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GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME LX

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Dear Friend:

I come to you this month under a new guidance. Whither it will lead me I know not, but of this I am confident—my old traditions will be preserved and new innovations will be such as will endeavor, at least, to advance the best interests of New Hampshire. That I may best serve the purpose for which I am intended I ask your cooperation and pledge you in return my loyalty and sincere devotion.

The Granite Monthly



EX-GOVERNOR ALBERT O. BROWN

An Outline of the History of Taxation in New Hampshire

HON. ALBERT O. BROWN

THERE is something before taxation, as that subject is commonly understood — something that is prerequisite to it and controls its extent. Appropriations come first. If they are properly made the tax levy will, for the most part, take care of itself. But the appropriating bodies, beginning with the legislature and ending with the town meeting, are not only liberal but often extravagant and wasteful.

In 1917 the legislature established debt limits for the counties and municipalities. They have proved to be helpful provisions. I wish some method of limiting appropriations could be devised. Perhaps the excellent interim commission the governor has appointed can find a way. The subject is worthy of attention. With this object in view a tax limit was provided for Manchester a few years ago but the appropriating power became impatient of restraint and the law was soon repealed. Obviously it would be better to go to the roots of the tree than to operate among the branches.

But the real remedy lies with the taxpayers. They, acting directly or indirectly, with or without organization, can control appropriations if they will. If they do not at least make the attempt then they should not be heard to complain. They should remember that the plain, effective and, under the present law, only way to keep taxes within bounds is to prevent excessive appropriations.

In 1640 there were four sparsely populated communities in New Hampshire.

Portsmouth and Dover had been settled from England, Exeter and Hampton from Massachusetts. All the rest was wilderness. These settlements were established outside of any constituted authority and developed as little democracies, independent not only of one another but also of the Massachusetts colony and the mother country. England of course was in a position to extend her authority over them but had not done so. They legislated, each for itself, in open town meeting.

On the sixth day of January, 1640, Exeter took up the subject of taxation and passed a memorable vote. Earlier tax votes may have been passed in one or more of the four towns but if so no record of them exists. The Exeter vote ran as follows: "It is ordered * * * That all grounds, woods, and such privileges as appertain to the town, such inhabitants as have their lots small or great in the bounds of the town, shall be liable to pay such comon charges as the town shall be at, according to their proportion of ground, cattle or other privileges they doe enjoy in the town, present or absent."

This vote provides the foundation on which the New Hampshire system of taxation rests. It states the rule of proportion than which nothing is more firmly imbedded in our law. Over and over again in local votes, in colonial and provincial statutes, in the constitution and in acts of the state legislature it has been written that men shall be taxed according to their ratable estates. This rule was general rather than exclusive

during the short period of the independence of the towns and the longer colonial and provincial periods lasting until the constitution went into effect in 1784. Thereafter there was no exception to it until long after the rise of savings banks when the tax upon deposits in those institutions, was, in the language of Chief Justice Doe, "universally understood to have acquired the position of an exception to the constitutional rule of equality". That tax has now become, by act of the legislature, an excise tax and has thus been removed from the purview of the constitution.

The principle of equality, as understood in New Hampshire, does not mean that all property is taxable but simply that such as *is* taxable at all, shall be assessed proportionally. Indeed, the Exeter vote mentioned only two classes of property, namely, "ground" and "cattle". These have remained on the ratable list to the present time. The first, with its improvements, under the title of land or real estate, has in the nature of things, always yielded the greater part of the revenue provided for the support of government.

Polls were first taxed at the beginning of the colonial period when Massachusetts boundaries were extended to include New Hampshire and Massachusetts laws to govern our people. A flat tax was at first imposed. At the commencement of the provincial period a pecuniary value was assigned in order that polls might be assessed in the same manner as oxen, horses and other property. Thus one's head has been accounted to be worth all the way from a few shillings at one time to \$600.00 at another. It was estimated at \$100.00 from 1871 to 1913, at which latter time the law was changed and a flat tax of \$2.00 established. These changes could be made because polls are

not subject to the proportional clause of the constitution. Under the present system the tax is uniform. Under the preceding one it was not so, because the tax rate changed from year to year in the same city or town and in the same year varied greatly in different cities and towns.

The poll tax is easy to assess, easy to collect and returns a considerable revenue. It has been thought by students of the subject to be one of the wisest and most salutary of taxes. It assigns to many who would otherwise, directly at least, pay nothing a small part of the public expense and brings to them a realization of the fact that they are a part of the government as well as subject to it.

Slaves were first selected for taxation just two hundred years ago. And they are named next after polls in the important statute of 1776. It is interesting to note that at the time this statute was being enacted two of New Hampshire's delegates were at Philadelphia helping to formulate the Declaration of Independence with its bold assertion that "all men are created equal" and endowed with the "unalienable" rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness".

It may be remarked that slavery was at no time regarded with favor here and that the Indian, negro and mulatto slaves, most numerous in the provincial period, never numbered a thousand souls. They gradually disappeared from the state until at the time of the first census in 1790 only 158 remained. Property in them continued after the constitution went into effect but they were not taxed after that event.

One by one, earlier and later, omitted classes of property were made taxable until now nearly all are assessed.

You have observed that a privilege tax was ordered by the Exeter vote. This

developed into the faculty tax of later years. It was levied, as the word indicates, not according to one's property but according to his ability or capacity to pay. It affected professional men, traders, inn-keepers, mechanics and "all other manual persons and Artists." Such were "rated for returns and gains, proportionally unto other men for the product of their Estates." It will thus be seen that the principle of equality underlay even this tax. Its effect was to license those who complied with its provisions to continue in business. It was discontinued in 1789, more attention being given to the valuation of property, including classes not before taxed.

The expenses of government in the remote period to which reference has been made were light, but the sources of revenue were so few and meagre that the burden of taxation was heavy. The province was poor and money was frequently so scarce that commodities, like corn, pipe staves and fish were made legal tender for the payment of taxes.

For two score years Massachusetts laws were in effect here which accounts for much that appeared in our provincial system of taxation. But as soon as New Hampshire became a province in 1680 it began to legislate for itself. By the act of that year an interesting method of legislative appraisal was established, borrowed in substance, it is true, from Massachusetts. It was provided, among other things, that "all land within fence, meadow or marsh, mowable," should be appraised at "5 s. per acre; (all pasture land without fence, rate free); all oxen 4 years old and upwards, £3; steers, cows, and heifers, 3 years old 40 s.; steers, cows and heifers 2 years old, 25 s.; yearlings 10 s.; horses and mares 3 years old and upwards, 20 s.; sheep above 1 year old, 5 s.; swine above 1 year old, 10 s."

New Hampshire at that time was almost exclusively an agricultural community. The farmers' herds and the farmers' lands constituted the bulk of the taxable property. Domestic animals of the same kind differed little in value. A horse was a horse and a cow was a cow. Land had not been greatly improved and its value, for the most part, was little affected by location as population was then distributed. One acre was about the equivalent of any other adapted to the same use. Therefore it was not unreasonable, however strange it may seem at first, that the legislature should assign to live stock and land units the sums at which they should be taxed throughout the province instead of leaving the appraisal to assessing officers as is done today. As the values employed doubtless represented average worth or some definite proportion thereof, a rough equality was achieved and substantial justice was done both to the taxpayers and the public.

A subsequent clause of the law of 1680 provided that all other estates should "be rated, by some equal proportion, by the selectmen of each town with great care that particular persons be not wronged".

In the course of a hundred years the method of appraisal changed and most property came to be valued not at an arbitrary figure but upon an income basis. The statute of 1776, already referred to, goes upon both theories but the income theory predominates. To illustrate: horses and oxen four years and upwards were estimated at "three shillings each; cows four years old and upwards, two shillings each; * * * cattle and horses one year old sixpence each". All improved lands were "estimated as follows, viz: orchards, one shilling and sixpence per acre, accounting so much for an acre as will produce

ten barrels of cider or perry; arable land one shilling per acre, accounting so much land as will generally produce twenty-five bushels of grain per year to be one acre; mowing land at one shilling per acre, accounting so much land for one acre as will produce one year with another one ton of hay;—pasture land at five pence per acre, accounting so much land as will summer a cow to be four acres;”.

This method of appraising improved land has been called “the peculiar mark of the New Hampshire system of taxation”. It had the advantage of convenience and while values were relatively stable it was equitable. A great jurist has said it was “specially calculated to avoid the injustice of inequality in assessors’ valuations”. It was retained until 1833 by which time farm land values had lost their uniformity and appraisal by selectmen and assessors supplanted the legislative method and has continued in use until this day.

When railroads first appeared in New Hampshire, early in the second quarter of the last century, their *shares* were taxed locally. The Revised Statutes (1842) provided for the local assessment of railroad *capital* at a fixed rate, upon certificates from the justices of the superior court. In 1878 a Board of Equalization, the members to be appointed by the supreme court, was created and the assessment of railroad *property*, throughout the state, committed to it. The duty to assess the property of railway, telegraph, telephone, express and certain car companies was imposed upon this board piecemeal at later dates. In 1911 the tax commission, the members also appointed by the supreme court, became the assessing body for the state, and so remains.

The properties having been first ap-

praised, there is applied to them the average rate of taxation upon other property, throughout the state. The resulting assessments are known as the corporation taxes. About three-fifths of the railroad tax and the whole of the other corporation taxes are retained by the state. Two-fifths of the railroad tax is distributed to certain of the towns and cities.

The direct state tax which makes up the balance needed for state expenses, after the application of the corporation taxes retained by the state and the sums received from a number of miscellaneous sources, is also of ancient origin. A corresponding tax was ordered by the province in the first year of its existence. It is locally assessed and collected and then paid over to the state.

Immunity of property from taxation results, first, from the omission of the class to which it belongs from the statutory list of ratable estates, and, second, from its removal from that list after the class to which it belongs has been added thereto. To illustrate: The tools of one’s occupation are not taxable because they have never been placed on the ratable list. Registered sires, formerly classed and taxed with ratable animals, are no longer taxable because they have been removed from their former classification by specific exemption.

The exemption of property by either method is not in conflict with our system of taxation but is a part of it. We have never assumed to tax all property though in fact we do now tax most classes. So far as my memory extends, the privilege of exemption has been constantly claimed by farmers, lumbermen, manufacturers, institutions and others. It has, during that period, been enjoyed to a greater or less extent by some or all of these classes. The objection to exemption is that it causes a greater

weight than they would otherwise bear to rest upon shoulders already heavily burdened. It may be added that there is no partial exemption in New Hampshire. Under our ancient law property is wholly taxable or wholly tax free. Nor is there more than one rate for the same year in the state, county or municipality where the tax is levied.

It should be remembered that all ratable property is assessable at its full and true value. It is only by this method that, as a practical proposition, the requirement of equality can be satisfied. The principle is stated in a great opinion by an eminent justice of the supreme court of the United States in these words: "Now it is a cardinal rule which

should never be forgotten, that whatever property is worth for the purposes of income and sale it is also worth for the purposes of taxation." This doctrine finds abundant support in more than one decision of our own excellent court. It is also laid down in a New Hampshire statute that has existed unchanged since 1832. It thus has the prestige of nearly one hundred years of New Hampshire history.

From the beginnings I have described and in the way I have so briefly traced, there has been developed in New Hampshire one of the simplest and best systems of taxation in existence. It is not perfect. It is capable of some, if not of much, improvement.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The foregoing article by Ex-Governor Brown and the article on the following pages by Chairman Laurence F. Whittemore of the State Tax Commission, were recently given as addresses at an Open Forum on the subject "Taxation" conducted under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester. The third principal address was given by Mr. Joseph O. Tremblay, chairman of the Board of Assessors of Manchester, and will be published in the February issue.

Lindbergh

POTTER SPAULDING

As rose the sun that day
 To warm all earthly things,
 A great bird ployed its way
 On sturdy, supple wings;
 Nor paused its course to stay
 Tho' hope scarce answer brings
 To fervent, whispered prayer,
 From out the trackless air!

When morn again returned,
 Beyond the great, grim deep,
 The heart that bravely yearned
 Its precious vow to keep,
 With pride of victory burned,
 Nor thought of rest or sleep!
 "Let mother know! The deed is done!"
 Proud day and deed! Hail worthy son!



LAURENCE F. WHITTEMORE

What Price Government?

LAURENCE F. WHITTEMORE

TAXES are the price we pay for government.

I quote from the very enlightening study of "The Cost of Government in the United States," by the National Conference Board:

"The business of government is today the third largest business in the United States, exceeded in its annual turnover only by manufacturing industry and agriculture. The business of providing public services is surely no less important than these other businesses for the security and welfare of the American people, but it differs from them in one significant respect: it is everybody's business, and as such it tends easily to become nobody's business. It may fairly be said that the community gives far less thought and energy to regulating and controlling the business of government than it does to the supervision of other businesses of far less magnitude. Yet it is the community that pays the governmental bill, and the responsibility falls upon it to devote at least as much thought to making the business of government efficient, to lowering the cost and improving the quality of the services the taxpayer buys, as has been applied in industry and trade to give the consumer a better product at a lower price."

I desire first to discuss briefly the price we pay for government, its increase in the last few years, the reasons therefor, the results and also what remedies we may find to prevent further increase. Government has shifted from a simple service of providing for the public defense to a complicated business of fur-

nishing all kinds of services, including education, better highways, and a multitude of lesser activities. All these are demanded by us as citizens. Taxes also have become more or less complicated. We in New Hampshire have changed our system of taxation to a less extent than most states. It may be that our rather antiquated tax set-up has deterred us from the scale of spending practiced elsewhere. We now pay our direct tax to the local tax collector and in addition several other taxes more indirectly, but taxes nevertheless. The tendency in New Hampshire seems to be to charge to certain classes of property certain expenditures made necessary by those same classes of property, for instance the gasoline tax. I think this is a wise policy. The method used by the recent session of the legislature to provide for the highway reconstruction by an increase in the gasoline tax I feel to have been wise, and I feel that at this time it is unwise to charge more of the cost of government to the already overburdened classes of real estate and industry. We hear many people sigh for the good days when taxes were low. It is a question in my mind if it is either possible or expedient to return to those times when the individual did for himself what he now expects the government to do for him. We note that since 1911, in the brief space of seventeen years, taxes in New Hampshire have risen from about \$6,000,000. to about \$20,000,000. Of course we must take into consideration the change in the purchasing power of the dollar. The main fact in regard to

this increase has been that the state and the municipality have assumed responsibilities never dreamed of in 1911. In 1911 the state did very little on highways. It did very little for charity, it did very little for education. Today it is fair to say that the state has quite largely assumed the burden of a vast network of highways, has assumed the burden of a large amount of charity and welfare work and at present seeks to guarantee to everyone wishing for it a university education. The towns and cities find it necessary to furnish better streets, better lights, better police protection, better sewer service and better fire protection, and many other kinds of service. The fact that we are able to meet here in this splendid auditorium built by your city is one of the reasons why the taxes direct or indirect are heavy in New Hampshire.

I have had made an analysis of the sources of the receipts of the city of Manchester for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1926 and also of the expenditures of the city for the same time. These represent the price the citizens of Manchester paid for government during that year.

The individual who demands much in the governmental service must give up something in personal liberty. Out of the extension of governmental activities has grown up a vast system of paternalism. It is probably unavoidable in our modern way of living. The town and city demand more of the county and state and they in turn demand much of the federal government. As these demands are made and met by the citizen, the city, the state and the nation, it is necessary for each to exercise a stricter supervision over the others. Thus we have inspectors and governmental officers intruding in the affairs of many people. This is

oftentimes annoying and appears avoidable at times, but it is the result of the demands on the government by the citizens. It seems to me that we have about reached the limit in raising money from the people and from the property in the state to pay for governmental service. I fail to see how much more money can be extracted. It is necessary to look about us for ways of keeping up our activities without increasing their cost.

We as citizens act in two capacities. We are responsible for the demands on the government. We as a group can say whether we will increase expenses or decrease them. In another capacity we pay the bill. Many of us, I am sorry to say, are prone to ask additional service and then complain bitterly when we pay the bill therefor. This is a problem we must face in our individual capacity as citizens. When we reach the place where taxes are confiscatory I think we will meet the situation by reduction. In that connection we have remedies at hand with which to check the increased cost of government. Among them are these: Individual economy by tax spending agencies all along the line; careful budgeting, careful accounting and careful governmental business practice. I have tried to picture the situation as it is today.

New Hampshire is at the turn of the road. We can go on and get into the condition of some other states and municipalities or we can act with sound and conservative New England common sense. We are fortunate in that we have not borrowed large sums of money which future generations will find it a burden to pay.

We, in general, in New Hampshire have followed the "pay as you go method." We have been rather careful about borrowing money. Some other

states have not been so careful. I find from "The Cost of Government in the United States," issued by the Industrial Conference Board, that our per capita bonded debt in New Hampshire in 1926 was \$31.05 as compared to an average in New England of \$71.52 and for an average in the country of \$85.50. I find that we stand forty-third in the rank of states in regard to size of per capita debt, that in 1913 we stood twenty-sixth, and in 1922, forty-second, and we are now forty-third. Take for instance Florida: In 1917 they were the thirty-fourth state in the union in size of per capita debt. Today Florida owes \$185.84 per capita as compared to \$16.40 in 1913. Florida has pursued a policy of paying for her development by borrowing rather than by taxing and as a result has a higher

per capita debt than any state in the union. California is next with \$175.50 compared to a New England average of \$71.50 and New Hampshire's figure of \$31.05. The indebtedness of Florida was 8.3 per cent of the wealth of the state in 1925. I wonder what it is now? In New Hampshire the debt is .9 per cent and in New England it is 2.07 per cent. We rank forty-sixth in the ratio of debt and wealth.

I consider that we are to be congratulated on following a "pay as you go" policy and the enviable position in which we stand in regard to wealth. I think we should strive to keep our feet and spend rather sparingly. This can be done by economy all along the line, in better business conditions, better budgeting and greater care in issuing bonds.

CITY OF MANCHESTER

ANALYSIS OF "EXPENDITURES" FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1926.

General Government:			
City officers' and clerks' salaries	\$56,179.66		
City officers' expenses	22,077.37		
Election and registration expenses	8,365.08		
Municipal court expenses	3,650.00		
Expense of municipal building	97,199.33		
		\$187,471.44	.044
Protection of Persons and Property:			
Police department	\$264,220.55		
Fire department	264,647.12		
		\$528,867.67	.125
Health:			
Health department, (including hospitals)	\$78,167.84		
Vital statistics	982.00		
Sewer maintenance	10,943.16		
		\$90,093.00	.021
Highways:			
Construction	\$64,480.81		
Maintenance	673,864.62		
		\$738,345.43	.174
Libraries		\$45,725.72	.011
Charities		56,080.07	.013
Patriotic purposes		2,053.00	.001
Recreation, (including parks and playgrounds)		44,417.14	.011
Public service enterprises, (including water department, public scales, and cemeteries		297,906.19	.070
Unclassified, (includes damages, legal expenses and miscellaneous ..		40,588.94	.010
Interest		267,007.18	.063
Indebtedness		486,500.00	.115
Outlay for new construction, sewer construction and new equipment		87,707.80	.021

State taxes	332,935.00	.079
County taxes	224,790.49	.053
School taxes	799,282.19	.189
	<hr/>	
	\$4,229,771.26	1.000

CITY OF MANCHESTER

ANALYSIS OF "RECEIPTS" FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1926.

From Local Taxes:		
Local taxes, including property, poll and taxes on national bank stock	\$3,187,218.52	.732
From State:		
Interest and dividend tax	70,653.65	.016
Insurance tax	11,952.00	.003
Railroad tax	71,361.21	.016
Savings bank tax	128,002.78	.029
From Local Sources except Taxes:		
Dog licenses	4,798.79	.001
Business licenses and permits	11,108.73	.003
Fines and forfeits, municipal court	23,294.35	.005
Rent of municipal buildings	1,582.50	.001
Interest on deposits and overdue taxes	17,537.07	.004
Income from trust funds	19,002.29	.004
Income from departments	252,764.09	.058
Motor vehicle permits	90,987.59	.021
Receipts Other than Current Revenue:		
Bond issues during year	464,054.88	.017
	<hr/>	
	\$4,354,318.45	1.000

De Profundus

E. M. MASSIE

I shall go deep into the hills—
 Green hills, where cloud-cast shadows lie—
 High friendly hills where wild winds sweep
 Into the depths of a blue sky.

I shall go far away from men
 Into the very arms of God;
 I shall find upward, flint-strewn paths
 Where my young feet have never trod.

Though cold fear hides within my heart
 The fates press on my lagging feet,
 It is my life—my destiny
 I may not seek craven retreat.

I shall find Life among the hills
 I shall be purged by wind and rain,
 I shall be strong, in future years
 To seek the haunts of men, again.

So I turn upward to the hills—
 Green hills, where cloud-cast shadows lie,
 And may they open friendly arms,
 Hold close young pilgrims, such as I!

Webster—The Pacificator

ARTHUR K. SWART

EVER since his death in 1852, historians and biographers have been trying to discover the underlying motives in the career of our great statesman, Daniel Webster, which will explain why he thought and acted as he did. Many people suggest that it was a love for the Union; but this cannot be applied to his early years. Still others believe it to be the desire to carry out the will of his party and constituents; but, in applying this test, they seem to overlook the compromise of 1850 and the 7th of March speech. In fact, in my estimation, there is only one role which he played consistently throughout his entire career and that is the part of a great pacificator.

This phase of Webster's character is first seen in one of his earliest public appearances. We find that at the Fourth of July celebration in 1812, he addressed the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, and delivered a speech in opposition to the declaration of war with England, which had recently been passed. "The speech," says his biographer, "was a strong, calm statement of the grounds of opposition of the war."¹ We find here the rather bold statement of the young pacifist, ". . . We shall seek to restore wisdom to our councils and *peace* to our country."² The speech seems to have met with great popularity, and was printed, and at once ran through two editions.³

As a result of this speech, Webster

was chosen as a delegate to a mass convention of the people of Rockingham County, held in August of the same year. As a member he received a place on the committee to prepare the address, and was chosen to write its report, which was adopted and published, and became widely known as the "Rockingham Memorial." This was another forceful argument against the war, but, in one respect, it differed decidedly from that of the month prior, while the latter pointed to suffrage as the proper method of redress, the former distinctly hinted, and almost threatened at secession.⁴ In the following words did Webster plead for peace and Union, if possible, but if not for peace, "We are, sir, from principle and habit, attached to the Union of the states. But our attachment is to the substance, and not to the form. It is to the good which this Union is capable of producing, and not to the evil which is suffered unnaturally to grow out of it. . . ."

"We shrink from the separation of the states, as an event fraught with incalculable evils, and it is among our strongest objections to the present course of measures, that they have, in our opinion, a very dangerous bearing on such an event."⁵

What had caused this change? Lodge attempts to credit it to the influence which his fellow Federalists had on him.⁶ However, we, after considering the rest of his career could hardly attach the

1. "Daniel Webster"—Henry Cabot Lodge, p. 45.

2. Webster's Address Before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812, as quoted in Lodge's "Webster", p. 47.

3. Lodge's "Webster", p. 47.

4. Lodge's "Daniel Webster", p. 48.

5. "Rockingham Memorial" as quoted in Sydney George Fisher's "The True Daniel Webster", p. 121-122.

6. Lodge's "Webster", p. 47-48.

term of demagog to Daniel Webster. Thus, it is apparent that, in June, Webster believed that peace could be restored by the ballot box, while in August, he was willing to talk about secession. This Rockingham Memorial was frequently quoted, in the United States Senate, when Webster was fighting the proposed secession of South Carolina.⁷

This led to the election of Webster as Congressman from New Hampshire, and he took his seat in May, 1813. In recognition of Webster's great ability, and knowledge of International affairs, he was made the ranking minority member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which in view of the contemporary war, was the leading Committee of the House. In Congress, he violently opposed the war measures of the administration. In one of his few speeches delivered in the House we find a few sentences which prove that William Penn was no more a lover of peace than was this promising young statesman. "Give up your futile projects of invasion . . . Let every man that sleeps on your soil sleep in security. Stop the blood that flows from the veins of unarmed yeomanry and women and children. Give the living time to bury and lament their dead in the quietness of private sorrow. Having performed this work of beneficence and mercy on your inland border, turn, and look with the eye of justice and compassion on your vast population along the coast. Uncinch the iron grasp of your embargo. Take measures for that end before another sun sets."⁸

In Congress he sought continually to do all possible to hamper the policies of the War Administration. While not a member of the famous Hartford Con-

vention, we find that he often refers to that rather seditious assembly, not altogether unfavorably, in his speeches in the House.⁹ Upon questions of taxation, in order to carry on the war, he constantly opposed the Administration. The historian Lodge records, "It is certainly impossible to give a more extreme expression to parliamentary opposition than to refuse supplies at a most critical moment in a severe conflict. To this last extreme of . . . opposition to the Administration Mr. Webster went."¹⁰ And we find it again recorded, "In the National Congress . . . he was prepared to advance as far as the boldest and the bitterest in opposition, and either voted against the war taxes or abstained from voting on them."¹¹ Thus, we find the conduct of the promising young statesman, during the war of 1812, to be that of an ardent Pacifist. The biographer, Henry Cabot Lodge, would no doubt substitute the word, "Partisan" for "Pacifist," but a glance at the rest of his life may help to clear up this point.

We find in his speeches of the peace times that followed, a real and earnest desire to establish just and durable peace throughout the world. While today, World Peace is an every day topic, we must recall that Webster was considered fantastical, when, in an oration on the Independence of Greece, delivered in the House on January 19, 1824, he declared, "The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies, and subsidiaries were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced, and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an

7. "The True Daniel Webster", George Sydney Fisher, p. 125.

8. For this quotation see, Lodge's "Life of Webster", p. 52-53.

9. Lodge's "Webster", p. 58.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 59.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 60.

ascendancy over mere brutal force. . . . No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun, there is still an enemy that exists to check the glory of these triumphs."¹²

The famous Bunker Hill oration of the next year, called forth many passages of prayer for World Peace, some of which may be worth quoting here. "Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of National Independence, and we wish that the light of *peace* may rest upon it forever."¹³ And again, "We have . . . peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect."¹⁴ And yet again, "Wars . . . will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is *peace*, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself." These words sound almost as if they might have fallen from the lips of Woodrow Wilson. Then we find the closing words of this oration as follows, . . . "and, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument not of oppression and of terror, but of wisdom, of peace . . . upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!"¹⁵ Let us not doubt that such was his dearest wish, which throughout his public career, he constantly sought to bring about.

Upon the victory of the Whigs in 1840, Webster was offered a place in the

Cabinet of President Harrison, as Secretary of State, which gave him the chance to write another chapter into his life as a Pacificator.

At the time of Webster's accession to this office, relations with Great Britain were not as pleasant as might have been desired. A certain incident known as the "Carolina Affair," which was a clash of jurisdiction between the United States and the mother country, was such as to make war seem almost inevitable.¹⁶ However, Webster with the patience and diplomacy of a great pacificator, with the sacrifice of a little pride, on the part of the United States, peacefully settled this crisis. But, during these negotiations Harrison had died and Tyler, who was hostile to the Whig policies, had ascended to the chair. This had resulted in a break between the President and the Whig Cabinet and Congress, in which all of the Cabinet members, but Webster, resigned. The latter was under strong pressure to do likewise. He well knew that should he remain in Tyler's Cabinet it would cost him one of his fondest dreams, the Presidency, and would but play into the hands of his arch-rival, Henry Clay. However, he was ready to make any sacrifice for peace and withheld his resignation. Mr. Webster was averse to becoming a party to an obvious combination between the Senate and the Cabinet to harass the President, and he was determined not to sacrifice the success of his foreign negotiations to a political quarrel.¹⁷

At that time another serious impediment had arisen to hinder the harmony of Anglo-American relations. That was a dispute over the Northeastern boundary. This had been the subject of continued and fruitless negotiation ever since the Treaty of 1783, and was still

12. Charles W. March's, "Reminiscences of Congress", p. 68-69.

13. As quoted in Fred A. Swart's "Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First and Second Bunker Hill Orations", p. 51.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 53.

15. From Swart's "Webster and Washington", p. 75.

16. Lodge's "Webster", p. 246.

17. Lodge's "Webster", p. 251.

unsettled and more complicated than ever. Webster therefore, proposed to agree upon a conventional line, and Lord Ashburton was soon sent to Washington on a special mission. The question was in the meantime made more delicate by the fact that, "The Creole," a certain American slave-ship, had been taken, after an uprising, to an English port in the West Indies, where the slaves were allowed to escape. This was an act of very doubtful legality. It touched both England and the Southern states in a very sensitive point, and it required all of Mr. Webster's tact and judgment to keep it out of the negotiation until the main issue had been settled.¹⁸

However, in regard to his original plan of compromising on the Maine-Canadian boundary line, Webster had struck a Constitutional snag. Did the Union, in order to preserve the peace of the whole, have any right to take territory from any one state of the Union? Here is a point in the Treaty making power of the United States, which to this day remains unsettled. Fortunately for the peace of the world, and, for the success of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, Webster hit upon the plan of paying the State of Maine for this piece of territory and then giving it to Great Britain. Thus under the direction of Daniel Webster, was the United States, without a bit of bloodshed, brought through one of the most trying and stormy periods in the history of our International relations. Following the ratification of this treaty, which today bears his name, Webster retired once more to private life. Having, in the brief period of two years as Secretary of State, negotiated no less than 40 treaties with foreign nations.

However, Webster was not allowed to remain in private life long before he was

called back to the Senate. Upon taking his seat, he found the Oregon Boundary Dispute at its height. Polk had been swept into the Presidency by the slogan, "54° 40' or Fight!" and now Polk was attempting to give up negotiations, since, as the Americans were unwilling to compromise, no agreement could be reached. In December, 1845, some resolutions were introduced in the Senate, to increase the military strength of the nation, with apparent view to war with England. On the 15th of the month Mr. Webster spoke in opposition to this step as causing unnecessary alarm. It is apparent that Webster knew what a menace alarmists were to peace, for we find in this speech the following sentence, "Every member of the Senate knows, and every man of intelligence knows, that unnecessary alarm and apprehension about the preservation of the public peace is a great evil."¹⁹ It certainly might do some modern statesmen good to read this.

Again on the 26th of February, 1846, we find him attacking the President for his uncompromising position on this dispute, with the following words, "But how is it to be settled? On what terms? On what basis? All that we hear is, 'The whole of Oregon or none.' And yet there is to be negotiation. We cannot conceal from ourselves or the world the gross inconsistency of such conduct. It is the spirit of the whole negotiation, on our part, that Oregon is ours. There is nothing like admitting even a doubt, on the part of ourselves or others, as to that position, and yet we are to negotiate! What is negotiation? Does any gentleman expect that the administration aims, by negotiation, to persuade Great Britain to surrender the whole of what she holds in Oregon? They may do this,

19. Speech in the Senate, December 15, 1845, on the Cass Resolutions, see "Webster's Works", vol. IV, p. 60-61.

18. Lodge's "Webster", p. 253.

I cannot say they will not. If that is their expectation, let them try their hand at it, I wish them success. That is, I wish that we may get 'all Oregon' if we can, but let our arguments be fair and let our demands be reasonable."²⁰ Again, in a speech on March 30th of the same year we find Webster maintaining, ". . . it is not to be doubted that the United States government has admitted, through a long series of years, that England has rights in the Northwestern part of this continent which are entitled to be respected."²¹ And in the same speech, "and now, Mr. President, if this be so, why should this settlement be longer delayed? Why should either government hold back longer from doing that which both, I think, can see must be done if they would avoid a rupture? Every hour's delay is injurious to the interests of both countries."²²

Thanks to this stand of the influential Webster, "wisdom was restored to our councils, and peace to our country."

The last great part which Webster played was a fitting climax for his career as a Pacificator. For, during his last term in the Senate, the struggle between the North and South over the slavery question had become acute. However, Clay had proposed another compromise. Yet for a Northerner, and one opposed to slavery, to favor this policy would be to overlook one's personal opinion on these great issues. However, on the 7th of March, 1850, Webster in one of the greatest and most masterful orations of its type, excelling in clearness of thought, and calmness of style any other American oration, spoke in favor of this compromise. Of course, this brought a

storm of wrath from his Northern supporters. They claimed that this was inconsistent with his previous career. Lodge years afterward writes, ". . . he dashed himself against the rocks."²³ Whittier abused him in verse. Yes! if Webster were only fighting for the Union, he had needlessly compromised with his convictions, but to Webster it meant more than that, it meant Civil War. "Secession! Peaceable Secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish, I beg everybody's pardon, as to expect to see any such thing? . . . There can be no such thing as Peaceable Secession."²⁴ And so Webster again took his stand for peace, in defiance of his own state, and through the influence of this one speech he rallied enough forces to sweep the bill through and postpone our great Civil War for ten years. In regard to his stand on the Compromise of 1850, we might recall the closing words of one of his other great pleas for peace and Union. "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, *or drenched, it may be in fraternal blood!*"²⁵ We may well imagine that, with this prayer upon his lips, Daniel Webster—The Great Pacificator—departed from this life.

20. Speech in the Senate Feb. 26, 1846, see Vol. V of "Webster's Works", p. 66-67.
 21. Speech in the Senate on "Oregon", March 30, 1846, see Vol. V of Works, p. 71.
 22. *Ibid.*, p. 72-73.

23. Lodge's "Daniel Webster", p. 306.

24. Speech in the Senate, March 7, 1850, on "The Constitution and Union", p. 36.

25. Webster's reply to Hayne on the "Foote Resolutions."



COUNCILLOR ORA A. BROWN

Ora A. Brown

*Candidate for the Republican Nomination for Governor
of New Hampshire*

HARRIE M. YOUNG

THE subject of this sketch is a self-made man in the truest and fullest sense of the word.

Ora A. Brown was born on a rugged hillside farm in the town of Bridgewater, overlooking Newfound lake, on March 4, 1864.

His early years were passed like any other farmer boy, attending the district school located a mile from his home and doing such daily chores as fall to the lot of a boy on a farm. These duties, while not arduous, were monotonous yet they developed in his youthful breast that spirit of self-reliance that has made New Englanders successful along so many lines.

Shortly after he had passed his tenth birthday anniversary his father died and the farm being dedicated to the support of an aged grandparent was not sufficiently remunerative to furnish a living for Mrs. Brown and her two children, the other a boy of twelve. The family moved to Ashland where the mother found work in the various households and with the help of the boys lived quite comfortably.

At this time there were no regulations requiring attendance of children at school, so the boys found employment in the mills and on nearby farms supplementing the family budget by their earnings and studying at night under the direction of their mother. When work was slack they went to school and notwithstanding their limited advantages kept well up with their classmates.

Working this way until the age of seventeen Ora had acquired so much experience and had so proved his usefulness in one of the woolen mills, that when the owners of this mill moved their manufacturing business to Ipswich, Mass., he went with them, holding a good position for a year. At the end of this time he returned to Ashland and entered the general store which has engaged a large part of his attention since.

Clerking in the store and saving what he could from his earnings for five years he then went to Boston and took a business course at The Bryant and Stratton Commercial School after which he returned to Ashland as manager of the store where he had been employed as clerk.

Two years later he purchased a half interest in the store and for the next eighteen years had partners in the business. Both of the partners dying, he purchased their interest and has since been alone in the business which he still owns and conducts.

The store is one of the few large general stores left in New Hampshire and for the last fifty years has done an extensive business. It has been in its present location about 100 years.

Mr. Brown's father implanted in the mind of the youthful Ora the necessity of being faithful to any trust conferred upon him and the teachings of his mother kept this constantly before him. This trait, a common one among those of New Hampshire stock, has since been

exemplified in his work for his town, the county and the state.

In conversation with Mr. Brown one visualizes the rugged honesty of the hills. It crops out in his speech and in his straightforward replies to questions. There is no evasion, no searching around for suitable replies but quick as a flash comes the answer and it is the right answer, in fact the only answer you would expect from such a man.

In March, 1888, Mr. Brown was induced by his townspeople to run for town clerk. He was elected and served in that capacity for twelve years.

Recognizing the calibre of the man he was then elected town treasurer, a position he held for thirty-three years to the satisfaction of the people of Ashland. He is also a member of the school board, having been elected to that position twenty-nine years ago.

He was held in such high regard by the people of that section that in 1903 he was elected county treasurer serving for six years, when he was asked to take a place on the board of county commissioners where he served until 1927 when he resigned. The last fourteen years he was chairman of the board.

It is a noteworthy fact that during his term as county treasurer his accounts never differed by so much as a penny from the accounts kept by the commissioners, a signal tribute to his ability and his honesty.

During the session of the legislature of 1923, Mr. Brown was in the Senate where he acted as chairman of the Senate finance committee.

He is at present a member of the Governor's Council and also chairman of the finance committee of the council.

For many years he has been a member of the Republican State Committee and for some time a member of the State

Executive Committee for Grafton county.

Mr. Brown has also been a trustee of the Ashland Savings bank for the past thirty years and has been a director of the White Mountain Telephone and Telegraph Company since its incorporation, being now a member of the executive committee. During the last twenty years he has devoted much time to real estate and lumbering and at the present time has much real estate around Squam lake.

Mr. Brown's family consists of his wife, son and daughter. His wife is the daughter of the late Thomas P. Cheney and a sister to Dr. John M. Cheney, father of Thomas P. Cheney of Laconia, chairman of the Republican State Committee.

His daughter married Percy R. Lewis of New Bedford whom she met while both were students at Tilton. They have a fine home in Ashland, Mr. Lewis being employed in the store. They have a daughter eleven years old.

His son married Miss Bertha Colby and has been in the store with his father since his graduation at Tilton. The couple have a two and a half year old son.

Mr. Brown has traced his ancestry back on one side to 1639 and on the other side to 1592 and it is extremely interesting to read. All through it one can detect the same rugged honesty and ability that characterizes the life of the subject of this sketch and I wish space were allowable for its reproduction.

While perhaps Mr. Brown is not so well known in every section of the state as some of his predecessors in the position he aspires to occupy, yet where he is known, he is highly esteemed and rightly so.

Trained by a lifetime of service he knows what the state needs and is ca-

pable of giving the service the people demand and should have. In whatever position to which he has been elected he has given his best and never has a word of dissatisfaction been uttered even by his political opponents.

He has made no enemies and this does not mean that he has done nothing. On the contrary his work has always been constructive and many changes instigated by him while in office have been recognized as improvements of the first order.

He is known by more people in the northern part of the state by his first name than any other man in that part of the country and in his daily meeting with

customers at the store has a cheery greeting for all.

Up in Ashland they swear by Ora A. Brown.

In state affairs he is receiving business training under one of the best business governors New Hampshire ever had, and this will supplement the training he has had in conducting his own business as well as the affairs of the town and Grafton county.

In the event that his party and state give their approval of Mr. Brown's candidacy for the Governorship, his character, training and ability give assurance of a thoroughly efficient administration.

Winter

LILLIAN SUE KEECH

The rough wind blows across the countryside,
And old man Winter rules it far and wide.

The skaters skim along the frozen river,
And naked trees toss restlessly and shiver.

Black crows, like images of ebony,
Sit motionless upon a maple tree

And talk by "Caws", in solemn dignity.
The snow lies deep in flawless purity.

The sparrows twitter at the stable door,
And chickens gobble corn and scratch the floor.

The pensive cow chews fodder in her pen,
The old horse shares his warm mash with a hen.

And in the farmhouse kitchen, pumpkin pies
Are cooling. In the oven biscuits rise.

The dog lies dozing at his master's feet,
And lady cat sits on a cushioned seat.

The sleigh bells tinkle on the frosty air,
And in the still cold night, the moon shines fair.

The rough wind blows across the countryside,
And old man Winter rules it far and wide.

A New Hampshire Heroine

(A TRUE STORY)

EVERETT SCOTT MELOON

IT WAS in the early spring of 1775. The feeling between England and the colonies had for some time been strained nearly to the breaking point. Since the cold December night when the little band of patriots rowed down the Piscataqua River and captured the powder and guns at Ft. William and Mary, England had kept a watchful eye on Portsmouth harbor.

The British ship-of-war, Scarborough, lay in mid-channel off the shore of New Castle. With the union jack flaunting at masthead, she swung at anchor day after day. The sailors on board studied every move of the colonists; they watched and perhaps hoped for some overt act which would justify them in breaking the thread which still bound the colonies to the mother country in peace.

Among the inhabitants of New Castle were many fishermen and a number of farmers. Much of their property had been in their families since the settlement of the town in 1623; they loved it as the home of their ancestors. They did not take kindly to being watched so closely by the English. Men talked over the situation as they sat before their tubs baiting the trawls for the next day's catch; women ceased in their churning to run to a neighbor's house for a few minutes to discuss the matter from an entirely different angle. All hated the idea of being practically under guard. It was not liberty.

The days on which the British sailors came ashore for provisions were extra hard ones for the townspeople. With a

flashily dressed lieutenant in command, fifteen or twenty sailors marched through the streets of the little town as though to display their power and training before the colonists. With pompous manner they made their purchases and then strutted back to their rowboats. Many a sarcastic remark was thrown at the bright red uniform of the lieutenant as the boats left the beach. Then words flew rapidly on both sides. The fishermen with wonderful self-control kept from harming the sailors. They were already under orders. The time was not yet ripe for the break.

When word of the arguments reached the commander of the Scarborough, the officials of New Castle were often called to explain the meaning of the insults thrown at the uniform of an English officer. It was a difficult position in which to place a patriot. While sympathizing in every way with his citizens, he was diplomatic enough to agree with the British captain in his statement that the king and his representatives were not receiving due respect from the people of New Castle. The colonists were severely reprimanded. The commander of the ship threatened to fire upon the town.

* * * *

The little, old house of the Trefethen family sat just above high water mark on a point of land which jutted into the Piscataqua River. It was an ideal location for the fisherman's home. On one side was a gradually sloping beach which allowed him to land a boat a few yards from his door; on the other side was a generous plot of land where his wife

planted and cared for the vegetable garden. During the short, New England summer with his fishing and her gardening, the Trefethens were able to prepare for the long, cold, winter months when work was out of the question. Although it was not easy to provide food and clothes for themselves and their children, the family was perfectly contented in the little home.

When the English ship, Scarborough, dropped anchor in the harbor, the Trefethens were even more alarmed than the other townspeople. With the black mouths of the cannons of a whole broadside seemingly aimed at the little cottage, the fisherman and his wife felt very uneasy. At first Mr. Trefethen considered it unsafe to leave his home to pull his trawls; he waited to learn what the British planned to do. Nothing happened. The colonists soon settled down to their everyday tasks but with a feeling of lurking danger caused by the Scarborough's presence.

A few days after the ship's arrival, a boat-load of men was lowered over the side and headed toward the New Castle shore. They searched along the rocky coast for a suitable landing-place; finally they selected the bit of gravelly beach near the fisherman's door. Dame Trefethen was alone at the time; she decided to run to a neighbor's house. By the time the doors were barred, however, and everything in condition to be left, the boat had already touched the shore and a British officer stepped up to her.

"Madam," he said, "will you be kind enough to direct me to some place where I may buy provisions for my men?"

The simplicity of the question somewhat staggered Dame Trefethen. She hesitated. But the officer had at least acted like a gentleman; why not prove herself a lady?

"Yes sir," she replied, "take the road which follows the turns of the shore until you come to the big elm; then bear to the left and it will bring you to the center of the town where the markets are."

The officer and his men passed on and an hour or so later returned laden with bundles, and rowed back to the Scarborough. After that, every day or two, one of the small boats landed before the Trefethens' door and the men went into the town on various errands. No one in the fisherman's cottage was molested in any way.

Up in the village, things were different. The colonists were in no mood to be lorded over by the lieutenant and his men. Hardly a visit was made to the town by the British which was not followed by a wrangle.

The daily encounters were talked over each evening in the New Castle homes. Mr. Trefethen advised his wife to remain in the house when she saw any boat from the Scarborough about to land on the beach. He understood Mrs. Trefethen's disposition and feared she might give way to her anger and say or do that for which she would have to answer to the commander of the Scarborough.

* * * *

It was on Monday morning. Dame Trefethen had just started the children off to school. There was the week's washing to be done and a thousand other duties to be finished before her husband's return in the late afternoon. A sharp knock came at the door. Mrs. Trefethen was not in a mood to take kindly to delay; curiosity, however, demanded that she learn who was rapping. She swung the door wide and was greeted by the lieutenant, whom she had directed to the markets some weeks before.

"Madam," he said, "the captain of the Scarborough demands that we fill all of

our water casks before sailing for Boston. As your well is handiest to the shore, we have decided to get the water here."

"Sir," replied Mrs. Trefethen, "ever since your ship dropped anchor in our harbor, you have used my beach on which to leave your skiffs while you spent your time in the village insulting my people. You have treated my land as public property on your trips to and from our town. Now you ask permission to fill your casks at my well so that you may sail to Boston on your voyage of trouble-making. If you take one drop of water from my premises, you do so against my wishes and I will in no way be responsible for consequences."

The lieutenant bowed low. Turning to the sailors he ordered, "Men, proceed to fill the casks at the well. When you have finished, meet me at the market as we have provisions to carry to the ship."

Dame Trefethen watched from the window. Cask after cask was filled at her well, rolled to the river's bank and left ready to load into the boats. As they worked, the sailors joked and laughed. Each peal of laughter added another coal to the fire of Dame Trefethen's temper. She thought of her husband's advice. Would he wish her to allow the British to get water here so they might proceed to Boston to harass the colonists there? She doubted it.

The job was finished. The sailors had left for the market. There stood the barrels of water on the very edge of the bank.

Dame Trefethen tried to busy herself with her household duties. It was no use. She ran from the house. She pulled the bung from the nearest barrel, tipped it over, and sent it bumping down the bank to the beach. Then followed cask after cask, each spilling its contents

as it gained headway on the shore. When the last one had been started down the slope, Dame Trefethen hurried into the house, bolted the door, threw herself onto the bed and wept.

She heard the lieutenant and his men when they returned from the market. She peeked at them from the window. Their trip had evidently been a joyous one for they laughed and talked noisily. On this, their last intended visit to the town, they had probably been more bold than usual. Maybe they had made a few colonists feel extremely uncomfortable and had come away well satisfied.

"Men," said the officer, "we must hasten and get back to the ship. We have wasted too much time arguing with those traitors at the market. It nears eight bells, the time for sailing. Load the provisions and the water casks into the boats. We have not a minute to spare."

Several of the sailors hastened to the bank to handle the water barrels. But where were they? They were lying against the rocks on the beach, in various stages of destruction; each in some way showed the effects of being hurled among the sharp ledges. Some had broken sides, some a caved-in head, some were completely flattened out so that only the hoops bore any resemblance to a barrel.

The officer was frantic. He yelled at the men. He cursed them for being so careless as to place the casks near enough to the edge of the bank so that they could have tipped over and fell onto the beach. He thought one had become dislodged and as it fell had toppled against the next, and thus like a row of dominoes, had sent every one down the slope to ruin. One of his men made a discovery.

He approached the lieutenant, saluted, and said, "Sir, no doubt as you believe,

the casks were left in a precarious position. Probably some slight jar started them over the bank. But, if that be the case, why is it that the bung is missing from every one of them?"

If the officer yelled before, he fairly shrieked now. He thought of Dame Trefethen; he remembered her refusal to permit him to draw water from her well. She was to blame for this piece of work. He shifted his curses from his men to her; once he started up the beach toward the house. But time was flying; it was nearly eight bells. He commanded the men to pile every piece of the casks into the boats. He would need the pieces for evidence.

* * * *

Mr. Trefethen returned from his day's fishing ravenously hungry. He and the children were having their usual early supper; his wife could not eat a mouthful. She was making trip after trip to the kitchen stove seemingly for victuals, but really to watch proceedings aboard the Scarborough. The British were preparing to leave Portsmouth harbor. The sailors were running forward and aft, tightening ropes here and loosening them there. Already the anchor had been lifted from the river bed and was being hoisted aboard. The ship began to drift with the outgoing tide. Now her bow began to disappear behind the brick ramparts of Ft. William and Mary. In a very few minutes she would be out of sight. Dame Trefethen was thankful.

Suddenly a cloud of black smoke shot from the Scarborough's side. Instantly a mighty report rent the air. A loud, ripping crash shook the fisherman's house on its foundation. Mrs. Trefethen ran to her husband.

"I'm to blame! I'm to blame!" she cried. "Why didn't I take your advice?"

The fisherman did not understand.

Now the townspeople had begun to gather about the little house. All was excitement. Some were asking for an explanation from Mr. Trefethen; others were calling for revenge upon the British from God. Finally Dame Trefethen appeared in the doorway. With tears running down her cheeks, she told about the water casks.

"Don't blame my husband for this," she finished. "He told me to stay in the house when the British were ashore. Deal with me as you see fit. I only did what I considered my duty."

A high official of the town pushed through the crowd. Standing in the doorway beside Mrs. Trefethen, he said, "Madam, you have surely done your duty, and in doing it you have made every person in this town your debtor. For weeks, at secret meetings, we have been trying to plan a way by which we could rid ourselves of the Scarborough. You have succeeded where we have failed. Each time the sailors came ashore, I have feared that in an argument, one or more of our men would lose his life. The time is certainly coming when some of us will die fighting for our rights. Every man will count. But now, thanks to you, Madam, we may return to our homes with a burden lifted. The shot from the ship has gone through the roof of your cottage. Repairs must be made." Turning to the crowd of citizens, he cried, "How many here will come tomorrow morning and help to build a new roof on this little home?"

A joyful shout of willingness rose from an hundred throats.

By this time, the Scarborough was a mile off shore gracefully dipping her bow into the waves of the Atlantic. The commander stood on the after deck. He heard the shout of joy go up from New Castle. He wondered.



The Castle of My Dreams

CHESTER FURMAN

*A beautiful garden
With flashing fountains,
And its path all strewn with gold,
With beautiful flowers which take their hues
From the rainbow.*

*And lithesome willows,
Which, with their drooping branches,
Shelter many a lover's bower;
And brooks, their tinkling notes unpeered
By the wood thrush.*

*My wondrous castle
Wrought from a single sunset cloud,
And tinted by the brush of the Muses,
With spires which reach like the thoughts of God
Toward heaven.*

*Its colossal halls
Tinted as the heart of a ruby;
Its floors all strewn with diamonds;
Its walls hung with the richest silks
From the Orient.*

*And my coach
Carved from a block of ancient jade,
And drawn by the steeds of the Sun-God—
Such is the beautiful, cloud-wrapped castle
Of my dreams.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sketch on the opposite page and the poem printed above are the work of Chester Furman, a member of the junior class of the Manchester High School Central, and is reprinted from the *Oracle*, a magazine regularly published by the school.



ZATAE L. STRAW, M. D.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Zatae L. Straw, M. D.

HENRY H. METCALF

IT IS the purpose of the GRANITE MONTHLY to present in the issue of the present year, a series of sketches of prominent women of the state, known for their activity in different lines of effort commanding public attention.

New Hampshire women have long been conspicuous in educational work and the domain of literature, but it is only in comparatively recent years that women anywhere have been prominent in professional or political and public life, though some representatives of the sex had made their way to success in the medical profession, before the bars were let down for their entrance into public life and political activity.

It may well be noted that a New Hampshire woman, Armenia S. White, was an active associate of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and their successors in the great and finally successful campaign for the political enfranchisement of women, as she was also a leader in the temperance reform movement, serving for more than a generation as President of the New Hampshire Equal Suffrage Association and the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Although since their political enfranchisement, women nowhere in the country have aspired so generally to public office, or entered so extensively into the field of political activity, as was supposed would be the case, quite a number of

them, in different sections of the country, have ventured with success upon these lines of effort, and among them New Hampshire has a fair proportion at least, a notable example being found in the person of Dr. Zatae L. Straw of Manchester, who had made her way successfully in the medical field before the door of political opportunity was opened to her sex.

Dr. Straw is a native of Centerville, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, daughter of William and Lydia R. (Haverstick) Longsdorf, both her parents being of that old Pennsylvania Dutch stock, whose solid qualities and strength of character vie with those of the Scotch Presbyterians, of our own region. Her father, a well known physician, was also a Civil War veteran, a Major of Cavalry in the Pennsylvania Volunteers, having himself raised a company for the service, while her mother was a talented writer.

She was graduated, A. B., from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1887, the youngest member of her class and the first woman to graduate from that famous institution, receiving her A. M., in course in 1890, in which year she graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Following graduation she served a year as interne at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and then went to Blackfoot, Idaho, where she had charge of the Government Hospital upon the Indian Reservation,

under the Department of the Interior. Returning East, she was united in marriage at Carlisle, Pa., on November 12, 1891, with Dr. A. Gale Straw, of Manchester, a graduate of Dartmouth College, (Phi Beta Kappa) of the Class of 1887, and of Harvard Medical College, 1890.

Locating in Manchester immediately after marriage, husband and wife were both actively engaged in the practice of their profession in this city until after the breaking out of the World War, when the former, first of all New Hampshire men to enlist in the Allied Cause, a year and a half before the United States entered the war, joined the Harvard Surgical Unit for overseas service, under the British flag, and was thus engaged until this country fell into line, when he returned and was here engaged in hospital service.

Returning home after war, Dr. A. Gale Straw resumed practice to some extent, in Manchester, after a few months being summoned to join the medical staff of the Federal Veterans Hospital, No. 95, at Northampton, Mass., but his health had been broken by his arduous war service, and death closed his short but brilliant career, on the 19th of March, 1926. Mrs. Straw, however, assuming the burden of family care which she had cheerfully carried during her husband's war service, continued and still continues her professional work with full measure of success, finding time, meanwhile to engage in the other activities that engross the attention of intelligent and progressive women. The measure of her attention to these may be inferred from a list of the various organizations with which she is associated including the Congregational Church; the local, county, state and National Medical Societies; the Daughters of the American

Revolution, Woman's Relief Corps and American Legion Auxiliary; the Manchester and New Hampshire Federations of Women's Clubs; the Grange; the United Mother's Club of Manchester, of which she is Honorary President, having served three years as President; the Woman's College Club; the Business and Professional Women's Club; the Parent-Teachers Association, in which she is State Chairman of Social Hygiene; Pointer's Fish and Game Club of Manchester, and the Lone Pine Hunter's Club of Nashua. She is an ardent lover of the "great out-of-doors", an enthusiastic sports woman, and particularly fond of fishing, in which pursuit she is quite successful. It should be added that she is a member of the staffs at the Mercy Home in Manchester and the Hillsborough County Hospital; and it may also be said that she takes much pride in the fact that her father, brother, two sisters and two nephews, as well as her husband and herself were members of the medical profession.

Dr. Straw has two daughters and two sons. The elder daughter, Enid C., graduated from Wellesley College with Phi Beta Kappa rank in 1921, served one year as an instructor there after graduation, four years as a teacher in the Keene Normal School, and is now pursuing a post-graduate course, for the Ph. D. degree, at the University of California. The younger daughter, Zatae Gale, is a junior in the Woman's College at Brown University, pursuing a pre-medical course; while the sons, Wayne L. and David Gale, are at home in Manchester. The home address is 297 Orange St., and Dr. Straw's office address 1037 Elm Street.

Dr. Straw entered actively into political life as a Republican in 1924, and at the November election of that year

was elected as a Representative from Ward 3, Manchester, in the New Hampshire Legislature, in which body she served as a member of the Committee on Public Health, Committee on Fisheries and Game, being clerk of the latter, and was re-elected in 1926, serving in the next House as Chairman of the Committee on Public Health and member of the Committee on Fisheries and Game, making a record for close attention to duty, and earnest purpose for promotion of the welfare of the state.

It was in the last campaign, moreover, that she entered more actively into partisan work, and engaged extensively as a speaker for the party cause, closing the campaign at a rally in Keene the night before election. It was at the opening of this campaign, indeed, that she was accorded her greatest political distinction, in that she was selected to preside over the deliberations of the Republican State Convention, at Concord, a duty such as had never before been assigned any woman in this country, so far as is known, and which she performed with

greater tact and readiness than most men who have served either party in the state in similar capacity in the past fifty years.

Dr. Straw is an enthusiastic member of the Izaak Walton League of America and a patron of athletic sports. During the last session of the legislature she once hiked over the long route from Manchester to Concord, making the trip in four hours and forty minutes, entering upon her legislative duties almost immediately upon her arrival in Concord.

While still devoted to her profession and enjoying a large practice, Dr. Straw may reasonably be expected to continue her interest in political life, and is already being suggested as a candidate for the State Senate in her district, the Seventeenth. Whether she "chooses" to seek this nomination, to retain her seat in the House, to seek some other position of public service, or to return for a time to private life, we may be sure that she will be heard from as champion of her party cause, and, what is infinitely better, a supporter of all good causes for the promotion of human progress.

Winter Night

POTTER SPAULDING

The frost clings on the window pane,
 The north wind sings a cold refrain;
 The wood smoke round the chimney plays,
 The setting sun sheds cold, blue rays;
 The farmer hastens with his chores,
 And quick makes fast the great barn doors!

The short day, shorter seems to be,
 The barn yard gate we scarce can see;
 Gloomy, silent, drear and cold,
 The winter night all life enfolds;
 But cheery, cozy, warm and bright,
 The farmer's fire-place glows tonight!



RT. REV. BERTRAND DOLAN, O. S. B.
First Abbot of St. Anselm's

St. Anselm's Now An Abbey

REV. HUBERT J. SHEEHAN

WITH THE elevation of St. Anselm's monastery at Manchester to the rank of an abbey, and the installation of its first abbot, the Rt. Rev. Bertrand Dolan, O. S. B., New Hampshire, and in fact New England, has its first abbey. And with these events the Benedictine Order of New Hampshire has begun a new period of growth that will enable it to intensify its present work and develop new activities.

The ceremonies of the installation of the abbot, which took place at St. Joseph's Cathedral in Manchester on Wednesday, December twenty-first, were solemn and most impressive. The abbatial blessing was conferred by the Rt. Rev. George Albert Guertin, D. D., Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, assisted by two Benedictine abbots of the American Congregation. Many members of the clergy, both secular and regular, were in attendance. The state was represented by His Excellency, Governor Huntley N. Spaulding, and his Executive Council, Mayor Moreau and several other officials represented the city of Manchester.

The choice of the Benedictines for abbot was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He entered the community at St. Anselm's twenty years ago and has occupied many important offices at that institution. During the late war he spent two years in France with the American army as a chaplain. When elected to his present position he was rector of the college. In this capacity he will continue for the present.

The Benedictine Order is the oldest of the religious orders of the Catholic

Church. Founded in Italy in the sixth century by Benedict of Nursia, it has continued down to the present time without interruption. It has always held a prominent place in both ecclesiastical and educational affairs. Its work in the development and civilization of Western Europe has long been recognized, and its development of educational activities under most adverse circumstances is well known. The great abbeys and cathedrals built under its auspices were remarkable for their beauty. Among those still extant that owe their existence to the Benedictines are Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of York, Durham and Canterbury in England.

Unlike other religious orders the various monasteries of the Benedictine Order are distinct from each other. Each monastery governs itself and conducts its own activities under the direction of an abbot who is elected to that position by the members of his community. The office of abbot has many privileges attached to it, among which is the privilege of wearing the Episcopal insignia.

The principal activity of the Benedictine Order in America is educational work. It is to this work that the members of St. Anselm's abbey have devoted most of their attention. In conjunction with the abbey is St. Anselm's College and Preparatory School. Due to limited facilities for scientific studies the courses at present lead only to the degree of Bachelor of Art. The student enrollment for this year is three hundred and twenty-five, one-third of which is for the Preparatory School. The majority of

the students enrolled are from New England, with a small percentage from New York and New Jersey.

Although the Benedictines are primarily concerned with educational affairs, they do not neglect to foster agricultural activities. Consequently it is not surprising to notice that there is a very excellent farm connected with St. Anselm's. Gardening, poultry raising and fruit growing are carried on extensively on the farm managed by the order. However, St. Anselm's prides itself in owning the well-known Uncanoonuc herd of Holstein cattle. This herd has a very high standing among the Holstein cattle of New Hampshire, and many of the leading herds in New England and New

York state have a strain of the Uncanoonuc herd. A member of the herd, Uncanoonuc Gerben, at the present time holds the state record for milk, having produced within one year twenty thousand pounds of milk.

Another activity that has been conducted by St. Anselm's since its beginning is the Studio of Christian Art. The purpose of this institution is the development of art in general, and the traditional Christian Art in particular. Father Raphael, who is at present in charge of the studio, is well-known throughout the country for his mural paintings. He is at present devoting considerable time to decorating the Chapel at St. Anselm's.

The Baldwin

GEORGE W. PARKER

The blush of the dawn is upon it,
It is sound as our granite hills,
The fragrance of meadows has touched it
And springs from forest-clad hills.

Sheer beauty it has in abundance,
It's luscious beyond all compare
And, hardy as Yankees who raise it,
It breathes of New Hampshire air.

The peach we fain yield to others,
The orange seeks sunnier clime,
But apples of flavor and beauty
Are ours alone for all time.

Advertising New Hampshire

DONALD D. TUTTLE

A GREAT bridge between Virginia and North Carolina was being dedicated. The two Governors met at the center, shook hands and then the Governor of Virginia in a flowery speech laid special emphasis upon the fact that while Virginia was the mother of many states, North Carolina was her favorite daughter. The Governor of North Carolina replied in the same vein and concluded his speech thus: "and, Sir, taking advantage of that liberty which daughters are allowed in speaking nowadays to their parents, the daughter, North Carolina, hereby serves notice upon the mother, Virginia, that unless she shortens up her skirts and bobs her hair it won't be long before she passes right out of the picture."

State Publicity—State Advertising is a better term—is simply the application of modern, bobbed-hair-and-skirt methods to the merchandising problems of a state. Every state has something to sell—agricultural or manufactured products; homes or factories; agricultural, industrial or recreational opportunities. Some states have just one product to offer—climate; an agreeable summer climate when it is winter in other parts of the country; and it is perhaps not inappropriate that hot air has been a noticeable characteristic of their advertising. Today states are in active competition for each other's citizens, factories, business and markets. New England, "Homestead of the Nation", now finds herself fighting the competition of the younger, more aggressive states of the south and west.

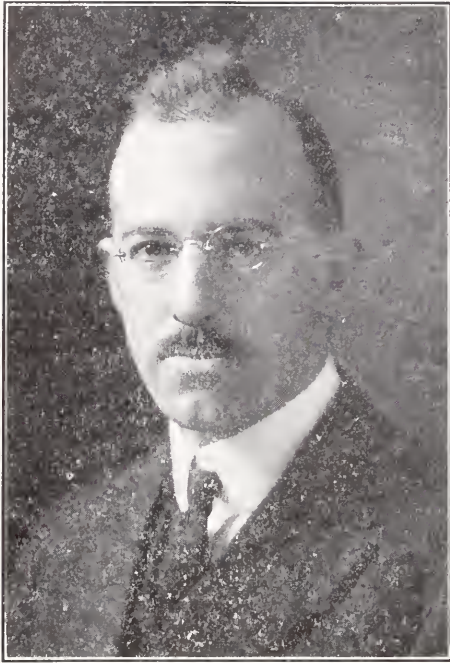
No state is exactly like another; each

has something which the others either lack or do not have in the same quantity or quality. Each state in its fight to maintain what it has and to get its share of the new business must make a survey to determine what it has to offer the rest of the world and then it must wake up to the fact, so obvious that it is frequently overlooked, that the only way the rest of the world has to find out what we have is to be told. And telling them is State Advertising.

Most of us can recall the time when advertising was still regarded as something of a novelty and a gamble. Development of mass production in the latter part of the last century led to the necessity of mass selling and that is when advertising began to come into its own. State and community advertising is of much more recent development. In 1919 the San Diego California Club started a \$125,000 campaign of advertising which, while not the first on record, probably marked the start of present definite advertising policies of many communities. Today the advertising of states and communities has become a nation-wide movement representing an annual expenditure of from \$5,000,000.00 to \$6,000,000.00.

Vermont led the way in New England and has been advertising along recreational and agricultural lines chiefly since 1911. Her annual appropriation has usually been \$10,000.00 a year. Maine was second in the field in New England starting in 1922, eleven years later, with a small appropriation which has grown to \$100,000.00 a year.

New Hampshire began advertising in



ARTHUR B. ROTCH, CHAIRMAN

June, 1925, with a state appropriation of \$25,000.00 annually for two years. The same amount was furnished from a fund raised from private subscriptions by the State Chamber of Commerce. Accordingly \$50,000.00 annually was available for publicity for the two-year period July 1, 1925 to July 1, 1927. The last Legislature increased the state appropriation from \$25,000.00 to \$35,000.00 a year and thereby, after a two-year test, placed its stamp of approval upon the idea of New Hampshire's advertising its wares to the rest of the world.

The Publicity Board consists of three members who serve without any remuneration—Arthur B. Rotch of Milford, Chairman; H. Stewart Bosson of Meredith; and Arthur S. Morris of Littleton. The great amount of time and work they have put into this is better known to me than to anyone else and the opportunity to express the appreciation of one citizen of New Hampshire is one

of the reasons why I was glad to accept the invitation to write this article.

State advertising is such a relatively new development that there are no cut-and-dried methods to follow. We know to a certain extent what some of the other states have done; but in connection with that knowledge we must understand the difference between their resources and problems and aims and our own. And so, in the first place we had to ask ourselves the questions—what are the “resources and attractions of the State” which the Legislative bill directed us to advertise? Just what does the State want? And—what are the most effective ways to accomplish these things?

A world traveler described New Hampshire as “the most consistently beautiful stretch of country of its size anywhere in the world”. Nature was in a lavish mood when she fashioned the mountains and lakes and valleys and seashore of our state; and even if we didn't care about sharing these beauties with outsiders they could come just the same and so, willy-nilly, New Hampshire is bound to become more and more a resort for tourists and vacationists. But there is no question that we want these visitors, want to capitalize the resources that nature gave us. We want the tourist and the vacationist not only because he is a cash customer for our hotels; boarding-houses, stores, garages, farmers and manufacturers, but also because from them we draw purchasers for our farms and homes and factories. They won't buy these by mail; we must get them to come and see them first; and so we believe that the first job of a state advertising bureau is to get the greatest possible number of the most desirable people to visit the state. So far at least as New Hampshire is concerned its advertising is just as much concerned with the

agricultural and industrial resources as with the recreational.

Obviously newspapers and magazines offer a valuable field for state advertising. In the summer campaigns of 1925 and 1926 newspapers only were used; but last year we began using magazines also. New Hampshire ads appeared in the Literary Digest, National Geographic, Outlook and in the Where-To-Go sections of the Atlantic Monthly, Review of Reviews, World's Work, Scribner's, Harpers, Golden Book and Country Life and, at the same time, in nine newspapers in Boston, New York and Brooklyn.

Advertisements bring replies from people who are interested and want further information. That requires an office with clerical help to write letters, to prepare booklets and send them out; and the preparation of literature means research and the collection of photographs. The 64-page rotogravure book as issued contains 177 pictures but these were selected from over 1200 pictures secured from nearly every photographer in New Hampshire.

Word-of-mouth advertising is the cheapest and most effective of all forms of advertising. Census figures tell us that in the year 1920 nearly 135,000 people born in New Hampshire were living elsewhere. We are getting in touch with as many of these as possible, placing our literature in their hands, trying our best to make them homesick and to enlist their help. So, too, we are trying to enlist our summer guests, our college alumni, anyone and everyone who has an interest in New Hampshire.

It is unfortunate that the term "abandoned farm" has come into such common use for it has gradually become the accepted term for almost all rural property that is for sale. It connotes a state of



H. STEWART BOSSON

desolation and usually leads the prospective buyer to expect a ridiculously low price. At our request the Department of Agriculture, in the summer of 1926, prepared a book "New Hampshire Farms offered for sale by Bona Fide Owners" listing nearly 400 of these so-called "abandoned farms". Questionnaires returned by less than half of the advertisers show that forty-one of these were sold and that fifteen others were sold from supplements later printed. One owner received twenty-one personal calls and 114 mail inquiries in response to his ad in the book.

In July, 1926, a party of 124 editors and editorial writers representing forty-four states were our guests for a week. They were taken over the state in busses, up Mt. Washington by the cog railway and around Lake Winnepesaukee by boat. \$6,000.00 was appropriated from the State Chamber of Commerce Publicity Fund to pay for transportation and



ARTHUR S. MORRIS

entertainment. No guest was asked to give any space in his publication in return for his entertainment but most of them wrote many columns about New Hampshire on their return home. These writings, so far as we succeeded in obtaining them, were pasted into a large scrap book which is among the treasured records in our office. The collection is far from complete and the subject matter is of a nature that could not have been bought at any price, but it is interesting to note that if paid for at regular advertising rates it would have cost \$74,200.00.

At the suggestion of Governor Spaulding the Bureau recently prepared a four-page folder for use as an envelope staffer. Manufacturers, insurance houses and other large mailers in the state were requested to place these in envelopes addressed outside the state. Up to the present time approximately 1,000 of these requesting information about New Hampshire, have been sent in from

thirty-seven different states and three foreign countries.

Inquiries for the purchase of real estate or for any information or service which the Bureau is not in position to furnish are sent to all the Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations throughout the state with the request that they secure the necessary information regarding their locality and send it direct to the correspondent. An increase in the membership of the State Chamber of Commerce and strengthening of that organization is highly desirable for many reasons, one being for the more effective handling of this important work.

The cumulative effect of advertising is well illustrated by these two cases: A Wisconsin man, as the result of our advertising, became interested in New Hampshire, as well as several other states, for a possible future home. He finally, after two years of investigation, bought a fine farm in southern New Hampshire. At this writing he has visiting him a young Wisconsin farmer, a graduate of the Agricultural Department of the University of Wisconsin, who plans to buy a farm for dairying in that section.

A former New Hampshire man who is now publicity director of a large publishing house in New York writes us that as a result of our correspondence with him and other members of the firm, three of their vice-presidents and between forty and fifty members of their organization spent their vacations in New Hampshire last summer and he expects that a larger number will be with us next year.

During the past year our advertising has brought us inquiries from the following foreign countries: Honduras, Dominican Republic, Cuba, Costa Rica, Mexico, British Guiana, Argentina,

Brazil, Phillipine Islands, China, Straits Settlements, New Zealand, Porto Rico, South Australia, New South Wales, Hawaii, Bermuda, India, Czecho-Slovakia, England, Germany, Turkey, Poland, Italy, Egypt, Holland, Scotland.

Many people have the mistaken idea that New Hampshire is wholly unimportant as a manufacturing state. On the contrary the value of our manufacturing goods in the year 1923 was \$333,000,000.00. The last biennial report of the Bureau of Labor lists 1037 different concerns employing a maximum of 78,000 men and women. A list, which doesn't pretend to be anywhere near complete, contains over 225 different articles made in our state.

A Concord merchant said to me over a year ago, "We are always glad of a chance to buy New Hampshire products but what, and where are they? We rarely have any offered us." In the hope of acquainting New Hampshire people with home products we have been running exhibits of New Hampshire made goods in our eighteen-foot show window on North Main Street, Concord. Among lines shown are steel and wooden toys, flour, clothing, pictures, paintings, lawn mowers, toilet sets, hosiery, paper, gift shop novelties, stock and poultry feed, sweaters, cigars, linotype motors, sporting goods, proprietary medicine, furniture, sharpening stones, automobile accessories, yarns, soap, leather belting, razor strops, cutlery and hardware specialties.

For many years the hotel business has been referred to as the second largest industry in the state. That statement seems to have been based upon tradition; no one actually knows whether it is a fact. By the time this article is read a survey will be under way to determine accurately the total amount of business done last



DONALD D. TUTTLE, SECRETARY

year by hotels, camps and boarding houses, and the number of people employed.

Don E. Mowry in his book "Community Advertising" says: "The organization that does not advertise is merely marking time. Whether it be an industrial or a manufacturing enterprise, or a community organization, a city, an agricultural or a fruit district, or a state, the same rule, based upon a practical application of known facts, must be applied: The organization that does not advertise,—sell itself, its products or its advantages through the medium of truthful publicity—is making advance preparations for a backward step in the procession of progress."

Advertising is not a panacea for all the ills from which a state may suffer any more than the mere act of going to church or to a doctor is a sure cure for one's moral or corporeal ills. But if intelligently and persistently used it is a

powerful factor in successfully meeting the competition which every state finds growing keener every year. Scarcely less important than the interest it creates outside is that which it stirs up inside the state in its problems and fortunes; for no state progress can reasonably be expected unless its people are alert and enthusiastic. Those states and communities who are together spending between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 on advertising this year are doing so because they are convinced that they are making a tremendously profitable investment.

“I believe that if New England advertised itself and its splendid products and all that it actually has, to the same degree that some other sections of the country

advertise some of the things they claim to have our section would become the most famous spot on earth. We have known for years that this section has produced the largest amount and the finest quality of manufactured goods in many lines, but in recent years have fallen asleep, and our innate modesty has prevented our telling ourselves, to say nothing of the rest of the world, about our products and the jobs we are doing. Our hope for the future lies in merchandising our products and to a large degree in advertising and publicity. Our sins are likely to be those of omission in the matter of advertising”. — (*Victor M. Cutter, President of United Fruit Company, in address to Advertising Club of Boston*).

The Shack on the Top of the Hill

J. W. TAPPAN

Give me a shack on the top of a hill,
 With a roof that's hanging low;
 Give me the hill with a gentle slope,
 And a town in the valley below.

Where the sun comes up in the morning
 Like a blush on the cheek of the sky,
 Where the sun shines warm thru the whole day long,
 And the day can never die.

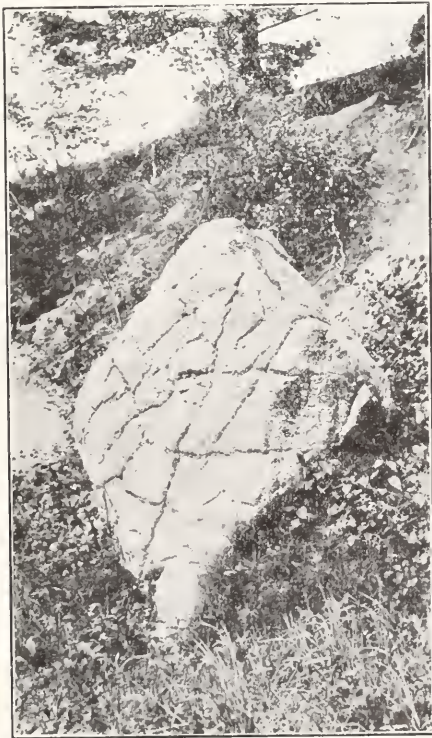
Give me a meadow in back of my shack,
 Where the air is scented sweet
 With roses red as the robin's breast,
 And daisies grow at my feet.

Give me a garden in front of my shack,
 Where the fairest of flowers grow,
 So I may lie on my back and dream
 Of the town in the valley below.

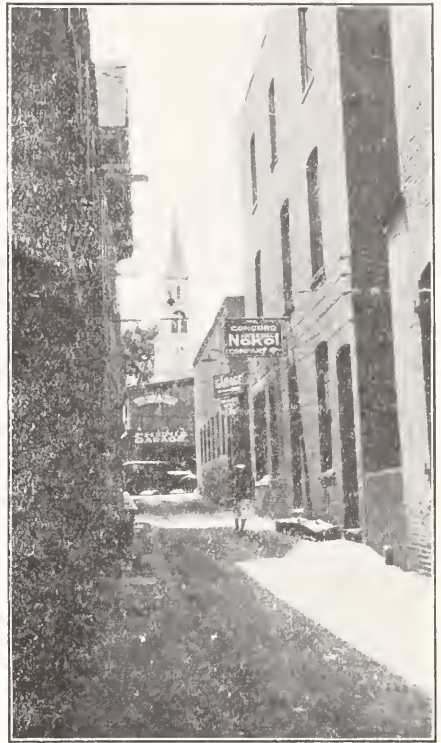
*Why Go Abroad?
See New Hampshire
First!*

Ernest W. Butterfield

WE HOME LOVERS long to see the wonders of the distant world but we close our eyes to nearby replicas. This article will describe some of New Hampshire's



The Runic Stone

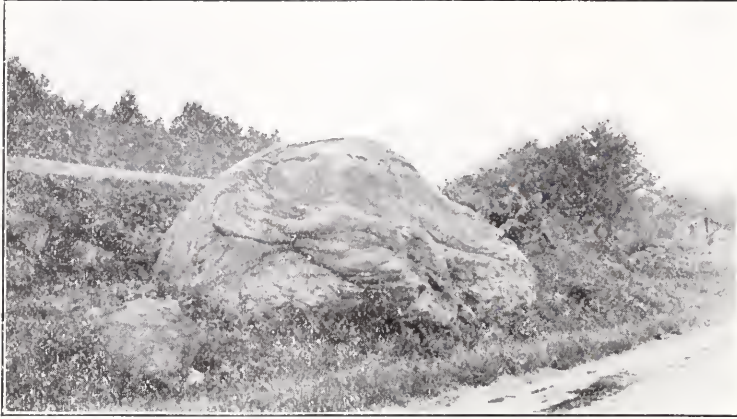


A Street in Milan

foreign scenes but will mention only those which can be viewed from your seat in the automobile.

Travelers go to the Isle of Man to see monuments of the ancient Celts. These are carved with straight line inscriptions which can be read only by profound scholars but mere tourists can gaze upon them with satisfaction. New Hampshire's Runic Stone is in a gravel pit by the roadside. You can see it at your left about a mile beyond the narrow bridge which you cross at West Henniker on Route 9, Concord to Keene. Don't leave the car, look at the Runic Stone and say, "I have been to the Isle of Man."

Others journey to the southern



The Cerebrum Rock

European cities and admire narrow streets with overhanging walls and a cathedral at the vista's end. The long trip is unnecessary. If you stand on the sidewalk in front of the Nelson department store in Concord and look across Main street, or if at this point you look quickly from your car, you will see a foreign scene which very few Concord citizens (they are a busy but an unobservant folk) have ever seen. The narrow passage, the rutted street, the church, all are there.

Scientists in metropolitan museums of anatomy study plaster casts of the human brain. There is an easier way. On the Concord to Claremont high-

way, you will pass through Bradford and, as you leave the village going toward the sunset, you will pause for a railroad crossing. Then you will cross and twenty rods beyond at your left you

will face the Cerebrum Rock. The many convolutions will recall the pictures in your school physiologies and the critical student will easily locate the Fissure of Sylvius and the Fissure of Rolando.

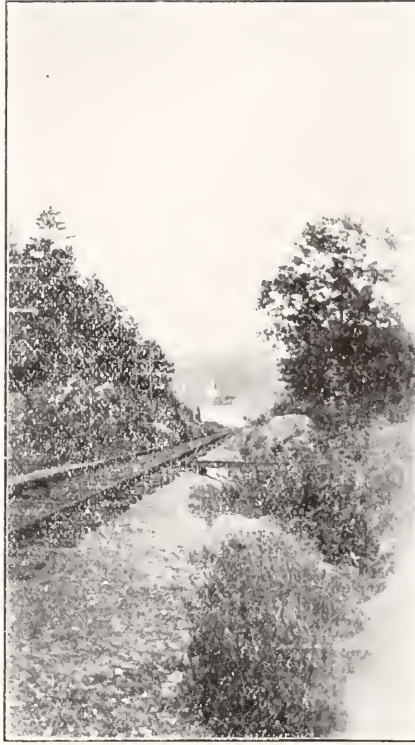
For those who are unable to view in actuality the hill Mizah, the Pool of Siloam and other sacred places, New Hampshire by the motor car offers its substitute. This group of listeners is on the sky line just before



The Twelve Apostles

you reach the village of Danbury as you journey from Franklin to Lebanon. Beyond the railroad station at Converse are two underpasses, then by a ravine you climb to a hilltop and look to the right. You will note, if a snow-storm has favored you, the shrouded form of the Teacher, the listening apostles and, happily, Judas separated from the rest.

Hobbema's "Ave-



The Straight and Narrow Way

nue of the Trees" and many Dutch roadways are admirable but they lead nowhere. Not so New Hampshire's straight and narrow way. It leads to the white New England church. This view is again from the automobile seat. It is at the railroad crossing as you drive west on the state highway, Grafton to Enfield, and approach the hamlet of Cardigan. Why go abroad?

New Hampshire Hills in Autumn Time

JOHN F. HOLMES

New Hampshire hills in autumn time are glorious,
 Afar and near, from dawn 'till close of day:
 There are no words to picture this rare beauty—
 Those tree-decked hills in autumn's rich array!

Against the green of pine, and spruce, and hemlock,
 The maple, oak, and birch in colors gay—
 Exquisite tints, and shades, and color-blending—
 A picture long to last, though short to stay:

The golden glow of June, this far flung splendor,
 To bid departing summer on her way:
 New Hampshire hills in autumn time are glorious,
 Afar and near, from dawn 'till close of day.

The Pilgrim Mothers

MARY BARTLETT FLANDERS

HISTORIAN OF MERCY HATHAWAY WHITE CHAPTER, D. A. R.

IT HAS BEEN repeatedly said that during the World War the American girl abroad was placed on a pedestal, and treated like a goddess. We have heard over and over again that wherever an American girl or woman appeared, the men in the hospital, in the recreation hut, or in the canteen, were cheered, comforted, encouraged and uplifted.

If it is true that the American girl and the American woman occupy particularly exalted positions, at home as well as abroad; if it is true that they are patient, cheerful and conscientious willing workers, and good pals, indeed there is no cause to wonder. These traits are theirs by right of inheritance for three hundred years.

While paying tribute to the individual mothers of our hearts and homes, it is appropriate for us to honor with especial reverence the memory of the Pilgrim Mothers who began life in Plymouth a little more than 300 years ago. Much has been said and written about the Pilgrim Fathers; Forefathers' Day is celebrated, monuments to the Forefathers are erected, the libraries present a long list of volumes rehearsing their lives, doings, and virtues, but next to nothing has been written or said about the Foremothers.

The poets have sung more or less fanciful ballads about some of the Puritan maidens, Priscilla, Mary Chilton, Martha Hilton and others. Several so-called historical novels have been published, of which the Pilgrims and Puritan maidens are heroines. But few have been the words of recognition for the loyal wives

who kept house under peculiarly abnormal conditions, living in rude ill-furnished buildings, with slenderly stocked larders, suffering from cold, in fear of lurking Indians and prowling wolves, victims of disease without proper medicines or medical attendance.

