THE CROSS ON THE HIGHWAY
By POLLY SIMPSON MAC MANUS

MILADY'S SILHOUETTE
By HANNAH LONDON

"THE RIPLEYS CAN TAKE LEARNING"
By A. L. CRABB

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ANDREW JACKSON rode out to the Academy early on that bright September morning in 1792. He was troubled. Disquieting rumors of the activities of the Indians had drifted into Nashville. They were, so the rumors affirmed, on the march and approaching the settlement. It was like Mr. Jackson that in such a crisis his first concern should be the Academy. So great was the interest...
of the young lawyer in Davidson Academy that not long after his arrival in the Cumberland country he had been honored by appointment as trustee. So, when he heard of the approach of the Indians he wasted little time in getting out to Spring Hill, five miles northeast of Nashville. There in a long, low structure of stone Dr. Thomas B. Craighead preached on the Sabbath and taught on week days.

Dr. Craighead was a stern man in the classroom, but strangely gentle elsewhere. The same voice that seared when one of his young men manifested inadequacy in Latin grew friendly and companionable the minute school was over. The Academy opened early in the morning. In winter, the sun barely risen, found Dominie Craighead leading his young men deep into the mysteries of natural philosophy, and on that selfsame day the sun's

[ 3 ]
last rays shone dimly into the long room where a class struggled valiantly through a maze of Latin declensions. And then the boys, except a few who lived near by, walked with their teacher a few hundred feet to his home, in a long hall of which they were lodged. Presently they gathered at the table whereon Mother Craighead had placed food, steaming hot and ample. The Academy was a matter of great pride to the settlers, and rarely did one pass it without stopping to watch with wide eyes the performance of the rites in their temple of learning.

General Daniel Smith had stopped briefly before Mr. Jackson arrived. He was building a new home on his farm near Gallatin, and he was perforce in a bit of a hurry. But he remained for one class period. Mr. Craighead went with him to the door. "God bless you, Parson Craighead," he said. "You're at a noble work, but keep an eye on the outside. They say the Indians are swarming near Murfreesboro. I'm a bit worried, Parson."

"We'll put our trust in God, General Smith, but all the same we'll try not to be taken unawares."

General Smith was hardly out of sight when there was the sound of a horse cantering briskly. The teacher excused himself for a moment from his class in moral philosophy and met the visitor at the door. "Good morning, Doctor Craighead. This is a welcome sight for my eyes, to which such sights were not given in my youth. I pray that you are blessed with health, sir."

"Aye, Mr. Jackson, I'm blessed with many things—health, and food, and raiment, and fine young men whom to guide is blessing enough for any man."

He invited Mr. Jackson to a seat near the boys in the moral philosophy class. The visitor remained through that recitation and yet another. When he left Dr. Craighead accompanied him to the door, and then Mr. Jackson spoke the warning that in part he had made the trip to give—

"Doctor Craighead, I should counsel watchfulness. Indians are abroad, sir, and the Academy is not protected."

"But, Mr. Jackson, Indians are always abroad. Yesterday, I gave food to one at my home."

"An act of kindness, Doctor Craighead, but scarce justified by their behavior of late. The scouts say that an army of five hundred were near Murfreesboro yesterday and moving in this direction."

"A war party, General Jackson?"

"Aye, sir, any Indian party that size is a war party."

"Where do you expect them to strike, Mr. Jackson?"

"One can never say. Perhaps Buchanan's Station, unless they shift their course."

"May God bend them toward ways of peace and give to us the wisdom and the will to deal justly with them," said the minister devoutly.

"Amen," said Andrew Jackson with a wry smile, "but help us to keep our powder dry, too."

Mr. Jackson cantered away, but the heart of one of the boys had become heavy. So great was his distress that it soon came to Dr. Craighead's attention.

"Stephen Ridley, sir, whatever is the matter with you? Are you stricken with an illness?"

"Doctor Craighead, I heard Mr. Jackson's words, and I am greatly troubled. My sister is at Buchanan's Station, and her husband is away, away in Kaintuckee, sir, and most of the strong men are with him. I am greatly troubled, sir. I request to be excused that I may go and be with her till her husband, John Buchanan, returns. May I, sir?"

"If the Indians are abroad and inclined to violence, it would be unwise for a lad to make that trip alone. Return to your studies, Stephen Ridley. God will guard your sister."

Somewhat reassured, the lad returned to his studies but he could not shake off the fear that ill-boded for Buchanan's Station—and his sister. Late in the afternoon a swift-footed scout, sent by James Robertson, arrived at the Academy. The night before the Indians had encamped at the bluffs on Stone's River three miles from Murfreesboro. They were without doubt making for the settlements on the Cumberland. No one knew which settlement they would reach first. All were being warned. He spoke in low tones, but Stephen Ridley's keen ears caught every word.

At dark Dr. Craighead was returning
from feeding his horses, when his quick eyes caught sight of a shadowy form moving rapidly away from his house.

"Wait!" he called sharply. "Wait there, I say!" As by habit, the shadow halted. It was Stephen Ridley. The words poured from him in a torrent—

"I have to go, Doctor Craighead. I have to go. My sister is there, and her husband is away. I have to go, Doctor Craighead. I must. I shall never disobey you again, but I must go. My sister—"

Thomas Craighead had one of those rare glimpses by which men come to understand other men perfectly.

"All right, Stephen," he said quietly, "you may go." The boy turned quickly, but Dr. Craighead stopped him.

"Wait!" he said. "Why did John Buchanan go to Kentucky?"

"To get powder, sir."

"I had heard so. Come with me a moment, Stephen." Two great horns of powder hung in the hall of the Craighead home.

"Take these to your sister. There's a bare chance they might prove useful. God bless you, Stephen. Come back when John Buchanan returns."

Stephen Ridley's strides carried him swiftly along the crude road that was the beginning of a great highway. When he reached the ferry near Fort Nashboro not a candlelight shone in the village. Again and again he raised a futile halloo for the ferryman. Apparently the ferryman was sleeping soundly, for no response came back to the impatient lad. There was the possibility of a boat being tied up on the bank over the ferry. Stephen recalled he had seen one there. His case was urgent. He would borrow it and leave it tied on the Nashville side, and later pay the owner for its use. He crept by the waterside, feeling carefully, for it was very dark. There was no boat, but just then clank of oars sounded from the opposite shore, and presently the ferryboat landed and a tall man led a horse onto the shore. His keen eyes, used to the dark, caught sight of Stephen.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he called in ominous tones. "Speak quickly!"

"I am Stephen Ridley, and I wish to get to Buchanan's Station. My sister is there. She may need me."

"Indeed she may. I am Adam Mansker, and I'm hurrying home. They may need me, too. Lucky I came along and pulled this lunkhead out of his bed by his hair. I heard you were in the Academy, Stephen."

"Yes, sir, but Doctor Craighead gave me leave to go to see my sister, sir."

"May the Lord grant you are not needed, though. But it looks bad—"

The surly boatman bade Stephen get aboard, and presently he had crossed the Cumberland. He struck south from the silent stockade, caught the Murfreesboro trail, held it to the forks where the Mill Creek trail led to the left. The night was dark, and the hush was almost unearthly. The lacy fingers of an early autumn breeze reached in and out among the leaves, touching them gently. There was swift scamper of frightened things as Stephen passed along the trail. In the distance a fox barked, and the night transformed the sound into music. From a tree an owl sounded its melancholy cry. But mostly there was no sound. To Stephen it seemed that Nature was listening intently for what it might hear, and fearing to hear it. He wondered how he would get into the station. He would have to get someone out of bed, and there would be grumbling. He would have to be very careful, for they might have a sentry out who would shoot and then investigate. How could he explain his unseemly visit to his sister? She might be angry, but behind her anger would be tenderness. She had almost reared Stephen. She had taken him to the Academy, and personally entrusted him to Parson Craighead's care. Stephen remembered how he had broken down and sobbed when she, returning to Buchanan's Station, had passed out of sight along the trail, riding her horse and leading the one that had borne him. He thought it must be much after midnight.

Stephen arrived at Mill Creek, which was low and which he could wade without more than wetting his knees. Against the sky he could see the great lump he knew was Buchanan's Station, hugging the rise on the opposite side of the creek. He must be careful. That sentry, if they had one out, might have an impatient trigger finger. He must be careful. He placed a foot in the water—and then his heart seemed to stop.
From the cracks of the stockade he saw light flicker—yes, there it was again. Perhaps someone was sick—perhaps his sister. He placed another foot in the water and stopped again. Again something tugged at his heart, for there broke upon the night a hideous shrieking and yelling, as if all the devils were turned loose on the creek bank.

Stephen knew the Indians had come and that the stockade was besieged. Dimly it occurred to him that if the Indians had remained quiet he would now be in their hands, for they were directly across the creek from him. A bullet whined close to his face, a bullet from the fort. He sought shelter behind a great rock by the creek-side, and there lay for hours, it seemed to him. As he lay he became reassured. The firing of rifles from within the fort, whose flashes he could plainly see, indicated that at least twelve, perhaps more, riflemen were there. Perhaps John Buchanan had returned from Kaintuckee. All then might be well. Buchanan was a sturdy Indian fighter, and with twenty riflemen could hold the stockade against many times that many Indians. But in her weekly letter to Stephen his sister had said that he would not return for two weeks yet.

At intervals the shooting and yelling would die away, followed by a stillness that was oppressive. Stephen remembered in a detached way a game he and other lads had played on the rock behind which he lay. It seemed years since he had sat on a hard bench in Davidson Academy. Everything seemed unreal. For a long time he heard no sign of Indians near the creek opposite him, though desultory shots from various directions beyond the fort. The Indians must have crept away from this side, leaving him a clear approach. He remembered that for a long time no shot had sounded from within the fort. Perhaps they had run out of powder. If that were so, they needed him. He had two great horns of it, Thomas Craighead’s gift. He must get inside.

Stephen started across the creek, and stopped in horror. Outlined on the stockade roof by the light of a blazing torch he bore stood an Indian. He knelt on the roof and held the torch to the roofboards. A rifle sounded within the fort. The Indian fell and rolled off the roof, his body striking with a thud. A tiny blaze burned on the roof, and grew, grew ominously. Then a woman appeared on the roof, and by the blaze Stephen saw she carried a bucket and a gourd—and that she was his sister. Rifles by the creekside crackled venomously, but she calmly poured gourdful after gourdful of water on the blaze. Not a bullet touched her. Again there was silence within the fort, which Stephen thought could mean only that their powder was used up. The Indians apparently thought so too, for they recklessly stood in the open, firing at the fort and screaming their challenges.

Suddenly the tumult ceased, and Stephen heard the call of the whippoorwill, insistently repeated. He knew it was an Indian signal, and could hear them leaving the opposite shore, bearing to the right. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, he held himself in check, and then crossed the creek and climbed the steep bank. He knew that for the next few moments he would be in deadly peril, from within the fort if his approach were discovered, and from without if he called. He reached the stockade gate undiscovered. He knocked sharply and a bullet went through his hat.

The near-by settlers had begun to come into Buchanan’s Station about the middle of the afternoon. The wives busied themselves stowing away the goods they had brought, and later in cooking quantities of food. Some of the men carried water from the spring, filling immense casks. Others with axes and hammers strengthened the weak places in the stockade. At sundown they ate, and then gathered in the court of the stockade, and Reverend James Whitsitt read from the Scriptures, the eighteenth Psalm—

... The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

There was strength and sweetness in the voice that for fifty years was to give godly counsel to the people of Nashville. When
he finished his hearers felt strangely calm and content.

The Indians came at midnight, but their plan to surprise the settlers went awry. Cows belonging to the Buchanans were sleeping in the path of the invaders, whose approach so frightened them they stampeded toward the fort. The sentinel, John McRory, heard them and read aright the sign. He went rapidly throughout the stockade, touching the sleepers and whispering the news. No lights were struck. They gathered and waited, waited until they began to think John McRory had been unduly zealous. Thomas Rains came over to Mrs. Buchanan.

“I think I heard something down by the creek, though it may be those plaguey cows again.”

“It wasn’t the cows,” said Mrs. Buchanan. “John McRory was right. If only we had more powder!”

“How much is there?”

“How much? Not more than a hundred rounds.” As she spoke the night was filled with a hideous bedlam, a bedlam that rose on all sides—they were completely surrounded. A single candle was lighted but carefully screened from the stockade’s cracks.

“You men take the portholes,” said Sarah Ridley Buchanan, “but fire only when it counts. We have plenty of bullets but little powder. Bring your guns here when they are empty. We’ll load them.”

“Here they come!” called Willoughby Williams from the eastern side.

“Wait till you can’t miss,” said Sarah Buchanan.

“Now,” said Williams softly. Three guns cracked, and three Indians fell. Two lay still after a few convulsive movements; one dragged himself away leaving a trail of blood.*

“I got one!” called John Rains from the side facing the creek.

“Don’t shoot until you can’t miss,” called Sarah Buchanan, as she pushed a bullet home. “We haven’t much powder.”

The night wore on. “Here—here they come!” called a rifleman from the western wall. “There must be fifty of them. Come here, all of you!”

* It was known the next day that one of the dead was Kiachatalee, a Cherokee chieftain.

The entire garrison ran to the western side. “Hold fire,” said Sarah Buchanan. “We haven’t a grain of powder to spare.” The rifles spoke. The Indians wavered, paused, and fell back, leaving seven lying a dozen feet from the wall.

“Back to your places!” cried Sarah Buchanan. “Back to your places!”

The warning was not ill-timed. On the eastern side the rifles volleyed again. In the candlelight a dozen women loaded furiously.

“That’s the last of the powder,” said Sarah Buchanan calmly.

Two rifles sang out and two Indians, so close their skins were powder-burned, ceased to have interest in the siege.


They listened. Someone was on the roof, and there was crackle of burning wood.

Sarah Buchanan spoke. “Climb that ladder, John Rains, and pick him off. Don’t miss. It’s our last bullet, save one.”

John Rains climbed the ladder, until he could peer over the low pitch of the roof. His rifle cracked and a body thudded on the ground.

John Rains climbed down. “I didn’t miss,” he said.

“Get to your places!” commanded Sarah Buchanan. “You can still use clubs. That roof is afire. I’m going to put it out.”

She took a bucket and mounted the ladder. With firm tread she climbed the roof and began pouring water on the blaze. Bullets sang about but none touched her. When she came back she sat down, curiously listless. Outside there was silence.

The Indians hadn’t anticipated such resistance, and two of their chieftains were dead, Kiachatalee and Running Water. Evidently the word of their scouts that John Buchanan and his best men had gone on a long journey had been unfounded. They were in council now, but there was no word of withdrawing. At most no more than twenty-five men were in the stockade, and they numbered more than ten times that. Strategy was their theme.

Meanwhile Sarah Buchanan sat, still listless.
“They’ll be back,” she said. “You men know how to swing clubs. Well, swing them. And you women, find what you can fight best with. We won’t quit!” She arose and took a cornknife from the wall. “I’m ready,” she continued. “I’m glad John Buchanan is away. They’ll be needing men like him in these settlements. I’m glad Stephen Ridley isn’t here either, so the Ridley name will not die out. It’s a good name. Well, let them come, I’m ready.” She spoke as one relaxed, reminiscent, but her eyes shone. “Stephen didn’t want to go to Davidson Academy. He wanted to stay with me, but I made him go. Stephen’s a Ridley, and the Ridleys can take learning.”

“Here’s one!” called John Rains, peering into the dark. “Such nerve! He’s coming right up to the gate!” He shifted so the muzzle of his rifle found the crack through which he had been peering.

Andrew Dillahunty from the opposite side cried out the Indians were approaching.

“Get over there!” commanded Sarah Buchanan. “They may take us, but they won’t find it easy. I’m glad John Buchanan isn’t here, and—” She continued in monotone, “I’m glad Stephen Ridley isn’t here either. Don’t miss, John Rains. It’s our last powder.”

John Rains fired; then peered out the crack, cried “Good Lord!” and opened the gate.

Stephen Ridley came into the fort.

“That was our last powder,” said Sarah Buchanan. “You men watch that side. Watch it, I say!” She turned to her brother. “Stephen Ridley, why are you here? Have you—did you—?”

“No, sister, I left the Academy in good standing, and with Doctor Craighead’s consent. I thought—I thought I might be needed here.”

“You’re not needed, Stephen Ridley. I could die with better grace if you had stayed with Doctor Craighead.” Then she straightened and her eyes gleamed. “Stephen Ridley, those horns—what’s in them?”

“Powder, sister. Doctor Craighead sent it to you.”

“Powder—thank God for his goodness! I’ll see John Buchanan again!”

“Here they come!” shouted Andrew Dillahunty. “That gully is alive with them.”

Day was beginning to break and visibility was increasing.

Sarah Buchanan became dynamic. “Give me that powder. You take that other horn, John Rains. Load those rifles! Hurry! Thank God for Doctor Craighead—and for Stephen Ridley, too. Here, take this rifle—it’s loaded. Get over there—watch that side. We must beat them—Stephen Ridley must get back to the Academy before the sun goes down.”

“Steady, men,” warned John Rains, “they’re coming.”

The rifles began to speak, but above the thunder of the battle, above the yells of the savages, could be heard Sarah Buchanan’s voice, clear, triumphant. “Here, hand that rifle here. You load this one. Hurry! Here, take this one. Hurry! For God’s sake, hurry!”

The fire that poured from the rifles was more than the surprised Indians could stand. They wavered and fled, dragging, Indian-like, their dead and wounded.

In the middle of the morning Andrew Jackson rode into Buchanan’s Station. He had heard of the fight and came to offer assistance. He caught sight of Stephen Ridley. “You, sir—what are you doing here? Yesterday, I saw you at Davidson Academy. What are you doing now at Buchanan’s Station?”

Sarah Buchanan answered. “There wouldn’t be any Buchanan’s Station if it hadn’t been for Stephen, Mr. Jackson. He brought us powder. Mr. Jackson, does your horse carry double?”

“Yes, Mrs. Buchanan, why?”

“I want you to take Stephen back to Davidson Academy. He’s too tired to walk.”

As Andrew Jackson’s horse, carrying double, crossed the creek and climbed the opposite bank Sarah Buchanan smiled happily. “I’m glad Stephen’s getting back to the Academy. The Ridleys can take learning.”
THE following old letter came to the editor from Mrs. Horace W. Barr of West Lawn, Pennsylvania. It is a congratulatory message, addressed to: "His Excellency Andrew Jackson, President of the U. S., Washington."

Dear and Honored Sir,

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the result of the last election, and to place you in the President of the United States, the people of the United States, the new administration, and the new majority, that was given us so far exceeds the calculations of the last informer of my friends, as to produce sensations of joy through out the states and the country, particularly as to lead down the enemies and conquer all their members.

I trust you have given yourself the honored pleasure of communicating my joy and congratulations, if there had been the means of going on to Washington, but a portion of 8,200 counties will not suffer a three-fifths, but perhaps the amount of the election, the house of representatives in the custom house in the case of the president, and the conditions would be less for one and my condition would be much ameliorated and my time respectfully employed as if I had the means of running to work and working it with a united force, perhaps, in some degree, will bring you back to the happy and a contented increase of the good will and affection of the people.

I am sincerely and respectfully yours,

Yours very truly,

[Signature]

March 3, 1828
A Practical Dream

ZELMA LARGE HOUSER

DRIVING over the lovely green hills of Lake County, Florida, I came upon the attractive stone gates that proclaimed the campus of Montverde School. On each side was a beautiful, flower-bordered expanse of lawn, with flame vines, cocoa plumosa and other palms, cherry laurels, and oaks as fitting decoration for the dignified buildings.

The day I spent visiting this charming spot, where two hundred boys and girls worked and thought and studied, was a revelation. On every hand enthusiastic pupils and teachers were alert to make me welcome and to tell me about their interesting life at Montverde.

Against the background of the D. A. R. Hall, two pretty junior girls posed in a petunia bed, obligingly giving me a chance for a snapshot, and vying with each other in praising their school. "I can bake biscuits," smiled the slender one with the white coat and flaming tie, "thousands of them!"

"We work, every last one of us, to pay for half our expenses. The girls help with the meals and the dormitory care, and the boys do all kinds of work on the campus and on the farm. We have about two hundred acres," she continued.

Her more sedate companion, with prim brown curls over her forehead, added to the information. "Our school is officially en-
dorsed by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. That is a real honor! The Florida Chapter sponsored our wonderful new D. A. R. Hall. Other chapters of the D. A. R. all over the United States have done fine things for Montverde School."

A thin little mite not more than ten was sidling closer to us. Her freckled little face showed how anxious she was to talk, too. Her pink gingham dress was neat, and her short yellow hair blew in the wind. She ventured, "I'm a student here, too. I take off the water pitchers and the glasses from the tables after meals. I don't cook much yet, but I can do just lots of other things. My mother is away so much working, and she can't leave me alone; so she lets me come to Montverde. It's just grand here."

The genial registrar, C. F. Evans, was detailed by Mrs. Carpenter, the lady principal, to show me over the grounds and around the gardens and citrus groves belonging to Montverde. He and his wife drove me to see the gardens, where the boys, under the supervision of the teachers, grow, as jovial Mr. Evans avowed, "Irish potatoes, Indian corn, English peas, Japanese turnips, and Italian broccoli, without disturbing in the least the peace of nations!" In certain tracts the vegetables grew in a wealth of muck almost fifteen feet deep.

We stood among the trees and ate tangerines, admiring the view, now of Lake Apopka, then of Lake Florence, where the students enjoy water sports.

I saw the apiary where more than a ton of honey is produced each year for the table, and we visited the pens where hogs were being tended for frequent butchering. The automotive shop with all the tools to be found in an up-to-date garage engaged an hour of our time. As we rode around, the oleanders, pink and white and red, made the campus and the farm look like an elaborate park.

In the kitchen at the rear of Bedell Dining Hall two high school freshmen were
arranging salads, with only a moderate amount of giggling. They knew how to do their work, too. A husky athlete was skilfully peeling potatoes. His black eyes snapped as he told us he had to do the “dirty work” around that place.

In the dining-room, Mr. Evans said, the girls and boys sat at the same table, a teacher with each group. In order to avert monotony, each student changed his table every thirty days. This arrangement helped to allow the pupils to become acquainted.

At the Christian Endeavor Chapel there are exercises several times each week, with the programs often put on by the boys and girls themselves. Two literary societies make things exciting when contests are in progress.

“There is a democratic atmosphere here at Montverde,” the registrar told me. “With each boy and girl working at something useful, there is no snobbery. A mother asked me last week if her daughter might be admitted with the proviso that she pay the full tuition instead of taking her share of the work. Of course we could not stand for anything like that. Her girl could reap the benefits only by participating in the responsibilities.”

Mr. Evans likes young people, it is evident. The twinkle in his eye when he laughingly greeted the sunburned boy weeding the petunia border, and his mock dignity as he told the two senior girls they could go down town if they could look straight ahead the entire time, showed plainly there was kindly good comradeship prevailing at the school.

I learned that the faculty tried to give the pupils a really good time during recreation hours. There were water sports and the most exciting athletic events, all games being indulged in except football.

In the Blue Ridge Hills of Kentucky this idealistic young teacher had been graduated from high school and college after the hardest kind of work to pay his way. He had too often seen young men and women, unable to find jobs, who had been compelled to give up their education. Hermon Carpenter saw no reason why work and school could not be combined, even junior and senior high school work.

Securing much-needed financial help from public-spirited men and women of the town of Montverde, he set up a combination public school and boarding school, in a crude building, with less than sixty children. Every year improvements were made. More contributions came in.

As the years went by, although there was never enough money, a farm was bought and put under cultivation, and the number of good buildings on the twenty-acre campus increased. Gradually came Arnold Hall, boys’ dormitory; Community Hall, quarters for the younger boys; fine classrooms; a dormitory for girls; the dining hall; the chapel; and splendid D. A. R. Hall, of which the pupils and the faculty are so justly proud.

The value of D. A. R. Hall is about $30,000. The boys made the cement blocks, and they did a large share of the carpenter work. Two floors are completed. The airy porches, reception room with huge fireplace, guest rooms, studios, apartments for the president and for the registrar, rooms for junior and senior girls—all stand as reminder of the loving and unselfish thought of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

President Carpenter says of his beloved Montverde School: “This school has no place for the loafer. . . . It is the purpose of this institution to turn out only such students as are symmetrically developed. . . . We believe assigned duties in the ‘task of the common day’ are mighty factors of discipline in character building, in training in habits of order and industry, and in assuming responsibility.”

The dream of Hermon Carpenter is very much alive. Thanks to the Daughters of the American Revolution and to other benefactors, these earnest boys and girls at Montverde School are making the best of their training of hand, head, and heart.
A September Mother’s Day

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

COLUMBIA, Pennsylvania, a little city along the Susquehanna River, always has two Mother’s Days each year.

The national Mother’s Day in May is always celebrated, but ever since September 15, 1921, this city has had a unique Mother’s Day all by itself.

This is the birthday of its famous poet, and one of America’s finest poets, too, although still generally unknown except in our highest literary circles.

I refer to Lloyd Muffin, one of the greatest of all writers of sonnets in English. Thomas Hardy once said that these sonnets stand midway between those of Shelley and of Wordsworth.

His family was a Quaker family of means and his father made a distinguished place for himself as an American artist. Lloyd decided to devote his life to painting and sculpture and spent a number of years in foreign lands in study under great masters. But his health became impaired and he returned to Columbia and gave the best years of his life to poetry, using the sonnet form of expression almost exclusively. He has given us almost seven hundred sonnets.

So interested was he in publishing perfect work only that he would keep refining his poems for years and years before he would permit their publication. Many of them are so full of classical allusions as to prevent their ever becoming widely popular.

The poet was devoted to his godly mother, who was a sincere and faithful Christian like the mother of Tennyson and the mother of the painter, Whistler. One of his greatest sorrows was when his mother died.

It was after this that he wrote the beautiful sonnet called “A Picture of My Mother,” from which I quote the following lines:

“Upon this old daguerreotype appears
Thy face, my mother, crowned with wondrous hair!
What reconciliation in thine air!
And what a saintly smile—as if thy fears
The Lord has taken from thee, and thy tears!”

My gentle mother, lost on earth to me,
Shall I not know thee somewhere once again?”

When the poet died on July 16, 1921, he bequeathed by will two lots for a school playground near the Taylor Grade School in his native city. He was born there in 1846. For payment he stipulated that each year a rose be placed on his mother’s and on his grave on his birthday, by a pupil of the Taylor School, and that a senior high school student read his sonnet on his mother’s picture, part of which I have just quoted.

The provisions of his will were first carried out on September 15 of that year.

Never will the people of this Pennsylvania community forget the beauty and solemnity of the exercises on that day which are repeated year after year.

The students of the Taylor School, about one hundred, surround the poet’s grave. A hymn is sung and a prayer is said. Then the student chosen to place the rose on the poet’s grave steps forth, and amid silence like death itself drops the flower. Another Taylor student follows and drops a rose on the mother’s grave. The high school student then reads the beautifully Christian sonnet to the crowd listening almost in awe. Another hymn follows and, after the benediction by a minister, the crowd moves silently off.

The service has the effect of instilling a new respect and reverence for godly mothers throughout the entire community. It is indeed a unique Mother’s Day which becomes a holy day for all living mothers of Columbia.

And who of us can think of a more beautiful tribute for a son to pay a mother than this?

I hope that this sonnet of Mifflin’s will become as well-known to all Americans as the portrait of Whistler’s mother has become. Will you not, my readers, help to spread the news of it?
Postponement

EDITH HARLAN

She knew she could not buy that fall
The tulip bulbs she’d planned for spring.
When little children start to school
They need so much of everything.
New books and sweaters, schoolbags, shoes,
(The old ones scuffed beyond repair).
She saw her yard with pails and swings
And longed for flowers blooming there.

And then the bright sun lit the head
Of her small daughter at her play.
The shaft of sunlight on her head
Was like the dawning of the day.
Her little son, with glowing face,
Raised laughing eyes to meet her own.
“This are the dearest years,” she said,
“I can have tulips when they’re grown.”
COUNTRY SCHOOL, PAINTED BY EDWARD LAMSON HENRY (1841-1919) AND DATED 1890, LENT BY THE ESTATE OF FRANCIS P. GARVAN TO THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATING LIFE IN AMERICA FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS

**Plaid**

BESSIE SCHENCK BUN TEN

*The Third Grade History teacher*
In teaching sources had
Inquired the racial origin
Of every lass and lad;
Quoth one, "My Daddy is pure Scotch,
But Mother is a plaid."

*A plaid! a warp of Holland Dutch,*
*A woof from many a land;*
*Stern Puritans from England's shores,*
*Scotch Covenanters, and*
*A Hugenot from sunny France.*
*Each gave a sturdy strand*
*To weave upon the loom of Life*
*A pattern new and grand!*

[15]
The Cross on the Highway
POLLY SIMPSON MACMANUS

IN this year of grace, 1939, Hoitsville is merely a wide place in the road. Since it is located in resort country, it boasts of a hot-dog stand and a gas station in addition to scattered homes. There are arrows on telegraph poles at the intersection of two highways, at what would have been the center of town if there had been a town. The arrow that points east is toward the summer colony on the water; west, to THE OLD TRADING POST. At the very edge of the village is a cross twelve feet high made of California redwood. If you ask the attendant at the hot-dog stand or the gas station what it marks they will answer glibly, "Why, that cross is on the old Indian burying ground." In this they are wrong. The cross marks the end of a dream, the keeping of a trust.

Less than a hundred miles from Hoitsville one of the largest cities in the United States squats in a marsh. It was a fort when Francois Hoit, a fur trader, came down from the north in 1827.

A big man, this Francois Hoit, six feet tall and broad of shoulder, wearing the clothes of a trapper and a coonskin cap. A smart man, who believed that some day there would be a great city in the middle west and was determined that it should bear his name and that of his adored son. So says the little old lady who keeps the trust, and she is the only person living who saw him in the flesh. She can be found in the old Hoit home at the end of the lane that turns off the highway at the redwood cross.

Many people go there. The place is for sale, and the realtor has a selling talk that includes the fact that it's near the water, yet removed from the crowd that swarms on the beach in summer. It's not a large farm, but there is plenty of ground for a flower garden and even vegetables. So people go, mostly in cars, and turn up the lane and pass the place called the Indian burying ground, and wonder what sort of Indians are sleeping there. It doesn't look much like red men's lore. The road turns sharply at the top of the slope, away from the graveyard, and there is the house. A rambling dwelling, not too big, showing evidence of having been added to from time to time in the passing years. The central part is the original old log house, and branching out at either side the additions have clapboard sides and overhanging nineteenth-century eaves. In front is a modern screened-in porch. The little old lady comes out to show the place; a quaint little figure in blue cotton that much starch has made rustly. She wears an old-fashioned shawl about her shoulders unless the day is warm, and her faded, silver-threaded blonde hair is parted sharply in the center and drawn down satin-smooth to a knot at the back. As she draws nearer one can see she has the broad forehead and cheek bones, the bright-blue eyes, and the bland expression of the Scandinavian.

