Beginning Our First Serial — THE BEAUTY OF BELVOIR
By GERTRUDE TUCKER and PAULINE HOPKINS
Articles by • ELEANOR ROOSEVELT • KATHARINE PEABODY GIRLING • and Many Others

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Martha Washington in Her Youth

FROM THE IMAGINATIVE PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM STEENE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF MARTHA WASHINGTON SEMINARY. REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF DR. EDWARD W. THOMPSON, PRINCIPAL.

Copies of this picture in postcard size and larger, both colored and uncolored, may be obtained from Mrs. Harry F. Grove, President, Chapter House Corporation, 2708 Cathedral Avenue, Washington, D. C. Proceeds of these sales will be applied towards the erection of a Chapter House.
EDITORIAL

"With Sacrifice and Service—"

WITH March comes Spring, the season of new life and new hope. The sun returns its warmth, sap rises, fields are tilled and all nature bends to the task of replenishing the earth.

At this time many of our members are gathering in State Conferences to give account of their stewardship, to receive inspiration and power to go forth with new zeal in their work for our country. Is this what our State Conferences are actually accomplishing, what they are giving to their members and to the progress of their country? It is well to stop and analyze our purpose, for without sacrifice and service, reports and discussion do not avail.

Our generation has taken its responsibilities of citizenship lightly; and quite as thoughtlessly has regarded its privileges. Somehow we have seemed to believe that independence was won once and for all back in '76; that our constitutional government was fully guaranteed in the year of its adoption, a century and a half ago, and that, therefore, we are a privileged and chosen people removed from the immutable law of change and decay and death. But an inheritance will not long remain in careless and untrained hands.

Our Society has recognized its responsibility. Annual meetings are guide posts to which we turn for direction. The soil must not be allowed to become hard, barren and unproductive. Energy of heart and hand is needed if it is to bear fruit. Projects started at State Conferences gather power as they are directed by purpose and high resolve. Would that our members realized that each one's devotion is needed for the success of a conference! Some prepare the soil, some furnish the sunshine, others tend and lovingly care for seed that is sown that it may produce a hundredfold.

We have been a prodigal people, wasteful of our resources, wasteful of forest and stream, of the soil and of its minerals, wasteful, too, of the mighty energy of a free people and their power for constructive good. New problems have faced each generation, and the present is no exception, except in so far as cumulative disorders have produced a challenge to our very existence as a free people. Intelligence and willingness to serve is the criterion by which usefulness is ever measured. Idealists we have always been, but a realistic definition of goal must be kept in mind continually. A transition period is no time for breaking from moorings or losing sight of fundamental goals.

May each State Conference have as its objective a better life for America, and a resolve to contribute more generously than ever to that life, to prepare the soil, shed the sunshine, furnish the nourishment and lovingly to tend the plants set in each one's garden. We can materially contribute to the better life that must be attained that we lose not our heritage.

Florence N. Braden
President General, N. S. D. A. R.

March, 1938.
We are all familiar with the story of Natchez-under-the-Hill, where the adventurous first settlers who followed Biloxi established a trading post which was to become a world port visited by buccaneers and roustabouts. But my story does not dwell on Natchez-under-the-Hill; it is concerned with the newer—but nevertheless very old—Natchez which flowered from 1820-1860 and which I shall call Natchez-over-the-Hill!

At the gracious invitation of Mrs. William Kendall, National Democratic Committee Woman for Mississippi, your editor and I were privileged last year to see the loveliness which is Natchez-over-the-Hill, as
house guests at Monteigne, Mrs. Kendall's beautiful home. Like every home in Natchez, it has its own history. Although opposed to secession, the owner of the home in 1860, General Martin, spent a large sum to equip troops. Because of his activity, the Federals took their revenge on his family and home. After looting Monteigne, newly freed slaves were turned into its rooms and horses housed in the drawing room. Chandeliers were broken and mirrors smashed. However, its war wounds healed with the years and it today is more lovely than ever. It boasts the only formally planned garden in Natchez. We found its charm indescribable—and greatly enhanced by our lovely hostess. After installing us in luxurious quarters and feasting us royally in the great dining room of Monteigne, she suggested that we should make a tour of the town and its surroundings, and accompanied by her we set out on an enchanting pilgrimage.

There was cool green beauty everywhere and amidst azaleas and camellias bloomed in luxurious profusion. Cherokee roses covered the fences and clamored over the trees. Festoons of Spanish moss became a bewitching drapery. Although it is not primarily the gardens of Natchez that are famous, the whole town seemed transfigured by garden loveliness as we drove slowly through the glamorous little city, rising on rich alluvial bluffs, over which the flags of five nations have floated. Originally, we learned, it had been called Rosalie, in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain by Bienville, who completed a fort there in
1716 and took possession of the surrounding countryside in the name of Louis XIV, King of France; and this exquisite name is still perpetuated in one of its most beautiful homes.

As for the name of these, it is legion! That first afternoon, in driving about the city, we went first to Stanton, which occupies an entire city block and, with the exception of Clifton, is the finest mansion ever erected in the Natchez country. It typifies Southern Colonial architecture at its best and is built on the typical Natchez plan of large central hallways with spacious rooms which can be thrown together on either side. Ceilings in the central hall at Stanton are over thirty feet high.

Hand-carved woodwork, marble mantels, enormous mirrors, and bronze chandeliers were brought from Italy and France in a chartered boat. The furniture, upholstered in rich crimson velvet brocade, was made abroad by special order and brought over at the same time.

The entire right side of Stanton can be thrown into a tremendous suite with mirrors at either end. The mirrors are twenty feet high, with frames of white and gold and shelflike bases of white marble. They speak of a Natchez luxury incomparable to any found elsewhere in the country, and which is typified in the chandeliers, mirrors, carpets, and gorgeous furniture found in Natchez homes.

During the ownership of the Stantons, the drawing rooms were furnished in sofas and chairs made by George Hepplewhite. Carpets, in the medallion design of the period, were woven in France and carried out the same warm crimson effect as the upholstery.

Linden, where we visited next, is one of the very old houses of Natchez and is known to have existed as far back as 1790. There is a classic simplicity about it which reminds one of Mount Vernon. The colonial front doorway is an architectural triumph, and the furnishings are as restful and harmonious as the exterior.

On the walls are three paintings by Audubon. One of them depicts a squirrel on the bough of a pine tree and is considered one of his best pieces of work.

After leaving Linden we went to The Elms
for tea and found a lovely low-ceilinged home with narrow window facings, huge iron hinges, and paved courts. Although these give evidence of its Spanish origin, the history of The Elms is shrouded in mystery. There are no elms surrounding the old home, oddly enough, considering its name, but huge live oaks and a garden which has long been known for its beauty. Blossoms from the home were in such demand that a former mistress was accustomed to clip them each morning and send them to the old Spanish market to be distributed gratuitously by her slaves to all who cared for them.

At Green Leaves, which is covered by a canopy made by the living green boughs of age-old oaks, we continued our "discovery" of Natchez by finding a whole dinner set painted by the immortal Audubon and by running into the most gorgeous collection of jewels and costumes and wedding finery, which has been accumulating for generations.

Green Leaves existed before the War of 1812, but was remodeled in the 40's by the present owner's grandfather. We were entertained at another tea here and enjoyed the lavish and gracious hospitality for which the city is noted.

Before our first day in the charming city had ended we became acquainted with the legend of the huge bell which hangs in St. Mary's Cathedral. It is a legend which all who visit the city should know. Among older residents there are those who cross themselves whenever the chimes of St. Mary's ring out. They will tell you that the guardian angel of the little town is Princess Marie Torlonia and that it is because of her prayer that the people of many nations have been able to live in amity in Natchez for many generations.

The bell was ordered in 1849 by Prince Alex Torlonia of Rome, who wished to give it to his friend, Bishop Canche, of Natchez. Its weight, he specified, must be at least 3,000 pounds and its tone in keeping with the elegant interior of St. Mary's.

On the night the bell was cast, the story goes, Prince Alex and his wife, Princess Marie, and a party of friends went to the foundry. As the princess gazed at the hot mass of metal she threw her wedding ring into the seething mass, fell to her knees, and prayed that Natchez, the future...
home of the bell, would always be a blessed place where the gentlefolk of all nations would dwell together in peace and happiness. Because her younger brother had lost his life in the Natchez country, and was buried there, the princess never tired of hearing tales of White Apple Village, where Great Sun lived, of the Chief of the Beard, Natchez-under-the-hill, and many other tales which we also heard and also grew to love.

As we heard the marvelous heart-stirring spirituals sung at another church by a group of Negro singers, I thought again of Princess Marie Torlonia. Many musics are woven into the fabric of Natchez and it would not surprise me to learn that her prayer has added weight to the beauty of life in the “sleeping beauty” city which is a princess among the towns of the nation.

But more about the Natchez homes, in each of which the material for many novels has passed in romantic episodes touched by tragedy, laughter, adventure, and gay dignity!

On our second morning we went to The Burn, one of the homes we liked especially well. Its brocaded draperies we will always remember and its Victorian drawing room we will recall as the most elaborately beautiful we have ever seen. The golden age of Natchez, we must remember, came when Victorian elegance was at its height. Everywhere in the city you will run upon its richness and resplendent loveliness.

We were loath to leave The Burn, but we knew we must hurry on to Arlington, Auburn, Longwood, D’Evereux and Homewood. Arlington carries its years but lightly. Begun in 1816, it was completed four years later. The main entrance is remarkable for the fan-shaped lights overhead. The interior woodwork is hand-carved. Its furniture was brought from England and France, much of it being made by special order. In the drawing room it is of handcarved rosewood upholstered in gold brocade. The original handwoven lace curtains and brocade overdraperies hang at the windows and match the upholstery. It is a veritable museum of antiques and paintings by old masters.
Auburn, which stands in the midst of a huge forest, has been deeded to the city of Natchez for a park. Edward Everett Hale, who wrote "A Man Without a Country"—featuring Philip Nolan, a young Natchez man who fell in with the schemes of Aaron Burr, as did many others of the day—and John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home", were among those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the beautiful old home.

Homewood, the walls of which are three feet thick, was introduced to America in Stark Young's "So Red the Rose." It presents a number of striking architectural features and was the scene of many a fox hunt party and gay ball such as the pleasure-loving residents of Natchez know well how to give.

In D'Evereux, which stands like an ancient Greek temple in a grove of lovely trees, Henry Clay once was entertained at a ball said to have been one of the most magnificent ever given in the State of Mississippi. Since 3,000 candles lighted the mansion from cellar to garret, I think it must have been one of the most elaborate ever given anywhere! The statesman was painted during one of his visits there by Bahin, the French artist. The gardens of D'Evereux were the pride of its first owner, who planted brilliantly colored japonicas and great masses of delicately hued azaleas. The house was planned by the master architect, Hardy. Swans at one time skimmed the surface of a natural lake at the foot of its terraces.

Like most of the gardens of Natchez, that at D'Evereux knew the onslaught and destruction of Federal soldiers, but the pillared charm of the mansion remains intact.

 Appropriately, it was late in the afternoon when we reached Longwood, for it is after the shadows have begun to fall that the eerie atmosphere of this strange, compelling place assumes supernal aspects. This house was under construction at the

VIRGINIA BELTZHOOVER, WEARING THE ANTE'BELLUM COSTUME SHE WEARS TO RECEIVE GUESTS IN THE DRAWING ROOM AT GREEN LEAVES DURING THE GARDEN PILGRIMAGE AT NATCHEZ
beginning of the War Between the States and was never finished, for when the first shots were fired, workmen dropped their hammers and trowels and started for the war. Years afterwards these tools still lay where they had then been left, the plaster beside them hardened in its containers, the great uncovered rafters hung with cobwebs and dust. As originally planned, it would have been one of the most striking structures in the South, Byzantine in design, octagonal in shape, and rising to a height of five stories, surmounted by a Moorish dome. Statues carved in France and a staircase hewn in Carrara would have adorned it; linens woven in Ireland would have lain smoothly on its great beds. Furniture designed by the great cabinet-makers of Philadelphia would have filled its vast halls. But none of this has ever come to pass. Only the basement floor has ever been finished, and here amidst the shadows, the surviving members of the stricken family have dwelt. Natchez, treasuring her magnificent memories and her proud traditions, is revealed in her homes as a sleeping beauty among cities; but in most of them she seems to sleep among her roses. At Longwood we seem to see her with weeping willows waving over her quiet bed.

A definitely different note was struck when we reached Hope Farm, the home of the Balfour Millers, who have done much to restore the property, but who have wisely refrained from changing one line of the place. Hope Farm is of Spanish origin and was built in 1774, although no one knows for whom it was constructed. It is known, however, that in 1789 Governor Don Carlos de Grand Pre added the front and lived there with his family. The age of the home is evidenced by the low ceilings, narrow windows and door facings and absence of all pretense at ornamentation. According to old Spanish custom, it was constructed so that carriages might pass, through an arch, beneath the building.

Mrs. Miller is nationally renowned for the illustrated lecture, "Natchez, Where the Old South Still Lives," which she gives in charming old-fashion costumes, and as the originator of the Natchez Pilgrimage which, since 1932, has been an annual event. Over new roads and down old trails visitors come from every part of the country to visit Natchez in March, finding the whole town ready to greet them, dispensing old-time hospitality and wearing ante bellum costumes. Within a few weeks it will be my happy privilege to see her again in her most lovely guise. This time your Editor will not be with me for she will be at her desk in Memorial Continental Hall, but she says that some day she is going back there and that when she does she will write her greatest novel, for it will be the novel of her dreams. I believe that she will, for she is a lady whose dreams seem apt to come true!
Audubon

Catherine Cate Coblenz

His was the search, the ardor of a lover,
Heeding the call of kildeer as they pass,
Eyes glinting at a cloud of golden plover
Above the cricket comment in the grass.
His was a quest until his life was over,
Pattern and color, mingled flower and bird,
No flash of beauty but he sought its cover,
Its call he answered and its song he heard.

Wings were his grail, his pursuit and his finding,
His dream that soared and drew him always on,—
Bright phantoms taunting till with glory blinding
They were his own—from wren to silver swan.
Bird song and man’s heart caught in one tether,
Held against time itself, feather by feather.

* * *

Robin Redbreast

Anna Church Colley

When the great Audubon was roaming the states and finding the wild orchid
or pink or yellow lady’s slipper, the red man smiled. The lady’s
slipper to him was first of all
The Moccasin Flower.

When the wise Audubon wrote of the little robin redbreast as a bird of the
thrush family, that most abundant of all American birds

The red man smiled for he knew the robin bird was first a very gray bird, a
very gray little bird who wanted to bring a bit of fire down to
earth from an old man in the north land. The fire scorched the
grey bird’s breast and made it red. No longer was the little bird
grey all over but ever after
Brilliant with his rusty red breast.

The child of the forest smiled for he had known always of the Robin Redbreast.
Blue Ridge Industrial School

Bessie Thornton Turner

The author of this article has been a member of the school staff since its inception, and is now assistant principal, dean of Girls, and teacher of English. She is a sister of Nancy Byrd Turner, the well-known poet. Blue Ridge is one of our own "approved schools" and we welcome the opportunity which Miss Turner gives us of learning more about it.

Blue Ridge Industrial School, founded some twenty-eight years ago, and located among the hills of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, is made of the stuff from which the pioneer springs. This fact may account for a certain restlessness that has characterized its progress and achievements. To the true pioneer, the unblazed trail never really ends. In fancy, at least, he presses on into the unknown and the untried, when what he has won for himself has become too familiar, too safe even, and has ceased to challenge his not easily satisfied spirit.

Blue Ridge Industrial School came unto being with as definite a purpose as was ever the moving force in any worthwhile enterprise and has faithfully kept that purpose in view. But those long-delayed changes in the life of the hill country have come thick and fast in the last two decades and new vistas have opened up, and there is still the call of the untried and the unconquered.

When a school was started in 1909, in the shadow of the Blue Ridge, the people of the mountains understood little of its plan or its purpose. For generations they had been steeped in a dreamy indifference to change and progress, an unawareness of all that might enrich their lives. Life was meager, but on a level (except literally). There were no sharply defined social barriers, no contrasts between rich and poor, none but the mildest competition, no unrealized ideals to bring regret. A man kept his little cabin, planted and harvested his corn and potatoes and beans, milked his cow and cured his meat, and was appalled only when, in winter, the family shoes wore out more quickly than he had expected, and a goodly portion of precious cash must go to replace them. And so the years went by.

Then Blue Ridge Industrial School opened its doors that boys and girls becoming its pupils might learn the possibilities in work well done and a vocation well chosen, and might come unto their rightful heritage of Christian training. The opportunity thus thrown in their way caused no great stir. From their rather hazy point of view, it was an opportunity for scarcely more than a fairly temporary stay at a place they had never seen before. The
stay, for many, however, proved to be much more than temporary and vague motives began to crystallize into something definite and worthy.

Those who had a part in starting the work at Blue Ridge Industrial School will never forget those early days, when conditions were still primitive and the training a pupil received was severely practical. It was years before regular class work in home economics, shop, and handicraft was offered. Girls (there were few boys, at first) washed dishes and baked bread and cleaned house. They gathered the cherries from the hillsides and the blackberries from every slope and hollow and creek bank on the rocky school farm, and helped to dry or can them for future use.

There wasn't money enough to justify plunging into a more sophisticated manner of living. The water supply was a spring at the foot of the hill. Light came from flaring kerosene lamps that did what they could to jeopardize the lives of all. The roads in all directions were unspeakably bad. There were few diversions. What, in those days, was an outing for the school and a long-planned delight, today would seem like a piece of amazingly hard luck, involving as it did a slow and primitive method of transportation—the big farm wagon with awkwardly improvised seats, that would have served admirably the purposes of the Spanish Inquisition, two mules (more steady than swift), and a tortuous road leading one up and out of one rocky abyss to tip him almost immediately into another. Even the compensation at the end of the trip would seem, today, a tame form of entertainment.

Only now and then, however, were there faint misgivings as to the reality of the enjoyment. As when, for instance, the days of the farm wagon having passed, a certain old, but bumptious little Ford was negotiating the muddy miles to Charlottesville. Conditions to the contrary, the occasion was a gala one, and a small girl on the back seat felt responsible for the morale of the party. After a particularly vicious jerk, she remarked faintly, with the air of one who feels she may be contradicted, "I think we are having a good time." The remark held more of the philosophy of life than she dreamed.

But the roads improved with the passing years, and other rough places became smooth as well, and suddenly we were a school, with organized class work and a small staff of teachers, and in 1918 a graduating class of two. After that, growth was swift and sure and the changes many. The number of pupils was increased to nearly two hundred, there were regular classes in vocational training, and new buildings, many of them built of the native stone, sprang up. Blue Ridge Industrial School came to be a little world in itself, but linked securely by the strong chain of interest and sympathy and mutual understanding to the great world outside.

The changes taking place in the hill country around the school have been just as great, though perhaps more subtle, and certainly less apparent to the outward eye. Little mountain cabins still cling to the rocky slopes, each with its springhouse, its woodpile, its bit of pasture, and its garden spot. There are still a goodly number of narrow rocky roads, precipitous "nigh ways", and fussy little mountain streams spanned by only a log. Now and then one even meets the one-time ubiquitous sunbonnet. But things are different, and the statement can be easily justified. The barrier which stood so long between the people of the mountains and opportunity has been nearly leveled. That fact explains everything else. It seems less reasonable now to emphasize the difference between the highlander and the lowlander, or to assume that the problem of the mountains is a unique and isolated one. This shifting of needs and values has made it advisable for the school to extend its sphere of influence further than the mountains, keeping still, however, a watchful eye on the boys and girls of the hills. There are new trails to blaze, and since the position of the Blue Ridge Industrial School is a somewhat unusual one, it may find it possible to advance where other schools may not go. It is part of no stereotyped system; it is bound by no rules or special obligations; it need not necessarily be influenced by any precedent. Perhaps today, more than ever before, the opportunity for distinctive service lies ahead.

Briefly speaking, Blue Ridge Industrial School hopes to step in where there seems
to be a gap in the provision made for certain educational and social needs in the State. Whether lack of privilege springs from the isolation of the hill country, from physical disability, from poverty, or from the broken home, it is still lack of privilege, and peculiar necessities which arise from it must be met in a peculiar way.

The State, from an educational standpoint, may provide for a child only from nine o'clock in the morning to early afternoon. Unfortunately, there are another seven hours or more during which he is awake and during which life goes on educating him relentlessly, either in the right way or the wrong. In spite of noble efforts to provide for individual differences among children, there is a limit to what the State can do in this direction, especially if it fails to get the cooperation of the home. The average private boarding school, even the one which emphasizes simplicity and wears no frills, carries a charge that is prohibitive for the really needy, and, unconsciously perhaps, establishes certain social barriers that shut out most of the underprivileged.

It is a realization of these facts that has caused many to believe that Blue Ridge Industrial School may find it possible to open a way for the solution of many problems. As a school it possesses certain assets which will go very far toward accomplishing the end in view. Its location in a somewhat isolated section of the Blue Ridge, even though it involves a certain amount of expense and inconvenience, is an asset still. There is security from the tawdry cheapness and vulgar artificiality which cling about even a small town. There is the chance to enjoy real simplicity, even in school life, without one's simple make-shifts and pleasures being called into account. There is the imperceptible influence of hills and wide skies and the matchless beauty of the changing seasons. There is little reason, indeed, to desire a change of location.

Looked at from the standpoint from which one sees things in their larger aspects, the long procession of boys and girls who have passed through the school during the last quarter of a century has been a source of unfailing interest, and, we may even say, satisfaction. This is true in spite of many disappointments and apparent failures. When one deals with young people—their moods and their minds and their characters—one can not judge failure by the ordinary standards. The blacksheep might have been very much blacker had he not dwelt for a time within our fold.

We have had as pupils almost every variety of youngster that the human race has produced. There have been those entirely non-adjustable, who have disappeared suddenly and alarmingly to turn up later whence they came. There have been many
painfully temperamental, who have re-

mained among us to help us to develop the
Christian virtues of patience and long-suf-
fering. There have been, as well, the fine
up-standing boys and girls, numbers and
numbers of them, who have gone out into
the world to become worthwhile citizens and
to take their share of life's responsibility.

Fortunately there has always been a
funny side to even our worst problems.
There was Debbie, for instance (that was
not her real name, of course), whose spells
of being bad were devastating occasions;
and whose alternate spells of being good,
when she sought to impress one with her
change of heart, were, if anything worse.
On such occasions there was no freedom
from Debbie's aggressive goodness. One
must see her, be aware of her, and under-
stand beyond any doubt that she was,
temporarily at least, a changed being. The
process involved much answering of re-
peated raps at the door, much stopping to
listen; in short, much travail of spirit. It
is comforting to consider that the results
of our efforts were perhaps less meager
than they appeared to be at the time.

Today, work among our boys and girls
is intensely interesting, in spite of the blind
alleys into which we now and then seem
to stray and the numberless stumbling
blocks that impede our progress.

One such handicap is, and perhaps al-
ways will be, lack of equipment. At pre-
sent, we are in woeful need of a new grade
school building. Many of our pupils (more
than there should be), on account of the
underprivileged type of children we fre-
cently take, are still in grammar school.
The present building, not built or intended
for a school, is distressingly inadequate.
The sixth grade marches down (or cata-
pults down) a narrow little stairway into
the fifth grade room and thence out of
doors. The rest of the building is likewise
inconvenient and unsuitable for school pur-
poses. The battered old stoves with their
yards of gawky stovepipe are a daily men-
ace to the flimsy walls. Each year we have
known that there must be a change and
each year we have failed to see how the
change can be brought about.

Again, the need of a girls' gymnasium is
growing more acute all of the time; cer-
tainly our realization of the need is doing
so. The main building, which houses the
largest group of girls, makes no provision
for the process which is known among those
who deal with youth as "blowing off steam."
To "blow off steam," even ever so thought-
lessly at Mayo Hall with its thin walls and
the many important activities which must
be carried on there, is to call down con-
demnation upon one's head, just though it
may be. The situation leaves us "avoiding
Scylla to run on Charybdis." In the in-
terest of order and the comfort of the house-
hold in general, one quells a racket, when
the participants are merely having a good
time in their own uproarious way, and then
wonders painfully for half an hour whether
it is not inevitable and even natural that
human beings between the ages of two and
twenty should put in a given proportion
of each day in such a manner.

Many of our dreams, even of material
things, have been realized. The school
chapel is the embodiment of one of these.
Built of the native stone, impressive in the
beauty and simplicity of its outline, a con-
stant reminder of the interest and affection
and loyalty of those who have served the
school and of those whom it has served,
the chapel is a vital part of our existence.
The beautiful window over the sanctuary
has been the gift of pupils and workers and
interested friends. The altar, lectern, and
pulpit are also of the native stone, and the
pews and lamps were made in the school
shop. Work on the building was done by
local carpenters and masons.

But in spite of changes and problems and
the limitations made necessary by the lack
of many material things, life goes on hap-
pily enough at Blue Ridge Industrial
School and, we hope, successfully enough.
The work is infinitely satisfying, and at
times even exhilarating, on account of its
variety and scope and the challenge that it
presents. Briefly, we hope to meet real and
unprovided-for needs intelligently and ef-
f ectively, keeping in mind always the un-
derprivileged boy or girl. If we can even-
tually feel sure that we have taken unpro-
mitting material and fashioned it into what
is fine and good and beautiful, we shall feel
that any expenditure of time or money or
interest is easily justified.
Mrs. Stanley F. Reed

Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

Mrs. Vandenberg's Series, which is winning recognition and praise all over the country, takes on an added interest for us this month, for she commences her chronicle with the romantic and inspiring story of one of our own most distinguished members—

The Justice's Lady

SELDOM does real life give to the world a more gratifying and inspiring tale than that of the new appointee to the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Stanley Forman Reed and his wife, Winifred Elgin.

Life began for him in Maysville and for her in Sharpsburg, Kentucky, at about the same time. He was the only son of a very successful physician who had deeply philanthropic interests. The children grew up together. The boy preferred law to medicine. So with that in view he studied at the University of Virginia, at Yale, and Columbia. Meanwhile the romance blossomed and the Boy and Girl were married with the families' blessings two years before the young Man had finished his law course. Together they spent one of these years at Columbia and the other at the Sorbonne in Paris. This gave the young Wife an opportunity to continue her studies, although she had previously received her A.B. degree at Hagerman College, Lexington, where she had specialized in languages.

Back to Maysville they came. The full-fledged lawyer "hung out his shingle" alone. His Father meanwhile had become so interested in helping the tobacco farmers work out a cooperative system of selling that he was responsible for the organization of the first Cooperative Group. Though this one failed, yet it gave young Mr. Reed the opportunity to help organize the successful second group for which he became the General Counsel under Mr. James Stone of Lexington. Unfortunately the Father did not live to see this child of his brain grow to successful maturity. However, he had paved the way for the well-nigh storybook tale that follows. So successful was the young Lawyer that when Mr. Stone was called to Washington by President Hoover to become Vice-Chairman of the Farm Board, his first thought was to send for the young Man to come to Washington as the General Counsel for the Board. "Just for six months," the lawyer wired his wife, who was golfing in the Carolinas. "Meet me at the Mayflower Hotel and we'll see how we like living in Washington."

So well did the Lawyer do his job that in no time he was appointed General Counsel of the R.F.C. And the "six months" grew into years. He became more and more a legal power in this city of many brilliant lawyers. So good, in fact, that in a few short years he received the appointment of Solicitor General of the United States under Attorney General Homer Cummings. The country, meanwhile, had come to know more and more about this unassuming, hard working, brilliant Blue Grass Man who has never taken any real vacation during the entire eight years that he has been in the service of his Government.

So, when President Roosevelt announced his appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States, the whole country rejoiced. Congratulatory wires poured in from all parts of the world. The Senate confirmed the nomination without a dissenting vote; and "the Maysville Reeds" will become permanent residents of Washington. But they will still keep their Blue Grass farm for vacation times.

And now let's look into the story of "the Girl" who has traveled along this brilliant route with her husband. What has she been doing? She has raised two fine sons, Stanley Forman, Jr., now in his last year at Harvard, and John A., graduated this three years and well established in the prominent New York law firm of Wright, Gordon, Zachary and Parlin (the former Cotton-Franklin firm).

She early became a leader in educational, sociological and political affairs in the Home Town. Her vital interest in all things historical urged on by a most unusual Colonial inheritance was responsible for her organizing the Limestone D.A.R. Chap-
Like her husband she did her job so well that from Organizing Regent, to Regent, to State Regent, to National Registrar, she climbed in an almost incredibly short time—meanwhile, adding membership in the Colonial Dames to her list.

"Born in the Blood" is the patriotism of this "Straight Revolutionary Daughter." And here is the how! It starts with Moses Sharp. This Virginia lad joined George Washington's Army at seventeen, lived through Valley Forge with his leader, through that awful winter, was wounded, and later sent to Kentucky on a purchasing mission. The lure of this State remained in his blood, so after the War he brought his Virginia wife back to make it their home. And so was founded the town of Sharpsburg (given this name after his death). Moses Sharp's son married Emily Witcher in Danville, Virginia, and brought her also to live in Sharpsburg, Kentucky. The original Moses Sharp Bible is still in the family with all of its precious records perfectly preserved. This Bible records that a Miss Sharp married James Witcher Elgin—that they had two daughters, one of them the Girl of our story, Winifred Elgin. Other records relate that Nancy Witcher Langhorne is now Lady Astor.

Ancestral worship in the finest sense of the term has been a family tradition—from the beginning the old wills have been preserved. Mrs. Reed has a copy of one dated 1796, the original of which was filed at Stafford Court House, Virginia. In one of her many "prowling" jaunts since coming to Washington, she discovered that the original of this will had been destroyed during the Civil War but having the copy,
it was possible to replace this record. On another jaunt the Justice’s Lady discovered many ancestral records on file at the little Courthouse in La Plata, Charles County, Maryland, written in that fine old fashioned handwriting by the Clerk of the Court, also an ancestor. Even here in the Capitol Mrs. Reed has found the names of four of her ancestors inscribed upon the Monument recently erected near the White House in memory of the men who owned the original land grants of the city of Washington.

All of this ancestral greatness isn’t one-sided. General David Forman who fought at Monmouth is a direct ancestor of the Justice.

In spite of this amazing interest in things of the Past, our Lady has inherited a lively interest in the Present. Among the many civic and philanthropic affairs to which she has turned her capable hands was the Health League of Maysville, later to develop into the Visiting Nurses Association. In line with that type of work, she has become a board member of the Washington Y. W. C. A.

How proud their ancestors would be if they could but have sat in the Senate Gallery when the Justice was confirmed!

And what an inspiration to the youth of the country!

Mrs. Garner’s Luncheon for The Senate Ladies Luncheon Club

The Senate Ladies Luncheon Club appeared in public for the first time this year in the skit presented by the “Widiron Widows” at Mrs. Roosevelt’s party the night of the Gridiron Dinner, where it brought forth a great laugh. But though we do “meet to eat” and though fun may be “poked” at this organization, yet it did have a serious origin.

“Service to our country” motivated the first meeting in April, 1917, when twenty-five Senate ladies met in response to Mrs. Key Pittman’s suggestion. Mrs. Thomas Marshall, wife of the Vice President, was made the first Chairman in accordance with the constitution drawn up. Little did these “Ladies of the Senate” (the name finally adopted) realize what a tempest in a teapot the following article would cause in later years—“The wife of the Vice President of the United States shall be President of this organization, the office to be filled by election in the event that the wife of the Vice President is unable to serve or the Vice President is unmarried.”

Work for the Red Cross began immediately and a definite sum per month for materials was pledged by each member. Those were busy days and yet though busy and worried, a friendship link was forged that has endured throughout the years.

My first meeting is one to remember. I slipped in alone and unknown in time to hear a bedlam of voices and to see Mrs. Dawes trying vainly to get order. I finally realized they were trying to decide who would be Mrs. Dawes’ successor inasmuch as the Vice Presidential nominee, Mr. Curtis, was a widower. Considerable bitterness ran under the bridge in those days, but finally Mrs. George Moses, wife of the President pro tem of the Senate, was placed in the chair. Thus the affair was settled but the conversation continued!

In the earlier days, the matter of bringing guests caused great discussion. Finally that was settled once and for all—no guests. Inasmuch as the weekly luncheons are “potluck” affairs, this rule was necessary because it is exceedingly difficult to bring enough food for the average attendance of forty to fifty let alone take care of an uncertain added number. It is the duty of the President to appoint a committee each week to plan the menu and bring the food. Senate restaurant waiters set the table and bring the bottled water. We do the rest. Informality and kindly atmosphere reign—there are no political barriers.

When Mrs. Garner took over her job as President of the Senate Ladies Luncheon Club, she did it in the same efficient way in which she has run her whole life. It was difficult at first because she did not know all of the women personally. And though the position does not entail any great degree of work, yet it means that the Chairman must be present every Tuesday to keep the ball rolling. Needless to say, she has done a splendid job. Everyone loves her and we wouldn’t have her change one single bit for the world.

That is why her annual opening lunch-
eon party is such a success and brings out everyone eligible (this means widows and hostesses of Senators as well as active members). The party is given in honor of the First Lady and the Cabinet wives so about a hundred gather in a cheery big room of the hotel where she lives. Last year I had to miss this delightful party. And typical of Mrs. Garner’s genuine sweetness was the note which she sent me in Arizona—“Hurry, old precious, and get well. I shall miss your twinkling brown eyes and ready smile until you are back with us. Loads of love and good wishes, Your friend.”

Perhaps you didn’t know that “Ettie” Garner was born on a ranch in southeast Texas and literally raised in the great outdoors. Not only could she ride but there wasn’t anything about the house that she
didn’t learn to do well. Fate took her on
the same train to San Antonio as her hus-
band-to-be. The romance that began in
this way culminated shortly after she fin-
ished her business course in this Texas
town. The young judge wanted to go into
politics and the money was scarce. It
seemed the most natural thing in the world
for her “to brush up” her stenography
and help him with his mail, but never at
any time did she let these duties interfere
with the care of their little son. On and on
up the ladder her distinguished husband
has climbed—State Legislature, Representa-
tive in 1903, Speaker of the House, and
now Vice President. And she has kept
pace with him! But her “extra-curricular”
activities have naturally curtailed the social
side. So the Garner’s pattern for the day
begins at the office at 7:45, closes about
5:30, with home lights out at 9:00. (That’s
Washington—Life in Uvalde, Texas, is
much simpler.)