It is well to remember, however, the character of the environment from which these women had come. True they may have looked back at the homeland with regret and longing at the time of their greatest hardships, but to us of to-day, the comforts of England at that time, would seem very few. The houses boasted no glass in their makeup, the windows in most cases were covered with skin, or greased paper. Glass was known only among the wealthier classes and was carried about as personal baggage. Chimneys were lacking, it was believed that smoke made the air in the house healthy. For lights the women used candles and crude oil lamps. Coal was unknown. A bag of chaff was considered a luxury in the way of a pillow, and when pewter plates came into fashion, in place of wooden trenchers, the owners considered themselves highly fortunate.

To the girl of to-day, life in England at the time when the Pilgrim women were growing up, would seem very primitive. Comparatively little work was done at night. People rose to begin their days at four in summer, and five in winter, and by nine o'clock at night when the curfew sounded everybody was supposed to be ready to retire. The streets were unlighted at night, whoever

was so unreasonable as to insist on going about at night must carry his own lantern.

The dress at that time, too, would seem crude and odd to us. Buttons were known only as ornaments, in fact, the origin of the word is the French word *bouton*, or blossom, showing that they took the place of flowers for ornamentation. Hats and bonnets, stockings, laced or buttoned shoes, and pins, were scarcely known to our Pilgrim mothers. Everything was secured by straps and strings.

It is easy to understand that there could have been no diaries, or journals, or letters. Much less books written by the Pilgrim women from the feminine viewpoint of those adventurous days, for the art of reading and writing by women was not encouraged. Although there were in the Bay Colony among the settlers on the North Shore several educated women, there was only one among the *Mayflower* women who could write her name creditably. The general sentiment of the times was that girls and women need not be scholars. "Who will cook our food and mend our clothes if the women are studying philosophy and sciences" demanded those who made the rules of the land. A very slender amount of book learning mixed with a thorough mastery of sewing, knitting, embroidery and cooking was considered desirable. "Goody Barstow" was publicly commended from the pulpit as one who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season.

One sad case was recorded in 1645 concerning the wife of a Governor of Connecticut, a goodly young woman who fell into sad infirmity because of her having for years given herself wholly to reading and writing, even to writing

books. It was said that "if she had attended her household affairs and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men whose minds are stronger she had kept her wits and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her."

On the other hand Judge Sewall of Boston recognized that his wife's mental abilities in some directions exceeded his own and made an entry in his diary to this effect. "Took 24s in my pocket and gave my wife the rest of my cash, and tell her she shall now keep the cash, if I want I will borrow of her. She has a better faculty than I at managing affairs. I will assist her and I will endeavor to live upon my salary will see what it will do. The Lord give his blessing."

After all it may be complimentary rather than otherwise that the historians and journalists of those early days did not make special mention of the part played by women. Perhaps those pioneers if questioned as to such omissions from their records might have replied: Why should we discriminate as to the women recording their virtues in separate chapters or volumes? Were we not one? Whither we went, there went they, our people were their people, our God was their God, our history their history, and heroism or fortitude that was ours, was theirs also. When we read of the housing conditions of those first years, of the scarcity of food, of the size of the families, of the hardships and dangers surrounding them, and of the homesickness, illness and death over-shadowing them, we do not need to have any description of the lives or character of the women who were faithful through all.

Judge Sewall in one of his prayers

asked God to perfect what was lacking in his faith, and that of his yoke fellow. That term well describes the position of the Pilgrim woman. She toiled along patiently day after day bearing the yoke that was laid on her willing shoulders, sharing with her yoke fellow, his burden, his punishment and his reward. She took care of the house he built. She cooked the food, and laundered and mended the clothing he provided for the family; she even went into the field and hoed the corn he had planted. She was subject to the same stern laws, and punished with the same severe penalties if she transgressed.

The sufferings of the women who left their home in England, to accompany their menfolks to an unknown land began when they fled from their native country. After heart breaking farewells they left dear ones with whom probably they never would be united again, and followed the perils and miseries of travel, especially sea travel. One large party of persons while escaping from England to Holland divided itself into two sections, the women and children being sent down the river by a small ship, to join the men who made the journey by land to the port from which they were all to embark. Because the women were very seasick and begged the seamen to put into harbor for a night, the ship with their husbands sailed away without them in the morning, and they were captured by English officers. Their discouragement and disheartened state of mind can be imagined.

The voyage across the Atlantic when the Mayflower at last was really started on the high seas, took nearly four months, and then for more than another two months after reaching Cape Cod the families lived aboard ship. The anchors were first dropped in Provincetown

Harbor on Saturday, November 21, and promptly on the following Monday the Mayflower women demanded that they be taken ashore to do their washing. Then and there Monday became America's official wash day. After arriving at Plymouth Harbor, the men went ashore daily to explore the country, and to build the rude log houses which were to serve as homes.

When at last there were temporary homes ready for occupancy, the families were obliged to live in most congested quarters. The company was arranged in households, with the single men apportioned among the families. The houses were of rough timber, mud plastered, with thatched roof and greased paper for windows. At first each house had only one room; within a few years an upper story was added for sleeping rooms, while the large single room on the first floor, served as living room, drawing room and kitchen. The only means of heating and cooking was a stone fireplace at the end of the room with a huge chimney extending up outside of the house.

The food consisted mostly of fish caught in the bay, lobsters, eels and clams, and an occasional wild fowl. In the summer there were strawberries, gooseberries, grapes and plums. There were no cattle until 1623 or 1624, and therefore there was no milk. Tea and coffee were unknown. Indian corn was the principal feature of the simple cooking, and the Pilgrim women came to learn its use in many and various ways. As other ships came after the Mayflower bringing seeds, crops of vegetables were raised, and the women began to make pumpkin pies and baked beans in addition to the salt cod fish dishes. Indian pudding was also made. Good cooks these Pilgrim women had to be, to con-

coct toothsome viands from so limited and heretofore unknown ingredients. We have not forgotten how we grumbled during the late war because of the shortage of sugar and flour, and how difficult it was for the mothers of families to persuade the household to eat the unattractive results of war cookery. What was our shortage of food compared to that of Pilgrim days?

There was just a score of married women among the first Pilgrims, and most of them were pitifully young to be thrust out into so hard a life. Possibly, however, it was their youth with its characteristic love of adventure, and its readiness to face even death for a high principle that sent them out on so fearsome an undertaking. Most of them were in their twenties. Many were probably between thirty and forty, judging from the recorded ages of their husbands, only two were past middle life, Mrs. Catherine Carver and Mrs. Mary Brewster. What stout hearts they must have had to be able to keep house under these conditions and to bring up their children in health and in the fear of God. The records show that of the children of the colony that is, the seven girls and over a dozen boys under eighteen years of age, all but two lived to a ripe old age.

The mortality among the Mayflower mothers was, however, very great. Of the seventeen wives surviving Mrs. Bradford, only four remained alive when the spring of 1621 arrived. The story of that first winter in Plymouth has been told often, and we remember how that company of sturdy Pilgrims, forced to live under conditions so different from any before experienced, one by one suc-

cumbed to exposure and privation, sickened and died. Soon after the return of the Mayflower to England Governor Carver died and his wife survived him by only a few weeks, leaving Mistress Brewster to mother the younger women. Rose Standish, young and delicate, was one of the first to droop and die.

Other ships arriving from England brought other women to give companionship and comfort to those who were bereft. Mistress Alice Southworth who arrived in the "Anne" married Governor Bradford and Barbara whose family name is not known married Miles Standish. Meanwhile the younger women Priscilla Mullens, Mary Chilton, Elizabeth Tilley and Constance Hopkins were growing up to become matrons.

The first marriage was that of Mrs. Susanna White, a widow, to Edward Winslow, a widower. Mistress White was the mother of Peregrine White, the first child born of white parents in New England. A son of the second marriage was in time Governor of an American colony, bringing the third honor to his Pilgrim mother. Probably the second marriage among the Pilgrims was that of John Alden and Priscilla, then the young woman known as Mrs. Carver's maid was married to Francis Eaton. Bradford and Standish were the fourth and fifth to be wed.

On the forefathers' monument in Plymouth there are five figures. To represent Law and Liberty the sculptors chose figures of men. Morality and Education are represented by statues of women, and the colossal figure of Faith crowning the monument is a woman. So after all, three-fifths of the monument to the Forefathers glorifies woman.

In a Country Store

CYRUS A. STONE

Old David Bagley had a store
Just off the village square,
In which he kept all sorts of things,
To eat and drink and wear;
And in that store on winter nights,
Would gather and sit down
The "unpledged delegates at large"
Of that staid old country town.

They came from farmhouse, shop and mill
To hear and tell the news;
And give the gentle country folks
"Some statement of their views!"
They smoked and chewed, they talked and laughed,
Sometimes they cursed and swore,
Till all the atmosphere looked blue
In David Bagley's store.

They talked of themes, both great and small,
Of tariff and of trade,
Religion, law and politics,
And how the worlds were made;
Whether the world on which they moved
Was oblong, square or flat;
And whether "Johnson's pug-nosed dog"
Could stampede "Jones' cat."

The evening hour flies swiftly by,
The village clock strikes ten.
Old Bagley scowls across his "specks,"
And then that squad of men
Rise, and with merry screech and grin
Bolt homeward through the door.
The lights go out, and silence reigns
In David Bagley's store.

Alas that merry careless group,
Long past their blooming prime,
Have drifted with the silent years
Down the dark stream of time;
And only in my dreams, I seem
To see them as of yore
Still hovering 'round the old box stove
In David Bagley's store.

Oh, memories of the vanished years,
What tales ye have to tell,
What visions great, our backward gaze
Of scenes once known so well;
What voices musical and bold,
Now hushed forevermore,
Seem calling still from cask and crate,
In that old country store.

New Hampshire

Eloquent Exposition of Our State's Elements of Fame

*Old Home Day Address Delivered at Northwood by Charles R. Parsons
of Concord Deserves Permanent Preservation in Our Archives*

There is a state, the graceful curves of whose modest skirts are fanned by the ocean breezes and fringed with the sea-foam of the finest and most picturesque harbor of its size along the shores of either continent; yet whose proud poised head, bediamonded with perennial frosts, is raised above the "Old Man of the Mountains," above the crests of the whole Northern Appalachian family. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state,—one of the historic thirteen,—whose men, with only few exceptions, are loyal, honest and industrious; whose women are wholesome, devoted and comely; whose prehistoric geological strata accredit her amongst Nature's very finest, one of God's eldest, whom He loves and has blessed. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state that epitomizes, as gems in original setting, the boasted scenery of the wide world, and comprises within accessible realization God's varied gifts to man; a state wherein summer sojourners are annually spending eight million dollars, to regale themselves amidst its wondrous beauties and recuperate in its atmosphere of unsurpassed healthfulness. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, only 180 miles long and 50 broad,—9,305 square miles,—nestling along whose shore and scattered over whose rugged hills and through whose valleys, separated by forest and meadow, river and rill, are 29,324 farms, for the greater number well-tilled and productive, on which are rearing and from which have come, leaders in every field of industrial enterprise, of commercial progress, of professional lore, throughout the United States; yet, whose cities and towns are teeming with world-sought manufactures. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, whose schools and other institutions, public and private, are unexcelled; the gracious conspicuousness of whose numerous church spires is a favorable omen; whose railway facilities, postal accommodations, hotels and all that pertains to the best interests of modern civilization are fully abreast of the times; where there is a copy of a daily newspaper, on the average, for every man, woman and child. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, on whose peaceful soil no foreign foe ever stepped, the brilliancy of whose noble escutcheon was never stained with the blood of civil strife, whose exalted standard of citizenship and sense of law and order never descended to even a single lynching; and yet, whose overflowing quota of manly self sacrificers have been heroes of every war, from Bunker Hill to Manila Bay; been martyrs at the shrine of freedom and equal rights in every noble cause in which they could enlist; fearless leaders and defenders, wherever possible, for liberty, union, truth,—the friends and benefactors of the oppressed and down-trodden everywhere. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, the quarries of whose Capital city provided the superb granite for the immense Congressional library building at Washington, and, when their capacity for that purpose was honestly questioned, were found, upon scientific investigation, to have resources more than sufficient to rebuild all the federal buildings in the United States, and the whole city of New York besides, without recourse to the inexhaustible mines elsewhere in the commonwealth. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, the platform of whose dominant political party, declared un-qualifiedly for rural free-mail delivery,

whose senators and representatives in congress, whose chief executive, came from the people, as if by general acclaim, because of industry, fidelity, ability,—true offsprings, not of temporary expediency and party policy, but of thorough principle, of persistent patriotism and standard good citizenship; nurtured in the commendation of an intelligent and appreciative people, promoted out of sterling worth and pre-eminent qualification. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state that was first to open a public library; first to authorize its towns to establish public libraries; first to open a public library on Sunday; first to make appropriations for the maintenance of public libraries in its towns; first to have a state library. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, that furnished the only major-general ever commissioned by the continental congress; a state within whose borders was the first overt act in the Revolution; whose eminent citizen, Josiah Bartlett, was the first man to sign the Declaration of Independence; from whose shore was launched the first flag-ship of the American navy, the *Ranger*, commanded by John Paul Jones. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state, whose voluminous biography proudly displays as natives such famous literary authors as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Bell Bouton, Charles Carleton Coffin, James T. Fields, Thomas W. Knox, John Lord, Edwin D. Mead, Edna Dean Proctor, Alonzo H. Quint, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Mary E. Sherwood, Benjamin P. Shillaber, Constance F. Woolson, Joseph E. Worcester, Noah Worcester, Charles G. Green, Nathaniel Green and Carroll D. Wright. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state that has the proud distinction of having been the pivotal factor in the formation of what is now an acknowledged world power; whose vote of ratification decided the momentous fate of the national constitution, when its adoption still hung in the balance, a state, whose familiar history records that, in every crucial struggle of the republic, whether civil or military,

legal or legislative, moral or constitutional, it has been a master-force.—Her sons, impelled by a patriotism that has never flagged, signed the immortal Declaration of Independence, were first among those who initiated the Revolution at Bunker Hill, were foremost at the decisive Battle of Bennington, entered into and helped form the American Union, stormed and captured the heights at Lundy's Lane, led in an attack upon human servitude that resulted in the emancipation of four million slaves, marched through Baltimore into the jaws of death at Bull Run, and fought to the end with Grant at Appomattox. That is New Hampshire.

There is a state that gave Franklin Pierce to the presidency, and has presented as presidential candidates Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, John P. Hale and Benjamin F. Butler; a state that gave Henry Wilson to the vice-presidency; from which state came Salmon P. Chase, a chief justice of the United States; two secretaries of state, Lewis Cass and Daniel Webster; four secretaries of the treasury, Levi Woodbury, John A. Dix, Salmon P. Chase and William P. Fessenden; two secretaries of war, Henry Dearborn and Lewis Cass; two secretaries of the navy, Levi Woodbury and William E. Chandler; two attorney-generals, Nathan Clifford and Amos T. Ackerman; a secretary of the interior, Zachary Chandler; a postmaster-general, Marshall Jewell; a major-general of the United States army, Leonard Wood; a state that gave to journalism those two great prototypes and fieldmarshals of newspaper-making, Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune* and Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*; a state that has contributed to fame's imperishable roll many brilliant names in every vocation, branch and division of valuable life, heavy artillery of astute brains and practical achievement. That is New Hampshire.

The foregoing article which is the substance of an Old Home Day address delivered in the town of Northwood in 1909, and published in some newspaper of the period, a copy of which was pre-

served by Deacon John C. Thorne of Concord, who has forwarded it to the GRANITE MONTHLY as worthy of reproduction, is mainly remarkable for its peculiarly striking phraseology, and the special grouping of notable individuals who have honored the State in different lines of service. It contains some slight errors and is characterized by some important omissions. It names Josiah Bartlett as the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, whereas his name really appears as second to that of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress. It places Daniel Webster in the list of New Hampshire candidates for the presidency, while in fact he was never nominated by any party for that office. It classes Carroll D. Wright among New Hampshire literary authors of note, whereas he made no pretensions or attempts in that direction. He was a lawyer, a soldier, a statistician and an educator, was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Union Service in the Civil War; was the head of the Massachusetts and the United States Bureaus of Labor, and was President of Clark College at the time of his death. It omits from the same list the most important one belonging there, that of Sarah J. Hale, pioneer woman in the field of American literature. It fails to mention the name of Meshech Weare, who, as chairman of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety during the Revolution, was Washington's most trusted counsellor; of John M. Sullivan, his strong right arm on the field of battle; of John Langdon who outfitted the expedition of John M. Stark (also unnamed) to Bennington, and

who subsequently presided in the Senate when Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States. As Presidents of the Senate in subsequent service also might have been named Samuel Livermore and Daniel Clark, both of New Hampshire; and to this list, since the date of the above address, have been added the names of two other New Hampshire men Jacob H. Gallinger and George H. Moses. If Edwin D. Mead merits mention in the list of literary celebrities, no less does his brother, Larkin G. Mead, along with that other notable American sculptor, Daniel Chester French, also of New Hampshire birth, deserve recognition as a leader in the world of art. Nor should such notable educators as Samuel R. Hale who established the first normal or teacher training school in the country; Lydia Fowler Wadleigh, who founded the New York Normal College for Women; John D. Pierce, the first State Superintendent of Public Instruction in the country and founder of the University of Michigan; Gen. John Eaton, the first U. S. Commissioner of Education; Joseph McKeen, first President of Bowdoin College, and Jesse Appleton, eminent among his successors, Oron B. Cheney, founder and first President of Bates, Benjamin Larabee, long President of Middlebury, Ada C. Howard, first President of Wellesley, and Helen Peabody, long President of the first Women's College in the country. Western College at Oxford, Ohio, failed of recognition when the roll of New Hampshire's distinguished sons and daughters is called.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

EDWARD T. McSHANE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
HENRY H. METCALF, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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NUMBER 1

Editorial

IN assuming the duties and responsibilities of editing and publishing the GRANITE MONTHLY, of perpetuating this grand old magazine which has so faithfully chronicled New Hampshire affairs for more than half a century, it is with the complete understanding that we cannot even hope to measure up to the abilities of former editors, most prominent of whom has been Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, its founder, and, for a large portion of its life, the editor. The knowledge of New Hampshire men and events possessed by Mr. Metcalf is equalled by few, if any, and the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be glad to know that he has consented to remain for a time as Associate Editor.

Mr. Metcalf gave us our first real lesson in newspaper writing many years ago. He has aided many struggling young reporters with sound advice and has given to the State of New Hampshire a long and valuable service impossible of measurement. A fine appreciation of his connection with this publication is taken from the EXETER NEWS LETTER:

One cannot help regretting that the GRANITE MONTHLY, the only literary

magazine of importance that our state has ever had, has passed from the family of its founder, Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, to new owners. In the files of this magazine, which go back for half a century, is to be found the greatest store of rare and intimate historical information concerning early New Hampshire in existence. It was written largely by the state's ablest and most reliable historians, generally as a labor of love and most of it well done. These files are a storehouse containing information of greatest value, and it cannot help being a source of great satisfaction to those who have nurtured this fine enterprise through so many lean years, to feel that they have forever made secure so much of our early history.

It is quite easy to promise improvement, quite difficult to fulfill the self imposed obligation. If the GRANITE MONTHLY is to continue as a publication devoted to the history, biography, literature and progress of New Hampshire, and that is our intention, then there is no logical ground upon which improvement could be honestly promised.

There was left to us, then, only the opportunity of enlarging the magazine providing greater space to contributors for the publication of articles of interest,

and the addition from time to time of new features and departments.

The MANCHESTER UNION offers a kindly suggestion relating to the VERMONT, in an editorial extending its congratulations and encouragement, yet endowing us with capabilities impossible of attainment:

The UNION extends its congratulations to Mr. E. T. McShane upon his acquisition of the GRANITE MONTHLY and feels that the state should receive congratulations as well. For the GRANITE MONTHLY is an institution, is one of the distinctive New Hampshire things, one of its agencies for advancement as well as a repository of its history, a record of the beacon lights of its current annals that have made it a most valuable and distinctive publication. Mr. McShane is not only an editor, but a publisher. He knows what to select for his magazine and he knows how to put it out in an attractive form physically. A loyal New Hampshire man, his first thought will be service.

It is a remarkable thing the way this magazine has maintained itself in so small a state. Sometimes one is moved to express regret that the ability and devotion that has been expended upon the magazine could not have had the reward that a bigger possible constituency could give, that a state of large population could supply. But it has lived and kept high standards while magazines of bigger states have passed on. Take that state magazine which first of all was a colony magazine, the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE, at times in its history a handsome and portly publication. Gone. Why doesn't Cyrus H. K. Curtis revive it, add it to his string of periodicals?

Our sister state of Vermont has a fine monthly in the VERMONT, published at White River Junction. Handing the suggestion on to Mr. McShane, why not have the two state magazines of these sister states carry on joint campaigns for advertisers and circulation? If the former Vermonters and New Hampshians would support those magazines,

they would be highly prosperous. Every public library and college library should have them.

It is good news that the old GRANITE MONTHLY is to go on, that a man of Mr. McShane's business and literary ability is to give his talents to its continuance and advancement.

The success of any publication depends upon the support given it by subscribers and advertisers. Therefore, Capt. L. F. Rice of Groveton possessed the proper spirit when he wrote:

"I see by the papers that the GRANITE MONTHLY has a new editor and owner. Congratulations. I do not know the subscription price of this publication, but if you will inform me I will be glad to send the mazzuma to put me on the list for 1928."

Capt. Rice later sent the check and became the first new subscriber under the present management. What this magazine needs is quite a number of men like Capt. Rice.

This January number goes to subscribers a little tardy owing to our effort to produce an All New Hampshire publication, including the manufacture of the paper by the Amoskeag Paper Mills at Manchester, the making of the half-tone illustrations and cover design and plates by the Art Department of the Union-Leader Publishing Company at Manchester, and the printing by the Granite State Press of the same city. We believe a New Hampshire State Magazine should be New Hampshire-Made if it is possible to do so, and to that end we shall bend our efforts.

It is our sincere intention to give the GRANITE MONTHLY the best that in us lies with the hope that it will prove worthy of the co-operation of the people of the state.

* * * *

New England owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. W. S. Rossiter, head of the

Rumford Press in Concord, for his timely action in cutting short the life of the BOOKMAN so far as the Concord printing establishment is concerned. This magazine had started publication of Upton Sinclair's latest effort, "Boston," in which it is asserted the author deals quite harshly and unjustly with New England, holds Sacco and Vanzetti up as heroic martyrs to a cause and flaunts our civic life in no complimentary manner. Mr. Rossiter will not admit that the effusion of "the bunch of conceit in a masculine hide" was the direct cause of the Rumford Company's refusal to continue manufacture of the magazine, but the many who know of his fine loyalty to New Hampshire and New England, of his inestimable worth to the New England Council of which he is a member, and to the general reputation of fairness and honesty which he possesses, will not find it hard to assume that he would be unwilling to become a partner in the dissemination of radical ravings injurious to New England. Yet Sinclair's stuff should not be taken too seriously. All his life he has been doing his little best to change the existing order of things—to no avail. He will be equally successful with "Boston."

* * * *

The public reception incident to the second inauguration of Hon. Arthur E. Moreau as Mayor of Manchester established a latter day precedent which deserves frequent repetition. Instead of the customary select affair to which admission could be gained only by ticket the event was open to all who wished to attend. This is entirely in keeping with the modest, democratic tendencies of Manchester's popular Mayor who believes that public events paid for by the tax payers of the city should be open to the people, doing away entirely with

the customery favoritism usually shown upon such occasions. Wherein he is right; yet it is not always quite possible to follow his good example. The popularity of Mayor Moreau in his home city was well attested by the throng which crowded the State Armory where the reception took place and it was the unanimous verdict that all had a very enjoyable evening.

* * * *

In an effort to find the answer to the question of what proposed legislation now before the Congress of the United States is of particular interest to New England, the New England Council asked the opinions of the Senators and Representatives of the six New England states. The reply of the senior Senator from New Hampshire, George H. Moses, was straight from the shoulder and to the point. He replied:

"The most important questions to come before Congress affecting New England in the immediate future are:

"First, a study of conditions in our states with reference to producing recommendations by a board of engineers similar to those which General Jadwin has recently submitted to Congress in connection with the floods in the Mississippi Valley.

"Second, an effort to secure recognition for New England's staple agricultural products in whatever measure of agricultural relief is before Congress.

"I need not argue the desirability of the first of these suggestions, and for the second, it suffices to say that inasmuch as all of the legislation thus far enacted looking toward agricultural relief has been based upon the Warehouse Act of 1911, which has consistently ignored all New England products—despite my most vigorous attempts to secure their inclusion—we should now insist that

New England agricultural staples should be put upon the same footing as the special crops of the South and West."

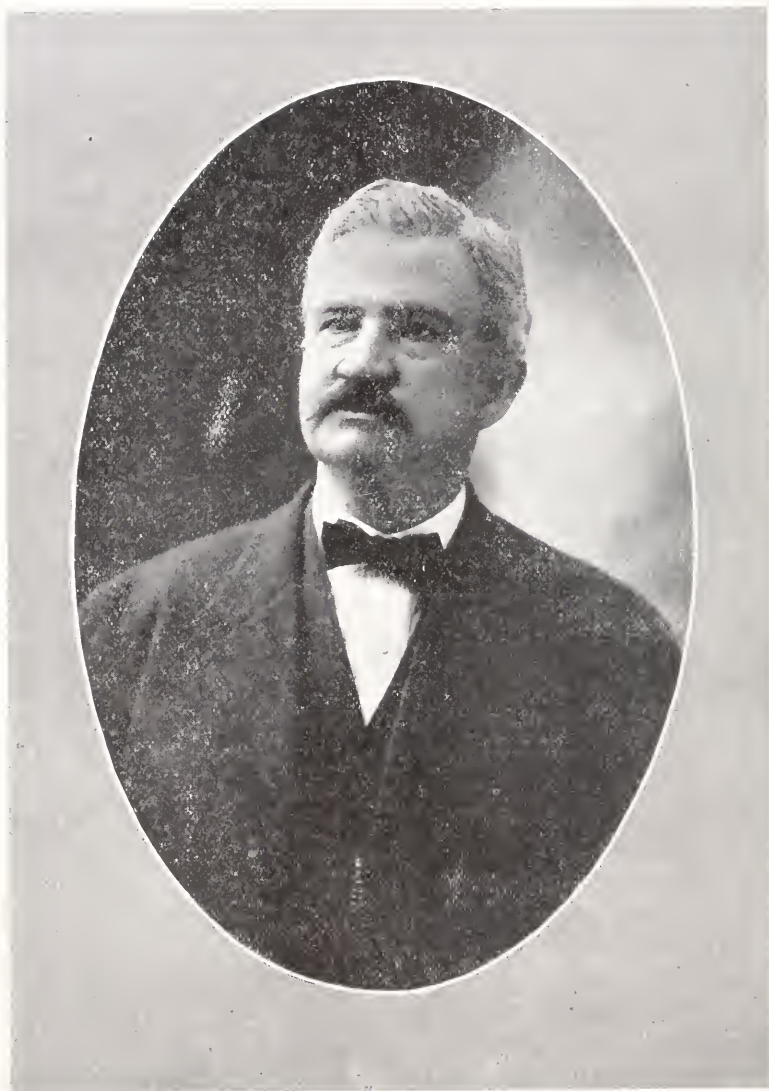
The great trouble with most critics of our legislators is that they do not themselves know what is going on at Washington. New Hampshire has a very considerable investment in agricultural projects. Not many of us knew that our products were not included in governmental relief plans. Now that we do know it is essential that we give some encouragement to the men who are trying to help us.

* * * *

The Fifty-fourth annual session of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, which was organized in Manchester in December, 1873, was held in the City Auditorium at Concord, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 13, 14 and 15, 1927, with a good attendance considering the very unfavorable weather of the opening day. State Master James C. Farmer of Newbury, who had just been honored by election as Lecturer of the National Grange at its session in Cleveland, Ohio, presided, and he and his associate officers were re-elected for another two years' term on the second day, and duly installed on Thursday. The first important procedure of the session after the formal opening, was the memorial service in honor of members departed during the past year, conducted by the Chaplain. There were sixty-six names on the roll of deceased members whose memory was thus honored, among them being those of many persons of distinction, including Past State Master, Richard Pattee of Laconia, long Secretary of the New England Milk Producers Union; Hon. Ezra M. Smith of Peterboro, dean of the New Hampshire Bar; Judge Frank M. Beckford of Laconia, and Charles O.

Barney of Canaan for sixty years editor and publisher of the Canaan Reporter. A Lecturers' Conference conducted by State Lecturer, Arthur W. McDaniel of Barrington, followed by the Master's annual address, and reports of other officers, occupied the afternoon of the first day; while in the evening a public meeting was held, at which acting Mayor Olin H. Chase of Concord gave an address of welcome, responded to by Worthy Master Farmer, and other addresses were given by Past State Lecturer, H. H. Metcalf, President G. M. Lewis of the State University and E. J. Taber of Ohio, Master of the National Grange.

On the second day, following further official reports and the election of officers, there was exemplification of the work in the Fifth Degree by the officers of the Pemigewassett Valley Pomona Grange, and of the Third Degree by the officers of Capitol Grange of Concord; while in the evening the Sixth Degree of the order was conferred upon a class of two hundred and twenty-two candidates Thursday forenoon was occupied by reports of Committees, the same extending into the afternoon session. The last resolution adopted, coming from the Committee on Resolutions and reported by E. E. Woodbury of Woodstock, was one favoring the establishment of a Woman's College in New Hampshire, and bespeaking the co-operation of all organizations, agencies and individuals, favoring equal educational advantages for women with men, in so moulding public opinion in the state as to promote the endowment and support of such an institution. This action, which was unanimously taken, is in line with the fundamental principle of the order, which places woman upon equality with man, in opportunity as well as rights.



HON. WILLIAM J. AHERN

New Hampshire Necrology

Hon. William J. Ahearn, a Notable Public Servant Deceased

THE death of such a man as William J. Ahearn, who departed this life at his home in Concord, on Wednesday, January 11, calls for more than mere passing mention, or simple biographical details. Mr. Ahearn was a public character in New Hampshire for a full generation. Born in Concord, May 19, 1858, the son of William and Bridget (Leary) Ahearn, he was not only devoted to the interests of his city, but a faithful servant of the state at large. Coming of Irish ancestry, of which fact he was ever proud, he was as truly American as any man who ever lived. Educated in the public schools, he regarded them as the bulwark of our national liberty and never lost his interest in their welfare. Born in modest circumstances, he made his own way in life, and his sympathies were ever enlisted in the cause of the working man and the common people. For the poor and lowly he had no less respect than for the children of wealth, and to the service of the unfortunate he gave his attention in large measure in all his later years.

Although engaged for some time in the years of his early manhood, in mercantile life in Concord, Mr. Ahearn will chiefly be remembered as a public servant, and as a loyal supporter of the Democratic party, by whose favor, mainly, he held public position, yet whose interests he never regarded as superior to the public welfare. He was a member of the Board of Commissioners for Merrimack County from 1887 to 1891; deputy sheriff and jailer in 1891-1892, had been one of the auditors for the

county for a long series of years, and was generally conceded to be more familiar with the affairs of the county than any other man, and his advice was constantly sought by those in charge of the same. He had been a member of the House of Representatives in the New Hampshire Legislature, by choice of the people in Ward 9, Concord, in every consecutive Legislature from 1895 to 1927, with the single exception of 1899, making sixteen terms in all, a longer period of service, in point of years, than any other man was ever accorded, as each term covered two years, and only exceeded in the last hundred years, in the number of elections and term of service, by the record of the late Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton, who had eighteen elections to the House and two to the Senate to his credit. Like Mr. Bingham, in his day, Mr. Ahearn was also a recognized leader of his party, and like him, also, an active and able supporter of all measures calculated to promote the welfare of the state. During every year of his legislative service, except 1923 when he occupied the Speaker's Chair through the ascendancy of his party in the House, he was a member of the important committee on Appropriations, and in 1913, another year of Democratic ascendancy, he was chairman of the committee, and at all times watchful of the public interest. His long experience made him especially familiar with parliamentary procedure, and his advice and counsel was often sought and freely given in settling knotty questions of procedure as they arose; while many a new member seeking aid

in furthering some pet measure, has enjoyed the benefit of his experience, regardless of party affiliation.

Since 1901 Mr. Ahern had been the secretary and executive officer of the State Board of Charities and Correction, to whose important work in looking after the welfare of the dependent poor and other wards of the counties and state, his labor and attention had been given with untiring devotion and it was in this field of effort that his innate love of humanity was most strikingly manifested. The poor and unfortunate always commanded his sympathy, and his practical interest and aid.

A devoted Catholic, as well as a loyal Democrat, Mr. Ahern was faithful to the obligations of his church as well as the service of his party. To the latter he rendered service, almost continually in ward, city and State Committees, in County and State Conventions, and was honored by election as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1900, which gave William J. Bryan his second nomination for the Presidency, following a tour of the country in which he was accorded a notable reception in Concord in which Mr. Ahern took a prominent part.

Fraternally he was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Columbus, Elks, and the Wonolancet Club of Concord. On November 30, 1876, he was united in marriage with Catherine Cotter of Concord and their golden wedding anniversary was duly celebrated in 1926, when friends from far and near paid their respects and the blessing of Pope Pius XI, was received. He is survived by his widow and five children—Rev. Robert J. Ahern, Chancellor of the Catholic Diocese of Springfield, Mass., William J., of the State Forestry Department, John Mitchell, of

the Concord Electric Company, Frank J., of Concord and Mrs. Mary Grace Sullivan, of New York.

Testimonials of respect for the memory and regret for the loss of this departed friend and servant of the people came from men high in authority, but the real mourning is shared by thousands of men and women, throughout the state, regardless of party or creed, station or condition, who have known the man and been conversant with his work and service.

HON. FRED N. MARDEN

Fred Nathan Marden, mayor of Concord, died at his home in that city about midnight on Wednesday, November 23, 1927.

Mr. Marden was born in Chichester, July 10, 1865, one of five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Marden. He was educated at the old Penacook Academy, and at the Normal School in Winona, Minn., where he lived for about five years. He returned to New Hampshire and settled in Concord in 1890, establishing himself in the shoe business, which he carried on for about twenty years.

For many years, he served as moderator of Ward 9, and was elected to the State Senate as a Democrat from the 10th District in 1907.

He was appointed a special officer of the Concord police force, September 7, 1904, and became a regular officer on January 12, 1911. He was serving on the force when nominated for the office of mayor in the municipal primary of 1925 and resigned his police position on December 9 of the same year, after his election and about a month prior to his inauguration as mayor.

In the city primary of October, 1927, he was renominated and in the election on November 8 won a reelection by about 2,000 votes over his opponent, Miss H. Gwendolyn Jones, the first woman ever to become a candidate for mayor in this state.

For a short time, Mr. Marden taught school in Minnesota, but almost all the

activities of his mature life were in Concord. He was a member of the First Congregational Church, a Mason and a Knight Templar, and held membership in Concord Lodge of Elks and Capital Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Abbie L. (Morse) Marden; one daughter, Mrs. Richard Currier of Harvard, Mass.; one son, Frederick T. Marden of Lincoln; two sisters, Mrs. Walter Ordway of Loudon, and Mrs. Arthur G. Kirk of Oshkosh, Wis.; three brothers, James M. Marden of Boston; Walter A. Marden of Oshkosh, Wis.; and Samuel G. Marden of Chichester; and five grandchildren.

EDMUND S. LITTLE

Edmund E. Little, born at Merrimac, Mass., October 10, 1856; died in Laconia, N. H. January 6, 1928.

Mr. Little removed to Laconia before attaining his majority, and entered the dry goods store of Samuel B. Smith, where he was employed several years, but in 1882 he became a clerk in the Laconia Savings Bank, and four years later was elected its Treasurer; and in the same year was made Treasurer of the Laconia Street Railway and the Laconia Water Company. Upon the reorganization of the Peoples National Bank, in 1889, he was elected its Cashier; in 1907 he was made Vice-President and in 1921 was chosen President, serving in that capacity until the time of his death. He was also prominent in other business concerns; was Vice-President of the Laconia Hospital board of trustees, and a member of the board of trustees of the Laconia Home for the Aged. He was Vice-President of the Laconia Needle Company, and had served as Vice-President of the N. H. Bankers Association. In fraternal life he was an Odd Fellow and a Knight Templar Mason. In 1894 he married Dora I. Saunders, who survives him with one daughter Mrs. Barbara Bouve.

GEORGE E. GAY

George E. Gay, born at Penacook, N. H., October 31, 1848; died at Malden, Mass., December 9, 1927.

Although born in Penacook he removed with his parents in early childhood to Loudon, where he attended the public schools, and Gilmanton Academy. He was in the Union service in the Civil War, as a member of the First N. H. Heavy Artillery. After the war he attended the New Hampton Institution and Bates College, graduating from the latter in 1872, teaching at intervals during his college course.

Following graduation he was for a time principal of the high school at Auburn, Me., then conducted a private school for a time in Concord, N. H., and in 1883 was made principal of the Malden, Mass. high school, in which position he continued for fifteen years, during which period he had leave of absence to take charge of the Massachusetts Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. He was subsequently employed by the State to prepare the public schools exhibition for the 1900 World's Fair in Paris. He was chosen, in 1896, as superintendent of the Malden public schools, serving for seven years, resigning in 1903, to take charge of the Massachusetts exhibit at the St. Louis exposition. Later he was superintendent of schools at Haverhill, Mass., resigning to become principal of the Normal department in the Lynn, Mass., Burdett College, in which position he continued until January, 1927.

He was a member of the G. A. R., Masons and the Baptist church of Malden. He is survived by two children, Dr. Fritz W. and Miss Grace I. Gay of Malden.

CHARLES H. HOSFORD

Charles H. Hosford, a prominent north country lawyer, many years a resident of Monroe, and later of Woodsville, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. John L. Colby of the latter place, December 1, 1927.

He was a native of Thetford, Vt., and was educated in the schools of that state. He studied law with Roswell Farnham of Bradford, Vt., and Samuel B. Page of Woodsville, was admitted to the bar in both states, but practiced mainly at Woodsville, though making his

home in Monroe, where is his final resting place.

He was a Republican in politics and had represented Monroe in the House, and the Second District in the New Hampshire Senate. He married Miss Jennie L. Hastings of Monroe, and they had three children.

REV. GEORGE W. GROVER

George Wheelock Grover, born in Concord, N. H., July 17, 1845; died at Great Barrington, Mass., December 21, 1927.

He was the son of Benjamin and Lucy (Downing) Grover, his father being at one time Postmaster of Concord. He studied medicine at first and was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, practicing the profession for six years in Great Barrington, but feeling called to the ministry he relinquished medical practice, studied theology at Andover Seminary, and entered the service of the Congregational denomination, holding his first pastorate at Hannibal, Mo. On March 25, 1879, he was called to the pastorate of the newly organized Pilgrim Church in the city of Nashua, which he served successfully for fifteen years, until February, 1894. He held membership in the various Masonic bodies in Nashua, including the Scottish Rite bodies to the 32nd degree, and the Knights Templar.

Since leaving his pastorate he had resided at Sheffield, Mass., until shortly before his death. He married, in 1867, Levinia M. Briggs of New York, and they had one son, John B. Grover, both now deceased.

PROF. HERBERT D. FOSTER

Prof. Herbert Darling Foster, born in West Newbury, Mass., June 22, 1865; died in St. Ives, Cornwall, Eng., December 26, 1927.

He was the son of David and Harriet Louisa (Darling) Foster, was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, and was made Professor of History in the latter institution in 1893, which position he held up to the time of his death, when he was spending a sabbatical year abroad. He had been

president of the New England History Teachers' Association, a member of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association, and was also actively connected with the New Hampshire Peace Society.

Prof. Foster was author of numerous works in History, and a large contributor to magazines and periodicals. He received the degree of A. M. from Harvard University in 1892, and was awarded the honorary degree Litt. D., from the University of Switzerland in 1909.

July 7, 1897, Mr. Foster was married to Lillian Darlington Smith in Liverpool, Eng., who died in June, 1926. He is survived by a sister who resides in Barrington, Mass.

COL. DAVID L. JEWELL

David Lyman Jewell, born in Tamworth, N. H., January 26, 1837; died at Wollaston, Mass., December 1, 1927.

Col. Jewell was a descendant of Mark Jewell of Devonshire, England, whose son Mark, Jr., was the first settler of Tamworth.

He was for many years at the head of the Suncook mills, and prominent in politics and public affairs, as well as in the Masonic Order. His military title came from service on the staff of Gov. Nath Head. He had lived in retirement at Wollaston for a number of years.

CHARLES A. ROBY

Charles A. Roby, born in Nashua, November 3, 1854; died there December 29, 1927.

He was a son of the late Luther A. Roby, a prominent citizen of his time, and had been actively engaged in business for many years. He was president of the American Box and Lumber Co., and of the Nashua Building Co., and a director of the Second National Bank and of the Nashua Building and Loan Association.

In earlier years he had been prominent in military affairs; was a member of the old City Guards of the Second N. H. Regiment, rising to the rank of Major. He was a trustee of the Edgewood Cemetery Association, a member of the

Nashua Historical Association, and of the First Congregational Church. In politics he was a Republican, and had served on the Nashua Common Council, Board of Aldermen, and in both branches of the State Legislature.

His wife, who was Miss Clara Gates of Lowell, died about a year ago, but he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Paul Whitecomb of New York, and Mrs. Marion Towle of Nashua and one son, Luther A. Roby, also of Nashua.

An Epitaph

GUY E. McMINIMY

Here lies a sailor far from the sea
 Who knew not the sound of surf;
 Here lies a hunter far from the hill
 Who knew not the feel of turf;
 Here lies a singer who voiced no songs
 Though they sang in his heart at times,
 Poet and dreamer of beautiful dreams
 Though his pen never wove any rhymes.

How I hope that in death he has found him a place
 Where the sea can be heard in his ears,
 And a gun and a dog and a range of hills
 Where his eye is not dimmed by the years;
 And a place where his voice may be lifted in song
 As a thrush from a linden tree,
 And a place where his dreams may be woven at last
 Into verses of sheer melody.

Good Enough for Me

CARL BURELL

New Hampshire may not be the best
Of all states that may be,
But, anyway, this much I'll say:
She's good enough for me.

Or hot or cold, or wet or dry,
The things that have to be
Are as good here as anywhere;
And good enough for me.

Some to the South in winter go,
Some to Pacific coast,
And some across the ocean go;
Of travel they may boast.

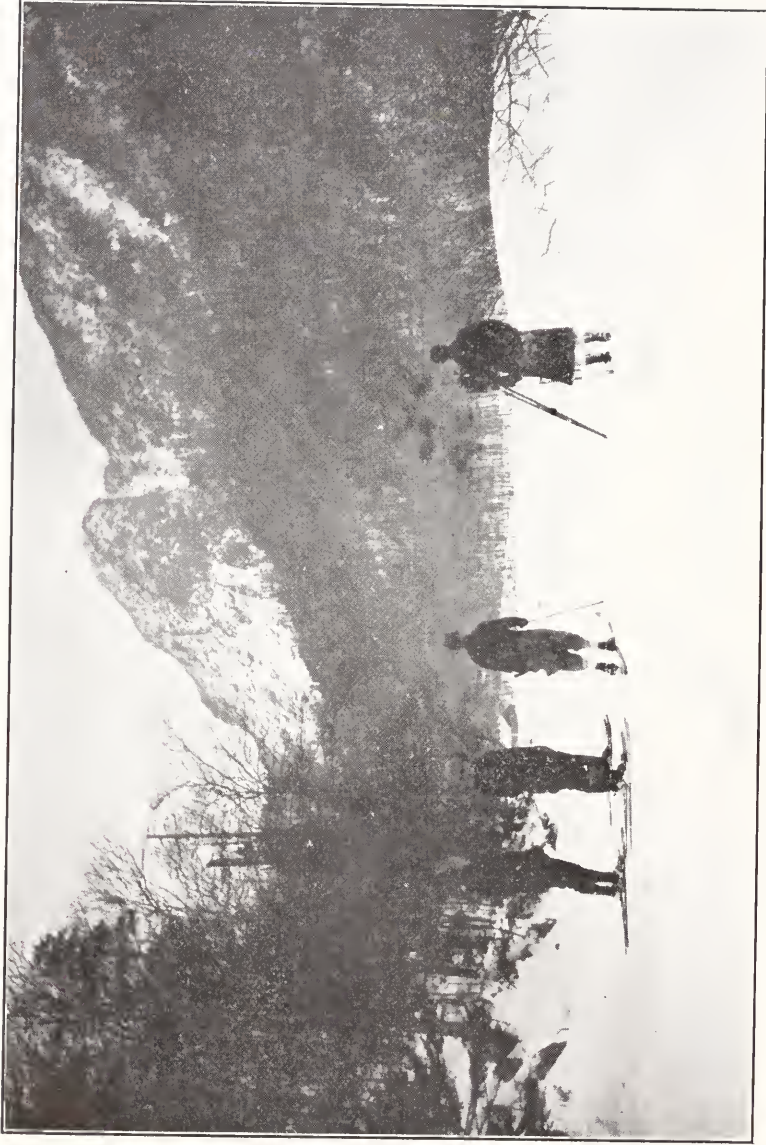
But I'll cling to the Granite Hills,
In winter, fall or spring,
All times of year, thank God I'm here,
And of their glories sing.

Think what you may, say what you will,
The summer sun shines bright,
And 'cross the sky in winter fly,
The clouds with cold starlight.

And life and love are as sweet here,
Though hardships claim their fee,
As they could be to you and me,
Wherever we might be.

New Hampshire may not be the best
Of all states that could be,
But come what may, this much I'll say:
She's good enough for me.

And could the Granite Hills speak out,
In thunder tones so free,
I think they'd say, most any day:
You're good enough for me.



PROSPECTING FOR THE STATE PURCHASE OF FRANCONIA NOTCH

Franconia Notch in Winter

PAUL F. HANNAH

OF THE STAFF OF *Nature Magazine*, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW would you like to shoot down a winding white road in Franconia Notch on skis at the rate of 40 miles an hour behind a racing automobile, while "The Old Man of the Mountain" looked on? Or ski down the snow filled walks of the Flume, while towering inverted ice cones, sparkling and iridescent, glint in the sun along the chasm walls? Or cross with snowshoes in shivering apprehension above the dark boiling waters of the Basin, just above "The Old Man's Foot," on a narrow log, which suddenly gets slippery?

These were the experiences of news reel movie men, taking pictures in the Notch. They were sent by their company to feature the natural charms that had enlisted the aid of New England and the nation at large to raise \$100,000 in order to prevent the axe from invading the forests around "The Great Stone Face." They went prosaically enough to tramp and "shoot"—they remained to ski and snowshoe and toboggan, and the cranking of the camera was just an incident.

For Franconia Notch, they found, was more beautiful in winter than in summer, when the ruggedness of the Notch is partially hidden by the thick forest cover. The spruce and fir stand black against the even layer of snow; the lakes are dazzling expanses of white, dotted with cold blue where the wind has swept clear the ice; the circle of peaks, purplish white, with their towering granite ledges softened by the drifts are loftier, purer against the skyline than at other times of the year.

Movie men, as a rule, are cynical, unaesthetic individuals. They see so much, that it takes unusual scenes to impress them. But they went back to their city haunts after two days of vacationing, convinced that they had discovered a new winter resort, as picturesque as any in the East, and just waiting for those who love the clear cold air and the thrills of gliding over snow.

Just an hour's drive from Plymouth, over roads that great tractors have made less bumpy than in the summer, there are slopes for skis, sleds and toboggans, and ice, almost cleared of snow, for skating, they told their friends. There are long snowshoe trails that lead up through the forest the whole of New England is trying to save to reach the peaks from which the whole domain of "The Great Stone Face" extends to view. And best of all (for snow and ice and slopes are common) there was that far-stretching array of glistening peaks, the deep valleys and crevices, the Pool and Basin, the ice-coated Flume—and "The Old Man of the Mountain."

"The Old Man" is the crowning glory of the Notch, and has been for centuries the sentinel at the gateway of the White Hills. If nature lovers respond with their dollars to amass the \$50,000 still needed to bring his 6,000 acres of forest under public ownership, he will be the sentry eternally on guard over the 100,000 Franconia trees composing the proposed soldiers' and sailors' shrine, to be dedicated to the war dead. He is the king of the mountains, and in winter wears his crown of dazzling white with



IN THE FLUME IN WINTER

a quiet, regal air. Small patches of snow, lodging in the wrinkles of his face, soften his features. He is no longer Thor, the thunder god, but some gentler, happier deity. To ski or snowshoe near him is to feel his proprietorship, and to realize the great beauty of his snow-swept land.

The camera men toiled with their ninety-pound equipment up to the Flume, the product of a prehistoric earthfault. One of them broke through the ice, and wallowed in the icy waters of the Flume brook. It did not matter. The beauty of the spot overcame that. For the narrow chasm was a glistening ice-palace. Huge icicles, forty feet high, and weighing tons, hung from the lip of the gorge and tapered downward in fantastic, weird shapes—they glinted and dazzled in the sun. The brawling brook that had taken centuries to wash the traces of lava from the chasm, had hid itself beneath six or eight feet of snow and ice, though oc-

asionally cone-like apertures, big enough to ski into, and smooth with their frost coat, extended down to its surface. The platforms that bear the 100,000 tourists are lost beneath the drifts. The movie men skied down the Flume—down past the crystal ice-walls, over hummocks and through tiny valleys, until the mouth of the defile opened out into a small amphitheatre, and a long open slope gave a swift glide down to the old covered bridge.

The movie machine journeyed to the top of Bald Mountain on snowshoes. To you who like the Notch in summer, these men recommend that you see it when the wind blows the swirling snow across the ridge top and makes it iridescent in the reddish rays of the setting sun. Cannon Mountain, at the right, sulks darkly in his shadow along the rough edges of Echo Lake. Mt. Lafayette, at the left, grows ruddy under the sunset, with its jagged white streaks, the scars of land-



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROTECTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTS EXAMINING THE FLUME

slides, extending down its sides. The lesser peaks taper away in the distance. Eagle Cliff, darker and gloomier than in summer, rises brusquely from the valley floor—it resembles an elephant in outline, with a patch of snow for an eye.

Thus did the news reel men see the Notch in winter. One of them on leaving said: "So that is the tract that nature lovers are giving dollars for. And only one hundred thousand is needed? Here's the best way to get it—just let a rich man come up here once in the winter, and he'll give his last nickel for a tree. Boy, what a soldiers' and sailors' memorial this will make!"

"The Old Man of the Mountain" has

been alone for many winters—alone with his cold and snow, except for an occasional trapper or lone pung plowing through the drifts. He must find it strange to see little grunting caterpillar bugs leave a groove in his snow carpet where the road winds in summer. He will be more surprised when tiny two-legged creatures clamber over his slopes on webbed feet, or slide down his hills on two long strands of wood. His peace will be broken. But he will smile kindly at them; for he will rule them as he rules all else—he will be the lord of outdoor sport. And when the Carnivals come to the Notch, as they sometime may, what an Old King Winter he will make!

NOTE—The Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests undertook to secure \$400,000 with which to save the forests in Franconia Notch. The State of New Hampshire appropriated \$200,000, or one-half the purchase price. The late James J. Storrow, banker of Boston, contributed \$100,000. The Society seeks to raise by public subscription the remaining \$100,000, of which nearly one-half has been secured. Contributions may be sent to JAMES J. STORROW, JR., Treasurer, at 4 Joy Street, Boston. One dollar saves a tree; ten dollars saves a grove of trees. By agreement between the owners, the Governors, State Forestry Commission and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests the time limit set for raising the required amount of money, originally March first, has been extended to June first.

Save Franconia Notch

KENNETH ANDLER

HARRIET MARTINEAU, fresh from a trip around the world, visited Franconia Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and declared it the most beautiful place she had ever seen. That beauty is now in danger from the lumberman. Unless the people of the country raise by popular subscription before March 1st the \$100,000 necessary to put the drive over the top, Franconia Notch will no longer be the most enchanting beauty spot in the East but a desolate tract of slash, stumps and rubbish.

Nature was lavish when she created the defile which leads from the Pemigewasset valley to the Connecticut. The notch is a huge cleft in the mountain barrier and is formed like a bowl. Peaks tower into the blue on all sides and to look up at them is to lose one's breath. In this bowl, made from mountains, are many wonders.

There is the face of an Indian, formed by huge rocks on the edge of a great hill, and his profile outlined against the sky appears as one carved by a master, for the features are set as though with pain, the lower lip protrudes, the head is tilted back. No artist exists who could better portray on such a large scale the face of the vanquished Indian.

Then there is the Flume, another natural wonder. It is a narrow rift in a great formation of rock, and between its steep, straight sides a brook continually flows. In the hottest days of summer this gorge is cool, and the water purls and eddies over the rocks, foaming white.

Perhaps the most photographed and

painted scene in the East is Echo Lake. Standing at its northern shore, one looks out upon a sheet of water, blue and placid, and on the opposing shore two wooded mountains start together toward the heavens, but, diverging, go separate ways and form an immense V filled in with sky. These mountains are mirrored perfectly in the still waters of the lake. Man has never created a reflecting pool like that.

Cannon Mountain, which forms the western side of the notch, gets its name from a remarkable ledge on its summit, which, tilted up, presents a perfect resemblance to a cannon. It points directly over the head of the Great Stone Face, known the world over.

Here, in this wonderland, is the greatest wonder of all—the Old Man. Formed by ledges high up on Cannon Mountain at the summit of the mountain's graceful skyward curve, it presents in profile to the beholder in the valley the clear-cut features of a man's face. It is high, very high, and its lines even at its great distance from the observer are of heroic proportions. Its background is the sky, and clouds drift over it at sunset, turning to fleecy wisps of gold. Directly under and far below the huge face is another reflecting pool—Profile Lake.

In the little souvenir shop there is a sign ironically pathetic. It says, "Here is the Old Man of the Mountain, immortalized by Hawthorne in his *Great Stone Face*." Immortalized by Hawthorne indeed! The Old Man knew the world long before New England's greatest writer was born, before there *was* a New England, before literature existed in

America. Hawthorne is now dead, he is dust, he is nothing. But the Old Man peers out over the mountain world calmly, immovable, eternal. Immortalized by Hawthorne!

How much more than the Sphinx on the lowly sands of Egypt does the Old Man, looking out from his lofty granite throne, embody in his face the mystery of the ages, built not by the hand of man but by the Master Builder of the universe, sculptured not during the lifetime of the ephemeral human race, but chiseled from lasting stone before man was born!

The gigantic stone face is a spectacle, but it is more than that. It is a poem wrought in stone among the eternal hills. It is a many-sided symbol of human life. One might easily fancy a determinist looking at it and saying, "Ah, yes, it is, like man, the result of blind chance, an accident in an unguided universe. Looked at from one position it seems to mean something, but walk with me down the valley a few steps and see it change into a chaos of boulders. It is the result of circumstance, and only from a narrow, restricted point of view can one see any meaning in it."

A religious man would regard it and exclaim, "Not believe in miracles! Here is one before my very eyes! He is an emblem of God, and has an expression of love and patience in his face."

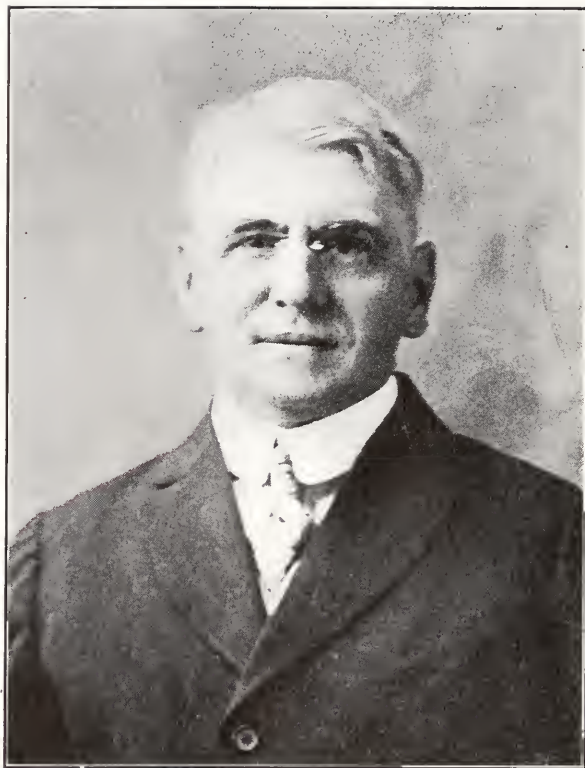
And an artist might lose himself in its beauty. He would watch the changing colors of the sun play about it, admire the graceful curve which the mountain

makes from it in the sky to the reflecting lake far below. But he would not try to paint it, for some things are too great for art.

It is a strange coincidence that the Old Man and his cannon are facing southwest, and that Indian Head is facing in the same direction. Not content with creating wonders singly in this marvelous notch, it would seem that Nature had erected an immense tableaux to the vanishing savage. The face of the Old Man has distinctly the features of a white man, and the face of the Indian has unmistakably the features which earn it the name, Indian Head. The savage's jaw is set, his lower lip protrudes beneath his thick, curved nose. He seems to be asking with upraised face an unanswerable question of the Great Spirit. Behind him the White Man, backed up by his cannon, is gazing implacably, is forcing him south and west. And so the Indians were driven—and here in Franconia Notch is a tableau created by nature commemorating the settling of this continent.

Today this notch is a wonderland of beauty clothed in primeval forests. If the forests are cut off and the proud slopes of these mountains are littered with slash and stumps and rubbish, the beauty which now can nowhere be excelled will be transformed into a desolate waste. And the Old Man of the Mountain, who has probably been worshiped by strange beings in strange times, will be sacrificed on the altar of "civilized" materialism.





JOSEPH O. TREMBLAY

Taxation in Manchester

JOSEPH O. TREMBLAY

AN OPPORTUNITY has been given at this forum on taxation for the tax officials and the tax payers to get together and discuss their problems. My part is to explain the local situation.

What are the means at the disposal of the assessor in determining the value of taxable property? What basis of value is used? What other information may be given to enlighten the owner of taxable property?

The office of assessor is one of the most responsible, if not the most responsible position connected with our entire system of state and local taxation. The assessor's work lies at the very foundation of the system, and without his honest efforts and correct judgment the burden of taxation could not be fairly distributed among property owners. The conditions call for assessors who can judge all kinds of property correctly and justly appraise it. They must be familiar with all tax laws; they must be honest and fair, with neither friends to reward nor enemies to punish. The assessor must have a fair amount of intelligence; must know how to deal with people, must be able to value all kinds of property. Is it not to be expected that a human being whose lot it is to be an assessor will fail to give satisfaction to many of the people?

It is very common for the taxpayer to blame the assessor for his high tax bill. The citizen who blames the assessor when his taxes are high has a wrong conception of the functions, of that official. While the assessor places a value on property, he has no power to assess. This is done by the board of mayor and

aldermen in cities, and by the citizens on town meeting day. The assessors are required to place a value on all taxable property but have no power in raising money. The only wrong to the taxpayer is when a too high valuation is put on his taxable property, that is, if it is valued higher than other property of the same kind. When he feels he is unjustly assessed his duty is to bring the case before the proper officials for readjustment. He will get redress if he has a worthy claim.

What is a true value of taxation? There are several definitions that may be taken into consideration. The courts usually define as equivalent to current market such terms as "value," "actual value," "cash value," "money value," "exchange value," "pecuniary value," "appraised value," "fair value," "true value," "just value," and "full value." Any or all of these terms may be taken as meaning what the appraisal should be, and the value reached.

As an assessor for the city of Manchester, an office in which I have served continuously since January 1, 1905, I will try to give some information regarding what has been accomplished, what means of valuation we have at our disposal and how we arrive at value as defined in the statutes.

The area of Manchester is 20,519,524 square acres of land and 1,180,476 square acres of water, a total of 21,700,000 square acres, or 33.9 square miles. Every inch of this land and water has been surveyed by our department, plotted and put on maps showing the size of each parcel, its location, its shape, with streets, roads and passage-

ways. We also have what we call a field book in four volumes. The city is divided into four sections and one volume is used for each district.

In these field books appear the names of owners of property, the location of property, the number of feet or acres it comprises, the assessed value of the land, the assessed value of the buildings, their combined value, the number of tenements, stores, garages and other details regarding the property. These field books are very valuable in the readjustment of valuations or in appraising new property. They are used in comparing values and help greatly in placing a similar value on similar property.

In judging a piece of property several factors may be considered to enable the assessor to arrive at the value. There is the cost of production, replacement, for what use the property is best adapted, what use is being made of it, its possible rental, and the questions as to whether it is giving the returns it should under present conditions and could it be so improved as to give better returns. There is no set rule used to appraise any particular kinds of property; any practical method may be employed.

Property is assessed at what it may be worth on the first day of April, as this is the date in this state upon which the tax year begins. It ends the last day of the following March. All taxable property owned by a person on the first day of April is, therefore, subject to taxation.

In assessing real estate the foot unit is used in the city proper. The square acre unit is used for valuing farm land. For example, if a lot of land is 50 x 100 feet and the land is worth fifteen cents per square foot this land would be valued at \$750. If there are buildings on the lot they are valued for whatever

the whole property may be worth. If the total value were \$5,000 we would figure the buildings at \$4,250. Regardless of any cost of reproduction the property should not be assessed for more than its value in money. Stock in trade is assessed at its average value, that is, what the average might have been during the year ending on the first of April. For example, a person who has been in business twelve months might have on hand a \$10,000 stock for eleven months and on the first of April he might have it reduced to \$5,000. He would, nevertheless, be taxed on not less than \$10,000 on the first of April.

As a resident of Manchester I am naturally more interested in conditions in this city than elsewhere, although I am quite familiar with those of several places in the state. Our state laws vary from those of other states, as each state legislature makes its own laws pertaining to taxation, with the exception of the federal tax laws. Comparison of states to one another is, therefore, hardly possible.

In the twenty-three years of my connection with the Manchester assessors' office I have seen many changes. Heretofore there was one assessor from each ward elected by the people of that ward. In 1903 a law was passed creating a board of assessors of three members, elected by the mayor and board of aldermen for a term of six years.

Up to 1911 the taxable property was assessed on a percentage of its value. It was a common understanding with the tax officials and generally accepted by the taxpayers that this was the best way to assess property. A law suit was entered by the railroads claiming a higher valuation than other property. Their claim was admitted and a rebate of their taxes given. This was due to the claim that other property in this state

was assessed at a lower valuation than theirs, or at a lower value than that prescribed by the statutes. The result of this was the creation of the State Tax Commission in 1911.

In 1912, due to the warning of the new commission that all taxable property be assessed at its full value, a great change in valuation took place. The increase in valuation in this state advanced very much, the increase in this city being from \$41,451,846 in 1911 to \$68,452,145 in 1912, an increase of \$26,968,384. This reduced the tax rate that year from \$20.40 per \$1,000 in 1911 to \$15. per \$1,000 in 1912, a reduction of \$5.40 per \$1,000.

Another large increase in our city valuation occurred in 1920, due to the war. Values increased very materially and the assessment increased from \$92,977,243 in 1919 to \$109,454,582, or a gain of \$16,457,338. In these two periods of readjustment the city valuation was increased the total sum of \$43,425,723. Our city valuation in 1927 was \$113,214,646. This is \$76,246,252 more than it was in 1911. Your tax rate in 1911 was \$20.40 per \$1,000. In 1927 it was \$27.80 per \$1,000, an increase of \$7.20 per \$1,000.

Of course if the city had not built new schools, new bridges, new sewers, and new streets the tax rate would be much lower than it is, but the people would not be satisfied with less than we have. The demand for those improvements was sustained by the city officials and considered necessary. It had to be paid for. The reduction of the value of the dollar has also contributed to the increase in the tax rate.

There are other reasons why we are asked to pay higher taxes.

I will submit for your consideration some figures showing the difference in the amount appropriated for some of the

larger city departments in 1907 and 1927. In quoting this I do not do it to criticize, but to show where the taxpayer's money is used.

PARTS OF APPROPRIATIONS

	1907	1927
Schools,	\$173,000.00	\$785,000.00
Police,	60,000.00	265,000.00
Fire Department,	106,575.00	265,000.00
Health,	11,500.00	80,000.00
Commissioner of Charity,	13,000.00	50,000.00
Parks, Commons and Streets,	175,000.00	432,400.00
Street Lighting,	60,500.00	82,000.00
County Tax,	62,233.47	247,576.91
State Tax,	79,550.00	331,814.50
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$741,358.47	\$2,538,791.41

This is \$1,797,432.94 more than same departments used in 1907. Our Scavenger service which is given free of charge cost about \$100,000.

I have stated that the total value of the taxable property in this city April 1, 1927, was \$113,214,646. In addition to this we have about \$18,478,864. of property upon which no tax can be levied, according to our laws. In addition to this there has been \$345,465 exempted to war veterans or their widows. We expect this to increase in the future.

THE EXEMPTED PROPERTY IS CLASSIFIED THUS:

Catholic Property,	\$3,162,695.00
Protestant Property,	1,745,578.00
Non-Sectarian,	245,000.00
County Property,	256,750.00
United States Property,	200,000.00
State Property,	474,890.00
City Property,	5,170,920.00
City Water Works Estimated About,	5,000,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$18,478,864.00
Soldier's Exemption,	365,465.00
	<hr/>
Total,	\$18,844,329.00

The taxpayer is always wondering why he is made to pay so much tax each year. He seldom stops to think what the money raised from taxation is used for. Can he — would he — wish there

were less of the needed improvements which a city of this size must have? He should realize that the conditions prevailing twenty years ago do not now exist. The automobile has made it necessary to have more improved streets and highways. The changes in our state laws in regard to our schools and tuition have also added to the tax burden very heavily. We have fixed charges which cannot be controlled by the local authorities or our city government. Those obligations must be met. The interest charges for our bonded indebtedness were nearly \$300,000 in 1927.

I would like to mention a few of the improvements we enjoy. There are about 200 miles of streets, many of which are improved and up to date. We have about 115 miles of sewer, good schools, churches, library, a well equipped and fully motorized fire department and well regulated police force. Our health department is well organized and very efficient. We have nice parks and commons, public bathing places, in fact we have about everything a well organized and modern large city must have, of which I have mentioned only a few. It costs money to produce and maintain all these free institutions. They are created and developed for the benefit of us all. The taxpayer is receiving the benefit of all this and it is a good investment for him. He receives more benefits than he pays for.

The depression in business has caused curtailment in our industries which has resulted in the lowering of value of some kinds of property. This property is not worth what it was in 1920. The assessors must note these conditions and do justice to the property owner. Some readjustments were made in 1927 and more will be made in 1928 to give relief where it belongs. Some of our industries have sought relief through the

legislature. They should receive the same treatment as the other taxpayers and no more.

I believe that the conditions in this city are improving and that they will continue to improve. A low tax rate would be a good stimulant to encourage business. Manchester as a city has not a high tax rate. A comparative tax rate report published by the Detroit Bureau of Research gives the rate of 249 cities throughout the United States. It shows 175 cities with a higher tax rate than Manchester. We stand 176th in line. Evanston, Ill., with a population of 45,100, has a rate of \$152.60 per \$1,000.

The depression, as stated above, has been noted by the Manchester Board of Assessors and some readjustment made in 1927. The valuation of this city in 1926 was \$121,275,956. The tax rate was \$26 per \$1,000. The 1927 valuation was \$113,214,646 and the tax rate was \$27.80 per \$1,000, making a difference in the valuation of \$8,061,310. This loss was net, above all gains. Included in this readjustment the deduction was \$710,810 from real estate owners.

Building permits received from the inspector of the building department from April 1, 1926, to March 31, 1927, were 1,163 in number. Of these there were 453 with an estimated value of cost of \$528,815, which added nothing to our valuation. They were for roof repairs, piazza repairs, repairs for fire damages, schools and other projects, which did increase the property's taxation value where they took place. On the other hand there were 710 building permits which added to our valuation \$1,085,350.

We are all interested in taxes, or at least we should be, as this is the most important economic question with which we have to deal. Our representatives in the government realize the importance of a low tax rate and have proved by

their action in the last few years the urgent need of economy in our city affairs. They have reduced and no doubt will continue to reduce the budget as much as it is consistent to do so. But they cannot do everything. They need the co-operation of every citizen to bring about real economy.

Let us all join hands and help to bring about the solution of lowering the tax rate. I am glad that the Chamber of Commerce has given the citizens of this city a chance to learn about our tax problems and I hope that similar meetings may be had in the future and that a growing interest may bring real results.

NOTE—The foregoing address by Mr. Joseph O. Tremblay, chairman of the board of tax assessors of the City of Manchester, was given at a Forum on Taxation, at Manchester, conducted by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

Sweet Memories of Home

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Return, O Memory, to days
Of simpler thoughts and simpler ways,
To faces which we fondly knew
And happy hearts, so kind and true.

Again, we tenderly behold
A childhood home beloved of old;
Again, we see that dear abode
Beside its narrow rural road.

Still stands a row of stately trees
Where whispered, lingering, the breeze;
Where lay their shadows on the lawn
And blithesome birds awoke at dawn.

The lilacs still adorn its door,
A sunlit garden blooms once more;
Across a fragrant field, we rove
And dream amidst a shady grove.

Sweet memories, which e'er shall last,
Bright memories of days long past,
Of friendly faces which we knew
And happy hearts, so kind and true.



REV. HARRY TAYLOR

An Englishman in New Hampshire

REV. HARRY TAYLOR

PASTOR OF FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, MANCHESTER

WHEN I wrote and told my father that I had accepted a call to a church in Manchester, New Hampshire, he wrote back that it was rather a coincidence that I should go there since I was born five miles from the Town Hall of Manchester, England, and that he himself was born in old Hampshire.

No two impressions of New Hampshire could be alike in every detail; much depends upon the background of the person who receives the impression. A person whom I know who comes from the Middle West gets a very different impression of New Hampshire from mine. In some details the impressions are the same but in most they are wide apart.

I shall begin my impressions with Manchester in particular and then pass on to New Hampshire in general. One needs to treat Manchester in particular because it is a mill town and different in many ways from the average New Hampshire town or city. Its population is different and its problems are different.

I stated at the beginning that impressions depend to a great extent upon the background of the observer. That applies in a general view of Manchester. To the Roman Catholic Manchester is a large city of many advantages and attractions. To the Protestant, on the other hand, Manchester is a small town of about fifteen thousand souls and limited to that extent. If a cultured person goes to the lectures and meetings in Manchester he finds ere long that he knows the majority of the persons attending these affairs that stand for intellect-

ual life to a comparatively small group.

The result is that in spite of its large population Manchester gets very much less than its share of first rate artists, plays, operas, etc. If one were to compare Manchester with another city outside of New England one would see the difference. I used to hold a pastorate in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. Wheeling is a city of fifty-six thousand as compared with Manchester's eighty-six thousand but the cultural advantages of Wheeling are far ahead of Manchester in spite of the larger population of the latter. Wheeling gets the best plays from time to time, the best operas. Its Women's Club has over fifteen hundred members and pays the best speakers week after week to come to give lectures.

Outsiders coming to Manchester complain that the people are cold and standoffish and that it is extremely difficult to make friends. It is true that New Englanders are slow in making new friendships, especially with strangers from a distance, but I do not think that Manchester is much different in this respect from other cities. One has to remember that times have changed and that people do not visit as they used to do. The tendency seems to be to keep more and more to one's little group and not to extend one's circle very much beyond that.

Manchester streets — especially the sidewalks — seem to me to be far worse than the streets and sidewalks of other cities. It must be that the inhabitants of Manchester develop a certain agility or there would be more strained or broken

ankles resulting from the bad condition of the sidewalks. Most cities compel the citizens to clear the front of their house or store immediately after a heavy fall of snow but in Manchester it is exceptional to see the sidewalks, even in Elm Street, cleared in time. For the most part the snow is left, it freezes, and one walks along the main street of the Queen City in deadly peril of breaking one's leg or neck.

But there are many things to be said in praise of the Queen City. It is a good looking city and the visitor is immediately attracted to its spacious main thoroughfare. Its markets are good and food is cheap and of great variety when compared with other cities which I know. It is not half so smoky or grimy as Manchester, England, nor does one see so much sordid poverty and misery as one does in Manchester, England, or Melbourne, Australia.

In the suburbs of the old city of Manchester, England, there are rows and rows of ugly brick houses, each built against the other with no space between and with little or no ground either back or front for a garden. The back yard is generally an enclosure of a few square yards covered over with asphalt to prevent silly folk wasting time digging a little garden. In the Queen City most of the houses or tenements are sufficiently removed from each other to ensure fresh air and a bit of garden.

There is a "homey" feeling about Manchester that I like. One seems to feel at home in it very quickly even though one does not make friends any too easily. And one has the feeling that the people are friendly even when they do not speak.

It seems a pity, in some ways, that Manchester is a mill town and dependent to a large degree on one large corporation

and a few smaller ones. Either it is a "feast or a fast" for Manchester just because it is a mill town and subject to the ups and downs of the textile and shoe industries. The hope of Manchester, as I see it, lies in the development of smaller units of industry of a more varied kind. Its water power is its chief asset and there ought to be some way to harness that power to productive processes that would do more to stabilize Manchester prosperity.

And what shall I say of New Hampshire? It is rightly called the Switzerland of America and one would have to travel a long distance to find scenery that surpasses that of New Hampshire. But one cannot live on scenery alone and it has always been a wonder to me how the New Hampshire farmer makes ends meet in these times. There can be no doubt that it is an increasingly difficult task to make farming pay in New Hampshire, as it is in many other parts of New England.

This is compensated for, to some extent, by the fact that, in a certain sense, one *can* subsist on scenery. That is to say, a large number of people in New Hampshire live on the money extracted from summer visitors. Deserted farms are being bought up and turned into summer homes and hotels. But this does not solve New Hampshire's problem, by any means. It seems to me that the farmers and country residents should first of all believe that New England's day is *not* done and then set about creating new techniques to fit new occasions.

There is a tremendous amount of untapped water power in New Hampshire that might be set to work generating electric power that could be used effectively in the remotest parts of the state. There is need for the introduction of small village industries to augment the

returns from farming or catering to summer visitors. In the years to come there may be a return to craftsmanship of all kinds and to the production of things of beauty. The goods would have high monetary value, of course, but another gain to the craftsman would be the joy that comes through creative work.

The day is coming when all the main necessities of life will be obtained by mass production in such quantities that there will be a superabundance for everybody. Not only will there be an abundance of machine made articles but the labor required to make these articles will be less. The result will be more leisure for the masses and a return to crafts to occupy the spare time thus obtained.

The superficial thinker may imagine that men find their chief delight in consuming, in spending, in pleasure. But

that is not so. Man's chief delight is in doing, in adventuring, in creating. He finds to his cost that when life offers no avenue for these primal activities living becomes perverted, unreal and barbarous.

New England and New Hampshire today seem to be on the decline because of new methods in industry, the shifting of the demand for various goods, and other causes. But New England and New Hampshire are extremely well fitted for the new day coming when men will again turn to natural beauty and craftsmanship and a desire for solid worth in the article produced. New England and New Hampshire can anticipate the days when the big cities and factories decline, giving place to smaller and more beautiful units of production; it can harness its natural resources far more effectively than it has done in the past and await with confidence the New Day Dawning.

The Old Covered Bridge

EMORY CHARLES BEAN

The Selectmen of Webster Town
Wanted to have a bridge torn down.
Workmen were few and wages high,
So to give it away they made a try.

Then, Miss Pearson, from a city large,
Accepted the old bridge free of charge.
She had it moved to a location high,
And fixed it up to please the eye.

A large living room on the first floor;
Higher up, for sleeping, three or more.
A nice rustic balcony on each end,
To the affair some style does lend.

Now, this old bridge, a covered one,
For a hundred years good service done.
And how nice it is, I should say,
To have it cared for in this way.

The Spirit of the Mount

ARIA CUTTING ROBERTS

YOU don't trust Peter, do you?" cried Elinor, rising from the settle. With hurt dignity she grasped the tongs and thrust them into the dying fire. Immediately the room glowed with brightness. Shadows played in the corners and danced on the rough-hewn beams overhead.

Rodney Maloon did not answer. He fingered the fringe of his buckskin shirt thoughtfully.

Elinor Hughes, the only child of Elder Hughes, who was the most highly respected man in the small New England settlement, again faced young Rodney.

"What do you suppose I think of a man who willfully does another wrong? I have utmost faith in Peter. So have my parents. To be sure, I have not known Peter very long, but then—"

"Do they know of this contemplated trip?"

"N—no," faltered the girl.

"Look here," confirmed Rodney. "They should. Remember—you're not in Baltimore! You're in the woods—way up north—where everything's done by the code of the pioneer and the woodsman. And there's bad as well as good among us. I don't mean harm to Peter, but it seems to me that a day's journey, more or less, over an unknown trail—with an Indian—"

"But I shall go—and with Peter!" retorted Elinor, angrily. "Moreover I shall tell mother so,—too. I never go off without telling her or father!"

She sat down by Rodney and took his hands in hers.

"Please don't be so anxious, dear Rod-

ney," she soothed. "Why! I really believe you are a bit jealous! You see—I must go. I actually dared Peter to take me up that much-talked-of mountain trail of his. And it's so beautiful now—with nature all scarlet and gold. That trail has more than once beckoned to me but I never felt so like answering the call as now. Peter said something about the spirit of the mountain calling him today. It must be calling me, too!"

"Very well, dear. I'll say no more," assured Rodney. "But I'll be glad when that day comes when I may take life's trail with you." He pillowed her head against his breast and lovingly caressed the curls that shone like spun gold in the fire-light.

The next day dawned bright and fair. Never had Elinor felt so exhilarated—so happy. She and Peter were soon well on their way rejoicing over the beauty of the morning.

"A fine day—very fine day for trip like this," remarked Peter, his dark eyes shining. "There is much for you to see—much for me to tell you."

Luckily for Elinor she did not see the gleam in the Indian's eyes as they rested upon her then. Otherwise she might have thought seriously of Rodney's words of the previous evening. The day would have been spoiled at the outset. As it was, the girl was drinking in the beauty about her and scarcely heard what her guide said.

Many were the stories he told her as they went along. This place—or that place had its history. Everything had a name—a beautiful Indian name.

"You like us Indians, Little Kind-heart?" he queried. "You like to hear my stories? You like the Indian names?"

"Yes, Peter."

"You like Peter, too?"

"Yes, Peter. I do like you. I like all your race. You're interesting—and very noble—really, the only true Americans."

About mid-afternoon, after a steady, up-hill climb, Elinor finally found herself on a mountain top that overlooked vast, colorful forests, with bodies of water lying gleaming in the distance.

"Peter!" cried the girl raptuously. "What beauty!"

"I shall go that way tomorrow," said Peter, pointing to a portion of a far-distant lake. "That's what we call 'Smile of the Great Spirit.' I come from there. There my people live."

"I passed it when I came up here last June, Peter. You have named it well."

Truly, the words of Whittier, written many years later, might have been singing then in the girl's heart:

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
 O'er isle and reach and bay,
 Green-belted with eternal pines,
 The mountains stretch away.
 Below the maple masses sleep,
 Where shore with water blends,
 While midway on the tranquil deep,
 The evening light descends.
 So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
 Of old, the Indian trod,
 And through the sunset air looked down
 Upon the Smile of God.
 To him of light and shade the laws
 No forest sceptic taught;
 Their living and eternal cause
 His truer instinct sought.
 He saw these mountains in the light

Which now across them shines;
 This lake in summer sunset bright
 Walled round with sombering pines.
 God near him seemed; from earth and
 skies

His loving voice he heard,
 As face to face, in Paradise,
 Man stood before the Lord."

Elinor and Peter neared the edge of the summit. A sheer drop of many feet at one point—and solid rock! A small lake smiled up at them from below. Peter drew her away. They walked along some distance in silence.

"Why are you leaving us, Peter?" asked Elinor, suddenly.

"You wish to know?" He looked at her keenly. "It might not please you to know."

"Please tell me, Peter," unaware of what was coming.

"I love someone—very much—a white man's daughter! I call her Little Kind-heart! She been good to me—very good. But me—I'm not for her—I know it."

"Peter—!" choked Elinor. Tears filled her eyes at this sudden revelation.

"Now—don't feel bad—for Peter. Follow him down over the edge, here. We'll not go far."

Peter crawled and slid downward over the turf, Elinor following. He covered a few yards when he suddenly paused. Elinor finally reached his side, still with that look of pain and wonder on her face. Why had she not understood before?

"Little Kindheart," Peter began, falteringly. "We must go back—soon. Peter won't see you again—alone. A kiss—to remember you—Peter never forgets." Elinor lifted her lips to his.

Peter heard a slight rustle of leaves. He looked about. Elinor wondered

what he saw, for his lips twisted into an ugly smile, and his eyes narrowed to mere slits. Then, as quickly, this expression changed to one of extreme friendliness and understanding. But there was undaunted determination in his chin. He bade her follow him still further down the slope.

"See — Little Kindheart!" Peter pointed to a mass of rock that shelved out from the summit of the mount. "See? The image of the Great Spirit!"

Elinor sat, spell-bound. And not only Elinor but young Rodney Maloon, who hovered in the background!

Rodney stared ahead of him in wonder and awe. The afternoon sun was about to set in a haze of glory, plainly silhouetting the mass of shelving rock. He traced its outline carefully. Indeed—a wonder in rock! Wrought only by the hand of God! A stern profile of a pioneer! But there was a noble look

about it. Was it the imprint of God's eternal love—as it looked on in silence over the world?

Rodney bowed his head in shame. He looked unseeingly at his musket, on which he leaned. He had done Peter a great injustice! While Peter could have done nothing finer for him—for Elinor—and for future egenerations than what he did that day! A sudden moisture came to his eyes.

Rodney saw Peter and Elinor crawl up the slope almost reverently. He did not follow. He knew not how long he remained there but fair Luna was riding serenely in the sky when he finally turned his face homeward. He glanced once more at the massive face. Was it the evening moisture gathered on the noble cheek, and glittering in the moonlight? Or had the Spirit of the Mount, in this hour, found communion with his Maker?

Life

ARTHUR GORDON SAVILLE

From out the womb of pent desire
Sprang we—the childlings of a day.
Scarce are we here, then flit we on,
Like spirits in a fairy play.

But yesterday a temple rose,
In shining splendor reared its towers.
"The Temple of the Gods!" men cried.
Alas! it perished with the hours.

A flash—and what endured is nought,
Just phantoms of the night are we.
A pantomime of dreams is life,
So seeming real but phantasy.