"I am Olga Olson," she tells her visitor, "and I know why you've come; you want to buy my farm."

At this point most people feel they are intruding on someone left behind from another age. It seems cruel to think Olga Olson must be transplanted when evidently she has so little time. Olga puts her visitors at ease. She explains she cannot live alone. She has a son in the village who has a home for her. He makes good money, and will gladly take care of her. "Only first I must sell this place; and before you buy you must learn the condition. Come, shall we go to the cemetery?"

Some people turn back at this point; not many, almost everyone is intrigued by hint of a story to come. She leads the way across the small strip of lawn and up the steep slope that leads to the burying ground. If she is asked, and she usually is, "What Indians are buried there?" she smiles benignly.

"There are no Indians here, my child. I don't know why they call it the old Indian burying ground. This is the private cemetery of the Hoit family." She speaks with pride.

There is a low flight of steps that leads from one terrace to another, the whole surrounded by a fence, the top crowned by
that amazing cross. There is an old gate held fast by a sturdy log. It must be lifted to pass. Inside the grass is smooth and green. There are flowers. A walk leads upward. On either side are graves, old graves marked by the sort of gravestones one sees in Trinity Churchyard in New York or St. Michaels in Charleston, South Carolina. They are white gravestones, much cut in old-fashioned pattern, a lamb bearing a cross, a hand holding a flower-filled cornucopia. Only these stones, unlike the marble ones of the east, are of mid-western sandstone. There are many depressions where graves have been.

"You see," explains Olga, "when Francois Hoit set aside this plot for his family there was no other resting place for the dead hereabouts, so his neighbors, many of whom were Swedes, my people, were buried here. Here they remained till the small Swedish church on the upper road was built. Then they were moved away. You must have seen the church?" She looks from one to another. Usually someone has seen the church. It is a landmark thereabouts. Someone may mention that it is near the Old Trading Post. The old lady nods and smiles at that. "Francois Hoit's Trading Post," she says. "He built it the year he came. That was before I was born." And then, with the piteous pride of the very old, "Do you know I am ninety-two?"

As the group ascend the slope they pass many graves bearing French names—Boin Queleit, Lefrenx—all dead in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. At the topmost level, just under the cross, is the grave of the trader himself—

FRANCOIS HOIT
April 8th. 1774 Dec. 22nd. 1854
REST IN PEACE

"I mind him well," says Olga Olson, "though I was less than ten when he died." Her bright-blue eyes cloud with memories as she describes him. "He used to stand in the trading post and talk of the city there'd be here some day. The land out west was opened up and caravans crossing the plains. He knew that some would grow tired and stop just this far."

She glances away to where from this height one can see the water, a patch of gray like an ocean, across the dunes. "There were many Indians about here then. When Francois talked of the city he'd build they stood and listened in silence, but the white men laughed. 'The big city will be at the fort in the marsh,' they told him. A hundred miles was a long journey in those days, my dears, but Francois Hoit wanted to see the fort, so he went the whole way on horseback. When he returned it was he who laughed at the white men in the trading post. 'A city in that marsh land?' I've heard him say. 'Why, people can't live out there! The city'll be here. I'll buy up this land, and I'll call the town Hoitsville. It will be for my son.'"

Close to the grave of Francois Hoit is the grave of his wife—

MARIE HOIT
June 6th. 1804 July 30th. 1845
Beloved Wife of Francois Hoit

And the grave of his son—

JACQUES FRANCOIS HOIT
January 2nd—1838 August 3rd—1845

"They died of the stranger's fever," says Olga, "within a week of each other. Marie Hoit was thirty years younger than her husband. He was growing old and all his hopes were set on his son. After the stranger's fever he was left with only a daughter to carry his name. This is her grave."

It is not with the others. The grave of Francois Hoit's daughter is by itself in a far corner of the plot, the only one unmarked.

"Suzanne Hoit," says the guide, "and she was my friend. It was she who brought the cross from California after that time she went out there to stay the winter. She it was who put the clause in the deed that makes it binding on those who own the Hoit homestead that they must be caretakers of the cemetery."

Having once mentioned the name of Suzanne Hoit, Olga Olson talks of her as her visitors recross the way they have come and enter the house. She gives them some of her homemade wine, and as they drink she still is talking. Gradually they almost see her, this child of the old pioneer. A beautiful girl, and after the death of his son the only hope of her father. Francois Hoit was not a man easily beaten. He had set his
heart on a city to bear his name and a child of that name to live in that city after its founder was dead. He was determined that Suzanne should never marry. He kept her close at home and would not let her associate with any of the boys who lived near by. He kept her away from his trading post, and her only friend was the little fair-haired Swede named Olga.

“When they used to come to the burying ground for a funeral he would lock her up in the house and she’d stand at the window and watch and watch because there were folks outside. She was three years older than her brother. Her father lived nine years after the brother died. And all that time Suzanne was a prisoner. Many’s the time after I was grown and going out to a country dance that she’d say to me, ‘tell me, Olga! Tell me all about it!’ And I’d talk and talk while she sat there listening, and she so much prettier than I. It was hard for Suzanne . . . I never knew where she met the man. It was one thing she never told me. It was after her father died. She lived here alone in this house, and she used to go down to the trading post and talk to the trappers and the Indians just as she used to watch the funerals because they were folks. One night she asked me to meet her there. It was full moon, I mind. I was married then and living across the upper road near the Swedish church. My husband didn’t like me to go so far alone, but Suzanne had asked me to come alone and I always did what she asked me. She was waiting for me, and I saw how pale she was and fidgety. She said she was going away for a while. I asked her where and she said to California. She who’d never been as far as the fort in the marsh that was then a town! And to California! That was the other side of the world then days.”

Suzanne Hoit went away and Olga Olson kept charge of the Hoit graveyard during the year of Suzanne’s absence. When she returned she brought the cross of redwood from far-off California, and that was a journey in those days. The cross was erected and Suzanne set out flowers and cut the grass and kept the place like a beauty spot. She returned to the life she had led in her father’s time, staying close at home. Only once did she leave the farm, and as before, it was Olga she told that she was going. This time her trip was not so far. She went to the fast-growing town in the marsh where the fort had been. When she returned she brought back a child, a little girl perhaps a year old, her adopted daughter. The child grew and, unlike her foster mother, went to school and played with the small country children.

“Then Suzanne died,” says Olga and stops, as if the catastrophe loomed so large on her horizon her world almost stopped when she lost her friend. When she continues it is to tell that when the will was probated it was learned all Suzanne Hoit’s lands and holdings—and they were considerable, for Francois Hoit was a wealthy man—were left to the foster child.

“To my dearly beloved daughter Charity Hoit, in the hope that she may live up to her name,” the will wasphrased. That seemed fitting and proper to the country folk, but from the east and the north came many whose name was Hoit to contest the will. People who claimed to be blood kin of Francois Hoit contended their right was greater than that of an adopted child.

Again there was a trip to California, only this time the trip was made by the lawyer. When he returned the truth came out. The estate of Suzanne Hoit belonged to Charity without doubt, since she was Suzanne’s child by birth as well as by adoption.

For the first time in the telling of the story the old lady’s face is distorted by a frown. “She didn’t understand,” whimpers Olga. And then, “She blamed her mother. In spite of all I could do or say she would not raise a stone at Suzanne’s grave, and she said she would sell the place and the graveyard with it. So at last she sold the place—to me.” There will be a longer pause at this, and then Olga says softly, “But she will come back some day. . . . She is young. . . . She will understand when she’s older, and then she will return. Perhaps when she does her grandfather’s city may be greater than that one at the fort.”

None of her listeners ever mentions the fact Charity Hoit must be seventy by now. When one is ninety-two, seventy may seem young. And though the city that grew from a fort is large, the wide place in the road may yet become wider.
Around the Calendar With Famous Americans
I. John Marshall

LOUISE HARTLEY

We all know that George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were born in February. But how many of us can name, offhand, the months in which other famous Americans were born? The following sketch, the first of a series, represents an attempt to jog unreliable memories.

JOHN MARSHALL, famous jurist, often called the "Second Maker of the Constitution," first saw light of day from a crude hand-made cradle on September 24, 1755. Almost from the time of his birth, he was taught to observe the rudiments of true democracy and Americanism, and to defend the Colonists. Even before his advent in the log cabin of his parents, nestled in the forests of Prince George County, Virginia, John's father, Thomas Marshall, and his mother, Mary Randolph Keith Marshall, decided to teach their children to fight for what they considered right.

As a lad, John, the eldest of fifteen children, often sat by the fireside when the chores were done to listen with rapt attention to the stories of hardships and tragedies endured by the frontier pioneers in conquering the wilderness. A constant companion of his father, John, at the age of eighteen, joined his father's regiment in the War for Independence, and marched proudly away as lieutenant of the famous Culpeper Minute Men.

In 1777, Marshall became a captain in the Revolutionary War, took part in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth, and Stony Point, and spent the terrible winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge. There he met John Hamilton and George Washington, who had been a boyhood playmate of Marshall's father. Marshall's advance was meteoric. After distinguishing himself as an attorney and an orator, he was sent as a delegate to the state convention in 1788, which adopted the Federal Constitution, and in which he and James Madison led the debate in favor of ratification. Following this, President Washington offered Marshall the office of Attorney General of the United States, which he declined, but on the insistence of the President, Marshall did go to Paris in 1797 to intercede in international commerce relations for America.

On his return to the states, Marshall was elected to Congress from Virginia in 1799. Attracted by the masterful handling of diplomatic affairs, President John Adams appointed John Marshall in 1800 to the office of Secretary of State in his cabinet, which office he held only a short time.

When John Jay, first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, resigned in 1795, he declared that the Supreme Court would never possess the dignity and power originally invested in it by the Constitution, because of the character of the organization. Marshall decided then and there that a new method of procedure must be taken to establish the supremacy of the Supreme Court, to make that judicial branch of the government independent from the executive branch.

His epoch-making career as Chief Justice began on January 31, 1801. One of his first official acts was to witness the inauguration of his kinsman, Thomas Jefferson, as third President of the United States. Both John Marshall, the stern Federalist, and Thomas Jefferson, the gentleman farmer, were direct descendants of William Randolph of Virginia. John's mother was a great-granddaughter of Randolph and Jefferson was his great-grandson.

With such blood coursing through his veins, it was little wonder that the mantle of the judiciary well became Marshall. For thirty-four years he remained Chief Justice, establishing an unsurpassed record. All this time he was working tirelessly to make the central government of the United States stronger. Marshall's many decisions settled for all time the supremacy of the national tribunal, the Supreme Court. Many of Marshall's decisions and citations are used today. He wrote thirty-six of the sixty-two decisions handed down, involving constitutional authority.
Severance of Shelburne

Part III. Captivity

Florence Stevens Cummings

(Continued from August issue)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

Martin Severance, a boy of Old Deerfield in northwestern Massachusetts, grows up during the early 18th century amid alarms and fears of Indian raids and massacres. During an interval of peace he serves under his uncle, Captain Joseph Kellog, who is in charge of the Truck House, formerly Fort Dummer, far up the Connecticut River beyond the settlements where fair trading is carried on with the Indians to win their friendship.

Martin and his friend, Matt Clesson, enjoy this life in the wilderness, and soon are familiar with every mountain and stream in the middle Connecticut valley.

In the spring of 1744, Martin, returning to the Truck House, finds that all the Indian helpers have deserted without warning. A post rider brings the message that war has been declared between France and England. This hostility is taken up by their colonists in the new America, and northwestern Massachusetts is again in great fear of attacks by the French and Indians from the St. Lawrence region.

The governor of Massachusetts decides to build a row of forts which will extend from the Connecticut River to the New York line, and so cut off the approach of the enemy from the north. Martin Severance and Matt Clesson join the scouts who are to patrol along the cordon of forts.

While on a furlough in the summer of 1745, Martin meets again his childhood playmate, Patty
Fairfield, who has grown to be a lovely girl of seventeen. Martin falls in love with her, and takes her back to Fort Dummer as his bride.

Martin's friend, Matt Clesson, had married Abigail Hoyt the year before. They are very happy together at Fort Dummer, although the men are away most of the time on long, arduous scouts.

It is with great joy that Patty and Martin hear of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, October, 1748. They are persuaded by the Rev. Ebenezer Hinsdale, chaplain at Fort Dummer, to make their home in his settlement of Hinsdell across the river from the fort.

Their contentment in Hinsdell is of short duration. Reports of Indian depredation reach them frequently, and before war breaks out definitely in 1754, they are back within Fort Dummer with their three children, Elisha, Catherine and Experience. Abigail Clesson is already at the fort, and Matt and Martin at once enter active service, scouting often as far as Lake Champlain where the French are gaining a foothold. To Patty, alone with Abigail at the fort, are born two more children, Martin, Jr., and Abigail.

One disaster after another falls upon the frontier settlements. No place seems safe from the hordes of French and Indians which break through the vigilance of the scouts to fall upon the unprotected and scattered settlers. In the midst of this, Martin's faith and courage are shattered by the death of his friend, Matt Clesson.

CHAPTER XIV

Martin threw himself furiously into his work. Nothing seemed to ease the tumult within him but sweating, grinding toil. Before the death of his friend, Matt Clesson, he had been a gay-hearted adventurer, a careless boy who took each day as it came and who courted excitement. Now he found himself puzzled and bewildered as to what life was all about. As he climbed the trails over crags and ledges, he told himself he would try, that night, to think, to figure out the purpose in life; but when night came he could only look up at the stars in an agony of doubt and bewilderment, and mutter a prayer that sleep might come to bring forgetfulness.

He hardly cared whether or not he had a furlough to spend at Fort Dummer with Patty and the children. When he was there, Patty worried and bustled anxiously about as he sat soaking his aching feet, swollen and blistered from the long scouting. He was short with her, snapped out surly answers or refused to answer at all as she spoke to him.
Afterwards when scouting he would remember her hurt eyes and quivering lips; and cursing himself for treating her so, would resolve to keep his mental unrest from breaking up his love for her. But did anything really matter anyway? He felt utterly confused.

He tried to tell some of this to Patty, but she was fussing over a mixture of thoroughwort and yarrow with which she intended to dose him, for she thought he was ill. Furious at her inattention to what he was saying, Martin finally snatched the pan from her hand and threw the contents out of the door. Then, repentant at the sight of tears she could not hold back, he threw his arms roughly about her.

"I'm sorry, darling! I'm not fit to live with these days! I'm not myself at all. Try to bear with me."

It was to Abigail Clesson he finally went with his problems. "If Abigail finds it worth while to try to keep on living," he told himself, "I guess I ought to manage somehow."

Abigail had gone to Deerfield with her children, and was living in one of her father's houses. She listened gravely as Martin, like a small boy to his mother, poured out his perplexities.

"What is life all about, Abigail? Do we, as individuals, really matter? Do you still think there is a God watching over us as we've been taught?"

He paused, expecting her to be horrified at his outcry; but she only took his nervous hands between her own.

"It's too big for any of us to answer, Martin," she told him. "There must be a God back of all our lives. I feel this, and I know you must, too. His scheme of things is bigger than we can ever understand. I've never said this to anyone else, but I don't think the parsons have very much knowledge or understanding of Him. We each have to think things out for ourselves as best we can. I believe we each have some little thing to do in this world. It's for us to each make our little life the best we can."

Martin leaned his aching head on the back of the high settle. A wave of strength and peace seemed to be coming to him from Abigail. After a time he stood up and gazed deep into her dark-blue eyes.

"You've given me strength," he said. "God bless you, Abigail. If I can ever be of help to you, I want you to let me know."

Martin went back to his work comforted. His aim now was to help bring about the fulfillment of the ideal to which his uncles, the Kellogs, and his friend, Matt Clesson, had devoted their lives—to make the frontier settlements secure. He was serving under Captain Catlin, who was in command of the line of forts, and the scouting carried him back and forth between the Connecticut River and "The Lakes," as Lake Champlain and Lake George were called. Long, tedious journeys they were, but Martin hardly noticed discomforts or fatigue.

He was scouting toward the upper Hudson Valley one day with a message for Colonel Monroe when, as he neared Fort Edward in late afternoon, he heard voices calling to him from some crags overlooking the trail. Wondering who could be so imprudent as to announce their presence so noisily, he hurried in that direction and found five men, half naked, shivering about a fire in a sheltered place among the rocks.

"God God, men! Are you crazy?" he demanded. "Your shouting could be heard for miles, and God only knows who'll see the smoke of your fire! Stamp it out!"

"Aye, we will, now you've come, but we were desperate. We've been lost two nights. We're frozen. Can't find our way."

"Where are your clothes? How'd you get here?" demanded Martin.

"Indians stripped us. We're trying to get back to Fort Edward. Haven't seen anything but wilderness since we left Fort William Henry."

"And how did you leave things there?"

The men stared at him and then at each other. One whose naked arms were crossed with many festering gashes began to laugh a high-pitched, hysterical note.

"There, there, Sam," his companions quieted him.

"You see, sir," one of them, a mere boy, explained to Martin, "he saw his brother butchered and scalped along with the rest, and his mind goes back on him sometimes."

"What's happened? Tell me! Ain't your name Barnard?" asked Martin of the lad.

"Salah Barnard's my name. Of Deerfield. And you are Severance, aren't you?"
“Yes. I remember you now. I’ve seen you there. Tell me what’s happened.”

In jerky, disconnected sentences they all began to describe the massacre at Fort William Henry. There had been strong forces there and at Fort Edward, newly built at either end of the portage between Lake Champlain and Lake George. It was known the French were near at hand, and Indians were constantly appearing. There had been frequent skirmishes.

“We hadn’t fit,” declared one of the men, “hadn’t had a real trial o’ war at all; but Colonel Monroe, he seemed to find it best to surrender over Fort William Henry to the French, and so he did.”

“They told us we would be safe,” said an older man. “They said, ‘You can march safe to Fort Edward.’ The French promised us all safety if we’d surrender. So we marched right out o’ the fort; first a regiment of New York troops; then the women and children who were in the fort; and then the rest of us; all out and down the road toward Fort Edward. The Injins were a standing quiet like, on one side the way, some French officers with ‘em. There were lots o’ French troops, too, everywhere. When the Injins see the women, one of ‘em reaches out to grab a woman’s shawl. She pulled it back out of his hand, and quick as a flash he struck her with his tomahawk. In an instant every Injin gave a screech and began rushing in, snatching everything they wanted. Then they saw the blood where the woman had been tomahawked, and they all began swinging hatchets right and left.”

He stopped, shuddering, and the man who had screamed began again in a shrill, thin cry, “My brother! My brother!”

They quieted him, and Martin, slipping off his leather shirt, made a hammock so two could carry the exhausted man down the slope.

“He may be able to walk later when we get on better going. Have a care now as you come down here; it’s bad for a bit.”

It was a slow, painful journey over the rocks, for the men were shaky with hunger, cold, and shock. Finally after about a mile they came to a small stream, and rested on the bank to gather strength for the crossing. Martin and Sal Barnard assisted the weaker ones to cross, then hurried on to Fort Edward, hoping to find horses to send back.

New England’s terror at the proximity of the French—they had never held a permanent stronghold so near before—and fury at the massacre of the prisoners at Fort William Henry led to enlistment of every man and boy who could carry arms. Reinforcements were rushed to the frontier from all the towns of New England.

“We’ll stand shoulder to shoulder!” was the cry. “They shall not gain another inch!”

CHAPTER XV

In the late fall of 1757 a youth in the well-known uniform of Roger’s Rangers knocked at the door of Martin’s cabin.

Martin broke the seal on the paper he had brought, and Patience, seeing a look of pleased surprise on his face, sprang up from her spinning wheel and hurried to him.

“Your husband is being honored, Patty,” he said to her. “Captain Rogers wants me to join him at The Lakes, where he is recruiting a new company of Rangers.”

“Captain Rogers!” exclaimed Patty.

“Yes. You’ve seen him here at Dummer. Everybody on the line of forts knows him. I used to see him when he was just a strip-ling,” he went on, turning to the messenger. “He used to come down to Arms Tavern just above here with the Stark brothers. All us old scouts used to say to each other, ‘There’s a lad as will make his mark!’”

“He’s the greatest man at The Lakes now!” cried the messenger, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. “His company was disbanded by the terms of the surrender of Fort William Henry, and now he’s got a commission to form a new one. He says he’s going to settle once and for all who owns the Lakes.”

“We’ll drive the French out now, and smash to bits those cussed Indians!” shouted Martin. “Captain Rogers can do it if anyone can!”

“But what about me?” Patty’s lip quivered. “It’s harder all the time to get along without you, Martin. The children are growing up so fast! I can’t handle them all alone!”
They were a lusty household, the five of them. Elisha, an excitable, headstrong boy of twelve, ran wild about the fort. One minute the soldiers applauded some wild trick of his; the next, enraged by some over-bold act, they would drive him out of their mess room. His mother, exhausted by care of the younger children and the duties of housekeeping, could not control him. Catherine, next of age, was a grave little maid, serious and helpful. She looked like a miniature housewife as she worked about the cabin, wearing a long, straight dress of grayish-brown linsey-woolsey and white ruffled cap like her mother's. Experience, only eight, could do many household tasks as well as look after four-year-old Abigail and Baby Martin.

Martin was as loath to leave his children as Patty was to see him go, but the army for defense came first in everyone's life. Each man felt that one more year of vigilance and sacrifice would drive out the French forever, and end the danger that threatened their homes. Proud in his Ranger's uniform of dark-gray duffel, Martin started for Lake George. His pay was to be the same as the British regulars now, and the ten Spanish dollars he had received on enlisting seemed like a fortune.
"I might even have bought a new gun," he thought; but he knew in his heart he would never by choice carry any but the gun given him by Governor Belcher years before.

The rangers were quartered in huts on an island in the Hudson near Fort Edward, from which they could make reconnoiters to the north, and keep an eye on the French who were at Carillion.*

Captain Rogers was a thrilling commander to serve. Each ranger felt personal friendship for him, for rank was purely nominal in the Colonial Army, where all were friends and neighbors and all worked with a common interest. In spite of familiarity, Rogers maintained a dignity and reserve which, with his alertness and sound judgment, won the respect of his men. He was tireless. At the end of a grilling day he would pull off his sealskin cap, toss back his long black hair, and sing ballads in a gay, lilting baritone. Soon the weary men would be singing too, sitting so they could watch Rogers laughing face in the light of the camp fire.

All winter the French and English pushed each other back and forth between the Hudson and Ticonderoga.

"Come on boys, we'll drop in for a visit with our old friends the French Guard!" Captain Rogers would cry, and he and his rangers would trek on their snowshoes over the drifts, to learn what they could of the movements about Fort Ticonderoga.

Proceeding toward the French lines one day at sunrise, they saw a dog running across snow-covered Lake George.

"That must mean Indians are near by!" exclaimed Rogers. "Go easy now."

As they ventured cautiously along the shore there were no signs of the enemy, so they advanced as far as Sabbath Day Point, where they camped for the night. Next morning they moved along the top of high cliffs overlooking the lake, their snowshoes taking them swiftly over the crusted snow.

"About time for us to meet up with a party of Frenchies from the fort," mused Rogers. "Be all ready to ambush them, when the scouts bring word they've sighted them."

But they were surprised and ambushed by a party superior to themselves in numbers. For an hour and a half the Rangers defended themselves bravely. Then Captain Rogers, realizing they were outnumbered, decided they had done all brave men could do.

"Break!" he shouted. "Each man for himself!"

They dashed away, dodging among the trees. Martin and several others let their packs drop, knowing that an Indian following the tracks of their snowshoes would stop to pick up the plunder. Coming after a mile or more to a ravine leading down to the lake, Martin and the men with him followed it and were soon out of gun range. One of the men, looking back, gave a cry. Turning they saw, far up on the highest cliff, a figure poised on the edge.

"It's Rogers!" exclaimed Joe Morris.
"My God! He's going to jump!" cried Martin.

Behind the silhouetted figure they could see a score of Indians pressing after him. Breathlessly the group on the lake watched.

Without hesitating Captain Rogers unstrapped his pack, sat on it as if it were a sled, and crashed down over the precipice a hundred feet to the frozen lake below. He landed in a deep drift of snow that sprayed high like the foam of the sea and closed over him. He was on his feet again in an instant, and dashed away to join the rangers waiting for him far down the lake. Before the stupefied Indians had time to raise their muskets he was out of range.

That night the rangers had no fire, no blankets, no food, for every man had dropped his pack somewhere in the escape. But they were alive. Huddling together they endured until morning, when Captain John Stark came up with provisions, blankets, and sleighs for the injured.

On the way back they came to the ruins of Fort William Henry and, clearing away the snow under one of the mounts that had not been entirely destroyed, they posted sentinels and prepared to sleep there.

Captain Rogers was very quiet that night as he and his men crouched over a small fire hidden under the ruins.

"To think," he reflected, "that a year ago I saw here a fine garrison, supplied with everything that could be desired for comfort
and convenience, and now we find only a deserted mass of ruins!"

He sighed and, rolling a pillow of snow for his head, wrapped himself in his bear-skin, and soon appeared to sleep.

Martin, having no desire to sleep so early, sat for some time by the fire. Beside him was Captain William Stark with his famous wolf dog, Sergeant Beaubier. The wags of the army said the dog was retained on the pay roll and drew regular pay and rations. All agreed his services deserved all he got.

“Captain Rogers was in Halifax last year when the massacre occurred,” explained William Stark to Martin in a low voice. “His brother Richard died of smallpox a few days before the fort was surrendered to the French. The Indians dug up his body and scalped it, thinking it was Captain Rogers.”

“Captain Rogers must hate the Indians more than ever,” commented Martin.

“He does; and they say every Indian in the French service has vowed to get his scalp.”

“Humph!” ejaculated Martin. “They’ll never get it!”

He stood up to stretch his long limbs, and looked out from under the half-burnt timbers at the snow sparkling in the moon-light outside. In the clear cold light he could see faint outlines of rows of graves in the pine woods back of the ruins of the fort where the snow had begun to melt.

“Graves of the enemy, they must be,” thought Martin, for most of them were marked by rough Roman crosses cut from boards or tree limbs.

“Conquest isn’t cheap!” he said to himself.

CHAPTER XVI

In the spring Lord Howe arrived, and the Rangers looked for immediate action. Captain Jonathan Burbank joined them with a company recruited mostly from Deerfield and the small settlements in its vicinity. There were now more than four hundred Rangers.

It was easy to pick out the Colrain men because of their great height. They were conspicuous even in a company of men of such splendid physique as the Rangers.

“Theyir size from the Scotch blood in them, and their looks from the Irish! Gad, what men!” commented David Morris, as with the other old-timers he looked over the new recruits.

Martin caught sight of a familiar face, and strode over to a lad of eighteen or nineteen who looked not unlike Martin himself.

“I’ll wager your dad is Joe Severance of Deerfield!” cried Martin, clapping him on the back. “And you’re my nephew!”

“Right!” laughed the boy. “I’ve been looking for you, Uncle Mart. You and Dad brought me up on frontier yarns for years, so I joined up the minute they’d take me!”

“Good for you! But which are you, Joseph Junior or Mathew?”

“I’m Mathew.”

“Well, well, how are you! You and your brother always looked so much alike I never could tell you apart. And you’re grown up! Well, indeed! Last time I saw you you was being spanked for playing Indians and shooting arrows at your grandma’s hens.”

“Here’s my partner in that deal. Meet Agrippa Wells, Uncle Martin.”

“I remember you.” Martin smiled at the boy introduced. “Glad to see you too. We need lads like you out here.”

Grip laughed a boisterous laugh. He was a trifle shorter than the Severances, with stocky body and iron muscles. His massive shoulders made him look older than he was. He had a thick mop of black hair, laughing gray eyes, and ruddy face. He was a lad everyone accepted instantly for a friend.

One day the last of June Martin was sent with these two boys and another their age, William Clark of Colrain, to scout around Sabbath Day Point on the west side of Lake George, to discover how large a force of French had come down from Canada. Indian scouts sent out by the French were known to be about, so they proceeded with caution.

It was a clear warm day with a promise of full summer in the air. Trees were bright with new foliage, and under foot were small wood flowers of many hues. There was not a trace of the foe anywhere as they advanced along the edge of the lake.

“We ought to be home, planting corn!” Agrippa declared. “There ain’t no Injins here. Hain’t been any since snow thawed.”
"No," agreed Martin, "no signs here."

William, going a little ahead and faster than Martin felt was safe, rounded a rocky point and stopped short, throwing out his hand as a warning signal. Alert and cautious, the others came up. Without speaking, he pointed. On the soft bank of the lake they saw, a short distance ahead, innumerable footprints, and on the alders nearby several deerskin coats hung to dry.

Martin signaled to go back, but before they had taken a step there was a pounding of moccasin feet, and some twenty Indians sprang at them, snatching their muskets and knives. They were able to beat off one or two, but were overpowered. Martin gave a groan as he saw his musket, given him by Governor Belcher, become the prize of a greasy, evil-smelling savage whose beady eyes glittered as he examined his booty.

The Indians tied their arms behind their backs, and started in a northerly direction along a faintly discernible trail.

"My guess, they're taking us to Canada by way of Lake Champlain," Martin said in a low tone to his companions, who were following single file.

"Canada!" groaned William Clark. "This is the end!"

"End nothing!" cried Agrippa. "Everybody goes to Canada at least once in a lifetime. What are they saying, Martin? Is their lingo anything you know?"

"I can't get any of their own talk," replied Martin. "But they use some French. Nobody's ever going to make me talk that pocky language, but I can't help understanding a few words, I've been hearing it so long. They're saying 'bateaux', something about boats, and I think they're headed for their own camp."

"Which is the leader?" asked Agrippa.

"That one with the eagle feather jabbed into his lovely locks?"

"He seems to be giving a lot of orders," said Martin, "but 'pears to me that little quiet fellow is the real leader. They look to see what he wants before they do anything."

Mathew said nothing, but plodded along in despair. Canada! It couldn't be possible! He and Eppie Nash were going to be married this summer as soon as he could get a furlough. He must get away somehow! He pulled at his hands in a rage until the rawhide bit into his flesh, and the savage with the eagle feather in his hair jeered and tripped him.

The fall sobered Mathew's fury, but determination to escape became stronger than ever. There surely would be a chance if he kept his eyes open.

The march continued rapidly until after sunset, but did not tire the Rangers for they were hardened. When the woods became dark the Indians stopped, built a small fire, and motioned to their captives to lie down.

The Indian with the eagle feather overlooked no chance to make them uncomfortable. Martin and his nephew were the special butt of his bullying. He sensed their contempt, and saw to it that they got only charred corn and a strip of gritty venison for supper. When their hands and feet were tied for the night he rolled them onto protruding roots and kicked dirt and moss over their faces. He would have done them injury, but the quiet savage with the air of authority called "Setka!" in a low tone, and the bully jauntily walked back to the fire as if he were about to go anyway.

"Suppose that's his name?" asked Mathew. "Or does it mean lay off or something like that in their talk?"

"I think Setka is his name," whispered Martin, "and if it is it probably means skunk."

It was a long time before the captives slept. They were not afraid of the immediate future, for it looked as if they were to be held for ransom. It was the uncertainty that harassed them. A journey to Canada, and a long imprisonment seemed the best they could hope for.

