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FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

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*One Day in May . . . .*

Tranquility and Peace were Hers .

Desert Land

Recompense

Army

NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1939

Whole Number 550
Spring

This is my land when spring is at the door,
When down the long rich furrows in the field
The plowman walks and guides his plow before,
His hopes no higher than a crop can yield.
A seed, inch-high the blade of corn has grown,
He sees his acres blowing. Near a star
His hopes march on with seeds that he has sown.

But will he visions see on landscapes far?
For light of gold will glow in ears of corn;
And earth will thirst for rain and get relief,
While wind will talk in rustles soft and low
And perfumes from the sunrise greet the morn.
Will this my plowman know, and his belief
Unveil his eyes to visions yet unborn?

Summer

This is my land when summer sings her song,
Where meadow rue with graceful rhythm sways,
And tree toads in abandon hop along,
And woods are pulsing with melodious lays.

Now little lakes lie dreaming in the sun
And perfumes from the water lilies rise
To lure the bees, who never fail to come.
"Why must such beauty vanish?"
Vision cries,
"So much of loveliness can break a heart,
Your soul is shaken by the wood thrush song,
So all your summers walk like song-lit ghosts.
In swift review, the glowing visions part
In lovely crashing melodies so strong
They leave you shattered by the dusty hosts."
This is my land when autumn fills the air,
With tangy perfumes, and a frosty leaf
Reveals its veins through hoarfrost's gleaming hair,
And lets its color glow in warm relief.
For days well spent in garnering all of life
That came its way. What is this song I hear?
The wind's soft voice takes on a note of strife;

Tree branches shake their brilliant robes in fear.
A clump of purple-coated asters speak;
"Each season takes a way that it must go,
New beauty comes to light up the whole scene,
When frosty winds send out their message bleak
Then life will tuck itself away and glow
Until at last it grows a tender green."

This is my land when winter writes a tale,
On lakes and hills and frosty windowpanes,
In sparkling glory till the shadows pale
Down byways, and long woody, silent, lanes.

Here fir trees grow in majesty and might,
Here winter lies fast deepening at my door.
I shall go out into its starry light
To find it at its very deepest core.
A voice of triumph is the sound I hear,
The wind is talking in the boughs of pine
And shaking petaled white into the air.
It brings new odors sweet, the vision clear,
Of splendor safely locked against the time
Arbutus finds my door, for spring is there.
COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN KILLED IN THE CIVIL WAR. HE WAS SHOT AT THE MARSHALL HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, AS HE CAME DOWN THE STEPS WITH THE CONFEDERATE FLAG WHICH HE HAD REMOVED FROM THE ROOF.

Old Soldiers

ESTHER CHAPMAN ROBB

Lois gnawed her pencil, and stared at the heading of her composition:

Lois Williams, B Fourth Grade,
Sheridan School, Milton, Minn.
May 29, 1898

Lois Williams, B Fourth Grade,
Sheridan School, Milton, Minn.
May 29, 1898

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN AMERICAN

It was nice to be an American, something to be proud of. But what else was there to write? Desperately she felt about in her mind for suitable thoughts from “The Blue
and the Gray,” the poem she was to speak at the program that afternoon. Lines from the last stanza came out: “No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding rivers be red.” A phrase from a song popped up. She put the two together and wrote: “America is the home of the brave and the free. It has blue rivers, not red. I’m glad I live there.”

At the end of the fifteen-minute period, teacher said, “All those who haven’t finished their compositions may do so on Monday.” By Monday, Lois thought, with relief, she might think of more—or teacher might have forgotten all about the compositions.

At noon, after lunch with Mother and Billy, Lois repeated her verses over and over. Teacher said it was helpful to practice before a mirror so that you could see how you appeared to others. “By the flow of the inland river, whence the fleets of iron have fled,” she said to her own brown-eyed, brown-pigtailed image. But she could
never get as far as the most important gesture—the one at the very end. The sight of her pink mouth rounding with the words always threw her off, so that it was hard to remember what came next. What if she forgot before the whole room? Before the old soldiers?

“You'll be all right when the time comes,” mother said. “When you come home this afternoon, the program will be safely over.”

Lois hugged the comforting thought so that it warmed her like a shawl. By half-past three she would have rid herself of the seven verses that kept sing-songing in her head, and played her important part in the “surprise” teacher had been promising them for weeks. Then she could enjoy this spring day with its cotton-tufted blue sky, its golden sunshine on new leaves, its warm-cool breeze so sweet with the scent of bush honeysuckle.

Although her mind was burdened, Lois’ body felt light and free in the new white dress mother had finished last night beside the student lamp. Now, mother tied a bunting sash of red, white and blue around her waist, and bound her braids with narrow ribbons of the same colors. “Like the tail of the prize colt we saw at the fair,” she said, smiling. “Run along, and don’t worry.”

Last year, Lois would never have dared to wear this costume out upon the sidewalk. Bad boys would have yelled after her: “Ya-ah! Somebody’s got a new dre-ess!” But now all the boys were busy being Rough Riders. There was a war in a place far away called Cuba. Benny Bicklehaupt’s father was going. He was a soldier in the Thirteenth Minnesota, Benny said. Lois was glad her father wasn’t a soldier and had to go to war. One Sunday he had taken her out to the fair grounds, where there were rows and rows of tents for the soldiers who were going to Cuba. It was called Camp Ramsey now, father said.

Lois stepped along with a little swing of importance. She, out of all the room, was the only one to know what teacher’s surprise was to be. She had to know because she was mixed up in it. Two “old soldiers” were coming to tell the children all about how they had fought in the Civil War. Old soldiers! People always spoke of them in special voices. Glory hung around them in a golden cloud. Lois knew about the Civil War. It was all in father’s big brown Harper book she and Billy looked at every Sunday afternoon. Mother said that father knew more about the Civil War than any history professor in the college.

Lois’ piece was the last thing on the program. It had seven stanzas, each ending in much the same way: “Under the something the blue; under the something the gray.” The trick was not to get those somethings twisted. At the end came a change:

“Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.”

She was to gesture with her right arm toward the old soldiers who would be sitting right there on the platform. They would be the “blue” and the “gray,” teacher said.

It was such a sad piece that once when Lois had been saying it for mother, tears had started in her eyes. She felt guilty because she could not be really sorry that mother could not come to the program on account of Billy’s having broken his arm. The way mother looked at her when she was speaking a piece made her nervous. It was a burning look.

“Like a little candle burning in the night . . . you in your small corner, and I in mine,” they sang at Sunday school. Sometimes you could see a little candle burning in people’s eyes. Mother’s candle burned brightest when she said that father would be a great man some day. Father’s candle burned when he talked about serving your country. You could watch the little flame when he told stories out of his history books.

On the way to school Lois had to pass old Mr. Hunt’s store. Mother had told her not to loiter, but it need take only a minute to stop for a look at his window. It showed glass dishes of candy; marshmallow bananas colored like peaches; licorice pipes that held a sweetish water that trickled into your mouth when you bit through the bowl; sparkling rock candy on a string; little black balls which, as you sucked, turned to different colors, and at the very end, a queer little seed.
Lois knew what it was like inside the store because mother often sent her there for some common thing he was sure to have—like soda or salt. She said they must remember that he was a neighbor and buy whatever they could from him. Inside it was dim, and smelled of kerosene, onions, molasses and tobacco. There weren’t many cans and boxes on the shelves, but there were lovely cigar-lady pictures on the wall, a sign saying USE ARBUCKLE’S COFFEE, and a painting of a black whale with one white spot, and the words, SOAPINE DID IT.

At the back of the store was a curtained doorway; when it was pulled a wee bit aside you could see the end of a bureau. Mother said that old Mr. Hunt lived there all by himself since the nephew he had come from Virginia to live with had died. Lois felt very sorry for his lonesomeness. She was glad that he had a friend, Mr. Mike Ryan, the policeman, who lived in a little yellow house next door to the store. Father said she must always call him Mr. Ryan, but everyone else just said “Mike.” Lois loved to meet him marching along the resounding wooden sidewalk, twirling his tasseled stick. You could almost hear band music playing behind him. When he came close you could see that he was really quite old, with white threads in his curly black hair and up-pointed mustache. His puffy cheeks were red with little curly lines that made her think of a river system in her “jogery.”

Lois and Billy sometimes played a game in which one would be Mr. Ryan, and the other would be a man being arrested. The play Mr. Ryan would say in the funny way that the real Mr. Ryan talked, “It’s not because I hate you that I hate you, but because I have the authority to.”

This was one of the stories grown-up people laughed over. Mr. Ryan had never arrested anybody. He was the campus policeman at the college, and when the students had their cane rushes, he would always be somewhere else. If a college boy got lost at night, and couldn’t find his way home, Mr. Ryan would take him there and put him to bed himself.

“And who takes Mike home?” mother had asked father once.

“Mr. Hunt,” father said. “He looks like an ant dragging a beetle.”

“Too bad,” sighed mother. “I should think the chief would——”

Would what? Lois did not learn. It was one of those pieces of talk grown-ups left hanging in the air forever.

On the porch of the store were two round-backed chairs, one for Mr. Hunt, and the other for Mr. Ryan. Lois found them sitting there now, tipped back against the wall with their feet swinging. On the edge of the porch, making them look as though they were in a garden, were boxes of pansies and daisies and vines with tiny blue flowers. Lois leaned close to see if the purple pansy petals were made of velvet, and Mr. Hunt spoke to her in his southern voice that was so different from Mr. Ryan’s because it slid right over all the “r’s.”

“Wait a minute,” he said kindly. Lois knew this meant that Mr. Hunt was going to give her candy. It would be hard, and a little faded from being in the sunshine, but it would taste just as good. Mother allowed her to accept gift bags, because he gave away only the older pieces he could not sell.

“Thank you ever’never so much,” she said as she worked the little bag into the pocket in the side seam of her skirt. It was risky to take candy to school, because, if teacher found out, she would take it. Teacher liked candy. . . .

Mr. Ryan twisted his mustache and said, “I hear you’re after-spakin’ a piece at the school, Miss Lois.”

“Yes, Mr. Ryan, and there’s a surprise for us. Two old soldiers are coming to tell us how they fought in the Civil War. I’ve never seen any old soldiers.”

“And have you not, Miss Lois?” The scrooged-up black eyes twinkled at her in a very friendly way.

“I’ve only seen the pictures in father’s Harper book. And there’s a big one in the hall at school. It’s of General Philip Sheridan, the one our school’s named for. He looks so fine and brave on his big black horse. I hope the old soldiers will look like him.”

“Ay, Phil Sheridan! A gr-r-rand man and a gr-r-rand horse—fightin’ Irish, the both of them. Look hard at them old sojers, Miss Lois, so you can de-scribe them to us on your way home.”

Mr. Ryan laughed so that his eyes were
crinkled up in his red cheeks. Mr. Hunt smiled in that one-sided way that matched the tilt of his gray beard that looked so much like the ravelings of a gray cotton blanket. Lois knew, with pity, that when he walked he had to make a one-sided hop. He said now to Mr. Ryan, "Sheridan wahn't a patch on Stonewall Jackson." What Mr. Ryan said to Mr. Hunt and what Mr. Hunt said back to Mr. Ryan sounded like quarreling to Lois, so, feeling somewhat concerned for their friendship, she hurried on to school.

Suddenly it was time for the program. There was a quiet like holding your breath. Then teacher blew on her pitch pipe for "America." It sounded beautiful after the altos remembered to come in. The next numbers ran by as fast as the cars on a train. Benny Bicklehaupt felt his way through the Gettysburg Address, and the room sang COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. Because it took so much breath, Lois merely moved her lips as though she were singing. She needed it all for her piece.

Right in the middle of "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," the door opened slowly, and there, like a picture in a frame, was the red, black-whiskered face of Mr. Mike Ryan. He came out of his frame, and tiptoed to the front of the room. Behind him bobbed Mr. Hunt with his one-sided hop. Then they weren't mad any more! And how nice of them to have come to the program!

Teacher stepped down from the platform and shook hands with each of them. She waved them to take the two waiting chairs beside her desk. When the last "Three Cheers" had died away, she said in the voice she saved for the visits of the school superintendent, "Parents, children: we are greatly honored this afternoon to have with us Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hunt. They have kindly consented to address us at this time."

Mr. Ryan stood up, holding to the back of his chair. He nodded at teacher a great many times, and smiled and nodded and twisting his mustache to points. "So then Mr. Hunt stood up in his one-sided way, and talked a long while in his blurry voice without any "r's." Lois felt the children fidgeting, and saw teacher frowning at this one and that. Where were the old soldiers? Couldn't they come? Were Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hunt substitutes? You didn't have to pay attention to "subs." She was sunk so deep in her disappointment that she scarcely noticed when Mr. Hunt stopped talking at last, and sat down beside Mr. Ryan.

"Lois Williams: The Blue and the Gray." Teacher's loud, relieved voice made her jump. Gathering her wits together, Lois went forward, stepped to the platform, and made her bow. At once, words began to stream through her lips. Faster, faster! Every tricky refrain came out perfect—all of the somethings. At last, the end. Love and tears. But she couldn't feel love, and she couldn't feel tears. She couldn't feel anything but how disappointed she was that the real old soldiers hadn't come. She made her gesture, but all the flourish had gone out of it; it was jerky, wooden. You couldn't say to Mr. Mike Ryan and Mr. Hunt, "Love and tears for the blue, tears and love for the gray." They were just "subs."

Now the program was over, and Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hunt had gone away. The mothers buzzed together while they waited for their children, and teacher buzzed among them. Lois lingered at her seat so that she wouldn't have to walk past them all, and hear polite praise of her speaking. But it was impossible to escape teacher who always stood at the door until the last child left. "Very good, Lois," she said, still wearing her company smile, "only a little too fast."

Going home, Lois thought the sunshine looked faded, and the warm spring breeze had turned cold at the edges. The white dress was too white and thin for outdoors before summer had really begun. She took a longer way home so that she would not have to pass the store. Mr. Hunt would expect her to say something, and there was nothing she could say. When she caught sight of Mr. Ryan walking his beat, she quickly turned a corner.

At home, mother lifted her head from her sewing to ask, "Did your piece go all right,
dear? But I'm sure it did. You always do much better before an audience. Better take off your new dress, and hang it up. You may wear it to the parade tomorrow."

Lois went up to her room, and changed the white dress for the old blue gingham. She hated its serviceable dullness, but now it seemed suited to her dull blue mood. So also was a task mother had been at her to do: straighten her untidy bureau drawers. Besides underwear, stockings and hair ribbons, she kept in them souvenirs of happy occasions. There were paper napkins from birthday parties; Sunday school concert programs; the wishbone of the Thanksgiving turkey; the smudgy piece of coal she had picked up in the railroad yard the day she had gone with father to meet President McKinley. She had planned to add her bunting sash to the collection, but now it seemed unworthy; this had not turned out to be one of the days to be remembered.

That night, at supper, she had hardly slipped into her seat when father asked, as she had known he would, "Well, Lois, did the old soldiers come?"

"No, sir," she answered as she had been taught to address him, "it was only Mr. Mike Ryan and Mr. Hunt."

"Don't mark up the tablecloth that way, Lois. Come to think of it, they were old soldiers, one from Minnesota, one from Virginia. Nice idea of your teacher to have them together. Did they have on uniforms?"

"Just kind of old coats with holes in them."

"Moths, I suppose. Did they talk about the war?"

"Mr. Hunt did, but it wasn't very interesting."

"Think, Lois. Can't you recall anything he said?"

Lois tried to remember. Finally one word came through. "Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg! Bring me the War Book, vol. II, please."

Lois brought the big brown book, and father, pushing aside dishes and silver, opened it right on the table. He showed her a picture of men running across a field. They wore caps flattened in front like plates, and they held guns with long, sharp points. There were puffs of white all around them, and some of the men had fallen down in strange positions. On the opposite page was a map. Father pointed to places with the handle of his fork.

"See, here is Seminary Ridge where the Confederates are, and right here, on Cemetery Ridge, are the Union forces. This dark spot here is Little Round Top. Now it's the second day of the battle, and north of Little Round Top—here—the Union line is weak. Reinforcements are coming, but so is the enemy—Wilcox's brigade. General Hancock comes galloping up to a regiment stationed, here, in support of a battery. 'What regiment is this?' he shouts. 'First Minnesota,' answers Colonel Colvill. 'Charge those lines!' orders General Hancock, pointing to the front of Wilcox's brigade four hundred yards away. They charge, and when it's all over, only forty-seven answer roll-call out of two hundred and sixty-two.

"Lois," said father solemnly, with the candle flame burning in his eyes, "General Hancock said afterward, 'There is no more glorious deed recorded in all history. I ordered those men in there because I saw that I must gain five minutes' time. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had known that every man would be killed.' And the next day, Lois, the survivors mingled with the supporting regiments to meet Pickett's charge. That charge of the brave Virginians is one of the most famous in all military history."

For a moment it was very still in the room. Mother just looked at father in that shining way. Then Billy spoiled it by pointing to his arm in the sling and saying proudly, "I got this in the war." But nobody laughed at him. Father said, "Grace, the President has called for seventy-five thousand more men. The governor needs volunteers for a new Minnesota regiment."

"Yes," said mother, her eyes big and dark in her white face, "I read that. But, John, you don't have to—" Something began to hurt Lois' heart as if a hand were slowly squeezing it.

"I'm commencing to think I ought to," father said. "Wherever there is tyranny, Americans must act. We must save Cuba. You've seen those pictures of the Reconcentrados."

"Reconcentrados"—that was a word Lois heard very often these days. Whoever they
were, they were awful to look at. Just skin and bones and rags.

"But your family," said mother very low. Father began to speak faster, louder. "You'll be taken care of, Grace. I saw father yesterday, and asked him if you could go there—in case I decided to enlist."

Billy started to make up a song, keeping time with his spoon on the table. "We're going to grandpa's! We're going to grandpa's!"

"Hush, Billy," said mother. "You don't understand."

But Lois understood that this wouldn't be like going to grandpa's in other summers, to jump in the hay and ride the ponies. This time father wouldn't be there. He would be going to war. But why—when he wasn't a soldier?

Mother said, "But, John, your law practice. You'll sacrifice all you've worked so hard to build up."

"A man must sacrifice, when his country calls him. There, there, Grace, don't look like that! I haven't made up my mind."

After Lois had gone to bed that night, she couldn't go to sleep because she could hear through the wall father and mother talking on and on in a broken hum without words. It wasn't right for her to try and make out what they were saying, but she couldn't help it, when she was so puzzled, so frightened. Once, after she had dozed off, she came suddenly awake again, and there was still the low, wordless sound of talking in the night.

Next morning it was Memorial Day. Father went downtown early so that he could leave his office at noon of the holiday. Lois followed her mother about the house, trying to help, and dreading to ask the question that seemed stuck in her throat.

Finally mother asked gently, "What is it, Lois?"

"Oh, mother," she poured out like a cry, "is father going to war?"

"I don't know—but, " mother said, "but remember, if he does, it will be because he thinks it is right." In her tired eyes with dark circles under them, Lois thought she saw the burning look.

When father came home and it was time to go to the parade, mother said she didn't feel like going, and, anyway, she ought to stay home with Billy. His arm might get hurt in the crowd. Billy howled because he couldn't go until father promised to bring him a balloon. Then he just sniffled softly, and pressed his nose to the window-pane, so that he could watch them go off down the street.

In father's upstairs office there was a good wide window where they could sit and watch the parade over the heads of the people below. While they waited for the parade, Lois amused herself by tracing with her finger the gold letters on the window that said in a queer, backward way, "smailliW .B wal-ta- yenrottA." Suddenly, far down the street, sounded distant band music. Two policemen came riding by, close to the curbs on either side of the street. They held their dancing horses cater corner to the crowd to make the pushing people stand back. Perhaps Mr. Mike Ryan was riding a horse today. Lois began to look about for him. But she soon forgot because of the band music that came louder and louder. You could hear the bold, gay tune of it now: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

"The Thirteenth Minnesota!" said father, and Lois, looking up at him quickly because of something that thrilled in his voice, saw the little flame leap up in his eyes, bright and terrible as a sword.

Young men in wide-brimmed hats and new, brown uniforms swung by, their trim legs like cutting scissors. Their backs were straight, their chins set, their eyes looked ahead. A roar of cheers rolled up from the crowd. All the little flags waved and waved for them.

"They're off for Cuba, Lois," father said.

Cuba! It was a faraway place in the jogerfy. Lois could see a circle of blue ocean ringed with palm trees. From the water rose the black masts of a ship. Remember the Maine!

Father said, as if to himself, "I'm going with them."

"Oh, father!" Lois felt a hole where her heart had been. It had gone somewhere right out of her body. She was seeing those palms in Cuba far away, and under them men fallen in strange positions. To save five minutes, the general said . . .

"Don't look at me like that, Lois. You don't understand. Look! Here come the old soldiers."
Another band was coming. She could hear the tune of it a long way off. It was a song they sang in school. “Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!” rolled the hymn-like strains, filling the street. Behind the band came thin blue lines of men wearing caps flattened in front like plates. Some, Lois saw, marched strong and proud swinging to the Glory, Glory. Others stooped as they walked, and their feet stumbled and missed step. In their midst a flag floated back in tattered faded ripples. She saw who carried that flag. He was black-haired and red-faced, with a fiercely pointed mustache. The staff of the old flag was thrust in a holder-thing at his belt; the weight of it made him lean backward as he marched. The wind whipped the ragged end of the flag toward a smaller man in gray limping a step behind like a lame sparrow. He reached for the flapping corner, running ahead with a one-sided hop to catch up with Mr. Mike Ryan. Every few steps, Mr. Hunt had to do that way.

Father said, “When shall their glory fade? No life so commonplace that it may not have its five minutes.” His voice shook, and Lois, looking up at him quickly, saw the wet shine of tears in his eyes. She had not known that men ever cried. Slipping her hand into his, she felt herself beginning to understand—like catching hold of the corner of something. It was because of the flag . . .

“Lois,” he said, “You were disappointed when your old soldiers turned out to be only Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hunt. Just the neighbors. But remember, wars are always fought by neighbors in the end. Never forget that, Lois.”

She nodded earnestly to tell him that she never, never would.

“And you’ll be a good girl, and not cry, but help me to keep my courage bright? And write me letters?”

“Oh, yes, yes, father, I will!” She squeezed his hand hard, feeling how precious he was to her, and how proud she was of him. She would write to him every day, and make things to send him. Perhaps teacher would let her send him her composition when she had finished it. Gradually the burden on her heart grew lighter. She knew she could carry it now.

Her free hand, straying along the gathers of the white dress, stopped at a bulge in the pocket. The bag of candy Mr. Hunt had given her! There was something comforting about finding forgotten treasure. Should they each eat a piece? She decided against it, and worked the little bag deeper into her pocket. She would never eat it, but keep it always—to remember the old soldiers.
Bivouac at Beauvoir

Craddock Goins

A SHORT time ago the governor of Mississippi stuck a shovel into the earth and dug deep into state history. He was breaking ground for one of the greatest war memorials ever constructed in the South—a $292,000 structure honoring the soldiers of all wars—and his shovel scraped back dust covering some of the state's loveliest treasures of memory.

For the governor dug near a spot where an old man stood fifty-four years ago, "unwavering in the faith of a good fight lost." The old man was Jefferson Davis. He was visiting his state capitol for the last time in a life that had known much honor and much heartache.

"It has been said," Jefferson Davis told the Mississippi legislature then, "that I should apply to the United States for a pardon, but repentance must precede the right to pardon. I have not repented. Remembering as I do all which has been lost
... yet I deliberately say if it were to do over again, I would do as I did in 1861.”

It was in that spirit that Jefferson Davis went back to the tranquillity of his beloved Beauvoir and left his case for the world to judge.

A few years later the unrepentant rebel’s gallant figure was chiseled in stone and put in the building where those words were spoken, the historic structure now known in Mississippi as the Old Capitol.

Some time after that—December 10, 1903, to be exact—some men and women who had shared his passion for the Lost Cause took over the departed chieftain’s home on the Gulf coast. They dedicated it to his memory and to the honor and glory of the ragged ghosts who had followed his furious footsteps against a nation that had acclaimed him, in many phases of national life, as a high impersonation of American valor.

In his home they tenderly sheltered remnants of his broken brigades, tattered tramps of battle who asked nothing more than the privilege to follow their leader to a final rendezvous.

Now the rendezvous is almost complete. The Mississippi legislature took stock, a short time ago, and discovered that the bivouac of Beauvoir is drawing rapidly to an end. For there are only eleven soldiers...
left, and none are likely to survive until another biennial session. The legislators could not quite decide what to do about an institution so deeply rooted in the state's traditions. Perfunctorily they cut appropriations from $65,000 to $60,000, with the conviction that not another dollar would ever need to be appropriated for a Confederate soldier at Beauvoir.

Nor was it a matter of snap judgment. Although Beauvoir has almost ceased to be of material benefit to the heirs of the Confederacy's ideals, that institution is something more to Mississipians than a historic site. It is a shrine of devotion, a heritage that belongs to generations to come. It was written so in certain deeds of ownership that a special group of Mississipians hold to be sacred.

This group, Sons of the United Confederate Veterans, is pushing forward plans for the future of the last home of the South's great commander-in-chief—a future that, they believe, will be in keeping with his unwavering principles.

To this end they have requested the state and federal governments to appropriate $100,000 each for a great memorial building to be established on the Beauvoir estate—a memorial that would mark the first tribute by the United States Government to a Confederate soldier.

The request has been referred to the Secretary of the Interior by the President of the United States, according to M. T. Bynum, of Jackson, the only man ever to serve three times as commander of a post of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

"We have made preparations," he added, "to have brought to Beauvoir relics from every state of the Confederacy, from every Confederate battlefield, and in particular every relic that was associated with the life of Jefferson Davis.

"This is as it was wished by Mr. Davis' widow, from whom our organization purchased Beauvoir with the understanding that its sole use would be to perpetuate the glory of her husband."

There are other plans in the interest of Beauvoir's future. Certain officials and laymen of the state's service groups are suggesting that the shrine of the Confederacy be made a home for veterans of all wars, pointing out limited housing and hospital facilities in the state. The Sons of Veterans would decide what would be done about such a plan, as Beauvoir's future will be entirely in the hands of that group when the state relinquishes its lease.

Meanwhile, the state is going forward with construction of a beautiful war memorial in which all groups are expected to find common ground—even though it is to be established in the very shadows of the spot where Jefferson Davis made his last public utterance.

This building, one of the most beautiful ever erected in the state, will be a two-story structure housing the Mississippi Department of Archives and History and headquarters of the various veterans' organizations and other service groups.

The Jackson memorial will counter-balance a sixty-year-old Confederate monument and memorial park on the south side of the Old Capitol.

Into the war memorial will go the vast collection of archives and relics of Southern history gathered since the State Department of Archives and History was organized in 1902 under direction of the late Dr. Dunbar Rowland. The first department of its kind in the South, it has been the model for other archive groups in several states.

For many years its displays, in cramped quarters on the first floor of the New Capitol, have attracted visitors from virtually every state, and schools often send their entire student bodies to view the state's olden relics. It is open every week day and on Sunday.

For several weeks the present director, Dr. William D. McCain, has been directing a large staff in cataloguing and preparing for removal the vast quantity of historic treasures in his keeping, including thousands of old newspapers, some a hundred years old.

So two remarkable shrines will add to Mississippi's prestige as one of the nation's foremost states in preserving Southern and national lore—two wonderful museums thrown against a remarkable background of history and progress.

Hovering above both institutions will be the spirit of the remarkable American whose character towers high among history's timeless peaks despite the fact that
failure was all he left for the records of his supreme endeavor.

Just why Beauvoir so tightly grips the devotion of Mississippians as something more than a landmark of history is not easily understood by casual visitors. It was by no means the only spot in the state that knew Jefferson Davis' restless tread.

Much of his boyhood was spent at "Rosemont," in Woodville, and he went to school near that historic city, where traditions of his childhood courage still are related. At "Rosemont" today his mother's body lies under the tender care of present occupants of that beautiful estate.

After army days he settled down on property near Vicksburg apportioned to him as his share of his father's estate by his elder brother, bluff, genial Joseph Davis, master of "The Hurricane," a magnificent mansion situated at Davis' Bend. Jefferson Davis' estate, "Brierfield," was only a few miles from "The Hurricane."

Nothing remains of "Brierfield" today but an island waste in the Mississippi River, where hunters find a paradise of wild game and occasional relics of an ancient plantation home in which a tragic American once knew overflowing cups of joy and sorrow.

No other place touched his life more deeply. It was there he brought two brides. There he received news of high honors from two nations.

There he lived during ten years of mournful hermitage, after the death of the first mistress of "Brierfield," lovely, starry-eyed Sarah Knox Taylor. Although her father, grizzled Colonel Zachary Taylor, "the man who never lost a battle," sternly opposed her wedding to any soldier, Knox, as she was known to her family, pluckily stood by her lover.

She assured her father, "The time will come when you will see, as I do, all his rare qualities"; and she cleverly contrived to see Lieutenant Davis after he was forbidden the house at Fort Crawford, Wisconsin. She finally married him—June 17, 1835—at Beechland, the Kentucky home of an aunt, with full family blessing, although her father was away on a business trip at the time.

Folded over her heart during the wedding ceremony was a letter from Lieutenant Davis out of which this sentence scintillates: "Sarah, whatever I may be hereafter, neglected by you I should have been worse than nothing, and if the few good qualities I possess should yield fruit, it shall be yours, as the grain is the husbandman's."

A cousin, Anna Magill Robinson, who attended the wedding, left us this picture of the ill-starred bride as she appeared that day: "Very beautiful... not very tall... wavy brown hair and clear-gray eyes... very lovely and lovable... a young woman of decided spirit."

Anna Robinson saw Lieutenant Davis at the moment as a striking person, "slender, polished manners and of quiet, intellectual countenance."

August 11th found Sarah Knox writing a cheery letter at "Brierfield": "Do not you make yourself uneasy about me, my dear mother; the country is quite healthy."

It was the last letter she ever wrote. A month later, at the Locust Grove, Louisiana, home of Jefferson Davis' sister, Mrs. Luther Smith, where he and his bride had fled the malarial terrors of that "healthy country," Davis struggled weakly to his
feet from a bed where he had lain desperately ill. He had heard sounds that froze his heart. His young wife was singing in delirium her favorite song, “Fairy Bells.” It was the last song she ever sang. Sheer will of iron enabled the agonized husband to stagger to her side in time to clasp her in his arms as she breathed her last.

For ten years “Brierfield” knew a gloomy master who tried to hide, under quiet, gentle speech and secretive kindness, a tortured heart that could not bear the thought of an outside world’s happiness.

Something of the sensitiveness of a tender nature is revealed by an incident that occurred long after his bereavement. While he was examining a trunk one day a dainty slipper fell before him. He was so overcome with the torrent of loosened recollections that he had to be assisted to bed, where he long lay ill again.

In that wretched isolation he was found by the dark-eyed Natchez beauty who was to share the destiny of this strange captain of conflict. Varina Howell, daughter of an aristocratic plantation family, had no idea there was such a man in the world as Jefferson Davis when she set forth one day to visit a family friend, Joseph Davis.

Startled to discover the master of “The Hurricane” had a younger brother, she wrote her mother about the strange hermit of “Brierfield,” found fault with his politics, his manner, his unyielding spirit of democracy; but in the end concluded to marry him, in the eighteenth year of her lovely, cultivated life, a life that henceforth was literally given, in passionate devotion, to his every principle.

She saw him march from “Brierfield” to distinction in the Mexican War; welcomed him when he returned with wounds that troubled him to his last days; followed him to triumphs of statesmanship in Washington; eagerly worked side by side with him when Franklin Pierce decided that Jefferson Davis was the one man to take over the post of Secretary of War at a time when the United States army was in a low state of efficiency.

She threw her whole spirit into his zeal for making America a mighty war power,
never dreaming, of course, that he and she were creating a machine that soon was to destroy them and their fantastic empire of swamp, song, and slavery.

They were together at “Brierfield” on the most fateful day of their lives; planting a Glory of France rosebush, when a messenger from Montgomery arrived. Varina saw her husband’s face blanch as he read it and passed it silently to her. She saw him bow his head as he sadly walked into the house. The message said he had been named head of a new nation called the Confederate States of America. For a long time she sat on the porch, Bible in lap, prayerful, sorrowful, shocked.

Some time later she left “Brierfield” to join him at Montgomery, closing the door forever upon that wilderness paradise. Thenceforth they were to know strange homes. She was to grace executive mansions in Montgomery and in Richmond; be a refugee in the swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas, sleeping on an army cot in the wet woods at night; be a prisoner in Georgia; and an exile in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Havana.

The master and mistress of the Confederacy found asylum in many strange havens. Finally they returned to Beauvoir, and Beauvoir is treasured in the hearts of Southerners because it was their sorrowful sanctuary in those last days of defeat. So greatly is Beauvoir wrapped around the latter part of Jefferson Davis’ life that many Southerners forget it was not his first haven after foreign wanderings. There was a year spent in Memphis, in vain effort to direct an insurance company. There he saw his second-borne son, William Burr, “a quiet, affectionate little lad,” wither away under his adoring eyes. There he learned, in 1870, of the death of his most beloved general, and from there he dashed to Virginia, with bleeding heart, to pay homage at Robert E. Lee’s grave in a speech that carried the old fire of his passion of vindication.

He did not know there was such a house as Beauvoir at the time. He only knew the South was still under military rule; and his wife, knowing his safety was uncertain, persuaded him to flee back to England.

The journey that led Jefferson Davis to Beauvoir was a long, sad one. The brave wife, who had stood up under all their misfortunes, was too ill to accompany him from England. One daughter, Margaret, had married while they were in Memphis and had gone West to live. Another, Winnie, was in school in Germany. So he started out alone. Only unwillingness to accept the charity of friends, who offered him refuge in many parts of the South, led Davis to the Gulf coast. There his wife had property that had been appraised as a very good investment by Davis’ own sagacious brother, the master of “The Hurricane,” who had died shortly after the war.

