Firsts That Last

BY C. W. WILCOX

WITH FACSIMILES

There's still good hunting for the bibliohound. An expert on rare books makes valuable suggestions to beginning collectors and states views on the fascinating chase for first editions.

WHY is it that the prices of first editions are so high? Why are the prices steadily going higher? What is a first edition, anyhow?

It's a case of demand and supply. By first edition is meant the first printing of any book, and obviously there were so many copies printed, and no more. A rare book is just that—rare, and as such is a desirable acquisition. It is not a factory product. First editions of "Jane Eyre," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Leaves of Grass" are not being turned out every day. They were turned out but once, in 1847, 1850, and 1855, and only so many copies. Some of them were read to pieces, some were thrown upon the rubbish heap, others went into circulating libraries, some were burned, so that the number available to collectors gradually diminished; and when anything gets scarce, everybody wants it, especially if it happens to be one of the great masterpieces of literature. No, there aren't many "Jane Eyres," "Scarlet Letters," or "Leaves of Grass," of the original printing, left, and they fetch fancy prices, $3,600, $1,125, and $3,400, respectively. Good copies are disappearing from the market into the bookcases of Bibliophiles, from which they seldom emerge, or into museums and college libraries, from which they never emerge; consequently as the supply diminishes and the demand increases the price goes higher and higher.

Then too, prices are affected by sales; you can't get away from that. A has a fine copy of, let us say, "Humphrey Clinker," which he values at $4,000; B has a copy equally fine which he sells for $6,000, or which fetches $6,000 at auction. A says to himself "Whatinhell?" or words to that effect, and, if he is a dealer, raises his price to $7,000; and he has a perfect right to do so. If he is a collector he smiles a cat-and-canary smile and pats himself on the back for being a shrewd fellow—which he was —for paying only $1,750 for his "Humphrey Clinker."

The question of sales affecting prices —there's no question about it, they do— is aptly illustrated by an anecdote for which I am indebted to Mr. W. P. Williams, a dealer in rare books and manuscripts.

Mr. Williams had the manuscript of "Tom Sawyer" which he took to the J. P. Morgan Library and showed to Miss Belle Greene. (As far as I know, no article on rare books has ever been written without mentioning this justly famous lady.)

"How much do you want for this?" asked Miss Greene.

"Twenty thousand dollars," replied Mr. Williams.

"That's ri*dic*ulous," laughed Miss Greene.

"What will you give me for it?" said Mr. Williams.

"Five thousand dollars," Miss Greene answered.

"*That's* ridiculous," snapped Mr. Williams, and betook himself and his manuscript elsewhere and sold it for $17,500.

A few days later he again dropped into the Morgan Library.

"Did you sell your 'Tom Sawyer'?" Miss Greene greeted him.

"Of course I did," he replied, "and for $17,500."

"Great!" cried Miss Greene. "That's the best news I've heard in a long time; we have three Mark Twain manuscripts and that makes them all more valuable."

The retail market is governed to a great extent by auction prices, both here and in London, and a select coterie of spectacular bidders sees to it that prices keep on the up-grade. Try to sell one of these limelight boys, let us say, "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard," and he'll offer you perhaps $500 for it. In the auction-room this same dealer would bid $10,000 for the identical copy, and next day it would be recorded in the papers that so-and-so paid $10,000 for a first edition of Gray's "Elegy." They hate publicity as a nigger hates watermelon, and their methods of attracting attention to themselves are sometimes as amusing as they are effective. For instance, one of these distinguished exhibitionists will stroll with elaborately affected unconcern across the floor of the auction-room while bidding is in progress. "Twenty-five hundred dollars," some one will bid; "$3,000," he will toss carelessly over his shoulder, and then, pausing somewhat theatrically, "What are we bidding on?" he will blandly inquire.