Martin finally fell asleep, but only for a minute it seemed, when he heard a voice whispering his name close to his ear. He woke instantly, but from long discipline made no movement. The fire had gone out, and the night was so black that he could not see where the treetops ended and the sky began.

"Uncle Martin." It was Mathew's voice.

"What's wanted?" asked Martin in a barely audible whisper.
“I got my hands free,” whispered Mathew. “I’m going to escape. Let me untie you.”

“No good, lad. We can’t make it.”

“Sure we can. There’s a hollow log near here. I saw it last night. I’ll crawl in feet first, then scatter leaves over the entrance. Come on.”

“No,” whispered Martin. “You go. You may make it alone. Two of us couldn’t possibly escape. Hurry! You’ll need time to do it carefully.”

“Good by, then.” Mathew began to creep away.

“Good by! Good luck!” Martin dared not whisper more. Good Lord, if he could get away too! But it would have taken valuable time to free him, and two would be easier to track than one. There was a chance that a man alone could evade discovery. He had seen the log Mathew had in mind. It was near the trail, and in such plain sight that it might escape notice if he could succeed in putting back the leaves in a natural heap after he crawled in.

For endless minutes Martin lay in an agony of apprehension. Not a sound came except the faint breathing of sleeping men. Cold drops gathered on his forehead and his heart thumped as mountain climbing or running had never made it.

Hours seemed to pass. It was impossible that one night could be so long! A breeze began to rustle the leaves of the beech trees. Several Indians stirred and one sat up and stirred the ashes of the fire. Mathew surely must have had time to arrange his hiding place by now. Martin prayed that whatever happened during the coming day his courage and fortitude would not fail.

When dawn finally flickered through the leaves Martin was apparently asleep, but his eyes were watchful through half-closed lids and his nerves tense, braced for the uproar that must soon come.

He did not have to wait long. The first Indian to rise glanced at the captives, saw that there were only three, and gave a shout that stood every one of his party on his feet in an instant. The small, quiet savage took command and sent half his men in different directions while the rest dragged the captives to their feet and brought them before him. The genuine surprise of Agrippa and William Clark made Martin’s seem real too. Pretending to be too dazed to understand the leader’s faulty English, Martin stood by while William stuttered incoherently and Agrippa alternately raged and moaned in despair.

In another hour the searching parties began to return, their eyes glittering evilly when they saw the others unsuccessful too. Faint with relief, Martin leaned against a tree. The older Indians gathered together for council, glancing constantly at him, seeking, searching. Could they possibly detect anything suspicious about him? He must not, whatever he did, glance toward the log he knew was now visible through the trees.

Finally the leader gave the signal to go on, and the captives were shoved in line ready to start. As an Indian pushed him into place, Martin, in spite of himself, faced down the trail and saw to his horror that Setka and another Indian were sitting on the log repairing their moccasins. Forcing back a groan, Martin tripped and fell. His captors, cursing, dragged him roughly to his feet. Cold with fear, he staggered on. No outcry arose behind them. He heard Setka catch up and take his place in line. Hardly conscious of anything but his pounding heart, Martin stumbled on.

Soon the silver sheen of Lake Champlain gleamed through the trees. A beautiful morning had dawned but no one was conscious of it. Even Agrippa had no spirits, and William Clark was sick and shaking.

Several canoes were hidden under the alders along the shore. The Indians retrieved paddles hidden near by, and hurried their captives into the boats. Each canoe had four men to paddle except the one in which Martin was placed. He sat in a small birch-bark canoe, facing Setka in the prow; the leader in the stern, although he had a paddle, used it only to steer. Setka made it clear that Martin must exert himself and keep up with the others. Taunting him and rocking about, he made it harder for Martin to keep a straight course.

The sun came out and blazed hot. Martin drew over his eyes the sealskin cap Patty had made him before he started for The Lakes. It fitted better than any cap he had ever had and he was thankful for protection against the dazzling sunlight. His eyes
THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARTIN’S CAPTIVITY NOW PRESERVED IN THE MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES AT BOSTON

were smarting and his hands blistering from the unaccustomed motions.

“Go faster! Go faster!” cried Setka, throwing himself up and down on the bottom of the canoe. “Faster!”

“Then paddle yourself, ye lazy varmint!” growled Martin.

Setka caught the tone of the words if not the meaning. Jumping up, he knocked Martin’s cap into the water.

Before the cap hit the water, Martin’s overwrought nerves exploded. With all his strength he struck Setka with the paddle, knocking him into the water, and with the same motion caught up his cap and jammed it onto his head. A flash of what he had done came to him, but he was too filled with rage to cringe. Back into place he squatted in the canoe, and thrusting his paddle into the water pulled with all his strength, paying no attention to the near-by canoe that went to pick up spluttering Setka.

The leader did not make a sound. Martin could not see his face without turning around, so had no clue as to what would happen next. Every second he expected a knife-thrust in his back. There was no movement behind him. Martin paddled until fatigue blotted out every other sensation.

At dusk they camped on a high bank overlooking the lake. As Martin drew the canoe ashore he looked into the eyes of the leader. The latter’s, as expressionless as
an animal's, looked searchingly into his. He looked familiar to Martin. Could he have seen him before? At the Truck House, or earlier at the Indian conference in Deerfield? He started to speak. It came to him that perhaps the Indian would respect him more if he remained stolid and indifferent. With a look as inscrutable as the leader's he gathered up the paddles and followed to where the others were making camp.

The captives were allowed to bathe their aching bodies in the shallow water by the shore, and Agrippa, picking up a handful of dry sedge, came over to dry Martin's back.

Without moving his lips, he asked "Where's Mathew?"

"Back in camp, I expect," whispered Martin, bending over to lave the water on his legs. "Remember that log by the trail near the place we camped last night? He crawled into that, feet first. Pulled leaves over the entrance. I didn't look to see how well he did it, but it worked."

"Great Jehosaphat! I saw Injins a settin' on that log!" gasped Agrippa. "The lucky lad! Let's us try it."

"No chance now."

Bear meat for breakfast, although it was dirty and unappetizing, kept them feeling fit. There was another long day of paddling up the lake from sunup to sunset; and again the next day. That night they reached an Indian village, the home village evidently, by the greeting they received. Old men, women, and children crowded down to the shore. They danced about the captives, pinching and kicking them, and urging dogs to nip their legs. Exhausted by the exertions of the day, the rangers found it hard to maintain self-control. They saw the Indians point to their uniforms, and by the expressions of their faces judged the fame of Rogers Rangers was known among them.

The next morning when Martin saw the whole village form two lines facing each other, grasping clubs or hatchets, he knew his chance of reaching home again was very slim.

"This is the end," he thought. He dared not think of Patty and the children, but turned to William, who stood silent beside him with tense, white face.

"Don't give up," Martin whispered to him. "We must use our wits somehow."

"What can we do?" groaned William between his teeth.

"It would be death to run the gauntlet while they are in this mood, that's sure," thought Martin, looking at the evil black eyes glaring at him.

The leader with another taller chief of commanding aspect approached Martin and motioned him toward the double lines impatiently waiting.

"Run!" commanded the chief.

"No!" cried Martin with sudden decision. "We not your prisoners. We fight Great White Father in Canada. You take us to Montreal. We prisoners of French Governor."

The small black eyes on a level with his glared at him, but Martin's gray-blue eyes looked back unalteringly.

"You take us to Montreal," Martin repeated.

The chief turned and talked to the leader who had captured them. The low, guttural tones gave no clue to their intentions.

Suddenly, with a shout, a group of young braves rushed upon them and began to tear off Agrippa's clothes. Before he realized what they were doing they had stripped him and slipped over his head a squaw's dress, tattered and filthy. The smell of the greasy garment sickened Agrippa. In a rage he tried to tear it off, but the leather thongs about the neck were knotted tight. The Indians shrieked with laughter and jeered while Agrippa danced in fury. Even Martin could not help smiling. William, in spite of his terror, gave a hysterical squeal.

"You squaw now! You afraid!" taunted an Indian, pointing at the waiting rows of Indians.

With a roar like a bull Agrippa knocked him aside and, bellowing with rage, rushed between the waiting lines. So surprised were the savages they stood still and he ran between them unharmed, until toward the end a fat old squaw stepped out to bar his way. Leering at him she raised a heavy club and struck him a staggering blow. Agrippa reeled, but recovering, kicked her furiously in the stomach and she doubled up with a screech.
“They’ll surely kill us now!” thought Martin.

To his surprise the entire village roared with laughter. Some rolled on the ground, shouting and holding their sides. Agrippa had become a hero. They could not do enough for him. “Big Bear” they called him as, clad in his uniform again, he sat about the fire. They would take him and his companions to Canada with all speed. He was a brave man, like them. His companions, too, were brave men. Indians like brave men.

“Lucky these varmints don’t know English, or they might find out what I think of them,” muttered Agrippa to Martin.

CHAPTER XVII

The rest of the trip was uneventful. Martin saw an Indian he had known when Dummer was a Truck House, and gave him a note telling Patty what had happened. Escape might have been possible, but there was no chance for the prisoners to get back their guns, and without these or food it would still have been suicidal.

After a few weeks in Montreal they were taken to Quebec, where they were imprisoned in a damp and filthy cell. Then they were put on a small sailing vessel, the Vierge de Grace, bound for France. The commander, Captain Larregi, gave them rations of salt beef and allowed them a gill of rum a day; but he and his crew let no chance pass to make them uncomfortable, and constantly cursed them and taunted them. They were kept in a close dirty cabin, and seldom allowed a light of any sort. The voyage lasted a month and a half, and the captives were wretched and miserable every minute. Martin, in after years, would never talk about it.

In France they were fairly well fed, but housed in one wretched cell after another, and constantly berated and insulted by the guards. Agrippa raged back at them, picking up as many French words as possible, that he might call them names in their own language. As time went on the bickering became more friendly.

They were in France a year. It was the longest year of their lives. They did not dare speak or even think of home, lest they go mad with longing. They did not dare look ahead. Though they never admitted it, they knew their imprisonment might last indefinitely, or that fever or some fatal disease might seize them.

One day they were told to take their few belongings and go into the courtyard where a British officer awaited them. The gates were opened, and before they could realize what was happening they found themselves on a little packet crossing the English Channel.

The year of horror rolled away like a nightmare. Free at last, they drank deep of the clear salt air. Though it was rough and cold, they remained on deck. Before them the white cliffs of Dover came nearer and nearer, gleaming in the sunlight.

“I never thought any place I’d never seen before could look so homelike to me!” declared Agrippa. “My grandmother used to tell me ‘bout the white shores of England.”

“It looks like the New Jerusalem!” said William Clark. He began to sing an old hymn in a weakened voice.

Now they could talk of home and loved ones. Now they could say “When I get home——” Oblivious of the people about them on deck, they poured out the emotions they had suppressed so long.

They were indifferent, too, to the attention paid them everywhere they went. Martin and Agrippa had kept themselves physically fit by every form of exercise they could devise, and carried themselves superbly in spite of tattered and dirty garments. William, although thin and pale, was still a handsome boy.

Lieutenant Robinson, who had brought them over from France, took great enjoyment in showing them the sights of London while they waited for arrangements to be made for their voyage home. One day as they were idling along the Strand, sarcastically commenting on the strange clothes affected by the dandies of the day and admiring the fine horses being ridden up and down the street, Martin caught sight of a rather stout, middle-aged man sitting his horse like a soldier as he cantered by.

Martin dashed after him, covering his mouth with the palm of his hand and emitting in rapid succession three shrill blood-curdling hoots like the cry of the hoot owl.

The rider turned at once and came riding back.
"Lord in Heaven!" ejaculated the lieutenant. "What's he trying to do?"

"I guess Martin seen somebody he knows," explained Agrippa.

"That owl hoot three times is a signal we use in scouting sometimes," supplied William.

"But great guns! Do you see who he's stopping? That's the Earl of Shelburne!"

"So!" asked William in mild surprise.

"Does your friend know him?" asked Lieutenant Robinson.

"Oh, mebbe," said William.

"Martin's been 'round quite a bit," Agrippa remarked casually. "He knows lots o' folks."

"But—but——" stammered the lieutenant, hardly believing his eyes as he watched the dignified personage on horseback put his hand familiarly on Martin's tattered shoulder, then raise it in a military salute and ride away.

Martin, after returning the salute, came striding back with glowing eyes, holding his greasy cap in his hand and unconscious of the attention he was attracting.

"I guess I was lucky for once!" His voice rang high with excitement. "That was the one man in England I'd like to see."

"That was the Earl of Shelburne," Lieutenant Robinson stated cogently.

"What? Oh, yes, yes. I know that's who he is now. But I knew him as Will Fitzmaurice, years ago. He came out with the British army when he was just a lad. Fought at the taking of Louisburg. Then he was sent to report on the region around Lake Champlain. The French were just beginning to build forts there then. I was over there and knew the region some, so I was sent to guide him and his party up to The Lakes."

Martin paused for breath.

"He says," he continued, "for us to go into that tavern over there, and he'll come back to have dinner with us. He's going to bring some men he wants to have hear about the colonies. He's on the board of trade or something."

They were an incongruous group, the soft-skinned, fat-stomached lords of the "Board of Traffic with the Colonies"; the lean, prison-pale rangers in their ragged faded uniforms; and at the edge of the group, one surprised lieutenant of His Majesty's troops.

Shelburne put them all at ease by taking a friendly, man-to-man attitude with the rangers and joking about his adventures in the colonies.

"Why I'm so interested in Severance, here, is that I'd be wandering around those forests yet, trying to find my way out, if it hadn't been for him. He was our guide. There was nothing to show him the way, most of the time, but a little white spot on the trees where bark had been hacked off. Blazed, I believe you call it."

Martin nodded.

"Yes, one blazed tree every mile or so would give Severance his line and he never got lost. 'Where are we now?' I'd ask. 'About twenty minutes from another fort,' he'd tell me. And sure enough, just as I was ready to say, 'Ha, you're wrong this time!' we'd burst out into a cleared place in the forest, and there'd be a little pint-sized fort, all built of logs with the bark left on. Fort Anne, it would be, or Fort Mary Jane or something. Severance knew every damn one of them, and could find them with his eyes shut!"

"Are all the men in the colonies as large as you are?" asked the Earl's friends of the rangers. "Are they all as hardy? Perhaps among so many hardships only the strong survive, is it so?"

Then Agrippa told them wild tales of endless lakes and rivers extending for miles, where one might paddle day after day and not see another human being, except perhaps hostile Indians; and of forests as boundless, full of bears and wolves from which one escaped into the trees only to find the trees full of wild cats. A most uncertain country, he told them, where a man might start out some morning to milk his cow, be captured by Indians, and return home two years later by way of Canada, France, and England. The Englishmen never knew when Agrippa and the others were joking and when telling the truth. Often the truth was more hair-raising than anything they could invent.

Suddenly the rangers realized how tattered their old uniforms had become. Martin had never given much thought to clothes. He wore them from habit mostly, or for warmth. As long as there was any possi-
bility of patching a garment, there seemed no need of getting another. He had been proud to wear the uniform of Rogers’ Rangers, although it had never been quite as comfortable as the leather breeches and loose deerskin shirts he had worn before in his life in the woods. He and the others realized when the lieutenant spoke of Lord Shelburne’s provision for new garments that the ones they wore were very dirty and about to fall to bits.

It was a new experience to be taken to a tailor, who measured him and joked about the extra amount of cloth needed for him and his comrades.

“Weavers must all be busy in your country,” he laughed, “where it takes twice as much as for the coat of an ordinary man!”

Three days later, when the clothes were finished, Martin looked at himself in the long mirror of the tailor shop, and wondered how it was possible for a man to live to be forty years old and yet have so little idea what he looked like. He wondered if this tall, lean man with gray streaks in his thick hair was much different from the man Patience had married fifteen years ago. He was sure she would like this coat. For the first time in his life he felt a touch of vanity. The coat was coarse blue broadcloth, but it fitted well. He would always be a backwoodsman at heart; but it was exciting to look like a city man once in a lifetime, and wear a three-cornered felt hat on his smoothly brushed hair. He really enjoyed the rest of his stay in London, for after the suits were purchased the lieutenant gave them each a purse with a few shillings left from the sum allowed them by the government for their return.

“There are always incidentals,” he explained.

Talking it over, the rangers decided he meant they might spend the money for anything they wished. To Martin that meant but one thing—something to take Patty. He was not afraid to go into the grand stores now, in his new clothes. The salesman who served him was most helpful. He suggested a brooch or a length of silk for a dress. But the cameo he produced was worth more than all the money Martin had; a length of silk was also out of the question.

The salesman then brought out rolls of thin sheer goods, chaille he called it, but Martin did not remember the name. It was soft and fine. The patterns were really prettier than those of the silks, Martin thought. He selected a soft gray like the clouds before sunrise, with tiny sprigs of pink flowers scattered over it. The flowers were like those he had seen peeping out of dead leaves on the sunny side of hills in early spring. Patty’s pink cheeks had always reminded him of them. He was sure she would like this for a dress. He had money enough, too, for a silk handkerchief in bright colors for each of the children.

Carefully he packed his gifts away, noting with surprise that his hands, usually so rough, did not catch on the fine silk of the handkerchiefs. He grinned like a happy boy. He was going home.

CHAPTER XVIII

The exiles had a pleasant westbound voyage, working their way on a small sailing vessel bearing tea and spices. No more fighting or scouting for Martin. The war was over, they had told him. England had possession of Canada. French dominion was ended there. With the French gone, there would be no fear of Indians, for the Indian raids for over fifty years had been at French instigation. Homes would be safe! Life would be peaceful and secure!

He begged to be allowed a night watch, because the stars overhead were the same under which he had lived all his life. They seemed to smile down on him; to greet him each night like old friends; to sail along with him as companions on his homeward journey.

The only passenger, a lad returning from Oxford to his home in Boston, formed the habit of joining him. He had been a lonely boy at Oxford, this James Bradford, not one who made friends easily, a silent thinker who found it difficult to put his thoughts into words, and one whose abrupt statements or absent-minded changes in line of thought often caused laughter.

He and Martin became fast friends, but had very little to say to one another until one night James found that Martin loved the stars too, but, except for the North Star and The Dippers, knew them only by names he had given them himself.

“The red one?” “The big one in the west,”
“The October one,” Martin called them. He was astonished when he learned they had real names like people, and had possessed these for centuries. Eagerly he listened to all that James could tell him. Some of the stories of the stars amused him; some angered or disgusted him; but it was all wonderful.

One rough night, as Martin and the boy stood together by the hatch, great waves began sweeping across the deck.

“Better go below, son,” Martin said. “You’ll be getting wet.”

Before James could turn to go a mountain of water bore down upon them, swept James up, and dragged him toward the sea. Martin grasped the boy’s arm as he was swept past him, and threw his other arm around a stanchion. The powerful wave pulled and tore at its victims, but Martin, although his arms were nearly jerked from their sockets, held firm. It was over in an instant, and then a breathless man was beating life back into the boy’s water-clogged lungs.

When they landed in Boston, James begged Martin to come home with him, to meet his parents before starting on the last lap of his journey. Martin, in spite of eagerness to start at once, finally yielded, not foreseeing the embarrassing thanks that would be heaped upon him.

In his new well-fitting clothes and three-cornered beaver hat that had given him such satisfaction in England, Martin enjoyed the luxurious home of the Bradfords. There were large, well-furnished houses in Deerfield, but they lacked the beauty and charm, the air of comfort and ease one found everywhere in the Bradford home. Although it was late February, the profusion of flowers blooming at the sunny windows made one forget the cold outside. On the walls were brilliant landscapes and a gay hunting scene on English downs; mirrors and polished girandoles with glistening prisms caught and multiplied every gleam of color and sunshine. There was none of the austere gloom of Puritanic Deerfield. Evidently the Bradfords did not consider beauty and ease to be sinful.

When the Bradfords perceived Martin’s embarrassment at their thanks for saving their boy, they ceased and took up subjects of mutual interest. Was this his first trip to Boston? Oh, then he must see King’s Chapel, and dine at the Province House. But of course it was natural he should want to return home as soon as possible. His home? Deerfield? Oh, a long journey.
still for him to go! Did he think there was any possibility the frontier would ever be settled? Really settled, that is, with churches and schools?

This was a subject dear to Martin’s heart. He forgot his uneasiness at being in a charming home after two years of prison walls and filthy ships. He told them of the hills and mountains where as far as the eye could see were range after range of mountains, and of the fascination of finding the secret trails among them, to be able to go freely and fearlessly into the deep green forests, sure of coming out safely on the sunny slope leading to the river valley on the other side. They listened eagerly to the new world he opened up before them.

After dinner, Mr. Bradford took Martin through his stables, and when he had assured himself of Martin’s fondness for and understanding of horses, he ordered a groom to bring out a young mare, Dolly.

“There’s a mare now that I bred myself. Fine creature. More strength than speed, perhaps. Just the thing for long rides along frontier trails, I judge. Now, I won’t keep you any longer, Mr. Severance, for I know you are anxious to go back to your friends and start on your way home. My wife and I want you to take this mare home with you for our appreciation of what you have done for our boy.”

Martin rode away as in a dream.

“You beauty!” he thought, stroking the mare’s silky neck. “If only all’s well at home, life will be perfect!” He hurried to meet Agrippa and William Clark, who had gone to the Province House to inquire about securing horses for the rest of the trip.

He found them in the courtyard talking with the hostler.

“I hear there’s been some excitement up your way,” the hostler was saying as Martin rode up.

“What?” asked all three quickly.

“Ever know a man named Jason Smith—in Kempton?” asked the hostler.

“Seems as if I’ve heard that name,” mused Agrippa.

The others shook their heads.

“He’s a young man about your age and build,” went on the hostler, looking at Agrippa. “I knew him when I used to ride post out that way. Well, he came through here, few weeks ago, getting home after being prisoner to the French jest the way you been. ‘Jeb,’ he says to me, ‘It’s glad that I am to be getting home. I’ve been a captive nigh onto three years, and I yearn to get home to my wife and boy.’”

The hostler stopped to spit and the listeners moved restlessly.

“I wanted him to stop here with me for the night,” went on the narrator, “but he wouldn’t wait. Started off in late afternoon to get as far as he could on his way. And what do you reckon he found when he got to his home?”

He stopped dramatically, and looked into the pairs of eyes gazing tensely at him.

“His wife—dead?” whispered Agrippa.

“Better if she had been,” said the hostler. “He found her standing trial for the murder of a child that wasn’t his. Nothing he could do could save her. She’d had the baby. Her neighbors could testify to that. And day after ’twas born, it disappeared. She finally confessed and told where she’d buried it. They hanged her last week. Teamster that jest came in with one of Taylor’s carts told me.”

Agrippa and William muttered under their breath. Martin felt as if an ice-cold hand had closed about his heart. Of course he would find no situation like that. He was sure of that. But there were hundreds of other disasters that might have happened. He remembered accompanying Reverend Mr. Norton on his return to his family at Fort Shirley, after a year’s imprisonment in Quebec, and when Mr. Norton asked for his baby, Anna, they could only show him a crudely made gravestone on a bleak and barren hillside.

So much might happen in two years! He did not even know where Patty was, whether she had stayed in or near Fort Dummer, or had come to his relatives in Deerfield. How he hoped he would find her in Deerfield! What would she say first?

At Springfield the next day they stopped long enough to get a glass of ale and to inquire about the roads. They found the ice was still strong on the Connecticut River, so they decided to cross at once and to ride as far along the west bank toward Northampton as they could before nightfall. Great was their joy at overtaking
Othniel Taylor, driving home his cart laden with molasses and rum. His two pairs of oxen were making slow progress.

“But they’ll get the liquor to Deerfield before the ice breaks up in the river, that’s sure. Now that all the soldiers have got home, Hoyt and Saxton have sold more rum this half year than they ever did in two years before!”

They all laughed, and the travellers accepted a sample of the rum in question.

“Yes, folks have been expecting you,” Taylor told them when questioned. “Your wife got a letter, Mr. Severance, from the General Court, saying as how you’d been took to England from France, and would be sent home from there some time this winter.”

“How is she?” Martin asked, struggling to make his voice sound natural.

“Fine! Fine! She’s been staying with Widow Clesson in Jonathan Hoyt’s house right across from where you used to live. She came jest afore her baby was born. Little girl.”

Of William Clark’s people up on the Colrain Hills he knew nothing.

“I don’t mind I ever seen any er your folks, Mr. Clark. But Grip Wells here now, Deerfield is so full of his folks you can’t spit but you hit one on ‘em. Your folks is all well, Grip. The Wellses is all well! Ha, ha! How’s that for poetry? And there’s a little girl up at Smeads on the Green River that’s all well, too, or will be now you’re home.”

They spent the night with Othniel Taylor at a tavern he recommended, but the next day sped on ahead of him.

“We’ll get home tonight, barring accidents!” Agrippa sang loud and hearty in spite of the heavy gray mist settling down upon them. The snow became soft and slushy. The horses slipped and panted. It seemed as if they would never get there!

At last they came to the broad expanse of the south meadows, gloomy and indistinct in the fog now closing in thick and white. Urging their tired horses to a trot, they rounded the curve skirting the meadows. Another turn and they were on Deerfield’s street, peering ahead for familiar houses and friends.

Two dim figures passed them, but they were no one they recognized. Candle lights twinkled dimly out of tiny-paned windows of houses they passed. A crowd of men were unloading sleds of grain at Saxton’s Tavern. They recognized the travelers and greeted them with a shout.

“There’s the schoolhouse!” pointed out Agrippa breathlessly.

“And the church!”

“We’ll stop at Hoyt’s.” Agrippa and William turned across the Common to the “Old Indian House.”

Only two houses now. Then one. Now here. Martin found to his surprise he was trembling so he could hardly dismount. He tried to shout, but his mouth was dry. He threw the reins over his arm, and stumbling onto the doorstep clanged the iron knocker. A shrill outburst of children’s voices came from inside. Hurried footsteps came along the passageway. Patty opened the door.

All the greetings he had thought of were forgotten. Wordlessly they stood clasped in each other’s arms while tears streamed down their cheeks.

CHAPTER XIX

Martin sat down on the settle by the fire, holding his year-old daughter, Submit, whom he had not seen until that morning.

“I don’t think I have ever been so happy, Patty,” he said. “Probably I shall never be so happy again. Everything seems perfect.”

“Tell me all that’s happened while I’ve been gone. No! Not any spinning today!” as Patty started to move the wheel nearer the settle.

“But I can talk as I spin.”

“Not today! Here, put the baby back in her cradle. Come, let’s go out. It’s clearer and the sun is beginning to shine, so it can’t be very cold. We’ll go for a walk down by the river.”

Patty was almost shy, walking down the icy path to the river on a week day, idling beside a husband who had been away so long he almost seemed a stranger.

“Lots of things have happened, Martin,” she told him, “in the two years since you’ve been gone.”

“Yea, and lots might have happened that didn’t!” laughed Martin grimly.

They were passing the high mound that covered the forty-nine victims of the mas-
sacre when the town was burned at the beginning of the century.

"Here we are! War's all over!" cried Martin as he looked at the mound covered with glittering crusted snow. "French and Indians driven out for good. And they never got me! Guess God must have meant me to be hanged!"

"Oh, Martin! No one has laughed or joked for ever so long. I've most forgotten how to smile."

"Well we've got everything to be content with now! My, my, we have been lucky. Now tell me—here, we'll sit on this rock in the sun."

Martin's big hand closed over Patty's. Patty began—

"The first I knew of your being captive was when Dan Corse rode into the fort with dispatches for Colonel Willard. Abigail Clesson had gone to Deerfield, you know, after Matt died, so I was living with Mary Stevens in her cabin."

"But you got my letter?"

"Not 'til a long time afterwards. Colonel Willard was lovely to me. He came and we talked over what was best for me to do. He would arrange to have me taken anywhere I wanted to go. So I decided perhaps it would be best for me to come to Deerfield to your mother."

"And Mother wasn't here! You poor dear!"

"It was a blow when I got here, and found your mother and father had sold their house and had gone to live with your brother Moses in Montague. But I had some money. Colonel Willard had given me yourpay—three months in all—so I had plenty for the time being, I thought I'd go to Hoyt's Tavern until I could decide what to do. I knew them, you know, because Mr. Hoyt is Abigail Clesson's father. And they sent for Abigail."

"She was looking so old and so kinder quiet like. Not a bit as she used to."

"I'm glad you didn't stay at the tavern."

"Oh, I couldn't. It would have cost too much, and it was no place for the children. Mr. Hoyt owns that house where we are now, across from where you used to live. He let Abigail and me have half of it for almost nothing. Abigail found she could earn quite a lot of money doing weaving if I helped a little."

"Oh, Martin, you can't realize how I felt when I unwrapped that strip of birch bark, and saw your writing on that leaf from your Bible! Soon as I saw it, I remembered our first winter together in Hinsdell, when you taught me to read from that Bible, and I began to cry. I hadn't cried before at all. Now I cried so I couldn't read it, and Abigail took it away from me and put me to bed."

"Then after a while, when I got control of myself, she took all the children into the other corner of the room, and I sat up and read your letter. I stopped over and over again to thank God you were safe. Then the feeling came to me that probably there is a meaning to everything that happens, that even if we can't understand at the time we must trust and submit. So when baby came I named her Submit. Do you like it, Martin?"

"Very much, dear. She will be a constant reminder to us of the faith we ought to have."

"I didn't hear anything more of you until after the war was over. . . . You'll find lots of changes, Martin. All the rangers are settling down to be farmers, now there'll not be any more wars. Your nephew, Mathew Severance, stopped in to see me the other day. He's bought a piece of land near Green River, up north of your brothers Joseph and Jonathan."

"He married Experience Nash as soon as he got home. He looked terrible first time I saw him. He said he might better have stayed captive with you, than starve to death with Rogers in Canada."

"Rogers in Canada?"

"Didn't you know? Well, after you were captured, Lord Amherst kept taking one French stronghold after another until he drove the French back off the Lakes. And Wolfe took Quebec. You knew that didn't you?"

"Yes, I heard of that when I got to England. That was what ended the war, they said."

"I guess it did. But before there was peace, Lord Amherst called Major Rogers to him—this is what Mathew told me—and said, 'Major Rogers, we've driven the French out. I am sure they won't bother any more. Now what are we going to do about the Indians that they've armed against
us? Can I depend on you to give them a lesson they won’t forget?” ‘I’m the man to do it!’ said Major Rogers. ‘Good!’ Lord Amherst replied. ‘Go for the St. Francis Ind.ans. They’ve always been the worst. Destroy them as you would a hornet’s nest.’ “So Major Rogers and his rangers started for St. Francis. Did you go through there, Martin? Do you know where ‘tis?”

“I know where it is but I haven’t been there. The St. Francis River flows into the St. Lawrence, and those Indians have a big settlement on the banks and are called St. Francis from the name of the river. They were the worst we had to fight against.” “Your nephew said the rangers went up there by way of The Lakes, as fast as they could. Took the whole settlement by sur-
prise and destroyed it entirely. Mathew said there were hundreds of scalps hanging up, some with long fair hair, and when the rangers saw them they set fire to the teepees and burned everything.