MT. MOOSILAUKE

Moosilauke! Mountain Sagamore!

GILBERT HENRY KNOWLES

THE views from no two mountain peaks are exactly the same. We need to climb a number of summits in a given vicinity in order to get a broad perspective in our minds. However, if one can climb but one mountain in New Hampshire, there is no peak in all the State, I think, which offers as fine a panorama of natural beauty and landscape scenery as Moosilauke. It bows to the mighty Washington, but it has attributes which the loftier peak has not.

We had been so many times on Mt. Moosilauke and its foothills that we had lost all account of the number. We had seen the summit in various aspects,—cloud-capped, sun-bathed, frost-bitten,—but not until we came to ascend it in mid-

winter were our experiences on this mountain more than half rounded out.

We had been taking some snowshoe trips in the Pemigewasset Valley. Meandering among the foothills is very delightful; however, it arouses desires the same as does the tickle of ice cream on a small boy's tongue. There is no "being satisfied" without a bigger dose. Consequently, one cold, frosty morning, we went by rail to Glencliff station and struck out for our mountain. We planned to have lunch on the summit and reach Kinsman Notch before nightfall.

Separated as it is from the ranges, Moosilauke can be seen from many angles, but the view of it from Glencliff is particularly striking. All alone, it



LOST RIVER IN WINTER

towers there before you like a great giant out-post guarding all behind it. Edna Dean Proctor refers to this mountain in the following lines,—

“Mountain sagamore!—Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!”

The sun was shining brightly as we donned our snowshoes at the place where the trail of the Dartmouth Outing Club leaves the highway. We stopped a few moments near Great Bear Camp to drink from a spring that we found nearly hidden in the snow.

What in Nature is more fascinating than a perpetual spring? Fortunate indeed are the little plants that are privileged to grow on its marge. The spring

keeps them cool and green during summer heat when other plants become scorched and withered, and in winter the roots are warmed by the never freezing waters. The earliest flowers may be sought for near a spring. Where we paused to drink the snow laid deep but the vapors from the spring had kept cleared a little chimney, the hole at the top being just big enough to enable us to reach in with our tin cup.

Soon after this we came into a beautiful forest, mostly of spruce. We found little difficulty in following the trail and, taking turns at leading, we were able to make good progress most of the way.

It was interesting, as we plodded up the mountain, to study the tracks in the snow. These were few to be sure, but they told who had been there before us and something about their life. Well up toward the summit of the mountain, but still in the wooded area, we came upon a very unusual record in the snow. A northern deer had made his marks across our trail. Evidently he had been traveling at a rapid pace. Mingled with the foot-prints of the deer were the tracks of the hungry pursuer,—a large wild cat! We paused to read the record and wished that we might have known the outcome of that battle of instincts.

The woods were very still. Only an occasional zephyr shot through the heavily laden branches. There are no woods in New England more beautiful in winter than those of spruce and fir. The trees resemble tall spires, draped in white, and as one snowshoes along—winding in and out among the trunks and the shadows—the beauty, the joy, and the quietude bring to a man the consciousness of a delightful oneness with Nature. At such moments we are glad to be alive.

When we finally reached timber line

and came out onto the open carriage road at the South peak there was a decided strengthening on the part of the wind, which seemed to increase its velocity with every gust as we neared the main summit. In making the last half mile we battled against a biting gale which nearly took away the breath and made it extremely difficult to keep on one's feet. When at last the Summit Camp was gained we were too much chilled to think about the view. Near the main building we located the Winter Cabin and we hurried inside out of the blast. We ate our cold but substantial lunch and discoursed on the adventures of the morning and those to be met with in the afternoon. Our stay was to be so short that we did not attempt to light a fire in the stove. The Winter Room is furnished with cots and blankets for the free use of persons wishing to spend a night on the mountain in winter. Great credit is due the Dartmouth Outing Club for the fine way in which they have managed things on the summit of Mt. Moosilauke since the property was deeded to them a few years ago.

After resting a bit we went outside again and found partial shelter from the wind on the east side of the main camp building. From this position we surveyed the landscape in three directions. A marvelous sight it was,—the Presidential Range cloud-capped,—the Franconia Range snow-capped and sparkling in the sunlight,—and all the valleys sleeping under a blanket of white! It reminded us of a poem by Mr. Frederic L. Knowles:

"Ah, in those hours, O native hills! I
 know
 Alert beneath thy guise of seeming
 dead
 The roots are warm, the saps of summer
 flow,



DOWN WE WENT

The wings of immortality are bred!
 In all things reigns one innumerable
 Control:
 The Life beneath the snow, the Life
 within my soul!"

Leaving the summit we found the sign marking the Beaver Brook trail and we set out briskly on the downward trend. We had gone scarcely more than an eighth of a mile when we became suddenly aware that we were not on the trail at all. Where *was* the trail? All the immediate surroundings looked alike. The protruding tops of the tallest scrub firs dotted the drifts of white. Deep down under the snow—somewhere—among those firs was the trail we sought, but it was impossible to locate it. In truth there were no familiar landmarks whatever in a place where we would have been quite at home in summer.

We trudged along, believing that we should find the path in the col that separates the main peak from Mt. Blue. Our companions followed along in whatever direction we set out, and we began to feel very keenly the sense of our responsibility as regarding the safety of the party.

Once when we were hurrying down over a sharp pitch our snowshoes caught between the tops of some of the taller trees where the snow was particularly soft. Down we went, nearly out of sight, in the great ocean of white! Our friends were at our side in a few moments and we hobbled out of our predicament more angry than hurt. We had failed to spot the trail in the col between the peaks and so we kept on, gradually ascending the slopes of Mt. Blue. After a time we mounted a sort of promontory from which we could lay out a general course along the edge of Jobildunk Ravine, and as we gazed down into the great valley of wilderness an open spot, just below us, suddenly took on a familiar aspect. As we came nearer to the place there was no doubt as to our discovery and we informed our friends that we were on the trail again. After a short distance we left the scrubs and came into the taller growth on Mt. Blue. Here the trail became more easy to follow, although the snow was very deep and only an occasional blaze was visible above it.

We cast a parting glance at the sum-

mit we had left and soon dropped over the ridge and down into the ravine where Beaver Brook begins. There were wonderful views all along the way as we followed the old log-roads down into Kinsman Notch. We camped in the Notch over night. Lost River was a very different world from what we knew it to be in summer. The snow was piled high above the windows and doors of the camp buildings and in the gorge the scenes were even more fantastic.

We had to be much awake during the night in order to heap the wood onto our fire; otherwise the camp could not have been inhabited. The mercury dropped well below the zero mark during the night and the following morning broke cloudy.

All would have ended well if we had not brought along so many slices of sirloin steak. I believe we had five pounds of this jolly red meat and it tasted "tip-top" after our long hike. We ate all we possibly could and then one of our friends, rather than to throw away the choice morsels, played Jack Spratt and licked the platter clean. This extra two pounds of meat proved too much for our friend's tired stomach and he was sick for a day or two afterward.

From North Woodstock we looked back upon our Mountain; looked up from the valley of the Pemigewasset.—Our Moosilauke! great, silent mass of Mountain; and how much longer is thy day than ours!



Franconia Notch

FRANCES ANN JOHNSON

(*In the Littleton Courier*)

*Notch of Franconia, lovely the chorus
Brook, tree and bird-note in ecstasy raise,
Lofty your mountain-tops towering o'er us,
Adding their strength to the choir of praise.*

*Into the heart of you, where you are winding
Close to high mountains, lake-mirrors and streams,
Beauty triumphant is free for the finding,
Chiseled in granite yet fashioned of dreams.*

*Valley magnificent, chosen for glory.
Here 'God Almighty has hung out His sign,'
Down thru all ages proclaiming His story,
"Here I make Men, and the Pattern is Mine!"*

*Beautiful Valley, tho' almost surrendered,
Almost exchanged for the lumbermen's gold,
We could not stand, with allegiance unrendered,
Idly allowing your trees to be sold!*

*We shall keep faith with you, Friend of the ages,
Mingle our vows in the thrill of your cry,
State of New Hampshire, inscribe on your pages
Words that no power can ever defy.*

*"Glorious Valley, no more shall men covet
Majesty's beautiful mantle of green.
King of the Hills, 'tis your robe and we love it!
Ransom is yours. Let your heart be serene!"*

*"Lovely Memorial, now and hereafter,
Honor the Brave, in your song of the breeze.
Soldier and Sailor, your dear youthful laughter
Echoes, enshrined, in glad choirs of trees."*

*Valley magnificent, no hand shall sever!
Notch of Franconia, beautiful Glen.
Pride of New Hampshire and challenge forever,
Here in the hills 'God Almighty makes Men!"*



MARY PENDLETON REMICK

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mary Pendleton Remick

HENRY H. METCALF

SINCE the political enfranchisement of women quite a number of the sex, in the country at large, have entered political life, and some have attained public office, though not so many as was generally expected would be the case. Several have occupied seats in Congress, of whom four are now members of the House of Representatives—Mrs. Florence P. Kahn of California, Mrs. Katherine Langley of Kentucky, Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts and Miss Mary T. Norton of New Jersey.

The candidacies of several others, for nomination in the coming primaries, have been announced, among them being Ruth Hannah McCormick of Illinois—a daughter of the late Mark Hannah—on the Republican side, and a daughter of the late Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson, in Pennsylvania, and a daughter of William Jennings Bryan, in Florida, on the Democratic.

No woman has yet been elected to the United States Senate, though one, Miss Florence J. Allen, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and the only woman in the country holding such position, was a candidate for nomination for such office in the last Democratic primary in that State, but was defeated by a man decidedly her inferior in character and ability.

In New Hampshire two women have

been elected to the office of County Commissioner and quite a number as members of the House of Representatives, two in 1922, the first year after they became eligible—Miss Jessie Doe of Rollinsford and Dr. Mary R. Farnum of Boscawen; eleven in 1924, and nine in 1926. Of these last, two were Augusta Pillsbury of Ward 2, Manchester, and Dr. Zatae L. Straw of Ward 3, both of whom served in the former legislature, and the latter, a sketch of whose career was presented in the January issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, has already announced her candidacy for nomination as the Republican candidate for State Senator in District No. 17, which nomination, if secured, insures election as the district is strongly Republican. But one woman has yet been nominated for this office in New Hampshire—Mrs. Helen J. Young of Easton, who served in the House in 1925, having been the Democratic nominee in District No. 5, in 1926, when she carried the towns of Bath, Benton, Easton, Littleton and Lyman, but failed of election, the district as a whole being strongly Republican.

Quite a number of women in this State have taken interest in national politics. Mrs. J. G. M. Glessner of Bethlehem is the New Hampshire woman member of the Republican National Committee, and Dorothy Branch Jackson of Concord holds similar position on the

Democratic Committee. Two New Hampshire women served as delegates in the last Republican National Convention, Nellie D. Parker of Berlin, and Mary L. C. Schofield of Peterboro, while there was but a single woman member in the delegation to the Democratic Convention—Dr. Anna B. Parker of Gilman-ton. Several have filed as candidates for election to each of the National Conventions this year, the most prominent among them being Mrs. Remick on the Republican side and Dr. Anna B. Parker on the Democratic. Mrs. Remick was the first woman to file her candidacy, and in fact the first person. She has been quite prominent in civic affairs in New Hampshire for many years and a brief outline of her career follows:

MARY PENDLETON REMICK was born in Bangor, Me., July 31, 1864, daughter of Nathan P. and Helen M. (Smith) Pendleton. Her father's family removed from Hingham, Mass., when he was quite young and where her grandfather Pendleton was associated with her maternal grandfather, Asa Smith, in the coal and lumber business.

She is a direct descendant of that Brian Pendleton who was living with his wife in London, England, in 1625, but later emigrated to this country, and made his home on Great Island, now Newcastle, then a part of Portsmouth, and who served from 1652 to 1665 as an Associate Justice of the Colonial Courts in Portsmouth and Dover. Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, President of Wellesley College is of the same descent.

On the maternal side Mrs. Remick is a direct descendant of Ebenezer Leonard, a Brigadier General in the Revolutionary army during the War for Independence; also of William Smith of Sudbury, Mass., who, in the same service, was killed in the attack upon Ticonderoga.

While Mrs. Remick was an infant the families removed to Marlboro, Mass., and twelve years later to Hartford, Conn., where her grandfather Smith organized the Connecticut River Lumber Company, of which the late George Van Dyke of Lancaster was president after him.

Mrs. Remick was educated in private schools in Marlboro and Hartford. While pursuing her studies in the latter city she became interested in welfare work, and was later active in the City Mission, and was a charter member of the Sister Dora Society, which furnished a refuge for wayward girls. The interest in social welfare work which was here awakened, has been the dominant factor in her career through life, and is as strong and impelling at present as ever in the past.

On December 5, 1888, at Hartford, she was united in marriage with James Waldron Remick—well-known lawyer and publicist of the present day—then in practice at Littleton, N. H., who, at 28 years of age, had just been appointed U. S. District Attorney for New Hampshire by President Harrison, and who, later, was made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire by Gov. Chester B. Jordan. During her residence in Littleton, Mrs. Remick was a member of the Friday Club, of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance in which she was active; as also in the Non-Sectarian Charity Organization of which she was one of the founders and its president.

Removing with her husband to Concord in 1901, after his appointment to the bench, she has been prominent in social life, club activities and benevolent work of the Capital City for many years. She was an active member of the Concord Woman's Club for a long time, and was

its President from 1911 to 1913. During her incumbency of this office she initiated a vigorous campaign for the lowering of the steps on street cars, which were then placed at such height as to render entry or exit difficult or uncomfortable. She carried the matter to the Public Service Commission, before which she appeared with supporting witnesses, and so effectively presented her case, without the aid of counsel, that in due time the Commission issued an order which resulted in a proper and safe adjustment of the steps on the street cars in Concord, the example being soon followed by street railway companies in other places.

Her activity and prominence in the Concord club led to due recognition in the State Federation of Women's Clubs, in which she was also long active, serving as chairman of the Committee on Civil Service Reform from 1908 to 1910; Committee on Industrial and Social Conditions, 1913 to 1915, and Club Extension, 1915 to 1917. She served as Second Vice President of the Federation from 1915 to 1917; First Vice President from 1917 to 1919, and President from 1920 to 1922. Her abilities have also been recognized by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and she served efficiently, for three years, as Chairman of its Committee on Industrial and Social Relations and Prison Reform, under the presidency of Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker.

Actively interested in charitable and benevolent work, Mrs. Remick served as the Secretary of the New Hampshire Conference of Charities and Corrections, now known as the Conference of Social Work, since the death of Miss Carrie Evans, of which organization she was an active member at the start, and which held annual meetings largely attended for

several years. A movement for its reorganization and a revival of interest in the work has lately been inaugurated through her instrumentality. She was also for some time Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Pembroke Sanitarium for Advanced Cases of Tuberculosis, and is at present First Vice President of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association, as well as one of the Directors of the Children's Aid and Protective Association. She has long been a Trustee of the N. H. Memorial Hospital for Women and Children; was for eight years President of the Hospital Associates, during which time much money was raised for the Maternity Ward, and is at present First Vice President of the Board of Trustees. From 1918 to 1922 she served as Chairman of the Woman's Organization for Near East Relief, under Bishop Parker. She has been a Vice President of the Girls' Friendly Club of Concord, in which she has taken much interest, and was an active member of the Equal Suffrage League, while it was working for the cause of woman's enfranchisement. She is a member of N. H. Historical Society.

During the World War she served as Chairman of Garments and Surgical Dressings under the N. H. Chapter of the American Red Cross. She sympathizes with her distinguished husband in the stand against "war and rum" as the two great curses of humanity, and believes in persistent efforts in support of every measure calculated to promote peace and temperance.

Judge and Mrs. Remick have one daughter, Gladys, born October 31, 1891, educated at the Mount Ida School; now Mrs. Jesse S. Wilson of Winchester, Mass., also a granddaughter, Hope Wilson, born December 22, 1924.



FREDERICK T. IRWIN

Glassmaking in New Hampshire

FREDERICK T. IRWIN

AUTHOR OF SANDWICH GLASS AND GLASS WORKERS

IN THE pellucid depths of glass goblets, the murky bottles or the more fragile early American glass dishes upon which are traced patterns dear to the generations of the past, lovers of the antique have sought to glean knowledge of other days as a seer strives to learn of the unknown through the visions in his crystal ball. The romance of the quest has caught his fancy and led him through alluring pathways.

New Hampshire folk know that their state, rich in historic lore, was closely interwoven with other localities in the early American industry of glass-making. For, undoubtedly, the making of glass was one of the first, if not the very earliest attempts at manufacturing in America. Two factories for making glass are known to have been built in the vicinity of Jamestown, Virginia, the first in 1608-9 and the second in 1620, the same year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass.

Glass-making in the Granite State was attended by trials and tribulations, according to the reports of the project as instituted by one Robert Hews, and although the General Court came to his rescue and authorized the sale of lottery tickets for his industry, a Nemesis seemed to stalk in his wake. For his factory, which was probably the first establishment for the making of glass in New Hampshire, was twice destroyed by fire, and received but slight local support financially.

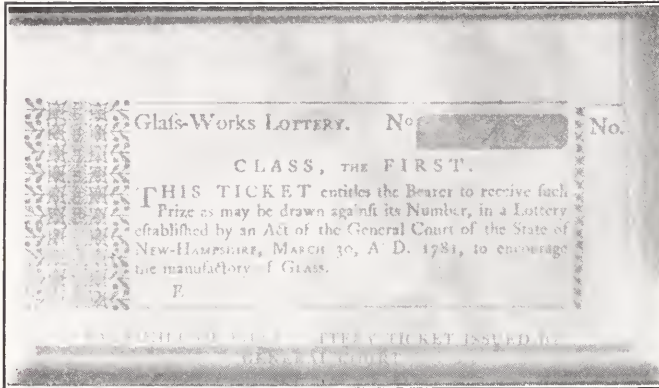
This factory was built in the town of Temple, in Hillsborough County, about 1780. After two catastrophes had be-

fallen Hews' enterprise and his townspeople had failed to support it, an appeal was made to the General Court and history tells us that on March 3, 1781, that body passed "An Act to authorize certain citizens to raise two thousand pounds to enable one Robert Hews to carry on the manufacture of glass in the town of Temple in the county of Hillsborough."

Even the lottery proved a failure and probably very little glass was made at Temple although some bottles and possibly a small amount of window glass were produced there. The claim that this factory was the first in America is probably incorrect.

The next New Hampshire glass-making enterprise was more successful. In 1814 there was organized at Keene, which had already become prominent as a manufacturing community, a corporation known as the New Hampshire Glass Factory. A building ninety by sixty feet was erected on the present site of the Cheshire county jail. Several dwelling houses were built for the workmen and Col. Lawrence Schoolcraft, who had been manager of a glass factory in Albany, N. Y., was chosen as superintendent of the new business.

Like most of the early glass factories in New England, the company's principal output was window glass. Three sizes were made six by eight, seven by nine and eight by ten inches, although but little of the largest size was in demand at that time. The early settlers of New Hampshire, in the rare moments they sat by their windows, looked out upon their fields and woodlands through small



panes of glass that were often imperfect and "wavy." The business at Keene was very profitable for a time and was conducted under various managements until about 1850 when it was moved to Stoddard.

The tariff question played an important part in the fortunes of the next glass-making enterprise in the Granite State. In 1815, after having been with the original company for about a year, Henry Schoolcraft, a son of Superintendent Lawrence Schoolcraft, in company with several of the stockholders, withdrew from the New Hampshire Glass Factory and organized a new company for the manufacture of tumblers, decanters, bottles and other ware. They did a profitable business until a treaty of peace after the War of 1812 removed the embargo and admitted nearly all foreign goods duty free. Many manufacturing companies ceased business as a result, according to history. The products of this short-lived glass manufacturing company are highly prized and eagerly sought by collectors of antique glassware.

Foreign competition again reared its head and caused the downfall of another company, which, under the name of the Chelmsford Glass Company, started the manufacture of window glass in 1839. This enterprise continued for nearly

thirty years, however, or until the early sixties, when imported goods forced it to give up the ghost.

William Parker, who owned a controlling interest in the Chelmsford company, as its agent began the manufacture of window glass on the south side of what is now known as Glass street in

Suncook. The business was a success for several years and the company enlarged its plant. Several buildings, one of which was constructed of brick were built on the rear of the lot near the Suncook river while the counting room and store were located at the front of the lot facing the street. A bakery is now doing business at this place and in the same building which housed the old counting room and store.

The company went out of business about the time of the Civil War and the real estate was sold to the Webster Manufacturing company. Many a Suncook family treasures a souvenir of this former local industry, for while there is no record that the company made anything but window glass commercially, it is well known that workmen fashioned many novelties, such as glass cones, pens, and other articles.

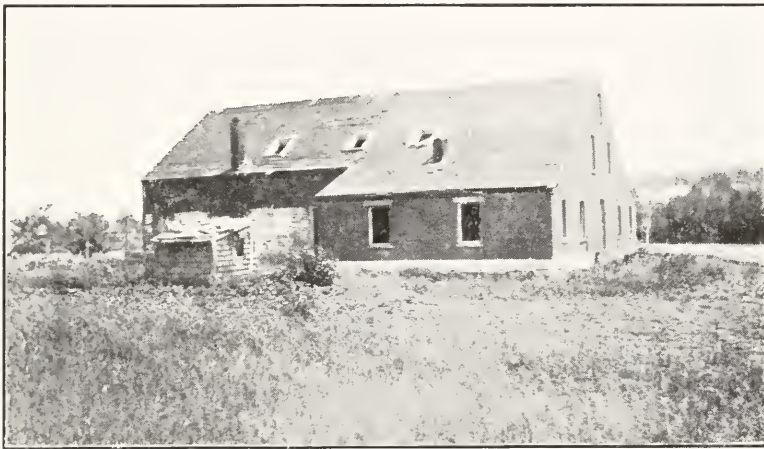
The name "Stoddard" holds a charm for glass collectors for the products of the glass works in that town are highly prized. Joseph Foster established a factory in Stoddard in 1840, but insufficient capital proved its downfall. The glass made there was a dark amber-green and very coarse. The chief products were window glass and bottles and one who secures an example of the latter has a prize more noted for its rarity than its beauty.

A second bottle factory was started, after the failure of the first. It was in 1846 that this enterprise was inaugurated in Mill Village and during its brief existence it turned out approximately \$25,000 worth of bottles each year. A third factory of bottle making was started in Stoddard in 1850 and ran successfully for several years.

If New Hampshire could have enjoyed the benefits of the State Publicity Bureau in the days just following the

English colonists. In 1608 the London Company sent glass workers to America to operate this plant. In the following year some of its products constituted a part of the first cargo of goods ever exported from this country. This factory probably produced bottles exclusively. Its career was brief, as in 1617 it was reported fallen into decay, and later it was swept entirely away in the Indian massacre of 1622.

In 1620 a subscription list was started



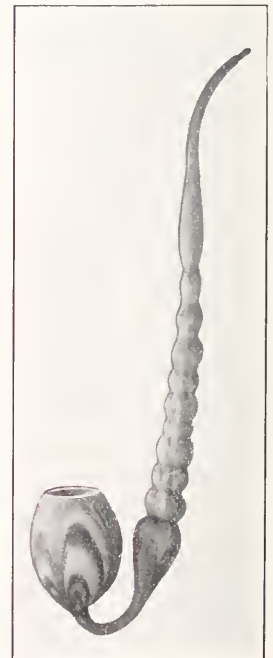
RUINS OF THE SUNCOOK GLASS FACTORY

Civil War a little factory in South Lyndeborough might have existed longer than its brief five-year span. For this company, which confined its output to bottles, had the reputation of making some of the finest goods in the United States. Lack of finances spelled its doom.

The manufacture of glass in this country dates almost from the first arrival of the English Colonists. One of the earliest attempts, if not the first, at manufacturing in the original colonies was directed toward the production of glass. Works erected for that purpose, in 1608 or 1609, about a mile from Jamestown, Virginia, was probably the first factory built in America by the

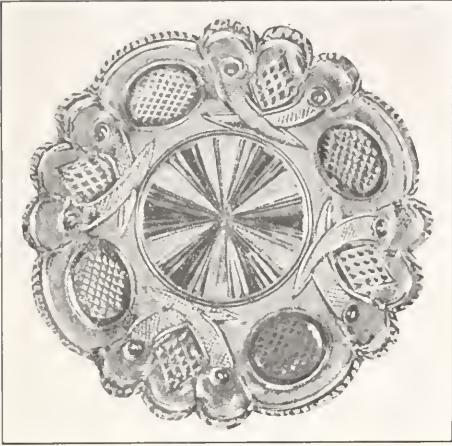
in Jamestown to erect a factory for the production of glass beads, the currency used in trading with the Indians. This factory seems to have been situated some distance from Jamestown, as it escaped the massacre of 1622, and it is referred to as late as 1623. In 1621 it was furnished by the London Company with Italian workmen, who were especially skilful in making beads. In 1639 a glass factory was started in Salem, Massachusetts, and previous to this, although the exact date is not known, glass was made in New York, on Manhattan Island.

The scarcity of glass during the Revolutionary War stimulated factory erec-



OLD TIME GLASSWARE

tion, and early in the 19th century the industry assumed much prominence, being confined largely to Massachusetts,



"HORN OF PLENTY"

New Hampshire, New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland. These early factories were usually situated within easy access to forests, from which the fuel supply was obtained. Not until the erection of the first factory west of the Allegheny Mountains, at Pittsburgh, in 1797, was coal used as a fuel in glass-making. It was many years before coal came into general use.

The glass factory, whose product has attracted most attention, and whose wares are most sought today, was built at Sandwich, Massachusetts, a century ago.

The dense pine forest on Cape Cod determined the location of this factory, since wood was the fuel generally used for manufacturing purposes in early days.

The Sandwich Glass factory was founded by Deming Jarvis, Esq., in 1825. Mr. Jarvis was business manager for many years, and to him belongs the credit for the success of the Sandwich Glass industry.

The first glass was blown from an

eight pot furnace on July 4th. This was the flint or transparent form, used almost exclusively for table ware, mirrors and window panes.

Soon, the times demanded colored glass of various kinds, black, blue, canary, opal and chrysophrase, for pomade and ointment jars—mostly for the Philadelphia market, and another small furnace was built called the "canary furnace." Gold ruby glass was also needed for signal lanterns and railroad use. These two furnaces were located in a building known as the "Upper House."

With the increase of business, a second building known as the "Lower House" was erected. This also contained two furnaces. All four furnaces were operated for a number of years, until the westward spread of the industry reduced operations again to the "Upper House."

When the works started there were five "shops". Wages were scarcely magnificent, at least compared with



"BEEHIVE AND THISTLE"

modern standards. The "gaffers" received from \$14 to \$17 weekly; the "servitors" \$14, the "footmaker" \$6, and

the boys \$3 each. For unskilled adult work the blacksmiths, wood dryers and "laborers" received \$6. The expert workmen who were hired to start the business were imported to some extent from England, Germany and Belgium. Many of them were articed for a term of years. The Boston-Sandwich Company was the first in this country to make the prized opal glass, one Rice Harris being brought from England to teach the process. Experts in those days, as now, were recognized, and although Mr. Harris remained at Sandwich but six months, he received for his services \$5,000 and expenses.

There were no spare hands in those days, and if anyone failed to come to work some man on the opposite turn would work over time. Boys who worked overtime received tickets and were paid once in three months. The company was never unmindful of the future of the boys, for there was in effect a policy of permitting them to "gather" and work glass in their spare time. A boy who simply wished to amuse himself and wasted glass was soon deprived of this privilege, but one who actually wanted to learn the glass-maker's trade was given every encouragement. If an article turned out by

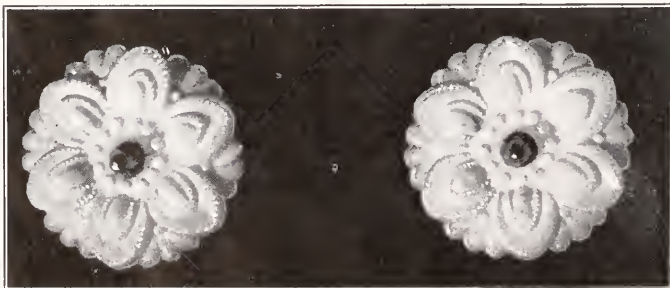
one of the boys was considered worthy, the manager would have it cut for him and permit him to keep it.

In the early 60's the business was at its height. There were at that time in operation four furnaces of twelve pots each, producing about two tons of glass per pot per week.

Most kinds of glass then in use were at some time manufactured here. In the recent ruins one might see windows whose sashes were filled with the ancient diamond-shaped panes which were manufactured on the premises.

It is claimed, though the claim is disputed by some authorities, that to this factory belongs the honor of making the first "pressed ware." It is related that in 1827 a carpenter employed about the works wanted a piece of glass of a particular size and shape. He conceived the idea that the molten glass could be pressed into any form, much the same as lead. Up to that time all glass-ware had been blown, either off-hand or in the mould. Considerable skill was required, the process was also slow. The glass manufacturer laughed at the carpenter, but he went ahead and built his press, and now the United States is the greatest pressed glass producing country in the world.

NOTE—The illustrations of the lottery ticket and ruins of the Suncook Glass Factory were made from photographs taken from Mr. Irwin's private collection; those of the glass-ware are from Mr. Irwin's recently published book, "Sandwich Glass and Glassmakers."



Those Republican Women

A REPORTER

A CLERGYMAN and a newspaper reporter chanced to become wedged in the close formation that was lock stepping its way inch by inch into the ballroom of the Carpenter hotel in Manchester, February 16, where tables had been prepared for the nearly four hundred who attended the fourth annual luncheon of the women's division of the New Hampshire Republican committee. Men were as scarce as they were in the midweek prayer meeting of a certain little Methodist church in Northern Vermont a few years ago when the good old parsons became deeply concerned regarding the destination of the souls of these missing males.

"Brethren," said he, one Sunday morning, "it looks to me as if there aren't going to be enough men in Heaven to sing bass."

The simile doesn't hold, however, because up to within a few years women were as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth in politics. The clergyman at the women's institute looked the crowd over. He spied an occasional brother in misery sequestered in the loneliness that can come to a man caught in a crowd of women all talking at once.

"I see there are a few black sheep here," he remarked to the reporter.

"Do you refer to the men—or the Democrats?" the reporter parried.

Of course none of these scattering males came to scoff. If any had they would have remained to observe the capabilities of women when it comes to handling a political gathering. Some of them might possibly have retired to ponder on the fact and its bearing on the future.

The big luncheon referred to was the culmination of a two-day event. The Republican Institute of the Women's Division of the New Hampshire State Committee, according to the announcement on the programs, started with enthusiasm. More than a hundred women were present when the Institute opened Wednesday morning of the fifteenth and the attendance and interest gained momentum until, by actual count, 370 attended the closing feature.

Mrs. Howard Parker of Berlin was the director of the Institute and presided at its sessions; Mrs. Arthur L. Willis of Concord, who worked untiringly to make the meeting a success, and Mrs. J. G. M. Glessner of Littleton, national committee woman, were present throughout the two day session and were on the program as speakers. Mrs. Glessner told of the activities of the national committee and Mrs. Willis described the functions of the state committee.

The high spot on the program was Frances Parkinson Keyes, wife of United States Senator Henry W. Keyes. Some of the men who attended the luncheon frankly said their only purpose in going was to see and hear Mrs. Keyes, who was the speaker. Mrs. Keyes revealed her New England pluck when she left a sick bed in Washington where she had lain for four weeks to make the journey to Manchester. So ill was she that she retired to her room at the hotel, and to bed, as soon as she had finished speaking. But one would never have suspected her physical suffering as she addressed the assembly. She was vivacious, witty, facetious and serious by turns throughout her lengthy address.

Perhaps one should begin at the begin-

ning in telling about a two day meeting, and not select the high spots, newspaper fashion. The Institute got under way with the usual preliminaries. There was a salute to the flag, prayer, the gracious welcome by Mrs. George H. Warren of Manchester, chairman of the Hillsborough County Republican committee, and the response by Mrs. George H. Lesure for the State Committee.

A significant feature of that morning was the distribution of cards bearing this creed:

I believe in the United States of America—

In her traditions and her ideals;

I believe in her Constitution—

Which maintains her traditions and makes possible her ideals;

I believe that without law, liberty for one becomes license for many— therefore

I believe that I should render unqualified obedience to the laws of my country that the freedom guaranteed under the Constitution may be enjoyed by all.

Mrs. William K. Robbins of Manchester gave a talk on "Our Constitution;" Mrs. Willard F. Libby of Berlin described her idea of the "A B C of Citizenship," and five women took part in a discussion of "Party Organization Under the Election Law." These were Mrs. J. G. M. Glessner of Littleton who spoke on the National Committee; Mrs. Arthur L. Willis of Concord who discussed the problems and functions of the State Committee; Mrs. Elwin L. Page of Concord who took up the work of the County Committee; Mrs. Dana A. Emery of Manchester, the City Committee, and Mrs. Charles T. Patten, of Nashua, a member of the General Court, who talked on "Work on Election Day."

New Hampshire has a public speaker among her women who might be pitted

against any of the national speakers without fear of discredit to the Granite State. She is Mrs. E. Maude Ferguson of Bristol, a member of the State Legislature and one of the prominent Republican women in the state. Mrs. Ferguson has several things to commend her to an audience. She is good looking, she has had training in public speaking and she possesses brains. She was on the Institute program both days, once when she gave a talk on the "Technique of Public Speaking," and again when she addressed the session on "The Indifferent Citizen."

Mrs. Ferguson figures that the apathetic voter is the most exasperating type of person one can encounter. She even went so far as to charge that such a woman is mentally lazy and grasps almost any excuse to keep away from the polls on election day. And as for the indifferent voter, well, she just represents "X", in politics, "the unknown quantity."

If there was anything left to say about the independent or the indifferent voter after Mrs. Ferguson got through, there was no possible escape for them, after Mrs. Ida Porter Boyer of Boston, lecturer and writer, took the platform. She denounced the indifferent voter as a "civic jellyfish," and the next step to this lowest form of political life, to her mind, is the independent voter.

One of the most scholarly addresses on the program was delivered Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Grace Davis Vanamee of New York, editor in chief of the GUIDON, a Republican Women's publication, who traced the history of the Republican party from Colonial days to the present time. Indeed, her address was a review of political parties and their relationship to the history of America since the settlement of the colonies. Comparisons with the political

systems in other lands were made, and she cited the situation in South America where politics has consisted mainly of battles between individuals and their groups of personal supporters, and that of France where the group system is, in her opinion, destructive of political stability.

All perfect plans in this world are doomed to be marred and this was true of the Institute. Governor Ralph O. Brewster of Maine had been expected for the Wednesday evening program, but was unavoidably absent. There was plenty of home talent, however, and Governor Huntley N. Spaulding of New Hampshire gave an address in which he summarized the accomplishments of the administration during the last year. What he considers the main achievements, according to his statement that evening, are the short legislative session at which provisions were made to restore New Hampshire highways damaged by the flood, the purchase of Franconia Notch, the adjustment of differences with the Boston and Maine railroad and the state's highway construction policy.

Mayor Arthur E. Moreau of Manchester, in his words of greeting, paid the women several compliments and commended them particularly on their interest in studying the science of government.

Mrs. Sadie Lipner Shulman, assistant corporation counsel of Boston, who was booked to speak at this session on "Citizenship in Action," told the women that the only way they can be assured of good government is to go to the polls and vote for candidates of character and ability. Indifference is the danger that now threatens the government of the United States, in her opinion. And indifference can easily lead to a rule by the minority, she pointed out.

The men have neglected an important

matter which is proving a real menace to the country, if one is to believe Miss Gail Laughlin of Portland, Me., prominent attorney and a member of the Maine Legislature. This problem, which involves the nation's criminal record, may well be solved by the women, she believes, as their contribution to good government. Said she:

"The United States is the most criminal country in the world today. In 1923 there were 10,000 murders, or I might call them homicides because there were some manslaughter cases. In Great Britain that same year there were 151. Robberies are thirty times greater in New York than they are in London and one hundred times greater in Chicago than London. In the years that men have been building the United States commercially and economically they have overlooked this menacing problem. There is little the women can do to improve the country's position in the world of commerce, but there is a big opportunity awaiting them in the work of reducing crime and improving the home."

Miss Laughlin characterized Hickman, the California murderer, as the type of moron which now makes up six or seven per cent of the population of the country. "Three-quarters of the feeble minded inherit their condition," she said. "We must now begin to see that this type of people do not reproduce their kind."

Before the morning session adjourned on the last day of the Institute, to make way for the luncheon, the women present had an opportunity to learn something important on the matter of platform work when Mrs. Rosalie Loew Whitney of New York gave an address on "Political Speech-Making," and Mrs. Ferguson introduced them into the technicalities of the art.

Then came the luncheon and the ad-

dress by Mrs. Keyes as the culminating feature. Seated at the head table were Mrs. William H. Schofield of Peterborough, Mrs. Willis, who introduced the speaker, Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Boston and Manchester; Mrs. Susan Bancroft of Concord, Mrs. Parker, director of the Institute, Mrs. Glessner, Miss Laughlin, Mrs. Herbert E. Gage, chairman of Rockingham county, and other distinguished guests.

Mrs. Keyes wore a gown of ashes of roses silk with trimmings of cream lace which she had secured in Dracoll's Vienna shop. Her hat, shoes and hose harmonized with the ensemble. So did her jewels. Later in the afternoon she told me the story of a rare neck chain she was wearing, an exquisite thing of pearls and pink tourmalines.

"My son, Henry W. Keyes, and I were wandering about Geneva when, as we passed the window of a little antique shop, my eye caught the gleam of this ornament. I went in, priced it, and regretfully left the place. We returned to the hotel, when my son seemed uneasy. He said he was going for another walk, by himself this time. He needed the air and exercise, he declared. When he returned he placed this chain in my hands. He had paid for it nearly all the spending money allotted him for his trip. Do you wonder I prize it almost more than anything I possess?" On her arm was a bracelet picked up in Ceylon. It was a quaint circle of bright jewels and she explained that, according to the custom in Ceylon, the stones were arranged to express a sentiment.

In her luncheon address Mrs. Keyes told of many odd happenings in many parts of the world. She declared she had never had a disagreeable experience at the hands of foreigners in her life. Said she, "A great deal has been made of minor episodes, in my opinion. I

think it is possible for an American to go anywhere on the face of the earth and be treated with consideration. Of course, some travelers make the mistake of bragging regarding the wealth of the United States in countries that are poor, and others have enlarged on the number of bath tubs in Chicago and the heights of the buildings in New York."

Naturally, being at a Republican meeting, Mrs. Keyes talked politics a little. She referred to the tariff question by telling of a visit to Shanghai where she went through the silk and cotton mills.

"There was no ventilation, no attempt at sanitation in these mills," she said. "The rooms were filled with steam and in these hotbeds of infection mothers often worked from six in the morning until nine at night. Little children too small to walk about were placed under the looms or other machinery to keep them out of the way while those large enough to walk tottered around in the filth at the peril of their lives. Tiny tots were compelled to stir the hot water in which the cocoons were placed until their little hands were bloated and distorted. Do we want to see the tariff walls let down?" she said.

"When I am writing for the magazines I never express personal opinions," Mrs. Keyes said. "I am simply a reporter, telling of the places I visit and the people I meet. Here in New Hampshire I can be myself, and I am a Republican." Whereupon she proceeded to talk politics.

Many New Hampshire folk were not aware that Mrs. Keyes is a talented writer of verse as well as prose, and when she recited several of her own poems the applause was enthusiastic.

All of the county chairmen in the state attended the Institute and wore G. O. P. elephant brooches set with rhinestones, the gift of Mrs. Glessner.

The chairmen are Mrs. Herbert E. Gage, Rockingham; Mrs. Charles W. Bickford, Strafford; Mrs. Martha A. Prescott, Belknap; Mrs. James E. French, Carroll; Mrs. Elwin L. Page, Merrimack; Mrs. George H. Warren, Hillsborough; Mrs. Charles T. Patten, Hillsborough; Mrs. Alfred J. Hutchinson, Cheshire;

Mrs. John C. Brooks, Sullivan; Dr. Sarah C. Johnson, Grafton; Mrs. Howard Parker, Coos.

Every woman whose name appeared on the programs sent out in advance of the Institute was present, at no matter how great cost. And this is more than can be said of the men.

To Japan

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

(*In the Japan Advertiser*)

I bow before your loveliness, Japan!
 The loveliness of Fujiyama's dome
 Of molded white against an azure sky
 All vaulted down about its purity;
 The loveliness that permeates the shrine
 Of Diabutsu, looming through the dusk,
 Immovable, eternal, infinite;
 The loveliness of cryptomeria trees,
 Fringing the ancient highways of the kings,
 Or clustering, in still, mysterious groves,
 Around the sacred temples which they shield;
 The loveliness of walls and steps of stone,
 Gray through the rain, slate-gray, and glistening;
 The loveliness of lakes, with tiny ships
 Wafted across their water, mirroring
 Twin ships that dip to greet them as they sail;
 The loveliness of stars that one by one
 Appear above the dark and distant hills,
 Like lights that pierce the velvet veil of sin,
 To show us, after all, the way to heaven.

And so before the shrine that is my own,
 Where stands the cross and ever burns the light
 Of Eucharistic candles on the altar
 I render thanks—why do we pray so often
 In supplication, but so very seldom
 When we should give thanksgiving?
 I render thanks because the glittered haste
 That fills my days has, for a little space,
 Been lifted from my life, and I have stood,
 Before your shrines and on your mountain-tops,
 Beside your lakes and underneath your stars;
 Until my weary soul, an empty cup,
 Has been refilled as from a crystal spring
 Which flows from sources higher than its own;
 And, thus refreshed, has known the gentle joy,
 Of looking on your loveliness, Japan!



COLONEL FRANK KNOX

Colonel Frank Knox

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

RIDING on the crest of a wave that is sweeping the journalistic world and concentrating the country's press through wholesale purchasing, Colonel Frank Knox of Manchester has just attained "the biggest newspaper job in the world." For William Randolph Hearst, who leads all publishers in the number of his daily newspapers, which now total twenty-seven, has promoted Colonel Knox to general manager of all his newspaper publications.

The particular billow upon which the Manchester man sits so securely is not a wave rolled up by the sea of chance nor has his promotion any element which would suggest that he is a favorite of that capricious queen, Dame Fortune. It comes as the result of more than a year of conscientious, intelligent service that marked him from the very first as a candidate for the top round of the ladder. At first he was New England regional director of the Hearst publications, which meant management of the Boston *AMERICAN* and Boston *ADVERTISER*. And his Hearst connections crown years of distinguished achievement in other fields.

Last summer there came an opportunity for Knox to demonstrate an ability that amounts in his case virtually to genius. Hearst sought to obtain a newspaper in Pittsburg and a series of consolidations. Oswald Garrison Villard, describing that deal in his article on "The Disappearing Daily" in the *Forum* magazine, tersely says: "Overnight in Pittsburg at the end of July the number of daily journals decreased from five to three—all three being now owned by men who are not and never have been

residents of Pittsburg, Hearst, Paul Block and the Scripps-Howard group of newspapers." Behind the scenes on that July night was Frank Knox, and when the deal was consummated Hearst was established in Pittsburg at a cost said to be \$500,000 less than he had been willing to pay to gain a foothold. Not long after this Knox was promoted to manage the Baltimore and Washington Hearst papers.

This genius for management and for economy has been evident all through Colonel Knox's newspaper experience. In the amazing transformation which has taken place in the newspaper business in the last two decades the Manchester publisher has had his part. His first newspaper merger was brought about in Sault Ste. Marie, where, in company with John A. Muehling, he bought the Sault Ste. Marie *JOURNAL*, a weekly which they converted into a daily and soon merged with it the local competitor. The *NEWS*, as they named their paper, was the only daily in that part of Michigan.

Then, in 1912, Colonel Knox sold his Michigan property and in October of that year he and Mr. Muehling founded the Manchester *LEADER*. In the mid-summer of 1913 the *UNION* was purchased, New Hampshire's only morning newspaper. Again a merger was accomplished when the publishers of the *UNION-LEADER* acquired their local competitor, the Manchester *DAILY MIRROR*, and merged it with the *LEADER*. These deals, small in comparison with the great events that are going on in the journalistic world, yet are significant. For, between January first and August of

1927, fifty-one daily newspapers ended their careers, eight morning and forty-three evening journals, the total number falling from 2,001 to 1,950. This was the largest decrease in nine years for the same period, and the EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, as well as many observers of the trend of affairs, declare the end of journalistic merging is far from being in sight.

Of all the newspaper organizations, that of William Randolph Hearst is admittedly the most powerful. Its men are picked carefully. Colonel Knox from the first inaugurated various economies, and his task in Washington and Baltimore was one of improvement of the management in that district. Hearst has recently completed new housing facilities in New York and has erected a new building for the New York JOURNAL. In this expansion program the Hearst publications floated a bond issue of \$25,000,000 last year. It is assumed that Colonel Knox will make his headquarters in New York City. He has added to his personal staff F. E. Williamson, publicity man with the New England Council, with headquarters at Boston, and former correspondent of the Associated Press at Boston. Williamson came to Boston from Pittsburg, where he was employed by the Associated Press.

Somebody has been trying to figure out Colonel Knox's present salary. That is always an interesting topic to those who try to measure a man's worth by the money he received for his services. This matter, however, has not been made public. It was reported when he went with Hearst originally that the Boston assignment alone commanded from \$25,000 to \$35,000 a year. Newspaper accounts set his probable present salary at \$100,000 a year. What does it matter?

What does matter is the fact that Frank Knox, who entered college with

the sum of \$25 in his pockets, worked his way through school, graduated with deserved credit, entered the newspaper game as a cub reporter, was made news editor after one year with the paper, after the second year became circulation manager, after three years entered business for himself with a capital of \$500, has now attained what is admittedly the highest position of its kind in the world.

The late George L. Kibbee, for many years editorial writer for the UNION-LEADER, wrote in 1924 a sketch of Colonel Knox that was not only comprehensive but was a labor of love. This was published in the Nashua TELEGRAPH at the time Colonel Knox was a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire on the Republican ticket and not only because it is a thoroughly good biographical sketch but because Mr. Kibbee knew and loved his newspaper chief and would like nothing better, were he alive in the flesh, than to have a part in this article, the GRANITE MONTHLY quotes from it:

* * * *

More than a decade ago a hitherto unfamiliar name was swiftly becoming a household word in New Hampshire, that of Frank Knox, then editor and publisher of the Manchester LEADER, now editor and publisher of the UNION and LEADER.

During the intervening period thousands of people of the state have come to know the bearer of that name personally, while thousands know more or less about him as newspaper editor, soldier, active promoter of state agriculture along unique lines, chairman of the New Hampshire Publicity Commission, political leader of wide repute and intimate friend of Roosevelt, Wood, Harding and Coolidge.

Major Knox is a native of Boston. He was born there on January 1, 1874,

the son of William Edwin and Sarah Barnard Knox. However, when he was still young the family moved to Grand Rapids, Mich., where the elder Knox went into business, so, in addition to New England birth and tradition in the background upon which Colonel Knox's mature life in New Hampshire has been laid, one finds middle western and even frontier elements, which may well be examined for their significance and bearing upon the richly diversified life and service in this state.

Frank Knox attended the public schools of Boston and Grand Rapids and went thence to Alma College, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts after he had broken in upon his college course to serve in the Spanish-American war. In college he was active and conspicuous in athletics, playing half-back on the varsity team for four years, and was captain in his sophomore year. In his senior year, however, the war with Spain came on and Knox dropped both studies and sports, enlisted in Roosevelt's Rough Riders and, as a member of Troop D, fought in all engagements of the expeditionary forces in Cuba, including, of course, San Juan Hill. Through this fine association came the acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt, which ripened into a sympathetic friendship of rare intimacy which grew and deepened through the succeeding years, which remained unshaken until the death of that great statesman and which today is a cherished memory.

An opportunity to return to New England was offered Knox directly after the war with Spain, a position on the staff of the Boston JOURNAL, then at the height of its success and influence, being open to him. This was declined, and the young veteran went home to Michigan, entered the office of the Grand Rapids

HERALD and plunged into politics as a stump speaker in support of William Alden Smith, then congressman and afterward United States Senator from Michigan.

After two years' apprenticeship in the editorial and business departments of the HERALD Frank Knox and John A. Muehling embarked in an enterprise of their own, purchasing the Sault Ste. Marie JOURNAL, a weekly paper, which they converted into a daily and with which they were so successful that within a year it absorbed its only competitor. The consolidated paper, known as the NEWS, was the only daily published in their part of Michigan.

Right here may be pointed out a characteristic of Colonel Knox that has been touched upon in his relation with Roosevelt, his aptitude for the forming of enduring friendships. The association with Mr. Muehling has continued without interruption through adversity and prosperity, in the grind of hard work and the exhilaration of daring adventure, until the present day. One finds this running all through his career—this winning quality of making and retaining firm associations with his fellows.

But to return to Sault Ste. Marie and the quest for the background of Major Knox's New Hampshire career. The scene of this early newspaper venture was then a part of the frontier. Northern Michigan was peopled by miners, lumbermen, the Great Lakes sailors, for the "Soo" boasts the greatest locks in the world, greater even than those of the Panama canal, and, of course, is a shipping center of first-rate importance. And life was raw, hard and picturesque there in those days. Saloons, gambling dens, and disorderly houses abounded, and the proprietors had "thrown their keys away," everything evil was wide open, day and night. Public affairs of

the community were in the hands of its baser elements and on a level with its commercialized vice.

The young editor saw at once that no prosperous city could be built on any such foundation as this and his first editorial fight was for the cleaning up of the town. It lasted years and was seldom lacking in excitement.

Meanwhile Knox was interesting himself in other matters, was, in fact, becoming a political figure in the state. In 1919 his fellow townsman and peculiarly intimate friend, Chase S. Osborn, became a candidate for governor. Knox was his campaign manager, later became chairman of the Republican State Committee and achieved the distinction of directing a campaign which resulted in a two to one victory for Osborn in a year when the prevailing drift the country over was in favor of the Democrats.

Then Knox was chosen by Roosevelt to handle T. R.'s campaign in the West for the election of delegates to the 1912 Republican National convention, and throughout 1911-12 he devoted himself to this strenuous work. He had weekly conferences with Roosevelt in New York, and the rest of the time was given over to travel throughout the West. In one six-months' period of this time Knox traveled 50,000 miles. It was after the culmination of this effort and the split in the Republican party that Knox sold out his Michigan property.

This brings one to the threshold of Knox's life as a New Hampshire man and one may well stop and sum up. What sort of man came here then? On what sized stage had he shown himself fitted to act? What were his associations and his outlook? What was to be expected of him? Here was a college-bred man, a soldier, a frontier and city-building editor, a valiant champion of civic righteousness, a political leader of

statewide and nationwide dimensions, an intimate associate of the Apostle of the Square Deal. Such was the man whose name was so swiftly to become familiar from one end of New Hampshire to the other. Manifestly, public service, vigorous and diversified, could be confidently predicted of him.

Colonel Knox, in company with Mr. Muehling, founded the Manchester LEADER in October, 1912. The following months constituted a period of readjustments all around, not only for the newcomers in the state's newspaper field, but throughout the country as well. Industry and business were becoming unsettled. Soon it became apparent that the LEADER required for its success association with a strong morning paper, and, in midsummer, 1913, the Manchester UNION was purchased from Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, who was, to all intents and purposes, its proprietor through the ownership of almost all the stock of the company. That Major Knox regarded this acquisition as an instrument for service is shown by the following brief extract from the editorial announcing the purchase:

"Next to gathering and presenting all the news, the UNION's special purpose and chief endeavor will be the advancement of New Hampshire's interests, the promotion of its development, the encouragement of every condition that affects its citizens in the community and home."

The deed followed the word. The UNION and LEADER were put into every useful work making for civic betterment, and many were and are the serious, earnest discussions within the office as to how best to serve the state. Then the war broke upon Europe and a new situation, bringing new problems, confronted the editor and publisher of these papers.

This new situation was met squarely and ever after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and more especially after that of the *Arabic*, the fateful second act of the kind which revealed the real purpose of the first, Knox contended vigorously for the acceptance of the German challenge and urged preparedness for the inevitable struggle. Meanwhile there was work for him to do in the field of national politics, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he was chosen by Roosevelt to speak for him in the negotiations leading to the consolidating of the Republicans and the Progressives at the time of the Republican National convention in 1916, and he was called into conference at Sagamore Hill at which a general plan was worked out.

Then the war came to America. And to some old friends of the *UNION* to whom the paper's record in the Civil War was not a pleasurable thing to recall, despite the evident sincerity of Editor Campbell, those days in the spring of 1917 were inspiring. Knox simply swung and led his paper into the war. The staff was so thoroughly depleted even before the draft that for the remainder of the war period the *UNION* and *LEADER* were got out by little more than a skeleton staff.

Colonel Knox was appointed to the committee on public safety and assigned at once to duties relating to enlistment, throwing himself into them with energy. He offered his services to both state and nation and then, on the advice of both Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood, volunteered for training in the officers' training camp. At once he was made president of the New Hampshire Officers' Training Association and in an intensive campaign for officer material which he organized no less than 250 candidates for commissions were enlisted.

Of course he expected nothing but that he would be among the first to be ordered to Plattsburg and was astounded when the list of appointees was published to find that his name was not in it. Still, there was one more way to get into the service and he took it. He enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Infantry, N. H. N. G. There was a night when, on the floor of the State Armory in Manchester, the editorial proprietor of the *UNION*, its state editor, and one of its linotype operators were drilled together in the "school of the soldier" by its night telegraph editor, all members of the regiment. But Colonel Knox did not go with the first. He was immediately recommended by Colonel M. J. Healy for officers' training school appointment and was soon assigned to Madison Barracks, N. Y., where there was a shortage of men of mature years.

Thus it came about that Colonel Knox entered the national service as a New Hampshire man in a very special sense. He went into it directly from the New Hampshire National Guard. His war record can be told briefly. In the month following the declaration of a state of war he was in uniform. In August he was made a captain of cavalry, this branch of the service being then a vital part of the divisional organization. The following month he was sent to Camp Dix where he was made divisional personal officer in which capacity he assigned 50,000 men to the various units of the division. In December he was appointed major in the field artillery and was given command of a horse-drawn ammunition train. He served overseas in this office.

His work was that of conveying ammunition to the artillery and infantry firing lines, strenuous work when it had to be done in virtually trackless, muddy forests, hazardous work when it con-

sisted in carrying small arms ammunition to front line trenches, under cover of darkness and in silence enforced so strictly that the applying of wheel brakes was prohibited. And not once did Colonel Knox send his men to undertake a mission which he had not personally surveyed and reconnoitered.

And if it be asked whether or not, after all, he had any of the real fighting service, let it be said that his division took part in both the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, that his artillery brigade was not relieved until the armistice, that from August to November in the unforgettable 1918 Colonel Knox was uninterruptedly in the zone of active operations and almost continuously under fire, that he took an active and honorable part in the last great drive that broke the Western front in two and ended only with the end of the war itself. He had been recommended for a lieutenant-colonelcy when the armistice suddenly put a stop to all pending promotions.

In the spring of 1919 Knox returned to Manchester. A veteran of two wars he was still at the peak of vigorous manhood, passing his discharge examination with flying colors as 100 per cent physically perfect. And although in common with most service men he yearned for a bit of freedom to attend to his personal affairs after a long period of discipline, he was quickly immersed in public or semi-public matters.

First of all there were the ex-service men endeavoring to organize themselves in some socially useful and mutually helpful way. To these men he gave unstinted aid in their worthy endeavor, and it was under his leadership as the first state commander of the American Legion that the state organization attained its present enviable condition.

Once more politics called. General

Wood was a candidate for the presidential nomination and he and Knox were long-time friends. Here, then, was the irresistible appeal. He joined the Wood forces under the leadership of Frank H. Hitchcock and was sent by New Hampshire as a delegate-at-large and chairman of the delegation. As matters turned out Hitchcock was unable to exercise his full powers owing to dissensions within the Wood camp, and it was to Knox that both factions turned eventually and he became Wood's floor leader in the 1920 convention.

After Colonel Knox's return from the war he was possessed with the idea of aiding in working out some special and distinctive part in the complex social problem which, even if not created by the war, had become so complicated and pressing in recent years. Many other men have felt this same urge. Industrial and financial leaders, college presidents, editors who do not want to be mere propagandists, all sorts of men of thought and action. Directly after the war there was a prevalent feeling of change. Civilization had been partly unhinged. The world was to be different, perhaps better. How make it better?

Knox approached this subject in his own way and thought out his own solution pretty much alone. His base of mental operation was the state. His question was how best to get the state to going prosperously after the upheaval and only partial settling down. Quickly he worked his way to agriculture, the state's basic industry, and after exhaustive study arrived at the conviction that agricultural revival and permanent establishment on a paying basis depended in great measure upon the adoption of co-operative marketing on a large scale. Then he studied cooperative marketing through and through while advancing

his belief. He went to Europe and examined it there in its most highly developed form in Denmark. And it has been under his vigorous, courageous leadership that the New Hampshire Co-operative Marketing Association has grown from nothing to an organization of 600 members, which did business to the amount of \$85,000 in its first year, \$257,000 two years ago, and \$400,000 last year (1923).

Moreover, he has succeeded in interesting men in other parts of the country who heretofore have not been greatly impressed by this remedy for some of the ills of the farmer. President Coolidge has personally asked Knox to go to Washington to talk with him about this very subject, and in a recent message there is an unmistakable flavor familiar to readers of UNION editorials in such passages as.

"No complicated scheme for relief, no plan for government fixing of prices, no resort to the public treasury, will be of any permanent value in establishing agriculture. Simple and direct methods put in operation by the farmer himself are the only real sources of restoration.

"He must have organization. His customer with whom he exchanges products of the farm for those of industry is organized and there is no way for the farmer to meet this unless he, too, is organized."

This is precisely what Colonel Knox had been preaching and that New Hampshire farmers have been practicing to their very great profit under his leadership, and he has put practice behind preaching. Believing that for southern New Hampshire there is solid prosperity in the production of fruit and poultry when, through cooperation, the products are handled economically, he spared no effort to promote this specialized form of farm business.

Colonel Knox dearly loves a horse and finds his chief recreation in horseback riding. He has several saddle horses in his stable always. He has been an Indian Commissioner for several years (was made a life member in 1911) and it is his way when on visits to the reservations to live in the saddle, sometimes for weeks at a time.

The Rough Rider has added to his military record active front-line service in the World War as a soldier-officer from New Hampshire. The political leader on a nation-wide stage is still an active figure in the councils of national politics. The youthful champion of active righteousness in the interest of one state has become the leader in an economic transformation that is rapidly changing for the better the conditions of life in another, our own. The record is one of unremitting and exceedingly valuable service to the state.

One word more, and not about an incident or event, but about the man himself. Much is said about leadership these days and the qualities of leadership. The foregoing sketch portrays a leader, but you have to be close to Colonel Knox to know that he has one quality in high degree for want of which many a would-be leader has come to shipwreck. He proceeds by the route of conference with his fellows. Aggressive and decisive in action when the time for action comes, he nevertheless is exceedingly patient of diverse opinions while a line of action is being decided upon. Men in his newspaper office tell you that in all important crises widely diverging views are eagerly sought and examined with candor, that criticism is welcome and is frankly tested as to its validity. In other words he has the aptitude for cooperation with associates which is one of the finest characteristics of the higher forms of leadership.



ROBERT B. KERR, M. D.

A Nation-Wide Campaign for the Early Diagnosis of Tuberculosis

ROBERT B. KERR, M. D.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

PROCRASTINATING with tuberculosis is gambling with death. Herein lies the great tragedy of the disease. Most easily cured of all chronic diseases, when discovered early, tuberculosis is so insidious in its stealthy onslaught on the human body that many of its victims do not know they are in danger until the disease has progressed so far that the chance of effecting a cure are greatly lessened.

Tuberculosis is curable in 85 per cent of the early or incipient cases, in 50 per cent of the moderately advanced cases, and in but 15 per cent of the far advanced cases.

Yet no man can be cured of tuberculosis without his consent. He must consent to a physical examination by a physician that the disease may be discovered, and then he must consent to follow the prescribed course of treatment for a sufficient length of time that the disease may be cured.

What is true of the individual case is true of the mass. As early diagnosis of tuberculosis becomes more frequent the number of deaths from the disease declines.

Early diagnosis cannot come until the physician is fully prepared to make it. Nor will he make it until the patient seeks it. And the patient (who frequently does not know that he is a patient) will not ask for it until he has been persuaded that certain premonitory symptoms are fraught with danger and require him to take prompt action to prevent disaster.

For twenty years the organized campaign against tuberculosis has coped with these perplexing problems in the fight against the disease. It has met with varying degrees of success. Certain truths have been established, namely: that where tuberculosis cases are discovered early the death rate and sickness rate from the disease falls; and that where little is done to educate the public as to the danger signals of the disease or to provide early diagnosis, the death rate is high.

It is reasonably certain that there are at least 270,000 active but unknown or undiagnosed cases of tuberculosis in the United States. By this is meant, cases unknown to themselves, their friends, their doctors and the public. These figures are on the basis of intensive case finding campaigns. From these estimates it is possible that we have approximately 1,000 unknown active tuberculosis cases in New Hampshire although it is probable that these figures are high since the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association has for the past eight years developed a painstaking and thorough search for the early discovery and treatment of tuberculosis patients, and has at the present time over 5,000 patients under supervision.

It is for the purpose of searching out the unknown cases and to hasten the victory over tuberculosis that the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations are to conduct an intensive educational campaign during the month of March of this year to

emphasize the necessity for early diagnosis of tuberculosis. The campaign is to be of an intensive nature with two aims in view: first, to focus the attention of the public at large upon the symptoms and danger signals of early tuberculosis and to urge them to go to their doctor for examination; and, second, to stimulate a renewed interest on the part of the medical profession in the recognition of the early stage of tuberculosis.

The American Public Health Association at its annual meeting held in Cincinnati, October, 1927, endorsed by resolution the plan of the campaign and offered to lend assistance to the movement. The American Medical Association has agreed to stimulate the interest of the medical profession through its Journal and to interest the lay public by publishing articles and editorials on the subject in *HYGEIA*.

State, county and city tuberculosis and health associations will organize meetings where talks will be given, motion pictures shown and pamphlets distributed, all emphasizing the importance of early diagnosis. The National Tuberculosis Association is preparing several million pieces of printed matter for distribution through its affiliated associations. A motion picture for lay audiences to be called "Let Your Doctor Decide," and another for medical groups entitled, "The Doctor Decides," will be used in the campaign. It is expected that 10,000 bill boards will carry the message of the campaign. The text of this poster will be the keynote of the entire campaign.

"You may have tuberculosis. Watch for these danger signals:

Too easily tired

Loss of weight

Indigestion

Cough that hangs on

Let Your Doctor Decide."

The designer of the twenty-four sheet poster is F. G. Cooper, known the world over for his incomparable war posters. The designer of the smaller poster is Ernest Hamlin Baker, another artist of national prominence.

The text of the standard circular and of all of the printed matter has been approved for accuracy of statement by a committee of the National Tuberculosis Association. The entire campaign will be financed out of the proceeds of the Christmas seal sale.

Besides posters, motion pictures and other educational methods, the press, ever alert to popular interests, may be counted on to publish articles of information and news, telling about the progress of the campaign.

In short, every effort will be put forth to make the effectiveness and extent of this tuberculosis educational drive equal to that of the annual campaign for the sale of Christmas seals, which has been so uniformly successful. If the effort succeeds, similar concentrated educational campaigns will be planned for succeeding years.

Already a leader in the campaign for early diagnosis through its state-wide Tuberculosis Clinic and Nursing Service the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association is ready to lead in the nation-wide early diagnosis educational campaign in March.

The endorsement, active co-operation and participation of the state and local Boards of Health, of the Board of Education, of the State and County Medical Societies and of representative citizens in the cities and towns throughout the state have been secured.

Through the generosity of the outdoor advertising companies of the state seventy-five 24 sheet bill board posters "You May Have Tuberculosis—Let Your Doctor Decide"—are to be dis-

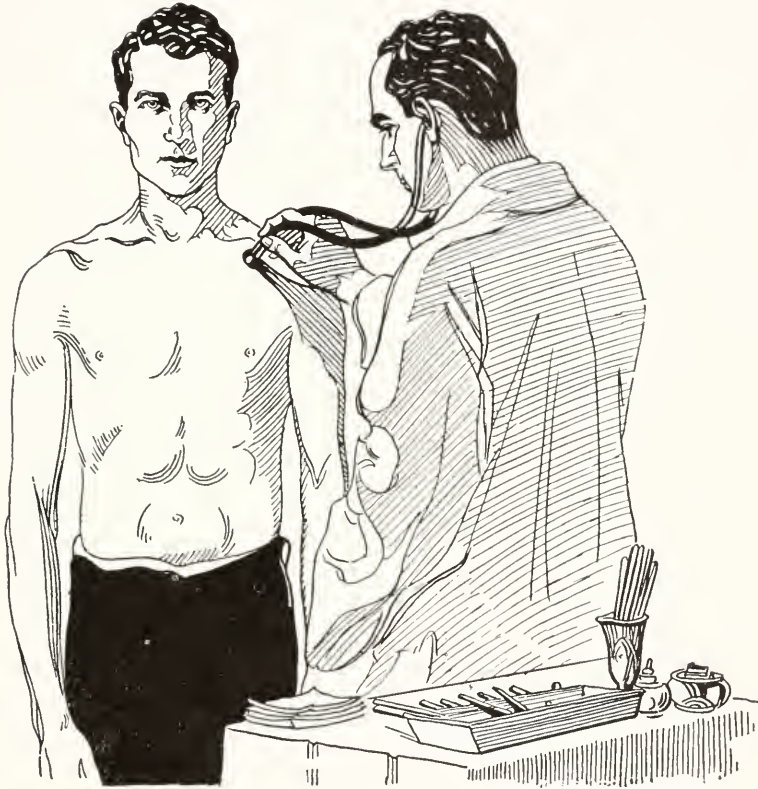
played free of charge during the month of March.

Two thousand smaller posters are to be placed in waiting rooms, post-offices, windows and halls of public buildings, stores, lodge rooms, churches, factories, barber shops, schools and pool rooms.

Diagnostic Standards of Tuberculosis is also available to the physicians through the Association. Subjects treated in this booklet are:

"The Diagnosis of Pulmonary Tuberculosis in Adults and Children"

"Diagnosis of Hilum Tuberculosis"



"LET YOUR DOCTOR DECIDE"

Twenty thousand four page circulars entitled "Let Your Doctor Decide" are to be distributed at all public gatherings and meetings, through the schools, and several large corporations are to use them as enclosures with their March invoices.

The physicians of the state are being reached through a monthly one-sheet bulletin entitled "Tuberculosis Abstracts"—the March issue of which is to be devoted exclusively to the early diagnosis of tuberculosis. A copy of

"Classification of Pulmonary Tuberculosis".

"Disposition of Patients with Tuberculosis"

At the suggestion of the President of the N. H. Tuberculosis Society, Dr. Emery M. Fitch of Claremont, a postal card is to be sent to the physicians in the various cities and towns, extending an invitation to attend the Tuberculosis Clinics of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association and bring in suspicious cases.

Arrangements have been perfected for presentation of the importance of early diagnosis before medical and lay audiences in various parts of the state and in this connection the two motion pictures will be used. The first is a one reel film for lay audiences entitled "Delay is Dangerous" the second is a reel for physicians and is entitled "The Doctor Decides."

"Delay is Dangerous" emphasizes the importance of early diagnosis from the patient's point of view. John Dorsey, a building superintendent, becomes easily fatigued on the job. At home he is irritable and has no appetite. He and his wife take a drive. On the way they come upon the twenty-four sheet poster of the National Association, "You May Have Tuberculosis." The symptoms mentioned are the same as those Dorsey has noticed in himself. After talking the matter over, he feels that he had better let his doctor decide whether or not he is tuberculous. The doctor gives him a thorough chest examination, has a sputum test made and X-ray taken and the diagnosis results in the verdict, "active tuberculosis." As a precaution, the physician suggests that Dorsey's family also be examined.

Dorsey goes to a sanatorium. After several months he is discharged as an arrested case. He leaves, promising to follow the doctor's advice to "go slow" at first and to remain under medical supervision for some time.

No effort has been spared to make this film appealing and educational. The story is a thread on which the educational message is hung, but this is done so cleverly that even the story itself teaches the desired lesson. Photography and direction by Underwood and Underwood insures excellence of quality for the film.

In the film for physicians, "The

Doctor Decides," Dr. Myron is discovered opening the morning mail. Checks are few but advertising circulars are annoyingly many. No wonder then that his first impulse on opening a circular calling attention to the early diagnosis of tuberculosis, is to chuck it into the waste basket. On second thought he retrieves the circular and glances through it. The diagnostic criteria listed there turn his thoughts toward a patient, Mr. Dorsey. His history card shows that an exact diagnosis has not yet been made. Is it, perhaps, tuberculosis?

Mr. Dorsey, building superintendent, does not look sick as he sits at his desk but he is obviously tired and worn. A hearty, good-natured friend breezes in and tries to persuade him to leave his desk for a round of golf. Dorsey puts him off. When all excuses fail he protests that he has an appointment with his doctor.

"Look here," says the doctor, keenly eyeing Dorsey after a few preliminary questions, "we must get at the bottom of your trouble." Setting the incomplete history card aside, he begins taking a careful history. This is followed by an examination, shown rather sketchily, but the essentials on which a diagnosis is based are brought out clearly. The correct method of eliciting the expiratory cough, for example, is ingeniously portrayed, an X-ray photograph interpreted by means of pointer and titles adds interest and a scene showing a technician searching for the tubercle bacillus brings out the importance of examining the sputum.

At a subsequent visit the doctor tells Dorsey frankly that he has tuberculosis. Dorsey is not as surprised or frightened as one might suspect. He, too, has been impressed by the message: "Let Your Doctor Decide." But how did he get the disease? From his mother probably,

who for years has been a sufferer from "chronic bronchitis." Dorsey is persuaded to bring the whole family, including his white-haired mother, in for examination. It is found that Mrs. Dorsey, the elder, has chronic pulmonary tuberculosis; Mr. Dorsey has incipient pulmonary tuberculosis and Mrs. Dorsey, the wife is normal. Of the three children (one had died in infancy of tuberculosis meningitis), two show evidence of tracheobronchial gland tuber-

culosis as determined by the tuberculin test and the X-ray, and one has no signs of the disease. The summaries of these findings are listed and compared by means of an animated graph which illustrates the important role that family contact plays in the spread of tuberculosis.

"In the early diagnosis of tuberculosis," writes a hand in bold script, "lies the hope of cure."

"Let Your Doctor Decide."

For Sale—A Tree for a Dollar

MARY BLAKE BENSON

The Old Man of the Mountain is calling
And dire is his need today;
For tragedy gaunt is stalking the trail,
With the Notch as her special prey.

For sale—a tree for a dollar.
There's a hundred thousand we're told
Must fall to the ring of the woodman's axe
Unless they are quickly sold.

For sale—a tree for a dollar.
A pine or a spruce so tall;
Primeval it stands in the woodland dim
Who will answer the Old Man's call?

Must the Notch and the glorious Profile
Resound to the whine of a mill?
Shall the brooks with brush be strangled,
And the thrush's song be stilled?

Oh you who have stood by the roadside
And gazed up at the Old Stone Face,
Won't you give a dollar to help him?
Shall the Notch be a barren waste?

The Old Man of the Mountain is calling;
He is asking our help today.
Long and well has he guarded his forests;
Shall we let them be taken away?

It's our dollars against the sawmills.
Which, say you, shall win in the race?
Come, Sons of New England, awaken;
Keep faith with the Old Stone Face.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

EDWARD T. McSHANE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

HENRY H. METCALF, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Editorial

The drive for one hundred thousand dollars needed to complete the fund for the purchase of Franconia Notch promises to be successful. One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the generous contribution of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, which matched dollar for dollar every contribution received through the Manchester headquarters—a fine public spirit that merits the appreciation of the State.

* * * *

Automatic traffic signals are not yet very common in New Hampshire, but wherever tried have proved satisfactory. Now comes the argument that this form of traffic control is illegal and no penalty can be imposed for violation. Perhaps in the far distant future the turn of events may be such that all laws and rules will go into the discard and anarchy reign supreme for its usual short time. But that time is not today, nor yet many tomorrows, and while we are living today and tomorrow there will be enough strength and force to exact from automobile drivers an obedience to measures and safeguards that are set up to protect the persons and property of the majority of the people. Whether automatic traffic signals, stop signs and other

warnings installed for the protection of the traveller on the roads are technically legal, is really immaterial for the present. New Hampshire Motor Vehicle Laws provide a penalty for "Whoever upon any way operates a vehicle recklessly, or so that the lives or safety of the public might be endangered." The motorist who deliberately ignores a traffic signal is a reckless driver—or insane. In either case Commissioner Griffin will not lose much time in depriving him of his license to drive.

* * * *

Commissioner Sullivan of the State Insurance Department once more gives timely warning against investment in wild-cat stock companies and incidentally calls attention to the losses that have been incurred by New Hampshire investors despite the protection afforded by the "Blue-Sky Law." If the Commissioner's advice was given the attention it deserves much disappointment and some misery might be avoided. Many of the dupes of slick stock salesmen—and salesladies—are the inheritors of wealth. It is safe to assume that in nearly every instance they are given sound advice in matters pertaining to investments by their bankers and attor-

neys. Regardless of warnings the newly acquired wealth is invested, not at home to assist in establishing a new industry or business or to further develop what we now have, but in pretty stock certificates that are often found to be worthless. It is unfortunate that honest men and women lose their money in these dishonest enterprises. It is also unfortunate that they refuse to seek or to heed good advice. Whether they deserve much sympathy is quite another matter.

* * * *

Governor Spaulding had a decidedly difficult task before him in the selection of a successor to the late William T. Gunnison as a member of the Public Service Commission, which body is generally regarded as no less important than the Supreme Court, since the proper discharge of its duties, if not requiring so great a knowledge of law on the part of its membership, requires broad business judgment, and a clear comprehension of the relative merits and demands of important yet often conflicting interests. To this Commission the public looks for protection from the greed of grasping corporations; and the corporations, particularly those controlling transportation lines, from the unreasonable demands of the public. Since the rapid and gigantic strides made by foreign interests in securing control of electric power companies throughout the State, the importance of the Commission has been greatly enhanced, and the interest of the people in it correspondingly increased.

The Governor seems to have labored diligently to secure the best possible man available for the position, considering the partisan limitations by which he naturally considered himself bound, and, if in the selection of Assistant Attorney General Mayland H. Morse, he has not

secured the best man in his party for the office it is because of the fact that most men of whose qualifications there can be no question are so engaged that they could not accept the position without the great pecuniary sacrifice which men in this age are not wont to make.

Mr. Morse is a comparatively young man, and when named by Governor Winant two years ago, for the position from which he is now removed, had been little known in the State at large. It is generally conceded, however, that he performed faithful and efficient service in that position, and the public will look hopefully for no less faithful devotion to duty in the position to which he has now been assigned, and in which he is associated with two men of proven ability and devotion in the persons of John W. Storrs and Fred H. Brown.

* * * *

That Governor Fuller of Massachusetts is determined that the interests of the State shall not suffer for want of properly qualified lawyers in protecting them when important issues are involved, is evidenced by his appointment of Sherman L. Whipple as special Assistant Attorney General to conduct its case in the U. S. District Court against the Worcester Electric Light Co. The wisdom of the Governor's selection is no less noteworthy than the readiness with which this noted lawyer, whose practice exceeds that of any other in New England, responded to the invitation to assume the position, which he characterized as "a call to public service." New Hampshire people generally take pride in the success and reputation of this distinguished lawyer, born on "New London Hill" in our County of Merrimack, who ranks among the ablest and most illustrious of the native sons of the old Granite State.

The Press Gives Encouragement

From Newport Argus-Champion:

We congratulate the Granite State Press of Manchester, our successors in the publication of THE GRANITE MONTHLY, on the appearance make-up and contents of the January number of the magazine. It is double the usual size, containing sixty-four pages of unusually fine reading for all lovers of New Hampshire, biography, history, fiction, verse and editorial matter that is pointed and timely. Mr. Edward T. McShane, the new editor and publisher, is a brilliant writer and able executive, and with the assistance of H. H. Metcalf, who has consented to remain for a time in the service of the magazine, we predict that the publication will at once enter upon the most Hampshire at heart should be without THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

* * * *

From "Granite Chips" by Harlan C. Pearson in Concord Daily Monitor:

This issue (January) of THE GRANITE MONTHLY is one of the largest and handsomest numbers ever put out by this publication in its fifty years of existence and also is the first one marked as published in Manchester, its previous habitations having been in Dover, Concord, Boston and Newport. Edward T. McShane, editor and publisher, is to be congratulated upon the appearance of his magazine, which is well illustrated and printed upon a fine quality of paper, made at the Amoskeag Paper Mills in Manchester. If the standard of this issue is maintained, THE GRANITE MONTHLY is assured one of the best years in its half century.

We note that the name of Henry H. Metcalf remains connected with the magazine as associate editor and that one of its interesting articles is a sketch by him of Dr. Zatae L. Straw, the first, it is promised, of a series dealing with representative women of New Hampshire. In addition to the portrait of Hon. Ora A. Brown, appearing with Mr. Young's article, there is a fine picture of ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, used with his "History of Taxation in New Hampshire." Another familiar face is that of Tax Commissioner Laurence F. Whittemore, prefacing his contribution on "What Price Government." Other full page portraits are those of the first

abbot of St. Anselm's and of the late William J. Abern, accompanying an appreciative article in the New Hampshire Necrology department.

Fine looking gentlemen whose portraits are less familiar to the public eye are Messrs. Rotch, Morris and Bosson and Secretary Tuttle of the state publicity board, who are pictured in connection with an article upon the work of the board by Mr. Tuttle in which some new and interesting facts and figures are given and which is well accompanied by Commissioner E. W. Butterfield's "See New Hampshire First!" There are half a dozen other articles of merit and as many poems, several of them by Concord authors, "Potter Spaulding," George W. Parker, Elizabeth M. Massie, college girl, and Cyrus A. Stone, octogenarian, recently deceased.

* * * *

From New Hampshire Labor Review:

A rejuvenated GRANITE MONTHLY has made its appearance on the news stands. With a new cover design of granite grey and sixty liberally illustrated pages of articles, editorials and poetry germane to New Hampshire interests and ideals, the half-century old GRANITE MONTHLY bids fair to acquire a new and generous lease on public affection which will tend toward an increased circulation list and an added influence in the historical, literary and political affairs of this State.

The GRANITE MONTHLY symbolizes the never-dying spirit of one of the staunchest of the original thirteen American colonies. Like our granite hills it stands the stress of time and the storm of changing economic conditions—only one or two contemporaries were in existence at the time it was first launched by the venerable H. H. Metcalf. Through the passing years it has developed into a veritable institution of, for, and by New Hampshire people.

The attractive mechanical make-up, distinctive clientele of contributors, and other additional interesting features of the January number reflect the great pride and sincerity of purpose that motivate its new publisher, Mr. Edward T. McShane, of Manchester, who can be depended upon to maintain the high standard of excellence he has set in his first effort.

*From "Delos Dickerman" in "Here and There"
Column of Laconia Democrat:*

Harlan Pearson, always generous with praise for others in the profession he honors, told one of my Concord friends that in his opinion the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY was the best one ever published. This was a remark privately made and not intended to obtain gratitude for Mr. Pearson. He was himself editor of that valuable publication, gave long service to its up-building, which has always meant up-building of New Hampshire, as well. This state is under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. H. H. Metcalf and Mr. Pearson and the Bass family for maintaining this magazine that has done so much for us.

Mr. Edward T. McShane of Manchester, who has taken it over, may well feel happy over the first number issued by him. Mr. Metcalf remains in the management and we may well expect a most successful career for the publication. Mr. McShane is himself a publisher, a man of ability and enterprise and what does not always go with those qualities, but which is fortunate for us, is a loyal New Hampshire man, devoted to the welfare and reputation of his state.

* * * *

From Foster's Daily Democrat, Dover:

The January number of the GRANITE MONTHLY has made its appearance under the direction of its new owner and editor,

Edward T. McShane of Manchester. Mr. McShane is a well known New England newspaperman and editor. Henry H. Metcalf, the venerable New Hampshire editor, the founder of the GRANITE MONTHLY, is to remain as associate editor.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY is an institution in New Hampshire and is especially interesting to Dover people, as Mr. Metcalf was a former Dover man. John Scales and Mrs. Annie Wentworth Baer are frequent contributors, and Mrs. Martha W. Vyth is temporarily associated with the magazine. The late Marilla M. Ricker was also a contributor.

* * * *

From Penacook News Items:

Penacook people may well feel pride in the fine copy of THE GRANITE MONTHLY which appeared for January with an entirely new and most attractive cover, having the map of the State and the Old Man of the Mountain in shadow. The subject matter seems to be of a high order, treating the affairs and interests of the Granite States from many angles. It contains several fine portraits, also several nature poems, among them being one written by a Penacook girl, Miss Elizabeth M. Massie, a graduate of Penacook High school, now attending Middlebury College, Vt. It is entitled "De Profundis." This is the first copy issued by the new editor and publisher, Edward T. McShane, a former Penacook boy.



A Woman's College for New Hampshire

ELMER E. WOODBURY

IT APPEARS that the associate editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, owing to his modesty while reporting the proceedings of the State Grange in Concord, inferred that the matter of a woman's college in New Hampshire was inspired by the committee on resolutions that reported it. As a matter of fact the preamble and resolutions were written and handed to the committee by Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, of Concord, and to him alone belongs the honor and glory of presenting to the State Grange an important matter that met with unanimous approval.

When the future brings forth a college for women in our State it should be a matter of record that it was Henry H. Metcalf who championed its cause for many years.

