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The Unknown Madonna

AMONG the most prized possessions of one of our members is a very beautiful picture which has been in her family for more than a hundred years. It was brought back from Italy by an ancestor of hers, but she does not know by whom it was painted or when. It is evidently an original and not a copy, for she has searched all the great galleries of the world in quest of a duplicate without finding one, yet none of the authorities whom she has consulted has been able to help her to trace its origin or its creator. She calls it "The Unknown Madonna."

To many of us the Madonna is a mysterious figure, to a great degree "unknown." We have seen thousands of pictures of her, very few of them by unrecognized painters, for the greatest artists of all ages have delighted to do her honor. And we have studied her story, of course. We have read in Holy Script and other ancient documents that she came of a regal family—the House of David—and that her mother, Anne, was already a mature woman when she was born. We have read that she was dedicated to the Temple, something as Samuel was consecrated to it, and that she was carefully reared there. We have read that she was betrothed to a humble carpenter of Nazareth, named Joseph, and that before her marriage to him the Angel Gabriel appeared to her in a glorious vision and told her that she would bear a Son and that His name would be called Jesus. We have read that she brought forth this Son in a stable and cradled Him in a manger because there was not room in the village inn for her husband and herself when they came to Bethlehem. We have read that she worried because she did not know where to seek for Him when, as a child of twelve, He lingered among the Elders; and that twenty years later she appealed to Him trustfully for help when the wine provided for a wedding feast ran low. We have read that she stood beside His cross on a hill and wept outside His sepulchre in a garden. We have read that after His death she lived with the disciple He had loved most of all until she died herself. And yet in reading all this and in gazing on the glowing canvases which depict her, how much have we really learned?

We should have learned a great deal. The knowledge lies before our vision and within our grasp. Yet from the golden treasury on which we are free to draw most of us have taken very little, though taking much would have immeasurably enriched our lives.

For Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is not merely a remote figure in history. She is not merely a symbol of suffering and sublime motherhood. She is the incarnation and epitome of all that is most vital and glorious in every woman's life.

When Christmas comes to us this year, may we see her, not as an "unknown Madonna" but as a living, bright reality hovering with the Christ Child Himself above the hearth stones which we sanctify.

Florence H. Becker

President General.
A Man Was Found

CORINNE REID FRAZIER

Since the preparation and acceptance of this article, announced last month in "Contributors, Collaborators and Critics," the Viking Press has published an outstanding book entitled "Doctors on Horseback," which contains an account of the same episode which inspired Corinne Reid Frazier. Both versions are authentic and arresting and each serves as a valuable complement to the other.

It was on a bleak day in December, 1809, that Dr. Ephraim McDowell of Danville, Kentucky, was called into consultation on a case in Motley's Glen, a settlement some sixty miles distant. A woman who was thought to be pregnant was past her time and in intense pain, yet there were no signs of a normal birth. Two doctors had almost decided to give up her case as hopeless. As a final professional gesture, they had sought the opinion of a third.

After a two-day ride on horseback over the rough trails of the frontier country, McDowell, stiff from his long seat in the saddle, numb with cold, finally dismounted at the modest log cabin where Jane Tod Crawford, the stricken woman, lay. Hitching his mare to a sapling, he strode across the frozen ground, beating his arms against his broad chest as he walked, to stir his blood. Tall, dark, erect, with black eyes that twinkled and a mouth that could be both stern and kind, McDowell was an arresting figure. As he entered the sick room, his vital presence seemed to fill it with a current of life and hope that flowed strongly toward the sufferer in the narrow pinewood bed.

With firm, gentle hands he made his examination, then turned to his conferees. "You are right, gentlemen. There is no hope for a baby."
They nodded acquiescence and exchanged glances of smug wisdom. It had been but a confirming gesture, as they had both known it would be.

But McDowell had something more to say.

“There is no hope for a baby,” he repeated, “because she is suffering from a tumor!”

“A tumor!” the other two exclaimed in one voice, their faces showing their chagrin. McDowell nodded.

It was the old story. She was dying, of course, and there was nothing any surgeon could do. Unless... Thoughtfully, Dr. McDowell gazed out toward the denuded wood, and as he did so, he seemed to hear again the voice of John Bell, booming across a classroom in far-off Edinburgh, arousing at least one of his torpid students to sudden alertness. Bell was asserting the hopelessness of abdominal cases—of ovarian diseases in particular. Sufferers, he declared, were doomed. To open the abdomen was fatal.

“But, possibly,” McDowell heard the echo cutting across time and space, “some day... a man may be found with the courage—and the skill—to discover a way...”

With the skill? He, Ephraim McDowell, had been making secret experiments these past two years. He thought he knew just how it could be done. But—with the courage? Was he sure of his own nerve? His eyes were fixed steadfastly on the distant treetops. Yes. If Jane Crawford could—

His decision was made. He turned to the patient in the bed.

“Mrs. Crawford,” he said gently, “you are dying. There is only one chance for your life—and that is a very slim one. I can attempt an experiment which is considered fatal. I think I know the way—if you have the courage—and are prepared to die.”

Jane Crawford turned her head and raised dark pain-filled eyes. She swept the greying hair from her forehead with a firm hand that, even now, suggested physical strength to match the indomitable will revealed in lips and chin.

“Anything,” she told him simply, “is better than this. I am ready to die—or,” her eyes sought his, “to live.” There was rare courage and confidence in the smile
she brought to her tortured face.

"It will be hard," McDowell reminded her, "I have nothing with which to dull the pain."

"I am well acquainted with pain."

A spark of admiration glowed in the doctor's eyes.

"Then come to Danville," he ordered, and explained that he must perform the operation in his own home, where he had devised a crude operating room. A sturdy pine table, a few instruments and plenty of hot water comprised his "equipment." Little enough, but better than the rough Danville hut could afford, with its few sticks of furniture and lack of conveniences.

He set the day—two weeks hence.

"On Christmas Day?" queried Mrs. Crawford.

"Yes. And on Sunday, as it happens. I prefer to operate on Sunday, that my patient's neighbors may pray for her in her trying hour."

Jane nodded, understandingly. The surgeon bowed to his conferees, who had stood by in disapproving silence, and departed.

On the long journey back to Danville, McDowell's decision weighed like a physical burden upon his soul. He balanced it pro and con. Had he, after all, the right to take that chance with the life of a woman? But, was her life not already forfeited? He scarcely noted the miles he covered, so absorbed was he in the problem. He would not recant, he told himself sternly. But he would write her in full detail of the risk she was running. Then, if she did not change her mind. . . .

By the time he arrived home, he had thought out this letter to the crossing of the final "t." He stopped only long enough to greet his wife, before cloistering himself in his study. Sitting down at his battered desk with bulging pigeonholes, he sought quill and paper and wrote:

"I must inform you that John Bell, Hunter, Hey and A. Wood—four of the first and most eminent Surgeons in England and Scotland, have uniformly declared in their lectures that such is the danger of Peritoneal Inflammation that opening the abdomen to extract the tumor is inevitable death. . . . Notwithstanding this, if you feel yourself prepared to die, I will take the lump from you if you will come to Danville."

"Yr. respectful and Ob'd't Serv't,

"EPHRAIM MCDOWELL."

Reading this over, he was satisfied. He shook sand over the paper, sealed the letter with red wax, wrote swiftly across the folded square, plunged the quill back into the shot, and rang for a slave. He ordered the missive dispatched by the earliest post. Dismissing the servant, he sat for a moment, deep in thought. Then, dropping to his knees, Ephraim McDowell prayed.

The next day, he began preparations for the great experiment. During the fortnight that followed, he studied repeatedly the already familiar charts of human anatomy, with parts of a skeleton lying on the desk beside him. The candles burned late each night in the room where surgical history soon was to be made.

Several evenings after dispatching the letter, he was thus occupied when his wife entered, bringing him the answer.

McDowell broke the seal hastily, and read—

"I am coming.

"JANE CRAWFORD."*

His dark eyes were glowing, his hand not quite steady, as he passed the brief message to his wife.

"The woman has courage, Sarah," he said with deep feeling, as he watched her scan the single line above Jane's firm signature. "'Tis the same brand," he added gallantly, "that makes women like the lovely Sarah Shelby leave an Executive Mansion to trust their lives—and their hearts—to wild bucks like me!"

"My dear!" Sarah put a warm, impulsive hand upon his arm for an instant, her love shining in her eyes. Then, with a soft rustle of petticoats, she was gone, leaving her husband to his work. The daughter of the Governor of Virginia had never regretted relinquishing the gayety of the Capital for a frontier village doctor's home.

Alone, the Doctor re-read Jane's note, tucked it carefully into a pigeonhole, then

* Note: The two letters appearing on this page are quoted verbatim from the original documents.
quickly donned greatcoat and hat. Wrapping a scarf about his neck and taking a stout cane, he went out into the darkening night. His hat was pulled well down; the neckpiece muffled his chin. He was going on a mission fraught with danger. Discovery, he knew, would spell disgrace, imprisonment.

But, McDowell, too, had courage of a rare sort. He would not falter now. He turned his steps toward the narrow street that led to a grim, shuttered house on the edge of town. He knocked three times on the dingy door, and was admitted. Men’s faces were but dim shadows in the candlelight. His eye swept the scene, seeking the two he came for. The air reeked of smoke and whiskey. Untidy tables were scattered about, littered with bottles and food. Groups of men sat or sprawled around some of them. A motley crew, they were. At the bar, men in tatters rubbed elbows with gentlemen in greatcoats, whose polished boots and hats worn at a rakish angle proclaimed the sportsman.

McDowell found his men in a far corner and summoned them with a lifted brow. As they slouched forward, he noted with a new sense of shock, their evil faces and, nauseated, smelled their vile breath. The bulbous nose of one was fiery. The other’s sharp face, pale and sinister. They went with him, out into the night.

McDowell walked ahead. They slouched at his heels, until the last house had been passed, and they were following an open road. Then he turned abruptly, drawing them to one side.


“Ow much gold, Doc?” Old Sharp Face screwed his watery eyes into a canny squint as he asked the covetous question.

“Splud, man! Aren’t the Doctur alway’ bin fair?” rebuked Bulbous Nose. “Shure, Doc, an’ we’ll ‘ave ‘er there afore th’ cock crows.”

“The gold will be ready,” McDowell said tersely. He watched them reel off in the direction of the cemetery, near which they had pick and shovel and old sacks hidden, in anticipation of such a call. Then he retraced his steps, grateful for a lowering fog which would make the rest of the business less hazardous.

Through the long hours of the night, the doctor sat in his office, waiting. Hunched in his highbacked chair, with head bowed, his chin sunk in his cravat, he meditated bitterly upon the lack of legal means of obtaining subjects for necessary experimentation, which forced medical men of his time to resort to “back-door methods frowned upon and feared by an ignorant, prejudiced society.”

Minutes dragged into hours, then finally he heard the muffled tread of feet and rising, tiptoed to his back door. He opened it cautiously; one inch—two inches. He peered out. Two dark figures were approaching with the greatest stealth. They bore between them a heavy object wrapped in brown sacking. Before they could knock, McDowell had the door wide, and was beckoning them inside. Clumsily, they shuffled into the darkened hallway, following the doctor into his sanctuary. He motioned silently, and they placed their burden on the long bare table. He handed each a small package. They nodded, and the gold clinked as they shoved it into their dirty pockets. No word was spoken. A smothered mutter, an exchange of nods, then the gruesome visitors departed.

For Ephraim McDowell there was no sleep that night nor the next day. Behind the locked door of his office-study, he did what must be done to give him the final ounce of confidence and courage needed for the crisis that lay ahead. He saw and spoke to no one until, under cover of the December darkness, he had disposed of his “subject” in the garden behind his home.* Then only did he permit himself to seek rest. Ascending to his bedchamber, he called for a basin of warm water and, before the roaring fire that had been kept burning by his faithful slave boy, he bathed his tired body, until taut nerves and tense muscles were relaxed. Then, after sending word to his wife that he would be present at breakfast the next morning, he climbed into the high four-poster, to drop instantly into the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

* Note: Several skeletons were uncovered recently by WPA workers in the garden behind McDowell’s home.
He was ready for Jane Crawford.

* * *

She came on Christmas Eve, having ridden the entire sixty miles on a mule, with the tumor resting on the saddle. McDowell was waiting for her, and carried her in his own strong arms into the house where she was placed on a bed to rest while final details were arranged.

Christmas morning found all in readiness. Jane Crawford did not flinch when he laid her at last upon the long table. It was the hour when the world was heralding the birth of a Savior. While her friends and neighbors prayed for her life, she and Ephraim McDowell passed through a dark valley, to emerge with a life-saving gift to a world of sufferers. Neither gave a thought in that tense hour to the fact that this was the stage, and they the principals, in a momentous drama.

The small bare room was candle-lit. The tall rugged man with intense dark eyes, whose habitual twinkle for once was absent, went about the business of laying out his tools, quietly, with steady hands. Scalpel, knife and scissors. Oddly enough (for germs had not been heard of in his day) he had boiled each instrument in the pot of hot water that continued to steam on a stove in the corner. And he washed his hands frequently as he prepared the patient, lying before him on the long table.

Strong men stood by, one at the woman’s head, and one at her feet. They would hold her arms and legs—the arms stretched taut, to keep muscles in place. A third person, a woman, held a towel, ready to place it before the patient’s face that she might not be shocked by the sight of her own blood. Only such parts of her clothing were removed as was absolutely essential . . . modesty forbid even the removal of her long woollen stockings!

Presently, at a low word from the white-aproned McDowell, the assistants took their positions and Jane Crawford began in a low, firm voice, to repeat the Psalms.

“The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . .” she said, steadily, as the Doctor made the first incision.

“He maketh me to lie down—” her voice halted, but she did not cry out. The surgeon proceeded and Jane’s recital went on . . . “in green pastures. . . . Surely goodness and mercy—”

This continued throughout the ordeal. McDowell’s uncanny knowledge of anatomy was aided by the amazing faith and steel nerves of the woman whose life he held in his hands.

“Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart.” She murmured faintly as he stitched up her side, applying adhesive tape between every two stitches to hasten the healing of the incision. So skillfully did he wield the scalpel, that the operation was over in less than forty minutes.

“The Lord is my strength—” McDowell motioned to the aids to retire. It was done.

Jane Crawford did not die. She not only lived, but enjoyed a long and active life, outliving her surgeon by a decade. She was forty-seven when the operation was performed, and seventy-eight when she died. And the tumor removed weighed twenty-two pounds!

Her recovery from the great experiment was complete in twenty-five days. Five days after Christmas, in fact, when Dr. McDowell went to the neighboring home where they had placed her for convalescence, he writes in his report that “much to my astonishment (I) found her engaged in making up her bed! I gave her particular caution for the future,” he adds, “and in 25 days she returned home as she came, in good health which she continues to enjoy.”

“In good health which she continues to enjoy!” Weighted words! It is doubtful if any other eight words written in the history of medicine hold deeper significance to humanity. They chronicle the accomplishment of the “impossible.” They spell hope to uncounted millions.

McDowell delayed the report of the operation until he had performed several more ovariotomies successfully: until after he had also operated for stone and hernia upon a frail sickly lad of seventeen who later became President of the United States.

“A thin emaciated kid . . . worn with disease, uneducated and without promise,” he was described by one writer. But, with his health restored, this boy attended to the little matters of education and “promise.” . . . He was James K. Polk.

Future Presidents seemed to have a way of getting involved in Surgeon McDowell’s operations. When performing one of his
eight ovariotomies, McDowell was aided by two of the woman's neighbors. One of them was a tall soldierly man with white hair—General Andrew Jackson of "The Hermitage." He held her arms out tight and hard, and encouraged her in an authoritative tone. This was seven years before Jackson entered the White House.

When Ephraim McDowell finally decided to write his old professor at Edinburgh about the first successful experiment on Jane Crawford, telling him that what he had foreseen as a possibility twenty years before had come true, his letter unfortunately was not received by John Bell. The professor was away and it fell into the hands of his colleague, Dr. Lizars, who, we are told, read the terse, matter-of-fact recital in amazement and decided that "this man in an American back-settlement who would have us believe he has beaten the greatest surgeons of Europe is undoubtedly a quack."

So he pigeon-holed the letter and gave it no further thought. It was not until several years later that it was finally brought to light and the news was flashed across the medical world, giving McDowell some measure of recognition.

It was grudging recognition at best, tinged with skepticism from those in the highest places. The French Academy was inclined to look askance at the whole idea of abdominal surgery, even as late as 1856, after the discovery of anesthesia.

"For myself," said one of the venerable members at the time, "I think this operation should be placed among the prerogatives of the executioner."

At home, Ephraim's path was scarcely strewn with roses! He was persecuted, but not deterred. His enemies tried to paint him as a cruel, sadistic fellow, and a "woman-butcher." He was socially ostracized by many in town, and he found even his friends avoiding him. He finally was driven to arming himself when visiting patients at night.

Despite the persecution, his practice continued to flourish, for sufferers knew that in him lay some hope of recovery—whereas without his aid they were doomed to torturous death. His patients and his wife, Sarah, retained their faith in him—and that was all he asked.

The superstitious negroes were terrorized by the doctor's reputation. Their masters took delight in telling them wild, fantastic tales about his operations, and how he acquired "subjects" for gory experiments. It became difficult to induce a servant in Danville to leave the house after twilight, and when slaves caught sight of the surgeon's tall figure strolling in the distance they would scurry to cover in the nearest building, afraid of being waylaid. So great was the panic of one slave, that he jumped into a rain barrel.

A prophet's honor in his own country!

Dr. James Johnson of the London Medico-Chirurgical Review, who at first had belittled McDowell's success, declaring he "disbelieved" in it, finally ate his words with quaint dignity, in a public apology: "There were circumstances in the narrative of the first three cases," he admitted solemnly, "that raised misgivings in our minds, for which uncharitableness we ask pardon of God and of Doctor McDowell of Danville."

How McDowell must have smiled, sitting there in his little house on the Kentucky frontier, when he heard what the pompous graybeards of Europe were saying!

He died while the controversy was still raging.

He was stricken on a quiet mid-summer afternoon, after eating strawberries. "An acute attack of inflammation of the stomach," it was described by a chronicler of the time. But it probably was acute appendectomy—from which his own skillful knife could have saved him, had he been able to transfer it into other capable hands, or to perform upon himself.

But—"he was suffering too much pain," wrote an eyewitness of the sudden seizure, "to suggest anything which might have a tendency to relieve him."

He died in agony, as twilight shadows fell. This time, "no man was found" who could help.

Had it not been for the interest of the medical profession, both in Europe and in America, the memory of McDowell as well as his boyhood home, would still be sorely neglected. For few in this country knew the significance of the small frame building
at No. 123 South Second Street, in Danville.

But, medical men knew. They were eager to pay him the homage that had been denied him in life. A few years ago, a group of foreign men of medicine, traveling through this country, visited Danville. They wanted to see the room in which McDowell, on a cold Christmas day had made surgical history. His instruments would be laid out neatly in cases, they thought; there would be a tablet on the door, and perhaps, an American flag flying on the lawn. All would be spick and span. They could buy short biographies of the surgeon at the door, and perhaps, copies of the famous painting of the first ovariotomy.

They were shocked at what they found. As they approached the house eagerly, they saw, through a dingy window, a white-garbed figure reclining in a chair. They heard the click of shears and caught the faint, unmistakable whiff of bay rum. By the door hung—not the American flag—but a red and white barber’s pole. The first floor of the old McDowell home had been taken over as a barber shop.

In September, 1935, the Kentucky State Medical Society, long distressed by the country’s neglect of McDowell’s home, with its famous “operating room,” finally found itself with enough money to do something about it. Purchasing the house, they deeded it to the Kentucky State Park Board as a shrine for visitors from all parts of the world like Louis Pasteur’s home in Paris.

But, the Park Board had no funds for restoring it. The outside of the building had been kept up throughout the years, but the interior was a sad sight. It looked as though the job would have to be postponed indefinitely.

At this point, the Works Progress Administration took an interest in the old house and its history. At the request of the State Park Board it agreed to do the restoration work.

So, America has a newly restored shrine which will be the mecca of tourists and patriotic citizens throughout the centuries.

And—with a bronze statue of the great surgeon placed in the garden—Kentucky will honor one of her most famous sons—a man whom all the world has found.
Gossip Along the Thames

1621

CATHERINE CATE COBLENZ

Well, Captain Jones is anchoring—you'll laugh,
Limped into harbour Ratcliff from Gravesend
His old ship Mayflower, minus crew by half.
The London Merchants will have much to spend
If what I hear be so—of her great store!
Deep-loaded down she is! Return was fair,
Else she's not made it, battered up and more,
Her mainmast mended where 'twas broken square.

This from the New World treasure—eighteen arrows,
A hart's horn, eagle claws, and that is all!
Oh, they will fret themselves, those London sparrows
Over such cargo—they'd figured rather tall...
Their pretty sovereigns thrown across the sea,
Plantations—jah! England will do for me!
Allies in Aims

The story of what America is doing to Preserve its Historical Heritage

ELLEN S. WOODWARD

The author of this article is the able and attractive Assistant Administrator of the Works Progress Administration, herself a member of the Ralph Humphreys Chapter, Jackson, Mississippi, N. S. D. A. R. She gives us a vivid presentation of some of the allied aims of two great organizations.

AMERICA is a comparatively new country. Many historic buildings still stand to tell the story of the first colorful chapters in its dramatic career as a nation. Where steps have been taken to salvage these from the ravages of time, ships which sailed the high seas when the country was young are still in good state of preservation. In mod-

[1078]
ern designs we still use the traditional patterns our ancestors used and we still retain many symbols of early American culture. But in general there has been a neglect of historical landmarks and historical records. Much material of historic significance has been lost and more doomed to disappear as modern modes replace the old ways of living.

As an insurance against future loss and destruction, the Federal Government, through the Works Progress Administration, is giving work to the unemployed throughout the country on a number of...
projects designed particularly for the preservation of valuable historical treasures. In many instances, the Daughters of the American Revolution are cooperating wholeheartedly and efficiently in these projects; and because of the widespread interest of the members of this great national society in all that pertains to the history of our country, it may not be amiss to present a brief description of some of these projects which are saving from destruction some of our most precious heritages.

Priceless old flags, tattered, faded and battle-stained, are being restored and preserved for future generations on a WPA project in Brooklyn Navy Yard. The project grew out of a need to preserve a large collection of famous flags at the Chapel of St. Cornelius on Governor's Island in New York Harbor. It is sponsored by the United States Army with the Navy as cooperating sponsor.

The work of restoration is done by embroidering together the frayed and tattered portions of the flag with pieces of new material which have been dyed to match the faded colors. Not a thread that can be saved is discarded; but every flag restored is a harmonious whole. With ordinary protection the mended and reinforced flags should last for several centuries.

Two of the restored flags date back to the eighteenth century. One is the flag presented by George III to the Royal Rifle Corps stationed on Governor's Island in 1756. The other is the first flag carried by the United States Army, before the adoption of the Stars and Stripes—a regimental flag showing the seal of the United States on a background of dark blue. Another famous old regimental flag to be restored is the olive green flag which the New York Volunteers carried in the Mexican War. On it twenty-six white stars are scattered over an eagle's head embroidered in heavy colored silk. This was the first regimental flag to enter the City of Mexico on the day the city was surrendered ending
the Mexican War. Another interesting banner is a square of imperial yellow brocade, heavily embroidered in black. This flag the Dowager Empress of China, Tzii Hsi, left behind her when she fled from the Forbidden City in the Boxer Uprising of 1900. The victory of the European and American forces in this uprising marked the end of a closed China and the downfall of the old regime.

In a nation-wide WPA search for material for the Federal Archives, many valuable historic documents have been rescued from oblivion. The workers have dug into dusty files and court house vaults; they have searched old basements and ridden horseback many miles to study the records of Indian reservations.

Records unearthed at Salem, Massachusetts, cover the entire history of the Customs Service since its organization in 1789. At a customhouse in Hartford, Connecticut, a collection of letters was found bearing on the smuggling of goods into this country by enemy ships during the War of 1812.

At the Land Office in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a letter was discovered giving a vivid eye-witness account of the battle of New Orleans.

At the end of the 1936 fiscal year, the WPA survey had covered 2,000,000 linear feet of records, scattered in 16,000 rooms in more than 5,000 buildings throughout the country.

By means of another project, the Historical Records Survey, it is planned to publish mimeographed inventories of the records of each of the counties in the United States, making such records more usable to public officials and to historians. The workers list the documents in court houses, churches, schools, and in some cases even enter private attics, in their search for old public records from which valuable data can be gleaned.