"Then they discovered other Indians were following them, so they tried to return by coming across to the Connecticut River. They had no food, no boats, and winter came early so they almost froze to death. Mathew said more men died of starvation on that expedition than of wounds. He was so weak and sick his folks were afraid he wouldn't ever get well. But he is fine now, except he still looks like an old man."

Martin shook his head grimly at the thought of what his old comrades had suffered.

"Thank God those days of war are over, Patty. There's a new life before us!"

(To be continued)

ONCE IN A WOOD

MABEL MEADOWS STAATS

Once in a wood made strange by night,
Where darkness lurked, and nameless fear
Caught at my feet in stumbling flight,
I came upon an eerie pool
All black with evil depths and drear,
Till peering down in still affright
I saw a star.

Once in a world made strange by pain
I groped for dear, familiar things,
But found them changed, and searched in vain
Throughout the aching loneliness
And bitter sting that new hurt brings,
Till some remaining faith unslain,
I saw your face.
HISTORIANS are censured, and rightly, for the paucity of detail and distortion of facts noted in some of their records. But perhaps the most serious offense that can be chalked up against these early scribes was their failure even to mention certain figures and events worthy of a place on Time’s honor roll. Surely, the next compilation of the Great American Drama will contain many more names. Not the least important of these will be that of Se-quo-yah, the most famous Indian that ever lived. For to this American Cadmus goes the credit of inventing the Cherokee alphabet, the first Indian alphabet ever compiled—which feat will forever rank as one of the amazing epics in our nation’s history.

One bright morning, in the year 1840, there came down into the barren Land of Cibola one of the most peculiar expeditions the world has ever seen. It was an expedition in search of knowledge and was headed by Se-quo-yah. This queer expedition had started out from the Cherokee Nation in Arkansas. It was the result of a great dream which Se-quo-yah had had—a vision of a beautiful future for his savage people, the Cherokees, who had by now, thanks to his tireless teachings, become a more or less law-abiding, moral people.

Se-quo-yah thirsted for knowledge. He sought material for a book he intended writing, a book that would prove his theory that all languages—especially those of the Indian tribes—had a connecting link between them. He had heard the ancient tradition that a part of his people were in New Mexico, having been separated sometime before the advent of the white man. Somewhere there he expected to find a missing link in the linguistic chain.

Just how Se-quo-yah, brother of savage tribesmen, should undertake such a noble enterprise; how an Indian, uncivilized and unlettered, should ever acquire such strange ambitions, eventually becoming the greatest aborigine of all time, is worthy of a monument in the nation’s annals.

To tell the story we must turn back the musty leaves of Time to the spring of 1770. On a morning of that year Se-quo-yah was born, of a Cherokee mother and a German father by name of George Gist. Of the latter little is known other than that he had abandoned his Indian wife some time before the advent of the child, and was never heard of again. Around the wigwam fires Se-quo-yah was taught the ancient traditions of his ancestors. His mother reared him with the utmost tenderness, and in the crude language of her race instilled in him the only religion she had ever known—that a “good god” resided in the east, and a “bad god” held sway in the west; that no warrior felt himself secure until he had addressed his god, and no hunter ever dreamed of success until before the rising sun.

Se-quo-yah, who never saw his father and could not utter a word of German, still carried deep in his nature an odd compound of Indian and German transcendentalism; essentially Indian in opinion, but German in instinct and thought. He talked with his people upon all the points of law, religion and art. He hungered for knowledge and advice, and many are the long hours that he spent with the old men of his tribe, seeking answers to his many questions. To his mother, undoubtedly, was due all the energy and perseverance of his nature; his meditative and philosophical inclinations came from his father.

He early developed a mechanical ability. He traded furs for pieces of silver and English and Spanish coins. These he beat into rings and breastplates and bells for the ankles. He soon became the greatest silversmith of his tribe, yet he had never been taught this trade.

After his mother had died, Se-quo-yah resolved to be a blacksmith. He never asked to be taught, but visiting the white men’s shops, he freely used his eyes, and with them learned how to use his hands. He mastered blacksmithing.

For some years he continued thus, and
in the meantime turned his hand to drawing. He made many sketches of animals and houses, which were as crude as those the Indians drew upon their dressed skins, but which improved so rapidly as to present a striking resemblance of the figures intended to be copied. He had probably at this time never seen a picture or engraving, but was led to these exercises by the stirring of an innate propensity for the imitative arts. From all the beautiful things of nature came the inspiration that guided Se-quo-yah's hand in the sketching of his pictures—pictures that eventually led to the education of his people.

About the time that General Washington had taken, for the second time, his oath of office as President of the United States, the Cherokees took a white man prisoner, and in his pocket they found a crumpled piece of paper, a letter. The shrewdness of the prisoner prompted him to interpret this letter for his own advantage. The story the "talking leaf" told filled the Indians with wonder and they accepted it as a message from the Great Spirit. The matter was laid before Se-quo-yah, who was even then accounted by them as a brave favored by the gods, and he straightway assured them that the message was simply an invitation of the white men.

"Much that red men know, they forget," he stated. "They have no way to preserve it. White men make what they know fast on paper, like catching the wild panther and taming it."

Se-quo-yah was vastly intrigued. He pondered the mystery of the "talking leaf" for weeks and months. In whatever work he was engaged the longing to solve the problem followed him. He never forgot the incident of the written page. It became the mania of his life—and thus was born the germ of a great invention.

From this time on he watched the use of books and papers in white men's hands. He could neither read nor speak a word of English, but chance put him in possession of a whole bundle of "talking leaves," in the form of an old English speller. Eagerly he searched this book in the seclusion of his wigwam, attentively he listened, but not one of the "talking leaves" so much as whispered to him the secret they concealed. But he was not discouraged.

One evening some young braves were lounging around the campfire, and the topic of conversation was the superior talents of the white man. One said that the pale face could put his talk on paper and send it to any distance, and those who received it could understand its message. They all agreed this was strange, but they could not see how it was done.

Se-quo-yah, sitting by himself, suddenly arose.

"Ugh! You are fools," he said. "The thing is easy. Look, I will do it myself."

Picking up a flat stone, he began scratching on it with a pointed stick, and after a few moments he read to them a sentence he had written, making a symbol for each word. His attempt to write produced a general, and contemptuous, laugh and the conversation ended. But this laugh stung Se-quo-yah to action and he began putting his inventive powers to work. He resolved then and there to put the Cherokee language in writing.

Not long after this an accident deprived him of the glories of war and the chase. Thereafter, day upon day, he would sit in the door of his wigwam, listening to the voices of nature and meditating and planning his great scheme.

At last there dawned on him a method by which he could convey these voices to the minds of others. If he found in nature a tone, which he thought resembled some word, he drew a picture of that which made the sound. But this plan, he soon discovered, would be an endless task and instead of pictures he began to make arbitrary signs. Several thousand of these resulted, but he found that this idea too was not good, for nobody could remember so many characters.

A year went by, during which he strove to find a better method, and here for the first time the "talking leaves" of the white men whispered to Se-quo-yah, for several of his characters he took from English spellers. But these English letters had no relation to their English sound when used for the Cherokee syllables for which they stood.

But success was not far off. So closely had Se-quo-yah listened for Cherokee sounds that the first alphabet he compiled represented every known syllable in the Cherokee language, save three. Who added these to
the eighty-two is not known, but this amazing comprehension of a language seems all the more remarkable when we know that before he invented it he could not read! Indeed, it was a wonder to men of science that a language so copious embraced only eighty-five letters, a single verb often undergoing several hundred inflections.

At the age of fifty-one, he completed his great work. His alphabet finished, he found that his people looked upon it with suspicion. So at last Se-quo-yah summoned to his lodge the eminent chiefs of the tribe. He then explained to them his invention. His daughter, Ahy-okeh, then six years old, was called in. She was only a pupil, but Se-quo-yah sent her away from the company and then wrote down any words his friends named. She was again called in and easily read them.

The chiefs, however, were not satisfied. They thought him insane, that his invention would mean very little to their tribe. Se-quo-yah was saddened, knowing that he held the key to their progress. How to induce them to accept it was now as great a problem as the invention itself. But he was rewarded at last.

The doughty chiefs decided on a final test. From various parts of the Nation the brightest young men were selected and sent to Se-quo-yah that they might be taught. Faithfully he instructed them and as faithfully they applied themselves to their task. At the appointed time the chiefs again assembled at the Council Lodge and the students were put to the most rigid tests, until in the minds of all no doubt remained concerning the value of his invention. Great praise was heaped upon Se-quo-yah. His dream was realized. And at once it became the popular thing for people to read and write. Had the Cherokees, then naturally indolent, been obliged to spend long months in an English school, they would not, as a Nation, have gained much, but this alphabet, once learned, enabled them to read and write at once.

So simple was it and so well adapted to the needs of the Cherokee people that often only three days were required by the bright youths to learn the whole system. Indeed, it is a historical fact that the enthusiasm of the young men became so great that they even abandoned their favorite pastimes, so as to devote more time to letter writing! They would go on long journeys for the sole purpose of writing and sending back letters to friends, and it was not long before a regular correspondence was opened up among their distant relatives and friends. And to think that only a few months before they knew nothing of reading or writing!

Se-quo-yah’s alphabet soon became a national institution. In 1824 the Cherokee Council voted to the inventor a large silver medal as a mark of distinction for his work. On February 21, 1828, not five years after Se-quo-yah’s alphabet had been generally accepted, an iron printing press containing fonts of Cherokee and English type was set up at Echota, and the first copy of Cherokee Phoenix was given to the world. This printing press was the first ever owned by an aboriginal people, and the Phoenix was the first aboriginal newspaper on this continent, Elias Boudinot being the first native editor.

This newspaper was the turning point of the whole Cherokee Nation—from savagery and stolid indolence to enlightenment and industry. Within five years after Se-quo-yah’s triumphal recognition, the press at Echota had turned out 733,800 pages of reading matter. This was eagerly read by every Indian who had learned how. They began to adopt white men’s dress; they tilled the fields and cattle increased; they longed for knowledge; schools were started; even wigwams were replaced by board huts, with chimneys of brick.

An entire race was becoming, almost overnight, a wholly different people, thanks to the untiring effort of one man. Se-quo-yah traveled hundreds of miles teaching his alphabet. To impart knowledge had become his one ambition. He went so far as to the Western Arkansas Territory, where many of his people had emigrated when the whites had encroached too close upon Cherokee lands.

But at the age of sixty rheumatism troubled him, and again he sat by his cabin door and dreamed. And once again a grand inspiration came to him. The voices that now spoke to him in dreams were not the whisperings of Nature. He had listened closely to the different languages, and now was dawning on his mind the gossamer web of a second great ambition. Se-quo-yah
conceived the idea of writing a book. Studied philology was to him an unknown thing. Books, except the Phoenix, the portions of the Bible which the missionaries had translated, and the Cherokee almanac and songs were the only “talking leaves” that had ever whispered to this strange red man. How without the aid of books and records of the past was he to unravel the mysteries of philology?

But his dream persisted. Recovering at last from his attack of rheumatism, he at once put his plan of collecting material for his book into execution. There were for him no libraries of rich lore, no musty records or parchments of the past to aid him. The first thing he did toward the accomplishment of his purpose was to build an ox cart.

This, then, was the beginning of his trek into the mystic Land of Cibola, where strange races warred against each other across the drifting sands or in the lofty mountains—races whose ancient traditions still bore the stamp of the iron heel of conquering Spanish invaders.

For two years this incongruous knowledge crusade traveled the wilds, and though the tribes were hostile and at war, Se-quo-yah and his itinerant school were allowed to pass in peace. His fame had gone before him, and he visited tribe after tribe. Many were the facts picked up which were favorable to his theory.

Early in 1842 he reached a ridge of the Rocky Mountains. He was worn out with his long journey and researches.

For a day he camped on a spur of the mountains, and below him lay what he supposed to be the promised land where he would find a missing branch of his race. As in early days, the Hebrew, Moses, went from the plains of Moab into the mountains of Nebo, so this great schoolmaster of the Cherokees left the plains and beheld the land of his dreams.

He searched the valleys of New Mexico, looked at the adobe villages of the Pueblos, but found not that which he sought; and one day, weary and sick with fever, he halted his cart. Up to this time he had borne his sufferings so uncomplainingly that his companions never realized the end was near. They gently bore him to a cave, built a fire, and tried to warm away the chill that had seized him.

But it was futile. For a moment a shade of sadness darkened the brow of this dying hero as there passed before his mental eye a vision of the uncompleted possibilities of what might have been—could he have carried on!

Still another vision brought a faint glow to the eyes of Se-quo-yah as he saw in retrospect the great results of his alphabet. He saw a race that in a few short years had made greater progress than any other on history's pages. His achievement was revealed in a perfect light. But that which faded from his view was the completion of his grand idea—so great that no human being had had the like before: that of forming a more wonderful alphabet, one that would enable all the Indian tribes of North America to read and speak a common language; that would enable them to unite in a grand confederacy for the purpose of defense; for their mutual preservation from the encroachments of the white man, and their lasting perpetuation in the land deeded to them by God.

All that great dream faded now, growing dim, vanishing like a wraith, because there was no one else to carry on. And the Great Spirit had called. . . .

As the day drew to a close and the sun dropped below the misty silent mountains, the Cherokee schoolmaster fell asleep.

Congress once thought to bring back his remains and erect over them a fitting monument but no one was ever able to discover his resting place. The wild flowers and the vast solitudes which he loved so well had no tongues to whisper the exact spot.

Doubtless in some future day a traveler searching the caverns of some mighty cañon wall, will come across a heap of human bones, and as he looks closer to the funeral pile, he may see something like a silver coin gleaming just where there was once a human heart . . . and it may prove to be the medal given to Se-quo-yah by his race, and which he always wore thereafter. Unless this happens, the last resting place of one of America's most magnificent characters will ever be a secret, except to the brooding mountains and the wind softly whispering in the flowers above, and the Great Spirit of both red men and white.
From the salty tang of the brisk San Francisco sea air, through the warm dryness of the sun-flooded valleys, we traveled; and up the twisting grades into the crystal-clear atmosphere. Our quest was for the "oldest trees" of California, and we
headed for the High Sierras and the Sequoias. It was a fascinating journey across the state by bus, and afterwards by mountain stage.

We reached our first goal, on the mountain crest, the Sequoias, more than six thousand feet in the air. We came upon them all at once, clustered together—profoundly, austerely majestic. "There were giants in those days." From the dim, hoary age of time, a monarch of the days of the giants and the remnant of his band are here making their last stand. Pigmy men come and stand at their feet, looking upward with awe at the green-plumed heads held so high above they seem to pierce the infinite blue, walk wanderingly about the mammoth girth of their fire-scarred trunks, and drive through the pierced body of one of these stupendous ancients.

Here is not only one of the "oldest trees" but the oldest and largest animate object in the world. Its enormous column of one-hundred-foot girth supporting a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet, gray, scarred and weather beaten, shows that this grand old Sequoia has long ago reached its prime, and it is considered to be perhaps the only living survivor of the generation preceding its present standing guard of "Big Trees."

Many of these have three thousand and four thousand years to their credit, but this Brobdingnagian leader of all trees is credited with from six thousand to eight thousand years of life. When Christ was a little child playing at his mother's knee in far Judea, it was a leader among trees, towering hundreds of feet in the air, and already four thousand to six thousand years old.

There are still traces of fallen monarchs, moldering into the soil, whose age stretched far back of this ancient; they must have been seared and gnarled with age when it was a tiny sapling ambitiously looking up to their towering heights.

This prehistoric remnant band of the Sequoia Gigantea is found only in this one place in all the world; a space of about two hundred and fifty miles, on the six-thousand- and seven-thousand-foot levels in the High Sierras of California. They only have escaped annihilation through glacial action, erosion and forest fires.

Continuing our quest, with a lingering backward glance toward the mighty columns of the Sequoias, we turned our faces to the south, and down the winding grades toward Southern California and another echo of the primeval—a holdover from the unpierced mists of the past, the Torrey Pines. They also, in only one place in all the world, still cling with desperate foothold for existence. This foothold is down by the sea, hugging a wind- and sand-eroded promontory on the southern coastline.

Survivors of some titanic change of climate, these conifers are the wiry, fighting pigmies of that dim-epoch survival, as the "Big Trees" are the majestic giants. With twisted limbs, tortuously bent and scarred, these battling trees lie flattened before the beating pressure of the sea winds, or hold their gnarled, distorted bodies against the age-old onslaught of the elements, with stubborn heads still held defiantly erect. Their gripping roots reach out sometimes twenty feet for sustenance and foothold in the crumbling, eroded ravines.

Their wild beauty, against the background of yellow cliff and blue expanse of sea and sky, gives a thrill to the lover of nature. They are the gypsies of the pines—the fighting, picturesque, wild Romany tribe—nomads who have come out of a past of veiled mystery, and who hold away from their fellows in a clannish, defiant loneliness.

In this southland, the far days when California first felt upon its soil the tread of civilized man brought other "oldest trees." Now we were on the trail of those first imprints. We turned from the sea and that final nature struggle for survival, and followed the path of the Missions, where Father Junipero Serra and his devoted band of Franciscans were planters and builders as well as teachers. From those earliest days the Pepper tree drooped a grateful shade by the arcaded adobe Missions, by the poorest mud huts and the pretentious hacienda of the great estates.

At the San Luis Rey Mission, in the valley of that name in Southern California, still stands the first Pepper tree planted in California, the original of all the thousands now gracing the streets and homes of the state. This beautiful tree is almost
a hundred and twenty years old, and is said to be the largest Pepper tree in California. In its youth its lacelike greenery of shade, embroidered with clustering red berries, sheltered the studious priests and the Indian neophytes on sunny summer days, as it watched the busy settlement grow until some two thousand Indian converts clustered about the picturesque adobe Mission they had erected. The growing tree saw the decline of this prosperous center of the early days, when the Missions were taken from the padres, and Father Antonio Peyri, who had built the Mission in 1798 and labored there thirty years, departed broken-hearted for Spain.

The tree is now flourishing in the great
courtyard of the rehabilitated Mission, where it was planted by Father Peyri more than a hundred years ago, from seed brought by a sailor from Peru about the year 1820. This famous tree still stands in the circular bed elevated four or five feet above the garden area, as was chronicled by a traveler who visited the Mission in the 1850’s, and is protected by a wall built of ancient brick made by the Indians at the time of the building of the Mission in 1798.

Now, in its fine maturity, we sat beneath its wide-spreading canopy, as on this warm sunny day it was again sheltering brown-cassocked Franciscans and their student classes. And we could easily visualize the old patriarch of Pepper trees welcoming to its generous shade the generations of another century yet to come.

From San Luis Rey Mission it is not far to San Diego Mission, and the place of California’s beginning. Again taking the bus, we headed south, and near to the Mexican border, in picturesque San Diego, we found the earliest of the growing monuments planted by the famous first friar-explorer.

Planted more than a century and a half ago, older than the San Luis Rey Pepper tree by some thirty years, the famous old Date Palm of Old Town, the first San Diego, holds its head high above the new and the old of that historic place of California’s beginning.

Three of them were planted there in 1769 by Father Junipero Serra, from seed brought by Galvez and his expedition. One was taken to the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1892, and the lesser of the two remaining palms succumbed some years ago to old age.

On the hill above the lone palm is a great stone cross, bearing this brief chronicle of the oldest things of California’s beginning, planted by the devoted Franciscan who brought the world of the white man to these shores:

“Here the first citizen, Fray Junipero Serra, planted civilization in California; here he raised the first Cross, here began the Mission, here founded the first San Diego, July 16, 1769.”

History began its stirring marshalling of events before this oldest Date Palm of California one short month after its planting, when the band of settlers had a bloody battle with the Indians. When it was thirty-one years old the first American ship sailed into the harbor. It has seen the flags of three nations flying above the old plaza over which it has watched, a lone sentinel. The soldiers of Spain drilled at the presidio in Old Town, and one of the early governors tried to rule California from this earliest of settlements.

The passage of the years has been marked by the colorful life of Spanish and Mexican occupations, when romance and gaiety were the keynote of the times and fiestas, celebrations, music and fandangos filled much of the time of the laughter-loving people. But the more sinister drama of scenes of bloodshed and thrilling times, culminating in the stirring events of 1846, were also woven into the panoply of life before the old tree, in this planting and growth of a new race.

ZINNIAS

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

Oriental rugs I've none,  
But never have I needed one.  
For I've a strip of garden fair,  
'And Zinnias are blooming there.

I name my rug. That's all I need  
To see true miracles from seed.  
Turkoman! Afghanistan!  
All makes are mine by nature's plan.

A step ahead, and down the row,—  
Baluchistan! Come, feel its glow!
MARY BREWSTER COULD, GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF MARY BREWSTER DOWNS. READERS WILL RECALL WITH INTEREST THE DISTINGUISHED DAGUERREOTYPE OF THIS SAME OLD LADY, WHICH APPEARED IN THE MAY ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

The silhouette which seems so new these days is really ancient history, for it is found on mummy cases and frescoed walls in pre-historic Egypt. Profile painting and drawing, in continuous chain, sped through the centuries from the orient to Constantinople where in the sixteenth century there was a guild of silhouettists.

Then Western European countries took up the art with Russia, Germany, Austria, France and England rivals in this creative expression. Royalty indulged in the art as patrons and for pastime, and by the eighteenth century everyone was silhouetting. The portrait was profiled, landscapes were cut in outline, glassware was etched, china painted, and books illustrated all in silhouette.

Comparatively speaking, the latest thing about silhouette is its name. It was applied to the art when profile portraiture was introduced in France. The petty economies effected by Étienne de Silhouette in 1759, when he was Finance Minister to Louis Fifteenth, had the Parisians satirically referring to everything that was inexpensive and cheap as “silhouette,” and the profile portrait which could be bought for only a few francs came to be known by that name.

The French adopted the art, inspired by the ancient Etruscan vases with their exquisite drawings in outline depicting the hunt, warfare and the domestic arts, which were being excavated in Italy at the time. And they were, thereby, quickened to revive the classic tradition based on these drawings in their decorative schemes.

Most famed of their profilists was Augustin Edouart. But curiously enough, he did not develop the art of portraiture, until as an emigré, he fled to England in 1825, when he took to cutting portraits quite by chance. He called his portraits “silhouettes,” further popularizing the name for profile portraiture, which in England was known by various nomenclatures, such as the black shade, or the shadow portrait, while the artisans were called “scissorgraphists” or “papyrologists.”

Edouart cut thousands of profiles in the British Isles, and then came to this country in 1839, visiting us for about ten years. During his stay he cut with nimble scissors the full-length portrait of every important personage in the United States, so that a
the Hand-made Silhouette

LONDON

Catalogue of his work reads like the Blue Book of the period. Very stunning, indeed, are Presidents, Generals in their regimentals, Commodores and other executives. Very often he would cut silhouettes of several members of the family, including the dog, and a slave, and mount them in clever arrangement against a lithograph or water color background. In these he drew large windows, verdant landscapes, looped portières, mantels, bookcases and graceful chairs, which spoke for an age of comfort and grace.

The largest number of silhouette portraits by Edouart—perhaps three or four thousand—is in the possession of Mr. Glenn Tilley Morse of West Newbury, Massachusetts. He treasures every type of silhouette, both foreign and American, by practically all the artists.

Master James Hubard who was born in Scotland also cut with scissors the full-length portrait in this country, as did William Henry Brown, our native-born genius from South Carolina, Samuel Metford of England, and Philip Lord of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

But most engaging were the bust portraits, which lent themselves to much individualistic treatment varying with the whims of the artists. They were painted or cut with scissors from life, or drawn with the aid of a physionotrace and then reduced by the pantograph.

The hollow-cut profile, as charming as any, developed from the latter method. It was mechanically taken, always in bust on white paper (though I have seen one full-length hollow-cut in the Essex Institute). Then it was incised along the profile, and the hollowed outline was mounted on black paper, cotton, silk, or velvet. A white head remained after the silhouette was hollowed.

LYDIA CHOATE PERKINS, GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF MARY BREWSTER DOWNS, (1774-1839), FROM A SILHOUETTE MADE ABOUT 1800

Generally cast aside, it is now avidly sought by collectors, as it frames very effectively against a black or tinted ground.

Milady's up-do, her curls gracefully mounted atop a well-shaped head, ringlets over her forehead, a flamboyant comb, the shaped and rounded bust line, the pinched waist and the squared shoulders, are but reflections of the style of many generations ago, as may be noted in these exquisite portraits.

Especially notable is the work of William Bache, most artistic of the hollow-cutters. In this method he was at his best, although the majority of his heads in the scrapbook owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. C. R. Converse of Elmira, New York, were taken with the aid of a machine on blacked paper and mounted. I have seen a few hollow-cuts in this collec-
tion and others privately owned. Some may be seen in the Essex Institute and the Peabody Museum of Salem. Bache frequently stamped his name below the bust line.

Others who worked in the hollow-cut method were Charles Willson Peale, Todd, William King, and William Chamberlain. Hubard's work is identified by an upward curve along the entire bust line. When silhouettes are not signed, and all other methods fail, the bust line is a great help to identification.

Frequently seen in bust size are the painted types of silhouette, washed with black and shaded in slate color, or done in pastel tints. Particularly effective in this medium was the work of William M. S. Doyle, a few by Bache, Hubard, Samuel Folwell, and Thomas Gimbrède.

Very charming, too, are the black heads, often hollow-cut, attached to the bodice of a Godey Print, which are discovered now and then. In these we see again milady's up-do and the present fashionable trends as reflections from the shades of a past era, which melted before the glare of the camera in 1859.

Generally they added delicate brush strokes along the hair and neck line, indicating a profusion of curls and ringlets.

Master Hankes and Master James Hubard also created charming bust portraits which they scissored, that is, cut from black paper after a glance at the subject, and mounted on white. Subtly shaded with Chinese white or brushed with bronze on hair and bodice, they are very elegant, indeed. Hankes' work is characterized by the rounded scoop under the arm, while
The Hood River Valley

Hood River County, the gateway between eastern and western Oregon, is rich in scenic and historical lore. The beautiful bowl-shaped valley, now famous for its production of fruit, is surrounded by mountains that prevent extremes of temperature. On the north is glistening Mount Adams, more than 14,000 feet high; while on the south, forty miles from Portland, is stately, snow-clad Mount Hood with an elevation of 11,225 feet. The Columbia River forms the northern boundary line for the county.

The mighty Columbia, starting from a tiny spring in British Columbia, cut its way through valleys and mountains for over 1,400 miles in its course to the sea, but did not completely destroy two of Nature's barriers. The first of these, twenty-four miles east of Hood River, is the rapids at The Dalles. There the Celilo Indians exacted tribute of travellers who made the portage. Other pioneers, attempting to shoot the rapids, often met with disaster when their boats were dashed against the jagged, spray-covered rocks. The other obstruction was below the Hood River Valley at the Cascades on the Columbia. This is the spot where, according to Indian tradition, the Bridge of the Gods was located. Here the early settlers, making the last of the journey to the Willamette Valley by boat, were forced to portage. Treacherous Indians frequented this strategic spot. It was at the Cascades that a terrible early-day massacre occurred.

Soon this river, the second largest in North America, will be harnessed at the Cascades and a great lake forty-eight miles in length will be formed. With the completion of Bonneville Dam, twenty-four miles west of Hood River, this artificial lake will cover the government-owned locks constructed at the Cascades and opened to river traffic in 1896.

The first emigrants came down the Columbia in boats and barges, with members of the party driving the cattle along Indian trails at the foot of the steep cliffs. Later emigrants, who refused to follow this plan to abandon their wagons, decided to make the trip overland. Late in October 1845, Samuel Barlow left The Dalles with a train of thirteen wagons, intent on crossing the Cascade Mountains by taking a route along the south side of Mount Hood. This hardy leader, who stated "God never made a mountain without some place to go over it," led his train to the top of the divide. Here the men were forced to abandon their wagons and proceed on foot. The following spring they returned and, by chaining the wagons to trees as they lowered them over the cliffs, completed the first all-wagon trip from the States to the Willamette Valley.

This route, used by wagons for many years, was known as the Barlow Trail. History tells us that in one of the early wagon trains a wheel was lost. Being late in the fall, hasty and futile search was made. The contents of the wagon were transferred to the other already overloaded vehicles proceeding to the Willamette Valley. In the spring the owner returned in a vain attempt to find the lost wheel. The old trail was used by many succeeding wagon trains until a new highway was built along the banks of the Columbia. The Barlow Trail exacted a heavy toll and along its way were many unmarked graves.

Last winter a resident of the Hood River Valley, while cutting a cedar tree along the old Barlow Trail, noticed as the tree fell the tip struck a swampy spot and an old wagon wheel with broken spokes was thrown out of the soil. This wheel, given to the Wauna Chapter, D. A. R., and now displayed in the Hood River Library, tells its own story of the hardships of the early travellers through our valley.

During succeeding years The Dalles Sandy Wagon Road was constructed, the O. W. R. and N. Railroad Company built tracks along the Columbia, and water transportation improved. With the completion of the scenic Columbia River Highway the Hood River Valley has become still more accessible. Another highway, the Mount Hood Loop, connects Hood River and Portland by skirting the base of Mount Hood and follows, for many miles, the route of the Old Barlow Trail.

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CLARK County is one of the most significant counties in Washington, for it was here civilization first rooted itself. Here the lumber business of the northwest started, here the agriculturist first broke virgin soil, here were the first milk cows and dairy, the first fruit orchards, the first commercial fishing activities, the first schools and churches.

There was a Hudson's Bay post at Astoria in 1821. Dr. John McLoughlin came west to take charge of this place, then known as Fort George. McLoughlin, after being there several years, decided it was not the best place for a trading post, because the Indians had to travel so far with their heavy loads of fur. In 1834 he selected the present site of Vancouver for the new fort, and immediately started construction. The move to this new location was made in 1835, and the place was named Fort Vancouver in honor of Captain George Vancouver.

This new post was extensive and very complete, being 750 feet long and 450 feet wide. It was enclosed by a picket wall twenty feet high on which several cannon were mounted. These turned out to be only ornaments, as they were used only for saluting visitors. The interior was divided into two courts enclosing forty buildings, all of which were wood except the powder magazine, which was of stone. In the center of the enclosure was a large hall.

It was the policy of the Hudson’s Bay Company to crush all rivals in trade. In the Oregon Country they were limited by the Treaty of Joint Occupancy. As they could not exclude American citizens they built forts, established trade with the Indians and prevented rivalry by laws of trade and ruinous competition. McLoughlin, although true to these policies, was greatly admired and liked by everyone who knew him. He was an aristocrat in bearing and possessed a fine physique, being well over six feet tall.

In 1832 Nathaniel Wyeth and eleven men reached Fort Vancouver, the first party of Yankees to arrive overland since Lewis and Clark. They brought a stock of goods to trade to the Indians for furs. They were hospitably received by McLoughlin and spent the winter at the fort. However, they had no success in trading with the Indians, which was seen to by McLoughlin. John Ball, one of Wyeth’s party, remained to become schoolmaster of the first school, after Wyeth had returned to the east, a financial bankrupt.