Prices are high; we all thought they were high five years ago, but since then they have doubled, yes, more than doubled: You could get Johnson's "Prince of Abyssinia," then, for $200; if you find a fair copy to-day for $800, you're lucky. Now is the time to buy (now is always the time to buy). Cease regretting the lost opportunities of the past, and hope not for a phantom future when first-edition prices, like fantastically builded houses of cards will come tumbling down. They will not tumble. They never have tumbled. The "Just So Stories" which you turned down last year for $25, is now $100; "The Master of Ballantrae," which you can get to-day for $25, will be $50 to-morrow, and the "Sentimental Tommy" at $20 will be doubled, for Kipling, Stevenson, and Barrie are going up—going up with a bang. You are fortunate, indeed, if you have been quietly picking them up while the picking was good.

Take the cases of John Galsworthy and George Bernard Shaw: "The Man of Property," $1,500,—preposterous! "A Man of Devon," $1,500,—ridiculous! "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," $600,—absurd! Let us look into this high-binding.

The greatest writer is the one who best mirrors the manners of his age. Surely Galsworthy has done that better than any other writer of our chaotic times. "The Forsyte Saga" is the supreme literary achievement of the early years of the twentieth century, and if Shaw isn't the Molière of this age, then who is? But this is not the place—and I am not the man—to enter into a discussion of the literary and sociological significance of these writers. We are deal-

ing with first editions only, and a myriad of people believe that these two, of all contemporary authors, have the best prospect of survival, and are therefore madly collecting their works.

Let us consider Galsworthy alone:

His first book, "From the Four Winds," was published by T. Fisher Unwin in 1897. The edition was of only 500 copies. How many of them went onto the junk-heap? A dealer can ask $1,200 for this book without a blush. "Jocelyn," published by Duckworth, 1898, edition of 1,500, which included the Colonial Edition. Only 750 were bound in the English style, which reduces the number available to collectors to just that number. One thousand dollars is a fair price for it as this is being written; what it will bring by the time you read it, heaven knows. "Villa Rubein," published by Duckworth, 1900. If you have the first issue of this book you are one of a very fortunate few, and very few at that. There are two issues of this edition, each consisting of 250 copies, and it's extremely hard to tell the difference between them. The cover of the second issue is a lighter shade of pink, the first issue being cherry-colored; and "Duckworth & Co.," at the bottom of the spine, is slightly more ornamental in the second. There are a few "sophisticated" or just plain fake copies of this book around. An authentic first of "Villa Rubein" is worth $1,300. It is one of the scarcest of modern books. "A Man of Devon," published by William Blackwood & Sons, 1901. There were 1,500 of this book, and it is difficult to understand why it is so seldom seen. It is the most important of the John Sinjohn books (the four books above mentioned, appeared under the pseudonym, John Sinjohn), for in it is the first appearance in print of a Forsyte. It has fetched as high as $1,500. "The Man of Property," his most famous and his best book, appeared in 1906, and the first impression was of 1,500 copies. These were read to death, and only fair copies and very few of them, ever turn up in the market. If you have one offered you for $1,500, take it, and consider yourself lucky.

If Galsworthy stands the test of time, and I believe he will, these prices, that seem absurd to-day will seem equally absurd—absurdly small—in years to come. The same applies to Shaw, and to Arnold Bennett and to H. G. Wells. Already the prices of Bennett and Wells are going up. The "Old Wives' Tale" is $500, and nobody has it.

But let us go back for a while to the eighteenth century and hit some of the "high spots." Those "Tom Joneses," "Clarissa Harlowes," "Peregrine Pickles," in their original boards, or their beautiful mellowed calf bindings, are items—I detest that word—to make the collector's mouth water. Most of the eighteenth-century books were bound in boards, and the purchaser, who was usually a man of means, had them rebound in full calf. Those old-time binders did beautiful and enduring work, but how they could cut! They cut with enthusiasm and unrestraint into the margins of the books, little knowing that they were cutting hundreds, and in some cases, thousands of dollars from their value. This was done, one supposes, to economize in leather. Many people, unacquainted with rare books, and a few who should know better, are under the impression that "uncut" means the leaves have not been cut with a paper-cutter. The old books issued in boards all had wide margins and the edges were untrimmed or "deckled." The keenest collectors and those with the longest

purses will have no others. So few eighteenth-century books escaped this rebinding process that, when one turns up in an original state, it may be called of "the last rarity," and fetches a pretty price you may be sure.