Believing that every reader of the GRANITE MONTHLY is interested in the subject matter the writer quotes the preamble and resolutions as adopted:

WHEREAS, Equality of right and opportunity for men and women is a basic principle of our Order; and

WHEREAS, The women of New Hampshire, as of the nation at large, are now charged with all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, along with the men; and

WHEREAS, The fullest possible measure of education is essential to the satisfactory discharge of these duties and obligations; and

WHEREAS, The young women of New Hampshire enjoy far less opportunity for higher education than the young men of the State:

Resolved, By the New Hampshire State Grange, in annual session assembled, that the establishment and maintenance of a woman's college in this state, which shall furnish courses of study comparable to those of similar institutions in other states, is greatly to be desired, to the end that our young women may enjoy equal educational advantages with the young men. And

WHEREAS, The burden of taxation is already so heavy in the state as to be almost unendurable, and no public appropriation for the purpose can be hoped for, for years to come, if ever; and through private endowment and support alone can such desirable object be accomplished:

Resolved, That we appeal to public-spirited and generous-minded men and women of the state, nation or resident, who have contributed liberally in the past to the endowment or support of various educational and benevolent institutions, to take this great need into serious consideration, in the hope that their patriotic impulse may be stirred into effective action; and we invite all other organizations, agencies or individuals, having the welfare of the state at heart, to join us in this appeal, and to aid, by all means in their power, in so awakening public sentiment in behalf of this important object, that it may soon be accomplished.

Resolved, That we congratulate the Trustees of Colby Academy, at New London, upon their recently announced purpose to make that institution exclusively a girls' school after the current year, and to establish an additional two years, or junior college course, which we hope may be ultimately expanded into a full four-year course, through the cooperation and support of the friends of woman's education throughout the state.

New Hampshire Necrology

WILLIAM T. GUNNISON

William Towne Gunnison, born in Greenville, Miss., April 22, 1869; died in Rochester, N. H., February 2, 1928.

He was the son of Arvin Nye and Sarah Helen (Putnam) Gunnison, and was educated in the public schools of Milford, N. H., Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter with high rank in 1892, and from the Harvard Law School in 1895, in which year he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Rochester as a partner with Samuel D. Felker, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, continuing through life.

He was appointed Justice of the Rochester District Court by Gov. Felker in 1913, and served two years, after which he was Judge of the Municipal Court of Rochester till his appointment as a member of the N. H. Public Service Commission, in 1916, to succeed John E. Benton of Keene, which position he had held, by successive reappointments, till his death, having been Chairman of the Board for many years, and having rendered efficient and devoted service.

He was a Republican, a Congregationalist and a member of the Masonic fraternity. He served in the Constitutional Convention of 1902, and was a director of the Rochester Loan & Banking Co. On October 11, 1898, he married Miss Grace Horney, by whom he is survived, with two sons, Arvin and John Vinal, both Dartmouth graduates.

CYRUS A. STONE

Cyrus A. Stone, born in Webster (then West Boscawen) January 10, 1842; died in Concord, January 21, 1928.

He was a son of George W. and Julia A. (Sweatt) Stone, and a grandson of that Capt. George W. Stone who, born in Lexington, Mass., fought through the Revolution for American independence, being engaged at Brandywine, Stillwater, and Saratoga, suffering the privations of

Valley Forge, and wounded at Monmouth, who settled in Webster soon after the Revolution, where, like his son, George W., he was engaged in farming.

Cyrus A. Stone was educated in the public schools and at Tilton Seminary, and was subsequently engaged for some time in teaching. He was also for many years Superintending School Committee for the town of Webster.

For the last forty years he had been a resident of Concord. He was a fine scholar, a great reader and possessed of rare poetical talent, which he cultivated largely in his later years, many of his productions having appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, the last in the January number of the present year. Politically he was a staunch Democrat.

PROF. LEMUEL S. HASTINGS

Lemuel S. Hastings, born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., September 26, 1848; died in Washington, D. C., January 3, 1928.

He was educated at St. Johnsbury Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1872. He subsequently entered the Yale Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1876, but did not enter the ministry, devoting himself to teaching. He was principal of the Framingham (Mass.) High School from 1877 to 1881; of the Stevens High School at Claremont from 1881 to 1889, and of the Nashua High School from 1889 to 1905. He became instructor in English at Dartmouth College in 1906, continuing till 1909, after which he was Assistant Professor till 1912, when he was made Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, continuing till 1920, when he retired. His death, at the George Washington Hospital, was the result of an accident.

He married, July 3, 1877, Laura M. Cobb of Hanover, who survives, with two sons—Harold Ripley, Dartmouth 1900, of Baltimore, Md., and Alfred Bryant, Dartmouth 1904, of Kensington, Md.

REV. ALLEN BROWN

Rev. Allen Brown, pastor of the Universalist Church in Portsmouth, died suddenly, from heart failure, while telephoning at his desk, on January 25, 1928.

Mr. Brown was born on October 7, 1866, at Sparta, Mich., the son of Joseph and Elvira (Fitch) Brown. He received his education at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich., and at Tufts College, from which he received the degree of B. D. in 1894. In that year, on June 12, he was ordained in the Universalist ministry. He held the following pastorates: Nottingham, N. H., 1892-1897; Newfields, N. H., 1896-1897; Mt. Washington Church, Haverhill, Mass., 1897-1902; East Providence and Georgianville, R. I., 1902-1910; Bath, Maine, 1910-1914; Norwalk, Ohio, 1914-1915; Rumford, Maine, 1915-1924, since when he had been in Portsmouth.

He was unmarried, a member of the Masonic fraternity, and greatly esteemed by his church people and the community at large. Funeral services were held in the church on January 28, and were largely attended, Rev. Asa M. Bradley of Kingston, Secretary of the Universalist State Convention; Rev. F. W. Gibbs of Fitchburg, Mass., and Rev. Dr. A. W. Gross of Brooklyn, N. Y., officiating.

MISS ISOPHENE K. DOW

Isophene K. Dow, born in Newmarket, March 16, 1852; died at Newfields, January 27, 1928.

When in childhood she removed with her parents to Newfields, then South Newmarket, where she attended the public schools, and later pursued a course at Mt. Holyoke College. She then engaged in teaching for a time, and later attended the Plymouth Normal School, from which she graduated in 1875. After this she became principal of a grammar school in Claremont, N. H., in which position she continued for 23 years. Later she taught for ten years in the Newfields schools.

She was a member of the Mt. Holyoke College Association of New Hampshire and of the Newfields Congregational Church, of which she was treasurer at

the time of her death. She was a conscientious worker in many good causes, and a much esteemed woman.

MISS HARRIET R. HARRINGTON

Harriet Russell Harrington, born in Farmington, March 17, 1871; died at Peterboro, January 20, 1928.

She was a daughter of Rev. Charles E. Harrington, a prominent Congregational clergyman, native of Hopkinton, who was for many years pastor of the South Congregational Church in Concord; later, for 15 years, pastor in Keene and subsequently residing in Waltham, Mass., where the daughter made her home with him while teaching in the Cambridge public schools.

At the time of her decease she was living with a brother, Dr. C. W. Harrington of Peterboro. Interment was at the Blossom Hill Cemetery in Concord, Rev. George H. Reed, D. D., officiating.

SAMUEL M. CHILD

Samuel Mitchell Child, born in Temple, N. H., September 10, 1862; died in Boston, January 17, 1928.

He was the son of Nahum and Ellen (Sargent) Child and was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College and the Harvard Law School, graduating from the latter in 1890. Entering the practice of law in Boston, he served as assistant corporation counsel from 1895 to 1897, and then returned to private practice. In 1914 he was appointed by Governor Foss a member of a commission to codify the laws relating to mechanics liens and the taking of land for taxes. For the last ten years he was a member of the firm of Hale & Dickerman. On August 14, 1903, he married Miss Margaret I. Rear of Williamstown, Pa., who died in 1914, leaving no children.

SAMUEL S. SAWYER

Samuel S. Sawyer, born in Bedford, November 8, 1836; died in Antrim, January 28, 1928.

Removing with his family to Antrim in childhood, he became a prominent farmer and an extensive cattle dealer,

and was long active in town affairs, serving as Town Treasurer, Selectman for 10 years and several years as Representative in the Legislature. He was a Republican in politics and a Mason, being the oldest member of Harmony Lodge of Hillsborough. He was twice married, and his second wife, who was Miss Delia Todd, survives, as do one son, Harry G. Sawyer of Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. Watson B. Fearing of Hingham, Mass., and Mrs. A. E. Shaw of East Boston.

JAMES H. MARTIN

James H. Martin, born in Wolfeboro, August 7, 1841; died there February 5, 1928.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Martin and was educated in the public schools and Wolfeboro and Tufftonboro Academies. He had been a prominent citizen of the town, serving as Selectman and in other capacities, and as President of the Wolfeboro Bank, which position he held at the time of his death, as well as that of President of the

Huggins Hospital. He married Mary R. Huggins of Wolfeboro fifty-seven years ago, by whom he is survived.

FREDERICK L. IRELAND

Frederick L. Ireland, born in Manchester, July 2, 1857; died in Dunbarton, February 1, 1928.

He was the son of John B. and Mary (Hodgkins) Ireland, who removed to Dunbarton in his infancy, where he attended the town schools and, later, Pembroke Academy.

He was prominent for many years in town affairs, serving at different times as Moderator, Selectman and Member of the School Board; also as Representative in the Legislature and as a Deputy Sheriff. He held a commission as Justice of the Peace nearly 50 years. He was a deacon of the Congregational Church for 38 years; Clerk of the same for 50 years, and many years Trustee of the church funds. He leaves a widow, two sons, John B. and Dane, and a daughter, Mary S. Ireland, all of Dunbarton.

Rose Petals

PAULINE SHORTRIDGE

Crimson roses blooming in my garden,
 Flaming dots of beauty gleaming here and there,
 As they nod and curtsy, rustled by the breezes,
 Youth itself seems dancing in the summer air.

Dreamy fragrance, sweet as any incense,
 Rises from the petals in the rose jars laid,
 Withered, browned, and wrinkled like the ghosts of summer
 Treasuring the perfume though the rosy blossoms fade.

Time-worn petals tucked away with treasures,
 Memories concealed in every scented fold,
 So I keep the remnants of my own life's springtime
 Folding youthful dreams away to ponder when I'm old.

S. O. S.

The Portsmouth Historical Society is in receipt of a communication from Wilfred Jordan, Curator, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, seeking information as to the existence of a portrait from life of Josiah Bartlett, 1729-1795 (of Kingston, N. H.); and requesting assistance in authenticating a portrait of William Whipple, 1730-1785 (of Portsmouth, N. H.), two of New Hampshire's three signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The letter states: "We have copy portraits of both these signers in the National portrait gallery collection in Independence Hall—both of which have been removed from the walls of Independence Hall, pending information as to their authenticity."

Perhaps some readers of *THE GRANITE MONTHLY* will know of a portrait from life of Josiah Bartlett of Kingston, N. H.!

The portrait of Matthew Thornton of Londonderry, N. H., 1714-1803, the third signer, appears to be satisfactory.

In 1891 a portrait of William Whipple of Portsmouth, N. H., painted by U. D. Tenney, the artist, was presented to the Whipple School, Portsmouth, N. H., by Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth.

The Soldiers' Memorial, Portsmouth, N. H., prepared by me, editions 1921 and 1923, Parts 1890 and 1891, contains a record of this presentation, and much other information as to General Whipple and the Whipple family.

Mr. Ladd also possesses a handsome and valuable portrait of General Whipple, painted by U. D. Tenney, the artist, from the miniature used by Trumbull in painting his celebrated picture, "The Declaration of Independence," painted by order of Congress, in 1817-1824, which hangs in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It is believed by those well qualified to judge, that the portrait in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, claimed to be that of General Whipple, is really that of his brother, Colonel Joseph Whipple, a picture of whom is in possession of Mr. Ladd."

JOSEPH FOSTER,

Rear Admiral (S. C.) U. S. Navy,
(Retired)



GOVERNOR HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING

Governor Spaulding's "Day"

WILLIAM WALLACE

"**Y**OU must be a dull governor," remarked Mrs. Huntley N. Spaulding one day to her husband after he had been chief executive of the State of New Hampshire about six months. "You told me at the time of your nomination that the duties in the state house would require perhaps one day a week and you are putting in three or four days a week, and often more than that."

That is the beginning of one of Governor Spaulding's favorite stories. He is moved to tell it usually after a long, gruelling day and looking over his list of engagements for the next two or three days sees ahead of him an equally arduous program. But the governor is what is popularly known as a glutton for work and such a prospect is cheering to him where it would be depressing to another.

Probably the only time Governor Spaulding gets fretful when his duties exactly hold him at his desk is when he has planned to go out with a friend for a game of golf. Playing golf and traveling are his chief forms of recreation. Apparently he plays a pretty good game of golf. At any rate he has collected a number of cups and other trophies and is the present ranking golfing governor of the United States, having captured the championship emblem at the Governors' conference last summer. He has just returned from a ten days' vacation at Pinehurst where it is a safe bet he put in most of his time on the golf course.

Nevertheless he has been known to cancel a golf engagement to listen to a tale of woe from a citizen who has come

to Concord without appointment and dropped in just as the governor was picking up his bag of clubs to start for the golf course. Moreover he has such command of himself that nothing of his disappointment is made manifest to the visitor, whose errand, as likely as not, has to do with a fancied grievance against some state or town official, whom he wants the governor to remove from office forthwith; something the governor could not do, if he wished, on the ground presented. This may not seem important to one not addicted to golf. But golfers will understand, although they may differ as to the merit of the governor's decision. Some will contend that no affair of state transcends a golf engagement; others may concede that such a display of self-denial was heroic, if not altogether commendable, but practically all will agree that the governor deserved his punishment.

More momentous problems have come up for consideration in the Spaulding administration than ordinarily falls to one administration. The railroad question, always in the offing if not acute, had reached a point when Governor Spaulding took office where a settlement of some of the vexed issues seemed possible; the matter of taxation, likewise a perennial, had come to a point where everybody was agreed that there must be a general revision of the tax laws; and the deal for the acquisition of Franconia Notch and the Old Man of the Mountain for a state reservation, started in the preceding administration, had to be carried through with reasonable despatch, if at all. All of these matters

called for careful and tactful handling and were plenty to keep a governor busy during his two years' term.

Then, out of a clear sky, came the devastating flood of last November, which for the time being crowded everything else off the slate. It is of such recent record that the able manner in which Governor Spaulding put through his plan for the speedy reconstruction work without hardship on the stricken towns is still fresh in the minds of all New Hampshire residents, and for that matter has spread over the whole country so that the summer tourists know they will be able to ride over good roads and that the hundred odd bridges swept out or destroyed in the New Hampshire flood area will be rebuilt before the heavy travel sets in. Incidentally it may be said that the flood served to bring impressively to the people's mind that they have a level-headed business man for governor. All were agreed that it was the right thing for the state to assume the burden of repairing the damage and that there should be a bond issue, but some of them thought it best to let future administrations figure out the ways and means of paying the bills. They reckoned without the governor, however, and he insisted that if any bonds were to be authorized that provision should be made for the repayment. They threw up their hands when he proposed a gasoline tax increase, declared the gas tax is unpopular and the legislature never would agree to tucking on another cent a gallon. "All right," the governor replied in substance, "we'll include it in the general taxes." This was even worse than the gas tax boost, it was argued. "All right, show us some other way to raise the money," came back the governor agreeably. Nobody could offer any other practicable method and after

a period of uncertainty and more or less open fuming, they all fell in with the first proposal and both branches of the legislature put the gas tax increase through in jig time. So, Governor Brown or Governor Tobey, or whoever the Spaulding successor may be, will not have payment of the flood damage as one of his problems. The motorists who ride over the new roads and bridges will have to do the swearing.

A casual chat with Governor Spaulding about what he has to do in his capacity as governor will make it clear why he understated the time he would spend in the state house in his conversation with Mrs. Spaulding at the time he was nominated. Very likely if he was disposed to give his personal attention only to the large concerns of the state, he could get by with spending a day or two a week in his office. He is used to running a big business and knows how to surround himself with capable assistants to handle the routine and ward off persons who would take up his time and distract his attention from the larger problems. As a matter of fact he has in his secretary, Harlan C. Pearson, one who is well fitted by long experience and exceptional ability and tact to deal with the affairs that come to the office of the executive department. But running a private business and being head of a state government are very different things. The governor is not a free agent, if he does what the people expect of him. He has not only to deal with the large affairs of state. He must also grant personal interviews to many persons, whose business with the governor cannot be deemed important to the state's welfare, however important it may bulk in the mind of the caller. They want to deal directly with the governor and feel that they are not going beyond

their rights. They seem to think that the theory of the governor being the head of the public family is not a polite fiction, but that actually it is a part of his responsibilities to listen to their troubles and tell them how to wriggle out of them. Some of them appear to believe honestly that the governor has a moral duty, if not a legal one, to lift them out of financial difficulties they may find embarrassing them. Probably the theory of paternalistic government that has been sweeping over the country with the consequent enlargement of old departments and the creation of many new departments is the cause of this notion that we elect governors to act as arbiters in strictly private matters as well as in public affairs.

Governor Spaulding has a keen knowledge of human nature. He may be fooled occasionally. The shrewdest are. But he is fooled much less frequently than some of those who try to put something over on him fancy while they are spinning their yarn. In his private and public dealings, the latter dating from the war period when he took over the post of state food administrator, he has encountered all sorts and conditions of men and women. The strange part of it all is that his faith in mankind's inherent honesty remains unshaken. He still believes that the honest people outnumber the dishonest by a large margin and his rule is to assume that a person is on the level until he finds him otherwise. A possible explanation of this may be that although he has been more or less actively in politics during the last decade, he has never become a politician in the generally accepted sense of the term. Those who know him best are convinced that he never will become one. His methods are too direct and straight dealing. For example. There are quite

a few state officials who for one reason or another did not support Governor Spaulding in the last state primary. Some of them actively worked against him and they were apprehensive of reprisals. Had he followed the usual political procedure he would have set about disconnecting them from their jobs as their terms ran out. But when he assumed the governorship he early let it be known that qualification for the position held was to be the supreme test and that whether or not they guessed wrong on the primary winner would be a negligible factor in the matter of a reappointment. And he did not deviate from that rule. It speaks well for the general fitness of our state officials inasmuch as Governor Spaulding decided the management of the departmental affairs had been such as to call for few changes in personnel.

This attitude toward the public service was considered altogether too altruistic by some persons who had supported him in the primary a year ago last fall and were casting longing eyes toward jobs held by men who had opposed Spaulding. It goes without saying that he was reminded by some of these candidates of their good work for him. It did not get them anywhere. If that was the sole argument advanced, the chances are their cause was injured more than helped. When it became apparent that this was no "to the victors belong the spoils" regime, applicants for jobs changed their tactics and sought to prove the unfitness of the office-holder they were seeking to displace. There was a particularly hard drive against one official whose duties compel him to deal in drastic fashion in cases coming before him at times. Some persons of influence had felt this official's iron hand, not always encased in a velvet glove. Naturally he had developed a

healthy crop of enemies who were out to get his political scalp. Charges of incompetency, favoritism, arbitrary and dictatorial conduct and pretty near everything else in the unfavorable category, except personal financial profit were preferred against this shining mark. The complaints were patiently listened to, then the governor would suggest that the charges should be looked into carefully and that the accused official should be called up on the carpet to face the accuser. Such procedure is not according to the customary political rules and nine times out of ten the person making the charges did not care to pursue the case with the official under fire present. The upshot of the case was the reappointment of the official, for he had documentary evidence to support his action in every case cited against him.

Further evidence of Governor Spaulding's failure to grasp for popular political issues is shown in his attitude toward the railroad. It is always a safe play to bait the railroad and the easiest thing in the world to make out a case. Who is there that has not at some time damned the railroad good and proper for something or other, some times maybe with reason. The governor shares the general view that the railroad managements have not always been impeccable.

"Opposition to the railroad policies was just," said Governor Spaulding, "when the railroad, grown wealthy and powerful, dominant in industry and in politics, allowed abuses to creep into their administration and disregarded the rights of the public. I have criticized the actions of the railroads and would not hesitate to do so again, if I felt it called

for. But the present question is one wholly of public welfare. We desire the best possible railroad service for New Hampshire and it is my belief that we can get that more surely by a policy of co-operation than by attempted coercion.

"It is my opinion," continued the governor, "that only through a true disposition to co-operate on a plan of mutual service can the welfare of both the state and the railroad be best served. The state needs a financially strong railroad system and the railroad needs a prosperous state for its field of operation. I believe that President Hammauer and his assistants recognize the Boston & Maine's obligations to the territory it serves and that some lines which cannot be operated profitably in themselves must be maintained, but I also realize that the system must be considered as a whole and the burden adjusted as equitably as possible.

"Whatever the past history of the Boston & Maine railroad with reference to this state may have been, and there have been some things not entirely creditable, I am disposed to accept as sincere the professions of the present management of a desire to co-operate with the state in working out the problem until I find my confidence has been misplaced."

Governor Spaulding in this attitude simply is carrying out his policy of working for the state welfare, as he conceives it, and assumes that he has no corner on honesty of purpose. It isn't spectacular, but as far as he has gone his policy has been profitable to both the state and the railroad.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mrs. George H. Morris

HENRY H. METCALF

THE WOMEN of New Hampshire, as of most other States in the Union, have enjoyed political equality with men but a few years; but for many more they have been vitally interested in matters pertaining to the public welfare, especially along the lines of social service and benevolent and charitable work. More than forty years ago they had begun to band themselves together and to organize clubs, wherein they met to consider questions of importance pertaining to the social, intellectual and moral well-being of their respective communities, and on October 25, 1895, the representatives of a number of these clubs in this State, met in Concord and organized the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, the moving spirit in the enterprise being Mrs. Lillian Carpenter Streeter (Mrs. Frank S.) then President of the Concord Woman's Club, who is known as the founder, and is now the Honorary President of the Federation. The object of this Association, as set forth in the Constitution, is "to bring together the various clubs thus affiliated for cooperation and mutual happiness, and for the purpose of promoting the highest interests of the State."

Mrs. Streeter was the first President of the Federation, and her successors, in order of service, have been: Mrs. Henry W. Blair, Mrs. Charles P. Bancroft, Mrs. Isaac N. Blodgett, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Mrs. Oliver E. Branch, Mrs. Will W. Hill, Mrs. Lorin Webster,

Mrs. William Burlingame, Mrs. Josiah N. Woodward, Miss Jennie M. DeMeritt, Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard, Mrs. Alpha H. Harriman, Mrs. James W. Remick, Mrs. Charles H. McDuffee, Mrs. William B. Fellows, Mrs. Guy E. Spear and Mrs. George H. Morris.

The number of clubs in the State and the membership thereof have greatly increased in the last third of a century and there are now one hundred and sixty affiliated clubs, with a total membership of about 13,000, the Concord Club, with nearly 700 members, being the largest.

The Federation holds two meetings each year, the annual meeting in the spring and a field meeting at some time in the autumn, the former primarily for business, and the latter for recreation, though matters of general or special interest are considered at each, discussions are had and addresses by able speakers heard. These meetings have been held in all sections of the State, and have been attended not only by the accredited delegates, but other club members, to all of whom they are open, and have not only brought the women in contact with the people at large, but have familiarized the latter with the work of the clubs and of the Federation.

MRS. GEORGE H. MORRIS (LULA J.), the present head of the organization, was born in Lisbon, August 4, 1872, the daughter of Charles and Persis (Hall) Aldrich. She was educated in the Lisbon public schools, graduating from the



MRS. GEORGE H. MORRIS

high school in 1891, and continuing her residence there, except for a short absence in the West, until her removal with her husband, George H. Morris, then a prominent Lisbon lawyer, whom she married, May 16, 1874, to Lancaster in 1906, when he became a member of the noted law firm of Drew, Jordan and Shurtleff, continuing until his appointment as Judge of the U. S. District Court for New Hampshire.

Before her marriage Mrs. Morris served for six years as assistant postmaster in Lisbon, and was deeply interested in the social life and general welfare of the community. She was specially active in the Woman's Club of the town, known as the "Friends in Council," which she served as President in 1905-6; and upon her removal to Lancaster she transferred her membership and active interest to the Unity Club of the latter town, an organization that has done much for the town along the lines of social service and civic betterment, and of which she was President in 1911-12.

Through her connection with these local clubs Mrs. Morris became interested in the State Federation in which she has also been active and prominent for many years, serving as Treasurer, Auditor, and Chairman of the Children's Aid and Protective Committee. She was Second Vice-President of the Federation in 1923-4, First Vice-President in 1925-6, and was chosen President at the last annual meeting in May, 1927, since which date she has given her time and best efforts to the work of the organization, which has been devoted largely, of late, to furthering the movement for

raising the necessary funds to insure the purchase of Franconia Notch by the State, and its salvation from threatened devastation by the lumberman's axe.

Mrs. Morris has been specially prominent in the Order of the Eastern Star, of which she became a member in Lisbon, where she served as Worthy Matron of LaFayette Chapter in 1901, and was Grand Matron of the order in New Hampshire in 1919. During the late World War she served as a Director of the New Hampshire Division of the Women's Committee, Council of National Defense, and as Chairman of the Lancaster branch of the American Red Cross, and rendered devoted and efficient service in both positions.

For several years after her marriage, while in Lisbon Mrs. Morris was employed in her husband's office, and, during her leisure time, made a study of law to such extent that she became able to render him valuable assistance in his work, though she never sought admission to the bar. The general knowledge of legal principles and practice thus obtained became of no less, and perhaps of even more, practical value to her in directing the work of the organization of which she is the head, than the highest measure of classical education would be. At all events she is making good in her position, and proving a worthy successor to the long line of brilliant women who have presided over the affairs of the New Hampshire Federation.

Judge and Mrs. Morris have one son, Robert Hall, born August 21, 1907, a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and now a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



REV. P. RAPHAEL PFISTERER

Art at St. Anselm's

CONTRIBUTED

ENVELOPED in the thick-swirling flakes of a belated March snow storm that reached almost blizzard proportions in the course of the lengthening afternoon, I traversed the ascent to the college on the hilltop, to view the altar decorations in the new chapel at St. Anselm's.

As I stepped from the dazzling whiteness of the outer world and stood before the pure white marble altar surmounted by the fine nuances of color, the organ in the choir loft pealed out the solemn music of the church. It was a student at practice. The religious emotional appeal was strong, and I, a Protestant to whom much of the symbolism of the Roman Catholic Church is strange, confess to having been deeply moved.

The creator of those altar decorations stood beside me. To Father Raphael, O. S. B., the work has been one long labor of love. It is an unfinished work. Perhaps this devoted artist monk will never reach the complete fulfilment of his ideals in making the decorations in this chapel a revelation of the life of the Master according to the teachings of that church of which he is a part.

Like a father who views the minor faults of his children with a critical love Father Raphael views his work in the chapel. A bit of color needs a slightly deeper tone here or must needs be paled at some other point. No one but he would discern the need of even the smallest change.

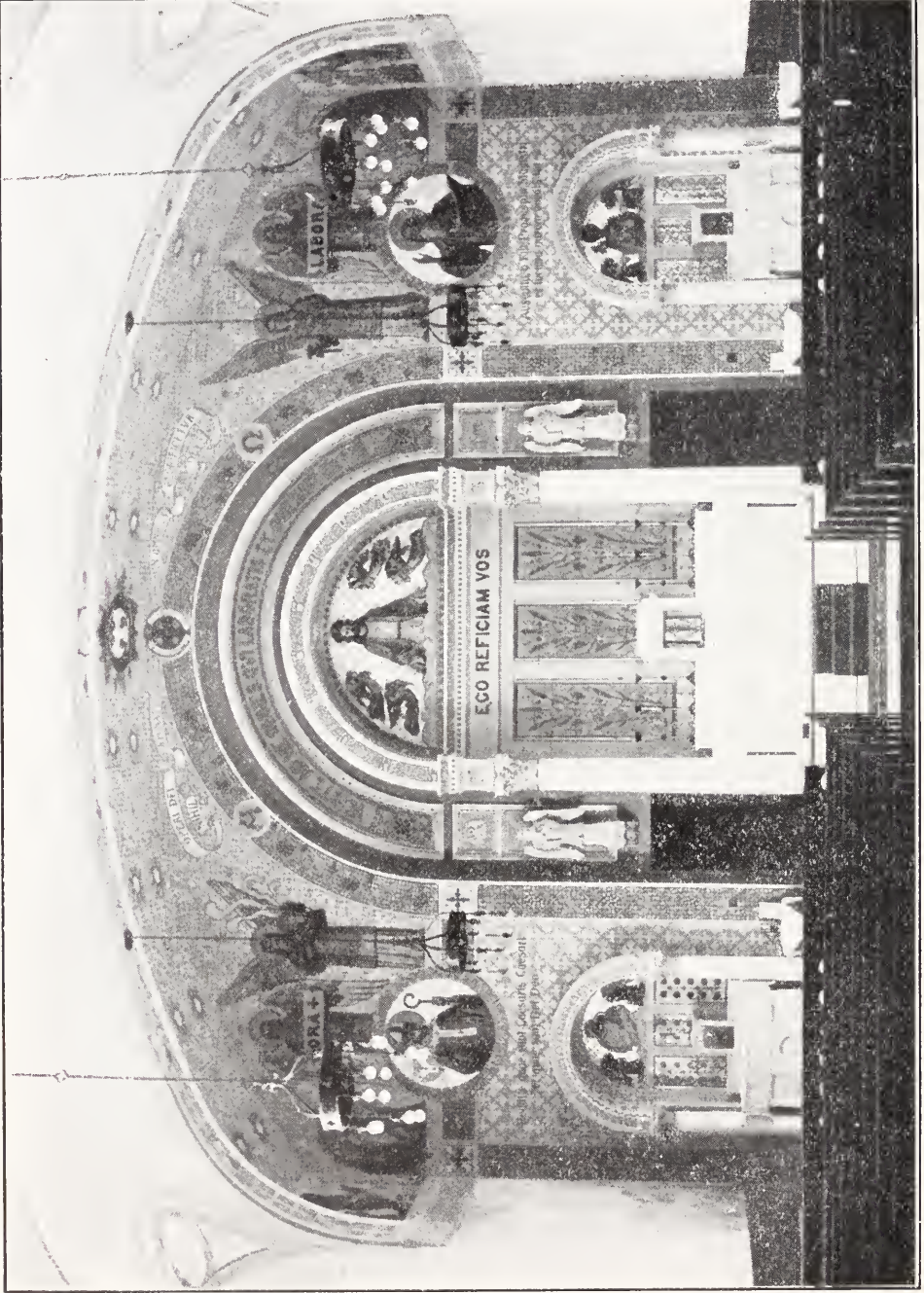
"This is your contribution to the religious instruction and inspiration of these students at St. Anselm's?" I hazarded.

"Yes," Father Raphael replied. "I have tried to make every detail tell its story. Liturgically the altar represents Christ. Consequently, it must stand forth as the great dominating energy that controls and energizes all. Every line, every mass, every detail, is so conceived and disposed that it exalts the altar, that leads to it, as any work of art leads to its just climax. By the lines and colors of the decoration the eye, and through the eye the mind, and through the mind the soul, is led onward until it rests on the altar itself, where Christ is represented as the generous host inviting us to come and partake of the heavenly banquet He has prepared for us."

Through legends, written in Latin, Father Raphael has sought to make more vital the message he conveys to the students who worship at this altar. *Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis et onerati estis*, which translated reads, "Come to me, all you that labour, and are burdened," and *Ego reficiam vos*, "I will refresh you," are the comforting messages in illuminated text over the altar. In the three panels are represented decoratively the Eucharistic emblems of the sacred body and blood of Christ, wheat and grapes, bread and wine.

After Christ the patrons of the church are prominently expressed in the decorations. They are St. Anselm, the patron of this abbey on "The Hilltop," and St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order.

St. Anselm was born in Aosta in 1033 and died in Canterbury in 1109. In 1060 he became a Benedictine monk at Bec,



THE ALTAR AT ST. ANSELM'S

Normandy, where he remained till 1093, when he was made archbishop of Canterbury. He courageously defended the liberty of the Church against the tyranny of William Rufus and thereby won the title *Defensor Ecclesiae*, "Defender of the Church."

St. Anselm is represented in the decorative scheme vested in his archepiscopal robes and in the attitude of addressing the beholder with the words *Reddite quae sunt Caesaris caesari et quae sunt Dei Deo*, which translated is "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." These words of Christ were used by St. Anselm when remonstrating with the recalcitrant lords at the Council of Rockingham.

St. Benedict, known as the patriarch of the monks, was born in Nursia in 480. He was sent to Rome for his studies and was so shocked at the licentiousness of his companions that he fled the city and hid himself in solitude at Subiaco.

After spending three years in a cave, we are told that the recluse was discovered and many flocked to him and placed themselves under his guidance. He founded several monasteries which he called "schools of the Lord's service" where, under the direction of an abbot, the monks learned "by exercise of public prayer, of private prayer and of work, to forget self and live in God."

For the guidance of his monks he wrote his famous *Holy Rule*, which served as the base or groundwork for subsequent religious institutions. In the altar decorations Father Raphael has depicted St. Benedict instructing his pupils from his *Holy Rule* and the first words serve as a text. They are illumined and are in the Latin, *Ausculata, O. fili, praecepta magistri, et inclina aurem cordis tui*, "Hearken, O my son, to the precepts

of thy Master, and incline the ear of thine heart."

Beneath these medallions of St. Anselm and St. Benedict are the side altars in the form of shrines, one of them dedicated in honor of the Virgin Mary and the other in honor of St. Joseph.

The Virgin is represented with the divine infant in her arms. In the three panels are depicted decorative roses symbolizing the mysteries of the rosary. The white roses signify the joyful mysteries, the red the sorrowful, the yellow the glorious.

St. Joseph carries a lily, the emblem of chastity. He is accompanied by angels carrying scrolls with the inscription *Venite ad Joseph*, "Go to Joseph," words used by Pharaoh when the Egyptians cried to him for food. The lilies, emblems of purity and chastity, form the decorative motif for the three panels below.

The decorative frieze, or border, separating the several parts of the decoration is composed of branches of vines and grapes. These, Father Raphael explains, are not to be taken for eucharistic emblems, but refer to the words of Christ, "I am the vine; ye are the branches. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abides in the vine, so neither can ye unless ye abide in me."

The upper section of the mural decoration is composed of angels, thought-provoking symbols and inscriptions. At both extreme ends are angels in attitude of adoration.

The angels above the medallions of St. Anselm and St. Benedict are each holding a scroll with the inscriptions, *Ora*, "Pray," and *Labora*, "Work."

The angel with the censer is symbolical of the incense that is considered as figurative of the sincere Christian's prayers. The Psalmist says, "Let my

prayer, O Lord, be directed as incense in Thy sight."

The angel carrying the lighted torch represents the light which is symbolical of the faith that enlightens, hope which aspires and the charity, which, says Father Raphael, "should always burn in our hearts."

Education is typified in the decorative scheme by a youth who is seen preparing his study lamp. The motto is *In Lumine fidei scientias discas*, "In the light of faith mayest thou study the sciences."

As differentiated from the education of the mind is the education of the heart, the moral training, which is depicted by a youth tying a rosebush to a cruciform stake, accompanied by the legend, *l'irtutum flores blande fovcas*, "With greatest zeal may thou cultivate the flowers of virtues."

And then are seen the representation of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. From behind the figures of the youth in both panels a decorative floral design rises upwards and continuing to the ceiling meets the plaque representing these gifts which are wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord. From the Holy Ghost rays of light are spreading out in every direction, forming a radiating aureole.

Such is the brief explanation of these symbolic decorations, beautifully harmonious in color and design, and partaking of the best in Byzantine ecclesiastical painting.

And now something of the man who is devoting his life to Christian Art. Rev. P. Raphael Pfisterer was born in Bavaria in 1877. He made his solemn vows in 1896 and was ordained a priest of the Order of St. Benedict four years later. As a boy he showed marked artistic tendencies and was constantly

engaged in drawing figures for his amusement.

He came to this country as a youth and received his early education in St. Benedict's College in Newark, N. J. He continued his studies in St. Alselm's and was ordained to the priesthood in 1900. He has been a student of art all his life and was for two years a pupil of Kenney and Cox, the well-known New York artists.

Art critics are agreed that this talented Benedictine priest stands alone as an exponent of Christian art. He has executed murals for many of the largest Catholic churches in America, and, indeed, is the only painter of his kind since the death of Father Bonaventure a few years ago. Father Raphael was a student of Father Bonaventure, coming under his instruction at an early age.

It is well recognized that Father Raphael exerts an enormous influence on ecclesiastical art in this country. He holds an ideal, which is the encouragement and elevation of this form of art, and he is the exponent of his own doctrine. Says he: "Primarily a finished product must express a well thought-out idea and present a religious teaching or prophecy; secondly it must possess correctness of design; and third, a complete harmony of color." His work evidences his own ideal and this is especially true of the mural work in the college chapel.

Incidentally, this Benedictine ecclesiastic has no use for the so-called "self-expression," which is made the excuse for many atrocities perpetrated in the name of art today. "This whole doctrine of self-expression is wrong," he asserts. "The criminal, the murderer, the wanton are practicing self-expression," he declares. He believes that all art, whether it be with the brush, the pen, or in other forms, should not violate the best tra-

ditions and principles of the past. There should be order, harmony, truth, an influence for good that reaches the soul of the observer.

The door of Father Raphael's studio at St. Anselm's is never closed to the visitor who desires to enter with the true spirit of love and reverence for the best things in art. The presiding genius, who is a true ascetic, greets one cordially, gives freely of his valuable time to talk of the things dear to his heart.

He is kind, good-humored, sympathetic, religious.

In the artist one never forgets the priest. He sees and feels the beauty in the world about him and it is his mission to aid others in seeing it. He decries the apparent lack of spiritual influence in the work of many present-day artists, and, in his monastery on the hill he is seeking to keep his standard high. How well he is succeeding the world well knows.

Crawford Notch

FRANCES ANN JOHNSON

(From published collection "Granite Hills")

Oh, to go back again! Just to be there
Deep in the depths of the wonderful hills!
Wrapt in high grandeur that humbles and thrills,
Filling my heart with a prayer.

Oh, to ride back again, into cool shade,
Close to the music of tumbling falls,
Down between towering, rock-frowning walls
Awful and mightily made!

Hall of the Presidents, peacefully grand,
Cut thru rock-granite by Infinite Time,
Green-armored giants, eternal, sublime,
Powerful-shouldered they stand.

So, for vacation I eagerly watch,
Longing for great, rugged mountains again!
Oh, to ride back thru that deep, narrow lane,
Down thru the beautiful Notch!



LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

Aprons of Yesteryear

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

REMEMBER the aprons our mothers used to wear?" I asked, reminiscently, of a middle-aged man of my acquaintance.

"I surely do." A tender light came into his eyes. "I used to buy them for my mother at Christmas. White ones. They were long, wide, and were trimmed with deep lace. They had long ties and pockets."

Dutiful son! He knew what was dear to the heart of the woman of bygone days. Mothers of today receive powder compacts and silk lingerie from their sons as Yuletide gifts.

Lizy Ann's apron was as much a part of her costume as were her shoes or gown. As it is of aprons, and not of Lizy Ann, that I am to write, she will be given scant attention in this article. Indeed, she is only introduced as a figure upon which to hang aprons. But in the "gay nineties" when this article of apparel was at the high tide of popularity, she was typical of the respectable New England housewife who literally lived in her apron.

"Slattern" was the unlovely but expressive word applied to the woman who did her housework without protecting her garments with the all-enveloping apron, by her uncharitable sisters who were more careful of the proprieties. For the apron was the thing. It was conventional. The woman who failed to don it lost caste in the neighborhood.

And yet—Lizy Ann is worthy of introduction on her own account. She was short, fat and altogether capable. She was a neighbor of ours in the little Vermont village where I lived as a youngster, but she might have been a

New Hampshire housewife or a resident of any New England community. Her good qualities were innumerable and not the least of them were her immaculate housekeeping and her untiring industry. When Lizy Ann dressed herself at four o'clock in the morning for her day's toil she donned an apron of dark calico, two "breadths" wide and long enough to protect her entire expanse of skirt front. Her dress front above the waist line was covered by a bib, which was, in her particular garment, nothing more than a rectangular piece of the goods sewed to the center of the main apron. There were no frills on Lizy Ann. More frivolous women might vary their work aprons with fancy designs, ruffles and feather-stitching.

When the housework was "done up" and the dinner dishes washed Lizy Ann changed her dress and put on a large white apron. Then she sat down to sew, perhaps to make more aprons. The voluminous folds of her attire swathed her ample form from neck to ankles, in the fashion of her day, and not the least important factor in this costume was the apron which was the finishing touch to the ensemble and which lent to the wearer an air in keeping with her housewifely attributes.

"Tied to your mother's apron strings" was a term of derision among small boys that had a possible literal meaning in those days. It is now as obsolete as the opprobrium "hiding behind petticoats" and for the same obvious reason.

This most common and ordinary type of apron, which has been worn for so long a period that it would be difficult to trace its origin, was made in a special

manner, simple as its fashion may seem. The inexperienced or careless woman who in her unseemly haste took the easiest method of fashioning the garment and sewed two pieces of cloth together with the result that the apron had but one seam and that down the middle, received the ill-concealed contempt of her neighbors who did things right.

If made properly this type of garment had two seams, one breadth of the cloth having been split lengthwise and the halves sewed to the outer sides of the middle breadth leaving a wide seamless expanse in front. Then the top of the entire two breadths was gathered into the waistband with a fine disregard for slenderizing lines.

Women spent innumerable hours knitting and crocheting lace for afternoon aprons. It was no small achievement to crochet lace of an intricate pattern, from one to perhaps six inches deep, to adorn the bottom of an apron two yards wide and make enough additional lace for the ties.

The peasantry of many European countries embody the apron in the national costume but it is no more an integral part of their dress than was the apron of the old time New England woman. To be sure, she didn't wear her apron to church or to funerals, unless she forgot to doff it before she started, as was sometimes the case. But she wore it on almost every other conceivable occasion.

In England the garment claims a long history and we are told by Wilfred Mark Webb, former curator of the Eton College museum, in his "Heritage of Dress" that just as the plush and powder of the footman were once worn by his master so we may easily discover that the apron was not always the special attribute of those who work or serve. Says Webb;

"Towards the end of the seventeenth century aprons were considered an almost essential part of a fine lady's costume. A little later on, Queen Anne made and wore them herself, and very gaily ornamented garments they were. In the case of the lower classes aprons were—as they still often are—provided with bibs. The old name for them was barme-cloth, and under this title Chaucer refers to the apron of Carpenter's wife as being as white as the morning milk."

And so the American woman who



—A FINE DISREGARD FOR
SLENDERIZING

helped colonize America, whether she came from Holland, England or elsewhere, brought her apron along.

In American Colonial days all children wore aprons. Many had pinned-up bibs, which were termed "pinner." Then there were the sleeve aprons that covered the entire waist, sleeves and skirt. This was an outer slip, buttoned up the back, and persisted, with modifications, until about a generation ago. In the old days this sleeved garment was popularly termed the "tier," and the mother who failed to protect her child's clothing with the all-enveloping apron for school, play,

or the small household tasks usually required, was in disrepute with the severe female moralists of the day.

Even babies wore aprons in the long ago, and little boys had these garments inflicted upon them as long as they wore coats. Their aprons were exactly like those of their sisters, were trimmed with

Records show that George Washington ordered for his little step-daughter when she was six years old "A fashionable cap, or fillet, with bib apron."

Present day girls have been emancipated from the restrictions imposed by former fashions, many of which were not only uncomfortable in the extreme



IN OLDEN DAYS THE BOY GAVE HIS MOTHER AN APRON—TODAY HE GIVES HER SILK LINGERIE AND ROUGE COMPACTS.

lace, had bibs and all the accessories that went into the dolling up of poor helpless infants. And, worse, all these garments were starched to the last degree of stiffness and ironed until they shone. Imagine the freedom poor little Peter would feel when he went out to play, or the dire consequences of a fall in a mud puddle!

but were detrimental to health. And not the least of these ugly fashions was the high-necked, long-sleeved apron that was an important part of the school garb in the days of the little red schoolhouse. It was, of course, a modification of an earlier type.

Some of these aprons were less ugly than others but there was nothing about

this particular type of garment, especially when made of dark calico, to commend it to the aesthetic sense.

Many school aprons of a generation ago were extremely attractive however, and were beruffled and bedecked with lace, knitted or crocheted by the tireless fingers of fond mothers and grandmothers in hours snatched from the unending round of duties in the New England home of a former period.

Godey's *Lady's Book*, the last word in fashions when grandmother was a girl, gives plates and descriptions for children's and women's aprons in Civil War days that give evidence of the taste of the elite, sixty or seventy years ago.

One, supposed to be the acme of elegance for ladies of the period, is a voluminous affair of black silk, containing enough material to make an entire dress of the present day. It is described as a "corselet apron, embroidered with steel bugles sewed on in the shape of stars. The corselet and pockets are trimmed with revers trimmed with bugles and steel drops."

Another of similar style is a "fancy apron of black silk, trimmed with an *aumonière* at the side formed of folds of satin." The apron is also ornamented by rosettes of quilled ribbon and lace.

Still another elaborate affair is an apron with bib and shoulder straps cut in one piece. It is described in Godey's as a "Fancy Apron." "This apron," says the description, "may be made in silk, alpaca or Holland. Silk trimmed with a ruche of the same and stitched by the sewing machine with colored silk, and the design worked in colored braid will make a very stylish apron. Alpaca will be less costly and look very well. Holland, braided with scarlet, and the ruche stitched with scarlet ingrain cotton will make a serviceable apron for morning wear."

And so, in a day of most elaborate and exaggerated styles in women's dress, when hoop skirts were the rage, long trains swept behind in courtly grandeur, ruffles, lace and fine feathers abounded, aprons held their honored place in costume.

Alien women on America's shores prized as highly, perhaps, as any of their old-world belongings, the aprons brought from their far-off homes beyond the sea. At a recent event at the International Institute conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association in Manchester, a group of Greek girls performed a folk dance in native costume. One wore a white satin apron, yellowed with age, richly decorated with red roses. It was a prized family possession more than a century old and had been brought to America by the girl's mother. Another wore an apron decorated with exquisite drawn work, also made in Greece by a member of her family many years ago.

The antiquity of the apron is unquestioned. Probably Adam and Eve can be credited with fashioning the first on record and a study of costume reveals the fact that it has always played its part in human attire.

One could write almost unendingly on the subject, tracing the history of the apron through national costume, through the part it has played in the dress of religious cults, as, for instance, the green apron once worn by the Quakers; its significance in the ceremonial of fraternal organizations, witness the little white apron of the Master Mason; its part in the ministry of healing, it has long been an accepted part of the costume of nurses.

The present day bride-to-be places in her brand new cedar hope chest the fancy little fudge aprons, perhaps a few bungalow aprons, one or two Hoover

aprons and a possible tea apron, types which have survived the passing show of fashion and made in a style to conform to the modern lines in women's apparel.

She gives little thought to the history behind this honored garment. She never stops to think that kings and peasants

have in their babyhood been crooned to sleep and cradled on laps enswathed in aprons of every style and shape and of innumerable textiles; or that of all the garments worn today the apron possibly can claim the greatest antiquity in legend and history.





HARRY F. LAKE

The Influence of Douglas on the Life of Lincoln

HARRY F. LAKE

MANY influences went into the making of Abraham Lincoln. I would deal briefly with one such, as I believe, major influence, i. e., the part that Stephen A. Douglas had upon the career of Lincoln.

Stephen A. Douglas was a statesman whose activities covered but little more than a quarter of a century, and whose last flaming days were the early months of the Civil War.

It is proper thus to consider Douglas, because the truth is you cannot properly know, or consider at all fully the facts or achievements in Lincoln's life, except as at almost every step, in almost every phase, you meet Stephen A. Douglas.

Lately, I have endeavored once or twice a year to go for various interesting events back to my college at Middlebury, and in the charming Vermont village of Brandon, in the valley of the Otter

Creek, I pass the heavy granite block on the side of which has been placed the bust and profile of Douglas. It stands in front of the house in which he was born, April 23, 1813, four years after the birth of Lincoln. This house, considerably more than one hundred years old, is now devoted to the use of the Brandon Chapter, D. A. R. Many times in going past that house and the granite block in front, or stopping there for a casual looking about, I have thought what a tragedy the life of Douglas was,—tragic because in 1860 he went down to defeat before Lincoln when the prize was the Presidency of the United States, which was the apple of his eye. I thought that a tragedy from which there could be no recovery. Indeed his life began in tragedy, for in the little house to which I have referred, while yet a mere infant and while held in the arms of his

EDITOR'S NOTE—HARRY F. LAKE, son of Moses R. and Mary J. (Batchelder) Lake, was born in Pembroke, November 28, 1876. He fitted for college at Pembroke Academy graduating in 1894, entered Middlebury, Vt., College and graduated from the latter in 1899, having spent a year in teaching before entering college. Subsequently he taught for three years, and studied law in the office of Mitchell & Foster at Concord and at the University of Boston Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1904, when he commenced practice as a member of the firm of Mitchell, Foster & Lake. Upon the elevation of Hon. John M. Mitchell to the bench of the Superior Court, he continued as junior member of the firm of Foster & Lake, since in successful practice in Concord. Mr. Lake is a Methodist in religion and an active supporter of the Baker Memorial Church. In politics he is a Democrat of which party his father, the late Moses R. Lake, was an earnest adherent, and one of the most eloquent champions on the stump ever heard in the state. Determined as he is in his political convictions, he has never sought office and has repeatedly declined to be a candidate for the same, though he accepted his party's nomination for congress in the Second District in 1918. He has, however, served as the Democratic member of the N. H. Ballot Law Commission since 1921, and for the last eleven years as a member of the Board of Education in Union School District, and for several years past a chairman of the Board. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Tilton School. Although primarily devoted to his profession, he has ever been deeply interested in all enterprises for the benefit of the community and the welfare of the state; and has freely given his services as a speaker in support of the same, in which capacity he has no superior and few equals in the state. On November 29, 1904, he was united in marriage with Fanny M. Sutton, of Burlington, Vt., who was his classmate at Middlebury, a woman of fine character and attainments. They have one daughter, Mary E., now a Junior in Wellesley College.

father,—a young physician,—a sudden stroke robbed him of his father's love and life.

One day, moreover, a while ago, I stood on the high road between Decatur and Urbana, Illinois, beside a large cement pyramid and read on a copper plate this fact,—“Upon this site Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, July 29, 1858, first agreed to meet in joint debate in Illinois.” Knowing, as we do, that in the months that followed the heavy sword of Lincoln and the rapier of Douglas struck in deadly contest each upon the other in one of the three greatest intellectual and political struggles that has marked the history of America, I am pleased with you to consider what this *Vermont*er did for Lincoln, if only to suggest some very obvious conclusions.

There have been three great intellectual struggles in the United States. The first was over the adoption of the Federal Constitution,—the last was over the adoption or rejection of the Paris Treaty at the close of the great war. The second, the greatest intellectual contest of the nation, was that over human slavery, and the greatest minds of the country were engaged in that great debate,—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Alexander H. Stephens, Jefferson Davis, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Stephen A. Douglas. Of the last named, Mr. Douglas, a contemporary entirely out of sympathy with him politically said of him, “In the use of passing facts and familiar circumstances he was probably greater than any of his illustrious contemporaries. Less eloquent than Clay, less logical than Webster, less versatile than Benton, he was the superior of them all in readiness of his intellect and the distinctness and clearness of his statements as a public speaker. As an extemporaneous speaker

his capabilities were transcendent and amazing, and unquestionably placed him in the first rank of debaters of any age or country.”

I have spoken of the debates of 1858, for which the preparation was made in part by the side of that cement pyramid to which I have referred, when the friends of Douglas in cavalcade from the North met a similar group of Lincoln and his friends coming from Monticello and the West. Now in the immediate struggle which comprised the historical debate of the fall of 1858, Lincoln came to his defeat at the hands of Douglas. But Lincoln himself said that the stake in that contest was but the Senatorship in the Congress of the United States,—whereas two years later the prize would be the Presidency, the highest gift of the American people. And in this latter contest the sword of Lincoln broke the rapier of Douglas. How great this conquest was one may not know, unless he knows how great Douglas was. How strong is the wrestler in any arena to whom the prize of victory goes! You may not know, unless you also know how strong was the antagonist overcome. The best way to know the size of a tremendous tree of the forest is to appreciate the size of those others which it overshadows or overtops.

I submit, therefore, to you that no other single external force or circumstance had the effect on Lincoln that Douglas had. For twenty-five years they wrestled with each other,—first, in the smaller field of Illinois politics,—then, in the larger field of National Statesmanship.

It was this sort of an experience, with this sort of an antagonist, for this length of time, which drove Abraham Lincoln to his studies and his books; which made him the most astute politician of his day; which developed a mind that became

simply a marvel for clear statement and logical thinking, put into the finest English known to students of the language, and developed finally a type and manner of public speaking more impressive than the most polished and scholarly oratory of his day, and, finally, a personality which possessed remarkable qualities of leadership which eventually took him to Washington and illimitable fame.

It was the continual rivalry with Douglas through the years that stimulated Lincoln. It was the antagonism of Douglas that developed Lincoln. It was against the brilliancy, the inherent and acquired culture of Douglas, that Lincoln wore off some of his crudities.

What made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States? It was the Cooper Union speech of February 27, 1860. This speech was the very apex of Lincoln's intellectual efforts. What made that speech possible? It was the remarkable intellectual reach, the depth of political knowledge, the unsurpassed power of logical reasoning, the tremendous power of moral conviction,—the conviction that slavery was wrong,—the conviction that the Union must be preserved. These made the Cooper Union speech possible;—perhaps the greatest political speech delivered in America in a full century. Where did Lincoln get that reach of intellect, that political knowledge, that reasoning capacity, that power of moral conviction? He got it by gradual growth during twenty-five years of struggle with Douglas and with that for which Douglas stood. He got it largely by rubbing his poor qualifications on the whetstone of Douglas' attainments, on a thousand hustings of the prairie.

The story of Douglas and Lincoln is the story of two boys struggling for a living, and then for place and position, of two men, politically minded,

wrestling for preferment in public office, and, finally, of two statesmen between whom, the Presidency for the stake, the choice was made in every election precinct in America.

Very often one is asked how to account for Abraham Lincoln. Of course, nothing human fully accounts for Lincoln;—not heredity, not environment, not training. As a plain man of the street I say to you, only a Divine Providence can account for Abraham Lincoln,—but I further submit that Stephen A. Douglas in rivalry, in contest, in bitterest political controversy, was the most potent of all forces in the making of Lincoln. I believe that without Douglas, Lincoln probably would not have been President of the United States.

Who actually was Stephen A. Douglas, whose birthplace and whose likeness of physical form on the village green in Brandon so fascinated me, because over his broken hopes Lincoln ascended to eminence—and who, as I hope to show, finally, turned tragedy to triumph? Born in Vermont, as stated, fairly well educated in the early years of his youth, by easy stages he found himself, with only an indefinite idea of a career, in the last months of his minority in Western Illinois with twenty-seven cents in his pocket. For a few months a teacher, then in the inevitable practice of law, Stephen A. Douglas—as did Abraham Lincoln—grew up with Illinois. May I briefly suggest the offices which the man held, to which he succeeded with startling rapidity? After admission to the bar, he was Attorney General, Register of the Land Office, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, Member of Congress, finally, United States Senator. Do you notice the sure degrees by which he advanced; the logical steps in the advancement; the ever going for-

ward, never a retrograde step? The last named office is that of United States Senator. He had won this in 1846—again, in 1852. There is but one more desirable office in America. Would he ever attain it?

Not only was Douglas remarkably brilliant, but he matured young. Will you note the contrast between him and Lincoln? When Douglas was admitted to the bar at 20, Lincoln was still in Southwestern Indiana—an almost indifferent boy, doing odd jobs, with a background that included not twelve months of schooling. While Douglas at 21 was Attorney General of Illinois, Lincoln, like a bit of driftwood in the current of the Sangamon, had but just come into Illinois, obscure and penniless and adding a little to the bondage of minority, plowed while not yet emancipated, a few acres of land for his father and put in a crop. Douglas was Judge of the Supreme Court at 27—Lincoln at that age had just stumbled upon the Commentaries of William Blackstone and had in his possession a few law books of Major John T. Stewart. Douglas was in Congress at 30 when Lincoln was just in the midst of the starving period known to most young lawyers. Douglas at 34 was in the Senate, where he stayed continuously till he died at the age of 48. But Lincoln at 34 was still obscure in Springfield. At 39 Douglas just missed being a candidate for the Presidency, which Franklin Pierce captured. At that same age Lincoln, much disheartened, finished his one inconspicuous term in the Congress of the United States.

Douglas was Register of the Land Office in Springfield, Illinois, in 1837-1838, and here met Lincoln—Douglas twenty-four and Lincoln twenty-eight years of age, respectively. Douglas, forever the uncompromising Democrat—Lincoln, first the Whig, and then one of

the first adherents of the new Republican Party born in 1856; Douglas, loving the Union and caring not whether slavery was voted up or down; Lincoln, loving the Union, and knowing that slavery was wrong; Douglas willing to compromise, as did nearly all the statesmen of the day, every question finally involved in the Civil War,—Lincoln, developing forever deeper the conviction that the country could not exist half-slave and half-free. It was this capacity for tremendous moral conviction that accomplished the ascendancy of Lincoln. This capacity for moral conviction was best seen in his speaking, for this breathed forth his character.

One glorious afternoon I spent in Springfield with Henry B. Rankin, for six years Lincoln's office boy. He demonstrated to me this power of Lincoln by the story of one of his speeches which Rankin, the boy, attended in Petersburg, in the Fremont Campaign of 1856. Lincoln came from Springfield to speak in behalf of the Republican Party. He was faced by 1,200 people determined that he should not talk. He began time and again, but for three-quarters of an hour was howled down. Finally, his will overcame their determination that he should not speak and he addressed them without interruption for two hours. Rankin told the fact, but I much wondered how it was possible for the will of one man to overcome the united will of 1,200 determined people; and then I recalled that U. S. Grant, after his term in the Presidency, made a trip around the world and when he came back said he had met the greatest intellects of the world—Gambetti, Li Hung Chang, Bismarck and Gladstone, but that the greatest intellectual power he had ever encountered was in the person of Abraham Lincoln. Here then we have it—tremendous intellectual strength

and tremendous moral force, a combination everywhere and forever unbeatable. It was then this sort of man, with this kind of moral nerve, who in 1859 had the perfectly unthinkable courage to challenge to debate the greatest political orator of his time—a man whose whole life had been spent in political endeavor and political accomplishments of the highest order!

Every man knows that toward the middle of the last century three great statesmen, Webster, Clay, Calhoun—the great triumvirate—dominated the interest and the attention of the American people, but these three died—one in 1850 and two in 1852. And this is the sober fact, that no man from that time until the election of 1860 so filled the eye of political America—so dominated the stage of political affairs as did Stephen A. Douglas. That Douglas was a Democrat politically is not important. He was a Democrat socially and that is important. He declined to be received by Queen Victoria because it was out of order for her to receive him in the plain garb of an ordinary American citizen. And later, at the Court of St. Petersburg, when the Czar coolly announced, "I presume I am receiving Stephen A. Douglas, a Senator in the Congress of the United States," Douglas, with equal dignity, retorted, "And I assume I am being received by His Excellency Nicholas, Czar of all the Russians." He had come near being nominated by his party for the Presidency, instead of Franklin Pierce in 1852 and again, instead of Buchanan, in 1856. He had been Senator for twelve years and was seeking re-election—outranked in leadership both Pierce and Buchanan and was the most feared and the most followed and withal the most dominant figure in America. Indeed, Douglas was able to throw a scare quite a

distance. He came to Concord, July 31, 1860, to speak on his own behalf as candidate for President and whereas four months before Lincoln had spoken in Phoenix Hall to a crowded house—Douglas spoke in the State House yard to 5,000, willing to stand for one and one-half hours in the hot July sun. That night with Mrs. Douglas, niece of Dolly Madison, he stayed at the home of Oliver L. Sanborn on North Main Street. Five days later James G. Blaine wrote a letter, now in the possession of Chief Justice William H. Sawyer, to George G. Fogg of Concord, N. H., as follows:

"Augusta, Me.,

"My Dear Sir:

"Aug. 6/60.

"Mr. Stevens will fully acquaint you with our needs and wishes. If you can do anything for us—do it quick, for Heaven's sake.

"The Democracy are intending to make a tremendous effort here.

"Douglas is coming down to stir up the elements and they will give us a close run in three districts.

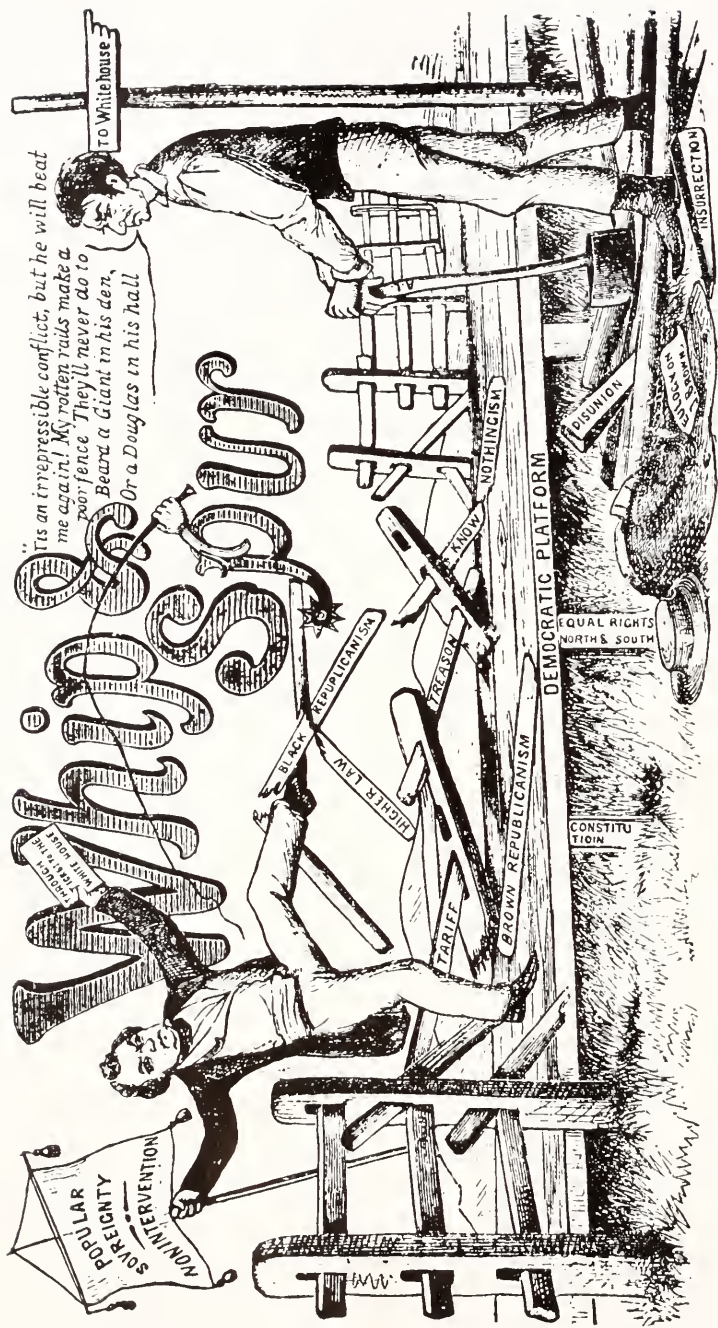
"\$2,000 would help us immensely—Can't you raise it for us?"

"Yours truly,

"G. G. FOGG."

"J. G. BLAINE.

One might be somewhat puzzled by that letter until he learned that James G. Blaine was Chairman of the Maine State Republican Committee and George G. Fogg was Secretary of the National Republican Committee—the \$2,000 was necessary to protect Maine against the invasion of Douglas and to preserve the purity of politics in that state! Such was Douglas, admittedly master in his own field. Seeking to dethrone him from this high position was Lincoln, scarcely known outside his state, having a background that included only indifferent legislative service, a law practice of considerable importance, a good deal of



THE ABOVE CUT IS A REPRODUCTION OF A CARTOON USED BY THE "WHIP AND SPUR," A DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN PAPER ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE ARGUS AND SPECTATOR AT NEWPORT, DURING THE 1860 CAMPAIGN

casual reading, deep thinking, dark brooding, and that capacity for moral conviction, which, yoked to his intellectual power, was most impressive. It must, therefore, be one of the most dramatic events in American history that Lincoln had the perfectly monumental courage to challenge Douglas to the great debate. We think, of course, of this great debate in terms of the seven meetings between August 21st and October 15th, 1858, when the two divided not less than three hours of speaking time from the same platform, in the presence of each other and before audiences as large as 20,000. However, this was only a small part of the story of even that campaign,—other speeches they made, not with both present, but each in answer to the other, before as large audiences and upon the same topic. In preparation for the election of 1859 Douglas made as many as 130 speeches, nearly all of record, and Lincoln made nearly as many. But this campaign is only a part of the story of the Lincoln-Douglas debate,—for the first record of a formal joint debate between the two is that of a three-day contest in October of 1839—Lincoln was then 30 and Douglas, 26. From that time on through the years, wherever in Illinois Douglas spoke, Lincoln was present if possible to make answer as soon thereafter as practicable. And if Lincoln spoke, Douglas got a report of it as soon as possible and was sure to make his booming, devastating, eloquent reply.

Do you not see that Lincoln had in this debate nothing at all to lose? It was Douglas that gave prominence to the debate. Douglas couldn't speak, except the nation listened. Through Douglas, Lincoln was introduced to the country. The Douglas speeches were read at every fireside, and they who read the Douglas speeches, read perforce the Lincoln

speeches. Dimly, out of the mists, the great proportions of Lincoln came to be seen—partially recognized. How could this have happened, except for Douglas?

You all know the result of the campaign. Douglas was elected to the United States Senate,—Lincoln thereafter went back to his law practice, broken in courage, broken in finances, disheartened. Little, however, as he recognized it, or as his friends knew it, that debate with Douglas—the expansion of mental grasp and reach—the deepening of moral conviction—had made him a giant. Obscure when he went into the debate, he emerged known in every home of America.

I have already said that this debate made possible the Cooper Union speech, which in turn made Lincoln candidate for President in 1860,—and here again, Douglas, drafted from his position in the United States Senate to be the candidate of the Democratic Party, became for the last time the political antagonist of Abraham Lincoln. The vote in this campaign is interesting—Lincoln received less than 80 per cent of a majority of votes in the country, but a majority in the Electoral College. Douglas was defeated. The great prize was denied him. It had gone to his rival. For the first time Lincoln had won from Douglas, though it had taken a political lifetime to do it. And one night, in a sleeping car, then an almost new contrivance, Douglas took a ride, and with him took a bottle of strong liquor. Smarting from his defeat, amazed at the incongruity of the situation, only half-awake and certainly as much as half-drunk, he burst into foolish laughter, and cried, "Good God! Abe Lincoln President of the United States!" and the soul of Douglas found its lowest level.

May I now briefly tell the story of the ultimate victory in the soul of a man?

Douglas in spite of himself in political—indeed perhaps personal hostility—had made Lincoln President of the United States, and now magnanimous soul that he was, he lent Lincoln the benefit of his great assistance. Now, after all, in those troublous days, who were the patriots? They who supported the Union of the States. None surpassed Douglas in this devotion to the Union. During the campaign, and before the election, Douglas declared on a thousand stumps that the integrity of the Union must be preserved.

After the election, he felt that Lincoln was not too well known to his own party, and made haste at once to declare Lincoln's great ability and honesty. None could more perfectly have laid aside all political asperities and personal prejudices. He called upon Lincoln personally, as soon as the latter arrived in Washington to be inaugurated into the Presidency and went over the critical situation with the President. He is supposed to have studied with Lincoln the first inaugural address and he certainly thereafter warmly defended it. Though it broke his heart to do it, he advised at the first call of troops that it be 200,000 instead of 75,000, because he, who had married a beautiful Southern woman, well knew the spirit and chivalry and the fighting qualities of the Southern people.

The following incident is symbolic: When Lincoln stepped forward to deliver his first inaugural address, somewhat agitated and embarrassed, he looked about to find a place for his hat and cane. A young newspaper reporter, Henry Watterson, quickly went to relieve the President of the awkward situation,—even so, he was not quick enough,—that office was performed by a Senator of the United States on the platform with the President. That Senator was the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas

It may seem strange, but the fact is that Illinois was one of the most unsettled states of the American Union,—the one from which the President had come. Douglas, whom that state had sent to the Senate for the third time but two years before, felt his influence was still potent, and proffered his services to create sentiment in Illinois in behalf of the President. With deep gratitude, the President accepted the offer, and Douglas went back into Illinois to speak for a month in behalf of the Union and his old rival. Up and down the State he fared, speaking for Lincoln in a fashion that amazed men.

Horace White, critical and fair, wrote: "I heard Mr. Douglas deliver his speech to the members of the Legislature April 25, 1861, in the gathering tumult of arms. It was like a blast of thunder. I do not think it is possible for a man to produce a more prodigious effect with spoken words. He was standing in the very place where I first heard Mr. Lincoln. That speech hushed the breath of treason in every corner of the State."

From Abraham Lincoln, that State had heard the startling cry,—"A house divided against itself can not stand." Two years later, the same people heard from Douglas the same sentiment in different words: "There can be no neutrals in this war,—we are all patriots or traitors." He added: "We are a Christian people, and the war must be prosecuted in a manner recognized by Christian nations." He had in mind his 100,000 friends in the Southland of America.

In the midst of this flaming crusade, he fell ill. The wonderful endurance of that sturdy body, he sacrificed to his country. At the age of forty-eight he died, and of his deathbed we are permitted two glimpses. In his delirium, he cried over and over,—"Telegraph the

President and let the columns move on," and just before his eyes closed in eternal sleep, his wife bent over him and asked if there was any message from him to be left to his sons—and thereupon from his shattered mental processes he evolved an eternal message to all the sons of America—"Tell them to obey the laws, and support the Constitution of the United States."

"The words of dying men enforce attention like deepest harmonies.

When words are scarce, they are seldom said in vain.

They speak the truth who speak their words in pain."

And they buried him, with the pomp of an emperor, beside the great lake near which he had carved out his career, where he had donated broad acres for the founding of a university, and on the day of his funeral, the President directed the White House to be dressed in mourning.

So now, when I go again by the little house in Brandon Village, or look upon the bust of Douglas by its front yard, I shall be held not by the thought of tragedy, but by the inspiration of triumph, by the honesty of giant mind asserting its best self—great character coming to its own,—a great soul victorious in defeat; a patriot dying for his land.

From the human standpoint, I believe Stephen A. Douglas largely made Lincoln—and this certainly we know—we are honoring him this day, because he stood side by side with Abraham Lincoln as long as his life was spared, in defense of the American Union.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The foregoing address was given by Harry F. Lake, Esq., well-known Concord lawyer and popular public speaker,

at the joint luncheon of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs of that city on Tuesday, February 21. The subject was suggested by reference in the local press to the appearance of both these great national figures—Lincoln and Douglas—in Concord in 1860, in the campaign which resulted in the election of the former to the Presidency of the United States, over the latter, the vote of New Hampshire going with the majority.

Mr. Lincoln came to Concord on Thursday, March 1, just before the State election which, in those days, was held on the second Tuesday in March, and in presidential years was regarded as the "opening gun" of the campaign. He did not come to New Hampshire for the purpose of speaking, but to visit his son, Robert T., then a student at Phillips Exeter Academy; but, his presence there being made known, an urgent appeal was made to him by the Republican party managers to come to Concord and speak in behalf of the party cause, to which he readily responded. He was not then the Republican candidate for President, as the nominating convention was not held until May; but the reputation which he had gained in his great debate with Douglas in the campaign for the Illinois Senatorship in 1858, had brought him prominently before the country, and he was regarded by many as likely to receive the nomination that eventually fell to him.

There was time for but limited notice of the meeting which he was to address, and the weather was unfavorable at that, but Phenix Hall was well filled upon his arrival from Exeter, shortly before two o'clock P. M., when he was promptly introduced by Edward H. Rollins, and spoke for an hour and a half, delivering what was pronounced by the author of an editorial paragraph in the STATESMAN, which, by the way, was all the ac-

count given of the meeting, "one of the most powerful, logical and compacted speeches to which it was ever our fortune to listen." It embodied the usual argument against slavery and a general defense of the position of the Republican party. Immediately upon the conclusion of his speech, which was of course enthusiastically received, Mr. Lincoln was obliged to take a train, having an evening engagement elsewhere, so there was little opportunity for any reception or demonstration in his honor. So ended the first and only visit of the "Great Emancipator" to Concord. There are few men living who saw and heard him on that occasion, but one who was present and distinctly recalls the event is the venerable Deacon John C. Thorne of North Main Street, Concord.

The visit of Stephen A. Douglas to Concord was made under vastly different circumstances. He had already been nominated for the Presidency by the dominant faction of his party, which embraced nine-tenths of the New Hampshire Democrats, and arrangements had been made for a great demonstration in his honor. He was to address a mass meeting in front of the State House in the afternoon, and be given a formal reception in the City Hall in the evening. The day set for the demonstration was July 31, and on July 25, at a meeting of leading Democrats, a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The committee consisted of the following named well-known gentlemen: Thomas P. Treadwell, J. Stephens Abbot, John V. Barron, Oliver L. Sanborn, Ebenezer Symmes, Henry P. Rolfe, Edson Hill, Ezra Carter, John H. Pearson, J. S. Noyes, True Osgood, J. E. Lang, William M. Chase, Lowell Eastman, A. D. Shallies, William P. Foster, Samuel N. Farnsworth, D. H. Williams,

George H. Davis, John L. Tallant, H. H. Amsden, and Moses H. Farnum.

The necessary arrangements were made, and on the eventful day a reception committee, headed by Henry P. Rolfe, proceeded over the Northern Railroad to Canaan, where the train bearing the distinguished visitor from the West was met, and the greetings of the New Hampshire Democracy duly extended to him by the committee who joined his party; returning to Concord, where a vast crowd was awaiting the arrival of the train. A procession was formed, headed by a band, with Mr. Douglas, Chairman Rolfe and Col. E. C. Bailey of the Boston HERALD in an open barouche, followed by the crowd, and proceeding to the State House, where a speaking stand had been erected, and Mr. Rolfe in fitting words introduced Mr. Douglas to the several thousand people assembled. His speech occupied over an hour in the delivery and may be found in full in the New Hampshire PATRIOT of the following week. Needless to say it was an eloquent presentation of the Democratic doctrine of the day, with special reference to the idea of "Popular Sovereignty" of which the speaker was the original propounder and leading advocate. It was the embodiment of this idea or principle in the famous "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," introduced by Mr. Douglas and enacted by Congress in 1854, that precipitated the agitation against slavery, finally resulting in the Civil War, and the disruption of the Democratic party. This bill repealed the provision of the famous Missouri Compromise of 1820 prohibiting slavery north of latitude 46.30, and provided that the people of a territory might determine for themselves whether slaves might be held within its limits or not.

The reception to Mr. Douglas at the

City Hall in the evening was largely attended by the people of Concord, regardless of party, and many from outside the city. As in the case of Mr. Lincoln, this was his only visit to Concord. He left for the West the next day, and, like his competitor was actively engaged throughout the campaign, though his cause was well nigh hopeless from the start, as representatives from the Southern and some other States had bolted the convention that nominated him and put another ticket in the field, headed by John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, which, although not gaining much support at the North, carried most of the Southern States, and left Mr. Douglas in a hopeless minority.

The New Hampshire delegates in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in May, 1860, which nominated Lincoln, were, Edward H. Rollins of Concord, Aaron H. Cragin of Lebanon, William Haile of Hinsdale, and Amos Tuck of Exeter, at large; George Matthewson of Dover and Nathaniel Hubbard of Tamworth for the First Congressional District; Benjamin H. Martin of Manchester and Francis H. Morgan of Francestown for the Second, and Jacob Benton of Lancaster and

Jacob C. Bean of Enfield for the Third.

The delegates to the Democratic Convention from New Hampshire, elected from Councilor districts, were Josiah Minot of Concord, Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, Robert S. Webster of Barnstead, George W. Stevens of Dover, Aaron P. Hughes of Nashua, Edward W. Harrington of Manchester, Alpheus F. Snow of Claremont, Ansel Glover of Alstead, William Burns of Lancaster, and George A. Bingham of Bath.

The Democratic Convention met first at Charleston, S. C., balloted a long time without result, and adjourned to meet later in Baltimore, where, finally, Mr. Douglas was nominated by a majority, but a minority of the delegates "seceded" and nominated John C. Breckinridge, with Gen. Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice-President.

New Hampshire was not represented in the seceding convention, but a Breckinridge electoral ticket was put in the field in the State, which received something over 2,000 votes at the election; while the Republican electoral ticket, headed by John Sullivan, carried the State by 11,611 majority over the Douglas electoral ticket headed by Henry P. Rolfe.

Wonder

EVELYN BROWN

Wonder and I
Meet face to face,
'Most any day,
'Most any place.

In the slow drift
Of laurel tall
O'er the ancient grey
Of an old wall;

In the spring eve,
Dance of moon—and shrill
Across the dusk,
A whippoorwill.

So Wonder flaunts
Before men's eyes,
And makes them blind,
Or very wise.

The Iron Man

REV. HARRY TAYLOR



I READ some time ago about a man named R. J. Wensley who had invented a mechanical man capable of unveiling a statue of Washington without assistance. W. Wensley believes that men

made of metal will free the human race from industrial slavery just as George Washington helped to free America from British tyranny. There was a picture of this mechanical man in the Sunday edition of the New York Times and many seem to see in this picture an indication of the coming age when men will be free from all kinds of work and drudgery and will have little or nothing to do in the world.

And indeed the thought of what science will do for us in the future is very alluring. It has done a great deal for us already and we have many iron men that do the work of hundreds of workers. We have knitting machines that do the work of ten thousand women and looms that weave hundreds of yards of cloth in the same time that it took a hand loom weaver to produce one yard. We have the iron horse pulling the load of a thousand stage coaches and replacing a thousand stage coach drivers. Arthur Brisbane, writing on this subject the other week, said that we do more than copy nature, we improve on it. He cited as an illustration the new flying machine that Lester J. Hendershot is trying to perfect. This flying machine

will not copy the bird at all. It will have no wings and it will burn no fuel, and yet it will fly for two thousand hours. Its power will be wireless power, borrowed from Niagara or the Colorado river or any other source within its range at the time.

This new source of wireless energy opens up an unlimited field of new power for man in the future. There is no foretelling what may not be done in this direction to free man from the burning of coal and oil and the making of huge units of power production such as we have today. When any new invention has taken place there have always been serious discomforts for certain sections of the workers because of the displacement of labor that inevitably follows. When the spinning and weaving machines were first invented in England and the hand spinners and weavers began to be displaced there were riots and machine wrecking and much misery and suffering until things adjusted themselves. And even today in this country we have the same thing taking place. Although the country is prosperous and trade is booming, still, owing to immense saving on labor units in many great industries, there is a rising tide of unemployment.

This feature of the Iron Man is in itself a serious menace but it is not by any means the most serious feature of the situation.

The point that troubles me most about the coming of the Iron Man is one that seems to please many people. I mean the fact that, owing to mechanical devices, we shall have less and less work

to do. "Nothing to do but enjoy ourselves" will be the slogan of a great many people in the days to come. "Nothing to do but enjoy ourselves! Let the Iron Man do all the work! The Iron Man never gets tired and needs very little attention and no food." In the days to come the iron worker—in some form or other, for he may not be in the figure of a man—may cook all our meals for us and clean all our houses. He may clean all our streets and give each of us a little aeroplane in which to travel about. In fact, the Iron Man may bring us very near to the traditional heaven of the old Christians where everybody would sit on marble slabs and listen to golden music. We may arrive at that period indicated by Brisbane when we have not only imitated nature but improved on her. Henry Ford has given his workers a five-day week, but the Iron Man may bring labor down to a negligible amount before very long. He may well reverse the ancient custom of man working six days and resting one to the new one of having only one day to work and six days to play.

Let us take a look at this Iron Man once more. He can bring us our food, all nicely prepared on a lovely table, but he cannot eat and digest the food for us. He has no digestive organs himself and passes on no digestive ability to us. I erred when I said that he could prepare a lovely table for us. He cannot. It requires the brain and the soul of an artist to prepare a lovely table, and the Iron Man has neither soul nor brain.

I have said that we have to eat and digest the food for ourselves even though we have not lifted a finger to prepare it. It is a common occurrence for a man or a woman satiated with ease and softness and luxury to sit down at a most artistic and ravishingly beautiful table and be

unable to eat a thing. When the Iron Man has forced us to live like drones he will not have taken over the living of our lives for us; we shall still have to do our own living.

Says the philosopher Genung, "What can pay a man for living? Nothing can pay a man for living but life itself. Life is an ultimate fact. It cannot be bartered for anything else; it will accept no equivalent. Anything else put in the balance with life, as wages, as gain, as achievement: anything whatever externalised from life and hoped in for a stay or appeasement or gratification of the soul, inevitably turns out to be vanity, vapour, a futile elusive breath of air. Any possible reward of life, to be rewarding at all, must be a reward not in coin but in kind, and must pay itself as it goes along. Life must be its own reward and blessedness or nothing."

Herbert Spencer, many years ago, foresaw the great danger that would threaten the human race through the coming of the Iron Man and spoke of "the rebarbarization of society" that might take place. He realized that Dame Nature always requires a return in kind for the life that she bestows. Emerson had the same idea in his mind when he warned his hearers to beware of too much good falling into their hands.

Personally, I am not afraid of hard times in any nation. I am not afraid to see a nation suffering from poverty or long hours of labor one-hundredth part so much as to see it the victim of ease and luxury and sloth. We have only to look down history to see that the dangerous periods for any nation have not been the periods when she has been "up against it" but the periods when, after all the battles have been won and all the spoils gathered in, the people had nothing more to do but take their ease and

eat and drink and be merry. Then calamity came inevitably and one might hear ringing through the eternities, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

The human body is a wonderful organism. It is the product of millions of years of adaptation and of ceaseless struggle. It is the result of effort—continuous effort, the effort of adjustment. The tribes and races and nations that did not adjust themselves perished. They perished just as easily from too much ease as from too much privation; both were, and are, equally deadly.

Now let us see how this problem applies in the case of the Iron Man. The Iron Man in the shape of a motor car has already brought about a disinclination to walk on the part of most people. I am looked upon as a somewhat exceptional individual because I walk from Grasniere to Manchester a few times a week. Yet the fact is that I am but a normal person in this respect and most people are abnormal because they ride most of the time and are losing the walking habit. If the human race continues the riding habit for a few centuries there can be no doubt that it will lose its legs as instruments of locomotion.

