Visitors from the Seven Seas instinctively turn to The Mayflower, Washington’s Modern Hotel . . . this is the meeting place and social axis of America’s Pulsating Capital City . . . your stay is incomplete without enjoyment of the unrivaled cuisine of the Presidential Dining Room . . . and there’s Dancing with Cocktails every week day in the Mayflower Lounge.

Rates No Higher Than at Less Finely Appointed Hotels
SINGLE ROOMS FROM $4 • DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $6

R. L. POLLIO, MANAGER

THE MAYFLOWER
CONNECTICUT AVENUE AT L STREET
Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.
"A Store Worthy of the Nation's Capital"

"We Aim to Please You"—
with Woodward & Lothrop
Quality Dry Cleaning

There is great satisfaction in knowing that your clothes and homefurnishings have been thoroughly and satisfactorily cleaned by superior processes, with meticulous attention devoted to every detail. Your garments are returned to you cleaned and odorless. And remember, all dry cleaning is done in our own plant by experienced technicians—to Woodward & Lothrop quality standards.

A woman is particularly pleased to find that:

- Her garments are thoroughly spotted to remove stains in so far as possible, without damaging material.
- Buttons, buckles and metal trimmings are removed before cleaning, if possible, that otherwise might be broken or damaged.
- Every effort is made to comply with original measurements, after the cleaning process.
- Necessary minor repairs are made, such as sewing ripped seams and tacking loose snaps.
- Garments are hand-pressed on wrong side to prevent shine.

Dry Cleaning Receiving Desk, 1st Floor
The Personal Record Shield
Adopted by the National Society
Daughters of the American Revolution

A plaque on which is inscribed a permanent record of the member, for the library, hall, stair landing or other suitable locations in the home.

The shield is of antique oak (16 x 12 inches), supporting a smaller shield of brass (10 x 7½ inches), enameled in white and blue. At the base are two ribbons, in gilt, for the introduction of the name of the member, national number and name of chapter, and a small shield for engraving ancestors’ names, all marking being included in the price of $11.00, plus insurance and postage.

J. E. Caldwell & Co.
Chestnut and Juniper Streets

Official Jewelers and Stationers N. S. D. A. R.
Makers of finest Memorial Tablets
## Contents

**Cover design:** Where the Santa Fe Trail ended and the Chihuahua Trail began. From an old print.

### EDITORIALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>If I Could Talk to You</td>
<td>Sarah Corbin Robert</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor's Office—Mrs. Keyes Speaking</td>
<td>Frances Parkinson Keyes</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### FEATURE ARTICLES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>On the Old Chihuahua Trail</td>
<td>Ottamar Hamele</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Washington's Animals</td>
<td>Catherine Cate Coblents</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As It Might Have Been</td>
<td>Margaret Ervin Ford</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington's Marquee at Valley Forge</td>
<td>Florence DeGraff Jenkins</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington's Camp Cooking Chest</td>
<td>H. M. Hobson</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;In the Hands of Providence&quot;</td>
<td>Verna Eugenia Match</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your Capital City—and Mine!</td>
<td>Hazel Whitaker Vandenbeurgh</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit of the Hand-made, VIII. Tanning—A Pioneer Industry</td>
<td>&quot;Percy&quot; Turner</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Million Dollars</td>
<td>Elinor Emery Pollard</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### FICTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>City of Faith</td>
<td>Margaret Curtis McKay</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last Visit</td>
<td>Clarence Huffman</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### VERSE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Unison</td>
<td>Margaret E. Bruner</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>Clarence Edwin Flynn</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Painter</td>
<td>Clarence Edwin Flynn</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream-Bound</td>
<td>Anne Robinson</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlesgifte on the Patuxent</td>
<td>Beasie Schenck Ranten</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Genealogical</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Reviews</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News Items</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Committee Reports</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior Membership</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of the American Revolution</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### OFFICIAL LISTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Membership of N. S. D. A. R.</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Board of Management</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Approved Schools</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Committee Chairmen</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Board of Management, C. A. R.</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

*Issued Monthly by*

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Publication Office: MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, Washington, D. C.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Editor

Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Single Copy, 25 Cents. Yearly Subscription, $2.00, or Two Years for $3.00

Copyright, 1938, by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution

Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879
The new year begins as I write. The Holiday Season has been wonderful. From every section of the country and from far beyond the seas have come expressions of good will and cooperation. Little scenes from many states have brought us closer together. A mission from Arizona, another from Kansas, Mississippi's new state D.A.R. mansion "Rosalie," a queer Mexican house from New Mexico, tall pines from New England and redwoods from California, ships from Panama "the cross roads of the world." And with them all has come appreciation of Herman, your Christmas child. One Regent writes, "Thanks again for him, a personification of the true Christmas spirit." A beautiful card issued by the Washington Cathedral has these words: "God bless thy year! Thy coming in; thy going out; thy rest; thy travelling about; the rough, the smooth, the bright, the drear. God bless thy year!" One of our members from a distant state added on her card, "God bless thy work." With all the wishes, all the hopes, and with the determination to make them come true, let us start the year together.

If I Could

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. I say this is the leading principle, the sheet-anchor, of American republicanism."

—Abraham Lincoln, 1854.

The Society was asked to present to the Dies Committee of the House of Representatives for the Investigation of un-American Activities suggestions for promoting and safeguarding Americanism. The objects of the National Society definitely dedicate us to this purpose. As President General, therefore, I prepared a statement emphasizing, in addition to recommendations formerly approved by our Continental Congresses, the need of a simple, concise definition of Americanism; a primer of Americanism, suitable for children, with concrete reasons why life in this nation is more satisfying than elsewhere; the building of our educational defenses by a revival of Americanism through which our people may learn that under the liberties and the government guaranteed by the Constitution the world's highest standard of living has developed, that in America today our citizens receive greatest return for individual labor and effort, and that they already enjoy much of what others must yet strive for. Upon the foundation of practical advantages may be based an appreciation of the ideal. The greatest bulwark to be built against un-American activities today is that every citizen young and old be accurately acquainted with what Americanism means to him.

The response to these ideas, as reported in the press, was immediate. A business man in New York sent a recent book containing statistics of various phases of life in America as compared with other coun-
"Common policy, therefore, points clearly and strongly to the propriety of our enjoying all the advantages which nature and our local situation afford us."

— GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1784.

In midsummer, doubtless because of the approaching fiftieth anniversary, several requests for information upon the life and activities of our past Presidents General were received. Dr. Lida B. Earhart, a member of Captain Joseph Magruder Chapter of Washington, D.C., long a teacher of history, consented to prepare a paper upon the leaders of our Society. Upon discovery of the abundance of material, Dr. Earhart wrote a separate paper upon each of the past Presidents General. These are available for use by chapters, through the Filing and Lending Bureau. Dr. Earhart has now consented to prepare a paper upon the Founders of the National Society.

February brings two birthdays. The writings of Washington and Lincoln show that problems facing each involved decisions similar to those which the present imposes. They saw through the temporary issues to the underlying principles. Perhaps this is one reason why they live.

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT,
President General, N.S.D.A.R.
On a morning early in May, 1848, the steamship Liberty plied its paddles through the muddy waters of the Missouri River near its junction with the River Kansas. Two sharp blasts tore through the light river mist and were flung back in little staccato echoes from the wooded shores.

As the steamship swung around the bend the shuddering of the engines ceased. The ensuing calm produced a hush among the passengers. The decreasing revolutions of the paddles churned the brown water with a soft swishing sound.

On deck, pressed close to the rail, a boy of eight lifted dark, puzzled eyes to his sister, a young girl of seventeen.

"Anne, you told me," he said in a reproachful voice, "that the next stop we'd be there. But this can't be Westport!"

A stout negress behind him patted his shoulder. "Dis jes' de landin' place, Honey," she said reassuringly. "I done heard 'em say Wes'po'ht Landin'. De town mus' be behin' dem trees."

The young girl looked doubtfully at the long wharf, the weather-beaten wooden
buildings along the waterfront, and the straggling lines of frame dwellings stretching back to the woods. Neither spire nor chimney rose above those serried masses of new green. If there was more of the town than met the eye it must be subterranean.

A man of early middle age, rather foppishly dressed in tight-fitting trousers and coat, silk hat and spotless cravat, pushed his way through the passengers crowding the forward deck. Stretching out a long arm he tapped each of the three on the shoulder.

"Anne, Charles, Chloe—you are sure you've left nothing in the cabin?"

The cultured voice caused heads to turn as, indeed, they had turned throughout the voyage at every move he or his little family had made.

With no intention of snobbishness Louis Guillotte had remained aloof from his fellow voyagers and had become the object of much speculation.

It was rumored that, having lost his wife the year before in the epidemic at New Orleans—that terrible scourge of yellow fever which had swept away thousands of lives—he had sold all his property and was about to engage in the Santa Fe trade.

After much creaking of hawsers and hoarse bellowings of the captain, a ruddy, heavily bearded man with a terrific voice, the steamer was at last brought to lie alongside the wharf.

Early though it was, a considerable crowd of townspeople had gathered to welcome the boat—men in slouch hats, each with his wad of tobacco swelling one cheek; a few women with rugged, patient faces under little black shawls; other, younger women with bold eyes and hips; a number of urchins who darted about with shrill cries like demented seagulls.

Louis Guillotte herded his family, each with an armful of bundles, down the gangplank. Nervously gnawing the ends of his drooping black mustache he searched the waterfront with anxious eyes. On the wharf he turned to the two men, Philip Castellanos and Joseph Peters, who had accompanied him from New Orleans and who were to be his partners in the new trading venture.

"I'm afraid we are too late," he said.

Castellanos, who showed his Creole ancestry in a certain quicksilver fluidity of expression and movement, swore vehemently.

"I could kill that captain. He promised he'd get us here in time."

"Well," put in Joseph Peters, as Anglo-Saxon as his name, "he said he'd get us here in time if they didn't start before the 9th, which was when they started last year. Today is the 8th."

Louis Guillotte addressed a bystander, a huge man with a walrus mustache who slouched against a building which bore the legend, "Chouteau's Warehouse."

"Can you tell me if Boone and Bernard's caravan has left yet for Santa Fe?"

The man eyed him indifferently with bloodshot eyes, shifted his cud, spat expertly without moving a muscle and answered, "Hit's ben gone three days."

"There!" exclaimed Guillotte with Gallic intensity. "What did I tell you?"

"Papa!" cried Charles, tugging at his hand, "where are the prairie schooners and the oxen? You said——"

"Better get the young ones up to the tavern," interrupted Joseph Peters. "There it is, yonder. Go along with them. Philip and I will look after the baggage."

Like all the other buildings in the town the tavern was of frame. On the left of the bare, gloomy entrance hall was the parlor, a long room containing a few bleak-looking rocking chairs and a center table covered with a brown cloth. There was a fireplace with a mantelpiece ornamented by a stuffed blue jay under glass and a jar of Indian pottery containing a few peacock feathers. Opposite the fireplace was a lumpy sofa covered with faded chintz. At the end of the room stood a parlor organ with lamp brackets. A shelf above the organ held a stack of hymn books.

Into this room the innkeeper, Sam Cooper, ushered Mr. Guillotte, his two children and Chloe, their black servant.

"Take a seat," he said, "and I'll call my wife. She will show you your rooms. You'll be wanting——"

He looked askance at Chloe, who remained standing with great dignity. Slaves were a rarity in this pioneer town and it was evident he did not know what to do about her.

"If you have a cot or a trundle bed you
may put it in the boy’s room for his nurse,” said Guillotte, aware of the landlord’s perplexity.

Sam Cooper nodded. He had sandy hair and a long, thick neck rising above a dingy neckcloth. His mild, blue pop-eyes and soft voice sometimes misled his enemies. If the idea of a boy of eight having a nurse struck him as strange or ludicrous he gave no sign.

“T’ll call my wife,” he repeated, and went out.

His wife was middle-aged and comfortable looking with a matronly figure, deeply lined face and kind eyes. She had lived all her life on the frontier, having exchanged Kentucky for Missouri when she married. Never before had she seen anyone in the least like Anne Guillotte. This young girl with her high-bred air and elegant clothes—full gathered, wide black skirt, close fitting black pelisse, with delicate lavender fluted ribbon at throat and wrist, lavender silk-lined, black bonnet, gloved hands—looked as out of place in the bare, shabby inn parlor as a lily in a cabbage patch.

The little boy was also somehow incongruous, small, thin and rather effeminate, his delicate features pointed, his dark eyes enormous.

However, there was no servility in Mrs. Cooper’s manner as she asked the strange group to follow her. Neither was there any apology for the cramped, sparsely furnished bedrooms she assigned to them.

“Dinner is at twelve,” she announced, “but if the young lady and her brother are hungry I’ll fetch them some milk now.” She looked inquiringly at Mr. Guillotte.

That gentleman was staring moodily out of the window, lost in thought.

Charles placed a small covered basket on a chair and began to pry up the lid.

“Yes,” he cried imperiously, “bring some milk—at once.”

“Min’ yo’ mannahs, boy! Wha’ fo’ yo’ talk so!” Chloe gave Charles a reproving look and turned respectfully to Mrs. Cooper.

“I’ll fetch it for ’em, ma’am.”

To Anne she said, “Yo’ take off yo’ things, Missy, and lay down an’ rest yo’se’f. Yo’ been up since crack o’ dawn.”

Anne Guillotte at seventeen was less worldly-wise than most girls of her age and class in the New Orleans of the 1840’s. Educated in St. Ursula’s Convent she had absorbed much of the mysticism of the good nuns there. Her deep-set gray eyes had a dreamy look under straight, dark eyebrows which emphasized the loveliness of her smooth, shapely forehead. Except that her eyes were gray instead of brown, the upper part of her face resembled her father’s. But it was from her New England mother that she inherited her finely cut, generous mouth and firm chin. Her dark eyebrows were in striking contrast to her honey-colored hair, which grew in great abundance.

Having removed her bonnet and cloak she came and stood beside her father at the window. The crowd at the wharf had dispersed. She saw that the street was unpaved and deeply rutted. Across the way was a saloon with a porch in front on which loitered half a dozen men in cowhide boots. Some carried whips and were probably cattle dealers. Over the double swinging doors was a sign reading: “The Hitching Post.” Several horses champed and stamped at a long wooden railing in front of the building.

Next to the saloon was a general store labeled “Westport Emporium.” Behind the dirty windows were displayed a hodgepodge of merchandise—a red calico dress, several pairs of men’s boots, a rifle, a saddle, and a large clothes basket full of pots and skillets. To one used to tiled houses and wrought-iron balconies on paved streets shaded by stately elms and sycamores, the scene was depressing in the extreme.

Louis Guillotte was experiencing a violent revulsion of feeling. His purpose in embarking on this new enterprise had been twofold: To get his children away from the plague-ridden city and to divert himself from brooding over the memory of his wife whom he had loved devotedly. The air of the plains was considered highly salubrious. He hoped it would build up the boy; make a man of him. As for Anne, women did make the caravan trip, and she was eager to see Santa Fe. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that she must postpone her debut, but it would be a postponement of a few months only. Next spring he hoped to return from Santa Fe a wealthy man. Then
they might live wherever they chose—Charleston, New York, perhaps Paris.

But the appearance of the straggling little town, called by some Westport, by others Westport Landing (many years later to become the metropolis of Kansas City), was an added disappointment to the crushing one of arriving too late for the spring caravan. They might have to remain here for weeks.

Seeing his partners, Castellanos and Peters, crossing the road toward the inn, he aroused himself, gave Anne's arm an affectionate squeeze, and said, "I'll go down now and have a talk with Mr. Peters and Phil and see what's best to be done. Get some rest, my dear."

After he had gone Anne continued to stare at the scene below.

"I'll wake up in a minute," she whispered to herself. "Surely it's just a bad dream—I'll find Mother—maybe on the balcony, or in the garden among her roses, or in her room—her lovely blue room—sitting by the table, embroidering—and she will say, 'Why, Pettie dear, you're all upset—come tell me what's the matter!' Oh—Oh—"

She burst into sudden wild weeping and flung herself on the patchwork quilt of the broad bed. The horrors of the past months surged through her overwrought mind—the dreadful days and nights of the plague; the last sight of her mother taken from home in a rough cart by strangers to die among hundreds of other victims; the confused numbness of the succeeding weeks; then the long, tiresome voyage from New Orleans, the endless river, now wide and blue and placid like a lake, now narrow, brown and swift, full of half-floating trees and sand bars under overhanging cliffs; and last of all, this unsightly little town with its queer, rough-looking people!

"Oh—Oh!" she sobbed.

Charles, who was still hovering over his basket, looked up in startled wonder. How odd to see Anne crying! She had cried of course when Mamma went away but not often since. He was the one who cried and had tantrums.

"Anne, have you hurt yourself?"

Anne did not answer, but her sobbing grew less violent. Charles brought the little basket over to the bed. "You are frightening Rosette," he said. "Look how big and scared her eyes are!"

A tiny kitten, scarcely more than a month old, lay in the basket on a folded shawl. Except for her breast, on which was a large, rosette-shaped splotch of snowy white, she was a silvery gray with faint, darker tiger stripes. Her eyes, at the moment round and large, were a beautiful shade of blue. Her alert little ears were pointed forward.

Anne dried her eyes, smiled, and stroked the kitten, which at once relaxed and stretched itself out luxuriously, purring loudly.

Chloe came in with a pitcher of milk, two glasses and a small yellow bowl on a tray. The bowl was for Rosette, and she was soon lapping the milk noisily with her small, red tongue.

In 1848 the only firm engaged in the Santa Fe trade was that of Boone and Bernard. Their agent at Westport Landing was Zeke Miller, who was also proprietor of the Emporium and general factotum for the town.

He stood now at the bar in the back room of the tavern, a short, dark, thickset man in a black-and-white-checked waistcoat, across which stretched a heavy gold watch chain with a bunch of seals and charms dangling from it. He pushed his wide-brimmed hat to the back of his head, reached a stubby hand for his whiskey glass, just refilled by the landlord, and smiled affably on the three newcomers who had, at the landlord's suggestion, sent for him.

"Easiest thing in the world," he remarked. "I can fix you up with a wagon—best make, just come from St. Louis—and mules. Mules drive faster'n oxen. You'd oughter ketch up with the caravan at Council Grove, or Diamond Springs anyways."

"What about the Indians?" asked Joseph Peters, rubbing a bony hand thoughtfully over his prominent, clean-shaven jaw.

"Wa-al," drawled Zeke, "ain't heard much about 'em lately. Most of 'em 've got a wholesome respect for Uncle Sam's dragoons since we took over Santa Fe from Mexico. The Kaws—they're real friendly."

The landlord paused in his polishing of a glass.

"The Comanches—ain't," he observed
"Oh, wa-al, they'll have caught up with the caravan before they reach Comanche country," retorted Zeke.

"How soon could you have the wagon ready?" asked Castellanos. He fingered his glass with nervous fingers but did not drink. Whiskey before four in the afternoon was an offense to him.

Zeke Miller pursed up his thick lips and jingled his watch charms. "Have everything ready by day after tomorrow," he said after a pause.

"How about a cook?" inquired Peters.

"Got one fer you—got everything!" Zeke beamed at them benevolently. It was money in his pocket that these folks had missed the caravan.

"It's a fact, is it," asked Guillotte, "that there are two women in the caravan?"

"Yep," answered Zeke, "Mrs. Reeves, wife of A. J. Reeves from Illinois. Traveling in style they are, in a Rockaway—I ain't got one of them—they brought it with 'em. But I can fix you up with a buggy that will ride like a feather bed."

"And the other lady?"

"Oh, her? She's Mrs. Reeves' maid, a white woman, though. Not many niggers up in this country."

After further discussion of details it was agreed to accept Zeke's offer to outfit them. The rest of that day and all of the next were given over to preparations for the journey.

Anne, at Mrs. Cooper's advice, added several articles of plain, serviceable clothing to her wardrobe and her brother's. The Emporium across the road was equipped to supply their every need. A pair of tall rubber boots, only a little too large for him, were found for Charles. He put them on at once and strutted about delightedly. He was found by Chloe in the pig pen back of the tavern and roundly scolded.

"I just wanted to try them in real mud," he protested.

Sam Cooper chuckled over this. "You'll get mud enough and to spare on the trail, Sonny," he said.

"Oh, goody!" cried the boy.

Their last supper at the tavern was in the nature of a feast.

"Fill up before you start—you'll be needin' all you can carry!" urged Zeke Miller jovially. He had paused, on his way to the bar, at the table where Guillotte and his family were eating. "Fill up!" he repeated with a wink at Charles. He cast an appreciative glance at Anne. The rumor had not been false—the gal was a beauty!

Sam Cooper did a thriving business in the bar that evening, especially while supper was being served in the dining room. Perhaps it was not by accident that the door between the dining room and the bar had been left ajar or that Sam had seated Anne Guillotte facing that way. There was no law against taking an honest advantage of the cash value of a beautiful face!

Anne herself was quite unconscious of the attention she was attracting. The prospect of the coming journey had begun to grip her imagination. Already she was formulating the letter she would write Sister Boniface at the convent as soon as she reached Santa Fe. Santa Fe! City of the Holy Faith! And as soon as ever she could after reaching there she would visit San Miguel, the oldest church in America. She had read all about it in the history book. How faithfully she would describe it! And Sister Boniface would read her letter to the girls. Maybe if she wrote it in French it might serve as a model of composition in class. L'église la plus vieille—but she must be careful not to make the tiniest error. On the whole it might be better to write it in English. She could let herself go more—make it more vivid.

"Anne, pass the pickles!" Charles jogged his sister's elbow. Anne reached absently for them, but Chloe, who hovered near, intercepted her.

"Not another pickle dis night," she said firmly. "Does y'all want to be sick an' be lef' behine to-morra?"

Chloe took up her stand by Charles and all he ate had first to meet with her approval. The boy was delicate. Chloe had nursed him through too many illnesses not to fear the consequences of a supper as lavish as this one. There were baked spare-ribs, brown and juicy; boiled cabbage, fresh sausages, sliced chicken, broiled ham with rich red butter gravy, baked apples and potatoes, pear preserves, hot biscuits and brown corn bread. Rich fare indeed for a boy used to a poached egg and sliced pineapple for his evening meal! Chloe
trembled for Charles, but looked forward with a watering mouth to doing justice herself to such viands later in the kitchen.

The next morning they were up before daybreak and had breakfast by candlelight. Mrs. Cooper hovered solicitously over the table urging upon them her good pancakes and sausages. Charles fidgeted in his chair and did little more than pick at his food.

"Do you think it will rain today?" he demanded shrilly—"I want to wear my boots."

"Be still, and eat your breakfast," said his father sharply. Guillotte crumbled his biscuit and drank black coffee. He, along with Peters and Castellanos, had been up half the night overseeing the packing of the wagon, which had already started. It had taken hours to stow away the hundreds of pounds of merchandise brought from New Orleans. There were cambrics, calicoes, silks, velvets, and a large quantity of hardware which commanded a fancy price in Santa Fe, where there were no factories of any kind. In addition to these were some cases of whiskey and a collection of trinkets bought in Westport. All had to be packed so that no harm should result even if the wagon were to overturn. The packing of a prairie schooner was an art at which Zeke Miller took pride in excelling.

He was on hand now at the tavern door to assist in stowing away the personal baggage of the travelers in the two-seated carriage he had provided for the Guillotte family. The carriage was strongly built, with two seats facing each other back of the driver's seat. It had a top with curtains which could be let down at the sides and back, and it was drawn by two sturdy farm horses.
“Now José,” admonished Zeke importantly, “take it careful. Remember the young lady ain’t used to rough roads!”

José, a squat, swarthy Mexican who sat holding the reins and spitting rhythmically over the dashboard, gave no sign of hearing.

“A safe journey!” exclaimed Mrs. Cooper. “Little son!” she added, patting Charles on the knee as he sat beside his sister, “take good care of Rosette and be sure’n wear your boots when it rains!”

“Good luck!” called her husband. “You’d oughter ketch up with the caravan in three or four days!”

Chloe sat with her back to the driver, surrounded by bundles and bags. Rosette reposed in her basket on the seat between Anne and Charles. Guillotte climbed up beside the driver and presently they were off up the rutted street that led from the wharves to the back country. Castellanos rode beside them on horseback. Joseph Peters was ahead with the wagon, which they hoped to overtake before night.

The sky was rosy behind them as they proceeded along the well marked road. Wayside trees were bright with little new leaves pushing out toward the sun. Birds darted about among the upper branches. A little song rose to Anne’s lips. It was one she used to sing with the other girls at the convent:

“When morning breaks afar
O’er rosy hill and dale——”

The sun shone full on Chloe’s round, black face. “Lawdy!” she said mournfully, “Ah wish Ah was back in mah ole home! Ain’t no good goner come o’ dis gallivantin’ roun’!”

“Mr. Castellanos!” called Charles, “let me get up on the horse with you?”

“Very well,” answered Castellanos. So the carriage was stopped while Charles was hoisted up in front of the saddle.

Mrs. Cooper had packed them a lunch basket. They ate out of this about noon while the horses were watered at a small stream. Then on they jogged through the long afternoon across rolling, lightly wooded country.

About five o’clock they saw far ahead a cloud of dust.

“That’s ’em yonder,” said José, pointing with the whip. It was the first time he had spoken since leaving Westport. He whipped up the horses and it was not long before from the top of a little hill the covered wagon was clearly visible. Four horsemen, each leading two mules, rode behind the wagon which was drawn by a team of eight mules. Joseph Peters, a rifle slung across his saddle, rode some fifty yards in advance.

They camped that night at Round Grove where a lone elm tree rustled over a spring of clear water. A French Canadian, Eutrope by name, of sinister appearance due to the loss of one eye, cooked an appetizing meal of ham, eggs and biscuit. He was assisted by François, a fellow countryman, who had been brought along because he was handy with tools. The driver of the wagon and the muleteers were Mexicans.

Anne and Charles and Chloe slept on thick pads under a small, conical tent set up with an iron pole through the center. Chloe rubbed camphor on their faces and arms to discourage mosquitoes. The shrilling of a myriad of insects blended with the trickle of the brook to lull them to sleep.

Once in the night Anne awoke with a start of terror. As she lay tense and breathless it came again—a strange, sharp howl like a dog in pain.

“Father!” she cried, starting up.

“Yes! Yes!” came her father’s quick response close by. “Were you frightened? That is only a coyote. Nothing to fear!”

How comforting to feel her father so near! She put a light hand on her brother, sleeping beside her. His soft, regular breathing was reassuring like her father’s voice. On Charles’ other side was Rosette curled in her basket. Anne’s fingers touched the soft little ball of fur which sprang into vibration as the kitten began to purr.

Strange, sweet odors stole in out of the night. Drowsily she heard a far-off screech owl, then the howl of the coyote again, but this time muffled by waves of slumber.

“Was it only, yesterday we left Westport?” asked Charles. They were gathered around the fire before daybreak. Eutrope, his dirty brown shirt open at the throat displaying a hairy Adam’s apple, was doling out the breakfast rations, assisted by Chloe.
“No,” answered Anne, “that was a hundred years ago!”

She wore a close-fitting dark wool dress. Over her hair she had tied a kerchief. “How good this tastes!” she added, sipping black coffee from a tin cup.

“‘Taint fit for quality folks,” grumbled Chloe under her breath.

“We should make the Narrows by evening,” said Castellanos, preparing to mount his horse.

The muleteers were hitching up with much jingling of chains and many a guttural oath.

Guillotte closed his watchcase with a snap.

“Time we were off,” he said.

The day was clear, beginning with a big gold sun at their backs. More and more the vista ahead opened to wide stretches of lush grass flowing like water in the wind. The scent of wild onion rose fitfully. Flowers sprang up along the way—wild pinks and roses bright against dark clumps of elderberry bushes and pokemilkweed.

When they stopped at noon at the top of a small ravine Charles and Anne took off their shoes and stockings and went wading in the brook at the bottom.

Suddenly Chloe, who had wandered on looking for berries, screamed and came charging back to camp like a frightened cow.

“Injuns! Dey’s acomin’ through de woods!”

Guillotte caught up his rifle and sprang to his feet.

Eutrope put out a staying hand.

“Kaws,” he said, glaring contemptuously at Chloe. “No hurt!”

The Indians, two in number, rode up on wiry little mustangs which they sat like statues. Naked to the waist, their bronzed, sinewy bodies glistened in the sunlight. They pointed to the skillet Eutrope was cleaning and went through the motions of eating.

“Injun have always the /aim!” growled Eutrope. He handed them each a biscuit and a slice of ham, watching them sourly with his one eye.

“Now—vamoose!” he roared.

Peters detained them long enough to try to discover by means of signs if they had seen the caravan ahead. The Indians grunted and shook their heads but whether they intended to convey that they did not understand or that they had not seen it could not be determined.

The sun was still above the horizon when they reached the Narrows, a narrow ridge separating the Osage and Kansas waters, and famous for its quagmires. They proceeded with great care, and the carriage crossed safely, though not without giving its occupants some uneasy moments. Charles clutched Rosette’s basket firmly with one hand while he held on to Anne with all his might. Chloe’s eyes rolled in fright.

“Oh, Lawd,” she groaned, “wha fo’ yo’ pa eber think ob comin’ to sech a place! It ain’t Christian, it ain’t!”

“Now, Chloe, there’s nothing to be afraid of,” said Anne. Then her face paled at a sudden lurch of the carriage. It would be dreadful to be plunged head first into the thick muddy water.