In the wife of the Vice President, I have
come to find a real personality, an efficient,
soft, devoted wife who has gone about
her business of being the Second Lady of
the Land in a totally different way from
her predecessors, and yet, without a doubt,
they are the best loved couple on “The
Hill.” What the Vice President would do
without his helpmate to relieve him of all
the petty details and annoyances is hard
to conceive.

Small wonder her annual luncheon party
is such a success!

Cabinet “At Homes”

“STAGGERED DAYS”—that’s what the present
system of Cabinet entertaining is called.
But I must admit they are “staggering” days
for the hostesses and many of their guests
in that they consume a tremendous amount
of energy on both sides without permitting
much opportunity for neighborly chatting.
As you know, there are ten members of the
President’s Cabinet, with just the Secretary
of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, “unattached.”
Early in Mrs. Roosevelt’s régime, she and
the Cabinet wives worked out a system of
Wednesday receptions which would be simpler and easier. Instead of being at
home every Wednesday during January
and February, the nine hostesses choose
two Wednesdays, three entertaining at a
time in the order of seniority. Mrs. Hull,
Mrs. Morgenthau and Mrs. Woodrung, the
first Wednesday; Mrs. Cummings, Mrs.
Farley, and Mrs. Swanson, the second; and
Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Roper and Miss Per-
kins, the third.

It is all very well when the hostesses live
fairly close together but, surprising as it
may seem, it is almost impossible to get
in the three calls when any distance inter-
venes, because of the crowds and parking
difficulties. I always try to make the
rounds once during the season and so started
with Mrs. Hull who received at the Carlton
Hotel. She is one of my “Washington
pets.” I have always been very fond of
her even back in the days when her hus-
band was in the Senate, so if the line isn’t
too crowded, we exchange a friendly kiss
at our first meeting. (Some of my Repub-
lican friends who followed close behind
seemed a bit startled at my apparent famili-
arity.) I consider Mrs. Hull one of the
handsomest, best dressed women in Wash-
ington and certainly she is one of the most
friendly and gracious. As wife of the Sec-
retary of State, she must constantly be on
parade. Almost everyday she receives some
diplomat or entertains for a visiting for-
eigner. But never is she ruffled, never hur-
rried, always calm—what a gift!

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau,
gentleman-farmer-neighbor-friend of the
President, ranks next. So on to see Mrs.
Morgenthau. A college graduate, a devoted
wife and mother, a great lover of outdoor
sports, an expert gardener, a practical
philanthropist, a gracious hostess, one of
Mrs. Roosevelt’s most intimate friends, in
all—a hostess of whom Washington can
well be proud. Right now her latest inter-
est in the less fortunate centers about a
Self-Help Exchange just established in
Washington. Already it has a daily aver-
age of seventy-five men and women who
come to exchange services for goods through
a system of scrip. Mrs. Morgenthau’s
work along housing, public welfare, slum
clearance and public health makes her an
invaluable member of the group which
started this practical idea.

I have written you before about what a
wonderful hostess Helen Coolidge Wood-
ring is as the wife of the Secretary of War. Ordinarily one would say that raising a small family of three was just about enough, but she tops this with endless rounds of other obligations. Her day was Army day all right! Indeed, you had to "fight" your way to get into the Herbert Hoover home where they are now living. Although there were battalions of soldiers in khaki up and down the street, yet the awning-covered entrance congested the crowd in such a way that some even gave up in despair and left. This is the one at home where the Army converges with diplomats, officials and Washingtonians. Hence the crowd. Helen had told me that she had ordered twenty-eight hundred sandwiches besides all of the food that was prepared in the house, but I gave up even getting into the dining room to see the display. Captain Ritchie who was doing the introducing whispered that two hundred and fifty had come in during the first half hour. Though the Army Band was playing, one could hardly hear it above the chatter of voices.

(I couldn't help thinking of the calm and peaceful day many years ago when I first had luncheon with Mrs. Hoover on that back porch overlooking the lovely wooded garden. Even the centerpiece on her little table spoke of the woods, with just a few sprays of wild grass and green leaves arranged with a truly Japanese sense of decoration. That was when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce.)

"Staggering" days, did I say?

The following Wednesday I hurried out to the suburban home of the Attorney General and Mrs. Cummings thinking to avoid the crowd by arriving early. I did very well for I had fully five minutes' visit with scintillating Cecilia—always ready with something genuinely witty. I really believe that she is one of the cleverest hostesses I have ever known. To diverge a bit, let me tell you about a dinner which she and the Attorney General gave in honor of the famous "Eben Holden," Mr. Irving Bachel- ler and his wife. During the main course, a vegetable "tree," literally a little green tree from the branches of which hung tiny pastry baskets filled with peas, was passed. The trick was to remove a basket without spilling the peas! Nestled around the base were "little beds" of beets, beans, carrots and cauliflower. The last course was genuinely startling as the butler brought in the tray filled with "lighted orange cups" burning a blue flame. These cups proved to be filled with ice cream topped with a meringue upon which a little brandy had been poured and lighted.

To go back: At Mrs. Cummings' reception policemen replaced soldiers and beautifully gown women, the officers adorned with the gold braids and swords. I took a peek at the dining-room table and there I saw some exquisite Bohemian amber glass brought back from the hostess from a visit to Europe last summer. The vases were full of iris and white lilacs. With that lovely picture in my mind, I hurried away for the long trip down to the Mayflower where Mrs. Farley was receiving on one of her rare visits to Washington. Here the crowd was so dense that one could only squeeze in and out with no opportunity to visit.

Mrs. Swanson, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is a tiny, vivacious, blue-eyed blonde and the frankest, gayest little person in the whole group of Cabinet women. Her interests are widespread, ranging from an associate membership in the Newspaper Women's Club to an active membership on the Children's Hospital board.

At Mrs. Swanson's house were sailors from the Sequoia instead of soldiers or policemen! Cave-dwellers greatly outnumbered the Congressional and Diplomatic groups, for the Secretary and Mrs. Swanson have been long-time residents of Washington. If you recall, he was a Virginia Senator for many years before he became Secretary of the Navy. As one society editor remarked, it was reminiscent of parties of yesterday because most of the assisting hostesses wore no hats. The quiet, pleasant old Virginia hospitality was evident everywhere, even to the delicious Virginia ham in the little beaten biscuits. Rear Admiral Mark Bristol, who with his wife gets more fun out of life than anyone I have ever known, was having a grand time "assisting." Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, a very intimate friend, looked just as queenly and beautiful as of yore.

The last "staggered" Wednesday was a high spot for me because my good friend, Mrs. Daniel Roper, wife of the Secretary of Commerce, had asked me to assist. She
Mrs. Cordell Hull

WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

is famous throughout Washington for her hospitality, so you can always expect a crowd at her “at home.” For thirty years the Carolina-born Ropers have dispensed true Southern hospitality in Washington from a commodious home that has a lovely garden which is the envy of all the neighbors. Bringing up seven children has been Mrs. Roper’s chief business in life but somehow she has found time to keep up her Garden Club and D. A. R. interests. Now that her husband has entered the Cabinet, her duties have multiplied tremendously. But with it all she remains the same genuine, kindly, thoughtful lady.

Each of her seven children went to a different college. (By the way, Mrs. Roper herself graduated in three years with Phi Beta Kappa honors!) One of the seven it has been my privilege to know quite well—Mrs. Grace Roper Bohn. She started getting degrees at Vassar right after she left her South Carolina home, but that was just the beginning. She has collected them
from Southern California, American University and the University of California, specializing in International Relations and Economics. Quite some years ago she became the Special Expert in charge of Canadian and British tariff and trade relations on the Tariff Commission—the only woman ever to hold the job. Mrs. Bohn, like her mother, firmly believes that women should take an active interest in politics and business, yet they both feel this in no wise should interfere with domestic life.

When I come to the wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, Mrs. Henry Wallace, I cannot help waxing enthusiastic. She is my good friend and neighbor, as pretty as a picture, exceedingly capable and conscientious to a degree. In her perfectly natural, genuine manner lies her greatest charm.

In the beginning, the criticisms directed at her brilliant husband worried Mrs. Wallace greatly but, like all of us, she has come to realize that these must be taken in our stride. And so, though our husbands constantly disagree on many subjects, yet we all remain good friends. The Wallace romance started back in Iowa at Drake University where Miss Illo Browne was studying and her husband-to-be was a cub reporter on his father’s papers. Three children, Henry IV, Robert, and tall, sparkling-eyed Jean have kept their mother very busy. Her home and family are undoubtedly Mrs. Wallace’s primary interests, but I believe she knows more about her husband’s business than many of his clever assistants. She can talk with extreme intelligence about the problems of Agriculture and offer many practical suggestions.

Miss Perkins, as Secretary of Labor, in her dual role, is not always able to keep her day at home, but usually twice a season is able to receive the many interested and curious visitors.

Sonja Henie

“SONJA HENIE’S FLYING TO TOWN! All the way from California!” The news spread like wild fire. A near-riot at the airport! An hour and a half reaching the Legation! The lucky ones who were invited to the Norwegian Legation to see Minister Morgenstierne present Sonja with the St. Olaf Decoration from the King of Norway had a real treat. She is the youngest woman ever to receive this honored decoration. It was presented to her because she so gloriously exemplifies the sturdy youth of her native land where health and vigor and athletic prowess are in the blood, and, because as a messenger of good will, she has done so much to bring the two countries together. Her smile was simply irresistible—her manner sweet and unspoiled. She surely has skated her way into the hearts of all who have seen her.

Congressional Club

NEVER WILL I FORGET that first day I started out, a total stranger in Washington, to make Congressional calls. It was terrifying! But that’s Washington! You don’t wait for a friendly neighbor to look you up. The first thing you discover is that you are supposed to call on the wives of all the men who precede your husband in rank and length of service. Imagine what a slow process this getting-acquainted was in the horse and buggy days! I wish you could hear dear Florence Kahn, former Representative from California, tell her experiences of those times. As many women as could pack themselves into a “hack” would hire a conveyance for the afternoon. But it took so long and the results were so unsatisfactory that they became greatly discouraged.

So twenty-eight years ago a group of the “more daring” decided that a club was the only practical way in which to become acquainted. Hence, the Congressional Club. Two hundred Congressional ladies attended the organization meeting at which Mrs. John Sharp Williams presided. Famous names resounded throughout that group! Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. Oscar W. Underwood, Mrs. Frank Lowden, Mrs. Albert Beveridge, and many, many more. Rather unsympathetic husbands were called into council. Representative Julius Kahn finally introduced a bill into Congress to incorporate the club as the Congressional Club. Its proclaimed purpose was “To promote friendliness among Congressional women, to reduce the amount of calling, to furnish a place for entertaining and receiving distinguished guests.”
A temporary club house was rented. Finally Mrs. John B. Henderson, the wife of a Missouri Senator, became interested, first from a practical viewpoint—she was immensely interested in real estate—and then in a personal way. It was she who donated the land for the present club house and "eased over" the early financial difficulties. But it was a tremendous task for these founders to "sell" the idea to enough Congressional women and their husbands to assume this responsibility. Finally, however, the club house was opened in 1914 with an entertainment in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson. And so life really began for this much-needed organization.

Let me take you along on the first gala party of this year. The club house has been entirely redecorated, everything is in tip-top shape; the door is opened by a butler, your coat is checked, everything is run as smoothly as a clock by the efficient manager, housekeeper and club committees. We await the arrival of the First Lady for whom this reception is planned. She slips in quietly, is escorted upstairs to the beautifully decorated reception room, and the long line starts. Mrs. Daniel A. Reed, the President, graciously heads the line. Mrs. Roosevelt has a ready smile and a hearty handshake for everyone; in fact she has the faculty of making each person feel as if she really wanted to know HER. At the tea table I find our beloved Mrs. Garner (the club's second President), the handsome blonde wife of the Speaker of the House, Mrs. William B. Bankhead, Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, in a dashing red dress, Mrs. Bertrand H. Snell, the wife of the Minority Leader of the House, and Mrs. William Whittington, a past President. The Army Band plays softly. And this is just one of the many brilliant events of the year.

Besides these special affairs, Friday afternoon always finds some artist of note on the program—a singer, a dramatist, a lecturer, a reader, always you can rest assured that the program committee will provide only the best of entertainment. These delightful programs are followed by informal teas.

One word about the famous Congressional Cook Book. This is compiled from personal recipes of members and friends and regularly revised. Through the sale of this book most of the improvements in the Club have been made possible. So the dream of the years is a reality, for here you find a beehive of activities planned to meet every need of the members and their families—a friendly spot where every hand is outstretched to the lonely newcomer.

My Hooked Rug

ESTHER BERGMAN NAREY

A bit of mother's wedding gown,
A black silk basque or two,
A five- or six-yard Petticoat,
Trimmed in braid of blue,
A gorgeous gown of grosgrain silk,
Gay flowers abloom all over.
Another one of yellow chintz
With heads of purple clover.
A ribbon from grandmother's hat,
A piece of Paisley shawl . . .

All give a picture of her when
She went to pay a call!
Of course it's only just a rug
But when I walk upon it,
I always seem to hear her say,
"You're treading on my bonnet."
So that is why I hang my rug
Rail-high up in the hall.
Except, of course, when I expect
That you, my dear, will call!
Sally Cary

MRS. GEORGE WILLIAM FAIRFAX OF BELVOIR

Born at Ceelys 1730—Died at Bath 1811
The Beauty of Belvoir

GERTRUDE TUCKER AND PAULINE HOPKINS

I

IN SILVER
sconce and bev-
elled mirror, the
tapers of candle-
light fluttering in
the spring breeze,
reflected the rich-
ness of silk and
satin, gleamed for
an instant upon a
jewel, lay softly
upon the happy
faces of young
girls raised to meet
their partners'.
For this night gave
the event to which
they had looked
forward for many
weeks, the last As-
sembly Ball of the
winter season.
Within a fortnight,
the Apollo Room
at Raleigh Tavern
would no longer
reverberate to their
voices, nor the
streets of Williams-
burg resound with
their light footsteps. The House of Bur-
goresses was already adjourned and even to-
morrow the sons and daughters of its mem-
ers would be departing for their country
homes in chaise and on horseback over the
heavy roads, or by galley up the quiet
rivers, rowed thereon by singing Negroes.
The houses of Williamsburg would be
closed against the summer heat as though
resting from a winter of festive hospitality.
At the far end of the room, Richard
Henry Lee was dancing with Sally Cary.
He was a tall, straight, well-built young
man and she reached just to his shoulder.
They were engaged in an animated
conversation as
they awaited their
turn in the caprici-
ous Virginia reel.
Her hazel eyes
were dark with ex-
citement; the ivory
pallor of her face
captured the delicate
tints of the rose
that was loosely
entangled in a curl
at her throat. As
she looked up at
young Lee, her lips
formed a tender
arch that lent a
subtle and evasive
quality to her
smile. It was this
expectant quality
in Sally that
created in her com-
panion, whoever
he might be, an
immense desire to
express some bril-
liant thought or
perform some val-
lant deed. It was
like a crystal cascade that came from hid-
den springs; a deep and unfathomable gift.
And she possessed the unconscious art of
making men desire to drink deeply from it.
Before one of the mirrors at the end of the
room, her father, Colonel Wilson Cary, stood,
talking to Mr. Thomas Lee of Stratford.
"Your girl and my boy make a fine look-
ning pair," said Mr. Lee.
Colonel Cary chortled. "She had twenty-
five invitations to this ball," he said, "and
she chose to come with me!"
Mr. Lee laughed: "She could marry the
whole Tidewater."
Sally and Richard were taking their places at the head of the double line. The music began again. Fiddle and hautboy flaunted the "Turkey in de Straw" and the young people turned, swayed, circled and ran a few steps to the gay tune of the Negro fiddlers. The wide skirt of her dress over the taffeta petticoat, looped and tucked into little loveknots by leaves and petals of the rose that caught her hair, folded itself over the satin knee-breeches of the men who twirled her, and her sparkling glance fell gaily and carelessly across each one, for Sally Cary gave her favors liberally to every young man of her acquaintance.

At the far end of the line stood a boy whom she had never met... he had come that evening as a guest of Ben Harrison of Brandon. He had watched her all the evening, fascinated by her constantly changing expression. As she reached him, he caught her and, turning her away from the line of the reel with an apologetic glance at the deserted Lee, he waltzed her down the long room. Lee turned to the young man's partner.

Sally's eyes burned indignantly.
"You must be a stranger to us down here. Such manners are not tolerated in the Tidewater!"

From his angular six feet of height, he looked down at her smilingly and in spite of her indignation, his smile intrigued her. "You know Dick Lee. I was born and bred neighbor to him at Wakefield. I'm a guest of Ben Harrison."

He paused beside Colonel Cary.
"Mr. Lee," he said, "will you present me to Miss Cary?"

Thomas Lee was amused.
"George Washington, you young sinner!" he said, "It is time Miss Cary met you after you've danced around the room with her. Allow me, Miss Cary, to tell you that Mr. Washington has the run of my house as if it were his home and Mrs. Lee thinks him second only to her own sons. Miss Cary, Mr. Washington."

"I am angry with him," Sally retorted with her charming smile, "and I do not want to know him, but, Mr. Lee, since he is your protege, I am quite helpless. Shall we finish the dance, Mr. Washington?"

He put his arm about her waist; the blood seemed to flow like a stream of fire through her body. Without speaking, he led her through the waltz, reversing, taking a new step here, a different curve there,—the very symbol of grace and flowing motion. His simple satin coat of rich blue fell open at the throat. The stock and waistcoat and the fine frills at his wrists were of linen, tailored by his mother. His white knee breeches caught the light in their satin creases and as he and Sally swayed down and around the room, the tapers burning low in their sconces threw around them the glow reflected by the mirrors. Not until the music died away did the two become aware that they were the only couple on the floor.

The applause of the crowd embarrassed Washington; he flushed, self-consciously; the next instant the graceful, polished dancer had reverted to a young man, large of foot and hand. Sally bowed and smiled, but before her friends could reach them she had whisked him out of the back door of Raleigh Tavern, towards the green.
"Are you angry still?" he asked.
"My anger seems to be replaced by some other sensation, though I am not sure just what it is. However, you are a beautiful dancer."

"I had a perfect partner," he answered. They had sauntered around to the front of the Tavern. "Let us walk a little way down the street, if you are not too cold."

"The evening is very mild," she answered. "But I must be back in a moment to dance the minuet with Peyton Randolph. Tell me about yourself."

"I am half-brother to Lawrence Washington." The tone of his voice carried to her the knowledge that this was a close and idealistic relationship.

"Now I place you," she said. "When Mr. Washington came home from the Wars, he stopped at Ceelys for a few days. My mother was living then and your brother told us stories of his experiences."

"He is married now and has just finished building a new house that he calls Mount Vernon. I live most of the time with him, but some of the time with my other half-brother, John Augustine, at Wakefield, where I was born. It is close to Mr. Lee's home at Stratford; that is why I know the Lees so well."

"I think I shall have to forgive you!"
she said lightly and he pressed her arm. Other couples were sauntering up and down Duke of Gloucester Street in the pale moonlight and they stopped to exchange words with them.

"Sally has another string to her bow," said Lucy Grymes. "I have known George for quite a while and he falls easily both in and out ... so you needn't worry, Richard Lee."

She was a fair, luxury-loving girl who lived with her father, Colonel Grymes of Brandon, and did not know what it was to have a desire go unfulfilled. A good friend, with charm and grace and a tactful way of doing the little kindnesses of life.

"I will never worry about Sally Cary," Lee replied. "You're the one who makes me lose sleep!"

His fine, deep-set eyes looked into her blue ones, but she would not respond to his ardor.

"I met your cousin Henry Lee, for the first time to-night," she told him. "Where have you kept him hidden all this time?"

"He has visited us from time to time," Richard answered. "Last year he came into his patrimony and he's been building a house above Dumfries in Prince William County. He's rather an interesting chap."

Through the windows of the Tavern, Miss Cary saw the minuet begin but she did not pause at the entrance.

"Perhaps Peyton Randolph can find another partner," she suggested and walked a little farther down the street with Mr. Washington. "I do not want to deprive him of a dance, but Patsy Dandridge is on the floor and he would far rather spend the time with her."

"The Tidewater has many pretty women ... but ..."

She interrupted him.

"Don't say the usual thing ... don't spoil a new acquaintance for me. I wonder sometimes if Patsy Dandridge gets as tired as I do of listening to the same old compliments; I have said that if a man would once make original speeches to me, I might be interested in him."

"I will try my best," he answered with great seriousness. "But we are trained to fit a pattern, you know."

"I said 'might'! There is no promise." They laughed together. Presently she added: "Have you ever acted in a play, Mr. Washington?"

"Only in little things in Fredericksburg. I like it."

"I am sure you would be a good actor. Would you do the part of Juba opposite my Marcia, next month in Williamsburg?"

"If you think I am capable of filling the part."

"I am certain you are. We will talk of it again. Now I must go back; the dowagers will think this is appalling and since I am here with my father, they keep a watchful eye upon me."

They turned toward the Tavern. From far down Duke of Gloucester Street came the tune of a French song, sung in a ribald manner, with drunkenness.

"The quiet of Williamsburg is disturbed when a French ship is in the Roads," Mr. Washington volunteered.

"Ceelys, where I live, is near Hampton. My father is Officer of the Port," she told him. "He tries to have order kept but it is almost out of the question unless the militia is called out, and to do that makes trouble with France. It's a great source of worry to him."

The singing was now close at hand. Washington strove to hurry her steps toward the open door of Raleigh Tavern. Just a few feet away, but before they could reach it, two drunken sailors came abreast of them, one of the men shoving rudely against Sally and crying in a loud voice to his friend:

"Dam' pretty wench," he said, in English, "get rid of the American lout and take her to the ship."

The words were hardly uttered when Washington's fist clipped under the sailor's chin. With his other fist, he hit him a blow on the temple. The man dropped to the pavement and in another instant George was clinched with the second man. Sally's scream and the shouts of the sailors brought the dancers from the Tavern pellmell into the street. Her father reached her first.

"I'm all right," she cried breathlessly, her voice full of nervous tears. "Stop him, he'll kill the man."

George was in a white fury. He stood with one foot on the prostrate man, his long arms driving home blow after blow.

His blue coat was torn from his shoulder.
Blood covered the Frenchman’s face. Ben Harrison and young Lee sprang behind him.

“George, quit it! He’s down and done for and you’ll kill him!”

“That’s what I mean to do,” gasped Washington. Another iron blow sent the man reeling against the Tavern wall. It unbalanced George and the Frenchman was able to scramble to his feet. He hit George a terrific blow before anyone in the crowd could interfere. Washington stood with his back to the wall of the Tavern.

“Call out the guard!” shouted someone in the crowd, above the screams of the women.

Colonel Cary was beside himself. To call out the guard before the fight was over meant the sure exchange of shots and the first Frenchman killed on American soil would raise the anger of France and bring about complications for which he would be blamed.

A man worked himself through the crowd until he stood beside Cary.

“Get the sailors pulled back into the mob,” he said. “I’ll handle George.”

Under this order, the men acted. A dozen hands came forward to pull the Frenchmen out of the melee.

“Get them to the guard-house,” Colonel Cary ordered, “and send one watchman here.”

Meanwhile the quiet young man of medium build was in the foreground, speaking to Washington.

“Quit it,” he said, sharply, looking up into the ashen face of the taller man. “Keep your killing for a better cause. Pull yourself together, George, and let’s get inside.”

Sally was standing at the top of the Tavern steps. Her expression was a mixture of horror and anxiety. Never had she seen a man in a rage like this . . . and yet, the very power of it impressed her deeply.

With his arm through that of the man who had stopped the fight, Washington came toward her. His hair was matted with blood from the cut on the side of his forehead. His coat hung in ribbons from his shoulders; his stock was torn away. His face was streaked with grime and the effects of clawing fingers. He reeled slightly as he walked. His face was still white with rage.

“Miss Cary,” he said, “I regret that this has happened and that I have forfeited the rest of the evening. This gentleman is my friend, Mr. George William Fairfax . . . may I present him to you?”

He walked alone into the Tavern.

Fairfax stooped over her hand. The hall lights fell on a dark, sensitive face; a mobile, dissatisfied mouth; a man of about twenty-five years.

II

Colonel Cary sat in a low, deep chair watching the maneuvers of a white-winged ship as she came through the Roads to her anchorage. With a breeze so slight, the captain was showing expert seamanship and nothing delighted the old officer of the port so much as skill in handling a vessel. With a long puff at his pipe, he stared out over the placid waters, then, taking the pipe out of his mouth, he raised his spy-glass for a better view.

“He got her in!” The Colonel finally called from the veranda to someone within the house. His daughter came out to join him, taking her turn at the heavy glass.

Sally reached just to his shoulder. Her slenderness showed a well-built suppleness; the open neck of her wide dress lined a beautifully rounded throat. Her small, bowed mouth was set with even teeth; her
brown eyes with a hazel cast were quite large and ever changing in their lights and shadows. Over them arched the slenderly pointed brows of the same glossy brown as her hair which was drawn back flat to her head and coiled in a roll at the nape of her neck. Perhaps her hands were her finest characteristic, slim and capable, with strength and an innate grace in the tapering fingers.

"What boat is due?" she asked as she lifted the glasses.

"L’esprit de la Mer and old Captain Montcalm has made a record sailing—out of Brest and into Hampton in sixty days is a right smart voyage."

She lowered the glasses.

"He'll be up to lunch—and I wasn't planning to have anything but a bite. I must go and tell Mammy to make it into a dinner. Father, there is something I want to speak to you about. . . ."

"Well," smiled the old man, his arm about her waist, "you're not usually so reticent. Go ahead."

"Mary seems to think she can go out every night of the week with Edward Ambler and I don't like it."

"Tell her so. . . ."

"I have. She says I am a fine housekeeper, a good dressmaker, a hostess and everything else that she wants but when it comes to being a beau chaser, I'm not in hand."

"No? Well, we'll have to take Mary in hand. Just where do they go every night of the week?"

"They sit here on the porch, or go out on the river, and when the band plays, they go down to the Esplanade."

"But, my dear, don't you and Anne do the same things?"

"We are old enough to do it. I want Mary and Betty in bed by eight."

"You can't keep Mary down, Sally my dear. There's no harm in calf love; you had plenty of it."

"Mother was responsible for managing our first loves and I want to be sure I can handle Mary's as well as Mother did ours."

"Young Ambler won't make Mary unhappy, and he's got money behind him. Let her alone. You'll bring grey hairs on yourself before you're twenty if you keep on like this. By gad, if you girls can't manage yourselves, I'll be driven into getting married again."

The girl's eyes clouded over.

"Oh, Father . . . not anyone to take Mother's place!"

"Well, I haven't been thinking seriously of it and I won't unless you force me to."

"We won't force you and I'll manage Mary. She's a dear."

"You're all very dear—in more senses than one. Now run away and see about dinner, for the Captain will come and the Executive Officer and God knows who of the passengers . . . there goes a salute from the frigate; L’esprit de la Mer must have somebody of importance aboard so get into your best bib and tucker and be the fine hostess you always are."

With a little pat on his cheek, Sally departed. She never passed through the hall of the house without a glance at the portrait of her mother which hung on the curve of the staircase. The death of Mrs. Cary had transformed her overnight from a gay and careless girl into a serious young woman, with the burden of a large house and her father's family. In spite of her competent household of well trained slaves, the entertainment that must be accorded to all the ship owners, the captains, and the foreign
visitors to the Lower James was sometimes more than she could manage with equanimity.

As she hurried with her dressing, after conferring with Mammy, the negro housekeeper, over the entire menu, a single line of thought kept running in her mind: he will be French, whoever he is, and I did not read the French papers last week nor the week before; I have hardly had time to read the Gazette; Father said some things of importance were happening but I don't remember. . . . Father counts on me to know about affairs and I'd have more time to read the papers if I didn't have to listen eternally to Anne's love affairs and to keep Mary from doing all the silly things she wants to do. . . .

"Sister Sarah!" sounded a child's voice up the stairs.

"Yes, Betty. I'm in my room. What do you want?"

"Father says, please come down. There is a lady here."

A lady! Sally closed her bureau drawers, gave a final dab to her cheeks with the powder-puff, and stepped out into the hall, viewing the group at the foot of the stairs as she paused at the first landing, herself unseen.

A tall, distinguished looking man was speaking with her father and old Captain Montcalm. A maid, dressed in a dark cloth uniform, waited at one side; in her arms she held a bundle wrapped in a silken blanket. Sally's eyes, alert with interest, were attracted toward the lady.

She saw a girl not many years older than herself; a girl dressed in deep black, with wide skirts falling softly about her and her shoulders covered by a fitted military cloak. Her small bonnet held a veil of fine texture that fell in long drapes to her waist and was thrown back from the edge of the bonnet to reveal her face.

It was the face that held Sally, for on it were etched the lines, not of youth, but of deep suffering set against a delicate pallor. Her eyes were of a deep, penetrating blue and below the rim of the bonnet lay a mass of golden curls. Instantly Sally's heart opened to her and she ran down the steps, her hands extended to her guest.

The chatter ceased and Colonel Cary spoke: "My daughter, Madame Beauvais. Sarah, this is Le Compte de Leger and his daughter, Madame Beauvais—also, I believe his granddaughter, although I have not yet had a peep at her."

The two girls, with hands clasped tightly, looked at one another closely, then Madame Beauvais, opening one corner of the blankets, exhibited her baby.

"She is not yet a year old," the mother explained in her careful English. "Her father was killed two weeks before she was born."

"Killed!" cried Sally. "How dreadful!"

"On the French front, fighting for his country."

The words were spoken with a tremendous simplicity and they struck sharply upon Sally's consciousness. This woman was the widow of a soldier; this child was an orphan through the war. England had done something dreadful to the lives of these two people! Up to this minute, her knowledge of warfare had been confined to the extravagant tales of Mr. Daniel Parke, her father's friend who had served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. Colonel Cary eased the emotion by saying:

"Take Madame Beauvais upstairs, Sally, and make her comfortable. I'll look out for the gentlemen."

With her arm through that of the young Frenchwoman, Sally climbed the stairs to
the largest guest-room overlooking the river, the maid following them. The baby, finally released from her silken wrappings, lay on the bed, gurgling and kicking her heels. She was a lovely little thing, with her mother's blue eyes and soft yellow hair. Sally hovered near her while the maid unfastened Madame Beauvais' gown and took the pins from her large knot of hair. It fell to her waist in a golden cascade. In her violet robe, she looked much younger.

She went and stood before the window that gave her a view across the Roads, where the frigates and the merchant ships of France and England lay at peace together, protected by Colonial neutrality; where the long galleys from the plantations went to and fro, the Negroes singing as they stroked the oars in harmony with the melody. War was very, very far away.

She turned to Sally Cary.

"You are good to me," she said, touching her eyes with her handkerchief. "We expected to stay at a hotel and I thought, when my father went into the interior, I might find a nice pension where I could board until he returned. I came with my father because I could not endure the life in France without him."

"There are no hotels in Virginia," Sally told her, "nothing but a few inns where travelers stop for the night. You and the baby must stay with me until your father returns. What is her name?"

"Diane. And she is a Comtesse, though a very tiny one. . . ." She cradled the child against her. Little Diane snuggled down and went to sleep. Leaving her in the care of the nurse, the girls went down to dinner.

It developed that Le Compte de Leger was on a mission to meet influential men of the different colonies and plan with the English what might be done to avert further trouble with the Indians in the settlements beyond the Alleghanies. Colonel Cary thought that perhaps the English and the French might first settle the ownership of the land.

"You must first see Governor Lord Dinwiddie," he suggested, "and he will put
you in touch with the men of the other colonies."

The Frenchman looked at his notes.

"And the Royal Governor of Pennsylvania as well," he answered, "also the Governor of Carolina."

"What about Maryland?"

"Ah, yes. His Majesty has great and powerful hopes of assistance from Maryland; it is a devout land of Catholic faith."

The old Colonel looked at him quizically.

"There is no question of that," he said. "But Maryland has as tiny a bit of frontier land as you might imagine; just a jutting piece. Your cooperation, my friend, if you get it, must come from this Commonwealth and that of Pennsylvania; we are the real frontier. Carolina is not in your line of march and the neighbor of Georgia is Spain."

"His Majesty feels that strong protection from both God and man is needed if the great valley of the Mississippi River is to be opened for the commerce of France."

"Somehow or other, Great Britain has the same feeling," responded Colonel Cary, "but no doubt with your diplomacy, you can make a trade." The sarcasm of his tone was like a knife-blade.

"I do not quite understand ... a trade? It is trade that we want to open. Trade from Quebec and Montreal right down the Lakes, then overland to the river and on down to New Orleans."

"I've no doubt but what Louis XV and George II can get together amicably on this question—especially if Madame Le Pompadour aids Louis in his intrigues—but it will take a hell of a lot of diplomacy on your part; they've been at each other's throats ever since his reign began."

Le Compte de Leger was becoming red around the ears. Sally shook her head at her father as the conversation began.

"Is your home in Paris?" she asked. "It is a city that I long to see."

"My home is there; my daughter lives about twenty miles out, on the road to Lyons."

"Mademoiselle Cary invites me to stay with her while you are away," volunteered Madame Beauvais, assisting in the embarrassment of the moment.

"That is most gracious," Le Compte bowed to Sally. "I shall be relieved to know that you are under such good care."

As they rose from the table and their visitors walked toward the veranda, Sally put her hands on her father's shoulders.

"Don't quarrel with him, dear," she said.

"He just doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Dinwiddie will enlighten him."

"Then let the Governor do it; you needn't get mixed up in this, it is the Governor's problem. I know it's a piece of arrogance for him to have come here; I suppose he should have gone to Quebec and come in the other way...."

"Who the devil does he think owns that land anyway?"

"Perhaps the Indians do...."

"You know better than that, Sally."

"Please, Father... you handle the matters of the port so beautifully and Governor Dinwiddie has every confidence in you; it's only fair that you show enough confidence in him to let him handle this matter."