Wyeth was not discouraged by his first failure in the Northwest, and in 1834 organized another party in the East and returned to Fort Vancouver. With him came Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel Lee, Methodists, the first missionaries to the Oregon Country. They were directed by McLoughlin to French Prairie where some French Canadians were already settled.

Fort Vancouver was the supply center of the Northwest, the capital of twenty forts. The trappers and traders of these forts were the colorful Canadian “Voyageurs”. As described by Dr. Tolmie, a doctor at Fort Vancouver, they were “mostly dressed in blue capots, large glazed hats, red military belts, their coal black hair dangling in profusion about their shoulders; wild, picturesque looking, and their horses rougher and more shaggy looking than themselves.” The event of the year was when the boat brigade, manned by these voyageurs, came down the Columbia River in June. It was the fleet of canoes that brought the furs from the upper forts. It started in British Columbia and gathered boats and men as each fort was passed. Fort Vancouver knew just when to expect the brigade, and everyone was on the alert to catch the first glimpse of the canoes. Down the blue river they swept, sometimes twenty abreast and in perfect line, led by the single canoe of the officer in charge. The boatmen were dressed in their finest, hats almost covered with feathers, and beaded pouches dangling from gay sashes. As they came nearer their songs became louder, and the canoes, still in order, wheeled in perfect line and came side by side to the river bank.
danger and loneliness of the year were past; for two or three weeks there would be no work. The officers unloaded the furs and reloaded the canoes with supplies for the year. Then the boat brigade left. Every man stepped into his place, and at a pistol shot every paddle touched the water at the same instant. Out they swept into the river, their songs growing fainter, as the men went back to another year of loneliness, cold, and often hunger and danger among the Indians.

In this wilderness the beaver skin was the medium of exchange. The price, however, was constantly falling, due to the introduction of the silk hat in Paris. Fort Vancouver was little concerned with whether one's hat was of silk or of beaver. Their duty was to see that the furs were sent off in good condition, and to provide themselves with the necessities of life. The latter had resulted in a great deal of agricultural activity. In 1836 there were 3,000 acres fenced and under cultivation. Six miles up the river a sawmill had been built. The harvest that year yielded 8,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, 9,000 bushels of peas, and 14,000 bushels of potatoes. Food was shipped to the Russians in Alaska, and lumber to the Sandwich Islands. Life was becoming particularly urbane for an outpost of civilization still without a white woman west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Whitman party arrived in Fort Vancouver in 1836. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, an invalid, were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains. In 1838 the Catholics sent Abbe Francois Norbet Blanchet and Abbe Modeste Demers.

In 1842 the first real immigration, comprised of 125 people, arrived on the Columbia. Most of them were destitute. McLoughlin advanced them everything required and furnished boats for transporting them to the Willamette Valley. Many never paid for what they received, and McLoughlin had to make it good to the Hudson's Bay Company. This was one of the main causes of his break with the company and his disillusionment of later years.

The Treaty of Joint Occupancy was terminated in 1846 and the Oregon Country became United States territory. On several occasions the United States had offered to compromise with England on the forty-ninth parallel, which is the present boundary. In 1846 the United States sent word that it would abrogate the treaty, which could be done by a year's notice from either side, and at the same time ordered an increase in the navy. England was taken aback by this action, and asked the United States to renew its compromise offer, which it refused to do. Whereupon England sent an offer of compromise on the same line. The United States accepted, and considered it a diplomatic triumph.

All our country had at some time been under one or more foreign flags—the Thirteen Colonies, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Alaska. Old Oregon was our only conquest made from the wilderness under the Stars and Stripes, the only portion that has known only one flag of government.

THE OLD ELM TREE
MARGARET VINNEDGE SHERIDAN

The old Elm Tree on a country road,
Its sweeping branches spread.
And every evening from our abode
Our drive to the Elm Tree led.

Whether we started South or North,
Eastward or where'er it be,
We always found that we came forth
Out under our old Elm Tree.

We'd stop 'neath its gracious shade,
Our initials we'd carve in its bark;
In the gurgling brook near by we'd wade,
And commune with our tree 'til dark.

Then homeward we turned in the soft twilight,
And one and all we'd agree
We had spent an hour of sheer delight
With our friend, The Old Elm Tree.
A Woman President
The Story of Frances Willard and Northwestern University
MARY EARHART DILLON

Frances Willard was a charter member of the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which was one of our early chapters. She was born September 28, 1839, so that this month marks the centenary of her birth. The following article appears in this issue as an observance of the Frances Willard Centenary.

On the fifth of September, 1870, the steamship City of Russia docked in New York Harbor. A weary young woman was aboard returning from two years of study in foreign lands—Frances Willard. During her stay in Europe she had studied German, French, and Italian, becoming so proficient in German and French as to understand lectures in either tongue. She also studied art, and visited the most famous galleries in Germany, France, and Italy. History and English literature were also pursued under the guidance of stimulating lectures at the Collège de France.

Returning to her home in Evanston (Illinois), Frances Willard found that the women here had been inspired, by the example of Vassar and Mount Holyoke, to establish a woman’s college. A distinctive feature of the new school was to be a woman president and a woman’s board of trustees. This was a unique experiment in woman’s education. Although the new school was only in the process of development, Frances Willard was elected its president on the 14th of February, 1871. The announcement of the proposed Evanston College for Ladies created a sensation.
The Chicago newspapers and such eastern papers as the New York Independent heralded the event and spoke glowingly of the young woman who had been chosen president. Woman's higher education, it must be remembered, was still a novelty. Coeducation was looked at askance and Vassar was the only woman's college comparable to men.

The Evanston College for Ladies, although a separate institution with its own charter, was connected with Northwestern University in a somewhat loose arrangement. But this connection gave the new institution standing and prestige unusual for a school in its early years.

The years Frances Willard spent as president of the Evanston College for Ladies and later as dean of women at Northwestern University form a significant phase of her life, as it was during these years she acquired the training for her brilliant career as president of the largest society of women. These years are also significant, as they provide an interesting experiment in woman's education. The story, furthermore, of Frances Willard's years as an educator is in itself a fascinating fragment of her life.

Training in organization and propaganda technique came from her experience in promoting the ladies college. When elected president she was confronted with the responsibility of raising funds for a college building and for the opening of the school. Temporary quarters were arranged for, so that the new college might open the following September (1871). Thus Miss Willard had about six months to organize her school and prepare for receiving students. With the acumen of a general this young woman of thirty-two laid out her campaign: (1) a speaking tour throughout the Northwest, (2) wide circularization with pamphlets and letters, (3) the Fourth of July celebration.

The speaking campaign was launched the night of April 10th before a mass meeting of town folk at the Congregational Church of Evanston. Frances Willard chose as her subject “People Out of Whom More Might Have Been Made.” The speech was praised by the Chicago press and the young woman was acclaimed an orator. One paper wittily remarked that her topic might apply equally well to men but commended her highly for the clear argument and womanly presentation. The speech emphasized the need of a more liberal education for women and recounted the advantages which the ladies college would offer. In the succeeding months this lecture with some variations was given in a great number of towns and villages in the Northwest. Parents were urged to send their daughters in the autumn to the Evanston College for Ladies.

Letters by the hundreds were sent to ministers and newspaper editors asking them to help advertise the ladies college. But the most important of the three plans was that of the so-called Woman's Fourth of July.

The head of the college committee was a woman who had been quite active in the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. Taking hold of this new enterprise with the vigor of her war work, she suggested to the women, yea she commanded them, to “preëempt at once the coming Fourth of July, Northwestern University, the Chicago Press and the Lake in the interest of our girls.” The women, impressed with the reputation of this leader, meekly assented to the plan, but the responsibility for the undertaking rested on Frances Willard. As she herself expressed it, two years of study in Europe were hardly the best training for such a practical undertaking. The magnitude of the venture “haunted her like a ghost” for weeks before the fatal day and like a ghost it was with her whether waking or sleeping.

Miss Willard prepared a circular on the ladies college, emphasizing the fact that it would be under the control of a woman's board of trustees. The circular also announced the great celebration to be held on the Fourth at which time the cornerstone for the building of the ladies college would be laid. At the bottom of the circular in large type were the words:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN OF THE PREËMPTION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE INTEREST OF THE GIRLS OF THE NORTHWEST.

These circulars were mailed by the “cart-load” to the folk of the Northwest. The audacity of a group of women “preëmpting” a town, a university campus, metro-
politician newspapers and even the lake, especially in an era not generous toward woman's activities, is extremely humorous. Even the trains and boats were "pre-empted." Western people knew all about the preemption of land, but the woman's Fourth of July preemption was really something new. Only a woman with the dash and imagination of Frances Willard could have carried the venture through to success.

The Fourth of July, 1871, was the most gala celebration in the history of the Northwest. Ten thousand people came to Evanston to celebrate jointly the founding of an independent land and the founding of a ladies college. The Governor of Colorado Territory, John Evans, came for the event and donated $10,000 for the new building. General Arthur Ducat, of the United States Army, made the address of welcome; Professor Cumnock, of Northwestern University, read the Declaration of Independence, and the Honorable J. R. Doolittle, of the United States Senate, gave the oration of the day. Amid such pomp and glory was the new school for women dedicated and $30,000 was pledged.

In this adventure Frances Willard learned her first lesson in the method and theory of organization. Her activity up to this time had been that of student and teacher. Suddenly she had been hurled into the promotional work for the ladies college and, as she said, it "was a case of sink or swim." The writing of promotional letters, circulars and articles for magazines was all a new field to her, albeit this was to become familiar ground to her within a decade. She learned from this experience something of the psychology of people, learned that there are ways to approach the crowds which are more successful than others, and that failure is often the result of merely the wrong expression. The phrase "preemption of the Fourth of July in the interest of the girls of the Northwest" taught her much. Ten thousand people came to the preemption party while only a few hundred probably would have come to the dedication of a woman's college. Frances Willard was to become quite adept in the years ahead at coining clever words and phrases with which to sway an audience. The ordeal to which she un-knowingly committed herself when she became president of the ladies college was the crucible which tried her mettle and brought her out a leader of women. The ladies college opened, as planned, in the early autumn of 1871 and had an enrollment of 236 pupils. This splendid success was a tribute to her ability as an organizer. Six months was little time in which to prepare for the opening of a college and the attraction of students. Having completed her promotional work, President Willard turned her attention to the direction and administration of the college. In this capacity she showed a versatile mind and a broad, liberal viewpoint. She introduced many novel features in the school, frequently breaking with tradition. School discipline was quite a problem during this period, especially in the female seminaries. It was customary for these schools to have an infinite number of rules. The seminary Frances Willard attended had seventy rules. One of them was that a girl could not leave the campus without permission and then only in company with another girl; another rule was that all students must attend church on Sunday morning, and they were marched there and back in twos. She remembered how hateful those many restrictions had been to her and decided to accord the girls of the ladies college greater freedom.

The first change she made from established custom was to permit the girls to go to church either singly or in groups. Such a radical departure from convention shocked many people in Evanston who predicted some evil would befall. But the girls' behavior was impeccable.

Undisturbed by the criticism over this innovation, Frances Willard made an even greater departure from the accepted standard of conduct for young ladies. The girls were invited by the boys of the university to join either of the two literary societies which had been organized. These societies met twice a month but in the evening and on the university campus. Young ladies, in the seventies, however, did not go out alone in the evening. Frances Willard, nevertheless, favored the idea. She spoke to Dr. E. O. Haven, President of Northwestern University, about it. Splendid liberal that he was, he heartily agreed
that the girls should be allowed this privilege. He said, "It will break down prejudice against woman's public speech and work; it will refine the young men and develop intellectual power in the girls—precisely what each class most needs." So the girls were permitted to go to the literary societies quite alone and unchaperoned. Although this seems a perfectly natural procedure to us today, it was a radical experiment in 1871. Faculty and townspeople joined in condemnation of such conduct and predicted no good would come of such "notions." But the experiment was a success. At the end of the year President Willard happily exclaimed "how nobly they fulfilled their trust."

A third innovation of the youthful president was student government. Calling the girls together at the beginning of the term she explained to them that coeducation was still in its experimental stage and many criticized the system so that any misconduct on their part would react not only on themselves but also on women in other schools closely associated with a man's university. Quite simply she said to them, "Now, girls, I place your destiny in your own hands; I confide mine to you." In this manner was student government inaugurated at the ladies college. This, too, was a radical departure from tradition and it irritated the conservatives who predicted its early failure. When the system proved successful the critics replied it was only because the girls were so devoted to their president that they followed her blindly. Student government is accepted today in most colleges so that one cannot help but smile over the fact it was once considered "radical."

Another unusual feature President Willard introduced into the college was the "Behavior Club". Today we would call it a charm club. Every girl was eligible. The purpose of this society was to teach the girls social behavior. Certain kinds of conduct were criticized, other kinds were designated as "proper" much in the style of Emily Post today. But the real zest of this club was the impersonating of distinguished women by the girls. In such roles they enacted their manners of receiving guests, entertaining at dinner, meeting people, and other similar social amenities. This was drama—the girls loved it. Incidentally they learned much about etiquette.

In addition to being president of the college, Frances Willard also taught two classes. The method she used in teaching was as fresh and different as were her ideas on government and conduct. She taught English composition and art. She made her English classes fascinating by introducing a note of realism which captivated her pupils. Each month she selected the best essays to have them published in one of the Chicago newspapers. Miss Willard was fortunate in that her brother was the editor of one such paper, which gave her entrée not only to his paper but to other Chicago papers. She made no effort, apparently, for great literary effect, but used simple subjects such as "Our Museum", "Literary Exercises", "At the Public School", or "One Friday Afternoon". Such a plan, of course, whetted immeasurably the interest of her students.

The course on art and aesthetics, however, was Miss Willard's prize contribution to the curriculum. This subject was distinctly her own idea and was developed from her interest and study in art during the years she spent in Europe. She had collected several hundred postcard copies of great paintings some of which she now had made into slides to be shown with the stereopticon. Art appreciation courses are offered today in most colleges, but this was quite a new idea in the seventies, especially in the West. We developed an art consciousness rather tardily, as our attention in the Nineteenth century was primarily directed to the conquest of a continent and the production of wealth. Even in New York, the acknowledged hub of American culture, art appreciation was molded to the pattern of P. T. Barnum. When Jenny Lind made her first tour of this country, he billed her as a "sweet warbler" much to the amusement of Paris and London. Mark Twain characterized the period as the "Gilded Age". Thus Frances Willard was pioneering for a true appreciation of art by introducing such an art course in the ladies college.

Still another innovation which has become a commonplace today was the assembly hour. Each Friday afternoon the girls assembled to hear a lecture. This
was to broaden their horizon and to give them a fresh outlook from that derived from their text books. Frequently President Willard herself gave the lecture, speaking upon some phase of her European travels. Members of the faculty, presidents of other schools and some of the leading ministers of Chicago and Evanston were presented to the college. The assembly hour was a new and unique feature of the ladies college and received the enthusiastic approval of the students.

The Evanston College for Ladies which opened so auspiciously under the direction of Frances Willard was soon enveloped in the fateful consequences of the Chicago fire (November 9, 1871). Many people who had made generous pledges to the new college found themselves destitute and quite unable to redeem their promise. The result was that a few weeks after the college opened, it was in financial difficulty. The woman's board of trustees made a valiant fight to overcome the handicap caused by the Chicago catastrophe. Although the enrollment of the school increased, the trustees were not able to recoup their losses. Finally in June, 1873, after two years of struggle, the board decided to merge completely with Northwestern University. Frances Willard, thereupon, became the first Dean of Women of Northwestern University. She had borne the brunt of establishing the ladies college and she had created a school with many new, interesting features. The years 1871-1873, moreover, had given her a national reputation as a "Woman President".

The position of dean, however, had certain compensations. The university was solid, financially, so she no longer had to worry about expenses. Her own salary was doubled and she was given a contract. Thus the change meant, apparently, greater security for her and less responsibility. In addition to the position as dean she continued to teach English composition and art appreciation. The only difference in the teaching was that she now taught "mixed" classes. The boys were not used to a woman teacher and no doubt felt somewhat resentful. Anyway, the freshmen began playing pranks. One of these was the entombing of a cat in a drawer of her desk, so the class that day was conducted to the accompaniment of feline screeches. But Frances Willard carried on the recitation entirely oblivious to the disturbance. Such pranks continued for some weeks but were gradually discouraged by the immobility of their teacher. Some years later when Frances Willard was about to speak to an audience of five thousand people at Boston, a woman standing near her asked if she were not afraid. "No", was the reply, "you see I have taught a freshman English class"! If the Boston lady had only known some of the antics played by those freshmen, she would have fully understood the quiet poise of the speaker from Evanston. Miss Willard had great charm of personality which made her a success whether a teacher or a lecturer.

In June 1874, Dean Willard decided to resign from the university. A new president had been installed whose policy she was not in sympathy with. Also she missed the freedom she had enjoyed as president of the ladies college. Always strongly an individual, she became restless and unhappy under the new regime.

Yet she had loved Northwestern, the ladies college, and the town of Evanston. It was a wrench to tear herself away from beloved surroundings. The thought of going into another school chilled her, for here she had poured out her life. A position offered her as the head of a fashionable girls' school in New York was declined. After resigning as dean from Northwestern University she did not again take up educational work, but turned her talents to a somewhat larger field of activity.

The three years (1871-1874) she spent as president and dean of a college were exciting, eventful years in her life and most important in her own development. It was during these years she learned the technique of organization, how to approach people and the psychology of propaganda. Before the end of the century she won the title of the best organizer of women, the most brilliant woman speaker, and the most influential woman of her generation.

Note: "Pioneer Girl," the newly published book on the early life of Frances Willard, is currently reviewed in the Book Department.
SENATOR AND MRS. ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, WHO HAVE LEFT WASHINGTON FOR A WELL-EARNED VACATION. MRS. VANDENBERG WILL BE BACK TO "YOUR CAPITAL CITY—AND MINE!" LATER IN THE FALL.
"Fearless Fighters" and "Learning People"
Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson Jackson as Revealed by Their Ancestors

GRAEME McGREGOR SMITH

ANDREW JACKSON, born on the western frontiers of the Carolinas in the year 1767, was the third child of Andrew and Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson.

His father, Andrew Jackson, Sr., had been fatally hurt while hauling logs for his new home and had died a few months prior to the birth of the babe, destined to become the President of his Nation.

Due to his zeal in "Patriot's Club," an organization opposing all measures tending to infringe on rights of the people, Andrew, Sr., and his family had to flee from Ireland and seek a new home, where other kinsmen had preceded them.

The senior Andrew's father, John Jackson, was a man of wealth and prominence, who lived in Dundonald Parish, County Down, Ireland. He was born in 1667 and died in 1725.

The father of John Jackson, John Jackson, Sr., was most ardent in the espousal of the Presbyterian faith. He was one of the twelve men sent from his community to Edinborough in 1666 to rewrite the Confessions of Faith, and his name appears as a delegate in the Confessions published in that year.

Anthony Jackson, father of John Jackson, Sr., was born in 1599 and died in 1666. Because of his loyalty to the Royal Charles, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London by Cromwell. He was afterwards liberated and later acted as herald in proclaiming Charles King of England. His three sons, one of them, John, ancestor of President Jackson, were granted estates in Carrickfergus, Ireland, and it was from here that Andrew, Sr., fled.

The father of Anthony Jackson was Richard Jackson of Kelwolds Grove, Yorkshire, England, who married Margaret Frobishier, sister of Sir Martin Frobishier, the English navigator who first sought a northwest passage to China. This same Sir Martin made three trips to the coast of Labrador and was with Sir Francis Drake in the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Thus do we find in "Old Hickory" the conflicting blood of the pious Presbyterian and the fearless fighting man—a combination that produced one of the greatest soldier-statesmen the world ever knew—Andrew Jackson.

Rachel Donelson Jackson, the tenth child of her parents, Colonel John and Rachel Stockley (Stokely) Donelson, was born near Chatham, Virginia, in the year 1767 in the month of June. At the age of twelve years she made that remarkable trip with her parents in the good boat "Adventure," traversing for three months the Holston, Tennessee, Ohio, and Cumberland Rivers, into the pioneer country, Mero District, now known as Nashville, Tennessee. Today Nashville is called the Athens of the South. Then there were no cultural advantages for the youthful Rachel, but county records of Virginia and Maryland identify her family, both paternal and maternal, as persons of education, property, and of historical importance. Her father, Colonel John Donelson, was in the House of Burgesses from Pittsylvania County from 1770 to 1774. He was in the House of Parliament when it was dissolved. He owned extensive iron works in Virginia, was of the landed gentry, and was recognized in the Nation not only for his efficiency as an engineer but because of his diplomacy and ability to deal with the warring Indian tribes. He was frequently sent out as a representative of the Government to make treaties with them.

Katherine Davis, the mother of Colonel Donelson, was the sister of Rev. Samuel Davis, the third president of Princeton. Her father was David Davis and he was the son of Rev. Samuel Davis, Presbyterian minister and "chirugeon" of Snow Hill, Somerset County, Maryland. He was a member of the first Presbytery in America and his name was recorded on a memorial tablet in First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia as one of the seven ministers comprising that Presbytery.
The mother of Rachel Jackson was Rachel Stockley Donelson, and may have been a Quaker, as among the Stockleys of that period were many Quakers. Her ancestry traces back to the first of the line in America, in Hampton County, Virginia, in 1640. Even at that early date, Rachel Jackson’s family were “learning people.” The records show that this great-grandfather, John, had a law suit in 1658 and his wife, Elizabeth, defended him as his attorney in court and won the suit. He was one of the nine men to represent Accomack County in Virginia Assembly in 1672.

Although Rachel Jackson did not have the “schooling” of her ancestors that taught “reading and writing and arithmetic,” she was possessed of unusual mentality. In his “Thirty Years View” Thomas Hart Benton, a contemporary, in writing of Mrs. Jackson, said:

“She had a faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately and dispensing hospitality to all with cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth, nor plain old man, whose modesty sat him down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attentions any more than the titled gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight and she always had her house filled with clever young men and clever young women—all calling her affectionately ‘Aunt Rachel.’ I was young then and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of The Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress—the loved and honored wife of a great man.”

Rachel Jackson died December 22, 1828, and was laid to rest in the garden she had loved. Seventeen years later, June 10, 1845, Andrew Jackson was placed beside his beloved Rachel.

Today, The Hermitage stands as it did when Andrew Jackson and Rachel welcomed all with gracious hospitality. It is the only shrine of the Nation that is filled with the furnishings of the original owners. As the visitor passes down the flower-bordered walks of the old-fashioned garden, the fragrant blossoms seem to speak of those who dwelt among them long ago. In reverence he pauses before the enclosure of the tomb and reads the tribute of a husband to wife, so eloquent in its fullness:

“Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures and cultivated that Divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so good and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor; even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.”

The eye then turns to a similar slab, equally eloquent in its brevity:

“General Andrew Jackson,
Born March 15, 1767,
Died June 8, 1845.”

In this garden, there is a peace that surpasseth all understanding—the calm that follows the storm.

In Memoriam

We announce with sorrow, the passing, on July 14, 1939, of Mrs. Helen Marr Bradley Drake (Ellet Grant) of Beatrice, Nebraska, Honorary Vice President General, 1938; Vice President General, 1923-1926; and State Regent of Nebraska, 1917-1919.

Also the death, on July 23, 1939, of Miss Katharine Arnold Nettleton of New Haven, Connecticut, Treasurer General, 1932-1935; and State Regent of Connecticut, 1927-1932.
The State of New York served as a gateway to the west to many emigrants from Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Its settlement antedated the Mayflower by some eleven years, a fact which we Mayflower Descendants are loath to remember.

The records of the developments of central and western New York by the Phelps and Gorham, The Holland and Morris Reserve Purchases are stories of pioneer life of interest to the historian and to the genealogist, especially to us whose ancestors paused there and then passed that way to Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and to the boundless west.

A full report of the acquisitions to our library is given by the Librarian General at each meeting of the National Board and is published in the supplement to the Magazine. Her yearly report is included in the Proceedings of Continental Congress, a copy of which is sent to each chapter.

In the New York section of the library we have the invaluable New York Genealogical and Biographical Record of 70 volumes (1868-1939); New York in the Revolution; County and Town histories, and scores of other published volumes. Added to these are the splendid contributions from New York chapters and individuals that make our library second to none in its rare collection of unpublished material. Noteworthy among these are:

- 44 volumes of unpublished Bible records and genealogical notes (1922-1939).
- 119 volumes of N. Y. cemetery, church and town records up to 1939.
- 11 volumes Graves of Revolutionary Soldiers buried in N. Y.
- Marriage and death records from New York Evening Post, 1801-12.
- Marriage and death notices from New York Museum (newspaper) 1800-06.
- Marriage and death notices from New York Weekly Spectator, 1804-06.
- Five volumes of Early Church Records of Western New York, by Janet W. Foley, Akron, N. Y. (who publishes the monthly magazine, “Early Settlers of Western New York”).
- 20 files containing 16,000 index cards of all genealogical information contained in the first 42 volumes of the “Daughters of the American Revolution” magazine. This is a continuing project of the Irondequoit Chapter, Rochester, N. Y., under the supervision of Sarah L. Sherman, chairman of Index Committee.

These are some of the worthwhile activities of these patriotic Americans of New York, working quietly and effectively to preserve to ourselves and to posterity the records of the men and women who, among others, “Have made and preserved us a Nation.”

Owing to the many unpublished queries on file, additional space is given to that section of this department. Reports of satisfactory results through this medium of
exchanges are received daily. The courtesy of a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply should not be overlooked. All queries are published as submitted "on separate slips of paper". Add address to second query if more than one is submitted.

Queries and Answers

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

ALL INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO US is published, and further correspondence regarding same should not be sent to this department.

QUERIES

I'39. Fant-Edrington.—Who were the parents of Ephraim Fant, born S. C. 11/7/1797, died 6/7/1851, lived in Fairfield Co., married Sarah Edrington, born 7/5/1796, died 1/8/1894? Was Ephraim Fant one of the 17 children of the Revolutionary soldier George Fant of Hampshire Co., Va., granted a pension while living in Greene Co., Tenn., and died in Coles Co., Ill.? Had 2 wives, one of whom is supposed to have been Elizabeth Lewis Sewell.—Julian Earle Fant, 605 Florida Theatre Building, Jacksonville, Fla.


I'39. Brakens-Walker Erskine.—Wanted: information about Brackens, some of whom were in Greenbrier and Monroe Counties, W. Va., as early as 1780. Name of parents and wife of William Walker who acquired land in Augusta Co., Va., in 1763 and is mentioned as being from Bedford Co. This same William left a Will in Botetourt Co. 1810. Who were the parents of Michael Erskine who married Jane Thomson of Penn. She was a daughter of Joseph Thomson. Who was her mother.—Mrs. R. L. Bowen, Box 95, Bluefield, W. Va.

I'39. Lewis-Barnett.—(a) Desire parentage, place of birth and Rev. service (if any) of Samuel H. (Harding) Lewis, born 1768, died Pike County, Illinois, 1830. Wife Mary Barnett living in Pike County in 1850. Had brothers, James, John, Jesse and Fielding, perhaps others. Of the above, James Samuel H. and Jesse were living in Missouri from 1804 to 1820.

(b) Desire County in Va. and date of marriage of John Lewis and wife Priscilla Brooks, b. 1725.—Mrs. Hale Houts, 17 East 53rd Street Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri.

I'39. Sawyers; Puckett; Carter; Clair.—Wanted the parentage of Jesse Sawyers or Sayers, b. about 1796 in Va.; m. Hannah Puckett, b. 1783 in Va.; also parentage of John Carter, Sr., b. 1798 in N. C.; m. Comfort Clair, b. 1800 in N. C., both families were in Grayson County, Va., in 1850 and Tazewell County, Va., in 1860.—Mrs. Jas. E. Greer, Logan, West Virginia.


I'39. Philand-Parker.—Want ancestry of Walter Rand, Rev. soldier, Isle of Wight Co., Va., later Wake County, N. C., and his wife, Mary Parker. His brother William was Clerk of Court, Cumberland Co., N. C., until 1840. Was John Rand, member of Provincial Congress, Halifax, N. C., their father? Did they descend from Colonel William and Elizabeth (Beverly) Rand?

(b) Curtis.—Martha, dau. of John

I’39. Floyd-Singleton-Penick-Harper.—Floyd—Benjamin, who married Elizabeth Singleton either in Lincoln or Garrard Co., Ky., who were their parents? They had children: John, Singleton, David, Benjamin, Sallie, Frankie, Lucy, Polly Ann, Elizabeth. Benjamin’s will was probated in Garrard Co., 1835. His son Singleton b. 1783; d. 1840; m. Elizabeth Penick, b. 1788; d. 1849. Desire Penick, also Singleton, family data.

Harper (b).—Information of Turner Harper & wife who was Mary French. They lived in Madison Co., Ky., 1804. Their daughter Sarah Ann Harper m. Isaac W. Stephens in Madison Co., in 1825. Want Harper & this Mary French’s descendants and where she was b.—Miss Bertha F. Stephens, Bolckow, Missouri, P. O. Box 2.


I’39. (a) Holman.—Charles Holman, born 1764; died 1840; married, Bolton, Mass., 1787, Relief Sawyer, descendant of John White. Removed to Marlborough, N. H. Had ten children, among them Oliver, born May 24, 1796; died January 31, 1861; glassmaker of Keene, N. H. Wanted parentage of Charles Holman.

(b) Griffith-Overacker. — Duty Griffith, born probably Berkshire County, Mass., 1782; moved to New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois; living, 1869, Lee County, Iowa. Married Barbara Overacker whose grandfather may have been Vanderhoof. Wanted parents of Duty Griffith and of Barbara Overacker Griffith.—Miss Margaret Griffith, 701 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

I’39. (a) Hart-Redman.—Wanted parents of Nathaniel Hart & wife Lydia Redman. Lived in Sussex Co., N. J., before Rev. War. History says came from South Jersey. Prob. Trenton, Ewing & Hopewell. What was maiden name of son, Amos Hart’s wife, Rhoda. She m. 2nd William Hiliard, some of their descendants moved to Livingston Co., Mich. Who are these descendants now?


I’39. (a) Vincent-Cole.—Oliver Vincent, an interpreter for the U. S. Navy, settled in America about 1825, presumably in Baltimore. His first wife is believed to have been Prudence Cole of Baltimore, a cousin of Robert Garrett, the family connected with the building of the B&ORR. The only living child of this marriage was Euphemia Vincent, who married 1858, Peter Selover in New Utrecht, L. I., N. Y. Oliver’s second wife and Mrs. Catherine Stryker of New Utrecht. Would like to learn more about the first wife, especially if her name was Prudence Cole.

(b) Selover.—Asher Selover, a lawyer in N. Y. City, was born 1797, moved to Cleveland, 1835, after marrying Mrs. Ruth Baker Reynolds in N. Y. City. He is supposed to have been married three times and had a total of twenty-one children. Would like to know more about this family.—Mrs. B. H. Hadler, Egeland, N. Dak.