With his beloved “Brierfield” in the hands of former slaves, Davis was planning to make use of the coast property when Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, a spirited Confederate patriot, who was forced to give up her beautiful estate, Beauvoir, rented him a cottage on the east side of the main building called the Pavilion.

In that cottage he began his “Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,” a work that voiced the deep cry of his heart, vindication of Southern principles. His wife rejoined him in 1878, and helped him write this story of the Confederacy. In his second year on the coast Davis contracted to buy the entire Beauvoir property.

It immediately became the social center of the South, attracting cavalcades who came to pay the sincerest tribute of all human expression—homage to fallen leaders. There a crushed empire reigned anew in a remarkable social order in which defeat was defied, principles ennobled, honor unashamed. There lived again the brave spirit that had spread, on idealistic wings, a gallant flag destined to wave on the timeless winds of memory.

Jefferson Davis never finished paying for Beauvoir. After he made a few payments, Mrs. Dorsey died; and it was found she had willed him the property. It was indisputably his own.

Its history indicates it was destined for endurance. From the swamps of Louisiana were taken cypress logs in 1852 by a J. H. Brown, who wanted a home near the sea. It is related the logs were taken on the backs of camels to Lake Pontchartrain. It was the first beach home built in the vicinity. But from the beginning Beauvoir seemed
marked for sorrow. The cost of the enterprise bankrupted the builder. For some years prior to the War Between the States it was unoccupied. Mr. Brown sold it to Mrs. Dorsey’s husband.

It is a mistake to think of Beauvoir as one house. In reality, it is the central unit in a four-building estate. The big house is flanked by a cottage on each side and a brick kitchen in the rear. Fashioned in the old Southern plantation manner, the main house is a full story and a half, set on a raised basement, with a broad gallery on three sides. Its windows extend from floor to ceiling; it has a hip roof.

Double glass doors open upon a wide central hall. The square posts are connected by a balustrade of thin panels. The steps are flanked by curving handrails, spreading outward at the bottom in a manner typical of the prodigal hospitality of the gracious master and mistress who were to immortalize the entire vicinity with a heritage of graciousness.

The tranquility of the Mexican Gulf descended upon the Davises as they sat on the broad galleries, resting from their literary labors, entertaining distinguished men and women, or merely meditating their stormy past and uncertain future. The Mississippi coast was not a resort center then. It was the Davis family that attracted the first tourists.

Of the appearance of the master of Beauvoir at the time, Mrs. Eron Rowland, of Jackson, a personal acquaintance of the Davises, says that he was still erect and graceful at this time, his tall frame showing no marks of the sorrow that had swept over his high, sensitive brow. His spirit had softened much, and while he was happy in the evidences of loyalty publicly shown him, he preferred the quiet of Beauvoir to the triumphant appearances he was forced to make, from time to time, at centers of Confederate history. There we can look back upon him, through Mrs. Rowland’s eyes, and see a calm, serene, courtly man, at peace with his thoughts and conscience as “the world and its affairs went largely by.”

But he was not yet through with sorrow. From Memphis he received word in 1878 that his young son and namesake was dying of yellow fever. His torture at realization he would not be permitted to go to an epidemic-infested center to visit the deathbed of his last son is revealed in letters written by Mrs. Davis, commonly accepted as the most beautiful she ever wrote.

In those letters she reverted to other sorrows they had shared—to the sad day when they watched their first-born’s little life ebb away. . . . The letters show the iron-willed strength of a great-hearted man who could share anything with the world except his heartaches.

But there was one sorrow that not even the great gray chieftain could keep from the world. This was the distressing, ill-fated romance of his war-born daughter, Winnie. Born in the Confederate White House at Richmond, within sound of cannon fire, she was christened Varina Anne, and widely acclaimed over the Southland as “the daughter of the Confederacy.”

No winsome young lady of the times, deeply in love with life and widely beloved for remarkable virtues, could have dreamed she was fated for a romance that would shake her stricken nation with storms of protest—an experience that was to bring such bitterness as to drive her to a loveless spinsterhood and an early grave.

There was nothing particularly strange about an occasional Northern visitor at Beauvoir. There were generous men and women of the North proud to pay homage to a man widely respected for courageous convictions.

But Alfred Wilkinson of New York did not call to pay his respects to Jefferson Davis. He called to pay court to winsome Winnie. Gossip rose on tip-toe to trumpet this unbelievable story over the nation. A stricken Southland’s outraged conscience shrieked indignation over every teacup where Southern society shared in the philosophies of immovable ideals. Jefferson Davis, it was held, belonged to the deathless glory of the Lost Cause, and in that holy dynasty there was no place for a Northern upstart to come awooing.

No word of explanation came from Beauvoir—from the man whose iron discipline had trained him to keep sorrow to himself. That Winnie never permitted public view of her bleeding heart was in keeping with the fortitude of a young woman bred in the same discipline.
Every competent observer, however, is agreed that Winnie in the end was moved by only one thought—loyalty to that tragic tradition symbolized in her unhappy family. It is satisfying to Southern sentiment to reflect upon Mrs. Rowland's summation: "Winnie's story of loyalty to the Confederacy in her love affair was just as they wanted it to be, and none dared put any other construction upon the matter."

In time Alfred Wilkinson, who might have been an estimable young man highly acceptable to most good families, passed over the brow of the hills of forgetfulness. But of Winnie's sorrow it was not so easy to dispose.

That her mother tried in vain—"in every ladylike manner"—to interest her in handsome young men highly acceptable to most good families, passed over the brow of the hills of forgetfulness. But of Winnie's sorrow it was not so easy to dispose.

Thus it happened that the autumn of 1889 found Jefferson Davis and his wife alone at Beauvoir. Winnie had gone to Europe with Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, wife of the famous editor of the New York World—oddly enough, sojourning in a foreign land with a Northern woman in a pitiful effort to forget a Northern lover!

Meanwhile, Jefferson Davis had continued to live at Beauvoir, seldom seen in public, remembered by visitors as quiet, self-effacing, uncomplaining, dressed in "neat but well-worn black apparel."

Perhaps his daughter's sorrow was the last thorn his proud head could endure. It is just as well that he could not know he would never see her again when she left for Europe. He wasted fast. His step slowed. He became like a skeleton.

Still he carried on. A family has to be supported, even if there is only an old man of eighty-one to do it. He set out one day for "Brierfield" to see about rentals. Varina

* Winnie became well educated in Germany, and came back to assist her mother in literary work, her own pen product finding welcome market in time. Her death at Narragansett Pier—September 18, 1898—found her heart unclaimed, at the very height of mature beauty and bounding public admiration.
would have accompanied him but for the presence of guests.

A few days later she received word he was desperately ill. "Through the chill December wind" she went to him, only to meet him being brought back on the water. He had a high fever. She ordered the boat to turn around and proceed hurriedly to New Orleans.

In that city, on the night of December 6, there was put on the wires four words that rang throughout the nation and in every land where warrior blood is admired—"Jefferson Davis is dead."

The end of the road had come for the man who had thrown a starry-barred flag against the horizon of immortality.

Millions of words were written about the restless man who at last had found peace. At Beauvoir a tired, tear-dimmed old woman sat in lonely grief reading every line she could find about her beloved knight of valor. All found places in her records. One thought brought exaltation to her proud spirit. It was a sentence that sprang from a Northern newspaper editorial, an assertion that Jefferson Davis "lived only that in himself duty might be deified."

These were among the priceless treasures she gathered to her heart when she fled that place of haunting memories.

She was not through with the scene. She was not through until she scornfully refused an offer of $90,000 from people who wanted to make her hallowed home a resort hotel, and then instantly accepted the offer of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to pay $10,000 for the property with the understanding it was to be maintained as an everlasting shrine to the memory of the South's great gray captain of conflict.

That was in 1903. Since then Beauvoir, owned by no living individual, has belonged to a defeated chieftain's imperishable ideals.

ONE DAY IN MAY

Gertie Stewart Phillips

Down the distance
Fife and drum
And the marching
Veterans come.
Near a cottage
Children play,
Singing, laughing.
Quick I pray
While the trilling
Of a bird
Over drum and fife
Is heard:

"God in Heaven,"
(Closer yet
Come the marchers)
"Always let
Little children
Keep their mirth;
Make thy love prevail
On earth.
May there never
Be again
Raging warfare
Lord, Amen!"
Frontier Home

JEANNETTE HEGEMAN

On the banks of the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, there is an interesting old mansion, Villa Louis. It stands on an Indian mound that was the site of Fort Shelby in the War of 1812. Nearly a century ago this house was built for Hercules Louis Dousman, partner of the first John Jacob Astor in the American Fur Company, and first millionaire of the northwest frontier. Restored to the magnificence of former days, the villa has been presented to the city, the formal opening taking place May 2, 1937. With the gift came eighty-two acres of beautiful grounds. Pools and fountains and majestic old trees are here; and on either side of a broad walk a fish-stocked lake, fed by a well that has flowed for many decades.

The thirty-two-room mansion occupies the center of the mound and around it are grouped the other buildings of the estate—guest house, servants’ quarters, coach house, stables, laundry, kitchen, and ice house. Across the street is the city golf course. Once it was Hercules Dousman’s private race track. Signs of this have not been obliterated.

Villa Louis is a storehouse of rare and beautiful old furniture, paintings, and sculpture. Two daughters of Hercules Dousman II have supervised the redecoration of the rooms to resemble, as closely as possible, the originals. Most of the fine old furniture, which had found its way to far-away places, has been brought back and set in place. The chapel, too, is furnished just as it was in the early days. It is directly over the front entrance. Immense walnut bookcases line the walls of the lower hall and library. Many of the large volumes are in French, elegantly bound and in excellent condition.
Truly life was splendid in those days at Villa Louis, as its first master was still a comparatively young man when he had amassed a fortune of seven million dollars. He built the mansion for his bride, the comely widow of Jean Joseph Rolette, and it was the center of gaiety in the Middle West, through their generation and that of their one son, Hercules II. In the closets on the second floor may be seen the beautiful gowns worn by the women of the villa. All of these frocks bear the labels of New York or Paris couturières.

But back of all this splendor lies the fascinating story of the frontier. It is a pity to visit Prairie du Chien and Villa Louis without knowing their history; and to understand this one must go back to 1673, when Father Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet came down the Wisconsin River and landed a short distance below the site of the present city. There they found an Indian settlement. Soon thereafter the territory was claimed by France, and La Prairie became the most important meeting and trading spot for Indians and tradesmen in the upper Mississippi Valley. Not until a century and a half later did our nation lay claim to it. The domination was wholly foreign and its products, mostly lead and furs, were coveted alike by French, Spanish, English, and Americans.

By 1766 more than three hundred Indian families lived in the village. Frenchmen came and married into the tribes. The names thus handed down through the generations are among the well-known ones of the city today. One of the earliest permanent settlers of Prairie du Chien, Michael Brisbois, came from Mackinac in 1781 and was present when the land was bought from the Indians that year. Aside from his extensive fur trade, he was the baker and banker of the community. He issued tickets which guaranteed the delivery of fifty loaves of bread for every hundred pounds of flour brought him. These tickets formed a system of currency which served for many years. In the early 1800’s Michael Brisbois was to have a bitter rival in the fur business. This was Jean Joseph Rolette, born at Quebec the same year Brisbois came to Prairie du Chien, and who the Indians and settlers called “King” Rolette.

John Jacob Astor bought the interest of Montreal merchants in 1816 and transferred the headquarters of the American Fur Company to Mackinac Island and Prairie du Chien. As long as fur trading on a large scale continued these places were closely identified. The stone warehouse, where Astor spent some time in 1820, stands on the river bank, with the name and date, “Astor Fur Co., 1820.”

The influence of King Rolette was so far-reaching in the Mississippi Valley that Astor induced him to become his partner in bartering for furs. This young Frenchman became the mightiest trader and merchant of the frontier as well as the autocrat of the village, all to Brisbois’ chagrin. A bitter feud developed that did not end in death. There is a story that when Brisbois was dying he asked that his body be placed in a tomb on a hill above the town, that he might forever look down upon the man he hated so much in life. This may be legend, but the burial place of Michael Brisbois is on a bluff above the old French cemetery that holds the remains of King Rolette and the daughter of his first marriage.

Hercules Louis Dousman, also of Mackinac, appeared upon the scene at the height of King Rolette’s career. He came as a clerk for the fur company, but it was not long before he had superseded his superior. Everything undertaken by him turned out successfully, and he dominated the immense fur trade of the northwest territory throughout the 1830’s and early 40’s. The story goes that Rolette said of him: “He’s got my business and he’s got my lands. Maybe next he’ll get my wife.” And that is what happened eventually.

King Rolette was a squawman. His second wife was the beautiful Jane Fisher, a descendant of the aristocratic De Viervilles of Mackinac. She was only fifteen when she married the middle-aged man. As might be expected, the marriage proved unhappy and they lived apart many years before his death in 1842. The following year she married Dousman, and three years later Villa Louis was built for her.

Not long ago an account book was found in the attic. It details some of the amounts spent in constructing “The House on the Mound,” as it was then known. In those days the rivers were the nation’s highways,
and steamboats stopped at the foot of the Dousman garden to unload materials and supplies for the villa, and in succeeding years many guests.

But long before this the American Fort Shelby had occupied the site on the mound. It was built by the Americans in 1813, and the following year the English came down the Wisconsin River and captured it, renaming it “Fort McKay.” When news came in April, 1815, that peace had been declared December at Ghent, Belgium, the fort was mysteriously burned, thus ending British rule in the Upper Mississippi.

The settlers, hating the Americans, were constantly inciting the Indians against them. A garrison became necessary, and Fort Crawford was built close by the ruins of Fort McKay. Probably the most important event that occurred there, after its completion, was the Great Council of 1825. All the Indian chiefs, with their families and the tribesmen, flocked to the town to see what the white man’s government had to offer. The main object of the meeting was to try to persuade the Indians to stop their raids and confine hunting to specified lands.

In spite of the promises made by the warriors, isolated whites were tortured and killed. It was not until that horrible finale of the Black Hawk War in 1832—the massacre of three hundred Indians on Battle Island about fifty miles up river from Prairie du Chien—that trouble with the red men ceased.

Lieutenant Colonel Zachary Taylor came to live at Fort Crawford in 1829. With him were many young officers, just out of West Point, some of whom brought their brides. One has only to walk through the old military cemetery in the heart of the city and read the inscriptions on the French tombstones to realize the tragedies that occurred at the fort. All of those buried beneath seemed so pitifully young.

Among the officers at the fort was Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. He, too, was just out of West Point; and he, too, fell in love. It was with lovely Sarah Knox Taylor; and the commandant did not approve of the match at all. It is related the young people eloped under most exciting circumstances; that they caught a Mississippi packet in midstream at night, while a gay party was being held at the fort. The story is interesting but not quite authentic. It is certain Colonel Taylor did not like the marriage at all, but he did consent to it; yet consent was given so reluctantly the wedding was not held at the fort. The couple did catch a steamboat in midstream and travel to Kentucky, where they were married at the home of Sarah’s sister at Louisville.

Abraham Lincoln, then captain of an Illinois unit, was stationed at the fort during the Black Hawk War. His presence there completed the trio later to become famous in American history. As brave perhaps, but less known, was the Indian chief Red Bird, whose body lies in an unmarked grave somewhere on the Villa Louis grounds. It was he who bravely surrendered at Portage, thereby saving the lives of his tribe; and his reward was imprisonment in the guard house at the fort, where he died before the day set for his execution.

When construction of the second Fort Crawford was begun, a mile south of the first fort, Hercules Dousman bought the site and built Villa Louis. Some years later it was remodeled into the structure that stands today a center of interest in the Middle West. With the departure of the soldiers, in 1849, the tradesmen left too. The Astor warehouse was abandoned, but the Dousmans lived on in their mansion and entertained on a lavish scale. Hosts of friends, some from as far away as New York and New Orleans, came to enjoy their hospitality. The guest house was seldom unoccupied. The lovely Madame Dousman was the ideal hostess. Her portrait, which hangs in the drawing room, shows her as a stately, beautiful woman. Very old people of the city say that she retained her stateliness and charm, even in advanced years. A black lace mantilla was her Sunday headdress in later life, and it became her so well that it is always associated with memories of her.

Four thousand acres of land formed the estate when Villa Louis was built; but the Dousmans were generous people. The large tract that is now Calvary Cemetery was donated to St. Gabriel's Church. There is a plot in its center reserved for the family.
This is surrounded by a high wrought-iron fence, and a winding, tree-lined avenue leads to the spot where many of the family lie. But there are other names within that excite one’s curiosity. One is Penelope McLeod, housekeeper at the mansion for many years. Another is Louis le Brun, the jester. Into the lives of jesters, as well as other folk, tragedy sometimes comes, and it did not spare poor Louis le Brun.

There were guests at the villa one day, when Madame Dousman asked Louis to whitewash a room in one of the buildings. Because everything he did was funny, this would be no exception. Hostess and guests gathered to peer through the windows at the antics of the man. The fun was at its height when there came a sudden cry. Spattering whitewash struck him in the eyes and blinded him permanently. Years passed and those at Villa Louis cared for him tenderly. He received his wage as in the days of service; and in death Louis le Brun was still one of their own.

Hercules II and Niña Sturgis Dousman had five children, and four of them are living. Fifteen-year-old Niña was burned to death long ago. She was curling her hair by an alcohol lamp when it exploded, enveloping her in flames. For many years her room at Villa Louis was locked. None of the family or servants could bear to enter it. Even now it carries the scars. The walnut dresser is scorched and the large plate glass mirror cracked.

Across from Calvary Cemetery there is probably the oldest burial ground in this section of the Middle West. It was blessed by Father Dunand on May 6, 1817. Here, in a moss-grown French Canadian tomb, lie the remains of King Rolette. Beside him is Elizabeth, the child of the Indian squaw. Across the road, in the Dousman plot, lies Jane, the little girl he married in Mackinac and who later became the mistress of Villa Louis.

Shouts of laughter and welling tears are of the past at the Dousman mansion, where none of the family has lived for many years. To some of the thousands who pass through its doors to view its beauty there comes a measure of sadness. The life story of an interesting family is unfolded before them. Villa Louis is among the Middle West’s chief attractions. It stands as a monument to the frontiersman, Hercules Dousman; but it stands as a greater monument to the generosity of his four grandchildren, the son and daughters of Hercules II.

Tranquillity And Peace Were Hers

BEssie SCHenck Bunten
(In memory of my Mother.)

Tranquillity and peace were hers;
And love and gentle thoughtfulness.
The memory of her slow smile stirs
Our souls to deeper tenderness.
Although our lives were reft apart
Her spirit lives on in each heart.

Such purity of soul had she
No evil thing could leave a stain.
She dwelt in calm serenity
On heights we struggle to attain.
A life too beautiful to last,
It was as if an angel passed.
The daguerreotype of Mary Brewster Gould, reproduced above, seems especially appropriate for publication in the month when we are celebrating Mother’s Day. Mary Brewster Downs, who kindly sent us this daguerreotype of a portrait representing her great-grandmother, traces Mary Brewster Gould’s descent from the famous “Elder Brewster” of Plymouth and from Governor William Bradford, as follows:

1. Elder William Brewster
2. Love Brewster
3. Wrestling Brewster
4. Jonathan Brewster
5. Captain James Brewster married

1. Governor William Bradford
2. William Bradford
3. Hannah Bradford married Joshua Ripley
4. David Ripley
5. Faith Ripley

Mary Brewster

Miss Downs says of Mary Brewster that she was born in Windham, Connecticut, in 1751, and married David Gould of Sharon, Connecticut, in 1772. She went as a bride to the home in Sharon, where she lived until her death in 1840. Of the ten children she bore, seven survived, married well, and lived useful lives.
FIGURE 1. FLORIDA—SIXTEENTH CENTURY
OUR Land—America—has a history that weaves into the very fabric of the Costume. And so, I gather together the threads with which are woven this pattern of the Costume—the handiwork of a People.

(FIGURE 1)

The Hand of History weaves a bright design
Into the costume of our Yesterday.
And first is traced, with coloured Threads of Time,
An outline worked in studied, stately way.

North America was first settled by the Spaniards. The Spanish post of St. Augustine, in Florida, was established in 1565. Settlements were made later in California, in the seventeenth century.

Self-supporting colonies were especially undesirable to Spain; and, therefore, everything was imported from the mother country. This resulted in a direct Spanish influence on the costumes of these colonies.

A love for riches, which these settlers sought in the soil and waters of Florida, was reflected in their costumes. These were pictured by the great painters of the period: Vargas, Roelas, Velasquez, Murillo, and Moro. Statuesque Spanish beauties were costumed in basquinas of black silk and, upon their heads, the alluring adornment of small mantillas.

The enchanting effect of this particular period of costume, moving to music in the dances of the day, can easily be imagined.

(FIGURE 2)

And now, into the Pattern of the Past, Is worked a lingering loveliness of line. A thread of clearest colour which will last To trace informal charm in the design.

Louisiana and the Mississippi Valley were colonized by the French in 1680.

These early French settlers were always in merry mood, and obtained much enjoyment from amusements. This carefree spirit was carried into the costumes of these colonists.

Women were informally attired in colored bodices and short gowns of handmade woolen materials, or of finer French fabrics. In summer it was customary for most of them to go without shoes; but in winter and on holidays they wore Indian moccasins elaborately adorned with colored beads, porcupine quills, and shells. Kerchiefs of sparkling colors, interwoven with winding ribbons or wreathed with bright blossoms, were worn instead of hats. One can conceive many a pretty picture painted by such costumes, whirling within the carnival spirit of the time.

(FIGURE 3)

Circumstance now makes the hand more clever.
With steady skill security creates,
And brings brave beauty to be ever Spun into costumes by Fingers of the Fates.

Jamestown, in Virginia, was the first settlement of English people in America. This colony was established in 1607, near the mouth of the James River.

James I was king of England at this time, and his complete control of the new colony in America caused considerable moderation in the costumes of these colonists.

The first women to arrive in Virginia were a Mrs. Forrest and her maid, Anne Burroughs. A description of the style of dress worn by Mrs. Forrest gives a general idea of these costumes. The gown was made of a close, woolen material, called prunella. It was worn, opening down the
front from the waist, over a brocaded petticoat. A ruff of stiffened lace was around the neck. The close-fitting cap, called a coif, was of white linen and was shaped over the ruff in back. A modified farthingale supported the dress underneath; so that it hung, in heavy, flat folds, to the ground. The farthingale was made like a circular cushion stuffed with hair, and worn just below the waist-line. On the bodice was a gold silk trimming, called galloon, which was a kind of lace woven with thread.
Concerning Anne Burroughs’ costume: It was of similar cut, but made of a coarse woolen material, called linsey-woolsey, first made at Linsey in Suffolk, England.

A desire to promote finery in the colony was the cause of an attempt to produce silk, inasmuch as mulberry trees thrived in Virginia. Workmen, educated in the art of silkworm raising, were sent from France to the colonies by Nicholas Farrar, but the experiment ended in failure.

The accession of Charles I brought fuller freedom of thought and dress; for the new

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1 Some of the mulberry trees originally planted still survive on the James River plantations, Eastover among them.
king gave government affairs of the Virginia Colony to Sir Edwin Sandys and the Virginia House of Burgesses which met in the church at Jamestown. Progress, prosperity, and a new liberty of life caused extensive elaboration in the costumes. A gentlewoman of this day wore: A bodice low-cut and finished around the
waist with square tabs, a skirt long and soft, sleeves wide and ending a little below the elbow in lace ruffles, a wide collar made of the same lace as the sleeve-ruffles and so placed over the shoulders that both neck and throat were exposed. Colored ribbons were worn, made into soft breast-knots of purple-and-brick-dust hue. Hair was curled over the brow with tight ringlets falling to the shoulders, and dressed into a knot at the back.

(Figure 4)

And so, Fate fashions further in the fabric,
With weaving of a strange, contrasting style.
Crude Canvas of a Country is fantastic,
When wrought with lovely lines of classic style.

Maryland was settled in 1633 by Lord Baltimore. And now two colonies of English people were established in America. A number of the Cavaliers of England sought shelter in Virginia and Maryland after the execution of Charles I. These partisans of Charles I brought the influence of the English Court to the costumes of the colonies. Elaborate articles of attire found their way into the wilderness.

The contrast between the formal finery of the costumes and the crudeness of this country settlement was incongruous. Patches appeared on the faces as additional adornment for the complexion. These were made of black gummed material cut in a variety of shapes, and were called mouches because they looked like flies. Hosiery showed a startling selection in colors—white, scarlet, and black. Silk garters were used to secure stockings in place. Shoes excelled in quality and were gallooned or laced. They were often made with wooden heels, and sometimes entirely of wood. Petticoats were of flannel, serge, or a watered silk called tabby, and also of printed dimity or linen trimmed with silver or silk lace.

Women of every social standing wore mantles and hoods for outdoor use. Hoods were made of a thin silk called sarsenet, a silk-and-wool fabric called camlet, or velvet, and were frequently trimmed with fur. Over the shoulders hung mantles of silk or tippets of fur. Masks fitted over the upper part of the face as protection from wind and sun.

Ornaments included gold pendants, pearl necklaces, earrings, and various rings. Small pins of silver and gold, called bodkins, were placed in the hair to keep the head-dress in position. Fans were a favorite fashion and often were elaborately embelished.

A custom of the time was to bequeath mourning rings to relatives and friends. Cypress was the material commonly used for mourning costumes. This was a fine, curled fabric, part silk and part hair, of cobweb thinness.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century muffes were carried by both women and men. Marten was made into the finer muffes, and the commoner ones were of miniver (Siberian squirrel).

Aprons played an important part in the wardrobe of the day. They were fashioned of silk, muslin, serge, and blue duffel, a woolen fabric originally made in Flanders. Every woman of importance had at least one white apron in her wardrobe.

Although some historians discredit the incident, a tale of the prominent part played by aprons is interesting enough to relate here. The ladies of Jamestown were forced, by Bacon, to stand in a "row of white aprons" to hide his men while they worked on trenches. In this manner the men were shielded from the Burgesses, who refrained from shooting for fear of wounding the women.

A lady of this time was attired thus: Bodice of crimson satin trimmed with point-lace, petticoat of black tabby, silk hose, and shoes of finest leather with gallon trimming. A gold bodkin would fasten her lace head-dress in place; and she would wear earrings, finger rings set with rubies or diamonds, a pearl necklace, and carry a fan.

(Figure 5)

Thus splendid cords, composed of finest fiber,
Are woven in a most majestic manner.
For costumes of a kingly Court now glitter
In a new Land which waves a bolder banner.
The Barbadoes and Carolinas were settled in 1650. The colonists coming there consisted mostly of the Cavaliers, who were accustomed to Court life in London and so lived luxuriously in the new colonies.

Costumes of these colonists were quite complicated, as can be judged from this description: The gown was made of soft brocade, looped back over a white satin petticoat, and two lace flounces were used as the trimming; the bodice was low-cut; sleeves were just below elbow-length and finished with a fringed gimp of predominating soft-red color in the brocade; an ornamental girdle, called a stomacher, was worn, and graduated ribbon bows decorated the stomacher in a "ladder" style known as echelles; fine lawn undersleeves were finished with ruffles of lace that matched the falling band or collar; the skirt was looped back at the hips with ribbon bows so it fell into a slight train in back, and was secured
in plaits to the close-fitted bodice; the hair was dressed softly into a knot from which a large, loose curl hung to each shoulder.

The itinerant peddler was an important individual to the colonists, and his wares were the nucleus for many of the costumes.

(FIGURE 6)

Now weaves the pattern of a pious People
With somber cord, in durable design—The charm of costumes sturdy and so simple,
“Morals in Modes” the model of design.

The Pilgrims came from England in 1620 and settled in Plymouth, Massachusetts. They were known as the Plymouth Bay Company. Three years later the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Company followed from England, settling first in Cape Ann and later in Salem. This company of Puritans eventually established colonies at Boston, Charlestown, Watertown, Dorchester, Roxbury, Mystic, Lynn, and elsewhere. A body of this Massachusetts Bay Company, mostly yeomen from Dorsetshire, England, settled in Connecticut about 1630.

At this time the Puritans led a much more liberal life than the Pilgrims, and imported some comforts from England—which the Pilgrims entirely avoided.

A few years later, when the Massachusetts colonies were more firmly established, the General Court of Massachusetts took a hand in the costumes of the colonists, and laws were made whereby expenditure for attire depended upon income. The Court seemed to consider that the purpose of dress was to indicate the classes of persons and so separate as well as clothe and shield them. Persons who could not show an estate of more than two hundred pounds were subject to drastic decrees in dress. Inasmuch as these laws were intended to create class separation, the more prosperous received fuller freedom in attire. The poorer colonists objected to these laws, and offenses ensued. But to such an extent did these rigid restrictions against enriched apparel affect the majority that they were morally moved, and they embroidered into their attire religious saying and quotations from Holy Writ.

An order was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1638:
“No garment shall be made with short sleeves, and such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not wear the same unless they cover the arm to the wrist; and hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than half an ell wide.”

Fine fabrics fashioned the costumes of the better class of colonist, but this was because the people's characteristic was soundness rather than show. The best cloth was so soundly constructed that it made useful attire that withstood age and wear, and such materials were exceptionally inexpensive.

Probably the most important contribution of these colonists to the history of costume was made by their tanneries. Leather occupied a prominent place in the dress of the day.

Shoes—which still are one of New England's principal products—were made in Lynn, Massachusetts, as early as 1676. The price of shoes was controlled by the Court: “Five pence half penny a size for all pleyne and wooden heel’d shoes, and above seven pence half penny a size for well wrought ‘French falls’.” Shoes were designed with wide straps and buckles, had heels of wood, and often were ornamented with rosettes. They were made of woolen cloth, of fine leather, and sometimes of silk.

Leather gloves were always worn for full dress. These were made of doeskin and elaborately embroidered in gold thread and colored silks. Gauntlets were finely fringed and figured.

Clothing made of leather was very popular with the common people, inasmuch as it offered warmth and wear. These garments were fashioned from brain-tanned deerskin, which the Indians taught the colonists to prepare.

Mandillions were worn for warmth by the common class. This type of outer apparel was lined with cotton and fastened with hooks and eyes. Both women and men were attired for out-of-doors in doublets, padded or lined for protection against the cold winds of New England. These were

usually made of two thicknesses of fabric—
double thicknesses—from which was de-
rived the name doublets. The sleeves of
the doublets were sometimes slashed and
often embellished with embroidery.

It was customary to wear an embroidered
collar, called a falling band, at the neck;
but a deep linen collar was used, at times,
in preference to the falling band.

Ladies of the New England colonies were
always appropriately attired. Their cos-
tumes were characterized by quality rather
than elegance of cloth. Brocades and silks
adorned my lady when she made merry. She
snuggled into short coats with fur-
trimmed hoods when wintry weather came,
and tossed back the hood to sit with un-
covered head in meeting. A matron’s head
was always covered by a cap. A young
lady’s hair was curled softly back and tied
with ribbon, or wound into a coil at the
back with short curls on the forehead. She
hurried about her household tasks in a short
camlet gown, with long white apron of linen
worn over a homespun petticoat. Her busy
hands were clad in elbow-length mittens
which gave the sleeves extra warmth; and
the fact that part of the fingers and thumbs
were bare made the mittens of everyday
usefulness.

A description of the costume of a Puritan
lady shows modest manner and simplicity
of style: The gown was made of purple,
brown, or gray colored cloth of excellent
quality; if it was worn outdoors, it was
turned under and looped back to disclose
a petticoat of linsey-woolsey or homespun;
an apron of white Holland linen was placed
over the gown; a falling band turned down
around the neck, and cuffs of white linen
turned back over the sleeves; the head was
covered, for outdoor wear, by a kerchief
over which was donned a dark-colored cam-
let or silk hood lined with soft silk or fur;
a muff, matching the fur lining of the hood,
was a useful addition; when the weather
was cold, a cloak and hood of fur or heavy
cloth were added and a mask of velvet
shielded the face against the elements;
woolen stockings and sturdy shoes with
wooden heels were worn.

The Threads of Thrift weave on in
flawless fashion;
And history shows a handsome handi-
work;
Behold the brilliant beauty of crea-
tion—
Proud product of a People’s willing
work.

The Colony of Manhattan was established
by the Dutch in 1621.
People of Holland were offered every
inducement to settle colonies in America;
and all comforts and conveniences of the mother country were imported to the new colonies. Therefore, the Colony of Manhattan was composed of a most prosperous people.

Inasmuch as this colony had few religious restrictions, the Huguenots from France sought haven here.

Both the Dutch and the Huguenots were skilled in many crafts, and the combination of these two peoples caused diversion in design of dress. The Huguenots taught their new neighbors the arts of embroidery and lace and the compounding of colored dyes. The Dutch taught their new neighbors the feeling of a full freedom of thought. All of these colonists had a fine commercial spirit; and so, with freedom and skill at their command, they were always excellently attired.

Gowns, caps, and chatelaines were of expensive fabrics and of sparkling colors. A wealthy Dutch lady was gorgeously gowned when in indoor apparel: The crimson silk gown was designed with pointed bodice, low neck, and sleeves having several full-length slashes to show white undersleeves beneath; lace, starched and wired, formed the rigid ruff and cuffs; soft lawn, in fine folds edged with lace, finished the bodice top and was secured by ribbon rosette or jewelled brooch; a woolen over-garment opened down the front, was fitted in at the back and caught with ribbon around the waist, and had full over-sleeves with one wide slash fastened at the elbows by ribbons.

The Dutch women of the Manhattan Colony were efficient housewives. Plants and flowers flourished in their well-kept gardens, and from them were made medicines and perfumes. Woolen materials were fashioned by maids, who were instructed in the arts of weaving and carding by their Dutch mistresses. Their household affairs were managed with the same efficiency that characterized their husband’s business affairs; and they even ventured into business for themselves with singular success.