"You're the greatest old wheedler in the colonies," her father told her as he raised her chin, "now go and mind the baby and the pretty French girl and leave matters of importance to the men where they belong."

Sally reflected rather grimly... the plantation, and the house, and the slaves, and Anne and her lovers, and Betty coming along. For a fleeting moment, she looked into the painted eyes of the lady who had laid down her responsibilities.

"Can we not sit under those trees out on the terrace?" asked Madame Beauvais.

"What are they?"

"Magnolias. They grow in profusion in this country. If you do not care to rest, we can sit there for a little while."

"I have done nothing but rest for over sixty days. And in all that time, I have not spoken to a woman."

Under the spreading trees which were just opening their great buds, the girls became acquainted.

"Comtesse..." began Sally and paused. "Ah, no, you may not call me that. My husband was not of the Catholic faith; he was a Huguenot and his family was exiled.
Under another name, he signed up with the French army when he was quite a boy, but he never dared use the title. I am just Madame Beauvais. Before I married him, I renounced the Catholic faith and joined with him. Only lately has my father forgiven me. Now, when Jacques is dead, his heart has softened. My husband’s brother is a very strong Catholic, an Abbe.”

“How long were you married?”

“Ten years; years of happiness when I could follow him and years of agony when I saw him go into battle. I was fifteen when I married. Six months ago, his comrade came to my house on the Lyons road and told me it was all over. I will have no more years of either happiness or sorrow.”

Sally pressed her hand.

“Now tell me about yourself,” suggested Madame Beauvais.

“There is nothing to tell about myself.” Sally gave a little laugh. “I’m just an ordinary sort of a person; no adventure, no nothing.”

“But what do you do?”

“I do little, but I long much. What I want most is a bit of adventure. Sometimes when the officers of the vessels or the commander of some battle comes here, I listen with avidity to what they have to say but I can do nothing nor can I amount to anything—because I am a woman.”

“But you manage this great place?”

“Ceelys runs itself. My mother was a lovely person but she forgot that when she died, I would have to take her place, and she never told me anything. The house and the plantation are a powerful lot of work but the slaves have been with us for years and Mammy keeps things straight in the house. Since Father has been Officer of the Port, he has done little tobacco raising. He is experimenting with blooded stock, but he has a man to handle that. I just have to keep my sisters straight—they are away just now, the two older ones, for a day or two—manage the house in Williamsburg when we are there for the winter and see that everybody gets the right kind of entertaining.”

“I should think it was much.”

“But you were married at fifteen and had quarrelled with your father. That took courage.”

“I had Jacques. He was twelve years older than I, and he was wonderful!” She looked out across the water. “Have you no brothers?”

“One. He is at school in England. Most of the Virginians send their sons to school in England.”

“But not their daughters?”

“No. Until the last few years it has been difficult for a woman to make the crossing, but everything is so much more comfortable now that I may go some day. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee went last year to see Philip, their eldest son who is in school there, and they invited me to go with them, but I could not leave my sisters. I have had fine schooling though and so have the other girls, for when the House of Burgesses is in session—my father is a member—we live in Williamsburg and Anne and Mary and I attend William and Mary College.”

“Their are many other young people about?” Madame Beauvais was looking at the little village of Hampton nestled between the terrace and the wide river.

“Any number of them scattered through the Tidewater and the Northern Neck.” Then, with a smile at the other girl’s look of amazement, she added, “Those are just the names of the different sections of the Commonwealth. Our near neighbors are the Lightfoots of Teddington, the Allens of Claremont, the Grymes of Brandon, the Byrds of Westover, and the Carters of Shirley. And across from Shirley is Turkey Island where the Randolphs live. Jane Randolph, who is a friend of mine,
did something like what you did, only the break with her father didn't come on account of religion. She married out of the planter class, as we call ourselves, and Colonel Peter Randolph had a hard time getting over it. She married Peter Jefferson from the frontier. Now that she has a little boy her father feels better about it, and she visits him."

"They sound very interesting."

"I'll have a party right away so that you can meet them all. Would you mind a party?"

Madame Beauvais shook her head.

"I cannot brood all the rest of my life," she said. "Jacques would not think that if I were having a little pleasure I was forgetting him. But now I must go in and see my baby."

They strolled toward the house. Compte de Leger was writing letters and after Madame Beauvais had gone upstairs, Sally sat on the veranda with her father.

"I want to ask the crowd down for a house-party," she told him. "Could we arrange it over this week-end? I think Madame Beauvais needs to meet them."

"She looks as if a little fun wouldn't hurt her. The Grand Mogul and I will go to Williamsburg tomorrow and we'll be gone until Sunday or Monday. You'd better ask the crowd while we're away. Then if Dinwiddie sends de Leger right back where he came from, his daughter will have had her good time first."

Sally went for quill and paper to jot down the names of her guests.

"Jane Randolph is at Turkey Island," she mused, "so I'll invite her and Colonel Jefferson to take your place as chaperones. Now, who else, Father? Elizabeth Carter and William Byrd, although they do quarrel all the time, but I can't ask one and not the other, since they've announced their engagement. Betsy Fauntleroy, Frances Bland and Richard; Bowler Cocke and Thomas Adams, for Betsy . . ." her father chortled. "Yes, I know we'll have a picnic, but that's Jane's problem to settle. Peyton Randolph—I'd ask John, too, but he's away; Richard Henry Lee and Lucy Ludwell. Martha Dandridge? No, she wouldn't come without Mr. Custis and he's so much older than the rest of us. But I might ask Randolph Dandridge."

"What about the Potomac boys?"

"George Mason of course, and then, there's the boy I met at the last Assembly . . . if he promises not to get into another fight; he's so quiet that he's not much fun but Betsy likes him; you know who I mean. Mr. Lawrence Washington's brother, George. May I have him?"

"I've no objection. Nasty as that row was, he did it to protect you, only he went too far. He hasn't any money, but we owe him some hospitality. I want you to ask George William Fairfax, too."

"Father, he is so disagreeable."

"And such a power in money. Now, my dear, do this for me. I have my reasons for a close acquaintance with the Fairfax."

"Then he goes down." Sally added his name to those on the card. "And Francis Lightfoot—I nearly forgot him. And Edward Ambler or Mary will have ten fits . . . and Robert Nicholas for Anne . . . ."

"You've got more young men than you have girls."

"We can put the boys in the guest-house and fill in with girls from around here and from Yorktown. But I must have Lucy Grymes, good old Lucy."

"You've got a full house, my dear. Get your notes written and I'll send them from Williamsburg, and the boys from up-country will get theirs in time if we send them off by the Bedford Galley. Better tell them to meet at Fauntleroy's."

And Sally went to write her invitations.

III

All the beauty of the springtide was coming into flower on a morning late in April at the home on the upper Potomac River, of Lawrence and Ann Fairfax Washington. The house had been completed the year before and in a burst of admiration for his commanding officer during the foreign campaign in Carthagena, Mr. Washington had called it Mount Vernon.

The sun had not long before peeped over the Maryland hills, rousing into activity the young negroes who were busily grooming two saddle horses at the stable door, and drawing from the kitchen in the south wing of the house the savory odors of the early breakfast.

Up and down the long veranda that over-
looked the river, a tall and rather gaunt woman walked slowly, the vigor of her erect figure belying the number of years which lay behind her. Occasionally she paused to speak to a tall boy who sat at his desk with account books spread before him, for this was the planting season in Virginia and Lawrence Washington must estimate carefully the crop that he would order planted during the next few weeks, lest the fall harvesting of tobacco be too large to bring a good price on the London market.

Madame Washington thought, as she paced to and fro, that she had never seen him look so badly and in her heart she condemned rather savagely the price that he was paying for his service to his country. This prolonged illness, the ravages of tuberculosis, had all been too high a sacrifice. If she could prevent it, no other son of hers would give up so much. But, only her first-born gave her any anxiety in this direction; the other boys were all for home and farming; well, she had frustrated George in his attempt last year to enter the Navy; she could do again what she had successfully accomplished then.

Lawrence's wife, coming up behind him, put her hand on his shoulder. He had scarcely slept all night but she dared not betray any anxiety. She knew that, regardless of her protests, he would ride over the plantation that morning, coming back to her late in the afternoon exhausted by the fever which attacked him then.

"Breakfast is ready when you are, dearest," she said, and kissed him on the forehead.

Putting his arm about her, they passed into the dining room. Ann stopped to call his mother and to send a negro boy to summon her brother-in-law.

In an upper room, furnished with a tall poster bed, a dresser, and a few chairs, George was dressing before a long mirror. The room was in utter confusion for he had tied and re-tied every cravat in his possession, changed one suit of clothes for another in a pathetic attempt to make himself look as well as possible, to soften the angularity of form and feature which was a replica of that of his mother. When the slave called him, he was engaged in brushing back his brown hair and tying it in a club at the nape of his neck. In riding clothes, he was almost handsome, but he turned from the mirror with a gesture of disgust to speak to the servant.

"Tell Mrs. Washington I'll be right down and, Jack, while I'm eating breakfast, I wish you'd get my things together. I'm going down to Ceelys for several days and I'll want the right kind of clothes—you know—pack them for me, will you, and give them to Jenkins? He's going with me."

He went down the stairs two at a time, whistling as he went. But he was all dignity when he entered the dining room, kissed his mother, smiled at Ann and gave his brother his usual look of deep affection. It was a feeling that Lawrence returned with ardor, always ignoring the fourteen years between them.

"If you are riding toward Alexandria this morning," he said, "I wish you would stop at the Court House and see if the deed to that thousand acres I bought from Colonel Cary has been filed yet. The old gentleman takes his royal time about such things."

"I'm riding south for a few days," re-
turned George, “I’m sorry that I won’t have time to go to Alexandria, but I’ll do your errand when I come back.”

Lawrence raised his eyebrows whimsically.

“If you should, by accident of course, happen to see Colonel Cary, you might find out from him direct.”

“How did you imagine such a thing as that?”

They laughed.

“Do you ever go anywhere but South, George?” asked Ann.

“I go to Fredericksburg, and Naylor’s Hole,—not always to Williamsburg.”

“But when you are dressed like the Crown Prince, Williamsburg seems to be the objective,” Lawrence retorted.

“The Capital demands it,” George answered with dignity.

As they rose from the table he put his arm about his mother’s shoulders. Tall as she was, he towered above her, rising to his six feet and more.

“Will you walk down to the mimosa tree? I could see from my window that it is in full bloom. And ... I would like to speak with you,” he added, softly.

They went out into the warm sunshine and walked slowly down the path overlooking the wide river.

“What did you want to tell me?” she asked when they had nearly reached the large bush, heavy with masses of mauve blossoms.

“Mother, I am going down to Ceelys this morning to ask Colonel Cary if I may pay my addresses to Sally. . . .”

“I am glad that you feel such affection for him but, my son, you should stand on your own props and not depend upon any one of us. There is no relationship so great that it gives any one of us the right to live on the spiritual support of another.”

“You are a living example of that idea, Mother.”

“I have had to be . . . but, let us be less serious. With you to help him in the management of this plantation, Lawrence should live for many years. With rest and care, his trouble need not be fatal for a long time.”

They were walking beyond the flowering shrub, on the path which presently would bring them to the front of the house. Madame Washington spoke again:

“I don’t want to discourage you, George, but Colonel Cary is a practical man, a man to whom money means much, and you have nothing; his sense of romance is not to be depended upon. Were Sally’s mother alive, your suit would have a better understanding. So, my advice is, do not be too sure nor too disappointed.”

“I’ll win him over just by the power of my love for her.”

“But many young men want to marry Sally . . . men of means. And you have not known her very long. He may raise that objection.”

“We can wait. He knows you and Lawrence, and he says he admired my father. So it isn’t as if I were a stranger. I’ll make him consent!”

They had reached the entrance of the house where Lawrence was bidding good-bye to his wife and the grooms were holding two saddle horses. The brothers mounted with gay farewells and cantered to the wooden gate.

“Good-bye and good luck, old man,” called Lawrence.

“I’ll be home the first of next week,” answered George and turned his horse south on the road to Dumfries.

Over the beautiful countryside lay the spring sunshine. Where it caught the reflection of the river, George saw that the fishermen were out with their silvery nets to catch the first run of shad as they came down the stream from the spawning beds above. On either side of the road stretched brown fields where the negroes were step-
ping off the spaces for tobacco planting. He exchanged a long halloo with William Fairfax, who was on horseback in the center of the broad meadow land at Belvoir directing a group of negroes in the plowing. High above, against the blue sky, the buzzards winged with an easy grace. Here and there a tall fir tree topped the forest; the sun glistened on the smooth leaves of the holly trees. And everywhere bloomed the heavy, purple Judas tree and the white, starlike dogwood.

By the time that the sun had reached the peak of the meridian, George had come into Dumfries, where he could get lunch at the Inn. The coach for Alexandria was waiting in the Inn yard as he dismounted, and the galley from down the river was landing its passengers. Everywhere was bustle and hurry, for this connection was a close one and the passengers for the north-bound coach were eating while the horses were being changed. Thomas Lee of Stratford came out of the Inn.

"Hello, George, where are you bound?"

"Naylor's Hole and I'm in a hurry for I want to get there to-night."

"You'll never make it. Spring must be in your blood, my boy, to let you lag along the way. I came up on the galley and I'm going on to Alexandria. Why don't you take the galley back to Stratford . . . here, I'll give you a note to the overseer to give you a couple of mounts and then you'll get to Fauntleroy's to-night. Leave your horses here."

"What about your horses, Mr. Lee?"

"Come back the same way and leave them at Stratford, or William will send them over if you're going beyond Naylor's . . . or, we'll pick them up the next time we go over."

"I certainly am obliged to you."

"That's all right. Now, get into action. The coach is ready but the galley doesn't go for another twenty minutes, so you'll have time to eat."

While George arranged for the horses to be cared for at the Inn and Jenkins transferred the saddle packs from his mount to the galley, they ate what food they could and presently the galley had slipped from her moorings at the long wharf and they were out in the stream. The slender boat, manned by ten negroes at the oars, cut through the clear water of the Potomac. Under the canopy at the stern sat a man with a small boy and they had not gone far before he and George were in conversation.

"I've never had the pleasure of seeing you before, Sir," began the man, speaking with a broad, Scotch accent, "my name is John Henry."

George gave his name in return.

"Brother to Lawrence Washington?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a bad crowd your brother is playin' with."

George's indignation, ever lying just beneath the surface, began to rise.

"Just what do you mean, Sir?"

"He and his crowd are going to get this country into another mess with France."

"I do not see by what right you can say that?"

"You're on the wrong side of the fence, young man, to get the angle on it that some of us hold. Here's a group of men, like your brother, rich through lands they inherited, sets themselves up under the leadership of Thomas Lee to form the Ohio Company, and take up the land west of the Alleghanies. It's the richest and best land in this part of the world. They got in on the ground floor, snap it up. What chance, I ask you, has any but the planter got to come in on it?"
“Any man has a chance if he has the money for settlement.”

“Not by a long shot. It’s a closed corporation. Let any other man try and see how far he’d get.”

“Have you tried?”

“I know better.” Henry laughed bitterly. “They’re capitalists, that’s what they are. England has never had a clear title to that land. Neither has France. They both grabbed it hocus-pocus from the Indians. It would be just as bad to my way o’ thinkin’ if the French aristocrats from New Orleans came up the river and made a land grab. ’Tis only that the Englishmen are getting there first.”

“What do you think should be done?” George asked, trying to control his temper.

“Let England and France settle it with money; one buy the other out; then pay for the land, fair and square from the Indians and open it up to the settlers. This way leads into a war and when the English have licked the French, your brother and his millionaire friends will put up the land to tenants and what comes of that? No man really owns the land he works.”

“There is nothing dishonest about that. England does that. Virginia was settled that way.”

“There was a day when it had to be done like that in Virginia. The men who were willing to do the settling had no money to fit themselves out, nor feed themselves through the starving times, but that day has gone past. You read a little, Sonny, and listen to the old men talk and you’ll find that when land was bought from the Indians fair and square, the Indians never harmed the white man—they helped him; it’s these fellows that do the high-handed squatter act that the Indians want to scalp.”

“My brother and the men with him are not dishonest.”

“I say they are. Maybe they are honest in seeing a great future for England but they are dishonest to the men who’ve got to work that Valley so that it can have a great future.”

Bright spots of color had come on the high bones of George’s face. He would fight for Lawrence to the death although he did not believe in the practice of duelling. His penetrating glance cut through the older man with anger.

“I’m willing to stand by the stockholders in the Ohio Company if I have to use steel to do it.”

John Henry laughed in a rough, kindly way.

“I don’t use the sword,” he said, “and when I fight with my fists, I pick a man my own age. Not that you couldn’t do me up, boy, but I wouldn’t feel right in my heart if I picked a quarrel with a lad. Let’s take it as a difference of opinion between us and let it go at that. There’s going to be many a more serious difference of opinion before we settle this.”

They were passing Wakefield where George had been born and where his half-brother, John Augustine, now lived. The galley did not stop for there were no passengers to disembark. Before the mileage to Stratford had been covered, the discussion had fallen into more pleasant channels and as the galley came to a halt at the shady wharf where the stevedores were piling up for the morning boat the last oyster kegs of the season, George Washington and John Henry shook hands and parted.

George cooled down as he walked up toward the square house with its odd wings that always reminded him of the letter “H.” Men were rolling the wide, green lawn; others were in the garden; the box trees by the side of the house were having their annual pruning. Mrs. Lee stood on the steps, talking to the negro on the path below. George had spent many happy hours in this old house with his friends, the Lee boys. He liked the cheery woman who made such a pleasant home for her six sons. And she was equally glad to see him.

“Well, you are a surprise, George,” she said. “I’m right glad to see you. Sit down and I’ll send for some food. I’m sorry Richard isn’t here.”
George explained how he came to be there and showed her the note that Mr. Lee had given him.

“You don’t need that,” she said and spoke to the negro to whom she had been talking, “Sam, take Mr. Washington’s man to the stable and tell the coachman to let him have two of our best saddle horses. Give Jenkins something to eat and tell the cook I want a lunch for Mr. Washington right away. Now, George, tell me all the news. How is your mother?”

He told her all that he knew of the up-country gossip, asking as he closed: “What do you hear of Philip?”

“It looks as if Philip wasn’t coming home for quite a while. We’re sending Arthur and Richard Henry over next year, and I rather want him there to get them started. They both want to read law. Of course, Arthur is really too young to know what he wants, but a winter in England will be good for him.”

“I shall be lost without Richard.”

“So will we,” answered Richard’s mother, “and he could just as well read law with George Wythe in Williamsburg, but he has got a very good mind and it seems as if he should have a continental education. I think we shall let him go early this fall so that he can have a walking trip with Charles Carroll. Do you know Charles?”

“I met him once at a race that Lawrence took me to on the Annapolis course about four years ago. But I don’t know him.”

“He’s a very pleasant young man. I knew his parents but they died some years ago and his guardian is English. He was with us for a considerable time last year when Mr. Lee and I were over. Well, there are the horses, George, and you haven’t eaten half as much as I would like you to . . . remember me to your mother and Mrs. Lawrence Washington and anyone else you may meet along the road.”

Night was falling when George saw the candle lights of Naylor’s Hole on the Rappahannock. A crowd of young people filled the veranda. William Fauntleroy stood on the terrace talking with a young couple who were still in riding clothes.

“Hello, George, glad to see you. Here are some friends of mine from Philadelphia: Mr. and Mrs. David Hayward, just joined together in the bonds of matrimony . . . you’ll find Betsy with the mob inside.”

Betsy came running to meet him. She was dark, small and very pretty. Her laughing eyes looked up as he towered above her. Glancing across the young folks who were hailing him from all directions, he was surprised to see George Mason from Fredericksburg and one of the Carter girls from Sabine Hall, as well as Lucy Ludwell from Green Spring.

“We didn’t expect you until tomorrow.”

“Expect me!”

“Yes,” explained Betsy Fauntleroy, “I sent a rider on this morning. You must have missed him. Sally has a visitor from France and we are all bidden to a house-party. We’re riding down in the morning.”

(To be continued)

In the next installment, Sally becomes more and more puzzled and piqued by the failure of George to make the declaration which he feels he should not express. Her wounded feelings lead to unexpected complications.
Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, State Regent of Kansas, has a collection of miniatures of which she is justly proud. They stand, set forth in bright and delicate array, where the privileged guest to her ancestral home may behold and admire them. Tiny figurines, infinitesimal glassware, microscopic furniture—each piece is perfect of its kind. Each carries its own message and its own symbolism.

Such a presentation in miniature is one which any woman may rejoice in revealing to her friends; and in like measure there is a sense of joy in presenting to the readers of this magazine the eleven women who are now candidates for national office in the Daughters of the American Revolution. These presentations must necessarily be brief—miniatures in fact; but each of these also carries its message and its own symbolism. For these women through their characters and their achievements embody and interpret our highest ideals: and diversified as are their tastes and talents, each in her own way is representative and remarkable.

Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr. (Sarah Emily Corbin) the candidate for the office of President General, comes of ancient and distinguished lineage. Among her earliest American ancestors were William Brewster, who left Holland with the Mayflower Company and shortly afterwards was chosen as the Ruling Teaching Elder of Plymouth Colony. Mrs. Robert's Revolutionary ancestor was Clement Corbin, her great-grandfather, who held the rank of Sergeant in the Regiment of Colonel Obadiah Johnson of Connecticut. Her father was William Wallace Corbin of Owego, New York.

From her toddler days, "Sally"—as the daughter of William Wallace and his wife, Sarah Hamilton was called—was a natural speaker, recognized always as a leader among her playmates. In school it was she who was expected to voice the feelings of her class and to make the addresses of welcome to visitors upon festive occasions. By the same general dictum of class opinion it was "Sally" Corbin who had to arrange programs for entertainments, selecting and supplying costumes and scenery. It was "Sally" Corbin who had to plan picnic suppers and outdoor feasts. She still says that through life she has always been given the hard work to do!

In due course of time she went to Syracuse University, where she became a member of the Alpha Phi Fraternity, and after her graduation, she taught history and Civics in the schools of New York and New Jersey, beginning at Rome Free Academy, N. Y. Sports and athletics attracted her but little. History, however, was a favorite study and she received favorable recognition in college for her historical research. Wherever she has travelled or lived Mrs. Robert has thoroughly investigated all of the historic spots of the community and learned their legends. Her appreciation of Annapolis, her home since her marriage, has never diminished. Music is also a medium through which she loves to express herself, though she has had little time for this in recent years.

With a natural flair for public speaking, she early perfected herself in the study of Parliamentary Law and was soon rated as an expert. She has conducted classes in two universities and at various times and places has given courses for club women. Her skill as a presiding officer has been a matter of note at local and national conventions. She has also edited a question and answer column in parliamentary procedure.

Shortly after her marriage Mrs. Robert became a member of the Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Annapolis, Maryland. She served her Chapter as Treasurer, Registrar and Regent; then became State
MRS. LOREN EDGAR REX
State Regent of Kansas, candidate for
the office of Chaplain General

Recording Secretary, State Chairman Americanization and State Chairman of By-Laws and Resolutions. Next, she became National Chairman of Committee on Patriotic Education, National Chairman of the Credentials Committee, National Chairman of the Printing Committee and of the important Building and Grounds Committee. At the Continental Congress of 1935, Mrs. Robert was elected Treasurer General. She is also a member of the Maryland Society of Colonial Dames, the Daughters of Founders and Patriots, Daughters of Colonial Wars and the Arundel Club of Baltimore, Maryland.

From a wide range of diversified experiences Mrs. Robert has drawn a broad understanding of people. She has developed a philosophy of life that keeps her vision clear and her spirit fearless. Once she sees her way and charts her course, she stands firmly for what she believes is best, convinced that the right will eventually prevail. Her manner is straightforward and in her calm judicial deliberation before making a decision, there is an assurance of fair and impartial judgment with a sense of efficiency that inspires confidence and promises successful results.

Tall, slender, youthful, of commanding presence and gracious friendliness, the candidate for President General radiates the qualities that make for wise and successful leadership.

MRS. LOREN EDGAR REX (Leda Maria Ferrell), Candidate for the office of Chaplain General, distributes her interest and her energy over a large group of organizations and is naturally very well known in consequence. She is deeply religious and considers her personal service a duty, in whatever society she has pledged active membership. She is a staunch supporter of the religious, patriotic, civic and educative movements of her community. She has the temperament and philosophy to so envision her service as to derive pleasure therefrom.

Mrs. Rex has a wealth of ancestral forebears and in 1933 she compiled and published the Rex Genealogy. In the list of forty-two ancestors from whom she is descended, her proven D. A. R. lines number eleven. She has long been a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and has served as Regent of the Wichita Chapter; as State Vice Regent, State Chairman of the Constitution Hall Finance Committee, State Officers Club, State Regent and National Vice Chairman of Approved Schools. Mrs. Rex holds membership in several patriotic societies, and among her many local civic affiliations are those with the Twentieth Century Club, of which she was President from 1934 to 1936; the Garden Club, Kansas Authors Club and National League of American Penwomen. She has been a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita since she was twelve years old and has always been an active worker in it.

Mrs. Rex has always been fond of travel. While still a student, specializing in music for four years in Boston, she made several
extended journeys. She has been to Europe numerous times, getting off the beaten trails besides visiting all familiar places. A desire to see the Midnight Sun took her to Norway, to Iceland, and finally to Alaska. Almost all of the great National Parks were toured in an itinerary that extended to the extreme west and Canada. She has also been to the Bahamas, Cuba, and Mexico and spent one year in Hawaii, while her son was in school in Honolulu. All of these trips were productive of wonderful experiences and fascinating memories.

Tennis, bridge, and the collection of miniatures also hold a large place in the life of this busy woman, and contribute to her own pleasure and that of her friends.

Mrs. John Salladay Heaume (Julia Douglass Moler), Candidate for the post of Recording Secretary General, is the daughter of John Douglass and his wife, Millie Oakes. The Moler family moved to Springfield, Ohio, from Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, in 1834 and established a permanent home there. Except for a brief period following her marriage, Mrs. Heaume has always lived in Springfield. Her Revolutionary ancestors were Adam Moler and William Beardsley. Her mother’s name, Oakes, was adopted by her family, as it is the American meaning of the French Des-Chêne.

Julia Douglass Moler was educated at Oxford College, formerly a college for women but now known as the Caroline Scott Harrison Memorial Building, which is used as a dormitory for girls attending Miami University. (This was the gift of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.) During her college days she devoted much time to the study of the violin, from which study she obtained a deep appreciation of good music.

Mrs. Heaume served the Daughters of the American Revolution as Secretary and Regent of the Logonda Chapter at Springfield, Ohio. She served her State organization as Secretary, Director, Vice Regent, and Regent. Her affiliation with the Society is long and close, for her mother and her daughter are also members of the Logonda Chapter. A granddaughter is a member of the C. A. R.

One of Mrs. Heaume’s cherished dreams is the advancement of music, and her efforts toward the promotion of this project have led to the introduction of a committee for the advancement of American Music, the appreciation of American composers, and the regular use of American music in Ohio Chapter programs. Other States have already secured outlines as prepared by the Ohio State Chairman, Mrs. E. G. Meade of Miami University.

Some years ago, when Mrs. Heaume was the only woman member of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce, she was hostess to Amelia Earhart on the day of her visit, having been appointed to welcome distinguished visitors. Miss Earhart took her hostess for a flight over the city and to her own astonishment Mrs. Heaume felt no fear. This day’s contact with the famous
MRS. WILLIAM KENNEDY HERRIN, JR.
State Regent of Mississippi, candidate for the office of Corresponding Secretary General

aviatrix gave her a thrill that will last a lifetime.

She is at present serving on the Federal Commission for the Observance of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ordinance of 1787 and the Settlement of the Northwest Territory.

Mrs. Herrin, is the daughter of Almon Cotton, of New York and his wife, Anne Josephine Shaner, of Maryland. She was born at Dallas, Texas, and attended the schools of Texas and the Presbyterian College at Wilford. She also attended the Bristol School at Washington, D. C. After graduation she had both a European tour and a South American tour.

She traces her lineage back to the time of the Norman Conquest. Her Colonial ancestry comprises a considerable group, and among her Revolutionary forebears are Nathaniel Montagu, William Cotton, Martin Brockway and Ephraim Hildredth, Barnett Houck and John Ebaugh.

After her marriage to William Kennedy Herrin, Jr., she became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, joining the chapter organized by Mrs. W. K. Herrin, Sr., and named by her for one of her ancestors. In this, the Rosannah Waters Chapter, Mrs. Herrin has served as Regent; she has also been State Chairman of the Constitution Hall Finance Committee, and State Vice Regent. She is a member of the State Officers Club, organized by her mother-in-law.

Other organizations which claim her active interest are the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, Parent Teachers Association, Mississippi Chapter of Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. In the last named society, she is now the State Registrar.

Witty, youthful and feminine, Mrs. Herrin embodies the old South in her charm of manner and appearance as well as in her name. Beneath all her attractive social graces, there is a steady purpose, backed by an efficiency that secures the help and helpers for the projects undertaken by her.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrin have a young daughter who is already following her mother's example as a worker and leader, for she is now serving as junior president of the Sampson Bobo Society, C. A. R.

With all of the claims upon her time, Mrs. Herrin cherishes her hobbies and adds to her collections of satin glass and rare
old lace, in both of which she has some lovely pieces.

Michigan's candidate for the station of Organizing Secretary General is Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn (Hazel Fenton), daughter of the late Dr. Daniel Waldo and his wife Harriet Thompson. She is a descendant of Elder William Brewster of the Plymouth Colony and her Revolutionary ancestors number seven.

Mrs. Schermerhorn was educated at Michigan State Normal College and Hillsdale College.

Her D. A. R. activities began with service in her own chapter, Ann Gridley of Hillsdale. She has been State Recording Secretary, State Director, and State Chairman of Legislation, and is now State Regent. She is also a member of the Michigan Society of Mayflower Descendants, U. S. Daughters of 1812, and Descendants of Founders and Patriots of America. Scholarship advisor of Kappa Chapter, Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, and membership in the Women’s Commission of Hillsdale College, the Parliamentary Law Club of Detroit, and the American Legion Auxiliary are also included in her many activities. She is now serving on the Federal Commission for the Celebration of the Sesquicentennial of the Ordinance of 1787 and the Settlement of the Northwest Territory, and has maintained an active interest in the American Red Cross, having been Chairman of her local Chapter.

Mrs. Schermerhorn’s literary talents are finding expression in her delightful poems which are being published in various poetry magazines.

Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Candidate for the office of Treasurer General, has been very active in the Daughters of the American Revolution for twelve years, having served as Councillor and Treasurer of the Fort Greene Chapter in Brooklyn, State Treasurer, State Chairman of the Committee for the Correct Use of the Flag, Treasurer for the Approved Schools Scholarship Benefit, and National Chairman of Credentials. Her Revolutionary ancestry were of the Hardenbergh, Stryker, DuBois, and La Fevre families.

She is an Alumna of Packer’s Collegiate Institute and of the Junior College of Brooklyn and a member of the Alumnae Aid Finance committee, in which organizations as in the D. A. R., positions of hard work and responsibility seem naturally to fall to her. She is also a member of the Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century.

From girlhood, finances, and figures have intrigued and held the interest of Miss Schwarzwaelder, and she has almost always been treasurer for some group or organization. Ever since she finished college she has been kept busy straightening out account books for her friends, and to her academic training has been added sound business experience. She is possessed of a sunny, happy disposition, and takes a real joy in service; her friends claim that “Miss Page” always “carries other people’s burdens.”

Miss Schwarzwaelder has a home on Lake Mahopac where she enjoys outdoor sports the year around. She skates, skis, swims, hikes, rides horseback and plays golf on the Women’s senior champion team.
of the Westchester County Association. She has travelled extensively when and where her fancy led, and during the World War drove a Red Cross Motor Ambulance. She said recently that this country had three kinds of madness to combat—war madness, money madness, and power madness; and she is deeply interested in world politics.

Mrs. Frank Leon Nason (Isabelle Cushman), candidate for Registrar General, has made patriotic service and genealogical research the leading activities of her life.

After the death of her mother when the little girl was still a toddler, Isabelle Cushman's father took his two children to Plymouth to live, establishing his little family in the Churchill House, a family Hotel in the shadow of Burial Hill. When he came home in the evening, the bed-time story hour for his little girl held no fairy stories or nursery rhymes, but day after day he related to her the tales of the Pilgrims—their trials, hardships, and journeys, and the family traditions of the Cushmans and their associates. Thus from babyhood she lived in the atmosphere of the Pilgrims and to her they were vitally real people, never statues or dim shadowy memories.

While still a child, Mrs. Nason had the interesting experience of close contact with the aged Walter H. Faunce, who lived to be ninety-seven, still in full possession of all his faculties. He clearly remembered the story told by his own great-grandfather, the man to whom John Howland pointed out the Rock where the Pilgrims stepped in landing from the shallop. Although Faunce was just a boy when his great-grandfather passed on to him John Howland's definite information regarding the location of Plymouth Rock, it was so solemnly impressive that his memory of it never faded. The nonagenarian and the little girl tramped over the hills and along the beach, hand in hand and he too, told her of the first white people to make their homes on this spot and of her own people. Mr. Faunce had maintained business relations with four generations of the Cushmans and the Cushings. When the little girl was about six years old her father was aghast at discovering her conducting tourists to the graves of their ancestors at five cents per person! But with this early training Isabelle Cushman could scarcely have escaped becoming an expert historian and genealogist!

Her talents and training have been directed upon genealogical research and the writing and presentation of historical pageants and plays.

In addition to her historic environment, she had the stimulating pride of descent from fifteen persons who arrived in New England on the Mayflower. Among her Revolutionary ancestors were Colonel Edward Mitchell, Corporal John Mitchell, Noah Cushman, Solomon Washburn, Levi Holmes, Colonel John Cushing, Samuel Joseph Darling, and Perez Chandler.

Her D. A. R. activities began when she became a member of the Chief Justice Cushing Chapter at Scituate, Massachusetts, where she has lived most of the time since her marriage. She has been Registrar, Vice Regent of her chapter, State Chairman
of Pages, State Chairman of Credentials, State Corresponding Secretary, Vice Chairman and Chairman of Tellers. She is now in her third year as State Regent.