The lesson is plain for all to see: unless we use our faculties and our powers we lose them. Nature cannot nourish or feed or keep fit for action any of our powers or capacities unless we use them. We maintain our right to them only as we continue to make use of them. If we tie up our arm for too long a period it becomes paralyzed through disuse. And if, through the use of the Iron Man in one form or another, we tie up the main portion of our powers of creation and endeavor then slowly we shall lose these powers.

In the old days, before the advent of

the Machine Age, men and women knew far more about real life than we do. This may sound heresy, but it is true. In the old days in the country—and the majority of the people lived in the country—the members of the family had to know how to do innumerable things. They had to weave their own cloth and spin the yarn for it. They had to know how to make for themselves a great many articles that are produced wholesale today. They were near to the soil and in touch with nature in a sense that few of us understand today. To a great extent each family and each village was self-sufficient and capable of making its own way regardless of the rest of the world.

There were many craftsmen in those days among the women as well as among the men. People knew how to *do things* in a way that we have never learned. The life was hard and dreary to our way of thinking, but yet it was more the real thing than the life that we live today.

My father was born under the shadow of Christchurch Priory, near Bourne-mouth, England. The Priory is one of the oldest in England and one of the richest in works of art. There are carvings and pieces of sculpture in that priory that represent the life's work of man. Sometimes a man labored for twenty or thirty years at one figure that was to adorn the building. He labored for the pure joy of craftsmanship and because he took a delight in the work of his hands. Where can we find such craftsmen today?

The momentous question for this generation is: how can we keep alive the spirit and the capacity for creative endeavor in an age when the Iron Man does everything for us? Where are we going to get our craftsmen, our body of happy, industrious, creative workers, in

days when it will not be necessary for anyone to work more than a day a week?

It is to education that we must turn if we are to prepare effectively for the coming day. There are two attributes that must be brought out in the coming generation. One is a delight in the work of hand and brain for its own sake and not for reward, and the other is the proper appreciation of leisure. In America today the majority of the people are bored with leisure and they have not the faintest desire to be craftsmen. In times past this country has been short of workers, and because of that lack she has developed and perfected mass production as we see it today. The idea seems to have been "Get the work out! Don't spend too much time on fine points but get the stuff out." That was all very well in its day, but that day is passing. There will not be the same need for it in the future as in the past.

The great things of the world are not produced in a hurry by mass production. Most of them were produced by men and women who were lavish in their time so that they created a thing of beauty or worth.

How are the people of this country going to use the ever-increasing leisure

time that is to be theirs when the Iron Man does more and more of the work? Are they going to fill up their lives with pleasure after pleasure in a vain attempt to "kill time" or are they going to cultivate the artist attitude towards life and learn to care for things of beauty and solid worth?

I can imagine an America whose people are keen to produce a native culture and who spend their time in the production of things for their own sake and not for reward. It will be an America of innumerable competing choirs and glee clubs, of amateur orchestras and oratorios. There will be many who are capable of spending long hours in the making of gardens and landscapes or in making their own beautiful and artistic furniture. Its young men and maidens will disdain to ride where they can walk. They will consider sickness a sin and unhealthy bodies a disgrace.

The people of this new America will be interested in and keen about so many things and so busy with their heads and brain that the time will not suffice for all the many things they want to know and to do in their day.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increaseth; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

The Lightning Stroke

DOROTHY LEONARD

In that dim beech wood where the old spruce fell
By lightning stroke, what scene from hell
Could match it?—ancient praying beeches
And suddenly the bright god screeches
And leaps down and that hoary spruce
Snaps to his leaping like a loose
Fence-post in the cyclone's hum—
Crack! and the grey beech wood is dumb:
Paul and Baal, your Lord has come!

Lest We Forget

JOHN BARTLETT MESERVE

"Say what ancestors were thine,
I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd
The whole, nor kept back naught."

Dante.

A GROUP of small islands, denominated the Norman or Channel Isles, of which the Isle of Jersey is the largest, lie in the English Channel, off the northwest coast of Norman France, "Isle on Isle that o'erlace the sea." Hugo calls them "those bits of France fallen into the sea and picked up by England." The cozy little island of Jersey approximates twelve miles in length, varies from four to seven miles in width and is situated some fifteen miles from the shores of France. It contributes to the earth's landed surface about forty-five square miles of tableland, broken to the north by rugged and precipitous cliffs and descends to the eastern and southern shoreline, which affords suitable bays, inlets and harbors. It is most famous for a breed of cattle which bear its name. Fruit and potatoes are raised in abundance and exported in large quantities. Its population is about 50,000 mostly French, although the English language is quite generally understood and spoken. The capital and largest city is St. Heliers.

The Channel group were a part and parcel of that portion of Northern France which was conveyed by Charles the Simple to Rollo, the Norman viking in the early part of the tenth century. After the ascension of William, Duke of Normandy to the English throne, the islands came under the protectorate of England. When Normandy was reconquered by Phillip Augustus the islands

remained a part of the British Empire and so remain to this day. Jersey having been of old a part of Normandy, of which William the Conqueror was Duke, the good folk of Jersey are wont to say—and with some reason—that they conquered England and were never conquered by England. To this good day the Jersey people call the King of England, their Duke. In point of strict constitutional theory and law, the Channel Islands furnish, as Lord Coke points out, the seisin and manifest whereby the King of England makes good his claim to the throne of England as successor and inheritor of William the Conqueror. As late as 1607, the reigning monarch of England refers to them as "a portion remainyng as yet unto us in possession of our ancient Dutchey of Normandie." The Jersey people have ever been intensely loyal to the reigning family of England. When Charles I was beheaded, his son Charles was proclaimed King in Jersey and for some time found an asylum there. At the restoration, Charles II "as a proof of his Royal affection towards the Isle of Jersey, in which he had been twice received in safety, when he was excluded from the remainder of his dominions", granted a Mace which is still carried before the bailiff in the Court and Stats. The official language of Jersey is French and many of the ancient features of old Normandy still obtain. They still have their *baillis* and *vicomtes*, their knight's fees and feudal modes of tenure. The Norman dialect is still their language; the *Coutume de Normandie* is still the basis of their law; and one may hear in

disputes concerning property in Jersey, the old cry of *haro* which preserves one of the most archaic features of Norman procedure.

Aside from its many points of historic interest and association, the island is a place of great beauty. Winding country lanes, lovely in summer, radiate in various directions. Altogether there is probably no more contented people on earth than the good folk of Jersey. Someone has said, "it is one of the few remaining earthly paradises, where there is no income tax, where the total taxation is negligible, where whisky is far cheaper than in Scotland, wine more inexpensive than in France and tobacco less costly than in Virginia." The Bay of Grouville with its vast sweep of sandy shore, indents the eastern line of the island, while across the waters of the Channel one may descry, with the naked eye, the shores of Normandy, from Cape La Hogue where Edward III landed in 1346, to the spires of the Cathedral of Coutances. Nestled along the shores of the bay is the little town of Gorey, so rich in ancestral associations to the members of the Meserve family in America. Clement Messervy, the emigrant was born there in May, 1655.

When Columbus sailed, the world seemed to be awakening, as from a troubled sleep. The slumbering forces of humanity in Europe were giving voice to a movement for spiritual, intellectual and personal freedom. Across the decaying forms of the Middle Ages, a new light was shining.

"The world rolled over and over and out—

Out of the darkness—"

In the year 1495, one Gregoire Messervy was living in St. Martin's Parish in the Isle of Jersey. As an echo of the spirit of protest born during the times of this

ancestor, it is worthy of mention that one of his descendants joined the pioneers of religious and personal tolerance to the shores of old New Hampshire in the 17th century. A shaft of light flickers through from the early days of the 14th century as we learn of the activities of one Jean le Messervy in St. Martins in 1309, and who doubtless was an ancestor of Gregoire Messervy who was living in St. Martins in 1495 and died there in 1537. There is a tradition that the family surname is a derivative from an obsolete Norman past participle "messervyr" meaning "to illuse." So we are to infer that Jean le Messervy must be translated to mean John the Illused. There is a bare possibility that since those twilight hours when some unfortuitous circumstance fastened this rather suggestive name upon the earliest member of the family, there have been other members of the family who have felt at times that the characterization as well as the name, yet abides.

Somewhere about 1540, Thomas, a grandson of Gregoire Messervy, removed from d'Anneville, St. Martins Parish, to the little settlement of Gorey in the Parish of Grouville, where the family continued to reside and maintain itself. Clement Messervy, of the sixth generation from the ancient Gregoire, was the oldest son of Jean Messervy and Marie Machon, his wife and was baptized in the Grouville Church on May 13, 1655, his godfather being Abraham Machon, who was probably a maternal relative. Clement was about ten years of age at the time of the death of his father and was probably cast upon his own resources at an early age. A survey of the records upon the island would reveal that his ancestry were men of meager means as it does not appear that any of them enlarged their small holdings by acquir-

ing either lands or house between 1602 and 1661. This line of men were probably sailors or fishermen. Living at the seaside, near the small harbor of Gorey, they probably went often to sea, trading with their French neighbors in Normandy. Young Clement doubtless went early to sea in order not to be a burden to his widowed mother and found himself in New Hampshire with the prospect of a better future than at home. He is found upon the list of taxpayers at Portsmouth in the year 1673, at which time he was about 18 years of age. No record is extant of the date of his emigration to America, nor of the port in Europe from which he sailed, nor of the name of the ship which bore him across. This is accounted for from the fact that no registry records of maritime operations were preserved in Jersey at that time. There is no circumstance associated with the emigration of this original ancestor to the shores of America, which would support, even remotely, a suggestion that he came to the New World, to escape religious or civil persecution. Religious wars were unknown in Jersey and a high degree of governmental independence had ever marked its people. Tradition fixes the date of their conversion from Paganism to Christianity at about the 6th century although it probably did not gain a firm hold until the time of Rollo the First Duke of Normandy in 912. Before the early part of the 16th century, quite naturally the population of the Island were Catholic, but without any religious war, the Reformation came peacefully to Jersey about 1540. The people, at first were staunch Protestants, something like the Presbyterians in France (Reformes) but later conformed to the Church of England. Clement Messervy was baptized in the latter church in Grouville Parish,

Jersey and it appears that he and his wife, Elizabeth, joined the church at Portsmouth in 1692, when "a seat was allotted to him and his wife in the meeting house." Ancient colonial records also disclose that he took the oath of allegiance to the colony at Portsmouth in 1685.

Not unmixed must have been the difficulties of the young French lad, in an alien land, the language and customs of whose people, he so little understood. He married, early in life, among the colonists at Portsmouth—whether a French lady or not, we do not know. Among the New Hampshire colonists he became a farmer and landowner and in due course acquired a homestead at Newington, New Hampshire. Old records of the Province enlighten us by the record of a deed of conveyance made by this ancestor on February 23, 1705, to his son John. In this instrument he identifies himself at "Clemt. Miservey Senr. of Welch Cove in ye Township of Portsmo. in ye Province of New Hampshire, in New England, Husbandman." The foregoing conveyance grants the entire estate of the grantor to his wife Elizabeth for life with the reversionary title vested in his son John. This son John must have died within a few years after the execution of the foregoing deed, as it appears that on the "Twenty Sixth Daye of August in the Ninth yeare of the Reign of our Sovereigne Lady Anne by the grace of God of Grete Brittain France and Ireland Queene Defender of The Faith &c. Annoque Dome. 1710," he conveyed his estate in its entirety, in reversion, to his son Clement. It appears that this old ancestor was unable to sign his name and so executes these instruments by mark. His name to the latter deed is signed "Clement Misharveye" and suggests an attempt at

English spelling to conform to the French pronunciation of the name. The scrivener who prepared the instrument and signed the grantor's name, doubtless attempted to write the name as the old French grantor, in his broken English, had pronounced it. As a matter of fact, the French intonation of the family name is as though it were spelled Mesarvey.

This ancient progenitor of the family bearing his name with its variations, in America, had seven children:—

Aaron, born in 1676, married Susannah Sawyer at Salem, Mass., on Nov. 20, 1795 and died in Charles County, Md., in January, 1705.

Clement, born in 1678 and died in October, 1746. He was the father of Colonel Nathaniel Meserve.

Daniel, married Deborah.

John, probably died young.

Elizabeth, married Michael Whidden.

Mary, married (1) Mark Hunking,
(2) Rev. John Newmarsh.

Tamson, married Joseph Ham. She was scalped by Indians on April 28, 1703, but recovered and lived to a ripe old age.

Clement Messervy and his wife both died before April 12, 1721, upon which date his son Clement conveyed fourteen acres of the homestead at Newington to Thomas Leighton, reciting in the deed, the death of his parents. The exact date of his death is unknown as well as the place of his interment, but in the thought

of Victor Hugo "God knows where to find the soul."

A numerous and widely scattered family throughout the Republic, variously styled Messervy, Meservy, Meserva and Meserve, pause with reverential interest, to feature the Norman French emigrant lad who set foot upon American soil in the 17th century.

America is populated by descendants of the adventurous and strong of every race. In all its history it has been the strong and the daring who have dared uproot themselves and venture across the seas to a new land. The Normans have been a great contribution to the building of the Great Republic. They come to us as the representatives of a victorious people. Coming originally from the cold and sunless North, their stern and severe qualities of character have become mellowed with the light-heartedness and emotion of the Franks, but the Viking spirit—the Norman fighting heart, remains.

"Recall thy generous blood and show—
That all posterity may know—
Duke William's blood still lives at need;
Show that thou hast a heavier hand
Than erst came forth from Northern
land;

A hand so strong, a heart so high,
That tyrants, all shall beaten, cry,
'From Norman and the Norman race
Deliver us, Oh God of Grace.'

Anonymous Poet





MAUDE SCHUYLER FERRIS

The Woman in New Hampshire Politics

MAUDE SCHUYLER FERRIS

BUT A SHORT time ago mothers were carefully training their daughters how properly to conduct themselves in society and in life generally. Young girls were taught to be modest and dignified, retiring, respectful. Good manners were essential. The realm of woman was bounded, north, east, south and west, by fixed rules and conventions, and those who ventured without were considered bold, odd, peculiar, and a great deal more. Clothes were very uncomfortable and the kinks of fashion made them more so. Heads were piled high with hair, their own or purchased as the case might demand, and crowned by great flapping hats, which were fastened by a dangerous pin or two, and as the wind blew it back and forth the very roots of the hair cried for mercy.

The present-day girl—the “modern” girl—with her comfortable, easy clothes, her bobbed hair, and her freedom from old conventions and restrictions, has many a laugh at those old pictures. She feels herself much further advanced and very superior, yet fails to remember that those same women, and a long line of others behind them were primarily responsible for her present freedom. They fought hard and brought to pass prohibition and equal suffrage. They were courageous, persistent, undaunted. Before the vote was an established fact there was considerable talk over afternoon tea cups, and in other gatherings of women, of the deplorable condition the country was in. Politics was unspeakably corrupt. Politicians were utterly devoid of conscience. Laws were made

for men, and things were generally wrong. Some women thought their influence would change matters had they the vote. Others of more combative constitution felt that what was needed was a complete and thorough house cleaning. Sweeping, scrubbing, airing, curtains rolled up and sunlight penetrating the dark corners, let what would come to the light. Her fingers tingled to start the raid. Not all thought and talked on these lines, but some did.

The men chuckled, as men will. Later they wondered, as men do. And when the vote was an assured fact they were willing to give the women enough rope, and even to pay for it. Some men, not all. At first women felt their way along very cautiously. Then, gaining more assurance, continued the march further and further afield, steadily increasing their confidence. Younger women and girls joined the ranks until today we find them firmly established in the professional, commercial and political worlds.

Now that woman has the place and rights she demanded, the question is often asked, “is she a success or a disappointment?” Considering the few years it has taken to break away from the old order of things, not only is she a decided success, but has proved herself capable, clear-headed, keen and alert. Certainly there is a group that is disappointing; there always is; there always will be. The effect of woman’s advance on home life, home ties and home duties is engrossing the attention of many, and causing much discussion.

Is home life suffering; are home ties weakening; are homes lived in or just

stayed in? Are home responsibilities being shirked and cast aside? Are there too many clubs and organizations and pleasures to take the attention of wives and mothers, while children are left to the care of others, or to shift for themselves? Are the meals stamped with the brand of the bakeshop and the delicatessen? And lastly, are women becoming too ambitious, dictatorial, unlovely? That is rather a big order to place on the doorstep of woman, but it is continually a source of speculation and argument.

The unmarried woman, or the woman free from encumbrances and responsibilities, can arrange her life as she chooses. But not so with the married women, not with one bound with home responsibilities. She can only rightfully leave them when it becomes a duty or a necessity through force of circumstances. If her affairs are so arranged that she is able to give a certain amount of her time to business, civic or political affairs then she has a perfect right to engage in them. If her choice is to enter politics, she is watched with interest, for in that she is establishing herself and demonstrating her ability. As time goes on it is certain that woman will be more and more needed in political affairs, for in some matters she seems to have a better understanding than men, just as in others men seem to understand better than women.

The burden of the political song today is the same, for both men and women. Graft, crookedness, dishonesty and so on. If these things exist upon whom must the responsibility rest? Men and women are elected to office and the people do the voting. If for any reason candidates are unfit for office, why nominate them or vote for them? And if you do that very thing why cry about it? If honest, upright men and women are

wanted in public office then there is a real work for the public to do. Much of the talk of dishonesty in politics is from habit, from old deep-rooted ideas, rather than from a true survey of conditions. The world today is growing better despite what the critics and morbidly minded can say. Nothing but the best is wanted in any of the affairs of life; then why not in political affairs? It may be slow in coming, but it will come eventually through public opinion, and demand and effort.

What of the New Hampshire women in public affairs? Generally speaking, they are putting their best effort in the work, backed by conscience. They are conservative, and unwilling to jump at conclusions. They demand details. But once sure of their ground, and having made a decision, they are hard to move. Then they are so fine in their willingness to work for any project for public good, for safety or advancement. There are those who are ambitious and concerned with their own little scheme of life, and whose mind dwells upon the office just ahead. But they are soon recognized and pigeonholed. And there is another group to whom the state means simply a place in which to live, and, if possible, profit from. Everything takes time, and woman's position in the home, civic affairs and politics, will adjust itself eventually. And her position in politics depends upon herself. She can exert the same influence she does in her own home. Faithful in her duties, honest in all things, unafraid to fight for the principles in which she believes, and considerate of the opinions of others even when she differs with them, she must gain the confidence and respect of those with whom she is associated.

I have too much faith in motherhood and womanhood to believe she will ever

forsake or neglect her duty to either, or to her state or her country. She has worked so long and so untiringly for the position she now has that she will always hold high, and cling to, the ideals and principles she has ever cherished.

Thor's Acres

SVEN COLLINS

A FRANCONIA NOTCH FANCY

When Thor was very, very old, His helmet off he took; He called his sons unto him, And lost his warlike look.	He clove him out a valley With his dynamic tool; He made the Notch, the Flume, the Glen, The Basin and the Pool.
"I am grown old, my sons," he said, "No more I care to roam, It seems to me I've earned the right To call some place my home.	"These woods shall be my holy rood, These streams my music free, Eagles shall nest upon my cliff, This rock my cannon be."
"For years I've hurled my thunder bolts And made my lightnings sweep; And now I only want to find A place where I may sleep.	And deep within the hearts of men, Like Tait and Greenleaf too, He planted Nature love and lore, They were her followers true.
"I want a calm sequestered spot, Mid gentle hills to lie, Where I may rest and be at peace, And watch the clouds roll by.	He bade his sons a last farewell, Gave each his right of birth; Thor wanted naught but what he'd found— The haven spot on earth.
"Now I shall search through every clime, For my last home must be A fitting place for the god Thor, For all the world to see."	Thor sat him on his mountain, His head up in the sky, His feet in the cool water, The firs and hemlocks by.
Then fashioned they a comet new, And started forth upon it, To comb the earth to find the spot, Where Thor should doff his bonnet.	And there he still is sitting; May he stay there evermore! Perhaps you say "The Profile," But another name is "Thor."
They traveled many a million miles, They sailed for days and days, But nothing seemed to satisfy Their penetrative gaze.	Now we must guard this valley; Keep his homestead complete, To make for coming people A Mecca and retreat.
At last old Thor held up his hand; "I see what I require." They halted; for the place was found— The heart of New Hampshire.	The pilgrims coming hither, The pulsing tramp of feet, Will keep alive the spirit And cause Thor's heart to beat.

There carking care shall vanish
And courage fill its place;
For man is master who can see
Behind the Great Stone Face.

A Judge Looks at Life

L. M. PETTES

IS THERE some subtle force, some unknown current, some mysterious influence unknown to science or psychology, that governs human existence and causes people to react in "behavior waves?" Is there, as astrologists would have us believe, "cosmic malevolence" that makes people do things against the dictates of their better selves and brings them up, oftentimes, before His Honor, the Judge?

Not so, declares Judge Charles A. Perkins, for thirteen years judge of the Manchester Municipal court, and who has seen many behavior waves come and go. "It's just coincidence." But misdemeanors do come in "waves." Judge Perkins admits it. The occasional "drunks" may walk the path of virtue for weeks and then appear en masse.

Many days will go by without a single juvenile offender appearing in police court, and then, presto! There's a regular parade of naughty youngsters. "Yes, it's queer," the judge admits, "but it's just coincidence."

Judge Perkins just detests being interviewed. He is too kind and courteous to refuse any reasonable demand. But so modest is he that he fails to see why anyone should want the story of himself and his fine work as judge of the Queen City's municipal court. Every newspaper reporter that has ever "covered" police court knows how fair His Honor is in the disposition of cases; his professional colleagues, his neighbors and associates are proud to call him friend, and even the unfortunates who make up the daily procession that passes before him at police headquarters know they

won't get any more than is justly "coming to them."

But the judge is shy of interviews. And so, after having been caught unawares in his office, he courteously consented to "talk shop" for the GRANITE MONTHLY, while he modestly decried his own opinions. And so, talking of behavior waves and juvenile delinquency, the conversation drifted to the inevitable and ever present topic today, modern youth's "self expression."

"Of course, I deal with youth in a professional way to a considerable extent," said the judge. "In juvenile court I have the youngsters under seventeen. Manchester has few youthful criminals, although there are, of course, occasional ones. In the larger cities records show that much of the crime today is committed by young men, many under twenty years of age, or in the twenties.

"My opinions, therefore, have been formed by my observations. This revolt of youth has, of course, resulted from the desire to be free from all restraint. This lack of restraint does not reach the criminal state often, unless in the case of violation of the prohibition laws."

"Do you see anything to become alarmed about, in this trend of modern youth?"

"No," replied Judge Perkins. "The only alarming thing about it, to my mind, is the total lack of any sense of gratitude they display. Of course to one brought up by puritanical parents and grandparents of a generation ago this 'self expression' is startling. But then, we used to startle our parents occasionally.

"When I was a little boy Sunday was a hard day." The Judge was in reminiscent mood. "We went to church and Sunday school. But the afternoon dragged.

"What can I do mother?" was the oft repeated refrain. Occasionally she would say 'If you will be a good boy and walk quietly, Charles, you may go over to the cemetery.'

"My grandmother Perkins was exceedingly shocked to see a little girl in our family run across the street bare-headed. She reprimanded her sharply. It wasn't 'ladylike.' This child startled her as much as youth in revolt startles us today."

"Is the home responsible for the attitude of the young today? Are mothers caring less about the home and running to and fro to bridge parties and other affairs to the neglect of the home and the duties home-making entails?"

An emphatic "No!" from the judge. "The American home was never any better, perhaps not as good as it is today. Mothers are all right, too. They shouldn't be expected to stay at home all day. Times are advancing and the march of progress has involved everything, even the home. And as for dress—well, the women will never go back to red flannels and three or four petticoats, and I am glad of it. They have tasted freedom and comfort in fashions and they will never go back to the old days."

"What is the trouble that lies back of the little people who are brought before you in juvenile court? Is it the home? Lack of parental restraint? Or what?"

"Well, most of the little fellows who come before me have stolen to get money to go to the movies. Their mothers, of course, are not on the job. Many either have no control over their children, or are workers who have to help support the family and have little time to look

after their small boys and girls properly."

"How about domestic relations? Do men beat up their wives frequently in Manchester?"

"Not now. They used to," Judge Perkins replied. "Soon after my appointment a man was brought before me for wife beating. He was a native of Poland and had brought with him from his fatherland a Russian five-pronged whip to use in chastising his wife. He felt perfectly within his rights. It is the age-old custom in Russia and Poland, and many other European countries, for the head of the family to whip his recalcitrant spouse as he does his dumb beasts. This viewpoint, formerly quite common among aliens in Manchester, is now apparently a thing of the past and it is a long time since I have had a wife beater, whether American or foreigner, before me in court. Of course men and their wives have an occasional row and beat each other up, and there is usually blame on both sides."

There has been a marked decrease in crime and delinquency since the war. During the World War there was a great deal of crime. Human life and the rights of others were considered less sacred during those days, both by adults and younger people. Juvenile delinquency kept pace with the crimes of mature offenders, according to Judge Perkins.

"What offense leads the list?"

"Drunkenness. Next, 'possession,' or keeping intoxicating liquor with intent to sell. Then comes the social offenses, and fourth larceny."

"Has drunkenness decreased since Prohibition?"

"I have no means of knowing from court records," replied the magistrate. "Before the prohibition laws were passed many drunks were arrested but not

arraigned. Today practically every 'drunk' arrested is brought into court. It is often representatives of a better class who seem to think it smart to defy the law."

Judge Perkins has two hobbies, the greater of which is dahlias. The other is hunting and fishing, but in later years he feels that there is not so much joy in going out deliberately to kill.

"We can't give life, you know, so I have come to feel reluctant about taking it. But I like to go out hunting and leave my gun at home."

But dahlias. Ah! Judge Perkins would much rather talk about them than to talk shop. "People don't know dahlias," he asserts. "They think of them as the little round, ball-like flowers that their grandmothers raised." He has promised to write about his beloved blossoms for an early issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Judge Perkins has been a resident of Manchester since 1896 and since 1915 judge of the Queen City municipal court. He is regarded as one of the ablest men in his profession.

The son of a physician, the judge was born in Marlow, N. H., April 24, 1872. His parents were Dr. Marshall and Harriet M. (Fiske) Perkins. He attended

local and elementary schools, high school and Phillips-Exeter Academy, from which he was graduated in 1892. For a time, after leaving school, he was connected with Hiram D. Upton of Manchester dealing in investments. In 1902, after three years of study, he was admitted to the bar and began practice in Manchester where he was by now well known through his years of business.

Since 1902 Judge Perkins has continued in practice. In addition he has been called upon to hold a number of positions of public trust to which he has devoted his best efforts. He is a Republican in politics and as such represented his ward in the State Legislature for two terms, those of 1911 and 1913. He was a member of the Ballot Law Commission for several years. He is a member of New Hampshire Bar association; of Lodge No. 61, A. F. and A. M., and of the Calumet club.

In December, 1902, Judge Perkins was married in Boston to Mabelle C. Ardenning of New York. They have two sons, Arthur F. and Robert S. The younger son, Robert, is a student in Dartmouth college. Arthur is studying landscape gardening in Boston. Probably the beauty of his father's dahlias has entered his soul.

If You Were Lost

DOROTHY LEONARD

If you were lost and wandering
Afar from food and drink
It would be better not to find
Old blueberries, I think,

Drying upon a bush, or stones
Where water flowed in March.
There's pasture in a memory
But paper patterns parch.



FOUR BLUE RIBBON WINNERS FROM THE HERD OF
GEORGE M. PUTNAM

Better Cows for New Hampshire

RAE HUNT

TO MOST people a cow is a cow. We speak of good milk and poor milk, but very seldom of good cows and poor cows. We leave cows to the farmers and the county agents. Farmers ought to know their cows; to be specific, they ought to know that nobody can afford to keep a poor cow, any more than he can afford to keep a hired man who isn't worth his salt. But according to the agricultural experts that is just what the farmers of New Hampshire do not know, or, at least, do not consider sufficiently. They keep cows which are scarcely worth their salt—not all of them, of course, but far too many.

Dairying is the principal agricultural industry of New Hampshire—is the main income of farm people. But although the principal farming business, it is not nearly as prosperous as it should be. According to men like George M. Putnam, President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, and H. Styles Bridges, formerly Executive

Secretary, there are two big reasons why dairying is not more profitable in the state: first, poor cows; second, poor feeding.

Agricultural economists have figured out that a cow in order to be profitable must give a certain minimum amount of milk of a certain richness each year. For instance, Mr. Bridges says that a Jersey cow ought to give 5,000 pounds of milk a year and test 5 per cent, but the milk production of the average New Hampshire cow is only a little more than 4,000 pounds. In other words, there are far too many cows in this state which are scarcely worth keeping. There are too many farmers who are keeping cows which they cannot afford to have in their herds. This is bad economics. It is exactly what the Department of Agriculture, the Farm Bureau, the University Extension Service, and the other agricultural agencies want to remedy. They want to impress New Hampshire farmers with the necessity of better

breeding and better feeding. They have hit upon the idea of running a better livestock train through the state.

During the first week in May, the New Hampshire-Boston and Maine Better Livestock Train will travel through New Hampshire and farmers all over the state will be given a chance to inspect a model dairy exhibit with twenty or thirty of the finest cattle that can be

Federation, the State Grange, State University, the Granite State Dairymen's Association, State Publicity Bureau, State Chamber of Commerce, the American Guernsey Cattle club and other cattle breeder's associations, not to speak of various local, county, fraternal and business organizations.

The railroad is fitting out the train, equipping and operating it free of cost,



WORLD BEATERS FROM JOHN G. WINANT'S FINE HERD OF AYESHIRE

found. It will be a combination dairy show and college on wheels.

The idea of running this train was first presented at a New England Council meeting some months ago, where it met with immediate approval. The Boston and Maine railroad offered to co-operate fully with the Department of Agriculture and the other farm agencies in making the train a success. Seldom has there been a more impressive list of co-operating agencies behind such a venture, because with the railroad and the department there are now assisting: the New Hampshire Farm Bureau

and is even inviting the members of the official party to be its guests during the week. At each of the 24 stops which the train will make, there will be short speeches by dairy experts, and at each stop prizes will be awarded to various dairymen.

The sole idea of the trip is to impress farmers with the need for using pure bred stock. Examples of the best dairy stock in New England will be on exhibition, and every effort will be made to interest farmers in getting pure bred sires and young stock in place of scrub stock now used.

When the train has finished its run, the county agents will take up the work of assisting farmers to get pure bred stock, and in the autumn, as a result of the Better Livestock Train, a pure bred calf will be given to a boy club member in every county. In other words, the Train is an honest and concerted effort to rid the state of scrub stock, and to put in its place cows that will pay and pay well. It is a movement which is believed to be particularly opportune because of the increasing competition which dairymen in this state are being called upon to face.

In the last twenty years there has been a marked decline in the dairy industry. In 1900 there were 116,327 milch cows in New Hampshire, but 25 years later this number had been reduced to 77,327. This means a decrease of 33 per cent in spite of a rapidly increasing demand for dairy products. There are a number of familiar reasons for this, but there is no reason why dairying in New Hampshire should not be profitable to those who use pure bred stock.

There are large numbers of farms in this state which are well suited to dairying, and above all, excellent adjacent markets. Not only do New Hampshire towns and cities require a great deal of milk, but south of the state lie the great markets of the East. Dairymen in other sections have their eye on these markets. It is now possible to ship milk in refrigerator cars from the middle west to Boston and have it arrive in excellent condition. The West has the advantage of raising its own feeds. It is not impossible to picture a time when the West will supply the East with fresh milk, just as it now supplies apples, eggs, butter and other products.

Economists say that it remains for New England to overcome certain of its

disadvantages in the struggle for markets, by using the finest type of cattle. This is the object of the better livestock movement in New Hampshire.

There are plenty of examples in New Hampshire of the fact that pure bred stock pays. Some of the finest herds are to be found in New Hampshire. A notable example is the splendid Jersey herd of George M. Putnam in Hopkinton, which has been winning blue ribbons



TEN PURE BRED CALVES LIKE THIS ONE
WILL BE GIVEN TO BOYS BY THE
BETTER LIVESTOCK TRAIN

for many years. No better example could be found of the value of keeping pure bred stock. It is justly the pride of a man who has always been known to practice what he preaches, because no man has ever worked harder or more conscientiously to better the lot of the farmer than Mr. Putnam. Long before the better livestock movement became important in the state, he helped many New Hampshire boys who were more

ambitious than prosperous, start herds of pure bred Jerseys. But to tell what Mr. Putnam has done for New Hampshire would be a long, long story.

Still another fine herd is that of Ex-Governor John G. Winant. Because his world famous Ayleshires are in Concord, Concord babies are able to get what is probably just as nearly perfect milk as may be found in the world. Fond mothers or fathers have to pay well for this almost perfect milk, but they ought to, and they seem to be glad to. It is an

excellent proof of the fact that the public will pay for quality when it knows it is getting what it pays for.

According to the experts, herds like these ought to be much more common in New Hampshire. It doesn't cost any more to raise a valuable cow than it does a scrub. It doesn't cost a million dollars to start such a herd. And looked at from any angle, say the experts, pure bred stock pays. That is why the Better Livestock Train will tour the state in May.

When April Smiles

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

When April smiles, and thus beguiles,
And sets one's heart a-quiver,
When misty haze, in blues and grays
Hangs over hill and river,

Who, then, can say that even May
Could be so all-entrancing?
Or verdant June could pipe this tune
That sets one's feet a-prancing?

And even folk of pen and book
Find time for errant playing;
When April calls, fair April calls,
Our truant feet go straying.

What though the crocuses are late?
Or drowsy bees for blossoms wait?
Our truant feet go straying.

Dame Fashion—Seer

A PLAYLET IN TWO ACTS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

{	DAME FASHION
	TANCREDE PARISEAU
	WOMEN OF DISCRIMINATION
	ARMAND PARISEAU

ACT 1

Scene, a new shop opened in Manchester for the sale of women's apparel.

Time, A. D. 1902.

T. Pariseau: Ah, ha! Fair Dame Methinks we made no error when we came to the Queen City of the Granite State.

Dame Fashion: Time will tell, Tancrede. You have the goods and I am your good business angel. If Manchester women are discriminating, and I believe they are, you will remain here and help them to become the best dressed ladies in New England, or as finely garbed as any in the world, for that matter.

T. Pariseau: We can give them the largest and most fashionable leg o'mutton sleeves, the most perfectly flared skirts, the most elegant hats with long, trailing ostrich plumes, of any store outside of Boston.

Dame Fashion: I foresee a long and prosperous career for you.

T. Pariseau: But you are no prophetess?

Dame Fashion: There you are mistaken. I am a crystal gazer.

T. Pariseau (becoming excited): Tell me, tell me quickly, Dear Dame, what do you see?

Dame Fashion (peering long and attentively in a crystal ball): I see long years ahead of you in this fair city. I see women flocking to your store from all parts of New Hampshire,—yes, New England. I see brides, with dreamy eyes gazing into the future, clad in the bridal garments you have supplied. I see styles so changed that you would not recognize them, yet you are in the vanguard. I see more than a hundred men and women coming at your beck and call to aid you in supplying the demands of your clientele. Ah, Tancrede, the picture is fading, I cannot hold it longer, but fear not, the highest success is yours.

T. Pariseau (deeply moved): O, thank you, dear Dame Fortune, with your help and encouragement I will succeed.

Women of Discrimination: Ah! see! A new shop. Something new! It looks distinguished. Let us go in.

(Curtain remains drawn for five minutes to denote lapse of time.)

ACT 2

Scene, T. Pariseau's Great Specialty Shop, Elm Street, Manchester, N. H.

Time, Easter, 1928. Characters, same as in Act I.

First Woman of Discrimination: Have you seen Pariseau's Easter Fashions?

Second Woman of Discrimination: I certainly have. One can easily imagine herself in Paris, they are so chic, so modish. And one can secure individual designs. O, my dear, it is such a relief to have a gown and know for a certainty that Mrs. Jones will not parade by my house the next day with one like it.

- Third Woman of Discrimination:* And, my dear, have you seen the windows? Aren't they perfect dreams?
- Dame Fashion:* Well, Tancrede, I am back again. More than a quarter of a century has gone since I looked in the crystal ball and saw your success. Do you consider me a true seer?
- T. Pariseau:* Dame Fashion, I take off my hat to you. Without you I could never have attained this wonderful success. Allow me to introduce my son Armand. (*Armand and Dame Fashion shake hands.*) We are one when it comes to conducting this shop. See the Women of Discrimination who are flocking to our place from far and near!
- Dame Fashion:* Yes, Tancrede, they know a good thing when they see it.
- Every-Woman:* (To Dame Fashion.) All your prophesies have come true, and more. Pariseau's fashions display is the talk of the ready-to-wear industry all over New England. His windows delight the eye of every one who passes his shop. It is considered one of the most important establishments in the entire northern New England section. He employs more than 100 people, many of whom are engaged in the alteration department, and has Canadian furriers at his command. In a word, he has the elusive quality "IT".
- First Woman of Discrimination:* Never have I seen, outside of Paris or New York, a lovelier line of millinery. This store has an entire department devoted to hats, with milliners in attendance who are artists. Individuality is the keynote. Each type of woman can secure the hat that best suits her style and that harmonizes with the costume with which it is to be worn. I bought two hats here yesterday, one a chic little felt for sport and street wear and the other a ballibuntl in the natural tone.
- Second Woman of Discrimination:* Yes, I know. It is such a relief to have a shop like this in the city. I always buy my suits, coats, dresses and hats at Pariseau's. There is such a complete line of gowns here, with something charming for every occasion. One cannot go wrong, because, even if one is doubtful of her own selection she is sure of the attendance of a saleswoman who is an expert judge of clothes and of effects.
- Third Woman of Discrimination:* Did you know that this store has just added a shoe department to its already large stock of goods?
- The Three Women (All talking at once):* O, my dear! Those shoes are dreams. Just think, every article, literally from top to toe, at Pariseau's!
- First Woman:* Do wait till I tell you about this department. You know that a perfectly swagger outfit can be just ruined if one's feet are badly dressed. On the other hand, a prettily clad foot possesses charm, believe it or not. There are many shades, many shapes and all in the best of goods. I think it's perfectly great for Pariseau to add this department. By the way, have you seen Maude lately?
- Second Woman:* No, why?
- Third Woman:* I saw her yesterday. I didn't know her at first.
- First Woman:* That's just what I'm getting at. I didn't recognize her either until she stopped me right on Elm street. She's a changed woman.
- Both women in unison:* What's happened? Is she in love?
- First Woman:* No. She's been patronizing Pariseau's Beauty Parlor. I managed to get that much information out of her. She wouldn't tell me any more. Facials, I imagine, of some new and effective sort, done by experts.
- Second Woman (curiously):* Was she well groomed?
- First Woman (emphatically):* I should say she was. You know how frowsy her hair always looked? Well, it was trimmed and marcelled, her nails were manicured, and, in a word, she was good to look at. Before she left me she confided that Pariseau was the transforming agency that brought about the miracle.

Women (incredulously): No! I can't believe it!

First Woman: Well, I think it's true. The beauty parlor is one of the best in the city and if anything could transform Maude this corps of beauty specialists could do it. And then, with a good foundation laid, the outfitters did the rest. For Pariseau's has a complete line of everything that woman wears, coats, suits, ensembles, evening gowns, sports clothing, street gowns, hats, shoes, accessories, indeed everything the woman who likes to have her clothes right might desire.

Dame Fashion: I'm not bragging, but I'm the moving spirit behind this company.

First Woman: I'm not catty. And I agree that you've done a lot. But there's something else besides style and fashion. And that's quality.

Dame Fashion: I apologize. I should have mentioned this myself. Quality and I have gone hand in hand all these years.

Women of Discrimination: Tancrede, we salute you!

(Curtain)

Snow-Shoeing

HELEN ADAMS PARKER

What votary of duty
 Chooses to stay at home,
 When dry-foot through the deepest snow
 He may safely roam?

No matter if the drifts are high,
 'Tis all the same to him;
 He tramps ahead and feels new life
 In muscle, nerve and limb.

He stops a minute by a brook
 To hear the water run,
 He sees the hills and mountains
 All shining in the sun.

And at the wood he marks the tracks
 Of silver fox and deer;
 The snow-hung trees are beautiful,
 And the stillness here.

Our lowly Indian brother
 Showed us an easy way
 To travel through the deepest snow,
 On a winter day.

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Editorial

AT A TIME in the very remote past some person or persons, maliciously inclined, referred to New Hampshire as a "state of abandoned farms," and this term, entirely undeserved at any stage of New Hampshire history, has been to an unimportant extent applied to present day farms offered for sale through purely legitimate channels.

It would indeed be very hard to find a farm in New Hampshire, or anywhere in New England for that matter, that is really abandoned. For to abandon means to desert to the mercy of the elements or to whoever cares to retrieve.

New Hampshire is a state of small farms—fertile lands upon which many of our people have gleaned substantial wealth. To say that all New Hampshire farms are today in a state of fine fertility would be unwarranted; but to assert that these farms can be again brought to a state where they will yield abundantly of the fruits of the earth is quite in accord with the facts as proven by frequent demonstration.

In the same manner that one's bank account can be reduced from a comfortable income-earning power to nothing at all by the withdrawal of both interest and principal, so also can the most fertile

farm be reduced to a state of poverty by taking off crops year after year without returning to the soil those ingredients so necessary to produce crops. This practice, called "robbing the land," is exactly the same as drawing from the savings bank account without ever a thought of replenishment. In the end there is, on the one hand, the farm that will produce no more crops and on the other a balanced bank book. Because too many owners of farms in New Hampshire (it is not correct to refer to them as farmers) have been guilty of "robbing the land" we have, scattered about the state, a number of unoccupied acres, some of them yet clear of brush and ready for the man who knows his business to properly feed and make them productive, while others have grown to alders and small brush which without great expense may be cleared and reclaimed.

Other fertile fields are owned by those whose knowledge of the natural laws of agriculture are almost, if not entirely, lacking and who heed neither the advice and suggestion of their farm journals or books on agriculture to which they have access in any library, or the information which is theirs for the asking at the New Hampshire Department of Agriculture. Indeed this latter information is forced

upon them free of expense in the form of bulletins, published from time to time, containing valuable information concerning the analysis of various feeds, fertilizers and seeds. Surely one would suppose that with this information at hand the operator of a farm would refrain from purchasing those supplies which had been found upon examination to be of low standard. Yet however surprising it may be such is not the case. The inferior goods are purchased despite the warning, because they are cheaper, and the resultant crop, if any, is a failure. Then arises the hue and cry that New Hampshire farms are no good—these failures blame everybody and everything except their own inefficient and penurious selves.

And there is the farm that is owned by some shiftless fellow who believes that crops should spring from the earth and care for themselves; there are those, now happily in the past, who lived for the profits to be gained as each hard cider season rolled around; others whose sole attempt at existence lay in berry-picking, hunting and trapping.

During the past few years small farms have been taken by people from other lands who came here to work and through their honest toil many hitherto unproductive acres have been added to the total of New Hampshire's farming lands. To many the sight of a woman harnessed to a plow trudging her weary way over hard ground while the man holds the plow handles is objectionable, as properly it should be, but we must consider the customs of the country from whence they came. These people have been hardened to work for long hours under the most trying conditions, so after all what seems cruel to us is quite all right with them.

Too many of us have wandered away from the soil and the little garden such

as our fathers had. We complain bitterly about the cost of the garden produce that goes upon our tables, or which we would like if the family budget permitted the expenditure, but how many attempt to raise their own? Perish the thought! Where would we find time for our golf, our tennis, our motoring, our gossip, if we fooled away our time with a garden? Unthinkable! And besides after having worked for eight long hours we are tired and need rest and recreation. We must lounge! We must relax! Bosh!

In the days that are not so very olden our fathers would work long hours at looms, bench and forge, yet they had their gardens, sizable ones too they were, and raised much with which to fill their cellars to overflowing. Frequently there was a hog to kill from which the hams and shoulders were cured and the pork salted down for winter use. How many of those old-fashioned cellars can be found among the native workmen of today? And yet we complain of the high cost of living.

What our fathers did is being done by people of other climes coming to our shores. Their children will grow up to be as lazy as we in all probability, but in the meantime, and while they are yet children, they will work and do their little share to assist in sustaining the family. Strong and robust these little ones, brilliant in school, snatching coveted scholastic honors from the pampered children much to the surprise and disgust of over-indulgent parents.

When these hard-working people take over a farm that has been neglected and run-down they make that farm produce, they build it up. They do just what was done by the real New Hampshire farmers of a generation or two ago. And what is more—they *prove that farming in New Hampshire pays!*

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. CONVERSE J. SMITH

Converse J. Smith, born at Meriden, in Plainfield, N. H., August 13, 1848; died in San Francisco, Cal., January 18, 1928.

He was the son of Converse and Sally (Hall) Smith, and was educated in the public schools and Kimball Union Academy, graduating from the latter in 1866. He was engaged for a year as a clerk in the clothing store of Converse Cole in Meriden, and then went to Concord, where he entered the employ of the hardware firm of Warde, Humphrey & Dodge, with which he continued many years, becoming a partner in 1876, after the death of Mr. Warde, the firm name then becoming Humphrey, Dodge and Smith.

His connection with this firm continued more than twenty years, during which time he took an active interest in public affairs and in politics as a Republican. He served on the staff of Gov. Samuel W. Hale in 1884-5, whence came his military title, and was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature in 1889 and 1891, serving in the latter year on the Committee on Normal School, Frank G. Clarke of Peterboro being the Speaker of the House and Stephen S. Jewett of Laconia, Clerk. In 1890 he was appointed a special agent of the U. S. Treasury, and served for several years, with headquarters in Boston. He was for some time New Hampshire correspondent of the *BOSTON TRAVELER*.

On September 30, 1875, he was united in marriage with Hattie J. Foster of Concord, by whom he had a son and daughter. The wife and daughter died some years ago, but the son, who resides in California, survives.

JAMES S. PEAVEY

James S. Peavey, born in Gilmanton, August 4, 1849; died in Amesbury, Mass., February 6, 1928.

Mr. Peavey was the son of James and Abby Peavey, and was one of the few remaining old-time New Hampshire printers at the time of his death. His family removing to the town of Rumney in his infancy, he was reared on a farm, but in youth he learned the printer's trade in the office of the *PEOPLE'S JOURNAL* in Littleton and the *DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN* at Haverhill, and after the *WHITE MOUNTAIN* was established in Littleton he was employed for a time on that paper. Later he worked in the offices of the *PEOPLE*, and the *New Hampshire Patriot* in Concord, and in 1870, in company with E. Covillard, started the *Wolfeboro Democrat*; but in the fall of that year founded the *NORTHERN SENTINEL* at Colebrook, which two years later he sold to Albert Barker, and again went to work in the *REPUBLIC* office in Littleton, then conducted by H. H. Metcalf. In December, 1875, he started the *Littleton ARGUS*, as a Republican paper, which he continued until May, 1878, when he purchased the subscription list of the old *COOS REPUBLICAN* at Lancaster, and removed to that town, merging the *ARGUS* in the *REPUBLICAN*. Two years later he sold out and engaged in farming in Lancaster; but after five years in that occupation, he took over the *Lancaster GAZETTE*, and conducted the same for two years, and then returned to agriculture.

He was a Republican in politics and served many years as supervisor of the check list in Lancaster, also for some

time as a member of the school board, and as a Representative in the Legislature in 1907. He married Miss Mary L. Clark, who died some years ago. Three children survive,—George, of Lancaster, Mrs. Ida M. Willis of Amesbury, Mass., with whom he was living at the time of his death, and Warren C. of White River Junction, Vt.

MARY E. MANNING

Miss Mary E. Manning, born in Bedford, June 18, 1860; died there February 22, 1928.

She was a daughter of Solomon and Hannah (Jones) Manning and devoted her life to teaching, which she commenced at the age of 16 years, and completed her fitting for the work at the Framingham, Mass., Normal School, from which she graduated in 1879, after which she taught for fifteen years in the schools of Bedford, Merrimack and Nelson, N. H., and Andover, Mass., then retiring on account of ill health.

She served for ten years as a member of the Bedford School Board and was treasurer of the district for twenty-one years. She compiled the genealogy for the Bedford town history, published in 1903, and wrote the school history of the town for that publication. During the World War she served as historian for the town, keeping record of the town's activities and of the different men of the town in the service. She was an active member of the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School in Bedford, and of Narragansett Grange.

She is survived by two brothers, Frank E. and William S. Manning of Bedford, and three sisters—Harriett F. Manning, Mrs. John W. Fletcher of Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. Horace E. Webber.

J. CLAIRE DERBY

J. Claire Derby, born in Poultney, Vt., February 10, 1869; died in Concord, N. H., February 20, 1928.

Mr. Derby was for many years, from 1891, a leading jeweler in Concord after some time spent in Denver, Colorado, in early life; but had been for some years past best known as an expert in antiques, in which he took a deep interest and in which he dealt extensively. His reputation as an expert in this line was nationwide.

He was a public spirited citizen, and was deeply interested in the work of the S. P. C. A., in city and state. He also served as food administrator for Concord during the World War. He was a member of the Wonalancet and Rotary Clubs of Concord, and the Chamber of Commerce. He is survived by a widow, one son, Russell Derby, and two grandchildren.

JOSEPH ODLIN

Joseph Odlin, born in Concord, September 21, 1878; died in Dorchester, Mass., February 16, 1928.

He was the son of the late John W. and Susan F. (Goss) Odlin, and educated in the Concord schools and Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H. He early entered the employ of the U. S. Hame Company at Andover, and rose to the position of superintendent. At the entry of the United States into the World War he resigned and entered the Government service in the Ordnance Department, having charge of the production of war supplies at Bridgeport, Conn., and Washington, rising to the rank of Major. After the war he engaged in business in Boston, where he was manager of the Automatic Merchandizer Co., Inc., but maintained his home in Andover.

He was a member of the Unitarian

Church in Andover, and Kearsarge Lodge, A. F. & A. M. He was also a member of the Boston Athletic Association, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and the Lambs Club of Boston.

In January, 1900, he married Emily A., daughter of Walter S. Carr, by whom he is survived, with a daughter, Dorothy, and a son, Walter; also three brothers—Herbert W. of Concord, John W. of Worcester, Mass., and William S., of Washington, D. C.

DAVID A. GREGG

David Amos Gregg, born in New Boston, March 22, 1841; died in Nashua, February 18, 1928.

He was the son of David and Harriet (Todd) Gregg, and a direct descendant of Capt. James Gregg, one of the first settlers and early manufacturers of Londonderry, who settled there in 1779. He was educated in the public schools and New London Academy. When he was 18 years of age his father removed to Wilton, where he was associated with him in an extensive flour and grain business. While in Wilton he held various public offices, and represented the town in the Legislature.

In 1870 he removed to Nashua and engaged in the manufacture of sash and doors, erecting the largest manufactory of the kind in the country, and continued actively in the business until recently, though devoting much attention to other interests. He had been a director of the Indian Head National Bank since 1887, and its President since 1892.

He was deeply interested in charitable and philanthropic work, and made many donations along that line. He also presented a Masonic temple to Clinton Lodge in Wilton, of which he was a member, and gave the town a fine public library building.

He was twice married, first to Harriet

J. Wheeler, and later to Ella C. Fox, both of Wilton, the latter surviving. Three children also survive—Mrs. Margie Gregg Husse, Henry A. Gregg of Nashua, and Lucille Gregg Wilson of Littleton, Mass.

JOSEPH M. NEVINS

Joseph M. Nevins, born in Franklin, March 31, 1873; died in Bangor, Me., March 3, 1928.

He was the son of Jeremiah and Honora (Maloney) Nevins, and was educated in the Franklin schools, and entered the employ of the International Paper Company when a young man, advancing rapidly to a foreman's position. Later he became assistant superintendent in the Palmer Mills of the company at Corinth, N. Y., and was afterward in service at Fort Edward and Ticonderoga, before becoming manager of the Great Northern Company's mills at Millinocket, Me., where he had been engaged for the last dozen years at the head of the largest newspaper print manufactory in the country. He resigned some time since on account of ill health, and removed to Bangor for medical treatment.

He leaves a widow, who was Miss Alice Morrison of Franklin, two brothers, Ex-Mayor M. J. Nevins, and Jeremiah Nevins of Franklin, and a sister, Madeline, who is Sister Superior of the Sisters of Mercy Convent at Claremont.

DR. ALBERT F. MULVANITY

Albert F. Mulvanity, M. D., born in Nashua, September 15, 1883; died there March 6, 1928.

He was educated in the Nashua high school, Holy Cross College, and the Georgetown Medical School. During the World War he served in Southern camps as a member of the Medical

Corps. He was a school physician in Nashua several years, and a member of the pension board examiners. He was a member of the Hillsborough County and N. H. Medical Societies, of the American Legion, Knights of Columbus and Elks. He is survived by three sisters and a brother, Michael J., of Nashua.

OLIVER P. WILSON

Oliver P. Wilson was born in Dunbarton, October 17, 1836, and died February 28, 1928, in his 92nd year.

He was the son of Thomas and Mary (Mills) Wilson. At the time of his death he was the oldest person in town, also the oldest member of the Congregational church, having been a member exactly seventy-two years on the day of his burial; was also a deacon at his death. He had spent all of his life in town with the exception of three years spent in Manchester in the photograph business. It was at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln that he did a rushing business in printing pic-

tures of the martyred President. In 1866 he returned to his native town and became a partner with his father in the store, also doing an extensive photograph business at the same time. He soon was appointed postmaster, which office he held twenty-five years. He was always interested in church and town affairs, even in his latter years. He was town treasurer eight years, tax collector fifteen years, justice of the peace fifty-five years, notary public twenty-one years, relinquishing the latter office in 1926 on account of old age. He had the unusual honor of living to be at the head of three lines of five generations. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Bunten of Dunbarton; one brother, Newton H. Wilson of Duluth, Minn.; three grandchildren, Mrs. Alice H. Hadley of Dunbarton, Mrs. Lizzie W. Clough of Concord, and Oliver J. Bunten of Waltham, Mass.; seven great-grandchildren, two being twins; three great-great-grandchildren, also nephews and nieces in Concord, Derry, Haverhill, Mass., and Duluth, Minn.

The Obscure

POTTER SPAULDING

The greatest works of Nature
 Are oft well nigh unknown;
 Far from the trodden path
 The lily blooms alone,
 Unseen and seeming wasted
 Upon the vacant air,
 No eye of man its beauty sees
 Or marvels 'tis so fair!
 But One there is who sees it
 Nor finds its life in vain,
 Tho' human praise and plaudits
 'Twere never known to gain!
 So 'tis with human living;
 No life is vainly spent,
 Is idly lived or useless
 That fills its place content!

Spring in the Granite Hills

CARL BURELL

We're not much good at guessing,
And while it has no lure,
We call it fairly safe to guess
On a thing that's really sure.

We guess there's nothing better
Amidst life's joys and ills,
Than just the dear, old spring-time,
Among the granite hills.

The sweet, sweet, sweet arbutus,
(What sweeter could there be?)
Hepaticas and violets,
And brave anemone,

Marsh marigolds and adder-tongues,
Their golden glory boast,
And then the dandelion,
Best of the golden host ;

And all the buds a-swelling,
And fields a-growing green,
Red-maples and gray-pussies,
In all the valleys seen ;

The frogs and birds a-trying,
To peep their very best—
And here mere words quite fail me,
I leave to you the rest.

Dear Spring, with sun and shadow,
And sleepy, blue-gray haze,
Forever old, forever new,
With all your magic ways,

Come, banish sin and sorrow,
And chase away our ills,
And bring out in full glory
The grand old granite hills.

This Joyous Day

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

If tempests lay
 my garden bare
 tomorrow;

If devastation,
 unaware,
 tomorrow

Should stalk this way,
I've had this day.

This day of joyous life, of friends,
Of sunny skies, of reddening trees
Bursting in bud; of droning bees:
This day! and if tomorrow ends

It all, dear Lord,
Thanks for today!



Courtesy of the New York Times.

AMY LOWELL

Amy Lowell Speaks

*Not as of Yesterday But for Today and Tomorrow in a Strange
and Amazing Quarter of an Hour*

ETHEL ARMES

THE HIGH WIND and the unwieldy galloping of six or seven great sheep dogs over the acres surrounding Sevenels churned up the fallen leaves. Burnt umber, yellow and scarlet—they were swirled under the big trees that Amy Lowell loved and sent splashing into the shadowy spaces of her lands. The dogs—huge, gray, shaggy easts,—were “like the sheep you see in nightmares”, so Basil King had said that very morning when I chanced to ask him about Miss Lowell’s pets.

I had come a few minutes before the time appointed for the interview. Miss Lowell’s directions to reach Sevenels were specific: “I have received your letter of October 19th asking for an interview for the SUNDAY HERALD,” she wrote, October 21st, 1916. “I shall be very glad to give this interview although I have been interviewed so much that there seems very little left to say. Still, the recent publication of my new book, ‘Men, Women and Ghosts,’ may enable us to find something. There is only one condition that I wish to make, and that is that I may see the proof a sufficient time ahead of publication to make what changes in it may seem to me desirable. This is the only condition upon which I ever grant interviews and I feel quite sure that you will not object to it. I do not think that you need bring a photographer with you, as I have some excellent photographs of myself which were taken in Chicago last year, and one of which I shall be very glad to give you.

“I will see you next Saturday, October 28th at half past four o’clock if you will come at that time. The way to get here if you come from town is to take a Blue Chestnut Hill Avenue car in the Subway and go to the corner of Chestnut Hill Avenue. There you get out and you will see three roads ahead of you, up the middle one of which your car will be departing. Take the left hand road and go up it to the third avenue on your left. You will see two large stone gate posts and a sign: ‘Motors be careful not to run over the dogs,’ therefore you cannot miss it. At a quarter past four I will have a man at the gate to meet you and convoy you through my dogs. If on your reaching the gate the man is not there, it will mean that you are a little early, and if you will wait a minute or two he will come; although I will give him orders to be ahead of time, so that you may not wait, if possible.”

Having come at four o’clock I stood in the falling leaves outside the stone gate posts of the well known Brookline estate, looking at every detail of the place and at the beautiful, savage dogs. The sky was clear and blue that day high, high, above the fast flying clouds—cumulus, gleaming white—flying low, almost touching the golden tops of the trees. All of Brookline, under that clear bell-like blue, in the fall of cloud and the rain of golden leaves seemed like an enchanted garden with Sevenels the heart of it. The brisk winds shot the colors, burnt umber, yellow and scarlet, from

the earth back upon the old brown stone mansion, a large, block-like Georgian mansion with mansard roof and columned portico which brooded—a shadow shape among the trees at the far curve of the driveway. A white statue of Flora stood above the paneled entrance door like a figure of the Blessed Virgin in some dim cathedral shrine.

A few minutes after four Miss Lowell's man came to convoy me through her dogs, as she put it.

"I've been watching your dogs," I said to him, "I've never seen any like them."

The man looked pleased: "Yes, Miss, it's a rare breed," he said, "they don't have 'em in this country and they've mostly died out in the old country. Hard to tell 'em apart? No, Miss—you'd be surprised, if you knew them, how different they all are from each other. They might look alike to strangers but each one of 'em has different ways, different barks, different manners—is different in every way! Miss Lowell certainly thinks the world and all of these dogs. We all do. Their names, Miss? Well—there's Jack and Tony and John and Rosine—there's Mary and Lydia—there's Columbine, she's named for some name in poetry. O, yes, Miss, I should say they *are* fond of Miss Lowell.

"It don't matter who is up to the house, every night after supper the dogs has their supper in the library with Miss Lowell and the guests. Each one of 'em has a special bowl set in a special place and they always know their own places and their own bowls. They never make a mistake. They love Miss Lowell but they never take to strangers. How many acres around here, Miss? There's going on to twelve acres in this estate."

"The whole place is so well-ordered, so well kept," I said. "The very colors of the leaves are deeper and richer than in many of these other places in Brook-

line. Even though it is almost November there doesn't seem to be a broken or ill tree or branch or bush—everything seems to have such good care."

"It has, Miss!" the gardener man's face flushed with pride, "we see to that! Miss Lowell likes every tree and shrub on the place and every bush and flower. She knows each one of 'em. She knows a lot about gardening. Yes, Miss, she was born and brought up here. The place is named Sevenels after the seven Lowells; her father, her mother, her two brothers, her sister and herself. She was the youngest in the family. This has always been her home."

Upon reaching the house I was shown through a spacious entrance hall, richly paneled, into the formal drawing room whose long French windows looked out into the green-hedged pathways of the garden. The outside of the house had given no hint of the immense size of the rooms, their lofty ceilings or majestic proportions. Over the floors, polished like glass, were strewn oriental rugs—more autumn leaves, burnt umber, yellow and scarlet. There was carved furniture, a few rare paintings, and many vases and jars full of fresh flowers. I could see across the entrance hall into the library... might be mead hall of Valhalla for the way it swept off into unknown spaces. And books, books, books in its paneled walls from floor to ceiling, and crystal chandeliers drooping down like icicles and a wide open fireplace where slender birch logs burned.

What a sense of ease, relaxation, comfort and luxury there was about the place. And more than that: harmony, beauty, order, contentment—a place where everyone and everything seemed friends... the mistress, the servant-man, the dogs, the very trees, the books, the furniture, the flowers,—everything friends!

That our visit was going to be a happy one now seemed sure. And I had not been in the least sure for I knew of Miss Lowell's harsh, often brutal attitude towards many a poet living and dead "not in her set." I had not the slightest acquaintance with *vers libre*, Imagism or the Imagists. And no desire to further experience the rich-estate person,—the mistress and servant, villein and serf combination. I wanted to meet Amy Lowell the woman, to write about her, her home, her dogs, her books, her travels, herself. And now I felt as if I could, differently than I had thought. Already it seemed to me, I knew her intimately and pleasantly.

The moments passed. Not a footstep. Not a sound. A clock somewhere struck five, then 5:15,—5:30.

I began to feel less comfortable. For a space writer, a free lance—as I was during those three years in New England after leaving Alabama—every lost hour, meant lost dollars and cents and bred frazzled nerves and ruffled temper.

Another half hour of waiting. This was too much. I began to pace up and down. A slight faintness came over me and I remembered that I hadn't stopped for a noon sandwich. Having come in quite early that morning from Amesbury, from my Inn by the Captain's Well, I'd hurried to Cambridge for an eleven o'clock interview with Basil King, to a 1:30 interview with Samuel Crothers and then the roundabout way from Cambridge to Brookline and Sevenels. With a full calendar for days, even weeks, ahead, and a lean purse for railroad and carfare—and lurches away from my Quaker Inn—there would be neither time nor money for another visit to Sevenels.

Shortly after the clock struck 6:30 Miss Lowell walked briskly into the

drawing room as if nothing at all had happened:

"I'm unconscionably late," she said brusquely as if that's quite all right you know if you don't like it, lump it—"let us go into the library."

Like a wraith I followed her into the stately room I'd been weaving fancies about and saw all those fancies drop straight into the fire and horrid leering things come in their places under the logs.

A Tudor woman here—Henry VIII himself in woman's guise. And how ugly she was! She wallowed. I hadn't been prepared for the ugliness of her body. The shock of it! Short, fat, shapeless, stocky. A tub. A barrel. Her brown hair brushed in a squat pompadour off her forehead was scrunched in a top-knot at the most unbecoming angle to her face, a fattish, flabby face with fishy eyes. No neck at all. Yet she was holding her head as high as if she had a swan's neck and looking at me as if I were the door mat under her feet:

"Hail to Massachusetts! Land of the sacred cod!

Where Cabots speak only to Lowells
And Lowells speaks only to God!"

However could this woman have written "Patterns!" However could she have written:

"My words are little jars for you to take
and put upon a shelf,

Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,
And they have many pleasant colors
and lustres.

The scent from them fills the room with
sweetness of flowers and crushed
grasses."

However could she have written:

"Upon the wings
Of shimmering moonbeams
I pack my poet's dreams
For you."

I heard automatically what she was saying. She was talking, talking.... What she said registered automatically:

"I have been asked to give lectures in the interest of the new poetry from so many places and it is most gratifying. Not only am I asked to give public talks in Boston but also in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia. Everywhere people seem to be aroused. People are beginning to have an immense interest, an unusual interest in the modern poets. You should see my correspondence. It is enormous, simply enormous. Inquiries, requests for explanations, information, elucidations come to me from everywhere. In my forthcoming book which I am calling 'Some Tendencies in Modern Poetry' I have selected the poets whose work I have been considering in my various lectures this year. They are: Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, H. D. and John Gould Fletcher. We, the Imagists, are being taken seriously at last. The tune is now changing—"

At this point Miss Lowell rose abruptly from her chair and walked out in the hall to speak to someone, some guest about to leave. Her move gave me time to get my breath for my hands were almost to my ears and it was with difficulty I had kept from saying, "Stop at once, Woman. Don't speak another word. You ruin everything."

Yet with what gusto she talked with the man in the hall, evidently some old and cherished friend. The two slapped each other, figuratively, on back and chest and thigh, bellowed with laughter like two Falstaffs talking. With him she was a human being, decent, jolly, refreshing. When finally she returned to the library she fairly glared at me, precisely as if she were saying, "Now let us

say what is necessary to say then you get the hell out of here."

She began to talk.... like riveting steel: "As I was saying, we, the Imagists are at last being taken seriously. The world sees we are in earnest. We have stood ridicule, satire, irony,—knocks—, month in and month out. But the tune is indeed changing. And it has taken fight to change it. The American people are now interested in poetry, aroused, awakened to the art as never before. It is found that there is room for us! And why not? A new form of poetry is as legitimate, as necessary to the growth of civilization as new forms of business are, as new adaptations and new tendencies are in other arts. Did everything worth while in painting and literature come to a stop a couple of generations ago? To presume that it did has been the mistaken attitude of too many schools and colleges and far too many people all these years, don't you think so? You will see in my latest book, 'Men, Women and Ghosts' that I have made the discovery of polyphonic prose.

"Polyphonic prose?"

"Yes—polyphonic prose! Polyphonic prose! That is the hardest kind of poetry to write. It is fiendish. And so absolutely new that few poets have attempted it as yet. It is as I just mentioned to you, my particular discovery."

I was looking into the fire, looking at the ugly shapes and faces in the fire. The memory of an old, old fairy tale smote me. I did not even know that it was in my memory until Miss Lowell conjured it forth. It was the tale of a didactic woman, an ogre princess with a mind like sharp shears who made all the people who came to see her guess her riddles and if they could not guess them she had them hanged. So her garden

was full of bones. And all around and around her were her fierce dogs...like the sheep you see in nightmares.... Basil King's passing remark took funny hold of me.

"Basil King lives quite near you during the summer—in New Hampshire, doesn't he? I suppose you know his books quite well. I have just been reading his—"

"What! Beg pardon? Why mention Mr. King? I have met Mr. King once or twice over the dinner table. He is a very delightful gentleman to talk to, but I never read his books. I never read anyone's novels."

"Excepting of course Miss Cather's novels"—I hurriedly apologized for her, "at least you would surely read whatever Willa Cather writes. No man or woman in America can even approach—"

"Is that so! I don't read novels I tell you. Miss Cather was here not long since looking over some of the books in my library. I have some very rare and important volumes and she was much interested I believe. But I am not interested in any books that she might write. Why should I be? Why mention Miss Cather?"

The lady tapped her foot on the footstool. She picked up a cigar, started to light it, then flung it down. The clock struck a quarter past seven.

"Really," said Miss Lowell, "I must dine!"

* * * * *

Kicked out!

Late that night I was still trying to think it over.

Kicked out!

When one is a reporter working for some years on large metropolitan dailies he suffers an occasional snub as a matter of course, a purely impersonal gesture directed at the profession rather than the individual. We had usually considered

it more or less amusing, absurd...all in the day's work. But here was a direct personal insult! Kicked out! And what could I do about it!

What could I do about it?

Old Stoddard's words flashed across my mind—old Charles Warren Stoddard whom I had known when I was a young girl in Washington, D. C., just beginning my professional life:

"Whenever you get downright angry or upset over any person or anything, my child, never waste it! Write it down! Write it down! Put it in a book."

Just remembering it all made me laugh out loud. It was just like old Stoddard who used to get so flaring furious himself, if, for example, Maurice Francis Eagan ever came within a mile of him, that he almost went into apoplexy: "I will not sit in the same room with the man! I will not remain in a theatre if he enters! Why? Why? Do not ask me why. I cannot tell you why, but I will not breathe the same air even in a church!" Yet he had never put any of it in a book!

Just remembering his absurdities somehow helped me to a solution, a decision: I would write the Amy Lowell story, yes—but I would not write it for publication. I would write it for Miss Lowell herself. I would show her to herself exactly as she had shown herself to me—the hounds the vastly rich could sometimes be! I would put in the manuscript every ugly sensation and impression her manner, her words and her behavior had made me experience,—the ogre princess with a mind like sharp shears and her garden full of bones—let her see the Tudor dog she was.

With what zest I attacked my machine next morning and in eleven pages thrashed the lady. With what satisfac-

tion I arranged the sub-heads as if the story were for immediate publication, and mailed the carbon copy to Miss Lowell, "for her suggestions and corrections according to our agreement."

After all, while a salaried position had its economic advantages there was nothing like being a free lance for your soul's sake—or your temper's—as the case may be. Not to absolutely have to fill a given assignment on the dot but to yourself command your field and the tourneys thereon!

Immensely gratifying!

Accordingly I substituted another story, the Crothers story I think, for the date tentatively scheduled by the Sunday editor for the Lowell story. I took the original of the Lowell story to one who knew Miss Lowell well—Josephine Preston Peabody—Mrs. Lionel S. Marks. When I had first considered interviewing Miss Lowell I had written my friend Mrs. Marks for a letter of introduction and had gotten the following reply:

"Now as to your (very natural) request; and I do hope I shall not seem ever-inscrutable and ungracious. My dear girl, this is a psychic moment in literary and personal history, when I may not send you a note of introduction to the lady in question. Because—and this is a very deep, candid confidence,—I am trying to detach with a perfectly dignified, wordless but necessary detachment,—a very trying and much over-worked and completely hollow appearance of deep intimacy which said lady insists upon, once in a while—and which has served various purposes not to my liking at any time.

"In fact it has assisted her to deal out various temporary injuries to the ideals of creative art I most live for and many of the people who most need to be cherished. I simply must not do anything but keep a tranquil distance; and I simply cannot assist any further advertisement of a style that has taken upon itself to disparage Dante, to patronize Aristophanes, and to clap the Greeks on

the shoulder! She still uses some words of praise I wrote (of an earlier book) to advertise with, after doing everything that prefaces and essays can do (among those who don't read for themselves)—to pour contempt on poets who concern themselves with the things of the spirit.

"So I may say this.

"But on the other hand the lack of a letter from me need mean nothing to your enterprise.

"She will willingly and gladly see you. No fear of any such treatment from any of those magnificent English sheep-dog-gies! They alone are well worth a pilgrimage.

"You will hear more than ever you can relate about the intents and purposes, achievements, discoveries and inventions of the group. So go and fear nothing. Write and declare your purpose. It is sure to be hospitably received.

"For me, after the more and more I've had to read and see and hear (via telephone and face to face) these two years, it is a matter of principle that must forbid me to help along consciously, any further slaughter of the Innocents.

"You will be patient, won't you, with this piece of partial information? There is much intrigue and very wearisome, in it all. . . .

Hastily and (would be helpfully)

JOSEPHINE PEABODY M

18 October.

"PERSONAL PRIVATE DANGEROUS"

192 Brattle Street, Cambridge.

I showed Mrs. Marks the Amy Lowell story in strictest confidence: "You have known Miss Lowell for twenty years and I have known her for twenty minutes. Will you tell me whether this analysis is false or true?"

Mrs. Marks read the manuscript: "It is true," she said, "strangely and curiously true of a certain side of her. Amy Lowell is Henry VIII and Elizabeth too for that matter. But you give her no quarter."

"She deserves none."

"I hope you will not let her see this. She is in a position to do really serious

injury to people if she elects to do it. I know of more than one instance. She would not hesitate to take away your bread and butter if she could. I hope for your own sake, you will be careful. Do not send her the article. Do not ever let her see it."

I explained why the story had already gone. I knew that at least one outcome

first sensations, impressions that came of themselves, with which I had nothing whatsoever to do—I trusted them in all my contacts with people as a mariner does his compass.

They could not be discounted. The riddle was too intricate. I gave it up. Of course my analysis was not the complete truth. It wouldn't very much



MISS LOWELL IN HER GARDEN

would be that never again in all her life, would Amy Lowell treat another newspaper reporter as she had treated me. That, at any rate, a clear gain.

That night I had, curiously, a recurrence of my first sensations on entering Sevenels, the subtle, indefinable feeling of friendship at the heart of the place; the vivid, definite consciousness of something inherently kind, gentle, good—that feeling of the gardener man, the dogs, the plants, the trees, the things inside the house and outside the house. Those

matter if I never wrote about the woman at all. I tore up the manuscript.

At noon the following day one of the Quaker ladies in my Inn by the Captain's Well, called me to the telephone. Miss Lowell was on the wire. In a voice, choking, sputtering, hoarse with rage, she said: "This is the most outrageous article I have ever read in my life. It is false and malicious. It is venomous. It is absurdly ignorant and flagrantly stupid. I will not permit it to be published."

"Miss Lowell, it is not your province to permit or not to permit. That is the editor's province. He and I are the ones to say whether or not that article will appear and how it will appear."

"I will telephone the HERALD editor immediately. Not for one instant will I allow such an article to be printed about me. If you will not agree to stop its publication then I will. This is beyond all endurance. I granted you an interview on one condition and one condition alone."

"That was understood perfectly, Miss Lowell, and that condition has been observed. It is being observed."

"It is not! You do not agree to withdraw this article. But I will stop it. I will buy it from you!"

"It cannot be bought, Miss Lowell, by you or anyone for you. The carbon copy was sent you to read over and to make whatever suggestions and corrections you wish according to our agreement. You can return the corrected copy to me. Whether or not I agree to take your suggestions and corrections is my own affair. That story you have is an exact record of your words, your manner and your behavior during our interview, of the impressions and the feeling you gave me, just exactly how you appeared to me, exactly how you made me feel."

"Lies! All lies! I will talk no longer with you. I will call up the HERALD at once."

And the lady did call up the HERALD. A mystified Sunday editor telephoned me later in the day: "What is all the fuss about?" The incident was then wiped off the slate and I went on with the rest of my schedule of interviews with the New England writers: Harriet Prescott Spofford, Abbie Farwell Brown, Josephine Peabody, William Lindsay, Winston Churchill, William Dana Orcutt, Caroline Ticknor, Dallas Lore

Sharp, Eugenia Brooks Frothingham—

Ah! Miss Frothingham!

Here was another "royal family writer" living in a palace...on the water side of Beacon street. But an altogether regular person she!

Slight, eager, sensitive—mist-like—as if caught in the spray of strange seas. A sea captain's daughter, a century ago who traveled on her father's clipper ship to Mediterranean ports, and dared by the hundred, mad, outlandish adventures! And Latin sympathy and Latin grace and manner becoming such a part of her she could not help but bring them home.

We sat in her beautiful and spacious work room visiting a long while in the Rome of "Her Roman Lover," the one book of hers I especially liked at that time, and then, drifting slowly, returned to the Back Bay, "where I revert to type," she said with wicked emphasis. Then, unexpectedly she jumped into my shoes: "I should imagine you'd have a quite dramatic time meeting so many sorts of people everyday in your newspaper work, confronting so many points of view, adding them all up, dividing, subtracting . . . multiplying. . . ." She is a subtle person!

That the "multiplying" did get confusing sometimes, I admitted; that while much of the arithmetic was interesting, one was often drawn into a labyrinth, lost the path and sought for a thread to lead out: "For example, when I went to interview Miss Lowell, an inexplicable situation developed. I am still in the maze of it and I doubt if I will ever get out."

"You interviewed Amy Lowell? What happened?"

"I have told all of it to just one person."

"Won't you—can't you—tell me?"

"I hadn't expected to, but of course it

doesn't matter, if you're really interested."

"I am interested."

I told her every detail, from my two hours' wait for the lady to "Really! I must dine!" from the writing of the story, vent for my wrath and mortification to the lady's telephone explosion, her savage threats and further insult, "I will buy it from you."

"And the story—where is the story now?"

"Miss Lowell has the only copy. . . . extant. . . . unless in her rage she has burned it up. If it were England now, England of yesterday, and she had her way I would be in the Tower awaiting execution. No, I would already be beheaded."

"In spite of everything you have kept faith with her!"

"Yes, and no. It is not exactly as it seems. I do not care about her nor about anything that she may think or say or do. The matter is solely between me and myself. She isn't in it. None of it is for her sake; it is my own affair."

"Yes, I understand. I can see exactly how it all was. Amy could do that. Under certain provocations she would do it. It's quite too bad. But, you know, there is another side to Amy Lowell—a side you would like. She is sincere, absolutely so, you know. She has a high sense of honor and personal integrity. She is full of delightful humor and real kindness, thoroughly a good fellow, you know. And she has such a superb intellectual equipment and admirable energy, with much illness to struggle against. I have known her all my life. We went to the same school. We were in the same sewing circle. We came out together. We have many of the same friends. I know her fairly well you see and I am very fond of her. I hope you will not let the matter rest as

it is but that you will go to see her again. I'm sure if Amy understood it would all be different. Will you not see her again? Take my word for it, there is that other side. Your idea of her is neither just nor complete. It is not the whole truth. Will you not promise me to see her?"

As we parted Miss Frothingham said again: "If you will just see her. . . . will you not?"

"Yes, I will see her because you ask it and after all I have one special reason for myself."

It was April before the way was clear, more than six months after my first visit. I telephoned Sevenels. Miss Lowell said: "I will be very glad to see you. Thank you for calling." We made the appointment for 2:30 the following afternoon.

Again I saw the gardener man, and Jack and Tony and John and Rosine, Mary, Lydia and Columbine—she's named for some name in poetry. Not of course that I could recognize one from the other.

Sevenels, charming in October, was ten times more so in April. The whole air was fragrant and the long windows of the drawing room were open to the fragrance. Vases were full of spring flowers. Again I felt the sensation I had experienced at the beginning of my first visit, that sensitive feeling given by one home in a thousand.

Before I had time to be seated Miss Lowell walked in with outstretched hand. I might have been, for the hearty welcome she gave me, just such a Falstaff chap as I'd seen during my October visit: "I'm just about to have lunch, or rather, it is my breakfast. Won't you join me?"

"Thanks awfully but I've had lunch; I will come in while you have yours if you like, and we can talk."

Through the dining room windows were more vistas into the April gardens . . . lilacs soon coming to leaf and flower.

"Miss Lowell, it is a curious thing,—even last fall there was a freshness and a good health in the very feeling of your place, your trees and plants and I am very glad to see them now in April."

"My father planted all the rare shrubs and flowers here and there are a great many. He loved gardening more than any thing.

"Before he ever brought the family to Brookline they lived in Roxbury where my grandfather had the first greenhouse in America. He introduced the first orchids. My own father's great hobby also, was gardening, and he experimented with all sorts and kinds of trees, flowers and plants for this place. He was a great lover of trees and flowers. I am too for that matter, but I don't begin to have the knowledge of botany that he had. For instance I can't tell what particular kind of soil will suit this or that flower or tree, or the season in which to plant—all the various technical details of gardening, while my father could. No, I haven't his knowledge but I have appreciation—and a very good gardener.

"Yes, my father bought this place shortly after the Civil war. It was then known as the old Heath place, but during the 18th century, when it was built, the place belonged to a Royalist family. During the Revolution these Tories fled to Canada so their place went by default and was eventually awarded to the Heath family from whose descendants my father purchased it. My two brothers and my sister were born in Roxbury but I was born here."

When Miss Lowell rose from the table we went to the library. Her good humor, her gay comradeship, the chang-

ing lights over her face and in her eyes, strangely obliterated the ugly bulk of her body. This time one could not even be conscious of her body; it was no longer the obstacle, the monstrosity it had been.

"Yes, I really had the life of an only child," she replied to my questions, "for I was so much younger than the other children of the family. In fact they were all grown up and away when I was little. I had a very happy childhood. Yes, of course I played and made believe fairies, although in our household, fairies not being scientific facts, were not countenanced except as myths, so I was never taught that they existed—I merely liked to fancy they did. There were several boys and girls who lived near us at that time who were my playmates. We had great times. We played in the barn a great deal. Our toys were the simplest things. We were never told to be good. Really, when children are told to be good, taught to be examples, what prigs they become! A child must absorb—be trained unconsciously.

"Yes, I had great fun. We often played Robin Hood—acted it out to the very letter, in every detail and with the zest and joy that children nowadays don't seem to get. Such games as we used to have! Especially our May basket frolics when someone would leave a basket of flowers at the front door, ring the bell and run for dear life! It was the place of the one for whom the basket was left to run after the others and find them in the dark.

"Practically my entire life was spent right here in this place where I was born. I went into Boston to a private school, the sort that began in the morning about ten o'clock and closed at one o'clock, and I never went to college. In those days girls didn't go to college as they do now. College wasn't to be thought of! So I can't really say that I was educated in

the sense that it is generally understood. My mother approved of the modern languages more than the classic so I did not have Greek and Latin. I have read always of course and my mother was exceedingly particular about my books. I remember she would not allow me to read Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' because the English was not sufficiently pure.

"We traveled, yes, as a matter of course, and stayed for months at a time in London, Paris, Rome. But always we returned to Boston—to Sevenels. I studied and worked incessantly before I ever published a line. Indeed I served an apprenticeship for my art! Ten years of solid work and study before I published a line. The popular impression that a poet is born not made, is only half true. A poet must learn his trade as carefully as a cabinet maker—with of course, the inspiration added.

"The history and the technique of poetry must be comprehended; one must have a schooling in the traditional forms. People have a way of saying, 'Why anyone can write free verse' whereas it cannot be done by anybody. It takes schooling; it takes study; it takes a complete mastery of technique.

"I owe an immense debt to the French—to the symbolist school. In France poetry is so living and vigorous a thing that literary experiments flourish there. Why should not the same condition exist here? There is certainly room for all of us. I cannot see why the conservative element among the poets has fought us so relentlessly. The temple of poetry is large. In London I met the interesting group of young Imagist poets, or rather the group who were to become Imagists. I had been writing poetry in accordance with my own inclinations and I made the discovery that what I had been writing was Imagist poetry—only the name had

not been tacked to it. Precisely the same thing happened to the others of our group. New ideas were descending through the air, ready to settle in whatever minds were good soil. In just such a way the idea of evolution rooted itself in the minds of Wallace and Darwin."

