised hands and uplifted eyes, preached about the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.
And yet we are sending missionaries to China!

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NOT MY DAUGHTER!

While my music has met with most favorable reception among teachers and judges of music, it is amusing to note the expression of many who really enjoy the pieces, but are afraid of compromising their musicale dignity and intelligence by acknowledging it.
A case in point occurs to me, where I submitted my music ~~for~~ to a teacher, for examination, who had a large class in Spartanburg S.C. — and one who was regarded as one of the leading teachers in the city. She was sick and I could not see her, but she sent me a list of her pupils, with her permission to call on them with my music, as she had seen it before and was familiar with it. I called at the first name given and played the pieces for the pupil's mother. She was aghast with amazement that "my daughter's" teacher should have sent that kind of music here for my daughter to play. <u>She</u> plays <u>classic</u> music, and <u>standard</u> music, and I really cannot think that her teacher should have meant for <u>her</u> to play this kind of music. "The Boatman dance", "Walk around"! No, no, there must be some mistake. My daughter would'nt play that kind of music. So I came off minus the dollar, but with its worth in something else.
As we journey on, we find it is really necessary to have all kinds of people to make up in this grand old world of ours. If we did not have, where would the laugh come in?

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Contact with divers people is a good educator, and will revolutionize many an idea one starts the journey with. We are all so apt to yearn for the one thing to us, unattainable. We are so apt to feel that if we had the one thing lacking, we would be content.

Are we sick? we want health. Are we poor? we want money. Are we ugly? we want beauty. Are we dull? we want life. Are we old? What would we not give for a backward turn of the wheel for a few years, at least.

I have seen the time when I would have gladly sold my health, to bring relief to those I loved. Now I am content, and am convinced it is far better to be as I am, "comfortable" "middlin", than rich.

There is no truer way on earth to come at the 'inner inwardness' of man or woman than to approach them with something to sell.

Ask any canvasser if this is not true. One's true nature then asserts itself. The man shows what manner of man he is, the woman shows herself, as she is. Were I a young person, man or woman I should never marry anyone until I had, in disguise, gone to my affianced with something to sell. * As a rule, it is far more easy to sell to an average person in moderate circumstances, than to sell to an average rich person.

One makes money for the comfort and enjoyment the spending of it brings. The other makes it and keeps it for the pleasure of having it.

Which, of the two, gets the most out of Life?

Then there is a broader sympathy from those who work and make their own money, than there can be from those whose money was made for them by the work of others.

We cannot judge anything unless we have tried it ourselves. Can we pronounce a thing good or bad, because someone else has tasted it?

No, we will have to taste for ourselves.
In that way, I think injustice is oft times done the rich.
Many of them do not feel, because they do not know.
They do not respond, because they do not feel.

One dear old woman gave me a hearty 'good bye'. "May God bless you, I wish you well. I cannot get your music or your medicine, but I do hope you will succeed".

Another woman - a rich one - gave me. "No, I do not wish any music, I have no time for music, and do not care for it. My time is all taken up with my family and my church work, so I do not need it" -

Poor creature, how could she know?

What is Happiness?

I stopped in a little town in Eastern Carolina once, and there was a travelling wagon in a vacant lot, next to the Hotel. The landlady expressed a wish that I could know its occupants, as they were "so nice", she said. I did see them, and from them I learned a lesson that has done me good. There were only two - man and wife - and for ten years they had worked together. The man gave Stereoptican Exhibitions. They were only wayside musicians, singing, playing, performing tricks, working together always, but - they were the happiest people I have ever met. Their little wagon was their Kingdom. They had no other home, but that was enough they said, as long as they were spared to each other.

I asked them if such a life was not terrible in cold weather.

"Terrible? Why, in cold weather we have our happiest time, Our little stove is the best I ever saw, our little room the easiest, we

have it all to ourselves, and we Enjoy it, don't we, Jack? We are both ~~healthy~~ well and we make money enough to get along on and be comfortable. Come over, and let me show you our little ~~home~~."

I did go, —into their home on wheels— and went into one of the daintiest, most home like and inviting little nests I have ever seen, and she was as proud as a queen, of her palace.

I could but sigh as I left.

After all, it is not one's surroundings that bring happiness, but something else — let those wiser than I, say what.

I have often thought of my little wagon acquaintance, forevermore who saw her looked upon her as a sun-beam, and wished there were more like her.