Among unusual discoveries was a deed found in Florida dated January 13, 1734, and signed by Lord Baltimore, and a letter from Francis Scott Key, dated January 16, 1827.
The desire to create work for unemployed architects, draftsmen, and photographers resulted in the Historic American Buildings Survey, sponsored by the Park Division of the Department of the Interior. The project will preserve a collection of architectural plans which cover every type of American dwelling from the beginning of the nation to the present time. With cameras, tapes, compasses and drawing boards, the workers are gathering all possible data on such dwellings as the adobe hut, the Indian tepee and cliff houses, the pioneer log cabins, the cottage, the farmhouse and the city residence. Over the entire United States they are recording buildings which possess exceptional historic interest, particularly those that are in danger of being destroyed. Into the architectural record go the churches and missions of the Franciscans and Jesuits of the South and West, the churches of the Russians in Alaska, the meeting houses of the Puritans in the East and Middle West, the colleges, hospitals, mills, covered bridges, shops and other structures of social as well as architectural significance. The drawings are preserved in the Congressional Library.

Because records of old sailing ships are disappearing so rapidly, the Smithsonian Institution initiated the American Merchant Marine Survey. This project employs architects, draftsmen and photographers to make exact measurements and drawings of the great variety of vessels which have played their part in the history of our country. The designs are being deposited in the Smithsonian Institution for consultation by students, writers, and naval architects.

A project known as the Index of American Design is recording the native arts of America from Colonial days through the nineteenth century. These traditional designs in fabrics, needlecraft, glass, metal work, wood carving, furniture, and other mediums, form a colorful symbolic record of American life in various sections of the country and through various periods of progress. The portfolios will serve also as source material for artists, designers, research workers, students of social history and others interested in artistic studies.

Workers on the Federal Music Project in various sections of the United States are recording and assembling American folk songs. The collection will include negro spirituals, shouts, and work tunes, early Mexican, Spanish and Cuban music sung by the settlers in New Mexico and California, the Indian pieces gleaned from five tribes in Oklahoma, Creole songs gathered in Louisiana, California Gold Rush songs, and Kentucky mountain ballads.

The retention of early American folk songs has been largely due to the isolation of people in certain sections of the country where the songs have been handed down from generation to generation. But this condition is changing with the building of hard-surfaced roads and an ever increasing amount of tourist travel. It is therefore a matter of considerable historic interest to the entire nation that these quaint and beautiful old folk songs be recorded for posterity.

Another phase of restoration work that has attracted favorable attention is the work on forts and military posts that played important parts in our early history.

One of the most interesting of these undertakings is the rebuilding of Fort Holmes on Mackinac Island. The Fort Holmes project was started in November 1935 under sponsorship of the Mackinac Island Park Commission. It involved construction of a block house, earth works, rustic stairway, and a gravel road around the fort. Discovery of an original drawing of old Fort Holmes made by Capt. Charles Gratiot in September 1718 enabled the engineers to reproduce the old fortress exactly as it existed in the early days.

Fort Holmes is one of the chief points of interest on Mackinac Island and the restored building has attracted thousands of visitors this summer. It is but one of the historic American forts along the U. S.-Canada border which has been restored and preserved for tourists of future generations.

As head of the Division of Women's and Professional Projects of the Works Progress Administration, the writer wishes to express appreciation for the interest the Daughters of the American Revolution have manifested and the help they have given in the various localities where these projects operate, also to voice the hope that the cooperation between the two great agencies, the aims of which are so closely allied, may continue to increase both in scope and in significance.
Christianity and Communism

VICTORIA BOOTH DEMAREST

The author of this editorial, contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, is the granddaughter of General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, and herself a leader and writer of note. Her viewpoint is arresting and merits careful consideration.

HAS Communism anything in common with Christianity? This is the question which in this day of confused thinking should be honestly faced and honestly answered.

First let us attempt a simple definition: Communism is an economic and political philosophy founded on the teachings of Karl Marx. It involves the abolition of individual property rights, advocates a totalitarian State, is absolutely materialistic and suppresses all religious belief. Let it be immediately stated that Communism has one thing decidedly in common with Christianity in that it also is a religion. This thought we shall not attempt to develop except to state that the characteristics of a religion, whether true or false, are passionate devotion to a belief and the urge to propagate that belief. In these respects Communists have put modern Christians to shame. In all other respects, however, we shall endeavor to show that Communism is absolutely anti-Christian.

Christianity, the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, stands for truth, liberty, morality, faith, peace, love and happiness. What is the relation of Communism to these Christian virtues and blessings? The word Communism is in itself a misnomer. There are those who claim that Communism has its source in the early days of Christianity when, we are told, the apostles distributed to them that needed. But the truth is that the apostles did not distribute to them that needed. It was given to them as a work of charity, greed and envy by the name of love, the Communion of Saints by the name of a tyrannical dictatorship and Christ by the name of Satan as to claim that these two forms of Communism have anything in common. The enemy has taken a beautiful practice of early Christianity and has most horribly perverted it and in the name of social justice has made it the tool of inhumanity and tyranny.

Early Christian Communism consisted in giving everything to everybody. Modern Communism consisted in taking everything from everybody. Even early Communism did not long survive. It resulted in a lie, the lie of Ananias and Sapphira and was the cause of their deaths. It was thus proved that even Christian Communism was not practical or possible. Communism in its ultimate, which signifies possessing nothing individually but only collectively, is not God ordained for God sanctified the right of possession; the ideal of human happiness is given us in the words: "every man under his own fig tree." Give every man his own little home and garden and Communism will immediately disappear.

We are told that Communists are working towards the same "Christian" ends. Their literature is being poured into our land and read by millions. They are given a hearing on the air and, even in our churches, Communism and Soviet Russia are being commended. In Madison Square Garden, before an audience of twenty thousand, a Columbia professor hailed the Soviet Union as "The land of peace, progress and freedom." Free Americans received this statement with vociferous applause. Communist literature holds Russia up to our American youth as the "Mother Country."

Is it any wonder that the American people are confused and can hardly distinguish any more between truth and falsehood? These may be the days spoken of in II Thessalonians, 2:11, "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." There could be no greater deception than to associate Modern Communism of hate and materialism with Christian Communism of love and faith.
Old Churches of Manila

RUTH BRADLEY SHELDON

The editor has tried to describe her feeling for this fine article in the department of "Contributors, Collaborators and Critics." She is confident that every reader of the magazine will be as enthralled with it as she was.

CHINA has her walls and temples, India her pagodas, carved shrines and gilded images, but the Philippine Islands have their churches. Not long after the discovery of the Islands in 1521, Philip II, in whose honor they were named, believing, as did all the Catholic Kings of Spain, that the cross must always go with the flag, sent many missionaries—friars of the various orders—to the Philippine Islands. That these early friars were good and earnest men is shown by the rapid conversion of the Filipinos to Christianity, with resultant building of churches.

The present city of Manila includes over a dozen square miles. The little piece of land less than a square mile in extent, surrounded by two and
three-quarters miles of walls—historic, artistic, architectural, and ecclesiastical Manila—is the Walled City or Intramuros. These walls are the most conspicuous landmarks of Manila. The oldest books, churches, organs, convents, city gates, bells and relics to be found within this part of the earth ruled by the American people, are all in Intramuros. The oldest piece of construction under the American Flag is Fort Santiago at the northwest corner of Intramuros.

Manila is a city of churches. Characteristic traits of the architecture are the solidity of the building because of earthquakes, material of stone or concrete, absence of very high towers, in most cases. The Eastern love of low roofs and curves and cupolas therefore predominates. The characteristics of the different orders are reflected in the churches they built. The austerity of the Augustinians finds fitting expression in the building of genuine stone with no plaster or make-believe in its con-
Pulpit of San Ignacio Church, Manila

struction. The higher culture of the Jesuit is nobly expressed in the most beautiful of all the churches in the Philippines, San Ignacio, and the Gothic arches of old Santo Domingo are the purest type of that most striking of all forms of church architecture. The rare charm of the Manila churches is in their variety of style.

The oldest church in Manila stands at the corner of Calles Gral Luna and Real in the Walled City. The order of St. Augustine dedicated its first building on June 24, 1571. Two years later this church was burned, and in 1599 the present building was begun under the direction of Juan Marcias and the famous lay brother Antonio Herrera, the son of the Spanish architect of the Escorial, Madrid. Its style is Spanish Renaissance. Its façade is simple, with its main door flanked with four lions and two saints in niches—Saint Paul and St. Augustine. This façade, often illuminated, is a bit of old Europe set in the Philippines. The clock tower and belfry are conspicuous and massive. The adjoining monastery with its antique walls of great thickness, is unquestionably the most interesting piece of ecclesiastical property in the city, both from its antiquity and its architectural elaborateness.

On entering, one is impressed with the low arches which reach across the entire church and give the greatest possible strength. This strength is attested by the fact that it has stood all storms and earthquakes which have ruined so many fine buildings through three centuries. The interior is a broad nave with eight chapels. The vault is unique in that it is all of hewn stone, being said to be the only one in the whole archipelago so constructed. Here lie the remains of Salcedo, brave, noble soldier and explorer, grandson and helper of Legaspi, and of Legaspi, Governor of all the Philippines and founder of Manila in 1571.

The great glory of this order, like that of the Dominicans, is the missionary work carried on throughout the Islands and the East by the fathers.

The church of the Recoletos Order at the south end of Calle Cabildo opposite the Bureau of Education building, is probably the next in age, having been completed early in the seventeenth century. It is Spanish Romanesque architecture, and has a façade more ornate than some, having Doric
pillars and various saints in niches, with Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of the order, above. The striking feature is the corner tower, its openings and niches—all of great symmetry and beauty. The well-furnished interior is simple in style—a nave alone with no side aisles. The slightly curved roof with low supporting arch is noted here, as at other churches. This is always for strength. The main cupola is lofty and has the four Evangelists in the corners. The reredos, an ornamental screen behind the altar, with its paintings and statues, is the glory of this church. Many figures adorn this marvel of carving. The grand old Recoletos organ, known to organists of many countries for its wonderful tones, is the oldest in Manila. The fathers of the Recoletos church are only too glad to show visitors their cherished organ, as well as to conduct them through the mazes of the old church and convent, the corridors of which are lined with old oil paintings worthy of careful attention.

The church of the Franciscans is located on Calles Solana and San Francisco. It is massive in structure and contains a chapel decorated in exquisite taste, and adorned by some paintings of recent date. The altar screen resplendent in silver is indeed impressive. The church also has a wonderful organ over two hundred years old. The present building was finished in 1739. Its architecture is of the Tuscan form, so common with all the churches of the Franciscan order. Across the court is the church of the Third Order built in 1733, with two fine towers, rarely open to visitors. It is said that during an attempted invasion of the Chinese the patron saint was seen upon the walls of the city with a flaming sword defending the city. This was in 1703, from which fact the name of “Seraphic Custodian of Manila” was given to St. Francis.

In the Walled City three churches are worthy of special attention—the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, San Ignacio or the Jesuit Church, and Santo Domingo. Of these the Cathedral takes precedence, and is the best known of all the shrines of the city. Like most of the other large buildings the present structure is the successor of three or four predecessors which were destroyed by earthquakes. The last destruction was in 1863, and the present building is little more than a quarter of a century old. Its architecture is of the Byzantine style, and the graceful columns, the lofty dome, the vaulted nave and aisles,
and the massive façade are impressive examples of the Roman influence with the decorations consistently executed. It has nine entrances, three large chapels, many small chapels, and the choir and the organ are situated in the middle of the nave.

The bijou of Intramuros is San Ignacio, the Jesuit church, sometimes spoken of as the carved church, on Calle Arzobispo. It is thoroughly modern in design and execution, and its exterior is destitute of comeliness, but the interior leaves nothing to ask in beauty of decoration, it being in carved molave, a beautiful very deep brown native wood, and the design and finish are most artistic. The ceiling is a lace work of paneling, the columns and arches are woven about with exquisite tracery of leaf and scroll, and the figures are natural and lifelike. The pulpit is a work of especial merit. The bas-reliefs of Gospel subjects are executed with a fineness of detail that is more remarkable since all was done by native artists under the direction of the missionary architect, Señor Isábelo Tampingco. He has left a monument worthy of any land, in this most splendidly carved church interior of the Far East. The Sacristy is a room of marvelous beauty and the altar is remarkable as a work of art. The gallery is high and well-lighted and the effect of the whole church is one of soul satisfying beauty.

One of the most interesting of all the Manila churches is old Santo Domingo. The exterior with its embattled towers and climbing buttresses is stately and massive, and the old Gothic windows of the semicircular apsis have a strong ecclesiastical flavor. If there were nothing of Santo Domingo but its doors it would still be worth going to see. The interior is Gothic, being the only example of the kind in the city, and with its marble bases and altar steps, its choir and altar railings of worked brass, its colored glass and carved pulpit of molave and other rare native woods, it really weaves a spell over the beholder. Its Sacristy contains many objects of beauty and interest. The mellow tinge of time lends a halo to the whole pile.

The church of the Capuchins, Intramuros, is one of the most modern, being one of the reinforced concrete structures found in various parts of the city. It is in part Romanesque and in part Renaissance. This society has for its special devotion Our Lady of Lourdes, which devotion is their glory, and its history has been, all over the world, a miraculous one.

Attention is first drawn to the door.
The central one of the sculptured figures on the finely molded door is the "Virgen de Lourdes." Notable upon entering is the arrangement in the nave of the double row of arches. The curvatures are all adorned with tracery, the pattern being combined Grecian and other rich arabesques. The upper gallery is of molave, and the pulpit which is also of beautiful local wood, bears the escutcheon of St. Francis de Assisi, and the carving, though simple, is very attractive. Two pictures hang at the side of the high altar, the one at the left being a Capuchin Sister, Sta. Magdalena de Martinengo. The statue of the Virgin is exquisite and one can go up to look at its dainty loveliness. On fête days the rose-surrounded feet are kissed by thousands of those devoted to the contemplation and emulation of the virtues of the Blessed Virgin. Here often take place most fashionable weddings, for the church is very often chosen by brides who are devoted to the Virgin. The church of the Capuchins is a structure admirably conceived, and it has an air of distinction which marks it even among larger and grander edifices.

And here, as in the other churches described, the bells ring out on Christmas eve, proclaiming the birth of a Saviour; and as boyish voices rise in unison at midnight mass, their call seems to echo and re-echo through the night, with its everlasting summons:

"Come all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant,
Come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem!
Oh come let us adore him, born the King of Angels,
Oh come let us adore Him.
Oh come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"
JOSEPH BONAPARTE, WEARING THE REGAL ROBES WHICH HE WAS FORCED TO ABANDON WHEN HE CAME TO "YANKEE LAND"

A King in Yankee Land

MABEL A. BROWN

This article about Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who left Europe and settled himself sumptuously in Bordentown, N. J., seems especially timely now that there has been so much excitement about the possibility of having another ex-King in our midst. Readers of "No Hearts to Break," reviewed in this same issue, will be especially interested in the references to the visits made on Joseph, by his brother Jerome, who married Betsy Patterson of Baltimore.

Is it possible the old gray Yankee "ain't what he used to be?" Many things aren't, of course—newspapers, democracies, and foreign relations among them—but we've been led to think that genuine Yankee traits survive even the most far-reaching changes. However, a noticeable contrast in the treatment by the press of two somewhat similar historical events appears to justify the question.

Last year the press fairly outpressed itself in its handling of the abdication of Great Britain's ruler, and his subsequent marriage to an American woman. Yankees, unquestionably, devoured every last gossipy news-item with just as great relish as anybody.

But aren't we all, and haven't we always been that way—Yankees included? Isn't there some ancient proverb about "a cat may look at a king" which would seem to indicate that royalty has always been considered look-worthy, not to say snapshot-worthy? Why, of course! Curiosity about kings is but normal expectancy in life's grim game of bridge.

That's what you think, perhaps, but any Yankee who "knows his (social) onions" [1090]
could tell a different tale. Crowns, castles, and glamorous ladies may be the warp and woof of romance to you but there was a time when Yankees scorned the gaudy stuff of romance, and turned cold, homespun shoulders upon the trappings of royalty. At least, so far as their newspapers were concerned.

Joseph Bonaparte, former King of Spain, had come here, after the battle of Waterloo, an exile and a fugitive. He was received more or less grudgingly. This was a free country, of course; he could live here if he chose. But he needn’t expect any great fuss to be made over him!

The Yankee’s cordiality to a stranger has never been anything to write home about (or has it?) but let the outsider be an ex-king or a belted earl, or even a Wall Street grandee, and Yankees just leave him alone and like it. Like it? They pride themselves on a special brand of indifference. Their natural, kindly tolerance is wrapped up in a wet blanket and put away, on such occasions.

In northern New York, at the time Joseph Bonaparte arrived and purchased land, there were Yankee pioneers, and there was also “Little France.” Yankees predominated. But several French families had settled early along the Black River and the St. Lawrence, and many French émigrés were attracted there when political changes forced them to seek new homes.

In this sparsely-settled wilderness Le Ray de Chaumont (in whose château, at Passy, Benjamin Franklin had lived while in France) had built a home modeled after the Petit Trianon at Versailles, and it was he who sold Joseph Bonaparte his vast tract of land in New York State.

The first time the former monarch came to view his holdings in this region a local paper commented:

“Joseph Bonaparte arrived here on the evening of the 24th (1819) and left early in the morning. Despite his short stay many of our citizens satisfied their curiosity for novelties which is a consequence of human frailty.”

Here was a man who had reigned over one of the oldest civilized nations of the world, and the editor called the curiosity of the country people a “consequence of human frailty”!

News does not change, nor human curiosity, but emphasis alters with circumstances. Now there never was a real, sound-to-the-core Yankee who placed undue emphasis on titles or riches but the thing was, in those days, to ignore such flip-flap, to keep the curiosity sub rosa, and it was rather a mean trick of that editor to betray the fact that some had been caught taking a peek. Certainly, life must have been drab enough in that northern backwoods country.

Amusing tales of Joseph Bonaparte’s life in this region have been handed down in spite of the scant interest apparent at the time. Fear that British or Bourbon spies were trailing him led Joseph to provide himself with a bodyguard of four giant grenadiers, veterans of the Napoleonic wars, it was said. When traveling back and forth from his home at Bordentown, New Jersey, to the strange bullet-proof house which he had built for himself in Yankee land, they always accompanied him.

No silver-trimmed Rolls Royce of today could equal the spectacular effect of Joseph Bonaparte’s gilded coach drawn by six horses! Guests, servants, and bodyguard followed in coaches, forming an imposing procession. Who can blame the old gray Yankee if he gave this showy equipage the once-over from the corner of his eye? Of course he looked to see if “that woman” was in the coach! Tales of Joseph’s infatuation and morganatic marriage with the beautiful Quakeress, Ann Savage, still form a part of the saga of northern New York.

Poor Annette! It is difficult to learn much about her. Haddock, in his history of this region, dismisses the whole affair with one sentence: “There (in Bordentown) he formed domestic relations the result of which are familiar to the older residents of the county.” That is all.

Even so, Haddock “said a mouthful.” Younger residents are left to draw their own conclusions for better or for worse. One can fairly see the Haddock lips sealed in reticence. But the blame, you notice, is neatly transferred beyond the pale of New England. Such doings are not countenanced in his neck of the woods.

Joseph Bonaparte had, of course, a wife in Europe whom he had married as a young
man. She was a quiet, unassuming woman with no taste for the splendors of royalty. When Joseph was made King of Spain she did not accompany him to the new realm. The separation continued when he escaped to America. Over here, Joseph fell in love with Ann Savage. Her mother kept a little shop in Philadelphia and the romance is said to have started while Joseph was buying a pair of suspenders!

A persuasive lover he was, no doubt, paying royal compliments with one breath and quoting historic precedents for the alliance with the other. Whether a morganatic marriage actually took place before a justice of the peace of Philadelphia, as one writer claims, is uncertain. It is known that Joseph signed a contract promising to be faithful to his new wife as long as he stayed in America, and to provide for her future in case he left. This he did.

"An old, corpulent man," says a Yankee writer about the bridegroom. Joseph was then forty-seven!

Comments from Bordentown present a different viewpoint. "He was a handsome, intellectual man, of distinguished manners; a lover of the fine arts, and a man of progressive ideas." We learn that he had a greenhouse, "employed himself in agriculture", and was interested in beautifying his estate.

Fine arts and greenhouses, indeed! Yankees had no place for "orchids on their budget." They had cleared their land and built homes with their own bulging biceps. Sometimes it took years. Joseph Bonaparte had merely swapped a few diamonds smuggled, it was rumored, from the royal crown, for his. When he came to Yankee land he came on pleasure bent. To them he was a playboy and an adventurer and, to Haddock, "an acknowledged French roué." Anyone showing interest in such a person was regarded as a "victim of human frailty!"

In a hunting lodge overlooking a body of water which he named Lake Diana (called Lake Bonaparte today) Joseph established Annette with instructions that she be addressed as Madame Bonaparte. Here in the country he felt free from spies; here he led a carefree, colorful life, entertaining with generous and, to his neighbors' minds, shocking hospitality.

Tales are still told of the giant six-oared gondola gliding over the waters, and of dinners eaten from golden plates in the forest with Joseph, in green hunting attire, as master of ceremonies. Today these wooded shores are lined with cottages, and a concrete highway passes close to Lake Bonaparte.

One day the regal coaching party, en route to New Jersey from "Little France," drew up at a north-country inn and ordered dinner. The village was ransacked for delicacies "fit to set before a king." At length all was ready, and the jolly crowd ate heartily. Great was their astonishment, however, when a bill for $500 was presented. Not for nothing had the landlord heard that this crazy foreigner spent money like water!

Joseph demanded the items. With the utmost stretching, so the story goes, the innkeeper could not make them amount to more than $50. But his wife was equal to the occasion. From the hot, disordered kitchen she contributed the final item: "To one damned fuss—$450!" This so amused the easy-going Joseph that he is said to have paid it.

Saratoga Springs was another favorite resort of Joseph's. N. P. Willis, a popular writer of that period, tells about an odd character there whose place happened to strike Joseph's fancy. He offered $20,000 for it at once, without preliminary dickerings. Astounded, the owner refused, remarking that he did not know whether Bonaparte was "a fool or a knave."

The old fellow could not conceive that the beauty of his place had prompted the offer. He suspected some sinister motive. "If it's worth that to you," he said, "it's worth it to me."

Many suspected Joseph of hatching a plot to smuggle Napoleon from his island prison to some hide-out in America. Indeed, even the French ambassador, Hyde de Neuville, was uneasy for, besides Joseph, a notable company of refugees had come here, and there were rumors of secret meetings and of a mysterious house, called the "Cup and Saucer House," on the St. Lawrence, said to be held in readiness for the beloved leader. But in 1821 St. Helena's prisoner died.

After that vigilance relaxed. Joseph even ventured to send his secretary over to Europe to recover some of his fortune. In
1828 a visitor at Saratoga Springs recorded: "The United States Hotel is the one to which the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, resorts. He now associates at the public table as an American citizen, which he did not do at first."

Hoping to return to France, Joseph finally sold his land in New York State to another Frenchman, John LaFarge, ancestor of the eminent artist of that name. But Joseph never got to France. He went first to England but finding sentiment unfavorable to him returned to America for a time.

Philip Hone, faithful diarist of this period, notes his return as follows:

(New York) Sept. 29, 1838.
The ex-king, Joseph Bonaparte, arrived here with a numerous suite on Saturday in the packet ship Philadelphia from London. He left the U. S. four or five years since, as was supposed, to take advantage of some political movements which seemed to indicate the chance of a restoration of the House of Bonaparte. But he has returned, and I trust, to spend the rest of his days in this best of all Yankee republics.

A few years later Joseph took his final departure going to Italy where he died in 1844. Two daughters had been born to Joseph and his American wife, one of whom met a tragic death in infancy. A flower pot in the garden which the young bride so loved fell and struck the child's head. This happened in the New Jersey home, Bow Hill (called by some of the local wags, Beau Hill) where Annette's first rejected overtures to society were made. No wonder she decided to live in the north country, far away from the home of her girlhood, after Joseph left America.

The other daughter, Caroline, a beautiful girl, had one of the most elaborate weddings ever known in northern New York. Joseph had sent, from abroad, generous funds for the wedding, and they were spent with a lavish hand. Perhaps the little Quakeress whose own wedding day had passed unheralded and unsung, took pride in making the Yankee neighbors sit up and take notice of her daughter's triumph. Was not Caroline marrying Zebulon H. Benton, an eminently respectable citizen, relative of James Fenimore Cooper?