Because of her high standing as a historian and a genealogical expert she holds membership in an unusually large group of societies. Although she terms as hobbies her historical work, parliamentary law, and play writing, Mrs. Nason is a buoyant, vitally alive, fun loving person. She is a champion golfer and an enthusiastic baseball and football fan. Upon one occasion when her husband’s ship building relatives offered the post of quartermaster on one of their freight steamers running between Baltimore, Maryland, and Alexandria, Egypt, she accepted the position for the fun and adventure of it.

MRS. LELAND STANFORD DUXBURY (Lucile Brown), Candidate for the post of Historian General, has made a distinct place for herself in Minnesota’s historical research.

She was born on a fourth of July at Brookville, Pennsylvania, where she absorbed patriotic enthusiasm from her mother’s friend and neighbor, Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, both before and after the latter became President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution. As she developed, her talent for music has been revealed. She was graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Since then she has sung under the batons of many famous orchestra leaders, in many concerts, and has been soloist in large Episcopal choirs. Mrs. Duxbury has given devoted service to Westminster Church, teaching music to the children of the Beginner’s Department for over ten years. Before her marriage to Leland Stanford Duxbury in 1915 she taught singing.

Her active D. A. R. membership began in the Nathan Hale Chapter of St. Paul, Minnesota. She became State Recording Secretary and State Chairman of the Constitution Hall Finance Committee. At present she is State Regent and President of the Sibley House Association of the Minnesota D. A. R. Chapters. This project is at Mandota and through it her State society leads in the preservation of historic spots. In other organizations she has also given valuable service. She is a member of the Woman’s Club of Minneapolis and has served as President of the local Parent Teachers’ Association and on the Minneapolis Council of the P. T. A. Her service as Minneapolis Chairman of the Scholarship Fund for three and a half years has likewise been outstanding. This fund provides financial assistance for worthy boys and girls of high scholastic standing so that they may complete their high school education.

Music and writing have been a source of pleasure to Mrs. Duxbury and she enjoys horseback riding and motoring. One of the long trips which she recalls with great zest took her around the Gaspe Peninsula for the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Jacques Cartier.

MRS. JOSEPH TAYLOR YOUNG (Lou Mitchell), Candidate for the station of Reporter General to the Smithsonian Institution, was born in Larned, Kansas, and is the
MRS. LELAND STANFORD DUXBURY

State Regent of Minnesota, candidate for the office of Historian General

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mathais Mitchell, who later moved their family to Topeka and then to Ogden, Utah. Mrs. Young's father was an early pioneer of California, coming around the Horn from his home in Vermont in 1849. When forty-five years old, he went to Kansas where he met and married Julia Cowan.

Lou Mitchell attended the public schools of Larned and Topeka and took normal training for teaching in Utah and Chicago. She devoted many years to the study of singing in Ogden, Chicago, and New York. She became a concert and church soloist and after her marriage to Joseph Taylor Young, she conducted the choir at the First Presbyterian Church in Pocatello, Idaho, where they lived at that time. Later they moved to Piedmont, California, which they have made their permanent home.

Mrs. Young is a devotee of grand opera and the symphony, being a sponsor and patroness of the Oakland Symphony Orches-
flower Compact, and from four barons who signed the Magna Charta at Runnymede. Mrs. Sisson is likewise proud of her large Revolutionary ancestral group, in which Daniel Read, Joshua Reed, and Jonathan Richardson were progenitors of Susan B. Anthony. Thirty-four of her ancestors participated in the Colonial wars.

Mrs. Sisson has been active in the D. A. R. since 1916. She has been Regent of the General Henry Dearborn Chapter of Chicago; Parliamentarian and State Vice Regent of the Illinois Society, and State Chairman of National Defense. She is now serving as National Chairman of National Defense through Patriotic Education.

Membership in the Society of Mayflower Descendants, Daughters of American Colonists, U. S. Daughters of 1812, National League of American Penwomen, Austin Woman’s Club of Chicago (past president) and the Chicago Woman’s Club are also included in her activities. The study of civics has always been paramount in her busy program.

Some years ago when the Revolution in Portugal was in progress, Mrs. Sisson and her father and daughter took a Mediterranean Cruise. They were unable to enter Portugal and the proximity of the horrors which took place there and the presence of the great British fleet in Mediterranean waters brought to her vividly the realization of the meaning of National Defense. The prevalence of Communistic activities in European countries and the danger of these to our own people have been the driving force behind all the years of arduous work she has done in behalf of National Defense through Patriotic Education. She is a forceful, fluent speaker who has exercised widespread interest and influence in behalf of the measures for good government which she has promoted.
MRS. WILLARD STEELE
Ex-Regent of Tennessee, candidate for the office of Curator General

MRS. WILLARD STEELE (Kate Hinds), Candidate for the office of Curator General, of Chattanooga, brings a rich background of experience and attainments to any office she graces. She is the daughter of the late Dr. John I. D. Hinds and his wife, Mary Bashie Atkins, and was born at Lebanon, Tennessee. She was educated at Cumberland University and holds an M. A. and a Ph.D. from that institution, teaching chemistry and natural science for four years. She is the wife of Dr. Willard Steele, a noted specialist of Chattanooga. They have two children.

Names of historical prominence are found in her ancestral record; that of Joseph Hinds, a member of the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina being among them. She is also descended from the Sutton, Webb, Blackham, and Atkins families.

Mrs. Steele became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1914, in Margaret Gaston Chapter at Lebanon, later transferring to the Chickamauga Chapter at Chattanooga in which she served as Treasurer and Regent. Then she became Recording Secretary, State Regent, Honorary State Regent, and a member of the State Officers’ Club. During 1937 and 1938 she has served as Vice Chairman of the Reception Committee to Continental Congress and Vice Chairman of the National Committee on Conservation and Thrift.

Among other organizations with which Mrs. Steele is identified are the Woman’s Kosmos Club of Chattanooga of which she is the enthusiastic President, the Art Study Club, Delphinian Society, Mission Ridge Garden Club, Junior League, U. S. Daughters of the Confederacy, American Legion, and Chi Omega.

She likes people, parties, music, art, and drama; she enjoys excitement yet she can be happy alone. She takes an immense interest in her home and family and is very much like her father, who was a well-known scientist and educator. It was his slogan—that no one should ever overlook an opportunity for seeing and doing the worthwhile, that no one should be idle, and that one should be constantly trying to learn something new and be interested in everything that goes on in the world—that she is trying to live up to.

Mrs. Steele heads her group of hobbies with travel. She has taken many wonderful trips; three to Europe embracing altogether sixteen months; three to Mexico; one to Guatemala; cruises to Cuba and Panama; and extensive trips through the United States and Canada. With a social program rivalling that of her club activities, she manages to achieve a large score of practical results. In explaining this knack or gift of accomplishment, a friend remarked: “It is because Kate Hinds organizes herself!”

And with Mrs. Steele our “Presentation in Miniature,” which began with Mrs. Robert, comes to an end. It seems to us that the subject matter has been worthy of the most careful and delicate portrayal. We only hope that our readers will feel we have touched upon it with the clarity which it deserves, as well as the conciseness which necessitated the painting of miniatures instead of portraits.
Preservation for Posterity

It seems to me that one of the most valuable things done by the Daughters of the Revolution is the marking of historical monuments throughout the country. Each small group which seeks out in its home locality the things which add to the historical interest of the environment does a valuable piece of work for posterity.

Everything which ties the people into their past history gives them something of which to be proud and something to live up to in the future which is essential to each generation.

In my own State of New York, I have always greatly appreciated the work done to restore houses having historical interest, or to mark spots of interest in the country either in connection with some individual or with an event which occurred at that particular place. I have often met people who have come from far away places to view some historical monument which tied them in as individuals with the past history of the nation even though they had gone into other parts of the country.

This is one of the unifying influences in our nation which we need to preserve, for as great a nation as this with as many diversified interests must have some common interests to bind it together. I hope that every unit of the Daughters of the Revolution will continue its historical research and bend its efforts to increase our knowledge of the glories of the past.

[Signature]
"Pink Root" and "Purple Willow"

A story of beneficent plants

VERNA EUGENIA MUTCH

THE American doctors of the eighteenth century had few facilities for learning much of anatomy or medicine. Up to the Revolution there were only two medical colleges in the Colonies,* and from these less than fifty had been graduated as bachelors and doctors of medicine. There was no medical journal, and only one general hospital, the Pennsylvania Hospital of Philadelphia, opened in 1756. The New York Hospital was in process of erection when it was destroyed by fire in 1775, and not rebuilt until after the war.

It has been estimated that there were approximately fourteen hundred physicians and surgeons in the Continental Army, and of these hardly more than one hundred had the academic degree either from our own recently established medical colleges or those of Europe. Aside from the privileged few who could go abroad for their medical training, the only method of learning the "Art of Physick", as it was called, was through apprenticeship. It was customary to appren-

*t The medical college of Philadelphia, later incorporated in the University of Pennsylvania, and King College, New York, now Columbia University.

tice a lad of fourteen or fifteen to some well-known practitioner for from three to seven years, depending on the aptitude of the boy. He became anything from errand boy to an assistant at the bedside. He was taught to bleed, extract teeth, compound drugs, reduce fractures, and take care of his master's horse! Incidentally he studied the books in his master's library, which might consist of as many as twenty volumes! He learned most, however, from the personal experience of his preceptor; but this was usually a very limited one.

The real knowledge of medicine, then, and the mode of practice, was of necessity borrowed from Europe. In the early days some Governors of the Colonies sent to European doctors for prescriptions for the use of the Colonies. In the Collection of Winthrop Papers was found a manuscript containing a list of recipes sent over in 1643 by a Dr. Edward Stafford of London for the benefit of his Colony in America.

Drugs derived from plants listed in the various editions of the London Pharmacopoeia published in the 18th century, which was the guide for the Colonial physicians, were: stramonium, or Jimson weed; gamboge; valerian; ipecac; aconite; cardamoms; syrup of
squirrels; arnica; castor oil; colombo; cas- ccarilla; kino; senega; quassia; sarsaparilla decoctions; simaruba; conium; hyoscyamus; colchicum; pulsatilla; clematis; secale cornu-
tum.

In addition to the medical knowledge ac-
quired from Europe, the Colonists were taught
the medical uses of many native plants by the
American Indians. Among these are:

Pink Root (Spigelia Marilandica)
The Indians used it as an anthelmintic before
the discovery of America. It was first intro-
duced to the notice of physicians by Dr. Alex-
ander Garden of Charleston, S. C. In 1764 he published a pamphlet entitled “An
Account of the Medical Properties of Pink-
Root.” Dr. Garden was a Scotchman, who
studied at Edinburgh and Aberdeen. (The
well-known plant Gardenia was named in
his honor.)

Butternut
A decoction of inner bark of young stems and
roots was an Indian remedy, and was used
extensively during the Revolutionary War as a
mild cathartic.

Purple Willow (Salix Purpurea)
Another Indian remedy for fevers of an inter-
mittent character. The Colonial physicians
used it as early as 1763. During the war
Dr. John Warren, senior surgeon of the hos-
pitals at Cambridge, wrote a letter in which he said: “The bark of the willow root has
been found of late (and I have repeatedly
experienced it) to answer many intentions
of the Peruvian bark, one of the most impor-
tant articles in the whole materia medica;
of which the demand has, of late, been so
great, that it has got to be one of the most
expensive medicines.”

Star Wort, Ague Root (Aplelris)
The fresh root of this plant was in high
repute by the Aborigines as a stomachic, and
bitter tonic. It was introduced into England
from America in 1768.

American White Hellebore (Veratrum Viride)
The young Indians used the fresh root of this
plant to select their tribal chiefs. “He whose
stomach withstood its action the longest was
decided to be the strongest of the party, and
to anointed to command the rest.” Kalm, in his
“Travels in North America,” 1749, states that
the people used a decoction of this plant
externally in cure of scurvy, scurvy and to
destroy vermin. And during the Revolu-
tionary period, when V. album could not be
procured, various gouty patients used the
American plant with success, not finding a
point of difference.

Seneca Snakeroot (Senega)
In 1735 John Tennent, a Scotch physician,
noticed that the Seneca Indians obtained ex-
cellent results for rattlesnake bite. After
much bribing he induced the Indians to show
him the plant they used. He further noticing that the symptoms of rattlesnake bite were
similar in some respects to those of pleurisy
and latter stages of peripneumonia, so he
conceived the idea of using the root in these
diseases. He was very successful, and the
results of his experiments were printed at
Edinburgh, 1736. The following year Senega
was cultivated in England and was later
included in the London Pharmacopoeia.

It was very difficult to find a list of remedies
that were actually used in the Army during
the War of the Revolution. There are several
reasons for this. The Medical Department of
the Army was exceedingly slow in being prop-
erly organized. And records were very poorly
kept. It was not until the spring of 1778,
three years after the Battle of Lexington, that
every regiment received a standardized field
box containing a definite list of drugs re-
garded as essential. Follows a list of those
remedies obtained from plants (or trees)
which these Army medicine chests contained:

- Tincture Cinnamon
- Elixir Paregoric
- Spirits of Lavender Compound
- Castor Oil
- Balsam Traumatic
- Oil of Turpentine
- Balsam of Capsicum
- Tincture of Myrrh and Aloes
- Laudanum Liquid
- Jalap
- Pulverized Ipecac
- Rhubarb
- Gum Myrrh
- Gum Guaiacum
- Gum Ammoniac
- Aloes Sac.
- Rad. Gentian
- Peruvian Bark
- Nutmegs
- Orange Peel
- G. Camphor
- Yellow Caraway
- White Camphor
- Diachylon
- Flo. Chamomile
- Sago

These are the definitely known medicines
derived from plants that the Army physicians
used—when they could get them! The out-
break of the Revolutionary War found the
Colonists wholly unprepared for such a con-
ict. The Colonies had but recently banded
gether for a common cause. There was
no standing army, consequently no Army
Medical Department. And Congress was
feebie and bungling. Everything was needed
at once. There was a pitiful lack of surgical
instruments. Many of the surgeons furnished
their own. In August 1776, just four days
before the battle of Long Island, Dr. John
Morgan, Chief Physician of the Continental
Army, was able to send the surgeon of the
General Hospital at Long Island only two
scalps to take charge of the wounded in
what was expected would be a bloody battle.
“If you want more, use a razor for an incision
knife,” he wrote. The worst of it was, surgical
instruments could not even be bought. Dr.
Binney was sent from New York to Phila-
delphia to purchase surgical instruments, and
he came back with the report that there were
none to be had, and that the firms which
were equipped to make them were manu-
facturing guns. The same shortage prevailed in regard to medicines.

Thousands and thousands died for lack of medicines. From every hospital and camp and field the cry for medicine was heard. In May 1776 Dr. Stringer, Chief Physician and Surgeon of the Army of the Northern Department, wrote General Washington he had neither medicine, nor instruments, and no possibility of obtaining a supply. Dr. Jonathan Potts, in charge of a hospital at Fort George, wrote to Dr. Morgan that there were 1,000 sick, without clothing, bedding, or sufficient shelter to screen them from the weather; and that he had not a grain of Jalap, Ipecac, Bark, Salts, or Opium. There was even a scarcity of bottles for medicines. Dr. Thomas Bond, Jr., wrote a letter to Dr. Potts, deploring the lack of supplies: "'Twould make you feel and rouse every pulse within you to see a fine brave fellow who has nobly fought in most of our battles, perhaps been dangerously wounded in one or more, and by the application of some prudent and generous remedies which were in our power then to furnish him with, soon recovered. I say it would rouse every feeling now to see this brave man languishing on a sick bed, with his physician holding his wrist, and promising to send him some more Physic, when perhaps a glass of generous wine, or some comfortable hospital store would rouse his drooping spirits, and prolong that life, which has, and is from principle devoted to the service of his country."

The Revolutionary War was the making of medicine in this Country. During the War there were two medical books by American authors printed. In 1776 appeared the book, "Plain, Concise, and Practical Remarks on the Treatment of Wounds and Fractures," by Dr. John Jones. It served as a textbook for the military surgeons in the Revolution. This was the first American book on military medicine.

The first American pharmacopoeia, a pamphlet of 32 pages, prepared by Dr. William Brown, of Virginia, was printed in 1778. It was designed for use in the Continental Army and was issued anonymously from the military hospital at Lititz, where Dr. Brown had his headquarters.

H. W. Haggard, in his book, "The Doctor in History," says: "American medicine grew up during the Revolution. . . . It was the first time that men trained in medicine by apprenticeship in small towns were brought in contact with physicians educated in Europe. Ideas were exchanged, new interest aroused, and wider experience gained. . . . In spirit at least the physicians were no longer colonial doctors of the backwoods; they were doctors of a new country, the United States, and as such, they turned with a new vigor, a new feeling of union, to meet the scientific advances of the 19th century."
CLEAR, hard sunlight glittered over the surface of the water. The wind was from the north. Every fisherman knows what that means. The fish will sink to the bottom of the lake and hide among the water weeds. There will be no sport till the wind changes.

In a little cabin at the edge of the bluff, overlooking a wide expanse of water, an idler moved a table up to the window ledge, emptied out his box of fishing tackle and began to reassemble its contents, assorting, adjusting, mending.

“What did you do while I was away all day, yesterday?” he asked his wife.

“A guide took me in a canoe, across the lake, to an Indian village, on an island.”

“Were you allowed to land? I understand that the tribe living there is a left-over community of what we used to call ‘wild Indians.’”

“Oh, yes, we landed. The women make beadwork that they hope to sell. The chief, Jo-Pete, an imposing elderly person, paid no attention to us. I faded into the background at the edge of the island, where I could be alone and make some water color sketches of the village.”

“What interested you most?”

“The fact that Jo-Pete has built a rather impressive white man’s house, and yet he lives, like the rest of the tribe, in a tepee. I thought that no one had noticed me and was sketching, eagerly, when I felt, rather than heard, some one back of me, breathing. Turning around quickly, I discovered that a dozen or more children had clustered there, and were watching me as I
painted. Yet not a leaf had fluttered nor a stem cracked when they came nor when they melted away, behind a bush."

"Canoeing across the lake must have been delightful. September is the most colorful month of the year. The lake is so deeply blue, the green of the pines is happy and the maroon of the oak trees. Yes, indeed, the Gothic spires of the birches, the carpets of fallen yellow leaves, the royal red fans of sumac and all edges gilded with goldenrod—"

The fisherman's wife was still speaking when quickly but quietly, without the ceremony of a knock, the cabin door opened and the Indian Chief, Jo-Pete, entered the room.

"How?" he said to the man at the table. "You doctor? Me, Jo-Pete, medicine man."

His host arose and extended the right hand of professional friendship, asked him to be seated and found what kind of tobacco he would choose for his pipe.

A quiet descended upon the group. The Indian had made an especial toilet for the occasion. His long black hair was brushed into the curve at the back of his neck. His dark blue cotton shirt was very clean. The trousers he wore, grey corduroy, buttoned closely around his ankles, were probably the cast-off splendor of some departed hunter. Above his moccasins, he wore anklets of fine bead work, and a wide bead belt accentuated his waist line.

Feeling that there must be a purpose in this formal call, the host said, "As one medicine man to another, Jo-Pete, is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, yes! Ginseng."

"Ginseng?" repeated the doctor.

"I think I can explain what he wants," said the host's wife. "But first, tell me what ginseng is."

"Ginseng is an aromatic and stimulating herb, held in great esteem in China. We export quantities of it every year."

"I see. Well, this is what I think he means to ask of you. The guide told me that the Indians have very few ways of acquiring money. Furs are not available now and white men fish out the lakes, while animal life, of all sorts, is protected by State laws. But the Indians can dig ginseng roots in the woods which should bring them in a neat profit. But they don't know how to make selling contacts. If they give it over to the Indian agent, appointed by law, not chosen by them, they get a very small sum while their white friend makes quite a bit. Perhaps Jo-Pete hoped that you, a brother medicine man, may be able to connect him with some wholesale druggist in the city—"

"Yes, yes; yes, yes," Jo-Pete interrupted, flapping his hands up and down on his knees.

"I'll be glad to see what I can do for you," his host assured him, "but how shall I get word to you?"

Jo-Pete looked around, arose, and picking up an envelope from the desk, he pointed to written words and said, "Write letter."

"But how shall I address a letter? What shall I write across—here?"

"Write, 'Jo-Pete, Indian in Woods.'"

"Jo-Pete, Indian in Woods, in care of?"

The Indian named the owner of the cabin we were in.

"That will do very well."

The purpose of the visit was accomplished, yet the Indian stayed on, smoking, silently the pipe his host had refilled for him. The doctor's wife began to feel the duties of a hostess, the finding of subjects for conversation. She asked at first a rather inane question.

"How long have you lived here, Jo-Pete?"


"Poetry," murmured the hostess.

Another long silence prevailed and then another question occurred.

"Jo-Pete, you have built you a house, yet you live in a tepee. Don't you like the house?"

"Naw."

"Why did you build it?"

"Build him, white man see."

"He built a house to civilization as Voltaire built a church to God," she said with a glance of understanding at her husband.

"Who?" asked Jo-Pete.
“Voltaire,” she repeated, knowing that explanations would be useless.
“I don’t know him.”

“Do you know the word ‘civilization’?”
“Yas. Mean, go live Chicago. In Chicago—noise—people! Why, in Chicago,” he paused as though he expected her to doubt his word, “in Chicago man sit all day on tall seat, make black marks in white book! Spoil him!” With his knuckles he rapped his forehead. “Spoil him!” He rapped his heart.

“You are right,” the white man assented. “And here was a man who knew it.” He picked up a volume from the table, Thoreau’s “Walden.”

“Big man? What do?”
“He gave up living in a house and lived with nature, as you do. He could sit so quietly in the woods that wild birds came to him. He could hold his hands so still in the water that the fish swam through them.”

“No big man. Indian baby do so.”

Another long silence ensued. Smoke films pervaded the cabin. Recalling that the lake they were looking across had been named, three centuries ago, for a Jesuit priest, it occurred to the hostess to wonder what religious efforts reached our Indians today.

“You live eight miles from a church. Has any one ever come to you from the church?”

Then Jo-Pete laid down his pipe. As quietly and with as little ceremony as he had entered the cabin, he left.

Did they ever see him again? No, it was years before they returned to that lake. Jo-Pete was dead and his settlement had been disseminated in an Indian reservation nearby. But the little adventure had been a success in two ways: a wholesale druggist approached in the city had been glad to buy for a reasonable price all the ginseng roots the village could send in; and the interview had afforded a new point of contact with Indian psychology. Not as a superior, not as one who wished to civilize or convert, the white man had accepted as an equal his professional brother, the Indian medicine man. What had followed had been a new starting point for the real understanding of Indian psychology. It suggests an answer to one of our gravest national questions—“Why have we never been able to persuade the American Indian to accept our ideals of life—civilization?”

“. . . INDIAN GOD, BEST GOD FOR INDIAN”
FAME followed down the path of our great man,  
And people yearned for sight of him, or else  
His pictured self. The artists then began  
To surge his way, each hoping to outdo  
The rest and with his portrait gain repute.  
The sorely harassed Washington soon grew  
Fatigued and vexed with this unending art,  
And were he not the public’s servant then,  
He would have told all painters to depart.  

But still they came. In Ninety-two one day  
Arrived another limner with his paints.  
Unlike the others he caused no dismay,  
But heartily was welcomed there. The worn  
Big man rejoiced to meet this friend again,  
John Trumbull, former aide-de-camp.  
They’d borne  
War’s brunt together. Trumbull now was pained  
To note upon the noble face time’s mark,  
And how state cares vitality had drained.

Oh, for zeal’s glow to light the tired eye  
Once more! Then Trumbull, talking of the past,  
Observed that was the way to vivify  
The weary Washington. Those desperate  
Days he lived again, through Monmouth,  
Trenton, Valley Forge . . . “Princeton!” he breathed, and straight  
Both men were back at that tense battle eve,  
The keen, expectant Chief in all his prime—  
“I’ll paint you thus!” cried Trumbull. “By your leave.”  
All those who knew the hero best were won  
By Trumbull’s truthful work, and vowed the same  
As Lafayette, “This is our Washington!”
Who Wrote the Constitution?

SIDNEY J. LEE

This article is contributed through the courtesy of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education. The two portraits used as illustrations for this article are in the Loan Collection now on display in Washington, D. C.

The Articles of Confederation, formulated during the Revolutionary War, provided but an unsatisfactory government from 1781 to 1789. Because of its lack of power this government was unable to deal effectively with the grave problems before the young nation. Due to fear of strong government, and to intense local state patriotism, the American people refused to accede to a more powerful instrument of government than was provided by the Articles of Confederation. Memories of the tyranny suffered under the powerful British government were still vivid, and the American people had no intention of subjugating themselves to a government of their own creation that might repeat the offenses that had made the British government so hated. Furthermore there was little feeling of nationalism among the people who first considered themselves Virginians or Rhode Islanders before they considered themselves American citizens. The states were unwilling at the time to limit their sovereignty in behalf of a powerful central government. Thus the Articles of Confederation provided for a loose union. The government had no power to tax, to regulate commerce or to control currency. It had no direct authority over the people or over the states. Congress was an instrument, a creature, of thirteen sovereign states. Congress in its weakness and inability to deal with the problems of this period became despised at home and abroad.

The anticipated prosperity and happiness that the people had expected would follow independence from England had not come. The commerce of the country was impeded by local tariff restrictions; foreign ports were closed to many American products. The commercial and economic life of the young nation was at a standstill. Economic ruin threatened all, and the nation seemed drifting toward chaos and dissolution. Could America settle its problems and preserve its union under a democratic form of government? Or was the weak union of thirteen states to break up into several independent sections, seek the protection of some powerful European nation, or lose its independence altogether? A world, skeptical of democracy, appeared, as it were, to watch the American nation destroy itself. Proof that a government by the people was not practical; proof that a nation presupposing the sovereignty of the people would eventually end in disaster.

But during this dark hour of its existence the American nation asserted itself and called together a convention to amend the Articles of Confederation. This convention created a Constitution that was to protect age long liberties, preserve a democratic form of government, yet provide for a strong union and a government of adequate powers. The delegates found little in the Articles to salvage, so they disobeyed the letter of their instructions and scrapped the Articles of Confederation, using only such portions as were of value to their immediate end—that of creating a new instrument of government.

The Convention assembled in Pennsylvania's lovely State House in Philadelphia. In the same historic building the Continental Congress had met in session during the War for Independence; here the Declaration of Independence had been written; here the Government from 1790 to 1800 was later to be housed. The Convention was organized on May 25, 1787, and met in session for 81 days until September 17, 1787.

The average attendance at the Convention was thirty-five; fifty-five delegates had been elected to attend, representing all the states except Rhode Island, which was hostile to the plan of strengthening the central government. Approximately half of the delegates were college graduates, a remarkable fact considering the small percent of college graduates there were among the people at that time. Over half were lawyers or had studied law. The average
age of the members was forty-five, Drayton was only twenty-seven, Hamilton but thirty, and Madison, the “Architect of the Constitution” was thirty-six. The conservatism of such older statesmen as Franklin and Dickinson helped keep the Convention in bounds.

The framers of the Constitution were men of considerable political experience. Many had served as members of the Continental Congress and the Congress under the Articles of Confederation. Most had been members of state legislatures, and not a few had served as governors or in some other executive capacity. These men had had experience in framing local state constitutions or rewriting colonial charters to serve as state constitutions after the severing of the political ties with England. Several of the delegates were wealthy; yet, many were relatively poor men. No delegate represented the small farmer or the wage-earner by being a member of that class. Criticism has been leveled at the delegation that they were conservatives, representatives of the propertied classes; that they were predisposed to place property rights above human rights, and that several stood to profit financially by the creation of a strong central government. The Nation had sent its leaders to deal with a grave national emergency. Was it not logical to trust these men during that dark hour with the task of creating the framework for an adequate government? Might not less experienced or less able men have failed? Might not the Constitution have been a crude and defective product had it been shaped by less competent leaders? The instrument of government these men devised is the only standard by which they need be judged.

The selection of Washington as chairman of the Convention was a fortunate one; since he was clearly the idol of the American people, his presence at the Convention presaged its success. His position, impartiality, and dignity inspired the respect of the delegates. Under a firm hand he helped the Convention weather alarming and heated sessions that might have wrecked it under a less able presiding officer. Because Washington was the presiding officer, I like to believe that a higher example of performance resulted than if any other man had filled the chair. Without a doubt Washington presided over the ablest convention that met in the eighteenth century.

Franklin at the age of 81 was performing his last great service for his country. This mellow sage and cosmopolite was held in such regard that it was considered a signal favor to be asked by the feeble Franklin to assist him from the Convention Hall to his carriage. The talents of this versatile genius were employed in behalf of moderation and compromise.

Madison had little personal magnetism or little eloquence as a speaker, but he did exemplify the adage that “knowledge is power.” Long before the Convention met, Madison had made a careful study of the rise and fall of confederacies, ancient and modern, and he was aware of the pitfalls that had been responsible for their failure to endure. He labored at the Convention to prevent these dangers from destroying his nation. Madison was a master of ideas, if not of men; he was a champion for a balanced status between the national government and the states that would assure the sovereignty of each; he was also an advocate of a device that would prevent one division of government from encroaching upon the sphere of authority of the other divisions. James Madison realized, too, that posterity would want an accurate record of the secret proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, and kept a daily record of what transpired at the Convention, available to us in “Madison’s Journal.”

James Wilson was of humble Scotch birth. After a fine legal education in Scotland he migrated to America where his talents and abilities won him rapid recognition. No man championed with greater zeal the cause of the masses than did Wilson, advocating a strong central government that was under the control of all the classes and not a select electorate. Later he became the Nation’s first great constitutional lawyer.

Born in the West Indies and only thirty years of age, Alexander Hamilton had already become a powerful influence in American financial circles. He mistrusted the ability of the masses to rule and advocated a powerful central government controlled by the rich and well-born that would have
sole regulation of the nation’s finance and commerce. No government had a right to exist, he believed, that was not founded upon financial integrity. His brilliant career in American politics was just beginning.

One of the Convention’s most interesting delegates was Roger Sherman of Connecticut. No man had had less opportunity to acquire an education than he, because Sherman was the son of a shoemaker and had been apprenticed as one in his youth. In speech and in character he has been compared to Calvin Coolidge. It is said that Jefferson once referred to Sherman as “a man who never said a foolish thing.” Connecticut had rewarded this self-educated and able statesman with the highest offices she could bestow.

America seemed destined to have the right man for every particular occasion during its early history—a Washington to lead the Colonial armies to success, a Franklin to obtain foreign aid during the Revolution, a Robert Morris to finance the War, a Jefferson to write the Declaration
of Independence, and a Gouverneur Morris to recast the rough draft of the Constitution in perspicuous language. This task was done so well by the young Pennsylvania aristocrat that our original Constitution is without a rival for clearness and conciseness.

These brief statements about a few of the delegates at the Convention may serve to show the diverse types and the ability of the men represented.

The Convention had its feet on firm ground. Little that went into the Constitution was not tested. The delegates were practical men dealing with a national crisis and they fashioned an instrument of government from familiar material. Times were too grave to permit experimentation. A guiding keynote was struck when the cautious Dickinson said, “Experience must be our guide; reason may mislead us.” Compromise over many issues was necessary although many of the provisions were adopted without dissent. Franklin said, “We spent a great deal of time sawing boards to make them fit.”

Few of the delegates were entirely satisfied with the completed Constitution and many of the members were hesitant about signing it, until the sage Franklin observed that his experience of four-score years had taught him to doubt the infallibility of his own judgment and attached his signature. Many wavering delegates fell in line with Franklin and attested their approval of the Constitution. Thirty-nine members signed the document and the Convention adjourned September 17, 1787.

Several of the members of the Convention returned to their respective states to carry forward the ratification of the Constitution. Bitter opposition was voiced among all classes who feared the new instrument of government the framers had devised. Although Delaware immediately ratified the Constitution, opposition was bitter in several states, notably Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York. Without these states as members of the union, it would be doomed to failure. The political essays, "The Federalist Papers," written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay to explain the Constitution and the functionings of the new government, did much to allay fear and suspicion and defeat the forces opposed to ratification. Had the ratification of the Constitution been put to popular vote, authorities are of the belief that the opposition of the common people would have prevented its ratification. But opposition and distrust rapidly faded during Washington's administration as President, and long before he left office the Constitution and the Union had obtained the universal support of all classes.

At the time it was written, the Constitution was the most democratic achievement of all time. Under our form of government America has grown from sea to sea; we are a free people; we are a progressive nation; we have risen to a place of honor and respect among nations; we have become a happy nation. Surely the framers of the original Constitution deserve the gratitude and honors history has given them.
THe 170 years of American coloniza-
tion saw all the changes that accom-
pany the metamorphosis of man in the sim-
plest, primitive environment. The rent roll
of Governor Nicholson in the last of the
17th Century shows that Virginia was di-
vided into about 6000 individual farms. As
the population was then about 65,000 that
would average about eleven people on each
plantation. Naturally these farms or plan-
tations varied greatly in size.

It is obvious that the first great occupa-
tion of settlers would be agriculture. The
primal necessity was to wrest food from
the soil and for many years this work of
the colonist on his own land remained the
predominant activity. For long years it
may be said that among the poorer colo-
nists, who composed nine-tenths of the colo-
nial population, life was a round of farm
duties. Certain colonies soon found it wise
to concentrate on a few products of the
soil. Virginia, finding her soil peculiarly
adapted to the raising of tobacco, concen-
trated on that. South Carolina early culti-
vated cotton and indigo. Later, the inven-
tion of the cotton gin in 1793 gave the
cultivation of cotton an enormous impetus
in the South.

Little or nothing was known of the rota-
tion of crops, so that large sections of the
plantation would lie unused save for the
endless contest of grazing cattle against
the weeds and underbrush. The cheapness
of the land made it available in larger
tracts than the owner could cultivate and
finding a few products particularly desira-
ble, the planter sowed the same crop in the
same field year after year until the soil
was exhausted. The first task was to clear
the ground and, except in sparse localities,
this was a severe one. The farmer went at
it in the crudest manner, usually girdling
the trunks, leaving them to die and culti-
vating the land between the stumps with a
clumsy wooden plow. This was drawn by
four or six oxen and guided by two men.