(b) John L. Brooking m. Matilda A. Lowe.—In Hancock or Columbia Co., Georgia, about 1819. He had a brother Vivion. Believe they were grandsons of Col. Vivion Brooking of Amelia Co., Va. Were their parents the Colonel's son Henry and his wife Rebecca Brodnax? John L. and Matilda had children Henry, Rebecca, James C., and Lucy.—(Mrs.) Bernice S. Martin, 1723 M. St., Bedford, Ind.

1-'39. Lucas.—Wanted—ancestry and descendants of Charles Lucas, Sr. of Va. Rev. soldier. Prob. son of John Lucas who was stationed at Dunker Bottom in 1715. Charles had son Charles who died 1808. Also name of wife and children of Charles who died in 1808, and where did he die.—Mrs. George W. Manson, 62 Peters Place, Red Bank, N. J.

1-'39. Stillwell.—Wanted parents and grandparents of Kerenkappock Stillwell who married John Might (Mite), Hessian soldier, who left the command of Col. Seyhotten and joined the American regiment commanded by General Francis Marion in South Carolina. They were married at Pikeman (Pike Run), Pennsylvania, May or June, 1787; lived in Elk Run township, Columbiana County, Ohio. She was aged 84 in 1847.—Mrs. John M. Titus, 279 14th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

1-'39. (a) Williams.—Wanted information concerning Lodowick Williams who transported to Maryland about 1663 with Capt. John Collier (probably relative). Lived in Anne Arundel, later Baltimore County, where he owned land before 1669. Left Maryland about 1680. In 1715 Edward Williams of the Colony of Carolina, Lodowick's son, gave power of attorney to kinsman Nicholas Rogers of Patapsco River, Maryland, to sell lands owned by Lodowick Williams during his lifetime.

(b) Evans.—Wanted parentage of Peter Evans who was living in Bertie County, N. C., in 1706 and died there, 1754. It is thought he went to N. C. from Virginia and might be a son of Peter Evans who made will in Richmond County, Virginia, in 1706, naming sons—Peter, John and Richard. Richard was born in Richmond County and died in Perquimans County, N. C., in 1693.—Mrs. Andrew Lewis Pendleton, Elizabeth City, N. C.

1-'39. Geiger or Kiger.—Wanted ancestry and information of Adam Geiger listed as head of a family in North Carolina Census of 1790 and whose will was proven in court, 1824, in Danbury, N. C. Later his sons and descendants signed name Keiger and Kiger. Will mentions wife, Mary Margaretha; daughter, Gertraut; gr. dau., Christina Moser; was known to have had sons, Simon, Henry, and Adam.—Mrs. G. O. Kiger, 5024 Sunnyside Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

1-'39. Baldwin (a).—Want proof that the Francis Baldwin listed in “Return of non-enrollers, Capt. Pierce's District, Upper Christiana Hundred, New Castle Co., Del.” was the Francis Baldwin whose will was probated Aug. 5, 1785, Christiana Hundred, naming ... “daughter Hannah Chandler” ... 

1-'39. Baldwin-Little (b).—Want proof that Margaret Little who married Francis Baldwin, Aug. 1746 (Old Swedes Church Records, Wilmington, Del.), was the mother of Hannah Baldwin, born Oct. 22, 1753, New Castle Co., Del. Want Margaret Little's parentage.—Mrs. E. D. Humphries, Sac City, Iowa.

1-'39. McCoy-Finch-Post (a).—Wanted ancestry of John McCoy and his wife Nancy Finch, who were married in Mason County, Kentucky, Feb. 2, 1793. Nancy Finch McCoy had a sister Levina Finch who lived with them after they came to Ross County, Ohio, in 1812. John and Nancy Finch McCoy had a daughter Margaret, a son James, born Jan. 22, 1794, in Kentucky, and a son John among other children.

(b).—Wanted: Ancestry of Jacob Post who married Barbara Strader, daughter of Christopher Strader of Randolph and Harrison Counties, West Virginia. Is there Revolutionary service on the Strader line? Also spelled Stroeder. Christopher Strader with his family, with exception of one son John, who lived at Buckhannon, W. Va., came into Ross County, Ohio, early in 1800.—Mrs. H. M. Rankin, 416 East St., Washington Court House, Ohio.
1-'39. **Weems.**—“Wanted information on John Weems who settled near Louisville, Ky., in 1812. Does anybody have wording of will or deed listed in ‘Kentucky Court & Other Records’ Vol. 2, Page 45, Jefferson County Estates. Wanted names of his parents, wife and children; where did they live, die and buried; whom did they marry? Where was John Weems buried?” Yours very truly—R. A. Myers, 527 Pearl St., Miamisburg, Ohio.

1-'39. (a) **Davenport-Neal.**—Wanted parentage and ancestry of John Smith Davenport, who was a school teacher and writer of deeds at Warrenton, Warren County, Ga., in the early 1800, or about 1808, and he represented Warren County, Ga., in the Legislature at Washington, D. C. He had a brother Booker Davenport who owned a plantation in Warren County, Ga., and left there about 1833. They had a sister, Eliza Rawlings Davenport, born in Virginia in 1804.  

(b).—Wanted parentage and ancestry of Capt. Thomas Neal, revolutionary soldier of South Carolina, born about 1735 in Pa. Married Susannah Harrill or Harrell, daughter of Zachariah Harrell, and had children David, Samuel, Harrell and others. He died, 1800, in Warren County, Ga.—Mrs. C. M. Winn, 315 Castro Street, Norman, Oklahoma.

1-'39. (a) **Wilson-Merriman.**—Wanted: Ancestors of Joshua Wilson, and his wife Deborah Dorsey, who came from Baltimore Co., Maryland, to Fayette County, Ohio, around 1805. He was born, 1765; died, 1831. His sons were Joshua, Phillip, William, and John.  

(b).—Wanted: Ancestors of Mary Merriman, wife of John Tracy. She died in Baltimore Co., Maryland, 1804. She resided near Lineboro. Her children were Temperance, William, Sarah, Elizabeth, Solomon, Wornel, Nackey, Urieth, Ann, and John.—Mrs. J. Earl Gidding, Box 53, Washington C. H., Ohio.


1-'39. **Sheley.**—Wanted: Information of John Sheley who came from Holland to America 1750, settled in Virginia, married —— Dunn. Their children were David and John II. The various spellings of Sheley are: Sheele, Sheely, Shelley, Shely. —Mrs. O. S. Wilfley, Boise Barracks, Boise, Idaho.

1-'39. (a) **McClure-Robinson-Boone.**—Information wanted regarding Susanna McClure, daughter of Richard and Jean (Sage) McClure, who married April 18, 1769, Hamilton Shaw. Residence in 1778-1790, Buffalo Valley, White Deer Twp., Northumberland Co., Pa. Also the names of children, dates of birth, death and to whom married. They had ten children, three boys and seven girls.  

(b) Robert Robison, born in Ireland, 1737; died near Indiana, Pa., April 21, 1821; married in 1757-8, Mary Taggart, who died before 1797. Want dates of birth and death of Mary Taggart, and parents’ names if possible. Robert Robison, father of Robert Robison, was born in Scotland abt. 1705; died in Cumberland Co., Pa., November 4, 1760.—Mrs. Helen Pollock Bray, 817 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

1-'39. (a) **Sorsby.**—Wanted ancestors of Elizabeth ( ) Sorsby, Will: Nash County, N. C., 1800, wife of Samuel Sorsby, who was born in Surry County, Virginia, d. Nash County, N. C., 1790. Children: William Sorsby, Alexander Sorsby, Elizabeth Buckner (Sorsby) Burge, Frances (Sorsby) Dew. Was she Elizabeth Buckner, daughter of Philip Buckner (d. 1762) and his wife Jane Aylett?  

(b) **Kirkland.**—Wanted parents of William Kirkland, Planter of Fairfield County, S. C. Will dated Dec. 27, 1806. This William was a Captain of Cavalry in the Revolution, and a member of the Legislature 1782 at Jacksonboro. He married before 1759 Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin and Mary McKinnie.—Miss Daisy Bailey Waitt, 117 Woodburn Road, Raleigh, N. C.

1-'39. (a) **Davis-Mainer.**—Wanted parents and Revolutionary ancestor of Samuel Davis, born May 12, 1769 in North
Carolina, married December 8, 1793 in Burk county, Georgia, to Sally — ? born August 5, 1776 in North Carolina. Moved to Mississippi about 1812.

(b).—Wanted ancestors and Revolutionary service of John Mainer, born April 8, 1759 in Edgefield, South Carolina. Died August 16, 1833. Married Kezia — ? born April 24, 1763.—Mrs. Frank J. Campbell, Bristol Hotel, Houston, Texas.

I-'39. (a) Williams.—Wanted information concerning Lodowick Williams who transported to Maryland about 1663 with Capt. John Collier (probably relative). Lived in Anne Arundel, later Baltimore County, where he owned land before 1669. Left Maryland about 1680. In 1715 Edward Williams of the Colony of Carolina, Lodowick's son, gave power of attorney to kinsman Nicholas Rogers of Patapsco River, Maryland to sell lands owned by Lodowick Williams during his lifetime.

(b) Evans.—Wanted parentage of Peter Evans who was living in Bertie County, N. C. in 1706 and died there 1754. It is thought he went to N. C. from Virginia and might be a son of Peter Evans who made will in Richmond County, Virginia in 1706, naming sons Peter, John and Richard. Richard was born in Richmond County and died in Perquimans County, N. C., in 1793.—Mrs. Andrew Lewis Pendleton, Elizabeth City, N. C.

I-'39. (a) Turner-Giles-Jenkins.—Wanted correspondence with L. T. H. author of following query in DAR Magazine, April, 1934: "Turner-Giles-Jenkins—Wanted parentage of James Turner b. in Va. about 1790, who married Patsy Giles—in Ky.—Wanted also parentage of Wm. Jenkins b. in N. C. 1800 m. at Mooresburg, Tenn."

(b) Boone.—Wanted names of ancestors, with dates of birth, marriage and death, of Mariah Boone b. Sept. 22—1812, Franklin Co. West Va. m. Nov. 5—1833 to Bartley (or Bartlett) Turner d. Nov. 11—1882 in Taylor Co. Iowa. Brothers are Andrew Boone, Methodist Minister, wife Martha—son Dick. Steve Boone, a Dunkard Preacher, and Joe Boone.—Mrs. G. A. Turner, Nunn, Colorado.

I-'39. (a) Swan.—Samuel Swan 1774-1822 of Marlboro, Vt., married June 19 1796 in Wilmington, Vt., Sarah Boyd 1771-1849, daughter of David and Sibbel Taylor Boyd of Deerfield, Mass. Had: Salmon 1797-1857; Sally born January 9 1799 Wilmington, Vt., died March 1 1860 in Chautauqua county, N. Y., wife of Truman Hills 1798-1832; Polly born 1801 married George Hills 1800-1885; Clarissa born 1803 married John Burbank; Prudence born May 28, 1805 married — — Hurd; Samuel Jr., born June 7 1807 married May 10 1830 Julia Ware, daughter of Ariel and Hannah; Manning born April 17 1809 married 1843 in Abington, Mass., Mary Hersey, daughter of Joseph; Relief born May 25 1811, died 1877, married and lived in Chautauqua county, N. Y.; Barbara born 1813 married Mr. Blood; Lucy born March 14 1816 died February 6 1896 Riceville, Pennsylvania, wife of Orrin Davenport; wanted parentage of Samuel Swan Sr.

(b) Boyd-Taylor.—David Boyd living 1790 Shelburn, Mass., died 1802 Wilmington, Vt., married December 6 1770 in Deerfield, Mass., Sibbell Taylor who survived her husband. They had: Sarah born Nov 1 1771 died September 29 1849, married 1796 Samuel Swan of Marlboro, Vt.; David Jr born February 27 1774 married 1803 Wilmington, Vt., Mrs. Lucretia Jones; Sibbell born March 19 1775; Aaron born 1785 in Mass., died 1856 in Chautauqua county, N. Y., married Rhoda; Triphena baptised 1793 in Shelburne, Mass.; James married 1805 Betsey Hastings; Lavina; Joel married 1812 in Halifax, Vt., Lucy Blanchard; Louise married 1809 Ariel Ware. Wanted, parentage of David Boyd and his wife Sibbell Taylor.—Mrs. Wm. G. Hills, 6 Shepherd St., Chevy Chase, Md.


I-'39. William Irving.—Information desired relative to above named man; born in Dumfries-shire Scotland before 1760; came to America before the Revolution; had a brother David, a schoolmaster of Dumfries in 1783; parents' names desired and any pertinent data. John Irving, son of David, came to New York in Dec. 1807,
later to Penna.; died at Chester 1867.—Anne Irving Trainer, Ridge Road, via
Chester, Trainer, Pa.

I'-39. Cooper-McClinton.—Wanted
parentage and ancestry record of John
Cooper born Aug. 6, 1803 in North Caro-
lina. Moved when 9 years old to near
Jefferson City, Mo. He had brothers
Matthew, Mark, John, Luke and Thomas
who lived and died near Jefferson City,
Mo. John Cooper removed to Hempstead
County, Ark where he married Nancy Mc-
Clinton in 1831. She was born Jan. 9, 1812 in South Carolina. They had eleven
children: Rebecca, George Washington,
Simon Franklin, Mary Ellen, Sarah Jane,
Eliza Livina, James Thomas, John G., Para-
lee Halan, Daniel Simpson and Tucker S.—
Mary Elizabeth Cooper Winn, 315 Castro
Street, Norman, Okla.

Sept. 4, 1757 (Bible says 1750) in "TheJerseys." Died Nov. 1, 1846 in McNair
Co., Tenn. Married Ellender ——, who
was baptized 1751; died 1830 in McNair
Co., Tenn. Daniel Hill was a Rev. Sol.
Ref: Bureau of Pensions Rev. War Sec.,
Claim S. 1670. We seek the marriage date
and identity of "Ellender." In the will of
Wm. Nodding, Jr., of 1792, probated in
Washington Co., Tenn. in 1793, among
other beneficiaries he mentions his father,
Wm. Nodding, Sr. and a sister Eleanor Hill
and nephew John Calvert. This Eleanor
(Nodding) Hill was probably identical
with Ellender, wife of Daniel Hill.—Mrs.
J. B. Benson, Box 1017, Aberdeen, Wash-
ington.

I'-39. Hoff.—Would like to correspond
with descendants of Hoff family. Also want
date of birth and death of Magdalene Hoff.
Who were her parents?—(Miss) Jennie
Dum, Amanda, Ohio.

ANSWERS

Boorman—In the July '39 issue of
the Magazine help is asked about the earlier
records of Boorman family. I find in the
will of Elizabeth Young, wife of Nicholas
Young, of Charles Co., Md., dated Oct. 7,
1695, "I give to Miss Eleanor Boreman,
daughter of Major William Bourman, she
being my god-daughter, the feather bed and
all furniture whereon I now lodge also a
dozen holland napkins. Major Wm Bour-
man being indebted to me two hhds of to-
bacco I give and bequeath them to Mr. Wil-
liam Hunter and Mr. Hall, ex'rs. &c. I ap-
point my good friend Major William Boor-
man, Jr., and give him twenty shillings to
buy him a ring, &c., &c."

Elizabeth Young's first husband was Ed-
ward Parker of St Innagoe Manor, St
Mary's Co., Md. Her second husband
moved from St Mary's Co. to Charles Co.,
Md., where he (Nicholas Young) died.

This will is recorded Liber No 7 folios
142, 145. Wills, Land Office, Annapolis,
Md. (The spelling is as given in my book.)
—Ann Delia Yellman, 831 23rd St., Rock
Island, Ill.

—"Minutes of Youghogania Co. Court,
Dist. of West Augusta, Ordered that
Thomas Douthard (mis-spelled as were
many names) a poor soldier from this
state in the service of the United States be
allowed 4 pounds per month for the sup-
port of herself and six children to com-
mence one month prior to this date and
that the Court draw on the Treasurer of
the Commonwealth for the same. Oct. 27,
1777."

Sent by Miss Blanche A. Swope (no ad-
dress given).

Replying to queries B'-39 (a) Jeffrey-
Davis and B'-39 (b) Maxson, page 65 of
Feb. 1939 issue of "National Historical
Magazine":

The book entitled "Seventh Day Bap-
tist Memorial" (the only copy of which I
know about), is in the Public Library at
Westerly, R. I.) might be of material aid
in tracing the desired ancestry of the Davis
and Maxson lines. This book is a history
of the early Seventh Day Church and its
members and pastors (or Elders) in Rhode
Island. Among these are prominent Davis
and Maxson families, notably (Elder) Wm.
Davis from Wales and his descendants,
some of whom afterward went to Shrews-
bury, N. J., and the Virginias, also Penna.
I think.

I have many excerpts from the Memorial
sent me by Mrs. Mabel G. Thorndike of 20
Frances Ave., Auburn, R. I., a R. I. gene-
alogist, in helping me to trace the parentage
of my ancestor, Joseph Davis, whose par-
ents and people were 7th Day Baptists from
R. I. Owing to the great number of Joseph Davises from R. I., my quest so far has been unsuccessful.

Blanche Ruby Adams (Mrs. R. D.) Ch. Genealogical Records, Tioughnioga Chapter, 51 West Court St., Cortland, N. Y.

Vander Burgh H'39—Correspondence relative to this query should be addressed to Mrs. A. Francis Goodbye, 175 West 72nd St., New York City.

Answers to Queries should indicate by name and month, the query, thus: “H, '39—Ward.” Answers should not be given in the body of the letter but on separate slips. If you receive information from these queries that would be helpful to others, please send a copy to this department.

Abstracts of Wills

Lancaster County Court House
(Continued from August issue, and contributed by Eleanor J. Fulton of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.)


(To be continued)
FORMERLY it was thought that the majority of those coming to the American Colonies between 1610 and 1772 were of the middle classes and had no pretensions to knightly blood or the right to use a coat of arms. It was believed that the yeomen and tradesmen who came over had risen from the lower classes. Careful investigation of the ancestry of many of those coming between the years mentioned has developed that instead they had descended from the higher classes.

With the increasing examination of contemporary records, it is being found that many documents on file in the Colonies were sealed with armorial insignia and that mention of articles bearing such insignia was not infrequent. So it has now been realized that a goodly percentage were either of the arms-bearing class or so closely descended therefrom that as soon as they retrieved their fortunes in the New World they resumed the use of the family arms. In tracing the ancestry of those who did not use arms after arrival in America, it has been found in numerous instances that a few generations on the other side of the Atlantic would be of the lower or middle classes and then they would be from the land-holding class.

The possessor of a small manor in 1400 would have a number of sons, one of which would inherit the estate. Others might finally earn knighthood if they could also earn or have granted to them the necessary land or "fee" to support it. But lack of land or means might prevent some of the younger sons from becoming knights; instead they might earn a livelihood by acting as guards for convoy trains or go to the cities, just beginning to need men for the various trades. As a moderately successful merchant, such a man could place in life in his business only a few of his sons; the rest would enter some trade, and in the next generation the same process would be repeated. By two hundred years later, in 1630 when he came to America, the great-great-great-great-grandson of the possessor of the manor in 1400 would be working for some small tradesman at starvation wages, or would be a plain yeoman, who, though a freeman and with certain political privileges, was nevertheless definitely of the middle or lower classes. Yet his blood and descent would be the same as that of the five times great-grandson of the possessor of the manor who still occupied it—providing that the changing political and economic conditions left him still in possession.

Strange to say, most people are disappointed if the immigrant ancestor did not bear arms himself and if they have to trace to an earlier ancestor to find arms. Yet this should be a cause for pride, rather than regret. A study of English history would show that many descendants of the famous old houses of the Norman and Plantagenet period had suffered reverses during the Wars of the Roses and earlier, and were no longer using arms; while many of those bearing arms in 1630 were "new houses" who had been given the right to bear arms by the Tudors and awarded the lands to support the rank from the confiscated Church lands.

It must be remembered that the only essential is the shield. A crest was not necessary; in early days it was not inherited and might be changed each generation or at will. In blazoning arms, when no crest is shown, no helmet is shown, and the mantling is either omitted or treated in an entirely different manner than in an achievement consisting of crest, helmet, mantling, and shield.

The 14th and 15th century arms are more simple, more bold, and more striking than those of the 16th century. Even without a crest they can be distinctive and ornamental. The treatment shown for the Grey arms was used in seals, or firescreens, or on or over a gateway. It is simple, dignified, and effective. No crest is used; but one is obviously unnecessary. The conventional and more modern usage of crest, helmet and mantling would detract from the impression made by the shield.
Arms: Barry of six argent and azure; a label of five points gules.

Arms: Per pale gules and azure; in chief two estoiles or; in base a crescent argent.

THE arms of Grey are one of the oldest in England. Originally it was simple, the silver shield with three blue bars across it, making it appear as if of six horizontal stripes, alternately blue and silver. As early as 1400 there were numerous "differences" of these arms, borne by different branches of the family. One used it with three red balls on the top silver stripe; another placed a diagonal stripe of red across it; another placed a red "label" on it; and others placed other devices on the diagonal stripe, the points of the label, etc. Some adopted crests at a later date.

The arms shown are one of over thirty variations of the basic arms borne by this family. Descendants bearing these are scattered through almost every county of England and Ireland.

There were other families of Grey and Gray, using totally different arms. There are eight known variations of the arms, "Gules, a lion rampant" alone. There are five other widely differing arms.

Several Grey families in Massachusetts used modifications of the arms here shown.

Arms shown are those of a Waller family that today is not represented in the usual collections of coats-of-arms. It dates back to the 14th century. Quite possibly many Wallers in the United States trace back to it, yet because it does not appear in the popular collections, and because no representative of it appears among the list of those bearing arms in England today, it is often overlooked. Frequently, some other Waller arms are furnished to descendants of this family who order, even from reputable sources, a representation of the Waller arms.

Another Waller family was that in Kent, Bucks, Gloucester, Berks, Hants, and Devon. This family used arms, "Sable, three walnut leaves or between two bendlets argent." Over fourteen variations are known. To complicate matters, there is still another Waller family in Co. Kent, which has still different arms.
"As are families, so is society. . . . If well ordered, well instructed, and well governed, they are the springs from which go forth the streams of national greatness and prosperity —of civil order and public happiness."—Thayer.

STATE SOCIETIES

A number of the state societies are in the act of revising their state by-laws and many questions have come to the desk of your Parliamentarian relative to state legislation—and a general discussion of state by-laws is quite apropos at this time.

Please take in hand a copy of your "National Constitution and By-Laws" and make note of a few fundamental facts. The Act of Incorporation and the Constitution and By-Laws of the National Society are outlined first. The National Society is the supreme head of the organization but has delegated certain definite authority (first) to the chapters beyond which they cannot go. Second, certain specific provisions have been delegated to a State Conference, but this authority is very limited and pertains almost exclusively to the establishment of its own state organization. In general, a state organization cannot legislate for the chapters nor can the state or chapters legislate for the National organization. Let it be remembered that members join the National Society first, and are "firstly" members of the National organization and secondly, members of chapters.

The organization of chapters is for the purpose of convenience, as avenues through which applicants may join the National Society. The National organization legislates very definitely and specifically for the organization of chapters under Article 9 which takes up five full pages, also in Article 5 under fees and dues. Further, Section 4 of Article 9 provides that chapters may adopt rules for the transaction of its business, provided said rules do not conflict with the Act of Incorporation, Constitution and By-laws of the National Society.

The organization of a state society is last, and the authority vested in a state organization is limited to Article 10 of four short sections, which do not cover one page of the National by-laws. A number of questions asked will be answered collectively to save space and time.

A state organization is mandatory, as stated in the first sentence of Section 1, article 9, and chapters of each state and territory, etc., are obligated to belong to a state organization, "which shall hold an annual State Conference" (meeting). All state officers must be elected and the state regent and state vice regent must be confirmed by the Continental Congress, at which time their terms of office shall begin (close of Congress). Now, a state society may have as many state officers "as shall be deemed necessary," but all state officers must be elected.

Section 2 very definitely legislates for the voting members of the state conference. This Section 2 is very often violated. National by-laws cannot be changed in any way, shape, or form. They cannot be "added to" nor can words be deleted from National rulings. In other words, a state society (or chapter) should not "amend" a National by-law to suit its own purpose. Honorary state officers, past state officers, appointed chairmen of National committees, and state chairmen who are appointed should not be voting members of the state conference unless they are elected as delegates. National chairmen are appointed by
Section 3 of Article 10 is very definite and stipulates “No state Regent, or state Vice Regent shall be elected who is not an actual resident of the state she represents,” and other state officers may or may not be residents of the state, as the state in its by-laws may decide. Article 2, section 4, stipulates that a candidate for office of Vice President General must be endorsed by a majority of the members present and voting by ballot at the State Conference of the state in which she resides. This act on the part of the State Conference constitutes “a nomination” only, and it takes a majority vote—by ballot—by members of the Continental Congress to elect a Vice President General to that office. “No two Vice Presidents General shall be residents of the same state or territory.”

The following question was asked of your Parliamentarian: “May a past Vice President General be a nominee for office of Honorary Vice President General where there is, at the time, serving as Honorary Vice President General, a resident of the same state?”

The National ruling, Article 4, stipulates that “No two Vice Presidents General shall be residents of the same state,” and as the honor of being elected to the office of “Honorary” comes only as a sequence of having served as Vice President General, it is your Parliamentarian’s opinion that the two rules should be in harmony.

Section 4 of Article 10 gives the state organization the right to provide, in the state by-laws, for dues for the use of the state. Chapters, not individual members, belong to the state organization, so Chapters and not individual members are obligated to pay State dues, on a per capita basis. “Per capita basis” here includes Life Members and Real Daughters, for (b) of Section 8 of Article 9 provides as follows: “Life Members and Real Daughters shall be counted in the basis for representation” and naturally means in the state as well as in the National Society. Life Members are exempt from annual (National) dues but are “not exempt from dues such as may be levied by the chapter of which she is a member.” So chapters may provide for “state obligations” in the case of Life Members by providing for chapter dues which is in accordance with the above National ruling. That “Life Members and Real Daughters be counted in the basis for representation,” is a mandatory ruling of the National Society, while it is optional with the chapter whether or not it shall provide for chapter (annual) dues. However, chapters are obligated to pay state dues for their entire membership or chapters cannot be said to be in good standing.

States may provide a penalty for non-payment of these dues. A State Conference can adopt a rule prohibiting a chapter being represented at State Conference for failing to pay the dues specified in the by-laws of that state organization. The National Rules make mandatory a state organization and allows it to adopt by-laws not in conflict with the National Rules. As a state organization is allowed to provide dues for its own use, it would follow that the state in its rules may provide a penalty for nonpayment of these dues. However, state by-laws cannot legislate for the National organization and the penalty prescribed in state by-laws cannot include representation at Continental Congress.

Chapters which are in good standing in the National Society and entitled to representation at Congress are the only chapters eligible to representation at your State Conference.

It must be remembered that it is membership, and not office, that entitles one to vote and for that reason, a member has but one vote no matter how many offices she may hold, unless there is a by-law to the contrary. A State Conference may have a rule which may provide that “No member of the State Conference shall be eligible to an office in the State Conference who at the same time holds an office which carries a vote at the State Conference.”

It is recommended by the National Society “that chapters hold their elections in May of the year in which the National elections take place in Washington.” The matter of when chapter elections shall be held is not legislated for by the National Society, therefore, state by-laws should carry this provision as a recommendation, and not as a mandatory ruling, for state organizations cannot legislate for chapters except as specified in the National By-laws, Article 10; and also a state has no power.
to regulate the length of term of chapter officers.

The question has been asked—"Has a state society any authority to provide in its by-laws for a meeting to be held outside of its state?" I would say yes, providing the business of the state society is to be transacted at this meeting and if so, the voting body must consist of all and only those entitled to vote at such meetings as specified in National By-laws, Article 10, Section 2. No state society has the authority nor the power to "add to" or "take away from" any of these specifications.

"Honorary State Regent" is not an office; it is only a title and unless the by-laws specify differently, carries with it only the right to attend the meetings of the State Conference and to speak.

Note 1.—All communications addressed to the Parliamentarian, N.S.D.A.R., should be sent to Mrs. John Trigg Moss, 6017 Enright Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri (as per request in handbook and the National Historical Magazine) and not to Memorial Continental Hall.

Note 2.—By-laws sent to Parliamentarian for correction must be typewritten.

Note 3.—When received, each set of by-laws is stamped with date of receipt and is taken "in turn." Allow plenty of time—at least three weeks—and do not ask that your by-laws be given immediate attention.

Note 4.—Questions of importance will be given immediate attention, however, and answered as quickly as possible.

Note 5.—The National Society asks that return postage be enclosed for the return of corrected by-laws. Communications requesting answer by "air mail" or "special delivery" must be accompanied by the required amount of postage.

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss)
National Parliamentarian.

STATE CONFERENCES

WYOMING

WYOMING'S twenty-fifth annual state conference met June 25th and 27th at Lusk, with registration and an informal supper and "get-together" the preceding evening.

Mrs. Wilber Kem Mylar, State Regent, presided during the conference.

Mrs. E. Floyd Deuel, Regent of Luke Voorhees Chapter, the hostess chapter, and Councilman Stark, of Lusk, welcomed the conference. Mrs. John Galt, State Vice Regent, graciously responded.

Greetings were extended by Mrs. B. B. Brooks, Mrs. Alfred Johnson, and Mrs. Thomas Cooper, Honorary State Regents; and by Mrs. Hubert Webster, ex-State Regent, who during the conference was made Honorary State Regent.

The highlights of the Forty-eighth Continental Congress were interestingly and variedly portrayed by Mrs. S. K. Loy, Mrs. J. V. Telander, and Wyoming's Page, Miss Anna May Pearce.

The Wyoming Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, Lucille Klein, and Marijane Waitley, C. A. R. Delegate, contributed to the program with impressions of their trips to Washington.

The book review by the State Corresponding Secretary proved to be a résumé of the D. A. R. Handbook, and resulted in the sale of a large number of Handbooks.

Impressive memorial services in charge of the State Chaplain, Mrs. Telander, revered the memory of Wyoming Daughters called to the Great Beyond. Also remembered was Mrs. H. B. Patton, the first elected State Regent, who passed away during the year in Washington, D. C.

The banquet program, Monday evening, included a stirring address on "National Defense," by Mrs. E. A. Froyd, of Torrington, Wyoming, National Child Welfare Chairman of Area E, American Legion Auxiliary.

The State Genealogist, Mrs. S. K. Loy, gave many valuable helps to those interested in genealogical research.

State chairmen and chapter regents reports reviewed the activities of the Society's work in Wyoming during the year.

A tea at the Eugene Willson D. A. R. Cabin climaxed a splendid conference.

The Fort McKinney Chapter, of Buffalo, through their regent, Mrs. Theodore Wannerus, extended an invitation to entertain the 1940 conference.

LAURA ALLYN EKSTROM
(Mrs. Clarence F.),
State Corresponding Secretary.