Zebulon really was "some pumpkins"! Haddock includes a full-length portrait of him in his book, an act practically equivalent to admission to the society of the elect. But no portrait of Caroline, though he admits naively that "she was a beautiful and accomplished lady and in no way ever violated the rules of conventionalism."

Another triumph was in store for Caroline Bonaparte Benton. Years later when the Bonapartes really had been restored to power, she went to Paris, armed with letters from President Grant, and was received by the Emperor, Napoleon III, who was, of course, her first cousin.

"Caroline was recognized as the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte her legitimacy established," records the historian with, one fancies, a sigh of relief. She was granted a pension, and given some property in France which had belonged to her father. With the downfall of the Second Empire, however, the pension ceased. She returned to America, taught French, and wrote a book about France.

In the little hamlet of Oxbow, in northern New York, may be found the grave of this daughter of a King in Yankee land.

LAKE BONAPARTE, FORMERLY CALLED LAKE DIANA. IT WAS ON THE SHORES OF THIS LAKE THAT JOSEPH BONAPARTE INSTALLED HIS AMERICAN WIFE, ANN SAVAGE, IN A HUNTING LODGE
Dreams Do Come True

KATHARINE MATTHIES

This inspiring article by the National Chairman of Approved Schools will help to renew the waning faith of many a reader in the fulfillment of dreams.

DREAMS do come true and oftentimes the realization is even more wonderful than the anticipation as this article will try to show.

For several months the members of the D. A. R. had been eagerly looking forward to the dedication of new buildings at our own two schools and at last the actual time arrived. Friday, October 29th, dawned bright and clear and the clans began to gather at Tamassee in South Carolina. About forty Daughters had spent Thursday night at the school where they had been delightfully entertained by the students, while at least another forty arrived on Friday.

Luncheon was served by the students in Ohio-Hobart Hall, at which time Mrs. John L. Marshall, the South Carolina State Regent, welcomed the guests and one of the students, accompanied by another on a guitar, sang a song she had composed about Mrs. Becker.

After the luncheon a program was given in the Tamassee Chapel. Following the procession and invocation Mr. Ralph H. Cain, Superintendent of the School, welcomed the visitors and Mrs. Marshall introduced the honor guests. Miss Katharine Matthies, National Chairman of Approved Schools, spoke briefly, after which the donors of the Memorial Lights were introduced. Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch, Organizing Secretary General, spoke beautifully on "The Stars of Memory." The states which gave Memorial Acres were presented and Mrs. Wm. B. Burney, Honorary Vice-President General of South Carolina, expressed the appreciation of the school for this Memorial Drive. Next, the states which had contributed to the "Tamassee Manger" (new dairy barn) were presented and Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, Vice-President General of South Carolina, expressed the school's appreciation.

The Tamassee boys and girls then illustrated various D. A. R. activities repre-
sented at the school, first singing the Alma Mater and repeating "The Legend of Tamasee." Then several students exhibited historic relics of the foothills; the Scouts led the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and the President of the Junior American Citizens the "American's Creed"; the leader of Tamasee Society C. A. R. told of their organization; various students showed the products of the courses in Home Making and Conservation and a Tamasee graduate told how the State D. A. R. Student Loan Fund had enabled him to go to college. A touching scene was the final one which represented service, when the school nurse in full uniform came in with a smiling baby in her arms.

Adjourning to the campus, the guests paused while an inscription on a Memorial Light was read and then proceeded to the barn. There the cornerstone was laid and Mrs. Becker presented the "Tamasee Manager" to the school. It was accepted by Dee Carpenter, a Tamasee boy. Then the Memorial Acres were dedicated by Mrs. E. C. Doyle, Chairman of Buildings and Grounds at Tamasee. It was during this program that a Tamasee girl, Naomi, won the guests by her rendition of "Trees." With the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" and the repetition of the Mizpah, the dedications were concluded. Every one had felt very keenly the spiritual atmosphere that prevailed and admired the poise of the students.

Sunday, October 31st, was another day made to order—sunny and warm with lovely autumn coloring—when a large number of National and State Officers, National Chairmen, members and friends arrived at the Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School on Gunter Mountain in Alabama, where the mountain folk cordially welcomed them. Buildings were inspected with admiration and this inspection lasted until the hour arrived for the program in the new Florence Hague Becker Recreation Hall. The beauty and uniqueness of this building brought forth many exclamations of approval. So far as the architects know, it is the only one of its kind in the United States. It is built entirely of logs, over a thousand having gone into its construction and this is the first time that upright logs have been used in forming walls. The work was done by the mountain men and boys under the direction of Mr. Augusta Alred, who lives about six miles from the school. The Recreation Hall is sturdily built and should serve countless generations of students. The auditorium will seat about a thousand people and has a fine stage.
The President General and the Alabama State Regent were escorted to the platform by the Boy Scouts carrying flags. Mr. Battles gave the invocation, after which the American’s Creed was repeated. After a cordial welcome from Mr. Wilson Evans, Principal of Kate Duncan Smith School, and Mrs. Barnes, State Regent, there were songs by the Elementary Grades and the Glee Club. Mrs. Barnes then presented the various honor guests. Mrs. Becker, in her usual charming manner, gave a short and
inspiring talk following which the Elementary Grades sang “America, the Beautiful” and the audience marched to the front of the building where the dedication exercises took place. Miss Katharine Matthies, National Chairman of Approved Schools, presented the building on behalf of the National Society. Mrs. Barnes and Mr. Evans accepted it and Mrs. Becker dedicated it with appropriate words. After a song by the Glee Club, the Boy Scouts led the procession to Sheppard Tower.

This sixty-one foot high water tower, built of native stone and with a 5500-gallon capacity, was the gift of Mr. Harper D. Sheppard of Pennsylvania. Its benefits to the school are untold. Mrs. Sheppard presented the tower which was accepted by Mrs. Zebulon V. Judd, Vice-President General of Alabama, and a student. Mrs. Becker dedicated the Tower and Mrs. Joseph G. Forney, State Chair-
ONE December morning, when a light snow had powdered the cedars by the roadside and added a new difficulty to the muddy red clay and sand of the road, the stage coach from Annapolis drew up before the door of the old tavern on the Washington Road without its customary flourish. An axle had broken down, due to the strain, and the Washington coach was not due till four. The passengers alighted without enthusiasm—except for a pretty, blue-eyed lady, wearing a green velvet bonnet trimmed with bands of brown fur, whose maid followed respectfully, laden with gay covered boxes.

"Heavens, Susan, but I'm glad to be out of that coach!" the lady declared, thrusting her small hands in a huge muff. "I'm almost frozen and sleepy as a kitten. Between dancing every night in Annapolis and tea drinking every afternoon—and sleighing with the dawn, I'm dead, or nearly so, anyway! I'm asking the landlady to fix me a warm room to nap in till the coach has been repaired. I declare it looks like another snowstorm, so goodness knows when we'll get away."

"Yas'm," the maid answered tranquilly, "I gwine lay yo' things out, Miss Patty. Reckon some o' dem 'el need ironin' ef we stays awhile. Some o' dese yere country folks ain'tral smart, but deys' 'liged ter let me press out yo' clothes while we're waitin'. De kitchen gwine to be warm, too."

"Well, my bed had better be!" her mistress assured her firmly. "Umph! I never was so sleepy in all my life."

Patty was soon installed in a large bedroom with a blazing fire on the hearth, her boxes tucked under the tester bed and a small negro girl with pigtails avry, to thrust the huge brass warming pan between the sheets until a satisfactory temperature was attained. She dozed comfortably and only awakened when Susan arrived, freshly pressed garments over her arm.

"Sho' is lucky dat worthless coach got hyer when it did," the maid began, folding a beruffled petticoat. "Dey's a sight o' folks downstairs now, Miss Patty. Leandlord say all de place filled up."

"I thought the Washington coach didn't come till four," Patty murmured sleepily. "Be careful of those ruffles, Susan! I'll need that petticoat tonight."

"Dese yere folks ain' come on no Washin'ton coach," her maid declared impressively. "Dey's quality, Miss Patty. Deed, we des' orter let Old Miss sen' yir in huy kerrige, jes' lak she wanted 'stead o' you ridin' wid all kinds o' folks in dat coach. Some er dese yere gemmun rides der own horses and de coach is bigger 'n Marse Tawm's."
“Well, I’m certainly glad we came first,” Patty said, watching the fire. “Susan, did you tell the landlady I want roasted oysters for lunch?”

“Yas’im, I done tole her,” Susan dismissed the matter as of small importance. “You ain’ heerd all who’s done comed, Miss Patty. Marse Hugh’s hyear.”

“Susan!” Patty sat very erect under the flowered canopy and her blue eyes widened in astonishment. “Why didn’t you tell me?” she wailed suddenly. “Now what’ll I do?” She seemed very young in the great bed, less like the efficient young traveller, very much more like a dismayed little girl. “Susan, I’m going to stay right in this bed, until they’re gone away! You must bring my oysters up to me and I don’t want anyone to know I’m here.”

“Yas’im,” her maid agreed, calmly. “Marse Hugh look mighty fine all dressed up in dat uniform, Miss Patty, but he ain’ lookin’ so well. Got gre’t dark circles under dem eyes o’ his’n.”

“Well, he should have,” Patty declared indignantly, “and every other one of those miserable Continentals. I told him I never wanted to see him again and I meant it. My own Aunt Betty’s home in New York was confiscated, by the miserable creatures, and poor father’s been in England ever since the War.”

“You’ gran’pa and gran’ma mighty happy dat you stayed on wid dem,” her maid told her gently, “an’ I suttinly is glad you didn’t carry me crost no ocean. I ain’ so fond er so much water, chile. Miss Patty, you jes’ better lemme curl yo hair. Some o’ dose orter gemman is mighty pretty.”

“Certainly, I’m going to have my hair curled,” Patty arose with dignity. “Just because those wretches are here is no reason why it shouldn’t be. Then you hurry and bring me something for dinner, before they eat up everything, for I’m starving. Bring me a nice tray. Now remember, Susan! Don’t talk to anyone.”

“Yas’im, Miss Patty,” Susan agreed, sadly. “I jes’ reckoned maybe you’d git lonesome.”

When the tray arrived, Patty was dressed in soft blue woolen, her hair curled as ravishingly as even Susan approved. Her small oval face was flushed to a becoming pink, but she had recovered her poise once more.

“Miss Patty,” said her maid persuasively, “de landlady say dar’s a lil room down at de eend o’ de hall. Ain’ nobuddy gwine be in dar, ‘cuz on old lady. She say de fiah’s warm an it right nice dar. You ain’ gwine min’ one ol’ lady is you, Miss Patty? She doan want no company needer.”

“No, I won’t mind her,” said Patty resignedly. “Put my tray in there, Susan. You’d better pack the bags.”

The little sitting-room, panelled in waxed pine, was cheerful despite the snow outside. A fire crackled merrily and a white haired woman in stiff black silk, who knitted from the depths of a tall wing chair, nodded courteously when Patty entered. She wore a great white mob cap with a black ribbon and her snowy kerchief was held in place with a pin enclosing strands of hair.

Patty seated herself before the steaming
oysters and smiled gently. Certainly no one could mind this comfortable and comely matron!

The older woman broke the silence, unwinding her worsted from the paws of a small kitten which played about her chair.

"It will snow again this afternoon, I fear," she said regretfully. "A pity, too, for the roads are already unpleasant. It's fortunate tho', isn't it, that we've so pleasant a place to stay the night? Your oysters look very tempting."

"And I'm so hungry that my grandmother would call me indelicate," Patty confessed laughing. "They are delicious. Won't you have some with me?"

"No thank you, my dear," the older woman declined graciously, "my husband is resting now, but when he awakens, he'll want me to dine with him. It is such a joy to me when we can be together. I have stayed behind the lines so long. I was thinking of your oysters, for one of the members of our family who hasn't been very well, so his appetite needs tempting. If he has a glass of sherry and oysters like those, I think he should feel better, I think."

"Oh!" Patty's voice was soft and sympathetic. "I've been visiting the Dulaney family in Annapolis and I think they fed me everything from the Chesapeake Bay that is good to eat. When I'm back at my grandmother's she'll be scandalized at my appetite. Perhaps, when your son leaves Annapolis, his will be recovered, too!"

"When I spoke of my family, I meant our official one," said the older woman, quickly. "One of my husband's young officers! He rode from Charleston to be with the General tomorrow, altho' he has been ill and I am afraid should not have come. I hope he'll find his appetite in Annapolis and his heart, too, poor child! We're all trying to make him forget an unhappy love affair. I wish he could see you, my dear, for I should think you would help any man to forget!" Her pleasant brown eyes smiled at the blue clad girl, at her young loveliness, the warm lights in her deep chestnut hair.

"I am sure he will find everything to his liking then," Patty drank her tea, leisurely. "It is very gay in winter, and the people seem to have every diversion. Are you visiting the Governor, Ma'am?"

Folding her knitting, the woman by the fireplace, spoke with a gentle pride. "I think he will attend the General," she said with dignity, "I am Mrs. Washington."

Patty felt the warm blood flood her face, but in spite of her Tory sympathies her manner was as respectful as her grandmother could have desired. She rose from the small table and curtseyed.

"I should have known," she said, quietly, her young head erect. "I am Martha Beau-champ, Ma'am. I think you know of my affiliations and—and my sympathies, and now—if you will excuse me—I will withdraw and see if my maid has finished my packing. We are hoping to leave for Washington soon."

Mrs. Washington inclined her head gravely, but the corners of her mouth twitched a little as she watched the hot-headed young Tory sweep from the room. Then she quietly resumed her knitting.

Patty's hope for an immediate departure proved ill-founded. A heavy snow was falling and the driver obdurately refused to promise a start before the morning. Patty was desolate.

"Ain' no use ter fret, Miss Patty," Susan attempted consolation. "Dem po' white folks ain' no kin er drivers. 'Deed, Jonas would be half way ter to'ad Ol' Marse's dis minute."

"Oh, Susan!" Patty wailed dismally, "there's nothing to do out here in the country. Whatever shall I do until tomorrow here?"

"De young gemmun gwine dance at dat gray house down de road," Susan offered. "Ef' you wuz ter lemme fin' you party clothes—?"

"No, Susan!" Patty's voice was firm. "Bring me my portmanteau! I'll write some letters."

Even a graciously worded little note from Mrs. Washington inviting her to dinner...
failed to move her. "Miss Beauchamp presents her compliments to Mrs. Washington," she wrote unwillingly, in spite of Susan’s shocked protests, "and expresses regrets, that a severe headache makes it impossible to accept Mrs. Washington’s gracious invitation to dine with her."

"And she is the loveliest child!" Mrs. Washington told the General as they regretfully sat down before the fire. "I should think she would like to meet some of the young officers. Do you suppose it is because no older white lady is with her?"

"I do not know, my dear," said the general, buttering his roll. "There was a Colonel Beauchamp in New York who was a very noted Tory. He went to England after the war, I believe. Captain Huger! Are you ill, sir?"

One of the young officers arose hurriedly from a nearby table, but he answered with his face averted. "The heat of the fire after the cold, sir!" he said thickly, "If I may be excused?"

Mrs. Washington glanced up quickly, all anxious sympathy. "General, send that boy to bed at once! He should never have come! Captain Huger, are you in pain?"

The young man attempted a smile. "Just a slight headache ma’am," he murmured, reassuringly, but the General was undeceived. "It must be a contagious malady," he said with gentle sarcasm. "Report to sick quarters, Captain Huger, if Dr. Peyton has established them. Good night, sir! Two similar illnesses are rare in one night! Remember now! No interference! They are young and will recover."

"Yes, I know, General Washington," his wife murmured, whimsically, "but if they shouldn’t want to?"

"That is their problem, Martha," he answered gravely. "We have enough worries of our own."

"I know," she said meekly, slipping a soft, plump hand into his own. "Will it be so hard when only I am left—after all the glory with which you have so long lived surrounded?"

He smiled kindly into her loyal eyes, but still she sighed a little. Even a Virginia plantation with all its pleasant acres could never atone for the resignation of his commission. The soldier was not yet submerged in the Virginia farming gentleman. She tried to think of the boy whose white strained face tugged at her heart and the proud, sweet girl upstairs.

Patty, wrapped in a warm cloak to brave the cold hall, stole toward the kitchen for a drink of water. Susan would be there, bragging of the grandeur of "Ol’ Marse’s" plantation to the tavern darkies. And Patty smiled indulgently. Susan was a loyal girl.

She stopped suddenly, drawing her cloak closer, for a familiar voice spoke in the hall below. "Well, by tomorrow night it will be all over, Andrew," he said. "Lord, I hate to see the General resign his commission! I wish we were all riding together again."

"Why don’t you see old Peyton and come out to that dance at Harwood’s with us?" the other voice urged. "I feel a little in the doldrums, too, but a few glasses of punch and I’ll be a new man. They say these Maryland girls are worth seeing too. What happened at dinner? Never saw you look like that since you got that bullet. Feel better now?"

"Yes, but I’ve orders for bed," Hugh answered him. "I’m well enough, ‘Drew. Good night old man! Look out for the punch and kiss the prettiest girl for me. See you in the morning."

"Always kiss the prettiest girl," the other laughed. "Sorry you can’t come old man! Good night!" There was a keen sweep of cold air as the door closed behind him, and Patty, standing on the landing, waited a little breathlessly for the other to depart.

Hugh stood for a moment undecided, a tall, slight, young officer, his face in the candlelight unnaturally stern. Patty’s heart skipped a beat. Hugh had never been
pale before. She remembered him deeply
tanned from the Carolina sunshine and—he
had nearly always smiled. For some
strange reason, she was wildly happy be-
cause he had not gone to the country dance.

Hugh straightened his shoulders res-
olutely and turned towards his door, when
Susan, still beaming from her triumphs,
came towards him holding her candle and
carrying her young mistress’ warming pan.

“Who are you?” Hugh’s voice was sud-
denly harsh. “Susan! Where is Miss
Patty? What are you doing here?”

“I jes’ carryin’ dis wahmin pan, suh,”
said Susan with a dignity worthy of her
young mistress. Then—with the ready
sympathy of her race, “Ain’ you be’n po’ly,
Marse Hugh? You wus hut in de wah an’
you ain’ right well, is you?”

“Where’s Miss Patty, Susan?” he asked,
 sternly. “She isn’t really ill, is she?”

“Naw, suh! She jes’ as peart as kin be,”
Susan murmured, hurriedly, “I’se gwine fix
her baid right now. I suttinly does hope
you gwine feel better soon, Marse Hugh.”

A natural curiosity lit her dark, pleasant
face. “You am’ merried yet, is you?”

“Susan!” Patty forgot her eavesdropping.
“Come here at once!” Then she shrank
back into the darkness dismayed.

“No, Miss Beauchamp,” for the first time
a mischievous smile flashed across Hugh’s
thin face, “I am still a single man.” Then
the laughter fled and he came eagerly to-
ward the staircase, his face glowing. “Won’t
you come down? I am here with General
Washington. He’s resigning his commis-
sion at Annapolis tomorrow. We’re all a
little depressed because of it, Patty!” he
fought a moment then controlled his voice.

“Won’t you come?”

“Hail to the chief who in triumph ad-
ances.” Patty quoted with a trace of bitter-
ness. Then, as he stepped down to
the door again, she called to him
softly with a trace of tears in her
voice. “Don’t go, Hugh. My father is still
in England and I am living with Grand-
father. Your general really did advance in
triumph didn’t he? But there isn’t any rea-
son to hate each other now, is there? And
you’ve been ill, my dear—hurt by one of my
people’s bullets! I’ve missed you, Hugh.”

“Patty!” Susan just stepped back in time
as he sprang for the stairs. “Oh, Patty
sweetheart! Please never have to miss me
again. Oh, it’s been—hell!” He held her
close to him, kissing her half hidden face,
her fragrant hair.

“Captain Huger, sir!” General Washing-
ton’s voice was cold and stern. “I ordered
you to report to Dr. Peyton. What does
this mean, sir?”

Patty lifted a radiant face and faced him
fearlessly in the candlelight, still clinging
to the young captain’s hand.

“I don’t know Dr. Peyton, General Wash-
ington,” she said in her lovely, joyous,
young voice, “but would you mind very
much if we had the chaplain instead?”

The Senate Chamber in Annapolis was
crowded the next day and when the fare-
well address of the beloved commander
was pronounced there were few dry eyes.
Even his calm voice broke when he bade
good-bye to those who had faithfully fol-
lowed him. Patty saw his fine blue eyes
through a mist.

“We’ll always love him, won’t we, Hugh,
dearest?” she whispered softly. “He under-
stands everyone, I think.” Then she knew
with a little pang that was not quite
jealousy, that he had not heard her. His
eyes, full of a loyal sorrow, were on his
general’s face, his face set and stern.

Patty felt a strange loneliness. Here was
a part of his life and devotion which she
could never share! She raised her face and
looked into the calm brown eyes of the gen-
eral’s wife. Very gravely, but with
sympathy and understanding, Mar-
tha Washington smiled.
Important Announcement

THE Editor takes pride and pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Arthur H. Vandenberg, the wife of the distinguished Senator from Michigan, will write a series of articles on current events in Washington for this magazine.

Mrs. Vandenberg is one of the most popular women in the official circles in Washington, and the causes of her popularity are plain. She is sprightly and stylish and her mind is as modern as her clothes. But kindliness is also one of her dominant characteristics; good sense and good breeding form the basis for everything she is and does. She is much more, or rather much besides, an outstanding social figure; she is a gracious gentlewoman.

As Hazel Whitaker, Mrs. Vandenberg was connected with the Chicago Tribune, in a variety of important capacities, for six years. Later she was associated with the J. L. Hudson Company, which has been so successful in presenting advertising primarily from the news angle. Her intensive career as a journalist was interrupted by her marriage, though she has continued to contribute to several periodicals in her own State. Now, for the first time, she has consented to undertake a series for a national magazine.

If you are not already a subscriber, send in your subscription at once so that you will not miss a single section of the stirring panorama which will be unrolled for you as the official season progresses. And watch for “Your Capital City—And Mine!” by Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg beginning in the January issue.
REAR ADMIRAL DAVID FOOTE SELLERS, SUPERINTENDENT UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, WITH MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER, PRESIDENT GENERAL N. S., D. A. R., IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY OF FLAG PRESENTATION. THE NATIONAL ENSIGN IS CARRIED BY W. W. LEONARD OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. THE IOWA FLAG IS CARRIED BY G. COLLISAN
Navy Day Celebration at Annapolis

ON Navy Day the Daughters of the American Revolution presented a complete set of State and Territorial flags to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. This ceremony marked a high point in the administration of Mrs. William A. Becker, President General of the National Society.

The Daughters of the American Revolution in each of the states and territories generously subscribed funds for the purchase of the flags, which were made in uniform size, of heavy silk, and mounted on varnished flag staffs surmounted by spearheads of polished brass.

Most of the state regents were present for the ceremonies, which took place in Dahlgren Hall, in the presence of officers and midshipmen of the Naval Academy and high officials of the N. S. D. A. R. It followed a luncheon at which Mrs. Becker and the members of the National Board were guests of Admiral and Mrs. Sellers at the Superintendent’s house.

In presenting the flags, Mrs. Becker said:

“These flags stand for unity through freedom and diversity and for loyalty to a great central plan.

“They are your emblems. Each flag represents the state of some midshipman here today, and you, too, through your training here, stand for unity and strength for the nation.

“It is said that youth needs a goal and an inspiration to service; that with faith in leadership, they will follow through to untold heights—or depths.

“As these flags signify the growth of the nation and leadership consolidated into strength, so may you develop such leadership and well repay the gifts you have received.

“Never has the world been in such need of trained and earnest leadership. The youth of Europe, as it has been my great privilege to see with my own eyes this summer, are being trained and disciplined for implicit obedience, not for initiative and freedom.

“Discipline is even more necessary for the preservation of freedom than it is for the cog in a wheel.

“These states that have nurtured you and the United States which has chosen you, depend upon your interpretation of your country’s spirit in every act of your lives.

“Particularly at this serious time in world affairs is the spirit you imbibe of the utmost importance to the entire world.

“May these flags remind you of progress in freedom and may you ever be its guardians.”

The ceremonies were intensely moving. The deep emotion experienced by everyone found expression in a beautiful sonnet which was later written by Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent for South Carolina, which appears on page 1107.

[1105]
GROUPING OF STATE FLAGS AFTER PRESENTATION. EACH FLAG IS CARRIED BY A MIDSHIPMAN FROM THE STATE TO WHICH THE FLAG BELONGS, THE NATIONAL ENSIGN BEING CARRIED BY A MIDSHIPMAN FROM THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA FORMATION IN DAHLGREN HALL, WHERE FLAGS WILL BE PERMANENTLY DISPLAYED, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE CEREMONIES OF PRESENTATION

Hayman Studio, Anna
A BANNER NEEDS A BREEZE!