We spoke of her poem "Malmaison:" "When I read it, Miss Lowell, it seemed to me precisely as if you'd gone swimming in essences."

"Ah,—you like 'Malmaison!' Well, I like 'Malmaison' myself. It took a great deal of work to make 'Malmaison.' I read at least sixty volumes of Napoleonic literature, memoirs, histories, biographies, criticisms, everything that I could find worth while that has been written about Napoleon and Josephine. Night after night, for I work at night you know—everything is so much quieter then—I read for many months until I could grasp every detail, every breath of those times, the place and the people."

We mentioned certain of her poems about New England in the new book "Men, Women and Ghosts."

"Have you read 'Number Three on the Docket?'" she asked.

The verse in question tells the story of a lonely woman in the New Hampshire hills, living with a silent, taciturn husband on a farm miles away from another habitation; it describes the oncoming hysteria caused by the savage loneliness which in the end drives the woman to the murder of her husband.

"To my surprise," said Miss Lowell, "I heard that this poem of mine was read at a good roads convention in Philadelphia recently—as an argument in behalf of the good roads cause. Now I never write a poem with any cause in mind—any propaganda to put over. Do you suppose if I had good roads in mind or wanted people to install telephones in lonely farmhouses that I would have

written 'Number Three on the Docket' and that if I had it would have had the same effect that poem has? Oh, no! In that poem it was the horror of the thing that I desired to express—nothing more.

"That was what I felt. If you have lived near the woods you will know what I mean,—how the forest can creep and creep up to you—strangle you before you know it. I have a country place in New Hampshire, and I have seen. You have to keep cutting trees and cutting them and even then they get ahead of you. So, in that poem I merely expressed a state of mind, a tragedy growing out of a state of mind caused by the utter loneliness. There are thousands of such cases—cases of horrible loneliness, not only through New England, but all over the country. One hears of them every day. Of course the remedies are good roads, telephones, postal service and all that sort of thing. But suppose I thought of doing propaganda work of that description, suppose I wrote any of my poems with any idea in my head beyond making a poem—do you think I could write poetry or that anyone could?"

"Here is an article I wrote, recently published in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, 'A Consideration of Modern Poetry',—I want you to read it."

I looked over the copy of the magazine she gave me, read: "...form is, or should be, the fitting and unique garment of thought. But no student of poetry should ever forget that poetry is chiefly vision, its words merely serving to wing it forth to other minds. In essentials, poetry is what it has been throughout the ages: a yearning of man to reach up above himself to a beauty he dimly apprehends. The terms of this beauty change with the ages, but the beauty itself is supreme and unchanging."

So...we talked on hour after hour.

The sun was setting, "It is hard to leave but I must be going."

"Not just yet. Your manuscript you know—here it is."

"Yes, of course. I'd forgotten. But today, Miss Lowell, you are another person. It seems incredible."

"You yourself are like another person today. I like you very much. Ah! but you treated my friend Eugenia Frothingham very differently than you treated me!"

"But did you not understand, Miss Lowell,—I liked Miss Frothingham. I liked her the instant I met her. I could not bear you."

"Nor could I bear you. What you felt towards me is not a circumstance to what I felt towards you. But I wish right now to make this clear to you, Miss Armes. When you came—that day—I was ill. I had been ill all night. My doctor was here that entire afternoon. He did not go until a very short time before you left. I did not feel like seeing anyone else. I was irritable. I was ill. I could not even smoke. I did not feel like talking but I made myself talk, and you know,—well—I just wish you could have seen yourself! Then a few days later when you sent me this copy of your article about me and flatly refused to make any corrections in it, I naturally concluded that you had already sent it to the paper, notwithstanding our agreement, and that you had no intention whatsoever of keeping your word to me and of observing the conditions under which I gave you the interview. And I will tell you this: in all my experience with newspaper men and women I have never yet met one who kept a promise with me. For what I thought of you in that respect, you have your colleagues to thank. Here is your manuscript."

She handed me the story...intact.

"Are there any changes or corrections . . . you . . . would like to suggest . . . Miss Lowell?" I looked at her with as solemn a face as I could muster.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" The room almost shook with her laughter, "Not one! Not one! I leave it entirely to you. It is in your hands. You . . . you didn't, you really didn't think all that about me, did you?"

"Yes, Miss Lowell,—I did. Absolutely yes. Then, but not now. When I saw Miss Frothingham I told her everything that had happened. She said you had another side; that my idea of you was neither just nor true and she asked me to see you again. I also had another reason."

"Eugenia's a nice person. What was your other reason?"

"When you telephoned me in Amesbury I was not entirely free to say every single thing I felt. The telephone is in the kitchen there and two Quaker ladies were right near me and for their sakes I could not tell you out loud to go to the devil. But that was what I meant to say and I have been a little troubled now and then for fear you did not get it."

"Oh! I got it! No mistake about that. I got it!" Miss Lowell threw back her head and shouted with laughter. She grasped my hand, slapped me, figuratively, on back and chest and thigh: "I'm going to be in Bradford soon—giving a talk at the Academy there—

that's quite near your Amesbury. Will you come? I'll mail you tickets."

We shook hands goodbye for the time being. We'd fought our fight like two fellows and shaken hands on it and the air was cleared.

The next few days I passed through a slight illness. Much of the time I thought of Miss Lowell and then I wrote her how glad I felt over things between us and how much I liked her. She replied instantly. Here is her letter:

"Your letter was very pleasant to receive, and I am delighted to know that our interview gave you so much satisfaction, and I assure you that the feeling was mutual, as you must know from my desire to have you at my lecture at Bradford. I do not know how we managed to so completely misunderstand each other the first time, but I feel sure that it will never arise again.

"I am so sorry to know that you have been ill. I can sympathize with you, for I have been ill more of my life than I have been well, but it is good to know that you are already better. The principal of Bradford Academy has changed my date from next Tuesday, to Wednesday, May 2d. I hope that this change will not prevent you from being there, as it will be a sincere disappointment to me if I do not see you in the audience.

Sincerely yours,

AMY LOWELL

Again, following the publication of the interview, Miss Lowell wrote me:

"* * * a very good job. It was most interesting and sympathetic and I have heard kind things said of it from many people."



Are You Superstitious?

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

THE PIG looked ruefully at the moon. It hung, a slim crescent, about to sink into the clouds hanging over the far western horizon. A beautiful sight! But not for the pig. He had watched that moon apprehensively during its waning phase, but, being a pig, he had not allowed his fears to affect his usual good appetite, and his fattening process had gone on apace.

His zero hour was now imminent. He was sure of it. He had listened to the ominous sharpening of knives, and he knew that the scalding tub and kettles had been carefully inspected by his owner, who, he was convinced, was making all the ghastly arrangements attendant on butchering day in old New England. Even the old metal candlesticks had been got out that were to be used as scrapers, in lieu of the genuine implement, to remove his bristles.

Lizy Ann had seen to the purity of the pork barrel and had performed the usual cleansing rites. It had been emptied of its last season's brine, meticulously washed and "scald" and a new briny preparation was in readiness to preserve the flesh of the victim. Everything now awaited the course of the moon in the heavens.

For, according to the superstition of the good old New England farmers whom I knew as a child, pork killed on the "old of the moon" shriveled away in cooking. The pig must be slaughtered while the orb was growing in visibility in order to have the meat firm. It never seemed to occur to those dear frugal souls that the quality of food consumed by the pig might contribute to the condition of his flesh.

The moon has been viewed with sus-

picion by the human family since the dawn of history and the fact that it influences the ocean tides has been used as an argument by many people who should know better to prove that it affects all human vicissitudes. Small wonder that the man in the moon laughs at the world!

The melancholy aspect of a dog howling disconsolately at the moon has ever struck terror to the superstitious. For the howl of a dog was supposed to be a sure omen of death. The moon, of course, was really to blame.

The supposed influence of the moon upon crops has been accepted with unquestioned credulity by innumerable folks of former generations and may be still, for all I know. There seems to be plenty of peas and beans in the market, anyhow, whether or not the market gardeners consult the almanac before planting. According to old superstitions these legumes must be planted on the old of the moon or they will "run to vines" to the detriment of the crop. Every plant is supposed to have its peculiar idiosyncrasy when it comes to its susceptibility to the moon's influence and this was carefully considered. This was supposed to be particularly true of vines.

Not only was lunar influence believed to affect the growth of plants. The moon's phases were carefully watched with a view to their baneful or auspicious effects on human affairs. One must see the new moon, for the first time after its change, over the right shoulder in order to insure any degree of success during the month. Indeed, to view it directly over the left shoulder might presage the worst kind of fortune.

It wasn't considered at all propitious to face the new moon upon its appearance in the heavens, and so somebody composed the following couplet:

"Moon in the face,
Open disgrace."

Probably the pleasant fancy of wishing on the new moon still persists. When one sees the crescent for the first time in its first quarter wish for something very much desired and the wish will become a reality. This is akin to the pretty old custom of wishing on the evening star and repeating:

"Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight;
I wish I could, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

The belief in a "wet moon" and a "dry moon" persists very generally. This is supposed to have originated with the American Indians, who are said to have believed firmly that "if the Indian finds he can hang his powder horn on the new moon he takes it down and goes for a hunt. If he can't he stays at home." The theory is that if the crescent lies on its back with the points up like the lids of a dish it will hold water and insure dry weather for the remainder of its phase. If it is so oblique that the water spills out of course it will rain freely.

In the days when abundant tresses were considered *a la mode* mothers clipped the ends of their little girls' hair on the new of the moon to insure a luxuriant growth, and by the same token when the patriarch wished for a fine growth of whiskers he followed the same method. It must have been extremely stimulating and damaged the sale of hair tonics alarmingly.

No superstitions are more persistent, more general or more unaccountable than those pertaining to mirrors. Many other-

wise sensible folk are terror-stricken if they view the shattered remnants of a broken looking-glass. Why in heaven's name a piece of glass treated to make it reflect objects should be considered so



THE PIG LOOKED RUEFULLY AT THE MOON

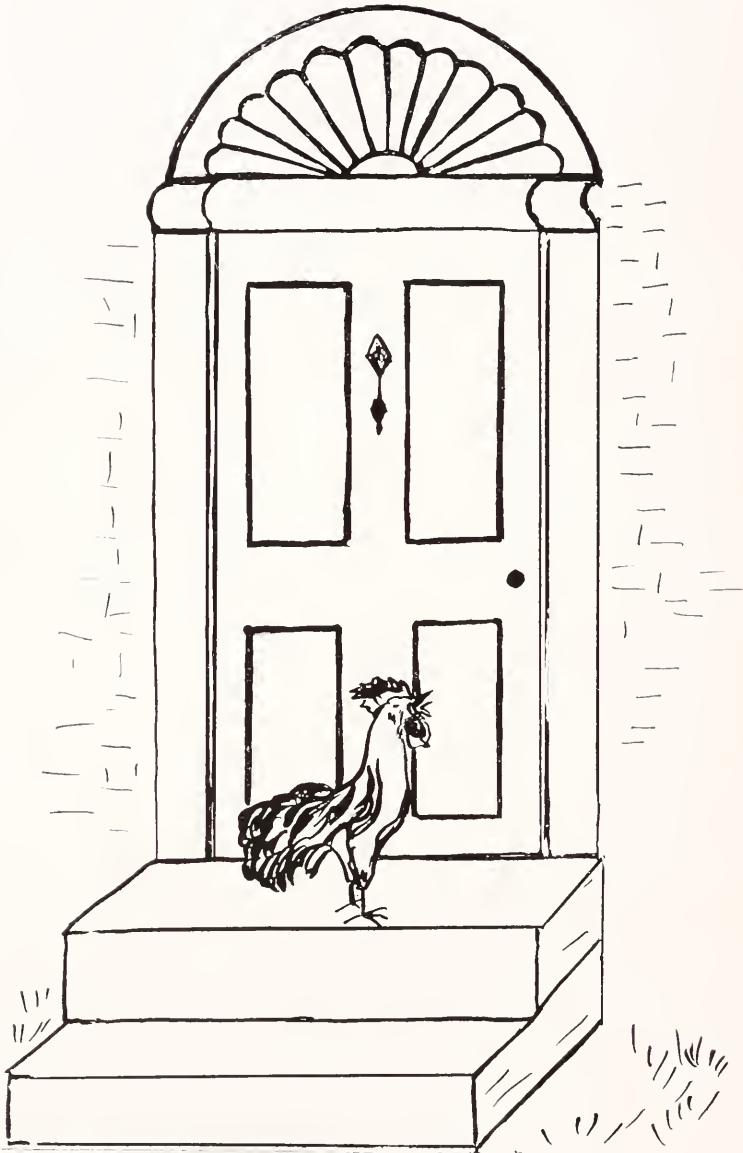
much more susceptible to magic than that which is left transparent no one knows. It would be interesting if one could trace the origin of this fancy. It probably started in the days when everything not fully understood was looked upon with apprehension and the mirror was more or less of a mystery.

There is no unanimity of belief concerning the influence of the looking-glass in human affairs, so far as I have been able to observe. It's just a hoodoo, that's all. One person will affirm that seven years of bad luck follow the calamity of a smashed mirror, while another will declare that it portends a death in the family within a year. Still another considers it an omen of illness. Coincidence has probably played its part in keeping alive these absurd legends.

One family, the head of which had such an aversion to honest toil that the

members were always in hot water, had the misfortune to find its only decent mirror smashed in one of its frequent enforced migrations. The bad luck that

reflection of his own dimpled face in a mirror before the first anniversary of his birth it was supposed to be an unfailing sign that the child would not long sur-



AN UNFAILING SIGN OF COMPANY

was the usual lot of this family continued not only for the proverbial seven years, but until something drastic occurred to change its course.

If an infant were allowed to view the

vive. The dangers of diphtheria or smallpox were hardly more to be dreaded than the disregarding of this time-honored omen. Another act, fatal to the child, was to cut his finger nails.

There is always something to take the joy out of life, and good New England folk have oftentimes been anticipating the worst. Many a joyous child who has awakened in the morning with a merry song on his lips has been suddenly hushed by his mother with the admonition "Sing before you eat, cry before you sleep," or "Sing before breakfast and you'll cry before bed time."

Indeed upon children has been visited the dread of many ominous signs, portents and charms. For the youthful imagination is quick to seize upon the mysterious, and many of the subconscious fears of mature life may, no doubt, be accounted for by the unhappy influence of the tales and warnings of superstitious relatives and neighbors.

Many of the "signs" we youngsters invoked were harmless enough and furnished pleasant excitement. One of the diversions of school days was counting white horses. There are many methods of conjuring by the token of the milky steed, but ours was in this wise: We girls would watch for these animals in every street and lane. After a girl had counted a hundred the first young man with whom she shook hands was to be her future husband. We were allowed to count the same horse as many times as he appeared, otherwise the task of seeing one hundred would have been hopelessly slow, even in a rural community when horses were exclusively employed for traffic and farm work. And then, after the goal had been attained, the required number had been registered and the task completed, we were mighty cautious about the matter of hand shaking. By some pretext or other we inveigled the boy friends of whom we were most fond into the rather formal and unaccustomed greeting.

We got much pleasurable excitement when we went to school from carrying

in our apron pockets the lucky bones of fish. This charm was supposed to bring good luck and preserve one from harm. This little shell-like bone with its notched edge is pearly white, is about three-



A SURE SIGN OF DEATH (TO THE DOG)

fourths of an inch in length and narrow. It is found in the head of the codfish.

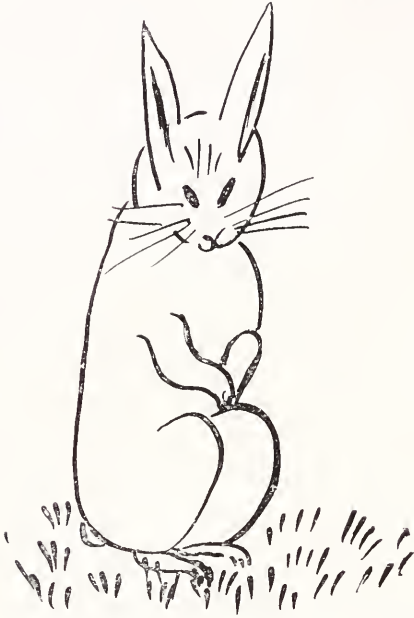
Over the door of many a New England farmhouse one formerly saw a worn horseshoe nailed. It was always fastened with the points upward because this well-known emblem of good luck would be impotent, would even bring the adverse of a happy fortune, were it placed wrong end upward.

The potent charm of the four-leaved clover lingers as a pretty fancy from the days when people really believed in its efficacy to ward off ill luck. How many happy hours have we searched for these harbingers in the cool, sweet grasses of June!

Not all mysterious portents were so pleasant as the pretty four-leaved clover or the pearly lucky bone. Sometimes we children listened with dread to the tales of our elders. I vividly remember a

weird story told me as a child by dear old Lizy Ann, told in good faith and with all sincerity, unbelievable as this may seem.

"I always get warnings before anyone



A RABBIT'S FOOT IS A POTENT CHARM

in the family dies," she said on this occasion. "The strangest one I ever received was just before my first husband died. I went down cellar to get a piece of salt pork. When I took the cover off the pork barrel I saw something black inside. It proved to be a thick black scum over the brine and it looked exactly like crepe. The meat and brine underneath it seemed all right. I knew the minute that I saw it that it was a warning of death, and I was right. In a few days my husband was taken sick and died." I shivered in my shoes for days after hearing this gruesome recital.

There were so many death signs that some of them were bound to occur before the demise of members of the families in which they were noted and thus give color to their veracity among the credu-

lous. In the days before electricity flooded the world with light and houses were illuminated at night by candles or kerosene lamps it was supposed to portend death if one accidentally set three lights in a row on table or mantel.

A frightened bird beating its fragile wings against a window pane, or, still worse, accidentally flying into the house through an open window or door, was supposed to warn of impending death. Some believe the hooting of an owl is an omen of death, and others are mortally afraid of disaster if a bat flies into the house. The eerie call of the whip-poor-will inspires fear in the hearts of many.

One old wife told me that if she accidentally made her bed so that its shape resembled a coffin she invariably heard of a death soon afterward. Her silly fancy harked back to the days when the casement of the dead tapered at either end and when the mobile feather bed lent itself to many fantastic shapes, according to the housewifely skill of the one manipulating it. One must grant, however, that it was not so easy to hear of a death then as it is in the modern days of obituary columns in the daily press.

Although superstition is undoubtedly passing among intelligent people there are still many who would hesitate or absolutely refuse to make the thirteenth at table or start any project on Friday, much less on Friday the thirteenth, for thirteen has long been considered a hoodoo numeral and Friday an unlucky day. Others avoid passing under a ladder, and are careful not to open an umbrella in the house. The spilling of salt furnishes a cause for alarm with many people, and in the days when babies were rocked to sleep fear clutched at the heart of many a superstitious mother if some one inadvertently rocked the empty cradle of her child.

In the dreary rural days before radio, rural mail delivery, the telephone and the corner grocery store one's social life consisted of the visits of neighbors. A visit was no social call, it was an all-day affair. The visitor arrived in the morning, often unannounced, and brought her sewing or knitting. She stayed to dinner and often remained for supper. Occasionally the "men folk" arrived in the evening and thus rounded out the day.

Small wonder, then, that many signs and portents had to do with warning the housewife upon whom such a visitation was to be inflicted of the impending descent upon her household. The rooster was frequently her informant. For, if this sagacious fowl, attracted by the fragrant odor of viands cooking upon the kitchen stove, wandered away from his flock and stood upon the doorstep, crowing lustily, he was telling the household in unmistakable sign language that company was to be expected. Why? Nobody knows.

If the dish-cloth slipped from the housewife's tired fingers and fell to the floor it was a sign of guests. Another sure omen was the accidental fall of a knife or fork. If the tines or the blade stuck in the floor with the handle pointing obliquely one was to expect the guest to arrive from the point of the compass indicated by the direction in which the handle pointed. If one accidentally laid the table for more people than were to partake of the meal it was a sign of approaching visitors and if one inadvertently took an extra helping of food of the same kind already upon his plate some one was expected to come to the house hungry. If a caller came in at one door and went out by another it was supposed to indicate that another guest was to be expected.

Credulous people have ever looked to the animal kingdom for the source of

much of the good and ill that is mysteriously surrounding human lives, and from the days of witchcraft many a strange fancy has survived. The dread of black cats is by no means a myth. I heard a person who is far above the average in intelligence remark on the fact that a black cat had crossed the street in front of his automobile as he was starting upon a trip that resulted in a particularly disastrous accident a few months ago. That dusky feline registered, as she stalked forth, although he might never have recalled her appearance had the accident not occurred.

A rabbit's foot has always been supposed to possess a potent charm, and toads, of course, are the familiars of witches and one of the ingredients of "witches' broth." In starting out to visit a friend, it was formerly believed, if one encountered a flock of geese the visitor was not to be a welcome guest. In that case one might as well turn back.

The funniest conceits of all are those that have to do with illness, and many of these are by no means a thing of the past. Rings of brass, iron and other metal are frequently worn on the fingers of people suffering with rheumatism as a panacea for this disease. Others carry horse chestnuts in their pockets to immunize their systems from its attacks.

Many a fond mother ties a black silk cord around the neck of her offspring to guard it from croup or diphtheria. A red string about the neck is supposed to prevent rheumatism and nose bleed. Some people believe that an eel skin circling the body will cure rheumatism. Who wouldn't rather have the disease than submit to the cure?

Many magic cures for warts are quite generally known, among them the unneighborly act of wishing these excrescences upon an acquaintance. The little bag of powdered sulphur has, for

generations, been worn to guard against contagious and infectious diseases, and during the epidemic of influenza in 1918 the druggists in New Hampshire and elsewhere were sold out of camphor gum to those who purchased it to place in little cloth bags to be tied at the neck to ward off the dread scourge.

Tying a soiled stocking about the neck was supposed to cure a sore throat, but the hollow of the foot must be bound on over the point of infection to make it effective. Not so long ago even physicians employed cobwebs and puff balls to stop the flow of blood from severed arteries, and occasionally their patients survived. Saffron tea was administered to new-born infants to bring out a rash known as red gum, termed "red goom" by old wives.

Weather signs are more numerous than all others. Some are to be credited because based on scientific facts, but a great number are extremely absurd. The Candlemas conceits are revived annually and believed by many. The crowing rooster, when he isn't cockadoodle-dooing on the doorstep for company, is talking about a change in the weather, especially if he stands on a fence when he crows. The chances are he is telling his wives what a smart fellow he is, but the housewife who hears him says he is calling for rain.

After his death the poor pig, whose demise had been carefully calculated by the courses of the earth's satellite, contributed his share to the weather prognostications of the farmer's wife, who examined with much concern that part of his vitals known as the "melt." If this organ was largest at its front end the winter was to be most severe in its early part. If it tapered at both ends the middle of the winter was to be most dreaded, and if it was largest at the rear one must expect a late and cold spring.

If the old cat, ordinarily sedate and dignified, so far forgot herself as to display kittenish abandon and capered about the house with ill-becoming friskiness Mother would remark, "The wind is going to blow."

In the days of the family towel it was supposed to be a symbol of amity if two people employed the same towel at once.

"Wash and wipe together,
Live and love forever."

As an indication that the human family is ever expecting the worst while hoping for the best one may observe that by far the greater number of omens are supposed to portend evil. The happy auguries, those that give promise of good fortune, good health, happiness and success are far out-numbered by those that fill the heart of the superstitious with nameless dread.

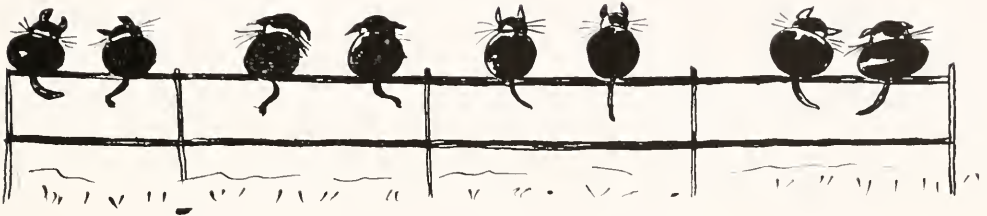
Blind and unreasoning superstitions that have made silly and craven cowards of millions and have given countless others who do not admit of a belief in signs an uneasy feeling of apprehension are not to be confused with that sixth sense, that occult faculty that many people doubtless possess that warns them of impending danger. That "coming events cast their shadows before" is one of the inexplicable facts in human experience. That intangible psychic faculty that is as real as radio is in no wise related to black cats, toads, broken mirrors, red woolen yarn or crowing cocks.

Life is hazardous at best. Its highway is intersected by many a blind path, and from its main road lead many mysterious byways. But in the depths of the cool woods grow sweet violets and the glad song of the bird is as real as the ominous whirring of bats' wings. To those who credit ill omens there is a black cat at the intersection of every roadway; if their

ears burn, some one is speaking evil of them; if they have occasion to return to their homes after setting out on a mission, it presages evil. If the nose itches, it betokens a quarrel. If a picture be-

comes loose from its fastening and falls to the floor, it betokens ill, and if one dreams of certain things, beware!

Cheer up! Knock on wood! Why go through life with one's fingers crossed?



Sea Gulls

FRANK EVERETT PALMER

I did not heed the sea-gulls on the sea
 When last I saw them skimming here and there
 Cleaving with graceful wings the humid air;
 They seemed then very common things to me,
 Although I envied them,—they were so free
 And purely white, and never seemed to care
 Just where they went—if they went anywhere—
 And had such wonderful celerity.

But there are sea-gulls on the river now,
 No different from the ones I knew before
 That used to dive and sail about the sky,—
 And as I see them spread their wings, somehow
 They do not seem the same,—I like them more;—
 And linger there for hours to see them fly.



PETERBOROUGH LIBRARY

The Peterborough Library

FREDERICK T. IRWIN

OLD NEW ENGLAND towns with their memories, their historic lore, their quiet streets and brooding hills, are like some dear old people whom we know. They sit amid their fine and yellowed laces, coming old love letters, recalling events of the long ago, watching the passing show with eyes paradoxically looking both backward and forward. They are proud of their past, happy in the present, but are willing to give way to the march of progress.

Peterborough, nestling in the grey shadows of old Monadnock on the one side, and with Pack Monadnock and the blue Temple hills acting as sentinels on the other, is not only exceptionally rich in historic lore, it is world-famed as the home of player folk, artists, sculptors, composers, historians and many who are contributing to the spiritual and aesthetic side of earthly existence—the soul of things.

In the historic annals of Peterborough is one outstanding claim that should interest the entire world of letters. In the eighteenth century it established its first library. This was incorporated in the town December 21, 1799, with 100 volumes, chosen with discrimination. In 1830 this was sold and the books scattered. In 1833 the town meeting voted an appropriation for the purchase of books for a free town library. This, it is claimed, was the first free public library in the world.

Delving in sources of history for data concerning the institution I came upon a pamphlet in the Manchester Public Library published in 1839, in Boston, containing an address delivered at the centennial celebration in Peterborough

October 24 of that year by Rev. John Hopkins Morison, D. D., whose reminiscences of his boyhood in the old town make fascinating reading. He tells of the institution of the "Peterborough Social Library," and recalls his memories of it back in 1811 when, he said, "it contained not far from one hundred volumes." Said Dr. Morison:

"So judicious a collection I have never seen. There was hardly a book that did not deserve its place. I well remember the astonishment with which, at the age of eleven, I first looked on what seemed to me such an immense collection of books; nor can I soon forget the uniform kindness with which my early reading was encouraged and in some measure directed by the librarian, Daniel Abbot.

"In an intellectual point of view I look back on no period of my life with so much satisfaction as on the two years when, at the age of fourteen and fifteen, I lived with Samuel Templeton, as honest a man as this or any other town has produced. During the hour which he always gave me at noon, and in the evening by firelight, I read the standard histories in our language, and made myself acquainted with the important events in the ancient world.

"When a volume was finished I would set out at dark, after a hard day's work, walk three miles to the village, and, enriched with a new treasure, would return almost unmindful of the woods and their near vicinity to the grave-yard and old meeting-house, which, especially on a windy autumnal night, standing there naked, black and lonely, was, as I knew full well, a fearful object enough to a child.

"The Peterborough Social Library became gradually neglected and was sold about 1830, when a new library on the same plan was got up, and contains now (1839) about three hundred volumes. The Union and Phoenix factories have each a library of about one hundred and fifty volumes. The Ministerial Library (an excellent institution) contains five hundred, and the public town library about nine hundred volumes; so that, besides private collections, there are now in town for the use of readers two thousand volumes."

Dr. Morison's reminiscences fit in delightfully with the more prosaic history of events relating to libraries. Sixteen years after the Peterborough town meeting voted an appropriation for the purchase of books for a free town library, the state of New Hampshire passed, in 1849, an ordinance authorizing towns to grant money to establish and maintain free public libraries. This was the first statute of its kind in the world.

The library was located for several years after 1833 in a store. In 1854 the offices of librarian and postmaster were united in a little wooden building at Main and Grove streets where the town hall now stands. In 1863 the library was removed to a store in the Town Hall block and in 1891 the present site was chosen and the building erected.

In the early days it was the custom to open the library Sunday noon that the church-goers might call for their books. This practice has never been discontinued.

At town anniversaries Peterborough has been wont to pat itself on the back regarding its intellectual life and so once again, in 1889, when the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated, we hear more about libraries. Nathaniel Holmes was the orator of the day, and in recapitulating the important dates in

the town's history he overlooks the fact that the first public library was incorporated in 1799. Like Dr. Morison he harks back to 1811 when, he says, some small libraries of limited use began to be collected, and in 1833 a public library was founded by the town, to be maintained out of the town treasury, and be open and free to all.

Mr. Holmes went on to inform his hearers that "The library has received considerable additions from time to time from the private contributions of the citizens or from the liberal donation of sons of Peterborough. This library has the credit of having been the first of the kind to be established in all the United States. It numbers at present (1889) about five thousand volumes."

How naively he remarks, "And now, surely, there can no longer be excuse for ministers or people, if they do not keep up with the knowledge, science, literature and progress of the age."

It was at this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary that a letter on "The Town Library" was read from Rev. A. M. Pendleton of Milford, N. H., who, though not a native, was for several years a citizen and deeply interested in Peterborough. In this letter Mr. Pendleton told his townspeople:

"The first hint of a free town library I have met with in my reading is found in a powerful and impassioned address of Luther to the municipal councils of the German towns, exhorting them to establish everywhere Christian schools, both learned and elementary. 'The strength of a town,' he says, 'does not consist in its towers and buildings, but in counting a great number of learned, serious, well-educated citizens. Do not fancy Hebrew and Greek to be unnecessary. These languages are the sheath which covers the sword of the spirit. You must found libraries for learned books,

not only the fathers, but the pagan writers, the fine arts, law, history, medicine must be represented in such collections.' "

Mr. Pendleton went on to say: "Luther's words were living things, and forthwith the town councils of his dear Germans, as he called them, began to make notable collections of books for the free use of all their citizens. Their example spread to France and Italy, and, indeed into most of the leading nations of the continent. But because no stated provision was made for their increase, and because no one then thought of loaning them for home use, they gradually sank into neglect and disuse."

It is disclosed in this letter from Mr. Pendleton that the Peterborough Public Library antedated the Boston Public Library by fifteen years, although by many the Boston library is supposed to be the first such institution on this continent, and also antedates the free libraries in Great Britain. In this regard he declared:

"Singularity enough, though general on the continent, public libraries did not cross the channel, and no instance of such a library was to be found in the British Isles, till, stimulated by the foundation of our own Boston Public Library, the Libraries Act of Great Britain was passed in 1850. But the Pilgrim Fathers, in their long sojourn in Holland, had doubtless become familiar with them, and carried the germ of the public library along with the germ of the common school, the university and the town meeting in this country.

"The books they carried across the seas they ordained in a public statute which seems almost pathetic now, and they should be preserved with religious care as if the fate of the infant commonwealth was bound up in them, and the curious visitor to that hallowed spot on

the wintry coast may still take in his hand with awe the veritable volumes which were the solace and intellectual stimulant of the founders, or their immediate successors, of Plymouth colony."

Mr. Pendleton recalled that there was a shadowy library of like character in early Boston, which is several times alluded to in such records as survive, but which probably perished in the fires of 1711 or 1747 that twice destroyed the town house and the public records.

It would appear that the learned Mr. Pendleton was not aware of the date, 1799, when Peterborough's first library was established. He speaks of early subscription or private libraries restricted to those who owned or paid for them and of which "Peterborough had successively two if not three at a very early period in its history."

"At last," said he, "in 1833, Dr. Abiel Abbot, then the minister of the Unitarian church in Peterborough, a lover of books and the founder of two other libraries, conceived the idea and carried into execution the project of a library to be owned by the town, supported by annual town subscriptions, managed by a committee of its appointment, and whose volumes should be accessible not only in the library room, but find their way into the humblest as well as the most conspicuous homes, to be the unfailling and perpetual joy of all such of its inhabitants as love the dear companionship of books."

And now comes his proud boast: "Peterborough Town Library became thus the first instance of its kind in the United States, preceding the Boston Public, which is often claimed as the first, by fifteen years. It also antedates all the public libraries of Great Britain and its dependencies by a still longer period, and is therefore the first library to realize the complete idea of a free town library among the hundred millions

or more who speak the English tongue on the planet."

How pridefully he exclaims: "Peterborough has no greater honor than this! It is her chiefest crown and glory—always to be held with honorable pride and preserved with care as sacred as the Pilgrim statute enjoined."

To the building which houses the Peterborough Public Library, a photograph of which is reproduced in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, a Colonial doorway and trellises were added in 1914.

As I closed the yellow pages of the little old pamphlets which reveal the tender affection, the pride, the exultation of those earlier residents who loved their town and her institutions, I wondered if from some vantage point among the stars they look down upon the Peterborough of today. The Peterborough that is the haven of many a world-weary artist and poet.

Peterborough gave the first free public library to the world. The MacDowell colony has given to the world Henry F. Gilbert's "Prelude," and many another worth while composition; it is in the pathways that lead through the cool, quiet groves that Padriac Colum, the Irish poet, so often lost his way, entranced by the beauty that poets sense, and his fellow colonists would find him and set him on the right path; it is here that Abbie Farwell Brown wrote "Round Robin" and "The Green Trunk," and it is here that many a book, poem, song, and classical composition has been evolved.

And it is here that Mrs. MacDowell has labored to see her dreams come true and has established, with the aid that has been freely extended, the very best kind of a memorial for her immortal husband. As the years go by it becomes more and more the haven and the inspiration of those who contribute to the art and culture of the world.



Aboriginal Element in Whittier's Writings

JASON ALMIUS RUSSELL

COLGATE UNIVERSITY

THERE is something fascinating in the appearance of the aborigine as revealed in the writings of the gentle Quaker Poet Whittier. Not only did he espouse the cause of all oppressed peoples, including the American Negro, but in his prose and poetry he gave many evidences of his sympathy with the *real* Indian even while many of his poems glorify the noble romantic savage who had long been famous in the fireside legends of the Merrimack River country.

Whittier came from a New England family—in the fifth generation of that name in America—and, during his childhood, lived close to the soil and to the hearth where history and tradition intermingled into one force which permeated his poetry. In the early days of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1697, the Hannah Dustin captivity occurred,—only a year after the death of the poet's first American ancestor, Thomas Whittier. This emigrant was not a Quaker; nevertheless, he was never troubled by the natives, although Indians in their war-paint sometimes passed up the County Brook, and "the evening firelight in the Whittier kitchen would reveal a savage face at the window."

Indeed, for the first forty years of his life in Massachusetts the aborigines were not troublesome; then the new settlers introduced a hostile spirit, employing unjust measures toward the savage, and the house of the ancestral Whittier became a place of refuge. Even though some of the inhabitants of this town were killed or carried away captive, he never bolted his doors and was left undisturbed.

In his youth the poet's father, John

Whittier, went through Northern New England and Canada with the purpose of carrying on a barter trade; and on one occasion he joined a party of horsemen, traveled with them through the wilderness to Lake Memphremagog, and there met a tribe of friendly Indians where no settlement had been made by the whites. On the day of his arrival all of the redskins were intoxicated save one, who was caring for his companions. With some native wit this brave told Whittier that although for the present he must look after his companions, he would get drunk next time. The older Whittier told his son of his adventures with the Indians; and his mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, gave her children the story of the inroads of the savages and the narrow escapes of her ancestors.

"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock trees:

* * * *

"Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down,
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to four score."

In his three volumes of prose works the references to the Indian may be divided into two sections: *Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678-1679*—a delightful but fictitious creation—and the minor accounts in several other essays.

In her pleasantly naive Journal, Margaret Smith, just over from England, recorded her impressions of the new country. On a journey to Newbury she was greatly startled, she related, by the appearance of an Indian who finally came out of the bushes:

"He was a tall man, of very fair and comely make, and wore a red woolen

panions tried to dissuade her, calling the Indians a dirty, foul people. Finally the party did go over to the tents, riding directly through the corn-fields; although the savage showed his disapproval of the act he was somewhat mollified by a gift of money and a drink of Jamaica spirits! Through the pen of Whittier, Margaret is made to describe the gentle courtesy



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

blanket, with beads and small clam-shells jingling about it. His skin was swarthy, not black like a Moor or Guinea-man, but of a color not unlike that of a tarnished copper coin. He spoke but little, and that in his own tongue, very harsh and strange-sounding to my ear."

Then she saw the tents, their summer houses, and expressed a desire to approach closer to them, but her com-

and hospitality of the squaw in a style reminiscent of Thoreau. She repaid the woman with a piece of ribbon, and an apron for the child, observing:

"These poor heathen people seem not so exceedingly bad as they have been reported; they be like unto ourselves, only lacking our knowledge and opportunities, which, indeed are not our own to boast of, but the gifts of God, calling for

humble thankfulness, and daily prayer and watchfulness, that they may be rightfully improved."

She visited a dying youth, whose sister had been tomahawked by the Indians, who remonstrated with his mother when she spoke harshly concerning the savage:

"Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped many bloody wars and won many precious souls to Christ."

In this *Journal* Margaret quotes two stanzas from a book of Roger Williams, published in England in the Indian language. These are very indicative of Whittier's feeling toward the red man.

"Boast not, proud English, of thy birth
and blood,
Thy brother Indian is by birth as good;
Of one blood God made him and thee
and all,
As wise, as fair, as strong, as personal.

"By nature wrath's his portion, thine, no
more,
Till grace his soul and thine in Christ
restore.
Make sure thy second birth, else thou
shalt see
Heaven ope to Indians wild, but shut to
thee!"

William Morton Payne, writing on Whittier in *The Cambridge History of American Literature*, states:

"The story of Margaret Smith is almost a work of fiction. It recounts the imagined observations of a young woman who comes from England on a visit to the Bay Colony in its early days. She meets the chief worthies of the time, describes the landscape and the crude

pioneer life, and writes of witch-hunting, Quaker-baiting, and Indian warfare. G. R. Carpenter says of this work: 'No single modern volume could be found which has so penetrated the secret of colonial times in Massachusetts, for it is almost line by line a transcript and imaginative interpretation of old letters, journals, and memoirs.'

Whittier's feeling for the Indian is shown further when he wrote of Lydia Maria Child, a noted reformer of his day:

"Her interest in the welfare of the emancipated class of the South and of the ill-fated Indians of the West remained unabated, and she watched with great satisfaction the experiment of the education of both classes in General Armstrong's Institution at Hampton, Virginia."

He compared the red man favorably with the ancestors of the Danes and the Norwegians, whose descendants are respectable and peaceable people,—quoting Bishop Whipple of Minnesota:

"That the Indian goes to war is not astonishing; he is often compelled to do so: wrongs are borne by him in silence, which never failed to drive civilized men to deeds of violence. The best possible way to avoid war is to do no injustice."

In a romantic mood he told his readers that the savages had a vague notion of a sunset land, a beautiful paradise far in the west, mountains and forests filled with deer and buffalo, lakes and streams swarming with fishes,—the happy hunting ground of the souls, similar in purpose, perhaps, to the fabled city of Norumbega which Champlain sought vainly in 1604, on the Penobscot River:

"The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
'I see,' he said, 'the domes and spires
Of Norumbega town.'

“Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky.’”

In *The Boy Captives—An Incident of the War of 1695*, he relates in a vivid style the story of the capture of two Haverhill lads and tells of their escape to civilization.

In this narrative he reveals his purpose in retelling so many of the New England Border Stories:

“Amidst the stirring excitements of the present day, when every thrill of the electric wire conveys a new subject for thought or action to a generation as eager as the ancient Athenians for some new thing, simple legends of the past like that which we have transcribed have undoubtedly lost in a great degree their interest. The lore of the fireside is becoming obsolete, and with the octogenarian few who still linger among us will perish the unwritten history of the border life in New England.”

Passaconaway dwells on the maltreatment of the aborigine, and of the great chief's son Wonalancet, the *pleasant-breathing*. Here a colonial romance is incorporated with the other elements of the story. In *Patucket Falls* he states that the Indian, in the sight of the Colonists, was but a “dirty tawnie,” “a savage heathen,” and “a devil's imp,” to be robbed of his lands at the earliest opportunity. *Charms and Fairy Faith*, based on Schoolcraft as far as the Indian is concerned, informs that the red men had a notion of a race of beings, resembling the English fairies in many respects, who lived in rocks, crags, and romantic dells.

On September 27, 1864, Whittier wrote to Fields: “I take the liberty of inclosing a little poem of mine (*The Vanishers*) which has beguiled some weary hours. I hope thee will like it.

How strange it seems not to read it to my sister! If thee have read Schoolcraft, thee will remember what he says of the Puck-wud-jinnies or ‘Little Vanishers.’

“The legend is very beautiful, and I hope I have done it justice in some sort.”

“From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

* * * *

“Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westerling knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.”

A domestic deity, Wetuomanit, presided over household affairs, assisted the young squaw in her first attempts at wigwam-keeping, warned of threatened disaster, and kept away evil spirits.

“Very suggestive, too, is the story of Pumoolah, a mighty spirit, whose home is on the great Katahdin Mountain (in Central Maine) sitting there with his earthly bride (a beautiful daughter of the Penobscots transformed into an immortal by her love), in serenest sunshine, above the storm which crouches and growls at his feet. None but the perfect and good can reach his abode. Many have from time to time attempted it in vain; some, after almost reaching the summit, have been driven back by thunderbolts or sleety whirlwinds.”

* * * *

Mogg Megone, a poem commenced in 1830 but not assuming its present shape until 1834, was originally published in THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in March and April of 1835. It concerns the border warfare of the early settlers of Eastern New England and the Indians of the same region, but incidents and characters are in the main fictitious. The story, in brief, is this:

Mogg Megone, a chieftain, is given the daughter of the outlaw Boniton. Boniton makes the sachem drunk and by so doing causes him to sign away the rights to his land; he is too undecided to slay Mogg so his daughter stabs him instead.

Years afterward, after living the life of an Indian, the girl confessed her heinous sin to a Jesuit but he condemned her. Finally the red men slew the non-resisting priest and the maiden. In later years the author said that the poem suggested a big Indian in his war-paint, strutting around in Sir Walter Scott's plaid; he tried vainly to suppress it, and in a letter to Lucy Hooper, in August, 1837, he wrote:

"It is not, I fear, calculated to do good. But a small edition [1836], however, was printed, and it is some satisfaction to believe that it cannot do much evil."

The Bridal of Pennacook is noteworthy not only for the simplicity of its poetic beauty but because it preserves a very charming legend. The heroine of the poem was the daughter of Passaconaway—the Bashaba of the whole territory now included in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

Winnepurkit, the Sachem of Saugus, wooed and won the dusky Weetamoo, the daughter of the chief, in 1662, and, according to the story recounted in Thatcher's *Indian Biography*,—the basis of Whittier's poem—the ceremonies closed with a great feast; a select number of braves accompanied the bride to the dwelling of her husband, where another great feast was held. But, like modern women, the beautiful Weetamoo became homesick and returned on a visit to her people with a guard chosen from her husband's chief men. When she desired to go back to her own home her father sent a curt message to his son-in-law asking him to come and take her

away. The latter made answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in the style that became a chief and that now, if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. The haughty Passaconaway refused to do this, and it is said that here ended the connection of the daughter with the Saugus chief.

Whittier varied the legend by having Weetamoo depart alone for her wigwam, paddling her canoe down the Merrimack until the frail bark sailed over Amoskeag Falls and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. In their farewell song her women friends—The Children of the Leaves—chanted a lament:

"The Dark eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on
our shore,—

Mat wonck kunna-monec!—We hear it
no more!

* * * *

"O mighty Sowanna!*
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor Spirit whose journey
is o'er,—

Mat wonck kunna-monec!—We see her
no more!"

A volume might be written, gleanings scores of aboriginal references from the shorter poems of Whittier, and tracing their relation to the history and literature of early New England. There is the sadly beautiful composition, *The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis*. Under the roots of this sapling, which is temporarily upturned, the body of the leader was laid; then, the pressure released, the tree sprang back to its original position, completely covering the grave.

The Grave By The Lake was based on the legend that on the bank of Lake

* The Great South West God.

Winnepiseogee, near Melvin Stream, under a mound which was encircled by big rocks, was found the remains of an Indian, who in life must have been seven feet tall. Here the poet speculated on the history of this giant.—*On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior* reflects the pioneer spirit which had descended to Whittier from his ancestors; he sits in his study and pictures the scenes which the feather awakens in his mind:

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where
soon
Shall roll a human sea."

Whittier has been overshadowed by many later writers, but never has any native bard described the country drained by the Merrimack and its tributaries with such consummate art; few native poets have told the legends of the New England aborigines with more skill than this quiet Quaker; he traces their story from Waumbek-Methna,* through the Lake Winnepiseogee† region, along by the Meadows of Pennacook, by the wine-glass elms of Hooksett and Suncook within sight of the twin Uncanoons, following the wide river toward the ocean.

In these sketches—whether prose or poetry—the figures of the romantic Indian is always present, the sadness of his fate, and the general atmosphere of gloom which surrounds his disappearance. Without the Indian the writings of Whittier—particularly those relating to the Merrimack River country—would be robbed of their very soul; of all that which interests those who have been born

in this region and love its landscape, its traditions, and the stately Merrimack,—which

"... Wreathed in mist, floats on and on;
White at the 'Falls,' but deep and dark below;
Tireless as when a century ago
The red men watched its flow.

* * * *

"The legends of the past seem borne along
Upon the music of the flashing tide;
The tender beauty of a rhythmic song
That must with thee abide."

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* The White Mountains. † Whittier's spelling.

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NOTE. The picture of Whittier appearing with this article is very rare. The portrait, in its original frame which is also reproduced, was found in Amesbury, Mass., a few years ago by a collector now living in Newburyport, in whose possession it remains and through whose courtesy it is possible to use it here.

Sunset

ALICE M. SHEPARD

When God wants vivid sunsets painted bright,
With all the flaming red and gold alight,
I think He calls some spirit, color-starved,
Upon whose life the lines of want were carved,
Who never had enough of any hue
But needs must make the patched and faded "do,"
But yet loved gay and showy stripes and bands,
And had the long and slender artist hands,
Which must be used to sew, and bake, and mend,
And sweep, and wash, and scour, and fetch, and tend.

I think God summons some strong angel too,
And bids him take a rainbow fresh and new,
Still wet with the spent storm-cloud's driving rain,
And turn, and pull, and fashion it again,
Till it becomes a wondrous gleaming bowl,
O'er-arched with a reflected aureole,
And filled with varied tint, and living hue
Of orange, red, green, violet, and blue,
Of shades of yellow and of indigo,
Which blend and in their blending shine and glow.

I think this soul who as a child on earth,
Was made resourceful by grim want and dearth,
And used the juice of road-side weed, for paint,
And smeared it on with brushes strange and quaint,
Made from small sticks chewed into supple ends,
I think she knows a joy which far transcends
The joy of those who always had enough,
And never knew distress, nor felt rebuff.
I think she looks with beatific eye,
On bowl, on saint, on waiting western sky.

I think God smiles to see this artist-soul
Seize joyfully the brimming rainbow bowl,
And tilt it gently on a dull, gray cloud,
And make it cloth-of-gold which once was shroud,
(The colors pouring wave like ribands free,
And each child-angel holds an end with glee),
And then with loving touch she starts to trace,
Just where the sun last showed his shining face,
A heavenly portal, but has scarce begun,
When men, and stars, and angels cry, "Well done!"



MRS. CHARLES H. McDUFFEE

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mrs. Charles H. McDuffee

HENRY H. METCALF

NO ONE in the long line of Presidents of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's clubs, and no one outside that array of brilliant New Hampshire women, has accomplished more for the good of her community, her state and the world at large, than she whose name appears above, and whose latest fine achievement has been to carry through to success the "drive" for the last \$100,000 necessary to insure the permanent salvation of Franconia Notch, with its wonderful natural attractions, from despoilation at the hands of ruthless lumbermen, which she has done under the auspices of the Federation before mentioned, and the Society for the Protection of N. H. Forests.

ALTA H. HILL McDUFFEE (Mrs. Charles H.) was born in Dayton, Maine, daughter of Octavius W. and Rose Anna (Davis) Hill, and comes of a long line of English ancestry, which includes many names prominent in New England history, among which are those of Roger Williams, Rhode Island pioneer of religious liberty, and Governors Winthrop, Thomas, and Dudley of Massachusetts and Eaton of Connecticut. The first meeting house, school house and mill in what is now Durham, N. H., were built by one of her paternal ancestors, and the old "Frost place" in that town contains some of the architecture of the home which he built for himself, mentioned in the history of Durham as the oldest house standing in New Hampshire. About the time of the Revolution his

son, Lieut. Valentine Hill, married Sarah, daughter of Lieut. John Burley of Newmarket, and removed to Maine, where that branch of the family remains to the present time. That John Burley was a wealthy merchant, who owned what was known as the "Burley Mansion" in Newmarket, which was taken down, a few years ago, bit by bit, even to the paper on the walls, removed to Weston, Mass., and there rebuilt.

Mrs. McDuffee was educated in the public schools of Dayton and Lyman, in private schools, and was graduated salutatorian of her class, at Thornton Academy, Saco, Me., following which she pursued a normal course, and engaged in teaching in Wenham, Mass., previous to her marriage on April 10, 1900, to Charles H. McDuffee of Alton, where she afterward had her home, and where she has since been actively engaged in the social and civic life of the community. Her husband was a prominent, enterprising and educated business man of Alton, a descendant of the noted Scottish clan of Duffs, eminent in history before the opening of the Christian era. He was a leading spirit in the community for many years, active in the promotion of all measures for civic betterment, and had served the town as selectman, representative in the Legislature, delegate in the Constitutional Convention and as a member of the school board, in which latter work he took special interest. He departed this life January 28, 1927.

Entering into the spirit of community

service with zealous interest Mrs. McDuffee rendered most conspicuous service as a member of the Alton School board, which position she held for fifteen years, much of the time as chairman. During her service in this capacity great progress was made in the line of educational means and methods in the town of Alton, an interesting account of which was presented in a circular prepared by Mrs. McDuffee, and published by the State Department of Public Instruction, Division of Institutes.

It was during her service upon the board, and largely through her instrumentality, that a high school was established in Alton. Although in a small town, and necessarily without large financial support, this school became so efficient that Henry C. Morrison, then State Superintendent, now of the faculty of Chicago University, at one time referred to it in writing as "an instance where the small high school has competed successfully with the big, better equipped high school of the city."

Interested in all lines of work promotive of human progress, and especially such as tend to the advancement of her sex, Mrs. McDuffee became a member of the Farmington Woman's Club, the nearest organization of its kind to the place of her residence, at the time of its institution, and continued in active membership of the same until, under her leadership, the Alton Woman's Club was organized in April, 1922, of which club she has been a director since its organization, and of which she is now Vice-President. She was First Vice-President of the State Federation of Woman's clubs under the presidency of Mrs. Mary P. Remick, and upon the retirement of the latter in 1922, became president, serving in that capacity for the next two years. She served as Chairman of the Education Committee of the Federation

in 1915-17 and has been a member of the State Federation Board for the last twelve years. She is now editor of the "Clubwoman," the official organ of the Federation, started during her incumbency as President.

She is a member of Mary Torr Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and served for two years, 1924 to 1926, as State Chairman of the Committee on Americanization and Patriotic Education. She joined the organization through descent from Lieut. Valentine Hill, who had been an officer in the service of King George, but espoused the patriot cause on the outbreak of the Revolution. There are other ancestral lines, however, through which her eligibility might be established.

Mrs. McDuffee is an active and interested member of the State Parent-Teachers' Association, and served as president of the same 1917-19. She is Chairman of the New Hampshire Branch of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement, in whose behalf she has done earnest and efficient work. She is also Chairman of the Legislative Council of the women's organizations of the State, organized four years ago for the purpose of unifying the efforts of the women of the State in working for the progressive legislation in which they are particularly interested. She also served as Staff Organizer for the New Hampshire Branch of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association. She aided in the organization of Alpha Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, at Alton and was its first Matron. She is also a member of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Sons of Veterans. As was her late husband, she has been an interested attendant of the Baptist Church at Alton but, unlike him, has not been active in partisan politics, for, although having definite convictions con-

cerning principles, she has not been interested in the political game as it is now played. She was chairman of the Alton branch of the Red Cross during the war, and assumed the leadership in every effort to raise money during the time. She still holds that position. She has also been an officer in the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests for the last six years.

Deprived of the companionship of him who had been her co-worker in life for more than a quarter of a century; with whom she had shared her aims and aspirations, and who had encouraged her in all her undertakings, as she had been his loyal helpmeet in all things, she bravely bore the burden of her loss, refused to yield to despondency, and went forward to such work as life and circumstance had in store for ready hand and brains.

When it became necessary to select some agency through which to carry on the work of raising the additional \$100,000 required for the purchase of Franconia Notch, along with the State's appropriation of \$200,000 and the generous contribution of the late James J. Storrow of Boston, the N. H. Federation of Women's Clubs was turned to, and Mr. Philip W. Ayers, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of N. H. Forests asked Mrs. McDuffee, whom he regarded as one of the ablest and most energetic among the Federation leaders, to take active charge of the campaign for raising the required amount. This she did, with the successful result heretofore noted, and in which work she persistently traversed the New England states, addressing and inspiring the local clubs in all sections, as well as working at the headquarters of the Forestry Society in Boston at various times during the season.

This work practically accomplished, she accepted another call to service, this time in the line of philanthropic work, and became the General Secretary of the newly organized Family Welfare Association in the city of Portsmouth, the important duties of which position she has taken up with the zeal and devotion which has characterized her work in other lines, and upon which the community in the old seaport city may well be congratulated.

Mrs. McDuffee has one child, a daughter, Doris, who gives promise of a career worthy of her parentage. Graduating from the Alton High School, she studied one year at Bradford Academy and then entered Boston University from which she graduated in 1924. She remained in Boston another year to continue the study of the violin under Marie Nichols, with whom she had worked at Bradford and during her college course. She began teaching in Abbot Academy at Andover, Mass., in 1925. She participates in the musical life of both the Academy and the community. She plays both the violin and viola in the trios, quartets and quintets there, and played in a stringed ensemble at a recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, this last winter. She spent the entire summer last year in European travel, as a representative of the private schools of the country, under the auspices of the "Student Friendship" of America, conducted by Anne Wiggin, General Secretary of Friendly Relations of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. During this tour she wrote a series of letters which were published in the Farmington NEWS and the Laconia NEWS AND CRITIC, descriptive of the scenes and events, seen and experienced in the various countries, which evinced keen powers of observation and no little literary talent, and

were perused with pleasure, not only by her personal friends, but by the general reader to whose hands they came.

Mrs. McDuffee retains her Alton residence, where she will pass her vacations,

and such leisure days as may be afforded in her busy life, amid the scenes of her earlier activities, and among the many surviving friends with whom she was so long associated.

The Flag

GEORGE W. PARKER

There are flags of many nations with their emblems and bright hues,
 There are millions who would die for them—each must his own flag choose ;
 But for sheer unsullied beauty and the type that stirs men's souls
 It's the Stars and Stripes forever that the human race enfolds.

Oh it's pleasant when returning from the lands across the seas
 Or to see it in the distance proudly floating in the breeze,
 On the flagstaff of the State House or the humble cots among
 There is naught that stirs your manhood as Old Glory skyward flung.

With the red bars noting valor, ever shown on land or sea,
 And the azure blue of heaven, typifying loyalty,
 And the white of purest virtue, lives immune from greed and vice,
 There you have the perfect banner that in all ways will suffice.

Then it's your flag and my flag and the flag of hope for all
 Who for freedom look with longing and who heed Columbia's call ;
 As our navies sweep the ocean and our airmen skirt the world
 And our people dwell in comfort 'neath the best of flags unfurled.

The Miracle of Love

ALICE CUTTING ROBERTS

THE rays of an afternoon sun cast themselves over a Kentuckian country-side. They played among the trees, making delightful shadows along the sandy shore of Nolin's Creek and on the soft floor of the distant forest; they drew forth the sweetness of the wild flowers, to the utter content of the busy bee and the gay butterfly; they danced through the small window of a log cabin, and crept through the cracks in the crude wall, seeming to call to the busy woman within:

"Come out, Nancy! Do come out!"

And Nancy, practical little pioneer-woman that she was, forgot her work for the moment, and listened to the call of the great out-of-doors. For Nancy loved Nature.

Physical beauty was not Nancy's, but she possessed a great beauty of soul that stirred one—made one love her. She was honest, sincere, very religious—and, in truth, a dreamer. What wonderful dreams were hers—and Tom's, too—for little Sally, and little Abe!

Nancy, with her Bible under her arm, soon strolled forth into the sunshine, and down to the shore of Nolin's Creek. She looked about to see whether Sally and Abe were near, but they were not.

"Probably gathering up a bit of fire-wood," she mused, seating herself in a shady nook.

The Bible lay open in her lap. She endeavored to read, but her deep grey eyes kept wandering over the landscape. She could not concentrate. Complete relaxation was upon her. She felt drowsy—

Was she dreaming? Or did she hear voices? They were strange voices, too, and coming nearer. She rose quickly and peered around the bend. She felt a certain gratitude toward the thick foliage of the young trees that shielded her from view. Someone was coming toward her—someone in robes of white.

Nancy watched this newcomer's advance with bated breath. Of whom did this stranger with the gleaming locks and calm manner remind her? A lump rose in Nancy's throat—a sudden fear to her heart! For it was none other than—the Son of Man!

She turned to flee, but she heard Abe's voice. Again she looked. Abe and Sally were walking hand in hand with Him—and talking with Him! Fear fled. Confidence returned. She ventured forth to meet them.

When within a few feet of the Master, Nancy looked up and noticed that her children had vanished. She was about to speak when a young girl rushed before them and knelt at the Master's feet, weeping bitterly, her yellow curls tumbling about her shoulders in charming profusion. Almost at the same moment, two more youthful strangers knelt at His feet—a young man with features that resembled Abe's, and a maiden with long, dark hair.

Then Nancy heard the Master speaking. How gentle His voice! He placed one hand on the young man's head.

"A great duty is thine, my lad. There will be chaos—and thou shalt be in the midst of it. It will be thy love—and only the miracle of that love that will unravel that chaos into peace. I would

be with thee, lad. Do not forget me. For I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Remember—I will be with thee: I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage.”

To the dark-haired girl He said: “Thine also will be a great duty, Mary. For this lad will seek thee out, to help him. Remember that true love endureth all things.”

Then the Master gently lifted the sorrowing light-haired girl to her feet.

“Sorrow not, Anne, thou hast done thy best. Be comforted, for He calleth for thee. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understand what the will of the Lord is.”

The Master took her hand and suddenly turned toward the wondering Nancy.

“Thou, too, Nancy! Come—come with me!”

Nancy, bewildered, obediently placed her hand in His outstretched one. How wonderful His touch! That pressure startled Nancy from an unusual dream. For long moments she sat, wide-eyed, half reclining against a tree, every nerve in her body a-quiver! Her left hand still tingled!

Down across the meadow she saw Abe returning. Was there a meaning to her dream? What did the future hold for him, anyway? Was he to perform some great task? She had helped him much in the past. She vowed that she would continue to do what was in her power for him—and for Sally.

It was some time later when Nancy obeyed the summons eternal. Again she heard:

“Thou, too, Nancy! Come—come with me!”

Pathetic indeed was the grief of Sally and Abe. Perhaps Abe, young as he was, began to sense a part of his great

duty. Perhaps it was then—and even later—that he repeated these words:

“All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother.”

Never did Nancy leave him. Even in after-years, when Abe knew the love of another mother, Nancy’s hold upon him did not lessen. She became his spiritual guidance—something inexplicably beautiful—something very sacred.

And so it came to pass that Nancy eventually came to know Anne—Anne of the golden curls—Anne of New Salem—Anne who loved her boy! Nancy heard all their words—was present at all their meetings—and blessed their love so sacred.

On such an afternoon as Nancy had dreamed her dream long years before, she saw her boy, tearfully taking leave of golden-haired Anne. For Anne, too, was answering the call of the Master!

Young Abe sat by a certain window in New Salem clasping Anne’s inert body to him. The sunset was glorious—that sunset into which the girl’s soul had flown! It made sparkling radiance of the tears that lay on her cheeks. The boy’s grief was intense. And Nancy hovered very near, then, trying to comfort her boy!

Time passed. Nancy saw her boy rising in worldly affairs. But even so, he still remained very much the original Abe. For Nancy’s love—and Anne’s love—were still guiding him.

They saw that Abe could not resist the call of the down-trodden slaves in the South. With might and main he worked in their favor. Nancy saw her dream coming true again. Chaos was casting its shadows over the country. And Abe was to be in the midst of it.

Nancy and Anne were both glad when they saw Abe finally direct his attentions

toward one dark-haired Mary. For Abe did need a woman's love, and a woman's guidance to help him carry on.

Then, one day, Abe became the chief executive of a nation! He accepted the position with no feeling of elation, but rather with much humility and a full sense of the great task before him.

Almost immediately chaos reigned. War between the North and the South began. Brother against brother! It nearly broke Abe's heart. The conflict wore upon him—aged him.

Four long years passed—years of misery and anxiety. The people, both Northerners and Southerners, were beginning to realize what a leader was theirs, what a man there was back of them—a man who understood—a man who loved as they loved, and who felt their losses as though they were his own. The war finally ended.

And then, just at the point of reconstruction—when it seemed as though the

people could not do without him—Nancy's Abe was taken from them. Then, and only then, did they know how much they loved him! But too late, now! He had returned to the Master, and to Nancy! In a flash the meaning of Abe's life came to the world: Long years ago, the Son of Man gave His life that we might live; and now Nancy's Abe had given his life that a race might have freedom!

As the years passed on, the world felt more and more the influence of Nancy's boy, and understood her dreams—her ambitions. And the time was to come, when, in lands far to the south—and in Flander's Fields—the sons of the Blue and the Gray and those in olive drab khaki, were to fight for those same ideals set before them by Nancy's boy.

Indeed, Nancy Hank's dream came true. A great miracle of love was wrought by her son, Abraham Lincoln!

The Farmer's Wife

LILLIAN SUE KEECH

My lot it is to stay at home, while you
Are off to town this lovely day in June.
Oh yes, you tell me that I can go too.
When all the young chicks must be fed at noon.
And you will buy the wonderful new Ford,
And pass the time of day with all the men,
And stand with one foot on the running board,
And talk about your prize hog in the pen.

Here fix your tie, and let me smooth your hair,
Now don't forget the ribbon, palest pink,
To trim the dress I'm making for the fair.
And get some beef and groceries—let me think—
That's all I want, the ribbon will be high.
Oh, get some hairpins—kiss the baby—Bye!



OLIVER JENKINS

Poets Are Born

L. M. PETTES

New Hampshire
is an old lady
with snow hair
hiding her feet
under a fluted skirt

wrote Oliver Jenkins in *The AMERICAN MERCURY*.

"What d' you mean?" demanded New Hampshire folk.

When it thunders
in the mountains
of New Hampshire
it is only an old
drunken god
beating his fists
against the moon

continued the imperturbable Jenkins.

"They ought to like my reference to their apples," remarked the young poet, with delicious naivete.

Tell me,
did the Hesperides
ever
have apples
such as these?

Pinned down to brass tacks the youthful author of two volumes of verse that have commanded the attention of the literary world replied:

"Asking a poet to explain his poetry or a composer to explain his music is a wholly charming error; for it is not to the creators that inquirers should appeal, but to the critics who invariably know more than the creators."

Mr. Jenkins' last book, "Heavenly Bodies," appeared within the month. It is already attracting attention and favorable comment. It is not the present policy of *The GRANITE MONTHLY* to review books, either by New Hampshire authors

or those outside the state, but a few paragraphs regarding Mr. Jenkins' new volume will help to acquaint the public with this serious young writer who has elected to live in the Granite State.

Pascal Covinci, Inc., of Chicago, is the publisher. The format of the little volume is a fitting vehicle for the lines found between its purple and bronze covers. It comprises nearly fifty pieces selected from the work of the author during the last six years, and is in three sections entitled Earth, Sky and Water.

One may as well admit that some of the poems in the first group partake distinctively of things of the earth, earthly. But the soul of beauty is always shining through. And there is a soul, a living soul, within the form of every one. There is often a bit of satire, a delicate cynicism. And there is sophistication.

In "Etchings" he writes:

Her eyes were like cold rapiers
Clashing
In flames of bluish green
Which made the conscience
Stand still, as in a great cathedral,
And ask: "How have I sinned, O Lord?"

In his second group, which includes "New Hampshire," there are further pictures descriptive of New England. In this group is that altogether lovely, tumultuous thing, "Hill:":

I have climbed a high hill,
Now I am coming down,
Only a few old lights
Blink in the town.

It was but a little way,
And I didn't stay long;
And yet I found a new star
And I learned a new song.

Oh, I must go quietly
 Through the drowsy streets,
 Lest I wake the neighbors
 With my mad heart beats!

The third part, which contains the poet's songs of the sea, strikes a deeper note. For the sea is beloved of Mr. Jenkins. Born and raised where the salt winds blew their invigorating breath across his face, standing as an eager little boy in old Salem, watching the sturdy seamen unload their cargoes, the sea sang its way into his soul.

"I must have jagged rocks and roaring seas,
 The glint of sunlight on some schooner's prow," he sings.

One of his most popular sea poems, one which has appeared in several anthologies, is "A Ship Comes In," written of Salem in 1830:

From Java, Sumatra, and Old Cathay,
 Another ship is home today.

Now in the heat of the noonday sun
 They are unloading cinnamon.

And even here in Town House Square
 The pungent fragrance fills the air . . .

Oh, nothing is quite so exciting to me
 As a ship just home from the China Sea.

So I will go down to the harbor soon
 And stand around all afternoon.

There is a musical quality about Mr. Jenkins' verse that is sadly lacking in many of the writings of the new generation. Commenting on this to the author, he replied:

"Music and poetry are twin sisters. Poetry without music is rarely poetry, and music without poetry is rarely music. The composer, however, has a distinct advantage over the poet since he has less work before him in the tearing away of barriers between his audience and his art. As Paul Valery suggests so lucidly along this line, the composer has at his

command (after the composition is written), certain precise instruments through which his work will be relayed. A concert hall audience is in a mental state conducive to the music. The orchestra assembles upon the stage, a hush falls over the audience, the first note is sounded. This first note is a signal for expectancy; the audience is in a receptive mood for the music.

"The poet, on the other hand, deals in words. He experiences thoughts and emotions which he must transfer into words. Words are a highly practical medium. They are not easily adjustable to these frantically organized moods. Words oftentimes in themselves carry varying sensations, associations. They have two worlds, sense and sound."

While Mr. Jenkins writes much of his verse in conventional forms he often escapes from their restraint and expresses his thoughts in *vers libre*. "I have no sympathy," says he, "with those people who refer to free verse in bantering tones. Free verse is not chopped up prose. There is only one kind of free verse, poetically speaking, and that is bounded by just as many laws of rhythm and beauty as metrical verse. In my book, 'Heavenly Bodies,' there are several free verse poems. Every one of them has a basic rhythm in counterpoint with other less noticeable rhythms.

"The harsh, machine-like phrase, in my opinion, has no place in poetry. There is a great deal of this sort of stuff being turned out today. It belongs in trade papers or technical gazettes. I can readily grant that poetry can be written about our modern age, including airplanes, turbines, dynamos, steam drills, and skyscrapers, providing whatever spirit of beauty which exists in such things is captured. As objects, as spectacles of concrete and steel, I see no poetry in them."

Mr. Jenkins declares that the present age is one of disillusion. "This," says he, "is epitomized in the work of T. S. Elliot. Since 1914 the time has been ripe for a great voice. There are some excellent writers of verse flourishing today, with the balance in favor of American writers, all good craftsmen. Poetry, I believe, is slowly gaining a place in the American sun. When that time comes it is my contention that the present bewildering age will be properly catalogued by a number of first-raters. We have them now, but their audiences are not ready for them yet."

That Mr. Jenkins' work is highly esteemed by literary folk whose opinions are worth quoting is evidenced by their comments. When his first book, "Open Shutters," was published in 1922, Margaret Widdemer, well-known novelist, termed Mr. Jenkins a lyricist colored by Imagism. Samuel Putnam, critic and translator, who now lives in Paris, in a recent critical article which was originally intended as an introduction to the present book, stresses the music in Mr. Jenkins' work.

Said Mr. Putnam: "Poetry to Jenkins means music. Not the simple welling up and out of an inner intensity, but the presence and persistence of an harmonic and melodic line, an orchestration (and this is a word to be stressed) of rhythm, a symphonization of motives with a view to the rhythm of the whole. Jenkins' interest is in the rhythmic pattern and in the recurrent thud and beat, the interwoven motivizations, which go to make up that pattern.

"Poetry for him is a musical composition. Not the modernistic crash and clash of Ravel, a Scriabin or a Stravinsky. For him it is rather a Brahms concerto, with the theme handled *in parvo*. . . He is, essentially, it seems to me, a lyricist. Light and graceful

almost always; poetry for him, as has been said, is not a thing of discords—seldom, even of discords resolved. He impresses me as being in the direct line of some of the Elizabethans. Yet there is in him, gracefully, no unpleasant return. He is not anachronistic in theme, vocabulary or technique. Arthur's sword and Guinevere's passion, Astolat and Camelot, Sappho, Persephone and Pierrot are charmingly absent, all. In this sense Jenkins is 'modern,' if the word longer means anything. In the same sense that the 'Song of Songs' is modern. The lyric burden is ever-old, ever-new. One asks only a certain contemporaneity of garb."

Writing more particularly of "Heavenly Bodies" Mr. Putnam says, "Jenkins is more, I believe, than a mere lyricist. You will find in these poems, as in his earlier ones, a certain constant feeling for *tempo* and for that melodic line which, beginning with Wyatt, Surrey and Spencer and swelling down through Keats, Swinburne and Rossetti, has been the distinguishing characteristics of a noble strain of English verse. He is a singing son of whom New England has no cause to feel ashamed."

Mr. Jenkins was born in Boston in 1901 and is a descendent on his mother's side of old New England families. His father, Attorney Thomas O. Jenkins, was a native of Wales, while his mother's home was formerly in Danvers, Mass. His boyhood and young manhood were spent in Salem, and the charm of that old seaport town threads its way through many of his poems, and he has just completed a novel with a background of Salem in shipping days.

The first poem of the young author which found its way into print was published in The Boston RECORD when he was seventeen. Two years later he founded and edited a little magazine

called *TEMPO*, which flourished for two years, presenting work by Amy Lowell, Waldo Frank, William Ellery Leonard, George Edward Woodberry and other writers. Later, in Chicago, Jenkins was associated with the magazine, *YOUTH*, conducted by a group including Carl Sandburg and Ben Hecht. He is associate editor of *LARUS*, a magazine of prose and poetry, and is a member of the New England Poetry Club. He has an adequate classical education, including attendance at Harvard College, as a background for his literary work.

Mr. Jenkins is a resident of Concord and an admirer of New Hampshire,

which is a magnet for writers of all schools. But whereas many writers select the state for a resting place in summer he lives here all the year around. About two years ago he married Miss Mary Minot Farrand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Farrand. Mr. Farrand is a New Hampshire Bank Commissioner.

"Heavenly Bodies" is dedicated "To Mary, of Course," and one of the first books received from the publisher was presented to her by her gallant young husband with the following tender and characteristically whimsical words written in ink and added to the dedicatory legend: "Because I love her."



New England Coast

OLIVER JENKINS

(In Heavenly Bodies. Copyright by Pascal Corinci, Inc.)

I

Under the swirling of this restless sea,
Proud ships have dropped to rest in midnight graves.
Ended their quests; they are abandoned, free:
Theirs is the quiet any old ship craves.
Stern masters of the tempest, and its slaves,
They have deserved this unmolested sleep;
Far from the wind, the fog, the lashing waves,
Dreaming of glories. They will ever keep
Their luring spirits in the breakers' sweep.

II

Staunch folk have stood upon this ledge before,
Stood here, their hearts buoyed up with native pride:
Their rugged faces like the rugged shore,
Worn, but unconquered, by the constant tide.
Simply they lived, and then, as simply died,
Close to the ocean which had captured them
In skeins of beauty; and, unterrified,
They wore its magic like a flaming gem,
The one bright jewel in their diadem.

III

People who live along this sturdy coast,
Revere the sound of water in their ears;
When they go inland they are spirits lost
Within a labyrinth of lonely fears
And forlorn yearnings. Oh, most bitter years
Away from water and its mighty thunder!
Only to gaze again at sea-worn piers
And look upon the water swirling under,
Were better than a lifetime's golden plunder.

IV

This, this, is my New England. And to me
Always will come a dream of lights aglow
Down some dark harbor of my memory,—
Always the sound of water where I go,
And cry of startled gulls when East winds blow;
I must have jagged rocks and roaring seas,
The glint of sunlight on some schooner's prow,
Old quiet harbors and the noise of quays,
But most, a rover's heart to match with these!

The Dahlia

CHARLES A. PERKINS

THE DAHLIA is a native of Mexico. In 1513 a band of Spanish adventurers, under the leadership of Hernando Cortez, invaded Mexico, and founded a colony which was called New Spain. They found the natives in an advanced state of civilization. They were expert metallurgists, agriculturists, and horticulturists. Their houses were well built, and surrounded by beautiful flower gardens.

The glowing tales of the beauty and resources of this new land which the adventurers sent back to Spain so impressed King Philip II that, in 1570, he sent Francesco Hernandez to New Spain to study the resources of this new country. He wrote a book on the plants and animals of New Spain, and one edition, published in Rome in 1651, contains drawings of two specimens of dahlias which he called by their Aztec names, *Acocotli* and *Cocoxohitl*, meaning "water-pipe," and "cane-flower." Both drawings are supposed to have been made of cultivated plants growing in the gardens of the Aztecs. The first was a duplex dahlia, and the second a peony-flowered type. In 1787 a French botanist, de Menonville, was sent to Mexico to discover the Aztec secret of cultivating the cochineal insect. He reported that he had seen the *Acocotli* growing in Aztec gardens as cultivated flowers. In 1789 the first dahlia seeds reached Europe.

Vicento Cervantes, director of the Mexican Botanical Gardens, sent to Abbe Cavanilles, director of the Royal Gardens in Madrid, the ancestors of the modern dahlias. These seeds produced single flowers of many brilliant colors.

The Abbe, an ardent botanist, by skilful selection and crossing, produced flowers of new forms and colors. To these new plants the Abbe gave the name "dahlia pinnata" in honor of Andreas Dahl, a great Swedish botanist, adding the word "pinnata" to describe the winged leaves.

Cavanilles sent seeds to the various botanical gardens of Europe, where the botanists immediately began their attempts to improve upon nature, and to produce new forms and colors. Experiments were conducted by Haage of Leipzig, Hartweg of Karlsruhe, and Donckelaar of Louvain, and many new forms and colors were produced.

Dahlias became more popular year by year, and in 1840 they became a veritable craze. Large sums of money for those days were spent to buy stock of promising novelties. Single flowers were doubled and these again doubled until the centers became wholly closed, the first being the "decorative" type, and the second the ball or "show" type. About 1870 Hartweg produced a tiny ball-shaped dahlia which he called "pompon." It attracted much attention, but dahlias had begun to lose their popularity, and soon lapsed almost into obscurity. Our grandmothers still clung to the old ball type and clumps would be found planted against the fence, or the wall of the shed, insipid white, jaundiced yellow or brick red in color, and wholly worthless for any purpose. It is not strange that many people say they do not care for dahlias as they never have seen the modern dahlia.

The dahlia is an autumn flower, producing its best blooms in a temperate climate as the cool days and nights draw

near. It seems an anomaly that its natural habitat should be Mexico, a country generally believed to be hot and arid or humid and malarial. However, our geography teaches us that Mexico has every kind of climate found between the equator and the North Pole.

The eastern part of Mexico, bordering on the Gulf, is called the *Tierra Caliente*, or hot region. There are found vast sandy plains, alternating with dense tropical forests with exotic shrubbery and flowers. The air is humid and heavy with the odors of damp earth and rotting vegetation, and the heat is almost unbearable. Bordering this is another region, four thousand feet above the sea level, called "*Tierra Templada*" or temperate region, whose vegetation corresponds with that of our southern states. Farther inland is a vast table-land, six thousand feet above the sea level, called "*Tierra Fria*" or cold region. Its average temperature, summer and winter, is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, which would seem mild and ideal to us. The air is dry but daily showers keep the vegetation rich and luxuriant. Midway between the Gulf and the Pacific Ocean lies the famous Valley of Mexico. It is bordered by volcanic mountains whose peaks are covered with eternal snow. There, on the plateaux, are found acres and acres of dahlias, their roots feeding on the crumbling lava and moistened by the melting snows. They present the same colorful sight today as when the Aztec gathered tubers and seeds for cultivation in his home garden. These were the ancestors of our modern dahlias, but it required the wizardry of the modern hybridizer to produce our twelve-inch blossoms, shaggy as a chrysanthemum, with two-foot stems, and of every hue and color except blue and black. Perhaps some day some wealthy enthusiast will send an expedition to these volcanic

slopes and there find a seed or tuber from which will be produced the first blue dahlia, now the hope and despair of every originator.

The American Dahlia Society has adopted nine classes into which dahlias may be divided, namely:

CLASS I—CACTUS DAHLIAS

(a) True, fluted type. The petals are long, twisted, with sharp points, and with the edges rolled back. The petals form a more or less perfect tube more than half their length. Examples, *Ballet Girl*, *Pierrot*.

(b) Hybrid cactus or semi-cactus type. The petals are shorter, broad, recurved or twisted, with the margins only slightly revolute. Examples, *George Walters*, *Mariposa*.

CLASS II—DECORATIVE DAHLIAS

Double flowers, full to the center, flat, with broad petals, somewhat loosely arranged. The margins are revolute if rolled at all. Examples, *Mrs. I. de Ver Warner*, *Jersey's Beauty*.

CLASS III—BALL-SHAPED DOUBLE DAHLIAS

(a) Show type. Blossoms are globular, showing regular spiral arrangement of petals, more or less quilled, with margins involute. Examples, *General Haig*, *Les Amours des Madame*.

(b) Hybrid show; giant show, or colossal show, type. Flowers are broadly hemispheric to flatly globular; large and more loosely built than the show type. Examples, *Mrs. Roosevelt*, *Clara Seaton*.

CLASS IV—PEONY-FLOWERED DAHLIAS

Semi-double flowers with open center. The outer petals are flat or more or less irregular, the inner floral rays being curled or twisted. Examples, *Pearl Ruggles*, *City of Portland*.

CLASS V—DUPLIX DAHLIAS

Semi-double flowers, with the centers always exposed, with more than one row of petals which are broad and rounded and not curled or twisted. Examples, Merry Widow, Mme. J. Coissard.

CLASS VI—SINGLE DAHLIAS

Open-centered flowers with eight to twelve petals arranged more or less in one circle. May be large or small. Examples, Newport Angel, Beacon.

CLASS VII—COLLARETTE DAHLIAS

Single, open-centered flowers, with not more than nine petals, with shorter, inner petals growing from the heart of the outer, thus forming a collar, usually of a different color, around the disk. Examples, Mme. E. Poirier, Diadem.

CLASS VIII—ANEMONE-FLOWERED DAHLIAS

Flowers with one row of large petals but with each disk flower producing small tubular petals. Example, La Styx.

CLASS IX—OTHER VARIETIES

Pompon dahlias, Tom Thumb dahlias; Bedding dahlias; and some types not common in America.

Several years ago more than five thousand dahlias were listed with the American Dahlia Society, and every year a large number of new dahlias of merit are originated, many of which do not seem to fit into any existing classification. Most of them are hybrids and eventually are listed in the hybrid classification. Experts do not always agree as to whether some new dahlia should be classed as a peony or a duplex dahlia. Sometimes a decorative dahlia originated in California and there classed as such, will become a peony-flowered dahlia when grown in the east. The change in soil and climate will sometimes so change

the color that its originator would not recognize it.

New dahlias are originated from seed. If you save a seed pod in your own garden or buy seed from a commercial grower and plant the seed you can never forecast what the harvest will be, and you will be much surprised at the results. The same seed pod may give single, duplex, decorative, peony-flowered, and hybrid dahlias, and all of different colors. Out of the lot you may get one that is worth keeping. If the seeds are planted late in March they will bloom about September.

SOIL

Dahlias thrive best in sandy loam but will grow in almost any kind of soil. A heavy clay soil is the poorest kind but it may be broken up by the liberal use of sand well spaded in. The soil must contain humus which may be supplied by the use of well-rotted cow manure. This puts the ground in good mechanical condition for cultivation, retains the moisture, but is not in itself a complete fertilizer. Its deficiency in phosphoric acid and potash may be supplied by the use of acid phosphate and wood ashes. Neither manure nor chemical fertilizers should come in direct contact with the tubers or tender plant shoots. Be careful not to use too much manure or fertilizer at planting time or you will have a wonderful top growth, but few blossoms. When the buds begin to form a top dressing of sheep manure is beneficial. The dews and rain will carry it down to the feeders, increasing the size and quality of the blooms.

PLANTING

A very satisfactory way to plant is in double rows, allowing three feet between the plants lengthwise, and thirty inches between the rows. This will give ample room for proper cultivation.