These are the days when no collection of book reviews but includes one or more new books devoted to one of the various theories of government with which some portion of the world is experimenting.

In all this welter of political and social thought there is surprisingly little attention paid to our own chosen system. The result is that there is an unfortunate ignorance of the meaning and function of democracy. According to the compiler of the above work, the historians and political scientists are to be blamed for the failure to educate our citizens in the history of American democracy.

This ignorance of the philosophy out of which grew the American “dream of liberty and equality”, as well as the “libertarian ideals” of the whole world is, he infers, not only unfortunate but dangerous as well. Democracy was not a gift of the gods, something easily come by, but the result of a struggle for freedom, a struggle led by thinking men of the past, and in itself a treasure of infinite value which thinking men of the present and future will not lightly cast aside.

Among the giants concerned in leading this struggle for freedom, Thomas Jefferson looms high as having had perhaps the most to do with the shaping of the philosophy of the first nation daring to use the word democratic.

It is important, therefore, that the student be instructed in the philosophy of this man, whose ideas are widely scattered. The compiler of this book has gathered these ideas, many of which are found in Jefferson’s correspondence, into the following comprehensive groups: Natural Rights of Man, Principles of Democracy, The Constitution, Political Economy, Social Welfare, Religion, Foreign Affairs. An appendix of Axioms and Dicta is added; also one concerning Jefferson’s opinions of his own contemporaries. A select bibliography is included.

According to Abraham Lincoln the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a free society. It seems somehow quite within the American scheme of things that this synthesis is prepared for us by one of Democracy’s adopted sons. The compiler, Saul K. Padover, was born in an Austrian village and came to the United States as a young boy, receiving his education in American schools. The system which so many of us are prone to take for granted naturally assumed new splendor in his eyes, a splendor which he insists subsequent travel abroad has not dimmed.

You will not only know America’s political philosophy better after reading this book, but you will also feel a more intimate relationship with Thomas Jefferson, whose wisdom is applicable to so many of the questions which confront us now. If you are reading the “Tree of Liberty”, you will find this an excellent companion volume.

CATHERINE CATIE COBLENTZ.

God’s Valley. Willson Whitman. The Viking Press, New York. $3.00.

In form a survey, in substance a brief, this book analyzes the problems of the Tennessee Valley and tells what the Tennessee Valley Authority is doing to solve them. Dams, built and building, control floods, aid navigation, and produce power, sold cheap. Reforestation and distribution of phosphates are repairing the ravages of man, the animal who plunders the soil in which he lives. The Authority has an opportunity to regenerate the people of the.
Valley; the Yankee to right some of his wrongs to the South.

One must be bitter indeed if he is not moved by a chance to help his fellow and interested not merely in mouthed ideals but work done. Miss Whitman tells an inspiring story of action for the public good; but both her shoulders bear chips for conservatives to knock off.

A book about the TVA which failed to mention the fundamental situation which gives its function meaning would lack depth and breadth; but the author's partisanship in matters of business and government raises doubts about the facts she states. They may all be true, and saving minor inaccuracies probably are, but she harms her work by inviting suspicion that she may have colored them as she does her theories. It seems incredible that the TVA should be as right and so many other things in this world as wrong as Miss Whitman would have us believe. But if you vote, this book is the kind of material you should read to understand what the Government of the United States is doing.

HENRY W. KEYES.


General Wolfe, in an order to his troops before Quebec, probably without apology to Shakespeare, told them that "next to valour, the best qualities in a military man are vigilance and caution." We read that he made the same statement to young Jamie Ferguson. Jamie apparently treated advice as most of us do; for you may follow him through some eight hundred pages of exploring northern New Hampshire and scouting with Rogers' Rangers, in which he learns by experience rather than precept.

The author wisely chose to write of country he could see and times of which he could learn. His book has neither the depth nor the tediousness of more profound studies of the past. He takes a headstrong Highland youth, two beautiful girls, a villain with henchmen, settlers, officers, French and Indians, and presents them well, with a background of Portsmouth, Suncook, Cohos, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Quebec.

There is nothing subtle about this story. It marches swift and straight. It has the good and bad points of a "surefire" movie. It tells of travel, love, and war; and always there is action. The pioneer spirit makes the most of coincidence and the homely virtues triumph in the end. "Next to Valour" is a very good book of its kind. Only a few people are blessed with real ability to spin a yarn, and Mr. Jennings is one.

HENRY W. KEYES.


This book serves as an important complement to "Life Along the Connecticut River," reviewed in the August issue. The latter is pictorial rather than factual; the amount of printed matter it contains being comparatively limited; but the beautiful pictures give value and veracity to the facts. "The Connecticut River" is adequately illustrated, but its greatest merit lies in the careful analysis of all the different phases of river life. These are divided into sections respectively entitled "Canoe Days," "Sailboat Days," "Canal Days," "Steamboat Days," "Railroad Days," and "Motor Days." This is a clear and practical method of presentation; and each section contains its own quota of excellent reading matter. The part devoted to "Steamboat Days" is especially charming, and presents a picture of less austerity to the average person generally associated with New England. The names of two trading vessels—"Desire" and "Society"—are especially provocative; while as to the cargoes they carried, we are told:

"Many rich men felt that nothing quite so well advertised their prosperity as the extravagance of their womenfolk. Particularly if there was a marriageable daughter, or one about to be married, as was General Champion's Lucretia. Short-waisted gowns of the finest India muslin embroidered by convent sisters in France; mantillas and scarves of lace from Spain, from Brussels, from Mechlin; seed pearls from the Orient to be made up into necklaces, bracelets, and brooches; tall silver candelabra and tea sets heavy as anchors, all in the best fashion of the First Empire; English ware from Josiah Wedgwood's whereon the scantily draped figures of mythology cavorted against a background of heaven's own blue—such were the trappings and treasures that came home in Connecticut River ships, to the delight of maid and matron who watched from the banks for sail."

* Page 88.
The amount of dramatic source material which the book contains is especially striking. The sketch of Lady Alice Fenwich, dying in childbirth above the palisades near Saybrook where she had tried to "make an English Paradise"—together with its sensational sequel of her exhumation many years later—and the sketch of Susanna Johnson safely giving birth to her baby in a "leafy nest" behind a "screen of branches" raised by the friendly Indians, are only two of the many which make the romancer dormant within this reviewer long to start a new historical novel with such episodes as these for their bases.

The book is dedicated to:

"The Genuine Cousin
The Cousin by Marriage
The Cousin by Courtesy
The College Cousin
and all other cousins,
near or distant, who
live on, or love
THE RIVER"

All of these cousins helped the author, directly or indirectly, with the preparation of her book. Since the reviewer possesses a similar assortment of cooperative kinsfolk, the tribute paid by Marguerite Allis to her relatives and near relatives struck a responsive chord. So did the homely maxims and trite sayings which here and there adorn the pages. "Events do not fall out of a clear sky; they only seem to the uninitiated to do so," Miss Allis reminds us at one point. At another she sadly says, "Writers never have any money. They only have ideas." She deserves to make money. She had a good idea when she wrote this book.

F. P. K.


George Washington, so we are told, did not like the Hudson. He wrote to his wife complaining about his life "without amusements or avocations" among the "rugged and dreary mountains." But George Washington, in this case, is the exception that proves the rule. Everyone else, so far as I have ever heard, who has seen the Hudson has admired it, and everyone who has lived beside it has enjoyed it.

Carl Carmer interprets this admiration and this enjoyment with thoroughness, originality, and charm. Many of us have forgotten—if we ever knew—that eighty-five years before Henry Hudson sailed "the shallow-bottomed, high-pooped little Half Moon" up the river which now bears his name, Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine explorer, writing from the little French seaport of Dieppe, penned a letter in which he described the distant sights he had seen for the benefit of his employer, "his most serene and Christian Majesty" Francis I of France:

"We found a pleasant place below steep little hills," he wrote. "And from among those hills a mighty deep-mouthed river ran into the sea. . . . We rode at anchor in a spot well guarded from the wind, and we passed into the river with the Dauphin's one small boat."

It was Verrazano, then, and not Hudson, who discovered the "deep-mouthed River" whose story Carl Carmer now unfolds, reminding us—and we need this reminder too—that "Most of the first white settlers of the high-walled valley which Henry Hudson had claimed for the Dutch spoke French as their native language." The early part of the chronicle is throughout illuminating; but it becomes increasingly enchanting at the point where it begins to describe the life of the Schuylers and other great families of the pre-Revolutionary period:

"Sir Henry Moore brought his wife and daughter to Philip Schuyler's Albany house. 'Sir Harry,' wrote young Scottish Miss McVickar, who was also a visitor, 'had never thought of business in his life . . . spent more than he had . . . was gay, good natured, and well-bred, affable and courteous, in a very high degree.' He and his lady, continued the young observer, 'were too fashionable and too much hurried, to find time for particular friendships, and too good natured and well-bred to make invidious distinctions.' These charming people found the Schuylers most congenial hosts. So did many another Britisher, despite increasing differences of opinion. There was something graceful and appealing about life on the big Schuyler farm on the flats above Albany, a life that was very like plantation life in the South. There were many black slaves, each with his pet raccoon, squirrel, crow. The fabulous mammoth barn held fine saddle horses, and there was beautiful river country to ride through. There were distinguished guests and good food and intelligent conversation. And there were hundreds of interesting events to enjoy.

"Life at the other manors was not very different from that described by the Scottish guest of
the Schuylers. South along the river the Liv-
ingstons were prospering. A descendant, Helen
Evertson Smith, writes of ‘great treasures of
tapestries, pictures, inlaid cabinets, jewels, satins,
velvets and laces, as well as old wines, delicate
ceramics and expensive plate’ imported by the
family. ‘For miles along, the eastern bank of
the Hudson,’ she says, ‘above and below what is
now Rhinebeck, almost every slighty eminence
was capped with the fine residence of one of the
grandchildren of the first Lord and Lady of
Livingston Manor.’

‘These people rode and hunted, patterning
their leisurely lives after the customs of aristo-
cratic rural England. They sent their sons
abroad for education and travel. And every
rent
day the roads to the manor house were choked
with wagons as the tenant farmers brought in the
toll they had to pay for the privilege of working
manor lands. From sunrise to sunset they
patiently paraded to bring the manor lord a por-
tion of their harvests—a tribute he had earned by
inheritance from an ancestor who had been lucky
enough to be first on the river land.’

No less intriguing are the sketches of
some later inhabitants and their mode of
living. Outstanding among these are Thomas
Cole, the landscape painter, “pale, religi-
ous, wavy haired,” and Andrew Jackson
Downing, the architect, “whose brown eyes
were deep and full of light and whose glint-
ing dark hair tumbled about his collar.”
The latter’s style was greatly influenced by
his visits to the De Windt estate, where:

“Statues and paintings, Dianas and fauns
Embellished with flowers, and garnished the
lawns;
The mansion displayed with delicate skill,
Refreshed by the fountain and cooled by the
rill.”

He married Caroline, one of the daugh-
ters of the house, and their own ornate
establishment became a model for many
others, equally fantastic. Many of these
still emphasize the banks of the Hudson,
though of these the majority have passed
out of private ownership and become the
proud possession of philanthropic and edu-
cational institutions, which still carry on
the great tradition.

It was news to this reviewer that the Hud-
son, as well as the Mississippi, had its show
boats, and the tale of these is another that is
exceptionally well told. So is the story
of Mary Powell, whose bell had a silver
tongue, and whose whistle was a golden
sound.

“Serenely she skimmed past the swiftest, not
stirring a ripple on a cup of coffee in her dining
room. She had clean lines—three hundred feet
of them in one long symmetry. The rococo
dreams of the poets of the jigsaw were not for
her. The other boats with their drippings of
cheap ornament were fancy girls beside the river
queen. Absalom Anderson sold her once, and
her new masters decked her out in lavish wooden
laces. His proud heart broke until he got her
back and stripped her clean again for speed. He
knew that the less a steamboat carried the better
she looked, the faster she went. Some say he
hired a black boy just to keep the flies from
lighting on her rail and slowing her with their
weight. They claim he mixed whale’s grease into
her paint to give her easy sliding through the
water. And once in a river barroom I heard some
poet say, ‘He hitched her to a porpoise four-in-
hand...’

“The Mary Powell never had a major accident.
She never lost a passenger. She carried fathers
from hot labor in the city to cool riverside homes
where their families waited. She was a honey-
moon boat, she was a children’s boat. She car-
ried young boys to West Point and she returned
them officers in the United States Army. Once,
in a coffin wrapped with a flag, she brought the
long body of George Custer to West Point. ‘You
could depend upon the Mary Powell,’ the river
families say.... She ended her career peace-
fully, faithfully, on the Day Line run.

“She is a complete and lovely image in thou-
sands of memories.”

The same tribute may truthfully be paid
to the book which Carl Carmer has created.

F. P. K.

Gamble’s Hundred. Clifford Dowdey.
Little Brown and Company, Bos-
ton. $2.50.

The present reviewer considers “Bugles
Blow No More,”† by the same author as
“Gamble’s Hundred,” the most vivid and
moving story of the Civil War which she
has ever read. She cannot conscientiously
say that the latter book is the most vivid and
moving story of Colonial Virginia which
she has ever read. The treatment of the
setting is excellent, and the attractive for-
mat of the book does much to enhance the
impression of reality. The characters are
convincing too. But none of them moves
us either to much sympathy or much admi-
ration. Possibly this was not the author’s
intention, for the day of perfect heroines
and fearless heroes is admittedly past. Nev-
ertheless, we cannot help wishing that he
had endowed Evelyn with something of the

† See review, NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE,
December, 1937, p. 1121.
splendid spirit that made his Mildred so arresting, instead of revealing her as sly and mean, and that Christopher might have had the quality of toughness touched by tenderness, as Brose did. The minor figures, either for good or for evil, mean more than the main ones, and no one can quarrel with Mr. Dowdey for encouraging us to face the fact that all the great Colonial planters were not superhuman in either their graces or their virtues.

The book belongs on every current reading list; but it does not belong near the top of it.

F. P. K.


“Abigail” is a delightful book for girls which will interest adults also. It is a story of a pioneer family making an overland journey by covered wagon.

Abigail, an adorable handmade cloth doll dressed as little girls were clothed in 1835, is the enchanting traveling companion of the little girl in the family. She shares all the thrills and adventures that befall the party during their journey. The co-authors, of enviable literary achievements, have supplied accurate historical data for this story from their own ancestral records, and many of the primitive phases of our early American life long since passed are vividly brought to mind in the events of this story.

Abigail is a doll made by the people of Brown County, Indiana, as one of their handicraft projects, and was designed by Mrs. Sperry.

Mrs. Donaldson is a member of the Chicago Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., as her grandmother and mother were before her. Both authors of “Abigail” are educators and have had wide experience in many lines.

Bright color plates and drawings in black and white convey charming pictures. Susan, the little girl of the book, her red calico dress, sunbonnet, pigtails and pantalettes, with her doll Abigail in her arms, is an appealing jacket illustration.

Edna M. Colman


“Pioneer Girl” is the interesting story of the first eighteen years of the life of Frances Willard, a little New York state girl of just one hundred years ago, who lived to be called the greatest woman in America and the only woman to date who has been honored by a statue in Statuary Hall of the United States Capitol at Washington.

The Willard family traveled overland by covered wagon from Oberlin, Ohio, to Janesville, Wisconsin, where a new home was established. The story of their adventures and the discipline and training of that home gave the background to the character-building of this noted feminine leader. Frances’ seventh birthday, celebrated by a wild turkey dinner cooked out of doors, and the gift of a homemade doll, and later her first view of a locomotive, and being allowed to ride horseback, are among the thrilling events of her girlhood.

The author has not only given vivid pictures of American manners and customs of that period of our national life, but she has closed her eighty pages with a valuable summary of the events and achievements in Miss Willard’s life, her formal education, her travels, lectures in every state and abroad, her teaching record of fourteen years, the many positions of leadership she held aside from her work as founder of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union—the first international organization of women—and the hundreds of honors and memorials dedicated to her.

Genevieve Foster has illustrated every phase of this story with vivid pictures of historical accuracy, which adds to the charm and value of the book.

Edna M. Colman

Other Books Received


Forty Years After, 1898, San Juan Hill. Private St. Louis. Chapman & Grimes, Boston. $2.
Report of the Approved Schools Committee

SUMMER at Tamassee is never a time of idleness. This year, however, has been an exceptionally busy one with all the regular activities and in addition the building projects, which have taken much time and energy. As in any average summer there have been buildings to be cleaned and renovated; repairs to be made; linen to be sorted and mended; farm work and canning to be done. For all of this work the older children give three-week periods during their vacation, so there is a constant coming and going of happy boys and girls glad to earn part of their tuition in this way and to be of service to their school. A report during July stated that fifteen boys and girls were at the school and that the whole place was a beehive of industry. Think of the good things that the boys have raised which the girls are canning for winter use! How wonderful it would be for them if we could find some state or group of chapters or even an interested individual who would give them the much needed potato curing house! Mr. Cain writes that it is "some job to take care of hundreds of bushels of potatoes, both sweet and Irish, without a proper curing house!" I understand it is quite a task to keep sweet potatoes, but how the children love them!

While the girls are busy preserving, canning, and cleaning, the boys are thinking of the winter needs of their fine herd of good milk cows, and have been carrying on the harvest. Last fall one of the boys told me they had raised all the hay, corn, and fodder needed for their twenty-six-odd head of cows. "The Manger", as the barn is called, is a source of never ending pride. The one outstanding need to make the farm complete is the addition of a silo. Ensilage is an important item in the diet of a good milk cow, and I can see "Goldie" and "Madam Maine" and the rest of the herd waiting in eager anticipation for the time when I can announce that some kind state has taken pity on them, and promised the silo! At present the children get milk twice a day, but we would like to have it on the table morning, noon, and night. The right food helps increase the milk supply just as the milk helps to make fine healthy children.

It is during the summer also that the superintendent visits the homes of many of the applicants to interview children and parents. Even with restrictions on children living within walking distance of a school or bus line, there are many more on the waiting list than there are vacancies, so it is important to investigate each situation and estimate the possibilities of each child. What a heartbreak it causes when you have to say, "There is no room."

Again this year the Greenville, South Carolina, teachers are holding their summer conferences at Tamassee. This has been a fine thing for the school as it gives an opportunity for many people to see the splendid work we have been doing for the mountain children.

However, if you were to ask a Tamassee boy or girl what was the most exciting activity of the summer, I am sure the answer would come without hesitation, "The new buildings". Work has progressed nicely on the Pennsylvania Health House. A quantity of local stone has been quarried for use in the structure and the building is beginning to take form. In June excavation was started for the foundation of the Illinois Boys’ Cottage Dormitory. It has been decided to do enough additional excavating at this time to include a large semi-basement game room. Equipment for the "Rumpus Room", which was not originally included, has been promised by an interested Illinois woman. This room will be a wonderful asset affording the boys an op-
portunity for healthful amusement, which should aid in keeping them from getting into mischief during idle moments.

If construction work is not delayed, these two splendid additions to the present school buildings will be completed in time for the dedication ceremonies to take place the last of October. The exact date will be announced later.

MRS. SAMUEL JAMES CAMPBELL,
National Chairman.

Good Citizenship Pilgrimage

States and chapters alike are becoming more Pilgrimage minded each year. They are realizing more and more how far-reaching this committee work may be, and as a result both States and chapters are helping the Good Citizens. Many splendid features were inaugurated and carried through by the various States, and these features I know are of interest to D. A. R. everywhere.

Alabama had a State Pilgrimage to the capitol, the girls paying their own expenses. After returning home they gave talks to the senior classes that elected them and to junior classes about the pilgrimage. Some have written articles for newspapers. A Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Chairman breakfast was held during the State Conference, at which plans for further work were discussed.

Nineteen States were 100 per cent in awarding pins to their girls. They were Arizona, Arkansas, California, Delaware, District of Columbia, Illinois, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. For Illinois this meant 515 pins. Chapters, individual members, and good D. A. R. husbands contributed pins.

Several States provide official blanks for schools to use in sending the name of their Good Citizen.

California had two State Pilgrimages, one for the girls living in the north and the other for those in the south. This cut the expense, making it easier for the chapters to send their girls.

In Colorado many chapters entertain their Good Citizens at teas or luncheons. The Denver chapters gave a luncheon February 22d, for as many Good Citizens as could attend. A musical program was arranged, and each girl was given a corsage and a pin.

Connecticut has written a ritual to be used in the presentation of the pin. It reads most impressively.

The Florida Pilgrim received a shower of gifts and money from the chapter sponsoring her.

Several States had selected their Pilgrims early in the year and could therefore introduce them at their State conferences.

One school in Illinois printed circulars about their candidate. This found its way into a Chicago newspaper and a scholarship was offered her the next day. The State Chairman gave a prize to the chapter in each district doing the best work, and also a prize for the best scrapbook.

Kansas has a State Pilgrimage for the seven congressional district winners, with all expenses paid by the State organization.

In Louisiana all Good Citizens have a day at Baton Rouge. The members there entertain in their homes those girls who must stay overnight. Five girls were entertained in the Governor's Mansion this spring.

Michigan learned from their questionnaire that fifty of this year's Good Citizens are eligible D. A. R. What a help this will be to the Junior Membership Chairman! The number of contestants has increased from 11 in 1935 to 137 in 1939. "With this larger acceptance has come increased appreciation by faculty and pupils and fine cooperation between them and chapter chairmen."

Minnesota gave her Good Citizens a "Patriotic Day" in Minneapolis.

In Mississippi, the 1938 Pilgrim wrote a letter to the 1939 senior high school girls, which gave added interest to the classes in making their selections.

Nebraska states if it were not for their merit system as a basis for selecting the Pilgrim, their schools would not cooperate. This system gives dignity and honor to the work and assures an outstanding representative.

One New Jersey chapter typed a ballot giving the qualifications, so the class would have these before them in voting for the
three girls. The chapters take their Good Citizens to the State Conference, where each is given her pin and certificate and all meet the Pilgrim. This State keeps on file the records of all Good Citizens, so the girls can give the D. A. R. as reference when applying for a position or a college scholarship.

North Carolina invited all Good Citizens to attend one day of their State Conference, to enjoy a tea, a C. A. R. reception, and a pages’ ball.

Ohio states, “The fairness with which the choice is made in Ohio is outstanding, the winner having actually the top score in a very comprehensive test, competing with candidates carefully selected from each school, these candidates, many of them, having won in a preliminary test.” Ohio rewards the five ranking next to the Pilgrim. These five are guests for two days at the State Conference.

Rhode Island entertains all Good Citizens at a tea. Each girl is given a corsage and the Pilgrim’s Club is formed.

Tennessee has an annual pilgrimage to the State capitol, where the girls meet the Governor and visit state buildings and historic places.

Texas gives pins to each of the twenty-three district winners.

Wisconsin State Officers Club has raised a fund to purchase pins for Good Citizens from the schools that are not sponsored by any chapter. This is certainly good reason for organizing an officers club.

If you have not done something for your Good Citizens in the past, perhaps you will find the incentive in this list and will plan something for your 1940 girls.

Estella A. O’Byrne, National Chairman.

National Defense Through Patriotic Education

AMERICAN PROGRESS

The “You and Industry” series, published by the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States of America, presents America’s answer to foreign propaganda. It is necessary to recognize the enemy within our gates, but even more necessary to know the faith that is in us and whither our own road leads.

American faith and American achievement are presented in the “You and Industry” series with such clarity and conviction that no alien presentation could possibly deceive the citizen who knows his own blessings.

Beginning with The American Way the student is reminded that the individual remains the director rather than the slave of the state—that he is free to seek the kind of employment he desires; to dispense his services and his goods as he sees fit; and to own and enjoy the use of private property so long as he does not interfere with the equal rights of others.

Under any form of collectivism, coercion and force are substitutes for individual enterprise and voluntary cooperation. Judicial procedure protects the individual under a rule by law instead of the whims of any man.

Comparisons of government under various systems justify belief in a growing, changing evolutionary process as the only means for retaining and perfecting the liberties of mankind. The dangers of bureaucratic control are contrasted with government’s natural function as umpire.

That social justice and the greatest good for the greatest number has been the outgrowth of the individualistic system is proven beyond doubt. The value of the American system to society is measured by its material benefits, and these benefits are enumerated in such manner as to make any citizen determined that nothing shall be permitted to destroy this progress under freedom.

The second study of the series is entitled Men and Machines and shows how machines have created wealth and employment and luxuries for the many. It shows how child labor has been practically eliminated from industry, how wages have increased and hours of labor decreased—a steady, natural growth.

“The machine has made it possible to bring down the prices of goods by mass production, to turn luxuries into necessities, to make life pleasanter and easier, and to do all this while increasing employment, raising wage and reducing hours.”
Taxes and You is the title of the third study in the series. “Taxation is the art of plucking from the goose the largest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawk.”

The division of people into taxpayers and non-taxpayers is proven to be too simple an idea—just about 100% wrong. Perfectly aware of paying direct taxes, the average person is quite oblivious of, and indifferent to, indirect taxation. It is specifically pointed out that taxes are necessary for legitimate ends, but that efficient management and reduced taxes may produce better government. The estimated annual tax per family in the United States today is given as $377, while the public debt for each individual has risen from $40 to $442 since the turn of the century.

Mr. Average Citizen pays his taxes in increased cost of living, all along the way, in reduced opportunity for wage and dividend increase, and in a less secure economic system under which to live. To face the facts and cut needless government expenditures will lead to better living.

The American Standard of Living is subject No. 4. By this term is meant not only food, clothing and shelter but all the refinements of these, and leisure and recreation thrown in. Comparisons are made with living in other lands. For this comparison material goods, leisure, and personal liberty are the yardsticks used and in all three America leads the rest of the world. With knowledge of these facts who could be persuaded that the communist or socialist or fascist had anything to offer?

The Future in America compels the attention of booklet No. 5 and all the wonders of discovery and new frontiers open before one’s eyes. The record of the past leads naturally into that which remains to be done, into the multitude of new uses that are being discovered for the products of the earth. Research and industry are building a new world of wonder and opportunity.

At School—Not at Work, booklet No. 6, presents the story of child labor and brings out the vast educational advantages of the day, and the 2¼ millions spent annually on public education.

The steady decline in the employment of child labor is presented by table and chart and occupation. Emphatic approval is expressed of the principle and purpose of H. R. 2685 intended to “make more effective the use of the commerce power in legitimate aid of the enforcement of State laws restricting or prohibiting child labor.”

Opposition to the pending child labor amendment to the Constitution “rests upon the invasion of family rights pro-antipathy to the attempted distortion of fundamental principles of American gov-posed, the injection of Federal authority into the realm of local education, and the endeavor to establish a remote Federal and bureaucratic supervision of an essentially local and domestic relation.”

Child labor in manufacturing industries is shown to be relatively small in amount and rapidly decreasing. The bulk of what is termed child labor today is claimed in reality to be “employment within the family unit such as the farm or small business where all members of the family are putting their shoulders to the wheel.”

The Pattern of Progress is discussed in No. 7. It is the story of development of industry from the days when a miller and his helper worked from dawn till candle-light to grind ten bushels of wheat and receive one bushel in pay, wishing for “money for a bigger and better mill” in which they “could grind more and finer flour, sell it at a lower price more people could pay, and make more profit” to the days when “in America a simple pattern of industrial progress—workers, managers, ‘money partners’ growing together as they produce better goods at a price more people can pay—has brought us to a point where today we are the envy of the rest of the world—a pattern of progress which promises even greater progress in the future.”

What Is Industry? the subject of study No. 8, brings to life a little town that lay sleeping somewhere in the Midwest.

“One day a keen-eyed man came and glanced at the burly river that brawled southward past the town. The visitor had a curious way of translating uncouth waters into terms of power; then of changing power into something called indu-
try and finally—one last step—of translating industry into the shape of a happy, prosperous community.

"Today the little Midwestern town, once so near death that its communal breathing was scarcely noticeable, is a vigorous, growing combination of people and hope; there are several factories, two banks, numerous stores, churches, schools and theaters. An individual and a collective pride marks the community that was once a ghost town—as dead as any mining camp after the pay streak has run out"—and so is developed the work that binds people together in mutual interest and dependence.

"Industry is America at Work. It is all employers, employees, and investors; clerks and managers; laborers and salesmen; foremen and superintendents... "Every person in this country who is engaged in productive labor, manual or mental, who receives wages or salary week after week, who is leading a self-supporting, useful life—every such person is playing his or her part in American industry."

Yardsticks of American Progress, booklet No. 9, shows how far the nation "has moved along the road to better living for its people." As the purchasing power of wages is what really counts, this study shows what a man's work will buy, not what he is paid; how many hours he must work to buy the necessities and luxuries that play an important part in his life. The charts show that, all down the line, Americans have to work a much shorter time to pay for what they buy.

It is shown that in those countries in which the citizen has the highest degrees of freedom he likewise has the highest individual living standards; that the citizen in a dictator country works long hours for very little.

The story of how these facts were gathered and the living pictures presented by comparative charts bring conviction and enthusiasm to refute the story of decay, and to carry on until the American dream becomes a reality.

MADELEINE PREBLE SCHARF,
Secretary, National Defense Through Patriotic Education Committee.

Advancement of American Music

LAST year the committee reports were identified by a portion of John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." This year we are starting with a likeness of our first native-born composer, Francis Hopkinson (1737-1791), a friend of George Washington and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This typifies the program for this year which is "Across the U. S. A. with our Composers." To center our attention upon the composers themselves seems to follow logically the year spent with American music suited to various months and occasions.

As a result of the composer research project carried on during the past year and extended over 1939-1940, material continues to come in from chapters all over the country. Our program this year can therefore be made as far reaching as our membership. To aid this, the following grouping of composers according to their native states is suggested for the months of the D. A. R. year: September, composers born in Maine, N. H., Vt., Mass., and R. I.; Octo-
This grouping gives a unity of purpose and also allows freedom in building chapter programs which is so important to the development of a cultural subject. The composers chosen from a state by one person may not be the ones chosen by another. Also the type of programs will vary. This is exemplified by the program that is suggested below. This program holds to the five states indicated for the month of September but includes a small selection from the many composers whose works might be presented. It mentions only those composers who have written in the smaller musical forms and is general in character. Some other program builder might choose other composers and prefer compositions that would center around a definite subject. They might also wish to sacrifice some of the music in order to include a review of the life and work of important composers in the larger musical forms like John Knowles Paine and Walter Piston of Maine, and Horatio Parker of Massachusetts.

Whatever the interest may be, one program tends to inspire another, and so the following, representing a few of the composers born in Maine, N. H., Vt., Mass., and R. I., may serve its purpose for September.