Here is a description, lifted bodily from the catalogue of the Kern sale, of an eighteenth-century first edition in as perfect condition as one is ever found:

511. Fielding (Henry) The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.
London, Printed for A. Miller, 1749.
6 volumes, 12mo, original boards, calf backs (some tops and bottoms skillfully repaired, occasional foxings, upper margin of title page Vol. 2, slightly defective, tear in inner margin of two leaves in Vol. 6, and inner joints naturally split)
FIRST ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION WITH THE LEAF OF ERRATA IN THE FIRST VOLUME following the table of contents, size 7⅛ by 4¼ inches. A BEAUTIFUL COPY IN RARE UNCUT CONDITION AND IN SOUND GENERAL BINDING. SUCH ANOTHER COPY CANNOT EXIST.

It would be interesting to know how much Jerome Kern paid for this magnificent "Tom Jones,"—not more than $3,500 I'll guess. It was worth every cent of the $27,000 it fetched, for in all truth such another copy, as far as anybody knows, does not exist,—*can not exist* is another matter, and may be questioned.

"Humphrey Clinker," also in original boards, fetched $6,200 at the same sale.

Books like these are of course excessively rare and are seen but seldom; but fine copies of "Tom Jones" are to be found in contemporary binding at prices ranging from $1,800 to $4,500, depending on condition and how much or how little they have been cut. The taller the book, the better. I know of a magnificent "Humphrey Clinker" which sold last year for $2,750. "Amelia" is worth from $500 to $1,000. "The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom," by Tobias Smollett, $3,000, and "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe—but Lord! where are you going to find it! Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," uncut in the original boards, is worth $2,250; Malthus's "Essay on Population," which is pictured on page 522, is also in original boards, uncut. This is one of the most important books of the eighteenth—or any other—century, and three years hence will be worth three times its present price. A fine copy of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" in contemporary calf can be bought for $1,500. Don't pay any attention to the dropped "i" on page 135 of Volume I; a copy with "give" is just as good as one with "gve," and why shouldn't it be? Unimportant points are altogether overstressed by unimportant people. Nobody knows just what happened in a London printing-room nearly one hundred and forty years ago, yet there are those who attribute to themselves this omniscience.

"The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White, is another much-sought-after and highly prized book. Uncut, and in boards, it is extremely rare, but copies in contemporary binding are by no means scarce and may be found for from $300 to $500.

One sees but once in a blue moon an untouched copy of "Gulliver's Travels." It is usually rebacked and varnished and the leaves washed with a chemical. Frequently, it is made up from several copies. There were three separate and distinct editions of this book, all printed in the year 1726, and there were *three issues of the first edition,* but I haven't the space to describe them; your dealer will be glad to tell you all about them. They are never given away, and the one on large paper is worth as much as a Rolls-Royce.

The board bindings of the early nineteenth century were even less durable than those of the eighteenth. The backs were usually of cloth instead of leather. For that reason bound copies, if they are uncut, are about as desirable—to some collectors more so. There is considerable weight in favor of a book that can be handled as against one that will fall apart at the nearest breath. An "Endymion" in calf by Bedford is every bit as good as an "Endymion" in dog-eared and dirty boards with the label missing, the label is usually missing, and the hinges broken. "Pride and Prejudice" in tasteful calf or levant by Birdsall or Rivière is infinitely preferable to "Pride and Prejudice" with no covers at all; but if you run across "Pride and Prejudice" in sound boards with the label on the back, mortgage your home and buy it, but you don't need to; you never will. Don't be a holder out for original boards, but take your Keats and Shelleys, your Byrons and Lambs in leather and thank your stars that you get them at all, and don't kick about the price—if you have to pay it you are making a sound investment; you're not buying on a margin. The "Laon and Cythna" you pay $2,500 for to-day will be worth $5,000, year after next.

To get back a moment to boards: If they are sound, they are good buys. If you can find, say a "Don Juan," in boards, or "Essays of Elia" or "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," buy it. You may regret the money spent but your heirs will rejoice when it fetches $7,000 on the auction-block. There are a few of Scott's first editions in boards still to be found in good condition at reasonable moderate prices, and now is the time to buy them for they are shortly going sky high. "Waverley" is already in the clouds and the others are on their way up. "Quentin Durward," "The Abbott," "The Fortunes of Nigel," etc., in good condition, are now bringing about $300.