But they were over at last and paused to watch the fate of the wagon. Four extra mules had been added to the team. They plunged sturdily in. One of the muleteers bestrode the foremost mule, urging the team on with loud cries: “Va—Ya—hu’a!” The big wagon lurched forward, the front wheels sank in, then stopped with a jerk. The long whip sang in the air and came down with a snap on the quivering flanks of the straining animals. The wagon shuddered, lunged tipishly, then shot forward a few feet. All four wheels were in now up to the hub. Four of the men, including Eutrope, the cook, were in the water above their knees bracing the wagon, trying to keep it upright. Again the whip sang and the muleteers shouted. A rattle of chains, a creaking, another jolt, and the wagon was half way across. And now the foremost mules were out of the mire, scrambling desperately up a low bank. They slipped back, strained forward. Two more of the team gained dry ground. Finally, amid a tumult of shouts, rattling chains, bumping wheels and splashing mud, the big wagon rolled slowly on to firm land.

“Bravo! Hurrah! Hurrah!” screamed Charles. He was pale with excitement and danced up and down in a frenzy.
"Whew!" whistled Guillotte, "That's one hurdle I'm glad we're past."

Castellanos mopped his brow. "Do you think any harm was done?" he asked.

"We'll find out," said Peters. "Francois! Wipe the mud off the wheels and axles and find out if there are any breaks or cracks. Don't overlook anything!"

"I do that, Mr. Peters." François, who spoke with a strong French accent, was small and quick and clean looking.

"Six o'clock," said Guillotte regretfully. "I had hoped to be ten miles further on. We must move faster."

Peters nodded. "We most certainly must move faster," he agreed. "So far we've been acting as if this trip was a picnic!"

"God knows it isn't that!" exclaimed Castellanos.

"You are right," said Guillotte. "We have stopped too often and lingered too long at noon—for the children's sake. We ought to push on at top speed while the weather holds."

"Do you think we are gaining on the caravan?" asked Castellanos.

"Jose says we are," answered Guillotte. "He estimates that we are not more than two days behind."

"Zeke Miller said the caravan was small this spring—only sixteen wagons," remarked Peters. "But even so they seem to be making unusual speed."

The way had been well marked all along. The cattle droppings, the burnt-out remains of camp fires and the areas of flattened grass, had served well as guides. But always their eyes strained ahead for the cloud of dust that would herald a near approach to the caravan itself.

François called to the three men. "Look what I find!" He waved a hand dramatically at the mud-spattered wagon.

"Mon Dieu! It is the luck I find it!"

He stooped and pointed to a long crack in the axle tree.

"I fix him, but it take time," he said.

Castellanos groaned and struck himself tragically on the chest.

"How long will it take?" asked Peters. François shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

It took him in fact most of the next day to reinforce the axle, but dawn of the day following saw the little cavalcade again on its way. It had now, however, lost the air of being on a picnic. Every effort was made to increase speed. Three days went by of dogged pushing along with only half an hour or less for the midday meal. Charles was a poor traveler. The endless jolting of the carriage racked his frail body and the monotony of sitting hour after hour in the carriage made him peevish.

If it had not been for Rosette the time would have been dull indeed for him. For that matter they all found the kitten diverting. In the evening as the muleteers sat or lay about the camp fire, their swarthy faces in sharp relief against the blackness of the surrounding night, Charles would burst into the circle of light with Rosette at his heels.

"Hyar's the doin's!" one of the men would cry. Then they would throw twigs to watch the kitten scamper after them, and roar with laughter at her antics.

About mid-afternoon of the seventh day after leaving Westport they came to Big John Spring, only two miles from Council Grove. The little party stopped to water the mules and horses and to drink deeply themselves from a clear, gushing fountain. The spring was up a steep bank where a natural basin caught the flowing, crystal water, holding it for a space before sending it trickling down the ravine. Anne climbed still higher to the top of the wooded knoll.

Back along the way they had come the road was soon lost to sight among the rolling hills. Far ahead, a long row of trees stood out like vivid green flames against a mass of blue-black storm clouds. Suddenly the sun burst out above them, shed a momentary, coppery glow over the landscape, then vanished, leaving the thunderheads rimmed in dazzling gold. The air seemed weighted with a vast silence. The jingle of harness, the rough voices of the muleteers, which came muffled by distance from below, the soft rustling of the trees, did not seem to count. They were as foam on the ocean of this engulfing stillness. A vague apprehension and a sudden terrifying sense of loneliness sent Anne scurrying back to the others.

Castellanos, unable to restrain his impatience, had ridden on ahead to Council Grove. Now he was returning to meet them and Guillotte and Peters, riding in advance
of the carriage, tried to read from his mien whether the tidings were good or ill. If the caravan had already left, the plight of the little cavalcade was serious indeed, for at that time Council Grove was the jumping-off place, the end of civilization. Beyond stretched the plains, destitute of timber except the cottonwoods which grew along the dwindling water courses. And roving the prairies were bands of hostile Indians who made the crossing of even the largest caravans a precarious undertaking.

Castellanos waved his hand and shook his head.

"Gone!" he shouted. "Left yesterday!" He reined in his lathered horse, wheeled and trotted alongside his two partners.

"Left yesterday!" echoed Guillotte with a groan. "If only we could push on today we might yet overtake them before—" He glanced at the threatening sky. The blue-black clouds had mounted and overspread the whole face of the heavens. He swore under his breath, cursing the day he thought of bringing his children along on such a perilous journey.

Peters spoke. "Did you see any soldiers about?"

"A few," answered Castellanos.

"Maybe we can get an escort until we overtake the caravan."

This idea cheered them. They rattled into the settlement just as the first large drops of rain began to fall.

Situated in a grove of trees of nearly every variety of hard wood—oak, walnut, ash, elm, hickory—Council Grove was a mere handful of log huts and rough barracks for passing troops. Under a huge oak was a government blacksmith shop with tools for repairing wagons and for cutting timber for spare parts—axle trees, tongues and the like—which were lashed under the wagons for possible future use. The settlement was a Kaw Indian agency. A number of Indians stood about under trees and in doorways and stared at the newcomers.

Anne and Charles and Chloe were taken at once to the barracks. The rain fell in torrents, thunder roared and lightning flashed. Charles hid his face in Anne's breast and trembled in terror. Chloe, with her cloak over her face, sat rocking to and fro, muttering prayers until the worst of the storm was over.

Anne, who had lost a little of her girlish plumpness and bloom during the last hard days, sat with tightly compressed lips, holding her brother tightly. She, too, was dreadfully afraid of thunderstorms, and this was the worst she had ever experienced.

The corporal in charge of the little squad of soldiers stationed there was a young giant, Hitchcock by name. He lounged in the shelter of a doorway whittling a cane out of a stout hickory branch. He surveyed the partners out of cool blue eyes, selected Peters as the most reasonable of the three, and drawled, "Sorry, sir, but I can't do it. I'm awaitin' orders from Cap'n Moore."

"Can't you spare—say just two or three of your men?" asked Guillotte urgently. "Just for forty-eight hours?"

"Sorry—can't do it. Hitchcock's tone was final. He took up his whittling again.

The partners retired to consult together. Diamond Spring was the next stopping place, fifteen miles farther on. After this rain the condition of the road would be such that they would be lucky indeed to reach it by nightfall of the next day. It was extremely doubtful if they would overtake the elusive caravan before reaching Lost Spring, another fifteen miles ahead. Finally it was decided that Castellanos should take one of the Mexicans with him and ride ahead, overtake the caravan and have it wait for the rest of them at Diamond Spring.

It rained itself out that night and the cool breeze that sprang up before dawn promised a quick drying of mud on the road. Castellanos and one of the Mexican muleteers, both armed with rifle and pistols, left at break of day.

The carriage and the wagon were on the road soon after. Peters had seen to it that the rifles and shotguns of the men were in good condition. He and Guillotte were to ride ahead and keep a sharp lookout for Indians. José had orders to keep the carriage close behind the wagon.

Their progress was slow. The heavy wet clay was slippery and every little ascent in the road was a mountain to the floundering mules.

Charles fretted at the slowness of pace. He wanted to put on his boots and run
alongside the carriage but this was forbidden.

"Rosette could run faster'n we are going," he said. Taking the kitten out of her basket he held her cradled lovingly in his arms.

Chloe sat in silence. Her round black cheeks sagged and quivered like jelly at the jolting of the carriage. She was the picture of misery. "Ef de Lawd lets me lib till Ah gits back home I'se nebber gwanna leave dat place agin," she muttered from time to time.

Anne smiled wanly. "Maybe the Lord is just trying our faith," she said. "Think of the trials some of the saints had! They triumphed over them because they had faith in the goodness of God."

Chloe only groaned and repeated, "Ah wants to go back home."

"I'm a brave boy, aren't I, Anne?" asked Charles. "I'm not afraid of Injuns—that is, not much afraid."

"You're a very brave boy and Rosette is a very brave kitty," said Anne.

They made no stops that day except when the wagon got stuck in a mud hole and extra mules had to be hitched on front to drag it out. They ate no lunch at all. To reach Diamond Spring by nightfall—for that they strained every muscle. The sun slid down the sky a little to the right of the endless stretch of muddy road in front of them, and Guillotte and Peters strained their eyes to penetrate the blue distance ahead. How they longed for a sight of the wagon train they had been pursuing for over a hundred and fifty miles! But the landscape was empty. Not even a tree broke the monotony of the plain. However, when the slanting rays of the sun shone level with their faces a faint dark line appeared on the far horizon. As they approached, the line resolved itself into a row of cottonwood trees. A creek must be there then—Diamond Spring! With a shout the muleteers lashed the mules into a swifter pace. There was no sign of the caravan yet, but the wagons might well be hidden behind the foliage of the trees.

For a joyous moment hope bloomed. Guillotte cried, "At last!" in exulting tones. But even as he spoke he faltered. There were the trees, bright yellow-green in the sunset, just a row of cottonwoods fringing a narrow creek in a shallow ravine. No covered wagons cluttered up the ground, no oxen, no men—not a sign of life anywhere.

In silence Peters and Guillotte cantered up to the edge of the stream. The ground was well trodden all about and the wagons had left deep ruts on the banks. Each feared to voice the question, "Where is Castellanos?"

Finally Guillotte spoke. "If he had caught up with the wagon they—and he—would be here now."

Peters shook his head. For a long moment he did not speak. Then he said, "Of course, he may not have been able to overtake them and has ridden on. But it is strange—he could hardly have lost his way and why he shouldn't have caught up—" his voice trailed away. He was loath even to think of the other possible alternative—that Castellanos and his companion, the Mexican, had met their death at the hands of Indians.

"The caravan has not been long gone past here!" exclaimed Guillotte. "No crust has formed on the dung!" He pointed to a dark round cake, still moist, at his horses' feet.

"Look!" cried Peters sharply. He pointed across the brook to the top of the bank. A piece of paper fluttered from a stake driven into the ground.

They plunged their horses into the water and up the bank. Crudely printed was the following message: "All who pass this way take warning that the Pawnees are on the warpath and have been seen hereabouts."

It was signed: "A. Rigby, U. S. Indian Agent."

The men stiffened in their saddles and searched with straining eyes the now darkening landscape. The cottonwoods leaned over the brook, their leaves whispering in a light breeze. The brook wandered through them till it disappeared in the foliage and both trees and brook were lost in the distance. The way ahead stretched on over the flat prairie to where the fading crimson of the sunset touched the purple of the far horizon.

The wagon and carriage arrived now at the edge of the creek and proceeded to ford the shallow stream. It was part of the lore of the trail to camp always on the far side,
of a stream. Otherwise if it rained during the night the stream might be too swollen to cross without great difficulty. Then, too, mules pull better when the harness is warm.

That night they dared not make a camp fire. The muleteers were cautioned to be as quiet as possible. Sounds travel far across the level stretches of the prairie. The only supper Charles had that night was a cold biscuit.

They made camp at the top of the gully. The children's tent was pitched behind the wagon. The carriage flanked it on one side. The horses and mules were secured by hoppling and tied to stakes near by. Peters and Guillotte arranged to keep watch alternately with three of the men in three-hour shifts.

It was dark now. Charles lay snuggled close to Anne, Rosette purring contentedly beside them.

"I wish I had fur like Rosette's," said Charles, "then the mosquitoes couldn't bite me." He slapped a hand against his cheek. "I got that one," he remarked with satisfaction. Then presently, "It smells like a stable, doesn't it—with the horses so near! I like it," he added, and went on, "Anne, why don't I get afraid when I'm close to you? Is it because you are so good?"

"I'm not good," answered Anne, "I only try to be."

"You pray a lot!"

"Yes."

"Maybe that's why I'm never afraid with you. Are you praying now to keep us safe from the Indians?"

"Yes," said Anne. "I am asking Our Lady to watch over us so that no harm comes to us. And now you must try to go to sleep."

"I must put Rosette to bed first." He felt for the kitten's basket in the darkness, found it, and put the kitten inside.

"I'll fasten the cover," he said, "just in case of Indians. And, Anne, put your hand—like that—through the handle." He pulled the handle up over his sister's wrist so her hand lay along the top of the lid.

"There!"

He settled down close to Anne again, yawned and called, "Chloe, are you scared?"

Chloe groaned, "Lawdy!—Ah sho' is," she answered from across the tent.

"I'm not afraid," remarked Charles. He yawned again, then was quite still, sound asleep.

Anne lay awake for some time listening to the movements of the horses and mules, marking the soft tread of the men on guard beyond the wagon. Tree toads down by the brook sent out their shrill clamor. Occasionally the deep-toned kuryump of a frog chimed in like a bass note in a vast chorus. It had been hot on the plains that day, but now the coolness that stole in on the wind was as refreshing as a bath. Presently she slept.

It was a night of fitful wind and scudding clouds. There was no moon but now and then a star swung into sight only to be lost again like a firefly in a thicket. As the night wore on the wind died down and darkness so thick as to be almost palpable brooded over the prairie.

Guillotte, on watch for the second time, estimated that another hour would bring the dawn. And with dawn—what? The folly of this wild goose chase was never more apparent. Why had he not left the children behind in New Orleans! The risk of contracting yellow fever was as nothing to their present peril. With silent, bitter intensity he cursed himself for an impractical fool. He had always been impractical. Visionary, his wife had called him. How often had her gentle laughter or her calm reasoning brought him back to earth! He had always been restless, eager to try new things, something different. Perhaps that was why he had been attracted to his wife in the first place. She had been Mary Bartlett of Boston, visiting an uncle in New Orleans. Her blondness, her air of reserve which always seemed to be holding back a flood of gayety, had been such a contrast to the prevailing type of young girl in the Southern city that he had fallen instantly heels over head in love. She had been a Protestant but the difference in religion had not spoiled their marriage.

The old life rose before him like a mirage before the sick eyes of a thirsty desert traveler. How safe it looked! Why could he not have been content to continue as a humdrum merchant in the city of his birth? How staid and solid and dependable was

---

1 A leather strap manacling the front and hind leg.
the old city—the Vieux Carré with its merchants' Exchange and Old Union Bank! The Esplanade—the Cathedral looking out over the crescent bend of the Mississippi! Safe and civilized. A sigh escaped him. And like an echo a light breeze sprang up—"the little wind that runs before the dawn." Instantly he was on the alert. Did he imagine it, or was there a suggestion of grayness in the black pall that hung over the earth? That would be the east there—beyond the stream. Even the line of cottonwoods was indistinguishable, so heavy was the darkness. Ah—the dawn was at hand! For now, without a doubt, the trees loomed blacker than the surrounding gloom. And far away to the east was an undeniable streak paler than the black line of horizon.

He peered sharply about and made out the dim outline of one of the muleteers on guard with him. And now the cottonwoods were great feather dusters dark against a lowering sky. What was that? The whole earth seemed to listen. One of the men tiptoed nearer, his eyes directed toward the overhanging foliage on the brink of the shallow gully. The stamp and movement of the mules and horses were the only sounds. Guillotte turned to the muleteer beside him and was about to tell him to rouse Peters and the others when he saw the man stiffen and slowly raise his shotgun.

Guillotte followed his gaze. There was a movement in the bushes near the brook. Ice slid down his spine and settled heavily in his stomach. A cold sweat broke out all over him. For last night there had been no bushes there—the gully had been remarkably clear of underbrush. But now thick clumps of bushes moved, and behind each one was a crouching figure!

He raised his rifle, but before he could pull the trigger the air was split by a terrific yell, the leafy branches were tossed aside—and Louis Guillotte fell, shot through the heart by a Pawnee bullet.

Anne's sleep had been deep after an unusually fatiguing day. Jerked out of slumber by the uproar, she started up. As she turned toward Charles a crashing blow blotted out the world.

Gradually from immense depths came a dim consciousness of discomfort. Before she could apprehend it she sank back again into oblivion. Again she struggled upward. She seemed to be tossing up and down, up and down rhythmically to the sound of horses' hooves. Every bone, every muscle, was racked. And now a glimmer of returning consciousness returned with an-
guish so poignant that she swooned again. An eternity went by. Sounds beat continuously now on her ears, a meaningless babble. The racking motion had ceased, but there was still acute discomfort. Every muscle ached. Consciousness returned now in flood tide. She was lying on the ground. It was dark. The babble of voices came from a little way off. They were guttural, grunting sounds—Indians! For a moment her mind was blank to everything except horror. She was too weak to move. Then gradually a definite, insistent pressure of pain in her right arm impelled her to try to move it. She sat up cautiously. There, pressing into the flesh of her forearm was the basket—Rosette’s little basket. Her hand, which lay along the lid under the handle—just as Charles had placed it—was numb.

Extricating it with her other hand she pushed up the lid and felt inside. Her hand encountered the soft, warm, vibrating ball of fur that was Rosette.

Anne’s throat ached suddenly and her eyeballs stung. Her breath caught in a little dry sob. Replacing the lid, she raised herself to her knees and peered through some underbrush in the direction of the voices.

She saw a dying fire, around which sprawled half a dozen Indians. Their faces and naked bodies were hideous with bands and splotches of bright red and white paint. A wooden case half full of whiskey bottles lay on the ground near the fire. Bottles were scattered about. Some of the savages were already in a drunken slumber. The others were fast approaching that state.

Fully awake now, she stared paralyzed by a fear too terrible to be faced. Ah, not that—Mother of God! It could not be true that she was alone in this strange place with these savage Indians! Where was the little brother who had lain close to her? Her father—her father who had stayed awake to guard them? Chloe—Where were they all?

A cry rose in her throat. An impulse to call their names—to penetrate the leaden stillness round about with a cry so piercing that they must hear, wherever they were! But no sound came from her stiffened lips. Fear froze her breath. She did not know that no call however loud could ever again bring response from any one of that little cavalcade with which she had started out so hopefully to cross the plains.

The inky shadows crept closer to the waning fire and covered with a blanket of darkness those hideous painted figures, motionless now in drunken slumber. Suddenly Anne’s brain awoke to the need of action. She must get away from this place at once. She gave a swift searching glance about her. Seizing the little basket and rising cautiously and painfully, she groped her way through some bushes to the edge of the strip of timber, alone except for the tiny kitten she carried with her.

The prairie stretched away, limitless and softly luminous under a sky that glittered with a million stars.

(To be continued)

In Unison

MARGARET E. BRUNER

No one can live unto himself alone,
And each one’s work, though it be great or small,
If done with care, will be as seeds well sown,
That grow and blossom for the good of all;
Whether we work with multitudes or few,
Or in the silence of some lonely spot,
A separate path no one can quite pursue—
We work together, though we know it not.
On the Old Chihuahua Trail

OTTAMAR HAMELE

FOR almost three hundred historic years the blood and sinew of man and beast furnished the power for transportation between those two points in the Great American Southwest now designated as Chihuahua and Santa Fe. Soldier, priest and trader, on foot and assisted by ox, horse and mule, supplied during that period a line of communication along this route of 545 desert miles in the basin of the Rio Grande. Then, in the year 1882, when Chester A. Arthur occupied the White House at Washington, and Manuel Gonzales ruled from the Hall of the Montezumas at the City of Mexico, these two ancient sister cities of sister countries were joined by parallel lines of steel, and the Old Chihuahua Trail passed into history.

To the geographer, this old trail was a north-and-south road paralleling the Rio Grande, and connecting the towns of Chihuahua, El Carrizal, Juarez, El Paso, Las Cruces, Socorro, Albuquerque, Bernalillo, Santo Domingo and Santa Fe. To the topographer, it was an obtuse angle dropping a thousand feet in 225 miles from Chihuahua to El Paso, then rising three thousand feet in 320 miles from El Paso to Santa Fe. To the haughty Spanish conquistador, it was a path of gold and empire; to the patient Catholic padre, a way of eternal salvation; and to the ambitious frontier merchant, the means of converting yards of calico into cold cash.

There is, of course, no record to tell us when a red man first passed along this route. But we do know that both the white man and the black man first to stir the dust of the Chihuahua Trail came through together in 1536, only fifteen years after Hernando Cortez had raised his victorious banners in the capital of the Montezumas. And, strangely enough, these travelers arrived, not from the City of Mexico, but
from the coast of Florida far to the east. In that year, Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, with two other Spaniards and a negro slave, the sorrowful survivors of an expedition for the settlement of Florida, reached the Rio Grande on a long and wearisome journey across the continent.

These four ragged pedestrians were our original transcontinental travelers. They gave the world the first description of the American bison, and it is probable that they viewed the mouth of the Mississippi before De Soto gazed on those great waters. The quartet arrived at the settlement of Culiacan on the Gulf of California in April, 1536. De Vaca’s story, which told of gold and gems from the north, fired the imagination of Spanish adventurers, and gave great impetus to exploration in New Mexico.

The fourth year after De Vaca published his romantic travel tale to the people of what was then known as New Spain, a Spanish army established a camp on the Rio Grande at a point seventeen miles above the present city of Albuquerque, and near the spot now occupied by the town of Bernalillo. This was the second contact of Europeans with the site of the Chihuahua Trail. That army was commanded by none other than Francisco Vasquez Coronado, perhaps the greatest explorer in all the history of the American Southwest.

Within two years Coronado’s dashing conquistadores had subdued the Zunis, discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, traversed the valleys of the Rio Grande and Pecos, and marched through Texas and Oklahoma and to eastern Kansas, three-fourths of the way from the Gulf of California to the Great Lakes. A part of the army, exploring the valley of the Rio Grande, passed over the course of the Chihuahua Trail for two hundred miles, and as far south as the present town of San Marcial. But the golden dream of the leader never came true. With less than a hundred men, he returned to Mexico City in 1542, without gold, or health, or spirit, to be relieved of power and to die in poverty.

Don Juan de Onate may properly be called the Father of the Chihuahua Trail, for in 1598 he led the caravan that first traversed its entire length. He was a wealthy mine owner, and had the distinc-
CATHEDRAL AT CHIHUAHUA, ONE OF THE BEST SPECIMENS OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE IN MEXICO. THIS GREAT STONE STRUCTURE WAS COMMENCED IN 1717 AND COMPLETED IN 1789. IT WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY A TAX ON THE PRODUCTION OF THE SANTA EULALIA SILVER MINES

tion of being a native son of Mexico; also the not less important status of having as his mate a charming senora in whose Spanish-Aztec veins flowed the blended blood of Cortez the conqueror and Montezuma the conquered.
Today the Onate venture would perhaps be designated as the New Mexico Exploration and Development Company. It had the sanction of the authorities of New Spain, but was financed by private capital. Onate was to be governor of the colony to be established in the north, and the first settlers were to receive certain special privileges and exemptions. The expedition had its inception at the City of Mexico in 1595, but its actual starting point the third year following was the little mining settlement of Santa Barbara, 125 miles to the south of the present city of Chihuahua.

It was a dramatic scene which unfolded in that small hamlet nestling against the Great Divide. On a certain February day of the year 1598, Onate’s long-delayed procession began its northward journey. The beribboned lances and shining helmets of soldiers lent a martial air. Miners and agrarians, in soberer garb, indicated that the expedition was planned to develop a virgin country. The presence of women and children gave promise that new homes were to be established. Franciscan friars in gray gowns told of the Cross of Calvary. In the rough racks of 83 carts and wagons hitched to meek-eyed oxen were huge piles of food and furnishings. Behind these came seven thousand head of horses, sheep and cattle, with their attendants.

Onate advanced in almost a straight line to the mountain pass 350 miles away where now stand the cities of Juarez and El Paso. He stopped at an Indian town near the spot where the city of Chihuahua later was established, and on May 4, after 85 days of strenuous effort, crossed the Rio Grande, naming the ford El Paso del Norte. Now the automobile makes this trip in less than ten hours and the airplane in two. In a report to the Count of Monterrey, Onate wrote of “the discovery of a wagon road to the Rio del Norte.” This wagon road became the south leg of the Chihuahua Trail.

Leaving the main caravan behind, Onate, with a small escort, moved up the Rio Grande for 350 miles, and on July 11, 1598, founded San Juan de los Caballeros, thirty miles north of the present city of Santa Fe. San Juan became the capital of New Mexico, and was the second permanent white settlement in The United States of America. (St. Augustine, Florida, another Spanish town, was established thirty-three years earlier.) But from the standpoint of human habitation this young capital was laid out, not in a new, but in an ancient, country. Empty apartments, carved out of nearby cliffs overlooking the Rio Grande, evidenced the activities of another people centuries before.

The Jornada del Muerto, or Journey of Death, is a ninety-mile stretch of New Mexico trail lying between Las Cruces and San Marcial, separated but a few miles from the Rio Grande by the Caballo and Fra Cristobal Mountains. In the heat of summer, all of the members of the Onate entrada passed over the Journey of Death, the leader and his escort in May, and the remainder a few weeks later. In each instance the emigrants were poorly prepared for the trip and their sufferings were severe. To the pains of parched throats were added the pangs of empty stomachs. The carcasses of their dead stock marked the line of passage. At a Pira Pueblo on the river above the Jornada, Onate secured a much-needed supply of corn, and named the place Socorro, because of the succor there received.

For a decade Onate ruled as Governor No. 1 of New Mexico, first at San Juan and later at San Gabriel, just across the river. At the former place, in 1598, with the aid of fifteen hundred Indians, he constructed what probably was the first Caucasian irrigation system in this country, and also what quite likely was the earliest Christian house of worship in the United States west of the Atlantic seaboard. Irrigation and religion went hand in hand then, as they did two and a half centuries later when Utah was settled by the Mormons.

The profit-and-loss accounts for the year 1609 of the sick empire of Philip III of Spain show in the Old World the independence of Holland from Spanish rule, and in the New World the founding of Santa Fe by Governor Pedro de Peralta. The baptismal records of the third capital of New Mexico give its full name as La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco, or The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis. The present city of Chihuahua, at the south terminal of the trail as it was subsequently developed, was not established until almost one hundred years later,
although near its site the Jesuit Mission *Nombre de Dios* existed prior to that time. The old adobe Palace of the Governors, facing the plaza at Santa Fe, is probably as rich in historic romance as any public building of the Western Hemisphere. Constructed in the early days of the *villa*, it has served in turn as a state house for Spaniards, Indians, Mexicans, and Americans. It has been a capitol, a court house, a church, a fort, a jail, and a cemetery, and it is now a museum. Here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries trials for treason and witchcraft were held. Within its portals the sacraments of the Christian friar have been followed by the rites of the pagan Pueblo. Its thick walls of clay have received many a hostile bullet and arrow, and the earthen floor of its *patio* has often drunk the blood of the executed. Here in 1807 Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, of Pikes Peak fame, was a prisoner of the Spaniards. Here ruled General Stephen W. Kearny, commanding the American Army of the West in the Mexican War. Here General H. H. Sibley, of the Confederate forces, raised the flag of the Lone Star State in 1862. Here in more peaceful times General Lew Wallace, when Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, wrote much of his world-famous novel *Ben Hur*.

From this adobe palace on August 21, 1680, solemnly marched a thousand men, women and children, carrying their earthly belongings upon their backs. In charge of Governor Antonio de Otermin, they were starting on the long, hard trail to El Paso del Norte, 320 miles below. They were fleeing from death at the hands of the Indians, who had within twelve days killed more than four hundred Spaniards, including twenty-one Franciscan missionaries. On the surrounding hills hundreds of besieging Pueblo warriors viewed with stolid satisfaction their retreating enemies. Among those going down the trail that August day were numerous descendants of men and women who had traveled north with Onate eighty-two years before. Many did not reach their destination; escaping the arrow...
of the savage they died from the hardships of the flight. At the City of the Holy Faith the Pueblos celebrated their victory by razing the church buildings, burning the records in the palace, annuling the marriages theretofore performed by priests, and publicly washing all baptized red men in the waters of the Rio Santa Fe. Then for a dozen years the Spanish capital of New Mexico was at El Paso del Norte, and the trail up the Rio Grande was for the most part left to the uninterrupted use of the Indian.

In the history of the Sunshine State the name Don Diego de Vargas stands out like bold-face caps. He was the hero of the reconquest, he returned New Mexico to the whites, and his memory is kept green by the labels on a cigar, a hotel, a street, and an annual pageant. Marching with an army of three hundred over the trail traversed by Onate, he recaptured Santa Fe on September 13, 1692, without the loss of a man. Returning in triumph to his base at El Paso del Norte, he recruited a body of eight hundred colonists and one hundred soldiers, and moved up the trail again the following year. When ordered to vacate Santa Fe in the bitter cold of December, the Indians resisted. An assault was ordered and the place was taken the following day. The Pueblo Governor hanged himself, seventy red men were executed and four hundred women and children were enslaved.