These Dutch ladies wore a working costume of cheery character that reflected their enjoyment in everyday activities. It consisted of a short woolen petticoat with loose jacket of blue Holland or red cotton, white kerchief spread in folds around the shoulders, white cap of close fit, and a long apron of coarse white homespun linen was included when need arose.

Bridal costumes were of interest. Wedding gowns were notable for their “parade of petticoats”—many petticoats worn one over the other. The customary headgear of a bride was the bridal crown, supposed to
suggest the wealth of the family. It was, accordingly, fashioned of silver and adorned with jewels. Often enough, it was made of pasteboard covered with embroidered silk!

Coifs appeared only on the matrons, and were of excellence in keeping with the wearer's wealth and position. A head-dress, called a *commode* (see Figure 7), was pop-
ular during this period. This was designed on a wire frame, two or three tiers high, fitted to the head and covered with heavy silk fabric, called tiffany, or other thin silk material.

The favored fashion for the hair-dress was to turn the ends of the side locks under and tie them with ribbon, the rest of the hair forming a coil at the back into which the ribbon was interwoven.

A loose-bodied jacket, called a samare, was worn opening over a petticoat and waistcoat. This type of jacket was made with side flaps or skirts which extended to the knee and with sleeves of elbow-length turned back and faced.

New Amsterdam was the only American colony that profited by piracy on the seas. Pirates' plunder was, naturally, brought to an active commercial center; and so the markets and shops of New Amsterdam secured many rich materials.

Thus, on any Sabbath morning, my lady Madam Bayard presented a pretty picture, walking down Broadway toward Trinity, in gown of purple and gold atlas, soft-satin surface of silk shining in the sun as once it shimmered under skies of the East. It was trimly laced, and opened in front to parade a petticoat of black velvet bordered by two orrices of woven, lacelike silver thread. From high-held head—adorned with muslin commode rising in rigid rows of plaits—to flying feet, clad in green silk stockings and embroidered shoes of fine morocco, she was the spirit of the splendid costumes of New Amsterdam.

(FIGURE 8)

The pattern's planned with weaving of rare richness—
Enchantment interlacing every line.
A century's costumes show a formal fineness,
And splendid style appears in all design.

Colonial life in America attained its ultimate of prosperity, progress, and luxuries in the first half of the eighteenth century. For this reason the subject of costume became an increasingly important matter-of-the-moment.

Seaport towns were supplied with tissues, sumptuous silks, and embroidered gauzes by the merchant ships coming from China and the Indies. These fine fabrics were named in such manner as to designate the origin of their importation. Nankeen, a yellow-colored cotton cloth, was imported from Nankin, China. Calico—in its original form a silk material—was imported from Calicut, India.

Although splendid fabrics were available, the fashions of France and England became such “capricious costumes” and “mischievous modes” that the ladies of the colonies found an ocean's distance a decided difficulty in following such fickle fashions.

Due to strenuous social activities, these ladies were obligated to appear “in style”; and, because of this fact, fashion dolls were welcomed with eager interest when they arrived from London. These fashion dolls represented the manner in which French and English modes of the moment were conveyed to the colonists. They were jointed dolls dressed in current styles by the Paris mantua-makers, or cloak makers, sent to the ladies of London and afterwards to the American colonies.

The Colonial Room of the National Museum at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, contains a fashion doll of the time. It is gowned in a Watteau sacque of taffeta with a pattern of red cross-bar lines on a white background, hung over a looped petticoat of this taffeta adorned with pinked flounces. The stomacher is untrimmed except for a finish of robings of silk from shoulder to slightly below the waist-line in front, where the stomacher ends in a curve. A soft green silk apron is beneath the stomacher. Elbow-length sleeves are edged with pinked silk ruffles which are graduate from long in back to short in front. A knot of the predominating red of the costume is on each sleeve and in the powdered hair arranged close to the head in what appears to be French curls. High-heeled red slippers, bracelets, and a necklace complete this fashion doll's costume.

The first half of the century contributed several important innovations in apparel.

The commode, which had climbed to appalling altitude, was abandoned in favor of a simple style of natural hair-dress.

Hoops, which were to occupy a prominent place in the destiny of dress, were invented by a mantua-maker named Selby. These were circular arrangements of whalebone, the whalebone hoops starting at the waist and gradually increasing in circumference, at intervals, toward the bottom. They were fastened to a canvas petticoat and later, in the middle of the century, were made in two side pieces for greater convenience. The first hoops were oval in shape, having flat front and back and projecting at each side. Gowns, which hitherto had been looped back over a contrasting petticoat, now showed circular skirts swelling over hoops.

The Watteau sacque was a costume style for about half of this century. Such a sacque, or loose over-dress, was made to sweep, with wide, flat folds, from shoulder to floor in the back. The front was opened over a petticoat and stomacher of contrasting, or matching material. Inasmuch as this style of sacque was popular for a considerable period of the century, it passed through three series of changes: First, it was full and long; second, it was knee-length and very full; third, it emerged into a majestic model of lovely flowing lines worn over a laced stomacher and flounced satin petticoat.

Patches were popular, to promote the politics as well as compliment the complexion of the wearer. Ladies wore their patches on the left side of the face to denote they favored the Whigs, on the right side of the face the Tories. Patches of every imaginable pattern were carried in patch boxes of ivory, silver, and tortoise shell.

The fan was an important accessory to the attire. It was picturesque and pictorial, having literature, music, fashions and follies of the time, and political and social incidents pictured upon it.

Narrow muffes of considerable length were carried throughout the entire century, and later increased somewhat in width.

Stays were indispensable articles of apparel. Ladies of the day acquired a most "formal figure," with their stays, commonly called a paire of bodices.

Lace tippets, sometimes secured by diamond solitaires, diamond necklaces and earrings, and diamond or paste buckles, were ornamental additions to the costume.

Silk hoods of sparkling colors covered the head; and cherry-colored hoods were high in fashion's favor in 1712. These hoods were later succeeded by the capuchin. This was a short silk cloak with attached hood, probably copied from those worn by the Capuchin friar. For out-of-door wear a scarlet hooded cloak, known as a cardinal, was a colorful style.

Beaver hats of black and white, ornamented with silver or gold lace, were faced with colored silks to flatter the features. The summer of 1745 showed the style of gipsy straw hats, with beguiling bows beneath the chin. A frilled cap or a medium-sized flat hat was sometimes seen on low-dressed hair. Hats increased in size and caps became smaller in the next few years.

Curls were a conspicuous character of the coiffure. In 1745 French curls were the fashion. These were of oval shape, en-
circled the head, and were formed of false or natural hair. Italian curls were worn later in the century. These were similar to scallop shells in shape and were brought back from the face.

In the middle of the eighteenth century costume styles experienced other changes. Hoops became bell-shaped and of increased circumference, and were included in the skirt of the gown. A gown without a train was now placed over a shorter petticoat.

(FIGURE B)

_Pompadours_ were popular about this time. These were cloaks of black or colored velvet or satin, lined or decorated with fur, silk, or satin and having slits for the arms and a hood similar to the capuchin.

A Colonial gown—the original of which was the possession of Mrs. Whittington Allen, sister to Governor Hancock of Massachusetts—is an excellent example of the costumes in the middle of the eighteenth century. This gown was created of _kincob_, a rich Indian silk brocaded in flowers and large figures. It was styled in _Watteau_ sacque fashion and was intended to be worn with hoops. The white silk stomacher was elaborately embroidered. Elbow-length sleeves were edged with pinked ruffles which increased in length toward the back. Two large box plaits swept from shoulder to floor in back. The skirt front was fashioned of two breadths of kincob fastened over hoops.

(FIGURE 9)

_So shines a thread of shimmering, silken splendor_,

_Crossed by the coarsest cords of life-red shade._

_For brave beauty, with no knowledge of surrender, Brightens the dark design which discord's made._

The last half of the eighteenth century brought a certain amount of innovation in the costumes of the colonists, as well as change of historic significance in the colonies.

The gown was now designed with a fitted bodice extending to a long point in back; and the skirt, which opened over a petticoat, was attached with numerous fine gathers. Although sleeves were still edged with lace ruffles, they were trimmed, at times, by narrow, turned-back cuffs with ruffles cascading from beneath.

The _etui_ was an important accessory of the day. This was a decorative case that hung from the waist and was styled to contain scissors, scent bottle, and thimble. Among other interesting accessories were the snuff-box and the _pomander_, which was a box with perforated cover in which was carried a ball of spices and scents. These _pomanders_, containing disinfectant powders, were sometimes carried by physicians. They were placed within the handle of a cane, and upon entering a sick room the air was permeated with the disinfectant powder by striking the cane on the floor.

Full-dress fashions included artificial flowers worn on the bodice and in the hair. Enormous bouquets bedecked many a bodice.
Fans (similar to that shown in Figure 4), over a foot in length and unfurling like luxurious plumage, not only stirred the air but served as shelter from the sun. Thirty-nine hollow gold beads, similar to a pea in size and shape, adorned practically every throat. The coiffure was a most complicated
creation. It consisted of an elaborate arrangement of crisp curls and frizzes fashioned upon a foundation of silk-covered pads filled with wool. Later the hair-dress became such a towering structure that it was, in truth, amazing. It was created over a framework of wire, and showed large curls on either side of the head.

With such arrangements upon their heads, it is easy to understand that the ladies of the time sometimes slept in an upright position, in order to protect their hair-dress.

The character of these coiffures determined the design of other headgear. Calash bonnets were a result of the high-hair styles. These were large hoods made on hoops so hinged that they could be lowered or raised over the coiffure without inconvenience. Beaver hats appeared in winter, and were worn with the brim brought down by wide ribbon strings tied beneath the chin, or over caps of lace. Skimmer hats were also seen. These had brims of considerable circumference, tiny flat crowns, and were made of shimmering silver stuff. Horse hair bonnets were of similar shape with small crown and broad brim, and were made of horse hair woven into flowers. Due to the exaggerated hair-dress, these hats and bonnets were set at every imaginable angle, from atop the coiffure to over the entire head.

Now rumors of revolution were heard; and, in 1775, occurred the American Revolution which affected every fiber in the structure of the colonies.

The costume of the common people became much simpler, and was created from materials manufactured within the colonies. Importations from England were not allowed; and domestic dress became the sign of a patriotic people. But this patriotism and self-sacrifice was shown much more by the colonists of the towns than by those in the large cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Many of these cities were occupied from time to time by the British, and the elaborate entertainments of the British officers created an additional interest in the costume. The presence of many wives of these officers also stimulated the dress during this time. And so, the costumes of the Revolutionary era showed the utmost of simplicity, and of splendor too.

One particular innovation in apparel was noted in the time of this conflicting period. The year 1778 marked the departure of the long-lived hoop skirt from the dress designs of the day. Naturally, several accessories appeared to take the place of so popular a fashion. Bishops were seen first—bustles stuffed with horse hair. Then came the Cue de Paris—smaller bustles, also padded with horse hair. Petticoats appeared after that—made of twilled woolen fabric called russet, a woolen material with a fine gloss called callimanco, or of silk. These were heavily quilted and inlaid with wool. Lastly, half a dozen petticoats were used to add circumference to the costume.

Although the ladies of the cities managed to secure many elaborate adornments, they suffered during these trying times from scarcity of some of the simplest articles of attire. The supply of pins was very small, and various types of thorns from thorn-trees were substituted. Gauze could not be secured in the colonies; and the ladies suddenly realized that a large portion of their apparel was made of this material—caps, aprons, ribbons, bonnets, kerchiefs, cloaks, gowns, petticoats, and most important of all, head-dresses, which were impossible to construct correctly without gauze.

The effect of economy was felt in jewelry and combinations of cloth. Inexpensive jewelry was an accessory of every class; and cotton cloth was combined with silk fabrics in the costumes.

Seven years—and the Revolution was fought—and won. Thus, while a country struggled for its freedom, little thought was given to many important changes in the style of the costume.

Seventeen eighty-nine—The American colonies were now the United States of America; and, at the First Inauguration Ball, in New York that followed Washington's inauguration as President, the costumes of a new era swayed on into history.

And so, I pause—the Costume has no finish,
For history's cloth is ever in the loom.
Custom and circumstance forever furnish
Work for the weaver—fiber for the loom.
A n interesting angle of approach to a study of the eight Presidents of the United States born on Virginia soil is a study of the contribution of these Presidents toward the achievement of the American Ideal. And the personality of each of these men is revealed and explained in his home, bearing out again the truth of the saying that every home is the embodiment of the hopes and ideals of its builder.

Some consideration of conditions existing in the new nation is necessary for a clear understanding of the contribution of the “Virginia Dynasty,” the Presidents who served thirty-two of the first thirty-six years of the existence of the United States.

The eighteenth century was one of favoritism, patronage, and venality in politics, and although the tone of public life in England was higher than in most countries, the evils of the system showed themselves in confusion and careless and incompetent statesmanship, with resulting lack of efficiency. It was not surprising that the natural tendency of the Englishman was to accept the system into which he was born, while it was at the same time the natural tendency of the intelligent American to try to adapt that system to the new and different conditions of colonial life.

After the break with the mother country, the new nation found itself on uncharted ground, and it is not a pleasant thought to consider what might have been the fate of the thirteen weak and jealous colonies at this stage, if such a leader as George Washington had not been available as first President, to bring order out of chaos and to weld together, as Washington did, the widely divergent interests of the different colonies. Others were sectional; Washington alone held the trust and confidence of the entire nation, and his even-minded justice saved from disaster a government honey-combed with jealousy.

Mount Vernon, Washington’s home, reflects the majesty and serenity of Washington’s character, and shows in every line of house and garden a straightforward honesty. With this dignity and uncompromising honesty there goes also graciousness, a
combination of the same qualities in the home that set Washington, the man, apart from all his kind and yet at the same time made him so greatly beloved.

Washington belongs to the nation, but he is the gift of Virginia to the nation and everything contributed by later Presidents toward the realization of the American Ideal is built on the broad foundation made possible by Washington, when, by sheer force of character, he held a divided and disorganized country together until the empty shell of a nation was welded into enduring strength and unity.

Thomas Jefferson, born at Shadwell in Albemarle County, was one of the most versatile men America has ever produced. He insisted upon maintaining the national credit and upon payment of all debts, public and private. His administration was a period of excellent, economical government. In his first inaugural address he said, "The sum of good government ... a wise and frugal government that shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from labor the bread it has earned." He believed that under conditions in America, with the door of opportunity wide open for every man to own his own home and to have the chance to make a wholesome living, the American common man could be trusted to govern himself and others.

Jefferson's vision and courage added tremendously to the size of the United States by his Louisiana Purchase. The Lewis and Clark Expedition opened up the great Oregon country.

Jefferson's fight for free education and local schools, for the abolition of the slave trade, for religious freedom, for repeal of the law of primogeniture—all efforts at establishing the rights of the common man—made for him many and bitter enemies; but surely the man who, in writing his own epitaph, could deliberately and completely ignore the fact that he had done more for agriculture than any man of his age, that he had practically doubled the size of the United States by his Louisiana Purchase, had held almost every office in the gift of his country including that of President of the United States for two terms—the man who could deliberately ignore all this needs no defense from the charge of self-seeking or selfish ambition. The measure of the man can be accurately taken from what he considered important enough to go on his tombstone: "Here is buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the Father of the University of Virginia." This is the keynote of his character and proof of the truth of Woodrow Wilson's saying, "The immortality of Thomas Jefferson does not lie in any of his achievements, but in his attitude toward mankind."

And just as Mount Vernon reflects the personality of Washington, so is Monticello inseparably associated with Jefferson. It reflects his dislike of meaningless or outworn conventions, his dramatic instinct and lively interest in many things, including architecture, new conveniences and new plants.

Born at Port Conway, King George County, James Madison was a scholar, a statesman, and a profound student of the art of governing. Modest and shy, short of stature, slight of figure, no other man has come to the Presidency with a wider knowledge of all that concerned the United States, combined with a deep insight into and understanding of the Constitution of which he has properly been called the "Father." His was a peculiar genius for thinking out an idea and convincing others of its importance.

Madison's administration was overshadowed by the War of 1812, that culmination of American difficulties with Europe that had plagued preceding Presidents. He has been unjustly blamed for the war, when as a matter of fact he spent most of his first administration struggling with the international situation and trying to preserve peace.

Montpelier has preserved all the romance associated with the name of the brilliant James Madison, who laid the foundation upon which the present beauty of the place is based. Lord Balfour might have said of Montpelier, or of the other homes of the
Virginia Dynasty, what he said of another 
Virginia home of the Revolutionary period, 
that these homes enabled him to understand 
the great planter-statesmen of that period 
as he had never understood them before. 

James Monroe, born in Westmoreland 
County, April 28, 1758, was a worthy suc- 
cessor to the Virginians who preceded him 
in the high office of President, and the 
Dynasty ended undimmed when he went 
out of office. His administration, the "Era 
of Good Feeling," was a time for further 
strengthening of the American Ideal. He 
made a most useful President, reaching his 
own judgments deliberately and unalter- 
gringly shouldering responsibility, while dis- 
playing fairminded generosity toward all 
men. Ash Lawn, Monroe's home, has the 
distinction of having been built and having 
its gardens designed and planted by its 
President-owner.

The Monroe Doctrine, indissolubly asso- 
ciated with the name of this Virginian, was 
an announcement of the policy of the 
United States in regard to the interference 
of foreign nations in the affairs of this Con- 
tinent. It is an interesting fact that Monroe, 
alone of all the Presidents, has announced, 
without legislative sanction, a political dic- 
tum still regarded as fundamental law and 
which bears the stamp of authority in for- 
egin as well as domestic courts and councils. 
"The occasion has been judged proper for 
asserting, as a principle in which the rights 
and interests of the United States are in- 
volved, that the American continents, by 
the free and independent condition which 
they have assumed and maintain, are not 
considered as subjects for future coloniz- 
ation by any European nations."

Jefferson said of Monroe: "He is a man 
whose soul could be turned wrong side out 
without disclosing a blemish."

To the credit of both, there was always
warm friendship between Madison and Monroe. A close friend of Monroe once said, “Mr. Madison he (Monroe) loved with his whole heart. They were once rival candidates for office, but from what I have heard Mr. Monroe say, I do not suppose there was ever, for a single moment, the slightest feeling of estrangement or unkindness between them.”

It is a remarkable coincidence that Monroe was the third of the early Presidents to die on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

William H. Harrison, although elected as a log-cabin President from the frontier, was born at Berkeley, on the James River, of a distinguished Virginia family with whom public service was a tradition. He rendered important service to his country, notably by the addition of the territory gained by his treaty with the Indians. The campaign slogan in the election of 1840 was “Tippecanoe and Tyler too,” and after an exciting campaign Harrison and Tyler were elected. Harrison chose an able Cabinet and started out on a promising administration, but died after only one month in office, and Tyler served as President practically the whole four years.

Born at Greenway, Charles City County, John Tyler was the first man to become President without having been elected to that office, and it is interesting to note that this first “accidental” President established precedents which have been followed in some degree by most of the later Presidents who attained office in a similar manner.

Tyler’s outstanding trait was independence. He was loyal to principles and ideals rather than to individuals, if those individuals clashed with his ideals. This independence soon brought him into conflict
with his party and made his reelection impossible; but, even under existing conditions, his administration was marked by several events of outstanding importance. The Pre-emption Act of 1841 finally adjusted some of the worst evils of the land situation in the West, and did much to hasten settlement and to relieve the pioneer of his most serious grievance. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty ended the long dispute over the boundary between Maine and Canada, and the annexation of Texas added valuable territory to the United States.

With the Texas troubles, Zachary Taylor, born at Montebello, in Orange County, September 24, 1784, stepped into the limelight. The battle of Buena Vista, in which the American forces were commanded by Taylor, was notable for being one of the best-fought battles of the Mexican War; and, incidentally, was notable also because engaged in it were two men who later became Presidents, Zachary Taylor of the United States and Jefferson Davis, his son-in-law, of the Confederate States.

Like Harrison, Taylor was deprived of the opportunity of showing what he might have achieved as President. A soldier, with a soldier’s training, he was absolutely free from partisanship and favoritism. He wisely chose for his Cabinet men of national reputation, but his administration was cut short by his unexpected death July 9, 1850.

With the passing of the years, the American ideal had at times and in some respects lost some of its brightness, but Woodrow Wilson, born in an unpretentious but dignified and pleasing brick house in Staunton, December 28, 1856, gave once more to the people a vision of nobility and importance in their life and destiny greater than any President except Washington and Jefferson had yet been able to give. Far from being the idealism of an impractical dreamer, this vision took very practical form, with many notable accomplishments to his credit until the World War overshadowed the consideration of everyday affairs.

No President since the days of Lincoln was confronted with more stupendous problems than Wilson had to face. With the passage of four important laws during Wilson’s first administration, there was achieved a record of constructive legislation probably unparalleled in the history of any preceding Congress. The Underwood Tariff was the lowest since the Civil War, and with it came our first graduated income tax. The Federal Reserve Act marked the greatest advance toward sound banking that had been made in our history. The Federal Trade Commission was created and given wide powers with respect to corporations and interstate commerce, though its functions were chiefly those of investigation and advice. The Clayton Act greatly strengthened the government’s hands in dealing with unlawful monopolies.

Wilson was responsible also for repairing a breach of national good faith with England in the matter of the Panama tolls.

Whatever the criticism of its practical working out, Wilson did have the noble, disinterested dream of a world family of nations; and, though we are very far now, in the present flare-up of nationalism, from realizing that dream, we must eventually come back to it if civilization is to survive. When enough time has passed for a fair estimate, history will almost certainly write Woodrow Wilson among our greatest Presidents. His great strength of character and intellectual keenness enabled him to accomplish much toward the adjustment of American ideals and life to the new conditions imposed upon them, and he shaped the course of a great nation along lines it had never before pursued. He at least pointed the way to a solution of international differences, and it will probably be the final verdict of history that Woodrow Wilson inaugurated a new era.

And so Virginia may take just pride in the part her sons have played in holding the torch high and undimmed to light the world in its slow and painful progress toward achieving the practical and complete working out of “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” for every man. These sons have served their country at some of the most critical moments in its history, and have served it with intelligence and vision and self-sacrificing devotion. Their example may well prove an inspiration to present and future generations upon whom will fall the responsibility of realizing the American Ideal in its completeness.
In Memoriam

SARAH ELIZABETH GUERNSEY

Each President General makes her own peculiar contribution to the National Society. Every Daughter of the American Revolution owes a debt of appreciation to the late Sarah Elizabeth Guernsey, Honorary President General. It was she who first realized that for a Society with a broad program of service to progress, its affairs must be conducted, not as a social organization, but according to principles of strict business management. That the National Society has been able not only to weather all storms of depression, but also to increase its activities and usefulness, has been due in large measure to Mrs. Guernsey's vision, foresight, and courage. The soundness of its policies will be the Society's memorial to her.

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT, President General.

Sarah Elizabeth (Mitchell) Guernsey was born in Salem, Ohio, September 13, 1860, and moved with her parents to Leavenworth in 1863. She was graduated from the state normal school at Emporia, whence she went to Independence to teach school. There she met and married George Thacher Guernsey and lived continually in Independence until her death, February 28, 1939.

After serving as regent of Esther Lowrey Chapter, which she helped organize, and as State Regent of Kansas for nine consecutive years, Mrs. Guernsey was elected President General in 1917, at a time when the Society was confronted by many urgent problems and the Nation had just entered the World War.

Under her administration the number of the National Committees was reduced and their work consolidated; the Magazine was returned to a subscription basis after it had been issued free to all paid-up members at a cost of thousands of dollars; the erection of the Administration Building was authorized by her last Congress, in 1920; Memorial Continental Hall was renovated; and the notes on the land in the rear of Continental Hall were paid off. All this was done, besides organizing the many lines of war work of the Society, buying Liberty Bonds, supporting French orphans, and giving a waterworks system to the devastated village of Tilloloy in France, which was voted and the work begun. On her retirement she was elected Honorary President General, and again served as State Regent of Kansas.

Mrs. Guernsey was admired and beloved by countless Daughters. Her services to our Society were outstanding. She was capable and forthright, outspoken and frank, kindly and thoughtful toward the sick and sorrowful, strong, vigorous, patriotic, religious, with great strength of determination and executive ability. The memory of Sarah Elizabeth Guernsey will ever remain in the hearts and minds of our members, a living monument to her life and accomplishments.

ANNE ROGERS MINOR, Honorary President General.

The parents of Sarah Elizabeth Mitchell, Rev. Daniel P. Mitchell and Ann Eliza Baker—both of Revolutionary stock—gave her an interest in all that related to the welfare of the United States. Soon after her marriage to George Thacher Guernsey she began participating in the civic activities of her town. Travel and study at home prepared her for an ever-widening sphere.

The safe solution of the problems which confronted her while she was President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, proved her to be a courageous and conscientious worker possessed of a keen mind.

In December, 1938, she had an accident which resulted in a broken hip, and the verdict was that, though she might in a measure recover, her activities must be curtailed and she would be an invalid. Can we, her understanding friends, richly as we measure her presence, selfishly wish her back to face such a fate? Her part in the drama of life is finished. She departed it surrounded by a devoted husband, a loving son and daughter, and amid the heartfelt sorrow of many friends.

Each year the solitude of broken "friendships" calls anew the sweet communion memory brings with the thoughts of our loved ones, memories fragrant with friendships that have influenced our days and plans. We still have the essence of the distilled flower that lingers long after the golden calyx that produced it has faded into nothingness. We still have the silent influence.

Her most fitting memorial is the imperishable love and respect of those who knew her and worked with her.

MARY H. S. JOHNSTON, Treasurer General under Mrs. Guernsey.
“And the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden...”

As the sun touched the dial in the old Virginia garden and shadows from the ancient trees rested on the green sod, it was easy to picture Mary, the mother of Washington, standing there while her tall son paid courtly tribute to her by addressing her as “Honored Madam.”

This garden is an intriguing spot, located in the rear of the quaint white house on the corner of Charles and Lewis Streets in historic Fredericksburg; a close neighbor to “Kenmore,” where Betty Washington Lewis lived, and not far from Monroe’s little red-brick law office.

Mary Washington’s garden is typical of those belonging to small-town houses of that period in Virginia, and it is a pleasant spot with proper light and shade. From the dining room door steps lead down to a portico and then into this famous garden. The house was purchased for Mary Washington by her illustrious son, and it is the only house still standing where the mother of George Washington lived.

Washington remodeled the place for his mother and brought her from the Ferry Farm, a mile or so outside of Fredericksburg. There she lived from 1777 to 1789; there she died, and she is buried not far away.

In enlarging the house Washington had built what his mother was pleased to call her “best room,” and it is reasonable to suppose he also assisted in laying out the garden. It is reasonable, since it was during this period he began improving and drawing plans for remaking his own garden and grounds at Mount Vernon.

Mary Washington must have loved her garden, for it is recorded that she dispensed hospitality there and that she instinctively turned to it during some of the happiest and the most trying hours of her life. There she walked and talked with her gallant son; there she greeted Lafayette when he came to pay his respects. Whether George assisted his mother there or not, she planted wisely, and undoubtedly the old garden formed one more link of love and understanding between Mary Washington and her son, just as it now forms a link between us and them, for surely they must have shared there some of the same joys and disappointments that we share today in our gardens.

Those of us who have known intimately some such old garden—planted and planned—may see in them more of sentiment than they deserve, but none can deny they were gardens of love into which went some part of the souls or personalities of their creators, as well as long hours of planning and planting and care. So it is easy to picture Mary Washington trailing her full skirts along the walks of her garden, taking into it her daily perplexities and problems, her prayers, and a Paisley shawl—and finding there comfort and God.

Our early American ancestors were “garden conscious.” No home was complete without a garden. Children learned their first lessons in planting and reaping through play-work in some little plot beside the gate or wall allotted for their care. Here they watched and weeded;
here they reaped the benefit of their own labors, gathering strength and wisdom—and sometimes stomach-aches from eating unwashed radishes!

Many of the old gardens were planted in definite designs—stars, wheels, triangles or in circular beds of Victorian manner. On large estates, such as Mount Vernon, wide expanses were landscaped in connection with the gardens, but town gardens were more compactly arranged and held a variety of plants. Many of them were divided into equal sections by means of walks that crossed in the middle. Most of them had dignity, simplicity, charm.

Mary Ball Washington's old English type garden is simple in design, beautiful, restful. A wide brick walk leads from the back steps straight through the plot, dividing what must have originally been the kitchen garden and the flower garden. Near the end of the walk are the old boxwoods planted by Mary Washington herself. They are twelve feet high at least, and very large around. Their descendants border the walk, and slips are rooted, placed in pots and sold to the public. A valuable souvenir!

The beds in “Honored Madam’s” garden are conservative, sturdy, oblong, and are placed near the walk, the portico and the border of shrubs and trees, leaving a clear expanse of green in the center where the original sundial reigns supreme. The beds are outlined by stones and dwarf boxwoods, and in them grow many of the old favorites—pinks, pansies, violets, narcissi, bleeding hearts, feather hyacinths, forget-me-nots, blue bells or grape hyacinths, the latter probably dug from the lawn at Wakefield, where they grow so thickly they paint April in blue glory from the water’s edge to steps below the door with a latch-string.

In Mary Washington’s garden we find some of her own calmness of spirit and self-control strangely transmitted. We find also the essential characteristics of a satisfactory garden anywhere. It is restrained; it is a place to be lived in and loved. It has space for outdoor enjoyment and a screening background of trees and shrubs. It subtly represents a strong, home-loving woman, such as could rear a George Washington and at the same time have in her “best room” woodwork of the “washboard” variety, and such other items of simplicity and dignity and beauty as are to be found in the old house and garden. In fact, the garden belongs to the house, the ivy-hung trees belong to the garden, the brick walk belongs to both, and all of them belong to the personality they represent.

Mary Washington’s garden is serene, sturdy, orderly, with nothing haphazard about it. A white picket fence secures it from trespassers, the wall of trees and shrubs insures privacy. Looking out from the dining room door, you see sunlight and sense the nearness of God. Old trees cast long shadows across the flower beds and the green sod to touch with tender grace the sundial in the center. There are no statues there, no pools to embellish the place, simply the sundial, still telling off time as it points uncompromisingly toward the blue sky. The plain dial might well bear the motto of the Ball family, which suggests so aptly an outstanding characteristic: “Coelumque Tueri” (And look to Heaven).
If we did not know it from the pages of history and through the gallant acts of her son, we might still read from this old garden that Mary Washington was “gifted with great faith, firmness and constancy of purpose, as well as with clear judgment and remarkable independence.” Through her boxwoods we might sense some of the “dignity and majesty of mien which awed in the midst of her kindness.”

To the left of the brick walk and not far from the portico is the detached kitchen, hugged by flowers and shrubs. Back of it is space for fruit trees and the kitchen garden where Mary Washington must have grown her herbs and plants from which she made her remedies for body ills—plants of old English stock—root, vital and lasting as the ideals of her race.

Mary Ball, like other women of her generation, had a thorough knowledge of practical botany and grew her flowers and herbs and small fruits for home comfort and consumption, compounding her own remedies. Medicines were scarce in that day, and housekeepers painstakingly informed themselves about such things, preparing and drying their own herbs against the needs of themselves, their families and their servants. Rhubarb, for instance, made delicious pies, and it was also dried, pounded and rolled into pills. Rue tea was used as a tonic. Mustard seed, beaten, made excellent plasters. Horseradish leaves were bruised to a pulp and applied to ease pain; the roots were ground and used for pickle and meat seasoning. Mullein, made into a warm pack, relieved earache. Squills, thyme and mint had many uses. Quince seed, boiled in water, made an excellent curling fluid for the hair.

In “Honored Madam’s” garden many old flower and fruit favorites still thrive; many more must have been there during her lifetime to lift their cups to the dew and rain, or catch the morning light and the evening glow. Very likely some of the roots and cuttings that went into Mary Washington’s garden came in saddlebags from Mount Vernon when her son rode the forty miles on horseback to visit her. Even though his mother “tried” him in her old age, there was always a close bond between them, and George Washington must have gathered in this old garden some of the wisdom that made him great and also humble enough to declare, “All that I am . . . I owe to my mother.”

As we say adieu to “Honored Madam’s” garden from the back door of her old home, let us thank her in our hearts for her planting, and also let us thank God for his wise planting of the Tree of Life in the midst of—a garden.
Loúisa at Forty-Six Settles Down

EDITH LE VAN FLINT

HEN Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, Honorary Vice-President General for Life, turned over her childhood home, in Detroit, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, she not only furnished a home, to the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, but she saved, for the City of the Straits, one of its few remaining landmarks.

Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac landed on the site of Detroit, July 23rd, 1701, and in this early settlement, many quaint Colonial Churches and homes were erected. But today Dynamic Detroit, in the hurry of her commercial advancement, has no one single example of that early building. The oldest authentic architectural examples, which this historic city has preserved, are early Victorian. And what is now known as the Louisa St. Clair Chapter House, is an outstanding specimen of that earlier period.

It was here, that Helen Newberry, now Mrs. Joy, spent her girlhood, in a home which was the cultural and intellectual center of exclusive old Detroit society. As the business center of the town pressed always closer, the home was closed and remained vacant until the World War, when it was used as a Red Cross center. From the sorrows of the war, a new work, called Occupational Therapy, came into being. And Newberry House was again known, through the Junior League, by its work with the handicapped. The crippled and the blind shuffled in and out and found new hope. The old house continued to serve.

But the grime, of an industrial city, bit deep into the gold brocaded walls, corroded the solid silver door knobs, obliterated the gold of the pipe organ tubes and dulled the hand-carved circassian walnut. The work of bringing out again, the hidden beauty of the home took courage, but with Mrs. Joy's constant help, the old manse is rapidly regaining its former loveliness and dignity. Our modern architects present first floor powder and cloak rooms as an innovation, but this old Detroit home built in 1876, has a most complete powder room on the first floor. Among other intriguing features of the house are the bath rooms, as large as the average size bedrooms, paneled and equipped in heavy, white mottled marble. The electric fixtures throughout the house are of Tiffany glass. The one in what was originally the dining room, but which now serves as a lounge, is especially lovely, being of sea green glass, surrounded by huge clusters of green grapes.