I have been in the home of the rich, where there was everything so much to make life bright and beautiful, but there was one thing lacking — the sunbeam. The mistress of it all was a walking monument to ~~Unhappiness~~ Discontent. With no Power behind, forcing her out of herself, she had no thought except for self. Her aches, her pains! Her head, her back, her knees, they were always "aching". She was always 'tired'. When she got up, she was 'tired'. When she ~~laid~~ lay down, she was 'tired'. She had more 'trouble' than anyone else ever had, and yet she had none, save that she loved self too well, and 'ached' too badly to know it. She looked so well, and ate so heartily, that when she burdened the air with her complaints, I chafed under the infliction, but it did me good.

I firmly resolved that never, so long as I lived, would I ever plead guilty to a headache, or a backache, or ever say I was "tired".

Wherein lay the difference between the two homes?

~~One woman~~ In one there was a Sunbeam — the other a Shadow.

* *

There are things, too manifold to mention, that we never think of in the light of appreciation, but enjoy them as a matter of course, ~~Our~~ beaten biscuit, our delicious steak, our broiled chicken, our country hams, our homemadde sausage, our buckwheat cakes, our hot waffles, our good butter, our unskimmed milk, our fragrant coffee, with sugar and cream, because we have never entered homes where such a bite of fare is an unknown quantity.

There are scores of people in our State who never know what it is to partake of a meal properly cooked, and I do believe that one half of all the physical and mental ailments which distress mankind, come from the lack of nutritious food, properly prepared.

Starting the day with a good substantial breakfast starts the man a better man, and when I see one now irritable and cross, I jump right straight to the conclusion, "poor fellow", he couldnt have had a good dinner. Traced back, I believe that would be found to be the source of a large proportion of ~~the~~ ~~ills~~, ~~the~~ ~~pains~~, the discontent, the nervousness, the unreasonableness of man and woman kind.

What man can sit down to a good dinner and not feel his heart swell with charity for his fellow man?

And then we do not appreciate the luxury of a good bed, when so many never know what it is to go to bed between two sheets, and a great many crawl in on one — and that a colored one!

And then we do not half appreciate our bowl and pitcher as we should.

I stopped at a house not long ago, and the next morning — a

cold December morning it was, too — I called for a bowl of water. They "lowed" I'd have to go out in the yard to the bench. I opened the door and veiwed the prospect. The "old man" went to the bench and washed in the tin basin, (as the "old woman" was getting breakfast, I hoped she had done the same), then "the boys", and it was my turn next and right manfully did I march to the rack.

I poured some water into the pan to rinse it out, but they cautioned me not to waste the water, as it was "low", so with closed eyes and clinched lips, I performed my morning ablution. All the family wiped on a towel that had hung there, Heaven only knows, how long, but I had to draw the line there, and went to my grip and availed myself of the provision made against emergencies. I had to "bunk" that night in the room with "the gals", but was fortunate enough to secure a bed to myself. A girl of about fourteen looked on in wonder and amazement as I disrobed, but when I took off my braid, made of my own hair, it was too much for her, and she called out, "Oh, Mar, come here, the lady's taking off her hair, come quick!"

* *

Travelling in one of the lower counties of the State, it was a source of wonder to me, how the working people obtained water to drink. I went miles and miles, consumed by thirst. Plenty of wells did we pass, but with not a bucket or any available way to get at the water. At last we came to an old farm house where we saw a darkey standing by the well. I asked him to be kind enough to hand me a drink of water, as I was very thirsty. "There's plenty o'water here", he said, "but we all drink out o'the bucket, there's

nothin' to hand any in". An old man came out, (the owner of the place) and after exchanging the customary greetings, I asked him if I could not get a drink of water, as I was so thirsty. He said:

"Lor' bless your soul, honey, there's plenty of water here, but nothing to hand it in, but I've got plenty of good grape juice, and you'll find that monstrous good to lay thirst, when you can't get water." He went and brought the grape juice, and I found it, as he said, "monstrous good", brought in a gourd, colored with the accumulated juice of many seasons.

And yet this old man had planted out grapevines on either side of the road, for a distance of about three hundred yards, and kept them in good condition, well arbored and trained. I expressed my surprise, and he said,

"I planted them vines with my own hands. When the grapes are ripe I sit here in my porch and enjoy seeing travellers feast themselves. They are my pets and have given refreshment to thousands. I've done that much good in my life. When the season comes, nearly all who pass stop and eat grapes, and there is always enough for all, as long as they last."

I reverently shook the old man's hand when I left. A man, so full of love for his fellowman, that he gladly worked to give them pleasure, and yet so regardless of self.

* *

— BIG RICH AND A STRONG PILLAR —

Many a time have the days been dark and gloomy, many a time did the shadows envelope me until I could see no light beyond. Many a time have I broken my last five dollar bill, and could see naught ahead.