The cities of Albuquerque and Chihuahua step into the pages of history as Spanish settlements at substantially the same time. They grew slowly; the villa of Chihuahua more rapidly. New Mexico, the early Mecca of get-rich-quick adventurers from New Spain, had been a sore disappointment. No precious metal had been unearthed within its borders. But not so Chihuahua. At its door lay a silver mine of unusual richness. Before the advent of the Spaniards it had been worked in a crude manner by the Aztecs. Three fugitives from Spanish justice rediscovered it and
received pardons for their information. The mine was given the name Santa Eulalia, and out of its generous pockets millions of pesos have been dumped. From a tax on its production was built the great cathedral at Chihuahua, one of the best specimens of 18th-century architecture in Mexico. Other mines added to the wealth of the town. In 1783, the year the independence of the thirteen American colonies was formally recognized by treaty, the city of Chihuahua had a population of twenty thousand souls, and was one of the leading towns of New Spain. At that time neither Albuquerque nor Santa Fe could boast of more than two thousand inhabitants. Though mining was its principal activity, Chihuahua became well known as a producer of cloth and gunpowder, much of which went north over the old trail.

The “January fair” at Chihuahua was a big, booming bazaar. While it was in progress in 1811, a gray-haired priest from Dolores, leading a rabble of revolutionary adherents, was defeated by Spanish troops at the Calderon bridge over the Santiago River. A little later he was captured and brought to Chihuahua, where he was tried for treason, found guilty and shot. The gray-haired priest was Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla. A bronze tablet now marks the place of his execution, and on the plaza where yesterday the traders haggled, today a great monument testifies to his virtues. He has been called the George Washington of Mexico. His mortal body was crushed in 1811, but his soul, like John Brown’s, went marching on. The feeble light he held aloft became a conflagration through his martyrdom, and resulted in Mexican independence ten years after his death.

The little town of Taos, New Mexico, located near the Rio Grande about sixty miles above Santa Fe, occupies an interesting place in the history of the Southwest. Taos existed as an Indian pueblo before the explorations of Coronado. At the time of the Mexican War it was noted as the home of the great pathfinder, Kit Carson, and now it is remembered as the location of a colony of colorful artists. During all of the days of don dominion it was the extreme northeastern outpost of the Spaniards. By way of Taos came what little contact there was between the people who lived along the Chihuahua Trail and the denizens of that far-flung territory which stretched north and east to the Atlantic.

A great fair was held each summer at Taos, which was even more turbulent and colorful than the one at Chihuahua. While Spaniards forbade trade with white men from the east, dealings with red men were encouraged. For the Comanches and some other tribes this fair was the nearest source from which they could obtain manufactured goods. They came in from the plains in great numbers, loaded with deer and buffalo skins to exchange for knives, traps, blankets and gewgaws. Sometimes they brought captives to be sold into slavery. On these occasions Taos put on all the hectic trimmings of the wildest frontier town.

The profits of the traders at the Taos fair were largely represented by goods and chattels, as money was practically unknown. These goods and chattels were brought to Santa Fe, and sent in caravans down the trail to a great January fair at Chihuahua. A stop for trading purposes was always made in early winter at El Paso del Norte. The property thus transported from New Mexico included furs, buffalo meat and robes, deer skins, wool, pottery, wheat, corn, beans, punche, a native tobacco, sheep, cattle, mules and horses. At the close of the eighteenth century, sheep were worth a dollar each, cattle five dollars, horses eleven dollars and mules thirty dollars. On the other hand, calico brought from two to three dollars a vara, or yard, linen from four to five dollars, and silk and velvet from twenty to twenty-five dollars. And the vara was only thirty-three inches in length.

A traders’ caravan going down the trail to Chihuahua made a striking picture. As a rule these trains were a mile or more in length, even in close formation. The mule was the principal beast of burden, and patiently carried through the desert great bales of goods balanced across his back and hanging from either side. Much in evidence was the Spanish cart, a heavy, clumsy vehicle with a rough rack built on a primitive frame. The four-wheeled covered wagon did not appear upon the trail until about 1824, when it arrived from the United States. Both oxen and mules furnished motive power for the carts. Horses,
were used sparingly. Usually the caravan included a herd of sheep and cattle. The daily rate of speed was about thirteen miles, forty days of actual travel being generally required to cover the 545 miles between Santa Fe and Chihuahua.

Because of danger from Indian attack, the caravans required large complements of men. Five hundred was not an unusual number. These were organized into vanguards, centerguards, rearguards, sentinels and scouts. The latter would keep their ears trained to the ground during the night and were able to detect sounds from far distances. Because of the large forces of men accompanying the caravans the commissary department was an important one. Six hundred *fanegas* of corn were common requirements for a trip. A *fanega* equaled about two bushels. If beef was not transported on the hoof, it was not unusual to pound and dry the meat of a hundred head of cattle to consume on the way. A large allotment of barrels was always necessary for the carrying of water between sources of supply.
In the days of the Chihuahua Trail, El Paso del Norte was renowned for its wine—and under its modern name, Ciudad Juárez, it still is. Largely through the efforts of the friars, extensive areas of grapes were irrigated with the waters of the Rio Grande, resulting in a substantial production of wine and raisins. This wine has received generous praise through many years. The traders on the trail always extolled its virtues. Baron von Humboldt, the German scientist and traveler, who sampled it in 1804, liked its flavor, and American soldiers in the Mexican War lauded it with enthusiasm. In 1847, John T. Hughes, historian of the Doniphan Expedition, estimated the annual production at two hundred thousand gallons, and in a report to the War Department at Washington described it as “perhaps the richest and best wine in the world.” This product of the grape was the city’s principal article of commerce and was handled in large quantities by the traders.

The trade doors of New Mexico on the northeast, kept closed against white traders by the Spaniards, were opened by the administrators of the new republic. In the spring of 1822, William Becknell, of Missouri, called the Father of the Santa Fe Trail Trade, came through with $5,000 worth of merchandise, a part of which was transported by wagons. His caravan was the first to use wagons, and also the first to follow what is known as the southern or Cimarron route.

A modern chart of business activity, covering the period from 1824 to 1880, would show the 775 miles of the Santa Fe Trail in unhatched white. The number of caravan merchants increased rapidly, and Americans and Mexicans joined in common enterprises. It was in 1824 that wagons from Missouri carried merchandise down the Chihuahua Trail for the first time. Much of the goods brought in over the Santa Fe Trail before our war with Mexico went south to Chihuahua.

One of the most interesting chapters in the story of the Chihuahua Trail is that which depicts the daring exploits in the Mexican War of Alexander W. Doniphan and his one thousand men. The marvelous march of this regiment of Missouri cavalry is a classic in the history of the United States. It has been called one of the most remarkable military expeditions ever conducted on the American continent. In a brilliant eulogy, William Cullen Bryant compared it with the famous retreat of Xenophon. The heroic campaign of these ragged, starving, undisciplined frontiersmen, in a strange, inhospitable desert, hundreds of miles from home and seemingly abandoned by their country, will always remain an outstanding example of indubitable courage, stubborn perseverance, unswerving fidelity to duty, and remarkable achievement. But the account of that campaign is a separate story, with a label of its own.

The regular American trade caravan to Chihuahua was stopped by the Mexican War. Most of the traders who had dealt in its merchandise closed their stores in Mexico and left the country. However, a considerable amount of freight continued to go over the Chihuahua Trail until its mules and oxen were succeeded by the iron horses of Mr. George Stephenson.

That section of the trail lying between Santa Fe and the Rincon country, about 245 miles in length, became a part of a wagon road to California. Over it moved General Kearny’s train of army supplies in 1846, and a little later the gold-crazed forty-niners. The famous St. Louis and San Antonio mail lines to California came in from the east to El Paso, thence north up the old trail forty miles to Mesilla, and west to the Golden State.

Today, the traveler from Santa Fe to Chihuahua requires neither a stout heart nor a sturdy frame, neither a dominating purpose nor pioneer vision. The conquistador is under ban, the crusader is outmoded, the Indian languishes on a reservation, and the promoter plays his part on another stage.

But a still-mystic charm pervades the oil trail. The Rio Grande moves lazily on its winding way to the gulf. Across the gray desert comes faintly the call of the cactus wren. While along the way ever slide the ghosts of cliff-dwellers, Indians, soldiers, priests, and traders, lingering still along the trail which once they trod.

Washington

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

The years slip farther back into the past.
The road grows longer and the light more dim;
But let us not forget the glory vast
That Destiny once settled down on him.
Let not the distance hide him from our gaze,
Nor time divert our thoughts to nearer ones.
We cannot spare the wonder of those days,
However far life’s coursing river runs.

Like to a star that throws its constant light
Across unmeasured distance, let the glow
Of one who found in selflessness his might,
And served with patience in the long ago,
Shine through the years, however far away,
And be reflected in this present day.
George Washington’s Animals

Catherine Cate Coblenz

Sketches by Patricia Smith Frankenburg

In Washington’s time Mount Vernon was not the quiet estate it is today. It was alive then with the laughter and voices of the young people who dwelt there, and with the stir attendant upon the coming and going of visitors. Music was heard in the air, and there was the contented garrulity of the black folk who loved their master and mistress well, and the hum of their industry. There was the baying of the hounds ready for the hunt, the thud of horses’ hooves, and the thousand and one sounds which went to make up home life on this large estate, whose master was fond of people and of creatures.

Few men have loved animals as did George Washington. But perhaps he loved horses best of all. He was always among them and one of the earliest stories told concerning the youthful George is that he rode and accidentally killed a high-spirited colt belonging to his mother, an incident which caused him great distress.

His consideration of his horses after that day seems to have been marked. After the battle of Monongahela when the British General Braddock lay dying, he gave Washington his best charger, known as Greenway. Greenway was a dark gray, noted for his speed and endurance and Washington later used him in fox hunting.

Besides his riding horses, Washington possessed at one time over fifty draft horses for carrying on the farm work, the sowing, the reaping, and the harvesting. Among the names of the horses he owned we find Leonidas, Sampson, Steady, Traveller, and Magnolia. The last-named was a full-blooded Arabian. But the two steeds known best to history are Blueskin and Nelson, for these went through the Revolution with their master. Nelson was Washington’s favorite. This horse was a chestnut or chestnut-sorrel, and was known to the soldiers as the “best horse in the American army.” Of him, it may be said he was first in war, first in peace at the paddock fence, and first in the heart of Washington.

Nelson had a white face and legs and was very tall, standing sixteen hands high. He was not named as has sometimes been said for the English Lord Nelson, but for an old friend, Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia.

Blueskin, Washington’s favorite hunter, was a fine and fiery horse of great endurance, dark-iron-gray approaching blue in color, from whence came his name.

Mounted on Nelson, while his attendant followed on Blueskin, Washington departed early one May morning in 1775 for Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Second Continental Congress. At that Congress Washington was elected to command all the continental forces and the war on Great Britain assumed national proportions.

Blueskin proved a little skittish under fire, but Nelson would remain steady, responding to his master’s hand, even though it seemed sometimes to guide him into greater and greater danger.

But even Nelson had to rest occasionally. Consequently, at the battle of Monmouth, he stood by watching his master ride a beautiful white charger. Nelson whinnied, for the charger soon showed signs of exhaustion, and when the white creature sank suddenly to the ground not to rise again, Nelson was hurriedly led forth. All night long he carried his master, and the battle that had started with a disgraceful rout, did not end in defeat for the Continentals.

Washington did not like anyone else to ride Nelson. He made, however, apparently one exception to that rule when he put the chestnut at the disposal of a confidential courier by the name of Gray.

At the time Washington was encamped with his army near Trenton, and was nearly out of supplies. He had, moreover, no money with which to buy the things the army so much needed. But in Philadelphia was his friend, Robert Morris, who might be able and willing to aid.

So Washington sent for the courier whose name was Gray, demanding, “What is the
quickest time in which you can ride to Philadelphia with a letter?"

Gray named what he considered the shortest time, and Washington nodded. "Take the best horse in the army," he ordered.

"But the best is your chestnut-sorrel," answered Gray, and knowing the affection of Washington for that horse he did not expect the immediate answer.


As Gray had expected, he made good time on Nelson and when Robert Morris read the letter he asked, "How soon can you start back?"

"As soon as I get a fresh horse," answered Gray, for he had no mind to put the General's horse over the long distance again.

So Morris provided him with the best horse in his own stable, and until he was well rested, Nelson was separated from his master.

Finally came the day of triumph in October, where Washington rode Nelson into Yorktown. After the surrender of Cornwallis and the British troops was received, it is said Washington retired Nelson, never to be ridden again.

With Blueskin he was turned out to summer pasture at Mount Vernon, and it was noticed that no day passed but Washington managed to go by and stop for a moment with his two comrades. Nelson, especially, would prick up his ears and arch his neck as Washington came closer, and hastened toward the fence waiting his master's caress.

In winter these horses were carefully groomed and stabled. Nelson, it is said, lived to a "good old age," and a casual visitor mentions the fact that Nelson was twenty-two when he saw him and Blueskin at the Mount Vernon stable.

Since the time of Genghis Khan, white horses have ever seemed steeds particularly designed by Providence for the use of rulers and military leaders. Perhaps it is because of this that Washington's portraits with a horse show a white horse. For while it is true that during the Revolution and later, he rode several white thoroughbreds, Nelson was ever his favorite and gave the greatest service.

There were always six horses hitched to Washington's coach. The coach itself was a cream-colored globular affair, belonging formerly, some writers say, to William Penn, while others report Washington obtained it from France where it had originally been made for the ill-fated Louis XVI.

The coach boasted panel work of festoons and wreaths of flowers held by painted cupids, and these panels were covered with fine glass. The horses which drew this coach were groomed with a white paste and rubbed until their coats seemed to shine
with a brilliance nearly equal to the panels. Their harness was liberally bedecked with silver. Two footmen behind in bright livery of scarlet and white, or orange and white, added to the effect. No wonder the coach was sometimes referred to as Washington's "chariot," and whenever it passed by, there was doubtless much excitement. Mrs. Washington was said to be particularly fond of riding therein.

But Washington, no doubt, was happier at another sort of riding. All his life he had been an enthusiastic fox-hunter. Clad in a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, topboots, velvet cap and carrying a whip with a long thong, he used to ride Blueskin, ever his favorite hunter, and had introduced foxes to Mount Vernon for this hunting, "both gray foxes and black."

The names of some of his dogs have been kept for us also—Valiant, Magnolia, Chinkingling, Ajax; also Vulcan, Ringwood, Music, and Sweet lips; Chaunter, Singer, Truelove, Cloe, and Tipler; besides Pilot, Forester, Rockwood, Busy, Lady, and Drinkhard.

Lafayette sent his friend a pack of hounds in 1785. Vulcan was one of this pack, and it was Vulcan who carried off a ham one day from the kitchen as it lay there cooling from baking. It is said that Martha Washington did not like these great French dogs, and this is not strange, for they were a savage breed, and in their own country were used to hunt the stag or the wild boar. After Vulcan helped himself to the ham, the General soon parted with the French pack.

Washington's love of dogs is illustrated in the incident at Valley Forge where General Howe's dog was brought into Washington's headquarters, evidently having strayed away from his master. Washington sent the dog back to his British owner under a flag of truce, for which courtesy General Howe wrote a letter of appreciation.

It is also said of Washington that on leaving Valley Forge he presented a woman who had been most assiduous in bringing supplies to the soldiers encamped there, with an army horse to replace her own, worn out by the many trips to the camp.

George Washington was concerned not alone with the common domestic animals but showed an unusual interest in procuring and encouraging types new to the colonies.

For instance, we have George Washington to thank for breeding the first mules in this country. At that period, Spain produced the best jacks and jennets. These had been bred from stock originally from Africa, and their exportation from Spain was forbidden. But when the King of Spain heard of Washington's interest in these creatures, he sent him two of them as a present. One was promptly christened Royal Gift. Royal Gift was dark in color with white chest and legs.

The Marquis de Lafayette also sent similar gifts from France and the two strains were crossed, producing an animal which Washington christened Compound. Mules were of course a cross between the imported jacks and the horse. And mules became very important as work animals for the American farmers, as they were able to stand more hard work under adverse conditions than the horse.

The sheep at Mount Vernon were also imported and were said to be the Holland or rat-tailed sheep, and a few Spanish sheep. At that time most sheep brought to America were smuggled into this country and it was not until the next century that the breed was improved to such an extent as to make sheep raising at all profitable.

But there were some purely American creatures at Mount Vernon. Of them all, perhaps the buffalo seems most typical of the northern continent. Washington thought the buffalo might prove of value as a domestic draft animal, and so in 1770 he bought one as a young calf and took it
to the hillside overlooking the Potomac. The plan for using the buffalo as a draft animal was not successful, but there is a record that this particular buffalo was still at Mount Vernon at the time of Washington's death.

There is a suggestion that Washington was not only a good judge of horses but that he was never cheated in purchasing them. For Colonel Harry Lee, it is said, was boasting at Mount Vernon of his fine pair of horses. He added, however, that Washington could not have them, since he never paid but half what a horse was worth.

Whereupon a parrot sitting by Mrs. Washington laughed loudly and long, and Washington turned the joke back upon Lee by saying that he was indeed a funny fellow, a fact which even the parrot recognized.

There were deer on the estate, Virginia deer, which impressed foreign visitors, and English fallow deer; but these visitors did not think much of George Washington's cattle, reporting them inferior to those in England.

Besides cattle, and the other creatures we have mentioned, Washington raised hogs, turkeys, and geese, whose feathers no doubt added to the bulk of the feather beds, being an axiom in those days that fresh or live feathers must be added yearly. No doubt there were peacocks also sweeping across the lawn, for these birds had been brought to Virginia at a very early date. And one wonders whether there were not bees to sup of the sweets from Martha's delightful garden. If so, we feel certain someone ran out to tell them when Washington died, and hung a bit of crepe on the hives.

As It Might Have Been
Had George Gone to Sea
MARGARET ERVIN FORD

"FIRST in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"; but first of all, he was just a little boy, a truthful son who would not tell a lie to avoid a whipping.

Then, George was a "nearly-grown" lad, fired with enthusiasm for a life on the sea, wild for the adventures he might encounter there. And yet, he was a respectful and dutiful son who asked the consent of his mother to his "sea career." She did give her consent, and his devoted brother secured an appointment as midshipman in the British Navy for him. But his mother—having later received a letter from her brother in England which discouraged the plan for a life at sea for George—exercised her woman's prerogative and changed her mind, forbidding him to go to sea.

Although his little hair-trunk was already packed to go, although he felt broken-hearted at her decision, he would not defy his mother. He gave up the idea.

But let us picture him defying his mother, and disobeying her. Let us imagine him picking up his little trunk and walking out of the house with bowed head, starting a career on the sea. Let us take him from his early Virginia associates, his books, and his church. Take him from the numerous surveying trips and skirmishes with the Indians. Take him from the association with each hope and aim of the struggling colony.

He is rising and falling with the waves on many seas. He does not understand the pioneers and frontiersmen and their love of freedom. He is not learning border warfare, nor is he getting experience as a young officer under Braddock in the French and Indian War.

He is dreaming of advancement in the British Navy. And what does he dream? That he is a hero as Nelson was in later years—dying for his country. For old England. Giving his life for a name—a never-dying name.

Let these base imaginations cease. We speak of George Washington, the patriot and champion of human rights, who has just risen from his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses to offer to equip one thousand men at his own expense and lead them to the aid of Boston. Our George Washington, a part of Virginia—a vital part of our America—a man that the offer of a kingship could not cause to falter in his love of human liberty. He is the obedient son of his mother, the darling of Virginia who remained upon her soil to become the First President of these United States. He is our own, we claim his memory will never die and his work goes on forever.
Washington's Marquee at Valley Forge

Florence DeGroff Jenkins

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, last year, was the first on which General George Washington’s marquee or tent was seen properly displayed in the museum at Valley Forge.

This tent in which much of his time throughout his campaign was spent was characterized by the late Dr. Herbert W. Burk (known for his work in perpetuating the memory of Washington, at Valley Forge) as by far the greatest relic of Washington.

Within it he planned his campaigns, consulted with his officers, wrote letters, drafted dispatches, slept and prayed.

After the war, the tent was first stored in the garret at Mt. Vernon—later, in Arlington House, the home of Mr. Custis. At the death of Mr. Custis the tent with the other relics of Washington and the Arlington estate were inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee.

Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, Lee resigned his commission in the United States Army and became Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army. Mrs. Lee left Arlington House and later the estate was seized by the Union Army. The tent and relics were removed to Washington and placed on exhibition in the Patent Office.

In 1883 they were moved to the National Museum and under the administration of President McKinley the relics were restored to the family.

Dr. Burk, then minister in charge of the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, on May 27, 1907, secured from Miss Mary Custis Lee, the daughter of Mrs. Robert E. Lee and owner of the tent, an option for its purchase at $5000, the money to go to the support of the Old Confederate Woman’s Home in Richmond, of which Miss Lee was president. At the same time Miss Fannie B. Lovell gave to Dr. Burk the flag of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, which had gone with the marquee through the conflicts of the Revolution. The flag is of faded blue silk with the thirteen white stars, six-pointed, instead of five, and has the original homespun lining.

Dr. Burk had plans for a truly great museum of American history at Valley Forge, as shown by the Von Steuben, De Kalb, La-fayette and Rochambeau Bays, already in place, but it has not been completed. The building is small but strong and fireproof and the foundation good. The exterior is yet to be finished.

The need of a glass case large enough to show this oft-time home of Washington was brought to the attention of a few members of the Germantown and Valley Forge chapters of the D. A. R. and they conceived the idea of a Christmas card depicting the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge, to be sold through women’s clubs and D. A. R. chapters.

From two such sales over seven hundred dollars was realized and estimates on the cost of building an enclosure were sought. That was seventeen years ago, and it was only as recent as last October that an estimate was obtained by the Valley Forge Historical Society that was low enough to come within the sum thus raised which had grown to nine hundred dollars, having accumulated interest in bank.

The enclosure or case was made in Philadelphia as was the marquee itself. It is 16 feet deep, 12 feet wide and reaches from floor to ceiling. There are panels of glass on three sides and a polished glass shelf 14 inches wide for the display of approximately 150 other relics of Washington. Among these are two which were secured from Germantown. One is a valance from Washington’s bed in the Morris House and the other a platter and cake plate used at the Chew House when Washington was a guest there. Of all the relics displayed with the tent the most important are the three orderly books used by Washington, now yellow with age, but still legible.

Now 162 years after it was carried from Valley Forge, 30 years after it was placed in a dark corner of the museum, back of a glass partition where few could really see what it was, the marquee of Washington and the standard which doubtless is the flag which gave the stars to Old Glory, also many relics of Washington and his family, are together for all to see and to remember the privations and sufferings of General George Washington and his ragged, forlorn but courageous army through the terrible winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge.
Washington's Camp Cooking Chest

THE National Government owns no Washington relic which holds more endearing appeal as does his homely old Camp Cooking Chest. It is a chest in name only, for it is a small "hair trunk," which held all the kitchen and table furniture that was used by the Commander-in-Chief from 1776 until the end of the Revolution. In those grilling years the tiny trunk was Washington's store-room, kitchen, and pantry, and contained his supply of dishes, except two plain silver camp cups that were kept upon his camp desk.

The old Cooking Chest sits in much state among the priceless Washington relics in the National Museum, with the General's full dress uniform hanging directly above it and his sword close by. The little trunk is 21 inches long, 15 inches wide, and 10 inches deep. It has a tiny half-tray, in which were kept the smaller plates and the knives and forks. Within the chest was packed a full kitchen and dining outfit, so compactly stored that it has never been equalled even by the most modern and expensive portable camp kitchen. The chest contains a stout and well worn gridiron, three saucepans, a tea and a coffee pot; 5 glass bottles for salt, pepper, sugar, vinegar and wine. There are three large platters, 16 tin plates, a container for coffee and one for tea; there are small bottles for "soup seasonings," and a full supply of knives, forks and spoons. The handles of the saucepans are removable, so the vessels can fit snugly into each other. The Chest is still staunch and unbroken, though rather faded and rusty; in fact, it is capable of carrying on very competently through another campaign.

His little Camp Cooking Chest accompanied Washington to Mount Vernon when he retired, and after his death, it was sold and forgotten. For close to half a century it remained in seclusion, emerging in 1844 to become a part of our National History. On April 18, 1844, John Quincy Adams announced in Congress, that the executors of the estate of the lately deceased William Syndey Winder, of Maryland, asked him to "present, through the House of Representatives, to the Congress of the United States, the Camp Cooking Chest of General George Washington." Mr. Adams stated that Mr. Winder had received the chest from his father, Governor Winder, to whom it had been presented by Colonel Maynadier, his brother officer, who had bought it at a sale held at Mount Vernon shortly after Washington's death.

The unique relic aroused enthusiastic interest in Congress, which accepted the gift with the usual formal words of thanks and appreciation. The little old Camp Cooking Chest, with its amazing contents, is now the property of the Nation, and is kept with skill and care in the National Museum, in Washington.

That his little Camp Cooking Chest lived and had its being close to Washington is endearingly revealed in a letter the General wrote his friend, Dr. John Cochran, Surgeon-General of the Northern Department of the American Army.

"West Point, August 16, 1779.

"Dear Doctor;

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me tomorrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned; I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies; of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my Letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a Ham, (sometimes a shoulder,) of Bacon to grace the head of the table; a pye of roast Beef adorns the foot; and a small dish of Greens or Beans (Almost imperceptible) decorates the center. When the Cook has a mind to cut a figure, (And this I presume he will attempt tomorrow,) we have two Beefstake pyes, or dishes of Crabs in addition, one on each side the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about Six feet, which without them, would be twelve feet a part. Of late he has had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pyes; and it is a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of Beef. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now Iron, (not become so by scowering) I shall be happy to see them. I am, etc.,"
In the Hands of Providence

VERNA EUGENIA MUTCH

This outline of George Washington's illnesses and the manner in which he overcame them should do much to encourage others to persevere in spite of physical handicaps.

Richard Baxter, in old age, wrote in a letter to a friend: "Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me a-studying how to live." Judging from his unusual self-mastery, might it not be that perhaps Washington, very early in life, had done just that?

For, contrary to popular belief, Washington was not robust. He was very frequently ill, even from his youth. At 16 he had "Ague and Fever . . . to an extremity." At 19 he was "strongly attacked" by smallpox, and shortly afterwards "taken with a violent pleurisie which . . . reduced me very low." As a young colonel on the march to Fort Duquesne he was obliged to halt for several weeks because of severe pains in his head, accompanied by a very high fever, which continued unabated for ten days, leaving him in a greatly weakened state. When he was 25, because of a persistent and baffling ailment, he believed he was the victim of tuberculosis. He became convinced that he was going to die and seriously considered quitting his command.

In 1761 he spent over $250 for medical services—a considerable sum for the 1760's. He had been seized with "break bone" fever, thought to have been a fever of the rheumatic type, which progressed steadily until he thought he "must sink in spite of a noble struggle." He was not yet thirty.

Fortunately, except on two known occasions, he was remarkably exempt from illness during the Revolutionary War. Once at Valley Forge, toward the end of the season, a celebration was called off because of the General's indisposition. And while encamped at Morristown, N. J., he had a severe case of quinsy. But despite the fact that he frequently suffered from throat and chest ailments, and was very susceptible to malaria and dysentery, he did not spare himself. For days at a time he was hardly off his horse, and several times he slept on the open ground, as instance by the first night of the siege of York, when he slept "under a mulberry tree, the root serving for a pillow."

During his first year as President he had two grave illnesses. The first was that of a carbuncle of the hip, so malignant as to threaten mortification. The second was an attack of pneumonia, complicated by pleurisy. Washington believed they were superinduced by the fatigues of office, together with the lack of his accustomed outdoor exercise. He declared the latter worse than the first. "A third, more than probable, will put me to sleep with my fathers."

He died after an illness of less than 48 hours, aged 67. Dr. W. A. Wells, who has made a detailed study of Washington's final illness, concludes that he died of an "edematous inflammation of the larynx caused in all probability by a streptococcic infection."

On the morning of December 15, 1799, Washington's secretary, Tobias Lear, dispatched a letter to President Adams at Philadelphia, in which he said: "His last scene corresponded with the whole tenor of his life. Not a groan nor a complaint escaped him though in deep distress. With perfect resignation and full possession of his reason he closed his well spent life."

A few hours before his death he whispered to Dr. Craik, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to die." Ten years before, when he learned that the illness caused by the carbuncle might prove fatal, he said to his physician, "Whether tonight, or twenty years hence, makes no difference; I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence."

"I die hard, but I am not afraid to die." "I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." Would it not seem that in those two statements lies the secret for the quiet composure and poised resignation that marked his entire life? For many years exposing himself to the dangers of military life, and coming face to face time and again with the "Grim King" in sieges of illness, he seemed always to live within the shadow of death. Not that this "shadow" made him morbid, but, at some time or other, judging by his "well spent life," it must have set him "a-studying how to live."

For, as Edwin Markham says in his poem, "Washington, the Nation-BUILDER":

He seemed to know, even in this noise of time, The solemn quiets of Eternity.
THIS was truly a fall of political upsets. As a result, the already small feminine contingent in Congress lost two Democratic Representatives—Virginia Jenckes of Indiana and Nan Wood Honeyman of Oregon. But it gained one Republican in Judge Jes-sie Sumner of Illinois, so that now the balance of political power is even!

Very briefly this fall two other women had a "day" of fame—Senator Gladys Pyle of South Dakota and Bessie M. Gasque of South Carolina. Gladys Pyle has a good
many of the characteristics of Jeanette Rankin, the very first woman legislator elected in any independent nation. Way back in 1916 Miss Rankin campaigned her entire Montana district on horseback and made stirring speeches. But her vote against the entrance of the United States into the World War killed her political future. And it remained for Mrs. Julius Kahn of California to be the next woman Representative in 1924. As you all remember, she was first elected in her late husband’s place but remained many years on her own record.