Several of the large marble statues formerly in the home have been restored and family paintings have found their way to their original walls. Many of the Chapter's earlier members, (Louisa is National number twenty), have presented heirloom pieces of furniture and many museum pieces of Sheraton and Chippendale grace the rooms.

Not the least of the attractions in the home is the welcoming hall, a reception room in itself. The large blue rug on this floor was purchased from the State, when the Michigan room in Memorial Continental Hall was refurbished, as was also the tapestry now used on the huge hall table.

The hall is dominated by a richly stained glass window, on a wide landing of the hand-carved stairway. And over an intricate mantel, flanked by life-sized marble figures, rests an ancient clock, bearing its Latin motto, "Carpe Diem," which had not run for thirty years—but which now ticks merrily on into a new era of Patriotic service for this gracious old home.
THE MISSION INN SOUVENIRS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Allis Miller Hutchings

EDITOR’S NOTE: Scattered here and there, in various parts of the United States, are numerous inns and watering places, which, for divers reasons, have become as justly famous as European resorts of similar character. During the next few months we will publish articles on several of these. The unique “Mission Inn” at lovely Riverside, in California, which is often called “The Williamsburg of the West” seems a suitable one with which to begin this series, especially as an account of the many historic bells treasured there forms a valuable supplement to Mrs. Coblentz’ article, “The Gift of Bells,” printed in the June (1938) issue. A picture of this Inn has already appeared in the department of “Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics” for September, 1938. Now Mrs. Hutchings, who lives there, has been kind enough to describe some of its many treasures for us.

Among the historic relics at Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, is an interesting eagle of carved wood. He is of heroic size, six feet long by nearly four feet tall. Many years ago he was one of Uncle Sam’s birds, and even if time and rough seas have washed off some of the gilt from his wings, the patriotic colors of red, white and blue still show on the shield grasped in his talons, and the olive branch, upon which he rests, faintly shines with gold paint.

The year of his great moment was 1858, when he adorned the stern of the Niagara, the American frigate which participated in the laying of the first cable across the Atlantic. The Niagara proceeded from Newfoundland with the cable, and was met in mid-ocean by a British boat with a cable fastened at Valentia, Ireland. After many unsuccessful attempts, seemingly unsurmountable difficulties were conquered, and the two ends were joined together and cable communications established between the old and new worlds.

The eagle is now spending a peaceful old age, still in an official capacity guarding the entrance to the Presidential Suite of Mission Inn, where he enjoys the attention of notables and other visitors to the Inn.

Other eagles are on the presidential shield and flag shown in the stained glass window, commemorating the visit to the Inn of President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903. Memories of Presidents fairly vibrate the bell hanging against the fireplace of this suite, as it is the bell of the yacht U. S. S. Sylph, formerly the presidential yacht before the Mayflower was commissioned. The Sylph was often used by President Roosevelt and also by President Taft, who, too, paid Mission Inn an official visit in 1909. It took an act of Congress to authorize the presentation of the bell to Frank Miller, the late master of Mission Inn, which was also made possible through the courtesy of Captain W. B. Sharp, the former captain of the Sylph. Many times has this bell been tolled in honor of our first President as the yacht would pass Mt. Vernon on its way up and down the Potomac.
An interesting souvenir of the Spanish American War is the bell from the Spanish cruiser Don Juan de Austria; the name engraved on its surface as well as Crucero 1889. The cruiser was one of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Montojo, captured and sunk in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, by Admiral Dewey. It lay under water until raised the next year and towed to Hongkong, where it was overhauled and used by the United States Navy during the Philippine insurrection and in other services until 1919. A carefully executed painting made by an itinerant Chinese artist in 1902 shows its trim lines as it plows through oriental waters under Uncle Sam's command. This interesting painting was presented to the Inn by Captain W. W. Gilmer, retired officer of the U. S. Navy who served on the boat during 1900-1902.

Another memento of the American occupancy of the Philippines is a rich silken banner of red and blue with a triangular portion of white, the handiwork of Filipino ladies of high caste of nearly forty years ago. As a gesture of patriotism it was presented to Emilio Aguinaldo, their country's leader. In the white is a gold embroidered sun with shining metal face, and across the body of the banner in gold letters are the words "Batallon Pampano". This was Aguinaldo's own personal banner, Pampango signifying the Filipino county in the island of Luzon which was headquarters for the Insurrectos. It was used by him until 1901 when he was captured by General Frederick Funston, commanding the American forces in the Philippine Islands.

The very old bell hanging near the banner was given Aguinaldo by the Katipunan Secret Society and was hung outside his quarters as an alarm bell. It is not of native origin, and was undoubtedly brought from Spain. The inside of the rim is much worn, giving evidence of long use in a Spanish chapel from which it was taken as loot at the time of the insurrection from Spain. The strong box of iron is also a souvenir of the patriot of the islands. It was the safe in which he kept important documents and things of value, besides the meager pay for his soldiers.

"Remember the Maine" is inscribed on a hand bell made from metal recovered from the wreck of that famous battleship, blown up in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898. One of the major engagements of the Spanish American War, of which the Maine disaster was an early incident, was the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba, made famous by the charge of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The souvenir of this charge is a heavy bell, blackened from conflict and lacking part of its rim. The missing piece is probably still at El Poso Hill at the hacienda there, which was under fire during the engagement.

The Evangeline bell is of romantic interest, rather than war worn, and is suspended on its graceful bracket as it was on the ship where its "bells"
proclaimed the passing hours for many years. Acadia, now Nova Scotia, was colonized by the French in the seventeenth century. In 1713 it became English territory, but the Acadians could not forget their French forefathers. There was much unrest, and in 1775 several thousand Acadians, whose loyalty was questioned, were deported to the English colonies along the Atlantic coast of North America. These were Evangeline's people, and the bell is from one of the transports sent out from Boston for the purpose of transporting her people to their new homes. The vessel was later wrecked and lay at the bottom of the sea off Nova Scotia for nearly a century before it was salvaged.

The celebrated New England patriot, Paul Revere, made excellent bells, which now, unfortunately for collectors, are extremely rare. Next best to possessing a real Paul Revere bell is having one which was rung at his urging on the night of his famous ride. Such a one is the Town Crier's Bell from Bedford, Massachusetts. It is a large size call bell with wooden handle and very penetrating tone. Some years ago the bell connoisseur, who previously owned it, had the following inscription traced on the surface: "This bell was rung on the morning of the 19th day of April, 1775, to arouse the people and farmers and tell them that Paul Revere had brought news that the British army was coming to destroy stores of ammunition at Concord, Massachusetts, and to attack them at Lexington, and there they met the foe. Here commenced the Revolutionary War in the early morning hours."

A reminder of the Russian interest as long as two centuries ago in the new lands across the Pacific is the very handsome bell from the island of Attu in the Aleutian group off Alaska. Over two hundred years ago it was sent by Catherine the Great of Russia to the Greek Catholic Church on the island. This famous ruler was very ambitious to extend the boundaries of her country and her religious faith to the new world. In the early days of the Spanish explorations of the Southwest, if the Spaniards had failed to claim California as a part of New Spain, it, with the lands to the north, would have fallen into the hands of the Russians. It was in 1867 that Russia transferred to the United States all its possessions in America. The bell is broken and has a gaping hole, not caused, however, from ill treatment. It was highly venerated by the natives of the scant settlement on Attu, who were broken hearted when the bell could no longer call them to their devotions. About fifteen years ago on a Christmas day, when the temperature was many degrees below zero, two pieces dropped from the bell as it was being tolled for prayers. The first boat to call at Attu after this calamity bore the beautiful bell southward with the heartfelt plea of the natives to exchange it for one with a voice. This was done, and now Catherine the Great's gift to Attu is numbered among the important historic souvenirs of "The Inn of the Bells."

Another church bell from an island far from the Arctic Circle, but from one of Uncle Sam's possessions in the Pacific, tells a story of true devotion and unselfish ministrations to stricken brothers. It is the bell from the church of St. Francis at the leper settlement on Molokai, one of the Hawaiian group. Here a Belgian priest, Joseph de Veuster, better known as Father
Damien, lived and ministered to the lepers. In 1863 he went as a missionary to the islands. After having spiritual charge of the settlement for twenty-five years he was stricken with the dread malady and died in 1889. For his unselfish devotion to his unfortunate brothers he will go down in history as one of the world’s heroes. This bell, too, has several broken pieces as the chapel where it hung for many years burned and the bell fell, thus necessitating a new bell.

A camel bell worn by a Moroccan camel and decorated with the American eagle and Stars and Stripes is reminiscent of a very unusual incident in the history of our country. In the 1850’s several camels were imported from Northern Africa for freight ing service between forts of the southwest long before the railways were built. A large group of camels and several native drivers were landed in Texas and brought to Los Angeles, California. For several years these alien animals carried supplies to the army cavalry garrisons across the arid wastes of the southwest. However, these ships of the desert did not take kindly to their army duties under a strange flag. The alkali hurt their feet; they became vicious and unmanageable after most of the native drivers had deserted. The army muleteers did not understand their value. At the outbreak of the Civil War, when the cavalry posts were practically abandoned with their soldiers doing service at the war fronts, the camels were turned loose on the desert, never to be reclaimed. Their bells went with them and this bell at MISSION INN is one of the few in existence today.

A church bell of crude workmanship, but one having the distinction of being made on the spot for which it was intended, is the Agua Mansa Bell. It was made by Mexicans of the Jenson Rancho in 1866 for the little adobe church at Agua Mansa on the banks of the Santa Ana River, near Riverside. Its inscription states that it is dedicated to “Our Lady of Guadalupe,” Mexico’s patron saint. As an act of devotion many pieces of jewelry, both in gold and silver, were thrown into the molten mixture during the casting. It is a most interesting reminder of the early days of California when the Spanish influence was still felt in the life of the original Californians.

The handsome and important looking Indian Peace Pipe, over three and one-half feet in length, adorning the fireplace of the presidential suite seems a very appropriate gift from a Minnesota friend to Frank Miller of MISSION INN, so well known for his ideals concerning world friendship. The bowl of the pipe is of red stone from the famous Minnesota Pipestone Quarries, which, with the Winnewissa Falls, are accepted by all the Red Race as sacred ground—their Garden of Eden. The Indians believe that the spot is the only place on earth which has forever been neutral ground with no war or hostile act ever committed on it—a pleasant place to consider in this world of conflict today.
1892—BICYCLING DAYS

A generation came to manhood and found its country roads in truly wretched state. Four million devotees of “safety,” often in the “Nineties” found crossroad signs puzzling, maps unintelligible, and farmers indifferent to their plight. Weary and lost, this feminine cyclist thought of her sailor hat as a storm approached.

1900—HORSELESS CARRIAGE TROUBLE

The breaking dawn of the twentieth century discovered another new thing upon the highways—a horseless carriage! Propelled by newly-discovered internal-combustion engines, the pioneer “benzine buggies” had many a mechanical defect to tax the patience and ingenuity of their drivers, and make them the laughingstock of the countryside.
The first transcontinental motor-vehicle tour was made in 1911. A Saurer motor truck, called the "Pioneer Freighter," weighing seven tons loaded, covered the fifteen-hundred-mile run from Denver to Los Angeles in sixty-six days. The four-man crew reported great need of road improvement in the Southwest.

Fostered by State aid since the advent of the bicycle, good roads had been extended by 1916 to the boundaries of some States, where travelers often found their progress halted by lack of similar initiative in the adjacent State. To promote the improvement of interstate routes Congress passed the Federal-aid Road Act.
1933—LAND SERVICE ROADS

In 1933 all road improvement was quickened by large grants made by the Federal Government to provide work for the unemployed. Speeding work on the main highways and city streets, the New Deal also for the first time extended Federal aid to the improvement of the farm-to-market roads.

1939—SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE

And so, at the end of our pictorial history of the highways of America, we salute an engineering masterpiece of the twentieth century—the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge! Product of the young and vigorous West, it typifies, in all its beauty and strength and its manifestly immense usefulness, the highways of tomorrow!
TWILIGHT filled the patio. Anne stood very still, waiting. Would no one answer her? What had happened to Ben? Her glance went swiftly to each in turn—were they afraid to tell her? Señora Ramirez was directing Ramon, who had come with a tray of food—steaming frijoles, peaches. (Did they think she could eat?) Mr. Reeves, with provoking nonchalance, was absorbed in lighting his pipe; the spark made by his flint-and-steel brought his pouting, puffing lips into sudden high relief. Mrs. Reeves, strangely indifferent, was straining her eyes over her knitting. Manuel, after the careless question which had set her heart to beating so painfully, was chasing Rosette across the court. The sound of vesper bells came floating through the quiet air.

"Please," cried Anne, "will no one tell me—what did they do to Ben?"

Mr. Reeves glanced at her, surprised at the tenseness of her voice.

"Why, my dear, thanks to Kit Carson, our young friend, Ben, got off easy. Astonishing, the influence that man Carson has!" Mr. Reeves puffed in silence a moment before continuing.

"If it hadn’t been for him Ben would have had a jail sentence of God knows how long, and a heavy fine to boot. Carson got him clean off the jail sentence, and even had the alcalde reduce the fine to a reasonable amount. On the condition, however, that Ben leave town—and stay away."

"Oh!" breathed Anne. "He is safe then!"

"Safe as long as he stays out of town! These Bonillas are like Almighty God around here."

"Alden!" chided his wife.

"Well," replied Mr. Reeves, "they take the law into their own hands. Ben’s life won’t be worth a peso if any one of the Bonillas catches sight of him within shooting distance!"

"Where is he now?"

"Carson took him away to Taos."

At that instant a knock sounded at the outer door of the patio. Ramon hastened to answer the summons.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Señora Ramirez, giving her hair a little pat and looking expectantly toward the entrance. Could it be the Romeros or—

The question was answered by the appearance of Ben, striding from the shadow of the doorway without waiting for Ramon to announce him.

"Good evening, ma’am!" he said, bowing to Señora Ramirez.

She drew back stiffly. "How dare you come to this house?" she exclaimed.

There was a shocked silence, broken by Mr. Reeves nervously clearing his throat. Ben stopped short in the act of greeting the others.

"I—don’t understand," he began, staring at her in bewilderment.

"You start a common brawl in the Palace of the Governor—you assault and injure the son of one of my best friends and are arrested like a thief—and then you presume to call at my house! I must ask you to leave, sir, at once!"

Ben remained motionless for a moment. Then said abruptly, "I wish you good evening, ma’am," and walked quickly away.

He ... stunned by Señora Ramirez’s harshness. He overtook Ben at the puerta and together they disappeared into the street.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeves, "how could the boy be so rash as to linger in Santa Fe! And Isabel, how can you be so hardhearted?"

Dona Isabel shut her lips firmly together. "It is all very well," she said, "for you to talk so. You are leaving in a day or two—
for you it is just an incident. But I live here. The Romeros and the Bonillas are my friends. And besides I am a widow—I cannot afford to let outlaws come to my house. Believe me, you overrate that young man—you are positively sentimental about him!

“I do like the boy,” answered Mrs. Reeves. “I can’t see anything but rashness and youthful folly in his behavior.”

Señora Ramirez walked toward the sala. “Lola,” she called sharply, “bring a light at once!”

For her the incident was closed. When she formed an opinion of a person she seldom altered it. Possibly she resented Ben because her own son could never attain such physical perfection. At any rate she heartily disliked the young American.

In a few minutes Mr. Reeves returned. He found his wife and Anne still sitting in the deepening twilight of the patio.

“Well,” he said, “the lad is gone—just in time too! He had barely disappeared up the road to Taos when young Bonilla came along with two or three friends. There can be no doubt what their errand was. They evidently thought he might be here—on account of Anne! So we can thank Doña Isabel after all for her reception of Ben! If she’d been more cordial he would undoubtedly have stayed longer and——”

He shrugged his shoulders eloquently. Sitting down heavily beside his wife he drew out his pipe and continued, “Ben will not be going with us to Chihuahua. Instead he expects to join a party going to the Sacramento Valley. It seems that the rumor is true—there is gold there!” He sighed and passed a thick palm over his head with its thinning hair. “If I was ten years younger I’d try my luck along with ‘em!”

“Yes, you would!” exclaimed his wife, giving his arm an affectionate squeeze. “You need nine lives like a cat to do all you’d like to do!”
Then they fell to making plans for departure from Santa Fe. The caravan for Chihuahua would be ready in a day or two.

Anne was glad of the shield of darkness which hid the tears that overflowed. She told herself she was crying from relief, that she was glad beyond measure he was safe and had gone to Taos to that good man, Kit Carson. She told herself she was glad he would go far away—to the Sacramento Valley—nearly to the Pacific Ocean! Far from these bloodthirsty Bonillas! Ah yes, she was glad! But in her heart she knew she was weeping because he had not looked at her. He had stood near her, then had gone without a word, without even one glance in her direction. She reproached herself bitterly for not having come to his defense when he had stood there looking so bewildered by Señora Ramirez's reception of him. Why had she not stepped forward and made it clear to all of them—but most of all to Ben—that she did not blame him, that she was glad Mr. Carson had befriended him. And now it was too late! He was gone, without even saying good-bye to her. Probably she would never see him again!

In the days that followed an idea took shape and grew to a determination. It was an idea that had had its inception during the long days and nights on the plains, as she lay in the jolting covered wagon, brooding over the terrible catastrophe that had left her alone in the world. Later Ben, his devotion and ardor and her half-willing response had confused her. But now that Ben was gone and the chance of seeing him again so remote as to be negligible, she could see more clearly.

She recalled the long talk she had had with Father Nolan. "Only those who dedicate themselves to the service of the Lord find peace," he had said. What better way could there be of serving the Lord than to renounce the world entirely? Her mind was made up—she would become a nun. She would devote her life to prayer and fasting and good works. And surely, as Father Nolan had declared, peace would come.

She refrained from telling Mr. and Mrs. Reeves of her resolution. Instinctively she felt they would oppose it because in their easy-going philosophy the world was made for enjoyment. Her affection for them was so great that she shrank from their disapproval. Not yet did she feel strong enough to combat their opposition. She would tell them when they returned from Chihuahua.

The caravans had gone. The one returning to Missouri left at daybreak, its wagons bearing silver and gold ingots, jewelry of exquisite filigree work, Spanish shawls, fans, Indian and Mexican blankets and rugs. Dark-eyed girls ran barefooted beside the lumbering oxen, waving gay or tearful farewells to certain of the drivers, who shouted promises of undying love in halting, newly acquired Spanish. What tales these rough and hardy frontiersmen would tell as they sat over their campfires on the long trek across the plains!

Only five wagons were going on to Chihuahua. They left the day after the departure of the caravan eastward.

Mrs. Reeves held Anne in a close, motherly embrace at parting. "Take good care of yourself, my dear," she said. "We will be back by Easter—I trust—and I hope you will come to Chicago with us. I always longed for a daughter!"

Anne felt guilty then that she had not told this good, kind friend of her intention of entering a convent. But the news must wait now till the Reeves returned to Santa Fe in the spring.

So the wagons disappeared over the low foothills and the red dust settled again on the sleepy little town. The market place looked deserted. The United States Hotel, which provided "chicken fixin's and corn doin's" for the Easterners as well as frijoles and tortillas for the Mexicans, closed up most of its rooms. Ebenezer Spindle, the proprietor—"long Eben" he was called—cut himself a sizable plug of Virginia tobacco and turned to reckoning up his earnings. Until the next caravan hove in sight on the loma southeast of the town he was free to devote his attention to his gambling pursuits with the soldiers from Fort Marcy.

The dark-eyed girls sat again in the doorways dreamily combing their long hair, wondering when the caravans would return bringing los Americanos with their strange ways.
The departure of the Reeves and Betsy Carr brought to Anne a sense of loss that added much to her depression. Besides her feeling of loneliness and her sadness over Ben’s going, still another concern oppressed her. How could she reconcile herself with Consuelo? She longed so much for the friendship of this charming girl.

“If I could only see her, Manuel,” she said as she and the boy sat in the patio one morning after breakfast. Señora Ramirez was busy with household matters and they were alone except for Maria, who puttered about among the flowers.

“But she won’t see you,” replied Manuel, “because she thinks you stole her sweetheart away from her.”

“Can’t she be persuaded it isn’t true?” asked Anne.

“How could you persuade her? Actions speak louder than words!” he said sententiously. He felt important, grown-up, almost older than Anne.

“Suppose I should tell her something that I am going to tell you now—it’s a secret, I haven’t even told your mother yet!”

“What?” asked Manuel, drawing closer to her on the bench, his big eyes sparkling with sudden interest.

Anne lowered her voice. “I have made up my mind to be a nun!”

“O—ooh!” It was a prolonged exclamation of mingled astonishment and protest. “But, Anne, if you do you can’t wear pretty dresses or dance!”

“I know—but I shan’t mind that.”

“Does Father Nolan know?”

“Oh yes, he helped me to decide. It is the only way I shall ever have peace.”

“Peace? Peace?” repeated Manuel, staring at Anne, puzzled. Of course girls were different, but even so, how could anyone wish to be shut away from people in a convent? He moved restlessly. If it were not for his back he would not be still a moment. And when he grew up he would go everywhere, up and down the world, never resting. Furthermore he would avoid all pain if he could. He thought of the flagelantes, those curious persons who—so Maria told him—lashed themselves with whipcords till the blood ran from their backs. If one had to serve God one of two ways—either by shutting oneself up or inflicting pain on oneself—he would choose the latter. After all he was used to pain. More people, however, seemed to choose the other—even men. He had read about them. There was Saint Francis, for instance, and saint—Oh, there were lots of them! But they were old and Anne was young. In her ignorance of Mexican ways she sometimes seemed even younger than himself. How good she was! He gazed at her in awe.

Anne went on talking. “When Consuelo knows I am going into a convent she will realize how impossible it would be for me to even try to steal her sweetheart, and then we can be friends. I want so much to have her for a friend.”

That evening she told Señora Ramirez of her resolution. They were sitting in the patio as usual after supper. Diablo had betaken himself to his favorite perch in the tamarisk tree, where he muttered and chuckled to himself. Rosette sat at Anne’s feet, her eyes round, alert for the nightly chase of fireflies in the dusk of the shrubbery.

“Señora Ramirez,” began Anne hesitantly. Suddenly it seemed hard to say. “I—have decided what I wish to do. You remember Mrs. Reeves said she hoped I would have my mind made up when they came back from Chihuahua?”

“Yes,” answered Doña Isabel, pausing a moment in her fanning. “Well, child,” she added as Anne hesitated, “what have you on your mind?”

Anne bent over and stroked Rosette a moment before replying. “I am going to be a nun,” she said finally.

Dona Isabel regarded her speculatively for a moment before replying.

“You are quite sure you will not regret it?” she asked at last. “I thought at one time I would go into a convent. Then I met Señor Ramirez. I remember it all as if it were yesterday. I was coming from church and it was raining. I dropped my purse. He was passing. He picked it up and handed it to me with a deep bow. Spanish caballeros are always so polite. He was more Spanish than Mexican—well, as I was saying, he gave me my purse and, as he put it, ‘one look into my blue eyes and it, was all over with him!’ He was in St. Louis on a trading expedition. When he returned to Santa Fe I went with him. I
had a beautiful wedding. I was married in the cathedral and wore my mother's wedding veil."

She paused for breath and took up her fan. It had been a day of extreme heat. The oleanders in the patio drooped. Anne was silent and Doña Isabel resumed. "I tell you this, my dear, because the same thing may happen to you."

"No," replied Anne, shaking her head. "I'm sure it won't."

"Tut, child! How can you be sure at your age?"

"Because—because," began Anne hesitantly, "if—no! I am sure it won't happen to me—ever—not now!"

"Well," said Doña Isabel, divining something of what was in Anne's mind, "if it's that young man, Ben, you are thinking about, you are well rid of him!"

"Please," begged Anne in a low voice, "do not—speak of him. I—I think you are unjust to him, but anyway that is finished. He is gone and I don't expect ever to see him again."

"It is of course for you to decide, child. I only want you to be perfectly sure. Father Nolan can help you in this matter—no doubt you have talked to him about it?"

"Yes—he is sure it is the right thing for me to do."

"What convent had you in mind?"

"I haven't decided. I should like to enter St. Ursula's—I went to school there—but New Orleans is so far away! When Mr. and Mrs. Reeves go back to Chicago I shall go with them and perhaps enter one there."

"Well, there is plenty of time to decide. Tomorrow we go to stay a week with my friends, the Romeros. Their hacienda is in the hills where it is cool."

Anne was excited at the prospect of seeing Consuelo again. Early the next morning the ancient coach of the Ramirez family was driven up to the door by Pablo. Doña Isabel, Anne, Manuel, and the little maid, Lola, stowed themselves away inside. Maria bobbed a farewell in the doorway, promising to take good care of Rosette and Diablo and to make sure that the oleanders were watered daily.

It was good to leave behind the narrow, dusty streets which in a few hours would be oppressive in the heat and teeming with naked children, goats and dogs. Along the irrigation ditches the dew still beaded the tall gray stalks of the chimisa and the rich yellow blooms of the roses of Castile. The road led across sandy stretches where yuccas—the so-called "candles of the Lord"—their white flames burnt out, spread long bristling bayonetlike leaves above the sunbaked earth. Here and there patches of wild verbena flared with purple so vivid that the dark green of the cedars and pinons on the hills beyond was restful to the eye. Two mounted Mexican servants sent by Señor Romeros accompanied the carriage. No family attempted a journey of any distance without an armed escort. One never knew when a band of Apaches might be lying in ambush among the foothills. As the road began to climb, small ranch houses came into view, each with its garden patch, goats and chickens. From the flat roofs hung strings of chili ripening in the blazing sun. It was afternoon when the travelers arrived at the end of their journey.

The hacienda of the Romeros clung to a hillside covered with peach and apple orchards overlooking a valley with a vista of desert, mesa and mountain. The high adobe walls, enclosing living quarters, stables and courtyards, looked not unlike a fortress—as indeed in its time the hacienda had been more than once. Señor Romeros's grandfather had built the walls and had died, musket in hand, defending them against an Indian attack. Señor Romeros, known familiarly as Don Felipe, was fond of telling the story of the old man's heroism. "The last of the old aristocracy died with him," he said. "There are no caballeros of the old school any more. The Americans are corrupting us!" Nevertheless he confessed that the two years he had spent in the States at Harvard College were among the most enjoyable of his life.

Tall and distinguished, with iron-gray hair, dark eyes and aquiline nose, he stood now at the entrance to the hacienda to welcome his guests.

"Ah, Doña Isabel, how well you look!" he said. "You grow younger every year! And this is la señorita Anne Guillotte who dared surpass my Consuelo at the ball! Manuel, God bless you! Bienvenido! My house is yours!" Don Felipe bowed low, Spanish fashion.
His wife, Doña Cristina, hastened forward and added her greetings to those of her husband. She was a stately woman in her late forties, with more than a remnant left of former beauty.

"Where is Consuelo?" asked Manuel. "Anne has good news for her—she is going to be a nun, so Consuelo can have Don Fernando again for her Galanteador."

"Manuel!" Doña Isabel turned horrified eyes on her son. Anne felt her cheeks grow hot. She wished the floor would open and swallow her.

"Well," retorted Manuel coolly, "it is true. I shall find Consuelo myself and tell her!" He hastened away, a queer, lopsided little figure in his white cambric shirt, scarlet sash and green velvet trousers.

Don Felipe laughed and led the way to the sala, a long room richly furnished with old carved furniture and soft rugs. On the walls hung faded portraits, mirrors and pictures of saints between sconces of Spanish silver. An Indian servant entered with the afternoon chocolate and sopapillas—fluffy little cakes of puff pastry—on a silver tray.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before Manuel returned, holding Consuelo by the hand. Her eyes were brimming with laughter but her face was flushed. Anne rose quickly to meet her. Consuelo embraced her warmly, exclaiming, "It has all been explained—Don Fernando acted as he did to plague that clum-zee Americano, Ben you call him! As for the other—you being chosen la mujer bella—you are more beautiful than I so—"

"Oh, I'm not!" cried Anne. "You are the most beautiful person I've ever seen—and the sweetest!"

Consuelo's laughter bubbled over. "Don't be too sure of that! Perhaps what Manuel has just told me had something to do with my so forgiving welcome!"

Don Felipe's three sons, their wives and children lived on the estate, each family having its own living quarters and patio. The old Don and his sons rose early to look after their fields and orchards, their flocks of sheep and herds of cows and horses. Doña Cristina and her daughters-in-law supervised the sewing and weaving, the grinding of the chili and the blue cornmeal, the baking and the cooking. It was a busy household. Anne, listening to the strange Spanish voices, watching the dark-skinned Indian slaves and lightly clothed Mexicans, sometimes felt alien and lonely. The very sky in its hard brilliancy, curving like a blue china bowl over the orchards and far stretches of desert and mountain, seemed unfamiliar, not at all like the misty blue that hung above the moss-draped trees, the canebrakes and bayous of her native state.

Throughout the visit Consuelo's joyousness sharpened the prick of restlessness in Anne's heart. Yet she wanted her friend to be happy. Where then was the peace Father Nolan said would come when she had made up her mind to renounce all earthly happiness? Why could she not rejoice in Consuelo's joy in loving and being loved instead of dwelling on how it might have been if she herself had realized sooner the state of her own heart? If only she had had the courage that last evening in the patio to stand up for Ben, to let him know her real feelings! But even so why did not Consuelo's happiness make her glad? Sadly she wondered if envy must be added to her increasing list of faults.

On the last day of the visit the girls were sipping their early morning chocolate together, as was their habit. Consuelo slipped into Anne's room just after the servant, with a cheerful "May God give you a good day," had entered and thrown wide the shutters letting in a whiff of cool mountain air and a flood of brilliant sunlight. On the tray with the chocolate was a folded square of paper which Consuelo, blushing, seized with quick fingers. Anne regarded wistfully the glow of pride and happiness on the other girl's face. According to the custom of the country Don Fernando might not call upon his fiancée while negotiations for the marriage settlement were pending, but he could and did send frequent letters, conveyed clandestinely by servants. If only, thought Anne, Ben had written—sent one little message before leaving for California! Just one little hint that he did not despise her for letting him go without a word!

She roused herself from these reflections and began to dress. Consuelo, in a ruffled white nightgown, sat on a bench near the open window reading her love letter, a happy light in her dark eyes. Anne, trying despairingly to understand her own unruly
impulses and feelings, decided that the reason she could not rejoice wholeheartedly in her friend's happiness was because Consuelo's lover was Ben's enemy.

At last Consuelo folded her letter, tucked it up her sleeve and in her charmingly impulsive way ran up to Anne and embraced her.

"Am I not lucky," she asked, "that I have so great love for the one my parents selected for me? My friend, Eloisa, is wasting away to a shadow because she does not like her
chosen one, but she can do nothing about it. He is middle-aged and fat but rich.”

Consuelo burst into a gay little song as she braided her blue-black hair in two long braids. Anne felt a momentary coolness toward Consuelo for rejoicing so openly in the love of the man who had tried to harm Ben. Life seemed suddenly very complicated, or rather it was her own heart that was confused. This, she told herself, was doubtless because she had permitted her selfish longing for earthly happiness to cloud her resolution to renounce the world and dedicate herself to God. Resolutely she put the thought of Ben out of her mind. By the time she was dressed she was able to respond to Consuelo’s light chatter and to listen quite cheerfully to the wedding plans.

The two girls passed the day in pleasant idleness. They fed sunflower seeds to the mockingbirds in their amole cages and wandered about from one courtyard to another, pausing to watch the women at their weaving or the men at their leather tooling and saddle making. The wine of mountain air and sunshine stung Anne’s cheeks and permeated her body with a tonic sense of well-being in spite of the weight on her spirits. She was sorry to be going back to town tomorrow.

As for Manuel, he openly rebelled at leaving the hacienda. He had spent the day with the men in the orchards. Late in the afternoon when the shadow of the distant mesa lay long across the desert and the mountains were a purple stain on the gold of the western sky, he came riding into the outer court perched on the driver’s seat of a cart loaded with peaches and melons. Sunburn gave a robust look to his thin face and his eyes were shining with happiness. At sight of Anne and Consuelo, who were crossing the yard with their arms full of flowers, he shouted, “I picked three whole baskets by myself! Bernardo says I worked like a man!”

He slid to the ground and joined the girls. “I shall make Mamacita let me stay here. Consuelo, you tell her Bernardo needs me to help him pick peaches.”

“I’ll do what I can,” she replied laughingly.

Manuel showed her a blister on his small, grubby palm. “Bernardo says my hands will be hardened to climbing the trees in a week,” he said proudly.

Don Felipe did not hold with the Mexican custom of segregating the sexes at meals. On this particular night he had invited his sons and their wives to dine with him to do honor to the departing guests. Candles flared in the tall silver candlesticks, bringing out soft tints of mauve and cream on the rounded surfaces of plum and peach piled high on silver plates. Indian servants entered noiselessly, bearing great platters of food.

Señora Ramirez picked up her spoon of paper-thin Spanish silver and daintily broke the tender, round meat ball swimming in the thick, rich soup. “I wish Josefina could make albondigas like these!” she said. “Anne, you and I should have kept a little notebook of the delectable things we have had to eat here!”

Anne smiled, but she was less interested in the food than the conversation going on about her.

Don Adolfo, Don Felipe’s eldest son, had just returned from Santa Fe. “So,” he was saying, “he must go all the way back to Mexico to bring his credentials. Father Nolan and Father Onate refuse to recognize him as their bishop.”

Señora Ramirez pricked up her ears. “What’s that—a bishop in Santa Fe? Good! It is high time! Who is he?”

“Bishop Lamy,* he calls himself, but, as I was saying, our priests there refuse to recognize him. How can they be sure he is not an impostor?”