Once, when I was in the depths, and felt that God-forsaken, desolate, dreary, hopeless, sinking sensation, which only the 'depths' can bring. I stopped in Charlotte and told my friend of my need. My stock of Remedy was almost exhausted, and I was without means to replenish it, and could see no way.

If I could only borrow one hundred dollars, clear sailing was ahead of me.

We put our heads together and concocted our own sweet plans for testing human nature, humanity, and Christianity.

There was one name always before the public, when help in any good cause was publicly needed. One of our "big rich" and a strong "Pillar," his name headed the many big charitable donations, with the biggest sum. Let an appeal be made in the public prints for aid in any good cause, he was ever on the alert to respond, so I determined to write to him.

I did so, and told him of my great need. I asked him to lend me one hundred dollars, and I would certainly return it in ninety days, but unfortunately I added: "If you help me, let this be between You and Me. I do not expect it to be a public thing." Consequently, I received the following:

" Dear Madam:

I regret it is out of my power to comply with your request" — and so on and so on.

And thus we sermonize and moralize as we march onward,

but that was years ago, before I had jotted down as many 'morals' as I can shdw now, or understood the nature of public charities as I do now.

* *

AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

On one occasion, while in Charlotte, I lost my pocket-book, containing $125. I had it in my hand when I left the ding store and when I got to the Central, I found I had lost it, had dropped it on the street. It was on a Saturday evening, and the town was filled with people. The streets wore their usual Saturday evening aspect, and I felt the hopelessness, even of a search. It was carelessness I was ashamed of and did not wish known, so I resolved I would be silent and tell no one of my loss. I would borrow money and return home, and no one should ever be the wiser.

It was an uncomfortable feeling to lose one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and to know that it was gone forever. It was hard to make and its loss meant so much to me.

I sat in my room in meditation anything but enviable. In about an hour, there came "a tapping, a tapping at my chamber door." I opened it and found, not a Raven but — Mr. John R. Morris — "the only" —

"Is this Mrs. Joe Person?"

"It is."

"Mrs. Person, have you lost anything?"

"Thank the good Lord!" I said, "you have found my pocket-book."

"Yes, I found it on the street, and your money is safe."

It is a glorious thing to meet with an honest man, a man who unseen, except by his God, could have done so differ-

entity. He handed it to me, and I feel to this day, that I did not say half enough or do half enough, for he would not let me say a thing, or do a thing.

Mr. Morris little knew what his kind meant to me for it was my all at that time, and I feel ~~to this day~~ now, when I pass him on the street, I would like to do so, with ~~my~~ head uncovered.

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— A WOMAN'S OPINION —

Journeying onward and onward, I stopped at a ladie's house, and asked if I could get accommodation for the night.

"Yes, if you will take home fare you are welcome, our supper is now ready, walk right into the dining room". We had good fare and found it quite a pleasant place. The next morning I asked her how much she charged me.

"Three dollars", she reklied.

My inclination was to kick, but I substituted a protest.

"Why, if I could make my living as easy as you do, riding around seeing the Country, I would not care what people charged me", and many a time, working in the winters cold or the summers heat,

have I wished I could attach her to one end of the paste brush for a week, and thus give her an idea of what "riding around, seeing the country" meant.

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But I have had many delightful trips and carry with me always most grateful remembrances of the many kindness shown me.

For hospitality, commend me to Person Co. and to Caswell, to Richmond Co. and her twin-sister, Marlboro Co. S.C., to ~~Mecklenburg~~ Macon, Green and Hyde Counties. In these Counties there one meets with people of the olden time, who place no monied estimate on a night's entertainment to a traveller. They throw open their doors and make one welcome to the best the land affords, and royally do they know how to serve it and entertain. Their hospitality is unbounded and their only charge is "Come again".

One of the most beautiful as well as enjoyable trips I ever took was through Hyde Co.

I went in April, when the woods were redolent with the fragrance of the yellow jasmine, (called woodbine in Va.), where the spires would contain

twenty five and thirty bells. I wanted to gather it in as I journeyed on. It was far too beautiful to bloom unseen.

And I was loth to leave the grand old pines, mighty monarchs of the forest, measuring ninety and one hundred feet from base to first limb, so grand that it seemed sacrilege for the woodmans axe ever to be applied, and I felt that surely they must bring a man nearer his God, and make him a better man, for dwelling among them.

And so I journey on.

I have had other sailors to tell me that my life was an inspiration to them, and a knowledge of what I have overcome, had given them strength for the conflict.

I say to them all - there is only one way to win the fight - by sledge hammer blows day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year.

THE END.