Now last fall there came out of the west one Gladys Pyle, like Miss Rankin a daughter of pioneers and descended from Pennsylvania Quaker stock also. And like Miss Rankin, Miss Pyle’s mother, Mrs. John L. Pyle of Huron, South Dakota, was one of the earliest suffragettes, a great friend of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. Her father was Attorney General of the state. So politics
was in her blood. Miss Pyle began her energetic career as a public school teacher, later becoming superintendent of schools. But the lure of politics was too strong—so she “graduated” from school work into pyramiding political responsibilities, doing so-called men’s jobs with a continuous record of success.

She was the first woman to be elected to the State Legislature in South Dakota, where she served two years. The first woman to be elected Secretary of State, having previously served as Assistant Secretary of State.

Meanwhile she had served as a member of the State Securities Commission and
came near winning the race for the Governorship in the 1930 primary.

Last fall she was the first woman Senator ever elected in the first instance on her record, and led the ticket in the Republican sweep of the state. But, unfortunately, Miss Pyle ran only for the unexpired term of the late Peter Norbeck, whose seat was occupied until November 8th by Herbert Hitchcock. So for only two months, just up 'till January 3rd, was Miss Pyle's name on a door in the Senate Office Building. But this short-term service was considered a great honor to be bestowed upon a woman and will give her the privilege of the Senate floor for the rest of her life. Already her friends are "grooming" her to run for the long term in 1942. Two men Senators were in the same "boat," Alexander G. Barry of Oregon and T. M. Storke of California. But at least they will all be called Senators for the rest of their lives.

Mrs. Bessie M. Gasque of Columbia, South Carolina, the widow of Representative Allard H. Gasque, was chosen to fill out her husband's unexpired term of two months at a special election called by Governor Olin D. Johnston. Though this appointment did not mean that Mrs. Gasque would ever sit in the House of Representatives, yet it gave her the honor of being the first woman Representative from her state. And I must be mercenary and add that in all these cases the appointees received the interim salary!

Inasmuch as Judge Jessie Sumner is the only newly elected Congresswoman this year, the last shall be first in this story, for a great deal of interest centers about the fact that she is the youngest Congresswoman ever to receive this honor. Judge Jessie Sumner of Watseka, Illinois, not only is Iroquois County's first County Judge, but she is the first woman to represent Illinois at Washington since the days of brilliant, beloved Ruth Hanna McCormick Sims. And, too, she is the first resident of this county ever chosen for service in the United States House of Representatives. And apparently there are good reasons for all of these distinctions. In the first place she has had excellent training and background, a long legal course of study having preceded her entrance to the bar.

Educated at Girton School, graduate of Smith College in 1920—law courses at both the University of Chicago and at Columbia—then to top it all, the first American woman to study law at Oxford University, England, where she specialized in courses in the science of government—not then available here. So the fourteen years of successful practice in both Chicago and New York have not been an accident. From working with the United Charities in Chicago as manager of the South Side Legal Aid Bureau, she obtained a first hand experience in welfare work, often donating her services to various charitable and religious organizations. Several years' experience on income tax and trust work with the Chase National Bank of New York still further rounded out her career.

So when she finally came back home to Watseka in 1932, it is small wonder that within five years she built up a splendid practice. Politics entered the picture almost immediately and she was elected county judge after running against three men in the primary. Apparently every Republican in the district must have taken up the cudgels for her this fall. It was a stiff fight against the long-time Democratic incumbent, James A. Meeks, but she won by a big majority.

This efficient daughter of generations of successful farmers loves people and they love her; in fact, people are her life. They come from all walks of life to talk over their troubles with "Jessie," which tells the tale. And, too, she sympathizes with labor and understands the farm problems. And she's not yet 40, this well-tailored, auburn-haired young woman, who seems to have the world before her.

There are various doorways by which to enter Congress but not often does anyone enter these sacred portals through the door of welfare work. However, the "Heroine" of the next part of this story, Mary Norton, who was one of the six children born to Thomas Hopkins and Mary Shea of Jersey City, New Jersey, unwittingly entered this way.

The death of Mary's mother when she was seventeen was a heart-breaking loss to
the entire family. Circumstances necessitated a career for Mary, so after a business college course she started out in New York at a $9.00 a week job. Eight years of faithful, efficient work almost tripled her salary. Then came romance and marriage to a childhood pal, a Jersey City man, Robert Norton.

To appease her sorrow at the death of their only child, she began doing volunteer work at a day nursery at a time when many mothers whose husbands were overseas had to find work. The nursery was new and poor as well as desperately in need of equipment and volunteer workers. But in three years Mary Norton was President of the organization, had the nursery out of debt and was well on the way to starting another. Meanwhile she was also very active in Red Cross war work.

Mayor Hague of Jersey City had been watching her work and consulting with her at various times. He was so impressed with her gallant spirit and her executive ability that he persuaded her to add politics to her interests. As a result she became the first woman member of the Democratic State Committee and in a short time was vice-chairman. Evidently she was born with political sense, for she took to it like the proverbial duck. In a short while she was elected Freeholder in Hudson County, and her very first act was to offer a resolution to build a maternity hospital with county funds, the only one in the United States.

For four years she was elected delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Conventions. By this time she had developed such political acumen that when Mayor Hague told her she was his candidate for Congress, the matter was practically settled. And she was elected by a large majority, the first woman to be thus honored by the Democratic Party. Ever since, her reelection has been practically taken for granted and her list of "firsts" has continued to accumulate. After her election in 1924 she was immediately appointed to the Committee on Veterans' Affairs. One of the results of her work on this committee is a New Jersey Veterans' Hospital, an institution that cares for almost a thousand men.

To go on with her "firsts": Mrs. Norton was the first woman to be appointed chairman of a congressional committee, that of the District of Columbia—a position which gave her the sobriquet of "The First Woman Mayor of Washington." She proved a great friend to the District, and if necessary could "fight" for its rights, as a good many men on that committee will testify. Last year when she was made the first woman chairman of the Committee on Labor, eyes were significantly lifted by many Congressmen and even by the labor leaders. But her work in connection with the wage and hour bill which she piloted through last year's session has proven how wrong they all were.

In the course of the years many other honors have come to her, but one particularly was unique. She received the first degree of doctor of laws ever conferred by St. Elizabeth's College, the oldest women's college in New Jersey.

If ever anyone was born with the quality of leadership it is Mrs. Norton! She combines so perfectly gentleness and firmness, a calm, composed manner, an eloquent, well-modulated voice that can be business-like and terse or kindly, as the occasion demands. And, plus all this, she's a magnificent looking person—the regal type that stands out in a crowd—always perfectly groomed and dressed in just the right gown. Small wonder she commands the respect and admiration of her conferees as well as her constituents.

Caroline O'Day, recently re-elected Congresswoman-at-large from New York, has had almost a story-book life. Her husband was a Standard Oil official who died over twelve years ago. Though her primary interest had always been along the artistic line, after her husband's death she delved deep into social welfare activities, becoming a member of the State Board of Social Welfare of New York, a director of the School for Social Research in New York City and vice chairman of the New York Consumers' League. She was also a staff member with Mrs. Roosevelt in the Val Kill furniture shop.

Mrs. O'Day before her marriage was Caroline Love Goodwin of Savannah, Georgia. After graduating from the Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens, Georgia, she went first
JUDGE JESSIE SUMNER, REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS
to New York and later abroad to study art. So successful was she that pictures of hers were exhibited both in Paris and Holland. For a number of years after returning, she supported herself doing illustrating for newspapers and magazines in the United States. Later came marriage with Daniel O'Day, and three children, two boys and a girl—Elia, Daniel, and Charles.

Later on, she also became a very active leader in the suffrage fight, associate chairman of the Democratic State Committee, Democratic National Committeewoman and Associate Chairman of the Westchester County Democratic Committee; a member of the Board of the Henry Street Settlement and a member of the New York Woman's Trade Union League.

With these many and varied activities, her artistic career has been completely sidetracked. Those who have seen her paintings regret exceedingly that she has been unable to continue along this line. Her homes, both in Washington and New York, are full of interesting art collections, chief among which is her collection of fans.

Now let's look into the history of a Republican Representative, Edith Nourse Rogers of Lowell, Massachusetts, Fifth District. Quite in contrast to Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Rogers is diminutive and exceedingly feminine, though her brown eyes can snap with determination when the occasion demands. Strictly New England background has she with Maine for her birthplace and Massachusetts her later home; with a very cosmopolitan education that took her from Rogers Hall in Lowell, Massachusetts, to a school in Paris.

Her marriage, in 1912, to John Jacob Rogers, Harvard classmate of the President, brought her first to Washington, where she was his gracious hostess until his death in 1925. Her election to fill his place gave her the title of first Congresswoman from New England. Re-elected ever since with astounding majorities, this year she topped all records by receiving the largest majority ever recorded in a district in the Bay State; and this in the face of practically no campaigning, because she was too busy helping alleviate the devastation caused by the floods!

And what, you ask, has been the reason for her success? There are any number of reasons! One begins back in 1917 when she served overseas with the American Red Cross, thereby establishing a life-long interest in disabled veterans. So splendid was her war work record that she was appointed personal representative in care of disabled veterans by President Harding in 1922, and reappointed by both President Coolidge and President Hoover; indeed, she was a Presidential Elector in 1924.

She, too, we may say, came into the "Congressional doors" partially by the social service route. But we all know that to be re-elected, Congressmen have to "deliver the goods"—to use a current colloquialism!

During the course of her long service she has become ranking Republican member of the House Committee on World War Veterans’ Legislation, ranking Republican member on the House Committee on Civil Service, also member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. (Her late husband's particular interest was the rehabilitation of the United States Foreign Service, a work which Mrs. Rogers has continued.)

Representing the textile district of Massachusetts, including Lowell, she has always opposed reciprocal trade agreements and advocated a high tariff for the protection of the products of her district. But when it comes to the welfare of her State, she throws politics to the winds, both in connection with the veterans and the unemployed.

Another vital humanitarian interest of this lady from Massachusetts is in the cancer control program. In fact, she was responsible for the passage of a joint resolution for the national control of the disease. As a result, April of each year has been set aside in each of the states as cancer control month. In Mrs. Rogers' resolution to enlist the active support of the country she asked that the annual proclamation invite the medical profession, the press and all interested agencies to unite in a concerted effort to impress upon the country the necessity of such a program. Also this spring she was invited to present to the retiring chargé d'affaires of the French Embassy, Jules Henry, a de luxe copy of Madame Curie's biography. A brief excerpt from her remarks was so fitting that
the organization had it broadcast throughout the world:

“This is a public tribute to the memory of your splendid countrywoman, Madame Curie, the greatest woman benefactor to human suffering the world has ever known.”

Orchids, gardenias and work—that’s a strange combination, but Mrs. Rogers’ famed love of flowers seems to bring her continuous donations, so she is seldom seen without a nosegay. Particularly feminine and charming in her well-chosen and lovely evening clothes, she is always conservatively gowned in black on the House floor. Her charmingly furnished apartment and her well-appointed dinners reveal the home interest she has always retained in spite of her arduous duties on the Hill.

I LOVE HATTIE CARAWAY — everybody does — and why? Just because she is herself always, everywhere—and, too, because she has a simply sparkling humor. You ought to hear her tell southern stories in her delicious drawl! Her eyes sparkle, her face twinkles, and always there comes a laugh from her audience. It has been my privilege to know her before she became a Senator when she was only the “wife of,” as we senate wives say. And she isn’t one bit different now at the Senate Ladies’ Luncheon Club from the days when, as the wife of the rather vitriolic Thaddeus Caraway, she quietly ran his household and reared their three sons. That’s a quality I so admire—that ability to remain unchanged in the midst of adulation. And I admire her, too, beyond words because of the way she has faced her sorrows—first the loss of her husband and then a son. Never publicizing her grief, always going on her way giving the best she had! You, out in the big, big world, maybe do not realize what it meant for a self-effacing homemaker to be suddenly plunged into an office never before held by a woman. She was an interloper in that “sacred club”—it wouldn’t have made any difference who the woman was. But here she found herself by the quirk of Fate, the wife of a man who had never believed in having women hold public office. And what did she do? She slipped into that back seat in her mourning clothes—and listened. Men like a woman who will listen—and she understood men—she had literally “raised” four. Gradually her colleagues have learned to respect this little lady from Arkansas. She’s worked, she’s studied, and hard too. She’s literally made a confidante of the people of her state, and, for that matter, of people all over the United States. Her mail is like that of a “heart-throb editor”; and it’s all answered, every letter.

So her honest, homely philosophy, her gentle tolerance, her friendly smile and soft southern voice have made a real place for her in the so-called sacred Senate walls. And this fall proved the tale! No Huey Long with sound wagons, no one to sing her praises from the house-tops—just a home-to-home campaign in which she literally visited with practically all of her Arkansas constituents. She had an amazing victory the election before last over six prominent men—but this time she went alone into the primaries and won on her record. More power to her!

HOW LITTLE we are apt to appreciate the blessings closest at hand! This thought came home to me very vividly when I attended a celebration of the 315th anniversary of the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare at the Folger Library in Washington, for time and again I have taken visitors there without in the least grasping the real extent of this gift. On this particular evening, over a million dollars worth of rare Shakespeare treasures were brought out of the vaults and put on exhibition. Extra guards there were and extra policemen outside, but the 300 fortunate guests were apparently all Shakespeare-minded, so nothing unforeseen occurred. The lecturer of the evening, a famous bibliophile, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, dealt with his “Adventures with the Shakespeare Quartos” in such a way that I was moved to a serious personal visit. So with the kind assistance of Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, one of the Amherst College directors, I made an appointment with Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, the director, and himself one of the world’s most noted scholars and authorities on Shakespeare.
What a new world was unfolded to me as a result of this personally conducted tour! It seems that after Mr. Folger’s plans became formulated, he decided to acquire not only everything possible of Shakespeare’s but also the writings of all his contemporaries, as well as everything in any way referring to Shakespeare, called “allusion books.” This idea grew until it became his aim to add everything written from 1475, the beginning of printing, to 1640. So the present library started with about 90,000 volumes, with a capacity for 150,000 volumes.

This plan is still being carried on by the library. Never a day passes but dozens and dozens of rare books and manuscripts arrive for inspection, acquired through auction sales and collectors all over the world. In this category, even John Calvin’s theological books have been acquired.

When I followed Dr. Adams into the vaults, I felt as if I were walking on sacred ground. Here in one vault were the 9,000 volumes of the priceless Harmsworth collection, recently acquired, the most valuable one in the world outside of Mr. Folger’s, many of these volumes being the only ones extant. Here was the prayer book given by King Henry VIII to his poore Anne Cleves—I was even able to read the inscription of his signature and her reply. And here in perfect condition, beautifully bound and illuminated, the first book ever printed about the Virginia Colonies, 1590, the finest copy in the world, with the original drawings by John White, the first Governor. Even his map of Virginia was amazingly true. Here also was William Caxton’s First Edition of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales (1475), now the most valuable book in the world.

But the Shakespeare vault—there was the greatest of all the feast! Of the First Folio (1623), the library has seventy-nine copies of the two hundred known to exist; of the Second Folio (1632), fifty-eight copies, including those that belonged to Elizabeth, daughter of James III. On and on through the Third and Fourth Folios, a collection nowhere else remotely approached.

Each of Shakespeare’s plays is grouped
separately according to editions. These individual editions in quarto comprise the greatest ever assembled, the outstanding gem being the first edition of Titus Andronicus (1594), the earliest of Shakespeare plays. Instead of being anything imposing, this proved to be a simple little paper-bound pamphlet, once the handsome velvet-lined leather case in which it is kept was opened... $10,000 worth today! Equally interesting was the collection of Shakespeare's non-dramatic works, among them Venus and Adonis (1595). Of the early manuscripts relating to Shakespeare, there is nothing to compare in the world.

Shakespeare and music make up another category. As Mr. Folger was a musician of ability and a patron of the arts, he included in his collection all the Elizabethan musical instruments and song books, there being seven thousand titles here alone. Then there are over 50,000 prints and 200 oil paintings that show the influence of Shakespeare in the field of painting. Also many portraits of Shakespeare, a collection of personal relics, including autographs of members of his family, the deed to his Stratford-on-Avon property. Other groups of manuscripts relate to heraldry, Elizabethan furniture, coins and table utensils.

Besides all this, Mr. Folger brought together all of the modern editions of Shakespeare in English and foreign languages to the extent of about one thousand editions and an equal number of plays. The history of Shakespeare on the stage is illustrated by hundreds of play-bills, the prompt-books of Garrick, Booth, Irving and Robertson, as well as journals telling about the actors, David Garrick in particular.

Everything about the interior of the library is reminiscent of the England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Inasmuch as the exterior had to conform to the surrounding architecture of classical buildings, the Library of Congress, the Supreme Court Building, and the Capitol, it necessarily had to be modern. The design of the facade centers in a set of nine panel-reliefs depicting scenes from famous plays of Shakespeare. On the side toward the Capitol is a little garden with a figure of
Puck leaning over the fountain. Even the ironwork portrays the heraldic arms of Shakespeare.

What about the Man and the Woman who had this incomparable vision? How did the hobby start? I was full of such questions, so may I share the result of my curiosity with you?

The story begins at Amherst College where Henry Clay Folger received his first inspiration from a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson. So impressed was he with the brilliant diction of this author that henceforth he followed all his writings and speeches with avidity. That is how he happened to read an excerpt from Emerson’s speech to the Saturday Club in Boston on the Tercentenary of Shakespeare, in which he eulogized Shakespeare as the world’s outstanding genius. As further proof that here the seed was sown, when Mr. Folger planned the Library he had carved over the fireplace in the Reading Room the lines from Emerson embodying the thought of that address. And when the building was dedicated the address was read to the assembled guests, according to the wishes of the late donor.

When by 1932, after forty years of collecting, Mr. and Mrs. Folger were known to have the finest collection of Shakespeareana the world has ever known, they decided to leave it as a gift to the American people, housed and endowed. Mr. Folger felt it should be in the Nation’s Capital, near the Library of Congress, and that the architecture be such as to fit into the surrounding picture.

Thus was conceived the Folger Library, the architectural gem of Washington, and the literary gem of the world, with which only the two-hundred-year-old British Museum can be compared.

It is more than a library, it is a museum of the Golden Age of Elizabeth and a memorial to the influence that Shakespeare has exerted on the world’s culture.
HEN the white men began pushing westward into the Northwest Territory, following the explorations of Gen. George Rogers Clark, those who settled in the hilly regions of southern Indiana found a wilderness country, teeming with all sorts of wild animals. Consequently, with the great demand for leather, not only for boots and moccasins, crude harness and bullet pouches, but for clothing as well, the tanning of hides became one of the earliest known industries of the state and, as a result, a number of tanyards were early established. One of the largest and perhaps the best known of these was the one established in Martin County, Indiana, which, in later years, came to be known as the Old Sargent Tanyard.

The Sargent Tanyard was opened in 1847 by Dane Borland, an experienced tanner who also operated tanneries at Bedford, in Lawrence County, some twenty miles to the eastward. It consisted of forty-eight large vats and was one of the largest ever operated in this section of Indiana. Although one of the earliest of the pioneer industries of this region, the Old Sargent Tanyard is still well remembered by many of the older citizens of the county and evidences of its existence may still be seen in the remnants of some of the forty-eight vats that were buried in the earth.

Borland, after opening the Martin County tannery, operated it himself for about ten years, before selling out, in 1857, to Elisha Sargent. In 1867, Elisha Sargent sold the business to his brother, Daniel, who, with the aid of his two sons, George and Jim, continued in the business of tanning leather until 1884, when the old-time methods of tanning were forced to give way to the faster, and more scientific, modern methods of today.

Hides of all kinds were brought to the old-time tanneries to be made into leather. These included hides from horses, cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, deer, raccoons, foxes, groundhogs and even mink, rabbits and muskrats.

Tanning, in the early days of the industry, was a tedious and long-drawn-out process. A number of operations were necessary, and the raw skins moved from one vat to another before finally emerging, after many months, as fine, oak-tanned leather.

Upon their arrival at the tannery, the hides were first placed in a large vat, filled with clear water, to soften them so that any surplus flesh could be removed. After soaking in this vat for a few days they were taken out and placed on a "breaking beam" and the surplus flesh was removed. A "breaking beam" was merely a hollow gum log, placed at a forty-five degree angle by fastening legs at one end. To remove the surplus flesh, the tanner used a long, thin steel blade, called a "breaking" knife.

After the surplus flesh had been removed from the hides, they went next to a large vat, filled with lime water, for the purpose of loosening the hair. When they had soaked for three weeks in the lime water, they were again removed and placed on the "breaking beam" and the hair was scraped off. The hair constituted a by-product of the industry, being sold for mixing with mud to use in building the old-time "stick and clay" chimneys or for "chinking" the cracks between the logs of the pioneers' cabin homes.

After the hair had been removed from the hides, they went next to the "bates" where they were soaked to loosen the lime and glue left on them. These "bates" were merely large vats, filled with "rotted" water, made by adding generous quantities
of dried chicken manure to clear water. After soaking in this “rotted” water for a few weeks the hides were removed from the “bates” and placed upon a stone table, where the tanners proceeded to scrape away the loosened lime and glue with a stone “set,” a thin piece of sandstone or soapstone, fashioned as a scraper.

From the “bates” the skins went next to the “handler” vats where they were colored. To color them, bark from large chestnut, white and black oak trees was first ground up in an old-fashioned bark mill, operated by a horse, much after the fashion of a sorghum mill. One half of the “handler” vat was filled with this ground bark, water from a near-by spring was piped in upon it, and the “bark ooze” which resulted was allowed to cover the hides in the other half of the vat. The hides were left to soak in this “bark ooze” for from six weeks to two months, or until their color was even and perfect.

Upon their removal from the “handler” vats, the hides were taken next to the storage tanks, where they were again placed in “bark ooze.” The floor of the storage tank was first covered with a layer of bark, and then a layer of hides was placed on this. This was followed by another layer of bark and another layer of hides until the tank was full. After three months, they were taken out of the vat, the ooze and bark were renewed and the hides re-laid. They were allowed to remain here three more months, then they were removed from the storage vats and placed upon poles to dry.

When the hides, after being removed from the storage tanks, had dried for a week, they were removed from the drying poles and placed again on the stone tables, where steel “sets” were used to remove all pieces of clinging bark, flesh, etc. Following this dressing, they were “pasted” with a mixture made of tallow and fish-oil, rehung and allowed to dry for another week. They then went back again to the stone tables, where the surplus paste was removed with steel “sets” and scraping knives.

Last of all came the whitening process. In this operation, the hides were placed on the “whitening” benches, and shaved to a uniform thickness by the tanners, who used razor-edged scraping knives for the purpose. Thus the tanning process, after approximately twelve months, was complete, and the raw skins of a year ago had become the very finest of oak tanned leather and were ready to be made up into boots, shoes, harness, shot pouches and other articles so necessary to the existence of the pioneer.

George and Jim Sargent, the two brothers, who with their father, Daniel, operated the Old Sargent Tanyard until 1884, still own the tools and equipment with which they worked. They are seen constantly with the “whitening” bench and several of the “sets” scraping knives and the “breaking” knife. The brothers, who live now at Trinity Springs, Ind., are nearing 80 years of age but they still delight in exhibiting the old-time tanning tools that they used in their youth and explaining the old-time methods of tanning leather. They also have a piece of leather tanned by their father almost a century ago and, despite its age, it is still as flexible and as durable as the best leather tanned by modern methods.

The Painter

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

History is a painter.
Her pictures fill the land.
Unfailing is her genius.
Unceasing is her hand.
Dream-Bound

ANNE ROBINSON

While wind is running to and fro
Rehearsing ancient runes,
And dusk is powdered by the snow,
Into great white lagoons,
We sit around a friendly fire,
That purrs a merry screed,
And plant our garden of desire,
From catalogues of seed.

Where all is now a glittering waste
Of crystal, we behold
The first anemone, the chaste
Fawn-lily's cup of gold.
Plumbago and blue lupin rise
Adventurous as light,
And climbing tropiolam's eyes
Gleam scarlet on the night.

Frost takes his sacrifice and all
The lovely garden things
Are waiting, dream-bound. In a pall
Ice shackles Beauty's wings.
But we tonight unloose their chain,
Defying wind and snow,
We ring blue-bells in silver rain,
Though winter trumpets blow.
AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SQUARE IN CHARLESTON AT THE TIME LINCOLN MADE HIS LAST VISIT. IT WAS AROUND THIS SQUARE, THE CENTER OF WHICH HAS LONG BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE COURTHOUSE, THAT THE CHARLESTON RIOT OCCURRED DURING THE CIVIL WAR

The Last Visit
CLARENCE HUFFMAN

This touching story, in which no fictitious characters appear, makes Lincoln's farewell stay among his home folks seem very real and robs it of all remoteness from our times

THE wheezy, little freight on the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad chugged eastward out of Mattoon over the Illinois prairies. The time was early February and snow and slush covered the low fields. Protruding from the expanse of muddy whiteness, bare cornstalks waved stiffly in the breeze.

Among the passengers in the caboose sat a tall man, muscular and raw-boned. He was dressed in funereal black that added severity to his naturally plain face. A plug hat, faded and free from any sign of a nap, made more swarthy the dark hue of his complexion. An extremely short coat, like the pea-jacket a sailor wears in cold weather, accentuated his height. Now and then he awkwardly shifted his long legs.

The kindly eyes in which lurked a hint of prophetic sadness had been fixed on the fluttering stalks, as the train plodded along. Suddenly the tall man rubbed the black beard, which almost concealed a well chiseled chin, while leaving in full view an uncomely lower lip. The melancholy eyes lighted with a roguish twinkle, as he turned to his companion on the bench.

"Seems to me, Tom, I can't get used to the feel of these whiskers. Makes me think of the time, when as a boy I first put on long pants down in the hills of Indiana." The voice was shrill and penetrating.

The man next to him seemed much amused. "This beard's a new thing, isn't it, Mr. Lincoln?"
“I've worn it only since the fall election.”

His travelling companion laughed. “Payoff a bet?”

Again the dark eyes twinkled. “Hardly. You see it was all on account of a little girl——” Abruptly he changed the subject. “Joe Cannon, who got off the train at Mattoon, tells me he has come down to try a lawsuit there. I suppose some day, when I get back from Washington, I'll be mixed up in court cases myself again.”

“These political offices certainly do break into the regular routine of a fellow’s life.” Thomas Marshall frowned a little. “I know how I felt, when I was made state senator from Coles County, but I do get home now and then, while you——”

“It may be my last visit to the home folks,” Lincoln remarked solemnly.

“It’s a shame we missed connection with the passenger train at Mattoon,” broke in Marshall. “With you, every hour is precious now.”

Lincoln’s eyes brightened. “Still a freight’s not bad with a red-hot stove over which to hover on a day like this.” He looked out the window again at the dreary fields.

A road, having the appearance of a trail, wriggled like a huge black serpent northward through the slush. A reminiscent smile played over the deep furrows of Lincoln’s face. “The freight seems luxurious, when compared with the conveyance in which I first crossed this spot.”


“Yes,” Lincoln replied. “We were having another family exodus. I was a young man then and walked more than I rode, driving the oxen that pulled our prairie schooner. Thirty years ago and just a little later in the season. We stalled in the black mud more than once, for, though the nights were cold, the ground thawed out in the daytime.”

“They call that region up there Dead Man’s Grove now,” interrupted Marshall. “A man was found frozen to death in the grove once, sitting on a fallen tree, with his bridle thrown over his shoulders.”

Lincoln’s rugged face became grave again. “I thought sometimes, in spite of my buckskin breeches and coon-skin cap, I'd freeze myself on that trip along here. Spring in Illinois is often far from pleasant, as you already know.”

Other men in the caboose now joined in the conversation and soon the question of slavery became the predominant topic. All realized the agitation over that subject had become serious and conjectures as to the outcome were freely made. Already South Carolina and six of her sister states had seceded. Was war to result?

As he listened to the conversation, the thoughtful face of the president-elect became a shade more serious. In another month the full burden would fall upon him. With an involuntary shiver, he drew his black coat a little closer over his stooped shoulders. Once more he looked out at the dismal landscape.

A narrow highway ran almost parallel to the railroad. The clay belt had been reached and the trail, like a yellow ribbon splotched with white, swerved downward into a creek valley. A sad smile flickered over Lincoln’s face.

“Boys,” he said, as he pointed to the streak of yellow slush, “I followed that road again and again, when I rode the Eighth Circuit. Coles was not a part of that judicial district, to be sure, but I've argued many a case in the brick courthouse there at Charleston. Haven’t I, Tom?” He lapsed into silence for a moment. “Those were the happy days,” he slowly added.

“What you did then helped to make you president, Mr. Lincoln,” somebody in the group said with emphasis. “And the speech you delivered in that grove over here.”

The train had begun to slacken speed, as Charleston, the county seat of Coles County, was near at hand. The track led close to the cluster of trees.

“The old County Fair Ground,” continued the last speaker. “There's where you and Douglas fought it out.”

“And I was lucky enough to be on hand to see that fight,” spoke up another, “but the weather was certainly different from what it is today. Heat like that of the Torrid Zone that September day—let's see, it's not been three years yet—and dust so thick that the sky seemed darkened. It was a sight—wagons, full of people, push-
ing forward, horsemen galloping through the fog, bands, banners, roar of cannon! Even the Hoosiers poured in from Indiana. I remember this railroad, on the day of the debate, brought one delegation composed of eleven cars of passengers from Terre Haute alone.” The man’s eyes sparkled. “That was a great day, Mr. Lincoln!”