“What a situation!” exclaimed one of the young wives, a pretty little matron whose long pendant pearl earrings bobbed against her plump cheeks as she ate. “Well,” remarked Señora Ramirez, “you can’t blame Father Nolan! Ah,” she added as a plate of enchiladas was set before her—enchanting stacks of blue cornmeal cakes spread between with raw, chopped onions and melted cheese, a fried egg staring like an eye from the top—“your cook is an artist, no mistake!”

“The bishop, if he is a bishop, was not at all upset by his reception,” went on Don Adolfo. “He crossed the river and opened

* For the sake of continuity, I have slightly antedated Bishop Lamy’s arrival in New Mexico.
up services in the old church of San Miguel."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Señora Ramirez, "a bishop—if, as you say, he is a bishop—at San Miguel! Why, no one but Indians and peons will ever go there to hear him!"

San Miguel! thought Anne, the oldest church! Perhaps I shall really see it at last! Somehow it appealed to her—the idea of a bishop, rejected, going among the lowly to preach.

"I think," she spoke unexpectedly, "that that proves he really is the bishop!"

The faces around the table turned to her—brown and alien faces, but not unfriendly. Anne blushed and added nervously, "I mean—an impostor would be angry, while a really good person like—like Christ would just go quietly about preaching to the poor people."

Dona Cristina smiled at Anne, the innumerable fine wrinkles about her dark eyes spreading fanwise on her lean cheekbones. "I believe those are true words, Anita mia!" she said.

The meal progressed through the inevitable chili con carne and frijoles to the dessert, a rich bread pudding with layers of apples, butter and sugar, with cheese browned on top dusted with cinnamon and served with a sauce of hot wine.

After supper there was an impromptu dance in the sala in which the children joined, though they had eaten in a room apart.

"I wish," cried Consuelo at the end of the evening, "that I was going back to town with you!" She put her arm about Anne. Her face was flushed and her hair disheveled from the dance. "In town one often is serenaded! Here it is so far—but even here it has happened!" Her eyes were bright with reminiscence. "Perhaps we shall go to Santa Fe for the fiesta in September."

Early the next morning Don Felipe and his wife were up to bid their guests Godspeed. A servant brought a huge basket of fruit and stowed it under the seat of the carriage. Anne, looking back as the carriage started down the long hill, caught a last glimpse of the old Don and his Lady standing against a bright background of hollyhocks.

It was Sunday morning, a day or two after their return to Santa Fe. The bells of San Francisco, the parish church, and those of the castrense, or soldiers' chapel, pealed out through the blue air calling the faithful to worship. Señora Ramirez, dressed for church, waited in the patio for Manuel. Anne, in a straw poke bonnet and thin dress of sprigged muslin, clasped and unclasped her hands in their white, open-work mitts. "Doña Isabel," she began timidly.

"Yes?" Señora Ramirez turned toward her inquiringly. "But that is across the river! No one goes there, no one who is anyone! I am not even sure services are held there regularly."

"The new bishop is to be there—Maria told me."

"The new bishop! But it is not yet proven he is the bishop. If or when it is, you may be sure I shall be the first to do him honor."

"I should like to go there this morning. May I go with Maria?"

Señora Ramirez hesitated. She did not approve of the idea at all, but there was a determined look about Anne which belied her hesitating manner. After all she had no authority over the girl.

"Very well," she replied, "but I shall feel easier about your going if you take Pablo along too."

"And Maria?"

Pablo, besides being the coachman, was general errand boy and escort for the household.

"At last," exulted Anne to herself, "I am going to see l'église la plus vieille!" She and Maria, followed by Pablo, went along the narrow, winding streets that led across the Santa Fe River, a mere trickle running north and south through the town. Here over two centuries ago the conquering Spaniards had erected a church for the Tlascalan Indians. The weathering of the years had crumbled the corners. Anne thought it had a battered look as if the long struggle with wind and rain and sun were admittedly now
a losing one and the old church had settled down to slow decay. But all the more did she reverence it. What a refuge it must have been in times past, with its thick adobe walls and great square tower!

As she stepped over the crumbling doorstep she could at first see nothing in the narrow beams of light that fell through the high slits of windows except the motley crowd of Mexicans and Indians standing with bowed heads. There were no seats. The service had begun. The pleasant, resonant voice of the unseen priest had an arresting quality, a note of authority. More people entered, half naked Indians and gaily clad Mexicans. Anne and Maria were forced toward the center of the church into the thick of the crowd. When her eyes became accustomed to the dimness Anne could see, close under the heavy roofbeams, the cross at the top of the altar. Beneath the cross and apparently supporting it was some wood carving that spread fanwise above a dingy, scarcely discernible painting.

“I am really here at last,” she thought with awe. “This is l'église la plus vieille that Sister Boniface used to talk about!” How long ago it seemed since Sister Boniface, her kind eyes beaming through her spectacles at the little group of eager girls, had told the story of those Spanish padres of old who pushed their way through the wilderness to plant the Cross of the Holy Faith in a new land! Their good work prospered. A hundred years later Santa Fe was the Royal City of the Holy Faith, and whenever the bishop's carriage drew near after the long journey from Mexico it was greeted by salute of cannons and ringing of bells. How the silver trappings of the horses and mules must have glittered in the blazing sunlight! And now, in a still-later century, when a bishop rides into the same city he comes unattended and is rejected by the people he came to bless! So, mused Anne, had Christ been rejected.

The voice went on, deep-toned, finely modulated, flexible. Anne wished she could see the man to whom it belonged. But the crowd hemmed her in. Her shoulder pressed the arm of a swarthy peon whose breath reeked unpleasantly of brandy. There were many others like him and the odor of close-packed, unwashed bodies grew stifling. But for the spell-binding power of the voice she felt she could not have endured it.

Maria plucked her arm, noticing with alarm the girl's trembling hands and pale face. “Señorita,” she whispered, “you will be sick. Let us go from here—the good God will understand and pardon!”

Anne shook her head. She would remain. The tremor that had alarmed Maria was caused more by excitement than fatigue, for Anne had just decided upon a bold course of action. She would wait after the service and see the bishop, talk to him! Everything she had heard about him marked him as a personage of great courage and goodness. Surely such a one could help her! If only she could unburden her heart to him, pour out all its longings and contradictions!

The air grew more stifling. Maria put her arm around Anne's waist, supported with her own strong, wiry little frame the girl's drooping figure. At last the tinkling of the bell announced the communion and presently the service was at an end. The crowd surged and pressed about them.

“Maria,” said Anne, “I am going to speak to him!”

“To the good Father?” asked Maria, aghast. “But he has said it this morning—he will come again later to hear the confession and to baptize and bless. Mass has been overlong now, Senorita, and la Doña Isabel must already wait for us at la casa.”

“I will see him now and talk with him,” replied Anne firmly, “that is, if he will allow me.”

The church emptied slowly till at last only Maria and Anne and the black-and-white-robed figure remained. Pablo lingered outside. Still Bishop Lamy stood lost in thought before the ancient, dingy altar. Perhaps he, too, was recalling the days when a bishop in the City of Faith wore a miter of gold and embroidered chasubles studded with pearls—when the monstrance was of gold and the ciborium set with precious stones! If such were his thoughts, they occasioned in his mind no envy or discontent, for the expression of his noble, strong-featured face was one of great serenity. Still young, there was an air of health and vigor about his well-built figure.
Anne approached timidly.

"Father!" she said scarcely above a whisper.

Bishop Lamy turned quickly. "Yes, my child. Can I be of any help to you?" His penetrating yet welcoming glance gave Anne courage.

"If," she faltered, "I might talk to you for only a few minutes!"

"Certainly, my child," he answered courteously and with such kindliness that the overwrought girl burst into tears.

Bishop Lamy laid his hand lightly on her bowed head and waited for the paroxysm to pass. Presently Anne was able to speak more calmly.

"I have been so puzzled," she began lamely. "I no sooner decide what seems best and right for me to do than—than suddenly it seems no longer the right thing and I am all mixed up!"

The bishop did not smile as he sympathetically replied, "No state of mind is more distressing. But come," he added, "you are fatigued with standing so long. We must find a place for you to sit down and then you may tell me as much as you wish."

He peered into the dusky corners of the old church.

"Look, Padre," cried Maria from the doorway, "here is a bench beside the door-step!"

The bishop considered the dilapidated wooden bench indicated by Maria. It stood in the full blaze of the noon sun against the crumbling old wall.

"This will do very well," he said, "but we will have it inside." With Pablo's help he dragged it into the dim interior.

"There, my child," he said gently, "be seated. Some day, no doubt, there will be benches even in this old church, so people may be more at ease during Mass."

Anne, more tired than she had realized, was glad to sink down on the ancient, dusty bench. The bishop seated himself beside her, and soon Anne was pouring out the whole story of her life, dwelling particularly on the griefs and perplexities of the last few months.

"You see, Father," she said at the end, "I desire earnestly to be a nun if—if Ben should never come back. And," she paused, sighing deeply, "of course it is most unlikely he ever will—now."

"You think so?" asked the bishop gently. "Yes. You see he would have sent me a message of—of farewell before he set out on the long journey to California if—if he still—" Her voice trailed into silence.

For a moment Bishop Lamy did not reply. Thoughtfully, keenly, he observed the young girl beside him. He noted the firm modelling of her slender figure; the strong, proud set of her head—for all its modest drooping of the moment; the width of her shoulders, the fire in her soft gray eyes when she talked of Ben; the beauty in the curve of cheek and chin. Here was no ascetic. However, if the world should use her hardly and disappointment be her lot, a convent years hence might indeed be her refuge. Her kind, he was well aware, made superb members of the Sisterhood. He could easily envisage her in middle age as a Mother Superior. On the other hand he could as easily envisage her as the mother of tall sons.

Rousing himself, he saw once more before him only a troubled young girl, little more than a child, who waited his advice.

"My daughter," he said, "there are many ways of serving God. At your age it is not easy to decide which way is best for a whole lifetime. I suggest that you put off the final decision until such time as you feel a clear call one way or the other. To enter a convent as a nun dedicated to the Lord's service in fasting and prayer, is good only when one's heart is sure of peace in so doing. To go about among the poor and lowly doing errands of mercy is also good, but again, only when the heart finds true joy in such works. Many there are whose hearts find their greatest joy and even peace living in the world, partaking fully of its joys and sufferings. When such is the case they also are blessed. Each according to his nature serves God best by fulfilling the deepest longing of that nature, always, of course, presupposing one earnestly desires the good not only for oneself but for mankind as well."

There was a long silence, broken at last by Anne. "But," she said, "I've always been very—very religious. If I decide now to be a nun I shall, I know, be able to forget—the world and—" she hesitated.

"Do you not think," asked the bishop, "that the world has need of very religious
persons? True religion is not a fragile thing that needs to be enclosed in convent walls in order to thrive! The world, dear child, has need of it. This America of yours with its expanding frontiers has need of strong, fine-fibered, religious men and women who will found homes in the wilderness, homes overflowing with sturdy children, each home a little city of faith! I can think of no more splendid destiny for a woman than to be the center of such a home."

He ceased to speak. Stillness pervaded the ancient church. Anne sat in rapt contemplation of the picture Bishop Lamy had envisioned. A home in the wilderness with Ben—but Ben had gone!

The bishop, watching her, saw the troubled look return.

"Faith means belief in the goodness of God," he said softly. "And I have always felt that the Lord likes to see people enjoy his benefits, not just accept them with a long face and formal thanks!" Then after a pause he added gently, "Your great loss and grief have made you overfearful of not doing right. Do not trouble yourself yet with decisions for the future. Live each day with a willingness to accept whatever it brings. And do not be afraid to accept joy if it should turn up at your doorstep!"

For the first time a smile lighted up the bishop's face, giving it a look of peculiar sweetness. Anne felt at once purified and light of heart.

"Father," she said, "may I have your blessing?" She knelt while he said a prayer and blessed her.

The buoyancy of spirit that had come to her in the church remained with Anne throughout the hot Sunday afternoon. Doña Isabel had been intensely curious about the new bishop.

"Though of course, my dear, it hasn't been proved yet he is a bishop," she said softly. "And I have always felt that the Lord likes to see people enjoy his benefits, not just accept them with a long face and formal thanks!" Then after a pause he added gently, "Your great loss and grief have made you overfearful of not doing right. Do not trouble yourself yet with decisions for the future. Live each day with a willingness to accept whatever it brings. And do not be afraid to accept joy if it should turn up at your doorstep!"

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"Though of course, my dear, it hasn't been proved yet he is a bishop," she said, panting in the heat after a hearty dinner of chicken smothered in sherry and herbs and green peppers stuffed and fried.

Anne made no reply. She was serenely sure Bishop Lamy had been appointed bishop, but Doña Isabel would be convinced only when he returned from Mexico with his credentials which the Bishop of Durango had apparently seen fit to keep to himself.

"I wish we had stayed at the hacienda longer!" exclaimed Manuel fretfully. The heat was intense and he was venting his discomfort and ill temper on Rosette, pulling her tail and teasing her unmercifully. The cat had taken refuge under a carved bench, from the shelter of which she regarded her tormentor with sleepy but watchful eyes.

There was bull baiting going on in the pen beyond the Plaza. Shouts and an occasional bellow from the outraged bull were wafted on heat waves across the intervening distance.

"When I grow up," remarked Manuel after one of these outbursts, "I am going to Mexico—or maybe, Spain, and be a toreador! I think it will be Spain because that is farther away."

So the afternoon wore on. The sun set in a bank of blue-black thunderheads. Manuel took refuge with Maria and begged for a story. The old woman was full of ancient tales of magic and witchcraft. Anne and Señora Ramirez sat in the patio, chatting.

As they talked darkness came on, but the air was still oppressive. Heat lightning played fitfully over the patio. Señora Ramirez rose.

"I shall go to bed," she said, yawning and closing her fan with a snap. "Maria," she raised her voice, "send Manuel along to bed. He will be cooler there than anywhere else." She patted Anne's shoulder. "Good-night, my dear," she said and went through the dark sala to her bedroom beyond.

Manuel came across the court from Maria's room. "You going to bed too?" he called to Anne. "We are all going—like chickens to roost before a storm. Maria says it will storm before morning. She is praying to Santa Clara and San Geronimo." He peered at Anne. "Good-night, Anne, mi alma, mi corazon!", he said roguishly.

In the intermittent glimmer of the heat lightning his big dark eyes recalled to Anne the dark eyes of another little boy. Impulsively she bent down and kissed Manuel, her eyes suddenly moist.

"Ah," said Manuel, "you are thinking of him—your little brother! I wish I could
be him for you! His back was straight, wasn't it?"

Anne nodded, unable to speak.

“And he was very brave, wasn't he?”

Again Anne nodded.

“Well,” said Manuel, “there's nothing to keep me from being brave too, is there?”

“Nothing, nothing at all!” She spoke in a choked voice.

Manuel smiled. “I am going to take care of you,” he said, “because you are only a girl.”

Anne smiled then and gave him a hug.

“Good-night.”

He flitted away in the darkness and she turned to her room. Before she had time to undress there came a light tap on the door. Another moment and Maria stepped inside and quickly closed the door again.

“Sh—sh—,” she said mysteriously, finger on lip. Over her arm was a dark cloak of light weight. She held it out toward Anne and spoke in a low voice.

“Thees—you wear and come with me con presteza!”

“But why—where?” asked Anne, startled. The wizened little old woman, swathed in rebozo and cape, her wrinkled face thrust forward, had an air of suppressed excitement.

“Ask no questions! Pablo brought the message and waits at the puerta—” She pulled the cloak about Anne and urged her toward the door.

“Maria,” commanded Anne, “tell me at once what this means!”

“La señorita—one has sent for her! One who is—is sick and needs help. You would not—would not—how you say it—deesapoint?”

“Why do you not call Señora Ramirez?”

“She is not want—it is you, señorita—the little white saint—oh, such a sick child!”

A child sick and wanting her! Could it be possible? But why—why—

“Maria,” she said sternly, “call Señora Ramirez at once!”

“No—no!” Maria spoke violently in a low, intensely excited voice. “It is la senorita—you!”
Anne allowed herself to be pushed through the doorway. Silently she followed Maria across the patio to the outer door. Had St. Elizabeth not often been called out secretly on errands of mercy? Perhaps—

Pablo stood at the entrance. Seeing them, he walked swiftly away up the narrow street, Maria and Anne following. This part of the town, which lay on the outskirts, was silent and dark except when the quiver of heat lightning outlined the shape of a house or the plume of a tree above a garden wall.

Before they had gone far the street ran into an open field. Anne stopped suddenly. "Maria, where are you taking me? I shall not go another step till you tell me!" She laid a firm hand on the little old woman's arm. Pablo turned around and waited, saying something in Spanish to Maria.

"I tell you," responded Maria, her voice submissive. "El Americano—Ben, you call—heem—he meet you here by the vieja fuente, then he go—far 'way."

Ben! Anne's heart beat so hard and fast that she could scarcely breathe. Then he hadn't gone to California without thinking of her! He wanted to see her again! Maria stood before her now, head bowed, awaiting either commendation or reproof. Anne was capable of bestowing neither.

"Tell me," she said at last, "where is he—how did he send word?"

Maria in her halting English finally made it clear that Ben had not yet left Taos for California; that he had sent an Indian boy to seek out Pablo, who was to tell Maria to bring Anne to the old well beside the acequia for a last farewell.

The swift blood sang in Anne's ears. Her head lifted. "Come—who is the old well? Quick!"

They followed a path through wheat knee high nearly to the edge of the irrigation ditch. Here, under a cluster of water willows was an abandoned old well. The adobe dwelling to which it had been an adjunct had long since melted into the earth, forming a mound overgrown with tangled vines. It was a favorite trysting place for lovers. Pablo strode ahead to see if the way was clear. Tonight, perhaps because of the threatening storm, the place was deserted.

"Which way will he come? Which way is Taos?" asked Anne.

Pablo pointed to the north, where every little while the mountains flickered into view as lightning played through the mass of dark clouds slowly approaching from the south.

Anne felt the crumbling well curb pressing against her side and saw, sharply outlined in the brightest flash yet, the huddled buildings of the town beyond the field of wheat, and, farther off still, the dark shoulder of mountain which as she looked vanished into the blackness of the stormy sky. A low mutter of thunder answered this bright flash. Maria crossed herself and murmured over and over the little verse thought to have power to assuage the fury of storms:

"San Geronimo bendito! Santa Barbara doncella! Libranos, Señor, de los rayos Y de las centellas."

The lightning, which had been only quivering gleams leaping from cloud to cloud, now gathered force and began sending jagged, forked streaks down to earth. Rumbles of thunder followed. And now the wind rose, bringing great drops of rain. "Ben! Ben!" cried Anne silently, straining her eyes to the north, "why do you not come?"

"Ah, señorita! Let us go—we shall all be killed! Let us return!" Maria seized Anne's arm. Pablo jumped up and began running across the field.

Anne shook off Maria's hand. "No," she cried sharply, "I shall wait here! If you are frightened, go home with Pablo!"

Maria beat her hands together, her teeth chattering in terror. "But, señorita! I can not leave you here alone. The good God would strike me dead for that. No! Do come now—before—"

Her voice was lost in a crash of thunder. The rain fell in a solid sheet illumined continually by brilliant flashes of violet light. The air crackled with electricity as bolt after bolt split the heavens. Maria fell groveling to the ground, clasping Anne's feet, whimpering with terror. Anne stood rigid, hands clutched across her
breast, eyes wide and staring, turned fixedly toward the north. Her lips murmured over and over, “Ben! Ben! Ben!”

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm, an enveloping blackness and a momentary cessation of rain. Then came an outburst of vivid light and simultaneously a shattering crash of thunder that left Anne gasping and tingling. As if seared on the retina, the revelation of that flash remained visible—the whole panorama of the landscape in quivering, violet light, and in the foreground, at the edge of the wheat field, a riderless horse. Enveloped again in blackness she still saw that vision—the clear outline of the horse and even the high pommel of the empty saddle.

She had the curious feeling that she had known all along that just this would happen—that Ben would not come and that his horse, Jezebel, would go running riderless through the storm.

“Maria!” She shook the groveling woman at her feet. “Maria, get up!” She dragged her up. “We are going!” They plunged forward through the field of wheat. Maria, her scarf covering her eyes, clung to Anne’s arm like a terrified child. Now losing the path, now finding it again as the retreating storm lighted the way intermittently with gleams of lightning, Anne fought her way through the downpour.

At the doorway of the first house she paused, thinking she would leave Maria in its shelter. And there she found Pablo curled into the narrow space.

“Pablo,” Anne seized his arm, “come with me! Maria, stay here till the rain stops, then get along home.”

She was back at the edge of the field again, pulling Pablo after her. Straining her eyes, searching this way and that at every lightning flash, she finally discerned the outline of a horse standing in the lee of a house.

“Pablo,” she spoke rapidly, “you must catch that horse!”

“Sí, señorita,” replied Pablo. He knew all about horses, having spent much of his life at Señora Ramirez’s ranch up the valley. He crept toward the sheltering wall, Anne following cautiously. As they approached Anne suddenly stopped, rubbed her eyes and peered again into the darkness. Surely the rain was distorting her vision, for the last revealing gleam of lightning had shown her two horses! Could it be possible? Running forward, she strained her eyes. There were indeed two horses pressed close to the wall of the house!

It was true then! She had not imagined any of it! Huddled close together, trembling with every roll of thunder, were Jezebel and another horse, likewise with an empty saddle. A sudden determination sprang into Anne’s mind. Stifling the cold fear that had threatened to paralyze her from the moment she had seen and recognized Ben’s horse, she said firmly to Pablo, grasping Jezebel’s bridle, “We will go to Taos—now, at once!”

(To be continued)

**DESERT LAND**

**LULU BRUNT DAWSON**

*When God walks in the desert land*
*And night winds cool the throbbing heat,*
*The stars bend down to touch His hand*

*When God walks in the desert land,*
*Bright flowers spring from ageless sand*
*To form a carpet for His feet,*

*When God walks in the desert land*
*And night winds cool the throbbing heat.*
Your Capital City—and Mine!

Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg

The Royal “Invasion” of 1939

May 2nd—President of Nicaragua and Señora de Somoza.
May 7th—Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of Ireland (Eire).
June 8th—King George and Queen Elizabeth of England.

No wonder the State Department has been all of a dither—they’ve never had to face anything like it in the history of the United States. The Protocol Division, which numbers just ten people, had the entire responsibility of arranging the details of these visits. And this didn’t mean just for the dignitaries themselves but for their various retinues—the King and Queen of England will bring some forty persons and something like two hundred trunks. Lest you be a bit in doubt as to the meaning of the term “protocol,” a word bandied about with great freedom in Washington, I’ll give you an approved definition: “A code developed over centuries in the cultivation of good-will among nations.”

Mr. George T. Summerlin, Chief of Protocol of the United States, Mr. Stanley Woodward, Assistant, and Mr. H. Charles Spruks, Ceremonial Officer, are the three men upon whose shoulders this entertainment responsibility chiefly rests. They had to arrange for a detailed system of protection—special Secret Service men, uniformed police, detectives from Scotland Yard. With no royal coaches, elaborate uniforms or palaces to make for ceremony and
dignity, what we can offer by way of substitute has to be furnished by the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, who have had a very busy spring season donning full-dress uniforms and escorting notables hither and yon.

These royal visits cover so long a period that this story will be in the nature of a prelude, followed later, I hope, by a postlude, after the visits are over.

* * *

From the schedule you can realize how very busy the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will be, entertaining not only three sets of Royalty but the President of Nicaragua and the Prime Minister of Ireland.

The President of Nicaragua and Señora de Somoza will precede the Danish Royal couple by a few days. However, this is not the Señora’s first trip to the United States; last fall she visited her brother, Dr. Leon De Bayle, the Nicaraguan Minister here, and entered her children in various schools in the United States.

Eamon de Valera, now the head of a State (Eire), was accorded practically Royal honors while he visited at both the White House and the Irish Legation, where his good friend, Robert Brennan, is now Minister. This tall, scholarly Irishman is a native-born New Yorker back on his third visit; the first two having been fraught with much excitement. So popular is he that from the time his visit was announced, the Minister was pained with requests for speeches until gradually de Valera’s stay in the United States was prolonged from one week to six. On his entire itinerary he was accompanied by the Minister.

I’ll leave their Britannic Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, for another chapter—and I’ll tell you how well Washington learned to curtsy from the “Let us Teach you How to Curtsy” ads!

Thoroughly modern Royalty, I’ll have you know! Definitely out to see the United States, just like any other sight-seeing tourists; to enjoy the two Fairs, and to get acquainted with their own country folk who have come to the United States to live; filled with a wholesome curiosity, like our last spring’s visitor, young Prince Bertil of Sweden, who wanted very much to come again. (The Swedish Minister confided to me that it was taking a good deal of diplomacy to keep him at home, but his country felt that annual Royal visits were a little too overwhelming, especially with all of the others who were coming this year.) But it was only natural that these Royal young people should be especially interested in coming this year, with the added attractions on either coast.

Months of preparation have gone into the Royal itineraries, especially that of the Norwegian Prince and Princess, who will be here more than two months with their entourage of fourteen. The responsibility for their visit fell mainly upon the Norwegian Minister, Mr. Wilhelm de Morgenstierne, who accompanied them on the entire trip. It is through his generous cooperation that you are privileged to see these unusual pictures of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha. I think they are most revealing as to the personalities of this handsome couple, who are famed “sportsmen” in a country where outdoor sports are the leading type of entertainment.

They are the first members of Norwegian Royalty ever to visit the United States. As I looked over their breath-taking itinerary between New York and California, and even into Canada, it read like the booking of a theatrical road show, so many stops were made. One of the high spots was the official opening of the Norwegian Pavilion at the New York World’s Fair by the Crown Prince, after a brief visit with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park. Another was helping in the celebration of Norwegian Constitution Day at the Golden Gate Exposition.

Let’s look into the history of this pair of good-will salesmen and see how splendidly they were equipped to represent their country—incidentally both speak excellent English and the Prince converses equally well in French and German. This tall, blond, strongly built Olav, named for St. Olav who introduced Christianity into Norway in 1030, was born in Sandringham, England, in 1903, the son of King Haakon VII and the late Queen Maude, a sister to the late King George V of Great Britain. This, you see, makes him a cousin of the present King George VI as well as of the Duke of Windsor. You will recall Queen
Maude died last fall, so that Norway as well as all the countries whose Royalty was related to her, had just completed a period of mourning before these visits began.

The Crown Prince, now a colonel in the army, received most of his college training at the Military Academy of Oslo. He also studied for two years at Balliol College, Oxford, England. At both skiing and yachting he is an expert, having won many national and international yacht races.

Princess Martha, daughter of Prince Carl, brother to Gustaf of Sweden and sister to the late Queen Astrid of Belgium, is a Royal Lady in her own right. She is considered one of the most beautiful of European princesses, tall and slender, with dark hair and a fine complexion. The marriage of this Royal pair has been a happy one, and they are both greatly beloved in Norway. Three children, two girls and a boy, have blessed their union—Princess Ragnhild, Princess Astrid, and Prince Harald, whose birth was a matter of great celebration because no prince had been born in this Royal line since 1370. Crown Prince Olav and Princess Martha live on a beautiful estate named "Skaugum" just outside of Oslo. The Princess has been particularly interested in the arts and crafts industries of her country, and in various organizations connected with the promotion of handicraft industry. A sewing school in Oslo has been named for her. But with all her civic and domestic interests, she also keeps well posted on national affairs.

Their Washington finale will be a matter of great celebration at the Norwegian Lega-

tion, where they will be guests. And won't they be full of information about Martin Luther and St. Olav Colleges, the Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam—the Fairs!

Because they so loved the sea, Crown Prince Christian Frederick and Crown Princess Ingrid of Denmark sailed out of Northampton directly to the Virgin Islands, and then on through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles. Here they were met by the Danish Minister, Mr. Wadsted, and together they visited a Danish Community in central California, Solvang, and "did" the Golden Gate Exposition. Upon their return east they were entertained at Hyde Park by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and officially opened the Danish Exhibit at the New York World's Fair. I'll write later, if I may, about the concluding round of entertainment in Washington.

To revert to the personal side of this Royal pair, so closely connected by many ties with the Norwegian Prince and Princess: Prince Frederick's father is the present King Christian X; his mother, Queen Alexandrine, nee the Duchess of Mecklenbourg. This Sailor Prince graduated from the University of Copenhagen and had the usual naval cadet training. Entering the service in 1917, he served as common naval officer, both as subaltern and as commander of torpedo boats. Rising through the lieutenant ranks, he became a captain commander in 1937, and at this time received a corresponding army title. His navy training took him on sea journeys to Iceland, the Mediterranean, and East Asia. Naturally he has become particularly interested in the
mercantile marine; and, incidentally, he is very handy at the throttle of a locomotive.

A totally different side of his character is revealed in his fondness for music. Especially does he enjoy the opera and symphony orchestra concerts. He himself is quite an accomplished pianist. Along still another line, he is an excellent tennis player and rider.

Under the Danish Constitution, the Crown Prince, when of age, takes a seat in the Council of State, so for twenty years he has had this excellent training, which undoubtedly was very helpful on this Royal "tourist" trip!

And now for his Royal life partner, who he married in 1935, Crown Princess Ingrid (née Princess of Sweden). She is the daughter of the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustaf Adolph, of the Bernadotte family who came to Sweden in the early part of the nineteenth century. The Princess' mother, the King's first wife, was Princess Margaret of Great Britain and Ireland, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, later Crown Princess Margareta of Sweden. Her brothers are Prince Gustaf Adolph and Prince Bertil, who was here last year with his father and mother, the King and Queen, and Prince Carl Johan.

The Princess is civic-minded and interested in all types of social welfare, particularly as relates to children. To better prepare herself for the many problems ahead, the Princess took a course in Red Cross work and housekeeping in Sweden before she was married. She is Patroness for the Danish Association for the Deaf and Dumb, and for the Girl Scouts of Denmark and Iceland. By promoting the lace industry in Denmark she has greatly revived this art. Along a totally different line, she has had practical experience in interior decorating, applying her knowledge to the decoration of their various homes, their main one being the Castle Amalienborg in Copenhagen. But it's not all seriousness in her life. She, too, loves to ride and play tennis, and shares her husband's love of music.

Come again! So say we all!

Small wonder that the two American women who have represented the United States in Denmark and Norway are so enthusiastic. Just recently I had a visit with our former Minister to Denmark, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rohde, and her enthusiasm, I find, has been so lasting that she is bringing out two more books on Denmark this spring, translations of fairy tales for children. Particularly is she looking forward to a visit with the Prince and Princess.

Mrs. Daisy Borden Harriman, our Minister to Norway, will not be here to greet Norway's Royal couple. But talk about a good-will messenger, she certainly was that on her last year's visit at home! She loves her Norway next to her United States. It is a real blessing that countries can be on such genuinely happy terms in these war-torn days when suspicion is rife on all sides.

One evening recently I slipped into a seat in a small auditorium beside the Yugoslav Minister and his beautiful wife, Madame Fotitch, both of whom are talented musicians. All around us I saw devotees of music; a serious, interested, attentive audience. It was the first time I had been privileged to be the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, about whose musical philanthropies I had heard much. Her invitation read, "In honor of the Friends of Music—a chamber music concert at the Coolidge Auditorium in the Library of Congress. Mr. Rudolph Serkin and the Busch Quartet will give a program of Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms."

I cannot put into words what an inspiration the evening proved to be! The Busch Quartet of three violins and a cello played as one man, so perfect was the coordinating. It was the kind of music one seldom has the privilege of hearing, and it was evident the entire audience of about 500 felt with me that we were fortunate guests.

I was so interested in the history of this chamber music development that I went on one of my "inquiry trips!" To really understand the story, we must go back a good many years, in fact twenty years, to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge in those days was a talented pianist and an experienced ensemble player. But so much sorrow and loneliness entered her life at this period that her old friend, Frederick Stock, thinking to brighten her days, suggested that she create the Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music. This was in 1918. To quote from Singing and
Playing, "This pastime became a vocation." Gradually she began to introduce string quartets all over the country, and the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation was created to finance this unusual philanthropy.

Out of another chance suggestion, in 1924, came the idea of endowing the Music Division in the Library of Congress, thus placing in the hands of the Government the means of perpetuating in Washington what Mrs. Coolidge had begun in Pittsfield. And so this gem of an auditorium was built into the Library of Congress by Mrs. Coolidge. Acoustically perfect, softly lighted, it is ideally constructed as a background for this type of music—a place where quality is considered above quantity. Not only has Mrs. Coolidge also given the organ but she has contributed an ample sum for the upkeep of the auditorium and the expense of the concerts. And so she has made possible the performance of music in ways which might otherwise have been considered too unique and expensive. The United States Treasury was made custodian of the endowment fund so that all performers are paid with Treasury checks, the first instance where the Government has cooperated in the musical field in this way.

Seven years ago Mrs. Coolidge began promoting concerts for the benefit of university students, both in the United States and in Europe. Fifty were given in Belgium alone. Not satisfied with past benefactions, Mrs. Coolidge also entered many of her artists in the broadcasting field.

Great honors have been bestowed upon Mrs. Coolidge as a result of her countless musical "good deeds." The Belgian Government awarded her the Royal Order of Leopold. The French Ministry of Fine Arts and the City of Frankfort also honored her. An honorary degree was conferred upon her by Yale University. The "Worshipful Company of Musicians" presented her with the "Cobbett Medal." Through it all this modest, retiring Lady Bountiful has kept very much in the background and avoided personal publicity as
much as possible. But so great has been her love for music that she has spent a large part of her fortune in promoting chamber music concerts and musicians, many of whom she has made famous; and she has interested others in establishing various types of musical endowments. Mrs. Gertrude Clarke Whittall is one of those who has established a foundation here in connection with Mrs. Coolidge's, and donated many priceless musical instruments.

To return to the enjoyable concert, given, as I said, in honor of the Friends of Music: The late Nicholas Longworth was the first president of this organization when it was founded ten years ago, and Mrs. Longworth is still one of the vice-presidents. A purpose of the organization is to provide funds for the purchase of rare and valuable additions to the music collection in the Library of Congress. It also organizes concerts for the members. Harold Bauer, world-famed pianist, is now the president. Leopold Stokowski, equally famous, is one of the vice-presidents.