Where are you going to find "Lyrical Ballads with a Few Other Poems," to give it its full title. This is a rare book. It is the most important book of verse of its period, for it marks the beginning of an epoch in poetry. It was, as you know, written by Wordsworth and Coleridge and was the first production of the somewhat sappy Romantic School of Poetry. Coleridge contributed but four poems, but one of them was "The Ancient Mariner." Edmund Gosse wrote of it: "The association of these intensely brilliant and inflammatory minds at what we call the psychological moment, produced full-blown and perfect the exquisite new flower of Romantic Poetry."

"Lyrical Ballads" was first printed at Bristol in 1798, but you need not trouble yourself to look for the book with that imprint. There are six known copies and they are secure in libraries. You'll never, never own one. If by some strange whim of fate, one should appear in an auction-room, it would bring a price unbelievable.

The second issue was printed in the same year at London, and in its original condition is almost never seen. It is a very, very scarce book indeed, and in binding it is also very scarce. I do not believe there are three copies of the 1798 London issue in original boards anywhere on the market to-day. This is not to be confused with the less rare but nevertheless infrequently found two-volume edition of "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1800.

Take the Brontë sisters. Who knows where there is a copy of "Wuthering Heights"? "Jane Eyre" is worth a cool

thousand, and "Poems" by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell—there is a book to rave about. It has a rather curious history. It was published in 1846, for a consideration of thirty-one pounds sterling, by the firm of Aylott and Jones. Within the year but two copies were sold, one of them, we learn from Ernest Dimnet's excellent book on the Brontës, to a Mr. Enoch of Warwick. A few copies were sent out to reviewers, perhaps a half dozen, and the remainder were packed in a box and shipped to the discouraged authors. Charlotte Brontë presented one to Thackeray, one to Lockhart, one to Tennyson, and one to De Quincey. That was all of the first edition that ever got out. The remaining copies were taken over by the firm of Smith Elder & Company and reissued in 1847 under the imprint of that firm. "Poems" by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, with Aylott and Jones title-page, is one of the nineteenth-century's rarest first editions. Copies of the Smith Elder edition can be secured without much difficulty for about $100, but try and find one of the other. The one that is here shown was presented to Lockhart by Charlotte Brontë, and tipped in is the following rather pathetic letter:

Sir:

My relatives, Ellis and Acton Bell and myself, heedless of the repeated warnings of various respectable publishers, have committed the rash act of printing a volume of poems.

The consequences predicted have, of course, overtaken us; our book is found to be a drug; no man needs it or heeds it; in the space of a year our publisher has disposed of but two copies and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of those two—himself only knows.

Before transferring the edition to the trunk-makers, we have decided on distributing as presents a few copies of what we cannot sell. We beg to offer you one in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your works. I am, Sir,

Your very respectfully,

June 16th/47 CURRER BELL.

J. G. Lockhart, Esq.,

An unsuccessful book of very bad poems, and yet it is one to thrill the soul of the most callous collector.

There is a great deal of hocus-pocus about first editions in Parts; there is no end of nonsense about this pink slip and that advertisement and the bracket or absence of the bracket around the number on the cover of Part XVI. There is no end to the pestiferous points that bibliographers are constantly bringing up about Parts. To the devil with all of them, say I. I make no pretense of being a man of Parts. Nobody, as a matter of fact, knows very much about them. They "suppose" and they "assume" and each one vaunts the superior merits of his own sets.

Why should anybody care if the advertisement of the "Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke" is missing? What difference does it make if "The Young Ladies' Friend, A Manual of Practical Advice to Young Females on Their Entry upon the Duties of Life After Quitting School," By a Lady, was left out by the irresponsible imp who inserted the drab advertisements of that dreary Victorian day? If the Parts are sound and clean, and all there, what else does one want? You are buying "Nicholas Nickleby," "Pendennis," or "Orley Farm," not Rowland's Macassar Oil.