With all the effort, they were only able to
break through the top soil to a depth of
three inches on an acre of land a day.
Indeed, he who had a plow was singularly
fortunate in 1649 as the entire number of
them in Virginia was about 150. Most
farming was done with rude hand-made
broad hoes, mattocks, and forks.

The chief crop of every planter in Mary-
land and Virginia, whatever the size of his
holdings, was tobacco, and some of the
planters had their own wharves which could
be reached by ocean-going ships. The ship-
ment which went to England as tobacco re-
turned in clothing, farm implements, furni-
ture, cloth, tableware, fire arms, and tools.

Each Southern plantation was a more or
less self-sustaining unit with its own work-
men to care for the needs of the farm and
the family and the owner was his own
grower, exporter and importer. There was
little money exchanged. Manufacturing
was slow in appearing. The slow growth of
Georgia is explained, in part, by the fact
that its settlers were ordered to make silk
and were furnished with silk makers from
England who were to teach them. How-
ever, silk worms refused to thrive in the
colonies and the industry was eventually
abandoned.

Early in the life of New England fish-
ing was an important enterprise, particu-
larly off Cape Cod. We read much about
the fishing along the northern New England
cost since its early history far antedated
the coming of the Pilgrims to America.

The difference between the men of the
earliest fishing trade and those of the first
Cape Cod settlements is important in that
the latter were the first to make the coast
“home.” The little flotillas which set sail
for cod fishing in colonial days were made
up of all sorts of craft. The largest boats
were round-bottomed, sea-masted schoon-
ers. Few of them were seaworthy enough
to venture out at any considerable distance
from shore for deep-sea fishing. Most of
them were awkward little sloops that hugged close to shore and made for some cove at the first threat of bad weather. There were many humble fishermen who had only row-boats on which they would hoist a spritsail and spend the day fishing for cod with a line. At least these never went hungry. As early as 1664 it is recorded that 1300 boats of one kind or another were engaged in fishing and the results of this activity ranked first in importance. The Isle of Shoals alone employed about 1500 men in this occupation.

In the late colonial period, the fishing enterprise had reached to the dignity of having a fishing fleet with a well defined routine, triangular course. From Cape Cod they would sail to the Grand Banks, fill their holds with cod, then salt and dry them on the nearest beach. The best of the catch was destined for the Mediterranean countries and the poorest they carried to the West Indies where they would trade their cargo for rum and molasses, returning home with a handsome profit in sight. As sailors, the New England fishermen had no superiors in the world.

As a sort of by-product of the fishing industry is the interesting fact that while drying their catch on the beaches, the fishermen observed millions of birds moulting, and, appreciating that feather beds would be softer than the customary mattresses of corn husks, some of the men decided to try a cargo of feathers instead of fish. This proved a very profitable change as the feather beds became universally popular and the transporting of feathers came to be called "feather voyages." In 1740, Provincetown added grazing to her seafaring activities. Provincetown fishermen drifted away due to the disasters attendant upon the fortunes of fishermen during the French wars until in 1755 there were but three houses left in the village. This had increased to only twenty by the time of the Revolutionary War.

Whale catching, or whaling, was a very important occupation for many years. It seems to have originated in the accident of the bodies of dead whales being washed up onto the shore where they were cut into pieces to be used for oil. This being somewhat successful, inducement was given to deliberately going after them in ships. So thoroughly was this done all up and down the coast that in fifty years no whales were left in those waters. This forced the whaling ships far out into the cold ocean waters of the North and the South on voyages, sometimes, of several years' duration. From the earliest settlement of Nantucket Island every man, woman and child was fully aware that his livelihood depended upon the whaling industry. Where was the belle of Nantucket, New Bedford or New London who would marry a young man who had not "Doubled the Cape" or harpooned a whale! Indeed, it is a stated fact that the girls of Nantucket had a secret society exacting the pledge that no member would ever marry a man until he had "struck for whale." Many was the Nantucket girl who stepped, as a bride, from her father's home to her new husband's whale ship for a voyage of several years around Cape Horn.

When the white man first settled in America, magnificent forests lifted their cathedral heads all over the land. Here, in this "forest primeval" man found the material not only for his home but later, with the invention of the sawmill, for the most important item of the early trade relations with the mother country. England lacked this one supreme need, wood; wood as fuel for her smelting furnaces, wood for her shipbuilding, wood for the potash and dyes necessary to the manufacture of woolen goods. Wood at that time was to manufacturing what coal and iron are today.

Prior to this exportation, the life of a tree was a cheap thing when, in order to clear the land, trees were felled, chopped and burned for the sole purpose of getting rid of them. The inexhaustible supply of fine lumber and trees of huge length offered a natural foundation for the great wave of shipbuilding which early occupied the settlers and which persisted through many years to the point of making America, at one time, the great shipbuilding center of the world.

The fact that American ships were obliged to travel great distances necessitated the most perfect material and workmanship. Perhaps the greatest of the later designers of the picturesque Yankee clippers was
Donald McKay. His history-making ships were built and launched from the East Boston navy yards. Among his some half-dozen record-breaking clippers, the beauty and glory of the *Flying Cloud* have long been recounted.

The Navigation Act of 1651 forbade the colonies to export goods to England in any but English ships. While this definitely deterred the growth of manufacturing in the new world, it greatly stimulated shipbuilding because England ordered from the American colonies a large percentage of her great merchant ships. So great were the ravages on the forests of New England for the purpose of shipbuilding that in the middle of the 18th century this industry was seriously adopted in the South, particularly in Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina where it was discovered that live oak made the finest ship timber in the world.

Among the industries of New England, trade ranked fourth. Little money was used but supplies were acquired through exchange of goods. To the Mediterranean countries ships carried lumber, fish, and naval supplies and returned with wine. To England went lumber to be traded for iron, nails, linen, and woolen goods. To the West Indies some ships carried lumber, barrels, fish, soap, candles, various provisions and horses from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, these last in large consignments. For this cargo they received sugar, molasses, indigo, cotton, and Spanish gold and silver, "pieces of eight." Almost no other coins were found in the colonies. The goods so acquired were often carried into Chesapeake Bay settlements or to New Amsterdam and profitably traded for tobacco and for pelts which had been brought down from the North by the Indians. To complete the circle, the tobacco and furs greatly stimulated the trade with England, whence came the manufactured goods so necessary to the colonists.

Encouragement was early given in Virginia to the raising and manufacturing of wool and woolen goods. A bounty of 6 pounds of tobacco was paid to any Virginian bringing a yard of home-spun woolen cloth which had been made entirely in his family; 12 pounds of tobacco were offered for a dozen pairs of home-made woolen hose. In the 17th century, there was founded at Jamestown a public spinning school to which poor children might be sent. Slaves were taught to knit and spin and wool wheels and wool cards had an honored place in the inventory of every plantation. As early as 1723, stocking weavers were in Pennsylvania and it is claimed that there were knitting machines in that colony at that date. During the early part of the Revolutionary War it was reported that a hundred stocking weavers from Germantown were out of employment due to the conflict. All this knitting and no patents for knitting machines until 1850! In 1698, Pennsylvania was manufacturing druggets, serges, and coverlets and among the registered tradesmen were dyers, fullers, comb-makers, card-makers, weavers and spinners.

During the first quarter of the 18th century, considerable capital was engaged in establishing and developing the iron industry in Virginia and Maryland. Several large furnaces were erected in both provinces and the product, pig-iron and bars, was exported to England. With the Principio Company, which supplied four furnaces and two forges, were associated several of the Washingtons on whose lands some of these foundries were located. In the early 1700's, Colonel Spotswood built iron furnaces near Fredericksburg, Va. He was probably the earliest iron master in America to cast hollow ware. The exchange with England of pig-iron for implements, tools, nails and iron hardware began in 1718. At the time of the Declaration of Independence there were iron furnaces and forges throughout the back country of the South where pots and kettles were being cast for household use, for maple sugar camps, for plow-shares, hoes, and axes.

Home manufacturing was general. Not only clothing and bedding of every sort, but furniture, tools and implements were made in the family. The first settlers of Georgia made pottery for South Carolina. Potteries were also established at Camden and Salem just before the Revolutionary War and though these were but shortlived, they alarmed Wedgewood and other British potters. Massachusetts outstripped the
other colonies in the number and diversification of its industries. Tanneries were set up. Paper mills provided the necessities of their printing presses and an air of great thrift and business pervaded the colony. As early as 1643, 20 families from Yorkshire, England, proficient in the manufacture of cloth, came to the colonies, bringing their fulling machines with them. They were very successful and fulling mills were soon established at many towns in Massachusetts.

When colonization was new in America there was a great wish for glass, which was then very rare to most of the settlers. Indifferent success attended the early establishment of glass factories and little glass in the shape of ware for the table was owned by the colonists. Glass bottles were extremely rare, so much so that they were listed in wills. The earliest American glass was greenish and coarse, sometimes crudely decorated. A later advancement in glass manufacturing was expressed in Bristol glass, which was opaque, milky-white, and was shaped into mugs and plates.

As the 18th century advanced, bringing with it from overseas, and developing within the new country itself, men with a love for beauty and good craftsmanship, manufactured products became more elaborate and luxurious, as befitted the more socialized needs of the colonists. A few artisans attained places of dignity and importance in their craft, not only in their own country, but later, in the history of arts and crafts. In many towns of England and America recorded evidence shows that, in 1700, sizable window glass was almost unobtainable. Between 1640 and 1650 only the homes of the well-to-do possessed glass windows of ample size and these were limited to two of heavy greenish glass set into leaden frames. In the houses of poorer people, the windows were usually of the casement type with small diamond-shaped panes. We have it on good authority that as late as 1745 in certain sections of Maine there was not a single house possessing a pane of glass. With the slow progress of glass making in America we do not forget that it was our first American-made product, the output of a glass factory a half mile from Jamestown, which was reported in 1609 to be operating successfully. On the passenger list of one of the early ships coming to America in July, 1621, there were found the names of Captain William Norton and six Venetian glass blowers sent out by the General Company and many private adventurers to start a glass factory in the new world.

The history of glass making in this country is interesting and surprisingly rich. Benjamin Franklin, in a letter of 1783, refers to a sawmill, a tannery and a glass works near Philadelphia. Later the Molasses Act gave great impetus to the bottle industry, which soon equalled in importance that of the manufacturing of window glass. Wister, Dycking, who executed coats of arms upon windows in some of the famous churches of the day, Melyer, Smedes, Stiegel, the Stanger brothers, and many others made memorable names for themselves in this industry. From Stiegel’s factory at Manheim came some of the most beautiful glass ever blown in the American colonies. Every glass works existing in America at the time of the Revolution was destroyed by the War, either directly or as a result of it.

About 1730 so important was the manufacture of hats in America that leaders of that trade in England were greatly disturbed by it. These hats were made in New York, Massachusetts and South Carolina. English hatters in 1732 petitioned the Crown that the colonies might be prevented from wearing or selling any hats not made in Great Britain.

Fain would we relate the story of the rise of cabinet making and silversmithing in this country, but to touch upon such fascinating subjects, only to dismiss them summarily, is but an aggravation. We have given only a slight picture of the development of industry as carried on by the men of the colonies. The home demands which engaged the ceaseless activities of the women is another but equally interesting story.

What were these colonial women doing while their men folk labored for a living? Our grandmothers used to say, “It takes a smart woman to be a good homemaker,”
with the constant necessity of developing and applying a widely diversified line of skills. There was no time for idleness in the colonial home if comfort and health were to be attained by the family.

Foremost, was the incessant cooking for hungry, hard-working families, minus a single convenience which now seems essential to us. Spinning and the spinning wheel have always been surrounded, to us, with a poetic, romantic aura. Perhaps the story of Priscilla and John did that to us, but what a labor attended preparations for spinning! If it were wool that was to be spun, the sheep must be sheared, and the fleeces plucked apart and divested of all sticks, leaves, burrs, and dirt which had accumulated during many months by creatures who were unaware of what was to be done with their nice warm coats. After cleaning, it was sorted for dyeing; then made into rolls which were carded on coarse wool cards, the process being repeated many, many times. The cards resembled numerous fine, sharp nails set in a wooden block, thus serving as a comb for separating strands of the matted wool. The wool was then greased by a very disagreeable method, run into small rolls and then spun on the large wool spinning wheel which always stood at hand in the kitchen.

The spinning of flax into linen thread and its manufacture into material was always felt to be of great importance and was encouraged by legislation from earliest colonial times. With the coming of one hundred Irish immigrants from Londonderry to New Hampshire in 1719, this industry received a fresh impulse. These men soon spread the Irish method, which was much more skillful than that which had been used by the English settlers. Spinning schools appeared on Boston Common and women of every class appeared there with their wheels. After this flare of public popularity, the spinning wheel modestly took its place again by the fireside and assumed its purely domestic role.

The preparation of the flax and hemp to be woven was, in itself, a tremendous task. When ripe, it had to be pulled, threshed, rotted in water, cleaned and dried again and tied in bundles. Then came the hard work of breaking the flax on the great flax-break to get rid of the hard “hexe,” after which it was swingled with a wooden dagger at the rate of about forty pounds a day. All this was done by the men. After, came the combing or “hetcheling” by the women, by which process the rough tow was removed and at last it was straightened and wrapped around the distaff of spruce. The hetcheling was a disagreeable process, for, besides being tedious and irritating to the lungs, the fluffy particles filled the air and fell on everything at hand.

Flax and hemp were spun on the “little wheel,” the one we know best. To spin two double skeins of linen or four skeins of tow was good work for one day. If done for wages, a girl would receive fifty cents a week and her “keep.” The skeins of thread were washed many times and then bleached before being ready for weaving. When woven, the cloth was repeatedly plunged in a strong lye, being rinsed after each dipping, spread and fastened on a smooth flat stone, washed again and spread out to bleach. Sometimes this part of the preparation was the most tedious as the thread must be made white and soft. Wringing the linen yarn was very exhausting and, with no water piped into homes, the endless rinsing meant also endless pumping and carrying of water.

Women made their own soap. Every spring a soap-making day was declared by the household. The winter’s store of refuse grease from the family cooking, treasured in tubs and barrels against this day’s need, as were the wood ashes from the great fireplace, were brought forth. The moon must be favorable if the soap making were to be a thorough success. The leach-tub or barrel was set outside the door on a base which allowed the tub to incline and was filled with ashes and a little water. The lye trickled through a cut at the base of the tub. Again and again was this lye poured back into the tub with more ashes and water until it was strong enough to hold up an egg. In a huge iron kettle over an outdoor fire, the lye and grease were boiled until the mixture was the right consistency. The soap, while having a strong, rancid odor, was pure, and clean and fine in texture. Even the sediment in the kettle was
saved and used by the thrifty farmer as fertilizer. The autumn, too, had its annual household task, the making of the year’s supply of candles. The tallow from the animals which had been killed was saved for weeks. Wax was taken from the beehives, or stores of spicy, waxy bayberries of New England were gathered. These were sometimes even called “candleberries.” The berries were boiled in a little kettle, the process yielding a surface of wax which was then skimmed off the top, refined, and set to harden. These bayberry candles were a favorite because they would not melt in hot weather nor were they greasy to handle.

If the candles were to be made of tallow or wax, a roaring fire was built in the fireplace and a huge kettle partially filled with water and melted tallow or wax was hung on the crane over it; wicks of loosely spun cotton or tow were attached to short sticks and were dipped many times into the melted mixture, time being allowed between the dippings for the wax or tallow to harden. If it hardened too quickly, the candles would crack.

When of correct size, the candle and wick were cut, spread in a sunny place in the “garret” and eventually stored away. Of course, if candle molds were used, the shaping was more regular, but the process was slower. Often, in later years, itinerant candle-makers brought their own molds and stopped for a week at a time in homes to assist in making the year’s supply of candles. A thrifty housewife was known by her goodly supply of well-shaped candles.

Even the children were often taught to make the birch brooms then greatly used. So popular were these that in 1790 one shopkeeper usually kept a supply of six or seven hundred always on hand. It took about three evenings to make a broom after the birch had been cut and the maker was illly paid if he wished to sell them. The Indians were very skillful in this employment, their hands always seeming to be at home with Nature’s materials.

The line between colonial work and colonial recreation seems almost invisible to us at times. Every little girl accepted the necessity of making her sampler, for these constituted her education in the art of sewing. Every type of stitch must appear somewhere in the sampler, so well named. She must learn to work the letters of the alphabet neatly as some of these would appear on her household linens. How could she embroider caps and kerchiefs if she did not first learn to embroider flowers and a few geometrical patterns on her sampler? Many were the floral, pastoral and even architectural scenes ambitiously portrayed by the weary little fingers of the tiny maidens of the past. Proportion seemed to be taboo; if a rose were larger than a house, it was because the rose seemed more important.

Perhaps we may speak of paper cutting which was a popular accomplishment, scarcely ranking as industry but a subject of charm and interest. It even had a grand name, “papyrotamia.” Do you remember reading of the young Thomas Jefferson’s lament over his accidental destruction of his “fair Belinda’s” watch-papers? “My cursed fingers gave them such a rent,” said he, “as I fear I shall never get over. I would have cried bitterly but that I thought it beneath the dignity of man.”

The watch of that day was removable from the watch case into which it did not fit closely. This necessitated the use of one, or perhaps, several watch-papers to fill up the space and prevent the jar and shifting inevitable to the works. The watch-papers were often used as a token of true love and were cut out of white, gilt or silver paper, and ornamented in any one of many ways. Some displayed an open-work pattern, others were painted with a design of locked hands, two billing doves, moss roses or a heart pierced by an arrow. Young love has no age nor epoch!

A bewildering collection of attempts at the decorative arts has come down to us, the reaching after beauty so pathetically expressed in embroidered or painted flowers, feather designs, shell and hair mountings and pictures patterned in leaves, yarn and patchwork. Some of it is beautiful and all of it speaks of the patient and incessant industry of our foremothers whose recreation as well as their duties were never far removed from the cradle or the fireside.
"The Pashion i have"

Letter written to Miss Persis Bodurtha by Eli Bedortha prior to 1797.
Persis Bodurtha and Eli Bedortha were second cousins, and were married in November, 1797.

The letter is in the possession of Mrs. Walter Rice (Fannie Bodurtha) one of their descendants, who has kindly permitted us to print it.

Madam Concerning the Little aquantance i have personly with you pardon me for the boldness in writing to you to let you know the earnest desires I have to be nearly joyned to you in friendship the fame of your virtue has allredy made me your humble admirer and the pashion i have to be esteemed worthy your Conversation presses me to Covet so great a hapiness how far i may deserve such a favour i determine not but Leave it to your Censure making your good nature the sole arbitrator however if obtained on my part it will make days set easy on me and improve my knoledge in the road of virtue and Complacency So Madam entreating but with what success i know not Considering the small assurance i Can promise myself of it from one so much a stranger to you as myself an interview to Confirm a settled and lasting friendship attended with freedom and innocent famility i am emboldened to subscribe myself

Yours in all respects and vertues ways

ELI BEDORTHA

West Springfield
QUERIES

16085. OUTHOUSE. — Wanted parentage, dates & all possible infor. of Abraham Outhouse, b. prob. in North Carolina, father of the Rev. Sols., Peter and Israel F. Outhouse. These sons moved to Clinton County in 1818.—Miss Meroe J. Outhouse, Stanton, Nebr.

16086. GRIFFITH.—Wanted ances. name of wife & names of all children of Stephen Griffith, who was born on Cape Cod, moved to vicinity of Lake George, N. Y., & died abt. 1790. Three of his sons were Doane Griffith, b. 1779-80; Stephen, b. 1784; & Barnabas who d. abt. 1826, wife Lydia. Wanted the ancestry of Stephen Griffith of the 6th Reg. of Albany Co., N. Y., militia in the Rev. War. Of Doane Griffith of the 3d regt. Dutchess Co. militia. Of “Barney” Griffith of the 6th Co. of 1st Reg. of the N. Y. Line. Wanted also infor. abt. an old Griffith farm in Warren Co., N. Y., perhaps at Pattens Mills, whereon is an old Griffith burying-ground. Desire grave inscriptions & family genealogy. Would like to hear from descendants of any of above.

(a) HUNT.—Wanted parentage of Theodore Hunt, b. 1798, died 1864, m. 1821 Catherine Sook, lived Princeton Tp., N. J.—Mrs. I. W. Marshon, 139 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

16087. POTTER.—Wanted ances. of Nathan Potter, Rev. War Sol. of Cranston, R. I., b. 1757, d. 1831, at Cranston, m. 1778, Sarah Knight, dau. of Philip Knight of Providence. Had brothers Andrew, Caleb, Rufus & Dutee & sisters Rosina, Lydia & Phebe.

(a) WRIGHT.—Wanted ances. of Sampson Wright b. Smithfield, R. I., 1786, d. Pennsylvania 1825, m. Celinda Stone of Coventry, R. I., 1805.

(b) SWEET.—Wanted ances. of George Sweet, Rev. War Sol. of N. Kingston, b. abt. 1720, m. Ruth Sweet (presumably a cousin) 1740. His will was probated at Exeter, R. I., Feb. 12, 1790.—Mrs. Maude Capwell Buckmaster, 2439 11th Ave., Oakland, Calif.

16088. HINCKLEY.—Wanted parentage of Nathan Hinckley who died bef. 1820 in Wilton, Saratoga Co., N. Y. Also names of Nathan’s children. Did Nathan have Rev. service?—Mrs. J. C. Cochrane, 723 Second Ave. S., St. Cloud, Minn.

16089. FINCH.—Wanted parentage of Isaac Finch (killed in the Wyoming massacre) & his wife Amy; they had children Isaac, Moses, John, Eno or Enoch, Amy, Rebecca, Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary & Solomon. Whom did their dau. Amy marry?

(a) BASSETT.—Wanted parentage of Jonathan Bassett, m. Amy Finch, (1761-1854), lived in Geneva, N. Y., in 1779 when their son John was born. Want Amy’s parentage also. John m. (1) Anna Parker; (2) Sabra Witter.

(b) HARRIS.—Wanted parentage of Charity Harris who m. John Snedeker in Va. in 1770 & came to Brown Co., Ohio. Also parentage of John. He died in 1836, she in 1845.—Mrs. J. M. Shipplet, 104 S. Carlyle Ave., Abingdon, Illinois.

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16090. **RUSSELL-FAY.**—Obadiah Brown Russell was born Jan. 16, 1804, Pompey, N. Y. He mar. May 16, 1824, Abigail Fay, dau. of Nehemiah & Achsah Stratton Fay. They lived until 1840 in Erie Co., then moved to Cattaragus Co. & Obadiah died at Alden, N. Y. His father was James, & his mother Lydia Brown Russell. They lived in the early 1800s in Onondaga Co. The other children were: Samuel, Silvester, Smith, Stephen, Cyril, James Jr., Anna, Electa, & Lydia Russell. Wanted all infor. possible of this family.

(a) **WOOD-CALHOUN.**—Dr. William Wood, & his wife Phoebe Calhoun Wood lived in Loudoun Co., Va., after 1830. They migrated to Quaker City, Ohio, abt. 1833, then to Eugene, Ore., in 1857. The eldest child—Mary Elizabeth—was b. Loudoun Co. Mar. 5, 1831. She m. John T. Hays. The next child—Margaret—was b. Jan. 20, 1833, Quaker City, Ohio. She m. Oliver Perry Howard of Barnesville, Ohio. Wanted all infor. of Dr. William Wood & his wife Phoebe.

(b) **HOWARD-HILTON.**—Asbury Howard & his wife Dorothy Dorcas Hilton Howard were in Cumberland, Md., in 1827, when their son Oliver Perry Howard was born. Asbury Howard died there in 1830, & his widow & son returned to Calvert Co. where her people lived. She migrated to Barnesville, Ohio, shortly after, to be with her brother Samuel Hilton. She there mar. Jesse Fowler & died there Apr. 8, 1879. Has anyone infor. of this Dorcas Hilton or Asbury Howard?—Mrs. Nathaniel Buckmaster, 2439 11th Ave., Oakland, Calif.

16091. **BRADY.**—Wanted parentage and grandparents of John Brady. According to family legend his grandfather was a sol. in the Rev. All the data I have is as fol-

16092. **DRAKE.**—Wanted parentage of Washington Drake & his brothers, James & Daniel, who were born of German parents in a Dutch Colony in Washington Co., Penna. Washington was born in 1799, died in 1872 at Athens, Ohio.

(a) **ROOT.**—Wanted parentage & infor. of desc. of James Root & his brothers Ozias, Reuben, John, Thomas & sister
Sarah. James was born abt. 1800, mar. Maria Nash & came to near Akron, Ohio, possibly Trumbull Co. Ozias took his family to Conn., Reuben took his family to Mich. Correspondence with any descendants is desired.—Hazel Drake, Box 24, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

16093. HARDING.—Wanted parentage with ances. of each of Martin Harding (Hardin) b. Mar. 1, 1792, in Albemarle Co., Va., d. Sept. 28, 1854, in Cass Co., Ill. He m. Dec. 17, 1816, in Barren Co., Ky., Isabel Beard, b. Dec. 17, 1793, in Tenn., d. Sept. 4, 1867, in Cass Co., Ill. In 1826 they removed to Cass Co., Ill., & settled near Ashland, where Martin owned land. Their children b. in Kentucky were: Peyton (b. Dec. 17, 1817), Paschal, William, Sarah, Andrew (b. 1825), & b. in Ill. were Winnie, Isabella & Martin. Were the Hardings of Albemarle Co., Va., related to the Fauquier Co. Hardins who emigrated to Kentucky? A contemporary with Martin Harding in Barren Co., Ky., was Marcus (Mark?) who m. there in 1814, two years before Martin, Judy Sherley. Martin & Mark were very common names in the Fauquier branch of the Hardings. Wish to prove Rev. service in line of Martin Harding.

(a) BEARD.—Isabel Beard, wife of Martin Harding, above, seems to have belonged in an interesting group of Beards who lived in Barren Co., Ky. In 1796 Andrew Beard received a grant of land in Green Co., Ky. (Barren Co., Ky., was formed out of Green & Warren Cos. in 1798.) In 1810 one Andrew Beard was living as the head of a family in Barren Co., Ky., his household consisting of 1 male & 1 female over 45; 1 male & 1 female 26-45; 1 male & 1 female 16-26; 1 male & 1 female 10-16 & 1 male under 10. Was he the father of the following Beards who were married in Barren Co. between 1807 & 1817?—Andrew Beard m. Oct. 3, 1808, Delilah Sherley; Rebecca Beard, m. on same date Philip Cinbell; Alexander Beard, m. Mar. 30, 1809, Betsey Clark; John Beard m. Oct. 17, 1811, Ann Wisdom; Peggy Beard, m. Nov. 15, 1813, John McCandless; Isabella Beard m. Dec. 17, 1816, Martin Harding. Would like the ancestry of Isabel Beard. Was there Rev. service in the line?

(b) WILBOURNE.—Andrew Harding, son of Martin & Isabel (Beard) Harding, above, was born in Barren Co., Ky., in 1825, & d. in Cass Co., Ill., in 1900. He m. in Sangamon Co., Ill., Sophronia Belle Wilbourne, b. Dec. 24, 1832, dau. of Robert & Betsey (Elizabeth) (Scott) Wilbourne. Have no data on them beyond the fact that Betsey Scott was from Tenn., & that they were the parents, according to family record, of Sophronia Belle, & lived on a farm in Sangamon Co., Ill.; but since the Hardings & Beards came to Ill. from Ky., a study of the Wilbournes (Willberne, Wilsburne) in Barren Co., brings forth some interesting possibilities: A Joshua Wilsburne, residing in Carroll Co., Tenn., on Mar. 4, 1831, aged 75 years, received a pension for service in the Rev. as a private in the N. C. Cavalry. Was he the Joshua Wilberne who, with Gideon Wilborn, received grants of land in Barren Co., Ky., in 1804 & 1806, respectively? Joshua & Gideon, with Samuel & Isaac Wilbourne were living with their wives as heads of families in the 1810 Census of Barren Co., all aged between 26-45, with children mostly under 16. Also registered in the 1810 Census of Barren Co., was an older man, James Wilbourn, over 45 yrs., with a female, prob. his wife, between 26-45, a female under 10 yrs. & a male & female 16-26. In Barren Co., on Feb. 7, 1816, one Acquilla Wilbourn m. Elizabeth Wilson. Were Acquilla & my ances. Robert Wilbourne younger members of this supposed family? Was Joshua Wilbourne, the pensioner, of Carroll Co., Tenn., related to these Barren Co., Ky., Wilbourne & was James the father of Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, Isaac, Acquilla & Robert? Wanted ances. of Robert & Betsey (Scott) Wilbourne & Rev. service, if any. Would like to correspond with others interested.

(c) HAYES-FERGUSON.—John Hayes, b. 1788, d. Oct. 20, 1853, ae. 65 yrs. He had two wives, one of whom, Jane (—), he probably m. abt. 1816. Jane was b. in 1800 & d. in Ohio, Sept. 11, 1873, ae. 73 yrs. At one time they resided at Lewistown, Union Co., Pa., where their oldest child, William, was b. in 1818. Their children were: (Bible Record) William, b. Jan. 8, 1818; Sarah b. Dec. 20, 1820-1 (?); Abner b. Apr. 27, 1823; Caroline b. May 21, 1825; Jackson b. May 25, 1828; Isaiah b. Apr. 17, 1831. Would like places of
birth & death of John & Jane Hayes. Can some one give me the line of John Hayes, with names of his wives & ances. of wife Jane? William Hayes, son of John & Jane (——) Hayes, was b. at Lewistown, Union Co., Pa., Jan. 8, 1818, & d. Mar. 7, 1895, at Hardy, Nuckolls Co., Nebr. He m. probably at Clinton, Summitt Co., Ohio, on Oct. 7, 1841, Sarah Ferguson, b. Feb. 6, 1819, near Akron, Ohio, d. Jan. 21, 1905, Hardy, Nebr. Their children were: Mary Jane b. Oct. 14, 1842; Levi b. Jan. 16, 1845; Charles Albert b. Jul. 22, 1857. Who were the ancestors of Sarah (Ferguson) Hayes, & was there Rev. service among them? —

Mrs. C. H. Jenkins, Lincoln, Nebr.

BIBLE RECORDS

From a Bible printed by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, and brought from Ireland in 1760 by the Smith family. This Bible is now in possession of S. K. Smith, Cork, Butts County, Georgia.

Copied by Rosa Thornton Lane (Mrs. John Edward Lane), State Historian Georgia Society D. A. R., Jackson, Ga.

Robert Smith was born February 20, 1760.

Ferguson Smith was born about 1st of November on Shipboard, 1767.

Hugh Smith, son to Robert Smith, was born 27th November, 1787.

Elisabeth Smith, daughter to Robert Smith, was born the 4th of July, 1789.

Jane Smith, daughter to Robert Smith, was born May the 19th, 1792.

Robert Wilson Smith, son to Robert Smith, was born March the 10th, 1794.

Ann Adair Smith, daughter to Robert Smith, was born August 15th, 1796.

Mary Smith, daughter to Robert Smith, was born December 14th, 1798.

David Smith, son to Robert Smith, was born September 16th, 1801.

Rosanna Smith, daughter to Robert Smith, was born May 4th, 1804.

William Smith, son to Robert Smith, was born June 12th, 1811.

NOTE: Robert Smith was a Revolutionary soldier and received a grant of land in the lottery of 1827 when a resident of Butts County.

Robert Wilson Smith was a soldier of the War of 1812, while living in Charleston, South Carolina.

Robert Van Smith, son of Robert Wilson Smith, and grandson of Robert Smith, the Revolutionary soldier, was a Confederate soldier of the 6th Georgia Regiment, and was born August 6, 1840, and is still living, the last surviving soldier of that regiment living in Butts County.

Bible Record of McKinney-Rowlett Family of Virginia, from Bible in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte L. Pulliam, 1170 Oxford Place, Schenectady, New York.

Charles McKinney was born in 1755, died Feb. 9, 1830.

Susan Watkins was born in 1764 and died Dec. 20, 1816.

Their children are as follows:

William McKinney, b. Sept. 6, 1781; d. Nov. 16, 1832.

Rhoda McKinney, b. May 19, 1783.

Elizabeth McKinney, b. June 28, 1785.

Joel McKinney, b. Aug. 18, 1787; d. May 26, 1848.


Thomas McKinney, b. March 12, 1794.


Samuel McKinney and Charlotte W. Rowlett were married Dec. 13, 1821. Their children are as follows:


Charles McKinney was born Aug. 12, 1825; d. July 5, 1865. Married Mary Catherine Cooke May 20, 1851.


Joel McKinney was b. March 25, 1830;
d. August 31, 1897. Married Susan Crump.

Elizabeth McKinney, b. Oct. 12, 1832; d. Aug. 27, 1840.


ROWLETT

Matthew Jouet Rowlett was born Apr. 2, 1769; d. June 28, 1857.

Elizabeth Pettus, his wife, was b. Sept. 24, 1777; d. Nov. 2, 1805.

Their children are as follows:

Henrietta Jouet Rowlett, b. June 24, 1795; d. March 15, 1796.


Martha Pleasants, second wife of M. J. Rowlett, was b. July 9, 1783; d. Nov. 17, 1821.

Their children:


Joseph Pleasants Rowlett, b. July 9, 1811; d. May 24, 1843.

Mary Ann Rowlett, b. July 30, 1813; d. June 16, 1833.

Judith Smith Rowlett, b. March 7, 1815; d. March 25, 1854.

Martha Frances Rowlett, b. June 9, 1817; d. Sept. 23, 1818.

John Sims Rowlett, b. May 18, 1819; d. July 14, 1820.

Matthew Jouet Rowlett and Elizabeth Pettus were married Jany. 9, 1794.

Matthew Jouet Rowlett and Martha Pleasants were married Apr. 2, 1807.

(Used through the courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte L. Pulliam, 1170 Oxford Place, Schenectady, N. Y.)

Copied from the Bible of Col. Robert Burton (Rev. soldier). Children of Robert Burton and Agatha (Williams) Burton.