Under proper cultivation dahlias will grow from four to seven feet tall. To avoid the necessity of staking, commercial growers pinch out the top when the plants are small, which makes them bushy and low-growing. In a small private collection it is better to have tall, dignified plants with long, graceful flower stems, and stakes to support such plants are absolutely necessary. Stakes should be six feet long, from 2 x 2 stock, and of chestnut or other hard wood. Pine breaks too easily, and is not economical. They may be painted a dark green to be less conspicuous, the end pointed, and the lower two feet coated with asphaltum paint to keep out the moisture. A double-headed tack or staple should be driven in a foot below the top, to which the name label will be attached. These stakes should be driven into the ground two feet at the proper distance apart. This preparation of beds and setting of stakes should be done as soon as the ground is dry enough to work in order to avoid the hurry and bustle of planting time.

PLANTING

In our climate it is safe to plant the tubers by May 15th. The young plants will stand the cold better than mature plants. Tubers should be planted six inches deep. Dig a hole near the stake, six inches deep, lay the tuber flat with the eye or sprout up and about two inches from the stake. Cover it with loose dirt to a depth of four inches, being careful that no manure or commercial fertilizer touches the tuber or sprout, and fasten the name label to the staple in the stake. If the weather is favorable, in about a week the sprout will break through the ground. Now fill in more of the loose dirt, and continue this re-covering until the ground is level. Never "hill-up" around the plants as the thread-like feeder roots are always just under

the surface of the ground, no matter how high you hill them. When the plant reaches the height of fifteen inches tie it to the stake with binding tape or narrow strips of soft cloth. As it grows taller tie it again, and as often as may be necessary to keep it from swaying in the wind. Later it may be necessary to run the tape around the branches to keep them from breaking off the main stalk.

As soon as the plant breaks through the ground begin to cultivate. Twice a week is not too often to go over the ground with a garden rake, digging in deeply but always leaving the ground level. Cultivation keeps down the weeds and conserves the moisture so necessary to plant growth. When the buds appear, stop the deep cultivation which would injure the feeders, and thereafter cultivate lightly and only enough to keep out the weeds and to keep the ground from becoming hard and baked.

DISBUDDING AND DISBRANCHING

On the main stalk just above each leaf a branch will grow out and on each branch the same process will occur. Each branch will attempt to flower, and if left alone the plant would eventually be covered with a mass of blossoms ranging in size from a daisy to a large aster. To produce long stems with large, perfect blossoms it is necessary to disbranch and to disbud. Each alternate branch should be pinched off, but always have a mental picture of the full grown plant so as to keep it symmetrical.

Each flower stock will show three terminal buds. When they are about the size of a small pea, pinch out the two side buds leaving the center bud to develop. If that one should be defective save one of the others instead. From the time the bud first appears four weeks will elapse before it is in bloom.

INSECT PESTS

Like every plant worth while the dahlia has its enemies. Cutworms will get them when young unless you put a paper collar around the plant. These may be made from tarred paper, cut four inches wide, and should extend two inches under ground and two above. It is best to put them on just as soon as the plants stick through the ground as you never know when the cutworm will appear. The best treatment for a cutworm is to squeeze him between your thumb and forefinger. Some morning you may discover that the tip of the stalk has wilted. That means that a borer has made a tiny hole in the stalk and is inside, eating the soft pulp. Arsenate of lead injected into the stalk will dispose of him. Aphids will cluster in masses on the tender tips and suck out the plant juices. A solution of Black Leaf 40 and whale oil soap, half the strength as used on rose bushes, applied with a sprayer, will keep them in check. A small white fly will appear in July, hiding under the leaves and flying aimlessly about when disturbed. They sting the buds, and are responsible for the mal-formed, one-sided blossoms. The same spray may be used to check them. All spraying should reach the flower buds and the under sides of the leaves, and is best done in the early evening. Turn the hose directly on the plants, using the fine spray. This will wash away and destroy many of the pests and give the plants a refreshing bath.

Do not water the plants until the buds form except in very dry weather. When the plants begin to bloom give them a good soaking once or twice a week, depending on the weather, and always after sunset.

Some dahlias are good for cut flowers, some for exhibition, and others only

while growing on the plants. Any blossom cut in the heat of the day will soon wilt. If you wish to exhibit them or use them about the house as cut flowers, cut them after the sun has gone down, and place them over night in a pail of cold water in the cool, dark cellar. Treated in this way they will often keep for several days.

DIGGING AND STORING

In the fall, after the frosts have turned the leaves black, cut off the tops close to the ground, lift the clump of tubers carefully with a spade, attach the name tag securely to the stalk, and turn them bottom side up to drain. All surplus dirt should be cleaned away and injured tubers removed. Place them in a cool dry cellar, and in the course of two or three days pack them in barrels bottom side up. A temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit has been found to be best. In the course of two weeks cover the barrels with cloth or old sacks to keep the air from circulating around the tubers. Some will mildew, some will wither, and others will decay. Examine them several times during the winter and if they appear to be decaying or mildew forms, dust them with powdered sulphur. Every amateur has trouble in keeping them through the winter. The higher priced the tubers the more likely they seem to be to decay or wither.

It is impossible in this article to give a list of desirable dahlias for the average grower. Seven thousand named dahlias is quite a large list to choose from. You may pay fifty cents for a single tuber or you may pay twenty-five dollars, the price depending largely on its newness and novelty. The best are not always the highest priced. You may buy a package of seeds from some reliable grower which, if started in late March or early

April, will bloom the following September. You will be surprised at the wide variation in forms and colors that will result. I have known seeds from the same pod to produce a hybrid, a decorative, and a single dahlia, of entirely dif-

ferent colors. Perhaps it may be in store for you to produce the first blue dahlia, and to have your name placed on the honor roll with Haag, Hartweg, and Donckelaar. It is worth trying, to say the least.

The Alpine Flower

ALICE LEVERN BEARDSLEY

I would stroll again those mountains,*
 Where the Alpine flowers grow ;
 Where those towers, built eternal,
 Guard the silver clouds below.
 Bleak the winds,—and sadly sighing,
 Like the moan of broken song ;
 Weird,—that enchanting music,
 That to other worlds belong.

Oh! those grand majestic mountains ;
 Countless domes that reach the sky,
 Where the dainty Alpine flower
 Clings their seams, and will not die.
 Yes—the angels must have scattered
 Just the flower they wanted there ;
 Pure white stars, in great profusion,
 Wafting fragrance on the air.

In the air we feel God's presence,
 On those rocks, we see His face ;
 Solemn,—awful—is the grandeur ;
 We are naught, save in His grace.

*Mt. Washington, New Hampshire.

Our First American Dramatist— Robert Rogers of Dunbarton

WILLIS WARREN HARRIMAN, PH. B., A. M.

AND SO the Club is heavily in debt, is it?"

"Why, yes; but Withersberry says he'll pay one-half of the bills, and that a friend of his will pay the other half."

"Withersberry! Oh, yes; I know him! He'll pay it as Rogers did that of the nation."

"As Rogers did that of the nation! How's that?"

But the two men who had been so earnestly engaged in conversation turned from the Elm street sidewalk, and entered the corridor of the Amoskeag Bank building.

"To pay one's debts as Rogers did that of the nation!"

This saying originated from one of the earliest inhabitants of Dunbarton;—Robert Rogers, famous scout and ranger, valiant soldier, and our first American dramatist.

The story of "To pay one's debts as Rogers did that of the nation" is related in "The History of Dunbarton," by Caleb Stark:

While in garrison at Fort Edward, in the winter of 1757-8, two British officers, half seas over, or sufficiently so to be very affectionate and patriotic, were one evening lamenting the misfortunes of their country, occasioned by her enormous debt. Rogers, coming in and learning of the cause of their trouble, told them to give themselves no more uneasiness about the matter, as he would pay half the debt, and a friend of his the remainder, and thus clear the nation at

once of her difficulties. The officers treated the captain, and pronounced him the nation's benefactor. Hence the saying, "To pay one's debts as Rogers did that of the nation."

Robert Rogers was born May 6, 1734, in Methuen, Massachusetts, but in 1739, his father, James Rogers, took his family, including Robert, to Dunbarton, and, with Joseph Putney and his family, were the first settlers in that part of New Hampshire. Young Rogers was, as a matter of course, subjected to the trials, privations, and hardships of our earliest frontier life. One of his many hardships was to carry birch and hazel brooms upon his back from Dunbarton to market in Concord. In those early days the trip was long and hazardous through the forests. But Rogers was developing an excellence of physical strength, mental alertness, and decision;—qualities which enabled him to become renowned as an unconquered athlete for miles around.

Robert Rogers was one of the greatest scouts and rangers in the history of our country. In many of these activities, Rogers was closely associated with General John Stark, Manchester's hero at the battle of Bennington. As a soldier, Robert Rogers was a bold and daring man; his deeds were characterized by bravery, courage, and fortitude; the enemy dreaded him;—in short, he was a justly celebrated commander. His "wonderful doings" have been recorded in historical documents, and related in fiction.

But this article for the *GRANITE MONTHLY* concerns itself more especially with Robert Rogers as our first American dramatist.

As a preliminary to a consideration of Robert Rogers as the author of our first American play, it is necessary to recall a few lines of history.

Rogers, serving as commander of "Rogers's Rangers," took an active part in the siege of Detroit against Pontiac, "Indian Emperor on the Great Lakes,"



WILLIS WARREN HARRIMAN, PH. B., A. M.

and the French. This experience gave Rogers an opportunity to study more carefully than ever before the condition of the Indians, to realize their native dispositions, and to appreciate the unfair treatment they were suffering at the hands of the English. Consequently Rogers championed the cause of the Indians, and cast his plea on their behalf in the form of dramatic literature: "Ponteach,—or the Savages of America."

But a play is something more than a piece of mere literature which results from the imagination on the part of the writer; which appeals to the emotions,

passions, and feelings of the reader; and which is cast in language appropriate to the content matter;—a play must act. With a few exceptions, the plays of Browning, of Tennyson, and of Longfellow will not act. But Robert Rogers's play, "Ponteach," is capable of dramatic interpretation;—it will act.

One of the tests of the active or dramatic quality of a play is in its dialogue. If the dialogue is characterized by a conversation of parry and thrust, the play will act. Rogers's "Ponteach" possesses this quality. Consider the dialogue between Monelia, the Mohawk princess, and Chekitan, Ponteach's son. Monelia is not quite sure that Chekitan's love for her is sincere. She, therefore, proves his love for her by skilfully parrying all his avowals, but he, just as skilfully, thrusts his avowals back again. And in her long recital of "a lac'd Coat Captain" wooing her, a speech of thirty-two lines, there is admirable opportunity for dramatic interpretation. Even in the passages which are of a narrative nature, "Ponteach" is psychologically dramatic. Observe not only the dramatic, but also the psychological, quality of Chekitan's speech in act II, scene 2;—and notice that Rogers has composed his figures of speech from natural sources to conform with the thoughts of an Indian:

Returning from the Chase, myself concealed,
Our Royal Father basking in the Shade,
His looks severe, Revenge was in his eyes,
All his great Soul seem'd mounted in his Face,
And bent on something hazardous and great,
With pensive Air he view'd the Forest round;
Smote on his Breast as if oppress'd with Wrongs,
With Indignation stamp'd upon the Ground;

Extended then and shook his mighty
 Arm,
 As in Defiance of a mighty Foe;
 Then like the hunted Elk he forward
 sprung,
 As tho' to trample his Assailants down.
 The broken Accents murmur'd from his
 Tongue,
 As rumbling Thunder from a distant
 Cloud,
 Distinct I heard, "'Tis fixed, I'll be re-
 veng'd;
 "I will make War; I'll drown this land
 in Blood."
 He disappear'd like the fresh-started Roe
 Pursu'd by hounds o'er rocky Hills and
 Dales,
 That instant leaves the anxious Hunter's
 Eyes:
 Such was his Speed towards the other
 Chiefs.

In the higher forms of dramatic liter-
 ature, the characters govern the action.
 In the lower forms, the scenes are more
 important than the characters which act
 in them. The characters in "Ponteach"
 are more important than the scenes.
 Ponteach, the "Indian Emperor on the
 Great Lakes," has a dignity befitting the
 character of an epic; Chekitan, one of
 Ponteach's sons, who is in love with
 Monelia, the Mohawk princess, feels "the
 gilded Sweets and pointed Pains of
 Love," and at times reminds the reader
 of Shakespeare's Romeo; Philip, the
 other of Ponteach's sons, is a villain
 wicked enough "to astonish and embroil
 Kings and Kingdoms, and decide their
 Fate;" Monelia, the Indian princess, and
 daughter of Hendrick, Emperor of the
 Mohawks, is a heroine of exquisite
 qualities.

From Ponteach the writer quotes "The
 Catalogue of Men," and "The State of
 Men and Human Things:"

Indians a'n't Fools, if White Men think
 us so;
 We see, we hear, we think, as well as
 you;

We know there're Lies and Mischiefs in
 the World;
 We don't know whom to trust, nor
 whom to fear;
 Men are uncertain, changing as the
 Wind,
 Inconstant as the Waters of the Lake,
 Some smooth and fair, and pleasant as
 the Sun,
 Some rough and boist'rous, like the
 Winter Storm;
 Some are Insidious as the subtle Snake,
 Some innocent and harmless as the
 Dove;
 Some like the Tyger raging, cruel, fierce,
 Some like the Lamb, humble, submissive,
 mild,
 And scarcely one is every day the Same;
 But I call no Man bad, till such he's
 found,
 Then I condemn and cast him from my
 Sight;
 And no more trust him as a Friend and
 Brother.

"The State of Men and Human
 Things:"

Such is the State of Men and human
 things;
 We weep, we smile, we mourn, and
 laugh thro' Life,
 Here falls a Blessing, there alights a
 Curse
 As the good Genius or the evil reigns.
 It's right it should be so. Should either
 conquer,
 The World would cease, and Mankind be
 undone
 By constant Frowns or Flatteries from
 Fate;
 This constant mixture makes the Potion
 safe,
 And keeps the sickly Mind of Man in
 Health.

And from Monelia, the writer quotes:

The outward Shew, the Form, the Dress,
 the Air,
 That pleases at first Acquaintance, oft
 deceive us,
 And prove more Mimickers of true
 Deserts,
 Which always brightens by a further
 Trial,

Appears more lovely as we know it
 better,
 At least can never suffer by Acquaint-
 ance.
 Perhaps than you To-morrow will
 despise
 What you esteem To-day and call de-
 serving.

There are also several pithy statements
 in the play "Ponteach" which should be
 repeated, and remembered: "Tell your
 King from me, That first or last a Rogue
 will be detected;" "The life of Great
 Designs is Secrecy, And in the Affairs of

State 'tis Honour's Guard;" "All wise
 and good Men certainly take care To
 help themselves and families the first;
 Thus dictates Nature, Instinct, and Re-
 ligion, Whose easy Precepts ought to be
 obeyed."

The play "Ponteach" is a great Play:
 it is our first American Play; it is dig-
 nified and literary in its diction; but
 most important of all, it is dramatic.

And do not forget that New Hamp-
 shire nurtured within her borders the
 first American d r a m a t i s t,—Robert
 Rogers, of Dunbarton.

An Artist

FRANK EVERETT PALMER

The sweetest songs are those without a tune;
 No one composed them; but a gentle breeze
 Plays them on instruments which range from trees
 And swishing grass beneath a still Spring moon
 To mountain crags and hills on a warm noon.
 Their gifted player no one ever sees,
 He is content that he can play and please;
 There is no land that has not heard his croon.

I hear him often as I walk alone;
 Sometimes his song is blithe and light and gay,
 And then at times he is inspired to play
 An infinitely soft, low monotone.
 I am like him, or else he is like me:
 For always does our taste in songs agree.

If the Floods Came

HARRY TAYLOR

AN ENGLISH lawyer has just written a book which has had a great sale on both sides of the Atlantic. It is entitled "Deluge" and tells of a world flood that submerged whole continents and annihilated whole peoples at one fell swoop. This is no new idea; in one form or another the idea of world catastrophe has been the theme of many writers. In each case there has been a remnant which survived and it is the actions of this remnant that have been portrayed.

What *would* happen if a great world catastrophe were to take place and whole nations and continents were to be destroyed within a few days? Suppose that one day the world existed as it does today, that there were strong nations and powerful governments and vast commerce and shipping and immeasurable networks of railways. Suppose that the radio and the wireless had made the world one vast whispering gallery. Suppose that millions of people on every part of the earth were dependent upon millions of people elsewhere, linked with and relying upon the ends of the earth for food, for clothing, for employment.

~~And~~ then on that day something happened that destroyed this mighty fabric of civilization and culture as effectively as one might kick over a colony of ants with one's foot. Before the sun set the seven seas, with all their argosies of commerce, had vanished, never to return. An unaccountable and sudden heaving of the earth's crust had caused the oceans to rush hither and thither, whole continents to cave in and disappear and the waters to rush in instead. Governments

were no more; trade and commerce became a thing of the past; only pale and harried little groups of people, on high lands and sea-locked plateaus, looked out upon the next sunrise.

For a while during the Great Catastrophe there would be fitful messages from one country to another, tales of the wrecks of the Argentine, or Mexico, or France or Italy and so on. But only for a little while would the communications of civilization persist, soon everything would be silent.

The Great Catastrophe, if it came, might be the result of something other than a flood. It might, for example, come as the result of a tremendous and devastating war, a war so stupendous and terrible as to pale into insignificance the last war which we have dubbed the Great War. H. G. Wells somewhere pictures such a war which would practically annihilate mankind leaving only a few thousand individuals here and there groping amid the ruins of a civilization that has been deluged in blood and ravaged by fire and disease. But a remnant always would remain to build up anew the civilization that had been destroyed, if it has power, or to wallow in lust and brutality—as did the remnant in "Deluge"—if no power remains. I cannot think that the author of "Deluge" is right in picturing the remnant as being concerned only with food and women. It is true, of course, that the desire for food and then for sexual satisfaction are the primal instincts of man but it is a long, long time since man was animated only by these instincts. Hundreds of thousands of years of culture and custom

have intervened since then, causing man to sublimate these basic impulses in innumerable ways.

There was a time when the hungry savage snatched at the first food that he saw. He had no laws or customs or inhibitions to prevent him from satisfying his hunger immediately food came into sight. But there are very few men today who, hungry though they may be, would break the window of the first baker's shop they saw in order to get food. The training of immemorial generations, the immense weight of custom and tradition, restrain the primal hunger instinct of most men.

And it is so with regard to sex instinct. Time was when our savage ancestor grabbed the first woman who took his fancy. He clutched her by the hair of the head and flung her into his hut or cave and she became his woman. But there are few "cave men" today capable of that kind of thing. Again the habits and customs and laws and traditions of untold centuries restrain the sex urge and cause the man to adopt more refined methods in his love making.

We are creatures of habit and custom to a far greater degree than many of us suppose. People change but little and very, very slowly. Laws may change rapidly and inventions and discoveries apparently alter everything beyond recognition but beneath them all the people move in very much the same network of habits and customs as before and it is found that the new law or the changed condition has not really changed people as much as was imagined.

This matrix of habit and custom—spoken of by the sociologist as mores and folkways—is really the salvation of men. It saves mankind from suicidal changes and insists that he shall at all times "make haste slowly". It is also of tremendous service to him in emergencies

such as the one pictured by the author of "Deluge"—although the author of that book does not take cognizance of it and therefore goes astray.

What would the remnant do if such a world catastrophe happened? What do the people do on a sinking ship when catastrophe occurs? Do they begin to raid the storerooms and forget their habits of decency and self-control? On the contrary, it is upon these occasions that the heroic in man shines out in all its splendor. It is upon these occasions that he forgets that he is linked with the beast and shows his kinship with the angels. Man, on the whole, has always met the challenge of danger and destruction in a heroic manner. It has generally refined and exalted him, bringing out the more generous part of his nature and diminishing the base and cruel.

If a day of catastrophe should ever come upon mankind it is my hope and faith that out of the refiner's fire of that experience some of the finest of human qualities will remain and dominate. If the whole world should become as the sinking Titanic it might well be that the darker and more sombre passions of men would be burned out by the fires of heroism and co-operation and self-sacrifice never to emerge again. Again and again in the past, in times of stress and danger, the majority of men and women have proved themselves to be more akin to the angels than to the beasts. During the Great War, in spite of the immense profiteering and scandalous selfishness displayed in many quarters, it was proved that the majority of men and women were capable of high and heroic self-sacrifice.

I was a minister in Burnley, England, during the early days of the war and I saw a little incident there which has always seemed to me to be indicative of the high quality of human nature. In

the filthiest alley of Burnley's most sordid slum seven men went to fight and die for their country on the field of battle. They each paid the supreme sacrifice. In that sordid alley a shrine was erected in honor of the seven men who had died for their country.

Consider their sacrifice for a moment. They lived in hovels unfit to house pigs; they had not one square foot of English land of their own to fight for; their possessions would not have brought ten dollars at the junk dealers; and yet they went out to fight for the country that had treated them so scurvily and kept them all their lives in a state of semi-starvation. They were but seven out of millions who responded heroically to the same challenge.

Here is another example, taken from a widely different scene. A band of Arctic explorers are icebound in the freezing north. They are many weary miles from their base, their food is

scanty and it will be many weeks before help comes. There is one amongst their number who is doomed to die anyhow; he knows that his days are numbered. He might await his end in the ordinary way, share the scanty rations of his comrades, and thus endanger their chances of living. Or he might choose to sacrifice himself—doomed as he was, inevitably—so that he should not uselessly eat the rations of the rest. He chooses the heroic, the self-sacrificing course. One night he gets up from his seat in the hut, says to his comrades "Goodbye, you fellows" and passes out into the cold and the darkness beyond, never to return.

These are the qualities which will reign supreme, I hope, if any great flood or catastrophe should come upon the world; not the lust and greed of the remnant in "Deluge" but the redeeming qualities that have again and again, all down history, saved man from brutality and shame.

Nightmare

LULU MINERVA SCHULTZ

I cringed in terror,
 The night was black,
 Something—a presence
 Crouched for attack,
 Bony hands beckoned,
 Close, closer each breath
 Rattled and chortled—
 Oh, can this be Death?

Voiceless I shrieked
 There on my back,
 Pinned down by a weight—
 (A jagged ice pack;)
 Time hung suspended,
 It seemed I had died,
 Then I crashed through the wall
 And awoke—on my side!

Our New Advertisers

THIS MONTH the GRANITE MONTHLY presents to its readers several new advertisers whose faith in the magazine under its new ownership, as evidenced by their patronage, is appreciated.

Beauty, of one kind or another, is embodied in the wares these new friends of ours are vending. The beauty of poetry, the beauty in life to be found through the medium of books, the physical beauty that is the rightful heritage of every human being.

Mr. Jenkins, whose new volume of poems, "Heavenly Bodies," is advertised in this issue, has been interviewed for an article which will be found elsewhere in the magazine. We have read every one of his poems with delight. Especially does the one embodying the lines, "This, this is my New England, and to me always will come a dream of lights aglow," sink into the soul. We commend the little book to discriminating lovers of true poetry.

Apple Tree Book Shop

"I'd rather be in Bohemia than anywhere else on earth," sang a poet once upon a time. Sober conservative old Concord, the capital city of New Hampshire, is about the last place on earth one would expect to find a bit of Bohemia. But there is an atmosphere that savors of the unconventional in the Apple Tree Book Shop. One would expect to find congenial groups of artists, intellectuals and the literati gathered here from time to time to exchange ideas and gain mental stimulus.

This little place on Warren street is quaint and cheery. Miss Margaret Owen, the proprietor, had loads of fun

preparing it. It is a basement room lined with open shelves all painted a lovely green. Miss Owen wielded the paint brush herself and the result was an effect that vies with the green of fields and woodlands in the spring and summer in old New England.

We would advise those who enjoy a cup o' tea, to wander in about five o'clock on any Friday afternoon. Every week she serves tea all Friday afternoon at a quaint little green table and from the most delightful tea service. It's a joy to sip tea from one of those lovely yellow cups.

All current books are sold and Miss Owen conducts a lending library. She carries many delightful books for children and the place is a veritable fairy land for wee folk.

At the holiday season Italian and English cards are an unusual feature and Florentine leather goods are for sale at all times.

From time to time Miss Owen brings authors and poets to her shop to talk to literary folk who may care to foregather and recently a delightful evening was spent in the company of Dorothy Foster Gilman.

Religious Book Shop

Many people have the mistaken idea that the Religious Book Shop, which was formerly the New Hampshire Bible Society store is devoted exclusively to the sale of books on religion. Mr. Edward A. Dame, who conducts this shop at 20 School street, Concord, N. H., would like to disabuse the public of this thought.

Any book in print can be secured from this shop, Mr. Dame declares. A large stock is kept continually on hand and

those not on the shelves may be ordered.

On a recent visit to the shop we were intrigued with many a volume that we have wished for time and opportunity to read. There was "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," that enchanting new book by Thornton Wilder and published by A. & C. Boni. It is the story of a bridge that was swung over a deep gorge in Peru more than two hundred years ago. On a certain day in 1714 it broke and precipitated five people into the gulf below. Thereby hangs a tale of mystery that is most fascinating.

And there were the intriguing books by Richard Halliburton, a brand new book about Lindy, Mark Sullivan's "The Turn of the Century," books of fiction for a rainy afternoon, books of poems for certain moods—Oh, it was hard to leave them all and go out into the prosaic world again.

Pinsonneault Beauty Shop

While on this trip to Concord we visited the Pinsonneault Beauty shop. Here was a shrine to beauty of another sort but one of real value to the happiness of the world. It recalled a memory of a certain little country girl of the long ago who envied her city cousin's curly golden hair. And, surreptitiously, this funny little freckle-faced girl would go into a room by herself and endlessly twist her straight locks around her fingers in a hopeless effort at ringlets. But they simply wouldn't curl, and there was no artificial means on earth in that day

that would force hair into unaccustomed waves.

That little girl, grown up, has enjoyed the comfort of curly hair through the invention of the permanent wave that is one of Pinsonneault's specialties. In their two shops, one in Concord and the other in Manchester, every known aid to feminine beauty is skilfully and intelligently employed.

Nora F. Broderick

Another of our new advertisers is Miss Nora F. Broderick who has recently moved from the location opposite Hanover Common, Manchester, where she conducted business for many years, to a new and strictly up to date place in the business section of Hanover street.

If there is any help on earth for a bald-headed person Nora Broderick can render that aid. She has been known time and again to make two hairs grow where only one grew before, and that is no myth.

Miss Broderick's specialty is care of the scalp and hair, although in her well equipped shop, she has every modern appliance in beauty aids, including new facials, conturation treatments, butter-milk packs and the many mysteries into which women are initiated in the quest of beauty.

Readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY who are in the vicinity of the shops whose proprietors have joined the ranks of our advertisers may feel assured of satisfaction if they patronize them.



The Hope Chest

HELEN ADAMS PARKER

DOROTHY went to Aunt Faith's door and knocked. She had a pillow-case in her hand and she was going to ask her if the hemstitching she had begun on the end was all right. If it wasn't, Aunt Faith would show her the right way to do it, as she always did. She knew everything about fancy work. In fact there wasn't much she didn't know unless it was Greek and higher mathematics. The former was not in her course at the university, and she never understood the latter. Still she could help Tom nicely with a hard example in arithmetic and Dorothy generally with her algebra. But to return to the pillow-case.

Dorothy found Aunt Faith sewing, though it was mending, the kind of sewing Dorothy considered very uninteresting and tiresome. She soon straightened out the hemstitching. "You've pulled your thread too tight and taken up too many stitches," she said, "except that, it's all right."

"Why don't you have a hope chest, Aunt Faith?" asked Dorothy.

"Me? I guess it would be a pretty hopeless affair! I'm as much too old for such things as you are too young, though girls start them now when they are hardly out of their cradles."

Dorothy laughed.

"Well—" she said, "most of the girls have one before they finish high school, and so far as being old goes, you look a lot younger than Susie Wade's aunt, and she's got one, Susie said, with perfectly lovely things in it!"

"Oh, but she's been engaged for years, so she was young when she began it—that's different," said Aunt Faith.

After Dorothy went out Aunt Faith had what she called a "thinking fit." She thought about all her past, from the time she was a little girl up to now that she was keeping house for her widowed brother and doing her best to be mother to the two children, Tom and Dorothy. A pleasant task she had found it, though trying in many ways. To be sure she had had to give up her teaching, which she was fond of, and she had staid quite closely at home and probably had not met the people she would have otherwise. "But then it has paid," she thought, "and Mother's dying made it easier to feel for them. Anyway, it was the thing to do when Mary died, and when you get started in a thing you somehow grow into it so you can't change, and your old job is gone, so you can't get back very well. But I wonder if I would have married Julian if I had stayed in Linden," she pondered. "Then I'd have been 'Mrs.' and needed a hope chest. I've half a mind to start one anyway! No harm, and if I don't use the things I can give them to Dorothy sometime. Rather fun, and I have a few things for a start. The little red chest Mother gave me that was Grandma's would be just the thing—the top for the large things and the drawer in the bottom for the small ones. Believe I'll do it, but won't say anything to a soul about it, then I'll escape being laughed at!"

Several days passed before Faith had time to go up to the attic where the chest was stored. When she did it was in the afternoon of a day early in March. Spring was but two weeks away and the day was full of hints of its coming. The sun was high and the last bit of snow

disappearing. There were plenty of cats out on airings, and squirrels running here and there out of their winter quarters, and spring hammering had begun at the neighbors. Faith was certain she saw a bluebird that morning, only it proved to be a bluejay!

"Wonder if my hope chest will come out the same way!" she thought. "Never mind! I can have the fun of making the things and it will be nice to use the little chest anyway. I've never had it in my room at all." She hummed a little tune under her breath as she went up the stairs and opened the attic door.

A flood of sunlight greeted her for the attic faced south and west. As she crossed the length of the room she smelled a spicy odor from bunches of herbs with brown papers tied neatly around them, that were hanging from the beams where her mother had put them.

"How careful Mother was of everything!" she thought. "Saving without being a mite stingy. People don't trouble so much nowadays."

The chest was near the west window. To get it out she had first to move a good-sized wooden box. It was full of books and things she had used in school and teaching—text-books, memorandum books, note books, cards, drawing things, etc. She opened it a minute. There they were all together, big and little, dark covers and bright, the symbols of her old life. At one end there was a smaller box. Faith knew well what that contained. It held the letters and invitations she had thought worth keeping, with some dried flowers scattered along. She raised the cover. Invitations and notes in one bunch and two packages of letters carefully tied together. One package was from her mother.

"I shall never part with these," she said as she looked at them—"and I

suppose I shan't Julian's, though it's really foolish to keep them, he's so far off and probably never gives me a thought now. Guess I'll take a look at the top one though—I believe it's his last—just to see when it's dated. Why, I believe I'm actually sighing, and dear knows why! I wonder, though, how it would have been if I had written my last one differently. Anyway the children wouldn't have had any mother—such as I've been, that is—for Ed would never have let them leave him to go West with me, and Julian had such a Western craze when he went. Don't know as he would have had though if he didn't believe I would go later. Well, no use regretting, if regret it is!" She began to open the letters. "After all, guess I won't open one of them. Might unsettle me! Though as I'm up here I may as well. Here goes! Well of all the coincidences—It's dated this very day three years ago. That's all I wanted to find. I know about what the rest is." She glanced at the end. "Just as he always ended them—'Yours always, Julian.'" She folded it and replaced it on top of the others.

"Well, that's over! Think I won't open the box again—makes me feel kind of funny. The books, I suppose—thinking about my teaching. My, weren't the children nice and the hops in the big hall! And Professor Hart, didn't he dance beautifully, though? That was about the time I wrote Julian last—poor boy—and he out there prospecting all alone. Can't remember though that I said much for him to leave off writing, but suppose I must have. And Professor Hart married that little frump from Texas—and here I am about to start a hope chest with my 30th birthday passed last December! 'The height of absurdity,' as poor old Dean Hobbs would say. Never mind, it's fun to do absurd things

sometimes. I love the little chest anyway and I can enjoy having it in my room to look at, though I think I'd better keep it in the big closet if I want to have it secret what I'm doing with it. Young eyes, and Edith's liable to be in any time."

Faith pulled out the chest and shoved the wooden box back under the eaves.

"I shall have to dust it well when I get it down stairs!" she remarked to herself, running her finger along the top. "But isn't it a darling? Such a sweet shade of pinky-red! Mother said Grandfather brought it over in the ship that came from England, and Grandma used to keep her very best quilts in it. I remember her opening it once when I was little and how she let me look in and see the pretty blue quilt that was lying on top, and how good it smelled inside. Well, I shall have the quilt for a beginning."

The chest, though small, proved quite an armful, and Faith was glad to meet Tom at the top of the stairs on his way to his room under the roof.

"Want a lift?" he said, and took it on his shoulders as if it were a feather's weight (he was a pitcher in the ball team), and sat it down in Faith's room.

"I'll see to it," she said, "and thanks very much."

Tom was off at a jump.

"Such a comfort," Faith thought, "that he isn't inquisitive! He'll never think of it again nor mention it if he does. If it were Dorothy now she'd never stop questioning me until she knew just why I brought it down stairs and what I was going to use it for. But for all that she's a dear! Come to think of it the child's birthday is next week and I must do something for her. What—I wonder? Too late for a skiing party or sleighride and too early for picnics. Guess I'll just invite all her class to supper and let them

go to the movies in the evening. I chaperoning of course!"

That hindered doing anything to the chest except dusting it and moving it into the closet, which Faith had done at once. She looked in it one day soon after the party. It was empty of anything except the blue quilt that lay at the bottom. She had a few pieces of embroidery that had been given her and a little pincushion Dorothy made her for her birthday. These she put in the little drawer, lining it first with white paper.

"I'm glad I gave Dot the runner, she liked it so much, though I was going to put that in too. How smoothly the drawer pulls out and in," she said, "and isn't the knob cunning? They knew how to make things in those days so they lasted and were always attractive. Guess I'll start a table cover first. I've got some colors and I like to work with them, and a table cover looks as if it might be for anybody, and may offset curiosity."

She got the linen the next time she was down town and was busy at work on it one afternoon, sitting in her room in her low rocking chair, when Edith Jones dropped in. Edith was the best friend of her school days and now happily married.

"You've got something pretty there!" she remarked. "What may it be?" and came for a closer inspection. "Haven't seen you embroidering for an age. Seems nice too, you do it so nicely."

"Oh, I'm just using up some old silks I had on hand," said Faith.

Edith talked about the children, who were growing out of their clothes, especially the baby, "who," she said, "needed new rompers so badly that she really ought not to have taken the time to come over—but it was such a lovely afternoon I just couldn't stay in," she went on, "and it seemed as if I hadn't

seen you in an age, too! Before I forget it I want to be sure to tell you that Jack heard from Julian the other day through his friend Stover, who has just been out there. He said he looked splendidly and was doing finely in the business."

"Is he?" said Faith, and gave minute attention to the flower she was working.

"Yes—you missed it that time, Faith, sure. What in the world came over you? For it was your doing, of course, as any one could see how fond Julian was of you. Jack's friend said he was going out a lot there, and that his stenographer was a beauty and refined as well, and you know they often aren't that!"

"Yes—I suppose so," said Faith with as little interest as she could assume.

Edith did not stay long for she said she must get to her stitching. As soon as she left Faith folded her work and gathered up her silks.

"Guess I was foolish after all to do this," she said. "Wonder, though, how it would seem to have a home of my own like Edith's! When Dorothy and Tom are grown up and go away it will be pretty lonely."

Something seemed wrong with the spring after that though Faith did not analyze just what it was. However, she was too busy to think much about it. Besides the usual spring work Dorothy's graduation made extra sewing, and just when she was busiest Tom got a knock that kept him in the house for a week. When he was out again and Dorothy had brought home the coveted diploma, Faith felt ready to collapse. The hot weather that came just then made her feel worse.

"You look as pale as a ghost! Aunt Faith," cried Dorothy, "but no wonder, you've been working so hard for me. Now school's through I'm going to make myself useful for a change and give you

a chance to rest yourself." And she began by fixing some lemonade and sending Faith with it out on the piazza.

Meanwhile Edith had been doing some thinking over the baby's rompers. Hearing her husband say a man was going out of his firm soon she pricked up her ears.

"Why don't you send for Julian?" she inquired.

"Oh, he'd never come, well fixed as Stover says he is! Like to have him, though, and the salary is good—as much if not more than he makes there, I guess. But the boys that go West and do well don't often come back, I've noticed."

"Well—that depends," said Edith, meaningly. "There might be attractions East, after all!"

"You mean Faith? Doubtful—I know Julian pretty well, and he was hard hit, and Faith must have hurt his feelings quite badly—and ne's pretty proud!"

"Well, anyway, it would do no harm to write him," said Edith.

The result of this conversation was a letter dispatched to Julian the next day, the outcome of which was that when the through western train arrived at the station a week later a tall, oldish-young man got out. He went to Edith's, where he was received with much gusto and hand-shaking, and settled in their pretty guest room. After ridding himself of the grime and dust of his journey he went out on an errand to the post office, where he received a letter that he looked at on both sides, inspecting carefully several postmarks on it, after which he gave a low whistle and put it in his pocket. Then he made a straight line for Faith's brother's house.

Faith was sitting on the piazza where Dorothy had made her promise to stay while she went out on some errands. She was working on the little cover, though with not much interest.

"I may as well finish it, as I have

begun it," she thought, "though it won't make much difference either way."

Her hair had blown about a little in the wind that had just sprung up and she had more color than lately.

Then some one ran quickly up the piazza steps, and she looked up to see Julian coming across to her.

"Look at this!" he said, and pulled the letter out of his pocket, handing it to her with eyes that looked her through and through.

Faith went red and pale by turns as she saw her own handwriting on the envelope.

"I just got it from the post office," he hurried on, "and I couldn't wait a minute to see you!"

"Then you never received it?" she inquired.

"Never," he answered. "When I changed my address there they didn't forward it but sent it back here, and you know how old man Harvey forgets

things. Well, he's been keeping this in the office all this time—expecting me to come after it, I suppose. Anyway, as it happened that's what I've done, so I have it now."

Faith seemed troubled. She looked again at the letter and saw it was unopened.

"Then you haven't read it," she said, quickly, "because as you haven't I'd much rather you wouldn't—please—Julian." And she looked happy and guilty.

"Well, I won't. I will give it to you if you will give me something instead, and you know very well what that is. Oh, it's been such a long waiting, Faith, darling, and I've missed you so terribly!"

When Faith went upstairs she opened the closet door and looked lovingly at the little red chest.

"You won't have to stay hidden away there in the dark any longer," she said softly, taking it in her arms and carrying it into her room.

Snow Cross

FRANCES ANN JOHNSON

(From published collection "Granite Hills")

After the wintry ice unlocks,
Pauses the Painter in thoughtful pride,
To etch, on a canvas of granite rocks,
High on the crags of a mountain side.

Pauses, but only until the sun
Beckons the drifts to the brooks below.
Then is the miracle-painting done—
Beautiful, rugged—a Cross of Snow!

There, for the eyes that look up, to see,
Mount Lafayette, standing deep in green,
Holds to its heart, in high majesty,
Thoughts of the Painter who paused, unseen.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Editorial

THIS issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY is for April and May.

The present management acquired this magazine January first. It would follow, naturally, that some time must elapse before the January number could be issued, which brought the date of publication to the first of February. It is the desire of the publisher to issue the GRANITE MONTHLY soon after the first of the month for which it is dated. In order to do this it has appeared necessary to issue this double number.

* * * *

We feel sure that our readers will be pleased to know that Miss Ethel Armes of Greenwich Lodge, Greenwich, Conn., will write a series of articles for the GRANITE MONTHLY. Miss Armes is the author of *Midsummer in Whittier's Country*, a little gem written about Sandwich Center, Ossipee, Lake Asquam and Chocorua; *The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama*, which won for her the distinction of possessing a better knowledge of industrial conditions than any other writer in the world; *As Roosevelt Passed By*, being a series of three hundred and sixty-five syndicated stories published under the title of *Roosevelt's Trail*; *The Washington Manor House* and countless interviews

with the world's most prominent men and women.

Miss Armes' first contribution "Amy Lowell Speaks," published in this issue is an interesting study not only of a great writer but of the temptations which come to us sometimes to "strike back" when we honestly feel that an unnecessary hurt has been inflicted. How Miss Armes met this temptation, overcame it, and won a fine revenge in the end is told in such a frank and honest manner that it cannot fail to command the reader's interest from the start.

New Hampshire people, generally, will join with Mr. Donald Tuttle, secretary of the New Hampshire Publicity Bureau, in his invitation to Miss Armes to visit New Hampshire this summer. If Miss Armes will honor New Hampshire with her presence it will be a delight to us all.

* * * *

A group of men interested in Manchester's economic life are just now engaged in an experiment that well may be watched by other cities of the state. This committee, appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, is investigating the "cost of living." The act was prompted by workers of Manchester who believe that a reduction in the cost

of the various necessities of life should go hand-in-hand with their smaller pay envelopes.

Naturally the workers are quite right in their contention, but it is quite hard to make the general merchant, whether in Manchester or Kalamazoo, see the situation in quite that light. The merchants fight just as hard to get the top cent for their merchandise as do the workers for their labor.

Just now the intelligent man will not accuse Manchester merchants of taking too much profit out of the *total* volume of business which they do. There has been altogether too many fatalities among the merchants of that city to warrant any such charge.

And it cannot be said that the merchant is wholly to blame for the unfortunate situation. It is too true that a business depression naturally followed in the wake of a recent labor disturbance in Manchester. But there has been time for convalescence. Perhaps the buyers haven't helped as much as they should.

During the period of the late, but not lamented war, which we ought to stop talking about (ourselves included) big business concerns created the office of Purchasing Agent, which was quite all right. It was necessary to centralize the purchase of supplies and to buy them as economically as possible. Could it stop right there all would be well, but, as we are imitators all, it was not long before the smaller concerns adopted the system, then the individual was infected by the contagion and now everybody who has anything to buy is a real, *bona fide*, dyed in the wool, honest-to-goodness purchasing agent—and the smaller the amount involved the greater the importance assumed by the "agent."

This undesirable feature of our

economic life has led to many evils. The manufacturer and the merchant, eager to meet competitive prices looked around for ways and means to lower the cost of production, to cover defects in quality with pretty, but cheap, paint, and to other devices all intended to make the article attractive to the eye and the purse—to the Styx with quality.

The next logical step was the complaint of the customer about the poor quality of the product. True enough he is justified in the complaint but is wrong in placing the blame at the door of the manufacturer and the merchant. The purchaser is almost wholly to blame. He insists upon a cheap price—the cheapest he can find—and receives in return the cheapest and poorest article, which soon wears out and requires replacement.

The old time spirit of *confidence* existing between the seller and the buyer is missing. "Buy where you can buy the cheapest?" is the order of the day. "You get what you pay for," is the answer.

Too many "sales" is another cause of mercantile unrest. Too much fake advertising, too many lies and often downright fraud have contributed their share to the "high cost of living." When buyers are accustomed to so-called "sales" they wait for them before buying needed supplies. Another sad part of the story is the general belief that all articles are intentionally marked high in order that they may be "marked down" and sold at a good profit during the "sales." Buyers feel that they are paying too much if they buy at any time than during a "sale." A business depression automatically follows a widespread belief in the "high price between sales" practice of the merchant.

The Manchester committee may not cure, but it will help, the trouble.

When I Hear Cowbells

HARRY ELMORE HURD

There is something about a cowbell
Petulantly shaking in flytime,
Like nervous thoughts tugging one's wits,
 (It may be personality)
That makes me want to go somewhere :—
 Through pasture bars that lead to paradise,
 (May saints and devils guard the boy who leaves them down)
 Through junipers that itch your hide like prickly heat,
 Through alders brown with clustered buds,
 Like pickaniny fingers closed in prayer,
 Through glistening birches wet with evening dew,
 All agitated by a bit of smutty news,
 Through sweet fern incense burning on a hundred hills.

There is something about a cowbell
That makes me want to shout as loudly as a hawker,
"Come boss! Come boss! boss! boss! boss!
Come Brindle, Blackie, Red and White!"
Like a bare-legged boy used to do
When he pattered down the wavering cowpath
Feeling the black muck ooze around his toes in soggy places,
Sounding like an indrawn breath when his foot yanked out :
Climbing the big-stomached hills,
Hills too lazy to walk and sadly needing to quit sweets,
Past reflective old Prussians wrapped in green capes.
The spruces were not thinking of the boy with torn pants
 and a peanut hat,
 and a sunburnt back,
 and stone-bruised feet,
 and a penny in his pocket,
 money wheedled out of an old lady,
 filthy lucre intended for a prize-package.
(Nope! I never got a penny in a box. The kids said old Snod-
 goof stuck pins through the boxes to make sure there was
 nothin' in 'em.)

The spruces were thinking of men who were :—
 Giants with guts,
 Calvinistic-Democrats,
 Grass-Growers who could pray in meeting,
 Saints who could cuss in the cowshed,
 Mowers who could swing a scythe as rhythmically as the swish
 of the sea,
 Lumbermen who could clip chips as big as chair-bottoms,
 Horsemen who could out-trade Hiram of Hickoryville,
 Fishermen who could twitch a hen's feather like a crippled fly
 before the dripping lips of a lurking trout,
 Hunters who could ping partridge heads with Queen Anne.
"Come boss! Come boss! boss! boss! boss!
Come Jersey, Holstein, Mother Guernsey!"
That's what I think when cowbells tinkle,
Ever so softly. Twinkle, tinkle, little bell.
And heaps more. Yep, and heaps more.
My Gosh, how I wish I could write poetry!

New Hampshire Necrology

WILLIAM B. STEARNS

William Byron Stearns, born in Manchester, February 12, 1855; died there, March 10, 1928.

He was the son of William and Elizabeth (Goodhue) Stearns and was educated in the Manchester schools, graduating from the high school in the class of 1872. Immediately after graduating he entered the employ of the Manchester National Bank, with which



WILLIAM B. STEARNS

institution he was connected through life in one capacity or another. He became Cashier of the same on May 23, 1894, serving in that position until January 11, 1921, when he became Vice-President, and, on the death of Walter M. Parker in March, 1927, he was made President. In July, 1887, he became a Trustee of the Manchester Savings Bank, which position he held until his decease, as well as that of President of the National Bank of which he had also been a Director since January, 1895. He had been Treasurer of the Concord & Portsmouth Railroad for the last forty years, since

1888, and was supposed to be the oldest railroad treasurer in the state. He was also a Director of the Manchester Gas Co., and of the Opera House Co., and a Trustee and Clerk of the Balch Hospital.

Mr. Stearns was a Republican in politics, and had served the city as a member of the old Common Council, and of the Board of Aldermen, the latter service having been in 1889 and 1890. He was affiliated with the Masons and Odd Fellows, having been a member of Washington Lodge, A. F. & A. M. and Mechanics Lodge, I. O. O. F. for more than fifty years. He was also a member of the Calumet Club of Manchester, and an attendant at the First Congregational Church. On the occasion of his funeral all the banks in the city were closed, in respect to his memory.

On July 7, 1877, Mr. Stearns was united in marriage with Miss Florence Isabel Stevens of Manchester, who died May 30, 1921, leaving one son, Edward B. Stearns, now Cashier of the Manchester National Bank, and three grandchildren: William E. Stearns, Dartmouth, 1930; Richard B. Stearns, Phillips Exeter Academy, 1929, and Edward B. Stearns, Jr.

F. DWIGHT BEARDSLEE

F. Dwight Beardslee, born at Roxbury, Conn., August, 1895; died in Derry, N. H., March 12, 1928.

He had been Secretary and Treasurer of the Derry Co-operative Bank since its organization in 1915, and for many years past Cashier of the Derry National Bank. Previous to his services with the banks he had been an accountant in the office of the Emerson Shoe Company. He was a member of St. Mark's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Derry, of Rumford Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, of the Square and Compass Club and the Derry Men's Club.

He leaves a wife, Lena T. Beardslee, a son, Kenneth, a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; two

brothers, N. P. and J. H. Beardslee and a sister, Miss Catherine, all living in Connecticut.

C. ADELAIDE PALMER

Christina Adelaide Palmer, born in Orford, N. H., July 23, 1851; died in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, February 29, 1928.

She was the daughter of Henry H. and Rosette (Quint) Palmer, and removed with them to Piermont in early childhood, and attended the schools of that town. She received her first lessons in drawing under the direction of Miss Ellen Chandler, and developed a taste for art, which became the great passion of her life. She taught school for some time, and spent some years in Concord where she studied and taught. Later she went to Boston where she was a pupil of the late John J. Enneking. She taught oil painting in that city for some time, and later was a teacher in the Maryland State Art School at Baltimore. Returning to Massachusetts she taught for some years in an art school in South Boston, and was for a time a member of the faculty of the Normal Art School.

She had for many years a studio on Boylston Street, where she did much work, specializing in fruit, flowers and landscape painting, frequently exhibiting in Boston and New York galleries. For some time she worked under contract for one of the largest lithograph companies in the country.

She retained a residence in Piermont, where she spent her summer vacations, and where she was a member of the Congregational Church, which she joined in 1869, and in which she retained a deep interest. There her mortal remains now repose with those of her kindred.

BERTRAND T. WHEELER

Bertrand T. Wheeler, born in Lempster, N. H., November 25, 1863; died in Portland, Me., March 20, 1928.

He was the son of David B. and Maria Wheeler, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1884. His father was a prominent educator, was for fifteen years principal of the Shepard School in Cambridge, and served for some time as Commissioner of Education for the

County of Sullivan. He had pursued the scientific course at Dartmouth and entered active life in the engineering department of the Old Colony and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Companies, acting finally as assistant, and for a time as chief engineer. In 1895 he was appointed by Mayor Curtis as Superintendent of Streets for the city of Boston, continuing till 1901, when he returned to the service of the New Haven Road, in which he was engaged in many important enterprises.

About fifteen years ago he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Maine Central Railroad, by President Mellen and removed to Portland, where he had since been actively engaged in the important duties of that position. Death came following an operation at the Portland Eye and Ear Infirmary. He married, in 1888, Miss Mabel Cole, daughter of George H. Cole, proprietor of the American House at Fitchburg, Mass., and resided in Dorchester while engaged in Boston. He was of the Dartmouth Club of Boston, the Republican Club of Massachusetts and the Engineers' Club.

He is survived by his widow and six children: Bertrand C. Wheeler, of Chicago; Allan T. Wheeler of Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Donald D. Wheeler of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Warren B. Ring, Mrs. Theodore R. Thurston and Miss Ruth T. Wheeler of Portland.

ALFRED CLARK

Alfred Clark, born at White River Junction, Vt., January 5, 1856, died in Concord, N. H., March 21, 1928.

He was the son of Charles and Sarah (Head) Clark. He came to Concord in early life, and took an active part in public affairs. He was a Republican in politics, and held the office of Superintendent of Streets for many years, previous to his retirement fifteen years ago. He was an interested member of the old Concord and New Hampshire Boards of Trade, in the days when those organizations were doing much work.

He was a member of Blazing Star Lodge, A. F. & A. M. and White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F. of Concord.

His wife, by whom he is survived, was

a daughter of Isaac N. Abbott, of Dimond Hill Farm, Concord. Three daughters also survive: Mrs. Irving D. Dudley and Miss Mabel Clark of Concord, and Mrs. Gordon Moses of Manchester; also one son, Abbott Clark of Concord.

LEVERETT N. FREEMAN

Leverett N. Freeman, born in Wellfleet, Mass., October 27, 1873, died in Santa Barbara, California, March 21, 1928.

He was the son of Timothy A. and Helen (Sparrow) Freeman, who removed to Concord, N. H. when he was quite young, and where he was reared, educated and commenced business. He graduated from the Concord High School in the class of 1893, and entered the banking business in the First National Bank of that city. In 1895 he became the New Hampshire representative of the Boston banking firm of Baker, Ayling & Co., serving till 1909, when he removed to Providence, R. I., where he had charge of a branch of that firm's business until 1916, when he became a member of the firm, and removed to Newton Center, Mass. He retired last year, on account of ill health, and had been passing the winter with a brother in California.

He is survived by a widow and two sons, whose home is in Newton, also by two sisters: Miss Edith S. Freeman, librarian of the N. H. Historical Society in Concord, and Lila A., chief clerk in the office of the State Tax Commission, as well as the brother, Zoheth, in California.

In Concord he was a member of the South Congregational Church, all of the local Masonic bodies, the N. H. Historical Society and the Wonolancet Club.

EDWARD COLBY

Edward Colby, born in Springfield, N. H., October 10, 1868; died in the Plymouth Memorial Hospital, March 23, 1928.

On November 5, 1895, he married Lena M. Heath of West Springfield. He resided in Manchester a few years and then removed to Ashland, where he was active in business and public life,

also as a member of the school board for eighteen years, of which he was chairman at the time of his death. He had served as Collector of Taxes for five years and represented Ashland in the Legislature of 1925-26. He was a deacon of the Baptist Church, and had been for many years Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was a member of Grafton Lodge, No. 62, I. O. O. F., and Mt. Prospect Lodge, No. 69, A. F. & A. M.

He is survived by his widow and two daughters: Mrs. Robert F. Brown and Miss Priscilla Colby of Ashland; one sister, Mrs. John Edmonds of New London, and one brother, George M. Colby of Lynn, Mass.

HERBERT W. KITTREDGE

Herbert William Kittredge, born in Nelson, N. H., November 18, 1852, died March 27, 1928, at Westfield, Mass.

Mr. Kittredge was the son of Russell H. and Laura F. (Holmes) Kittredge. He was fitted for college by private tutors and graduated from Dartmouth, with Phi Beta Kappa, honors in the class of 1879, afterwards receiving the A. M. degree. Following his graduation he went to Quincy, Mass., and took a course of instruction under the celebrated educator, Col. Frank W. Parker, after which he took charge of the East Bridge-water, Mass., high school conducting the same with success till 1882, when he went to Brandon, Vt., remaining three years, after which he was for a time principal of the North Brookfield High School, meanwhile doing graduate work in chemistry at Dartmouth for two summers. Following this he was principal of the Dover, N. H. High School for a time, but in 1886 removed to Fitchburg, Mass., where he was principal of the high school till 1890, when he went to Westfield, continuing at the head of the high school there through life, serving his thirty-eighth year in that position at the time of his decease—a longer term of service than that of any other high school principal in the state, if not in the entire country. He was devotedly attached to his work, and seldom took a vacation of any considerable length. Funeral services held in the high school

hall on the afternoon of March 29, were largely attended—the students and teachers being present in a body.

Besides his widow, who was Miss Marion Thatcher, he is survived by a daughter, Helen L., a teacher in the local high school and a son, Russell D., of Long Beach, Calif., also two sisters: Mrs. Charles B. Hall of Greenwood, Mass., and Mrs. Chester Remson of Fitchburg. The late U. S. Senator A. B. Kittredge of South Dakota, was his brother.

DR. SETH W. JONES

Seth W. Jones, M. D., born in Canterbury, N. H., June 23, 1864; died at St. Petersburg, Fla., April 1, 1928.

Dr. Jones was the son of Charles and Sarah (Pickard) Jones and was educated at the Lowell, Mass., high school, and the Maryland University Medical School, after attending the public schools of Boscawen to which town his family removed during his childhood. He located in medical practice in Franklin where he continued several years, taking an active part at the same time in public and political affairs as a Democrat. He served as a representative in the Legislature in 1903 and again in 1913, at which time he was chairman of the Democratic caucus. He was also Mayor of Franklin in 1911 and 1912, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1912. In January, 1914, he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of New Hampshire and Vermont with headquarters at Portsmouth, appointed through the influence of Senator Henry F. Hollis, whose election he had aided, and continuing in office during President Wilson's administration. Subsequently he engaged in business, with a son, as a specialist in income taxation.

Dr. Jones was prominent in Masonry, being a member of the Franklin lodge, and of Mt. Horeb Commandery and Bektash Temple at Concord. He was a Unitarian in religion and a member of the N. H. Medical Society. He married on July 19, 1892, Susan Ann French of Chichester. They had two sons, Compton Wilson, born September 23, 1895, who died five years ago, and Warner

Edrick, a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, now of Huntington, West Va., who survives, with his mother. Burial was at Blossom Hill Cemetery, Concord, under direction of Mt. Horeb Commandery.

PERLEY A. JOHNSON

Perley Albert Johnson, born in Unity, October 24, 1860; died in Newport, April 2, 1926.

He was the son of William B. and Flora (Severns) Johnson and was educated in the public schools and St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy. After leaving school he taught for a time, and served for three years as a clerk in the National Bank at Barton, Vt. Upon the organization of the Citizens' National Bank of Newport, he removed to that town to take the position of Cashier of that institution, which he held to the time of his death, and to his sound judgment and business sagacity is largely due the rapid growth and remarkable success of the bank.

No man in Newport has ever held more positions of trust and responsibility than Mr. Johnson, or more faithfully served the people of his town. He was a member of the school board for seven years; town treasurer, treasurer of trust funds, water, sewer and cemetery commissioner, treasurer of the Carrie F. Wright hospital and moderator of the Newport School District. He was president of the Newport Board of Trade in 1909 and 1910, and active in the work of the old State Board of Trade. In 1911 and 1912 he was a member of the House of Representatives in the N. H. Legislature and chairman of the Committee on Banks. He was a trustee and treasurer of the Sugar River Savings Bank, a director of the Citizens' National Bank and of the People's National Bank of Claremont. He was one of the incorporators of the Peerless Manufacturing Company, which did business many years in Newport, and served the same as director, treasurer and president.

Mr. Johnson was a Republican in politics, a prominent and active member of the Park Street Methodist Church, and a member of Newport Lodge, No. 43, Knights of Pythias. On January 19, 1886 he married Miss Katie G. Coe, who

survives, with two children: Carrol D. Johnson, assistant cashier of the Citizens' National Bank, and Miss Margaret L., organist of the Park Street church.

MRS. LEE S. MCCOLLESTER

Born in Claremont, N. H., June 17, 1865; died in Medford, Mass., April 1, 1928.

Lizzie S. Parker was the daughter and only child of Hon. Hosea W. and Caroline Lovisa, (Southgate) Parker. She received her preliminary education in the public schools of Claremont, graduating valedictorian of her class from the Stevens High School in 1884. Entering Smith College, she was graduated in 1888, and on May 1, 1889, she was united in marriage with Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D. pastor of the First Universalist Church of Detroit, Mich., who had formerly served as pastor of the Universalist Church at Claremont. With her husband, she had her home in Detroit for twenty-four years, entering into all the activities that would naturally fall to the lot of a prominent pastor's wife in a great city. Aside from her active work in her husband's parish, she was a charter member of the Twentieth Century Club, for some time its president, and member of its executive board for many years. She was also a member and officer of the Michigan Smith College Club; of the Detroit Chapter of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and the Fine Arts Society of Detroit, and a member of many other educational and social groups.

Removing with her family to Medford, Mass., when Dr. McCollester became Dean of Crane Divinity School at Tufts College in 1912, she was no less prominently connected with various organizations there, including the Smith College Club of Boston, Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, Tufts College Woman's Club, Medford Shakespeare Club and various others. Mrs. McCollester was known as a woman of unusual ability, especially in the line of organization and administration, and her rare judgment, and frankly spoken opinions carried great weight in the circles in which she moved. Her home, both in Detroit and in Medford,

was a center of attraction for men and women of learning and culture. She had been in failing health for some time previous to her decease. She leaves, besides her husband, a son, Parker McCollester, a prominent lawyer of New York, of the firm of Lord, Day and Lord, and a daughter, Catherine, wife of Hugh Gallagher, now of Paris, France.

Funeral services were held at Goddard Chapel, College Hill, April 3, conducted by Rev. Dr. F. W. Perkins and Frank O. Hall, and interment was in the family lot at Claremont, where the old Parker homestead has been retained as a summer residence for the family.

SARAH E. (ADAMS) PETTEE

Sarah Eliza (Adams) Pettee. Second oldest of thirteen children of Deacon Marshall and Sarah G. (Richards) Adams. Born February 23, 1829, New Boston, N. H. Married October 26, 1856. Horace Pettee of Manchester, N. H. Died April 16, 1928.

Horace Pettee had two young children by a former marriage, Dr. James H. Pettee for forty years a missionary in Japan, now deceased, and Dr. Charles H. Pettee, Dean of the University of New Hampshire at Durham. The only mother these sons remembered was the mother who died April 16, 1928 at the home of her son in Durham. A successful teacher before her marriage, Mrs. Pettee was largely responsible for the thorough grounding these boys received before they entered the public schools. Without children of her own she was always a real mother and took the greatest pride in the advancement of her sons. She was a member of the First Congregational church in Manchester, of which her husband was Deacon, and for many years was specially interested in mission work. She was a charter member of the New Hampshire branch of the Congregational Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, serving as secretary and president. For more than twenty-five years she never missed an annual meeting of the organization. For many years she was a teacher and worker at the City Mission in Manchester. She was keen of mind and until recently had kept in close touch with current events.

She was loved and respected by all who knew her, and leaves a wide circle of friends who will mourn her passing.

Funeral services were at the home of her son in Durham, April 19, Rev. Fred S. Buschmeyer officiating. Burial was in Pine Grove cemetery, Manchester, and Rev. Stoddard Lane of the First Congregational Church officiated at the committal service.

Mrs. Pettee is survived by two sisters, Miss Charlotte R. Adams of Durham and Mrs. Nellie Adams Prince of Los Angeles, Cal., and by a brother, Charles A. Adams, for many years with the J. B. Varick Company of Manchester; also by one son, Dean Charles H. Pettee of Durham.

LUCINA A. DODGE

Lucina A. Dodge, born in Bradford, N. H., September 22, 1845, died at Harbrouck Heights, N. J., April 4, 1928.

She was the daughter of Wilder and Susan (Emerson) Bartlett, and removed with her parents to North Newport when about four years of age. She was educated in the public schools, Kimball Union Academy and the Bridgewater, Mass. Normal School, and had devoted her life largely to teaching, at first in the middle west, but later in New Hampshire, and mainly in the town of Sunapee, where she became the wife of George Dodge, a lawyer and teacher, in June 1880, but continued teaching in the village school where she established a reputation for unusual success, and was held in the highest respect by many students who were prepared for their life work under her instruction. She had been a teacher for 47 years, but retired eight years ago, since when she spent her winters with her son in New Jersey, though retaining her home in Sunapee and passing her vacations there.

She was actively interested in Lake Grange of Sunapee, and was also a member of Sullivan County Pomona Grange.

ALVAN P. PLACE

Alvan P. Place, born in Dover, July 4, 1860; died there April 9, 1928.

He was a son of James G. H. and Lavinia (Kaime) Place and was edu-

cated in the Dover public schools. After leaving school he was for a time a sailor on a packet boat running out of Dover, but subsequently served for a time as a letter carrier under the appointment of Postmaster Mark Nason. Leaving this service in 1890, he learned the printer's trade in the *Democrat* office in Dover, where he remained for about 30 years, the latter part of the time as foreman of the composing room.

He was an earnest Democrat in politics, and served as a member of the Dover Board of Aldermen in 1913, in which year he was appointed by Gov. Samuel D. Felker, a member of the Police Commission of that city, upon which he served as Chairman for the next two years. He was a leading advocate of the measure providing for the abolition of the fee system of compensation for Registers of Deeds and Probate, and the substitution of regular salaries, and on that issue was chosen Register of Probate for Strafford County in 1924, serving the next two years, since which time he had been the efficient secretary of the Dover Chamber of Commerce, which organization, under his leadership, has become a strong factor in the commercial progress of the city. He had been at times his party's candidate for Mayor, and other offices.

He was unmarried and the last surviving member of his family.

DR. AUGUSTUS W. SHEA

Augustus W. Shea, M. D., born in Nashua, August 9, 1865; died in the Charlesgate hospital, Cambridge, Mass., April 10, 1928.

Dr. Shea, who was one of the most eminent surgeons of the state, was the son of Daniel and Catherine (McDonald) Shea, natives of Ireland, who came to this country in early life. He was educated in the public schools of the city, graduating from the high school in 1883 as a Noyes Medal winner. He graduated M. D. from the University of Vermont in 1887, and had been for 40 years in the active practice of his profession in his native city.

He held membership in the New Hampshire Medical Society, of which he

was a past president; also in the New Hampshire Surgical Club, the Hillsboro County Medical Association, the New England Surgical Club, and the New York and New England Association of Railroad Surgeons. He was a charter member of the James E. Coffey Post of the American Legion, a member of the Nashua Rotary Club, and a director of the Nashua Trust Co. He was also one of the founders of the Memorial Hospital, chairman of the Board of Trustees, and president of the Hospital Association. He had served as City Physician, a member of the Board of Health and for eight years as a member of the Board of Aldermen.

He was a member of the St. Patrick's Church of Nashua, and is survived by a widow and two daughters, Mrs. John Riley of Lowell, Mass., and Miss Lucy Shea of Nashua.

COL. HORACE L. WORCESTER

Horace L. Worcester, born in Lebanon, Me., March 28, 1846; died in Dover, N. H., April 19, 1928.

He was a son of Lemuel and Margaret (Pray) Worcester. After leaving school he learned the shoemaker's trade, which he followed for many years in Rochester, Dover, Farmington and Natick, Mass. He enlisted in the Navy and served during the later years of the Civil War in the West Gulf Squadron, by virtue of which service he later became a member of the G. A. R. in Sampson Post of Rochester, and was at one time N. H. Department Commander.

He was town clerk of Rochester from 1881 to 1884 and served in the New Hampshire Legislature in 1903, resigning to accept the position of U. S. consul to Saltillo, Mexico. Among other positions filled by him were those of city clerk, clerk and collector for the waterworks, clerk of the police court, clerk of the district court, trustee of the Rochester public library, and in 1900 he was elected mayor of Rochester, serving two years. He was for 20 years engaged in the book and stationery business, twelve years of that time being a co-partner with the late Frank Greenfield. For many years he was connected officially with the Norway Plains Sav-

ings Bank, being a trustee and during part of the time president, which office he resigned in 1902.

He was a Knight Templar, Mason and a member of the Farragut Associates, comprised of officers and men who served in Farragut's fleet. On June 27, 1872, he married Nellie A. Greenfield, daughter of the late Charles Greenfield, who died some years since.

EDWARD S. GEORGE

Edward Smith George, born in Barnstead, N. H., September 9, 1861; died in Manchester, N. H., April 22, 1928.

He was a son of Charles S. and Almira (Waldron) George, and was educated in the public schools and Pittsfield Academy, graduating from the latter in 1882. He then commenced the study of law with the late Hon Aaron Whittemore of Pembroke, but soon after went to Birmingham, Ala. where he continued his studies and entered practice. Returning to New Hampshire he located in practice in Manchester in 1894 as a partner with Jesse B. Pattee, continuing till 1904, when he went into other business. He conducted a Farm Agency, and was also instrumental in the building of the Uncanoonuc Incline Railway, which was completed under his superintendency in 1907. He was actively interested in politics as a Democrat, and took part in several campaigns. He was an Odd Fellow, being a member of Suncook Lodge of Pittsfield, also of the Encampment and Canton. In 1904 he married Mary F. Dolan of Concord, who survives, as does one brother, Henry George of Barnstead, and three sisters, Mrs. Myra Bockock and Alice George of Barnstead, and Mrs. Sophia Newell of Tarrytown, Ohio.

ALVAH W. SULLOWAY

Alvah Woodbury Sulloway, born in Somerville, Mass., December 25, 1838; died in Franklin, N. H., April 22, 1928.

He was the son of Israel W. and Adeline (Richardson) Sulloway, and removed with the family to Enfield, N. H., in early life, where his father operated a hosiery mill and where he got his start in the business which he subsequently followed with great success. He attended

the Canaan Academy, also the Barre, Vt. Academy and the Green Mountain Liberal Institute, at South Woodstock, for a time. In 1860 he went to Franklin and engaged in the hosiery manufacturing business with the late Walter Aiken for four years, after which he was associated with Frank H. Daniel till 1869 when he alone operated the Sulloway mills, which business was incorporated in 1888, and has since been conducted with great success, with Mr. Sulloway at the head, many enlargements having been made till it became the largest woolen hosiery manufacturing plant in the country.

Mr. Sulloway was also long extensively engaged in railroad affairs, being long a director of the Boston and Maine railroad; president of the Northern, the Concord and Claremont, and the Peterborough and Hillsborough, and also a director of the Lake Champlain and St. Johnsbury, and the Maine Central. He was president of the Franklin National bank from its organization in 1879; also president of the Franklin Savings bank, the Franklin Light and Power Co., the Acme Machine and Needle Co.; trustee of the Amoskeag Mfg. Co., the Franklin Hospital and the N. H. Orphans' Home, and officially connected with many other corporations and organizations.

In politics he was actively connected

with the Democratic party for many years. He served as a member of the N. H. House of Representatives in 1871-2-4-5; of the Constitutional Convention in 1889, and of the State Senate in 1891. He was also a member of the Railroad Commission several years, from 1874, and was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second District in 1877. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at St. Lewis in 1876, and to every subsequent convention for twenty years, serving for the same period as the New Hampshire member of the Democratic National Committee. Upon the nomination of William J. Bryan, upon a free silver platform in 1896, he left the party and withdrew from political activity. In religion he was reared a Universalist, but upon the establishment of the Unitarian Church in Franklin he became and continued one of its most active and liberal supporters. He was a Mason, holding membership in lodge and chapter and a member of Franklin Grange.

On June 5, 1866, he was united in marriage with Susan R. Daniell of Franklin, who survives, with three children, Alice M. (Mrs. Fred L. Thompson), Richard W. of the Sulloway Mills, Franklin, and Frank J. of the law firm of Demond, Woodworth, Sulloway and Rogers of Concord.

Memorial Day

POTTER SPAULDING

Again we pause to mark the day;
 Again the wreaths of tribute lay!
 Once more we think of they who died
 That war's grim lust be satisfied;
 That truth and right should all prevail
 And honor's light should never fail!

Scarce vain can be such sacrifice,
 Nor dust to dust when hero dies!
 The grave cannot our warriors hold!
 Their hearts were brave, their spirits bold!
 Their souls march on eternally,
 Proud emblems of great victory!

The Battle of Bennington

CAPT. ROBERT S. FOSS

ON AUGUST 16, 1777, was fought what has been known as the Battle of Bennington, which, from a strictly military point of view, was a small affair and of little consequence, but when its many and far-reaching results are carefully considered, it easily proves to have been one of the most important and decisive battles ever fought on American soil.

First, it completely disarranged and finally frustrated all of General Burgoyne's well-laid plans and arrangements for the future movements towards Albany, of the most carefully selected, perfectly equipped and largest in number of any army that England had ever put in the field up to that date. The personnel of this splendid force had been selected very carefully and none but the fittest had been accepted. His vast train of artillery was made up of the very latest approved in weight and pattern of guns. With this superior outfit, he confidently expected to easily brush aside all opposition and unite with Clinton at Albany.

But no army that is ever so well organized and appointed can successfully fight hunger. General Burgoyne, before leaving Canada, had been assured that the loyalists on his line of march would fully supply him with the very best of provisions, and an ample supply of the best of horses. These promises were never fulfilled, but when he arrived in the vicinity of Ticonderoga and found his rather scant supply of regular army rations that he had brought from Canada rapidly disappearing he had to send out foraging and plundering expeditions to raid the defenseless farmers along his line of march, but these raids did not

furnish half enough for his every-day needs. Consequently he secretly planned the capture of the large amount of food and forage that was assembled at Bennington. Probably no part of the country was so well supplied with farm produce and live stock, of all kinds, than that portion of Vermont in the immediate vicinity of Bennington County. Consequently he felt sure of easily obtaining an ample supply of the best of draft horses to take the place of the few slow-motivated oxen that he had plundered from nearby farms for the purpose of moving his heavy baggage, also a sufficient number of saddle horses to mount General Reidesel's dragoons (some thirteen hundred), who at that time were dismounted and serving as infantry. Without these horses he could neither advance nor retreat without abandoning his sick and wounded and camp equipment and all heavy baggage, and with them he was destined to never reach Albany. He was completely surrounded by the Americans, who were rapidly flocking to the support of General Gates, whose force at that time outnumbered General Burgoyne's rapidly diminishing numbers.

Secondly, it lost to General Burgoyne some twelve hundred of the choicest troops under his command with their complete equipment. It also lost to him the services and support of a vast number of the local Loyalists of which western Vermont and Massachusetts and northern New York had large numbers, who, after the battle of Bennington, fully realized that Burgoyne was sure to be beaten and that their best interests demanded that they at once espouse the cause of independence, and they acted

accordingly. It also lost to him the services of a host of Indians who could not read the printed page but could quite easily read the many evident signs that Burgoyne was shortly to be beaten and that their precious scalps would be very much safer if they at once abandoned his cause and took to the tall timber. Without delay they acted accordingly, and from that day the New England frontier that had been raided and terrorized by them for many years was to be practically free from their raids forever.

The above are just a few of Burgoyne's losses.

From the American point of view the battle of Bennington was a complete victory of the utmost magnitude that has no parallel during the whole war for independence. It was the first battle where the enemy was completely eliminated and their chief commander rendered wholly unable to retaliate. Its welcome news fully revived the spirits of the entire colonists and proved to them that their fondest hopes were to be realized. It stimulated enlistments that were nearly suspended and added many volunteers to the rapidly thinning ranks of the three regular regiments that New Hampshire had at that time in the field. It also revived and stimulated the drooping spirits of the entire army throughout the entire country.

Its welcome news convinced France that the British cause in America was a failure, and that country without delay acknowledged the independence of America and openly loaned the struggling Americans large sums of money to enable them to continue the struggle to final victory. They also, a little later, sent a large and fully equipped army and navy that did valiant service in ending the long struggle for liberty.

Other foreign nations shortly followed France in acknowledging American inde-

pendence. It also freed the New England colonies of the presence of British troops for the balance of the war with the exception of a few robbing and plundering expeditions along the shore of Long Island Sound, and soon afterward General Gates' entire force was available for other service where it was sorely needed.

Another favorable feature of the battle was that the standing of the Hessian soldiers as an opponent was fully demonstrated and settled. That was practically the first battle where the Hessian soldiers took a prominent part against wholly northern soldiers, although some of the Hessian troops were engaged at Hubbardstown a short time before and came out victorious, but at Bennington conditions were radically different, the Hessians having a great advantage.

The British victory at Hubbardstown had been the means of circulating the idea among the Continentals that the Hessians were a race of powerful giants that were the most cruel and bloodthirsty of opponents and far more to be dreaded than the Indians, with whom they were supposed to work in harmony, but Bennington dispelled this illusion and showed the true character and standing (as an opponent) of these hired mercenaries. It showed them to be large of stature, strong of limb, slow of motion, and of low mentality—just plain slaves—naturally a home- and peace-loving race that had been taken by force from their homes and sold to a bigoted king for service in a foreign country where they knew nothing of the language or customs and had no interest in the cause or results of the war. Henceforth they were to be met in future battles without fear or unusual dread.

It may not be wholly out of place to briefly note the difference in Burgoyne's feelings before and after the battle. In

the former he wrote to the commander of the expedition: "Mount your dragoons—send me thirteen hundred horses—seize Bennington—try the affections of the country—take hostages—and meet me a fortnight hence in Albany." Four days after the battle he wrote a gloomy account to Lord Germaine, the British Prime Minister, regarding the result of the disaster. He had lost faith in the Tories, on whose assistance he had formerly depended so largely for food and other valuable assistance.

"The great bulk of the country is undoubtedly with the congress. Their measures are executed with a secrecy and dispatch that are not to be equaled. Wherever the King's forces point, militia, to the amount of three or four thousand, assemble in twenty-four hours, they bring with them their subsistence, the alarm over, they return to their farms.

"The Hampshire Grants in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abound in the most active and rebellious race of the country and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."

From Burgoyne's captured papers it is perfectly clear that he intended for his foraging and plundering parties, accompanied by his Tory and Indian allies, to overrun, plunder and make desolate the larger part of eastern Vermont and western New Hampshire.

It is said on good authority that Colonel Baume made the pompous boast that he easily could march to Boston, and if he had lived he might have fulfilled his boast by accompanying his and other prisoners to that city a little later.

There is a marked difference in the strength of Colonel Baume's forces as given by different writers. The New Hampshire Gazetteers (1817) claim that his force was fully fifteen hundred, in-

cluding regulars, Tories, Canada riflemen and one hundred Indians.

From a military point of view this force should be superior to Stark's, for his regulars were the choicest and most efficient of Burgoyne's whole army, thoroughly disciplined, armed, and equipped with the latest and best of arms, and supplied with up-to-date artillery, and having about two days and nights to intrench and fortify a naturally very strong position, the top of a rather steep hill covered with heavy timber, they should have been amply able to hold their chosen position against three times their own number of assailants in the open. Stark had no such numbers.

Several writers claim that Colonel Breymon's reinforcements (he was one hour too late to accomplish his purpose) were six hundred and twenty, with two larger and heavier cannon that Burgoyne's captured papers show them to be, abundantly supplied with ammunition, for each man carried forty rounds on his person, and an extra supply on the wagons.

General Stark's force has been variously estimated, ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand; probably eighteen hundred is much nearer. The New Hampshire State Paper, Vol. 15, gives the strength of his three New Hampshire regiments as follows:

Colonel Moses Nichols of Amherst	613
Colonel Thomas Stickney of Concord	626
Colonel David Hobart of Plymouth	276
	<hr/>
	1515
Stark's staff	5

There is also a considerable difference in the estimates of the Vermont and other troops that joined him at the eleventh hour. Honorable Zadoc Thompson, one of Vermont's earliest and most

reliable historians, gives in his excellent history of Vermont the strength of Colonel Seth Warner's regiment (this regiment was never full, as only one hundred and thirty, when they arrived on the firing line just in time to fiercely attack Colonel Breyman's reinforcements, probably past 5:00 p. m. Du Puy, Ethan Allen's biographer (an able writer), claims the same number. Professor Robinson (much later), a noted writer, teacher, and historian, in a very carefully written history of Vermont, claims one hundred and forty.

There are various claims that Bennington, and vicinity furnished a large number of volunteers. It seems to be a settled fact that that number amounted to about one good sized company (not over seventy-five in all), under the command of Colonel Herrick, a local resident (who had commanded a regiment). He and his men did valuable work, as they knew the country thoroughly and made excellent guides. In this company were five sons of Captain Fay, landlord of the Catamount Tavern, where the Vermont Committee of Safety was then holding their meetings. One of these sons was killed, also Jesse, brother of Colonel Seth Warner.

Some modern, self-styled historians sneer and denounce as ridiculous and untrue the fact that the earliest writers claim that General Stark, just before the battle, openly made the statement that "We must beat the Red Coats today or Molly Stark sleeps a widow tonight." A noted poet, Fitz-Green Halleck, embodied that memorable speech in a patriotic ballad over a century ago. Here is one stanza:

When on that field his band of Hessians
fought
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
"Soldiers, those German gentlemen were
bought

For four pounds eight and seven pence
per man
By England's King, a bargain it is
thought,
They are worth more, let's prove it while
we can
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of
sun
Or my wife sleeps a widow"—It was
done.

Just before the battle began, as Stark's force was marching through a corn field, he gave strict orders for every man to place in his hat band (or some conspicuous place) a green corn husk and shoot to kill all who failed to display this emblem. He had a very good reason for giving this apparently cruel and stringent order, for he was informed that there were Tories in some of his local volunteer companies who would join the enemy as soon as the battle commenced, and it has been proved beyond doubt that some twenty members of one western Massachusetts company deserted to the enemy and eagerly joined in firing on their neighbors and former comrades, who became violently enraged at this treachery and singled out those twenty and directed their fire at them with the result that eleven of them were left on the field dead and the other nine did not dare to return to their former homes.

The expense of the Bennington campaign amounted to £16,492-12s-10, which, when paid in depreciated currency, yielded a little less than two thousand dollars. One dollar of hard money paid for thirty-three in Continental bills at that time.

If Bunker Hill was a patriotic resolution to oppose British oppression and tyranny to the bitter end, Bennington was the acknowledged turning point, and Yorktown was the result of that resolution faithfully kept.

Above is noted a few of the many



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blessings to the American people that rose from the smoke and carnage of Bennington. After Burgoyne's surrender the prisoners were marched to Boston, and an eye-witness of their arrival in Cambridge writes of their arrival as follows:

"Mrs. Dr. Winthrop of Cambridge, writing about the arrival of these Hessian hirelings into Cambridge, remarked, 'I never had one idea that the Creator produced such a sordid set of human creatures in human figure—poor, dirty, emaciated men,—great numbers of women who seemed to be the beasts of burden, having bushel baskets on their heads by which they were bent nearly double, whose contents seemed to be pots and kettles and various sorts of furniture,—children peering through grid-irons and other utensils,—some very young infants who were born on the road,—the women barefooted and clothed in rags,—such effluvia filled the air while they were passing that, had they not been smoking all the time, I should have been apprehensive of being contaminated.' "

A report made in Congress in 1790 by General Knox giving the proportion of soldiers to population furnished by each of the Colonies in the Revolution as follows: Massachusetts (including Maine), one in seven of the population; Connecticut, one in seven; New Hampshire, one in eleven; Rhode Island, one in eleven; New Jersey, one in sixteen; Pennsylvania, one in sixteen; New York, one in nineteen; Maryland, one in twenty-two; Delaware, one in twenty-four; Virginia, one in twenty-eight; Georgia, one in thirty-two; South Carolina, one in thirty-eight; North Carolina, one in fifty-four. Connecticut had less population at the period of the Revolution than either Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina

or South Carolina. Nevertheless she furnished more troops for the war than any of these great states.

It truthfully can be said that Bennington was a New Hampshire battle for she furnished more than three-fourths of the combatants, and I am unable to find any evidence that the Continental Congress furnished even one man or a single gun flint for the occasion.

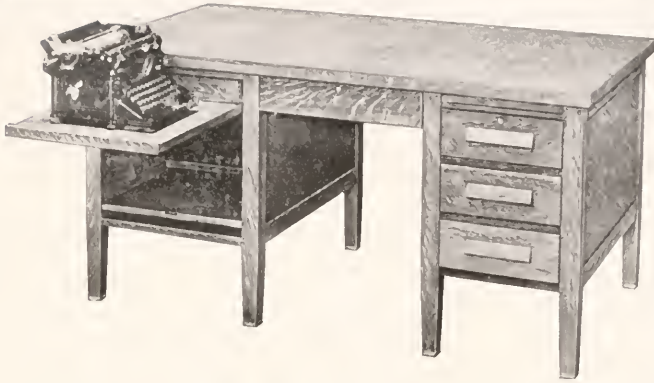
Stark's force has been slurringly referred to as a mixed multitude, and it certainly was somewhat mixed. It was a spontaneous uprising of the settlers and included practically every man and boy able to handle a gun, without regard to age. There was many a beardless youth in his early teens, also old, white-haired grandfathers, who had fought long and faithfully in the French and Indian war, who wanted just one more chance at the hated Indian. One hundred and fifty-four of his force was at Bunker Hill."