The President-elect did not answer. Before him flashed a vision of that former trip from Mattoon to the little county seat. Again he could see the chariot of thirty-two young ladies escorting him over the dusty highway. Representing the states that then comprised the Union, they held banners aloft designating their names—Maine, Illinois, Texas, Arkansas—now Texas was out of the fold with Arkansas wavering in her decision. Once more he saw the young lady on horseback following the gay chariot. The inscription on her banner proclaimed heroically, “Kansas—I will be free!” The awful question of slavery, stupendous and nerve-racking—would it never be solved?

The deafening noise from twelve thousand throats was in his ears. Again he was on that platform with the “Little Giant,” who, he knew, was hanging on every word, anxious to contradict as soon as his turn came to speak.

Odd how the past returned so vividly to him! Lincoln saw himself catch by the collar Orlando B. Ficklin of Charleston and drag him forward. Ficklin had been his colleague from Illinois in Congress and he thus forcibly presented his friend as a living witness that Judge Douglas’s charges against himself concerning his stand on the Mexican War were false. Opposed to endorsing the origin and justice of the conflict, but never to voting supplies for the soldiers, once the combat had commenced! The applause that followed his vigorous denial rang in his ears anew.

Again, as he faced that vast throng of farmer folks and city people, he was shaking his finger at a man in the audience, in an effort to drive home a point, and exclaiming, “I assert that you are here today, and you undertake to prove me a liar by showing that you were in Mattoon yesterday. I say you took your hat off your head, and you prove me a liar by putting it on your head. This is the force of Douglas’s argument.”

The excitement was fearful at that period; the problem seemed almost beyond solution. But now—he shut his lips together and, even as he gazed at the arena whence he and Douglas had once pitted their intellects against each other, a quick prayer for divine guidance shaped itself. The train had almost stopped and the passengers were collecting carpet bags and bundles. A hill rose south of the track. On its top a flock of sheep seemed grazing.

It was the little City Cemetery where already some, who had helped create the young town, had gone to eternal rest. Their tombstones, faintly seen in the fading light, told of childhood homes in Kentucky, Virginia, and Indiana, but, with the dauntless pioneer spirit, they had left those places of comfort to come in covered wagons to a land of swamps where the ague shook without mercy and where rattlesnakes coiled and writhed in the tall prairie grass. Lincoln was on his feet now with the others, his well-worn carpet bag in one hand. His eyes rested on the little mound with its white patches showing here and there. “They are at peace,” he thought. “Happy to find such rest. Oh, if this nation could only attain peace once more!”

The train was now at a standstill. The locomotive was almost opposite the little wooden station, but the caboose was several hundred feet down the track. Several friends and relatives had gathered to meet Mr. Lincoln. They had been disappointed when the passenger train had halted and they had not found him on board, but they had waited for the evening freight. Presently they saw him making his way through slush and ice along the track, still holding his carpet bag. He shook hands with a number of people whom he recognized, and among those who greeted him was James A. Connolly, a local lawyer and a stranger to Lincoln. Connolly, as he watched the President-elect come down the track and mingle with the group at the station, was far from being favorably impressed. To him, Lincoln seemed awkward and uncouth. Already an admirer of Douglas, he was naturally somewhat prejudiced against his rival.
In a few minutes Lincoln left for the home of Augustus H. Chapman where he was to spend the night. Mrs. Chapman was Dennis Hanks’ daughter Harriet, who had lived for some time with the Lincolns in Springfield.

On the way downtown, Mr. Connolly was joined by A. P. Dunbar, an old lawyer. “I am calling on Mr. Lincoln this evening after supper at the Chapman home. Wouldn’t you like to accompany me?” asked Dunbar.

The other lawyer hesitated. “Well, he hasn’t struck my fancy, but I’ll go. It will be an honor to meet a future chief magistrate at any rate.”

Dunbar gave a little laugh. “Wait until you get acquainted with Lincoln—then you’ll change your mind!”

As they walked to the Chapman home that evening, Dunbar suddenly burst forth. “Hang it all! I’m puzzled about how to behave this evening. You see, Lincoln and I are old friends and have been associates at the bar, but now—”

“Being president-elect might change his behavior?” hinted Connolly.

“So I fear. At least, I want to act properly. I don’t want to be familiar and perhaps offend good taste, but still we have always had the greatest freedom of action and speech between ourselves.” He thought a moment. “I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” he went on. “Lincoln’s attitude shall determine how I am to conduct myself. If he be noticeably dignified and formal, I must act accordingly.”

A solution soon came to his problem. Lincoln, who had eaten supper, had left the family at the table and was sitting before the fire in the front room when Dunbar knocked. He himself went to the door and, seeing who was there, grasped the outstretched palm of Dunbar with one hand, while resting the other upon his friend’s shoulder. Calling him Aleck and animatedly telling him how glad he was to see him, he welcomed his old comrade.

The worry was over. Connolly was introduced and soon Lincoln was busily telling story after story, after he and Dunbar had spoken of memories of the past. Other callers began to arrive and the two lawyers soon left.

On the way downtown, Dunbar asked, “Now that you have seen and heard the long-legged individual whom our friend Douglas defeated for senator, what do you think of him?”

“He’s a marvel,” confessed Connolly. “He’s a charming story teller and in other respects one of the most remarkable men to whom I have ever listened.”

So potent the power of greatness!

Among the callers, who thronged the Chapman home that evening, came Dennis Hanks, who had made the trip to Illinois with Lincoln, as had also his daughter Harriet. “By gravy, Abe!” he cried, “I’m sure glad to see you again!”

Lincoln’s face radiated joy as sincere as the older man’s at the reunion. He gripped Dennis’ outstretched hand firmly.

“Ye’re up in the pictures now,” went on his cousin excitedly. “Never dreamt you’d ever be the president when we were boys together back along the old Ohio. Rickolect those days, don’t you, Abe?”

Many there that night Lincoln knew from days spent in the courthouse arguing cases. Some he had met at the debate at the Fair Ground; others had been at his home in Springfield. With others he had become acquainted through his trips to a little log cabin eight or nine miles south of town, where he had come with buggy well loaded with provisions for the inhabitants of the humble dwelling.

That cabin was the place Lincoln most wished to see on this trip. Those living there he eagerly longed to greet, especially an old woman, now known to all the countryside as “Grandmother.” So, early the next morning Lincoln and Mr. Chapman, who was to become a colonel in the approaching struggle, started down into the hills along the creeks where once the Kickapoo Indians had roamed. Two horses, hitched to a buggy, carried them along the sloppy roads.

They passed the courthouse on the way. Within a prisoner or two sang raucously their morning songs.

“Maybe you helped to put the rascals there, Abe,” Chapman declared jocularly. Lincoln smiled slowly, then became sober. “Maybe, Gus. Still I often wish there were no prisoners and no jails. They make me think too much of slavery.”
His companion gave a quick glance at the gloomy face of the man beside him. He knew the almost intolerable burden that rested on his friend's heart.

"Remember I used to play the 'game of fives' here often," went on Lincoln, pointing to a brick wall. "Surely had a lot of sport at that game with the other lawyers when we rode the circuit or argued cases in the county seats close by."

He looked back at the square once more as the team turned south toward the hills, beyond which lay the log cabin.

Down into the wooded hills the two men drove. Kickapoo Creek was crossed and then Indian, where the horses snorted and sweated as they pulled up the long hill here. The day was cold, but the melting snow and ice made the going slippery.

Out in the bracing air, away from crowds, Lincoln forgot for a time the weighty matters of government. He spoke often of family affairs.

"How good it will seem to see Mother again!" he exclaimed. "She is the best friend I have ever had." As he spoke his thoughts reverted vividly to the time when he was a motherless boy and home a wretched place, transformed by his stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln.

The coming responsibility, however, would not let him forget the present for long. He was living over again the recent campaign in which the nation had chosen him as its Moses to lead them out of trouble. "I sincerely appreciate the loyal support of the Union men," he told Mr. Chapman. "Especially am I grateful for the eloquence of Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, who, I believe, by his great ability served me more than any other speaker before the public."

The horses had strained to the top of the long hill and the flat stretch of Goose-Nest Prairie had begun. Lincoln looked off to the east where a denser line of trees wound its way through the bottoms. "I was thinking, Gus, that over there's the ford where our family crossed the river on the way from Indiana."

"We call it McCann's Ford now," Chapman replied. "A ferry runs from bank to bank, but some day, I hope, there'll be a bridge built there."

"I'll never see it," Lincoln started to say, but the two men had reached the little village of Farmington, named for a town in Tennessee. Somebody was coming to meet them.
"Welcome to Goose-Nest Prairie and Farmington!" he called. It was John Johnston, stepbrother of the president-elect, who had gone with him in a flat-boat from old Sangamon Town to New Orleans.

"This is kind," said Lincoln heartily, grasping the outstretched hand. "Usually the host does not come so far from his door to greet visitors."

Johnston laughed. "Not so far after all from the door. The chimney fell down yesterday over at the cabin and Mother and I are staying here at Matilda’s in the village for a spell until repairs are made. You’re to be entertained here at dinner today."

"That sounds good," laughed Lincoln, "after the long drive through these slippery roads. Haven’t killed a bear for the occasion, have you, John?"

"Hardly, but there’ll be plenty. Come on in; the folks are expecting you."

They were in front of a low building with clapboards that were long and narrow. A squat chimney rose above the ridgeboard, while a narrow porch ran along the front. From the door several people were coming, Matilda Moore and her husband, Reuben, and an old woman who leaned on Reuben’s arm.

"Mother!" called Lincoln. Like a flash he was at her side and her outstretched arms were around his neck. The white cap, covering the gray hair, rested by the black poll of the visitor. It was not a future President of the United States she greeted, but the little boy Abe, for whom she had cared back at Gentryville in the Indiana hills.

Once she had been tall and erect like some Indian that, in days gone by, glided noiselessly in search of game along the high bluffs of Indian Creek not far away. She had been as sprightly as that hunter, too, while her hair in clusters of curls framed the handsome face. Pride that went well with the regal bearing had given her a prominence accorded to few others in the village and the undulating hills beyond, but her charitableness, her “faculty,” as Dennis Hanks had termed it, and her unfailing industry enhanced that reputation. Now she was a little bent, but all the kind deeds that she had ever done, all the benevolent thoughts that she had ever cherished seemed reflected in the serene countenance that looked up with tremulous tears at the bearded face above. She gave a little pat to her stepson’s shoulder.
“I’m proud of you, Abe,” she said, while the faded eyes kindled once more with the animation they had known in earlier years. “Didn’t I always say, when you used to read every book that you could lay your hands on, back there by Pigeon Creek, that you’d amount to something? Oh, I’m proud of you, my boy!”

Lincoln helped her gently into the house. Three boys peeped from around the corner. Reuben chuckled and pointed them out to his guest. “These are Tommy Allison, Johnny Best, and George Balch. You’ve met some of their parents, I know, Abe. School has been dismissed for the day in your honor and I imagine that you’ll have several of the children hanging around all the time to get a peek at you.”

“Let them come,” Lincoln replied good-naturedly. “Bless them!”

A shy little girl, chubby and flaxen-haired, threw open the door. Her big eyes looked eagerly up into his face. Lincoln bent and stroked her head. “What’s your name, little girl?” he inquired.

“Elizabeth Wall,” was the bashful answer.

“Well, then, Elizabeth, here’s a package I wish you would give to Mrs. Lincoln for me. Tell her,” he said, dropping his voice to a mock whisper, “that it is a small gift from her son, some furs to keep her warm when an Illinois blizzard goes on a rampage.”

Elizabeth received the package gingerly into her plump arms, as if she feared it were fragile and would break. She marched across the room to Mrs. Lincoln, who was seated in a split-bottomed chair. She laid the package tenderly upon the old woman’s lap. “For you, Grandmother,” she said and then hesitated. “It’s from your boy.”

Amid the laughter she whisked away into the bedroom. Later, with other girls from the school, she “tried on” the furs surreptitiously before a mirror there and imagined how wonderful it must be to have children to bestow presents like that. Happy Elizabeth! In years to come she was to have a brood of children of her own, sturdy and bubbling over with fun, who were devoted to her as if she were a queen. Gifts of love and substantial value they gave her to the end of a long, joyous existence.

Before his return to Springfield Lincoln was to leave another present with his stepmother, a generous amount of money. He wanted her last years to be free from financial care. But now, as she thanked him tremulously for the furs, she did not glimpse the greater gift.

Quickly the day sped. How good it seemed to Lincoln for a short space to be down there among the simple country folks and to throw aside for a few hours the thoughts of the momentous issues ahead! The gentle knolls, with the hospitable log-cabins resting on their low summits, the stake and rider fences running up and down the slopes, the level stretch of Goose-Nest Prairie, the trees along the river not far away, all pulled at his heart-strings. The pastoral beauty in its simplicity recalled similar surroundings on Knob Creek, by Pigeon Creek, and along the Sangamon.

It was a busy day, too. Before dinner was served Lincoln, John Hall, a nephew, who later was to own the little farm, and Chapman drove to the log cabin, with its split chinking daubed with clay, standing over on the hill by a little stream. The black locusts, bare and rigid, and the gaunt lilac bushes, together with the fallen chimney, gave it an appearance of desolation. Lincoln shrank back a little as he stepped into the house. The fires in the double fireplace were dead. The attic, to which a ladder led, was arctic in its temperature.

The place seemed more lonesome and deserted when he thought of his father. “It’s ten years since father sat before that fireplace,” Lincoln remarked in a low tone to the two men with him. “I’m proud because he was so honest and so free from envy. He was a natural peacemaker——”

Chapman laid a hand upon Lincoln’s shoulder. “As his son soon will be——”

“God grant that it be true!” answered Lincoln feelingly. “Let us go across to the graveyard.”

About two miles to the west Thomas Lincoln was buried in the Gordon Cemetery. His restless wanderings in search of a home that had led him through three states finally were over.

“I little thought, when I was here to see Father at the time he had the fever, that it
was to be our last meeting. He was gone before I could be notified to come again.” He looked down at the grave of the old pioneer.

“I must see Ike Rodgers down here before I leave,” Lincoln went on. “I want to be sure that somebody takes care of the grave.”

There was a sumptuous dinner at the Moore house and laughter, boisterous and genuine, rang through the low rooms. The plain country folks, who had often seen Lincoln driving over the prairie in his buggy on visits to his father and step-mother, were happy that for one whole day he was theirs again before he must be surrendered to the nation. Soon he would live in a palace, but now he was a part of their lowly existence.

All too soon the hour came to say good-bye to the country people. There were sincere wishes for success, couched in the language of the hills. Rough hands of farmers grasped the president-elect’s hand in theirs. The children squeezed in among their elders for one last look. Then the buggy and team from Charleston drove away to the north in the direction of the tree-covered hills along Indian Creek. This time Lincoln’s mother went along.

He did not say much on the return trip. At last had come the letdown to the emotional strain through which he had been passing the last day. Then, too, he thought of the reception to be held in Mount and Hill’s Hall in Charleston that evening. Old and new acquaintances would flock to see him, to hear him. Yet he knew many would be disappointed, for he felt the time had not come to publish his news on the present condition of the country. He must not yet tell what his administration’s acts were to be. In truth, he hardly knew himself of just what the policies would consist.

He thought, too, of a monument for his father’s grave, then marked only by a boulder. Years might elapse before he could return to this vicinity. Later in the day, while back in Charleston, he asked one of the younger members of the Hanks family to find out the probable cost of a tombstone for his father. Then he turned to Chapman.

“Gus, what would your estimate be on the price?” he asked.

“Not less than forty dollars and not more than sixty,” was the reply.

“Well,” the president-elect declared, “see what it will cost and let me know at Washington, and I will send you an inscription I want put on.”*

At Farmington, Lincoln and his step-mother had spent some time together, talking over the years that had gone, years that had held many sorrows, but that still had had their brighter scenes. Charleston was reached. Now the time for parting had arrived and their thoughts turned to the years that were to come.

She, who had watched over his boyhood, who had seen him grow to sturdy manhood, idolized by his friends, had feared for him ever since that fateful November day when the news came out of Chicago of the choice of Lincoln for president. The fear smote her again, as she embraced him for the last time.

In a voice that shook with feeling, she could only say, “God bless you and keep you, my good son!”

Through tear-filled eyes Lincoln looked back and waved a last farewell, as he turned the corner of the street.

* Lincoln was prevented from carrying out his filial design. Robert T. Lincoln later fulfilled his wish and, when that monument proved inadequate, the Lions Clubs of Illinois reared a fitting memorial that still stands.
A Centennial Celebration

The art of photography celebrates its centennial this year. In January, 1839, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre announced his invention of a process employing a silver-plated copper plate, sensitized with iodine vapor, developed with mercury fumes and washed in hypo and distilled water. The process produced pictures which were called daguerreotypes in honor of their promoter, on whose creative genius all modern photography is founded.

The editor is convinced that among the heirlooms treasured by members of the N. S. D. A. R. are many early examples of this art which would be of immense interest to their fellow members, and which she would feel honored to print because of their historic and artistic value. She therefore urges subscribers to submit such pictures to her, in order that a selection may be made for reproduction each month during 1939. In order to inaugurate the series without delay, she has chosen a daguerreotype of Lincoln as an illustration for the President General’s editorial, and her own most valued daguerreotype, a picture of five generations, in which her mother is the baby, and her great-great-great-grandmother, the oldest matriarch. This daguerreotype, reproduced below, dates from 1849.

From a daguerreotype owned by the editor

LYNDIA ADAMS SQUIRE, NAOMI BARNES FULLER, LOUISE FULLER ADAMS, DELIA MARIA SMITH, AND LOUISE FULLER JOHNSON
IN the June issue of the magazine added space will be given to family associations, for which issue we invite the submission of names, time and place of meeting and name and address of secretary. These associations are valuable in the preservation of family records and should be encouraged.

Another aid in creating an interest in local history and genealogy is the genealogical column in the local paper such as a "Who's Who in 1850" or some such date. The census of that date and later schedules would be an interesting item and much accurate history as well as tradition will be preserved.

The following list of articles which were published in the Baltimore Sun (1904-1908), were written by Emily Emerson Lantz, Jane Griffith Keys, Edward C. Mead and a few others. These are available in most large libraries and in the Library of Congress.

**MARYLAND FAMILIES**

**1905**

January 1—Tiernan  
January 8—Levering  
January 15—Fairfax  
January 22—Tyson  
January 29—Snowden  
February 5—Poulteney  
February 12—Griffith  
February 19—O’Carroll  
February 26—Hollingsworth  
March 5—Timanus  
March 12—Ellicott  
March 19—Gilpin  
March 26—Dulaney

April 2—Williams  
April 9—Eversfield  
April 16—Wyatt  
April 23—Swan  
April 30—Horwitz  
May 7—Sewell  
May 14—Rawlings  
May 21—Thruston  
May 28—Howard  
June 4—Banks  
June 18—Lingan  
June 25—July 2—MacKenzie  
July 9—Kemp  
July 23—Horsey  
August 6—Hillens  
August 20—Thomas  
August 27—Baker  
September 3—Caldwell  
September 17—Mercer  
October 1—Gantt  
October 22—Lamar  
November 5—Alexander  
November 12—Gwynn  
November 26—Gwinn  
December 3—Maddox  
December 10—Morris  
December 24—Husband  
December 31—January 7, 1906—Waters

**1906**

January 14—Sater  
January 26—February 4—Bowie  
February 11—Sprigg  
February 25—March 11—Jenkins  
March 18—Gardiner  
April 19—Anderson  
April 15—Martin  
May 6—Nelson  
May 20—Hillary
May 27—June 3—Pierce
June 10-17—Maccubbin
June 24—July 1—Cockey
July 8—Schoolfield
July 15-22—Ball
September 29—August 12—Hanson
August 19—Dobbins
August 26—Robinsons
September 2—Harrison
September 9—Boreman
September 16-23—Boarman
September 30—October 14—Hall
September 21—Howard and Gill
October 28—November 4—O’Gallagher
November 11—Fauntleroys
November 19—December 2—Keiths
December 9-30—Cresap

1907

January 6-20—Brice
January 27—February 3—Smith
February 10-24—Orrock
March 3—Lucas
March 10-31—Pottenger
April 7-21—Murray
April 28—May 5—Bond
May 12—June 2—Wootton
June 9-16—Penn
June 23-30—Vickers
July 7—Chastin
July 14—Fowke
July 21—Thorowgood
July 28—August 4—Offey
August 11-18—Ashman
August 25—September 38—Somerville
September 15—October 13—Lowndes
October 20—Kennon
October 27—Nov. 3—Merriweather
November 10-17—Colston
November 24—Dec. 1—Nixon
December 8-15—Ashton
December 22—Orem
December 29—Kincheleoe

1908

January 5—Ballard
January 12—February 16—Dorsey
February 23—March 22—Ridgely
March 29—Newton

Virginia Families

1904

July 31—Page
August 7—Byrd
Aug. 14—Tucker

August 21—Beverly
August 28—Rutherford
September 4—Coles
September 18—Sutton
September 25—Bowen
October 2—Corbin
October 9—Diggs
October 16—Preston
October 23—Brockenbrough
October 30—Bland
November 6—Coles
November 13—Parker
November 20—Walton
November 27—Heath
December 4—Coles
December—Dupuy
December 18—Coles
December 25—Langhorn
December 25—Venables

1905

January 1—Cantrall
January 8—Ball
January 15—Gregory
January 22—Davis
January 29—Gallagher
February 5—Taylor
February 12—Gallaher
February 19—Moore
February 26—Chalmers
March 5—Howard
March 12—Pendleton
March 19—Randolph
March 26—Yeardley
April 3—Nicholas
April 9—Masons
April 16—McCart
April 23—Minor
April 30—Harrison
May 7—Gordon
May 14—Atkinson
May 21—Hoge
May 28—Lacy-Hoge
June 4—Lewis
June 11—Mayo
June 11—Scarborough
June 18—Kennon
June 25—July 2—Cabell
July 9—Madison
July 16-23—Hites
July 30—Talliaferro
August 7—Talliaferro and Neale
August 13-20—Lefitch
August 27—Lewis
September 3-10—Mason
Probably the most difficult problem in the verification of applications for membership is the matter of rank of the soldier. Land awarded to different classes is sometimes a determining factor. This allotment, however, varied in different states.

LAW S OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1782

VI. And whereas it is proper that some effectual and permanent reward should be rendered for the signal bravery and persevering zeal, of the Continental officers and soldiers in the service of the State; Be it enacted, That each Continental soldier of the line of this State, who is now in service, and continues to the end of the war, or such as from wounds or bodily infirmities, have been, or shall be rendered unfit for service, which shall be ascertained by a certificate from the commanding officer, shall have six hundred and forty acres of land, and every officer who is now in service, and shall continue in service during the war, as well as those officers who from wounds or bodily infirmities, have left, or may be obliged to leave the service, shall have a greater quantity, in proportion to his pay, as followeth:

- A private 640 A of land
- A non-commissioned officer 1,000 A of land
- A subaltern 2,560 A of land
- A captain 3,840 A of land
- A major 4,800 A of land
- A lt. colonel 5,760 A of land
- A lt. colonel commandant 7,200 A of land
- A brigadier 12,000 A of land
- A chaplain 7,200 A of land
- Each surgeon 4,800 A of land
- Each surgeon’s mate 2,560 A of land

and where any officer or soldier has fallen, or shall fall in the defense of his country, his heirs or assigns shall have the same quantity of land that such officer or soldier would have been entitled to, had they served during the war; and the aforesaid
grants of land to each officer and soldier, shall be free from taxation during the term they respectively shall continue in actual service, unless by them sooner disposed of.

XI. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said commissioners are hereby authorized and empowered, to appoint one or more surveyors, not exceeding three, as they may find necessary, for the more speedy and effectual laying off, and surveying the said lands, and also to employ the usual number of chain carriers and markers, and such number of hunters (not exceeding six) as may be absolutely necessary to supply the persons concerned in this business with provisions, which said surveyors shall be allowed two thousand five hundred acres of land each for their services, the chain carriers, markers and hunters, six hundred and forty acres each for their services and the private men of the guard three hundred and twenty acres each and the officers of the guard in proportion to their militia pay respectively.

(The State Records of North Carolina, Vol. XXIV, pages 420-1.)

Queries and Answers

QUERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by * * *, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be acknowledged and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be resubmitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

QUERIES

B-'39. (a) West.—Wanted all information possible of John West, Revolutionary soldier, and wife, Elizabeth, of Craven County, North Carolina.

(b) Stanley.—Wanted parentage of Charity Stanley, married James West. Moved to Georgia from Lenoir County, North Carolina or some adjoining county. Father of James West was Revolutionary soldier.—Mrs. Anna H. Hunt, 101 Fourteenth Ave. E., Cordele, Georgia.


B-'39. Harvey.—Wanted first name and parentage of — Harvey who died April 25, 1811 at Columbia Bradford Co. Pa. She married Jonathan Partridge born February 21, 1757 at Barre Mass. He was living during Revolution near Brandon Vermont. Children Chester, Harvey, and Moses.—Mrs. Reuben E. Knight, 907 Cheyenne Avenue, Alliance, Nebraska.


(b) McDowell.—Ancestry desired of Sally McDowell, wife of Elisha Parks; lived Cayuga Co., New York?—Mrs. F. I. Vandercook, 439 Taylor Ave., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

B-'39. (a) Chapman-Davidson.—Mary Davidson 1780-1848 m. Henry Henley Chapman 1764-1821 from Port Tobacco, Md. Wanted names and dates of ancestors. H. H. Chapman served in Revolution and was charter member of Society of Cincinnati.

(b) Harris-Tarpenning.—Elizabeth Tarpenning m. July 4, 1793 Joseph Harris, Jr. Bap. April 16, 1769. D. 1841. Wanted ancestors and dates. * * *

B-'39. (a) Gilson, Gillson, or Jillson.—Wanted information on parentage
of Mary (Polly) Gilson (Gillson or Jillson) born 4-21-1773 mar. Seth Cole of Shaftsbury, Vermont c. 1792. Her father is said to have owned a tannery on Broadway, New York, and to have served in the Revolution “in the campaigns around New York.”

(b) Whiting-Hill.—Wanted parentage of John Hill and Lucia Whiting of Windham, Conn. Their daughter Susannah, born 1764-5, mar. Frederick Cleaveland c. 1780, and had Lucia, Pamela, Rebecca, Susannah, Henrietta, Frederick, Whiting, Warren. Was there Revolutionary service for John Hill?—Dorothy K. Cleaveland, State Teachers College, California, Pennsylvania.

B-'39. Lovell.—Who were the Parents of George Washington Lovell, b. about 1804, mar. Catherine Schaffer 1825, I think Rockbridge Co. Va., Dau. Elizabeth b. 1826 Alpheus 1826 Nicholas 1829 George 1831 Virginia 1833, Henry, Andrew, Mary Catherine, then moved to Wash., Co. Tenn., to Independence Co. Ark. 1853, d. 1861, Catharine Shaffer was Dutch Dunkard.—Jennie Johnson, 1166-11 Ave., San Diego, Calif.


B-'39. (b) Wyckoff.—Wanted marriage record of Peter Wyckoff born March 21, 1741 died April 13, 1803 and his second wife Sarah Lott born Nov. 22, 1746 died April 3, 1804. Also parents of Sarah Lott. He lived at Weston, New Jersey and was a private in the Revolutionary war. First wife Elizabeth Hampton.—Mrs. Jesse F. Durfee, Schoharie, New York.


B-'39. (a) Kirkland-Shumate.—Wanted parentage and place of birth of George Kirkland b. 1765 and wife Elizabeth (a Huguenot); also 2nd wife, Rachel de la Shumate, all of South Carolina. Removed to Bledsoe County, Tennessee ca. 1806.

B-'39. (b) Thurman.—Wanted date and place of birth of John Thurman and wife Mary —— Virginia to Anson County, North Carolina ca. 1756. Sons Philip, Benjamin, Moses and others fought in Revolution with South Carolina troops. Desire parentage of Kesiah, wife of Philip, lived in Cheraw District (Chesterfield Co.) South Carolina. Married 1783.—Mrs. Samuel R. Edington, 1012 Penn Place, Tucson, Arizona.

B-'39. Hamilton.—William Hamilton died 1858 mar. Rachel Marks b. 1787 d. 1855. Both buried in Cleveland, Oneida Co., N. Y. William was son of Samuel Hamilton b. 1759 and his wife Elizabeth Kingston both of Middlefield, Hampshire Co., Mass. Where can proof of this be found? If this is an error, who were parents of above William?—Mrs. George W. Herriott, 455 Maple Avenue, Edgewood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

B-'39. (a) Jeffrey-Davis.—Wanted ances. of Joseph Jeffrey b. 6-8-1794 in N. J. d. 4-23-1874 in W. Va. His widowed mother was “Jarsey Billy”, William Davis’ second wife; d. 4-10-1840; mar. 4-24-1817, Greenbrier, W. Va. Tacy Davis b. 1802 Greenbrier Run Dodridge Co., W. Va., d. 2-9-1872 West Union, W. Va. Prob. descended from Welsh immigrant William Davis.

B-'39. (b) Maxson.—Zebulon Maxson, Sr., of Shrewsbury, N. J. Seventh Day Baptist Church d. 9-8-1787. His wife was Experience; ch.—Marvel, Elizabeth, Zebulon, Jr., Bethial, Experience. Rev. Zebulon, Jr. d. 11-20-1821, Salem, W. Va., aged 40; his wife Mary b. Salem, W. Va. d. 3-30-1868 aged 88 yrs. Was Marvel (Maxson) Fitz-Randolph, wife of Phineas, dau. of Zebulon, Jr. or Sr.?—Mrs. Henry E. Jeffrey, 615½ A Broad St., Beloit, Wisconsin.
B-39. Tibbet - Gibson. — Wanted information on ancestors of Elizabeth Tibbet b. 1824 mar. to Adam G. Gibson. Elizabeth's two brothers were Samuel and Isaac. —Mrs. Emma R. Cheek, Madison, Wisconsin.