Youth has entered the Supreme Court, for years synonymous with gray whiskers and the erudition of long experience. Youth came with Royalty this spring. Everywhere Youth triumphs. It’s hard on us old folks!

Mrs. William Orville Douglas’s husband at forty is the fifth youngest Supreme Court appointee. And as for her, she might be eighteen—a radiant, blue-eyed, slender blonde with the pink complexion associated with Oregon apples, the state where she was born on her father’s apple ranch, and where she was graduated from the university. She’s modern like her husband—so modern that as a member of the League of Women Shoppers she recently became a waitress in the cause of hungry hotel strikers. Young Mrs. Douglas seems almost to have a fetish for exercise—taking it out in badminton at least three times a week, and in bicycling.

The old Blair-Lee House in Silver Spring, Maryland, resounds with the antics of the two children, Mildred, nine, and William, Junior, seven. Parties here are very in-
formal, and not too frequent, for a husband who insists upon working sixteen hours a day hasn’t much time for play.

These two met and were married on the West Coast, where both were teaching. Together they struggled through Columbia Law School. Then things began to be easier—and it was just about time, for a boy deprived early of his father, who had to do a man’s work to help support his widowed mother, who did all sorts of odd jobs to get a Phi Beta key from Whitman College, Oregon, and who came east by the box-car route and landed in New York with six cents. But, like all Horatio Alger stories, he finally ended up by becoming a member of a prominent New York law firm. Then came the call to Yale Law School. And 1934 found him head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, where his record is an open book.

And look where he is now—set for life in the most august, brilliant body in the United States Government!

A little fun is good for all of us. And particularly for the hard-working members of the Women’s National Press Club. I told you last year about their annual “Fun Party,” but I cannot refrain from giving a few of the high lights of this year’s affair. As far as I was concerned, it began with a luncheon Genevieve Forbes Herrick (Mrs. John F.) gave for Julia Peterkin the day before the banquet. The author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning “Scarlet Sister Mary” in her home town is Mrs. L. James of the Langsyne Plantation, Fort Motte, S. C., and delicious South Carolina accent drips from her delightful conversation. She charmed us all with her natural, kindly manner. And when we found a very dear mutual friend in Fanny Butcher, the well-known book reviewer of the Chicago Tribune, we were off in a huddle like old friends.

With this prelude, I was in a very receptive mood for the further notables who were “thick as thieves” the night of the banquet. Here are some of the ones the Club “delighted to honor” among its eight hundred guests:

Neysa McMein, illustrator, a most attractive person.

Gertrude B. Lane, editor of *Woman’s Home Companion*, a grand and comfortable “companion.”

Betsy Talbott Blackwell, exactly the type you’d expect to be editor of *Mademoiselle*.

Dr. Louise Boyd. This distinguished and grande looking dame, if you please, is an explorer and geographer (recently awarded the Cullum Prize).

Katherine B. Blodgett, inventor of invisible glass, not at all the serious, scientific-looking type you might expect.

Helen Jacobs, the well-known tennis star.

Katherine Garrison Chapin, the poetess, whose husband, Francis Biddle, was recently appointed a Judge of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals.

Cornelia Chapin, her sister, a famous sculptress.

Adele Rogers St. John, Alice Duer Miller, and Bess Streeter Aldrich, well-known authors, as you know.

Audrey Wurdeman (Mrs. Joseph Auslander), Pulitzer Prize winner with “Bright Ambush.”

Claire Boothe, the gorgeous glamour blonde, author of the much-discussed plays, “The Women” and “Kiss the Boys Goodbye.”

Marjorie Sharp, author of “The Nutmeg Tree”. (And right here let me digress to tell you about my luncheon next day, for which Miss Sharp stayed over. When I say “stayed over,” that has a special meaning, because Marjorie Sharp Castle has just been married to her English sweetheart who followed her over here. He’s an engineer by profession and they are returning very shortly to a home twelve miles out of London, where, she tells me, she hopes to continue her regular working plan—nine to one, uninterrupted, at her writing. But from then on—free to do as she pleases.)

Alice Hughes, the living embodiment of her fashion column.

Merry Hull, the coming-to-be-very-famous “gal,” a fraternity sister of mine who has leaped into fame on the basis of a glove, a totally new-cut kind.

The show this year was a satire of “Our Town” (the famous play with no scenery), with Doris Fleeson of the *New York News*.
(last year’s president), as interlocutor. A stage hand set up two large white pillars representing the White House and two step-ladders to represent the second story. The main scene was centered about the arrival of the King and Queen of England for their visit to the White House. Even Lady Lindsay, American wife of the English Ambassador, seemed to enjoy this screamingly funny skit.

As is the usual plan, Mrs. Roosevelt ended the program with a delightfully informal off-the-record speech. She is the only President’s wife ever to be an active member of the club. As such she was privileged to invite two guests, one of whom was the President’s mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, who apparently enjoyed the evening tremendously.

My hat’s off to Hope Ridings Miller, this year’s president of the club. Deftly, diplomatically, and humorously she introduced the famous guests and guided the evening’s program with a gloved but sure touch.

After all this gayety, which lasted until almost midnight, we wended our way to a post-banquet party at the home of Eleanor Patterson, editor of the Washington Times-Herald and sister to Capt. Joseph Patterson, owner of the New York Daily News. A party at Mrs. Patterson’s always brings together an amazing array of guests. Over in one corner, surrounded by beautiful women, was the Polish Ambassador, Count Potocki, and his brother, Count Alfred. Here was the famous beauty, Mrs. “Jock” Whitney of the Warrenton horse country; Mrs. George Grant Mason, an international beauty; and the already-mentioned gorgeous Claire Boothe. There was dancing in the ballroom, with music by a very jazzy colored orchestra; and a buffet in the dining room that you simply couldn’t resist. The table was laden with bowls of lovely fresh violets brought from Mrs. Patterson’s country greenhouses. Newspaper gals, diplomats, cave-dwellers, members of Congress, personal friends, all mingled happily at this informal party. It was a grand windup to a perfect evening. Those who did not go to Mrs. Patterson’s went to Mrs. Eugene Meyer’s, where an equally delightful party continued into the wee small hours.

Recumense

MARIETTE BOWLES

The days we saw the mountain tops were few
Compared to all the sullen dreary days
They lay completely hidden from our view
Or partly glimpsed through clouds of fog and haze.

We walk through sunny lands on tired feet
And scan their flatness with unhappy eyes,
Forgetting mountain rains or snow or sleet—
Remembering sharp cliffs against blue skies.
Among the pioneer publications of Wills, Marriages, Bible Records, Tombstone Inscriptions, and Court Records were those compiled by Mrs. Julia Spencer Ardery (William Breckenridge) and published by the Kentucky Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Ardery's interest has continued through the years, as the following sketch and chart disclose:

Julia Spencer Ardery was born in Richmond, Virginia, to Rev. Isaac J. and Sally Louise (Pendleton) Spencer. Two years later her parents removed to Kentucky. Until her marriage, however, Julia Spencer always claimed two homes, one with her parents in Lexington, Kentucky, during the school year, and one at the ancestral home of the Pendletons in Virginia during the vacation months.

Through both paternal and maternal ancestry she descends from distinguished lineage; from many founders of the Nation prominent both in church and state. Among her forebears were members of the Virginia Company of London, officers of the Virginia Colony and members of the Virginia House of Burgesses. She has established the services of twenty-three Revolutionary ancestors, all of whom were residents of the state of Virginia.* Records of earlier date show her descent in numerous ways from Charles Martel and Charlemagne; from Alfred the Great and King Edward III of England, and Malcolm, King of Scotland. Of the twenty-five sureties "who at the meadow called Runnymede" on the 15th of June 1215, secured the first great charter of English rights, there were nineteen who left descendants, and the descent of Julia Spencer Ardery has been established from all of these.

Julia Ardery is a former State Historian and Regent of Jemima Johnson Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., ex-national chairman, Southern Division, Historical Research Committee for nine years, and served for thirteen years as a member of the State Board of the Kentucky Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, during which time she was instrumental in establishing

* The Revolutionary service of Captain John Winston, Mrs. Ardery now believes belonged to his son, John Winston, so she has not listed this ancestor as a soldier.
libraries in four mountain schools. She is a member of the Order of First Families of Virginia, Colonial Dames of America, Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede, Orders of Distinction Committee—Knights of the Garter and Knights of the Bath, and vice president of the Kentucky State Historical Society.

These excerpts from a letter from the Library of Congress answer the many requests for further information regarding this item published in the February Magazine. The fine spirit of cooperation that is always manifested by officers and employees of the Library is appreciated by our Society.

"Attention has been called to the list of Maryland and Virginia families regarding which articles were published in the Baltimore Sun—the list which you include in your Genealogical Department of the National Historical Magazine for February 1939. The Library of Congress has prepared a complete photostat file of these articles. One set is bound for the convenient use of readers. A second set is reserved for use in making reproductions of the articles to fill orders.

I note that your list as published omits
the earlier Maryland items. These began on May 24, 1903. If you care to call at the Periodical Division office I shall be pleased to show you these.

Very truly,
HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian."

The June issue will contain Family Association, officials and dates of meetings. Copy must be received before May 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 published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be resubmitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

Queries sent on cards or as a part of a letter cannot be published. We do not copy queries but paste them on larger sheets for the printer. ALL INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO US is published, and further correspondence regarding same should not be sent to this department.

QUERIES

E-'39. Anderson.—Wanted, marriage record of Nancy Anderson (1776-1841) and Isaac Gray (1774-1841) abt. 1801. Also ancestry of Nancy Anderson. Inscription on her tombstone, in Trimble Co., Ky., states that she was born in Culpeper Co., Va., in 1776. Mrs. S. Peyton Welch, R. 5, Lexington, Ky.


E-'39. (a) Patrick.—John Patrick, b. 1735, d. 1805; m. Elizabeth — — ; was made Captain of Harford County Militia (Maryland) on April 26, 1776. Wanted his parentage and birthplace.

(b) Brooke, Grubb.—Isabella Grubb was married to James Harvey Brooke of Sandy Spring, Maryland, Dec. 4, 1824. She died in March 1861 and was buried in the churchyard of the Friends' Meeting house at Sandy Spring. Wanted her parentage and birthplace. Mildred Brooke Hoover, Rancho del Oso, Davenport, California.


Eight children: Jeremiah, b. 1798; Anna, b. 1799; Joseph, b. 1801; George, b. 1803; Thomas, b. 1806; Rhobe, b. 1808; Benjamin, b. 1810; Elisha, b. 1812.

Whom did Ichabod marry?
Was Ichabod's mother Sarah Godfrey or Elizabeth Knight?

Mrs. C. H. Signor, 129 Brinkerhoff St., Plattsburg, N. Y.

E-'39. Maxey.—Wanted date of birth, name of wife and Revolutionary War service of Nathaniel Maxey (died 1779), Powhatan County, Virginia.

Nathaniel Maxey was the son of Edward Maxey (d. 1740) and his wife Susannah (will dated 1743) of Goochland Co., Va., and the father of Ephraim Maxey (d. 1825), Hart Co., Kentucky. Mrs. J. E. Sibley, 5318 N. E. Wistaria Drive, Portland, Oregon.

E-'39. Harding.—Wanted ancestors and parentage of Sarah Harding, who was born Jan. 5, 1766, married March 25, 1782 at Stockbridge, Mass., to Joseph Woodworth and who later moved to western Pennsylvania, possibly near Pittsburgh. Her husband, Joseph, was one of the four Joseph Woodworth's who fought in the Revolutionary War.

Their children were: Jared, Lewis, Isaac, Ira, Samuel, Dyer, Lucy, Harriet, Hiram, Charles, Joseph, John H. Mrs. Pearl Woodworth Carlton, 940 12th St., Douglas, Arizona.

E-'39. Hall-George.—Wanted ancestors and parentage of John George, who died in Robertson County, Texas, Aug. 26, 1863. His daughter, Martha Hall George,
who was born Jan. 6, 1813, married Henry W. Dotson, at Columbia, Miss., Oct. 21, 1830. Martha Hall George died in Hearne, Texas, May 5, 1894.

Hall was evidently John George's mother's maiden name, and any information would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. E. S. Horton, Box 853, Winter Haven, Florida.

E-'39. Bledsoe.—Wanted ancestry of Benjamin Bledsoe, born 1788, Franklin County, N. C. Service of Isaac Hawes of Essex County, Va., in Revolution and surname of his wife Phoebe desired. Information as to John Ogburn, Jr., of Sussex County, Va., father of Sarah (Ogburn) Vincent, desired. Names of wife and children of John Terrell who died about 1781, Franklin County, N. C., desired. Miss Maud McLaure Kelly, 1436 South Tenth Place, Birmingham, Ala.

E-'39. Thomas.—Nancy or Ann Thomas m. John Harper, Jr., Rev. soldier, b. 1759, Va.; d. 1817, Greene Co., O. His father, John Harper, had will probated 1793, Berkeley Co., Va., now W. Va. She was probably from Berkeley Co. too. Their children: Sara m. Wm. Brock; Nancy m. Perry Larkin; John; Joseph; Thomas m. Mary Sirlott; Elijah; Eliza m. Danl. Bargdoll. Mrs. John E. Breese, 1501 Oakland Pkwy., Lima, Ohio.


Eleanor Williamson Compton, daughter of Ditto Born September the 4th 1774.
Alexander Compton was Born July 10th 1777.
John Compton was Born June 20, 1779.
Leonard Briscoe Compton was Born September 1781.
Samuel Compton was B ——.
Chloe Briscoe Married to Charles Hesletine Jul 20, 1782.
Elizabeth Briscoe Hesletine was Born June 16th 1783.
Charles Hesletine was Born October 31, 1785.
Charles Hesletine Departed this life Feb' 5th 1786.
Chloe Hesletine was Married to William L. Compton April 29, 1787.
Peggy Compton, Daughter of William & Chloe was Born Jan' 28, 1788.
Thomas Smith & Ann his Wife Was Married December 20th 1803 Anno Domini.

Bible Records

Briscoe—Smith

Leo & Eliza Briscoe Married Feb 27th, 1743.
Philip Briscoe, Son of Leo & Eliza Born Nov 26, 1743.
Susanna Smith, daughter of Thomas & Ann, was born September 28th, 1804 A.D.
Joseph B. Smith, son of Thomas & Ann, was born April 12th, 1806 A.D.
Ann E. Smith, daughter of Thomas & Ann, was born February 24th, 1808 A.D.
Peter P. Smith, son of Thomas & Ann, was born May 12th, 1809.
John Smith, son of Thomas & Ann, was born August 20th, 1810 A.D.
Thomas Smith son of Thomas & Ann, was born May 23rd, 1812 A.D.
Ann, consort of Thomas Smith departed this transitory life January 22, 1814 in her 36 year.
Thomas Smith & Margaret his wife was married October 31, 1815 A.D.
Margaret E. Smith, daughter of Thomas & Margaret was born 18th of August 1816 A.D.
Margaret, consort of Thomas Smith departed this transitory life December 30th, 1816 A.D.
Thomas Smith & Mary his wife was married September 16th, 1819 A.D.
Clement B. Smith, son of Thomas and Mary was born October 2nd, 1821 A.D.
Oscar H. Smith, son of above was born October 18th, 1824 A.D.
Mary consort of Thomas Smith departed this transitory life the first day of December 1844 in her 58th year.
Departed this transitory life the 9th October 1842 Oscar H. Smith in his 18th year of his age.
Departed this transitory life Susana Crane, daughter of Thomas Smith & Ann his wife 22 October 1841 in her 37th year of her life.
Bible owned by Mr. John Britton, 1848 Kalorama Rd., Washington, D.C.

GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS
(Continued from April issue)

1799

JOHN SEVIER, Governor
Daniel Kennedy, County Clerk

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>Bride</th>
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<td>Sarah Newman</td>
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<td>Thomas Hatson</td>
<td>Catherine Bell</td>
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<td>Jan. 10</td>
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<td>Phebe Woolsey</td>
<td>George Conway</td>
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<td>John Farnsworth</td>
<td>Zephaniah Woolsey</td>
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<td>Frances Allen</td>
<td>John Farnsworth</td>
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<td>Susanna Symons</td>
<td>Leonard Symons</td>
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<td>Jan. 20</td>
<td>Zephaniah Woolsey</td>
<td>John Willson</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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<td>Alexander Williams</td>
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<td>Jan. 30</td>
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<td>Feb. 11</td>
<td>Emanuel Parman</td>
<td>Eliz(abeth) Yarrick</td>
<td>James Stinson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb. 11</td>
<td>Henry Morris</td>
<td>Jane Watson</td>
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<td>James Lucky</td>
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<td>Feb. 20</td>
<td>(Letter from father, Hugh Brown)</td>
<td>John Kindal</td>
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<td>Mar. 5</td>
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<td>John Delane</td>
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<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
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<td>Eleanor Collier</td>
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<td>Jesse Richardson</td>
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<td>John Ledgerwood</td>
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<td>James McAmish</td>
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<td>Henry Dycke</td>
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<td>May 16</td>
<td>Thomas Sheff</td>
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<td>June 17</td>
<td>Jacob Hoover</td>
<td>Jemima Broyles</td>
<td>Christopher Hoover</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 23</td>
<td>Stephen Hermon</td>
<td>Sarah Lester</td>
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<td>Rebecca Hall</td>
<td>Samuel Craig</td>
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(To be concluded)
In this series, emphasis is being placed on heraldry as an aid to genealogical research. However, the heraldic and artistic phases must be given some consideration, as a knowledge of them is essential to making genealogical deductions from heraldic devices.

We are prone to think of a “coat of arms” as a fixed thing; actually it was subject to many changes through centuries of use. Often we speak of a “crest” when we mean an “achievement.” A knowledge of the component parts of armorial bearings is quite necessary to an understanding of the emblems.

The “coat of arms” is the shield, with certain distinctive symbols or emblems painted on it, in definite, fixed colors. This is the only essential one of the various armorial insignia. The “arms” are hereditary, with slight modifications in different countries, as outlined in preceding articles.

The “crest” represents the molded, wrought, or carved figure affixed to the knight’s helmet. Many of the older arms do not have accompanying crests. For several hundred years the crest was not inherited; each bearer of arms bore any crest that pleased his fancy. Sometimes he would bear his own arms, but as a crest would use the distinguishing emblem of the baron he followed. Frequently one is told, “We have the crest, but my family never used a shield.” That is impossible; there may be a shield without a crest, but there can be no crest without a shield.

The motto is of comparatively recent origin. It, too, was not hereditary, and each man could adopt one or discard one at will. With American families of colonial stock, a motto is not used unless it can be shown that a recent ancestor of the emigrant used it. In Scotland and Ireland and among some English families the family “war cry” was by custom used as a motto by all members of the family. In these cases it of course accompanies the arms. An example is that of Seton, “Set on! Set on!”

When the shield and crest are grouped and displayed, they may have displayed with them certain “accessories” used by the knight bearing them, i.e., the helm, the wreath, the manteling, and in the case of a peer the supporters, if any. All this is called an “achievement.”

In describing arms, only the shield and crest are described. The depiction of these and the grouping of the remainder of the achievement is left to the Herald. However, there are fixed rules to be followed in this; they are not stated in the description of the arms, as it is assumed that the Herald knows them and will draw the achievement accordingly. All too often, within the past two hundred years, the person making the drawing is an artist but knows little of heraldry. As a result we see “meaningless monstrosities” parading as coats of arms.

In showing arms of families from the British Isles, the helmet used should be that of the esquire or gentleman. The helmet of a knight, noble, or sovereign is used only with arms of the particular man having that rank. His sons and all descendants use the gentleman’s helmet.

The manteling represents the cape worn over the armor. Its colors are fixed by the colors of the shield, but the design varies according to the custom of the period, use, and artistic ability of the Herald. At first the manteling was a simple cloth, later it became longer and frayed, then quite pictorial; recently a stereotyped acanthus leaf has been widely used. In the chapels of the various orders of knighthood, each knight was usually assigned a chair and his shield was hung over that chair; or in his own “great hall” there would be a designated place on the wall for his shield. As a frame for the shield the paneled woodwork was often carved into an elaborate scroll. This took the place of manteling. An example is shown with the Martin arms on the following page. Wrought iron was so used out of doors. In depicting arms, these forms may be used as well as the cloth, scrolls, or acanthus leaves.
The name and family are of English origin. There are several groups of Appleton families, chiefly in southeastern England, that are known to have borne arms. Some of these may have a common origin, judging from the arms.

The arms here shown were used by an Appleton family in County Suffolk prior to 1600. That branch in England is said to have died out. However, these arms are shown on the tomb of Samuel Appleton of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who left many descendants in America.

Another Suffolk family used these arms with a fess sable (a black band) instead of the chevron gules (the red arch); still another added green leaves and stems to the apples.

Of the eight known Appleton arms, seven are "canting," that is, are a play on the name; either apples or pineapples are used.

All except one of these families used either an apple or a pineapple for a crest; the exception bears an elephant's head.

The majority of the Martin families in the United States are also of English origin. As Martin was a favorite first name in early days, there are naturally many unrelated families of that surname.

There are more than a hundred arms that were borne by families of Martin (over sixty), Martyn (over thirty), and Marten (five). These are not variations of a few arms but apparently represent at least thirty distinct families. The greater portion of these lived in southeastern England.

Among them are a number of "canting" arms. The "martlet," a heraldic bird similar to the marten, is used, as is the martin cat. Most interesting is the "estoile gules," or red star. In a day when astrology was part of one's education "the red star of Mars" was a symbol anyone was proud to bear.

**Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures**

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<th>Symbol</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sable</td>
<td>Gules</td>
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<tr>
<td>Azure</td>
<td>Vert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steel</td>
<td>Gold</td>
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<tr>
<td>Silver</td>
<td>Black</td>
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<td>Red</td>
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<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Blue</td>
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<tr>
<td>Blue</td>
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(English)
Seasoned Timber. Dorothy Canfield.
Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. $2.50.

"Some custard has rum in it," Dorothy Canfield causes Aunt Lavinia, one of the principal figures in "Seasoned Timber," to say as she sums up another character. The same crisp epitome could be used in connection with the book itself. At first glance it seems as smooth and innocuous as the old-fashioned pudding, baked in small individual cups, which was long a frequent feature of New England meals. But as we dip more deeply into it we find that it is flavored not only with the spices on its well-browned surface, but with some stronger ingredient as well. The story has a decided kick to it.

Though her style is reserved and controlled, Dorothy Canfield has always had the gift of stirring emotion no less than provoking thought. Her faultlessly written pages are often read through a blur of tears. With characteristic New England shrewdness and frugality, she stores up the material for her "big scenes" so skillfully that only her faithful followers guess what is eventually in store for them; to others the poignancy of her appeal comes as a surprise and shock. These new readers have no idea beforehand that there is such a stimulating quality to the wholesome fare she has set before them.

"Seasoned Timber" tells the story of a typical Vermont village nurturing and nurtured by an old-fashioned academy. The principal of this academy, Timothy Hulme, is the dominating character of the town and of the story—a cultured and gifted man, austere, scholarly, and conscientious, who has turned his back on countless opportunities for self-advancement in order to serve the community where the need for education seems second only to the need for bread, but which cannot afford in dollars and cents to pay him what he is worth. Long after he has decided that love has passed him by, it enters his life suddenly and strangely; and when he grasps for it hungrily, it eludes him again. He is left uncomforted in his defeat, lonelier than before. But, meanwhile, he triumphs in saving the village from bartering its birthright for a mess of red pottage. He himself has long since discovered that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world if he loses his own soul in doing so. He succeeds in teaching the village, along with everything else in which he instructs it, that what is true of an individual is true of a community also.

The ugliness of intolerance and all its devastating consequences has never been more mercilessly revealed than in this challenging masterpiece. The great American Ideal in its pristine glory has seldom been made so shining a shield against defeat and disaster.

F. P. K.


If one may paraphrase an old saying, these are times that try not only men’s souls but their intelligence as well. To many people it has become increasingly clear that something is out of gear in the economic functioning of our nation. The disappearance of our frontiers, the machine age with its increased efficiency of production and corresponding decrease in man power are two of the reasons most often quoted as responsible.

Mr. Coyle’s contention is that our wastefulness of national resources is a large con-
tributing factor. But to those who think that the only solution is some form of government other than a democracy, Mr. Coyle's book holds little encouragement. He believes that democracy has within itself the means of adjustment to changing conditions.

There will, Mr. Coyle thinks, be an increase in centralized planning, with a corresponding increase in democratic control at the ballot box, insuring that such planning never becomes tyrannical. The most important step to be taken is the "balancing of our budget with nature." America is no longer a land to be exploited but a land to be conserved, and he refers particularly to our forests and our soil.

The wealth of a nation consists also in its people, and through balancing of our budget with nature Mr. Coyle sees the saving of thousands of Americans from degradation, with ultimate restoration to industry "with their skill and morale in fairly good repair."

His book advocates control of monopolies and encouragement of small business, for free individual enterprise is the essential trait of a democracy. The future of democracy is in the hands of the voters. Once they have an understanding of the problems involved, Mr. Coyle believes the future is safe.

The chapters on public works and one advocating a universal old-age pension will be especially interesting to the average reader. And no one need fear to read the book because it deals largely with the subject of economics, "Roads to a New America," is well and simply written by an individual proud of the American tradition, yet able to see its inherent faults and visualize its pitfalls. With thoughtful care the writer has prepared blueprints of the new roads which the American people must consider building, if the American tradition is to continue to function under changing economic conditions. "Now," he declares, "our organization period is over, the preliminary era of waste of national resources should be ended, now our real career is about to begin."

A word, perhaps, should be added about the author. Born in North Adams, Massachusetts, he is now a resident of Washington and a government consultant. He is author of several short books, "Brass Tacks," "Uncommon Sense," "Waste, Age Without Fear," and "Why Pay Taxes." Recently he won the American Way Contest sponsored by Harper's Magazine. "Roads to a New America" is his first full-length book. Study groups as well as individuals would do well to use this book as a text for a period of intensive study and discussion.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.


Mr. Mason, beginning his book like an autobiography and ending it with prophecies of great cities in the tropics after the general manner of H. G. Wells, spends most of his space telling us almost conversationally what he thinks really happened when the United States fought Spain.

You may not agree with all of Mr. Mason's ideas, but he knows where they came from. You may think he should be less critical of Theodore Roosevelt and more so of Franklin. You may think that Sampson and Schley were heroes and should forever be honored as such. You may not be particularly interested in details about the New York Giants and other popular extra-martial preoccupations; but perhaps the author's sporting interests are the key to his point of view. No bitter, malicious "de-bunker," he is honestly trying to "call 'em as he sees 'em."

In one engagement the heroes were real. Taking advantage of his superior's half-holiday, the then acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt had ordered Dewey to Hong Kong, ready for war. When it had been declared, Dewey bravely and efficiently blew up the Spanish fleet in Manila. Elsewhere, Mr. Mason believes, bravery was plentiful enough but efficiency sadly lacking, and the heroes were those given the limelight by self-sought publicity. The Army was clothed in flannel for a summer campaign in the tropics. It was nonchalantly transported to Cuba in the hurricane season, convoyed by ships unable to resist attack or cover an opposed landing. It was finally successful in Cuba, despite malaria and yellow fever, because 300-pound General Shafter out-bluffed Toral, and in Puerto Rico because Miles did not
follow plans previously announced in the newspapers. In the running fight off Santiago, Schley turned his ship in a complete circle, thus losing three precious miles; but the American fleet won the battle because Spain had ordered Cervera out to the slaughter against his expressed better judgment, in ships with foul bottoms, poor coal, and unimaginative gunners. Not an admiral, but Deputy Consul-General Ethelbert Watts completed the naval war by cornering and cajoling vital Egyptian coal away from Camara’s revenge expedition against Dewey.

Our Army was split into regular and volunteer factions. The military and naval commanders could not agree on whose men should bear the brunt of an attack on Santiago. After Shafter had fooled both would-be volunteer heroes and Navy by bloodless dickering, the question of who was entitled to five small ships in the harbor had to be settled by the Supreme Court! Civilians were not backward in profiteering—a practice not wholly extinct. Spain lost the war by a defeatist complex and by acting even less intelligently than the United States.

Despite our shortcomings, in less than four months we drove Spain from this hemisphere and grew into a world power. The war healed the wounds of former conflict: North and South were united by mutual respect earned in a common cause; and Britain’s friendship and Germany’s arrogance to Dewey resulted in an international realignment still in effect. Problems created by our growing importance are yet to be solved.

A Spanish soldier, in an extraordinary letter circulated among the American troops, praised their enemies’ courage, thanked them for their chivalry, and concluded with the warning that the people for whom they had fought were “not able to exercise or enjoy their liberty.” Batista and Quezon are still striving to prove him wrong. Undoubtedly these people did not deserve his very low opinion of them, and much less do they deserve it now—but the Philippines are not yet free and independent, and who can be sure they will be or so remain?

We kept our word instead of keeping Cuba. As Mr. Mason says, “For the first time in the recorded history of mankind, a tribe had declined to hold a rich prize which it had won from another tribe.” But we gathered enough territory beyond our shores to bring us as a grown-up nation the problems of a man in a cruel world.

Many of our mistakes in the Spanish-American War were funny, and their humor loses nothing in Mr. Mason’s telling. However, if we make as many in the next we may not survive to enjoy them. Granted known improvement in our armed organization, such improvement must be continual. It may do no harm to remember, along with the Maine, that there is not too much sense in rushing unprepared into a war over an explosion, however serious, the cause of which is unknown. And if M-day must come, let it find Army, Navy and People under one efficient head.

HENRY W. KEYES.


The authors of this book, Mary A. Demarest and William H. S. Demarest, state it seemed desirable and important that records should be compiled making clear and permanently available such facts as might be assembled concerning the life, the forebears and the descendants of David des Marest, born of Huguenot parents in Picardie, France, and his wife, Marie Sohier. They and their sons, Jean, David, and Samuel, and their infant daughter, Marie, sailed from Amsterdam on the Bontekoe and arrived in New Amsterdam April 16, 1663. The family name from earliest time in this country was generally written Demarest. After two years on Staten Island and twelve and a half years at New Harlem, David Demarest bought from the Indians, inden-ture of Sir George Carteret, Lord Proprietor of the Province of East Jersey, a large tract of land on the Hackensack River, and made his home here.

The story that was the source and inspiration of this expanded family record was told fifty years ago by Rev. Dr. D.
Demarest in his published address “The Huguenots on the Hackensack.”

The descendants in America in recent generations are numerous and widely scattered. The male lines are given reasonably complete. The female lines are generally not extended beyond the immediate children.

To the specific genealogist an appendix adds much related material, both narrative and documentary. War records of all Demarests from the Revolutionary War to the World War are listed.

The book is indexed and should be in every genealogical library.

Marie Tate.


The latest book from the pen of Flora Warren Seymour, “La Salle, the Explorer of Our Midland Empire,” is fully as entertaining and inspiring as any or all of the pretentious group for young people, which now numbers half a dozen. In this newest story she has chosen a different period and has opened her book with a glimpse of an ambitious, studious young Frenchman, already in the garb and routine of a novice at the Monastery at Rouen. Poring over the accounts of the exploits and achievements of Christopher Columbus, Jacques Cartier, and Samuel de Champlain, his desire for adventure developed to the point where he actually convinced the good priests that he was born for leadership and command, and not for the quiet seclusion of the cloister. The search for the long-sought Northwest Passage, the shorter route to India and the Orient, was the objective of many adventurers, and La Salle felt that he might be the one to discover it. To get to New France became the passion of his life, and as he had an older brother, a priest of the Sulpician Order, established at Montreal, his family provided the funds to give him his start. Matters were speedily arranged and the Sieur de la Salle, as he was then called, abandoned his priestly garments, and blossomed forth in all the elegancies of the handsome courtier.

La Salle left his native land in 1666 at the age of twenty-three, reached Tadoussac, and started the travels and discoveries that made him famous and led to his murder by his own men. This is a thrilling story of high ideals, unwavering courage, matchless endurance, and patient perseverance. Such a story cannot fail to inspire its readers, particularly the account of his discovery of the Mississippi and the account of the ceremony when he took formal possession of the entire Mississippi Basin, calling it Louisiana in honor of Louis XIV.

Mrs. Seymour was born in Cleveland, grew up in Washington, D. C., and was graduated from George Washington University and Washington College of Law. Before her marriage she spent six years in the United States Indian Service, and was later honored by the President as the first woman member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Her lifetime interest in Indians and western history has caused her to visit Indian reservations in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and Canada. Mrs. Seymour is a member of the Bar of the District of Columbia, the Illinois Bar and the Bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and is also a member of the American Bar Association. A member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, her patriotic interests are expressed in her books: “The Boy’s Life of Fremont,” “The Boy’s Life of Kit Carson,” “Daniel Boone, Pioneer,” “Sam Houston, Patriot,” “Meriwether Lewis, Trail Blazer.”

In her story of La Salle the author has given a vivid picture of the achievements and hardships of this remarkable man, and leaves the wish that she had given more of his character. While written for young people, it is a book that all may read with pleasure and benefit.

Edna M. Colman.

Other Books Received


STATE CONFERENCES

NOTE: See important announcement, p. 107, regarding Conference reports.

CALIFORNIA

The thirty-first annual State Conference of the California Daughters of the American Revolution was held in San Francisco, at the Fairmont Hotel, February 21st to 24th, inclusive. The six San Francisco chapters were hostesses. Mrs. Craig Carrier of the California Chapter was General Chairman, assisted by Mrs. Fred Titgen. Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald, California State Vice Regent, arranged the program for the entire conference.

The conference opened on Tuesday evening, February 21, and the State Regent, Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge, called the assembly to order. A welcome from the Northern Daughters was given by Mrs. Craig Carrier, and Mrs. George Preston, Regent of the San Diego Chapter, gave the response from the Southern Daughters. The State Regent presented the honor guests, after which the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., gave an inspiring address on Defense Education.