Grace C. Marshall

A banner needs a breeze to lift its folds
And send it rippling forth to stir our hearts;
A breeze that knows not fitful gusts and starts
But, ever, blows full steady as its holds
A promise kept, a destiny it molds
For this fair land whose ways are set apart.
Without a breeze to buoy, it droops, limp-furled.
A dream undreamed, a tale untold the world.

* * *

Our daily lives are all the breeze there be
To lift our flag—to point its pennons true—
Our steady faith, our virtues, all our dreams
Are but the strength that sets its ripples free:
If we blow true, its red, its white, its blue,
In stars and stripes displayed, with vigor gleam!
QUERIES

16034. BELL-WILLIAMS.—Wanted ances. of John Bell who was b. in 1750 in Halifax Co., N. C., died Dec. 20, 1820 in Robertson Co., Tenn., having moved from Halifax Co., N. C. to Robertson Co., Tenn. in 1804. His father was William Bell & his children were as follows: Jess who mar. Martha Gunn; John Jr. who died in 1861 (mar. Elizabeth Gunn); Drewry never married; Joel who lived in Robertson Co. all life; Esther who was b. May 17, 1800, died May 26, 1859, married Alexander Bennett Porter July 14, 1817; Elizabeth b. in 1805, mar. Richard Powell; Richard Williams b. 1811, died Oct. 24, 1857, mar. 1st Sallie Gunn, 2d Susan Gunn, 3d Eliza Orndorff (oldest son, James Allen mar. Eugenia Chambers & lived in Ky.); Zadok, a lawyer who lived in Alabama; Benjamin who died young. Wanted also ances. of Lucy Williams, wife of John Bell (mar. in 1782) born in Edgecomb Co., N. C., date unknown, died bet. 1828 & 1835 in Robertson Co., Tenn. Father was John Williams of Edgecomb Co., N. C.


16036. LAMBERT. — Wanted ances. of Jonathan Lambert who lived in Harrison Co., W. Va. & died abt. 1803. Who were his parents & who his wife? He had a son named Josias who was born in Berkeley Co., Va. in 1772.

(a) BODINE.—Wanted ances. of Francis Bodine who was b. in N. Y. State July 5, 1764, d. in Montgomery Co. May 21, 1849, wife Hannah, b. N. Y. State Nov. 13, 1770, d. Montgomery Co. Oct. 10, 1838. Children: Elisha, David, William, Stephen, Mary Ann, James, Charlotte, Susan, Marcus and Selah. Francis Bodine raised a family of twelve children in Orange Co., N. Y., 25 miles from Newberg, then a town, now a city on the Hudson River. Abt. 1819 Francis Bodine moved his entire family to Hamilton Co. Ohio, 12 miles east of Cincinnati near Montgomery, where they lived the rest of their lives.—Mrs. C. L. Lambert, 749 E. Drive, Woodruff Pl., Indianapolis, Ind.


(a) QUINN.—Wanted dates & ances. of Christopher Quinn & Emily Johnson, parents of Martha Alice Quinn (b. 1840) of Painesville, Ohio, wife of Capt. John Manning Kelly (1838-1862).—Alice James, P. O. Box 85, University, Miss.


(b) FRANs.—Joseph Francis b. 1742, I am referred to History of Bedford & Somerset Counties, Pa., Vol. 3, p. 172, but have been unable to obtain copy of this book.—Mrs. Pearl H. Ruschaup, 919 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

16040. CHAPMAN. — Wanted ances. & all infor. possible of Edwin or Edmund Wilson Chapman, whose mother's maiden name was Mary Ann Dodson. He was born in Amelia, Va., 1787, mar. Mary Wood in 1806, & had the following children: Wilson who mar. Alvira Wood; Lemuel m. Martha Caneeler; Nancy m. John Waycaser; Willifred m. Louisa Jones; Martha m. John Thompson; Willie m. Louannah Stockton; Madison m. Harriet Stag; Mary Ann m. James Farmer; Coalman m. Annie Ferguson; John m. Mary Ann Morrison; Maden m. Eliza Tripplett; Jane m. Henry R. Brown; Cynthia m. Hugh H. Morrison. (a) Wood.—Wanted ances. & all infor. possible of —— Wood & also his wife whose maiden name was Maden Lee. They had the following children: James who settled in Mo.; John who settled in Ky.; Coalman who settled in Ga.; Mary who mar. Edwin or Edmund Wilson Chapman in 1806; five daughters who married & lived in S. C., and who lived in Tenn.—Mrs. Frances Morrison, Hannibal, Mo.
married Elizabeth ———, about 1768. Were living in Frederick Co., Md. in 1776. Elizabeth was killed about 1785 and by 1790 Joseph had married Margaret Taylor and was living in Va. Children of the first marriage included Elizabeth born 1770, who married William Lewis, and Hester who married Abraham Lewis, doubtless in the vicinity of Orange Co. These Lewis’ were brothers and had sons, Washington and Fielding. Of the second wife’s children, Margaret, born 1790, married John Henry Wayman and removed to Coone County, Ind., as did her brother Abraham who married Phebe Taylor in 1818 in Botetourt Co., Va., whence the family had moved 1800-1804. Want parentage of and all possible infor. concerning Joseph; Elizabeth ———; Margaret Taylor; John Henry Wayman; and the Lewis brothers. Tradition says Joseph was orphaned young and reared by ——— Wayman, related. Would like data concerning this Wayman.

(c) CASTO.—Catherine Casto, b. Dec. 19, 1758, in Cumberland or Old Gloucester Co., N. J., married about 1783, Jonathan Harris, born Sept. 22, 1763, in Cumberland Co., N. J. Would like date and place of their marriage and the ancestry of Catherine Casto.

(d) INGERSOLL.—Elinor Ingersoll, b. Oct. 15, 1772 or 3, Egg Harbor, N. J., and married about 1795, Joel Harris, Cumberland Co., N. J. Elinor was a daughter of Benjamin Ingersoll and had a brother John born 1770, who went to Ohio; Daniel who remained in Egg Harbor; Benjamin, Jr.; and sisters, Jane, Judith and Rebecca. Would like Bible records or some authentic proof, as to what Benjamin Ingersoll family she belonged and proof of Rev. service. Elinor died in Ohio, 1821. Would also like date, place of marriage of Joel Harris and Elinor Ingersoll.

(e) SAYRE.—Damaris Sayre, b. Nov. 11, 1761, probably Cumberland Co., N. J., married Hosea Carton of Cumberland Co., N. J., about 1781-2. Would like ancestry of Demaris Sayre, exact date and place of marriage, and all available infor. concerning her.—Mrs. Lura M. Dickson, Montezuma, Iowa.

16042. PEARSON - PARSON - PERSON.—Would like to get in touch with a descendant of Philip Pearson (Bearsen) Northampton Co., Pa., who was born in Bucks Co. His father William Henry Bearson (Pearson) at the age of 22 years came to the United States. Three brothers by the name of Bearson came to the United States, one settled in Springtown, Pa., one in Sancon Township, Northampton Co., and one William Henry in Bucks Co., and his son Philip went to Northampton Co. William Person (son of Isaac) born Mar. 11, 1812, and died May 27, 1886. Married Mary Lerch & his son removed to Nebraska in 1873. Have been told that there is a Family Association in Northampton Co., and Bucks Co., but have not been able to get the address.—Miss Olivia Person, 130 So. Nphon St., West Point, Nebraska.

16043. IMLAY.—Wanted name of wife of William Imlay, Monmouth Co., N. J., and his Rev. service. In his will dated April 3, 1788, he mentions sons,—John, Isaac, William and Edward. Daughters—Alenor, wife of James Robins; Lucy, wife of William Taylor. The sons William & Edward are named Executors. Will is witnessed by Charles Hay, Benjamin Rogers, and Robert Lawrence. Will was sworn to and probated at Monmouth, N. J., July 2, 1791—Mrs. P. B. Zink, 335 West Walnut Street, Hillsboro, Ohio.

16044. DEHAVEN.—Wanted parentage of Eleanor DeHaven, born 6-19-1734 and died 8-12-1822. She married Joseph Penrose in 1768 and settled in Quakerstown, Bucks Co., Pa. & became a member of Richland Monthly Meeting 9-16-1773.

(a) MOORE.—Wanted record of service and name of Rev. ancestor of Francis Moore born 10-21-1771, and died 8-12-1824. She married Rev. William Woods, pastor of Bethel Presbyterian Church, near Pittsburgh, Pa., 1797-1831.—Miss Nellie Woods, 409 Alexander St., Greensburg, Pa. 16045. TOTTON - MYERS - HUBBARD - WHITEMAN.—Wanted family data on all four names. Data supposed to be in Western New York and Mass.—Mrs. W. F. Hearne, Gray, Jones County, Ga.

16046. PACK.—Wanted ancestry of William Pack, private, war of the Rev. Maryland militia; born in Frederick Co., Md., married Phoebe O'Neal, daughter of John O'Neal & wife Margaret of Maryland. Ancestry of this John & Margaret O'Neal wanted. They had the following children:
Peter, Margaret, Phebe, Barton, Joseph, Janet & Mary. Would like to correspond with descendants of this William Pack & his wife, Phoebe O’Neal, also descendants of the John & Margaret O’Neal family.—Mrs. W. E. Klopp, 2206 Tytus Ave., Middletown, Ohio.

16047. ISBORN.—Wanted parentage of Maria Isborn who married William Rodman (son of Richard & Hannah Mullenix Rodman) born 1-30-1785. William & Maria had son Wm. Lord Rodman, born 10-26-1814. Is there connection between Rodman and Lord families?

(a) ROBINSON.—Wanted parentage of Ruth Robinson, who married Samuel Ashmead, Jr. in Old Swedes Church (now Holy Trinity), Wilmington, Delaware, Oct. 9, 1755. Samuel Ashmead, born 6-5-1731, Germantown, Pa., son of Judge Samuel Ashmead & Esther Morgan, widow of Davis Morgan.—Mrs. Louis P. Cashman, 3208 Drummond St., Vicksburg, Miss.

16048. CREAGER. — Wanted parentage with Rev. record of father of Henry Creager, born 1795 Maryland; married April 17, 1817, Sarah Boward, born Oct. 8, 1798. Henry Creager served in the War of 1812, Maryland militia, Washington Co., Md.

(a) CALDWELL.—Wanted name of wife and Rev. record of —— Caldwell, parents of William Caldwell, born in Cumberland Co. between 1780-1790, married Susanna Curfman 181- daughter of Adam Curfman, Frederick Co., Md.

(b) VERNON.—Wanted parentage of Jacob Vernon, also of his wife Sarah. Their daughter Elizabeth, born Jan. 31, 1776, married Josiah Richards. Was he the Jacob Vernon that served as lieutenant of 5th company, Thornbury Twp., Chester Co., Pa. 1780?

(c) RICHARDS.—Wanted parentage & Rev. record of Johnathan Richards & also his wife Hannah. Their son Josiah born Jan. 21, 1772 married Elizabeth Vernon, born Jan. 31, 1776. Their children were: Sarah, born Sept. 27, 1798, married John Cage; Hannah & Johnathan, twins, born Aug. 22, 1800; Mary, born Mar. 18, 1802; Jacob Vernon, born Oct. 14, 1803; John Fuller, born Nov. 15, 1805; Pearce F. & Samuel F., twins, born Jan. 20, 1809; Elizabeth, born July 15, 1815; Sabina Ann, born May 30, 1819, died June 1, 1856, married William Allen. I would like to correspond with the descendants of the above.—Mrs. Wm. L. Ledgerwood, R. R. No. 2, Warren, Ohio.

(h) LOOPER.—Wanted data on Samuel Looper, b. in England & came with brothers, Soloman, Daniel & Jeremiah to Culpeper Co., Va. Moved to Pickens Co., S. C., where his three brothers are buried. Samuel Looper m. Miss Mansell in S. C. & they moved to Dawson Co., Ga. Had two sons.


(j) STARRITT.—Wanted parentage of James Starritt who was b. Cecil Co., Md., 1751, moved to Franklin Co., Ga., & then to Habersham County, Ga., m. Nancy or Agnes Cooper, was Rev. Sol. Died at his home near Clarkesville, Ga. Buried there at Bethlehem Cemetery. Died abt. 1849.

(k) COOPER.—Wanted data on Nancy or Agnes Cooper who m. James Starritt, lived at Clarkesville, Ga. Buried at Bethlehem Cemetery near Clarkesville. Had eight children.


Mar. 24, 1844, Loudoun County, Va., Charles B. Atwell of Loudoun County, Va. declares that he was born in Prince William County, Va. now in his 79 year and his father (no name given) was a half brother of Lieut. Robert Young and Judith Tebbs whom he married, was a cousin of deponent’s father, etc.

March 14, 1844, Mason County, Ky. Margaret Cooke now in her 56th year, states that her father, Robert Young, died and she has lived with her Mother ever since, etc.

Oct. 23, 1843 Margaret Cooke and Mary J. Cooke sign as witnesses in the case later they are referred to as Mary J. Cooke, daughter of Margaret Cooke.

No further family data on file.
BIBLE RECORDS

HATLER

The following records were taken from Philip Hatler's Bible, now in the possession of Wiley W. Williams, of Joplin, Mo., a great-great grandson.

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Philip Hatler was born June 7th, 1765.
Hanah Hatler was born Jan. 17th, 1765.
Philip and Hanah Hatler were joined in marriage July 15, 1786.
Faney Hatler was born June 14th 1758 and was married the 25th of Jan. 1808.
Jane Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, was born on May the 5th, 1787.
Barbary Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, was born Apr. the 5th, 1789.
Mary Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatley, was born Feb. the 9th, 1791.
Isabil Hatler was born Jan. the 29th, 1793, the daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler.
Caty Hatler, the daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, was born on June 14, 1795.

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Nancy Hatler, the daughter of Alsa and Rebeca Dean, was born Feb. 15, 1804, and James Hatler and Nancy Dean were joined in marriage Jan. 30, 1823, by Mr. Clayton, Allen County, Ky.
Paty Stuart, daughter of David and Isabel Stuart, was born Dec. 24, 1812.
Spicy Stuart, the daughter of David and Isbel Stuart, was born Oct. 10th, 1814.

James Hatler's Family

Rebeca Hatler was born Sept. 20th, 1823, and departed this life July 14th, 1835, aged 11 years, 9 months, and 24 days.
Granville Hatler was born Sept. 14, 1825.
Gilbert Hatler was born Jan. 20th, 1828.
Lucinda Hatler was born April 14th, 1830.
Francis Marion Hatler was born Feb. 28, 1833.
These are the sons and daughters of James and Nancy Hatler and born in Kentucky.

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Hanah Hatler, the wife of Philip Hatler died August the 21, 1807.
James Hatler, the son of Philip and Hanah Hatler, departed this life Sept. 4, 1835, aged 35 years, 4 months, 24 days, Sangamon county, Illinois.
Nancy Hatler, the wife of James Hatler, departed this life July 9, 1835, aged 31 years, 4 months, 24 days, Sangamon county, Ill.
Jane Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, died March 5, 1788.
Nancy Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, died Nov. 21, 1812.
Isbel Hatler, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, died Dec. 1, 1816.
Caty Harris, daughter of Philip and Hanah Hatler, died Oct. 20th, 1827.
Fanny Hatler, wife of Philip, died June 15th, 1833.

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Sintha Malinda Walker the 5 of A. J. and Phoebe was born Oct. 1806 and was joined in marriage with John Michael Hatler the 15th of June, 1826, Allen City, Kentucky.

Births

Green W. Hatler was born April 20th 1827.
Sally and Nancy Hatler were born March 8, 1828.
—— N. Hatler was born Dec. 1st, 1829.
Tirecy Hatler was born Feb. 19, 1831.
Susan Hatler was born Nov. 6, 1832.
Philip Andrew Hatler was born on.
Lucena Hatler was born on Dec. 17th, 1835.
Hiram Samuel Hatler was born July 11th, 1837.
John Jasper Hatler was born May 24th, 1839.
Sarah Finley, daughter of Howard and Nancy Finley, was born Nov. 17, 1828, and was joined in marriage with Granville Hatler on Oct. 22, 1846, by Geo. D. Samms.
Deaths in John M. Hatler's Family

Sally Hatler died July 26, 1828, aged 4 mo., 18 days. Ky.
Tirecy Hatler died Nov. 1, 1831, aged 9 mo., 12 days. Illinois.
Nancy H. Hatler died Dec. 8, 1837, aged 8 years, 7 days.
Hiram S. Hatler died Feb. 25th, 1838, aged 7 mo., 14 days.
John M. Hatler deceased this life April 28, 1842, aged 37 years, 9 mo., and 20 days.
Philip Hatler deceased this life Jan. 25, 1846, aged 80 years and 8 days.

Births
James Howard Hatler, son of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Jan. 17, 1848.
Louis Jasper Hatler, son of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Sept. 11, 1849.
Additional information in the possession of Mrs. C. V. Jones, Newberg, Oregon, great-grand-daughter of Philip Hatler:
Nancy Jane Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Oct. 22, 1851.
John Henry Hatler, son of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Jan. 22, 1854.
Marietta Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Aug. 3, 1856.
Rosa May Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born March 29, 1859.
Emma Isabell Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Sept. 22, 1861.
Flora Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Oct. 5, 1863; died 1864.
Effie Blanche Hatler, dau. of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born Oct. 24, 1866.
Rufus Carroll Hatler, son of Granville and Sarah Hatler, was born March 15, 1873; died Nov. 6, 1889.
Bertha Hatler was born Jan. 11, 1875.

Marriages
James H. Hatler m. Salome Bomhoff Nov. 16, 1871.
Lewis J. Hatler m. Florence Keys in Nov. 1881.
Nancy Jane Hatler m. Silvan Williams Oct. 10, 1872.
John Henry m. Nellie Franklin.
Marietta Hatler m. Sanford Williams Dec. 6, 1876.
Rosa May m. Elliott Herndon.
Effie Hatler m. Lee Shoup April 11, 1906.
Bertha Hatler m. William Kincaid.

Deaths
Sarah Finley Hatler d. March 25, 1911.
Lewis J. Hatler d. March 1925.
Delilah, dau. of Howard and Nancy Finley, b. Jan. 6, 1831, m. Gilbert Hatler July 27, 1848.

HATLER
Date of publication: 1871.
Place of publication: Cincinnati, Ohio.
Publishers: Hitchcock and Walden.
Owner: Mrs. C. V. Jones, Newberg, Oregon.

Marriages
Gilbert Hatler and Delilah Finley were married July 27, 1848.
Edward G. Williams and Sarah J. Hatler were married Dec. 25, 1878.
Joseph Delay and Josie Hatler were married Dec. 20, 1882.
Albert Hatler and Lizzie Patterson were married Feb. 12, 1890.
Jesse D. Patterson and Daisy O. Hatler were married Feb. 7, 1889.
E. S. Windell and Emma Hatler were married Sept. 30, 1896.
Albert Hatler and Ella Adams were married Feb. 14, 1900.

Births
Gilbert Hatler was born Jan. 20, 1828.
Delilah Finley was born Jan. 6, 1831.
Children:
John Francis Hatler was born March 22, 1850
James William Hatler was born May 10, 1853.
George Washington Hatler was born August 17, 1855.
Sarah Jane Hatler was born October 2, 1857.
Aramitie Josephine was born December 2, 1859.
Nancy Emeline Hatler was born June 19, 1862.
Thomas Edward was born September 2, 1865.
Albert Hatler was born May 20, 1868.
Daisy Olivia Hatler was born September 22, 1872.

Deaths
John F. Hatler died March 23, 1853.
George W. Hatler died Nov. 12, 1864.
Thomas E. Hatler died Oct. 23, 1867.
James William Hatler died Nov. 19, 1869.
Gilbert Hatler died April 13, 1872.
Delilah Hatler died December 22, 1889.
Lizzie Hatler died January 23, 1894.
Josephine Delay died March 21, 1900.
Sarah J. Williams died November 22, 1930.
PUBLIC interest in the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States has caused many inquiries regarding the descendants of these men.

Among these we have Robert Morris, born 1734, died 1806, who married Mary White of Philadelphia on March 2, 1769. His children were Robert, Maria, Henry, Thomas, William, Hester and Charles. Eighteen members of our Society have joined through his service.

Nathaniel Gorham, born 1738, married Rebecca Call. His children were Nathaniel, Rebecca, Mary, Ann, John, Benjamin, Stephen, Lydia and Elizabeth. Sixteen members have joined through his service.

Jonathan Dayton of Elizabeth City, New Jersey, born 1760, died 1824, married Susan Williamson. Their children were Susan, Molly, Hannah, Elias who died unmarried. Only three have joined under his service.

Richard Dobbs Spaight of New Berne, North Carolina, born 1760, died 1802, married Mary Leach. Records show that Washington visited North Carolina at the invitation of Spaight in the hope of influencing that state in favor of the Constitution and as a result it was ratified. Children: William who died young, Richard Dobbs who died unmarried, Charles Biddle, unmarried, Margaret Elizabeth married Judge J. R. O'Donnell. Only one has joined under his service.

Only one has joined under Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

Delaware, the first state to ratify the Constitution, was represented by Jacob Broome, 1752-1810, married Rachel Pierce. They had eight children, yet only one member is honored through his service.

It is not an exaggeration to state that hundreds of women are eligible for membership through the services of these framers of our Constitution, all of whom also served in some capacity during the Revolution and meet the eligibility requirements of our Society.

You will honor yourselves and your descendants by placing your lineage claims among those of over 300,000 women whose records are permanently filed with the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Genealogical Extension Service was established to give assistance in any such research as may be desired. Address all communications to this department, Memorial Continental Hall.

Among the members of our Society the following have been accepted through the service of:

ROBERT MORRIS, through son Henry
Mrs. Mary Morris Patterson, deceased
Mrs. Mary F. Starr, 105 E. Market Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Miss Henrietta Dyer Starr, 2706 Woodley Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

son, Robert, Jr.
Mrs. Grace Morris Poe, 1517 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland
Mrs. Mary de Vore Deardorff, Hale, Carroll County, Missouri
Mrs. Hattie de Vore Patten, Callao, Missouri
Mrs. Lena D. Wilmot, Hale, Missouri
Mrs. Anna B. de Vore Street, 1708 A Street, Pullman, Washington

son, Thomas
NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Mrs. Clarissa Kellogg Snyder, 
708 Grand Avenue, 
Ames, Iowa

Mrs. Clarissa Porter Upp, 
206 Oakwood Avenue, 
Ottumwa, Iowa

Miss Marie E. Porter, 
1301 Castle Street, 
Ottumwa, Iowa

Mrs. Imogene Porter Lofland, 
1301 Castle Street, 
Ottumwa, Iowa

son, Charles

Mrs. Leila Kewley Beck, 
318 Commercial, 
Lyons, Kansas

Miss Sadie Cook Peaco, 
435 8th Avenue South, 
Clinton, Iowa

daughter, Maria

Mrs. Ellen Waln Harrison, deceased

Mrs. Rebecca McMurtries Shepherd, deceased
daughter, Heather

Mrs. Susan Ambler, deceased

Mrs. Louise Marshall Truitt, 
609 South Newport Avenue, 
Tampa, Florida

Mrs. Cary Marshall Lee, 
1417 East 1st, South, 
Salt Lake City, Utah

NATHANIEL GORHAM, through son Seth

Mrs. Alice Jessica Bessey, deceased

through son, Nathaniel

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Tassie, deceased

through daughter, Rebecca

Mrs. Mary Macmillan, 
207 A Street, N. E., 
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, 
1314 12th Street, 
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Augusta Hurd Wheeler, 
72 Marlborough Street, 
Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Julia Theckla Macmillan, 
207 A Street, N. E., 
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Helen Parks Graves, deceased

through daughter, Ann

Miss Eugenia Brooks Frothingham, 
Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Charlotte Everett Hopkins, deceased

through daughter, Lydia

Miss Lydia Phillips Stevens, deceased

Mrs. Mary Phillips Putney Wood, 
Post Road, 
Norton, Connecticut

Mrs. Ellen Clement Putney Lane, 
55 Cliff Street, 
Burlington, Vermont

Miss Lydia Cabot Stevens, 
39 Charles Street, 
Boston, Massachusetts

through daughter, Mary

Mrs. Bertha Ellen Bartlett Krugh, deceased

Mrs. Catherine Bartlett Newhall, deceased

Mrs. Laura Bartlett Plimpton, 
611 First Street, 
Glenwood, Iowa

JONATHAN DAYTON, through daughter, Susan

Miss Susan Dayton Biddle, deceased

Miss Susan Dayton Williams, deceased
daughter, Mary

Mrs. Alice Wheelwright Wallace, 
143 State Street, 
Albany, New York

RICHARD DOBBS SPAIGHT, through daughter, 
Margaret Elizabeth

Mrs. Margaret Donnell Shephard Nelson, deceased

JACOB BROOME, through son, James

Mrs. Marietta R. Broome Buckeridge, 
433 South Main Street, Apt. 10, 
Wichita, Kansas

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, through 
son, Cotesworth

Mrs. Mary Martha Pinckney Williams, 
822 North Irving Street, 
Clarendon, Virginia

Mrs. Molly Williams Emerson, 
822 North Irving Street, 
Clarendon, Virginia

through son, William

Miss Julia Lynch Pinckney, 
Bluffton, South Carolina

Working Plan of Department

The change of rates for information 
through this department is explained in 
is this issue of the MAGAZINE by the Chairman 
of the Committee, Dr. Jean Stephenson.