B-39. Dixon-Harrison.—Want ancestors and any biographical data of James Dixon and his wife Margaret Harrison whose son Harrison Dixon b. 4-9-1786 was a practicing physician in Baltimore, Md. —Helen Douglas, Trenton Hotel, 427 S. Olive Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

B-39. Davis.—Wanted information regarding the ancestors and name of wife of Daniel Davis, who lived in Greenbrier Co., Va. 1814. He died in Shelby Co., Ill. and was related to Jefferson Davis. —(Miss) Agnes Andes, 2716 Broadway, Shelbyville, Illinois.

ANSWER

16062. Waring.—Jacob Waring mar. Sarah Sellers at Stamford, Conn. in 1734 and had a son Thaddeus b. in Stamford, Conn. April 7, 1746. Thaddeus Waring was in the Stamford Town Guard and was in a skirmish. He does not seem to have any record at Hartford, Conn. list of Revolutionary Soldiers. —Mrs. H. S. Finch, 788 Sumner St., Stamford, Conn.

Revolutionary War Pensions


John Owens declares that he is the oldest child of said Uriah Owens and Elizabeth Owens his wife, made application for the pension which was due his mother Elizabeth at the time of her death in behalf of himself and the seven other surviving children of said Uriah and Elizabeth.

Uriah Owens was the only child of John Owens and his second wife who was a widow previous to said marriage. John Owens was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. Uriah Owens was born in the spring of 1764 near Boston. After his father's death his mother, no name given, took him with her to live with her two daughters by her former husband, said daughters were the wives of John Case and Thomas Son. While residing in Clydeskill near Kinderhook, near the New York State Line Uriah Owens enlisted March 21, 1779 under Capt. Cornelius T. Jansen and served as a private in Col. Peter Gansevort's Third New York Regiment. He also served under Capt. Bleeker in the First New York Regiment commanded by Col. Goose Van Schaick. He was in the battle of Monmouth and the Siege of Yorktown. Was injured in the service, no details given, continued to serve until Peace was declared.

Soldier died September 4, 1819 in Galen, Seneca County, N. Y., he is buried there.

He married July 6, 1790 Elizabeth Ford in the Presbyterian Church in Albany, N. Y. Elizabeth Ford was born in Albany, daughter of James Ford of London, England, who died in Albany, N. Y., no date given, aged ninety-six years.

They moved in 1791 to Schoharie County, where the deponent was born in 1795, they moved to Albany and in 1799 to Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1813 Junius, Seneca County, N. Y. Elizabeth Owens died May 28, 1840 in Hanover Jackson County, Michigan at the home of her daughter Elizabeth Chase, at her death she was seventy-one years and three months, she is buried in Hanover, Michigan.

Uriah and Elizabeth Owens' children:

John born August 7, 1791, m. dau. of W. Hyatt of Huron Co., O.

James born September 6, 1793, d. Sept. 25, 1794.

James born August 24, 1795.

Uriah born April 15, 1798, living in Sandy Lake Mercer, Co. Pa. in 1854.

Their ch: were:
Mrs. Margaret Jane Fitton of Moscow, Mich.
Dennis S. Chase of Coldwater, Mich. 31 yrs. in 1854.
Joseph b. Nov. 22, 1802, living in Clyde, N. Y.
Thomas S. b. August 31, 1810.
There is no further family data on file.

**GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS**

*(Continued from January issue)*

1795

**Territory of the United States South of Ohio River**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Groom</th>
<th>Bonded To</th>
<th>Security</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 12</td>
<td>Daniel Smith</td>
<td>Mary Lowry</td>
<td>Alexander Lowry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 10</td>
<td>Thomas Alexander</td>
<td>Mary Russell</td>
<td>James Russell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 21</td>
<td>Nees (?) Spencer</td>
<td>Elizabeth Richardson</td>
<td>Edward Tate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 30</td>
<td>David Hardin</td>
<td>Sarah Gist</td>
<td>Joseph Hardin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 5</td>
<td>William Skyles</td>
<td>Lydda Chadwell</td>
<td>Sparling Bowman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 5</td>
<td>John Hubbs (or Hobbs)</td>
<td>Rebecca Woolsey</td>
<td>Stephen Woolsey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 12</td>
<td>Thomas Wignaes (or Weena)</td>
<td>Hannah Galbraith</td>
<td>John Gass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>Martin Forrister</td>
<td>Mary McNew</td>
<td>James Magee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 19</td>
<td>Miles Cunningham</td>
<td>Mary Denning</td>
<td>William McNew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
<td>Amos Veatch</td>
<td>Sarah Seears</td>
<td>Nathan Veatch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>Samuel Willson</td>
<td>Mary Wilson</td>
<td>John Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
<td>Alexander Armstrong</td>
<td>Margaret McCollum</td>
<td>John Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 18</td>
<td>Barnabas Gable</td>
<td>Elizabeth Cohen</td>
<td>William Moyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 19</td>
<td>John Temple</td>
<td>Jane Russell</td>
<td>Thos. Temple</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1796

**Territory of the United States South of Ohio River**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Groom</th>
<th>Bonded To</th>
<th>Security</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 16</td>
<td>Isaac Wilson</td>
<td>Rosanna Wilhoit</td>
<td>Conrad Wilhoit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 18</td>
<td>John Marro</td>
<td>Mary Thompson</td>
<td>John Thompson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 10</td>
<td>Absa. Stonecypher</td>
<td>Sarah Humburd</td>
<td>Lanty Armstrong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>(No clerk, no date inside; outside label as above) (his mark inside)</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 17</td>
<td>John Millinex (or Mullinex)</td>
<td>—— Mullinex</td>
<td>John Collier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 17</td>
<td>Isaac Cumstock</td>
<td>Annea Curtis</td>
<td>Thos. Woolsey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 28</td>
<td>Joseph Winter</td>
<td>Catherine Frash</td>
<td>Jacob Froshour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 29</td>
<td>Thomas Simpson</td>
<td>Catherine Kennedy</td>
<td>James Loyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 8</td>
<td>Jesse Harrison</td>
<td>Mary Gist</td>
<td>Edmund Harrisson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 17</td>
<td>William Huston</td>
<td>Hannah Sherill</td>
<td>Even Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 25</td>
<td>Michael Movers</td>
<td>Nancy West</td>
<td>George Couch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 27</td>
<td>John Shields</td>
<td>Jane Taylor</td>
<td>Joseph Nixson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*(To be continued)*

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT**

The December number of the magazine is entirely sold out. Therefore, no single copies of this are available and no new subscriptions can be started prior to January 1939. This situation has resulted in numerous disappointments. In order to avoid others of similar nature, orders for the future should be placed now!
Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Baidley

On the Continent—Germany

In the Germanic states the use of arms on armor continued later than in England; and even afterwards the right to arms was a distinction jealously guarded. Because of the many wars of the Holy Roman Empire, with the consequent loss of heirs or lands by old families and the ennobling of new ones, great emphasis was placed on blood, rather than mere rank or wealth. At one time an effort was made to show this distinction by using the closed helmet for newly ennobled families and restricting the use of the open helmet to those who were noble by descent of at least three generations (eight quarterings) and to doctors of law.

Within the sphere of influence of those Central European states speaking Germanic languages, the helmet and crest were also used to represent lands. When a man held several noble fiefs, he would display above his shield a helmet for each fief, each helmet bearing the crest of the family through which the fief it represented had come to him. For this reason, the multiple crests shown with some German arms frequently furnish valuable genealogical clues.

The greater portion of the German-speaking emigrants to America before the Revolution came directly from the Rhine Valley or Switzerland, although there were some from other sections of what was later called Germany and Austria. However, in many instances they had been resident in the Rhine Valley only a few generations. Following the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), which reduced the population of Germany to one-third of what it had been, there was a considerable movement between states. Many of those in more northerly sections moved into the Rhine Valley, only to find themselves again in the path of warring armies; many were glad to seek peaceful homes in the new country.

In the British Isles one is likely to find five to thirty different coats-of-arms for almost every surname; in Scotland, due to the system of differing each family, this figure rises into the hundreds. In Germany there are many surnames for which no arms are known, if indeed families of those names ever bore them, and there are far fewer different arms for each name. Furthermore, it is often necessary to trace the line back a century or two further in order to locate an arms-bearing ancestor.

As in Switzerland, so in Germany; while there were some cases of scions of noble houses coming to this country, the majority of those coming to America prior to the Revolution were of the farmer, artisan, tradesman, teacher, or burgher class, rather than of knightly rank. Many of these burghers or tradesmen of the 17th century descended from knights of the 14th and 15th centuries.

Another point to remember is that surnames were loosely used. Fixed use on the Continent was later than in England, and in some places surnames were of little importance as late as the 16th and 17th centuries. A man of rank often used his title or the name of his estates instead of his family name; his sons might each use a different name, indicating the fief he inherited. A man not of knightly rank might be called by some distinguishing name or the place from which he came to such an extent that he would use it to the exclusion of his own name. This practice makes the identification of the immigrant ancestor difficult, yet by a study of the name one can sometimes get a clue as to the origin of the family, and once it can be established that he bore arms, and the arms are identified, the tracing of his pedigree, regardless of many removals of the family, is greatly simplified.

There are many old and interesting books on German arms, but to list them would serve no good purpose, as they are seldom to be found in the United States except in the largest libraries. The two most comprehensive collections were named last month.
THE Von Waldau family is of the old nobility of Silesia. By the 16th century there were branches well established in Bavaria (Nuremberg) and Mecklenberg (Hamburg). The family whose arms are shown is supposed to be related to the one of the same name, also from Silesia, members of which were barons in Pomerania, but which had a totally different coat of arms.

In America the name has been modified to “Waldo,” which makes matters somewhat confusing, as there is also an English arms-bearing family of that name.

The farthest north German settlement of Colonial days, that of Waldo, Maine, was sponsored by Samuel Waldo, a merchant of Boston. It has been stated that his father, Jonathan Waldo, was of the noble family of Silesia and came to Boston as agent of the Hamburg House. It has also been stated that Jonathan was son of Cornelius Waldo, of the English family. This illustrates the necessity of proving definitely a descent before claiming arms.

THE arms shown are those of the Wieser family of Ratisbonne, an old Bavarian line. Representatives of this family came to America and undoubtedly have left descendants. It is not to be confused, however, with that of Johann Conrad Weiser, who was from Wurttemberg and probably of an entirely different family.

As late as the 19th century, there were in Germany, bearing different arms, two families named Weis, thirty Weiss, eight Weise, four Wiese, and two Wieser. All these names are found among emigrants to America; many have been changed to Wise, Weese, or Weiss. In this connection it must be remembered that there are many Swiss families named Weiss and many English named Wise, some with and some without arms.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

(FRENCH)

Or Argent Sable Gules Azure Sinople

(ENGLISH)

Steel Gold Silver Black Red Blue Green

Arms: De sable, à le bande d’or, charge d’un renard courant d’argent.

Crest: Un demi vol aux armes de l’écu.
ABOUT thirty years ago, Mr. Isaac Chauncey Wyman of Salem, Massachusetts, left to Princeton University some three million dollars for its graduate school; and along with this, a scrap of paper. All that is history now, but the scrap of paper is real American history, and few people have ever heard about it. It is an unpaid federal debt incurred back in the 1700s, which figured today at four percent interest, would amount to more than $20,000,000; a sorry sum were it to be added to our present debit column!

When General Washington needed funds badly to purchase supplies and ammunition for the defense of Boston, he appealed to the loyal and wealthy citizens for aid. A Mr. Wyman of Salem, Massachusetts, then a young man of twenty-six, came forward with the loan, and in return for $40,000 received George Washington's I. O. U. in behalf of the government, on a small scrap of paper. When he died, his son inherited this paper along with a whole desk full of letters and other records.

It seems incredible that a man whose father was a contemporary of our first president, could possibly have been alive in our own twentieth century, one hundred and forty years later. It is an unusual story. Mr. Wyman Senior, who made the loan originally, was a young man in 1772. He remained a bachelor until he was seventy, when he married a beautiful young woman and had four children. Mr. Isaac Chauncey Wyman was his youngest son, and he lived to be well past eighty, himself a bachelor to the end.

He lived alone with his housekeeper, in the old Wyman homestead at Salem. He built a high stone wall with an iron gate about his garden and shady green lawn, to shut out the ruthless commercial world that threatened to bisect and trisect his beloved property into minute angles. What with the railroad coming across lots, and the new highway that must short cut to enable people to hurry faster to Boston, he feared he should have little left but the four walls and the roof of his house.

There, as a child, I went often with my father to visit him, shut in with his New England frugalities, and bereft of all kith and kin. He was a lonely soul, suspicious of most, but devoted to the few friends whom he still felt he could trust.

To father, he confided his business perplexities, and one day he said that he had a tidy sum to dispose of in a will, and no living relative to leave it to. Princeton University was dear to him, for it provided the background and the friendships he still treasured in memory.

"There is something else, too," Mr. Wyman said, as he crossed the room to an old safe in one corner, "which I would leave them; something which I believe will always have value, historically."

He brought out this little known scrap of paper, and displayed it with considerable pride.

Father looked at the note, and said in surprise, "Why, do you realize this has never been cancelled? It is really negotiable, today."

Mr. Isaac Wyman smiled slowly, and in his quiet way answered, "Yes, I expect I could collect it if I wanted to, but somehow I prefer to keep it as a memorandum of what my family was able to do for the cause of American liberty."

So, along with the millions of dollars he left to Princeton University, went this scrap of paper, and it reposes today, so far as I know, in one of Nassau's strong boxes for safe keeping.
Charlesgifte on the Patuxent

BESSION SCHENCK BUNTE

“Dig deep, young man, and lay the founding well,  
And set the bricks and mortar true;  
For here at Charlesgifte I propose to dwell;  
This virgin country holds me in its spell,  
And I have come to love it through and through.

“Make one large hall below, ample in space  
For those who gather here, stranger or friend;  
For none shall fail to find a welcome face;  
And that it be a warm and cheery place  
Build a huge hearth and chimney at each end.

“Chambers above it, airy, wide and light,  
Will hold my loved ones safe in restful sleep.  
There Mistress Preston shall repose each night,  
There open her blue eyes when morning light  
Doth softly in her dormer window peep.

“And fit the rafters for the roof with care;  
For, if God will it, there will come a day  
When it will shelter little children there.—  
A Godly home of righteousness and prayer,—  
Now hark ye, what I, Richard Preston, say.”

Charlesgifte on the Patuxent, also called Preston on the Patuxent, lies between the Patuxent River and St. Leonard's Creek in Calvert County, Maryland. The house was built about 1650 and is said by many to be the oldest house in the State. When Cromwell became Lord Protector of England, the records of the Colony were removed from St. Mary's City to Charlesgifte, and the Puritan Assembly met here during the Protectorate. In the War of 1812 a battle was fought at the mouth of St. Leonard's Creek between the British and American Fleets. The house is in beautiful condition and is now the summer home of Mr. Hulburt Footner of Baltimore.

To have lived through the whole of the Victorian era without falling into any of its patterns; to have been considered the greatest actress of her time in two countries without being a stage professional; to have known most of the great men in Europe and America for fifty years; and to have been happily domiciled in London, in Lenox (Massachusetts) or in the Swiss Alps; this was Fanny Kemble.

Margaret Armstrong is the third author within ten years to write a biography of this vivid woman, and her book is as fascinating as the material with which she worked. Fanny Kemble’s eighty-three years of living began in London in 1809 when her family’s fortunes were already sunk in Covent Garden, and came to a close also in London in 1893, surrounded by admiring friends of whom the young Henry James was perhaps the most cherished. This long span of life lived in England, Europe and America, was filled to the utmost with exciting events and dramatic situations.

Such a life offers fruitful speculation for philosophers and mystics, as to whether the Fates prepared special events for a woman like Fanny Kemble, or whether by the very quality of her genius, she converted the commonplace happenings which confront us all, into a richly eventful and thrilling career.

The keynote of her whole life was her devotion to the writings of Shakespeare; indeed the author might have called her the “passionate Shakespearian.” She was put on the stage while still quite a young girl because her father, who was himself a great actor, had no doubts of her ability and felt sure that her success would pull Covent Garden out of insolvency. But Fanny Kemble’s memory is not held in great esteem by the theatrical profession today, because all her life she disliked acting, and Shakespeare was all that made the stage endurable to her. In the middle period of her life, after she was alienated from her American husband, Pierce Butler, she became immensely popular in both England and America as a reader of Shakespeare’s plays. Taking all the parts herself, seemed to Fanny Kemble the ideal manner of interpreting Shakespear and so long as she cared to continue she read to packed houses and the money poured in.

Periods of extreme unhappiness and quiet contentment followed one another in her life, in a manner similar to her variable moods. Her recipe for reading was to alternate two books such as the poems of Lord Byron and Jeremy Taylor’s “Holy Living and Dying.” Her cure for her “blue devils,” as she called fits of depression, was to go out very early in the morning to climb trees or swim in cold water.

The years in which she lived with her wealthy, narrow-minded, slave-holding husband turned her into a violent Abolitionist, and her description of life on her husband’s rice plantation, “Georgia Journal,” which was published in England during the Civil War, shows how she was aroused almost to fury by the condition of slaves in the South.

She had always been devoted to fishing, horseback riding and all active outdoor occupations, but almost at the beginning of old age she discovered the joys of mountain climbing. Her last fifteen summers were spent in the Alps. “Surely,” she said after a difficult climb with adoring guides around her, “—if I had been a man I should have lived on a peak, died in a crevice and been
buried in an avalanche.” The Swiss guides called her “la dame qui va chantant par les montagnes”—which brings us a picture clearer than many paragraphs, of her exultation at reaching high places.

Perhaps the author has been too sentimentally Victorian in her treatment of Fanny Kemble; she still eludes us in a halo of romance. But the story of her life is as exciting as a good novel, and Miss Armstrong has confined her writing to actual characters, conversations and events. It is a sparkling book, one which will satisfy the tastes of a wide variety of readers.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.


The career of Major-General James Wilkinson might be likened to a crimson thread running without symmetry or regard to pattern, through the sombre tapestry of the first half century of United States history. He considered himself an intimate friend of the first four Presidents of the United States; he held a commission in the United States Army most of the time over a period of thirty years; he was known from New England to the southern and western frontiers of the republic as a man of power and great popularity. He was a brilliant Revolutionary staff officer, a successful Indian fighter and a master of practical diplomacy who solved many problems in which right and wrong were hopelessly entangled.

But even as a piece of tapestry or an oriental rug is entirely changed in aspect when looked at from a different angle, so could James Wilkinson be described as a thief, a blackmailer and a traitor—conclusions justly drawn from the episodes which crowded his career. His intrigues with the Spanish Government, which brought him many thousands of dollars, began in 1787 and lasted through the years of his service as a general in the United States Army. He aided Aaron Burr in his scheming with England and at the proper moment to bring himself into the limelight, he revealed Burr’s intentions to President Jefferson—at the same time writing to the Spanish governor of the Floridas that he was doing his utmost to protect the dominions of Spain from the citizens of the United States!

These incidents are sufficient to illustrate the paradoxical quality of this narrative, skilfully and understandingly handled by a retired Army officer who is thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere in which his hero—or villain—lived. Indeed the paradox extended to Wilkinson’s private life. His first wife, the Quaker Ann Biddle of Philadelphia, languished in the heat of the Spanish southwest where he had her with him whenever possible. His second wife, Celestine Trudeau, whom he married in St. Mary’s Chapel of the Ursulines in New Orleans, could not stand the severe weather of her husband’s northern campaigns in the War of 1812 and was forever leaving him to go back to her warm South.

In February 1812, Wilkinson was tried by court-martial on eight charges and twenty-five specifications covering his Spanish intrigues and his relationship with Burr, and acquitted. In the spring of 1815 he was again court-martialed for his failure as a commanding officer in the War of 1812, and this time he was convicted and his army days were over. He died in Mexico in 1825, still full of schemes to make money and still trying to play the grandest role on whatever stage he crossed.

This biography is copiously foot-noted and the voluminous bibliography gives some idea of the widely scattered archives which have furnished data for the narrative. Major-General Wilkinson could never be presented as a clear-cut figure: his motives were always mixed and his dealings always double. But Major Jacobs has gone far in solving the puzzle of Wilkinson’s personality as it affected his career, in a vitally interesting book.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.


So familiar do we sometimes become with place names that we utter the words without thought of their origin. It is, therefore, pleasing to learn that Valley Forge was named for an early forge established by Pennsylvanians of Dutch descent on a tributary of the Schuylkill River. Later this forge was taken over by John
Potts and was noted for its hardware, nails, hinges, latches, etc.

Well was it named, for the vicinity so designated was to there forge a continent, when from unbelievable suffering, when men went verily through a "valley of death," there came forth an invincible army, and the future of the would-be nation was assured.

Harry Emerson Wildes, himself a resident of Valley Forge, surrounded by neighbors dwelling in historic houses which once housed men whose names are known to all students of the period, became interested in writing the complete story of Valley Forge, a story which he believed had not yet been written.

Perhaps his interest in present-day social problems added to the desire to understand more fully this phase of American History, out of which America was born.

Mr. Wildes did not confine his search to documentary evidence, but talked personally with all the old men and women within a radius of twenty miles of Valley Forge trying to get their family legends. He has even gone so far, he says, as to eat and drink the same sort of food and liquor our Revolutionary ancestors used, made after ancient recipes.

Out of the material he unearthed has been fashioned a detailed account of what the soldiers and officers went through that winter; he gives you living glimpses of many of the individuals concerned; he works out the military campaign with care. And at the ending he shows you how the famine was suddenly and completely ended by thousands of fat shad swimming up the Schuylkill to spawn. If Rome was saved from destruction by the hissing of geese, the Duke of Orange by the barking of his spaniel, perhaps it is not stretching history too far to say that America was saved by the cows which Mad Anthony Wayne, then nicknamed "The Drover," was forwarding to camp and by the fish struggling up the river.

Not only lack of food but epidemics of smallpox and typhoid menaced the army that winter, and factional jealousies and misunderstandings made matters worse.

Through all this moves Washington, quiet and calm, holding often a loose rein on the men, willing himself to be rebuked by a foreigner come to aid him.

The aid of the local women is abundantly proven, their nursing, their cooking, their reports of British movements, even the two Quaker ladies who succeeded in smuggling out a letter concerning the horrible conditions under which the prisoners in Philadelphia were suffering and who forwarded that letter to Washington.

It is a book to make the reader wonder whether the strength of the leaders, the endurance, even the humor shown by starving men who boast that they are living on the bounty of the country, could be duplicated at the present day; or is metal like to '76 lost in the land?

The book is well and simply written. It carries the note of authority in every line. It is unfortunate, therefore, for its future use by scholars, that no bibliography is appended, and no notes whatever indicate the source of statements, many of which appear entirely new.

In December of 1777 Washington expected his army to "starve, dissolve or disperse." Six months later it was well trained, and pursuing in good order the retreating British, singing as it went.

Out of chaos had come order; out of defeat, victory. Raw iron had gone to the forge and had come out a perfect weapon!

C. C. C.


Jeanette Eaton has added another outstanding book to the imposing group from her pen. "Leader by Destiny, George Washington, Man and Patriot" is a biography of George Washington that appeals both to youth and adult, because it is so different from the common run of such narratives. It lifts the long dead Father of His Country from his funereal wrappings and the weight of the profound memorialization that has accumulated through the one hundred and thirty-nine years since his mortal career closed, and portrays a virile, living, playing, serving, fighting, achieving man of unswerving purpose to whom our struggling nation owes its liberty and its union.
The clever and versatile author, who in ten years has produced ten splendid books, has surpassed herself in her “Leader by Destiny.” With her knowledge and experience, she has turned her battery of research upon the great volume of words written by and about George Washington and brought forth the humanness and strong character of this boy, youth and man in a manner that charms, convinces and holds the reader from the first page to the last.

The author has evaluated the fulsome sentimental exaggerations and also the derogatory and slanderous criticisms which followed Washington’s activities from the time he first came into public knowledge and has proven our great national hero a man of destiny by his own acts.

This story opens when George is about fifteen years of age, a tall, strong, shy lad dividing his time between three homes and picking up a rather unsatisfactory and disorganized type of schooling. The part of the year away from his mother’s Fredericksburg farm was divided between the plantations of Augustine Washington, and that of Lawrence, at Mount Vernon.

By the terms of their father’s will Lawrence inherited Mount Vernon, formerly called Hunting Creek, and Augustine was given the Bridges or Pope’s Creek Plantation, the ancestral mansion, in which George was born, and which was named Wakefield after it had passed from Washington ownership.

In the homes of both brothers this lad was in a circle of Virginia Cavaliers, leading men of the Colony from whom he was learning lessons in business and statecraft as well as the etiquette of the dance and ballroom. His natural reserve and shyness were increased by his awkwardness and his lack of social graces. As the boy realized that he must work out his own career, his inherited ambition for property, position and success pushed him into activities that gradually awakened and developed him into an independent thinker and leader.

Surveying led to military life, the prelude to his service in the French and Indian War, during which destiny became apparent. Washington’s valiant service with Braddock, his preservation from all injury, caused the Indian prophecy of his high destiny to be repeated and made the subject of discussion. Some of his daring exploits and narrow escapes during the Revolution added weight to this belief.

The book embraces the entire life of George Washington. The author has made it also a history of the period. It is a dramatic, gripping and patriotic portrayal of a thoroughly human man, whose high principles qualified him to be the leader of his people and whose exceptional service has long stamped him as a man of destiny.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

All This, and Heaven Too. Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

This is the true story of Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, written by her grand-niece, Rachel Field. It is told in fictional form but without the introduction of a single imaginary character. None is needed. No romancer, however gifted, could capture from thin air, so thrilling and provocative a tale, or people one with creatures of his own fancy who would make such alluring and improbable characters.

Henriette Desportes was a woman who always stood straight, “even if her back were to the wall,” whose “spine did not melt at the first signal of a storm.” She did not show “striking beauty, but a certain spirited grace of carriage distinguished her.” . . . “Her gifts . . . were considerable, for besides being qualified to teach the rudiments of learning, she spoke French and English fluently, was familiar with literature and the classics, and had a charming talent for flower painting and crayon portraiture.”

All these gifts stood Henriette in good stead, for she was a governess, first in England and then in France, during the 1830’s and 1840’s, when it was essential that a teacher should be qualified to guide young charges towards the mastery of such polite accomplishments. She needed the strong spine even more, for her back was to the wall a large part of her life. While she was quartered in the stormy household of the Duke and Duchess of Praeslin, for whose nine children she cared, she attracted the Duke and antagonized the Duchess. Apparently she was blameless on both scores, for she seems to have steered a difficult course with great dignity and discretion.
But after seven years of faithful service, she was discharged without a reference; the Duke violently insisting that this must be sent to her, and the Duchess hysterically refusing to do so. Such a scene, violent as it must have been, would hardly appear to furnish the fatal ingredients for a murder and a suicide. But a short time afterwards, the Duchess was found brutally stabbed to death, and the Duke died of self-administered arsenic poisoning. All France rocked with the scandal; the King himself was implicated; and Henriette Desportes, though she had slept peacefully through the night of the crime, under the eaves in a humble lodging house, was taken into custody as an accomplice.

Without the help of legal counsel, she convinced her hostile judges of her innocence. Once liberated, she secured sanctuary in the home of her “spiritual adviser,” an Evangelical Minister named Monod, whose wife and children became deeply attached to her; and she attracted the immediate and favorable attention of a young American clergyman named Henry M. Field, whom the Monods had occasion to entertain when he visited Paris. Henry Field was the youngest and smallest of a large family, and was accustomed to wearing outgrown clothing; but “nobody laughed when he spoke,” either publicly or privately, for he had a personality which transcended the ludicrous. He also had a fine philosophy of life and travel:

“Well, it’s this way, I think,” he told Henriette. “For most of us one book is not enough to satisfy our minds, and so one life is not enough either. We want to experience more than can ever be crowded into seventy or even eighty years. I am too greedy, perhaps, but I want to catch at the meaning of different lives in different places. I want to find out what goes on under the thatched roofs of cottages and behind the walls of palaces and hotels. I want to walk in old ruins and in new cities. I want to watch people everywhere whether I can understand the words they are saying or not. It is too much to ask, perhaps, but I want to get behind the faces of men and women and feel what they are feeling.”

It was due, indirectly, to Henry Field’s efforts that the next teaching position which Henriette secured was in New York City; and when she left the select school for young ladies to which she had been so advantageously transplanted, it was to become his wife, the head of his house in a Puritanical New England town, and a member of the family circle which included all the “famous Field brothers,” one of whom, Cyrus, was the inventor of the Atlantic cable. That she fitted gracefully into the circle and that she fulfilled all the demands of her husband’s congregation, is almost as much of a miracle as that she disarmed her judges and bewitched a peer of France. That one and the same woman could prove so wholly satisfying to so many different types is astonishing to the point of being incredible, but it is true. “Power,” said Beranger, “is a bell which prevents those who set it pealing from hearing any other sound.” Rachel Field reminds us of this quotation and of the fact that “so it was with King Louis-Philippe and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Guizot” at the time of their fall, which followed so closely upon the time of Praslin’s trial and Henriette’s imprisonment. So it often has been, and so it still often is. But Henriette herself seems to have listened to the sound of this bell and never to have been dazzled by the reverberations of her own power.