Plenty of sets in Parts are to be found. The only point I should stress is condition. If they are falling to pieces, do not buy them, but do not turn them down if they have been skilfully repaired, as most of them have been—and why not? They range in price from $100 for "The

Mystery of Edwin Drood," to $20,000 for a perfect "Pickwick."

All of this is cold comfort for the person of limited means who has the urge to collect, but he need not despair. Though the "Wuthering Heights" are not for him to scale there are many lesser peaks to be attempted. Why not collect George Eliot and George Meredith? They are not yet prohibitive. There are plenty of Byron Firsts still to be had, both in boards and in wrappers, for very little. Tennyson can be picked up most anywhere—that is, his later works: "Idylls of the King" for twenty dollars, "Maud" for ten dollars, etc., etc. And there is William Black, who was so popular in the nineties—he wrote good stories, too—I never heard of anybody collecting him. Anthony Hope, Stanley J. Weyman: I believe the "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," "Phroso," "Under the Red Robe," and "A Gentleman of France" will be bringing fancy prices in a year or two. With the exception of "Earthwork out of Tuscany" and "The Forest Lovers," first editions of Maurice Hewlett are to be had for a song—a song of sixpence. 'Twill not be so in another year. And how about Conan Doyle? The Sherlock Holmes books fetch stiff prices now, but his other books are, so far as I know, uncollected. Henry Seton Merriman, who was the forerunner of E. Phillips Oppenheim—and is still many laps ahead of him—in the fictional field of international intrigue, wrote some smashing good books: "The Sowers," "The Vultures," "Young Mistley," "With Edge Tools," "In Kedar's Tent," etc. There will be a revival of Merriman, some day, and whoever has a set of his first editions will reap a small fortune.

American authors have been rather undeservedly neglected in the past, except for the high spots—"Leaves of Grass," "Scarlet Letter," etc., but people who collect are beginning to wake up to them. Cooper, in any sort of good condition, would, I imagine, be rather difficult to find, and would fetch good prices. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Emerson—there is good picking to be had among this group, and Hawthorne—some of his firsts are not so very high. W. D. Howells, Henry James, William James, Edith Wharton—"Ethan Frome" is the greatest book written in America in the last twenty-five years; some day, not so far in the future, it will be worth $500. Willa Cather's "Lost Lady" is another great book that is bound to go up and up in price. (I suppose you think I'm salting the books away to reap a profit on my own book, but to tell the truth, I do not own a single first edition—I'm not a book collector—I haven't enough sense.)

Where are the first editions of the first, and worst, American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown? Apparently they are with the great Auk and the lamented Dodo. This Brown was a disciple of the "Gothic" school of English fiction, you know,—"The Monk," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Frankenstein," etc. He wrote six novels in rapid succession, from 1797 to 1801. Look in your attic; you may run across a moth-eaten "Wieland," "Arthur Mervyn," "Ormond," "Jane Talbot," or "Edgar Hunter." You couldn't possibly read them, but they are worth something—I don't know just how much. Frank R. Stockton is another good man to collect. One of the most entertaining and widely read authors of his time, he flourished in the nineties; he is but little read to-day and has been passed by by collectors.

Howard Pyle is another. His "Men of Iron" is one of the best boys' books ever

written; it ought to be worth as much as "Ivanhoe,"—more, in fact, for it is a vastly better book. Pyle wrote as well as he drew, and as he illustrated his own books, there's a double reason for collecting them.

The works of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, with the exception of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Huckleberry Finn," do not fetch, as yet, very high prices, and there are plenty of them to be found, but insist upon good condition. Between two copies of any book take the soundest and cleanest and pay the higher price.

David Graham Phillips, whose promising career was terminated by a madman's bullet, wrote several novels of great distinction. Why not look for "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig," "The Grain of Dust," "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox." The early work of Gouverneur Morris, and all of O. Henry—but why go on? Use your own initiative and don't overlook Richard Harding Davis ("Soldiers of Fortune" is worth twenty dollars) or Booth Tarkington. Don't despise an author because he isn't dead; it's not his fault.

How about the early work of Robert W. Chambers? I'll wager you'll search many a long day for "The King in Yellow," without finding it. The first printing of Harry Leon Wilson's "Bunker Bean"—there was a book that was read out of existence—find that if you can.