Many clients have offered to pay for 
for further research and some have forwarded 
additional amounts when our reports 
showed extra time given to the problem, 
although no request for further payment 
was made.

In our reports all available sources are 
examined that can be covered within the 
time allotted by the fees. When we find 
that further research here does not promise 
satisfactory results we so advise the client 
for we do not wish to encourage unneces-

In the future we will adhere strictly to 
the hours allotted to each problem. All fees 
must be paid in advance and all orders 
must state the information desired and must 
include data to serve as a working basis.

Orders that were filed before November 
were accepted at the former rate, and re-
ports will be made as soon as necessary 
research can be completed.
Often the problems submitted to us contain such limited information as a working basis that the solution seems almost impossible. As an illustration we give our report on such a problem which reveals that genealogical stories often have a happy ending.

A client gave us an outline of her family back to a Henry Boggess. His second wife was named Catherine. The client did not know the name of the first wife through whom she was descended. She believed that this Henry Boggess was about twelve years old when Washington returned from the Revolutionary War, for, riding behind his mother in Fairfax County, Virginia, he had watched that return. The first definite record of him was his living in Marion County, West Virginia.

The name John Lindsay had been given as a Christian name for five generations in her family so she felt that a Lindsay must be connected in some way. Her mother had seemed very proud of connection with a Dragoo relative who had been carried away by the Indians, or someone by that name had been captured but the connection was not known. With this meager information the following interesting sketch was reported.

We have examined the following references to the surname Boggess and the name, Robert Lindsey: Swem's Historical Index of Virginia—covering Virginia Magazine and William and Mary Quarterly, etc.; Ancestor Catalog for the surname Boggess also Lindsay (Lindsey); Abstracts of Wills and Inventories, Fairfax County, Virginia (1742-1801); Fairfax County, Va., Industrial and Historical Sketch; "The Lindsays of America," by Margaret I. Lindsay (1889); "The Jolliffe, Neill and Janney Families of Virginia," by Wm. Jolliffe (includes information regarding Dragoo family); Records of Births, Deaths, and Wills—Monongalia and Marion Counties, West Virginia (births were all too late to help in this problem);

Indexed references to the surname Boggess as found in the D. A. R. Card Catalog; Burgess "Virginia Soldiers of 1776"; Brumbaugh's "Revolutionary Records—Virginia"; McAllister's "Virginia Militia in the Revolution";

Also 8th and 9th Annual Report Virginia State Library on Revolutionary soldiers.

We report: in "The Lindsays of America" by Margaret I. Lindsay (1889) beginning on page 114, Chapter XV, "Mary Ann Lindsay, only daughter of Robert and Susanna Lindsay of 'The Mount' . . . having been born, according to her family Bible, the 9th of October, 1747. . . . Her marriage took place from 'The Mount,' her father's home, at an early age, to a planter in her native county, Mr. Henry Boggess, a respected citizen of the vicinity, who was born, according to her Bible, May 7, 1736. His ancestors, I am told, were either from Spain, Portugal, or Italy and the original spelling of the name Boggio, or perhaps Boggessa. . . . She and her husband made their home near her father's home which he bequeathed to her at his death; here her children were all born and raised. She died at an old age . . . April 27-28, 1822, and was interred with all due solemnity and honor in the family burying ground at 'The Mount.' . . . Ten children were born to her and her husband:

1. Robert Boggess, born November 8, 1765; he married Miss Nancy Dickey of Virginia, by whom he had eleven children—names not known;

2. Vincent Boggess, b. April 28, 1768, married Miss Margaret Scott, had six children;

3. LINDSAY Boggess, b. September 20, 1770, married Miss Milly Janes August 12, 1792, died February 7, 1848. He had nine children, the first four of whom were born in Fairfax County. In 1801 he moved from Fairfax with his family and settled west of the mountains in Monongalia Co., now West Virginia, about six or seven miles from the Pennsylvania line; here he remained until 1810, when he moved 18 miles up the river, in the upper edge of the county, and selecting a 200 acre tract of woodlands, in course of time, made him-
self a beautiful farm, whereon he ended his days, his aged partner having passed away from earth some ten months before him. . . . Henry Boggess, their eldest son, born in Fairfax County, Nov. 24, 1793, married twice, and had thirteen children. First wife was Nancy Dragoo of West Virginia; his second, Catherine Pitzer of Maryland. . . . He is still living. . . . He and his aged wife reside with their youngest daughter, Mary Catherine, now Mrs. M. N. Clayton of Riesville, Marion County, West Virginia. He is now in his 95th year. Their children are: 1. John Lindsay Boggess (deceased); 2. Elvira Ann Boggess (deceased); 3. Hezekiah Hanson Boggess; 4. Henry Milton Boggess (deceased); 5. Felix Riley Boggess, minister, Knoxville, Knox Co., Illinois; two sons also ministers; 6. Harriet Janes Boggess, Mrs. Cunningham; 7. Thomas Price Bogess; 8. Elizabeth Jane Boggess (deceased); 9. Milly Maria Boggess (deceased); 10. Anthony Colman Boggess; 11. Martha Nancy Boggess (deceased); 12. Flether Henry Boggess; 13. Mary Catherine Boggess, wife of Marshall N. Clayton. . . . The other children of Lindsay Boggess were: Matilda, b. 1796; Thomas Lindsay Boggess, b. 1798; Hillory Boggess; Mary Ann Boggess; Lindsay Boggess, born 1805; Julia Boggess; John Boggess; Milly Boggess. The children of Mary Ann Lindsay and Henry Boggess continued:

5. Nancy
6. Susanna
7. William Boggess
8. Elizabeth Boggess
9. Sarah A. Boggess
10. Verlina Boggess, born February 15, 1788."

The following is given under "Quaint Law" in "Fairfax County, Virginia, Industrial and Historical Sketch," page 47. Since it concerns Robert Boggess, apparently a brother of your Henry, we felt it might be of interest to you:

"Under date of May 21, 1760, the following report of the grand jury was reported:

'We present George William Fairfax, George Washington, John Carlyle, Daniel French, Robert Bogges, Catesby Cocke, Townsend Dade, Subill West, Gerrard Alexander, Jemima Minor, William Ramsey, Benjamin Grayson, George Mason, John Plummer, Daniel McCarty, and Abraham Barnes for not entering their wheel carriages agreeably to law as appears to us by the list delivered to the Clerk of the County.' These were the most prominent people of the county. If anyone reading these lines should conclude . . . that the 'Immortal George' and his prominent neighbors were 'tax dodgers,' if he is now, or should be in the future, guilty of the same sin, let him console himself with the thought that 'History is only repeating itself'."

There is an article in "The Jolliffee, Neill and Janney Families," page 195, regarding the Dragoo family, which we cannot give here. Quoting a portion: "A Mrs. Dragoo was killed by Indians in what is now West Virginia; in 1786, her son, a small boy was taken prisoner and kept twenty years."

We have the Revolutionary record of William Dragoo, born 1747, d. 1824; married Temperance Dickerson, born 1756, died before 1822. Their children were Martha, born 1779, married Byron Goff in 1799; John, born 1783; Thomas, drowned when young; William; Benjamin; Peter; Beltshazzer; Ephraim. William Dragoo was born in Monongalia Co., Virginia (now West Virginia). He served as a soldier in the Infantry under Major Wagggoner—"Revolutionary Soldiers of Virginia," by Eckenrode, vol. 8, page 143. We have unpublished data covering his birth, death, etc. He died in Fayette Co., Virginia (now Kentucky). William Dragoo was taxed in Springhill Township, Fayette County, in 1786. In 1822 he deeded to his two youngest children, Peter and Benjamin, his property in Monongalia County, West Virginia. In "Monongalia County, West Virginia"—"Births and Wills," page 212: Abstract of the will of Ephraim Dragoo, 3/10/1834, Elizabeth Dragoo, wife, Eva Faud Dragoo, dau., William Dragoo, son, Louisa and Hannah, dau. Witnesses—W. Willey, P. B. Arnett. Will Book 1, page 83.
Family Associations

THE organization of Family Associations is a most effective means of collection and compilation of family records. We invite your cooperation. Send name and address of the secretary of your association to the Registrar General to add to this list.

Cooley Family Association, Mrs. J. W. Keatley, Ben Lomond, California.

The George and Ann Borodell Denison Society, Inc., Mrs. George L. Denison, Secretary, 56 Water Street, Stonington, Connecticut.

Thomas Haley Family Association, Mrs. Mary S. Wildes, Secretary, 3 Wentworth Street, Kittery, Maine.

Lewis Family Organization, Miss Marie Lentz, R. R. 2, Independence, Missouri.

Parsons Family Association, Alfred L. Wise, Secretary, Syracuse, New York.

Sooy Family Association, Mr. Orrin A. Sooy, Secretary, Millstone, New Jersey, R. D. Somerville, New Jersey.

Althouse Family Association, Mrs. Abram L. Althouse, 36 E. Farnum Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Ambler Family Association, Miss Anna E. Ambler, Secretary, Quarryville, Pennsylvania.

Andes Family Association, Mrs. A. J. Hildebrand, Secretary, East Petersburg, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong Family Association, Mrs. George Myers, Secretary, Drumore, Pennsylvania.

Bachman Family Association, Clayton Bachman, Secretary, Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Bachman Family Association, Mrs. George Smith, Secretary, 634 Walnut Street, Columbia, Pennsylvania.


Barnett Family Association, Mrs. Sylvanus McKinley, Secretary, Delta, Pennsylvania.

Bartholomew Family Association, Mrs. Marie Bartholomew Keller, Secretary, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

War Pensions


Application for pension Sept. 5, 1826. Age, 65 years. Residence at date of application, Owen County, Ky.

He was enlisted Feb. 1779 in Buckingham Co., Va., by George Adcock and attached to Capt. Ben Taliaferro's Company, Col. Richard Parker's Regiment. General Scott's Brigade marched from Virginia to Georgia. After first being near Philadelphia was at the Sieges of Savannah and Charleston, was taken prisoner, sent to the West Indies and detained 5 years, returned home in 1784. He obtained a warrant for land. In 1826 he stated he had a wife, Winifred, aged 57 years, and 4 children living with him, 2 sons: Stephen, aged 21 years and Thomas, aged 19 years, Polly, aged 15 years and Pamela, aged 13 years.

Shelby County, Sept. 1, 1826, George Adcock certifies that he enlisted Thomas Pasley in Buckingham County, Va., in the regular service of the U. S. A. in 1779. He was then legally authorized to recruit for the army. Thomas Pasley was sworn in as a regular soldier by Col. John Cavel of said company and marched to Frederickburg, later to the south, was taken prisoner at the Siege of Charleston, S. C., and held for 5 years then released and returned to his home. In 1824 Thomas Pasley and his wife Winifred of Bourbon County, Ky., sign an Indenture.

Thomas Pasley died April 13, 1844, in Owen County, Ky.


Application for pension April 30, 1844. Age, 74 years. Residence at date of application, Owen County, Ky.

Winifred Pasley declares that she is the widow of Thomas Pasley, a Revolutionary soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Acts of Congress passed March 18, 1818 and May 1, 1820. She was married to Thomas Pasley in Buckingham County, Va., Nov. 5, 1785, her maiden name was Winifred Adcock.
Family Record

Thomas Pasley and his wife Winnifred Pasley were married Nov. 5, 1785.
Betsey Pasley, their oldest dau., was married to John McGinnis June 5, 1809.
William Pasley, their eldest son, was married to Polly Collin May 14, 1812.
Elkanah Pasley, their grandson, was married to Polly Manary April 2, 1812.
Angelia Pasley, their 2d dau., was married to William Scott April 4, 1819.
Jos. Pasley, their 4th son, was married to Betsy Blunt Aug. 22, 1819.
Anderson Pasley, their 5th son, was married to Jane Scott June 3, 1821.
John Pasley, their 3rd son, was married to Elizabeth Linder or Zinder Nov. 14, 1822.
Dan Burgess Pasley, their 5th son, was married to Margaret Linder or Finder, April 16, 1824.
Thomas Pasley married Susannah Carter, Dec. 12, 1833.

Births

Thomas Pasley, Sr., was born Jan. 29, 1762.
Winnifred, his wife, was born April 22, 1770.
William Pasley was born Jan. 19, 1789.
Betsey Pasley was born Oct. 27, 1790.
Elkanah Pasley was born Oct. 14, 1792.
John Pasley was born March 26, 1795.
James Pasley was born April 17, 1797.
Anderson Pasley was born Oct. 18, 1799.
Angelina Pasley was born Oct. 5, 1801.
Dan B. Pasley was born Nov. 16, 1803.
Stephen Pasley was born March 21, 1806.
Thomas Cloton Pasley was born June 6, 1808.
Polley Jarrard Pasley was born April 27, 1812.
Parmella Pasley was born Dec. 24, 1814.
Virginia F. Scott was born June 12, 1820.
John Clark Scott was born Nov. 1, 1821.
Patsy R. Scott was born Sept. 1, 1823.
Eveline Scott was born June 11, 1826.
James Scott was born July 22, 1829.
Thomas C. Paslay married 2d wife, Jan. 10, 1838, to Drusella Frances Adcock.

Deaths

John Paslay died July 10, 1833.
William Paslay died July 22, 1833.
Susannah, wife of Thomas C. Pasley, died July 6, 1837.
Pamela Andress Carter, wife of Joseph Carter, died Aug. 9, 1837.
April 30, 1844, John Adcock and Polly Adcock testified in this claim at the home of Winnifred Pasley in Owen County, Kentucky.

Application for pension Nov. 6, 1838. Residence at date of application, Williams Township, Northampton County, Pa. Elizabeth Shimer declares that she is the widow of Isaac Shimer, who was a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary War and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress approved June 7, 1832.
She was married to Isaac Shimer by Rev. Caspar Walck of Bucks County, Pa., May 23, 1782.

Family Record

Sept. 16, 1783 was born my son Jacob.
June 14, 1786 was born my dau. Elizabeth.
April 23, 1788 was born my dau. Susannah.
Jan. 22, 1790 was born my dau. Nancy.
Feb. 29, 1792 was born my dau. Polly.
July 21, 1794 was born my dau. Salley.
Nov. 6, 1838 Susanna Laubock aged 50 years, dau. of the late Isaac Shimer and Elizabeth his wife, now his widow, testifies in the case.

John Morton, Speaker.
BOOK REVIEWS

The Editor feels fortunate in presenting for consideration this month not only two very fine historical novels but a volume of poetry which is also a significant contribution to American literature.


Not since the publishing of "John Brown's Body" has anything comparable to it appeared until now; but "The New World" challenges this comparison. In it Mr. Masters tells not only the story of a war or even of several wars; but also the story of discovery and all that antedates this; of political progress and all that this implies; of mistakes and failures as well as of achievements and successes. Sometimes the point of view seems slightly prejudiced; sometimes the accuracy may be open to question; and sometimes we cannot help wishing that he laid less stress on greed and more on glory. But these are details. The main point is that he has told a great story and written a great epic, that he has given us a new vision of the "Radiant Land" which is our own:

"This America is an ancient land, Conquered and re-conquered by successive races. It is the Radiant Land and Continent of the Blest Forever won and forever lost, And forever seen by that vision which thrilled Balboa Staring the Pacific; And forever seen by that revelation of the soul Which came to John Keats through Homer, For both seas and land, and visions of a new day may be seen, And gold may be seen by Cortez and Pizarro and their sons, Who turn all Radiant Lands to gold, and starve therefor. But this New World is forever new to hands that keep it new." F. P. K.


On Christmas Eve 1803, Betsy Patterson, the eldest daughter of a prosperous Baltimore merchant, married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, conqueror of Europe. The wedding was performed in the presence of the elite in city and state and the ceremony was blessed by no less a personage than the first Catholic Bishop of Maryland, a member of the illustrious Carroll family. The French Consul in Washington, Mr. Pichon, had warned the bride's family beforehand that the groom's family would probably object to the marriage, and that since Jerome was still under age, according to French law, these objections might have very serious consequences. But though Betsy's father took these warnings seriously, Betsy herself was determined not to do so. She rushed in headlong where a girl more like an angel would certainly have feared to tread, with consequences which were disastrous to all her ruling passions; and these, as the author makes abundantly clear, had very little to do with love but were founded mostly on vanity and ambition.

It is a clever stroke to bring out this book at a time when another Baltimore girl who missed being Queen by an even narrower margin than Betsy Patterson is in the forefront of the popular consciousness,
and to endow the heroine with many of the characteristics, both physical and mental, which her successor is generally, though somewhat erroneously, supposed to possess. Moreover, the novel has very evidently been carefully documented, through letters, memoirs and other reliable sources and it has the ring of authenticity throughout. The placidity of life in the new world and the pageantry of life in the old are both ably and authoritatively presented. But all the characters lack warmth. Miss Ertz says of Betsy that she was “not in the least emotionally susceptible” and she makes us feel this coldness, which is too great for comfort, in everything her heroine says and does. It may be historically correct to do this, as far as Betsy herself is concerned—in fact, it probably is. But the Bonaparte family and the Caton family—to mention only two which figure prominently in the pages of the novel—were certainly very different in their makeup, and the story, which inevitably suffers from lack of suspense, would have more color and carry more conviction if this difference were more clearly indicated.

Because it is not, the book is largely lacking in the mellowness of charm which has been one of the most attractive attributes of Miss Ertz's earlier work. In spite of this flaw, however, it is brilliant and arresting, and its interest is well sustained until the very end. F. P. K.


Never, in so far as I can remember, have I found any historical novel as compelling and convincing as this one. I have literally clung to its pages, unable to lay the book down, until the last one was turned, no matter what went by the side in the meanwhile.

It is the story of a city as this must have appeared, not to outsiders but to its own inhabitants, during the most critical and cruel period of its history. It is the story of combatants in a horrible war and the effect of this upon them, both physically and mentally, during the intervals between battles, during the tense prelude to these, and during the crucial postlude to their danse macabre. It is the story of innocent bystanders who waved their handkerchiefs to soldiers who marched blithely away and gave them shelter and succor when they returned, broken and beaten, by their struggle for a lost cause. It is a story of heroes and of profiteers, of poor white trash and landed aristocracy. It is the story of courage and resourcefulness, of sacrifice and suffering, of hardship and helplessness, of heroism and cowardice, of meanness and petty prejudice—in short, of almost every element, good and bad, noble and ignoble, which makes up the pattern of life. Supremely, it is the story of a man and a girl, both headstrong, passionate and reckless, who loved each other with an uncontrolled intensity which sprang from their own vital natures and which was merged in their mutual desire, but which came to its culmination because of the circumstances in which they themselves were so fatefuly caught.

It is thus that yearning and desperate men and women in real life have always snatched at happiness and sought for fulfilment; but it is very seldom that any writer, however gifted, succeeds in making the characters of his own creation so blazingly alive and so poignantly appealing. Nor is Mr. Dowdey's sense of drama and of pathos, as applied to scene and episode, any less sure than his genius for characterization. The reader who can pass unmoved over the account of Mildred's frantic march through the snow beside her lover's regiment, or Elizabeth's eager quest for her husband at the railroad station cluttered with "big boxes" must indeed be insensitive of spirit and drab of soul.

Mr. Dowdey himself, and his publishers for him, disclaim rather sarcastically any connection with the "moonlight and magnolia" traditions of the South. They could afford to be more generous, for such traditions are not to be despised. "So Red the Rose" is not a true story, in the same sense that "Bugles Blow No More" is a true story, but it is true in a superb and significant sense just the same. However, the South has other traditions also, traditions which have never been given their due as ably and as arresting as the author under discussion has given it to them. Richmond, the city rising like Rome on seven hills,
reaches new heights as he reveals it; while Brose and Mildred, their passion precipitated by a battle, murder and sudden death, join the glorious company of the world's great lovers as he interprets their touching and tumultuous story. F. P. K.


This sketch, in story form, of Michigan's gubernatorial family during the days when "we were all good Republicans together" in that part of the country will prove irresistibly delightful to every woman who is blessed with a sense of humor and who is old enough to remember the period, at the turn of the century, when well-dressed little girls "rustled with starch" and their mother "rustled with silk." The greatest compliment that Papa could pay Mamma was that she had the smallest waist of any woman in the state. And ladies, even little ladies, "never wholly undressed" in a Pullman; instead they wore black China silk wrappers made at home from material bought by the bolt; then if there were a wreck, they were prepared.

Though Papa was the Governor, he was not a snob. He bowed to Republicans wherever he saw them, even when they sat in the balcony of the local opera house. But he retained the prerogative of entertaining all visiting celebrities at his own house. William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Lyman Abbott, Sara Bernhardt, and Minnie Maddern Fiske are only a few of those whom we see through a little girl's fascinated eyes. Henry Ford and Harry Selfridge were guests of the Governor too; but they were not celebrities. Henry Ford was unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade the Governor to take some stock in a factory he was building, in return for a bad debt; and Harry Selfridge was working hard in a bargain basement, so his betters tried to be nice to him in recognition of his industry. Aunt Sophie was also a frequent visitor; she generally came uninvited and at mealtime. But once it was to borrow the family cook's recipe for veal loaf, which Aunt Sophie proposed to serve cold, with mashed potatoes, and prune whip, when she entertained the Saturday Club. Its "subject" was to be Emerson's Essay on Self Denial.

This book, as has been observed before, is irresistibly funny. It is also authoritatively historic. F. P. K.


As a frontispiece for this book, a reproduction of a portrait by Gilbert Stuart is used: a portrait which presents William Samuel Johnson as cultured, urbane and elegant. In a different sense, the entire volume is also the portrait of a statesman and scholar, who was distinguished by the characteristics of culture, urbanity and elegance.

The son of an Anglican Churchman who had been a convert from Calvinism and whose marriage to a wealthy widow enabled him to maintain a handsome establishment, William Samuel Johnson grew up in an atmosphere of graciousness and refinement rare at that period in the Puritan settlement of Stratford, Connecticut. He had the privilege of prolonged study and sojourn abroad, in addition to the thorough education which he received at home. He became an omnivorous and catholic reader, adding richly to his store of knowledge from varied and abundant literary sources, and he prudently declined to close the door on a potential ministerial career, easily available through his father's influence, until assured of success in his own chosen profession of the law. He heeded his father's counsel that a suitable alliance was "the most easy and hopeful method of acquiring a competency" and married in his own turn, a lady whose fortune was as substantial as her person was pleasing. (Five daughters were born of this union, three of whom, Sarah, Mary and Glorianna Ann "all fell in the bloom of life by the same fatal disease of 'Hectic Feaver'"[?]! But the eldest one, Charity, had the happier fate of marrying the Reverend Ebenezer Kneeland.)

In national politics as elsewhere, Johnson's career was characterized by "caution and moderation" and his career in Congress and later in the Senate was smooth and successful. "He avoided open sponsorship of controversial measures for he rarely made a motion"—"His European experience as well as his genius for conciliation brought him to almost immediate prominence in matters relating to law,
learning and foreign affairs.” As the Connecticut member of the Committee organized at the suggestion of Gouverneur Morris, “to form a bargain among the Northern and Southern states,” at the time when a disastrous rejection of the opposed adoption of the Constitution seemed imminent, he proved an excellent choice. He was “friendly, tolerant, Episcopal and generally beloved by Southerners.”—“The fact that Johnson like other members of his social group at Stratford was a slave owner, served as a further bond of common interest between the New England men and his Southern colleagues.” He “gave public evidence of his approval of the Constitution by signing it in Philadelphia”; but there is no record to indicate that he took any part whatever to secure its ratification except for his speech before the Connecticut Ratification Convention.” So evidently his characteristics “caution and moderation” ruled him even in this instance!