The story of her reception and disposal of the pies bestowed upon her by the female members of her husband’s flock provides one of the most amusing scenes in the book, which is written with a sure but delicate touch, in a style at one and the same time elegant and restrained. It is hard to say whether the first part, which is laid in France, or the second part, which is laid in the United States, is the better done. But why try? It is better to take “All This, and Heaven Too” in its entirety as an entity and be thankful for so brilliant a masterpiece.

F.P.K.

Roster of Soldiers and Patriots of the American Revolution Buried in Indiana. Compiled and edited by Mrs. Roscoe C. O’Byrne, Brookville, Indiana, Published by Indiana Daughters of the American Revolution, 1938.

This book is dedicated to the flaming and enduring spirit of patriotism in Indiana. The source from which the information
was obtained is given which makes the volume a valuable reference book.

Within the pages of this volume will be found alphabetically arranged, according to county and name, authentic service for 1,394 soldiers and patriots. Daughters of the American Revolution lineage books, probate court records, wills, deeds, marriages prior to 1850 as well as early newspapers of the counties, and county histories have been examined. Cemeteries have been searched for graves of Revolutionary soldiers.

All names on the Indiana Pension Rolls have been traced and service secured for those who remained in the State. When the date of death and location of grave has not been obtained, that soldier has been placed in the county from which he applied for pension. In some instances the date of last payment of pension has been secured. This is stated to show the approximate date of death.

Because of the variations in the different lists of the men who were in Col. Archibald Lochry's Company when he with 36 others were massacred by the Indians on Aug. 24, 1781, in what is now Dearborn County, Indiana, the entire list is given. This list is a copy of the original which is to be found in the British Museum.

A list of Indiana pensioners in other Wars is also given.

**Important Notice to All Members Interested in the Lineage Books**

OWING to a growing demand for indexes to the Lineage Books which have been published, the following ruling was adopted by the National Board of Management at its meeting October 26th, 1938:

“That the National Society suspend the publication of the Lineage Books for the present and proceed with the printing of indices for Lineage Books now on hand, and all regular subscribers be notified of this action.”

In accordance with this ruling we are notifying all subscribers on our standing order list that the last lineage book which will be issued for the present will be volume 166. This number will be sent out March 1st, 1939, closing our fiscal year for the publication of these books.

Just at this time it is impossible to say when the new indexes will be ready, but notice will be given with prices when the books are published. In the meantime, since the indexes will add considerably to the usefulness of the volumes already published, we hope the subscribers on our standing order list, as well as other chapters, libraries and individuals will take this opportunity to bring their lineage files up to date and complete their sets.

Our special lineage offers are being continued. We still have a few of the soiled books, volumes 1, and 43 to 86, which are being sold at fifty cents each, express collect. The contents of these books are not damaged, only the covers and edges. Owing to a surplus of certain other numbers, a special price of $1.00 per volume plus 15¢ each for postage is made for volumes 65 to 125, inclusive. These books are in perfect condition.

The price of volumes 126 to 166 will remain the same, $3.00 each, including postage, and upon request, prices will be quoted on available numbers prior to volume 65.

All orders and remittances should be sent to the Treasurer General, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

We hope the present plans will meet with your approval and thank you for your past cooperation.

**Other Books Received**


THE OLD BURYING GROUND OF ANCIENT WESTBURY AND PRESENT WATERTOWN. Published by the Sarah Whitman Trumbull Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Watertown, Connecticut. Orders will be filled by the chapter. $2.50 postpaid.
Near Wenatchee, Washington, where the John Kendrick Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., is located, is a rock formation which peculiarly resembles Abraham Lincoln. The Indians called the formation "Great Spirit Face." It is now known as "Lincoln Rock." It was not carved by mortal hands, but for ages has looked down upon the Columbia River Valley, and is a guardian of one of Washington's State Parks of the Cascades.

Historical Project

The present historical project of the Mary Tyler Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Tyler, Texas, is the presentation of a historical plate. The project was endorsed by the State Society, and the design drawn by Jay Grisham and Nelle Reese Pounders, a well-known landscape artist of Tyler.

Tyler is unique in that it is the only city in Texas which has given three governors to the state—Richard B. Hubbard, whose eloquence won for him the title of the Young Demosthenes; Oran M. Roberts, with his pay-as-you-go policy, who was able to pay all expenses of the state, reduce the public debt, lower taxation, and maintain a balance at the end of his term; and James S. Hogg, the first native-born governor, whose statesmanship is the standard for all succeeding governors.

Also, Tyler is distinctive in that it is the center of the largest rose field in the world, giving it the title of "The Rose City."

Wishing to commemorate these facts, the chapter designed a plate, on the back of which is inscribed: "Mary Tyler Chapter, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, sponsors this historical plate, centered by the Tyler rose. Pictured are: the National and State Flags, the three governors Tyler gave to Texas, the city's skyline, the world’s largest rose field, trees, flowers, fruits, and industries of Tyler, Texas."

Real Daughters

Members of the Nevada Sagebrush Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Reno, Nevada, recently inaugurated what they hope and believe will become an annual custom in their own chapter, and one which will spread to other chapters.

There are no Real Daughters with whom this chapter can maintain any personal contact, and the members, feeling a desire to have a functioning "Real Daughters Committee"—or a substitute for such a committee—decided to present elderly ladies in the Reno home with useful and attractive Christmas gifts.

Anniversary Celebrations

The Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Annapolis, Maryland, recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary. Miss Agnes Walton, a charter member of the chapter, was hostess at a meeting held in her lovely Colonial home. Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General of the National Society, was the guest.
of honor and the speaker of the afternoon. Her speech was entitled "Firm Foundations."

**Dedication of Markers**

**Comfort Tyler Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.,** of Syracuse, New York, recently dedicated a marker, identifying the burial place of a Revolutionary Soldier, the site of an old cemetery, and the present site of a city park. The granite stone for the marker was given by the Parks Department, and the Syracuse Centennial Committee assisted in its erection. The inscription reads as follows:

**SITE OF**
**OLD LODI CEMETERY**
**AND BURIAL PLACE OF**
**ELIAS STEENBERG**
**OFFICER IN REVOLUTIONARY ARMY**
**ERECTED BY**
**SYRACUSE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE**
**AND**
**COMFORT TYLER CHAPTER, D.A.R.**
**SYRACUSE, NEW YORK**
**1938**

Memorial services were recently held for Dr. Joseph P. Widney, co-founder and second president of the University of Southern California, under the sponsorship of the conservation committee of the **Eschscholtzia Chapter, N.S.D.A.R.,** of Los Angeles, California. The services included the planting of a tree and the presentation of a bronze tablet. Mrs. Samuel A. Widney, sister-in-law of the late educator, unveiled the plaque, and Dr. Rufus B. von KleinSmid accepted it on behalf of the University.

The **Hannah Woodruff Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.,** of Southington, Connecticut, recently held a memorial service at which time a bronze marker was placed on the grave of Mrs. Eva V. M. Bissell, former regent of the chapter, former State Regent, and past Recording Secretary General.

The impressive ceremony was conducted by Miss Eunice J. MacKenzie, local regent,
It is a great source of pleasure to the National Motion Picture Committee to learn that this department has come to mean so much to the readers of this magazine all over the country. Your chairman has been swamped with letters asking when the reviews of pictures would be returned to the magazine, for so many chapters depend upon them to be read at their chapter meetings.

We are delighted to tell you that our preview committee are again working in New York City and our members are composed of Daughters of the American Revolution living in the Metropolitan area. There are about thirty on the committee, so that means some are working every day on all the pictures and we hope our department will continue to aid you in your choice of films—both "shorts" as well as feature length pictures.

We are still striving to do away with the double feature and it is a question in the fore at the present time. There are so many splendid "shorts" most of us never have the opportunity to see simply on account of the prevalence of the double feature, so I hope all Daughters who feel the way we do about it will co-operate with us and use their influence to that desired end.
The following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

**PYGMALION (M-G-M)**
Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

A modern interpretation of George Bernard Shaw’s comedy of manners, in which Leslie Howard as Professor Higgins, an authority on languages and dialects, accepts a wager to teach the young flower girl at Covent Garden not only cultured English but also other social graces that will make her acceptable in diplomatic circles within six months! He wins the wager and the heart of the girl which he did not bargain for, as he was impersonal in the remolding of this character. A. Y.

**SWEETHEARTS (M-G-M)**
Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

This beautiful musical film is done in technicolor and is a magnificent production. While the Victor Herbert operetta is the basis for this picture, there are many new and witty bits added, as well as some very fine dancing and, of course, the fine voices of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Family.

**GUNGA DIN (RKO)**
Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Fontaine.

Rudyard Kipling’s famous ballad “Gunga Din” is brought to the screen in a splendid drama with excellent acting and photography. The scene of action lies along India’s Northwest frontier, near the famous Khyber Pass. Excellent. A. Y.

**ORPHANS OF THE STREET (Republic)**
Tommy Ryan, Robert Livingston, June Storey.

A Tenth Avenue boy and his dog and their love for each other play a big part in this picture. He has a happy life in a military academy but through the loss of an estate he is threatened with a life in an orphanage without his dog. Excellent. Family.

**THE FRONTIERSMEN (Paramount)**
William Boyd, George Hayes, Russell Hayden, Evelyn Venable.

The best of the Hopalong Cassidy series in which Hopalong and the mayor of the town are rivals for the affections of a young eastern school teacher. Wholesome entertainment with especially good music by a boys’ choir. Family.

**DAWN PATROL (Warner Bros.)**
Errol Flynn, George Brent, Basil Rathbone.

This story of the British Royal Air Force in the World War is tense and well done, showing the futility of all wars as well as the destruction caused by war, especially of the untrained recruits; and also the trials and heartaches of the officers in charge. A. Y.

**TRADE WINDS (United Artists)**
Frederic March, Joan Bennett, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern.

This picture concerns the pursuit of a suspected criminal by two detectives, one a blundering one, through Honolulu, Japan, China, and India, as the girl fugitive drifts from country to country feeling secure in her disguise. When she is at last taken back a captive she is proved innocent. There is excellent comedy delightfully interspersed throughout this very enjoyable film. A. Y.

**CHRISTMAS CAROL (M-G-M)**
Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart.

The perennially lovely Christmas Carol is a heart-warming story and well done by an entirely new cast. Old Scrooge is a mean money-grabbing man who is always cross and unpleasant. The night before Christmas he has a nightmare in which the ghosts of the Past, Present and Future appear to him and point out to him the errors of his life. Family.

**HEART OF THE NORTH (Warner Bros.)**
Dick Foran, Margaret Lindsay.

The story of the Royal Canadian Mounted told in technicolor, “They Always Get Their Man”. Superb scenes of the Great Northwest, from the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the Yukon, with fast and exciting action throughout the entire film. A. Y.

**DUKE OF WEST POINT (United Artists)**
Louis Hayward, Richard Carlson, Tom Brown, Joan Fontaine.

This is a story of a young cadet at West Point who really was a good fellow at heart but who concealed his feelings under an overconfident smart-alecky manner. However, in an effort to help a class-mate out of a difficulty he, himself got into trouble and was punished by Silence, complete Coventry for four years. The happy ending after a hockey game, which is particularly well shown, is quite well deserved. A. Y.
THE GREAT MAN VOTES (RKO)

John Barrymore, Virginia Weidler, Peter Holden.

A satire on political wire pulling in which will be found both pathos and comedy. The two children plan an important part through their influence over their shiftless but loving father, played by John Barrymore. A. Y.

THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN (Columbia)

Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, Margaret Lindsay.

Melvyn Douglas will again be seen as the detective, Bill Reardon, assisted by his wife. They become involved in a complicated jewel robbery, in which there is both mystery and comedy. A. Y.

Shorts

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (Vitaphone)

This historical film is a vivid reminder of the principles of American liberty. Family.

MIRACLE OF SALT LAKE (M-G-M)

The early history of the Mormon persecution and their determination to pursue their religion is vividly portrayed. Excellent for the family.

SINGAPORE AND JEHORE (M-G-M)

An excellent technicolor travelogue showing these Oriental cities, their architecture, industries and military development. Exquisite photography of orchid culture. Family.

OH SAY CAN YOU SKI (Paramount)

A technicolor picture showing the experiences of amateurs in learning to ski at a winter resort. Superb coloring of the snow scenes. Family.

DONALD'S PENGUIN (RKO)

Another Walt Disney masterpiece in color. Donald and a young penguin have an amusing encounter over a gold fish. Any audience.

Marion Lee Montgomery,
(Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery)
National Chairman,
Motion Picture Committee.

Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

This month we celebrate the birthday of George Washington, the Father of our country. At this season of the year, thinking of him and what he meant to this country, we are reminded again of the character of the man, his high sense of honor, his far-sightedness, his steadfast devotion to duty and his passionate love for the new country which he was putting on a firm foundation.

Sometimes it seems as if we have gone a long way in these United States of America; a long way on the road to success and happiness, a long way forward with progress and achievement. Life has been made so much easier for all of us.

But, along with the progress and achievement have come influences which have not been so ideal as those which George Washington held for this country of ours, and as time moves on we are more and more conscious of the elements which disturb a nation's peace and happiness.

What is the answer? How do young people, with ideals and strong desires to be of service, with ambitions to serve and push forward, fall prey to these subversive influences which have become so nationally prevalent?

The answer seems perhaps to lie in the training of these young people, whether American or of foreign birth or descent. With firm foundations of high standards and patriotic education, a sound knowledge of the early history of this country, and a decided training in good citizenship, it would seem possible to produce a generation of 100% American Youth, who would be so imbued with the knowledge and love of this country that no un-American ideas could penetrate with any success whatsoever.
So, beginning with the Junior American Citizens at an early age, organizing them throughout the states as a great national organization, we can combat with success the subversive influences which strike from all angles. Junior American Citizens are our hope for the future. Too long have we let the opportunity slip through our hands to develop in the boys and girls the ideals of good government and patriotic education, and if we wait much longer our efforts may be useless!

It is an urgent appeal which your National Chairman makes to all state regents, chapter regents, state and chapter chairmen of Junior American Citizens, that they arouse themselves to the necessity for these clubs. This is no easy task before us, but an important one, and a pleasant one, and the National Society is generous in its support of the work, recognizing it as a vital need in every community.

IT CAN BE DONE! and YOU can do it. The boys and girls throughout the land are calling on you to gather them into the clubs, to give them the firm foundations which it is their right to have, and which it is absolutely necessary for them to have. What are YOU doing about Junior American Citizens Clubs?

Let us return to the ideals of George Washington and those ancestors of ours, and give of ourselves as they gave of themselves to build a better country. Let us uphold the ideals and principles which gave us this country. Let us form MORE Junior American Citizens Clubs.

**ELEANOR GREENWOOD,**
**National Chairman,**
**Junior American Citizens Committee.**

**Advancement of American Music**

*Through the Year with American Music*

Music catalogues are rich in compositions suited to use in March. The month with its winds and early harbingers of Spring seems to furnish the composer with a theme that satisfies his or her own individual type of expression. There are songs with most effective accompaniment where the piano adds an atmosphere that the poem in itself could not create. Likewise there are many instrumental numbers inspired by the month of March that are worthy of a place on programs.

To the thoughtful musician, March is one of the outstanding months of the year, for it holds the anniversary date of the birth of two great European composers whose works are more and more being arranged and transcribed by our own composers. These two are John Sebastian Bach, the foremost composer of any age for the organ, and George Frederick Handel, made famous by his great oratorio, The Messiah. The works of these composers are not the only ones that are attracting attention of American musicians. Much old Italian music and many Russian compositions are being made available for the student of music today. Later French, Spanish and English compositions are also numbered among the arrangements and transcriptions.

An American arrangement of an old classic does not indicate a change of meaning of the original music, for no alteration of the essential features takes place. An arranger seeks only to offer a clearer understanding of the composition to the performer.

Sometimes a transcription into a different medium of musical expression is made, without changing the original meaning. For example: J. S. Bach’s Choral, Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring, loses none of its rare tonal beauty when arranged for two pianos. In this medium it has the advantage of a greater chance of being heard more often.

So, in arranging a program of music for March, it might be well to place emphasis upon this phase of American music, adding seasonal compositions and music by composers born in the month. This particular year, since March covers the greater part of Lent, Lenten music might also be used.
I. SEASONAL MUSIC

Mixed Chorus
Come, O Spring .................................................. Gladys Pitcher
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Piano
March Wind .......................................................... Edward MacDowell
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Solo—Voice
An Open Secret ...................................................... R. Huntington Woodman
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—American arrangements and Lenten Music

Organ
Water Music ........................................................... Handel-McKinley
(J. Fischer Bros.)

Women's Voices
Bourree ................................................................. J. S. Bach-Snodgrass
(Harold Flammer, Inc.)

Violoncello and Piano
Melody ................................................................. Lully-Spalding
(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

Men's Voices
Grant us to do with Zeal ........................................... Bach-Davison
(E. C. Schirmer Co.)

Piano
Pastorale in E minor ................................................ Scarlatti-Foote
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Mixed Voices
Praise Ye the Father ................................................. Gounod-Riegger
(Harold Flammer, Inc.)

Ballad of Trees and the Master ..................................... Arthur Shepherd
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Violin and Piano
Gavotte ................................................................. Gluck-Hartmann
(Harold Flammer, Inc.)

Solo—Voice
Six Love Songs ....................................................... Brahms-Stoessel
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Two Pianos
Variations on a theme by Beethoven, Op. 35 ..................... Saint-Saëns-Hughes
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN MARCH

Polonaise in D—Piano ................................................... Arthur Foote
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (March 5, 1853)

Festival Te Deum in E flat—Chorus .................................. Dudley Buck
(Oliver Ditson Co.) (March 10, 1839)

Suite in G minor—Organ .............................................. Everett E. Truette
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (March 14, 1861)

Charm of Spring—Soprano and Alto Duet .......................... Mary Turner Salter
(Oliver Ditson Co.) (March 15, 1850)

By the Waters of Minnetonka—Voice, Violin and Piano .......... Thurlow Lieurance
(Theo. Presser Co.) (March 21, 1880)

Bourree Antique ...................................................... Mrs. Crosby Adams
(Clayton F. Summy Co.) (March 25, 1850)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
National Chairman, Advancement of American Music Committee.

In Memoriam

We announce, with sorrow, the passing, on December 13, 1938, of Mrs. Samuel J. Kramer (Ella), Curator General of the National Society, 1929-1932, and State Regent of New York, 1926-1929.
Junior

There is magic in the words. For wherever there is a Junior Group will be found young enthusiasms and talents directed into the channels of friendship and service in our Society. "A Life Insurance Policy" for any Chapter. Well said, New Jersey Juniors!

Three years ago the Junior Groups began to grow and this fourth year finds them steadily increasing. Organized in every state but two, there is approximately one Junior Group to every eight Chapters of our Society. With more than twenty-five hundred Chapters, three hundred Junior Groups is an encouraging percentage. It is a compliment indeed to our Society. For here it has been proved beyond doubt that our members have been able to project the magnetism of their patriotic endeavors into the hearts of these young women whose motivating elements are the same. Here it has been shown that these young members are attracted by a pride in their hereditary Americanism; and have a realization of the desire to honor it; honor it by acknowledgment; honor it by service.

Given a vision of all that membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution means, we find these young members at hand, eager to carry on. "We needs must love the highest when, we see it."

The Junior Groups form a great National Committee. These young members have a depth of soul and breadth of vision combined with courage undaunted and strength unlimited. These factors can make dreams come true.

We now look forward to our great National Assembly next April. This one day is just for the Juniors; when they will review their accomplishments of the year which has gone by, since their first National Assembly held in Memorial Continental Hall.

Again will they consider their fixed stars; and then chart their course for another year.

The blessings of those meetings of yesteryears held in Memorial Continental Hall shall hover around them during their deliberations; and shall go with them as they journey forth at the end of their day.

Hazel F. Schermerhorn, National Chairman, Junior Membership.

Executive Committee for the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly

A MEETING of the Executive Committee for the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly was held November 16 in Chicago at the Drake Hotel at the invitation from our National Junior Membership Chairman, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, who is Organizing Secretary General.

The meeting was an enthusiastic one, Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers, Editor of the Echoes of the Junior D. A. R.'s, flying back to Detroit, and one of our Advisors, Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Chairman of the 1938 Junior Assembly, coming from Racine, Wisconsin. The meeting was even more delightful when those present received gardenias and were the luncheon guests of Mrs. Schermerhorn. Telegrams of greeting were voted to be sent to Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, and to Mrs. William H. Pouch, past Organizing Secretary General, our Director last year and one of our Advisors this year.

As the plans which were made develop, notices will go out about them. Something
new and different is being planned as well as plans for our Assembly on April 18, Tuesday at 3 P.M., in Memorial Continental Hall. Final plans and announcements will be sent to every Junior Group Chairman the last week in January instead of the usual Christmas letter, by common consent of those present at the meeting. The next issue of Echoes is to come out March 1. Send all news to Mrs. E. A. Blowers, 16835 Warwick Road, Detroit, Michigan, by February 15. The last issue of Echoes came out just before Christmas. Any chairman of a Junior Group not receiving one, should notify Mrs. Blowers.

The Executive Committee of the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly appreciates the courtesies extended to them by the National Society, and to all Juniors, and all members of the National Society, we extend Greetings.

DOROTHY EVANS, Chairman,
Committee for 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly.

Exhibits at Continental Congress

THE Chairman of Exhibits for the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly is Miss Eloise Bonnett, Le Roy, Illinois. This year the exhibits will be more inclusive and groups wishing to can send scrapbooks or anything else they wish which covers the project the group has been carrying on. This might include hand work, such as quilts, etc., copies of Braille or Red Cross work, or scrap books showing activities which could not be brought to Assembly otherwise. There will be no prizes for exhibits this year, but this table will be there for the purpose of showing what the Juniors are doing. Last year a great number of women stopped at the table and looked at the scrapbooks, some taking notes, for the books were most interesting, and showed the worthwhile work the different groups are doing. It was most difficult for the judges to award prizes as they were all so fine, and so this year the groups have an opportunity to display even more, and no prizes will be given. Any material sent will be returned at the close of Congress to the owners. Send all exhibits to Memorial Continental Hall by April 13 with the words “Junior Exhibits” marked on all packages for this table. If there are any questions, write to Miss Bonnett.

Susanna Winslow Junior Group,
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Susanna Winslow Junior Group of Mary Chilton Chapter, D. A. R., Sioux Falls, South Dakota, held the first meeting of the month at the home of Mrs. Lee Buck on November 7th.

The news-letter edited by the chairman, Mrs. Karl Benz, was presented to each Junior by Mrs. Warren Walsh, vice-chairman. Mrs. Walsh conducted the short business meeting in the absence of Mrs. Benz, whose husband was ill in the hospital. Mrs. A. C. Thompson, the first Junior Group chairman in Sioux Falls, gave her report on the project for the Group which includes gifts to St. Mary’s Indian High School for Girls at Springfield, S. D., and two other Indian Schools in the state. Aid for a worthy blind girl who just graduated from high school last June and has had a serious operation on her “good eye” was discussed, and something will be done for her after the first of the year.

Mrs. Astor H. Blauvelt, mother-sponsor for the Susanna Junior Group in Sioux Falls, issued an invitation to her “daughters” to have the first birthday party at her home on December 13, when the Junior Group will be one year old.

Miss Mary H. Perry, state Junior Group chairman, announced Mrs. W. Z. Sharp of the Mary Chilton Chapter will be her advisor for state Junior Group work, and work on Junior Groups in the state will start soon.

Mrs. F. E. Sexton, a member of the Group, gave a splendid book review of “A Prayer for Tomorrow,” by J. Hyatt Downing. The setting of the book is laid in Blunt, S. D., and is about the change of South Dakota prairie lands from cattle grazing to farming, which only brought dust and destruction to the farmers.

Mrs. Lee Buck served tea at a beautifully appointed tea table. Mesdames R. P. Hanson, Fred Y. Fellows, Jr., and Fred Best assisted Mrs. Buck.

MARY HAWLEY PERRY,
State Chairman, Junior Membership.
The following article won honorable mention in the Junior prize contest last year and has been purposely held for the current issue as being especially suitable for it.

---

**Washington's Birthday**

**FRANCES I. MAYES**

EVERY once in a while someone says that Washington's birthday should be celebrated on February eleventh and not on February twenty-second. So we decided to find out why any discrepancy exists regarding the date of George Washington's birth.

We learned that up to the year 1582 the Julian calendar, established by Julius Caesar in 325 A.D., was used throughout the Christian world. It divided the year into 365 days plus an extra day every fourth year. As it became possible to measure the length of the solar year more accurately, it was found that the Julian system exceeded the solar year by eleven minutes. In one hundred and thirty-one years this amounted to twenty-four hours, or to three days in each four hundred years. By the year 1582 this excess had amounted to ten days.

Among other difficulties this situation upset the calculations for setting the date for Easter. Therefore, Pope Gregory set up a new calendar system and ordered these ten days dropped in order to restore the vernal equinox to its accustomed date, March 21st. It corrected the Julian calendar by having the extra day omitted three times every four hundred years, and it also made the new year begin on January first instead of on March 25th as it had theretofore.

The Gregorian calendar was adopted by most of the Christian countries in 1582. But England was at odds with Rome at that time and refused to adopt the Gregorian Calendar for her own use or that of any of her possessions, which at that time included the American Colonies. England continued her refusal for one hundred and seventy years, but finally adopted it in 1752. By that time another day had accumulated, making eleven days difference between the “old style” Julian calendar and the Gregorian calendar now in use.

George Washington was born 11th of February, 1731, “old style,” or Julian calendar. Moving the new year from March 25th to January 1st made February come in the year 1732, “new style,” or Gregorian calendar, the one now in use. The eleven days dropped by England in 1752 makes the date February 22nd.

If one insists that the date of Washington's birth was February 11th, one should make the year of his birth 1731 and add the letters “O. S.,” meaning “old style,” or Julian calendar.
The Brothers' House of Old Salem

TWO years after the laying of the cornerstone of the first house in Salem, N. C., in 1766, the Brothers' House was begun. It was completed December, 1769. This building, now the Moravian Church Home, has quite an interesting history. Sixteen single men and four boys were the first to call this building home. They lived in this building with one especial purpose—that of learning a trade.

The Moravian men and boys immediately laid out a large garden back of the house and planted some fruit trees. The garden was laid off in squares and each man tended his own square. The entire garden extended a distance of two blocks to a rock-bottom stream. In the northwest corner of this garden was a spring from which Cornwallis drank when he and his army passed through Salem in 1781.

In later years the Brothers' House was used as a widows' house, and later still the Moravian Church named the building the Moravian Church Home, and now the single women also enjoy its quiet atmosphere. So all through the years Moravians have lived in this building, which was one of the very first buildings in the distinctly Moravian settlement. It is typical of all Salem buildings in its architecture. In its lines of endeavor each person had his job, and all worked for the good of the community.

The front of the Moravian Church Home is similar to many of the old Salem homes, which are built right at the edge of the inside of the sidewalk. The walls are very substantial, the doorways wide, and the tile roofs denote an atmosphere of permanence. The rear of this building reminds one very much of the homes of the deep South, with its two porches extending almost the width of the home.

In 1786 a brick addition was built to the Brothers' House. A. Kremser was to help dig the cellar for the additional basement. While it was being dug a cave-in of dirt started, and the workmen assisting Kremser yelled to him, but it was too late, and he was killed instantly. The title of "The Little Red Man" was given to Kremser because of his wearing a red jacket and a little red cap. The legend goes that for many years the ghost of the Little Red Man appeared to many who visited the basement of the Brothers' House. He even appeared to two little girls, who had never heard the strange story. Finally Reverend Reinke, a Moravian minister, saw the vision and spoke to the Little Red Man thus, "In the name to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, now go to your place." From that day on the Little Red Man was never seen again.

The basement kitchen where the Brothers did their baking in an old fashioned brick bake oven is especially interesting. The large hooded fireplace has been closed, but the brick furnace with three embedded iron pots, in which the Brothers cooked their vegetables is still used. Beeswax and tallow is now melted in these pots from October to December for the Moravian Christmas candle service. The room where the candles are made was used for the "Infant School" until twelve years ago.

Back of the Brothers' House stood for many years the Brothers' Work Shop. Nineteen trades were carried on in this shop, even that of making toys.

Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Pfohl, who have been living in the brick home back of the Brothers' House on Academy street since 1921 have built a beautiful old garden. This garden is part of the garden of the Brothers. The center of the lower garden is patterned after the garden of Count Zinzendorf of Hernhut, Saxony, who gave refuge to the early Moravians when persecuted because of their religion many, many years ago.

A deodora is in the center of the circular design of the garden, the circular design being made of boxwoods. The walks are violet bordered. In the beds are hundreds of bulbs, old perennial favorites, roses and fine shrubs. Miss Margaret saved every old bulb from the original garden, for they were descendants of the original old bulbs from the Brothers' garden. Ancient shrubs were saved, so with the old fashioned favorites there is a blending of early days of Salem with some of the newer things of the garden of today. There is an atmosphere of peace and quiet in this lovely old garden of Salem, which was tended by the Brothers over one hundred and fifty years ago.

AGINE NEELY,
Member of the Governor Alexander Martin Society, C.A.R., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
THE experienced and talented man under whom your own editor received her training for the task with which you have entrusted her had two maxims, with the force of which he strove to impress her. “Never put anything in a magazine,” he used to say, “unless you have reason to believe it will appeal to seventy-five per cent of your readers.” Then he would add, “And never take anything out if you are sure it is appealing to that percentage of them.”