Births

John W. born July 23, 1776; died Sept. 16, 1793.

Hutches born Dec. 9th, 1777; died March 20, 1811.

Frank N. W. born May 2, 1779; mar. Lavinia Murfree Feb. 23, 1814.

Robert Henderson born July 22, 1781; died May 3, 1842; mar. Mary Fulinwider May 11, 1813.

Agnes born April 11, 1783; died Oct. 16, 1796.

Alfred M. born Sept. 9, 1785; died Feb. 12, 1857; mar. Elizabeth Fulinwider June 4, 1811.


Augustus born March 31, 1789; died 1828.

Horace A. born Feb. 25, 1791; mar. Margaret Williams 22 June 1825.

Fanny born July 1, 1793; died Aug. 21, 1852 & is buried in La Grange, Tenn., Cemetery. She was 2nd wife of Samuel Dickens.


John Williams born Oct. 31, 1798; died Jan. 30, 1860; mar. Susan Plummer Lyne; is buried in La Grange Cemetery, Tenn.; 11 chil.

* * *

NOTE: The first child was named John W. Burton and the last child was born after the first child's death, and was also named John Williams Burton.

Copied from the Family Bible of John Williams Burton.

Births

John Williams Burton, born Oct. 31st, A. D. 1798.

Susan Plummer Lyne, born July 4th 1802.

Robert Archibald Burton, born 20th Jany. 1822.

William Horace Burton, born 18th Jany. 1824.

James Augustus Burton, born 16th Jany. 1826.

Alfred Alexander Burton, born 30th July 1828.
Lucy Frances Burton, born 27th April 1831.
John Williams Burton, born 18th Sept. 1833.
Susan Plummer Burton, born 4th April 1838.
Ann Lavinia Burton, born 2nd Sept. 1840.
Agatha Williams Burton, born 30th Jan. 1842.
Susan Lyne Burton daughter of James A. & Mary C. Burton was born 29th March 1852.
Lucy Burton daughter of J. A. & M. Burton born June 1857.
James Burton son of Robert A. & Mary Burton, born July 10th 1849.
Lucy Burton, daughter of R. A. & M. Burton, born Sept. 27 1851.
Joel Lane Pulliam, son of Junius J. & Lucy F. Pulliam, born Nov. 15th, 1862.
Susan Elizabeth, daughter of H. L. & Amelia Burton, born April 21st, 1868.

**Marriages**
John Williams Burton and Susan Plummer Lyne were married September 22, 1819.
Robert A. Burton and Mary Wofford were married November 1, 1848.
William H. Burton and Ellen D. Hord were married January 15, 1850.
Junius J. Pulliam and Lucy F. Burton were married April 24, 1850.
James A. Burton and Mary Jane Clay were married July 2, 1851.
Alfred A. Burton and Anna Hord were married April 27, 1856.
George Branscom and Aggie Burton were married November 7, 1861.
Henry L. Burton and Amelia Ann Manier were married February 10, 1862.

**Deaths**
John Williams Burton died January 30, 1860.
Susan P., wife of John Williams Burton, died June, 1878.
Lucy F., wife of Junius J. Pulliam, died January 9, 1864.
Lucy F. Lyne, sister of Susan P. Burton, died May 14, 1858.
Ann M. Littlejohn died December 8, 1860.
Junius J. Pulliam died May 13, 1882.
Agatha W., wife of George L. Branscom, died June, 1882.
John Williams Burton, son of John Williams Burton, Sr., and Susan Plummer (Lyne) Burton, died November 11, 1929.
Lucy Martin Lyne died September 12, 1811.
Fannie B. Lyne died August 10, 1826.
James H. Lyne died October 27, 1832.
Henry Lyne died March 15, 1839.
Ann L. Burton died October 22, 1840.
Stephen K. Sneed died March 14, 1841.
James Burton died September 9, 1850, son of R. A. and M. Burton.
William Bullock Lyne was born January 12, 1806, died April 30, 1841, was the son of Henry Lyne and Lucy (Martin) Lyne and a brother of Susan Plummer Lyne Burton. He was a lieutenant in U. S. Navy and was washed overboard off the old Man-of-War Pennsylvania and drowned within sight of his home, April 30, 1841, at Portsmouth, Va., where he is buried. His first wife was Eliza Veale or Scale, (could not decipher her name as it was not clearly written). Their son, Thomas Lyne, was killed in the Civil War, they supposed, as he was never heard from. His second wife was Mrs. Galt, and they had one daughter, Wilhemina Bullock Lyne.
THERE is no diminution in the number of orders filed in this Department because of change of rates. The situation might be better understood with the definite statement that the research is at the rate of $1.00 per hour. No order is accepted for less than $2.00, nor for more than 10 hours service on any one lineage for $10.00. Census record search is made at the same rate with $3.00 as the minimum charge. The client may designate the hours she wishes to have given to her problem by the amount of money sent with the order. All fees are payable in advance, and checks made payable to Treasurer General. The service is open to the public, giving such information as is found which seems pertinent to the problem on hand. We ask that the client give all information possible on her line—names, dates and localities of the family as far back as possible. The search is then taken up on records covering especially those localities. We work from the location, dates, and name of the last known ancestor as it is not wise to pick out men of the same name in various localities and try to connect with them. For this reason you will see that names, dates, and localities are most essential.

As an example of the scope of our research, a copy of part of our report on order 137 follows:

A client asked for information regarding Sarah Ball of Virginia, b. July 20, 1754, stating that she married Colonel Hugh Giles of Marion County, South Carolina. They settled near Marion, South Carolina, on land granted to Hugh Giles by the British government. Tradition was that Sarah Ball of Virginia was related to Mary Ball, mother of George Washington.

Beginning with your idea that Sarah Ball was of Virginia, we followed up all references in Swem's "Historical Index of Virginia" to the name Sarah (Sally) Ball, and one on Sampson Edward Ball—this included twenty-five references to various Virginia publications—Tyler's Quarterly, William & Mary Quarterly, Virginia Historical Magazine, etc. We found no connection to your lineage.

We examined all Ball Genealogies—such as "The Ball Estate—A Pennsylvania Pioneer." The Ball Family in Hayden's "Virginia Genealogies," "The Ball Family of South Carolina" (which covers the branch of Elias Ball of Comigtee, but we find no connection in this particular branch to your own, that is, as shown in this reference; "Prominent Virginia Families," "Colonial Virginia, People & Customs," etc. Various county histories of South Carolina and Virginia. Every indexed South Carolina reference to the surnames Ball and Giles.

37 volumes "South Carolina Hist. & Gen. Magazine"—37 volumes. SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL & GENEALOGICAL MAGAZINE, Vol. 27s212-3-4:

"Notes on the Lucas and Mikell Families of the PeeDee Country by William Lucas (1778-1851) contributed by A. S. Salley, Jr. The author of these notes left South Carolina some time prior to 1805. He subsequently became a citizen of Franklin County, Alabama, serving as a state senator in 1821. "My mother was Ann Mikell, my
maternal grandfather was born in Virginia, but moved to South Carolina when young. . . My maternal grandmother was named Ann Ball. She was a native of South Carolina and of English descent. She had three brothers, Edward, Sampson, and William. She had a sister, Sarah, who married Hugh Giles; . . ."

From "The Register Book for the Parish Prince Frederick Winyaw Ann: Dom: 1713" "Baptized by the Rev. Mr. John Fordyce . . . page 6 BALL, BARTHOLOMEW son of Bartholomew Ball and Elizabeth his wife Born June 11, 1736, Baptized December 12, 1736."

On page 21—"EDWARD Ball, Son of Bartholomew and Elizabeth his wife Born February 1744/5 Baptized the 29th of Oct. 1745."

In "Annals of Georgia—Liberty County Records—Vol. 1"—page 20, we find:


In "S. C. Hist. & Gen. Mag."—Vol. 23, page 218—we find:

"Citation to Bartholomew Ball of St. Mark’s Parish to administer on the estate of Jno. Brown late of the said Parish planter as nearest of Kin. Nov. 4, 1766."

It would appear from this that Bartholomew Ball came under St. Mark’s Parish after 1745 and possibly this accounts for not finding record of births of all children in Prince Frederick Parish. We do not have a register of the births in St. Mark’s Parish.

In "Rambles in The Pee Dee Basin, South Carolina" by H. T. Cook, page 27—"On Wittee Creek and lake, William Drake, Frances Herres, George Brown, . . . Also . . . Elias Ball. . . ." This comes in Chapter 3, under "The founding of Georgetown." In Chapter 5 "Up the Pee Dee River 1731-1740"—page 63 (Rambles in the Pee Dee Basin)—"Opposite these three land grabbers on the Darlington side were two other tracts laid out on Christmas Day in 1736 for Bartholomew Ball, Son of Elias Ball, and Thomas Heywood, the former being the only one of the company who retracted the land for his descendants."

From the "History of Midway Church, Liberty County, Georgia," by Stacy we find that there was a migration to Liberty County, Georgia, beginning about 1752 and that many from South Carolina went there. On page 29 "Articles and Rules of Incorporation agreed upon by a Society settled upon Midway and Newport in Georgia, 28th of August, 1754," appears the name Edward Ball. However, it would not appear that he signed at that date as he would have been about ten years of age in 1754 and the articles end with the suggestion that they be presented to the children as they grow up and that no person be deemed a member until signing when proposed to them. Edward Ball does not appear among early settlers.


In the Index of Vol. 3—"S. C. Hist. & Gen. Mag." we find page 154—"Ball, Elias, founder of the South Carolina family, son of William Ball of Devonshire, England." On page 154 we find: "By her marriage (referring to Affra Harleston) in 1672 with John Coming. . . . Affra became heir to considerable estates. Upon her death in 1699, in pursuance of her husband’s wishes, she devised all her estate in joint tenancy to her nephew, John Harleston of Dublin, Ireland, and Elias Ball, the son of William Ball of Devonshire, England, the half brother of John Coming. As Mrs. Coming died in 1699 . . . and as Elias Ball was in the Province in 1701 and married to the sister of John Harleston and a resident of the Comingtee plantation, the family tradi-
tion which places the arrival of John Harleston at 1699 or 1700 is borne out." There is ever so much data here on the Harlestons, but, of course, we cannot go into that. This Elias apparently had many descendants of the name Elias Ball. During the Revolution we find Elias of Comingtee and Elias Ball of Wamlau remaining loyal to the Crown—there was an Elias born 1709, who had a son born in 1752—Elias Ball, but it would appear that your Bartholomew who had a son born in 1736 must have been a son of the first Elias, who married Elizabeth Harleston.

In Knight's "Georgia Revolutionary Records" we find Edward Ball, pages 300-345; William 40-375; Sampson 46-375.

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.

Newkirk Family Association, Florence Eva Dillan, Secretary, 5844 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Selover-Slover Family Association, Mrs. B. H. Hadler, Secretary, Egeland, North Dakota.

Stephen Sims Family Association, Elizabeth Sims-Lee, Secretary, 600 South Main Street, Frankfort, Indiana.


Garman Family Association, Mrs. M. Eshelman, Secretary, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

Gerhart Family Association, Morris Mohler, Secretary, Stevens, R. D. No. 1, Pennsylvania.


Gibson Family Association, Mrs. Elizabeth Jobes Johnson, Secretary, Havre de Grace, Maryland.

Givler Family Association, Rev. Samuel Givler, Secretary, Laureldale, Pennsylvania.

Gleckin Family Association, David Glackin, Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania.


Hershey Family Association, Mrs. Milton G. McElroy, Secretary, Marietta, Pennsylvania.

Hess Family Association, Mrs. John S. Zimmerman, Secretary, Brunnerville, Pennsylvania.

Heistand Family Association, Henry Hiestand, Salunga, Pennsylvania.

Hogg Family Association, Robert Hogg, Cochranville, Pennsylvania.


John Seely was born in 1749 in Philadelphia County, Pa., where he entered the Rev. Army December 1776, served in Capt. Alexander Patterson’s Company in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment. He was commissioned February 3, 1777, Ensign in said regiment, was in the battles of Ash Swamp and Short Hills, was discharged August 20, 1777. He also stated that he was in the battles of Bunker Hill, at Germantown, where the 2nd Lieutenant Carethers of the company was killed, and in the battle of Brandywine (no further details given).

In 1832 he stated he had also lived in Kentucky and Illinois.

John Seely died the 26th of March, 1835, and was survived by the following children:

Jacob Seely, Susan James, late Susan Seely; William Seeley, Mary James, late Mary Seely; George Seely, Elizabeth Lingo, late Elizabeth Seely; Abraham Seeley, Isaac Seely, Sally Chitwood, late Sally Seeley; John Seely, Ann Nowell, late Ann Seely; Nelly Johnson, late Nelly Seely; Katharine Watt, late Katharine Seely.

No further family data on file.


He enlisted in Chester Town, Kent Co., Md., July 1780, and served in Capt. James Woolford Gray’s Co., 1st Md. Regt., until the end of the war; was discharged in Frederick Town, Md. He was in the battle at the Seige of York and Blueford River, S. C.

April 27, 1818, Baltimore, Md., James Richardson declares that he enlisted with William Simmons at Chester Town, Kent Co., Md., July 1780, for a term of 3 years, and served in Capt. John Hawkins Co., 8th Md. Regt., and William Simmons was transferred to Capt. James Woolford Gray’s Co., 1st Md. Regt. Nov. 10, 1826, William Simmons was transferred from Maryland to Ohio Roll. He stated that he had lately removed and now resides in Stark Co., Ohio, where he intends to remain.

Aug. 28, 1820, William Simmons, aged 61 years, of Harford Co., Md., declares he was enlisted at Chester Town, Md., by Col. Richard Boardley, 1st mustered under Capt. John Hawkins, ordered to Annapolis under Capt. Sheppard, thence sent on an expedition to Philadelphia with horses; returned to Annapolis, joined 2nd Regt. Md. Line, was in Capt. Woolford Gray’s Co., etc. In 1820 he states that his wife Elizabeth was upwards of 30 years of age, son Joseph 10 years, James 7 years and John 2 years.

No further family data on file.


Ezra Smith, father of Henry Smith, was born at Sudbury, Mass., 1754, died Feb. 22, 1834. Services: Summer of 1775 8 months Private Capt. John Nixon’s Massachusetts Troops; Jan. or Feb. 1776—1 year Corp., Capt. Minot, 3 months guarding the Burgoyne prisoners at Cambridge.

Feb. 20, 1833, JACOB WHITNEY of Stow, Middlesex Co., Mass., declares that “I was well acquainted with Ezra Smith, who was in the army at Cambridge in the Rev. War, that I was in the same Co. with him about 6 weeks in the month of Jan. & Feb. 1776. It was then that he was one of the 8 months men, but I staid but about 6 weeks, he was the first corporal in our Co. and our Co. was commanded by Capt. Minot of Westford. I have no doubt but that he served 8 mos., but I served only 6 with the said Ezra Smith now lives in Ellisburg, N. Y.”

Feb. 20, 1833, THOMAS SMITH, of Sudbury, Mass., aged about 77 yrs., declares that “I was a soldier at White Plains (in 1776) and saw him there in the army.” Feb. 11, 1833, Thaddeus Smith, of Reading, Windsor Co., Vt., aged 66 years, brother of said Ezra Smith, testifies in the case.
He married Phebe, who died about 1 year prior to Feb. 1834.

Their children: Henry, who was 48 years old in 1834, Reuben, Jesse, Ezra, Rebecca, wife of John Sergeant, Ruth, wife of Abram Sheldon, Lucretia, wife of John Osgood.

SPRING, THOMAS. S. 3965, Certificate No. 18393, issued August 21, 1833, Act of June 7, 1832, at $40.00 per annum, from March 4, 1831. Agency, Maine. Service—Massachusetts, Green Mountain Boys, Vermont and New Hampshire. Rank, Private and Corporal. Application for Pension December 26, 1832. Age (not given). Residence at date of application, Hiram, Oxford County, Me., also was living there in 1818.

He entered the Rev. Army June 20, 1775, in Conway, N. H.; served as a private in Capt. James Osgood’s Co., Col. Timothy Bedel’s Regt., N. H. Rangers; was at the taking of St. Johns and Chambly and with General Montgomery at the storming of Quebec on Dec. 31, 1775; then volunteered to remain and served until June 1776, as private in Capt. Charles Nelson’s Co., under Major Brown.

Sept. 1776 he enlisted and served 3 months in Major Hoisington’s Rangers, stationed at Newbury, Vt., to guard the frontier. June 10, 1778, he enlisted at Ipswich, Mass., and served as a corporal in Capt. James Barry’s Co., Col. Thomas Poor’s Mass. Regt.; was discharged Jan. 29, 1779. In 1832 he was referred to as Capt. Thomas Spring (no explanation of that rank given). Feb. 12, 1819, LEONARD HERRIMON, of Eaton, N. H., and BENJAMIN HEATH, of Fryeburg, Me., declare that in July or Aug., 1775, they enlisted and served in Capt. James Osgood’s Co., Col. Bedel’s N. H. Regt. and that Thomas Spring, now of Hiram, belonged to the same Co., etc.

Feb. 12, 1819, JOSHUA KELLY or KELLY and PHILIP PAGE, of Fryeburg, Me., declare that May 1778 they went from Conway, N. H., arrived at West Point and joined Capt. Petingall’s Co., and said Thomas Spring was attached to Col. Thomas Poor’s Regt. and in Capt. Barry’s Mass. line, etc.

Oct. 29, 1835, JOHN WATERS, of Bath, N. H., aged 87 years, U. S. pensioner, testifies in the case.

In 1835 Alpheus Spring, the soldier’s son resided in Hiram, Me.

No further family data on file.

Announcement

Mrs. Robert P. Haynes, State Historian of Ohio, announces that Volume II of Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Ohio will be on sale on and after March 1st at $2.25 a copy. The complete set of Volume I and II together may be purchased for $4 delivered.

Orders may be placed through Mrs. Haynes, who lives at 933 Center Street, Ashland, Ohio.

In Memoriam

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY records with deep regret the death of Mrs. Jonathan P. Dolliver of Fort Dodge, Iowa, on December 29, 1937. Mrs. Dolliver served as Historian General from 1904 to 1906.

MRS. JOHN H. VAN LANDINGHAM, a charter member of the Society, died on December 24, 1937. It is with deep regret that we make this announcement. Mrs. Van Landingham served the State of North Carolina as State Regent 1908-1911, and the National Society as Vice President General 1913-1915.
Here faith is carved in stone and lifted high
As pinnacle and spire to interlace
Amazing loveliness against the sky.
A mighty symbol of unfailing grace,
In majesty the great Cathedral grows;
A nation’s House of Prayer, a sacrament
Through whose white covenant of truth there glows
A holy passion, vital and unspent.

Stone girding stone, the towering arches rise,
Uproaching as the Vision they proclaim;
A Vision beauty-crowned, through sacrifice,
Whose altars lift their never faltering Flame.
Close to the stars, beyond all time, faith here
Is conqueror of unbelief and fear.
FELLOW MEMBERS:

Since the appearance of my first article in the January magazine, I have received many kind letters, gracious words of congratulations and commendation, which are bound to make the recipient feel happy, and confident that her efforts are being met with approval. I find it is impossible to answer all of these letters, and may I voice my appreciation here for your kindness and your thoughtfulness.

In my article for the February magazine, I touched upon by-laws in general, and endeavored, in a sort of "blanket form," to answer questions which had recently been asked. I also told you that, in my next article, I would touch upon the arrangement of by-laws and the principles of interpretation, which should be kept in mind when preparing by-laws or amending them.

Not so very long ago, I remember reading the following quotation:

"Simplicity is the terminal point of all progress, as it is the terminal point of all perfection."

This being true, I wish we would adopt as our slogan the one word, "Simplicity," when we start out to write by-laws.

The first thing to be remembered is that you have a Constitution and By-laws of the National Society, as well as an Act of Incorporation. In this Constitution and By-laws, the National Organization legislates for the formation of chapters, the admittance of applicants to membership in the National Society through a chapter, fees and dues, representation in Congress, etc., etc.

You will notice that Article IX takes up the best part of six pages of provisions made by the National Society for the organization of chapters. Article V, Fees and Dues, further provides legislation for chapter members, as well as members at large, life members, etc.

In Article IX, Section 4, a provision is made which authorizes a chapter "to adopt rules for the transaction of its own business, provided said rules do not conflict with the Act of Incorporation, Constitution and By-laws of the National Society."

May I call your attention to Section 2, of Article V, "a chapter may, by its own by-laws, provide for additional fees for its own use."

I would also like to call your attention again to Article 1, Section 1, in your National By-laws, and point to that phrase, "as the chapter may decide"; this particular decision must be applied to the matter of voting for, or approving of, the applicants for membership. This does not apply to anything else! To be explicit, it means that "the chapter may decide" whether the chapter OR the chapter board shall approve of the applicants for membership. The names of applicants coming before a Board for a vote of approval should not be brought before the chapter also.

When you are thinking of revising your chapter by-laws, consider FIRST the size of your chapter, and realize that while the fundamental principles are the same for small as well as large groups, it is an accepted well-known fact that a small group works best with a less formal mode of procedure to govern its actions; and it would follow that the larger group needs the more formal plan of parliamentary procedure and attention to detail to govern the actions of a larger number, to insure its successful operation and progress.

So I recommend for the smaller chapters, by-laws which are couched in simple words and phrases, that are in perfect accord with your National Rulings.

I recommend, that if a chapter is not incorporated, that the Constitution and By-laws be written in simple form as "BY-LAWS," and that these by-laws be divided into articles and sections of "orderly arrangement," carefully placing everything relating to any one subject in the same article as far as is possible. Everything relating to membership should be placed under that heading—all fees and dues should be placed in a certain article, and everything pertaining to the election of officers in another, etc.

In my opinion, it is very unwise for small chapters to plan for large and unwieldy "Boards of Management" upon which they have made a place for all past Regents, and Chairmen of all Standing Committees, etc. This arrangement is not a wise one, for the past Regents are no longer "elected" officers—and appointed Chairmen of
Committees would soon outnumber your own elected officers. Your National By-laws, Article IX, Section 4, names the officers recognized by the National Society: "Regent, the First Vice Regent, Secretary, Treasurer, and Registrar," and says further—"each chapter may elect such additional officers as it deems necessary to conduct its local affairs."

Robert's "Parliamentary Law," p. 249, tells you that "The by-laws should provide for a Board, specifying the number of members, how they shall be elected, etc., just as in the case of officers." Please turn to that page and read it.

When the National Rulings are used, such as Article II on Objects, and Article III on Eligibility, do not change the National By-law to suit your own ideas. Either quote these articles verbatim, or else say, "The object of this chapter shall be to promote the objects and interests of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. (National Constitution, page 6, Article II, etc.)"

The following general outline is one I recommend for by-laws—See Robert's "Parliamentary Law," Chapter XXXVI:

I. Name; II. Object; III. Eligibility; IV. Membership; V. Officers (and Method of Election); VI. Duties of Officers; VII. Meetings—regular, special, and annual—(Name your quorum) (See footnote); VIII. Fees and dues (Consult your National By-laws, Article V); IX. Executive Board (quorum?); X. Committees appointed?; XI. Parliamentary Authority?; XII. Amendments.

When each article is written, it should be carefully worded, the meaning made very clear! Robert tells us that "When the meaning is clear, the Society, even by unanimous vote, can not change that meaning."

When a by-law is ambiguous "and susceptible of two meanings, one of which conflicts with another by-law, and the other does not, the latter must be taken as the true meaning."

Also remember that a definite, specific rule has authority over a statement made in a general way! One principle of interpretation that is generally misunderstood, is this: "Whenever the by-laws, authorize specifically certain things, other things of the same class are, BY IMPLICATION, prohibited." Thus, when the by-laws explicitly state that a certain number of Honorary Presidents and Vice Presidents may be elected, it virtually prohibits the election of other Honorary Officers.

Remember that a permission granting certain privileges carries with it the right to that privilege specifically, or a part thereof, to the effect that if you are granted permission to take six books—you may, if you choose, take one—but you are prohibited taking a dozen.

Thus, you will find that a thorough study of the "Principles of Interpretation" would be of great assistance; and you would find that it would lead you right back to the thought that the simplest by-laws, clearly stated in simple words and phraseology, are the best after all!

Footnote: The duties of a Membership Committee are as follows. Names of applicants with letters of reference and recommendation are given to this Committee for investigation, and at a stated or given time, the Committee reports its findings to the Executive Board or to the Chapter, whichever is designated in the by-laws to receive this report. The Membership Committee does not vote on the names of applicants; the Chapter OR the Board votes on these names, "as the Chapter may decide."

Be sure to provide for a quorum for regular meetings of your Chapter and also for the meetings of your Executive Board. If you do not provide for a smaller quorum in your by-laws, Robert says that your quorum is a majority of all the members. Remember that a unanimous consent cannot be given when a quorum is not present, and a notice at that time is not valid.

I advise you not to permit long terms of office and frequent re-elections; they create an "unhealthy condition" and eventually lead to serious problems! Rotation in office is absolutely necessary to the growth of any organization. No member should hold more than one office at any one time; and while it might be best for the smaller chapter to allow two consecutive terms in the same office, a provision should be made in the by-laws prohibiting a member's serving on the Executive Board for longer than four or six consecutive years.

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Please note that the National By-laws do not mention "Non-resident members," and a chapter has no right to create such a class, nor consider members who live out of a certain district, other than chapter members with all the rights and privileges of the regular member. Chapters have no right to have by-laws which discriminate against members who live outside of the locality in which the chapter is located.

In the next issue, I will give the space over to answering certain questions which have come to me.

Faithfully yours,

Arlene B. N. Moss
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss.)
Dr. Bodo Otto and the Medical Background of the American Revolution. James E. Gibson. Charles C. Thomas, Publisher. $4.00.

Painstaking research, involving the discriminating use of source material, has gone into this useful work of James E. Gibson. Partly a biography of an honorable German physician who sought his fortune in the New World and partly a discussion, admirably disinterested, of the hospital and medical phases of the Revolutionary War, it possesses a genuine attraction for all who would look "behind the scenes" in the struggle for American independence.

In the summer of 1711, in Hanover, a son was born to Christopher and Maria Magdalena Otto. Christened Bodo, for his godfather, Baron Bodo von Oberg, the couple's firstborn was destined to play an important, if not conspicuous, role as Senior Physician and Surgeon of Medical Headquarters at Valley Forge. At the age of 13 he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Hildesheim, subsequently took advanced training in Hamburg and, finally, was admitted to practice in historic Lüneburg in 1736. At about the time of his professional approval by the "College of Surgeons," Dr. Otto took his first bride. She died two years later, leaving a baby daughter. By his second wife, wed in Lüneburg in 1742, he became the father of three sons and one daughter. The latter died in childhood but Frederick Christopher, Bodo, Jr., and John Augustus Otto not only reached maturity but, like their distinguished father, served their adopted land in both civil and military capacities.

Whether it was for reasons political, personal or professional that Dr. Otto decided to migrate to the Colonies, the author does not presume to say with finality. In the spring of 1755 the 44-year-old doctor, with his wife and four children, embarked on the Neptune for Philadelphia, reaching their destination in the good time of eight weeks.

Publishing, in pamphlet form, his qualifications as a means of getting himself started in practice, Dr. Otto said, in part:

"In many English families, where I have the honour to practice, I have not only been advised, but urgently pressed to do so for the following two reasons: First, in order to let the public know that I am no interloper, who by chance has picked up a receipt how to prepare a plaster, or to serve some drops, let it be to some or no purpose; but that I have had the regular education of a surgeon. . . . Secondly, that since I am a stranger in this part of the world, magistrates may be convinced, that I have enjoyed in Europe the protections of persons of dignity, and that both my conduct and talents have been approved by them. So consequently I make bold in America, not to claim but to beg the favour of the public in general and the patronage of persons of distinction in particular; as-

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suring every one of his station, that it shall be my unwearied endeavours to merit the name of
Their faithful and devoted humble servant
BODO OTTO.”

Some time prior to 1760 the Otto family removed to southern New Jersey, where they lived six or seven years. Then they came back to Philadelphia, residing there for a relatively short time before going to Reading, the city of Dr. Otto’s death in 1787. It was there that this modest and able immigrant was in medical practice at the outbreak of the Revolution.

“At the beginning of the War,” he once wrote, “I was chosen Surgeon of the Battalion of the Flying Camp Troops by the Committee of Berks County, and in the unexpected attack of the enemy at Long Island our troops retired in great haste and I lost all my medicines and instruments.”

An old man when he joined the cause of the Colonists against England, Dr. Otto pitched wholeheartedly into the task of treating the dread typhus fever, dysentery, venereal complaints, jaundice, rash, measles, scurvy, paralysis, consumption, etc., not to mention the grievous wounds caused by musket balls.

Difficulties of adequate hospitalization and medical treatment at Valley Forge and the celebrated Shippen-Rush-Morgan feud over administration of the hospitals of the Continental Army are presented in detail, the author relying upon authenticated documentary evidence throughout. The book closes with a brief account of Dr. Otto’s death, his burial in the Trinity Lutheran Church grounds at Reading and mention of the fact that his monument bears a bronze tablet dedicated by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

“While no outstanding achievement appears in the life of Bodo Otto,” Mr. Gibson concludes, “yet his history has been well worth recording, for it includes the experiences of many unsung patriots of the late Colonial period and the early days of the republic. Conscientious and thorough, Dr. Otto met and solved the problems of his times to the best of his understanding and ability; unafraid and with self-confidence, he frequently changes his plans when proved wrong, or he thought better opportunities presented themselves. He was the father of three sons, of whom he might well have been proud; grandfather of two physicians, who left enviable reputations in their profession; besides the ancestor of a member of Abraham Lincoln’s Cabinet (Judge William T. Otto, a great-grandson, who was Assistant Secretary of the Interior), and a number of creditable descendants now living, so it may be claimed that some of the characteristics of this venerable man have been carried through the blood of five generations.”

GERALD G. GROSS.


In this, the first volume of a forthcoming series of four dealing with the history of the Old South, Mr. William Edward Dodd, has directed his attention upon the beginnings of our democracy as it flickered into life through the hardships that befell the first settlers in the earliest colonization of America in Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas.

However submissive to laws, regulations, religious and civic these first pioneers may have been in their home land, the arrival on American soil imbued them with the spirit of freedom as freedom was in the air, in the vast distances, in the great forests and in the numerous rivers and waterways that beckoned to home seekers. They wanted free lands for their homesteads, free trade with their products, hides, pelts and later their crops of tobacco and corn free of tax, freedom in their religious worship and freedom from the yoke of kingly rule. And they began taking advantage of their great distance from the long arm of the English law. Sir Edwin Sandys, the Secretary of the Company used by Mr. Dodd in his frontispiece, was liberal and democratic.

Mr. Dodd brings out a number of facts relating to our earliest history not generally known. Among these he points out that Virginia and Maryland were almost ready to go over to the Dutch side in the War of 1672. He also makes clear that the influences of contemporary conditions in Europe made the Colonists what they
were; and that the voting system was nearly equal to manhood suffrage. These particular facts have been but little written by previous historical writers.

The book is abundant in detail and rich in its carefully authenticated descriptions of the new land and its natural features. No element contributing to the life of the common man has been left out of the book. The county courts and churches are touched upon. And steadily as the years passed charters and laws were disregarded, so also the navigation acts. The established churches were not followed in their precepts. While the quitrents continued, they were not paid and not even the authority of the King, Governors and councils was respected. While scores suffered execution for their rebellion and treason, the mixed population that was forming established settlements, defied the governments at Williamsburg, Charlestown and in England alike.

Soon the representatives of the people, the plain free men, controlled their local communities, won over Councils and Governors to their cause and even pleaded that cause in London.

Through Mr. Dodd's interpretation and suggestion this revelation of the Old South traces the growth of our democratic form of Government from the beginning to the year 1690. Brief and simple it carries less of documentary references and bibliography than some students of early Virginia history would desire. Mr. Dodd supports his statements with his footnotes and with an assortment of interesting old maps and drawings dating from 1666 to 1751. These with quotations from old reports and earliest records add greatly to the reader's enjoyment.

The first volume of his series is intensely interesting and a most worthwhile book by itself and is a prophecy and a promise of the scope of the completed set which cannot fail of being a work of importance and distinction. The title of the next volume is "The First American Social Order."

Mr. William E. Dodd is the former President of the American Historical Association, for a number of years Professor of American History at the University of Chicago and a former Ambassador to Germany.

E. M. C.


Very cleverly, the publishers of this book have given it two title pages. The first is a facsimile of the 1834 edition of James Smith's Memoirs, based on the diary he kept: During his captivity with the Indians, in the years 1755, '56, '57, '58 and '59, in which the Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, &c., are better explained, and more minutely related, than has been heretofore done, by any author on that subject. Together with a Description of the Soil, Timber and Waters, where he travelled with the Indians during his Captivity. To which is added, A Brief Account of some very uncommon Occurrences, which transpired after his return from Captivity; as well as of the different Campaigns carried on against the Indians to the westward of Fort Pitt, since the Year 1755, to the present date, 1799. Written by Himself. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot, 9 North Fourth Street. 1834.

The second title page, though actually modern in makeup, gives an effect of quaintness by the use of diversified type and distinctive phraseology. This, too, is worthy of quotation, since far more fully and arrestingly than the average banal "blurb," it reveals the contents and purport of the document and the discussion:

"The First Rebel being a lost chapter of our history and a true narrative of America's first uprising against English military authority and an account of the first fighting between armed colonists and British regulars together with a biography of Colonel James Smith who was captured by savages, ran the gantlet, saw the prisoners of the Braddock massacre burned at the stake, lived five years as an Indian, escaped, served through three wilderness campaigns, and led the Pennsylvanians in which backwoodsmen fought the famous Black Watch, besieged a British fort, captured its commander and part of its garrison, and in the year 1765 forced its evacuation ten years before Lexington. Recounted from Contemporary Documents"
In presenting the “First Rebel” with such striking originality, the publishers have given it a good sendoff; and in bringing it out at approximately the same time as “Black Forest” they have made another clever move. For while the treatment in each case is individual, the subject matter in the two books is to a certain degree correlative and they serve to complement each other. Neil Swanson does not fail to “feature” the “great road” which Mead Minnigerode has interpreted; while General Forbes and Henry Bouquet, his Swiss Lieutenant-Colonel, figure almost as prominently in “The First Rebel” as they do in “Black Forest.”