When Johnson assumed the presidency of Columbia College he also “prepared to retire from politics” but for a time he managed to correlate his duties in the Senate with those of his new position, though “a meticulous observance of the etiquette of this ‘Republican Court’ was as much a part of Johnson’s life as it was of the century. Now we find him paying his calls with Senator Charles Carroll of Carrollton or entertaining his political associates at dinner “in a very agreeable way.” We may picture him as accepting an invitation to call upon Chief Justice and Mrs. John Jay, or sipping a dish of tea with Col. Alexander Hamilton. At proper intervals he appeared at the President’s house, not only with senatorial committees and at levees, but as a guest at presidential dinners. On one such occasion he was accompanied by Mrs. Johnson and his daughter, Mrs. Knee-land, who there enjoyed the society of Chief Justice John Jay and Senator Ralph Izard. When Washington passed through Stratford in September, 1789, he was waited upon there properly by Senator Johnson. Nor are all the glimpses which we get of Johnson during this period of a stiffly formal nature, for on one occasion we find him indulging in ‘familiar chit-chat’ with his senatorial colleagues. At another time, while the wine flowed, we find him joining with his friend, Senator Izard, in disparaging the character of his old associate, Doctor Benjamin Franklin. A few days later Johnson joined with his colleague Ellsworth and his friend King in defeating a motion, shortly after the death of Franklin, that the Senate wear mourning for a month as a token of respect for the deceased patriot.”

“The theme of Johnson’s long career is one of conciliation; or to phrase it differently, his whole life was a quest for harmony and peace. Between Old Light and New Light, between England and America, between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, between North and South, between the past as represented by the old Confederation, and the future as forecast in the new Constitution, he helped to bring about a new order, understanding and good will. Although periods of conflict were especially difficult for him, it was the task of his life to soften the harsh lines of change and to pacify the discontented. For these services he was loved and honored by his contemporaries in more abundant measure than others who are better remembered by posterity.

The portrait presented to us is not a glowing one. It does not arouse you to enthusiasm or excitement but it is agreeable, it is impressive, it is finished. It would prove an adornment to any gallery in which it was placed. F. P. K.

[Note.—All the above quotations are taken from the book.]


Dr. Parrish, the distinguished author of Orient Seas and Lands Afar, is an outstanding member of the Philippine Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. In this book she makes manifest her appreciation of the enchanting islands she knows so well. She also reveals her awareness of beauty wherever she finds it and in whatever form, during the course of an extended world tour: The deep blueness of the sea; the grandeur of snow capped mountains; the ever-moving ridges of endless sand—these are only a few of the many aspects which she frequently mentions. In each place that she
visits she finds that people are friendly, in
spite of language handicaps, and children
are frequently mentioned as being “just
like children anywhere.” At each stop
she records some incident which gives the
personal touch that is needed to make con-
ditions in distant lands seem natural and
real. For instance:

In the Philippines, the people are the
focal point of interest. Their occupations
range from the cultivation of extensive
rice and sugar plantations to the many
businesses and industries of the large city.
Education is their passion. More than a
million boys and girls attend the lower
grades in the public schools and an equal
number are enrolled in other schools.
Great strides have been made in public
health and now the Philippines are “Health
conscious.”

Himalaya, meaning “Abode of Snow” is
an appropriate name for those glorious
mountains—the largest in the world. They
give rise to India’s greatest river, the
Sacred Ganges, worshipped through every
foot of its fifteen hundred mile journey to
the sea. Temples, granite altars, and areas
set apart for religious bathing line its
banks. There are countless startling be-
liefs concerning this river.

Arabia is mystic, both as to land and
people. Mecca, the most sacred city in the
world to all Moslems, is its shrine and its
symbol. A weird song rising higher and
higher and ending in a piercing scream is
sung as a welcome to pilgrims return-
ing from there who are ever afterward
held in high honor.

The Suez Canal undergoes constant
dredging. “The ever shifting, ever drift-
ing sand” from the desert is carried from
the canal in baskets and returned to the
desert on the backs of camels. Scores of
camel drivers cover the sand hills like so
many swarming busy ants. These humble
creatures keep the great canal open for
the ships of the world.

Egypt, a land of many ancient tales is,
in spots, very modern. Cairo is a city of
over a million people comprising many
races. And it is such a noisy place! Pan-
demonium reigns day and night. It seems
as if a law required auto drivers to use their
horns continuously!

Though Palestine is such a small coun-
try it is permeated with holy traditions.
The “hill city” of Bethlehem and the Gar-
den Tomb in Jerusalem especially impart
a sensation of sanctity. In Jerusalem, the
bazaars are among the most colorful in the
world. In Nazareth there are carpenter
shops everywhere. So many boys want to
be carpenters!

Damascus, the oldest city in the world,
has a tradition that the foundations were
laid soon after the creation and that Adam
was one of the original townsite owners.

Istanbul, now Constantinople, looms
glorious in the afternoon sunshine as the
domes and minarets stand out. Ancient
shores were lined with white palaces. For
twenty centuries this city has been second
to few in importance, and to none in dra-
matic interest. It is as fascinating as it is
cosmopolitan.

Florence, Rome, Paris, the castle-bor-
dered Rhine, and Hammerfest, in the Land
of the Midnight Sun, are all included in Dr.
Parrish’s itinerary and the description of
each leaves some outstanding incident in
the mind of the reader.

This book gives one a new appreciation
of the beauty of many foreign lands and,
of the evident friendliness of their people.

BERTHEA J. CANDY.

Fate Rides a Tortoise—A Biography
of Ellen Spencer Mussey. Grace
Hathaway. The John C. Winston
Company, Philadelphia, Pennsyl-
vania. $2.50.

This is another of the “success stories”
rapidly increasing in number, which tells
the tale of a woman who succeeded in
achieving success in a career without sacri-
ficing her home life. Mrs. Mussey ranked
among the leaders of the legal profession,
and was licensed to practice before the
Supreme Court of the United States, but
never did her place in her home as wife and
mother suffer neglect on account of her
profession. Her’s is an inspiring story of
overcoming prejudice against her sex, while
handicapped by poor health and financial
problems.

As a child of twelve, the death of her
mother put the burden of managing her
father’s home upon her shoulders. Soon
she was also helping him in his teaching
of penmanship, Spencerian, his own
method. She showed her fine mind at an
early age. "There are no woman lawyers," gasped sixteen year old Nellie Spencer, when her instructor in a South Bend, Indiana business college suggested that she study law. "Not yet," he agreed, "but there will be and you will be one." Three years later in 1869, Mrs. Arabella A. Mansfield was formally admitted to the bar in Iowa, the first woman in this country to achieve that distinction.

In Washington, D. C., where Nellie Spencer had come to be with her brother and his wife, she fell in love and married a lawyer. She discussed law cases with him, and as failing health made him depend more and more on her in his professional work, slowly but surely Ellen Spencer Mussey gravitated toward her natural orbit. Though she had ridicule and discrimination to contend with, there was also praise and admiration of her hard won success as a lawyer. Women of the Law grew in numbers and success and Ellen Spencer Mussey’s story is their saga. Though she had ridicule and discrimination to contend with, there was also praise and admiration of her hard won success as a lawyer.

The story begins with an account of the arrival of Capt. John Evans, October 9, 1693, on H. M. S. Richmond off Sandy Hook, and how he acquired a patent from Governor Fletcher of a large part of Orange and Ulster counties, some 300,000 acres, 500 square miles of land for 100 pounds sterling and a fat buck yearly. There was then but one white settler on the land, Patrick MacGregorie. He had bought his land from the Indians, and such title was worthless without royal sanction. MacGregorie was killed in the Leister Revolution. Capt. John Evans married his daughter.

Capt. Evans’s official duty as Commander of the Richmond, on police duty in New York waters, was to protect lawful commerce, but trade with pirates thrived, and Capt. Evans was accused of confiscating to his own use cargoes of boats that he stopped in his official capacity. Evans eventually died stripped of his estate, but the boundaries of Evans patent, long a source of dispute, were not settled until after the American Revolution when two eminent men of Law, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, argued the question of title in Yelverton’s barn in the village of Chester.

In 1796, James Craig bought the farm now Craigville, on Cromeline Creek, made paper from rags, and so introduced industry to the district. There follows a chapter on Old Patriots of the Revolutionary War. The story of Fanny St. John de Crevecouer, wife of M. Ludwige Otto, whom she married while he was French Charge d’Affaire in New York, is included with the romantic career of her artist father, Hector St. John de Crevecouer.

The book closes with a word on “road-mindedness”. In 1801, work on hard roads was commenced. The history of good roads is the story of progress from isolated to interdependent living.

Records such as this are an important part of our D. A. R. work, the keeping alive interest in life and customs of the old days, as an influence on our present progress.

KATHERINE L. ALLEN.
HENRIETTA S. McINTIRE

Mrs. McIntire, Editor of this Department, is the National Chairman of the Motion Picture Committee. Her résumé of current attractions gives a valuable guide to all lovers of the silver screen.

The following pictures are listed as suitable for the type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY (Warner Bros.)

This is a fine short produced in Technicolor based on Edward Everett Hale’s well known classic. It is historically authentic in every detail, and carries a message of vital importance to every American citizen of today. Recommended for all audiences, schools and libraries.

TEXAS TRAIL (Paramount)

William Boyd, George Hayes, Judith Allen.

A few novel twists make this picture a little different from other Hopalong Cassidy Series. It all happens in Texas during the Spanish-American War and the story deals with the dangerous and comic experience of Hopalong and his pals. A. Y.

THE AWFUL TRUTH (Columbia)

Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy.

A modern comedy tells how two young married folk got a ninety-day interlocutory decree while they were angry and managed to invalidate it by mutual consent just before midnight of the ninetieth day. A. Y.

EBB TIDE (Paramount)

Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland.

This beautiful film, based on a story by Robert Lonia Stevenson, is presented in Technicolor. It is a stirring tale of adventure with a setting in the South Sea Islands during the days of sailing ships. A. Y.

LANCER SPY (20th Century-Fox)

Dolores Del Rio, George Sanders, Peter Lorre.

Better than the average story of Espionage during the World War. Armed only with charm and wits, a British Officer impersonating a captured German obtained information which changed the battle on the Western Front to victory for the Allies. A. Y.

DOCTOR SYN (Gaumont-British)

George Arliss, Margaret Lockwood.

A typically English picture which, like the book, deals with smuggling in the days of knee-breeches, piracy and wigs. The action is supposed to take place in the historic village of Dymchurch on Romney Marsh in Essex and the background, the old village, its inn and the ancient church are convincing. A. Y.

THE GREAT GARRICK (Warner Bros.)

Brian Ahern, Olivia de Haviland, Melville Cooper.

A period costume play of 1750 depicting a chapter in the life of England’s great actor, David Garrick. The story tells how he turned the tables on the Comedy Français when they hired an Inn where he must stop and installed their actors as attaches to humble him as revenge for his insults to the French stage and audiences. A. Y.

THUNDER TRAIL (Paramount)

Gilbert Roland, Charles Bickford, Marsha Hunt.

A better than average Western based on Zane Grey’s novel “Arizona Ames.” Two boys, separated in childhood and reared under varying influences of the West, meet in manhood to break up the gang responsible for their separation and to revenge the murder of their parents. A. Y.

FORTY FIVE FATHERS (20th Century-Fox)

Jane Withers, Richard Carle, Paul and Grace Hartman.

When forty-five members of the Explorers’ Club adopt Jane Withers they draw lots to see who will become her foster father. The hilarity begins there and ends in a courtroom where two ventriloquists expose snobbish society fakers. Family.
HEIDI (20th Century-Fox)
Shirley Temple, Jean Hersholt, Arthur Treacher.
The story of a little Swiss girl who has known little but abuse during the eight years of her life. She is finally rescued by her grandfather from an evil aunt, a scheming governess and a band of gypsies. The picture is based on Johanna Spyri's story which is one of the most widely known child's stories. Excellent family entertainment.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (Columbia)
Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas.
When a South American operatic manager wants an opera star for his season's program he meets Grace Moore. There are many complications in their attempts to deceive each other, but in the end they are brought together. The music is mainly operatic, and Miss Moore's voice very attractive. A. Y.

PORTIA ON TRIAL (Republic)
Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel, Heather Angel.
A problem play dealing with the experience of a successful woman lawyer in her defense of another woman charged with the murder of the lawyer's former husband. A.

STAND IN (United Artists)
Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell, Humphrey Bogart.
A comedy satire which concerns the trials and tribulations of a banker who tries to bring some sanity into the operation of the film manufacturing colony. A. Y.

LIVE, LOVE and LEARN (M-G-M)
Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Robert Benchley.
A comedy concerning a poor artist who marries a society girl. After achieving success the artist "loses his head" but his wife finally makes him realize his talent, and the value of it. A. Y.

HIGH FLYERS (RKO)
Wheeler and Woolsey, Lupe Velez.
A Wheeler and Woolsey comedy in which they become involved in a jewel theft. There are many funny situations and the usual laughs for those who enjoy this pair. Family.

Shorts

CHILE, LAND OF CHARM (M-G-M)
One of the fine Fitzpatrick Travel Talks outlining something of the charm and splendor of this South American country. Family.

FRAMING YOUTH (M-G-M)
An Our Gang comedy in which Spanky maneuveres Alfalfa into winning the amateur prize in a musical competition. Very amusing. Family.

GLIMPSES OF PERU (M-G-M)
Exquisite scenes in color of Lima, the capital of Peru, its outlying districts and the people at work and at play. The photographic effects of lakes, mountains and sky are rarely beautiful. Family.

JUNGLE JUVENILES (M-G-M)
The amusing adventures of a small boy and his teddy bear with two chimpanzee friends. Because of the rarely clever antics of the group it is very good entertainment. Family and Junior Matinee.

LONG BRIGHT LAND (Vitaphone)
An excellent E. N. Newman travel subject in color in which some amazing scenes of beauty in New Zealand are combined with points of interest that are highly informative. Family.

IT'S WORK (Vitaphone)
The intricate art and the painstaking labor necessary in pottery making in Morocco, tea picking in Ceylon, toy making in Sweden and watch making in Switzerland are pictured in highly interesting fashion. An excellent subject. Family.
State Conferences

WISCONSIN

THE Forty-first Annual State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Wisconsin was held in Appleton on September 29-30 and October 1 with Appleton and Neenah Chapters acting as co-hostesses.

Preceding the Conference, the State Executive Board met September 28 at the home of Mrs. Helen Kimberly Stuart, in Neenah, and there learned to their great dismay that Mrs. Stuart was ill in Chicago and would be unable to attend the Conference. Tuesday evening, Mrs. Frank J. Wheeler, the State Registrar, entertained members of the Board at a delightful dinner at Riverview Country Club, with Mrs. William H. Pouch, Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. George Baxter Averill, Vice-President General from Wisconsin and Mrs. Edgar V. Werner, General Conference Chairman, as honored guests.

The following morning a meeting of Chapter Regents was held, with State Chairman and State Officers presenting their plans for the coming year. At luncheon, Regents, Chairmen and Officers had an opportunity to continue their discussion of D. A. R. work. All sessions of the Conference were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wednesday afternoon, the formal opening of the Conference, with its ever impressive ceremony, was conducted by the State Vice-Regent, Mrs. William H. Cudworth, who continued to preside at all meetings in the absence of Mrs. Stuart. Mrs. Pouch gave a splendid address on the varied aspects of her work as Organizing Secretary General, National Chairman of Junior Membership and National President of the N. S. C. A. R. Later, a stereopticon lecture on “Washington, D. C.,” was given by Mrs. Marie K. Brown.

Following dinner, Wednesday evening, the organization of a Wisconsin D. A. R. State Officers’ Club was effected, and Mrs. George Baxter Averill was elected as its first president.

The program which closed the activities for the day was outstanding. Dr. and Mrs. Percy Fullinwider furnished exquisite music, and a group of Indian songs and legends in costume was given by Princess Nadonis Shawa, an Objibway Indian. Mr. Sherman Rogers, erstwhile lumberjack, sailor, soldier and editor, gave a forceful address on “Constructive Americanism.” In it, he paid glowing tribute to the Constitution of the United States, and vehemently exhorted Americans to praise the virtues of democratic government with the same fervor that radicals extol Communism.

Thursday morning, the State Historian and the State Chairman of National Defense held separate Breakfasts for members interested in these lines of work, and as usual, the round table discussions proved extremely helpful. At the morning session of the Conference, in addition to Mrs. Pouch and Mrs. Averill, the following distinguished guests were presented: Mrs. James Franklin Trottman, Mrs. Joseph Ackroyd Branson and Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner. Mrs. Stuart’s splendid message, as State Regent, was read by Mrs. Cudworth, followed by reports of State Officers.

The afternoon program was devoted to “Youth”, with reports on the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage by Mrs. Averill; the Junior Membership Groups by Mrs. Frank L. Harris, State Chairman; and Junior American Citizens by Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner, National Chairman.

In the late afternoon, delegates to the Conference were taken on a drive through autumnal beauty to Neenah, and there visited the “Grand Loggery” of James Duane Doty, the second Territorial Governor of Wisconsin. Mrs. John N. Bergstrom graciously opened her lovely home on the shores of Lake Winnebago, and tea was served from a table decorated with the beautiful colors of the society.

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The State Conference Dinner was held at the Riverview Country Club Thursday evening, with Dr. J. D. Brownell, President of Northland College (Wisconsin's own Approved School) giving the Invocation. After dinner, Mr. George Nixon gave a group of solos, opening with the State D. A. R. Song, “Star of Wisconsin,” written in 1909 by Mrs. Ogden Hoffman Fethers, State Regent. During the course of the dinner, Mrs. William H. Schlosser, National Vice-Chairman, Central Division, D. A. R. Student Loan Fund and State Regent of Indiana, arrived in Appleton, and joined the group of distinguished guests of the Conference. The Conference Slogan was “National Defense for Peace” and was taken by Dr. Silas Evans, President of Ripon College, as the topic for his address Thursday evening. Dr. Evans presented the views of both philosopher and historian, and asserted that when men truly desire peace, peace will become an established fact. Until that time, Dr. Evans stated that he accepted anything which helped to accomplish that end, and meanwhile felt the R. O. T. C. a great character-building force, tending to inculcate a desire for peace in the students as well as training a group of citizens who would be prepared to protect their country in the event of need.

Friday morning a breakfast was held for Chapter Regents. Later, Mrs. Schlosser gave a fine address on “The D. A. R. Student Loan Fund—Its Purposes and Ideals” and the morning session closed with a beautiful memorial service, in charge of the State Chaplain, Mrs. Louis A. Pradt. Thus, Wisconsin Daughters paused to pay tribute to thirty-nine members who had entered into Eternal Life during the year.

Following luncheon, the afternoon session heard the reports of Committees, interesting two-minute reports of Chapter Regents on some outstanding feature of their year’s work, and new business. At this time, the Conference voted to change the date of its annual meeting from October to March. The delegates expressed by resolution their deep appreciation of the unremitting efforts of Mrs. William D. James, outgoing State Historian, to complete the State History. Bound volumes, covering the History of every Chapter in the State, will be filed in Washington, D. C., Madison, Wisconsin, and with the State Historian. A rising vote of thanks was given Mrs. Cudworth for so ably conducting the sessions of the Conference in the absence of Mrs. Stuart.

With the adjournment of the Conference and retiring of the Colors, delegates turned their faces toward home, feeling that Mrs. Stuart, and members of the Appleton and Neenah Chapters had given them unlimited hospitality, an outstanding program, and a new vision of the work to be done when they returned to their Chapters throughout the State.

ARDELIA OLDEN KOCH,
State Historian.

THE Forty-second Annual Conference of the New York State Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N. Y., on October 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1937. Eleven chapters of Northern New York served as hostesses. The Daughters of New York State were highly honored again this year by the presence of our beloved President General, Mrs. William A. Becker. Among the other guests of honor present were National Officers, Mrs. Robert H. Gibbes, Mrs. William H. Pouch, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., and Mrs. Grace L. H. Brousseau.

The Conference was formally opened on Tuesday afternoon by the State Regent, Mrs. William Henry Clapp. Mr. Samuel H. Packer, President of the Lake Placid Club extended a warm welcome as did Mrs. James G. Riggs for the hostess chapters. To these greetings, Mrs. Clapp made gracious response. The outstanding feature of the afternoon was the very inspiring address of our President General, Mrs. William A. Becker. In stating that democracy is still the hope of the world, the only way to peace and justice, Mrs. Becker empha-
sized the need of the hour for consecrated leadership. Character building and spiritual development were urged in home, school and Church. She also gave an interesting account of her recent visit to the chapters in Europe and of the Coronation Ceremonies.

The State Regent, Mrs. Clapp, in rendering her annual report reviewed the many accomplishments and numerous activities of her office. New York State has 175 chapters, with one chapter in process of formation. A new chapter, John Jay, was organized November 20, 1936. All chapters were reported 100% in payment of State and National quotas.

On Tuesday evening, over four hundred members and guests were present at a banquet in honor of the President General, Mrs. William A. Becker and State Regent, Mrs. William H. Clapp. At the close of the banquet, greetings were given by the National Officers and the Visiting State Regents present. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Lithgow Osborne, Conservation Commissioner of New York State, who spoke on “Conservation and You.” Mr. Osborne urged the Daughters to continue their present interest in the preservation and marking of historic sites.

Wednesday morning, the Conference listened to most interesting reports of State Officers. The afternoon was devoted to Round Tables and a meeting of Chapter Regents with the State Regent. At the evening session, Miss Eunice Harriet Avery spoke in an interesting manner on “The Pattern of Europe.”

On Thursday afternoon, an impressive Memorial Service for the 315 Daughters who have joined the Chapter on High the past year, was conducted by Miss Delia Post Kelsey, State Chaplain.

The remainder of the Conference was devoted to reports of the State Chairmen. These reports were both interesting and inspiring. Besides including suggestions for work, they showed a splendid amount of work accomplished along all committee lines and made a record worthy of our Empire State. Prizes for outstanding work in Americanism were awarded the following chapters: Mary Washington Colonial, New York City, for contacting 83,000 school children; Captain Christian Brown, for entertainment of Fresh Air children; Katherine Pratt Horton Buffalo and Harvey Birch for Americanization work in schools.

A pleasing touch was added to every session by appropriate music contributed by Miss Constance Reaves, Organist and Mrs. C. Arthur Brown, Soloist. Another enjoyable feature was the showing of the motion picture, “Captains Courageous” on Thursday evening.

The Conference voted to ask the War Department to rescind the action to remove the cannon captured by Lafayette from its present site at Watervliet to the Yorktown battlefield.

A gift of $100 was presented to The Friendly Fund by the State Regent, Mrs. William H. Clapp, in memory of her mother. The Friendly Fund was established by the forty-first Conference and is to be used as a help to Daughters who may be in need of assistance in meeting obligations to State and National Society.

An interesting exhibit of State and Chapter Publicity Scrap Books attracted much attention, as did the display of Chapter Year Books.

The following officers were elected for three years, the terms to begin in April, 1938. State Regent, Mrs. George Duffy; State Vice-Regent, Mrs. Stanley T. Manlove; State Chaplain, Mrs. John F. Krill; State Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry D. McKeige; State Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Frank J. Cornell; State Treasurer, Miss Susan E. Richardson; State Historian, Mrs. Ward Gorman; State Consulting Registrar, Mrs. Alice E. Merritt; State Librarian, Mrs. Bradley Reynolds; State Directors, Mrs. Arthur Tunnell, Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. Fred W. Melvin.

With the passing of the usual courtesy resolutions and the presentation of the newly elected officers, the colors were retired and the Conference adjourned.

ELIZA LASHER RUSSELL,
State Historian.
THE thirty-seventh annual state conference Indiana Daughters of the American Revolution was held in French Lick Springs Hotel October 12, 13, and 14, and was outstanding in three particulars: the President General was our guest throughout the entire conference; the registration was the largest at any Indiana conference (even though French Lick is "way down in Southern Indiana"); the program arranged by Mrs. William H. Schlosser, state regent, brought to us prominent men and women, representative of more professions and present-day activities, than is usually possible in a three days' conference. There was no delay, and each session closed on time.

In retrospect, we realize that to have one of the most prominent men in the state, Dr. William Lowe Bryan, president emeritus of Indiana University, scheduled to speak at the CLOSING luncheon of the conference (at a time when mortal woman by her very nature is all in a flutter over "hurrying home") . . . the state regent had more faith in her Daughters, more supreme confidence, than we have in ourselves. Many of the delegates had arrived on Monday, and on Thursday, 300 remained for the luncheon to hear Dr. Bryan. There seemed to be no rush or hurry "to get off," and we on the side-lines knew that their presence was as great a tribute to the efficiency and graciousness of our state regent as it was to the beloved president emeritus.