On Wednesday, February 22, reports of state and national officers were heard, followed by an address by Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General.

Reciprocity luncheon followed the morning session honoring the President General. The speaker on this occasion was Mrs. James Wales.

The afternoon session began with the reports of state chairmen, followed by a period of questions and answers, and was concluded with the report of the National Chairman of Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs, Mrs. Elmer Horace Whittaker.

Wednesday evening was Regents’ Night, when the ninety regents occupied the platform. Each was called for a two-minute chapter report.

Thursday morning was given over largely to additional state chairmen reports. After the first reading of the resolutions, Mrs. Hodge, the present State Regent, was nominated for the office of Vice President General in 1940. Mrs. Lillian B. Hill, Chief, Bureau Attendance and Migratory Education, gave an address on Migratory Children of California.

There was a round table luncheon honoring Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, National Chairman of Approved Schools, whose subject was The Approved Schools. Mrs. Elmer Horace Whittaker, National Chairman of Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs, was also a guest of honor.

An afternoon memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. James S. Sweet, and afterwards an elm was dedicated in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution.

On Thursday evening the banquet honoring the President General was held. The address of the evening was made by Rt. Rev. Karl Morgan Block, D.D., Bishop Co-adjutor of California. His subject was The Citadel.

The Friday morning session was given over to more state chairmen reports and the second reading of and voting on the resolutions. It was announced that Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge had been elected.

Luncheon honored the state president, state officers, and senior presidents of the California Society, Children of the American Revolution.

The afternoon session brought to a conclusion the business of the State Conference of California.

The Southern Daughters left for their homes Friday evening, in order to be hostesses at a luncheon in Los Angeles on Saturday when five hundred Daughters welcomed the President General and the Organizing Secretary General in the Biltmore Hotel.

GERTRUDE I. MILLER,
State Chairman, Press Relations.

ARKANSAS

The thirty-first Conference of the Arkansas Daughters of the American Revolution convened in Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas, at the Eastman Hotel, February 23-25, 1939, with the Hot Springs of
Arkansas, Ouachita of Malvern, and Arkadelphia chapters as hostesses. Preceding
the formal opening of the conference Friday morning, was the annual dinner of the
State Officers' Club Thursday evening, over which the Organizer and present President,
Mrs. C. B. Rendleman, presided. A closing
feature of the dinner was the presentation
of the "Family Album." As the pages of
the album were turned, members saw their
customs from the past to greet them in the quaint and beauti-
ful costumes of the long ago. Mrs. Rendle-
man introduced each character with an
original verse.

Following the dinner a brief business
session was held at which the officers for
next year were elected. Succeeding this
was a meeting of the State Executive Board,
called by the State Regent, Mrs. Charles
Henry Miller.
The formal opening of the State Conference
Friday morning was featured by a
pleasing and effective processional, music,
addresses of welcome, and greetings from
various organizations.

A most gracious welcome was extended
by Mrs. William G. Hodges, Regent of the
Ouachita Chapter in Malvern, and on be-
half of the city Mayor MacLaughlin bade
us thrice welcome with the admonition to
"take a bath" before leaving the City of
Vapors in the Valley of Delight.

Mrs. H. S. Moreland, Regent of the Hot
Springs of Arkansas Chapter, presented the
State Regent, Mrs. Charles H. Miller, who
in turn introduced distinguished guests of
the conference.
The morning session was devoted to re-
ports of state officers.

A beautifully appointed luncheon, honor-
ing the three national officers who were
guests of the conference, was presided over
by Mrs. W. G. Hodges and attended by
more than two hundred members.

In the afternoon the Annual Memorial
Service was conducted by Mrs. Frank H.
Gerig, State Chaplain.

Friday evening an informal reception, to
meet the national and state officers, pre-
ceded the banquet honoring the chapter regents. The Pages' Ball, later in the eve-
ning, was truly a vision of youth and beauty.

Saturday morning Mrs. C. H. Miller,
State Regent, presided over the usual formal-
ties of assembling, after which she pre-
sented Mrs. Thomas F. Short, State Vice
Regent, who assumed the gavel of authority.

During this "Youth Program" Mrs.
David M. Biggs, State Chairman, presented
the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Girl, Miss
Peggy Gregg, of Hughes. Thirty-three girls
were sponsored by the various chapters.

Twelve flags were presented to the Ar-
kansas Society, D. A. R., by Mrs. Fred P.
Jacobs, former State Chairman, Correct
Use of the Flag, in a pageant with confer-
ce pages. To every chapter she gave a
detailed description and history of each flag
and a poem entitled "Flags of Arkansas.

This sketch she dedicated to Mrs. Martin L.
Sigmon, former National Chairman, Cor-
rect Use of the Flag.

Mrs. Homer F. Sloan, National Vice
Chairman, Historical Research, has secured
fifty books pertaining to Arkansas history,
to donate to the Library at Memorial Con-
tinental Hall.

The conference voted unanimously to
participate in the National Golden Jubilee,
and each chapter has adopted a Golden
Jubilee project. They also were of one ac-
cord in endorsing Mrs. Sloan for the office
of Vice President General of the N. S.
D. A. R.

The newly elected state officers confirmed
at the conference were: Mrs. Joseph E.
Finch, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. J.
Bailey, Treasurer; Miss Virginia Cavaness,
Historian; Mrs. O. D. Smith, Registrar;
Mrs. Garland Van Sickle, Librarian; and
Miss Mamie Twitchell, Chaplain.

The concluding feature of the confer-
ence was a delicious luncheon at which
Mrs. Gerig, Regent of Arkadelphia Chap-
ter, was our hostess.

(Miss) VIRGINIA CAVANESS,
State Historian.

HAWAII

THE Seventeenth annual State Confer-
ence of Hawaii Daughters of the
American Revolution was held at Waialae
Golf Club, Saturday, February 25, 1939.

Mrs. Jessie Powers Cameron, State Re-
gent, presided, and Miss Bonnie Farwell,
Vice President General, D. A. R., was guest of honor. Never in the annals of D. A. R. in Hawaii was greater interest shown in a state conference. A bugle call by C. A. R. Gordon Hill was a signal for the morning session. Routine business was preceded by a welcome to chapter regents and delegates, including Mrs. Juliette Davis, Regent of William and Mary Alexander Chapter of the Island of Maui, and guests of honor. The state officers' reports followed. It is quite the exception to have our state regent attend the Continental Congress. Mrs. Cameron, who was in Washington last April, gave her report, which was of interest to Hawaii as was the résumé of her experiences while in Washington. She reminded the chapters of the coming Golden Jubilee, and in planning for the occasion it would be her desire to celebrate by forming new chapters on the other islands.

An informal reception honored the state board and guests. A processional preceding the luncheon was something new and different for D. A. R. in Hawaii. Six lovely girls in white carrying the colors and two C. A. R. boys carrying their banners led the procession of chapter regents, state officers, and guests of honor to the dining room overlooking the blue waters of the Pacific. One hundred and twenty-five guests were assembled at the speakers' table. Decorations were cups of gold flowers with blue delphinium and small D. A. R. emblems.

In front of the state regent was a beautiful center piece of red, white and blue flowers set in ti leaves sent her by Mrs. Clifton S. Goodknight, State President of C. A. R. There were strands of crown flower leis for the guests of honor. A Hawaiian string quartet played and sang during the luncheon hour. Mrs. Byron E. Noble, Vice State Regent, extended a welcome. The state regent introduced Miss Farwell and presented her with a lauhala fan and a corsage of pansies and Cecil Bruner roses. She spoke of how greatly honored we were in having a vice-president general wintering in Hawaii, especially one who gave so generously of herself to chapter meetings, radio talks and aiding the C. A. R.

Miss Farwell responded with remembrances of the friendship formed with the state regent while in Washington for the forty-seventh congress. Mrs. Cameron presented Mrs. Eli A. Helmick, Past Registrar General, who is making her home in the islands. Col. Perry Smoot, Adjutant General, and Mrs. Goodknight, State President C. A. R., extended greetings. The highlight of the conference was Paul Haygood, sixteen-year-old C. A. R. president, who "stole the program" from the parent society in his response and greetings. Mrs. Cameron spoke of the great purpose of the D. A. R., and in presenting Miss Farwell spoke of our national officers as women of vision, gracious approach, and fine character for whom we have deep admiration and aloha.

Miss Farwell's subject, "The Spirit of Colonial Hearthstones," was delightful, and she held her audience as she led them through the preserved historic homes of leaders of democracy—homes that were cultural centers of the past—a past that belongs to every American.

Courtesy resolutions were adopted and Mrs. Cameron thanked every one for contributing generously in helping to make the meeting one rich in memories.

(Mrs.) EDNA BAXTER LAWSON,
State Chairman of Press Relations.
Walter J. Thalheimer, who presented to the President General a key to the city. This was made of Arizona copper.

Greetings were brought to the Society from the Sons of the American Revolution, by the Rev. J. Rockwood Jenkins.

Mrs. Will C. Barnes, hostess Regent, gave a most gracious welcome to all Daughters and guests; to which Mrs. W. J. Oliver, State Vice Regent, responded.

The Chairman of National Defense and Patriotic Education told us it is much easier to find chairmen for this committee than formerly, showing a growing interest in protecting and safeguarding America.

The Chairman of Approved Schools, besides her report, presented a skit given by two little girls with dolls, designed to show the work done in our mountain schools. She also had a display of the handiwork done at Tamassee.

A number of Junior American Citizens clubs have been organized in the state during the year.

Arizona has fifty-three girls eligible for enrollment in Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs.

It was a pleasure to have Mrs. R. K. Minson, Chairman of Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, present Arizona’s winning Pilgrim, Miss Gloria Chastain, of Wilcox, who in a few words expressed her appreciation of the honor.

Mrs. Chappell, State Regent, reports having visited every chapter in the state. Early in the year she offered a prize—a subscription to the NATIONAL HISTORIC MAGAZINE—to the chapter that should attain 100% the “Consent Plan.” This was won by two chapters—Cochise and Coconino—who each received the Magazine.

A memorial service was impressively conducted by Miss Elmira Barden, State Chaplain.

The State Society adopted two Golden Jubilee projects—establishment of a State Traveling Genealogical Library and raising $500 for an Arizona bell to be placed in the carillon in the George Washington Memorial at Valley Forge.

The President General was an inspiration and help, both in her formal address, Educational Defenses, and in her more intimate talks.

The Round Table, led by Mrs. Robert, was profitable as well as enjoyable. Many questions were asked and satisfactorily answered and other information was given.

Before the conclusion of the last session an invitation was given by the Regent of Charles Trumbull Hayden Chapter to entertain the conference next year. This was accepted with pleasure.

SARA DEN B. VAN DEMAN
(Mrs. Wm. H.)
State Recording Secretary.

NORTH CAROLINA

The outstanding event of general interest and widespread appeal that occurred at the State D. A. R. Conference, held in Statesville, March 7, 8, and 9, was the endorsement of Mrs. Eugene Davis, State Regent, for Vice President General in 1940. Nominated by her own chapter, Fort Dobbs, she received seconds from the state executive board; from Mrs. Belk, Vice President from North Carolina; from past Vice Presidents General who were present at the conference—Mesdames Gregory, Spencer, and Patterson; from all district directors who attended; and from numerous Daughters, whose approval and enthusiasm were everywhere apparent.

The conference convened on Tuesday afternoon, March 7, at the First Presbyterian Church, with the seven chapters of the Second District as hostesses. Mrs. Davis, State Regent, presided over all sessions. The Daughters were welcomed by Mrs. Karl Sherrill, regent of the hostess chapter; by Miss Lucy Finley, District Director; and by representatives of civic and patriotic organizations of the city. An appreciative response was made by Mrs. Alfred Williams of Wilson. The memorial service that followed was unusually impressive. Tribute was paid to Mrs. Karl Sherrill, former State Regent; to Mrs. W. L. Wilson, former State Chaplain; and to other Daughters who had died during the year.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy entertained at tea after the business session, at the home of Mrs. H. O. Steele, in honor of Mrs. W. A. Becker, Honorary President.
General and guest speaker of the conference; Mrs. W. H. Belk, and Mrs. Eugene Davis. On the same evening the Daughters held their annual banquet, at which they had as honor guest Mrs. W. H. Belk, their Vice President General. Mrs. W. O. Spencer, Honorary State Regent and past Vice President General, presented the honorary state regents and vice regents and past vice presidents general. Mrs. W. A. Becker enthralled her audience with a masterly address on National Defense as a Means to Peace.

The Wednesday morning session was featured by the reports of the state officers and various state chairmen. The state regent’s report received much applause, as did that of Mrs. Hubert Patterson, State C. A. R. President, who reported fifteen new C. A. R. chapters, making twenty-three in all; six chapters in process of organization, and twenty-five organizing presidents appointed. Mrs. George Moland, State Chairman of Approved Schools, told of spending three months with Dr. Mary Martin Sloop, “talking Crossnore” to virtually every chapter in the state. For the first time all candidates in the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage contest were invited to attend the conference. Pins were presented by Mrs. Becker to the contestants attending.

After Mrs. Hugh McAllister, State Chairman of Conservation, had explained the jubilee project being carried out in Memorial Forest, she received many donations of funds honoring various Daughters.

The Junior organization, which has made great progress under Mrs. Davis’ administration, played a prominent part in the conference. During the lunch hour the Juniors put on an entertaining skit, toasting Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Pouch, Mrs. Belk, Mrs. Davis, and the state officers. In the afternoon they marched in in procession and told of their work by chapters. A silver bracelet was presented to Mrs. Benjamin Ingram, Regent of the Thomas Wade Chapter, who had formed the most recent Junior organization.

Mrs. W. H. Pouch, National President of the C. A. R., Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Patterson were honor guests at tea given by the C. A. R., who held their state conference on Wednesday afternoon. The Woman’s Club also entertained at tea on this afternoon, in honor of all officers, honor guests, and delegates.

Wednesday night brought another innovation instituted by Mrs. Davis. “Regents’ Night” was a miniature of National Congress. Thirty of the sixty-nine chapter regents were present to march in procession to the rostrum, where they told of the outstanding work of their chapters. Much interest was manifested in this new program feature. The faculty of Mitchell College entertained in the parlors at a reception in honor of the Daughters after the program in the college auditorium was concluded.

On Thursday morning the conference brought to a close its business sessions, which had been marked by enthusiasm, interest, and evidence of great progress.

(MISS) VIRGINIA HORE, State Recording Secretary.

KENTUCKY

The forty-third annual State Conference of the Kentucky Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Maysville, March 8, 9, and 10, at the First Presbyterian Church, with the Limestone Chapter as hostess, assisted by the ten chapters in the Fifth District.

The state board of management had met Tuesday afternoon, March 7, and a well-attended state officers’ club dinner was served the same evening at 7 o’clock, with the President, Mrs. J. B. Beard, Sr., presiding. Miss Hilda Threlkeld, Dean of Women, University of Louisville, was the guest speaker.

The State Regent, Mrs. Frederick A. Wallis, presided efficiently at all sessions. On Wednesday morning the meeting was called to order at 10 o’clock, following the usual processional of national and state officers, escorted by the color bearers and pages. The invocation was given by the Rev. Robert Von Thurn, pastor of the church. The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and reciting The American’s Creed preceded a cordial welcome by the Regent of Limestone Chapter, Mrs. Wm. W. Weis, with the Hon. A. Gordon Sulser making the greeting doubly sure; to which the State Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Hugh L. Russell, graciously responded.

Mrs. Chas. A. Keith, State President of the Daughters of Founders and Patriots of
America, and Mrs. H. Herbert Price, State Regent of the Daughters of American Colonists, brought greetings from their organizations.

Distinguished guests at the conference were: Vice-President General, Mrs. Eli Dixon, Illinois; Vice-President General, Mrs. Keene Arnold, Kentucky; Chaplain General, Mrs. Loren E. Rex, Kansas; Recording Secretary General, Mrs. John Heaume, Ohio; Mrs. Wm. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana; and Mrs. Samuel G. Biggs, Huntington, West Virginia, Honorary President General of the Society of Americans of Royal Descent.

The reports from state officers and state chairmen showed that much work had been accomplished during the year.

In the afternoon, through the courtesy of the Washington Study Club, a very beautiful tea was given in honor of the national and state officers at Elmcroft, the historic estate of Mrs. Bland Kirk.

Mrs. Curtis M. McGee, State Vice Regent, presided at the regents' banquet on Wednesday night, and took that occasion to present "Miss Good Citizenship," Miss Harriet Eaton of Ashland, and Miss Betsy Brooks Woodford of Paris and Miss Martha Lena Burdette of Columbia, first and second alternates. An impressive sacred concert was sung during the evening by the Paris high school chapel choir.

The memorial service on Thursday was preceded by holy communion at the Church of the Nativity, with breakfast at the parish house. The Scripture was read by Mrs. Rex, Chaplain General, at this ceremony, impressively conducted by Mrs. Alberta Brand, State Chairman of Memorials.

The state project for the celebration of the golden jubilee will be establishment of a memorial forest within the Cumberland National Forest in Kentucky.

One of the high lights of the conference, at the annual banquet, was the address, Education in Our Democracy, by Dr. Robert L. McLeod, Jr., President of Centre College at Danville. A miniature cover of the March number of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, bearing a message from the Editor, Mrs. Keyes, to the conference, was used at each cover as a place card.

At the conclusion of the banquet Mrs. T. A. Duke held a reception for our honored visitors in her lovely old home, the walls of which have echoed the voices of five generations. The pages ball at the Country Club made a happy ending.

An invitation for the forty-fourth annual State Conference to meet in Louisville in 1940, with the John Marshall Chapter as hostess for the Second District, was heartily accepted.

The merchants of Maysville cooperated with the Daughters and townspeople by giving space in their store windows for displaying antique treasures and Revolutionary relics.

The conference closed with the great satisfaction of having accomplished much work during 1938 and with the inspiration to go forward with renewed zeal and purpose through 1939.

MABEL FRENCH TAYLOR
(Mrs. Norman Ingraham Taylor),
State Recording Secretary.

OKLAHOMA

A BRILLIANT conference, resplendent with guests, was held at Enid, Oklahoma, March 8 to 11, with Mrs. Jesse William Kayser, State Regent, presiding.

Star of first magnitude was Mrs. Henry M. Robert, President General, with Mrs. William H. Pouch, of New York City, center of the orbit for the Children of the American Revolution. Distinguished guests were Miss Marion Mullins, State Regent of Texas, and her corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. C. Carpenter.

Mrs. Robert gave generously of her time and presence, broadcasting over the local radio station, giving addresses, answering questions, and meeting new acquaintances. Her address, "Educational Defenses," was one of the high lights of her stay.

The Arctic expedition to establish a memorial at Point Barrow for Will Rogers and Wiley Post was vividly described by John Kayser, son of the state regent and member of the expedition. Mr. Kayser illustrated his talk with movies in technicolor, showing the crew as they set out in their little boat on their dangerous trip up the coast, around Alaska, and up to its northernmost point. Their return, fraught
with many dangers, and their rescue after being lost at sea for two days was not touched upon at the time, but remained in the minds of all who followed their adventures last fall.

The expedition built the monument to the actor and the airman, including in it the box of souvenirs from the Daughters of the American Revolution, but in their excitement forgot other enclosures. Men of future ages may discover the D. A. R. mementoes, and wonder how the indefatigable ladies found their way nearly to the North Pole!

At the newly-built memorial at Claremore, Oklahoma, home of Will Rogers, have been placed a single "birthplace tree" and a redbud drive, gifts of the Oklahoma Daughters. Both of these are marked with bronze markers.

History work was not neglected by the Oklahomans. A story of the state organization from its beginning in 1894 to now was presented in manuscript form by the state historian, to be later sent to Washington.

The retiring state board gave, as their memorial to the state society, an antique historical map of Oklahoma, designed and painted by Lester W. Raymer of Alva. This has since been hung in the State Historical Building at Oklahoma City. With it are two hand-lettered plaques, depicting the aims and purposes of the Daughters of the American Revolution, made by Mrs. George Fluke, Jr., of Ponca City. The three were presented at conference, and dedicated April 11th.

All committees and departments reported, showing an excellent program carried on through the year. Marjorie Rainwater, of Morris, was announced as the winning Girl Pilgrim to Washington.

Enid proved to be a most excellent hostess, and the Youngblood Hotel a pleasant background for the occasion. Conference chairman was efficient Mrs. Gerald Brown.

The conference closed with the election of officers for the following year: State Regent, Mrs. J. J. McNeil, Norman; Vice Regent, Mrs. Frank Gordon Munson, Alva; Chaplain, Mrs. Joe J. Miller, Chickasha; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Gerald Brown, Enid; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John P. Cheadle, Norman; Treasurer, Mrs. R. N. R. Patterson, Tulsa; Registrar, Mrs. J. C. Hawkins, Blackwell; Historian, Mrs. Howard Searcy, Wagoner; Librarian, Mrs. Lester B. Gum, Oklahoma City; Parliamentarian, Mrs. S. A. Bryant, Cushing.

Marjorie Sawyer Munson (Mrs. Frank G.),
State Historian.

Montana

Flags placed throughout the streets in the business district and special window displays arranged by the business houses, many of them featuring relics of Revolutionary days, greeted the visiting members of the Daughters of the American Revolution to the thirty-sixth annual State Conference, held in Kalispell, March 15, 16, and 17, with Chief Ignace Chapter as hostess.

Wednesday was given over to registration, followed in the evening by a reception honoring the national and state officers and visiting delegates. The receiving line was headed by Mrs. F. B. Bogardus, Regent of the hostess chapter; Mrs. A. J. Rahn, State Regent, and Mrs. Charles Head, National Vice President General.

On Thursday morning the State Regent called the conference to order and presided at all sessions in a gracious and capable manner. The State Chaplain, Mrs. J. A. Coram, read the sixty-seventh Psalm, followed by the invocation given by the Rev. Milton A. Cookson. Addresses of welcome from F. O. Williams, Mayor of Kalispell, and Mrs. Bogardus elicited gracious response from Mrs. L. W. Crouch, State Vice Regent.

The State Regent presented her officers and introduced Mrs. Charles Head of Seattle, National Vice President General, who extended greetings from the national officers and from the President General. Several patriotic organizations brought cordial greetings.

Mrs. Crouch, State Vice Regent, took the chair and gave her report. At the Valley Forge Memorial Service held last October the Montana State Flag, a gift of Mrs. J. Fred Woodside, was presented honoring Mrs. Rahn, who voiced her pride in speaking for the Montana Daughters in that beautiful chapel. She reported much valuable
work done and fine progress made during the year. All Daughters present were proud of their Society and realized much credit was due to their efficient leader.

The reports of state officers and state chairmen showed a record of splendid accomplishments along all lines of Society work and fine cooperation on the part of all Daughters. The conference unanimously and enthusiastically endorsed our State Regent, Mrs. A. J. Rahn, for Vice President General.

Thursday was climaxed with a banquet in the Temple Tea Room, which was the high light of the conference and a brilliant, enjoyable affair. Mrs. Charles E. Head, Vice President General, was introduced by Mrs. Rahn, and gave a most inspiring address. Mrs. Rahn closed by making the state awards. Chief Ignace Chapter received the state membership prize, Bitter Root Chapter the high school history essay award, and Mount Hyalite the senior history essay award. These were cash awards donated by our State Regent.

Friday morning Mr. J. J. McDonald, Associate Editor of the American Historical Society of Seattle, addressed the conference on Heraldry. The new state officers were elected and presented at the Friday morning session. They were: Mrs. C. E. Dobson, State Regent; Mrs. Lewis D. Smith, Vice Regent; Mrs. F. B. Bogardus, Treasurer; Mrs. M. B. Morrow, Secretary; Mrs. G. R. Haglund, Registrar; Mrs. O. C. Kistler, Historian; and Mrs. Laura Holker, Librarian.

The invitation for the thirty-seventh annual State Conference to be held in Anaconda in 1940 with the Anaconda Chapter as hostess was accepted.

After singing “Blest Be the Tie That Binds,” the colors were retired and Mrs. Rahn adjourned the State Conference.

(MRS. A. G.) RUTH A. MIDDLETON,  
State Historian.
and then taken on a trip to historic Trenton.

A beautiful but sad memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. J. F. McMillan, for the 104 members who passed to the Great Beyond last year.

Miss Constance Beatys, of East Orange, was soloist at the conference on Thursday, and presented a group of songs on Thursday night at the annual banquet at the Stacy-Trent. She was assisted in the evening's entertainment by Miss Evelyn Coles, also of East Orange. Miss Coles gave two readings, "The Ivory Door," and "A Day at Our Embassy in Paris."

Following the Thursday afternoon session, all attending the conference were invited to a tea at Trent House. Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, State Regent, and Mrs. Ralph Decker, State Historian, presided at the tea table.

Several important resolutions were presented at the conference, among them one establishing a scholarship at Northland College, Wisconsin, in memory of Mrs. Wm. J. Ward of New Jersey, who was vice president general at the time of her death last June.

Another resolution advocated a contest to be carried on by the state legislature in regard to a state song for New Jersey.

During the conference days many luncheons were held. The conference ended on Friday with the same keynote of enthusiasm with which it began on Thursday—the impression of intent to accomplish much in the succeeding year for the New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution.

AMELIA S. DECKER,
State Historian.

ILLINOIS

RAW March winds, swollen rivers, and flooded highways did not deter six hundred Illinois Daughters from attending and enjoying their forty-third annual State Conference, which met in the Hotel Wolford in Danville, March 15, 16, 17. It gave them great joy to have as their guest the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., and to hear her speak stirringly on Educational Defenses. She also conducted an informative round table. Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General, was also present, and her graciousness made Illinois Daughters feel that they had known her for long. It was also gratifying that a number of Daughters from Indiana were in attendance, including their State Vice Regent, Mrs. L. L. Porter.

The Daughters enjoyed a delightful tea in the beautiful old home of "Uncle Joe Cannon," graciously opened to them by his granddaughter, Mrs. Russell Abdill. On Thursday evening the state dinner was held, with an overflow crowd in attendance. At this there was delightful music and a thought-provoking speech by Attorney H. I. Green, of Urbana, who spoke on Methods or Objectives.

Throughout the conference, almost without exception, the reports of the officers and chairmen indicated a growth in D. A. R. work in Illinois. Two new chapters were welcomed, and for the first time in ten years a net gain in membership was reported.

The outstanding event of the conference was the raising and underwriting of $10,000 with which to build Illinois Cottage, a dormitory for boys at Tamasee. This will be dedicated to Mrs. Jacob Fredrich Zimmer- man, the loved State Regent of Illinois. She completes her regency this spring and Miss Helen McMackin of Salem was elected to succeed her.

The Illinois Daughters also voted to reforest 1,000 acres of eroded Illinois land, this to be their Jubilee project.

The conference accepted the invitation of the chapters in and adjacent to East St. Louis to hold the 1940 conference there.

MAE M. MAURY
(Mrs. T. E.),
State Recording Secretary.

CONNECTICUT

THE forty-sixth annual State conference was held in Dwight Place Congregational Church, New Haven, with the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter as hostess, on Thursday and Friday, March 23 and 24, 1939. The State Regent, Mrs. Latimer, presided at all the sessions.

The meeting opened on Thursday afternoon with the processional of national and
state officers and guests, led by the color bearers, pages, and ushers. Following the opening exercises, Mrs. James F. Hunter, Regent of Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, and the Honorable John W. Murphy, Mayor of New Haven, welcomed the members of the conference. Mrs. Latimer graciously responded.

Reports of state officers and chairmen showed that much fine work has been accomplished during the year. Mrs. Frank L. Nason, Registrar General, addressed the conference, urging us to do all we can to interest people in our organization, and ending with the admonition “Love your Society and live always as worthy members of that Society.” Another interesting address was given by Mrs. Smith Stebbins, National Chairman of Ellis Island, who told of the work done among the aliens and also among the patients in the Marine Hospital on the island. At intervals songs by a soloist or by the audience broke the routine of reports.

A banquet was held at the Hotel Taft on Thursday evening, preceded by a reception. Due to illness the Governor, who was to have been guest of honor and speaker, was unable to be present, so the evening was given over to impromptu speeches by national and state officers and guests. A group of songs was sung by Edwin W. Havens, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The next session opened at 9:45 on Friday morning, and reports of committees were continued. It was voted the Connecticut Society should place a tablet honoring Mrs. George Maynard Minor, Honorary President General, in Memorial Continental Hall, and pledges were made from the floor totaling the amount needed for the tablet. Dr. Alonzo Grace, State Commissioner of Education, gave a fine address on Education for Intelligent Citizenship, which was full of practical ideas on public school education. Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins, National Chairman D. A. R. Manual for Citizenship, spoke on what the Manual means to those preparing for citizenship. A surprise speaker was Dr. Robert L. Kincaid, Vice President of Lincoln Memorial University, who briefly expressed appreciation for all the Daughters of the American Revolution has done for the university. A rare treat was a group of violin solos by Blanche Raisin, a young school girl with real talent.

A delicious luncheon was served by the ladies of the church, and the afternoon session opened at 2:30. The final report of the resolutions committee was given, and a group of songs was sung by Mrs. Mabel F. Armstrong. The report of the tellers was read by Miss Katharine Arnold Nettelton, Chairman, and Mrs. Latimer declared the following officers elected to serve for the next three years: State Regent, Miss Mary C. Welch; State Vice Regent, Miss Katharine Matthies; State Chaplain, Mrs. George Maynard Minor; and three Councillors, Mrs. Emeline A. Street, Mrs. Joseph I. West, and Mrs. Frederick A. Burr.

Miss Welch, on behalf of the Connecticut Daughters, presented Mrs. Latimer, retiring State Regent, with a beautiful diamond and platinum brooch, for which Mrs. Latimer expressed her appreciation.

A simple installation of officers as given in the ritual was carried out by Mrs. Latimer, in the stead of the chaplain, who was re-elected.

With the singing of Blest Be the Tie that Binds the conference adjourned at 3:30, and a tea followed in honor of retiring and newly elected officers. It was served by the Mary Clap Wooster Junior Group and made a delightful ending to the successful two-day conference.

KATHARINE MATTHIES,
State Recording Secretary.

NOTICE

The editor has omitted the Department of Contributors, Collaborators and Critics this month in order to devote more pages to reports of State Conferences. It will be resumed in June, space permitting.

At the suggestion of the President General, the editor has limited to one page the space given to each conference report. She has spared no efforts to make the abridgments satisfactory, but this is difficult to do with accounts of this character. Therefore, she earnestly requests that such reports may be kept within seven hundred (700) words, in order that all danger of unacceptable omissions may be avoided.
Free Patriotic Films Available

A NON-PROFIT, educational, patriotic film project with service possibilities of the first magnitude is a "find" which each of us will welcome. This newest film-producing and distributing body is The American Films Foundation, Inc., and its program is to make available, free, to patriotic societies and groups of all types, one-reel sound films of a splendid patriotic nature. With headquarters at 542 Fifth Avenue, New York City, this organization now has two subjects ready for free distribution: "The American Way" and "The Right to Work." Both films, shown before the Norwalk, Connecticut, Chapter at a recent meeting, evoked prolonged applause, and the films have met with wide approval in theaters as well as before many D. A. R. chapters, schools, churches, and other non-theatrical groups.

The American Films Foundation serves a unique function in that it is the only agency producing films of a patriotic nature and making them available for group showings in 16 millimeter, as well as theater size, and without charge. The Foundation also makes prints of its films available at cost, its only interest being to help in securing their widest possible use. This will appeal especially to chapters, as they may purchase prints and sponsor them locally as an important patriotic activity. Such a 16-mm. (small size) film costs only fifteen dollars. Its useful life is up to two
hundred showings. Imagine thus holding the undivided attention of thousands of people for twelve minutes, running time of the films, at a cost of less than one-tenth of a cent per person! Chapters are urged to purchase a print of one of the films for loan showings to other societies, business luncheon groups, schools, and churches. Such a print might well be given outright to school systems, as has been already done by some chapters. A title crediting the film to your chapter can be included in your film by the laboratory. A more effective program of patriotic education is not available.

In addition to your National Motion Picture Chairman, the very able and active national advisory board of American Films Foundation includes many leaders in educational, religious, and patriotic fields.

Write American Films Foundation for one of its free pictures for your next chapter meeting, and consider these films as instruments for patriotic education to be purchased by your chapter and sponsored locally. Ask how you can get the film shown at a local theater, as many chapters have done and then attended in a group.

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.

Audience classifications are as follows:
“Adults,” 18 years and up; “Young People,” 15 to 18 years; “Family,” all ages; “Junior Matinee,” suitable for a special children’s showing.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (20th Century-Fox)
Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Henry Fonda, J. Edward Bromberg.
Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of the deaf, greatly interested in sound vibrations and the mechanics of speech. He accidentally hit upon the mechanics he later developed into the telephone, while working on the transmission of vocal sounds over a wire. The fact that he wasn’t trying to invent the telephone at all when the miracle happened is interesting. The four Young sisters play the daughters of Gardner Hubbard, who Bell was teaching while at work on his experiments. The biography, dealing with his career, romance, and work, is timely and informative. Don Ameche gives a serious characterization of the inventor and Henry Fonda is excellent in the part of his assistant. Loretta Young is the lovely young deaf girl who becomes his wife and inspires him throughout his long life to continue work on the inventions that have become an indispensable part of modern life. One of the worthwhile productions of the year. Family.

CAPTAIN FURY (United Artists)
Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen, Paul Lukas, June Lang.
Something quite different, geographically speaking, because Australia is the setting, is this story of the colonial period of 1840, when it was the custom in England to send political prisoners to this far-off exile—there to be placed under the domination of cruel landowners. Adults and young people.

DODGE CITY (Warner Bros.)
Errol Flynn, Olivia DeHavilland, Ann Sheridan, Bruce Cabot.
All the elements popular in good westerns—romance, melodrama, comedy, action and adventure—are to be found in this elaborate story of the West of 1872. Adults and young people.