### Women's Trio
- **Old Gaelic Lullaby**
  - Henry K. Hadley
  - (C. C. Birchard & Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)
- **The Lady of Dreams**
  - Mabel Daniels
  - (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)
- **Summer Night**
  - Grace Warner Gulesian
  - (C. C. Birchard & Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)

### Violin
- **Three Pieces Op. 40**
  - Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
  - (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
  - (New Hampshire)

### Piano
- **Morning Hymn**
  - Florence Newell Barbour
  - (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
  - (Rhode Island)
- **Tarantelle, Op. 23**
  - Samuel Brenton Whitney
  - (Oliver Ditson Co.)
  - (Vermont)
- **From the Hills**
  - Frederick S. Converse
  - (C. C. Birchard & Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)

### Solo-Voice
- **I Know a Hill**
  - Benjamin Whelpley
  - (Boston Music Co.)
  - (Maine)
- **The Night Has a Thousand Eyes**
  - Arthur Foote
  - (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)

### Organ
- **Salutation**
  - Hamilton C. MacDougall
  - (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
  - (Rhode Island)
- **Cantilena**
  - Carl McKinley
  - (J. Fischer & Bro.)
  - (Maine)

### Men's Chorus
- **Festal Song**
  - Edward G. Mead
  - (White-Smith Music Pub. Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)

### String Quartet
- **Two Indian Dances**
  - Charles S. Skilton
  - (Carl Fischer, Inc.)
  - (Massachusetts)

### Mixed Chorus
- **Pack Clouds Away**
  - Gladys Pitcher
  - (C. C. Birchard & Co.)
  - (Maine)
- **The Stormy Evening**
  - George C. Chadwick
  - (C. C. Birchard & Co.)
  - (Massachusetts)
The school bells are ringing, and boys and girls all over the country are heeding the call of education, and traveling toward the little red schoolhouse, or the big brick schoolhouse. These boys and girls who are the workers and the voters of tomorrow—what seek they? Knowledge. Knowledge of the ways of life. Knowledge as to how to live it. Knowledge of the benefits which this country of ours offers to them and to their parents. Problems of citizenship face the older boys and girls. Building the foundation of citizenship faces the younger group. Through the schools, communities, churches, settlement houses, and even private homes, youth is learning what it means to be a good citizen, through the clubs of Junior American Citizens. The little ones are learning to love the Flag and to respect and protect it, to understand what it means, and to fashion their lives that they may be helpful in home, school and community. The older ones are putting into practice what they have already learned, and proving themselves real junior citizens.

With a grand total of more than 117,000 Junior American Citizens already enrolled in the country, the National Society seeks now to make this enrollment at least 200,000 by the 1941 Jubilee Congress. It can be done! Educators are ready to help. Youth is calling. It remains for the members of the local chapters to feel the responsibility which is theirs in promoting and sponsoring the clubs, for they must be sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Throughout the country hundreds of women are enthusiastic workers for these clubs, but there is a crying need for more vision, more women to give their hearts and energies to this work.

How can we read today of the success of foreign nations in banding their youth into groups to foster a Nationalism whose ideals are certainly not the American ideals, and, seeing their success, how can we but be aroused to what can be done in this country with our own boys and girls if we but give our time and thought to forming clubs that will build for them a foundation for the true American Way?

It is time now to be considering seriously the plan for the work for the winter. As the schools open and the children get together, eager for something to do, let us go forth, rested from the summer’s holidays, and put forth every energy we have to help the club work.

As one of the Junior Group put it at the JAC breakfast in Washington, “If you think you are doing a lot for the Junior American Citizens, you don’t know what they are doing for you!” She caught the vision of the work, organized a group of unruly boys and brought them into line and made them outstanding Junior American Citizens. And she declares the work with them is the most fun she has ever had.

You who read this—what will you do? What are you doing? If you do not know much about the club work, will you seek to learn more? Will you get in touch with your state chairman and ask her what you can do to help? If you are in a position to make contacts that will be helpful to her or to others, will you do it? There are many ways to help. Do find one of them, and your national chairman can guarantee that you will be well repaid for all the energy you give to it.

Junior American Citizens. They are no exclusive group. Every single boy and girl who is over six years of age is entitled to become a member, and they should be given the opportunity. It is really up to us. “It is not Life that matters, but the way it is lived,” and what better work can be done than to help build a firm foundation for the future good of our country? What will you do?

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.
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.

One of the recent developments of motion pictures is the documentary film, better described as the film of fact and realism, in which great interest is being shown in educational fields. The documentary film is an effort to show a true picture of different phases of everyday life which often go unnoticed unless brought to the attention of people by radio or film or by particular study.

During the past few months there have appeared a number of interesting and informative films which indicate that the documentary method is gaining steadily in popularity with the film companies.

Making use of the factual method, a new film, "They All Come Out," has been recently released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Although legitimate, melodramatic entertainment, it is basically a document on the American penal system and illustrates the work of the Government in salvaging criminals and dealing with one of the great sociological problems confronting us.

**They All Come Out, (MGM)**

Rita Johnson, Tom Neal, Edward Gargan.

A film, basically documentary, of unusual interest and made in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Prisons. The story, melodramatic in type, is a composite of thousands of cases and is used merely to demonstrate the fact that hardened criminals, given sufficient education and humane treatment, can become useful members of society when their energies and abilities are redirected along lines of lawful and useful pursuits. The picture is dedicated to the United
States Department of Justice whose cooperation made possible, for the first time, the filming of actual scenes in our Federal prisons. Its purpose is carefully explained in a prologue conversation between Ex-Attorney General Cummings and Prison Director James V. Bennett. It is well directed and acted and leaves the impression that there are still unexplored fields from which much information can be gathered for our entertainment and instruction. Adults and young people.

**ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER**

(MGM)

Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Helen Gilbert, Lewis Stone.

Another delightful story in the Hardy Family series—natural and refreshing, with all of the charm we have learned to expect from this familiar group and interesting because it has its counterpart in countless American families. To Andy, still suffering adolescent pains, comes a new kind of love—a springtime affection for his dramatics class teacher at school. He writes a class play and is given the leading role in it—the high comedy situation of the production. The cast is uniformly excellent with young Mr. Rooney handling his part like a veteran. Well worth seeing. Family.

**MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON**

(Columbia)

James Stewart, Jean Arthur, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold.

The story of a young, inexperienced idealist who is appointed to fill the unexpired term of a deceased politician and who goes to Washington to lay before Congress a plan for a National Boy Ranger camp in his state. There he discovers that he has been used as a front for a corrupt party machine. Disgraced and threatened with expulsion, he launches a one-man filibuster, exposes the corruption and is reinstated to the Senate. The film, while delightful entertainment, is essentially a plea for honest government. To insure the accuracy of the background, James B. Preston, former Superintendent of the Senate Press Gallery, has acted as technical adviser. Expertly directed by Frank Capra, excellently acted by a carefully chosen cast, and filled with humor, it is a picture well worth seeing. Family.

**NURSE EDITH CAVELL**

(RKO Radio)

Anna Neagle, Edna Mae Oliver, May Robson, Zasu Pitts.

The memory of Edith Cavell is brilliantly revived in this presentation of the story of the courageous, martyred English nurse. Anna Neagle, the English actress recently seen in "Victoria the Great," plays the role of Miss Cavell, who it will be remembered was arrested in 1918 for aiding Belgian soldiers to escape to Holland. The Germans, feeling that an example should be made, tried, convicted, and executed her. The production is timely, in that it is anti-war, for Edith Cavell will go down in history as one who hated not the enemy, but militarism and all needless killing. Outstanding in both direction and acting. Adults and young people.

**ON BORROWED TIME**

(MGM)

Lionel Barrymore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Bobs Watson, Beulah Bondi.

This tender fantasy, presenting Death as a compassionate friend instead of a dread specter, is beautifully photographed and is directed with consummate skill. A superlative cast interprets the story with complete understanding and a sensitive appreciation of the gossamer quality of its wistful loveliness. The "Gramps" of Lionel Barrymore is heart-warming, a most endearing characterization that inevitably will linger in the memory. Family.

**STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE**

(20th Century-Fox)

Spencer Tracy, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly.

A great adventure film has been made from the well-known story of the hunt for the famous missionary explorer, Dr. David Livingstone, lost in an African jungle and supposedly dead. Henry M. Stanley, ace reporter of the New York Herald, was given the "mad assignment" of finding him or proof of his death. It was a remarkable enterprise in journalism for the era—about seventy years ago—and Stanley's method of handling it is historic. It is ably directed and of exceptional historic interest. Family.

**THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC**

(United Artists)


A simple, human-interest story of an old schoolmaster who has devoted his life to helping poor children on New York's East Side secure a musical education. When serious financial difficulties face them a series of events brings a famous musician to play at a concert given by the children and saves the music school. The center of interest for musicians is the celebrated violinist Jascha Heifetz who plays not only alone, with close-up views demonstrating his marvelous technique, but with a symphony orchestra and a remarkable junior symphony. Heifetz' artistry has been combined with the moving story in a highly dramatic manner and the emotional qualities are strong. Skilful direction marks the production and an excellent cast does admirable work. Outstanding entertainment and a musical landmark. Family.
Distinguished Daguerreotypes

VIII, From Two Dim Gilt Frames

**THESE** two daguerreotypes are of little Belle Piatt, of Mac-a-cheek Valley in southern Ohio. Belle had two earnest longings. One was to wear hoops, the other to have her picture "took." However, no one ever paid any attention to her wishes.

One April morning in 1857 she heard that her oldest brother, Kentuck Ben, was going to West Liberty that afternoon to have some daguerreotypes made. Belle pleaded to go with him; but he, probably engrossed in thoughts of the sweetheart for whom one was intended, refused.

Belle decided she was tired of waiting for both hoops and picture. She took one of her small, wide petticoats out to the barn, found a small barrel and, with much difficulty, removed two of its hoops. These she laboriously and crookedly sewed into the petticoat. At last she held out and viewed the result. A real hoop skirt!

After dinner, Kentuck Ben, jaunty and dandified, drove off in the buggy. Halfway to town he stopped to allow his horse to drink, and heard a sound of sobbing. It seemed to come from under the buggy seat. Bending down, he lifted the leather curtain. There behind it, under the seat, lay his little sister, cheeks tear-stained, hair disheveled!

"What the blazes were you doing in there?"

"I want—I want—to have my picture took."

He stared a moment, then laughed.

"Well, Sis, you shall have it took."

At the studio of the daguerreotype-taker, that artist's wife, viewing Belle's disheveled condition, sympathetically brushed her up. The little girl was not enough improved, however, to dispel her mother's horror upon seeing the daguerreotype.

"My daughter's picture taken without hair ribbons, without belt! Why, she looks like an orphan child. I must take her to town, myself, and have a proper daguerreotype made."

And so, again wearing her cherished new plaid dress, but this time with "boughten" hoops, with belt and hair ribbons, Belle happily rode beside mother in the carriage to have a second picture "took"—likeness of the child still historic in Mac-a-cheek Valley.—WORTHINGTON NEWTON.
NEWS ITEMS

Feature of the Month . . . . Floats

THE PRIZE-WINNING FLOAT ENTERED IN THE DAWSON PEANUT FESTIVAL BY THE STONE CASTLE CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF DAWSON, GEORGIA

THE AMERICAN LEGION FLOAT, MISSISSIPPI, REPRESENTING "ROSALIE," SHRINE OF THE MISSISSIPPI DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, WHICH WAS PRESIDED OVER BY MISS BETTY CRAWLEY OF KOSCIUSKO, MISSISSIPPI


THE FLOAT ENTERED IN THE PARADE AT TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, COMMEMORATING THE SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIAL, BY THE FORT HARRISON CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R.
The float entered in a recent parade at Huntington, West Virginia, by the Buford Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

Historical Exhibit

One of the finest early American historical exhibits ever held in New Hampshire has recently been staged by the Asquamchumauke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Plymouth. The exhibit was held in conjunction with the approaching Jubilee of the National Society, and represented a typical cross-section of early arts and crafts, living conditions, early customs, and habits. The exhibit of glass, the quilts, the coverlets, the linens, the pewter and brass, the pottery, the clocks, and the samplers all contributed to make the exhibit an outstanding success. Money derived from the exhibit will be used locally in placing suitable markers on historical spots.

Good Citizenship

The Madam Rachel Edgar Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Paris, Illinois, is the proud sponsor of Miss Susanne Taflinger, a Good Citizenship Pilgrim, who recently won national honors through her fifty word essay entitled "Why I Am Proud to Be An American." Miss Taflinger, a 1939 Good Citizenship Girl, excelled in the contest, which drew thousands of entries from every state in the union.

Dedication of Markers

A granite marker bearing a bronze tablet commemorating the old Virginia State Road was recently unveiled by the Buford Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Huntington, West Virginia. The dedication ceremonies were conducted by the regent of the chapter, Mrs. M. P. Wiswell, and Mrs. Robert Keene Arnold, a Vice President General, was present to give a talk in behalf of the National Society. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

"The Virginia State Road authorized by an act of 1786 was extended in December 1787 from Richmond, Virginia, past this point to the mouth of Big Sandy River, entering the city over Norway Avenue.

"By 1832 this Road became the James River and Fanawha Turnpike, opening west to Lexington, Kentucky.

"Here traveled Indians, pioneers, wagoners, soldiers, and statesmen, Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, and Henry Clay."

Abigail Fillmore Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Buffalo, New York, celebrated Flag Day by placing a bronze marker on the grave of Abiel Harding, a Revolutionary ancestor of one of its members, Miss Juliet Greene Willard. The ceremony took place in the small unused cemetery, Round Schoolhouse, in the town of Barre. The exercises were conducted by the regent of the chapter, Mrs. Frederick Bush Willard. The tablet was unveiled by Miss Willard. Abiel Harding was born in 1760 in Hatfield, Massachusetts. His first enlistment
was in 1777, and one of his first battles was at Fort Ticonderoga.

The Lydia Cobb Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Taunton, Massachusetts, recently participated in the Taunton Tercentenary by placing a marker commemorating the site of the town’s first schoolhouse. This is one of the chapter’s projects in celebration of the National Society’s Golden Jubilee. The chapter also participated in the parade by means of a beautifully decorated float.

The Gettysburg Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, has placed a tablet at the former Russell Tavern, recording the visit there of George Washington. The first president, returning from an expedition into western Pennsylvania to quell the “Whiskey Rebellion” spent the night of October 24, 1794, at this tavern, which is located north of Gettysburg on the original Philadelphia-Pittsburgh Wagon Road.

Mrs. Raymond F. Topper, chapter regent, presided. The tablet was unveiled by the chapter historian, Miss Alice Black.

The Lucy Wolcott Barnum Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Adrian, Michigan, recently cooperated with descendants of Ezra Goff, a drummer boy and fifer, and later as a soldier under Captain Nathaniel Carpenter, in the Revolutionary War, in unveiling and dedicating a boulder to his memory.

Representing the Governor George Wyliss Chapter and the New London Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Missouri, a group of members took part in services in which a marker was placed on the grave of Mrs. Sarah Thomas Woodson, who was the daughter of Captain John Thomas of the First Virginia regiment and also captain of the Francis Taylor regiment of the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Charles Lemon of the New London Chapter, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Woodson, unveiled the marker, after which services were conducted at the grave.

Following the annual custom of the Brig. Gen. John Glover Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Lynn, Massachusetts, members of the chapter recently placed a wreath on his grave in the old cemetery at Marblehead. Appropriate services were conducted.

John Glover, the man for whom the chapter is named, ferried George Washington across the Delaware on the eve of the battle of Trenton with his Marblehead crew.

Members of the Webster Groves Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Webster Groves, Missouri, recently cooperated with the American Legion, Gold Star Mothers, Girl Scouts, and Boy Scouts, in placing a wreath on the Soldiers’ Monument in Memorial Park. The chapter was instrumental in erecting this monument in 1919, at the close of the World War.

Anniversary Celebrations

Members of the Edmund Rogers Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Glasgow, Kentucky, observed Flag Day by selling miniature United States flags to be pinned on the coat or dress.

South Dakotans are justly proud of their only Real Granddaughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. Sarah F. Summerside of Pierre, who recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday by holding open house and receiving guests in her home. Mrs. Summerside is a member of the Anna Wainwright Cushing Chapter. She traces her ancestry back to Leonard Harriman, who came from Rowley, England, in 1638, and settled in Massachusetts. Her grandfather, Joab Harriman, enlisted as a private in the American Revolution in 1778. She descends, on her mother’s side, from Sir Anthony Brown, Standard Bearer of England. Her great-great-grandfather, Samuel Brown, was a lieutenant from Massachusetts in the American Revolution.
Members of the Minnesota Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and other patriotic organizations participated in the Flag day services on the historic grounds at Mendota. The Monument Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., conducted the flag-raising ceremony, dedicating a flagstaff and American flag which they presented to the state society and Sibley House. Among the participants in the colorful and interesting program were Governor Harold E. Stassen, Mayor William H. Fallon of St. Paul, Mrs. Edward E. Haglin, regent of the Monument Chapter, and Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury, National Historian. Mrs. Thomas J. Dillon, flagstaff committee chairman for the chapter, gave the inspiring dedicatory address.

Flag Day was a “red, white, and blue-letter day” for Crossnore, Incorporated, when friends from both far and near gathered on the campus to celebrate. The program for the day included the dedication of the Reed Building and improvements at Garrett Memorial Hospital. After the dedication, the procession climbed the hill to witness the unveiling of the Cornerstone of the new dining room and kitchen now under construction.

A few of the guests remained over night, and were entertained during the evening by the youngsters on the campus with square dances and mountain ballads.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE annual Get-Together of Junior Groups from Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, and District of Columbia will be held at Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey, on September 30, 1939. There will be speakers on D. A. R. subjects of special interest to Juniors at both the morning and afternoon sessions. The luncheon will be $2.00, which will include the registration fee of $.50. All Juniors in this area and adjoining districts are cordially invited to attend.
THE editor’s office echoes with sounds of joy this month because we are again privileged to print a contribution from Arline B. N. Moss. She is resuming preparation of her invaluable department, “Parliamentary Procedure,” discontinued, through force of circumstances, for several months. We are most hopeful that no such interim will be indicated again.

In the June issue of the Magazine, we printed a special pictorial section, showing selections from the current loan exhibit appearing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, under the title of “Life in America for Three Hundred Years.” This feature has elicited many expressions of admiration, among them the following:

“I was particularly interested in the series “Life in America for Three Hundred Years” and in your selection of pictures from that exhibit for reproduction in your periodical. I shall follow future issues for further examples. I think the idea a splendid one.”

This month we are presenting three more of these pictures, one as our cover design, and two as illustrations for poems. Each of these typifies some special phase of American school life, and therefore seems especially appropriate for consideration in September. Other pictures will appear in future issues.

We are always eager to know why new readers are drawn toward the Magazine. During the past month, more subscriptions have been entered for the stated reason that the senders were interested in “Severance of Shelburne” than for any one given cause since the present editor was installed. She would welcome statements of the predilections of other subscribers.

Regarding contributions which have already appeared, the following comments have been very welcome:

“How so beautiful a magazine has managed to escape me until now I cannot imagine, because it contains just the things I am particularly interested in, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it—particularly ‘Tory Row’ and ‘Cathedral Close’ which has fired me with so much enthusiasm that I shall again visit that beautiful place—and with the magazine, in order that I can use the article as a guide in searching for the fascinating treasures the garden offers to visitors.”

“I wish to tell you how very much my whole family and I are enjoying your Magazine. I am a new subscriber this year but I hope to continue with my subscription as long as you publish such a wonderful magazine. I do not feel like parting with one single copy but find in your June issue of this year a picture of three of my aunts which was taken about fifty years ago here in St. Louis at the Visitation Convent. Of course you can imagine my surprise and delight upon coming across that familiar picture! I wish to inquire if you still have about five of those copies which you could mail to my address on the letterhead of this paper.”

“I have been subscribing for our magazine for many years and have found its improvement in the past few years most interesting. The feature articles have appealed to me, also the series, ‘The Spirit of the Hand-made,’ and Mrs. Coblentz’s stories and poems.”

“I was very much interested in the article that appeared in your May issue, entitled ‘Bivouac at Beauvoir,’ by Craddock Goins; the article vividly describing the experiences of Jefferson Davis and his wife, Varina Howell. As a child I lived within two miles of the ancestral home of Varina Howell, located near Shiloh and about four miles from Bridgeport, county seat of Cumberland County. It was at Greenwich, in Cumberland County, that the English-owned tea was burned in 1774, an event in which the patriotic Howell family was concerned. “The father of Varina Howell was William Burr Howell; her grandfather was Richard Howell, and her great-grandfather was Ebenezer Howell, born in 1732 on the high seas. Ebenezer Howell lived in New Castle County, Delaware, where he married and had several children. His wife followed the beliefs of the Seventh-day Baptists. Out of respect for her views he removed, in 1770, to Shiloh, New Jersey, where had been established a Seventh-day Baptist church. The girls followed their mother’s belief, while the father and his sons
observed the first day of the week as the Sabbath. The house, which Ebenezer Howell had erected, was of brick, built in the Southern style, with the main floor high above a basement and dormer windows in the roof. The house was occupied for many years by successive generations of the Howell family. The building is still well preserved.

“Among the children of Ebenezer Howell were twins, Richard and Lewis, who were about fifteen years old when they came into Cumberland County, where they soon became closely identified with the county’s early history. It was only four years later when the tea was burned at Greenwich by men disguised as Indians. One of these groups started from the Howell home on the night of December 22, 1774, and included these two brothers, who became imbued with the patriotic spirit of that day and both became officers in the Revolutionary War.

“Richard Howell, grandfather of Varina Howell Davis, was a captain and later a major of the Revolutionary troops. After the termination of the war he practiced law. In 1788 he was appointed clerk of the New Jersey Supreme Court for five years. In 1793 he was chosen Governor of the State of New Jersey, and thereafter was elected for eight successive times.

“Richard Howell had married Keziah Burr, of Mount Holly, New Jersey. One of the children born to Governor and Mrs. Howell, in Trenton, was William Burr Howell, in 1797, who later became the father of Varina Howell.

“William B. Howell, while quite young, joined the United States infantry and saw service on Lake Champlain in 1816. After the close of that war he resigned and, a few years later, married Margaret Louisa Kempe, daughter of Colonel James Kempe, in Natchez, Mississippi.

“William Howell and his wife lived at Marango, a Kempe plantation in Louisiana, and also at Kempton, Mississippi. Of his wife it is recorded, ‘She was noted for her brilliant mind and benevolent acts.’ He was a collector of the port of New Orleans at the time of his death.

“Varina Banks Howell was born in Marango, Louisiana, May 7, 1826. On February 26, 1845, in Natchez, Mississippi, Varina became the second wife of Jefferson Davis, of Fairview, Kentucky, the first and only President of the Southern Confederacy.”

As we have frequently admitted, occasional errors creep into our pages, which we deplore but which we cannot always prevent. We are glad to print the following letters, indicating necessary corrections:

“Dear Mrs. Keyes:
Will you please correct an error made in ‘An Adopted Daughter Remembers’ in the April 1939 issue of the National Historical Magazine?”

On page 59, column 1, paragraph 7, the word only should be lovely.
Please understand the mistake is entirely mine, the result of careless editing before submitting the manuscript to you.
I’m sorry to have so disturbed the descendants of Anthony’s sister Hannah.
Sincerely yours,
CAROLINE H. RIDGWAY.”

“Dear Madam Editor:
May I tell you how delighted I was, as a long-time resident of Niagara Falls, to see the reproduction of the interesting old daguerreotype in our latest number? I had never seen this particular one before, although I have several reproductions of old prints in Dow’s Niagara.
I am sure you will understand that I do not write as a critic, but merely in the interest of historical accuracy. Terrapin Tower was never a lighthouse, but an observation tower which resembled one in external appearance. It was built in 1833-4 and well patronized for many years as being the point where an unrivaled view of the gorge could be obtained. It was 30 feet high and 12 feet in diameter, with an exterior flight of steps and a railed platform near the top. To this tower a frail bridge led over the Terrapin Rocks, given this fanciful name on account of their resemblance to huge shells.

The tower was not damaged or carried away by the water; it was most prosaically blown up by gunpowder in 1873, because it was proving a counter-attraction to Prospect Point, which had been bought and railed in by a money-making company which charged admission to its vicinity; access to the islands was at this time free. There was much indignation among local residents over the matter. May I refer you to Peter A. Porter’s “Guide to the Falls,” page 77; also to his “Sketch of Goat Island,” page 42?
The Magazine grows better with every issue.
Most sincerely yours,
CLARA M. P. FOWLER,
Past Regent, Niagara Falls Chapter.”
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SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

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

WHAT of ourselves? As this issue of the Magazine goes to press, much of what I had written becomes obsolete before publication, outmoded within a few hours. Comment upon the catastrophe that befalls the world is fruitless. Of the immediate future, no one can predict. For other days more distant, there must be plans for a future in which truth must prevail, in which the same standards of justice, fair treatment and respect for the rights of others may be expected from nations as from individuals.

For ourselves, our immediate service can be greatest through a calm faith, a freedom from pettiness and partisanship, a patriotism without prejudice, and a determination to undertake fulfillment of our own expectations that a people of widely different origins and characteristics can be welded together upon principles of freedom into a nation of united purpose. Upon no group more than ourselves does the obligation rest more heavily, upon us who have lived under the advantages of life in America.

Even though our country, as assured by the President of the United States, will bend every effort to remain neutral, there cannot but be ways in which the effects of the struggle will be felt in America. In the words of the President, "When peace has been broken anywhere, the peace of all countries everywhere is in danger." Our own members look upon dark days. A number are in danger in the war zone. With these lines completed, my next act will be to write a note to each chapter in the countries involved. We must keep them in our hearts and in our prayers. And we shall do well to remember the words, coming slowly, seriously, over the radio this early September morning, "Now may God bless you all and may He defend the right. For it is evil things that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution. And against them, I am certain that right will prevail."

In recent years, radio stations throughout the country have generously given time to our Society in order that its constructive activities in education for citizenship might become more widely known. Perhaps some of us have overlooked the fine patriotic and historical programs that the companies themselves have originated.

During many months, programs in celebration of the Sesquicentennial of the Constitution of the United States of America centered public interest upon the triumphs over those difficulties attendant upon the foundation of the Republic. Now that the official celebration is over, one broadcasting company is carrying on a study of the traditions that have made America great through a series of dramatic sketches celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of various governmental bureaus or departments, such as Civil Service, Lighthouses, and the Supreme Court.

At this moment, the facilities of all companies and the utmost energies of their announcers and entire staff are being given over to the patriotic service of making and keeping us the best informed people on earth. These companies are daily exemplifying one of our cherished freedoms. The grateful thanks of all Americans is theirs.

It may be that in coming months, time, hitherto so freely given, must be withheld. We must remember that the only way through which these companies can offer their educational and patriotic service is by maintaining a sound business foundation through their commercially sponsored programs. If time for our own talks is wanting, members may advance the objects of our Society through promoting interest in programs already scheduled by the companies themselves, such as "What Price America?" "Democracy in Action," "Women in the Making of America," soon to be resumed under the title, "Women Courageous," and many others offering studies in education for citizenship. As we are
grateful at this moment for the advantages of life in this nation, we may well add a thought of thanks for American radio.

One of the difficult problems of the President General is to say “No.” Each month there come to the office in Washington persons who wish the Society to sponsor projects in which they have an especial interest. Many times these activities are worthy in every way, and designed to have far-reaching benefits to humanity. The finer the object, the more difficult to refuse; and yet the answer must be “No.” Sometimes as often as weekly, chapters write to ask the National Society to assume responsibility for promotion of new activities. The work of the Society is definitely prescribed. In its promotion the demands are such that chapters cannot be asked to assume further responsibility. In addition, when effort goes into purposes not properly our own, the real work of the Society suffers. The Society has ever been alert to the great needs of the day. As, for example, in addition to many individual gifts, its national contribution of one thousand dollars to the American Red Cross for flood relief. Nevertheless, it still remains that effort must normally be restricted to those purposes for which the Society was organized. One would not expect the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis to devote its energies to the control of cancer, all-important as that cause may be. The guiding principle of our action must be that we cannot do for one what we cannot do for all under the same circumstances. Regretfully, the answer to many apparently reasonable requests must still be “No.”

Last month I spoke of the desire for copies of our National Historical Magazine at a prison farm in a midwestern state. A neighboring chapter gladly gave the subscription. A number of back issues were mailed from Washington. I quote from the letter of reply:

“Thanks—for your kind letter, and shipment of magazines received.

We are very glad to know that you are interested in the welfare of incarcerated persons, because suggestions made by you must bring results. The copies of your magazines have been issued out by the library for three days only, as the demand is so great. Usually we issue magazines for one week.”

These words add emphasis to the suggestion made last month that our Magazine may widely extend its influence if we will but place it in reform schools, detention homes and similar institutions. For years, chapters have placed it in hundreds of schools and public libraries, but perhaps this one opportunity has been overlooked.

A bit of planning may well eliminate little difficulties within chapters and states. A principle always to be followed is that small states and small chapters should not conduct their affairs in the same manner as chapters and states of large membership. No one expects this. To do so destroys morale. The regent of a state of scattered population told me that it seemed almost impossible for its small chapters to meet the national quotas if they supported state work. In the report of the state treasurer, however, I noted the high proportionate cost of the beautiful conference programs. By quick division, after counting the members present, I found that these cost approximately thirty-nine cents per delegate, or more than enough to have covered their quotas. A simple program might well have relieved the state of some of its burdens.

The regent of a small chapter wrote me of financial difficulties within her chapter. Among the regular expenses is the annual rental of two safe deposit boxes for keeping application papers. At an original investment of less than one year’s rental, a steel box suitable for years to come will eliminate at least one of the chapter’s problems. Since duplicate copies of application papers are filed in Washington, chapters usually find a metal box adequate for this purpose. Even as the tailor must cut the suit to his cloth, let both chapters and states adjust their policies best to meet their peculiar resources. The National Society will be sympathetic to this effort.
THAT I am extremely proud to have been elected a Vice President General goes almost without
saying or writing!

When I think of my first Congress and all it meant to me, I realize what the walk up through
the years of my D. A. R. life has encompassed. That first Congress—and many others—found me
practically alone. I knew even few of my own delegation. There are incidents through that period
of years which stand out vividly: The night Mrs. Minor was nominated and seconded for President
General! I was covered in reflected glory because somehow—and I am not sure how—her husband’s
and my husband’s families were related in past generations; and didn’t that make her my candidate
and my relative, too? Then, I remember so distinctly the regular cheery greetings which met me
at the top of the steps of Continental Hall, which came from Mrs. Brosseau.

I could go on citing instances to show you that my walk along the Society’s pathway has been
pleasant and filled with happenings that will stay with me always as precious memories. To some
they may seem very trivial; but to those newcomers in our N. S. D. A. R. they will seem important,
inspirational, and stimulating. To anyone who has served faithfully through the years, these experi-
ences have surely come.

A “greenhorn” from Connecticut went to her first Congress. She met great friendliness, and
came home so filled with the inspiration of our good work that never has her faith in the Society,
her love for the Society, and her prayers for the Society ceased for a minute.

Is it any wonder that I can say I am proud, very proud—and yet most humble—to have been
elected to the high office of Vice President General! Surely my lot has “fallen in pleasant places.”

With the honor of being elected to the office of Vice President General also comes the honor
of serving on our National Historical Magazine committee. With cooperation, it is my belief
that this unique publication can be put on the “best seller” list of magazines, both in the United
States and in its possessions. Let’s cooperate!