The detailed descriptions of massacres and murders in which Mr. Swanson apparently delights, are so harrowing that they may well cause the average reader to writhe; and the love story is so condensed and overshadowed that the romantically inclined will almost inevitably be disappointed in not hearing more about James Smith’s wife, Anne Wilson. But these are details with which only the captious will find fault. For Mr. Swanson has produced a work of the first importance, both from the viewpoint of history and the viewpoint of art.

F. P. K.


Every American woman interested in the history and literature of her country should read “Drums Along the Mohawk”, “Black Forest” and “Northwest Passage”, for all are great books treating great subjects. But she should not read them too close together. If she does she will run the risk of dreaming about massacres and looking for lurking Indians everywhere, so vivid and omnipresent will these become to her. Walter Edmonds has put the most force into his story, Meade Minnigerode the most romance and Kenneth Roberts the most far-flung adventure; but all of them feature the red race in a blood curdling manner. Only Kenneth Roberts has spoken an occasional good word for it—indeed, he makes the little slave-boy, Billy, captured at the “surprise of St. Francis”, one of the most appealing characters of the book. But he is a minor one, seen objectively through the eyes of the hero, a young painter named Langdon Towne, and we never learn the ultimate fate of the small prisoner who “never whimpered”, who “learned to think like a white boy”, and who was casually transferred from one owner to another to satisfy the whim of a selfish woman. All the characters are very real; there is not one, no matter how briefly appearing or how lightly sketched, that does not seem to come alive. Robert Rogers is a colossal figure; but others, only pigmies by comparison, gain importance and glow with vitality through the author’s genius.

Personally this reviewer enjoyed more than any others the scenes lain in Cambridge when Harvard University was very young, and the episodes in London, when the splendor and squalor of that city were even more closely intermingled than they are now. But this is a matter of individual taste, and most readers will probably prefer the portions of the book that deal with discovery and frontier life. She also felt that the touches of humor which enliven the pages, though few and far between, are exceptionally delightful. Most significant of all, however, is the text of the brief foreword which sets the tone of the story and reveals the author’s own philosophy of life:

“The Northwest Passage, in the imagination of all free people, is a short cut to fame, fortune and romance—a hidden route to Golconda and the mystic East. On every side of us are men who hunt perpetually for their personal Northwest Passage, too often sacrificing health, strength and life itself to the search; and who shall say they are not happier in their vain but hopeful quest than wiser, duller folk who sit at home, venturing nothing and, with sour laughs, deriding and seekers for that fabled thoroughfare—that panacea for all the afflictions of a humdrum world.”

This is just another way of saying what Solomon meant when he exclaimed: “Where there is no vision the people perish!” And what the Spanish Conquistadors used as their slogan, “It is the quest for treasure, rather than treasure
itself, that makes life worthwhile.” Kenneth Roberts, like the characters he set before us, has found it is true. So have all of us who have explored a far country and searched for treasure and kept to a vision. We know that it has been worthwhile.—F. P. K.


Fulton Oursler, himself an editor and author of note, describes this book, in the Foreword which he has written to it, as “a pleasant medley to have by the bedside for a fretful hour.”—“Wander through its formless maze and you will come to find harmony and consistency,” he admonishes the prospective reader; and adds, “The author has seen life from a point of view. It is her confident sympathy with people which gives pattern to disjecta membra, a sense of belonging together. In them one will find the author’s pleasure in the spectacle of life, a sense of its mystery, and a modest groping for its meaning. Her pieces have sincerity and common sense and a kind of homely art that deserve a life beyond the hasty pages of the daily paper.”

My own views on this volume harmonize so completely with those of Mr. Oursler that I feel I cannot do better than quote what he has said. Though I did not keep the book by my bedside for a fretful hour, I did keep it close at hand during a dull journey, and found it an ideal traveling companion. Some of the sketches are far more striking than others—this is inevitable, in a collection of a hundred; but if one occasionally misses fire, another makes up for that by kindling a real flame. I have never read a better analysis of the Coolidges than the one contained in the essay entitled “When the White House was on a Side Street.” John and Abigail Adams are equally well interpreted through the medium of “Dearest Friend.” “Meschianza” recalls “something as exquisite, as glamourous as a fairy tale; The most strange exotic day in the history of the American Revolution.” The “Widow Todd” tells the story of the woman who, during her second husband’s administration, was described as the most popular person in the United States, and whose name was neither Grace Coolidge nor Frances Cleveland, but Dolly Madison. “The Romance of the Rose” gives a fascinating slant to bygone history also.

But why go on? The reviewer’s recommendation is that all persons facing fretful hours or dull journeys should investigate for themselves the sources of solace contained in this collection. F. P. K.


In “Singing in the Wilderness,” Donald Culross Peattie, a modern naturalist whose prose style is widely known for its poetic quality, brings us the story of John James Audubon, great pioneer naturalist who died just a century ago this year.

Perhaps it is more truthful to say he presents there his salute to Audubon, just as the jacket of the book affirms—for the pages contain as much of Peattie as they do of the bird-lover whose name is today enjoying a period of renewed popular acclaim.

Frankly, and in singing words, the author claims a spiritual kinship with Audubon and through his own love of the American out-of-doors—after a sojourn abroad—tries to convey the exultant joy which was the early naturalist’s when the wilderness revealed to him its treasures.

The compelling force which went with Audubon down the Ohio, down the Mississippi, into the Louisiana swamps—always in the search of new birds—is presented by Peattie as something which was evident from birth and could no more have been denied than breathing itself.

Audubon was a French adventurer for whom the wilderness sang its most gorgeous song. (Only the French, Mr. Peattie said, really loved the early America.) This singing and his love for Lucy, his wife, were the real things in his life. Beside them, his business failures seem unimportant indeed.

The controversial subject of Audubon’s birth is not a controversy at all in the mind of Mr. Peattie. Not as a probable lost
Dauphin, but as the beloved son of an understanding—if gruff—sea captain whose name he bore, is the great bird painter presented.

In his slight volume, Mr. Peattie makes no attempt to present a full biographical account of Audubon. He selects his material with an artistic hand, gives his imagination full rein, and presents an idyllic portrait in prose that sings and sparkles. It is a brilliant and touching narrative—as colorful as a tulip bloom, as graceful as an oriole. After its words have ended, it continues to sing in the heart.

CHRISTINE SADLER.


In this biography of Audubon, an authority on the American frontier has presented the master naturalist just as he presented his birds—in his own habitat.

Miss Rourke has followed in his footsteps from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, to Louisiana, and even to the Florida Keys, and as she has depicted his findings she has also painted in the great American wilderness as it was when Audubon knew it.

In her book, Audubon becomes a frontiersman whose possible royal French birth did not prevent his enjoying the backwoods, even as Daniel Boone enjoyed them. Audubon was not only an imaginative artist, but a hunter who often paid board for himself and his family with the meat he brought home from hunting trips. He went on expeditions with the Indians and learned much about bird habits, and possibly color mixing, from them. Boone taught him how to call the wild turkey in its own language. If someone had to walk long distances for provisions, Audubon always volunteered.

He loved ice jams and canebrakes; he loved to sleep on the ground. He and his young wife, Lucy, swam and dived in the fresh wilderness streams—and always Audubon worked, and worked. The hours he spent sketching, painting, and hunting specimens were interminable. His thirst for new information and a better knowledge of painting technique was unquenchable. Singleness of purpose drove him steadily forward, and his energy was unflagging.

Miss Rourke’s book is as inspirational as it is entertaining. It reaffirms the belief that there was more to the American frontier than uncouthness and it also reaffirms the almost outdated belief that success ultimately rewards him who consecrates his efforts to attainment of a specific goal.

The author has given years to the study of the prints in Audubon’s “Birds of America” and the original paintings from which these prints were made. Her extensive research has taken her all over the country to find unfamiliar portraits and black-chalk drawings in private collections. Audubon was lavish with his drawings. He supported himself in many American cities by painting portraits on order. He sketched in backwoods inns, on flatboats. He taught many pupils. There is no reason to believe that all of his work has yet been uncovered. Miss Rourke is sure he deserves a sure place in the development of American art, as well as for his work as a naturalist.

Written by one whose eyes are keen and who loves beauty as Audubon did, this biography is a bright addition to American literature.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Announcement

The editor has been asked to announce the publication of “Legends of the Longhouse” by Jesse Cornplanter which is scheduled for publication by W. J. Lippincott this month at the price of $2. These legends, according to Mrs. Walter A. Herricks, State Chairman of the American Indian Committee of the D. A. R. of New York State, are ancient tales of the Senecas, that Jesse Cornplanter himself heard his father and grandfather tell in the longhouse on the Cattaraugus Reservation. Jesse is the last living descendant of the Cornplanter of Washington’s time, who was given a reservation in Pennsylvania because of his contribution to the American colonies at the time of the Revolutionary War. The author is his own illustrator.
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.

**ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO**  
(United Artists)

Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie.

This lavish production has a background of spectacular battle scenes and rich settings of bygone days. This young adventurer started out in the year 1277 A. D. finally reaching the realm of Kubla Khan. This romantic fantasy of the Thirteenth Century is one of the pictures all will want to see. A. Y. Older children.

**THE BUCCANEER**  
(Paramount)

Frederic March, Franciska Gaal, Margot Grahame.

Another picture with a background of American history, done by the well known Cecil DeMille. The plot is laid in New Orleans in 1812 and the pirate Jean Lafitte plays a prominent role as well as many other characters of the day, among whom is Andrew Jackson. A large and fine cast and lavish settings make this well worth seeing. A. Y. Older children.

**HAWAII CALLS**  
(RKO)

Bobby Breen, Juanita Quigley, Irvin Cobb.

This musical comedy is about two stowaway boys on a boat and their arrival at Honolulu. They have many exciting adventures. There are some spectacular scenes and good music. A. Y. C.

**PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER**  
(Warner Bros.)

Billy and Bobby Mauch, Spring Byington.

In many ways this is a "follow up" of "Penrod and Sam". Rodney gets Penrod and his dog into trouble and as they are finding Rodney they discover another boy and his dog. The children, the dogs, and carrier pigeons all add to the picture. Good family entertainment.

**HAWAIIAN BUCKAROO**  
(20th Century-Fox)

Smith Ballew, Evalyn Knapp.

The story of an Arizona cowboy who goes to Hawaii to raise pineapples after the dust storms have ruined his cattle business, and has many novel experiences. A Western story with an Hawaiian background. A. Y.

**LOVE ON A BUDGET**  
(20th Century-Fox)

Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Alan Dinehart.

Another of the Jones family series. A new idea which is well worked out, in a way to both amuse and entertain. A. Y. Older children.

**GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT**  
(Warner Bros.)

George Brent, Olivia deHavilland.

This picture, done in Technicolor, is set in California shortly after the discovery of gold in the 40's, showing the warfare there between the agriculturists and the hydraulic miners. There is romance and plenty of action and many beautiful out of door scenes showing large wheat fields, gold filled mountainsides, and great groves of orange trees, grapevines, etc. Another American history picture. Family.
THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (United Artists)
Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, Adolphe Menjou.

This musical extravaganza with lavish settings is produced with a background of stage scenes in Hollywood. There is a large and capable cast and entertainment galore. Also some very fine music. A. Y.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (Universal)

An orphan girl in a girl’s school in Switzerland persuades a bachelor to act as her father, and while in Paris they meet her mother. Music plays a large part in the picture and Deanna Durbin sings in her usual attractive way. A. Y. Older children.

BENEFITS FORGOT (MGM)
Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi, James Stewart.

A rather intense study of typical American characters of about 85 years ago, adapted from a story by Honore Willse Morrow. The story of a boy who does not get along with his father, but enjoys the love of a devoted mother. Good family picture.

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME (RKO)
Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

This is a simple human interest comedy made from the stage play of the same name. The scene a summer camp and a flirtation which ends in a romance. A. Y.

PARADISE FOR THREE (MGM)
Frank Morgan, Robert Young, Florence Rice, Edna May Oliver.

A wealthy Vienna capitalist who is vacationing in the Swiss Alps decides to pose as a poor man; he therefore has his butler pass for the wealthy man, much to the surprise of his daughter when she arrives. The skiing and the snow scenes in the Alps are beautiful and there is good comedy throughout. A. Y.
GERALDINE WELLS, BECKER GIRL OF THE ELIZABETH BENTON CHAPTER OF MISSOURI

"Becker Girls"

Geraldine Wells is the "Becker Girl" of the Elizabeth Benton Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. of Kansas City, oldest, second largest, and one of the most active chapters in the state of Missouri. This chapter sponsors all phases of the National Society's work and firmly believes in the education of youth. It is assisting a "Becker Girl" this year for the first time. It also carries four student loans; contributes to the Kate Duncan Smith and Tamasee Schools; has twelve Junior American Citizen Clubs; employs a teacher in a night school for aliens who are studying to become naturalized; maintains a scholarship at the School of the Ozarks; and contributes to the Gold Star Scholarship Fund, which is maintained by local high school teachers assisting boys and girls to complete their education. Through such activities as these, the chapter believes that it is paving the way through the young people of today to become the solid citizens of tomorrow.

In presenting this admirable report, Mrs. Henry W. Townsend, regent of the Elizabeth Benton Chapter, quotes a writer who has said, "Youth is such a precious thing!" And herself makes a sage comment on this quotation. "It is precious because we have it only once, and our members believe that in those early impressionable years lives are molded and made."

Mrs. Henry S. Morse, regent of the Hannah Woodruff Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Southington, Connecticut, has sent us the following poem, written by Evalyn Joy, the "Becker Girl" sponsored by this chapter:

**Life Is Not A Playground**

Life is not a playground  
Where people live for fun  
Life has certain services  
That God says must be done.  
Life goes on forever  
And in the time we live  
Let's keep a steady level  
On the purposes He gives.  
Now when your work is done  
And you've accomplished what you should  
You can truly say you've won  
On the road God said you would.

**Anniversary Celebrations**

Exercises in observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of François Joseph Paul de Grasse, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly, were recently held by the Comte de Grasse Chapter, National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, at Yorktown, Virginia.

The principal address was delivered by Lieutenant Virginius R. Roane, U. S. N. He began his address with this statement, "The name of George Washington is immortalized, we honor the genius of his co-actors, Lafayette and Rochambeau—what do we do about the man who played such a great part by sea to gain the colonies their liberty? The question is, Who is the man? He is the zealous and efficient Com-
mander of the French Fleet, Admiral Comte de Grasse.”

In relating events leading up to the battle on September 5th, Lieutenant Roane described the desperate situation of the colonies and the appeal made by Washington to France. He also quoted from Rochambeau’s letter to de Grasse. “I will not deceive you, sir; these people are at the end of their resources, General Washington has but a handful of men, the army of Cornwallis is in the heart of Virginia, this country is at bay, all its resources failing. . . . Come, America is in distress.” Lieutenant Roane further gave a graphic description of preparations made by de Grasse when he decided to sail for the coast of Virginia: how he induced Saint Simon in Haiti to lend 3,200 troops and over 100 cannons, and how de Grasse himself borrowed $600,000 in Havana, for which he gave his chateau in France as security. Details were given of the part played by de Grasse in the surrender of Yorktown and the tremendous effect which he and the gallant Frenchmen under his command had upon this and upon the eventual independence of the United States. (The magnitude of this part is recognized by few persons except profound students of history.) There was also a vivid description of the events from the blockading of the York River to the end of the siege.

Lieutenant Roane quoted from a letter, written to Mrs. Chenoweth, Regent of the Chapter, by the late Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France. “It is our duty to revive the memory of the Admiral de Grasse, and ensure for him the place in history which has through strange negligence been denied him.” Lieutenant Roane’s own views as expressed were in entire accord with those of the late Ambassador, for he exclaimed emphatically, “The fame gained by de Grasse must be preserved!” This has always been one of the main objectives of the Comte de Grasse Chapter. Ever since its organization in 1922 it has kept the fires of tribute burning to de Grasse and to Yorktown Day, and in its chapter house—the first customs house in America—have been placed tablets, portraits, and souvenirs of the distinguished Admiral.

Lieutenant Roane’s address closed with a plea for a statue of de Grasse which should be placed beside those of Washington and Lafayette, thus carrying out the idea embodied by Senator Copeland of New York in a bill recently introduced providing for the appropriation of money for a memorial to de Grasse in the city of Washington.

After the retiring of the colors a ceremony of placing wreaths at the Victory Monument was held. The Reverend A. J. Renforth offered the invocation. Wreaths were placed by the Moore House Society Children of the American Revolution and by the Comte de Grasse Chapter.

“Taps” by a bugler from the Naval Mine Depot closed a very impressive ceremony.

The Pilgrim Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Iowa City, Iowa, celebrated its fortieth anniversary on February 12th with the largest membership in its history, numbering one hundred and eight. The Pilgrim Chapter has recently dedicated a bronze tablet in Oakland Cemetery, memorializing Anna Sackett Sharpless, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Sackett, a Revolutionary patriot.

The Coosuck Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of North Haverhill, New Hampshire, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its
founding with appropriate ceremonies. A festive meeting marked by a notable program was held at the home of the regent, Mrs. F. D. Larty, at which a cake decorated with patriotic emblems and twenty-five candles was a special feature. The Coosuck Chapter has recently placed markers on the graves of two Revolutionary soldiers and is arranging for the suitable marking of others.

A portion of the regular meeting of the Enoch Crosby Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Carmel, New York, was devoted to honoring Miss Ida M. Blake, who has been historian of the Chapter for the past eight years. Miss Blake began her business career as a teacher when she was fifteen years old and in 1880 purchased the Putnam County Republican. The paper has been successfully operated by Miss Blake for the past fifty-seven years. She is dean of the Putnam County press and the dean of Notaries Public, having held the office for twenty-eight terms.

As a memento of the occasion, Miss Blake was presented with a handsome rose blanket by the Chapter.

The ninety-first birthday of Mrs. Samantha Izora Lovellette of the Corpus Christi Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Corpus Christi, Texas, was observed with appropriate ceremonies on February 7th. Mrs. Lovellette was admitted into the chapter in 1936, thus becoming both its oldest and its youngest member.

Phoebe Bayard Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, observed Constitution Day with a program commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of that historic document. The program was presented at the cemetery plot of Major General St. Clair, and a basket of flowers was placed on the base of the monument. A Colorado blue spruce tree was planted also. An able address was delivered on the history and meaning of trees and patriotic singing completed the program.

Dedication of Markers

One hundred and fifty years to the day that Connecticut ratified the Constitution of the United States, the Connecticut Society, D. A. R., unveiled and presented to the State a tablet dedicated to the three men from Connecticut who were deputies to the Constitutional Convention: Roger Sherman, Oliver Ellsworth, and William Samuel Johnson.

The Boudinot Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Elizabeth, New Jersey, unveiled and dedicated a memorial tablet to Jonathan Dayton, one of the signers of the Constitution, whose resting place is under the church. A ceremony paying tribute to the sesquicentennial of the signing of the Federal document followed the unveiling.

Captain Job Knapp Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of East Douglas, Massachusetts, has placed a bronze tablet on the grave of Captain Job Knapp. The inscription reads: "Captain Job Knapp, 1740-1785, placed by Captain Job Knapp Chapter, 1937."

The tablet was unveiled by Lois Hathaway of Belmont, a direct descendant of Captain Knapp.

A Sons of the American Revolution marker has been erected at the grave of Ebenezer Curtis, a Revolutionary soldier buried in a private cemetery on a place once called the Parker farm, by the Captain Job Knapp Chapter.

Pomp and pageantry joined hands with pioneer simplicity on the occasion of the dedication of a bronze marker placed by the four chapters, N. S. D. A. R., in Linn County, Iowa—Ashley, Mayflower, Marian Linn, and Balliet—erected to the memory of William Abbe, first white settler in the county. Since no other celebration commemorating the centennial of the advent of the first white settler in the county had been staged, the hostess chapter, Balliet, planned a program in the city hall of Mount Vernon. Old quilts and coverlets were hung on the walls and antiques converted the speakers' platform into a replica of the interior of a pioneer cabin.

The Udolpha Miller Dorman Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Clinton, Missouri, has dedicated a tablet commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of Clinton as the county seat of Henry County.

Georgia Bryan Gilliland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Gilliland of Clarkdale, unveiled the monument erected by the Tennessee State Officers Club, to mark
the grave of her great grandmother, Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, former honorary vice president general of the N. S. D. A. R. Mrs. R. J. Yearwood of Knoxville, state vice president of the Tennessee Officers Club, presided. Mrs. Walter C. Johnson, of Chattanooga, is the founder of the club.

A bronze and granite memorial has been erected on the courthouse square by the General Matthew Locke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of De Queen, Arkansas, in honor of J. De Goejen of Arnhem, Holland, for whom the city was named. Following is the wording, in raised letters, on the memorial tablet:

"In Appreciation—J. De Goejen, Born Zwolle, Netherlands, 1861—Belonged to a family of wealthy coffee merchants. He became interested in financing the completion of the Kansas City Southern Railway. A town on this railway was named for him and he personally selected De Queen—1897—Erected by General Matthew Locke Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution—1937—Frances Ellen Steel Collins, Regent."

Presentation of Medals

"Medal of Honor—N. S. D. A. R."
"State prize 1937 award of merit—Complied with all requirements." That is the inscription on the medal presented to Independence Hall Chapter, D. A. R., by the State Regent, Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, at the forty-first Annual State Conference of the Pennsylvania Society in Harrisburg.

The largest sum expended went to the seventeen Approved Schools. Americanism and National Defense programs were carried out. A Junior Group was organized, a Junior American Citizens Club, and Independence Hall Chapter was the first in Philadelphia to sponsor a Society of the Children of the Revolution.

The Betsy Ross Chapter, D. A. R., of Lawrence, Massachusetts, presented a Good Citizenship Medal to Paul Edward Gorfinkle, Roxbury, who fulfilled regulations of the competition set down by the National Society, which include honor, courage, service, leadership, and scholarship.

Perpetual Fire

The North Carolina Daughters of the American Revolution are much interested in the preservation of the Morris Fire near Saluda, North Carolina, just outside of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. This fire was started shortly after the American Revolution by John and Sarah Morris, and has never been allowed to go out. So vital was the preservation of the fire for the comfort and necessity of the family life that the dying words of Sarah Morris were, "Keep the fire burning." And each generation has kept it burning, but now William Morris is the last of the family. He is a bachelor, 77 years of age, living alone with his dog in his mountain home.

"We have mittens, too!"

Miss Harriet Simon, Michigan State Chairman of Approved Schools, upon visiting the Tamasee dedication, became so interested in the pupils of the boarding school that she sent them mittens for Christmas. She appropriately chose mittens as Michigan is the "mitten state."

Display of Relics

An interesting display of authentic Revolutionary relics was exhibited recently in the windows of one of the local drygoods stores in Omaha, Nebraska. The articles consisted of an old shaker bonnet mostly brown in color; and one can imagine a rosy, piquant face peeping out of it. A bugle about four feet in length, used throughout the War to call our ancestors to arms, epaulets from a Captain's uniform, and an old wooden tankard about one foot high were included. These relics were the property of Mrs. Howard Graham of the Omaha Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Omaha, Nebraska.

An Alabama Angelus

Kate Keene Seay of the Tuscaloosa Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, reports that Tuscaloosa, rich in tradition, old in history, and possessor of many properties of historical interest, owns a Revere bell, made by Paul Revere of whom Longfellow wrote his famous poem of Revolutionary fame—a poem enshrined in the heart of every American boy.
Report of the Conservation Committee

The conservation of human life from traffic accidents has become one of our gravest problems. Each state has made a study of this tragic and increasing toll without a solution or decrease of accidents. Life continues to be cheap to careless drivers.

Recently a statement was made in the press that there were more fatalities in 1937 by motor accidents than our country had during the entire World War. Think of it! We have bemoaned the great loss of life at that time, as unnecessary. Then what about this ever mad, careless rush, slaughtering as it goes such a staggering number in one year?

December has proven to be the worst month for accidents. Last year there were more killed in United States traffic accidents than the American death toll in the Revolutionary War. All in one month. Christmas spirit and gasoline are the fuel for cars at this time.

Only two diseases in thirty-four, heart disease and cancer, cause more deaths throughout the country in one year than motor accidents.

Trucks, the czars of the highway and the dread of the motorist, cause many fatalities. Statistics show the most common cause of accidents to be collisions between two cars, especially at night between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. Saturday and Sunday are the high days of the week for accidents. They average one death to 35 non-fatalities. Most of them occur when the driver is going straight ahead or at cross streets, because he does not observe right of way rules, stop signs or traffic signals, to say nothing of his obligation toward pedestrians and other highway users. They take chances by going too fast, they pass other cars on hills and curves, they do not slow down at intersections, they expect other drivers and pedestrians to get out of their way regardless of traffic conditions.

The American public is aroused to the fact that motor vehicle accidents in this country are a challenge to the sanctity of human life. We are interested in eliminating them. We have the traffic laws if drivers will obey them. But we do not have a NATIONAL CODE.

In driving from one state into another it is vital to know each state's traffic laws, especially its signal code. One does not take time to acquire the information. This is the cause of such an enormous toll for out of state cars. What can be done about it?

A resolution will be presented at Continental Congress, in April, recommending a national standard of driver signals be adopted, a copy of which follows below. In the meantime let us arouse public opinion to secure the cooperation of the governor and state legislatures in regard to a proposed uniform law. As a uniform bill must come through action of legislatures, it is important that members be interested. No effort is too great to save human life.

We must ask the American Legion and patriotic societies to assist us, and schools to aid by teaching careful driving. Impressions on youth are there to stay. Let us talk it and practice it. Then we can feel that we have done our best to make the highways and byways safe for the lives of American citizens. Then only can we feel that our work is well done, for the conservation of humanity.

Mrs. Avery Turner, National Chairman.
Recommenda­tion as Made by the Na­tional Board, Oc­to­ber, 1937
For Ac­tion by the Con­tinental Con­gress, April 18-23, 1938

Inasmuch as in­cor­rect signalling by au­to­mo­bile drivers, or fa­ilure to signal at all, is lead­ing to greater and greater loss of life through­out this coun­try as tour­ists drive from one state into an­other, we heart­ily re­com­mend that a na­tional stand­ard of driver signals be ad­opted, as fol­lows:

All sig­nals to be given from the left side of the ve­hi­cle by ex­tended arm and hand (or plain­ly vis­i­ble signal de­vice) as fol­lows:

1. Right turn—hand and arm ex­tended up­ward be­yond the side of the ve­hi­cle, so as to be seen from the rear.
2. Left turn—hand and arm ex­tended hor­i­zon­tally be­yond the side of the ve­hi­cle, con­tinu­ously for a dis­tance of fifty feet.
3. Stop or sud­den de­crease of speed; hand and arm ex­tended down­ward be­yond the side of the ve­hi­cle, so as to be seen from the rear.
4. Start­ing a parked car; hand and arm ex­tended hor­i­zon­tally, for a pe­ri­od long enough to be seen by drivers ap­proach­ing from the rear.

For the past fifty years Amer­i­can con­ser­va­tion has had for one of its major ob­jec­tives the cre­ation of a sys­tem of pub­lic for­ests that would assure pro­tec­tion of the Na­tion’s water sources and a per­man­ent re­serve of us­able tim­ber. This is be­ing ful­filled.

Yos­em­ite Na­tion­al Park was es­tab­lished by Act of Con­gress in 1872. Yos­em­ite was cre­ated in 1890, since which time the sys­tem has pro­gressed stead­i­ly. To­day we have 161 Na­tion­al For­ests con­taining 170,000,000 acres, vis­ited each year by 25,000,000 peo­ple, free of charge, for all kinds of re­cre­a­tion. These for­ests were first de­vel­oped by the re­ser­va­tion of lands in the west­ern states. Lat­er the need of them was rec­og­nized in the East, when it was nec­es­sary to buy the lands, where only 20 per cent of the for­ests are loc­ated.

The in­come de­rived this past year from these for­ests was $1,000,000 over that of last year, from tim­ber and graz­ing par­tic­u­larly, which profit is used for roads and schools. More than 1,500,000 big game an­i­mals range in these for­ests, 45,000 acres of which are set aside for their refuges. Dur­ing the past twelve years big game an­i­mals have in­creased 140 per cent in num­ber.

Man­caus­ed fires have been re­duced more than 70 per cent for the an­nu­al av­er­age the past five years. The great­est re­duc­tion in the num­ber was in the east­ern states.

There are 127 Na­tion­al Parks and Monu­ments which are pure­ly for re­cre­a­tion and edu­ca­tion and never com­mer­cial­ized. They are of great di­versity of out­line and growth and kept in their na­tural con­di­tion. The ranger ser­vice has been pro­fes­sion­al­ized and re­quires a col­lege edu­ca­tion. They are ranger na­tion­al­ists and must give in­for­ma­tion about trees and plants. Na­tion­al Parks are wild life san­ctu­ar­ies.

There are 1,000,000 acres of land in Texas ly­ing with­in the big bend of the Rio Gran­de River, the pro­posed Big Bend Na­tion­al Park. The Fed­eral Gov­ern­ment has ex­pended a quar­ter of a mil­lion dol­lars in mak­ing roads, trails and bridges through it, by the CCC boys. When the State finishes rais­ing enough money to pay for this enor­mous plot, it will be pre­sent­ed to the Gov­ern­ment as a Na­tion­al Park. Joined with 1,000,000 acres ac­ross the river in Mex­ico, it will be an In­ter­na­tion­al Park, the larg­est in our coun­try. The ter­rain and plant life in­clude the won­ders of the world. No man has ever seen all of it be­cause of its inac­cess­i­bil­i­ty. The State paid for part of it but prices have been raised the past few years. Now the cit­i­zen­ry of Texas is sub­scrib­ing to its pur­chase in $1.00 amounts.

There never has been such an era of con­ser­va­tion of na­tural re­sources. Our coun­try has be­come ar­oused to its nec­es­sity. Con­ser­va­tion means the wise use of tim­ber, not its entire preser­va­tion. We need it for the nec­es­sities of life. Re­for­es­ta­tion is the word. Re­place the waste and con­tinue to plant some of the more than 1100 dif­fer­ent kinds of trees in our coun­try. Be­come con­ser­va­tion minded. Then we can feel we are safe from the losses by fire, in­sects and ax that are con­stantly tak­ing their toll in our for­ests, as well as else­where. Let us plant trees and get ahead of these menaces!

Mrs. Avery Turner,
Na­tion­al Chair­man.
Flag Lesson No. VI

FLAG DAY AND ITS PROPER OBSERVANCE

In recent years, particularly since the World War, June 14 has been increasingly regarded throughout the land as a day for Flag commemoration. There is no national ordinance setting Flag Day aside as a special day, but many governors make special proclamations concerning the proper observance of the day. We specify June 14 as Flag Day because the Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, officially adopted the Flag on June 14, 1777. Our Flag, then, is 160 years old this year. More than a century and a half has gone by since its adoption. It has always stood for Right and Peace in the world's history; sometimes we have had to enter war to enforce Right, but ours is preeminently a Flag of Peace. I think that point could be pertinently emphasized in our Flag Day celebration this year as war in the Orient and in Europe continues to border us on either side.

1. Flags should be correctly displayed publicly everywhere on Flag Day—the more the better. June 14 is the Flag's own special day; let us display it properly and generously on front lawns and on public buildings, in public parks, every place where it may be honorably and correctly displayed.

2. Flag Day should be fittingly observed by (1) special patriotic parades of school children and patriotic organizations; (2) presentation of Flags to schools and other groups with accompanying ceremonials; (3) unveiling of statues and monuments; (4) placement of Flags on war veterans' graves; (5) suitable patriotic programs in schools; (6) special columns or feature stories and photographs in newspapers; (7) presentation of Flag pageants and plays; (8) appropriate comment on and display of the Flag in churches on the Sunday nearest to Flag Day.

3. An appropriate Flag Day program or ceremonial is relatively easy to plan. It should include a rendition of the pledge of allegiance to the Flag, the singing of the National Anthem, the salute to the Flag, such songs as “America,” “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” “Hail, Columbia,” etc. This year I suggest a short paper or talk outlining our Flag’s position among the number of world flags with special reference to the fact that the American Flag always stands for Peace so long as it is possible within the limits of Justice and Honor. I suggest also a short demonstration, by Boy Scouts, perhaps, of the etiquette of correct Flag display. Since schools are not in session in June, the responsibility for taking the initiative in planning Flag Day observance rests with patriotic groups such as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Daughters of 1812, and so on. Joint programs and pageants may very suitably be worked out by these organizations. It seems proper to me that our own organization should take the lead in making such plans. Let us never fail to observe the day properly and ceremoniously.

Sincerely,

VIVIAN L. SIGMON, Chairman,
Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

Flag Essay Contest

NATIONAL Vice-Chairmen, State and Chapter Chairmen of the Correct Use of the Flag Committee have been asked to co-operate in a nation-wide essay contest on the “Flag of the United States, Its Origin, Use and Tradition.”

The prize is one hundred dollars ($100) donated by National Vice-Chairman Mrs. Charles W. Watts of Kenwood Park Hills, Huntington, West Virginia. This highly appreciated gift is evidence of her never failing interest in our Committee work.

Widespread publicity for the Essay Contest has been requested. It is hoped that the method chosen will reach a very large number of young people, and that
the full prize will stimulate a high sense of competition and wide interest.

The following rules seem to make a wide participation assured:

1. Any student in high school may submit an essay to his high school principal who will forward all essays to the State Chairman on the Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

2. The essay, not longer than 1,000 words, is to be original, filled with illustrative material, and interesting. Quality is desired above quantity.

3. The subject of the essay is:

"The Flag of the United States, Its Origin, Use and Tradition."

4. The prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay submitted will be sent directly to the winner by the National Chairman of the Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

5. The prize-winning essay will be printed in as many newspapers and publications as the National Chairman can arrange.

6. All essays must be in the hands of the State Chairman by March 1, 1938.

Rules for the Judges:

1. The State Chairman will select five or seven Chapter Chairmen to assist her in reading and selecting the best essay on the score of:

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<td>Originality</td>
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2. The State Chairman will forward the best essay to the National Chairman not later than March 15th.