Oh, yes, there is still good hunting for the diligent bibliohound, still more sporting game than the preciosities of some living authors whose first editions and limited editions are so madly scrambled for. Limited editions! This is a catchpenny device that has been altogether overdone.

If you want a first edition of "The Scarlet Letter," don't waste your time poking around a second-hand book-shop for it. The dealer knows its value, and you will not find it on the twenty-five cent counter. Go to an established and reputable firm. You will find the books there in sound condition, and the firm stands behind them. They are selected with the greatest care; collated by trained bibliographers and gone over with a microscope before they are put on the shelves. Have nothing to do with "seconds," that is, dog-eared, worm-eaten and dilapidated firsts. Buy the best available copies and pay the price asked, even if it does hurt; you'll not regret it for it will prove a good investment as well as a treasured possession. And, above all, do not let yourself be devilled by that meticulous ass who compiles bibliographies, abounding in superlatives, of *the books that he owns himself*. The man who possesses a fine library, and catalogues it himself would be something more than human if he were somewhat less of a liar. His copies are invariably "uncut," "of superlative rarity," "unique," and one reading it is inclined to cry in despair, "What's the use? This bird has got the best of everything!" But wait till you begin to catalogue your own library; you'll get my point.

Auction catalogues and those of the best booksellers are truthful and accurate; they have to be, and they contain mines of invaluable information for the budding bibliophile.

To get back to where we started from —the question of prices. It is somewhere recorded that Doctor Rosenbach once remarked to a friend: "I made a million dollars, yesterday."

"Glad to hear it," said the friend. "In what stock?"

"My own," replied the learned doctor, "I went through my books and marked them all up."

Lee Hayes Makes a Pilgrimage

BY ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN

A big cattle man from the West does Broadway.

MAYBE "pilgrimage" is not the right word, but whatever the accurate term should be, it was Lee's first visit to New York. Unexpectedly I was his guide, but only in part his mentor.

It was in 1916, after six o'clock of a mid-autumn evening. I had gone over to the Pennsylvania Station to mail an important west-bound letter. I walked back as far as Thirty-third Street and Broadway, where I paused a moment to debate a bachelor's momentous question: should I go up-town or down-town to eat? My personal debate was rudely interrupted.

Some one came up behind me, gave me a tremendous wallop across the back that knocked the wind out of me, and I heard a great, bull-bass voice boom out: "Say, doc, you old son of a gun, where in hell did you come from?"

I knew that voice. There couldn't be two like it in the whole world. I gasped and sputtered, trying to regain my lost breath, then answered Lee in kind. We shook hands with that profound enthusiasm which only two buddies of the open can have, while vistas of Wyoming star-spangled nights, glowing camp-fires, and restless, milling herds of cattle flashed across my mind. The air seemed suddenly sharper, cleaner, more invigorating. The dusk-dimmed sky-line gave a fleeting impression of the Laramie Range with Labonte Canyon alive with fireflies.

Then the mental mirage exploded into the flashing lights of electric signs. It was Lee Hayes in the flesh, but he was on Broadway.

"I spotted you crossing the street right here a bit ago, but I wasn't right sure it was you, so I kept on your trail while you went to the station to mail that letter; then I followed you back this far. I knew it was you by that time, though I'd never seen you in hard-boiled duds and pressed pants before. I knew you by your gait. Folks can look alike, but they don't often walk alike."

The questions flew back and forth. The answers were rapid and spontaneous. Lee Hayes, the taciturn, was talkative, positively garrulous. Reason enough. Four hours in New York in pre-prohibition days had made it easy for a stranger to find and consume twenty-seven drinks, surprisingly well mixed as to variety, but not potent enough to affect the gait of a Wyoming rancher. The only effect had been to lubricate his tongue.

He had sold several hundred head of horses, it seemed, to the French Government and cleared a profit of forty-six thousand dollars. Forty-five thousand of it he had promptly tucked into bank —he was a knowing *hombre*—the other thousand had gone into his pocket as his roll to take him to Chicago and New York, but especially to New York.

Lee Hayes had lived to be twenty-six years old before he ever saw a trolley-