It was with the hope of attracting a larger group of more variegated tastes than this magazine has ever reached before that the editor undertook to widen its scope. The result of this experiment has been most gratifying, as the following quotations, culled from her letters, bear witness:

“This print (see the picture heading this department) was made by an Italian friend of mine who liked ‘The Willow Tree’ which you published in the National Historical Magazine so much that he gave me two pictures of his in exchange for a copy of the issue containing that poem.” (February, 1937).

“I think the November issue is the best one yet, and I especially enjoyed the article on Samplers. I never knew before how these were made and the illustrations are beautiful and illuminating.”

“I want to thank you and Miss Brumley for the lovely cut and article in the December magazine (‘America’s First Living Christmas Tree,’ p. 65). Our Secretary of State (of Nebraska) is placing a copy on file in his office.”

“The National Historical Magazine has been growing, growing, but the top was reached this month (December) when you clothed it with the interesting picture of Joanna Troutman and the Lone Star.”

“Here in Connecticut, I hear many pleasant comments on the Magazine, and I, myself, think that it grows more interesting with each issue. The January number, containing the article on handcraft in New Hampshire by Ella Shannon..."
THE HOME IN ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, OF MISS MARY ELEANOR BROWNING, WHO SO ABLY ILLUSTRATED “THE VIKING CROSS”—OUR LAST SERIAL—AND WHO IS NOW ILLUSTRATING OUR NEW SERIAL, “CITY OF FAITH”

Bowles was especially interesting to me because I know Mrs. Bowles personally. She comes from Franconia, where I spend all my summers. Mrs. Collins, whose creche is pictured in this article, is also a personal friend of mine. So you can see that this issue is of especial interest.”

“At the beginning of this new year, I wish to express to you my appreciation of your very splendid NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE. I believe you will be interested in the result of the Parliamentary Procedure article by Arline Moss.

“After the first few articles, I realized that our By-Laws did not conform to those of the National Society. With the able assistance and checking by Mrs. Moss, a complete new set of By-Laws was adopted.

“I understand that the State Conference may have a Round Table of ‘Parliamentary Procedure’—so the good seed has been sown and has taken root!”

In other words, one of these correspondents found her greatest pleasure in a poem, another in a picture, and four others in articles. And so it goes, for genealogy and fiction and the various other regular features all have their devotees too. Therefore, as far as the editor can judge from her mail, at least seventy-five per cent of her readers are satisfied with what she is putting into the magazine. But when she takes something out, the result is not always so successful. For instance:

“I can’t tell you how much I have learned from the magazine. I read it from cover to cover, but I especially enjoy Mrs. Vandenberg’s articles and did miss her in the November and December issues.”

“I am glad to see your excellent editorials again. You were missed from your usual page.”

So the editor would be more than grateful if you would write and tell her both what you like most and what you would miss least. For two great limitations confront her: the limitation of space and the limitation of funds, which, incidentally, are closely allied to each other, for the more pages a magazine contains, the more it costs, quite aside from the sum which must be spent for contributions. She would especially like to know whether you enjoy the serial stories or whether you could see these deleted without a pang, since upon your expressed preference must hinge one of the most important decisions she has made thus far: whether we shall have another serial when “City of Faith” is ended, or whether this feature should be supplanted by another. Up to now, as far as verbal comments go, the pros and cons are about equally divided. The younger members of the Society—whom we are eager to interest for a variety of reasons—are begging hard for more and more historical fiction; the older ones—whose judgment we greatly respect—are indicating their lack

COLUMBIA GLACIER, ALASKA, FROM THE CHRISTMAS GREETING OF MISS KATHARINE MATTHIES, FORMER NATIONAL CHAIRMAN OF THE APPROVED SCHOOLS COMMITTEE, AND NOW ASSISTANT CHAIRMAN OF THE SAME COMMITTEE
of enthusiasm for romance in any form. The editor will chart her course on the number of letters, by actual count, which she receives on this subject within the next two months and majority wishes will prevail. So, if you have a preference, speak now or else forever after hold your peace.

Last year the editor shared with the subscribers some of her greeting cards, feeling that they would derive as much pleasure from them as she had; and since this is still her conviction, she is now illustrating this department with them again. She is greatly indebted to the dozens of well-wishers whose lovely cards now adorn her office, but she has a special sense of obligation to Esther Bergman Narey, state regent of Iowa, for sending in a dozen or so of her own creation to be used at the last moment, "in case the editor ran short." (She did run short—she always does!) One of these was inscribed in slightly modified form with the poem entitled "Memories" by Mrs. Narey which we were privileged to print in the November issue; and with the cards came a clipping from The Fort Dodge, (Iowa), Messenger & Chronicle, describing the hobby which gives so much pleasure to her friends as well as to herself:

"Christmas cards are, for most persons, just customary greetings picked out with a view to holiday sentiment, and with no thought whatever as to the card itself. In Spirit Lake, however, is a woman who knows about Christmas cards. She writes the verses for them, and the manufacturers print her verses on special cards. Next time you see a card with 'Esther Bergman Narey' signed at the bottom of the appealing verse, remember it is from the gifted pen of a Spirit Lake woman."

The editor feels a similar sense of obligation to the brilliant young artist, Polly Storey, whose Christmas card was embellished with the snow scene which we used as an illustration for Anne Robinson's poem "Winter Magic," on page 25 of the January issue.

Nine persons out of ten assume that George Washington was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces. Artemas Ward, the New Englander who actually held this job, graduated from Harvard in the class of July 6, 1748, and the country as a whole is tardily beginning to show him the same honor that has long been accorded him by his Alma Mater and which recently took concrete form in the dedication of a monument in Washington. (See December issue, page 73.) The editor has secured an article on Artemas Ward from a young relative of hers who bears a name much revered at Harvard University because of the prowess there of the man to whom it originally belonged. This article, entitled "The First Commander," will appear in the March number, a time especially fitting for its publication, since it marks the one hundred and sixty-third anniversary of the British evacuation of Boston, for which Artemas Ward was responsible.
MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.
As of December 1, 1938

Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STATES</th>
<th>Number of Chapters</th>
<th>Membership as of December 1, 1938</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td>At Large</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALABAMA</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>1,562</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALASKA</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARIZONA</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARKANSAS</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>947</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CALIFORNIA</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>4,410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CANAL ZONE</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLORADO</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>2,133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONNECTICUT</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>5,467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CUBA</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DELAWARE</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>3,562</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLORIDA</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>1,866</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGIA</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>4,060</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAWAIIAN ISLANDS</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IDAHO</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ILLINOIS</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>7,161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDIANA</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>5,055</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IOWA</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>4,028</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KANSAS</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>2,277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KENTUCKY</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>2,425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOUISIANA</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>990</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAINE</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>2,060</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARYLAND</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>1,494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MASSACHUSETTS</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>6,326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICHIGAN</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>3,795</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISSISSIPPI</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>2,189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISSOURI</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>1,424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONTANA</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>4,588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEBRASKA</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW JERSEY</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>1,889</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW MEXICO</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW MEXICO</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>2,105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>4,860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH CAROLINA</td>
<td>176</td>
<td>14,746</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH DAKOTA</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>2,582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OHIO</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OKLAHOMA</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>7,477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OKLAHOMA</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1,339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OREGON</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>1,064</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PENNSYLVANIA</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>11,546</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHILIPPINE ISLANDS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUERTO RICO</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RHODE ISLAND</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>1,262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTH CAROLINA</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>2,643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTH DAKOTA</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TENNESSEE</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>2,721</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEXAS</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>3,781</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UTAH</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VERMONT</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>1,601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIRGINIA</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>3,831</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WASHINGTON</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>1,744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEST VIRGINIA</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>2,398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WISCONSIN</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2,100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WYOMING</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOREIGN: CHINA</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ENGLAND</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANCE</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GERMANY</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ITALY</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTALS</td>
<td>2,513</td>
<td>140,359</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
1938-1939

President General
MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR.
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents General
(Term of office expires 1939)

MRS. THOMAS J. MAULDIN,
Pickens, S. C.

MRS. ELI DIXON,
Roseville, Ill.

MRS. VICTOR ARBUT BINFORD,
Roxbury, Maine.

MRS. J. HARRIS BAUGHMAN, Tallulah, La.

(Term of office expires 1940)

MRS. CHARLES E. HEAD,
4536 47th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MISS BONNIE FARWELL,
1107 S. Center St., Terre Haute, Ind.

MRS. MAURICE CLARK TURNER,
3820 Gillon Ave., Dallas, Texas.

(Term of office expires 1941)

MRS. CHESTER S. MCCARTIN,
1820 Palmcroft Drive, Phoenix, Ariz.

MRS. ROBERT KEENE ARNOLD,
Versailles, Ky.

MRS. HARPER DONELSON SHEPPARD,
117 Frederick St., Hanover, Pa.

MRS. CHARLES CARROLL HAIG, 207 Wilson Lane, Bethesda, Md.

Chaplain General
MRS. LOREN EDGAR REX, 310 E. Elm St., Wichita, Kansas.

Recording Secretary General
MRS. JOHN S. HEAUME,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Corresponding Secretary General
MRS. WM. KENNEDY HEIRIN, JR.,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Organizing Secretary General
MRS. GEORGE D. SCHERMERHORN,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Treasurer General
MISS PAGE SCHWARZWALDER,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Registrar General
MRS. FRANK LEON NASON,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Historian General
MRS. LELAND STANFORD DUXBURY,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Librarian General
MRS. VINTON EARL SISSON,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Curator General
MRS. WILLARD STEELE,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution
MRS. JOSEPH TAYLOR YOUNG, 32 Bellevue Ave., Piedmont, Calif.
National Board of Management—Continued

State Regents and State Vice Regents for 1938-39

ALABAMA
MRS. ELLY RUFF BARNES, 18 Wilson St., Montgomery.
MRS. T. H. NAYLER, Montevallo.

ALASKA
MRS. DONALD MACDONALD, Fairbanks.

ARIZONA
MRS. JOHN WALLACE CHAPPELL, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.
MRS. WILLIAM J. OLIVER, 109 N. Pleasant St., Prescott.

ARKANSAS
MRS. CHARLES HENRY MILLER, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.
MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS SHATT, DeQueen.

CALIFORNIA
MRS. JOHN WHITTIER HOWE HODGE, 158 No. June St., Los Angeles.
MRS. THOMAS F. WARNER, 206 8th Ave., East, Twin Falls.

COLORADO
MRS. CAROL GILLASPIE, 1505 Ninth St., Boulder.
MRS. WILLIAM J. OLIVER, 109 N. Pleasant St., Prescott.
MRS. JOHN WALLACE CHAPPELL, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.
MRS. FRANCIS CHARLES BECKER, 1712 Watson St., St. Charles.

CONNECTICUT
MRS. FREDERICK ARTHUR SAPP, 802 Congress St., Ottawa.
MRS. WM. HARRISON BROTHERS, 730 N. Garfield Ave., Tacoma.
MRS. WILLIAM WESLEY BROTHERS, 730 N. Garfield Ave., Tacoma.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
MISS ETHEL LANE HERSEY, 154 South St., Hingham.
MRS. MACDONALD TAYLOR, 415 E. 5th Ave., Anchorage.

FLORIDA
MRS. M. E. BEYARD, 319 N. Monroe St., Tallahassee.
MRS. THOMAS C. MELL, 2499 Peachtree Rd., N. E., Atlanta.

GEORGIA
MRS. WILLIAM HAMILTON III, No. Church St., Thomson.
MRS. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, Clemson College.
MRS. BENJAMIN RAMAGE WILLIAMS, 428 N. McKean St., Butler.

HAWAII
MRS. JESSIE POWERS CAMERON, P. O. Box 2426, Honolulu.
MISS MARGARET EMILY MCILROY, Main St., Lewiston.

IDAHO
MRS. EUGENE NORFLEET DAVIS, Mansion Park Hotel, Raleigh.
MRS. J. WARREN PERKINS, 17 Hawthorne Ave., East Orange.

ILLINOIS
MRS. FRANK R. GROSS, 591 Charles St., Evanston.
MRS. RALPH L. CROCKETT, Redstone.

INDIANA
MRS. ROBERT F. CROSBY, Derry.
MRS. WILLIAM W. BILLINGSLEY, 1310 N. High St., Columbus.

IOWA
MRS. THOMAS F. WARNER, 206 8th Ave., East, Twin Falls.
MRS. OTTO S. VON KROC, Eldora.

KANSAS
MRS. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, 428 N. McKean St., Butler.

KENTUCKY
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila, Wis.

LOUISIANA
MRS. A. R. LACY, 1816 Irving Place, Shreveport.
MRS. CHARLES M. FLOWER, 1150 No. First St., Monroe.

MAINE
MRS. FRED C. MORGAN, 236 Main St., Saco.
MISS MARY C. LARISSA WELCH, 40 Thomaston St., Hartford.

MARYLAND
MRS. WILLIAM H. SCHLOSSER, 99 No. Forsythe St., Franklin.
MRS. THOMAS F. WARNER, 206 8th Ave., East, Twin Falls.

MASSACHUSETTS
MRS. CHARLES HENRY MILLER, 145 South St., Hingham.
MRS. FRANCIS CHARLES BECKER, 1712 Watson St., St. Charles.

MICHIGAN
MRS. WILLIAM C. GEISER, 1115 So. Genesee Drive, Lansing.
MRS. OSWALD DURRE HEAVENSHIRL, 1504 Greenwood St., Jackson.

MINNESOTA
MRS. FLOYD WILLIAM BEMISON, 330 Prospect Ave., So., Minneapolis.
MRS. OTTO S. VON KROC, Eldora.

MISSOURI
MRS. CHARLES HENRY MILLER, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.
MRS. THOMAS C. MELL, 2499 Peachtree Rd., N. E., Atlanta.

MONTANA
MRS. A. J. RAY, 113 Hawthorne St., Lewistown.
MRS. JOSIAH M. HUNTSMAN, 488 Granite St., Reno.

NEBRASKA
MRS. ROLLIN HUSBAND, 302 So. Missouri Ave., ROB.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDEMAN, 305 College Ave., York.

NEW JERSEY
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDEMAN, 305 College Ave., York.

NEW MEXICO
MRS. RAYMOND W. SHINNERS, 607 6th Ave., Mandan.

NEW YORK
MRS. J. WARREN PERKINS, 17 Hawthorne Ave., East Orange.
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila, Wis.

RHODE ISLAND
MRS. JOHN WALLACE CHAPPELL, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.
MRS. THOMAS C. MELL, 2499 Peachtree Rd., N. E., Atlanta.

SOUTH CAROLINA
MRS. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, Clemson College.
MRS. W. M. SEWELL, 1107 S. Main St., Charleston.

SOUTH DAKOTA
MRS. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, Clemson College.
MRS. WILLIAM WESLEY BROTHERS, 730 N. Garfield Ave., Tacoma.

TENNESSEE
MRS. CHARLES HENRY MILLER, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.
MRS. THOMAS C. MELL, 2499 Peachtree Rd., N. E., Atlanta.

TEXAS
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila, Wis.
MRS. JOSIAH M. HUNTSMAN, 488 Granite St., Reno.

UTAH
MRS. CURTIS WAYNE SPENCER, 514 Princess St., Williamston.

VERMONT
MRS. FREDERICK C. KRUSE, 1740 Sherman St., Denver.
MRS. JOHN WHITTIER HOWE HODGE, 158 No. June St., Los Angeles.

WASHINGTON
MRS. A. R. CARTER, 302 So. Missouri Ave., ROB.
MRS. OTTO S. VON KROC, Eldora.

WISCONSIN
MRS. CURTIS MARSHALL MCGEE, Burkesville.
MRS. A. R. CARTER, 302 So. Missouri Ave., ROB.

WYOMING
MRS. J. WARREN PERKINS, 17 Hawthorne Ave., East Orange.
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila, Wis.
National Board of Management—Continued

TENNESSEE
MRS. WALTER M. BERRY, Route 5, Box 870, Memphis.  
MRS. CLARENCE G. KING, 519 Alabama St., Bristol.

TEXAS
MISS MARION D. MULLINS, 1424 Cooper St., Fort Worth.  
MISS WALTER D. CLARK, (Chapter Regent), Box 55, Balboa Heights.

UTAH
MRS. O. ALVIN PARNLEY, 730 25th St., Ogden.  
MRS. ROBERT WELLES FISHER, 511 E. 3rd South St., Salt Lake City.

VERMONT
MRS. CLARENCE RAYMOND ARKINSON, 19 Messenger St., St. Albans.  
MRS. DAVID BALDWIN, 2949 Mills Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

VIRGINIA
MRS. C. A. SWANN SINCLAIR, 305 Braddock Road, Alexandria.  
MRS. GEORGE C. STONE, 109 Hawthorne Drive, Danville.

WASHINGTON
MRS. PELAGUS M. WILLI...ma, 2667 Park Drive, Bellingham.  
MRS. STARR SHERMAN, 709 University St., Walla Walla.

WEST VIRGINIA
MRS. DAVID E. FRENCH, 2126 Reid Ave., Bluefield.  
MRS. WILSON H. S. WARM, Shepherdstown.

WISCONSIN
MRS. GEORGE T. HAEGER GUERNSEY  
1200 N. 2nd St., Independence, Kans.  
MRS. GEORGE MAYNARD MINOR  
East Meadows, Litchfield, Conn.

HONORARY OFFICERS ELECTED FOR LIFE

MRS. RUSSELL WM. MAGNA  
178 Madison Ave., Holyoke, Mass.  
MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER  
77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

Honorary Presidents General
MRS. ANTHONY WAYNE COOK  
"Waylon", Cooksburg, Pa.  
MRS. GRAHAM H. L. BROBERG  
435 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Honorary Vice-Presidents General
MRS. HOWARD L. HODGKINS, 1935  
1821 Kalorama Rd., Washington, D. C.

The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.

AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE  
Dr. Robert M. Muir  
Wichita, Kansas

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE  
Dr. C. S. McGown  
Springfield, Massachusetts

Berea College  
Dr. William J. Hutchins  
Berea, Kentucky

The Berry Schools  
Miss Martha Berry  
Mount Berry, Georgia

Blue Ridge Industrial School  
Dr. George P. Mayo  
Bris, Virginia

Carr Creek Community Center, Inc.  
Mr. W. T. Francis  
Carr Creek, Kentucky

Crossnore School  
Dr. Mary Martin Sloop  
Crossnore, North Carolina

Hillside School  
Mr. Lemuel Sanford  
Marlborough, Massachusetts

Hindman Settlement School  
Miss May Stone  
Hindman, Kentucky

Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School  
Mr. Wilson Evans  
Grant, Alabama

Lincoln Memorial University  
Dr. Stewart W. McClclland  
Harrogate, Tennessee

Maryville College  
Miss Clemmie J. Henry  
Maryville, Tennessee

Montverde School  
Mr. H. P. Carpenter  
Montverde, Florida

Northville College  
Dr. J. D. Brownell  
Ashland, Wisconsin

Pine Mountain Settlement School  
Mr. Clyn A. Morris  
Pine Mountain, Kentucky

Schauffler College  
Dr. Raymond G. Clapp  
Cleveland, Ohio

Tamasee D. A. R. School  
Mr. Ralph H. Cain  
Tamasee, South Carolina

The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.
National Committees, 1938-1939

NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC ......................................................... Mrs. Edward G. Mead, 304 E. Church St., Oxford, Ohio.

AMERICANISM ......................................................................................... Mrs. John Y. Richardson, 325 Failing Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

APPROVED SCHOOLS .............................................................................. Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, 111 W. Broadway, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

CAROLINE E. HOLT SCHOLARSHIP FUND .................................................. Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

CONSERVATION ....................................................................................... Mrs. B. D. Weeks, Bacons College, Bacone, Okla.


DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION .......................................... Mrs. Roscoe C. O'Brien, 912 Main St., Brookville, Ind.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION MANIFOR CE CITIZENSHIP ................................................................. Mrs. Carl S. Homkes, Lisbon, N. H.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION MUSEUM ......................... Mrs. Willard Steele, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION STUDENT LOAN FUND ........ Miss Claudia Hutten, 122 Harrison St., Lynchburg, Va.

ELLIS ISLAND ............................................................................................ Mrs. Smith H. Sturman, 990 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.


GIRL HOME MAKERS .............................................................................. Mrs. Alice Lane Newberry, 1822 Bennett Ave., Dallas, Texas.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMS ................................................................ Mrs. Eleanor Greenwood, Shadow Lawn, Pepperell, Mass.

HISTORICAL RESEARCH ....................................................................... Mrs. George D. Schenck, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS ................................................................. Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, 301 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP ............................................................................. Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, 301 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

MOTION PICTURES .................................................................................... Mrs. Imogen B. Emery, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL DEFENSE THROUGH PATRIOTIC EDUCATION ......................... Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford, Roxbury, Maine.

NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE ......................................................... Mrs. Frank L. Nason, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

PRESS RELATIONS .................................................................................... Mrs. Frank W. Baker, 6353 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

REAL DAUGHTERS .................................................................................... Mrs. Jenny Fry, 325 Douglass St., Reading, Pa.

RESOLUTIONS ........................................................................................... Miss Emerline A. Street, 259 Cannon St., New Haven, Conn.

INSIGNIA .................................................................................................. Mrs. Joseph E. Fryon, 127 Whittegde Rd., Summit, N. J.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION ............................................................... Mrs. John Knauf, 404 6th Ave., S., Jameson, N. Dak.

ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE ............................................................................................... Mrs. Emily H. Wirnske, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

FINANCE .................................................................................................. Mrs. John S. Hunsum, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

AUDITING ................................................................................................. Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

PRINTING ................................................................................................. Miss Page Schwarzwelder, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

BUILDING AND GROUNDS .................................................................... Mrs. Frank Boudinot Whitley, 94 Lincoln Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.


D. A. R. HANDBOOK ............................................................................... Mrs. George W. S. Moscrievs, Laurel, Md.

All questions on State and Chapter By-Laws which it is desired be checked or inspected for conflicts with National Rules should be sent to

MRS. JOHN TRIGG MOSS, Parliamentarian, 6017 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Board of Management National Society Children of the American Revolution

National President ................................................................. Mrs. William H. Pouch

National Vice Presidents ............................................................. Mrs. Edmund Burne Hall, Indiana
................................................................. Mrs. Marie L. Beyerle, Pennsylvania
................................................................. Mrs. Alon A. Frye, D. C.
................................................................. Miss Myra Hazard, Mississipi
................................................................. Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, Michigan
................................................................. Mrs. Roy N. Lambrey, Oklahoma
................................................................. Mrs. William A. Becker, New Jersey
................................................................. Mrs. Aime E. Powell, D. C.
................................................................. Mrs. Grace H. L. Bodekaer, New York
................................................................. Mrs. John Francis Weinmann, Ariz.

National Chaplain ................................................................. Mrs. Charles Carroll Hais

National Recording Secretary ........................................................ Mrs. John Lester Barr

National Organising Secretary ........................................................ Mrs. John Morrison Kerr

National Corresponding Secretary ................................................... Mrs. Percy M. Bailey

National Treasurer ................................................................. Mrs. Thaddeus M. Jones

National Register ................................................................. Mrs. Ryland C. Bryant

National Historian ................................................................. Mrs. Lee R. Pennington, Jr.

National Librarian-Curator ........................................................... Mrs. Charles S. Groves

Honorary National Presidents ......................................................... Mrs. Frank W. Monongell
................................................................. Mrs. Jordan A. Van Osdel
................................................................. Mrs. Percy Edwards Quin
................................................................. Mrs. Samuel Shaw Arends
................................................................. Mrs. C. A. Swann Sinclair

Honorary National Vice Presidents .................................................. Mrs. Emily H. Wirnske, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
................................................................. Mrs. Henry M. Robertson, Jr.
................................................................. President General, D. A. R.
................................................................. Mrs. Marguerite Kendall
................................................................. President General, S. A. R.

(Elected for five years)

Mrs. Ladd Anderson, Mass., 1937
................................................................. Mrs. Herbert Allen Black, Colo., 1937
................................................................. Miss Margaret Lothrop, Calif., 1937
................................................................. Mrs. Frank S. Rat, Maryland, 1936
................................................................. Mrs. Horace Towner, Iowa, 1935
"GENEALOGICAL SERVICE WITH CITED AUTHORITY" (American and Foreign) 
BY 
THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL COMPANY, INC. 
GENEALOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS 
80-90 EIGHTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 
Continuing a half century of work in Family Research, Cost of Arms, Privately Printed Volumes 
Under the Direction of M. M. LEWIS 
Publishers of the Quarterly "AMERICANA"—Illustrated 
One of the Leading Historical and Genealogical Magazines 
Correspondence or interviews may be arranged in all parts of the United States 

The Charm of the 
COLEY-PLAZA 
the elegance, the perfection of every detail is immediately realized as you enter. And you will understand why to people all over the world the COLEY-PLAZA has been a symbol of Boston at its best. 
Spacious rooms, charmingly furnished, for as little as $4.00 
Illustrated folder on request 
The COLEY-PLAZA, Boston 
Arthur L. Race, Managing Director 

The National Metropolitan Bank of Washington 
WASHINGTON, D. C. 
Oldest National Bank in the District of Columbia 
1814—125 years old—1939 
Opposite United States Treasury 
* * * * 
Complete Banking 
AND 
Trust Service 
* * * * 
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation 

ANNIN & CO. OFFICIAL FLAG MAKERS 
85 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 
Write for Catalogue of 
D. A. R. Flags; also makers of C. A. R. Flags 

Columbia 8705 
Established 1891 
GEORGE PLITT, SR. 
Interior and Exterior Home Painting, Paperhanging, Upholstering, Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Window Shades, Window Laces 
Repairing and Storage of Rugs and Draperies 
9434 19th Street, Northwest 
WASHINGTON, D. C. 

THE OFFICIAL LAY MEMBER MARKER 
This marker, of solid cast bronze, measures 7½" in diameter. 
Marker comes complete with split lugs or 18" bronze stake 
Write today for new low prices and your copy of our Illustrated booklet of other official markers and tablets. 
NEWMAN BROTHERS, Inc. 
660-670 W. Fourth St. 
Cincinnati, Ohio 

1939 MODEL 
Yankee Cruises 
To The ENTIRE MEDITERRANEAN 
FRANCE, ITALY, GREECE, 7 days ashore in EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA 
THE FOUR ACES 
Sailings Fortnightly 
Excalibur — March 11 
Exeter — March 25 
Excambion — April 8 
Exochorda — April 22 
46 Days for $395 UP 
Shore Excursions $595 UP included 
ALSO "THREE-QUARTERS" CRUISES 
Terminating $280 UP 
in Greece 
$295 UP 
in Italy or France 
To or From: FRANCE and 
ITALY, or From: GREECE 
and without change of ship 
To or From: EGYPT, 
PALESTINE, SYRIA 
$200 UP 
Consult your Travel Agent who will tell you all the advantages of the Yankee Cruises in the Four Aces 
AMERICAN EXPORT LINES 
25 Broadway, New York
THE EDITOR who guesses wrong too often regarding the character of the reading matter which will prove appealing and arresting does not continue to occupy an editorial chair very long. The author with the same failing is seldom retained indefinitely on a publisher's list. Yet, both editors and authors are subject to constant surprises: A story that seems destined to prove a sure-fire hit often fails to ignite at all. On the other hand, one hesitantly presented sometimes calls forth a chorus of praise.

Fan mail is usually a fair and valued criterion of this undependable public taste, since persons who take the trouble to write about what has pleased or displeased them feel strongly on the subject they are approaching. But fan mail is another source of constant surprises. And because, as an author, I have been deluged with mail of this type, past the point where I can possibly cope with it, I am going to try as an editor to grapple with the situation.

I recently wrote a book called Parts Unknown, which is being kindly received and widely read. I knew that a certain amount of fan mail would result from its publication. But I expected that nine-tenths of the comments made and the questions asked would be relative to the remote corners of the earth—in which much of the story's action is laid—to the strange episodes that occur in these distant places. Not at all! Nine-tenths of my correspondents have said, "You talk about a flounder house in your story. We have asked architects and librarians and historians what this is, and none of them know; so won't you please tell us, What is a flounder house?"

Various organizations and institutions with which I come in contact, and many of my friends, have been similarly besieged. Col. Charles Beauty Moore, a moving spirit in the Alexandria Association, has written me as follows: "You have created amazing interest throughout the country in flounder houses by your book. Recently the Richmond Chamber of Commerce and the historical section of the Conservation Commission both asked me for information on flounder houses in Alexandria, and the Chamber of Commerce of Alexandria has telephoned me on several occasions, stating that they are constantly receiving communications for data on flounder houses."

There is a drawing of a typical flounder house in the book, and in the editions including and following the fifth there is a description of one in the foreword. But all to no avail! So here is the answer to the question:

Flounder houses are typical only of Alexandria, Virginia, though there are a few isolated examples of them elsewhere in the South. They were always built with a high, flat, blank back and a roof sloping down at a sharp angle, with pillars supporting an upper gallery in front. The blank back is accounted for in part by the fact that there was a tax on windows in early Colonial days, and therefore they were often sparingly used. But there is also a theory that the settlers who built these houses intended to duplicate their construction on the other side, in which event windows would have been unnecessary, for the blank wall would have become the center of the house and would, of course, have had the necessary intersections in it. However, this supplementary construction was never accomplished, and the flounder houses which have survived are all as they were originally built. There are also two theories as to the origin of their name. One is that they were so called because they are almost "as flat as a flounder." The other is that their shape resembles that of a flounder's tail.

Several of my friends live in flounder houses. If I am lucky, some day I may live in one myself. If I ever do, I hope you will all come and see for yourselves just what it looks like.

*I understand that some of these may be seen during the Tour of Old Houses, which is to take place in Alexandria on April 15th.

[Signature]