THE FLYING IRISHMAN (RKO Radio)
Douglas Corrigan, Paul Kelly, Robert Armstrong.
An enlightening re-telling of the life story of Douglas Corrigan and his “wrong way” flight to Ireland. Family.

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An enlightening re-telling of the life story of Douglas Corrigan and his “wrong way” flight to Ireland. Family.

I’M FROM MISSOURI (Paramount)
Bob Burns, Gladys George, Gene Lockhart, and Samson, the mule.
A refreshing story, built on a homely pattern, of the adroit maneuvers of a wealthy Missouri mule owner to sell mules to the British army. Family.

LOVE AFFAIR (RKO Radio)
Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Maria Ouspen-skaya.
A charmingly told love story with a fine balance of comedy, sentiment, and pathos. Adults and young people.

MYSTERY OF THE WHITE ROOM (Universal)
Bruce Cabot, Helen Mack.
When a series of baffling murders occur, a young doctor, one of the suspects, proves himself as skilful a detective as he is a surgeon. The story basis is a Crime Club novel, “Murder in the Surgery,” by Dr. James G. Edwards. Adults.
Junior American Citizens

AND so the forty-eighth Continental Congress has come and gone, and the delegates are filled with ideas and inspiration for another year. They have listened to the reports of the Junior American Citizens; they have attended by hundreds the breakfast when prizes were awarded, and representatives of the many states gave inspiring talks of the club work and what the clubs mean to boys and girls throughout the land; they have been thrilled, and many have caught the vision anew and have gone forth determined to make this an outstanding project of their states, for they have seen what these clubs are doing, what a firm foundation they are building for good citizenship and patriotic education. State chairmen must bear in mind, however, the necessity of continuing the old clubs, as well as forming new ones.

Next month the National Chairman hopes to present the Congressional report in this column, to tell definitely of the inspiration which the Congress has spread. We who are close to the work find our enthusiasm running higher every week. You who are coming in to the work will find that life has taken on a new meaning for you when you put your heart and soul into Junior American Citizens clubs. They do something to you—and for you. Perhaps you are one who is saying, “I have done my work and now someone else can help.” If you have not had contact with these clubs you have work still to do. You have something to look forward to, something that will complete your life and fill your heart. Do not let another month pass without finding out more about this work. Write to your state chairman of Junior American Citizens, and if you do not know her name ask your state regent. Look into the objects and programs of the clubs, then offer your services. You will not be disappointed. You will not regret time spent on the work. You will find it more fascinating than the best game of bridge you ever played, or anything else you have given your time to in these busy days. Make your hours count by helping with Junior American Citizens clubs, whether it means just sponsoring the clubs through your chapter, or doing some actual work with them. Will you give them your interest? Will you do for them what you would do for your own boy or girl, or what you would want done for them? You can, you know!

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.

Advancement of American Music

Through the Year with American Music

JUNE, the first month of summer is garden time. Lest there be any confusion, the composer sings "'Tis June, My Dear" and invites us to "Come to the Garden."

The month has for so long been called the month of roses that the composer who writes "Go, Lovely Rose," might be interpreted as one ready to acquaint his singers with other flowers, June larkspur and hollyhocks that attract the hummingbirds and are worthy of musical attention. From
“Grandmother’s Garden,” a suite for piano by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, dean of American women composers, comes the fragrance of mignonette, heartsease and honeysuckle. For the sake of variety, perhaps, the plebeian dandelion arrests our attention through the musical interpretation of its legend.

The charm of a June evening has not been forgotten with its preceding dusk. Even the dragonfly appears in pianistic utterances. And so we might go on through the seasonal music of the month.

June also offers two outstanding opportunities for occasional music—Flag Day, when music dedicated to the Stars and Stripes should be in evidence; and Commencement, when music in the spirit of Youth is in order.

Then, too, music written by composers born in June is found in great abundance. Curiously enough, many of these June composers belong to the latter part of the nineteenth century, with birth dates separated by only a few years. Their music is of deep interest, especially the compositions for solo voice. These add greatly to a program that might be presented during the month of June.

With the above in mind the following compositions are suggested for possible use in June.

I. SEASONAL MUSIC

Solo—Voice
Dusk in June .............................................. Fay Foster
(Composers Press, Inc.)
Hollyhocks .............................................. Elizabeth Butterfield
(Composers Press, Inc.)
Go, Lovely Rose ........................................ Arthur Foote
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Piano
Charm of the Night .................................. Charles Dennee
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
Dragon Fly, Op. 13 .................................. Ethelbert Nevin
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)
From Grandmother’s Garden, Op. 97 ........ Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(Theo. Presser Co.)

Three Part Women’s Chorus
Legend of the Dandelion ......................... Joseph Clokey
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)
In My Garden (Fr. song) ......................... Gladys Pitcher
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Violin and Piano
To a Humming Bird (arr.) ..................... Edward MacDowell
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
To a Wild Rose (arr.) .......................... Edgar Stillman Kelley

Mixed Chorus
The Sleeper ........................................... Edgar Stillman Kelley
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Organ
A Summer Fantasia .................................. George W. Stebbins
(Theo. Presser Co.)

II.—OCCASIONAL MUSIC—FLAG DAY AND YOUTH

Chorus
Our Flag ............................................... Louise Souther
(Charles W. Homeyer & Co.)

Piano
Stars and Stripes Forever ........................ John Philip Sousa
(John Church Co.)
Dance of the Dorian Youths ..................... Charles Haubiel
(Composer Press, Inc.)

Solo—Voice
Life .................................................. Pearl G. Curran
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
Youth .................................................. Ernest Charles
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
Eldorado ............................................. Edgar Stillman Kelley
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
Radio

PIONEERING in Chicago Americanism work for the D. A. R. is Mrs. Marie Tylee McHugh, who inaugurated the Immigration and Naturalization Court Committee for the Chicago area. Members of the D. A. R. serve personally at the Court seven hours daily for five and a half days a week, giving American flags and D. A. R. manuals to aliens.

As a remarkably effective phase of Chicago Americanism work, Mrs. McHugh has served as Radio Chairman for this committee. With the cooperation of Mr. Eugene Dyer, owner of three radio stations, and of Mr. Richard H. Kross, production manager of same, she has arranged a weekly broadcast on some phase of Americanism. On the first anniversary of this broadcast, the committee presented an American flag to Station WGES. This year the weekly feature has continued, with additional broadcasts on Station WCBD and Station WSBC. Outstanding programs have been the request “repeat” broadcast New Year’s Eve, presenting ten different nationalities; also, a radio dramalogue contest for high school girls, the winning historical continuities being presented over Station WGES, and silver D. A. R. history medals being awarded to the winners (donated by Mrs. Alice Jones, National Chairman of Americanism).

These three radio stations are particularly suitable as outlets for D. A. R. messages of Americanism, as they reach a vast audience, in at least five states, as well as the concentrated Chicago area. The first year of the broadcasts five hundred D. A. R. manuals were requested and sent out. The second year an increase to 3200 manuals proves our point. The total number of announcements to March 1, 1939, is 12,028. The fact that for every three or four brief announcements over the air an interested alien took the trouble to write or telephone in for information about American citizenship shows the amazing results this committee, under the leadership of Mrs. McHugh, has accomplished.

MRS. ALBERT E. JENNER, JR.
Illinois Radio Chairman
National Vice Chairman Radio

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN JUNE

Moon Marketing—Solo—Voice
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Morning Song—Organ
(Theo. Presser Co.)

Minuet Mignon—Piano
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

Still, Still with Thee—Solo—Voice
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

Six Song Etchings—Solo—Voice
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Love of Yesteryear—Arr. for Violin
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Powell Weaver
(June 10, 1890)

George W. Stebbins
(June 16, 1869)

Henry Holden Huss
(June 21, 1862)

Sumner Salter
(June 24, 1876)

Helen Hood
(June 28, 1865)

Oley Speaks
(June 28, 1876)
EDITOR'S NOTE: This report is of special interest this month because of its timely tieup with the feature article, "Louisa at Forty-six Settles Down." It was Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, Honorary Vice President General, who made her home available to the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, and who also loaned the beautiful dress from her trousseau, worn by Mrs. Hansel D. Wilson, a picture of which accompanies this report.

LET'S have a truly gala affair—the kind we used to have," remarked one of our past regents last Fall at a chapter meeting. So it was that plans were started to celebrate our forty-sixth birthday with a formal dinner on the evening of January 19. We anticipated unusual festivity for this our first evening celebration in about ten years. Members of the senior group became actively interested in working out the endless details of the banquet, and to the juniors was given the honor of providing the entertainment for an audience of three hundred members, husbands, and guests. We decided to present a historical fashion show in honor of our regent and past regents, and soon found it to be the biggest undertaking since our organization. Everything connected with the pageant was done by our own members with no outside assistance—writing, staging, and modeling.

Under the direction of our able chairman, Mrs. Hansel D. Wilson, forty gowns were modeled. Every gown had some family connection with members of our chapter. Every one was a treasure. Many bore the labels of the best Parisian modistes of their period—exquisite in workmanship, priceless lace trimmings—a truly breath-taking array. An original script was written by Mrs. Leroy Vandeveer, Mrs. Wayne F. Glock, and Mrs. Hansel D. Wilson. A verse was read to introduce each gown, with music appropriate to the period.

Our stage was set at one end of the banquet hall. From it a white canvas runway stretched between the tables to the other end of the room. Soft candlelight from the head table and a bright spotlight on the models pierced the darkness as our scene opened. On the stage sat Grandmother Louisa St. Clair—Mrs. Charles C. Andrews—holding a large red-plush album. As she turned the pages of her album of memory, figures from 1818 to the present day passed in review before her Granddaughter Page—Mrs. Max F. Utting—who knelt beside her. The Page asked,

"Oh, Grandmama Louisa, pray tell me truly, do, About this birthday party and the lovely ladies Who Are pictured in your album, in their gowns so quaint and sheer, So the Pages and the Juniors and all the guests may hear How the D. A. R. created in Detroit this chapter fine, Forty-six long years ago, and what was their design, Describe their early officers in terms of real romance, So from your wisdom I may learn her interests to advance."

Grandmother Louisa replied,

"Now some of this is hearsay, and some of it is fact, And some of it, from the records, the chapter keeps on tap. But all of it is romance to make this birthday fun, For what's an anniversary, lest nonsensically begun? So let your memories wander to those gowns they wore of yore When blouses were of dimity, and skirts were gore by gore; When hats were as top-lofty as in 1938 And were worn atop the psyche knots upon each girlish pate. Louisa St. Clair was organized one January morn; Meeting at Mrs. Chittenden's, the chapter there was born. Mrs. Fitz-Hugh Edwards, the Regent first, we see Elected to the office in 1893. This group of Detroit women an earnest effort vowed,
To further loyal standards in voices clear and loud;
To furnish flags, to locate graves, to educate the young,
To promulgate the principles their ancestors begun."

Our oldest gown was blue and white plaid taffeta, made for sixteen-year-old Sue Maria Jones to wear to a ball in 1818. At the ball she eluded her escort and eloped with another suitor! Our petite Mrs. Robert Murphy wore the gown as its story was told in verse.

Before Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Honorary Vice President General, left for a trip around the world she entrusted us with two gowns from her trousseau which had been made in
Paris. Mrs. C. Clark Ross wore a purple velvet calling costume and our chairman, whose picture accompanies this article, waltzed down the aisle in Mrs. Joy's yellow brocade ball gown.

Another Vice President General's gown—Mrs. Sturnberg—of the 1905 period was modeled by Mrs. Roy DeHart and then Mrs. Frank Scott, Jr., appeared in

“A wedding gown of sheer white lace, a cloudy veil of net,
From Mrs. George Ford's wedding in 1907, has been kept.”

Several other beautiful wedding gowns were also shown, to the accompaniment of suitable verses and music.

Louisa said:

“Till, finally, a backward trend, we view with relieved sigh,
As in graceful lines, once again, the modern girl goes by.
Oh, Page, so young and innocent, of all that's gone before,
Please leave me with my memories, and kindly shut the door.
You have your problems and your joys ahead of you tonight,
While old Louisa begs to dwell once more in past delight.
And while I dream the Regents pass, who gave this chapter life.”

As the regents' names were called and as the lights faded we listened to the strains of “Auld Lang Syne” and felt a stronger tie to the forty-six years of our Louisa St. Clair Chapter, and looked forward to another year of work and happy associations with our D. A. R. friends.

MRS. HARRY P. JENNINGS.

Regional Junior Meeting

ATTENTION! All Junior D. A. R. members of the following States: Michigan, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin. Please write immediately and make your reservations with Mrs. Edward J. Berdinner, 1331 Deane Boulevard, Racine, Wisconsin, Chairman of the Mid-West Regional Conference. The conference is scheduled for Saturday, May 6, 1939, and is to be held in Guild Hall, St. Luke's Church, Racine, Wisconsin.

Registration 10 A.M. Mrs. L. J. LaMack will be in charge. All members are required to register. The chairmen of Junior Groups are asked to prepare a three-minute talk on activities or future plans. Any interested person may bring questions on Junior Group membership. Luncheon will be served at 12:30; $1.25 covers luncheon as well as the registration fee of 25 cents voted at the meeting held March 19, 1938, in Chicago. The afternoon will be devoted to reports on the Junior Assembly and the Junior Breakfast held during Congress. Election of officers will be held also. Reservations must be in by May 1.

VIRGINIA A. PEIRCE.

Junior Group, Peoria, Illinois

During the past year the junior membership committee of the Peoria Chapter, D. A. R., has had many interesting meetings at the homes of the different members. On November 11 the morning coffee, which has become an annual event, was held at the Peoria Country Club. The subject the girls have chosen for their work is that of human conservation, and they are finding it extremely interesting.

Some of the speakers of the year were: Judge Vonachen, Mrs. Minkeler of Evanston, Mr. Ernest East, Mrs. W. J. McBryan, Mr. H. L. Hauser, Mr. B. F. Fitzsimons, Miss Flora Ebough, and Mrs. M. S. Marcy, all of whom contributed some very vital phase to the subject of human conservation.

Last Flag Day the group presented a flag to the senior chapter, giving a tableau at that time.

From June 11 to June 16 we sent a girl to camp. The program was sponsored by the Women's Civics Federation at the Women's Recreation Camp.

At Christmas a large box of clothes and toys was sent to Kate Duncan Smith School. December 10 a large benefit bridge party was given at the Jefferson Hotel, and part of the earnings will be given to Tamassee. At present the girls are launching a new project, that of making layettes for the poor.

EVELYN MALEHAM BOWER,
Chr. Jr. Membership Committee.
Comparison of the Political Philosophies of Hamilton and Jefferson

Alexander Hamilton was born in the West Indies in 1757, of Scottish and French Huguenot descent.

Thomas Jefferson was born in the wilderness of Virginia in 1743. Character and patriotism were his most valued possessions.

Hamilton and Jefferson had many things in common. Their parents died early and they were forced to look after themselves at an early age. They both had an ardent desire for education and their industry in their studies carried them far. During the war Hamilton turned out one of the best drilled and disciplined artillery units in the Continental Army. He found time to study about money circulation, rates of exchange, commerce, taxes, increase of population and the like.

Jefferson was one of the first to get his name on a list of American traitors denounced in the British Parliament by writing in strong but plain language his famous “Summary View of the Rights of British America.”

The “Summary View” was published far and wide in pamphlet form, and became the forerunner to the Declaration of Independence.

With the fire of indignation burning in his breast, he went off to the Continental Congress with a resolution from the Virginia Assembly that these United Colonies declare their independence and become free and independent states. Five days after this was introduced, a committee was appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence and Jefferson was made chairman of the committee.

While Jefferson was writing these Hamilton was actually leading a corps of troops. Hamilton became a delegate to the convention in Philadelphia. He believed that the Colonies must have a strong central government. The states had had too much power under the Articles of Confederation.

Jefferson represented the agrarian middle and lower classes and wanted freedom of conscience in which the people ruled directly and every one voted.

Hamilton believed that only the moneyed classes should have educational advantages, while Jefferson wanted a schoolhouse at every crossroad.

The Constitution was a master compromise between these two ideas. Although Jefferson was not at the convention to present a definite plan, his ideals were carried out in the forming of the Constitution by his anti-Federalist followers. In its final form it was more Federalistic than some people are led to believe, for it divided the ruling power quite evenly between the state and federal governments, giving to each definite powers. When the new government was put into operation, Washington was unanimously elected President. He immediately appointed Hamilton secretary of the treasury for his great knowledge in the science of finance, and Jefferson secretary of state for his knowledge in diplomatic affairs.

The foundation of our government is made up of many of the ideals of these two men. Today, after many years of trials and rejections, we find the policies of Jefferson and Hamilton working in a harmonious whole.

Herbert Fisher
Junior President, Charles E. Mickley Society, Adrian, Michigan

Army

Marion H. Addington

The long straight lines of rainfall
Move along the grass,
An army’s gray battalions;
Rank on rank, they pass,
And file on file; so marching
Over the darkening ground
They cross the fields and meadows
Beating a steady sound.

They camp on arid pastures
East, west and north and south,
To raise the drooping grain-fields;
And fight the parching drought
For thirsting leaves and grasses,
For flower and bush and whin—
This army of bright rain-drops.
God grant that it may win!
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.

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1938-1939

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Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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Mrs. John S. Heaume,
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Mrs. Wm. Kennedy Herrin, Jr.,
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Mrs. Willard Steele,
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Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution
Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young, 32 Bellevue Ave., Piedmont, Calif.
### State Regents and State Vice Regents for 1938-39

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Name and Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALABAMA</td>
<td>Mrs. Elly Ruff Banner, 18 Wilson St., Montgomery.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ALASKA</td>
<td>Mrs. Donald MacDonald, Fairbanks.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ARIZONA</td>
<td>Mrs. John Wallace Chappell, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ARKANSAS</td>
<td>Mrs. Charles Henry Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CALIFORNIA</td>
<td>Mrs. Thomas Francis Shorn, DeQueen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>COLORADO</td>
<td>Mrs. Carolyn Gillaspie, 1505 Ninth St., Boulder.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CONNECTICUT</td>
<td>Miss Mary Charrisa Welch, 40 Kenyon St., Hartford.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DELAWARE</td>
<td>Mrs. William C. Morris, 1105 No. June St., Los Angeles.</td>
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<tr>
<td>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</td>
<td>Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald, 434 Pala Ave., Piedmont.</td>
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<tr>
<td>FLORIDA</td>
<td>Mrs. James Hutchinson Scott, 600 No. Franklin St., Wilmington.</td>
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<tr>
<td>GEORGIA</td>
<td>Mrs. Mary Thompson, 101 Rodman Road, Perry Hill, Wilmington.</td>
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<tr>
<td>HAWAII</td>
<td>Mrs. James B. Gardner, 1115 So. Genesee Drive, Lending.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ILLINOIS</td>
<td>Mrs. John Elton Young, Lock Box 291, Fairbanks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICHIGAN</td>
<td>Mrs. William Carl Glackly, 1115 So. Genesee Drive, Lending.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MINNESOTA</td>
<td>Mrs. William Monroe Bennison, 330 Prospect Ave., So., Minneapolis.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MISSISSIPPI</td>
<td>Mrs. Floydd Williams Bennison, 330 Prospect Ave., So., Minneapolis.</td>
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<td>MISSOURI</td>
<td>Mrs. Henry Clay Childs, Lafayette Arms, Lexington.</td>
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<td>MONTANA</td>
<td>Mrs. Fredrick Alfred Walls, 616 Pleasant St., Paris.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEW HAMPSHIRE</td>
<td>Mrs. Fredrick Palmer Latimer, 4 Kenyon St., Hartford.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEW MEXICO</td>
<td>Mrs. Berlin Olson, 334 Main St., Somerville.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEW YORK</td>
<td>Mrs. Margaret Emily McIlroy, Main St., Lewiston.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NORTH CAROLINA</td>
<td>Mrs. William C. Morris, 1105 No. June St., Los Angeles.</td>
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<tr>
<td>OHIO</td>
<td>Mrs. William Monroe Bennison, 330 Prospect Ave., So., Minneapolis.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PHILIPPINE ISLANDS</td>
<td>Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PENNSYLVANIA</td>
<td>Mrs. Margaret Emily McIlroy, Main St., Lewiston.</td>
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<tr>
<td>RHODE ISLAND</td>
<td>Mrs. Mary Eliza Henry, 154 South St., Hingham.</td>
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<td>SOUTH CAROLINA</td>
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<td>Mrs. Mary Eliza Henry, 154 South St., Hingham.</td>
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<td>MARYLAND</td>
<td>Mrs. Charles Henry Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MASSACHUSETTS</td>
<td>Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald, 434 Pala Ave., Piedmont.</td>
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<tr>
<td>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</td>
<td>Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald, 434 Pala Ave., Piedmont.</td>
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**National Board of Management—Continued**

**TENNESSEE**
- Mrs. Walter M. Berry, Route 5, Box 870, Memphis.
- Mrs. Clarence G. King, 519 Alabama St., Bristol.

**TEXAS**
- Mrs. Marion D. Mullena, 1424 Cooper St., Fort Worth.
- Mrs. J. D. Sanderfer, 2202 Hickory St., Abilene.
- Mrs. O. Alvin Farmley, 730 25th St., Ogden.
- Mrs. Robert Welles Fisher, 511 E. 3rd South St., Salt Lake City.

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- Mrs. Reef B. Crayton, 19 Messenger St., St. Albans.
- Mrs. Binney Batcheller, Wallingford (acting).

**VERMONT**
- Mrs. Raymond Amkinson, 19 Messenger St., St. Albans.
- Mrs. George C. Stone, 109 Hawthorne Drive, Danville.

**WASHINGTON**
- Mrs. Felchius M. Williams, 2667 Park Drive, Bellingham.
- Mrs. Stans Howard, 709 University St., Walla Walla.

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- Mrs. William H. Cudworth, 2403 E. Belleview Place, Milwaukee.

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- Mrs. Helen C. Kimberly Stuart, 406 E. Wisconsin Ave., Neenah.
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**CANAL ZONE**
- Mrs. Walter D. Clark, (Chapter Regent), Box 55, Balboa Heights.

**PUERTO RICO**
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**ITALY**
- Mrs. Katherine Smith Tuccimei (Chapter Regent), Via Taro 39, Rome.

**GERMANY**
- Mrs. Friedrich Eichberg (Chapter Regent), Keesville, Washington County, Md.

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- Miss Lillian Thomason, Berkeley Inn, Haste and Telegraph St., Berkeley, Calif.

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- Mrs. Volney Allen Brundage, 1733 Newton St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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- Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hoffman, 3128 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
- Mrs. William A. Becker, 77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

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- Mrs. shapes a Lane, 1936 1817 Senate St., Columbus, S. C.
- Mr. Robert Jeffrey Reed, 1938 77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.
- Mr. Elrey Grant Drake, 1938 601 N. 5th St., Beatrice, Neb.

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- Dr. Mary Martin Sloop

**HILLSIDE SCHOOL**
- Mr. Lemuel Sanford

**HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL**
- Miss Mary Stone

**KATE DUNCAN SMITH D. A. R. SCHOOL**
- Mr. Wilson Evans

**LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY**
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**MARYVILLE COLLEGE**
- Miss Clemmie J. Henry

**MONTVERDE SCHOOL**
- Mr. H. P. Carpenter

**NORTHLAND COLLEGE**
- Dr. J. D. Browne

**PINE MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL**
- Mr. Glynn A. Morris

**SCHAUFFLER COLLEGE**
- Dr. Raymond C. Clapp

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- Mr. Ralph H. Cain
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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
MRS. RUTH BRADLEY SHELDON, 1935 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

CONSERVATION
MRS. OZEN D. WANTEN, 209 Darden St., Vidalia, Ga.

Correct Use of the Flag
MRS. B. D. WEAVER, Bacon College, Bacon, Okla.

Chairman in Charge of American Indians

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMAGE
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MANUAL FOR CITIZENSHIP
MRS. CARL S. HOPKINS, Lisbon, N. H.

MUSEUM
MRS. WILLARD STEELE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

STUDENT LOAN FUND
MISS CLAUDINE HUTTER, 122 Rattion St., Lynchburg, Va.

ELLIS ISLAND
MRS. SMITH H. STEEN, 500 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FILING AND LENDING BUREAU
MRS. FRANK W. BAKER, 4533 Pattham St., Omaha, Neb.

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

GIRL HOME MAKERS
MRS. ALICE LANE NEWSHY, 1822 Bennett Ave., Dallas, Texas.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMAGE
MRS. ELEANOR GREENWOOD, Shadow Lawn, Pepperell, Mass.

WILKINS CLUB
MRS. GEORGE D. SCHERMERHORN, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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MRS. LEROY MONTGOMERY, 7 Fairfield Ave., So. Norwalk, Conn.

JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS
MRS. IMOCZU B. EMERY, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington D. C.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
MRS. KEYSER FRY, 325 Douglass St., Reading, Pa.

MOTION PICTURES
MRS. VICTOR ABBOT BINFORD, Roxbury, Maine.

NATIONAL DEFENSE THROUGH PATRIOTIC EDUCATION
MRS. FRANK W. MONDELL, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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INSIGNIA
MRS. JOHN KAUF, 404 6th Ave., S., Jamestown, N. Dak.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION
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FINANCE
MRS. JOHN S. HAUER, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

AUDITING
MRS. VINCENT EARL SISSON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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BUILDING AND GROUNDS
MRS. FRANK L. NOYES, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

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D. A. R. HANDBOOK
MRS. W. S. MUSGRAVE, 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.

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MISS GRACE L. BROUSEAU, New York
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National Historian
MRS. LEE R. PENNINGTON, Jr.

National Librarian-Curator
MRS. CHARLES S. CROPS

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MRS. JOSIAH A. VAN OERS
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MRS. HENRY BOURNE JOY, Michigan
MRS. ROY A. BLACK III, President General, D. A. R.
MRS. MIRIAM KENDALL, President General, S. A. R.

(Elected for five years)
MRS. LAMBERT ANDERSON, Mass., 1937
MRS. HERBERT ALLEN BLACK, Colo., 1937
MISS MARGARET LOTHRING, Calif., 1937
MRS. FRANK S. RAY, Maryland, 1936
MRS. HORACE TOWNSEND, Iowa, 1935

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SEVERAL conventions with a larger registration than the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution meet annually in the United States. Most of these have one or two huge mass meetings. At other times, they are divided into departments or sections to suit the needs of members of varying tastes and interests. To secure adequate accommodations, most of these conventions move from city to city. The Daughters of the American Revolution meet each year in the same city, in a building erected for this purpose by members in all parts of the country. To be a good Daughter of the American Revolution, one must know the details of the work of all standing committees. Delegates and alternates attend with the idea of learning the activities of the entire Society. Every meeting is, therefore, a mass meeting.

It was estimated that at this year's Continental Congress, the attendance even at the last meeting on Friday morning was more than two thousand, and that at all others the number present would approximate three thousand.

On the opening night, every one of the four thousand chairs is occupied. Guests write to say that this opening is one of the rarely beautiful sights in our country. An American naval officer this year said that, although he had been a part of a number of the world's great happenings in recent years, never had one exceeded in beauty and interest the opening of our Continental Congress. Is this because one so seldom sees the flag of every state in a procession? This we know to be true, for many times are the state flags of our Society sought for use by other groups in Washington. On several occasions our flags have been displayed at the dedication of new government buildings. Is it because of the great American Flag which falls from the ceiling as if to protect and to shelter all those banners of the states passing beneath it? Or is it because that gathering of four thousand reaching to the far corners of a beautiful building have within them a realization of the spirit and purpose of America, and a sincere desire to make the American dream come true?

Members of our Society often say that
the training which they receive in procedure and management through our Congresses is of help to them in other societies. For many years, I have never known a meeting of our Continental Congress to begin even one minute late. Two visitors at the recent Congress wrote that they “would never have forgiven” themselves if they hadn’t come. Another guest, ineligible for membership, writes: “Certainly it is undiluted pleasure to congratulate you and the others responsible for the wonderful organization and mobilization which was manifest under the casually easy way everything was managed. Anyone who has in a small way been what the ‘kingfish’ calls an ‘exec.’ realizes what such an affair, involving so many people, must call for.”

One of the most interesting impressions from this year’s Congress came from a missionary to India. As a guest of her sister, a state officer, she observed the Congress from one of the boxes. She is returning to India with the hope of organizing a chapter in that far-distant land.

The presence of the girls of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage adds much to the interest of the opening night. That their experiences in Washington will remain to bless their future is indicated by the following excerpts from recent letters:

“Yes, but the most marvelous thing of all was the opening of the Congress. It was not until then that I realized the privilege and honor of being chosen a representative from my state. That night was truly the most important and exciting in my life. I feel that I owe the D. A. R. a great debt and I hope that I can pay it some day. I never knew how much I really love our flag until it fell into place on Monday night.”

“I’ll never feel another thrill to equal the one I received when the American flag was suddenly lowered at the Congress in Constitution Hall! Every time I describe that sight to anyone, little tremors run up and down my spine. The pilgrimage will always be something to which I must live up, something of which I must remain worthy.”

The members of all committees work long hours and days in preparing for the Congress. That there is a measure of reward in service is indicated by these words written by one committee member:

“I want particularly to thank you for permitting me to work on the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Committee. It was the nicest thing I have ever done during my whole life and nothing ever gave me more happiness or satisfaction.”

Many members were happy to greet Miss Janet Richards, charter member number 133, the only person who has attended every Continental Congress. The hope that Miss Richards may still have that record at the Fiftieth Continental Congress in 1941 is shared by all.

Progress was reported by many national committees. There was a net gain of more than five hundred in membership. The Approved Schools Committee reported gifts totaling nearly $90,000, the largest sum in its history. Although one-hundred-
thousand members had been set as the goal of the Junior American Citizens, the membership for the year reached one-hundred and seventeen thousand. The report of lower amounts from some committees does not mean less work accomplished. For example, it was discovered that in some cases, scholarship funds had previously been reported under the Student Loan Fund Committee. This year, only the revolving loan funds were reported under that committee.

Among many important resolutions of the Congress was the adoption of the Fiftieth Anniversary projects of the National Society.

A portrait of Caroline Scott Harrison, first President General, to be copied from the original presented by Indiana Daughters to the White House, will be presented to the Harrison home in Indianapolis, now restored as a museum, on Founders’ Day, October 11, 1939. Funds for this purpose have been subscribed, and permission for copying the portrait at the White House has been secured.

The Penny Pines Project, already in active development in many states, was adopted. In cooperation with the National Chairman of Conservation, the United States Forest Service has prepared a helpful booklet of information. Many states will exceed the original suggestion of an acre per chapter. One state is planning a forest of a thousand acres. With what joy they will behold their grove on the seventy-fifth anniversary!

Two great projects require the united effort of all members. The building and air-conditioning of two fine rooms on the ground floor of Memorial Continental Hall as an historical archives and document
room was approved. Many rare documents of the Revolutionary and early American period, presented to the Society, have not had the protection which they deserve. Members have assured the Society of new important gifts provided proper care can be given. At the request of the National Board of Management, Mrs. Russell William Magna, Honorary President General, kindly consented to act as auctioneer in receiving subscriptions for special gifts. Of the desired $25,000, a total of $15,960 in written pledges has been received at this writing. In order that the construction and furnishing may be entirely completed by the time of the Fiftieth Anniversary, October 11, 1940, it is hoped that all states having summer meetings and fall conferences will give opportunity to their members for further contributions to this project.

The last great aim of the Anniversary is the establishment of an endowment fund for the National Society. The increasing demands upon the current funds for taxes, pensions and other expenses over which the Society has no control, make an endowment for emergencies of particular importance. Within a few years, buildings presented to Approved Schools through gifts by all the Society, will require large sums for improvement. The Society must be prepared. It is hoped that many members will wish to add to the endowment through bequests to be included in their wills. A nucleus has already been started by vote of the Continental Congress, in making the surplus of $1300 remaining in the Constitution Hall Memory Book Fund the first contribution to the National Society's endowment.

Although contributions to the general endowment fund are greatly to be desired in order that the Society may meet emergencies as they arise, gifts for special purposes, such as the approved schools, the magazine, the buildings, will be ear-marked as requested.

May the interest and inspiration that the Congress gave to members in attendance bear fruit in increased activity during the year to come.

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT,
President General, N. S. D. A. R.
I T IS A LOVELY COURTESY on the part of our Editor to offer an entire page of our NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE to each newly elected Vice President General! I feel sure that each new officer is as grateful as I am for the opportunity of expressing her appreciation of the honor conferred upon her in her election to this new high office in our National Society; and I am very proud and very happy to be the first to pledge my enthusiasm and my loyalty to our leaders and to our great Society.

The patriotism of the Daughters of the American Revolution is deep and abiding within their hearts; it is a light that guides their mental and spiritual progress, being never far removed from their religion. The educational, religious, social, political and economic freedom of our country grew out of such a mingling of patriotism and religion and these liberties will abide among us so long as we hold high these twin torches. At the moment, the entire nation is agape with horror that such liberties are being denied other peoples and might become lost to us; and thoughtful citizens are ready, as not in many years, to proclaim their belief in the American Way and to welcome the cooperation of the Daughters of the American Revolution in fanning each small spark of patriotism that has been uncovered by the whirlwind of international storm centers. If we are, as an organization and as individuals, prayerful, consistent, ardent, and steadfast we may prove to the world and to ourselves that we have been brought with purpose to this time and place.

We have a great channel for dignified and purposeful contact, not only as between ourselves but also as between ourselves and the public, in this our NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE. Our Magazine might well be a glorified “Calling Card”, left not only at the portals of each other’s homes but passing also into the doorways of others whom we wish to know us better and with whom we wish an understanding friendship. For a true medium of publicity for our Society, for purposeful statement of our ideals, for happy reminder of the glorious past of our country, for encouragement of the dreams of “We, the People” . . . for each of these Our Magazine should stand . . . and as Vice President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and, by virtue of that office, as a member of the Magazine Committee it will be my honor and my pleasure to devote a great deal of effort to the increase of its sphere of usefulness.