3. The National Chairman with the aid of such readers as she finds it necessary to appoint will make the final selection and award on or about April 1st.

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About This PAR (Par)

The 1937 Pilgrims, 48 of them, were gathering for a last bedtime meeting in the sitting room of their headquarters. They had just returned from the opening session of the DAR Continental Congress; they were happy and grateful, thrilled to their fingertips and ready to burst with the weight of their emotions.

Some were in lounging coats over pajamas; some were in soft robes and slippers, some were in their lovely formals, with corsages of gardenias still pinned to left shoulders.

For the past two days the idea had been gaining ground that the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage had a meaning back of it. And ever so carefully was dropped here and there among them the suggestion that if they really wanted to, a way to make it count "for keeps" could be found.

So they came trooping down the hall, telling each other over and over again how wonderful an experience the evening had been. And one said, "Well we just must do something about it." And another said, "We ought to be an auxiliary of the DAR and help them all over the country." And two or three in one breath said, "Let's have a club, and always keep in touch with each other and with the DAR." So it was decided, then and there.

In an informal meeting, four of the girls were nominated for president. Those four left the room and the election which followed named Jane Grise of Minnesota as president. The same procedure made Bernice Tramontini of California their secretary. Committees were appointed by the new president to choose a name for the club and to suggest its outline. The girls ran back and forth to each other's rooms, as busy as girls can be; and early in the morning they were up to committee meetings before breakfast.

PAR (Pilgrims of the American Revolution) was chosen as the name, because they were eager to identify themselves with our Society as closely as possible; each girl was authorized to head up her State group of good citizens—those girls who had been candidates for the Pilgrimage with her—and they pledged themselves ready to help the DAR in their own communities.

Then they went home; and the story of the new club was told to Continental Congress in the report of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Committee. In May each State
chairman of the Pilgrimage was asked to find ways to use the PAR idea. California immediately formed the first State PAR, and entertained the girls at the State Capital. Minneapolis organized the first city PAR and elected the previous year's Pilgrim as president. A few other groups have been brought together. The girls who formed the PAR have prepared a simple constitution, and the National Society DAR has secured a pin which all the PAR club members may wear. It is gold plated on bronze and is sold for fifty cents by J. E. Caldwell and Company, Philadelphia.

What will become of this PAR depends upon the DAR of course. An Illinois girl said when they were organizing, "Well, it's no fun to belong to anything unless we work in it." Each State has its own opportunities to invite cooperation and help from this group.

A careful reading of our Society's pamphlet, "What the Daughters Do" (compiled by Mrs. Magna and distributed free from the office of the Corresponding Secretary General in Memorial Continental Hall) will supply many practical suggestions for putting the girls to work. And these PAR members can help in DAR programs, write for the local papers, go back to their high schools to promote the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage. Let them be leaders of the Junior American Citizens. Let them sponsor some philanthropy of a general, public nature, taking care to keep them free from any restrictions of race or creed. Let them serve in the Infant Welfare stations; in the Community Drives; in the Associated Charities; in the Red Cross; as leaders in "4-H" activities; as our assistants in the Americanization Courts. Give them a place in DAR meetings to tell about it. Above all, let them be their own executives in these matters; and let our Society be counselor and teacher to them.

Some States are too large to permit the girls meeting together, but local clubs can be formed. With a DAR State chairman to set up the objectives and collect results, the whole State PAR can work toward the success of whatever they undertake, each little group contributing its share. They will welcome lessons in parliamentary procedure; they would be glad to learn of our Society's history and its activities. In time, we can draw many of them into our own membership; and those who are not eligible will be our understanding friends. Here we have a perfectly beautiful new thing at our fingertips; do let's take it firmly in our hands.

The PAR is our very own child; shall we make sure that she develops our own ideals of unselfish citizenship?

MRS. RAYMOND G. KIMBELL,
National Chairman, D. A. R.
Good Citizen Pilgrimage.

Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

As time draws near for the state reports to be received, it is the sincere hope of this National Chairman that a résumé of the work your chapter has accomplished will be sent promptly to your State Chairman, so that she in turn may send me her full report by March 10th. Last year some states did not receive all the credit due them, because chapters did not report early. Is this fair to your state? Remember all the splendid prizes that have been offered; $146.00 will be given to different states and chapters for the work they have accomplished.

Plans are progressing for our Committee Breakfast to be held during Continental Congress. If you have never attended this event, do not miss it this year, for we are certain that you will enjoy it and go away enthusiastic and better acquainted with the work of the Junior American Citizens. Our slogan is "Let every state be represented." Will you not see that yours is? All details in the April issue of the Magazine.

It is interesting that Ohio is stressing the Junior American Citizens clubs as a means
toward crime prevention among the youth of their state. Surely our clubs are a means to that end, for I have heard of many instances where incorrigible youths were being taught better citizenship in our clubs and the results have been noteworthy.

The Mississippi State Chairman for Junior Membership is making the Junior American Citizens club work the major project for their young D. A. R. members. These younger women are a firm foundation for our Organization, and we must interest them in some vital committee work and what could be better than giving patriotic education to our own C. A. R. and J. A. C. Prizes are to be given the three organized D. A. R. Junior Groups that have organized and sponsored the largest number of J. A. C. clubs the past year.

In Michigan an essay contest is now in progress among our school clubs, the subject of the essay being "What J. A. C. Clubs Can Do To Help In Safety." The prize is a sterling silver loving cup to be placed in the school from which the winning essay was submitted. This cup will remain in that school for one year, or until it is won by another club, as this is to be a yearly event.

While talking with the Chairman of the Junior American Citizens of Louisa St. Clair Chapter, she said, "Judging from the growing interest being shown by the Detroit Public Schools in our clubs, it would seem that we are well on the way to achieve our greatest ambition—a J. A. C. club in every school." These clubs are being organized as a regular part of the school auditorium work. One principal said, "This is the most worthwhile thing being done in the Auditorium." Another, "It is high time something was done to combat the pernicious propaganda that is being spread among the school children." Yet another, "With all the subversive movements of today, it is splendid to have something that is truly American."

It is with pleasure that your Chairman has heard of club work being started in Wisconsin and West Virginia. Let us march on.

Beatrice T. L. Wisner,
National Chairman.

Report of National Chairman of Membership Committee

IN CLOSING the work of National Chairman of Membership Committee, my sincere thanks are extended to those who have shown a splendid spirit of cooperation and have demonstrated it by their works.

It is obvious that the advancement of our Society depends primarily upon our continued growth in membership. The National Society has placed upon this Committee the responsibility of securing new members, and the reinstating of resigned or dropped members. The latter is perhaps the most important part of our task and is the most neglected. In your reports to your State Registrar be sure to make reinstatements an important point.

It is also true that proof of descent and the proof of service from a Revolutionary ancestor become more difficult with the passing years. Those who have knowledge of their family history are passing away, family and public records are becoming lost or destroyed, and the swift moving events of present day affairs tend to force these interests into the background.

Realizing the importance of making these records safe for posterity we have stressed this part of our work throughout our term of office.

With this in mind we have endeavored to give every possible assistance to those seeking proof of eligibility to membership and at the same time safeguarding the traditional secrecy of the records intrusted to us.

This has been brought about largely by the adoption of the Consent Plan whereby information is given through correspondence to those desiring specific data from papers on file. To date the following States have responded 100 per cent—that is, every Chapter in the State has given this permission: Nevada, Colorado, New Hampshire, New Mexico, China, Panama Canal, Germany, Puerto Rico; 33 out of the 47 Chapters in Nebraska, 68 of the 76 Chapters in New Jersey, 6 of the 85 in Missouri; 39 of the 59 in Michigan, 27 of the 38 in Maine, 1 of the 28 in Arkansas, 44 of the 60 in D. C., 21 of the 28 in Oregon, are among others whose lists are
on file. It is hoped that every Chapter will be included in our yearly report to Congress.

That there is a revival of interest in genealogy is evidenced by the overwhelming demands for research through our Genealogical Extension Service.

Owing to the limited time possible for our reports at Congress it will be impossible for us to include the individual accomplishments reported by this Committee. The results of your efforts will be shown in your membership gain; in your reinstatements; in the spirit of cooperation with the S. A. R., the C. A. R., and the Junior Groups; and in your enthusiasm along genealogical lines.

We have had unfailing cooperation and support from our President General and other members of the National Board. Our associations with the Editors of our MAGAZINE have been most inspiring and helpful. We urge subscriptions to the MAGAZINE, as it is only through this publication that one can be kept informed in the many D. A. R. activities.

We call your attention to the meeting of the National Membership Committee on Monday, at 3 p. m., April 18, in the National Officers Club Room in the Administration Building, adjoining the office of the President General. This meeting will be in conjunction with the Genealogical Records Committee under Dr. Jean Stephenson at 1:30 p. m., and the Genealogical Extension Service during the same afternoon.

LUE R. SPENCER,
National Chairman.

The D. A. R. Presents Two American Flags to Ellis Island

At the United States Marine Hospital on Ellis Island, which is composed of a group of buildings connected by enclosed corridors, the D. A. R. maintains an Occupational Therapy Department. Since the establishment of the Department the Social Service and the Red Cross Auxiliary have consistently been our closest allies and have assisted us in many ways in carrying out our program. Very recently a splendid new Social Hall has been erected to house the activities of these two groups. The D. A. R., wishing to show appreciation for so much fine cooperation, has given two beautiful American flags for this new Social Hall.

On the occasion of the formal presentation of the flags about thirty members of the D. A. R. were present; also the medical staff, the Social Service staff, the Red Cross Auxiliary, several of the ambulatory patients and the three D. A. R. workers on the Island.

Mrs. Smith Howard Stebbins, National Chairman of the Ellis Island Committee, introduced the speakers. Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, in her address quoted the famous line “Ships that pass in the night.” She compared these ships with the innumerable people who pass us by in the course of our lives. Each one receives some little influence from us, either good or bad. In the various D. A. R. projects there is a fine opportunity to extend some influence that is good, particularly in the Occupational Therapy work at Ellis Island, which benefits so many patients. Mrs. Becker presented the flags to the Hospital. Dr. Guthrie, Chief Medical Officer of Ellis Island, accepted the flags and expressed his appreciation of the services rendered by the D. A. R.

Dr. Reichard, the Chief of the Neurological Division, spoke on the value of Occupational Therapy. He pointed out its principal uses, which are for:

1. The patient who needs actual prescribed definite exercise to recover the function of some temporarily disabled part.
2. The mental patient who needs to readjust himself to working with other people, to learn to concentrate and to coordinate again.
3. The chronic patient whose long period of hospitalization is made easier by some suitable occupation.

He closed by saying that he could not imagine getting along in a hospital of this type without an Occupational Therapy Department.

The ceremonies were concluded by the singing of “The Star-Spangled Banner,” followed by benediction by Major Johnson, Chairman of the Committee for Immigrant Aid at Ellis Island, after which the Red Cross Auxiliary served tea.
Surely all those who were present at these simple exercises could not go away without feeling that the D. A. R. is behind a worthy project on Ellis Island.

Mrs. Smith H. Stebbins, Chairman.

D.A.R. Student Loan Fund

D. A. R. Student Loan renders the same very definite service in this Pacific Coast Division that it does in other Divisions—helping worthy boys and girls to complete their education, thereby enabling them to continue in their chosen field of work. And what could be finer than such a service as this!

We do not render this service perhaps—here on the Pacific Coast—on quite such a large scale as do those Divisions farther east, because of our much smaller membership.

To revert to figures—the entire membership of the twelve states in the Division does not equal that of some single states in other Divisions—but the enthusiasm shown and the devoted service to the work compares well.

Student Loan, we know, is a splendid contribution to citizenship.

To quote one State Chairman—"The Student Loan work is one of the finest things the Society is doing. It is assisting worthy young women to receive a higher education and become self-supporting. With this higher education they will become better citizens, better wives, better mothers, and better fitted to meet the problems that confront them today."

And we may say also that Student Loan is serving a double purpose—it is not only aiding young boys and girls in a very definite way, but it is also proving to be a source of education to those who have the administration of funds.

In one other report that has come to me the Chairman remarks, "Those receiving loans in recent years have made repayments more promptly than the first ones aided."

I think that is a very significant, and a very encouraging remark. For it means that greater wisdom is being used in the administration of funds; it means that the boy or girl receiving the loan is more keenly alive to the obligation he or she has assumed; and it means that D. A. R. Student Loan is fulfilling its purpose.

Ethel May Handy, Vice-Chairman.

Report of the National Defense Through Patriotic Education Committee

Information regarding programs for the celebration of the Sesquicentennial is particularly desirable as selected information will appear in the complimentary edition of the Bulletin to be issued by the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission at the time of the D. A. R. Congress.

Attention of D. A. R. members has been called to the drastic cut planned for the Citizens' Military Training Camps in the War Department Appropriation Bill now before the House Subcommittee on Military Appropriations. The recommendation of the Secretary of War was noted in the January National Defense News. This was for an increase from 30,000 to 50,000 in the number of young men to whom this military training is made available. The Bureau of the Budget has cut the sum for this particular item from the $2,275,000 asked for to $1,000,000 for training 14,250 men instead of the 30,000 of the past year, or the 50,000 recommended for this year. If the item is not restored in committee, D. A. R. members are urged to support an amendment that will be offered on the floor of the House. This each may do by writing her own Congressman, calling his attention to this need, and expressing the earnest hope that this blow to civilian military education may be averted.

Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Chairman.
Mrs. Frank L. Harris of Racine, Wisconsin, Chairman of the Committee for the 1938 Junior Assembly, has announced partial plans for the Assembly, which will be held on Tuesday, April 19, 1938, at 3 P. M. in Memorial Continental Hall. Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, Mrs. William H. Pouch, Director of Junior Membership, and other National Officers will bring greetings. Members of the National Committee for Junior Membership, the Junior Assembly Committee, and chairmen of special projects will give short reports. There will be time on the program for discussion of Junior problems. During the Congress, there will be in the Lounge a sale of articles made by Junior Groups. There will be a Registration Desk on Monday and Tuesday to register all Juniors attending the Congress. The members of the Junior Assembly Committee will hold a supper meeting at the Mayflower Hotel on April 17, to formulate the final plans.

Natick, Massachusetts

The Natick Chapter, D. A. R. Junior Group was formed in January, 1937. We have six active members and four prospective members.

Last winter, we collected about fifty books for the Library of the Sailors' Haven, Charlestown. In February, we contributed $2.50 for a candle at the Festival of Lights held in Boston for Hillside School. This money was used to pipe water from the main highway to the school. In May, we held a reception for the new and old officers of the Natick Chapter. Mrs. Nason, State Regent, was our guest.

During the summer, four members met and made ten scrapbooks for a Health Home located in Natick. These were of pictures for the children to color themselves.

We also donated $2.00 to Hillside for a blanket. This fall at one meeting, we folded 800 surgical dressings for the Natick Hospital.

We have adopted an eleven-year-old Crossnore girl. At the meeting to which we brought her gifts, Mrs. Edward Howes gave us a very interesting talk about her visit to Crossnore. It really made us feel more anxious to do all we can for them. We brought many things for the Rag Shakin, too.

At the regular November meeting, we Juniors sold homemade candies and later in the month held a card party. These two affairs were to assist us in raising the necessary funds for our February meeting. For this meeting, we have engaged a speaker on the Constitution. We will entertain the entire chapter and expect, as special guests, the members of the South Natick Historical Society.

We are planning an historical map of Natick. One of our members is an artist and she will make illustrations showing the location of such places as the Indian Burying Ground, the tree under which John Elliot preached to the Indians, the first churches, public buildings, memorial markers for all veterans at various places in the town.

In January, we expect most of our group to attend the Massachusetts Junior Assembly to be held in Boston.

Sylvia D. Brown,
Chairman.
Mary Clap Wooster Juniors

THE Junior Group of Mary Clap Wooster Chapter in New Haven, Connecticut, has been very busy this fall. In fact, we began in the summer with each girl earning money in her own way for our Becker Girl fund. A prize was given for the largest amount raised and another for the most original way of earning it.

We have a Junior Handbook which gives the names of officers, program for the year and lists the members with their addresses and telephone numbers.

In October, we sponsored a Magic Show for children. It was given on a Saturday morning in a High School and the proceeds were turned over to our Chapter Ways and Means. At the Chapter Fair in November, we had charge of the candy table and raised $43.28. During the same month, we collected 137 pounds of clothing which we sent to some of the approved schools, namely Maryville, Crossnore, Lincoln Memorial, and Blue Hills. In December, we raised money for the tablet for Mrs. Magna, and for Christmas gifts for our Becker Girl. Twenty-five dollars was sent to Maryville for the Student Loan Rotating Fund. At our chapter meeting in honor of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., National Treasurer General, the Juniors served tea and refreshments, the Junior Chairman and Vice-Chairman presiding at the tea table.

On January 10, we invited all the Juniors in Connecticut to an informal meeting at which our President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, was guest of honor. The meeting was held in the evening at the home of one of our Junior members. The following were in the receiving line which preceded the meeting: Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, Mrs. George Maynard Minor, Hon. Pres. Gen., Mrs. John Laidlaw Buel, Hon. Vice-Pres. Gen., Miss Katherine Nettleton, Past Treasurer General, Miss Emeline Street, Vice President General, Miss Katharine Matthies, National Chairman—Approved Schools, Mrs. Frederick P. Lattimer, State Regent, Miss Mary C. Welde, State Vice Regent, Mrs. G. Harold Welch, State Chairman of Junior Membership; Mrs. James F. Hunter, Chapter Regent; Mrs. Frederick A. White, former Chapter Regent and founder of our Junior Group; Mrs. Frank H. Blakeslee, first Junior Chairman of the Group, and Mrs. Latham B. Lambert, present Chairman. Among the groups represented were officers and committee chairman of the Evening Group of Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, and representatives from Ruth Hart Chapter in Meriden, Freelove Baldwin Stowe Chapter in Milford, Mary Silliman in Bridgeport, and Mary Wooster Chapter in Danbury. Mrs. Becker gave a very interesting talk and the meeting was followed by a social hour and refreshments which included ice cream molds with Jr. D. A. R. written on them. The color scheme was red, white and blue.

Also in January, collections are to be made for Ellis Island, and our Conservation Chairman is staging a special drive for magazines for the hospitals. We have already collected a great many. “Get-together meetings” are being held to work on articles to be sold for the Junior Assembly during the week of Congress.

Our business meetings are held regularly on the last Tuesday of the month and are followed by a speaker and social time. Some of the speakers on this year’s program have been: Miss Lillis Knappenberger, Director of the Nursery School of Connecticut State College; The Hon. John Richards Booth who spoke on Connecticut Courts; Mrs. Frederick P. Lattimer, State Regent; Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, N. S. D. A. R.; and Prof. Adolph B. Benson of Yale University who spoke on “Sweden’s part in the American Revolution.”

We have a membership of 62 and are an active and enthusiastic group.

HELEN B. LAMBERT, Chairman.

Reading Antiques Show Sponsored by Regents Aid Committee (Junior Group), Berks County Chapter, D. A. R.

HOW to earn money to expand charitable work was the question responsible for the first Antiques Show held by our group. An “over the teacups” discussion
in early fall of 1934 revealed that in York, Pennsylvania, there was being held an Antiques Show by reputable antiques dealers, visitors to the show declaring it was both educational and beautiful. Flash! The answer to our problem!!

A manager was secured who agreed to manage our show and share equally with us, profits or losses. Expenses involved were advertising, rent, printing, postage, etc. Sources of income were sub-rental of space to dealers and sale of 25¢ admission tickets. The manager secured dealers and placed advertisements in proper antiques magazines, while we attended to printing and mailing of announcements, local publicity, and sale of tickets. We were to have no part in selling antiques—that was the dealers' privilege. RESULTS—EXTREMELY GRATIFYING, PARTICULARLY FINANCIALLY with $450.00 added to the treasury.

The Reading Antiques Show under our sponsorship is an annual event and the happiest part of all is that we were able to "adopt" a boy at Crossnore, can contribute to many demands for aid from local and national sources, and have established funds in our Junior High Schools for purchasing of clothing for needy children.

Other money-making projects are several card parties each year, and on one occasion a "Country Fair" which while amusing and profitable was real work.

ANNA B. SANDT.
DURING the four and a half years that I was abroad with my mother and two sisters, I tried every sort of transportation. I believe that my cycling trip was the most interesting. We started from Brussels and wound through France until we reached Geneva. It was from then on that we had some very interesting experiences.

We had left beautiful Geneva and Lake Leman behind us and were again venturing into France. The roads were nice and the hills were low. The climate could have been warmer but we didn’t complain as we cycled towards Spain, our destination. Our first night out from Geneva was spent in one of these tiny French villages with one hotel or rather inn. So the next day we started out toward one of France’s well-known cities, Grenoble. Soon we became a bit worried. The hills were no longer around us, they were all replaced by mountains! We ate lunch at a cafe and coasted all the way into Grenoble. One of Europe’s best coasts! We didn’t even stop, as we were one of those groups of people who find a good place on the map and head for it without knowing what sort of a road lies between us. So we cheerily cycled out of Grenoble when I suddenly remarked to mother, “Where are we going to go?” This was a bit puzzling to mother until she looked around and saw that the mountains in front of us formed a perfect wall across the horizon! But we cycled on until the hill was in front of us, so we walked up it. Then the hill was no longer a hill and we were pushing our bikes around curves. Snow began to appear on the trees, then on the ground. And last the road got more slippery until sunset found us pushing our bikes over ice almost a foot deep! Each bicycle had two suitcases and a bag on the carrier, not to mention odds and ends hung about on them, such as an umbrella case! This latter object was put on my bicycle and may I mention that it was not my idea that we take two umbrellas with us!

Night fell. Lights appeared scattered about in the slopes of the mountains. And a deep cold set in. Eleanor slipped and
fell but was righted again. We met no cars at all either in our direction or the other. Then mother fell with her heavy bicycle on top of her. Suddenly around the curve in front of us came the golden lights of a car! Did we get mother up and off the road in a hurry! No bones broken but knees skinned, so we plod on in the dark and ice. We were then approached by something we had never given thought to. A tunnel! Here we were up in the mountains at night with no houses in sight except for the twinkling lights in the hills and here was a black mouth open in front of us. Well, we divided the flashlights so that I who was on the end had two tied to my suitcases, not to mention the red tail-light, and mother who was first also had several lights. Thus “armed” we advanced in the yawning black mouth and found ourselves in a tunnel that was not only long and black but a tunnel that slanted. We soon noticed this when the bicycles started going forward without our pushing. And before we knew it we were sort of skiing along with them. For the floor of the tunnel was slippery as a ballroom floor. This was caused by the water which dripped from the roof of the tunnel. Then we were out but could hardly tell the difference, it was so dark. Suddenly far below us we saw dozens of yellow lights. We were high up on a mountain top. And you know what that meant. We had to walk our bikes all the way down the slippery hill, applying the handbrakes all the time to keep our bikes from running away from us! At last, about eleven, we appeared at the doors of a hotel like four lost sheep. Tired and footsore but content with the feeling that we had reached our destination and even the mountains couldn’t stop us.

Yes. We did reach the Spanish border about a week later but left our bikes because the distances in Spain were too long. Thus ended another of our interesting adventures abroad.

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Rowboating the Danube

GRAHAM T. SMALLWOOD

Gov. Thomas Welles Society, Washington, D. C.

BACK from a four and a half year tour of Europe there is nothing as nice as to sit back and recount one of my glorious adventures. With my mother and two sisters I travelled over twenty-seven countries seeing all and trying everything.

One of our most daring and interesting trips was our boat trip down the Danube. Our boat was not a yacht or sailboat; in fact, it wasn’t even as large as a lifeboat. No motor or even a little paddlewheel! Just plain rowboat with two oars and a scoop! It was an extremely long, narrow boat with a square back and pointed prow. The waterline came six inches below the boat’s edge! And it was in that kind of a boat the five of us with five rucksacks drifted from Linz on the upper Danube to Vienna, Austria’s capital. The fifth member of the tour was a young Austrian whom we took because he said he knew how to run a boat. But later on we discovered that he knew about as much as we did.

We sailed from Linz, where the water is cold, swift and not blue! It was partly on account of the swift current that we chose the boat as our method of transportation. We needed only to sit and look at the scenery while the current took us to our destination. Of course there was always
a little steering to be done. So we passed green-sloped hills that swept down to the water's edge. Everything peaceful and quiet. Then we noticed the hills grew higher and the river narrower and of course the current grew swifter.

We spent the first night at Grein, home of the Danube's famous whirlpools. That night we dreamt of whirlpools and the next day's trip! It may be interesting to note that the tiny old theatre in Grein was used as scenery in the play “Blossom Time.” In fact, Hollywood cameramen had to come to Grein because the city wouldn't let them remove any pieces of it to Hollywood. Then came the day of whirlpools! Everyone had warned us of the signals which would tell us if we could round the curve. Only one boat is allowed to make the curve at a time. In other words, if a boat were coming in the other direction we would have to wait until it had passed us before we could go through. We had to laugh at that because if a dozen boats were coming in the opposite direction, nothing could stop us in that current. Suddenly one of us discovered the signal. It looked just like a train signal with red and green arms, but we couldn't tell whether we were to wait or not! The wrong thing was the fact we didn't know which side of the river to keep on as everyone we had met in Grein disagreed on that question. So we just drifted along and before we knew it we were in the middle of everything. You can imagine how we felt with the water twirling around in little circles all about us! The only thing to do was to take in the oars and sit still. Eleanor, my youngest sister, was sitting in the seat of honor up on the prow, where our little American flag waved proudly along the Danube. Suddenly we heard a cry from that end of the boat and, lo, it was so choppy that the water had splashed over the prow and Eleanor had felt the results! But with all the adventure and worry, we were soon in the smooth, swift-flowing Danube again.

Among other interesting things was the case of the lost oar. This caused us to be left high and dry on the rocks and meant an unexpected landing on a small island and pulling the boat back over to the Danube. There are lots of little pebbled streams that branch off and it's very easy to get caught in one of them. Our Austrian friend amazed us all one day by going in swimming! It was so cold that when we put our feet in they came out stiff with cold! Two nights were spent in beautiful historic Durnstein, where on a lonely hilltop Richard the Lion Hearted was imprisoned in a large castle. Today there are only a few ruins left, but we climbed up to them, and what a view we got! There beneath us was the grey-brown Danube winding around in the valley like a long snake creeping and slithering toward Vienna.

Many an afternoon was spent scooping water out of the boat! But perhaps the most interesting afternoon was when it began to get dark and large raindrops began to pelt the old Danube. Then we felt it! There was nothing to cover us! Then, just ahead of us on the shore, we saw a beautiful Maypole all done up in the Austrian style and about forty feet high. We hurriedly made for the place but found that the only place to land was in the log-filled harbor! So we pulled the boat up on the logs which were bound together and started walking across them to the shore. Well, it was loads of fun, what with every other log rolling when you stepped on it! But we reached shore without an accident and had coffee in the tiny cafe there. Later it cleared up and we continued on our way to Vienna.

Then one afternoon about four-thirty, just as the sun was deciding to set, we turned a curve and there in the far-distant glow were the shining church towers of Vienna, golden in the sunset. Thus came to an end our several hundred kilometer trip on Austria's beautiful blue Danube.
THE editor of this magazine usually subscribes wholeheartedly to the wise and ancient maxim: "Never explain; your friends don't need it and your enemies don't believe you anyway." But there are exceptions to every rule, and she feels that this department should begin with a word of explanation and an apology to Anna Church Colley because her two lovely poems, "The Willow Tree" and "Hearts-ease" were not listed on the Table of Contents in the February issue.

The editor had been charmed with these from the moment they were dropped on her desk; but at that moment she saw no way of scheduling them immediately. Then through one of those last-minute changes in makeup which are a mystery to subscribers, a necessity to printers, and alternately a bane and a blessing to editors, half a page was unexpectedly left free in the section assigned to Committee Reports. The unexpected chance had come to use Mrs. Colley's poems promptly! But there was no chance—so the printer told the editor firmly—to change the Table of Contents, which was already "set." (And oh, how irrevocably complete such pages are, once this process has begun! The grimmest old maid who ever lived was never half so "set" in her ways!)

So there was nothing to do but to let the poems appear unheralded. And though I really don't think they required much heralding—"Good wine needs no bush!"—still we want to make up for the omission this month by explaining the circumstances to you.

Along with this information we are very proud to present another poem by Mrs. Colley, entitled "Robin Redbreast." It gives us a different slant on the work of the great ornithologist, John James Audubon, than that revealed in Catherine Cate Coblentz' beautiful sonnet, that appears with it. (Which all goes to prove again that two schools of thought, though totally different, may be equally good and equally beautiful!)
These poems about Audubon will give added significance to the references about him contained in Evelyn Dixon Dillard’s glamorous article, “Natchez-Over-the-Hill,” and to the reviews of “Singing in the Wilderness” by Donald Culross Peattie and “Audubon” by Constance Rourke which Christine Sadler has done in the Book Reviews Department.

We seem to be rather specializing in old proverbs at the moment, though this was not premeditated; so let us mention another one in passing, and give it a modern application: We all know that “there’s many a slip twixt the cup and the lip,” and we are occasionally forced to recognize that once in a while there are unavoidable slips in our postal system! An arresting example of this was recently brought to your editor’s attention by Mrs. Boone G. Harding of Oregon.

“My dear Mrs. Keyes,”—she wrote me:

“The enclosed clipping will explain why my letter of January 9th failed to reach you. The letter or fragment of it was returned to my husband’s office. In some way a reporter heard of it and wanted to see it. He was very much interested, said he had heard you speak in the Canal Zone, I believe. The account is entirely his as I knew nothing about it until later. Would you care to have the letter? I would be glad to send it to you.”

The clipping reads:

“The charred remains of a letter that went down with a transport plane near Bozeman, Montana,
“FORSYTHIA,” IN FRANKLIN, THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. WILLIAM H. SCHLOSSER, STATE REGENT OF INDIANA

recently were returned in a government envelope today to Mrs. B. G. Harding, state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

“It was a business airmail letter sent by Mrs. Harding to Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, editor of the D. A. R.’s National Historical Magazine, famed author and lecturer and wife of Henry W. Keyes, U. S. senator from New Hampshire.

“The letter was burned almost entirely when the plane crashed, taking the lives of all aboard. Left intact, however, was Mrs. Harding’s return address in the upper left corner.

“Postal authorities placed the remains in a government envelope and returned them to Mrs. Harding. Pasted across the charred envelope was this printed notation: ‘Delayed and damaged in wreck of airmail plane, A.M., 3-2, en route Seattle to Chicago near Bozeman, Mont., January 10, 1938.’”

Fortunately, most of your editor’s mail is not subjected to such vicissitudes; and not only her letters but her Christmas cards have given her untold pleasure lately. Possibly this comment may seem a little tardy, but actually it is up to the minute! She follows the old southern custom of standing them up as they come in on mantels, bookcases, and other high flat surfaces; and then she greatly admires the enhanced effect of festivity which they give to the holiday decorations. But it is when she finally takes them down, and settling herself comfortably in an easy chair at the end of a hard day, looks at them lingeringly one by one, that her joy in them becomes personal and individual instead of general. It is thus that she has spent the latter part of the last two evenings. And from the collection which means so much to her she has chosen a few samples to share with you as illustrations of this department. She knows they will mean a great deal to you also, since they give such delightful glimpses of the homes of some of our officers.

Early last summer, a certain writer had occasion to talk one day about her plans and projects with a great lady whose understanding she has found unfailing and whose judgment exceptionally sound. In the course of this conversation the subject of our Society came up and the great lady said, “It seems to me that one of the most valuable contributions which the Daughters of the American Revolution are making to our national life centers around their untiring work in the marking and preservation of historic sites.” The writer, having a retentive mind, tucked this statement away in a far—but safe—corner of it; and this fall, after she became your editor, she asked the great lady if she would not put down on paper what she had said that summer day. The great lady is probably the busiest person in the whole world, but she always seems to find time to do one thing more, especially when it is a question of cooperating with a friend. (An instance of similar cooperation is exemplified in the episode described by Genevieve Forbes Herrick in the article “Women in the News” appearing in the current number of “The Country Gentleman”—which, incidentally, gives Mrs. Vandenberg and us a very fine puff also!) So a day or two ago one of the great lady’s characteristic brief little notes dropped down on our desk; and as an inclosure was the editorial for which we had asked! Look for “Preservation for Posterity” by Eleanor Roosevelt on page 51.

Another letter which has been a source of great pride and pleasure to your editor brings the mail of the moment to a thrilling climax. April is a month full of significant celebrations. The greatest of these, of
course, is Easter, which is observed with faith and thanksgiving all over the world. Second to this, in the United States, comes the celebration commemorative of the Battle of Lexington—an anniversary symbolizing the spirit of liberty, which, in all reverence, we place close after the anniversary which symbolizes the spirit of immortality. There is another anniversary of the same character that is celebrated on this hemisphere in April and that is called Pan American Day. Remembering the similarity of the ideals and the closeness of the ties which bind us to our sister republics, American no less than we are, the editor had planned to give some special notice of this in our April issue. And tidings of her plan having come to the alert ears of the able and accomplished Under Secretary of State, Mr. Sumner Welles, he was good enough to write to her as follows:

THE UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON

February 11, 1938.

My Dear Mrs. Keyes:

I have learned with particular pleasure and with very real gratification that the National Historical Magazine of the Daughters of the American Revolution is going to publish in its April issue a feature article and some pictures of particular significance in connection with Pan American Day.

I feel very definitely that during recent years the peoples of all the American Republics have begun to obtain a new and better understanding one of the other and that this sort of understanding paves the way for the best kind of inter-American friendship. In furtherance of that ideal it is of course most helpful for a magazine which reaches so influential a portion of the American public as does the National Historical Magazine of the Daughters of the American Revolution to publish articles which give our people in this country a better and more friendly understanding of our neighbors. Please let me send you my congratulations upon this new policy which has been initiated and which I hope may continue.

Believe me
Yours very sincerely,
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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<td>Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
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6017 Enright Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
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Total number of Societies 497

Latest National Number 43,718

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The NOVEMBER ISSUE
of the magazine is completely exhausted.

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There are only fifty copies of this issue left.

The JANUARY ISSUE
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