It has been four years since Indiana has had the privilege of entertaining a President General, and four times four, perhaps, since a President General presided at an open forum for Indiana Daughters, a President General who gave interested attention to all reports, and then girl-like (if she had a word of praise) hastily would write a note of appreciation. How many pencil-written missives, we wonder, bearing such words of cheer as "I like what you said very much" are pasted in the memory-books of—not junior members—but of older folk who love (and need) the praise of someone who understands, as does Mrs. Becker. She brought the headquarters in Washington, the stately National Board room, the reasons-why of rulings made by the Board, her trip abroad as our representative—very, very near to us, and her presence was the needed stimulus to Indiana's desire for more members and greater interest in patriotic work.

Others who spoke, before or after state chairmen reports and whose presence on the program prompted this writer to ask, "How come—so many celebrities,"? were: Mrs. William H. Pouch, national president, Children of the American Revolution; Mrs. E. B. Ball, vice-president general, C. A. R.; Dr. Stewart McClelland, president Lincoln Memorial University, and Mrs. McClellan; Dr. Henry Sherwood, president of Georgetown College, who spoke on "Good Citizenship"; Miss Agnes Wells, dean of women, Indiana University; Robert T. Secrest, congressman from Ohio, member of the federal commission of Northwest Territory; Miss Julia Landers, coordinator Indiana state safety department; the Hon. Henry M. Dowling, who spoke on "The People's Charter"; Dr. Christopher Coleman, director of state historical bureau, who paid tribute to the work of our state vice-regent, Mrs. Lafayette L. Porter, a member of the historical commission; Franklin Miner, representative of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, and Dr. Bryan. From the recent Continental Congress in Washington, came to Indiana Mrs. Thomas E. Cree, soloist, who, even as the President General, participated in each session.

The bringing of the "mountain to Mohammed" as it were, was an incentive to Indiana Daughters to give of their best. Seventy chapters were represented, all state chairmen, except one, all past state regents and past national officers, now residing in Indiana, and all members of the state board, were present. With southern Indiana chapter members participating, with Miss Mabel Claxton and Mrs. H. S. McKee, as director and author, an orchestra providing music, with Mrs. James A. Coats, as reader, a beautiful pageant, "The Gift of Our Flag" was presented Wednesday evening.

The President General's address on "Youth," and Mrs. Schlosser's informal talk on "Facing Facts with the State Re-
gent” were a “call to arms” for work among the juniors and more active participation in projects fostered by the Daughters of the American Revolution. The report of the Indiana Children of the American Revolution showed the gift of Shrines of the Constitution to every college and many High Schools in Indiana, and 10,000 posters entitled “Signing of the Constitution” for every rural school, all through the generosity of Mrs. E. B. Ball. This report and the announcement that the state D. A. R. budget would again include funds for the state C. A. R. were enthusiastically received. Mrs. George Chester, state director, was positive there is a Santa Claus, when added to these gifts were a C. A. R. banner, an Indiana state banner, a Flag, $15 to the Tamasee girl at Lincoln Memorial, a spoon from Mrs. Pouch for the first baby member, and other gifts of money for special lines of work.

Mrs. Frank C. Ball, chairman of approved schools, made a trip to the southern mountain schools with the state regent, in preparation for her work. Her report contained valuable first hand information. It was followed by an inspirational address by Dr. McClellan, who pointed out the blessing one gains in giving to these schools.

Press Relations in Indiana this year has been greatly benefited by the Indiana “Wheel,” by Press releases, the Bulletins, and from such helpful reports as that of the state Junior membership breakfast at the Indiana Conference, from the secretary of Mrs. Pouch.

Mrs. Roscoe C. O’Byrne, past vice-president general, and chairman of the Roster of Revolutionary soldiers in Indiana, reported complete records on 1252 soldiers buried within the state. Mrs. Harriet Vaughn Rigdon, past treasurer general, gave a resume of Indiana’s part in National projects, which was helpful, inspiring and rejuvenating. What we have done, we can do again . . . and more. Our present vice-president general, Miss Bonnie Farrell, who last year was our state regent, is on both state and federal commissions of the Northwest Territory, and she also brought first hand information. Two past state regents, Mrs. James Crankshaw, also a past vice-president general, and Mrs. Henry B. Wilson, are active state chairmen under Mrs. Schlosser, and made reports on special observances and press relations. Mrs. James Gavin, past vice-president general, gave of her musical talent at the conference. Other guests were: Mrs. Robert Keene Arnold, state regent of Kentucky, Mrs. William E. Richards, state chaplain, Kentucky.

Flowers from Mrs. Helen C. Kimberly Stuart, state regent of Wisconsin, beautified the platform, and brought to us her greetings. The presentation of a gavel from Francis Vigo Chapter, Vincennes, the gift of dahlias from Mrs. Carl Gray of Petersburg, the many gestures of chapter, state and national society friendliness can only be mentioned in general here. Indiana is deeply appreciative.

The state officers club banquet, with the President General as honor guest, and Mrs. Roy A. Mayse, presiding, was an outstanding social affair. Vases from the Uhls potteries in Du Bois county, Indiana, were given as favors. Mrs. J. Harold Grimes, Danville, is the new president.

With nine new state board members, 40 new state chairmen, and 49 new chapter regents, the Indiana state regent has started her three year term and presided over her first state conference, in a manner which shows that the years of her apprenticeship in other chapter and state offices and as a national vice-chairman, have served her well. Truly, Mrs. Schlosser “tilted the reservoirs of friendship” when she formulated her program, and those friends, leaders in state and national work, gave to those present a well-rounded “short-course” in “first things, first.”

To the Hotel management, who gave their publicity facilities for our use, and whose courtesy and cooperation were unfailing; for Hoosier Hospitality impersonated by the southern director, Mrs. Floyd Atkinson, her regents and members, we are deeply grateful.

“By their works ye shall know them,” and if our records in the future surpass those of the precious past, our state conference of 1937, with our beloved President General “making the party,” will not have been in vain.

MINDWELL CRAMPTON WILSON
(Mrs. Henry B.),
State Chairman of Press Relations.
Committee Reports
Report of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education

The new Handbook Supplement of the National Defense through Patriotic Education Committee has been mailed to all National Officers, State National Defense and Publicity Chairmen, State and Chapter Regents and to those National Defense Chapter Chairmen whose names have been received by this office. It is disappointing to any chairman not to have tools to work with and important that the mailing list be complete and accurate at an early date. The preparation of an ever changing mailing list is in itself a tremendous task that the one who fails to receive her tools little realizes.

The Handbook and the September or Constitution Day issue of the National Defense News were mailed in August and are still being sent to chairmen whose names are late in arriving. Two later editions have carried information for Navy Day, Armistice Day and Education Week to the 6,000 or more names on the mailing list. Other organizations and subscribers are included in this number. The January News will be devoted in the main to matters of legislation before the second session of the 75th Congress, in so far as they relate to the work of this Committee.

In response to repeated requests, copies of the Constitution have just been printed in a size for classroom display. Constitution shrines and facsimile pages, as produced by the Sesquicentennial Commission, are also in demand, as are the Committee's Constitution Kits for schools and libraries and many helpful articles and booklets.

When the nineteen months' celebration (September 17, 1937 to April 30, 1939) is over the Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education hopes to have a splendid report for the D. A. R. Sesquicentennial Committee's report to the U. S. Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission of which it is a part. Therefore, chapters are requested to keep records of all activities and contributions toward community celebrations and preserve for record the contribution made by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Chairman.

Flag Lesson No. III
The Pledge to the Flag

One of the simplest and finest of all our various Flag courtesies is the giving of the pledge of allegiance to the Flag of the United States. Too many of us forget how to give it properly after our school days are over and forget even the words of the pledge. The same procedure that was correct for us in our schooldays is still correct for us as civilian adults. The pledge is a gracious ceremony performed constantly in schools, clubs, and all sorts of assemblages. These are the rules one should keep in mind about the pledge:

1. Know the words: “I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.” Don't stumble on such a short and simple sentence. Know it perfectly.

2. Stand erect at perfect attention; place your right hand over your heart.

3. Say the Pledge slowly, distinctly, and firmly as though you meant it. If you are saying it in unison with others, do your best to keep in unison.

4. At the words, “to the Flag,” the right hand is extended, palm upward, toward the Flag, and this position is held until the end, when the hand, after the words, “justice for all,” drops to the side.

5. If a civilian adult is listening to the Pledge and not participating in it, he should remove his hat and stand at atten-
tion. Anyone in uniform should give the usual right hand salute.

Practice saying the Pledge alone so that it will not seem awkward when you find yourself in a group. We Americans do not perform well in a group as do the Germans and the Japanese because we are usually unpracticed and therefore self-conscious. The ceremony of the Pledge should be automatic with every American citizen.

(Note: We are now half-way through the year’s full number of Flag lessons. I suggest that you review the preceding lessons and make sure that you can give a perfect Flag salute, that you know what to do during the performance of the national anthem, and that you can recite the pledge of allegiance. These are minimum essentials, and every American citizen should know them perfectly.)

VIVIAN LEWIS SIGMAN,
(Mrs. Lewis L. Sigman),
Chairman, Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

THE Genealogical Extension Service has been in operation for six months. When it was begun it was largely experimental in nature. While it was felt the Service was needed, it was not known whether the plan as outlined would meet with popular approval, nor was it known at that time just which type of inquiry would be in demand.

During the first six months the Service has demonstrated its value. However, experience has proven certain adjustments should be made in the type of work to be done and the fees to be charged.

The following fees have now been fixed by the National Board of Management and will be charged until further notice:

For an examination of sources of information in the Library on a locality or a family, and a report thereon; or for extensive search . . . $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 or $10.00.

The inquirer may decide how much she wishes to pay, i.e., for approximately two hours’ work ($2.00), three hours’ work ($3.00), five hours’ work ($5.00), or as much as ten hours’ work ($10.00), and can send sum accordingly. When approximately the time covered by such fee has been spent on the problem submitted, work will be discontinued and report made as to results.

For $2.00 it will usually be possible to learn whether there are genealogies of the family, histories of the county in which they lived in early days, and whether the name appears in the more usual indices or in the comprehensive index in the D. A. R. Library, and if the genealogies, local historical material, etc., in the Library are indexed, whether the family appears therein.

For $3.00 it will usually be possible to ascertain whether there are genealogies of the family, local histories, or if the name appears in the more usual bibliographies or indices and, if the referenced works are indexed, whether the family appears therein. It may be possible to examine some of the unindexed material, especially if the locality in which the family lived is known.

For the above fees it will seldom be possible to do much actual research; however, a report on the records examined and the results therefrom obtained will be made and if any research is done, report thereon given.

The $5.00 fee will cover sufficient time usually to ascertain possible references, examine indices and consult the majority of the volumes indexed and some unindexed material; it will also permit several hours of research, as a rule.

The $10.00 fee will cover sufficient time to permit of a compilation of available references, an examination of most indexed material, some unindexed and some hours of research. When work is discontinued because the allotted time has been consumed, the inquirer will be given a report on the records examined and results found, given advice as to how to proceed and furnished with names of descendants of the ancestor, if known, or others interested in the family name, together with a list of professional genealogists who might be employed to undertake the work.

All fees are to be paid in advance. There will be no refunds, as it is important if this Service is to continue that the “overhead” be kept as low as possible and clerical work reduced to a minimum.

More work can be done for the respective fees if the inquirer will state concisely the exact problem and furnish all information she has on the family, giving reference to known data. Much time is often required to analyze a letter in order to determine what the inquirer really wants.

Inquiries should, as heretofore, be addressed to the Reference Consultant in
This is a request for photographs of historic trees in your state, with data and story about each one. Kodak pictures, post cards, magazine prints, drawings, etchings or sketches are acceptable. Surely every state must have a number of such trees, but we have unbelievably few pictures from some states, while others have sent none at all.

These trees are fast disappearing, so kindly make your best effort to help preserve these priceless records.

The purpose for which this committee was appointed by the President General and the National Chairman of Conservation, was to take up the task of revising, filing, mounting and carefully preserving in properly bound folios the collection of approximately three hundred and fifty photographs and stories of “Historic Trees of America” so far contributed by D. A. R. This project was started about twelve years ago but allowed to lapse uncompleted for several years, until recently resumed.

Our goal is to make this, with the earnest cooperation of every D. A. R., the most complete record of its kind in the country.

The folios when completed will be placed in the Library in Constitution Hall in Washington, accessible to all members.

There has already been placed on the wall of the library a beautiful display rack with three reversible wings, presented in honor of our President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, by Mrs. Avery Turner, our National Chairman of Conservation. This rack will always display six folio pages of mounted photographs, to be changed from time to time, thus becoming another incentive to each State to send in the pictures of all the historically valuable old trees of each community.

The collection will eventually include, for future reference and record, not only individual trees, but a section for Groves of Historic Trees planted by D. A. R. and other organizations; a section for D. A. R. Forests and for “Washington Elm Children and Grandchildren.” The former being seedlings or cuttings of the “Old Washington Elm” of Cambridge, Mass., of which there are several in the United States; while the latter are the young trees raised by Mrs. James Hooper Dorsey and distributed by her to historic spots throughout the country, including those given by the Maryland Society D. A. R. to various State Capitol Grounds in 1932.

So that we may have these folios in Washington for Congress in April, won’t you kindly start at once to accumulate and send in without delay, these pictures, giving the matter publicity throughout your State? You will find your State Forester, Tree Specialists or Arborists very helpful and cooperative; also your libraries, editors, etc. Most of these have much material and information available.

Please send material to either Mrs. J. H. Dorsey, 7 St. Johns Road, or Mrs. Harry K. Nield, 2214 Ken Oak Road, Baltimore, Md.

Only through vigorous cooperation of each State Chairman can we turn over to the National Society a beautiful, complete and valuable collection.

Edna H. Nield,
(Mrs. Harry K. Nield),
National Vice Chairman of Conservation in Charge of Historic Trees.
D. A. R. HEAD PRESENTS TROPHY TO NAVY MARKSMEN

Mrs. William A. Becker, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, presents a handsome bronze plaque to officials of the Navy Department, to be awarded annually to the destroyer making the best score in antiaircraft gunfire practice. Photo shows Mrs. Becker, left, presenting the trophy to Rear Admiral Adolphus Andrews, center, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and Rear Admiral J. O. Richardson, right, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations.

Why I Love and Respect the American Flag

DONALD AND DUNCAN GARDNER

The following verses were written by twin brothers, twelve year old pupils at the Gordon Junior High School of Washington, D.C. The poem from which they are selected was the prize winner in a contest held under the auspices of the Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

When I talk about Old Glory
I should like to boast and brag,
For common words just fail to show
How much I love the Flag.

It's something that she stands for
That makes my heart beat fast,
It's the memory of her greatness,
The spirit of the past.

A spirit great and glorious
That's come down through the years,
It makes my heart beat wild with joy
And eyes fill up with tears.

It's not her starry fields of blue,
Nor stripes of white and flame,
For other flags have hues as bright—
Yet they don't seem the same.
THE WILLIAM PATERNOM CHAPTER PLACES A MARKER

From left to right: Mrs. Charles B. Folley, State Treasurer, Miss Rose Rauchfull, member of marker committee, Miss Agnes Stour, State Chaplain, Miss Ada S. Totten, State Librarian, Mrs. William H. Clouse, State Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank R. Sandt and Miss Grace L. Russell, members of the marker committee, Mrs. Joseph E. Pryor, National Chairman of Press Relations, Mrs. William J. Ward, Vice President General of New Jersey, Mrs. Jacob N. C. Files, Regent of William Paterson Chapter, Peter Embree, Mrs. William A. Becker, Miss Margaret Bairie, Good Citizen Pilgrim of New Jersey (Sponsored by the William Paterson Chapter), Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, Acting State Regent of New Jersey, Mrs. Frank Chareot, Honorary Regent of William Paterson Chapter and member of marker committee, Miss Emma B. Rauchful, Chairman of marker committee.

News Items

In order to give recognition to the European branches of our organization it was necessary to delete the feature of “Chapter Work Told Pictorially” entirely from the November issue. In the meantime so much worthwhile chapter work has been done that though this can be recognized by mention in the news items department it is not possible to print all the pictures that have come in illustrating it. Therefore it seems fairer not to print any of them except in the case of those depicting celebrations in which the President General has taken part or those which involved a State celebration.

Constitution Sesquicentennial Celebrations

The William Paterson Chapter has observed the Sesquicentennial of the Constitution and honored one of the Signers, William Paterson, after whom the Chapter was named, by placing a city marker at the entrance to the city of Paterson, N. J. Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, N. S. D. A. R., dedicated the marker and Peter Embree, a descendant of William Paterson, unveiled it. New Jersey signed the Constitution One Hundred and Fifty years ago this December.

The Cora Stickney Harper Chapter of Fort Pierce, Florida, arranged an attractive window display as part of its program in observance of the Constitution Sesquicentennial Celebration. A Colonial doorway poster depicting the “open door to liberty and democracy” centered the display with the Constitution emphasized, and interest was created with heirlooms artistically arranged.

The Princess Hirrihigus Chapter of St. Petersburg, Florida, observed Constitution Day by planting a beautiful Cocoa Plumus Palm in Triangle Park and giving an appropriate program.

The Frances Dighton Williams Chapter D. A. R. of Bangor, Maine, celebrated Constitution Day by giving a one act costume play. This represented a gay house party which was enlivened by a minuet. During the course of it a Post Rider arrived with letters containing the preamble to the Constitution and extracts from the addresses made by Washington and Franklin at the Convention. This served to bring home to the audience the significance of what it meant to first hear the words “The United States of America.” The play was arranged by Mrs. Benjamin T. Shaw, chairman of Americanism.
Dedication of Markers

The Pee Dee Chapter of Bennettsville, South Carolina, has dedicated a marker bearing the following inscription, “Site of Cashaway Baptist Church Erected in St. David’s Parish 1758. Skirmish between the Whigs and Tories 1771. Pee Dee Chapter D. A. R. 1937.”

The Janesville Chapter has marked the site of the first log cabin which was built in November, 1835, by William Holmes, Joshua Holmes, John Inman and George Follmer, in Janesville, Wis.

With the recent marking of the grave of Nathan Burpee, Revolutionary Soldier, the Genesee Chapter, of Flint, Michigan, reaches the record of ten graves of soldiers: Graves located and permanently designated with bronze markers to perpetuate the memory and spirit of these brave men who achieved American independence.

The General Asa Danforth Chapter, Syracuse, N. Y., has placed a bronze tablet in the cemetery at Marcellus, N. Y., for forty-eight Revolutionary Soldiers buried there.

The Silence Howard Hayden Chapter, D. A. R., of Waterville, Maine, has honored its Real Granddaughter, Mrs. Harriet M. Daggett, by placing a bronze marker on the grave of her grandmother, Nathaniel Barrett at Hinckley, Maine. He enlisted February 27, 1781, in the 9th Company, First New Hampshire Regiment, serving until the close of the Revolutionary War.

Louisa St. Clair Chapter, D. A. R., Detroit, Michigan, under the direction of her Historian, Mrs. Leroy G. Vandeventer, has marked the grave of a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier and Minute Man, Daraxa McLouth Fuller (1789-1857), great-grandmother of the Regent, Mrs. Walter C. Pomeroy and grandmother of Mrs. George P. Whaley, who presented the history at the marking. The bronze marker was the gift of the Junior Group. Services were held at York Cemetery, just north of Milan, Michigan, September 25, 1937. Sarah Caswell Angell Chapter, Ann Arbor, Michigan, was invited to participate in compliment to Mrs. Whaley, mother of the Regent, and a member of this chapter.

Descendants of ’76 Chapter, District of Columbia, N. S. D. A. R., assisted by William French Chapter of Bellows Falls, Vt., Mrs. Frank E. Adams, Regent, have placed a marker on the grave of Esquire John Tuthill, a Revolutionary soldier buried in the cemetery of the old Meeting House at Westminster West, Vt. Six direct descendants of John Tuthill, who also served in the French and Indian wars and who was Adjutant in the Fourth New York Regiment, were present on this occasion.

The Thomas Carter Chapter, Mt. Cross, Virginia, has dedicated a marker on the grave of Lieut. Edmund Fitzgerald, a Revolutionary Soldier. This is the first marker to be placed by this chapter, which is only a little over a year old.

The Past Regent Club of Lydia Alden Chapter, D. A. R., of Spencer, Iowa, dedicated a bench in Glen Pedersen Park in honor of Mrs. Millie Pollock, ex-Senior Regent, who sponsored the Organizing Regent of the Chapter. The bench was a gift of Mrs. Bessie Carroll Higgins, Ex-National Vice President General and a Past Regent of Lydia Alden Chapter, and the dedication was made by her.

The Lydia Alden Chapter, D. A. R., has dedicated a monument, marking the site of the first post office in Spencer, Iowa. This post office also served as the first church and the first school house.

The Black Hills Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Bellefourche, S. Dakota, has dedicated a marker on the old Pierre Trail into the Black Hills. It is the first D. A. R. marker to be placed in this historic region.

The Washington Chapter of Washington, Iowa, has dedicated a marker which has been placed on the terrace of the Consolidated School grounds in Crawfordsville, Iowa, on the Old Military Road which runs across Iowa from Fort Snelling, St. Paul, Minn., to Fort St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo. This is one of seven markers which follow the Old Military Road.

The Wheeling Chapter of Wheeling, West Virginia, has placed markers on the graves of General Benjamin Biggs and Sergeant John Curtis at West Liberty and on the grave of Louis Bonnet, Sr., at the Bonnet Farm on Big Wheeling Creek Road. The services were in charge of Mrs. George Zeppos, Regent, Miss Elizabeth Brown, Chaplain and Mrs. Charles D. Towar, Historian.

The Stars and Stripes Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Burlington, Iowa, has dedicated a marker on the grave of Lieut. Frederick Ware, a Revolutionary Soldier buried in Kassuth Cemetery in Des Moines County, Iowa. To Des Moines County goes the distinction of furnishing the final resting place of more Revolutionary War Veterans than any other county in the State of Iowa.

The General Lafayette Chapter, Atlantic City, New Jersey, has dedicated a bronze marker placed on the grave of Capt. Joseph Estell, Revolutionary Soldier, in the Church Yard of the Head of the River M. E. Church, Tuckahoe, N. J.

PRESENTATION OF THE D. A. R. TROPHY TO THE U. S. S. MISSISSIPPI FOR EXCELLENCE IN MARKSMANSHIP

Presentations of Trophies

Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge, State Vice Regent of California, represented the President General in the presentation of the Daughters of the American Revolution Trophy to the U. S. S. Mississippi for excelling in marksmanship. Mrs.
Hodge and her party were met by Captain Ferdinand L. Reichmuth, Commander W. L. Ainsworth and Lieut. Com. W. L. Sweetser who escorted them to their places on deck, where the entire ships company was in attendance at the presentation. It was a particularly gala occasion for both officers and men, as this was the second consecutive year they had won the coveted anti-aircraft trophy in the battleship division. In introducing Mrs. Hodge, Captain Reichmuth expressed his appreciation of the interest the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution was taking in the adequate defense program of the navy.

Yorktown Anniversary

ON THE One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Anniversary of the Victory at Yorktown the Virginia Daughters of the N. S. D. A. R. unveiled a tablet on the first Custom House in America in honor of Mrs. George Durbin Chenoweth, Regent of the Comte de Grasse Chapter, of which the Custom House is now the property. Appropriate ceremonies marked this dedication, at which Mrs. Arthur Rowbothan, State Regent of Virginia, made the principal address and said in part:

Much of our effort is expended in marking the recovered resting places of our forebears; this is a reverent service that we perform for those responsible for our heritage of individual expression—a synonym for that "Liberty" for which they gave themselves. Not infrequently we may half wonder if those whose graves we cherish may be somewhat conscious of our gratitude to those who reaped so little material reward in life; those who gave so much.

To-day we are gathered to recognize the services of one who, after forty-four years of devotion to our cause, is now in our midst, alive and well; and, if the outward form should show the delicate markings of "Time," her spirit is still vibrant in challenge to us also to live in the interest of others. So we have the satisfaction of knowing that the recipient of to-day's recognition is fully conscious of our love and admiration.

So many and varied are her affiliations and honors that I shall but name a few of them. She was the Organizing Regent and then Regent of the Comte de Grasse Chapter for the full 15 years of its activities.

Proposed by the Marquis de Grasse (a descendant of the Comte de Grasse for whom her chapter is named), she became a member of "The American Friends of Lafayette," in addition to being a charter member of "The Society of The Friends of de Grasse."

A member of "The Virginia Yorktown Sesquicentennial Commission," and a trustee of "The Marquis-Washington Memorial Association," her culminating honor is a decoration bestowed on her by the French Government. This decoration, "Officier d'Academie," was conferred in December, 1934, by the Minister of National Education of the French Republic, and was granted, partly, because of services given in the French cause, services on her part in obtaining the names of French soldiers who fell in the vicinity of Yorktown, whose names are perpetually memo-
In Memoriam

Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard, the last member of the Washington family born at Mt. Vernon, died in Alexandria, Virginia, on November 7. She was eighty-one years old, and was a great-great-grandniece of George Washington and a daughter of Colonel John Augustine Washington who gave his life for the Confederacy at Cheat Mountain in 1861.

Mrs. Howard served the National Society, D. A. R. as Vice-President General, 1897-1898, as Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters, 1899-1900, as Recording Secretary General in 1901-1902, and Honorary Vice-President General from 1927 until the time of her death. She served the State of Virginia as State Regent, 1904-1906.

Just a year ago, when she was dean of the Washington clan, Mrs. Howard ruefully explained why her father sold Mount Vernon to the Mount Vernon Ladies Association when she was but four years old.

"My father," she said, "was actually eaten out of house and home. People came every day to look at the estate, ate our food, accepted our hospitality—and then went off without so much as a 'thank you.' The estate was never self-supporting . . . and with our family large as it was, the expenses just couldn't be met."

Mrs. Howard was born in 1856, one of seven children and youngest daughter among five. She was orphaned when her father was killed on a reconnaissance in the West Virginia hills; her mother had died the year before.

Though Mount Vernon was sold by her father for $200,000, he actually realized nothing from it, Mrs. Howard once said. She explained he turned his fortune as well as his life over to the Confederacy at the outbreak of the Civil War.

Mrs. Howard was the widow of Julian Smith Howard, of Warsaw, Virginia, and is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Howard Caldwell, of Seattle, Washington, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The Mount Vernon estate descended to Mrs. Howard's father through his mother, Mrs. Jane C. Washington, who deeded the historic spot to her son during her lifetime in accordance with the will of her husband, John A. Washington.

Mount Vernon had come to John A. Washington from his uncle, Judge Bushrod Washington, nephew of George Washington. The mansion carried with it 1,225 acres of land.

Every year Mrs. Howard accompanied the Children of the American Revolution on a pilgrimage to her birthplace.

The National Society records her death with deep sorrow.

Mrs. Amos G. Draper, who served the National Society as Treasurer General from 1895 to 1897 and Registrar General from 1907 to 1909, died on October 13, 1937. Mrs. Draper was active in the National Society for many years, and her death is recorded with deep sorrow.

The National Society announces with deep regret the death of Mrs. William H. Talbott of Maryland, on October 17, 1937. Mrs. Talbott served as Vice President General from 1917 to 1920.
The Tribute of the Bells

S. M. Starr

"The Tribute of the Bells" was one of extreme significance to Eleanor Washington Howard. It seems fitting that this account of the origin of the ceremony should form part of the homage paid to her memory.

Of the thousands that journey to Mount Vernon by boat or stop on their way to or from the Nation's capital, how many know why the ship's bell tolls when a government vessel is passing America's Sacred Shrine? There is something strangely compelling in the notes; something that silences the gayest throngs, making them stand quiet, an unspeakable reverence stilling the most careless tongues.

It is no idle thing; this tolling of the bell. Its story is a sweet and beautiful thing that has found its way into the heart of Government, and become a law calling attention to its citizens that here is Sanctuary. Behind the beautiful tribute of the bells stands a great Government law. The strict Navy Regulation on ships passing Washington's tomb is:

“When naval vessels are passing Washington’s tomb, Mount Vernon, Virginia, between sunrise and sunset, the following ceremonies shall be observed as far as practicable: Full guard and band paraded; bell tolled and colors half-masted at the beginning of the tolling of the bell. When opposite Washington’s tomb taps shall be sounded on the bugle, guard present arms, and officers and men on deck stand at attention and salute. The colors shall be mast-headed at the last note of taps, the band playing the National Anthem, the end of which will be the signal for ‘carry on.’”

Of the many stories of how this beautiful tribute originated, the authentic one lies in the following paragraph from the “Autobiography of Commodore Morris' second cruise in the U. S. S. Congress,” page 123:

“The ship was delayed by head-winds so that we did not reach Washington till late in May, 1801. We passed the frigate United States in the lower part of the Potomac. About 10 o’clock in the morning of a beautifully serene day, we passed Mount Vernon. Every one was on deck to look upon the dwelling where Washington had made his home. Mrs. Washington and others of the family could be distinguished in the portico which fronts the river. When opposite the house, by order of Captain Sever, the sails were lowered, the colors displayed half-masted, and a mourning salute of thirteen guns was fired as a mark of respect to the memory of Washington, whose life had recently been closed, and whose tomb was in our view. The general silence on board the ship and around us, except when broken by the cannon’s sound, the echo and re-echo of that sound from the near and distant hills, as it died away in the distance, the whole ship’s company uncovered and motionless, and the associations connected with the ceremony, seemed to make a deep impression upon all, as they certainly did upon me. When the salute was finished the sails were again set, the colors hoisted, and we proceeded up the river.”

The tribute of the bells to the memory of our first President is this country's most beautiful law. Its solemn observance upon all Government vessels is made the more impressive, because this, the first official record of its being carried out comes to us from Commodore Morris—the “Statesman of the United States Navy,” who was in all ways an American after the order of George Washington.
Junior Nebraska Juniors

In Nebraska, the State Chairman of Junior Membership, Mrs. J. C. Suttie, and the member of the Special National Committee for Junior Membership, Mrs. B. B. Davis, have been doing pioneer work with splendid results, sure to bear fruit before the end of the year.

A letter was sent to every Regent of the 49 chapters in the State, setting forth the need to interest youth in the splendid work done by the D. A. R. Only two chapters, the Omaha, and the Point of Rock, have organized Junior Groups. The Mary Katharine Goddard Chapter is composed entirely of young women.

In the Omaha Chapter, the best work of the year was done by the Junior Group, five being chairman of committees, one holding an elective office, and one, chairman of a State committee. In addition to unflagging attendance at the regular meetings, this group meets once a month with program, tea and social hour, inviting all new members of the chapter, who quickly become acquainted and establish cordial relations.

The Junior Group had charge of selecting girls for the Ruth Bryan Owen Pilgrimage. It conducted a booth at the Bohemian Sokol exposition, and for five evenings explained work done for foreigners by the D. A. R. and gave out manuals and other literature, also conducted a similar booth at the Y. M. C. A. annual banquet. It entered a table setting contest put on by a mercantile firm and won a major prize. It collected 200 books for schools and clubs. Its principal activity was in the Girl Home-makers' Club. Its youngest member, eighteen years old, was Chairman of the Committee which met once a week with a group of girls in the Social Settlement—about 30 girls from the poorest families were taught patriotism, hygiene, social usages, needle work, how to prepare a simple sick tray, and how to spend the dollar for the weekly marketing to the best advantage.

These members of the Junior Membership Committee will attend all State and Regional meetings, and contact as many Chapters in the State as possible and bring before the members this wonderful youth project and encourage the formation of Junior Groups within the chapters.

Mrs. B. B. Davis.

Iowa Juniors

Miss Vivian Freeman, from Tamassee D. A. R. School in South Carolina, is enrolled in the Freshman class in Home Economics at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. She won the $500.00 scholarship offered by the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution, voted at their State Conference last March, 1937. This is the first scholarship ever offered by the Iowa Daughters.

The Junior groups over the State of Iowa furnished clothing and dormitory supplies for Miss Freeman, this fall.

In our chapters throughout the State, we have from three to ten members who are included in the junior groups, so that we have had to work as a state, on our project, rather than each group separately. Each small group has done very well, and with the interest shown at our Fall Board and District meetings of the Iowa Daughters, we have the highest hopes of attaining our goal. The Iowa Juniors have taken as their project, the financing of Miss Freeman's school expenses during the next three years. We will have bridge teas, breakfasts, lending of books, making afghans, rummage sales, to raise money, about $500.00 a year. Chapters at Ames, Anamosa, Boone, Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Spencer, Cherokee,
Des Moines, Eldora, and Keokuk have very active Junior Members. With their interest and cooperation, we expect to have a large Junior group meeting during the State Conference of 1938 in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Lois Wilson Cronbaugh, Secretary, State Junior Group.

Greetings: From the Junior Group of Wiltwyck Chapter, Kingston, New York, to all Juniors:

This group of eight was organized January 6, 1936. Meetings are held monthly at Chapter House. Membership now consists of 31 active members, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Each group has its own Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer, and appoints its own committees. An advisor is appointed by Chapter and one of Chapter members. The Advisor and the Chairman attend Local Board Meetings and have vote.

The Chapter Advisor and several Group members open their homes for supper parties to the Group, to promote sociability. A successful cake and candy sale preceding Chapter Day program netted a goodly amount, and this was placed in Treasury.

Juniors had charge of Ellis Island Christmas Tree party, at which time a huge box of generous gifts, given by Chapter members, was sent to Ellis Island; also, a donation of money. A picture of the Groups and tree with gifts was taken.

We had the honor and pleasure of entertaining Mrs. William H. Pouch, Organizing Secretary General of the National Society D. A. R., at our January meeting, at which time the Group also entertained the Officers, Local Board, and Board of Trustees of Wiltwyck Chapter. Mrs. Pouch's talk was most inspiring and helpful. A card party, which was a success both socially and financially, was held to raise fund for Approved Schools Program. The Juniors assisted in serving at the Chapter’s Washington's Birthday Party and at the luncheon in May, which honored the New York State Regent, Mrs. William H. Clapp.

The Juniors donated $10.00 towards the purchase of silver forks by House Committee of Chapter. Took part in two plays presented by Chapter at Chapter House, and at Tuberculosis Hospital. Mrs. Pouch gave two baby spoons with D. A. R. insignia to be presented to first babies born to Junior members. These spoons have been sent to the new babies, one being a future Daughter. The June meeting was an open one to which all members of Wiltwyck Chapter were invited. A splendid program, delicious refreshments and a social hour completed the evening. We have started a Reserve Fund, to which the same amount is to be added each year, and we closed the year on a decidedly sound basis, members very enthusiastic about the work. All work, programs, and socials were very successful, and with inspiration and cooperation, the Junior Group of Wiltwyck Chapter aims to go ahead.

Our group received a National Prize of $5.00 from Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch for 21 new Junior members secured personally by Mrs. R. Frederic Chidsey. Through an inadvertence, this was not recognized at Continental Congress. Wiltwyck Chapter actually winning third place in the Junior Membership Contest.

As we start the present fall term, we have our first year books, which the girls planned and made themselves, and delivered to the members. Program Committee has planned for each meeting. We are anticipating the visit of Mrs. Smith H. Stebbins, National Chairman of Ellis Island, who will be our honor guest in November.

This present year, we will also take over again from the Chapter, the Ellis Island and Approved Schools programs, and whatever work asked of us by the Chapter.

Harriet Sutton Chidsey, Chapter Advisor.

Junior American Citizens Committee

As the months pass by this National Chairman finds the work more and more fascinating and this is due very largely to the increasing interest being shown in the clubs in all parts of the country. Letters telling of the work are full of enthusiasm and I am passing on some of their thoughts and ideas.
The National Vice-Chairman of the Eastern Division, Miss Barnes, has told me of the essay contest on the Constitution, for the members of the Junior American Citizens Clubs in the District of Columbia. Prizes of $10.00 are to be given the boy and girl who writes the most intelligent essay. The age of the contestants must be thirteen or over. This is a very splendid idea and I trust that many other such contests may be started that the club members will have an incentive for studying the Constitution.

The State Chairman of Washington in her state circular letter said that at first she knew very little about the work of the Junior American Citizens Committee, but that the more she read of the clubs the more she realized their value as one of the greatest aids in training youth to be the patriotic citizens of the next generation. She asked every chapter regent to appoint a chairman and allow her a few minutes at several meetings to explain the work to the D. A. R. members. In closing her letter she said—"We all know that one of the gravest questions that confronts America to-day is 'Shall we have Patriots or Radicals?'—Let us all feel the privilege of our responsibility in this matter and get behind the work."

The Chairman of the Anne Hutchinson Chapter, Bronxville, New York, wrote that last May Day the committee and the members of their Junior American Citizens Clubs braved the marching throngs of "Reds" and "What Nots" who for hours marched down Fifth Avenue, and visited the home of Theodore Roosevelt just a few doors from the Avenue—surely a fine gesture to present the life of an outstanding loyal American citizen to these young people at such a time.

The State Chairman of Oklahoma recently wrote. "Children are naturally interested in the history of their country and the age of six is not too young to present this to them in the innumerable stories of heroism and patriotism in which our country abounds. History becomes real when our youth understands that the standards which are upheld for them are possible because those patriots, who preceded them on the stage of life, championed and defended the ideals of true Americanism. As long as the germ of discontent is being spread—we are challenged to face such doctrines and must do it with superior ideals of a free and truly democratic nation. Every child has a right to know of what true freedom consists; that his rights end when it affects the freedom of another and upon this fact is based our government."

It is my sincere wish that the joy of the Christmas Season fill the hearts of every Junior American Citizen.

Beatrice T. L. Wisner,
National Chairman.

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Report for the Junior Group of the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, D. A. R.

Reporting will be short and sweeter
If I write it up in meter.
Here's a picture of our meetings
Forty girls with forty greetings
In the midst of busy chatter
Turning soon to things that matter.
Programs planned with thoughtful care,
Furniture and books so rare
Each a truthful testimonial

To the style of things Colonial.
Flower arranging and bouquets
In the mode of by-gone days.
To help us trace our family tree
The study of genealogy.
A little Oh-ing, a little sewing,
Our money's to a Tamassee going.
You can see why we come trooping
We all enjoy our Junior Grouping!
National Society Children of the American Revolution  
(Organized April 5, 1895)  
Founder, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Deceased)

National Board of Management  
(Address all Officers in care of Memorial Continental Hall)

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<tr>
<th>National President</th>
<th>MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH</th>
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<td>National Recording Secretary</td>
<td>MRS. FREDERICK ALLEN HUNNEWELL</td>
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<td>National Organizing Secretary</td>
<td>MRS. JOHN MORRISON KERR</td>
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<td>MRS. LEE R. PENNINGTON, JR.</td>
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<td>National Librarian-Curator</td>
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<td>National Chaplain</td>
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A State Director has charge of the work in each State

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<th>Total membership of Society, around 10,000</th>
<th>Total number of Societies ....................</th>
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<td>Latest National Number ......................</td>
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MRS. FRANK S. RAY, Editor, C. A. R. Magazine

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<td>MRS. EDMUND BURKE BALL, Indiana</td>
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<td>MRS. MESSMORE KENDALL, President General S. A. R.</td>
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(Elected for five years)

| MRS. LARZ ANDERSON, Mass., 1937           |                                              |
| MRS. HERBERT ALLEN BLACK, Colo., 1937    |                                              |
| MISS ANNE CUMMINS, Iowa, 1933             |                                              |
| MISS MARGARET LOTHROP, Calif., 1937       |                                              |
| MRS. FRANK S. RAY, Maryland, 1936         |                                              |
| MRS. HORACE M. TOWNER, Iowa, 1935         |                                              |
A Pioneer Girl

JANET CARLE INGRAM

Continuing our policy of encouraging members of the C. A. R. to contribute to our Magazine, we print with pleasure two praiseworthy articles that have come to our desk. The first is by a member of the Black Hawk Society, Highland Park, Illinois; the second by a member of the Richard Jones Society, Washington, D. C.

I never knew my great-grandmother, Almira Hull, but she has always been one of my heroines. She was the first white child born in Northern Ohio and grew up in a pioneer country where there were many more Indians than white people. One story about her has always fascinated me because it shows what real courage our pioneer forefathers had.

One day when she was only six years old it was necessary for her father and mother to make a two day trip to another settlement. Almira was left in charge of her three year old sister, Lucinda. Her mother filled the water buckets and left enough bread and oatmeal to last the children two days. There had been trouble with the Indians and her parents instructed her that if she saw any Indians she must go into the house, close the shutters, and bar the door.

The day their parents were to return, Almira and Lucinda were playing out of doors when they saw an Indian at some distance. They ran into the house and Almira closed the shutters and was just going to bar the door when the Indian pushed it open and shoved Almira back into the room saying "White child afraid of Indian."

Little Almira replied "I am not afraid. You get out of here!" With that he took his gun and shot it across Almira's eyes. The bullet did not hit her, but the powder burned off her eyebrows. Almira did not flinch and the Indian, satisfied with what he had done, turned and left.

Later that day when their parents were journeying home, they passed a house that had been burned and learned that the Indians had been on the warpath again. They feared for the safety of their children and whipped their horses into a mad race for home. On the way they were stopped by an Indian who said "Indian no kill white girl, she brave."

They reached home and found Almira with a wet cloth over her eyes but still taking care of her sister.

Great-grandmother never after that had any eyebrows, but she had a character that has always made her seem beautiful to me.

My "Maryland Day" Trip

ADELINE MCALLISTER

This summer was a very eventful one for me. I went to camp for the season, and then down to the mountains for the remaining two weeks.

This year, for "Maryland Day," the camp was divided into two parts. One part was to cover Northern Maryland and the other Southern Maryland. I happened to go on the Northern Trip. One of the places we were to visit was Darcy's boatyard. This particular boatyard was used during the War of 1812. It made all of the fine boats in this part of the country, that were sailed to England. One can still see the huge, handhewn logs that were used to launch the boats. The house, in use now, on the land is the old house renovated and remodeled. It is owned by the Daniels. As a matter of fact the old springhouse and storehouse are still standing in the original places. We spent a very enjoyable morning there and soon returned to camp for a picnic lunch.

The next place of interest on the program was Chalk Point. A battle took place at Chalk Point between an American ship and a British ship, during the War of 1812. The British ship was loaded with a cargo of chalk. The American ship chased the British ship down West River from the Bay. The British ship realized that it was being chased and landed the cargo on a point of land nearest to where they were and since then the point has been called Chalk Point.

The last and most interesting place visited perhaps was Tulip Hill. This interesting historical place was noted for its huge tulip trees which could be seen for many miles before actually reaching them. Tulip Hill is located on a very high and rather steep hill. The house originally was built by the Galloways, people of historic importance to Maryland, and has later been purchased by Mrs. May Flather, the sweet old lady whose father gave a camp to the Girl Scouts of Washington, D. C., and named it Camp May Flather in honor of his daughter. Mrs. Flather still holds great interest in the Girl Scouts and often honors them with her presence.
It is superfluous to introduce Ellen S. Woodward, the author of "Allies in Aims" to readers of this magazine, because the fine record she has made in her present position has familiarized us all with her name in connection with it. However, in welcoming her as a contributor to our pages it is a pleasure to take this occasion of tracing the "build up" which has been instrumental in fitting her for important executive work.

She is the daughter of a late Senator—William V. Sullivan—from Mississippi, and the widow of an outstanding lawyer—Albert Y. Woodward—of the same state. She herself was a former member of the Mississippi legislature and was for three years director of civic development for the Mississippi State Board of Development. Later she became the first woman to hold the position of executive director of the Board. In 1932 she was appointed a member of the executive committee of the Mississippi State Board of Public Welfare which was created by the Governor in that year. She was actively engaged in relief from that time forward and was so engaged at the time of her call to Washington. Under her direction in the W. P. A. are such projects as Art, Music, Theatre, Writing, Nursing, Public Health, Housekeeping Aid, School Lunches, Library Extension, Re-
search and Museum, Household Service Demonstration Centers, Sewing, Canning and other activities.

Mrs. Woodward is pleasant to listen to, not only because she always has something interesting to say, but because she says it in a beautifully modulated voice. And she is lovely to look at. She has auburn hair, an exquisite complexion and a willowy figure. In short her appearance meets all the requirements of that section of our country which sets the standard high when they speak of a woman as "typically southern."

And this is a type which every section of the country admires!

One of the most treasured memories of a trip around the world which your editor made over a decade ago is that of a Christ-

mas Eve she spent in Manila. She has written about this twice in Good Housekeeping and perhaps it is permissible to quote from one of these descriptions because this provides a mise en scene, so to speak, for the fine article on "Old Churches of Manila" which Ruth Bradley Sheldon, State Re-

SIDE DOORS OF AUGUSTINE CHURCH, MANILA

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gent of the Philippines, contributes to this number:

"We went to the Christmas Eve Ball at the Tiro al Blanco, the fashionable suburban gun club," I wrote in December, 1935.—"And, in the streets through which we passed, there were many houses in front of which hung a huge paper star, lighted from within, and churchdoors standing wide open; while above the entrance to one of them, the figure of the Christ, white in a deep, illumined niche, showed with a glory that did not seem to come entirely from the lighted and glistening marble. Later we were to leave the ball long enough to go for a little while to some of the churches—to see the brilliant façade of St. Augustin’s, and the wonderful carving at St. Ignatius, and to listen to the glorious burst of boyish voices singing ‘Adeste Fideles’ to the strains of a great organ, and hear the bells all over the city ringing at midnight. A custom of which I had never heard before, this one of leaving a ball in order to go to church, and then returning to the ball and dancing some more; but it seems to be attended with no irreverence of either feeling or thought, and, after all, religion was never meant to be a sad or sober thing, or a thing apart from our daily pleasures any more than from our daily griefs."

In all there were six churches visited in that strange, hushed, reverent interlude between the dances. Miss Sheldon describes each one of these with a beauty of feeling and a wealth of experience that few of us can achieve.

Edith Harlan, the author of this month’s short story “Behind the Lines” writes of its setting:

"The road between Washington and Annapolis is a winding one with glimpses of lush marshes, bright against the summer sun and there is one old tavern standing on the old Washington Road, long fallen into disuse, its great stables tumbled down, its original reputation for comfort and hospitality half forgotten. Perhaps, some hunter from the country, shopping for ammunition at the cross-ways’ store with his setters will recall its early glories if questioned, will remember that his grandfather told years before that the horses were changed there, that this was where George Washington stopped on his way to Annapolis when the gayeties of the little capital tempted him."

"There was no sign of decay in the old tavern then. Plump chickens, wild ducks and turkeys, oysters from the Bay and great roasts of pork or beef were over the spit, fat negroes pounded faithfully on blistered beaten biscuits, baked mounds of fragrant rolls or batter bread. At Christmas time all manner of punches were concocted, while the old tavern keeper protested that every egg in the country went into eggnog."

"It was quite a drive from Upper Marlboro, seventeen miles to Annapolis—a comfortable spot to spend the night, so the linen was kept fresh and lavender scented, the beds warmed with brass warming pans in winter, little colored children with paper brooms kept busy shooing flies from the dining-room in summer."

With this charming and authentic background Edith Harlan has written a touching little tale of the eve of Washington’s resignation from the Army. Look for it on page 1098.

You will enjoy the illustrations almost as much as the story. These silhouettes are the work of Patricia Smith Frankenburg, a young artist of much promise whose first published work appeared in “Outside the Garden Gate,” a collection of verse by B. C. Priest. We hope we will be able to publish her work often.

Your Editor can hardly believe her good fortune, but there are no comments from critics to record this month! Instead, the magazine has had what we call in the trade a “good press”—a feature article about it by Winifred Mallon which appeared in the New York Times was especially encouraging!—and the letters which have come in to the office have been really heart-warming. I wish I could share them all with you but though this is impossible, there is one from Mrs. Russell William Magna, Honorary President General, N. S. D. A. R. from which I really must quote: "I have just come out from between the pages of the most recent number of the D. A. R. Magazine," she writes. "From the moment I removed the wrapper, until I finished reading it, almost to the last page, I was thrilled, inspired, and happy over it. I most certainly congratulate you on the magazine."

A letter has come in from another Honorary President General, Mrs. Grace H.
Brosseau, one from Mrs. Florence E. Allen of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and one from Mr. W. F. Bigelow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*—not to mention many others! I feel I cannot, with becoming modesty, quote from these in cold print but I will show them, gladly and proudly, to anyone who accepts my standing invitation to drop into the office at anytime!

What I lack in critics this month I have made up in collaborators and at the very top of the list of these, I feel I must put Mrs. Starr Sherman, Vice Regent of the State of Washington, and Miss Zoe M. Beal, Magazine Chairman for the same state. The material which they have sent in for the Washington number of the magazine now scheduled for January is simply splendid. I am so enthusiastic over it that I can hardly wait to see it published myself and just as a sample of the treat in store for all of you—thanks to these collaborators—I am using one of the beautiful pictures they have sent me as a tailpiece to this page. I know it will stimulate your desire to see all the rest.
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