Bennington had only one near parallel during the whole Revolutionary struggle, and that was King's Mountain, where the cause and results were very similar.

At that time there was a law on the statute books requiring every able-bodied male citizen of New Hampshire to provide himself with one serviceable gun and bayonet, knapsack, cartridge box, one pound of powder, twenty bullets, and twelve flints.

Colonel Carrington (retired) U. S. Army, a very able writer, made the following table of the men who served in the Revolutionary War. This table is based on the total years of enlistments, and not on the total of the men who served:

New Hampshire	12,497
Massachusetts (including Maine)	69,907
Rhode Island	5,908
Connecticut	31,939



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Box 305, Manchester, N. H.

New York	17,781
New Jersey	10,726
Pennsylvania	25,678
Delaware	2,386
Maryland	13,912
Virginia	26,678
North Carolina	7,263
South Carolina	6,417
Georgia	2,679
	—————
	233,771

From the above figures it seems that the four New England colonies furnished more than one-half of the total number of soldiers for the Revolution, having furnished in round numbers 120,251.

And that the little colony of New Hampshire furnished more men than the colonies of Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia or Delaware, North Carolina and Georgia is evident from the above official figures.

New Hampshire had three regiments of the Continental Line (and other volunteers) in the Saratoga campaign and they took a prominent part in every battle and skirmish of that campaign and, according to General Gates, Adjutant-General Wilkinson's New Hampshire troops suffered a little more than half of the total casualties of that campaign, and immediately after the surrender of General Burgoyne. New Hampshire troops made a forced march of forty miles in the remarkably short time of fourteen hours and forded the Mohawk River near its mouth with the object of preventing the British from capturing Albany. When they arrived at their destination they learned that the British had been informed of the surrender and the approach of the Continentals and had retreated in great haste down the river.

The first overt act of rebellion and war against the mother country was performed (luckily without bloodshed) by

New Hampshire citizens when, on the fourteenth of December, 1774, some four hundred men assembled at Portsmouth and, under the leadership of the Hon. John Langdon, easily captured the fort. William and Mary, in New Castle, near the mouth of the Piscataqua River, thereby securing over one hundred barrels of gunpowder, many small arms, cannon, and quite a quantity of ordnance stores. (It is claimed on good authority that General John Sullivan bore all of the expense of the expedition.) Much of this powder was used with good results at Bunker Hill.

New Hampshire did more than her full share in the long, hard struggle. She sent one out of every eleven of her entire population into the service. Out of her pinching poverty she contributed liberally to every call. She sent her choicest sons, the brain and brawn of the entire state to fight their country's battles for liberty and justice. Their courage never failed them. Their faith was firm and steadfast. The blood of New Hampshire heroes and martyrs helped to redden nearly every battlefield from Bunker Hill and Quebec to Yorktown. The blood from their bare feet marked their trail over very many miles of frozen road. They shared the woes and misery of nearly every defeat and the joys of every victory. They stood faithfully and patiently at their posts of duty until the last armed foe had been overcome or forced from the country and the bigoted and selfish King from his gilded throne had been forced to declare that the rebellious colonies were free and independent states.

It can truthfully be said of the New Hampshire troops in the Revolution that they stood from first to last faithfully and patiently by, and rocked the cradle of liberty until they rocked it into a glorious maturity.

The Old Homestead

ETHAN WHITTIER PEARSON

In the Northland where the fir trees cast long shadows,—
As the sun sets in a rosy, golden glow,—
Far across the sloping grown-up fields and meadows,
To a silvery brook that's singing soft and low;
Stands disconsolate a lone and ancient farmhouse,
Built in good old happy days of long ago.

And at just this time of day it looks its saddest,
When the evening calm is settling over all;—
Another day has passed of constant watching,
But no one seems to heed its silent call;
The days and years have passed in slow succession,
But the house still stands alone from fall to fall.

And through its windows now so dim and hazy
It gazes sadly, where it used to beam
With many bright and happy sunlit faces,
And reflect at night the firelight's cozy gleam;
But now it stands like one with hope departed,
And only of the past it seems to dream.

Perhaps there are in far off busy cities,
Some weary souls who pause and contemplate,
And let their thoughts stray back to that old homestead,
And wish that to return might be their fate,—
They see again the fields, the hills and mountains,—
The lilac-bloom beside the garden gate!

It may be that sometime when thoughts come stealing,
Of happy, peaceful days so free from care,
That one will hear the call of that old homestead,
And back among the old scenes will appear,—
That once again the house, no longer lonely,
Will radiate its old-time warmth and cheer!



HOME OF THE UNITED LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
CONCORD, N. H.

A Benevolent Institution

The United Life and Accident Insurance Company of Concord, New Hampshire

THE BUSINESS of insurance ranks with agriculture, manufacturing, trade and transportation as one of the great industries of the country today, though its origin here is of comparatively recent date and its de-

velopment and growth most rapid in the last few years. Although there were many small mutual fire insurance companies in the state early in the last century, it was not until 1870 that a stock company in this line was organized and commenced business in New Hampshire, this being the New



ALLEN HOLLIS
PRESIDENT

development and growth most rapid in the last few years.

Although there were many small mutual fire insurance companies in the state early in the last century, it was not until 1870 that a stock company in this line was organized and commenced business in New Hampshire, this being the New

the withdrawal of most of the foreign companies doing business in the state, and resulted in the organization of various New Hampshire companies, chief among which is the Granite State Company of Portsmouth, which has also been decidedly successful.

The business of life insurance had its

origin in England and began as an offshoot of marine insurance, having been instituted by ship-owners and merchants in foreign trade for protection against loss from the death or capture of their captains and supercargoes. As early as 1699 the Mercers Association in London maintained a fund, subscribed to by its

"Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Annuities," chartered in 1812. This was followed by the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, in 1818; the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, in 1830, and the Girard Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia, in 1826. As now gen-



CLARENCE E. CARR
CHAIRMAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS

members, from which their widows and orphaned children derived certain benefits upon their death; but the first regular life insurance company in Great Britain was the Equitable, founded in London in 1762.

In this country, life insurance began with the Presbyterian Ministers' Fund of Philadelphia in 1759, which is still in operation, though the first actual life insurance company in America was the

erally conducted, however, life insurance began with the incorporation of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in 1842. Twenty-five other companies went into operation in the next ten years, of which fourteen are now in existence. Among these are the New England Mutual of Boston, incorporated in 1844; the Mutual Benefit Life, of Newark, N. J. (1845); the New York Life (1845); State Mutual Life, of

Worcester, Mass. (1845); Connecticut Mutual Life, Hartford (1846); Pennsylvania Mutual Life, Philadelphia (1847); Aetna Life, Hartford (1850); Manhattan Life, New York (1850); Phoenix Mutual Life, Hartford (1851). In 1860 there were forty-seven life insurance companies in the United States,

some time at a standstill; but in recent years there has been a rapid, and of late a phenomenal growth. Supervision has become more thorough and effective, each state now having a department or bureau devoted to the work. In 1905 occurred the celebrated "Armstrong investigation" in New York, following



ROBERT J. MERRILL
1ST VICE-PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY

with 60,000 persons insured for \$180,000,000.

Following the Civil War the increased demand for insurance caused the flotation of many new ventures in the field by the managers of which the principles of the business were not understood, or were disregarded, while there was little or inefficient supervision, and numerous failures naturally resulted between 1870 and 1880, so that the business was for

charges of mismanagement by the companies. This investigation was carried out by a joint legislative committee headed by Senator William W. Armstrong with Charles E. Hughes as special counsel, and revealed great irregularities and much extravagance in management, but resulted in the institution of marked reforms, so that public confidence was ultimately restored. It was his work in connection with this investigation, it will

be recalled, that directed attention to the ability of Mr. Hughes and gave him entrance into public life.

Some idea of the growth and importance of the life insurance business may be obtained from a table compiled by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, showing the increase in busi-

ness. Investment in this direction is vastly superior to that in savings bank deposits, in that it presents the double advantage of savings and protection. It is the growing realization of this advantage which accounts for the great and constant increase in the business.

It was not, however, until a compara-



EUGENE E. REED
2ND VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

ness in the country from 1924 to 1927, inclusive. From this table it appears that the total amount of insurance in force in 1924 was \$63,779,741,000, while in 1927 it had increased to \$79,644,487,000.

The value and importance of life insurance to the average man, especially if he has a family to be safeguarded and provided for, is becoming more generally recognized with the passing days, and emphasized by experience in numberless

tively recent date that the business of life insurance was entered upon in New Hampshire. In 1913 a group of men of enterprise and vision, of public spirit and business sagacity, consisting of William F. Thayer, Edson J. Hill, Charles L. Jackman, William A. Stone, John H. Brown, S. W. Jameson, and Allen Hollis, secured from the Legislature an act of incorporation authorizing them to do business, either in Concord or Man-

chester, as they might determine, with full authority "to insure persons against loss of life, illness or personal injury resulting from any cause; to make contracts for endowments; to grant and purchase annuities; to insure persons and corporations against loss on account of liability to others for personal injuries,

chosen as the place of business, and headquarters established at 24 South Main street, where the same has been continued.

Clarence E. Carr was chosen President of the corporation upon its organization, serving until February 15, 1917, when he became Chairman of the Board



JOHN B. JAMESON
TREASURER

fatal or otherwise; to issue and become surety upon official indemnity and other bonds, and in general to conduct the business of life, health, casualty, liability and indemnity insurance in any or all its branches."

This act was approved March 20, 1913, and in June following a company was organized and licensed to do business by the New Hampshire Insurance Department July 14, 1914. Concord was

of Directors and was succeeded as President by S. W. Jameson, who served till August 29, 1923, when he was succeeded by Allen Hollis, who has since continued.

S. W. Jameson was chosen Vice President at the organization, continuing till February 15, 1917, when he was succeeded by Allen Hollis, who in turn was succeeded by Robert J. Merrill, the present incumbent.

Allen Hollis was the first Secretary,

continuing till November 13, 1924, when Robert J. Merrill succeeded him and still continues.

John B. Jameson, elected Treasurer upon the organization in 1913, has occupied that responsible position from the start. Charles L. Jackson was Assistant Treasurer till February 17, 1921, when he was succeeded by Robert D. Fletcher.

The office of Second Vice President was established in June, 1917, when R. H. Burns was elected, and continued till July, 1918, after which the position was vacant till January 24, 1924, when Eugene E. Reed was elected thereto, and is still serving and acting as Superintendent of Agencies.

Frederick A. Stillings, M. D., was the first Medical Director, serving till August, 1917, when he was succeeded by Robert J. Graves, M. D., still in office, with Henry H. Amsden, M. D., as assistant since February 17, 1921.

Richard Brodin was made Actuary of the company, March 16, 1919, serving till April 18, 1921. John V. Hanna, who was made Assistant Actuary May 17, 1921, has served as Actuary since January 26, 1922, and F. Edward Rushlow has been Manager of the Claim Department since December, 1921.

The official roster, as it now stands is, then, as follows:

Clarence E. Carr, Chairman Board of Directors.

Allen Hollis, President and General Counsel.

Robert J. Merrill, 1st Vice President and Secretary.

Eugene E. Reed, 2nd Vice President.

John B. Jameson, Treasurer.

Robert J. Graves, M. D., Medical Director.

John V. Hanna, Actuary and Assistant Secretary.

Robert D. Fletcher, Assistant Treasurer.

H. H. Amsden, M. D., Assistant Medical Director.

F. Edward Rushlow, Manager Claim Department.

Directors—Clarence E. Carr, Allen Hollis, John B. Jameson, Charles L. Jackman, Eugene E. Reed, Rolland H. Spaulding, J. Duncan Upham, Charles E. Tilton, Henry W. Keyes, Robert J. Merrill, John V. Hanna, Richard W. Sulloway, Benjamin W. Couch, Harry G. Emmons, Robert J. Graves.

This company now operates in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Missouri and Kansas. It has 42 general agents, 600 agents and 75 employees.

Considering the length of time in which it has been operating, its success has been almost phenomenal, as is shown by the following comparative statement of the growth of business:

	INSURANCE IN FORCE	ASSETS
Dec. 31, 1914.....	\$327,000.00	\$616,663.78
Dec. 31, 1918.....	8,806,631.00	1,409,117.55
Dec. 31, 1923.....	31,404,369.00	3,010,210.88
Dec. 31, 1927.....	51,759,146.00	5,487,946.43

The following statement shows the growth of the company during the last year:

Total insurance paid for.....	\$10,865,331.00
Increase insurance in force.....	1,756,760.00
Increase in policyholders' re- serves	626,760.00
Increase in admitted assets.....	628,769.08
Increase in premium income earned	18,687.24
Increase in interest and rents earned	52,571.83
Increase in total income earned.	77,815.40
Total to protect policyholders in- cluding surplus	5,327,022.01
Total paid policyholders since organization	3,532,229.53
Total insurance in force.....	51,759,146.00

The remarkable success of this company during the brief period of its existence is due in large measure to the high character and standing of its directorate. No business organization in the state or country is controlled by a body of men of greater ability and sounder business judgment, or more honorable reputation than those who compose the Board of Directors of the United Life and Accident Insurance Company of Concord, N. H. Let us briefly note the personnel of this board:

CLARENCE E. CARR, Chairman Board of Directors. Lawyer, manufacturer, trustee of Franklin Savings Bank and of Proctor Academy; candidate for Governor in 1908-10.

ALLEN HOLLIS, President of the company. Lawyer, President Concord Electric Company, White Mountain Telephone and Telegraph Company, Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests; Director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston.

ROBERT J. MERRILL, Vice President and Secretary. Former State Senator; Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, 1911-17; Vice President and Director, Concord Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

EUGENE E. REED, Second Vice President. Mayor of Manchester eight years; Member of Congress, 1913-14; Commissioner Philippine Islands and President Manila Railroad, 1915-18.

ROBERT J. GRAVES, M. D., Medical Director. Chief Surgeon, B. & M. R. R.; Trustee Loan and Trust Savings Bank, Concord; member New Hampshire and Massachusetts Medical Societies, American Medical Association, and Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors.

JOHN V. HANNA, Actuary and Assistant Secretary. Associate, American Institute of Actuaries.

JOHN B. JAMESON, Treasurer. Di-

rector First National Bank of Concord, Capital Fire Insurance Company, Dominion Stores, Ltd., of Canada, Windsor Oil and Gas Company, Oklahoma; candidate for U. S. Senator, 1918; Chairman, N. H. Committee on Public Safety in World War.

RICHARD W. SULLOWAY, Manager Sulloway Mills; Vice President Franklin National Bank; former Trustee University of New Hampshire; Treasurer Proctor Academy.

CHARLES L. JACKMAN, President Capital Fire Insurance Company, First Investment Company, Page Belting Company, and many other corporations; Manager New England Underwriters Agency; Treasurer Concord Y. M. C. A.; Director Northern Railroad, and National State Capital Bank.

ROLLAND H. SPAULDING, President Spaulding Fibre Company, North Rochester; Governor of New Hampshire, 1915-16; Vice President Rochester Trust Company; Director Atlas Leather Company, International Leather Company, and numerous other corporations.

HENRY W. KEYES, United States Senator. Governor of New Hampshire, 1917-18; President Woodsville National Bank; Director N. E. Telephone and Telegraph Company; Trustee Woodsville Guaranty Savings Bank.

CHARLES E. TILTON, Candidate for Governor, 1920; Vice President Iona Savings Bank of Tilton; Director Citizens National Bank, Tilton; Trustee Tilton Seminary.

J. DUNCAN UPHAM, former member N. H. Executive Council; President Claremont National Bank; Director Boston & Maine Railroad; Treasurer, Director and member Executive Committee Sullivan Machinery Company; Director N. H. Manufacturers' Association.

HARRY G. EMMONS, merchant; President Harry G. Emmons, Inc., Depart-

ment Store, Concord; Director National State Capital Bank, and Concord Gas Company; Trustee Loan and Trust Savings Bank, Concord.

BENJAMIN W. COUCH, lawyer; President Ford and Kimball Company, Concord; Vice President N. H. Spinning Mill; Treasurer Concord Gas Company; Director Bethlehem Electric Company and many other companies; Trustee N. H. State Hospital and Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital; former Chairman Judiciary Committee, N. H. House of Representatives.

We characterize this company as a "benevolent institution" because it safeguards thousands of wives and dependent families from loss by death of, or accident to, those upon whom they are dependent for support. It is, moreover, a public utility in that it gives profitable employment to many people who might not otherwise be usefully engaged; while it is a good business enterprise in that it insures, through judicious management, a fair return for capital invested. All in all it is an institution of which the people of New Hampshire may well be proud.

Morning and Afternoon

FANNY H. RUNNELLS POOLE

Two joys 'neath changing skies
The longing heart may cherish;
O not with time shall perish
Their magic, their surprise!—
The light in sunny eyes,
Blithe amid childhood's play,
Which but to live in memory
Still wakes the soul with melody,
To come and go away.

The nameless bliss of being,
When love illumines the day!
Though sometimes unagreeing
Life's full chords die away,
There's Hope, the orb of night,
Blest visions to restore us
And mark the path before us
To morn's triumphant light.
Beyond the clouds that perish,
These joys the heart may cherish
Lead on from height to height.



Dedication of Boulder on Site of First Church in New Boston, N. H.

MRS. F. A. D. ATWOOD

STANDING here in this Silent City, marked in so many places by our glorious flag, and looking over these valleys, hills, and mountains, can we imagine how they appeared in 1736, when New Boston was granted to John Simpson and fifty-two others? It was then an unbroken wilderness, covered with forests. As near as we can ascertain, the first settlement was begun about the year 1733, and that as early as 1740, on what is now called Pine Plain, there had been erected sixty dwelling houses, a saw mill, and a meeting house 45x35 feet, but it was evidently soon after destroyed by fire. A tradition says it was set by the Indians, but reasonably, it was accidental. A few years since our Chapter was presented with a gavel, made from a piece of timber from the old dam

on the Lang farm, formerly owned by a Gregg, and supposed to be a part of the dam built by him when he built his new saw, shingle, and lath mill, more than one hundred and fifty years ago.

In our day and generation we can have no idea of the hardships and deprivations of that period. The first settlers were from Londonderry, of Scotch descent, Protestant Christians, and in sect Presbyterians. In the original grant of the town it was distinctly stated that it should be laid out "into sixty-three equal shares, one for the settled minister, one for the ministry, and one for schools." "Church and schools were a necessary part of the lives of those pioneers."

As early as 1756, the matter of preaching and a meeting house were under

earnest discussion. At that time the whole number of inhabitants in the township was fifty-nine, men, women and children. The standing committee, appointed by the Proprietors, included Messrs Halsey, Hill, Boyce, Cochrane, and Caldwell. The settlers were so insistent that in 1764 the Proprietors required the committee to go forward and secure the building of the house, and a bargain was made with Mr. Ebenezer Beard to complete it by the first of July, 1767. The contract, however, included only the interior finish of one story, the pulpit, and the seats for the singers. There was delay and dissatisfaction, but on September 15, 1767, the committee settled with Mr. Beard, giving him one hundred acres of land above what the contract called for. Though the church was ostensibly built by the Proprietors, it was really taken over by the town, and the remaining expenses paid by the taxpayers of the town.

The building was placed on Lot No. 79, that lot including the oldest part of our cemetery, and near the grave of a little child buried near an oak tree. It was an imposing edifice for those days: "fifty feet long and forty feet wide, and a twenty-foot stud," with a front door, five feet wide toward the south, another toward the west, and another toward the east, with a pulpit on the north side, and square pews all around the walls of the house, a broad alley in the center, with square pews on either side and an alley between them and the pews on the side.

The pulpit was of ample dimensions and height, with its mysterious sounding-board above it, while the minister's pew was on the west side of the pulpit, close by the stairs that led to it. The singers' seats were on the south of the house, in the gallery.

The first town meeting in New Boston was held at the home of Deacon Thomas

Cochrane on Thursday, March 10, 1763. The succeeding two meetings, those of 1764 and 1765, were held at the house of John McLaughlin. That of 1766 was held in the meeting-house. It occurred on March 3, and was the first annual town meeting to be convened there. From that time forward, for nearly three-fourths of a century, the annual meetings of the town continued to be held there.

When the Lord's supper was observed long tables were set in the aisles and the communicants sat around them. Each one was provided with a "token," proof of his right to the table. These tokens were made of small pieces of lead about an inch square, bearing the letters "N. B." After all were seated, the elders passed around, taking the tokens, which were redistributed after the service. It is related of one elder, Peterson, who was a man of rather blunt speech, that on a certain occasion, he found a man at table who had no token, and he exclaimed, "Awa'! Awa' wid ye mon! We don't want ye here."

We need to remember that in those days there were no stoves, and all the artificial heat introduced into the large church emanated from the foot-stoves of the good wives and mothers of the congregation. Some of us here today can remember these pretty, framed receptacles of hot coals.

One McLaughlin kept an inn on the hillside above the church, and, during the intermission many a son of the congregation joined the group there, for external and internal warmth, while the women visited the various homes in the vicinity, where they could eat their lunch and refill their foot-stoves from the glowing beds of coals in the large fireplaces.

At the right hand of the pulpit stood an hour glass, and it was reported that

Priest Moore preached by the hour. When one of his parishioners remonstrated with him, Mr. Moore retorted, "What have I to do with thee, thou wicked perverse son of Belial? For thou wilt take two glasses from Mac with an easy grace, and canna take one glass from me without grumblin'."

Mr. Moore was installed September 6, 1768—married to Miss Ann Davidson July 16, 1770, and died from a short illness May 28, 1803, aged 67 years and four months. He fully realized the approach of death, expressing his great love for his people, and exhorting them to cultivate peace by mutual forbearance, saying "The Lord will keep you and give you another pastor more faithful than I have been." Mrs. Moore survived him for many years, living to be ninety-six years old, with children and grand-children about her, making herself useful to others. She was a great help to the successor of her husband, Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford. The latter was ordained pastor on February 6, 1806. He was to receive \$400 yearly salary and a donation of \$400, one-half in three months and the other half in nine months.

To better prepare himself to labor for the best good of his people, Mr. Bradford bought a small farm and erected a house which is still standing, an ornament to the hill where it is located. It

is now the summer home of Mr. Winfield L. Shaw of Manchester. Some changes have been made by the present owner, but much of the interior has been preserved unchanged, and the beautiful view is still an inspiration to all lovers of God's handiwork.

In 1769 the town built a session house near by, which had a large fire-place where the people could warm themselves during the intermission.

In 1823 the meeting-house built in 1768 had "waxed old," and the town refused to build a new one. A company of men organized themselves into an association, and the beautiful building which was so long a landmark of New Boston was erected. The first church had served the purpose for which it was built, and our frugal ancestors, learning that the timbers and some other material used in its construction were sound, they were made a part of the town-house, built later in the lower village. We wonder if the boards forming the long desk where we sat sixty-five years ago, were a part of the cherished old church.

Now, after a century and a half have been recording New Boston history, we locate and mark this spot, with hearts full of respect and reverence for the God-fearing men and women who used to worship here, commemorating at His table the death and resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.



En Bloc

THE STATUE OF A STATE

MARY E. HOUGH

A sculptor, chiseling New Hampshire's statue,
As best befits contour of map might dare
To visualize the figure of Apollo,
Enclosed in Granite block—all but the bare
Strong arms outstretched, with silver bow drawn ready
To speed a sun-tipped arrow through the air.

No room for outstretched arms! Our boundaries
Run northward to a point. We're mostly strong
In mountain heart and breadth of pedestal.
Nor, to save space, would *folded* arms belong
To him who shot the snakes, coiled round the tree-trunks
Of Grecian Delhi, and avenged her wrong.

Suppose the sculptor chose the northern area
From east to west of our twin-state, the case
Might be reversed—the arms reach out with freedom.
But then there may be lacking the firm brace
For spring of foot and tension of thigh-muscle,—
A massive shoulder front but narrow base.

The same results hold true throughout our nation.
For an Apollo where is found a state
Exactly fitting his ideal proportions,
His aim, and high resolve? Each blames its fate,
Its boundary-lines, strict laws, and limitations,
Letting the work of an Apollo wait.

Thus state-craft makes excuse and argues, saying:
"Apollo now is faulty more than we;
His arms are broken, hands and fingers lacking,
Yet this augments the value that we see
Attached to relics and old statuary—
May not shortcomings, then, an asset be?"

True, mutilated figures have their value,
But only when they rest from labor done,
The tree-trunks rid of coiling broods of serpents
(No land but has its Delhi over-run
With pythons of some sort!) Till then, quick action,
A silver bow, and arrows tipped with sun!

Why has this ancient master-piece its merit?
It once was whole; ideal and purpose clear,
In-cut with every stroke of sculptor's mallet.
Yet it obeyed stern laws—Art is severe.
Let states, in spite of limitations, follow
The model of Apollo Belvedere.



"TIDEWATER"

Capt. William Flagg and "Tidewater Farm"

ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER

Foreword

WILLIAM POMFRETT and his son-in-law, John Dam, were in Dover as early as 1639. John Dam married Elizabeth, one of the two daughters of William Pomfrett. We read that William Pomfrett was an educated man, and possessed of considerable property. He was the third town clerk of Dover, filling this office for nearly a quarter of a century. The oldest extant volume of the town's records is in his handwriting, and is marked "No. 7" on its parchment cover. He signed Dover's Magna Charta, and was a man of affairs. In 1643 he had a grant of land at the extreme point between Cochecho and Newichawanock rivers. This is the point now owned by Mr. E. W. Rollins. In 1652—10 m—5 day—he had a grant

of one hundred acres between Cochecho river and Fresh Creek. This is the Capt. Flagg farm, of late owned by Mr. Montgomery Rollins. March 26, 1675, William Pomfrett, out of love and affection to his grandson, William Dam, then about twenty years of age, conveyed to him "all the upland and meadow granted William Pomfrett, in 1652, lying and being from ye mouth of Fresh Creek, on ye western side toward Cochecho, that is to say, it runs up from Cochecho river by said Creek's side, from ye mouth thereof, the creek being the bound thereof on ye eastern side, and from the mouth of Fresh Creek it runs up the river, which is ye bound on ye south and by west side." These bounds were renewed June 9, 1724, at the request of Pomfrett Dam, (son of William) then

43 years old. From Pomfrett Dam and Easter Twombly his wife, descended a long line of Dams, and for four generations they held possession of the land. Several families lived here, and there were two or three dwelling houses on the one hundred acre grant.

But for several reasons, marriage, death, and financial changes, the land passed out of the name and blood.

William Flagg was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 7, 1770. His father was Capt. John Flagg, who married Sarah Odiorne, daughter of William Odiorne. This family was socially eminent, and the daughters were very attractive. One became the wife of Gen. Sullivan, one sister married an Appleton, and another an Amory of Boston. In June of the year William was born, his lady mother died. Seven years later his father passed away, and the children were sent to the homes of different relatives.

William went to his Aunt Brewster in Wolfboro, N. H. This move was not to his advantage, according to his view of the conditions. He had no school privileges, and was not happy in his new home. Six years of this life went on, when his native independence asserted itself, and he found his way to Portsmouth without leave or license. Once in the seaport town, he took to the water like a duck, and shipped as cabin boy in 1783 in the brig "Sisters," Thomas Roach, Master, from Portsmouth to Tobago, St. Thomas, and came back to Baltimore in the winter of 1784. That year he sailed from Baltimore with Capt. Chase, on the schooner "Friend," to Charleston, and back to Baltimore; then he joined the brig, under English Colony, with Capt. Bradhaust, for Providence; thence to Antiqua. On the way to Quebec, the vessel sprang a leak,

and they put into Charleston. This accident made a change in the Flagg boy's plans, and he joined Capt. Charlie Prince, in a pilot boat for one year. At this time his brother John came into Charleston, and persuaded William to return home to Portsmouth with him. This was in 1786—when he was sixteen years old.

From Portsmouth, he sailed with Capt. Samuel Rice, for Pool in England, LeOrient in France, and back to Portsmouth. His next voyage was with Capt. Wardhope, in the ship "Nancy," for Plymouth in England; they crossed to France and back to Portsmouth. He then went out on the brig "Sally," Bodge, Master, for Surinam, and returned to Portsmouth. He shipped next on the "Cleopatra," James McClure, Master, for Martinico, and then to Le-Orient in France, with a freight of soldiers. This was the year 1789, the commencement of the French Revolution. He then returned to Boston, and came home to Portsmouth, a full-fledged sailor at 19 years of age. The lure of the sea was strong, and he joined the brig "Mehitable and Mary," Benjamin Furnald, Master, in a voyage to Plymouth. He returned to Portsmouth, and went out again in the same ship as chief mate. He made several voyages as chief mate. In 1792 he left the brig and went with Capt. Wilton, on the "Caroline," of Charleston, and made one voyage to London. He left the "Caroline," on her return to Charleston, because the owners failed to keep their word, having promised him the command of the ship. After this disappointment he became Master of the schooner "Truro," and made several voyages to St. Mary's in Georgia, and Baltimore. His next voyage was as Master in the sloop "Orange," in which he made one voyage to St. Domingo, and

came back to Charleston, where he took charge of the brig "Fame," and went to Bordeaux. On the return trip he was captured and carried to the Isle of Bermuda and condemned in the winter of 1794-95, when he was twenty-four years old. He purchased the brig, returned to Charleston, and from there made a trip to Philadelphia and back to Charleston, when he took charge of the schooner "Eliza." He made a voyage in her to the Strait, was captured and carried to Cuata, opposite Gibraltar, where the cargo was condemned. Capt. Flagg returned by way of Cadiz to Charleston. His next voyage was to Havana in Cuba, and back to Charleston, when he sailed as Master in the ship "Penelope," on a voyage to Jamaica. He was soon captured by a French privateer, and carried into Port Pic in Hispanola, and condemned. Capt. Flagg bought the vessel at the sale and returned once more to Charleston, when he made a voyage to Havana and back. He then set sail with a cargo of sugar for the Levant. A few days after leaving Charleston, he was captured by a British frigate and carried to Halifax. The cargo was condemned, and the ship wrecked. Capt. Flagg refitted her, and took the ship with fourteen guns to Charleston. He then went to Campeche, in the Bay of Mexico, with a cargo of goods, and returned to Charleston with a cargo of one hundred thousand dollars in specie. He then gave up the ship and joined the John Adams, frigate, as 3rd Lieutenant, and continued in her for two years when he resigned his commission.

For this service, years later, when Capt. Flagg was straitened in his circumstances, by a special act of Congress he was granted a large pension. After leaving the service, he took command of the ship "Wade Hampton," and proceeded to London with a very valuable

cargo. This was in 1801 when the temporary peace between England and Bonaparte caused an almost total loss of the cargo. Again he returned to Charleston, and made another voyage to London, then took the ship to Bordeaux and sold her, and came back to Charleston in the brig "Washington," with Capt. Fuller. He soon after took command of the ship "Tipposail," made two voyages to London in her, and left the ship in Savannah. He then purchased the sloop "Delight," and sailed to Jacmel (Zasmel) on the south side of Hispanola, and loaded the ship with coffee. On his way home he was captured off Cuba and the vessel was carried to Havana. When he arrived in Havana three months later, he ransomed the ship and returned once more to Charleston. Tired of being captured under the Stars and Stripes in Spanish waters, Capt. Flagg purchased the schooner "Four Friends," put her under Spanish colors and went to Havana, and from there to Tobasco in the Gulf of Mexico. On his return to Cuba he was seized by a Spanish officer. This obliged him to cut his cable and put to sea. He returned again to Charleston having lost a thousand dollars.

Not discouraged by his repeated bad luck, the Captain refitted the schooner and went again to Tobasco, and returned to Charleston with a cargo of logwood. He now bought the brig "Caroline," and made another trip to Tobasco, and returned to Charleston in the fall of 1805. He then made several trips to New Orleans during the long embargo, when deep water sailors were worn threadbare, with their ships hauled up or riding at anchor, and officers on the alert for any attempt to sail away. In 1809 Capt. Flagg made a voyage to New York and from there sailed to Cadiz with a cargo of rice. He returned to the home port,

and made several trips to Amelia Island with cotton. He sold the "Caroline," and came to Portsmouth, his native city, in 1810. For twenty-six years, as boy and man, Capt. Flagg had made Charleston his home port. His uncle, George Flagg, a wealthy and influential citizen of the aristocratic southern city, was able to assist his nephew in his business relations. George Flagg had a family of girls, and no sons, so the young man was very welcome in the home of his fair cousins, and when in port, was introduced into the best society, where he was most cordially received. He had inherited his mother's gracious manners, and having seen much of the world during his many voyages abroad, he was very entertaining, and was considered as a great acquisition to the "court circles," of the seaport town. Here he met his first wife, Jane Imer, granddaughter of Bishop Imer, and they were married in December, 1806. When Capt. Flagg came to Portsmouth in 1810 he brought his family with him.

Capt. John Flagg still remained in Portsmouth, and later gave up making voyages, and in 1810 the brothers entered into partnership in the shipping business, and made Portsmouth their headquarters.

After getting settled in Portsmouth, the Flaggs built the ship "Jason." Capt. William made two voyages in her; one to Lisbon with rice, the other to Liverpool with cotton. He arrived in Portsmouth the 17th of July, where the ship was hauled up during the war. After peace was declared, he sent the ship one voyage to Fayall, and then sold her. The year 1814 must have been a memorable one to Capt. Flagg. He had been taken by privateers and had returned to the home port nearly penniless more than once, from being captured on the high seas. Perhaps he believed in reciprocity, or perchance retaliation, and an opportunity

to gain something from the sea appealed to him. Whatever the motive, an armed schooner, appropriately named the "Fox," owned by 26 Portsmouth men, put to sea in May, 1814, evidently considering any craft her game if she could capture it. The owners were: Abel Harris, William Rice, William Gardner, Abram Shaw, Nath'l Folsom, Jr., Geo. Long, William Pearse and Sons, Andrew Bell, Joshua Wentworth, Thos. W. Penhallow, Estate of Jos. Giles, N. B. March, Joshua Neal, Jno. F. Parrott, H. Y. Salter, Dal. Ladd, Langley Boardman, Jno. and B. Abbott, H. L. Langdon, Jacob Wendell, James Shapley, Titus Salter, Chas. Blunt, Wm. Flagg, N. Y. Goddard, E. G. Parrott. There were sixteen shares in this schooner. She was commanded by Elihu D. Brown. Abel Harris, who owned $2\frac{1}{4}$ shares in the armed schooner, Wm. Rice who owned $1\frac{1}{4}$ shares and Wm. Flagg who owned $\frac{1}{2}$ of a share were made agents for the owners. I believe Capt. Flagg was the clerk, for I found, among some accounts, the records of the "Fox," kept in his handwriting, and giving account of the sale of numerous vessels and their cargoes, taken as prizes by the "Fox," amounting in net value to about \$236,000 during the year following—a handsome return for the owner. The business was given up, however, and Capt. Flagg, weary of seagoing operations, to which he had devoted his life for thirty-three years, came to Dover, and bought the Dame farm. This property had doubled in acreage since the grant made to William Pomfrett, one hundred and forty-three years before.

Capt. Flagg bought of Daniel Waldron and his wife, Olive, one hundred and ninety acres, for \$5,000, February 11, 1815. From Samuel Hanson, he bought, April 20, 1815, several small parcels of land that had been the property of the

Howard heirs, whose mother was Sarah Dame, for which Capt. Flagg paid \$500. In the year 1815, he built the Colonial mansion, still standing, a credit to the builder. It is 47 feet by 38 feet, two stories, with a hip roof. Capt. Flagg built a small brick ell, about fifteen by twenty feet on the north-west corner. There are two large chimneys in the east and west sides. The first floor has four large rooms, with a wide fireplace in each room. A hall nine feet wide runs through the house north and south; the wide staircase is easy to climb, and the four chambers above are the same size as the rooms below. A hall bedroom, at the north end of the hall upstairs, is as Capt. Flagg built it. The front door, on the south side, is a massive door, with wide side lights, and a large fan over the door, and the door at the north end of the hall is a fine one also. The windows in the house are large, having twelve lights of glass; there are deep window seats, and panelled, folding shutters. The finish is heavy, and well made, and the work about the fireplaces is worthy of mention. The floors are of wide, old timber pine. To this home Capt. Flagg brought his South Carolina wife. She was a noted lady and had true southern hospitality. The Flaggs kept open house and their lavish entertaining was a wonder to the country side. It will be remembered that there was no public road to the Flagg house. The town road ran as far as the limit of the farm where Joseph Libby now lives, formerly the farm of John Trickey, whose wife was a Dame; then a wheel-path wound through a pasture, down a hill, across the lower end of the pond, and up a steep hill to the house.

Capt. Flagg began at once to improve the farm. His accounts tell us that he employed Nathaniel Ham to bring forty-six gundalow loads of rock weed to his

wharf. This was on the Cocheco river. He paid \$1.50 per load. The Captain conceived the plan of having a grist and saw mill on Fresh Creek. In February, 1820, he employed James Willey five and a half days to fit mill stones. Willey must have been a master mechanic, for he received one dollar a day, and this was the highest price paid any man. In 1822 the mill dam was made, and October 27, 1822, the mill was raised. It stood on the west side of the Creek, where the bridge spans the little stream, and the foundation of Flagg's tide mill built the piers of the present bridge. Traces of the wheel-path to the mill can be seen today. This year the Captain bought of George Wentworth, "an old mill saw, weighing thirty-three pounds for five cents a pound." This saw probably came from the saw mill that had stood at the head of Fresh Creek.

Noah Thompson, of Barrington, worked forty days on this farm, building stone wall, for 83½ cents a day. Much of that wall is still standing, and when we see the huge rocks piled together in such a firm manner as to keep company for almost a century, we believe he earned his wage. Capt. Flagg hired experienced men for \$10 per month, and Thomas West, who lived in Tattle Lane, Somersworth, and was famous for his large, prominent eyes, and his skill in driving oxen, worked two months for \$6 per month. West must have thought his services worth more, for he walked into Merry Meeting Pond and gave up his life and farming.

Capt. Flagg kept up his business relations with Portsmouth merchants. His accounts mention William Jones and John Hill with whom he had dealings, and he made acquaintance with Dover business men. In 1819 the Captain bought of Nathaniel and Jerry Young, tanners of Dover, sole and upper leather,

and sold them calves' skins, heifers' skins, and ox hides. To utilize this leather, he employed Jonathan Whitehouse, shoemaker, and when he was not making shoes, he worked on the farm with his boys, Andrew and John. Whitehouse was partly paid for his services in farm produce. He lived in Sligo, below Madam's Cove, on the Newichawanock river. Captain Flagg bought cloth of Moses Whittier at Whittier's Falls, and had cloth dressed at Byfield. He paid Mrs. Margaret Greeves her bill for tuition of William, Henry and James in 1822.

On this fine farmstead the Flagg boys lived and entertained their friends and relations. Dr. Theodore Jewett, of So. Berwick, a distant relative, enjoyed his visits when a lad to the Flagg farm and told of the Indian relics dug up on the point—arrow heads, spear points and gouges, and I have heard others tell of the happy days spent there. Seven children were born to Capt. Flagg and his delicate wife; one died young. In 1825 his wife died, when she was forty-six. In time, Capt. Flagg married Mrs. Harriet Getchell Heard, a most estimable woman, and a great helpmate for her husband. The last surviving of the six children born to Capt. Flagg and his second wife was Miss Ellen F. Flagg of Roxbury, Mass., who is also now deceased. When the Cochecho Manufacturing Co. was young, Capt. Flagg invested in it heavily. Dividends were slow in coming in and he found himself embarrassed. He turned to the city of his birth for financial help, and mortgaged his farm to the Portsmouth Savings Bank, December 30, 1828. About two years later Eri Perkins bought the property from the bank and the Flaggs came to the city to live. This must have been a grief to the Captain. He had said: "I hope to spend my days on the

farm." Mr. Joshua Flagg told me that he was born in School St. He had a twin sister Phebe, who died years ago in Massachusetts. John Heard Flagg lies in the same lot with his brother Joshua. Mrs. Harriet Getchell Flagg and Abbie E. Flagg, wife of Dr. Charles Jewett, both teachers at one time in the Franklin Academy, are buried in the Flagg tomb, built in Pine Hill in 1839 by Capt. Flagg.

The Flagg boys took to the sea; Henry became a captain in his time and made many long voyages. One trip brought him into Calcutta; he had a very sick mate on board, and decided to leave him in the sailors' hospital. While in port, he visited his unfortunate officer and one day, while walking through the wards, he heard his name in a feeble voice. He turned about, and when he reached the cot from which the voice came he recognized his half brother Cooper, who was dying of consumption. The young man was also making a long voyage, and his whereabouts were unknown to his elder brother. When Cooper reached Calcutta, his Captain decided the boy was too ill to go on in the ship. He wrote a letter to the mother in Dover, telling her the critical condition of her son, and how he believed him to be better off there. After months Mrs. Flagg received that sad letter in Dover, and believed that her own son was lying dead in a foreign land. When Capt. Henry knew the circumstances he said: "I will stay in port while you live, Cooper." But the boy seemed to improve a little and Capt. Henry proposed taking him home on his ship, hoping he would live during the voyage. In those days there were no means of sending news more speedily than by steamer. A letter was sent, telling of the poor lad's feeble state, but that he hoped to reach home. The voyage was fairly prosperous and at last Capt. Henry's ship came into Boston.

The anxious mother received a telegram saying: "Cooper is in Boston; will be home today." He reached Dover, and lived one week, and I found his name on the tablet at the left of the tomb, he having died at the age of 26.

Captain Henry Flagg made Dover, N. H., his home port, and when young Cooper courted one of Dover's fair daughters, and became engaged to her. Then he sailed away, and in a French port met a Frenchwoman and her daughter who were very anxious to get to New Orleans. Finally he consented to take them as passengers. During the voyage he fell in love with the girl, and when they reached port, married her, forgetting his vows made to the waiting Dover girl. Later, when he returned to his old home, the girl he had wooed and forgotten, with the fury of a woman scorned, sued him for breach of promise. Captain Henry said: "She is right, I was engaged to her," and gladly paid the price. The young wife bore him two daughters and died. Years later, when his means were sadly reduced, he drifted back to Dover, where his two daughters were living with his stepmother. He made his home with her also. After a time he chanced to meet the woman to whom he had been engaged years before. She was still a maiden, and was living on an inherited farm in the early settled part of Dover. In time the old spark was re-kindled, and they were married. He went to live in her home, and died there at the age of 63, and was buried in his father's tomb on Pine Hill.

Capt. Flagg's first wife was an Episcopalian and nearly all her descendants were of that faith. Capt. Flagg was a Unitarian and it was to that church he took his second wife after their marriage. Mrs. Flagg was not happy in this church, and when her children were old enough to go to Sunday School she de-

cidid to go to the Baptist Church which was just organized. The Captain still attended the Unitarian. Many times he invited his wife to accompany him, and finally she consented. After the service, as they were about to pass out, the Captain stopped in the vestibule, and raising his hand said: "I will never attend this church again," and he never did. He went with his family to the Baptist church, and a few years later was converted, and he and his wife were baptized and united with the church. After receiving his pension, Capt. Flagg was very generous to the church, as his family always was. He spent his last days in the Flagg house on Chestnut St., opposite the west end of Second St., and passed away February 12, 1844, age 73 years, 9 months, and 25 days. From the *ENQUIRER* of February 20, 1844, I copied the following: "In this town on Monday the 12th inst. Capt. William Flagg died. The deceased in early life was an officer in the Naval Service of his country, for which at the time of his death he was receiving a pension from the Government. He was afterward an enterprising shipmaster, and has long been known and respected in this community. More than a quarter of a century ago he represented the town in the Legislature, and has filled other stations of responsibility and trust to the acceptance of his fellow citizens. He was benevolent and kind in his intercourse with his fellow men and emphatically an honest man—the noblest work of God." There is a fine miniature of Capt. Flagg on exhibition in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. It is said to be of rare execution, by Vallie, painted in France in 1791. This ends my record of an old school gentleman.

I believe that Eri Perkins called the farm Bellevue Farm—since I find that name given in the deed Mary Ann and

Eri Perkins gave James McDuffee, 3rd, November 21, 1853. The years the Perkins family lived on the farm were more than Capt. Flagg's tenure; but good fortune did not come their way; still the price of the farm increased each time it was sold. Mr. McDuffee paid \$16,000 for it. He was a very prosperous man with a family of handsome daughters. Mr. McDuffee had a very severe blow when his only son was drowned, when a lad in Alton, N. H. Mr. McDuffee took down the small ell, built by Capt. Flagg, and erected in its stead a commodious wooden building. In this was a very large kitchen, pantry, laundry, shed, and numerous chambers in the second story for the help. The farm prospered in its owner's day, and he left it to his daughters. In the course of time Mrs. W. A. Gilman, the youngest daughter, came into possession of the fine old estate. A little more than forty-five years ago the new road through this farm across Fresh Creek, and the Newichawanock River into Maine, had changed the place considerably. The entrance to the grounds and house was changed, but it was still a beautiful spot. Mrs. Gilman passed away here, and her son, Theodore Rollins, came into possession. He revived the old name "Bellevue Farm," and the title was as appropriate as of yore.

In 1900, Mr. Montgomery Rollins saw and appreciated the natural beauties of the place, and its great possibilities; a bargain was made, and Mr. Rollins became the owner, and christened it "Tide-water Farm." The old mansion is almost exactly as it was built by Capt. Flagg, save a wide, two-story veranda, supported by large Doric columns on the north side. Mr. Theodore Rollins had removed the ell his grandfather built, and Mr. Montgomery made many changes in this building, making it a com-

fortable, convenient, and useful house for the many helpers on the farm. Where the ell of former days had stood, Mr. Rollins has made walled gardens. Here are the old-fashioned flowers of our grandmothers' days, perennials, biennials, and annuals. Ivy, woodbine, clematis and vines too numerous to mention, cling with wiry fingers to the brick walls. From this point of vantage we overlook the pond, and its artistic bridges. This body of water has been drained off and all the accumulated silt of a century removed, the shore walled and the springs which supply the pond have been encouraged to be generous in their output.

Nature has been aided at every turn; hundreds of native trees have been planted, and shrubs of rare beauty are grouped about the grounds. The richest display of foxgloves it was ever my good fortune to see I found in company with rhododendrons, deep-dyed hollyhocks, columbine of many hues, larkspur as blue as the heavens above, and other flowers with which I had no acquaintance, blooming in a narrow bed many rods long, under the shadow of some of Noah Thompson's massive wall. A bungalow almost covered with vines, is half concealed among the trees, large and small, near the highway, and east of the long Flagg barn is a kitchen garden fit for the gods. A grand barn has been built down in the field nearer Pomfret Dame's "Thatch bed," that was so carefully marked on an old plan of the farm. A camp and boat house have been built near Flagg's wharf on the Cocheco river, and the field on the extreme point has been left in a wild state for several years, and the pines have accepted Mr. Rollins' invitation, and are coming in in hosts.

In April, 1919, Mr. Rollins, who had overworked for his country during the

World War, was stricken with pneumonia. He was in a poor condition to combat the dread disease, and after a few days the news came from his home at Chestnut Hill, Mass., that he had died. It was a crushing blow to his wife and daughters and the whole neighborhood about "Tidewater" was truly grief-

stricken, and to this day his memory is held in loving remembrance by his former neighbors. Mrs. Rollins spends her summers at "Tidewater," and with her come her daughters and grandchildren. She keeps the place as Mr. Rollins did in his time, and it is a beauty spot in old Dover.

New London Hill

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

The primal majesty of life is here
 Upon this hill top that I hold most dear;
 Majestic mountains purple 'gainst the sky
 With glory of the sunset clouds piled high.

Spring with the laughing eyes and tender ways
 Comes tripping, and upon those mountains lays
 Her greening touch. The trembling birches wake
 And send their silver secrets 'cross the lake.

Then drowsy summer on New London Hill:
 Cometh the wanderer answering to the thrill
 Of that which is so wholesome for mankind,
 Far reaching trackless solitudes of mind.

And autumn, with the hurting storms that wake
 The thrill of splendor; uncurbed storms that break
 The spirit of a man of slighter mould
 Than he who had his rearing in New Hampshire's wold.

Then winter with the silences of snow,
 The quiet solitude of deepening woods where grow
 Those tall, majestic pines. O, let me go
 Back to New London Hill. I love it so!

Cousin Joseph's Mummy-Box

ELMER MILLS

MRS. SETH COULTER looked out of the window. The house was long and thin, and was separated from the street only by a picket fence, so by stretching over the sill she could see everything coming and going half a mile in each direction. A piece of lath held the window up. She had never trusted the patent-catch after it slipped during the spring housecleaning while she was shaking a rug out of the window, holding her fast for twenty minutes.

This morning the activities of her nearest neighbor kept her watching the northwest as her quick fingers were busy with the housework. Smoke was coming from the Keller kitchen chimney an hour earlier than usual, and Birdie Keller had fed the poultry at seven instead of at eight. At nine Birdie locked the front door, chained up old Jupiter by the syringa bush, and started down the road. Mrs. Seth started window-ward and was leaning out quite unabashed, waiting.

"Good morning, Mrs. Seth." The little woman below came to a conversational attitude against the pickets. Dubbed "Birdie" by a doting mother forty years ago, she had remained "Birdie" to the village; small, drab and quick, she resembled a wren. "I'm going to the auction."

"Auction?" Mrs. Seth was instantly interested.

Birdie nodded: she was all of-a-twiter to talk, and Mrs. Seth was usually a sympathetic listener. But while she encouraged gossip, Mrs. Seth was adept in sifting the wheat from the chaff, and when Birdie's ceaseless flow of chatter

became mostly chaff—as it frequently did—Mrs. Seth found her task not worth the effort, and lowered the window. Birdie knew the signs.

"What auction?" asked Mrs. Seth.

"Cousin Joseph's," Birdie was sure of her audience now. "The house has been closed since he died ten years ago. Cousin Clara's lawyers have begun to settle up the estate at last. She's living in Paris yet, and says that wild horses couldn't drag her back. Everything is to be sold. It'll be a big auction."

Mrs. Seth silently nodded. She was wondering why Seth hadn't mentioned this auction to her. He must have known of it. And for months she had been waiting for an auction to fill the spare room so as to take in another summer boarder. She knew that Seth had an open dislike of auctions, and his hostility to summer boarders was formidable. It was plain enough why he had been silent.

"Cousin Joseph was always buying things," Birdie was saying. "Especially second-hand things. You remember how he bought the old Blairville church organ?"

Mrs. Seth chuckled. "I should say so. Had to put it in the cellar and then make holes in the floors for the pipes to go through to the attic—"

Birdie's head nodded pivot-like. "And the whole house is cluttered up with all such odds and ends."

"What have you got your eye on?" Mrs. Seth asked.

Birdie lowered her voice: "You've probably never known about it, Mrs. Seth, for it's always been kept secret, but

fully twenty years ago when Cousin Clara and Cousin Joseph went to the Holy Lauds, he brought back a mummy-box from Egypt. He always said it was a royal Pharaoh. Mother went over to see them, and when she saw that thing in the middle of the parlor—"

"What did she say?" Mrs. Seth remembered with a silent chuckle how the late Mrs. Keller was more hawkish than wren-like.

"She said that he ought to have his head examined, and asked Cousin Clara how she ever lived with him so long. She said that he had easy-mark written all over him and that some fakir had got hold of him and sold him stuff that wasn't fit for kindling wood. Mother was mad."

"So your eye is on that, Birdie?"

"Well, I can't make up my mind. Cyrus says no. He never forgave Joseph for buying that organ. Cyrus was an hour late at the sale. He wanted the pipes for gutters at the house. He says that I'd be as crazy as Joseph if I bid on the mummy-box. But I don't know." Birdie pondered a moment. "I don't think it is a real mummy. But it may be full of money."

Mrs. Seth drew back, beginning to remove the lath.

Birdie hastened to chirp on: "I was reading only the other day of an old house, empty for years, being torn down, and between the walls they found forty thousand dollars in greenbacks."

Mrs. Seth began to lower the window—slowly.

"And I was reading about a woman who years ago brought some vases from Egypt," Birdie's tongue raced with the closing window— "and her daughter during housecleaning last spring, threw them out in the yard. By and by a strange plant grew there, a cross between a gourd and a pumpkin, and it had

bright red blossoms that formed into seeds—"

Mrs. Seth shut the window. Enough was enough and a little of Birdie went a long way. No wonder Clara Keller kept the Atlantic between herself and her husband's people. Joseph with his organ and his mummy-box had been trying enough for nearly quarter of a century; but to have to endure the ever-near cousins, Birdie with her incessant, inconsequential chirping, and Cyrus, miserly and queer, for the rest of her life was more than one could expect of a woman of Clara Keller's type. No wonder she wanted to dispose of everything that bound her to them. No wonder—

"Mary,—" Seth's voice came up the back-stairs. "Mary—" slow, e a s y, deliberate—and despotic. "Get ready. We're going to the auction."

She went to the head of the stairs.

"I heard you talking to the Bird"; that was one of his jokes, and Mrs. Seth always felt annoyed when he used it. Birdie Keller was simple enough, goodness knew, but it was a fact to condole, not to ridicule. "She's all set to buy that mummy-box, and a little encouragement will do the trick. We'll give her a lift and I'll talk it into her. It's a chance I've been waiting for for a long time."

Mrs. Seth understood. For fifteen years there had been a feud between Seth and Cyrus Keller. The cause had been trilling. During a terrific wind storm a big whitewood in the Keller backyard had crashed onto the Coulter kitchen garden. Cyrus refused to pay damages and Seth denied Cyrus the right to move the tree. After a period of much bickering Cyrus took the case to court and won it. It had been a thorn in the side of Seth ever since. But his wife had no sympathy for him.

He was visibly jubilant, whistling in

his hit-or-miss tuneless way as he harnessed the colt to the light market wagon, and even waited at the gate for her without his usual impatience. She was very leisurely in coming out and made no comment when he boosted her over the wheel—a courtesy he had ignored for years.

They soon overtook Birdie and squeezed her in between them. Her feet were unable to reach the foot-rest and she clung to the back of the seat with a vise-like grasp. Seth jokingly said that she was perched up like a real bird now, all right. Mrs. Seth began to set her lips tightly together.

Birdie was very talkative and speculated with much enthusiasm on the mummy-box. Seth listened sympathetically, nodding his head and agreeing with her wildest stretch of imagination. When she mentioned her brother's wariness, he praised her business sagacity. He openly advised her to buy the mummy-box.

"I wish that I'd brought along my purse," he even went so far as to say. "I'd bid on it, myself."

His wife drew her lips tighter, and felt to see if the check-book was still in her sleeve. It was.

At the auction she gradually lost herself in the crowd and sat on a crate behind the well-house. She sat there patiently while the auctioneer worked his way indiscriminately through the various articles brought to him on the front porch. The mummy-box eventually appeared—she had seen pictures of such things in magazines. Using his notes the auctioneer explained that the box was accredited to contain a royal Egyptian Pharaoh. The crowd held its breath—then tittered; the pipe organ had whetted the public appetite for humor. Mrs. Seth neither held her breath nor tittered.

"What am I offered?" the auctioneer was not quite sure whether the crowd laughed at him or with him.

"A dollar and a half,"—bid Birdie.

Mrs. Seth clutched a small boy standing near. "You bid two dollars," she said.

So it went on—half a dollar at each bid. Mrs. Seth became more angry. She could see Seth among a group of farmers laughing each time Birdie made a bid. . . . Well, let him laugh. The higher the bid rose the more he'd be out. She was determined to out-bid Birdie.

Finally Birdie refused to raise the boy's bid so the box was declared sold. Mrs. Seth sent a check to the agent with instructions to put the purchase in the wagon. She waited until she saw Seth looking through the crowd for her, then joined him.

"The Bird's staying for the whole show," he said as they went down to the barn. "Mad as a wet hen about losing that mummy-box, but nineteen dollars and a half was all she had. Some fool bought it for twenty."

Presently he stopped. "What's that in the wagon?" He squinted through the bright sunshine. "It looks like that outlandish mummy-box."

"Yes, Seth—"

Her coolness puzzled him.

"Yes, Seth," she explained as she climbed up over the wheel, "I bought it."

"You bought it?"

"Yes, Seth. I bought it. It made me mad to have you using Birdie so mean. She's not to blame for what Cyrus does, and I've always said that he wouldn't be so mean tempered if you hadn't been so quick to jump on him when the tree fell into the garden. The chances are you're both stubborn and sulky enough, but Cyrus doesn't use me to get even with you, and while I know it you won't use her to get even with him."

"Well—"he was quick to see the logic of her reasoning, but attempted to lighten her attack. "I was just having a little joke, Mary, that's all. So you spent twenty dollars of your egg and butter money just to keep me from getting even with Cyrus. Well, well."

"Just a little joke of mine, Seth, on you." She did not look to see the effect of her words. "I paid for it with a check made out in your name."

She knew that he was too angry to speak. Silently he untied the colt and climbed to the seat. He sat beside her, looking straight ahead, and held the reins loose. Even when the colt gradually broke into higher speed, jolting the wagon against the stones and ruts from one side of the road to the other, the reins remained loose. Mrs. Seth clutched the side of the seat.

"Seth Coulter," she cried presently, "there's no need of you showing your temper like this. Can't you see he's running away?"

He seemed not to be aware of her presence.

"Seth," she cried, "he's headed straight for the river. Oh—" she shut her eyes and clung desperately to the seat as the colt dashed into the shallow stream, jolting the wheels from one rock to another, splashing the water above the seat; then as the colt sped out into the road, galloping straight to the home barn-yard, she braced herself for the storm that she felt would surely come.

Climbing down over the wheel, a glance in the wagon showed her that the mummy-box was gone. It must have joggled out coming through the river; most likely it would float along until it got water-soaked and sunk. A good ride she thought.

Seth unharnessed in silence. In silence he came in for a belated dinner, and in silence he sat through a hearty meal.

Sitting opposite, Mrs. Seth was wondering if the storm had blown over, or just muttering, coming up slow and easy to break in a sudden clap of thunder and bright lightning. With Cyrus it was sometimes one way, sometimes the other.

Presently an automobile stopped at the gate, and steps approached on the gravel path. Peering out, Mrs. Seth, with a quick glance across the table, went out upon the back porch. But Birdie Keller—for it was she—pushed her thin self past Mrs. Seth in the doorway and came into the kitchen. Seth's fork remained suspended mid-way to his plate.

"I heard you bought the mummy-box," Birdie said, her black eyes sparkling as she focused her gaze first to one and then to the other. "Lost it in the river, didn't you, or did Seth get mad and pitch it in? Folks calculated he was mad by the way the colt went. But Cyrus fished it out and is bringing it up on the stone boat. He said you could be arrested for leaving it in the river to poison the fish. He's a good mind to report you to the selectmen. You'll have to pay him for carting it here for you, anyway, he says."

Mrs. Seth led Birdie out upon the porch—easily but firmly. She was afraid that Seth would do something desperate, he was getting so red, and he had eaten so much dinner. But in the doorway Birdie turned.

"You needn't be afraid, Seth. Cyrus won't charge you much for toting up the mummy-box. But," as her glance swept downwards, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Mrs. Seth amazed into speechlessness at the audacity of the occurrence, stood watching Birdie pick up the basket of peaches—big Albertas that Cyrus had brought in yesterday; peaches were

scarce this season and were worth two dollars a basket. Birdie grunted as she went down the steps, but she held the basket securely.

Then from the kitchen came the sound of a chair falling. Seth threw open the screen door.

"You get out of this yard, you, you—" he grasped for words in his impotent rage as he shook both fists. "And stay out. And you tell Cyrus Keller to stay out, too. If he steps one foot on my land, I'll have him arrested. You tell him that. And if he leaves that mummy-box contraption on my property I'll sue him for putting rubbish on my land."

Birdie—almost to the front gate—stopped short. "If I give back these peaches," she bargained, "can I have the mummy-box?"

Mrs. Seth grasped the opportunity to finish hostilities. "For goodness sake yes, Birdie"; she exclaimed, "if you want that thing, take it."

Birdie slid the basket of peaches to the ground. "You're a good neighbor, Mrs. Seth," she declared genially. "But Seth," she glared at him as he glowered under his thick brows at her; "oh, you'll scowl worse than that, Seth Coulter, when you find out that you're not so smart as you think you are. That man out there," she waved towards the big car on the opposite side of the road, "was just too late in getting to the auction to see you before you left. He's from a big museum in the city, and he's after the mummy-box. He says it's a real Pharaoh, and that it's worth—"

The price she named made Seth jump—just as if a hornet had stung him, thought Mrs. Seth—or as if he had sat on a thistle. Almost she had a certain vague sympathy for him as she took hold of his shirt sleeve and opened the screen door, leading him into the kitchen. In a vague way, too, she felt that Birdie had trumped her ace.

Reminiscence

(WINONA'S WAUKEWAN)

FRANK EVERETT PALMER

I can remember warm and sunny days,
 And sleepy, cerulescent summer skies
 For which forever in my heart there lies
 A tender love, and little crystal bays
 With harmless summer breezes, and the haze
 Of far-off hills, and dream-producing cries
 Of water-skimming birds, and singing sighs
 Of pines whose swishing tops a Zephyr sways.

And I remember that my heart was free,
 And that my soul was full of happiness;
 And every sunset left a deep impress
 Upon my mind,—and every wave and tree
 Was sweet, and life was perfect everywhere,
 And yet, my dear, *you were not with me there.*

Mental Hygiene in the Public Schools

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ANY APPROACH to mental hygiene in the public school must begin with the home. This word, home, which is found in some form in every language, may mean in New Hampshire a country farmhouse, a village cottage, or a modern cave dwelling in a cliff made of bricks on a city street where there is no place in which a young child can play, free from constant dangers. Nevertheless, in and about the home are the stimuli which make and modify the reactions of its inhabitants. Each person is the product of his inherent make-up, played upon by the forces of his environment. The mother and father, the grandmother, the nurse or household servant, are often the home personalities who play upon the child during his formative years.

When we each turn back in retrospective memory to our childhood days how vividly we recall the well or spring, the mantel shelf behind the stove, the framed horse-hair wreath on the parlor wall, the first new dress or pair of boots! These recollections emphasize the indelibility of the early impressions. Early home-formed impressions are used as a yardstick with which to judge all future events to a much greater extent than are the impressions of maturer years. Many a great man has clearly traced back to his mother, to an older sister or a maiden aunt the beneficent stimuli which formed the early pattern of his mind, this childish mental pattern becoming for him the theme around which mature character was built, so staunchly and truly that he became a national personality.

It is truly said that "the home divided

against itself becomes the battleground on which many a child's future is sacrificed." There are the wealthy homes with little family companionship or good example; the economically poor homes in which order, coöperation and family affection preside; homes in which the children are constantly harassed by hit or miss discordant methods of thought and action on the part of both parents. In the majority of cases discords in the home are due quite as much to emotional instability as to lack of intelligence.

The infant is the least artificial of the human family. The infant cries from but few causes: the three principal ones being discomfort, anger and fear. His discomfort may be caused by hunger, his resentment to restraint of motion by his clothing, his fear by sudden changes in position or to loud noises. These three primitive reactions through daily experience add to themselves associational reactions at an early date. Let us suppose that the child is hungry and cries. He is fed, then petted and carried about the room. After a few repetitions of this he associates the petting and carrying with the feeding. Soon the stimulus of petting and carrying is associated with the feeding, later this stimulus may disassociate itself to the extent that the child will cry when he is not hungry but when he wishes to be petted and carried. In this way the stimuli and associated stimuli of his childhood produce reactions and associated reactions for good and useful or bad and harmful character until as he enters school he may already have well defined patterns of mind.

The child cries from fear partly be-

cause the infantile brain is already conditioned to a fear stimulus. The very existence of primitive man depended in part on constant fear for hundreds of thousands of years. Even today we live in fear of the horrors of war. We study disease to postpone death, which we fear. We turn instinctively to our religion to soften the fear of an approaching end. More than any other member of the animal kingdom mankind is so constructed that he can in retrospect fear the results of the sins of the past and in prospect worry about the evils that are to come.

Hunger is a desire. The desire for food has always been an urge in the human family. Assuming that this desire is generally supplied to our school children there are other hungers which they are constantly striving to satisfy so that we might truly classify desires and fears as the most determining motives in every life. These two motives should properly be classed in the field of emotions rather than in that of intelligence. A close study of these emotions as evidenced in every child, and keen understanding of their workings in each individual goes a long way toward their hygienic modification and control.

In the second chapter of Genesis it is stated that the Lord God planted a garden and there he put a man whom he had formed. I sometimes wonder if Friedrich Froebel had been reading Genesis when he called the child's school "kindergarten," or if he thought of the child's mind as a garden to be cultivated by the teacher.

On entrance to school the child's mind should be a fertile open garden, one without shadows of fear or mental scars of unhappy past experiences; with sunlight playing in all parts of it. From the fifth or sixth year the child is destined to spend most of his time in school, at least until sixteen years of age. At

school age we assume that all children possess average mental endowment. We know that 2 per cent of them do not possess it. We assume that all children are endowed with average physical health; we know that many of them are not. We know that if the child is to achieve average social adjustment and average grade progress he must learn coöperation, coördination and concentration. To coöperate he must respect his teacher and have faith in her. He must coördinate his actions with others in drills and games. One of the emotions which often prevents the greatest degree of coöperation and coördination is that of jealousy. Some degree of jealousy is not uncommon in small children, particularly in the selfish child. The child is jealous of a newly arrived baby or his jealousy is stimulated by an unwise mother who constantly compares the child with a more favored sister or brother. These selfish, jealous patterns of childhood should be and often are revised, or forgotten soon after entering school. Those which become intensified and are carried on to adolescence produce a shrinking, shut in attitude or a boastful, pugnacious attitude. They, therefore, prevent free and hearty coöperation and coördination in school work, and after school is passed they prevent the possessor from achieving the greatest blessings for the community in which he lives; for coöperation and coördination is the cement which binds together all society.

The capacity of concentration or the act of focusing the attention must be developed in order to successfully acquire school knowledge. In early childhood attention is weak. All children are dominated by accidental external influences. When this condition exists for several years we describe such a person as being distractible. We often forget that the child in the school room must learn to

be inattentive and to shut out much that is going on about him that he may become attentive to a few things. In order to make choice of impressions and exercise active attention the child must accumulate a memory residue to influence his perceptions. Some children are slow to acquire concentration because of incomplete functioning of the gland system, too rapid growth, lack of proper nutrition due to precocious or selective appetites, lack of sleep, moving pictures, physical exhaustion due to more alluring or diverting natural interests, to say nothing of poor ventilation in the home and in the school house. All animals and most people desire to flee from unpleasant things. The school child can not flee from an irksome task, but his mind can, and it roves afield while his lessons are neglected. These imaginings or visualizations when indulged in too continuously are spoken of as "day dreaming." The child who is a constant day dreamer and who can not acquire concentration, strongly suggests the need of inquiry into his life outside of school hours.

As far as property is concerned all children are born socialists, and must be taught honesty in its many phases, especially as to personal possessions. On entering school the normal child should know without aid from the teacher the number of pencils which belong to him. The child who will take the pencils of another child is often the one who will be found copying another's work, and few children realize the serious double penalty which attends copying.

We can readily understand that the child who is so dependent on his mother that he can not go to sleep unless she lies down on the bed with him and who can not go to school unless his mother goes with him might be expected to be so wanting in self-reliance as to be

already conditioned for copying another's work. The mental hygiene problem in the public schools is not infrequently the only child in the family or the child who has been seriously sick and consequently over-indulged by loving parents.

Copying, lying, evasiveness, secretive-ness, at the age of eight, if not overcome, may at the age of twelve mean a moody and resentful loser at games, mal-adjustment in the social and educational life of the school and delinquency. Dr. William Healy claims that an excess of street life is a large factor in delinquency. He states that twenty per cent of delinquency is the result of too large a variety of purposeless amusement, and he attributes sixty-two per cent of delinquency to bad companions. Few public school students become delinquents or petty criminals at once. It is a progressive process which in many cases could be corrected, but much mental hygiene teaching will be required to offset the influence of the continuous parading of sex and crime for commercial gain by the stage, the moving picture and the magazine.

Strange as it may seem many mental hygiene problems in school are presented by the very bright child. The boy of superior intelligence may learn his lessons so easily that he gets in the habit of deferring the period of exertion until he neglects it altogether. He may be very unsympathetic and unkind to duller pupils. Perhaps after getting his lessons he spends the remaining time retarding others or inciting them to troublesome acts. He not infrequently becomes resistive to authority. If he should be small for his age, childish in appearance, but possessing a high intelligence quotient and approaching puberty he is quite likely to make trouble if he is treated in accordance with his size; this is especially true if the teacher is a woman.

When faulty mental patterns and un-

social conduct exist the question is, "what can be done to correct them?" If this condition is a result of a defective or diseased brain the best medical advice should be sought, but even in such cases the better such children are understood by parents and teachers the more sympathetic consideration the child will receive.

All children should be taught to meet life's troubles and perplexities honestly and bravely; not to have mental tantrums, not to submit passively and not to run away, but to attack these difficulties, study them for a solution, seek advice and try to intelligently overcome them. Realizing that deviations of character and abnormal mental attitudes are of gradual growth we should also realize that there is no instant means by which to dispose of these conditions. Their occurrence can best be prevented in many instances through proper early education and training by parents and teachers who must themselves understand these conditions. Wise parents and teachers do not indulge in the teasing of children or the creating of favoritisms which foster jealousies. Wise parents and teachers constantly seek to avoid and prevent abnormal emotional reactions. They try to prevent dishonesty and mental conflicts. They tactfully recognize the drab and subdued child who is craving recognition and who is sometimes driven to commit overt acts in order to obtain it.

Emotional poise is contagious. Professor MacDougall declares that the emotions of the members of a mob are fused. They are of one mind and emotion and they are practically incapable at the time of exercising independent judgments. When someone has shouted "fire" in a crowded theatre panic has been prevented by the orchestra which has started a familiar air. I have

seldom known obedience to be commanded either in home or school by a loud voice. The mother or teacher who uses a quiet, firm tone of voice, supported by intelligent, consistent action, will obtain results. In other words, emotional control is best taught by those who have learned it and their own example is their greatest aid in teaching it.

We of course realize that children in our public schools needing mental hygienic interference are few in number. The public schools of New Hampshire have been rapidly improving, and there never has been a time in the history of our state when our school houses have been better lighted, better heated and ventilated. There never has been a time when the toilet provisions have been more sanitary. In the history of our school system there never has been a time which approached the present in its efficiency or when our schools were presided over by more intelligent, earnest and sincere workers. Our best educators realize that the school curriculum must be constantly changed to meet educational needs. They realize that there are many things which they would like to see done but which time alone can bring about.

Perhaps some psychological understanding, individual instruction and accuracy might be as helpful to the pupil as speed and mass instruction. We can console ourselves that the great majority of our school children are very normal human beings, that may have inherited good qualities which are even strong enough to enable them to overcome and throw off faulty mental patterns, overcome bad habits of control and stand forth as well-developed ample personalities.

The life of Nathaniel Bowditch, who wrote the "American Practical Navi-

gator," pictures him as a peculiar child, wanting in the best home surroundings, but with a special gift for mathematics. Once he narrowly escaped a thrashing by his school-master, who believed the boy had copied a hard problem which he had worked out unaided. In early youth Patrick Henry, who stirred our national conscience into patriotic rebellion, was thought to be a deviated character. We should also remember that the childhood of many of our great men has not been such, in all cases, as to plainly predict their future greatness. There are, doubtless, many defects in our school children, and need of psychological and mental hygienic knowledge on the part of our parents and teachers, but we should look upon these defects only at ten o'clock

in the morning when we are feeling well and strong and can give them impartial consideration.

New England was settled largely by people from the British Isles when the stock of that company was in the pink of condition. I have always thought that these early settlers were a superior race. That was about 150 years ago. I can not believe that superior race of 150 years ago is not today the equal of any other, even if we should be generous enough to concede some falling off in racial value for various reasons.

New Hampshire must not allow herself to get an inferiority complex, but rather to see her children through clear and honest eyes as peers of any school children in existence.

Diamond in the Rough

POTTER SPAULDING

The smallest nutshells sometimes hold
 The rarest, sweetest meat,
 And richest jewels oft are found
 In settings small, complete!
 When Nature made our native state
 She formed no broad expanse,
 She simply took a corner lot
 By hills and streams enhanced!
 She waved her wand and said some words
 And see what we have here!
 New Hampshire! Nature's wonder work!
 The state without a peer!
 Her map may be of rough outline
 But her heart is polished gold!
 Here men have found content and thrift
 And joy a hundred fold!

A Grave Experience

GEORGE A. FOSTER

HAVING recently passed the mile post marked "forty," it suddenly occurred to me that the sands of life were running out; that my days and the hairs of my head were numbered (although not the same, I hope) and that I should put my house in order. I had some time since, at the importunity of a legal friend, made my will.

This was a most interesting process. I really had not considered it necessary. But my attorney (it certainly adds to one's self-esteem to have an attorney) dwelt at length upon the complications which would ensue, should I "demise intestate, leaving issue." Much impressed, I agreed to submit.

With a commendable terseness, I disposed of "all my estate, real, personal or mixed, and wherever situate," and uttered a prayer that it would not be too mixed. I found that I could have something to say about my worldly possessions even after death, which gave me a peculiar feeling. A few questions of my friend, regarding what might happen if I left nothing but debts, brought forth the hardly comforting knowledge that my "estate would be administered as insolvent." In that case, I inquired as to what might happen to "my issue," but was not encouraged to pursue this topic.

It seemed to me that the only thing left to do was to purchase a lot in the cemetery, and make sure that I had legal title to a spot in which my weary bones might rest. I broached the subject to a brother even older than I, found him to be in a receptive frame of mind, and so we set out.

As we had both married charming young girls, considerably our juniors, it seemed fair that they should have a hand in the purchase as, under the law of averages, they would be the ones to weep at our biers, and theirs would be the sad duty of keeping our memories ever green. Because this would necessitate frequent (we hoped) trips to the cemetery, it appeared reasonable that they should aid in selecting the lots.

Our town is not large, and its residents are well known to each other. So it was that when we arrived at the cemetery we found an agreeable young man in charge; one who knew our families and ourselves. He was interested at once in the possible sale of two lots, and sniffed the air as eagerly as any realtor as he led us across the greensward.

I suggested timidly that perhaps there was some unoccupied space in the "family lot." While this thought seemed to disappoint him, he said we might look it over.

When we arrived there, he busied himself with measuring and soon announced that, to his surprise, there was "room for four of you here, if you don't mind crowdin' a mite." After some discussion, we decided, to his manifest delight, that we shouldn't rest well if we were crowded. So with his blue prints unfolded and expatiating upon the beauty of the surroundings, he led us on.

"Now," he said, "we've got some elegant lots out on the front lawn. There ain't any better, and the tombstones would show fine from the highway. They're a little bit expensive, but I guess you can stand that."

We assured him that we preferred a more secluded and restful location, as the constant hum of motors seemed annoying.

Cheerfully he went on, and brought us to another section, which did not seem to be over-inhabited. "Now, here," he remarked with enthusiasm, "is a likely spot, and I can sell you two together. You want separate lots, but close together, don't you?" I murmured that that seemed feasible.

"How do you like these, right here on the roadway, and easy to get at? They're big enough for four, I reckon, but I'll measure.—No, this one's a little small. How big a tombstone you goin' to have?" he said, turning suddenly on my sister-in-law, who, startled by a question to which she had given no previous consideration, haltingly said that she guessed just "an average sized one." "Well," said the salesman, "if it ain't too big you can get four of you into this—but better git it big enough."

"Of course," he went on, "you can always sell a piece of it if you don't need it. There's a feller over there that used only half of his lot and then moved out of town. He had space enough left for three or four and he wanted to sell. Happened it was right next to Bill Jones's brother-in-law. Bill didn't have any lot so I called him up. 'Bill,' I says, 'don't want to buy a good cemetery lot, do you? I got a chance for you to get a bargain right next to your brother-in-law.' 'Gosh!' he says, 'I've never thought of it.' 'Well,' says I, 'there ain't no time like the present. You're here today and gone tomorrow.'"

We finally got him back to the subject

of the lots we were considering, which he enthusiastically described as among the best in the whole cemetery. Suddenly a new thought struck him. "Say, I just thought of it, but General Anderson is right there in the next lot."

I gave a slight start, as did the others, and we looked furtively over our shoulders, half expecting to see the lately deceased general, a genial soul, extending a welcoming hand.

After some further discussion, our guide decided that the two lots under discussion were large enough for our needs, if we felt sure that our families would not increase. On this point he argued strongly in favor of large lots, citing the case of one Van Gammon, who, after purchasing a lot for six, then the size of his family, later remarried twice and eventually increased his family to twelve, making it necessary to buy another lot far removed from his original one. We were able to withstand this onslaught, however, with the hearty co-operation of the ladies of the party.

"Well, then," he announced, "I guess that settles it. Oh, say," he burst out suddenly, "which of you wants to be next to the general?"

This question was startling, as we thought we had completed the transaction which would eventually provide a resting place for our mortal remains. We could not decide, and so we told the salesman to make out the deeds to the lots, just as he pleased, and we would take our chances on being next to the general.

And to this day we have not investigated to learn who will enjoy that privilege.



SARAH FRANCES DEARBORN

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Sarah Frances Dearborn

HENRY H. METCALF

NEWPORT, New Hampshire, familiarly known throughout the country as "The Sunshine Town," from its charming location, amid beautiful scenery and attractive surroundings, and noted for its diversified interests and the intelligence, energy and enterprise of its citizens, like most of the towns in the western part of the state bordering on the Connecticut River, and those adjacent thereto, was originally settled by people from Connecticut. A small party from Kenilworth, in that state, coming in 1766, made the first settlement in that town, and were subsequently joined by others from the same locality. Among the latter, coming in 1771, was Josiah Stevens, who left Kenilworth with his family in 1767 and located in the town of Alstead, whence, after four years, he removed to Newport and there made his home with his former townspeople. He became an active member of the community, was engaged in farming as well as mercantile life, and served as town clerk for nearly twenty years. He was of a religious turn of mind, and a deacon of the Congregational Church, eventually felt a call to preach the gospel, and went as a missionary to the Isles of Shoals, where he died in 1804.

His son, Josiah Stevens, 2d, who had been born in Kenilworth in 1765, also became a prominent citizen, and was known as "Major" Stevens from his military service. He married one Hannah Huntoon of Kingston, and among their children was Josiah, 3d,

whose career was more distinguished than that of any of his ancestors. He served as moderator, selectman, superintendent of schools, representative in the Legislature for several years, and deputy sheriff. He was elected Secretary of State in 1838 and removed to Concord, where he held the office for five years, and was subsequently prominent in public affairs in Concord, serving as chairman of the board of selectmen, member of the school board and police, justice, and was also a candidate for mayor after the organization of the city government. His wife was a daughter of Aaron Nettleton, a prominent Newport citizen. Among their children was Josiah Stevens, 4th, born August 31, 1823, who removed with the family to Concord in youth. He was a distinguished soldier in the Union Army in the Civil War, serving as Major in the 2d N. H. Regiment and Lieutenant Colonel in the 9th. He became station agent for the Concord Railroad at Manchester in 1869, serving till 1875, and died there a few years later. His wife was Ann H. Head, of the noted Hooksett family of that name, and a sister of the late Gov. Natt Head.

SARAH FRANCES STEVENS, daughter of Col. Josiah and Ann H. (Head) Stevens, was born in Concord, N. H., Jan. 23, 1854, on the place then owned by her father, later the home of Mary Baker Eddy. She was educated in the public schools of Concord and Manchester, graduating from the Manchester high school in the class of 1872. On Novem-

ber 9, 1880, she was united in marriage with Joseph Henry Dearborn, of Pembroke, an extensive farmer of that town, and proprietor of large real estate holdings in Manchester, and subsequently made her home in Pembroke. Mr. Dearborn was a descendant in the eighth generation from Godfrey Dearborn, who came from County Devon in England to America early in the 17th century and went with the party of Rev. John Wheelwright from Boston to Exeter in 1638, but later removed to Hampton. He was the ancestor of a distinguished family, among whose members was Gen. Henry Dearborn of Revolutionary and subsequent military fame. Mr. Dearborn was a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1871, was a prominent citizen of Pembroke and the first Master of Pembroke Grange, of which his wife was also a charter member and the first Worthy Ceres. This Grange was reorganized in December, 1885, and it was early in the following year, under their administration, that the largest class of candidates that had ever been initiated in a subordinate Grange in the country, were admitted to membership. It was in this Grange that Mrs. Dearborn's first important work, along social and fraternal lines, was accomplished, and she, herself, became Master of the organization a few years later, when a full corps of lady officers, one of the first in the country, was elected.

Aside from her work in the Grange, she took an active interest in general educational affairs, and served for six years as a member of the Pembroke Board of Education, the last two years as chairman.

She was the founder and for four years Regent of Bunting Chapter, D. A. R., of Pembroke, which celebrated its thirtieth anniversary in December, 1926, and her interest in the organization

was such and her work so successful that she was honored with the position of State Regent in 1910-11. She has also been prominent in the work of the National society, serving several years as a member of the Credentials Committee, and for three years as chairman of tellers. For two years she had charge of the National D. A. R. Museum, before the office of curator was established. She has served on many different committees of the National society, and is now on her third year as a member of the National D. A. R. Defense Committee for New Hampshire, and is a member of the National D. A. R. Officers' Club of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Dearborn has been actively interested from its start in the "New Hampshire's Daughters" organization of Boston, in which she has held various positions on committees and otherwise, and of which she was president in 1912-14. She is also a member of the N. H. Society of the Colonial Dames of America, and of the Massachusetts Chapter of the Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America; also the Piscataqua Pioneers, Massachusetts Historic-Genealogical Society, the Harvard Club and the Woman's Charity Club of Boston, and is a Past President of the Brookline Morning Club, besides holding membership in various other organizations. For several years past she has been avoiding active service in these organizations as far as possible, but still finds herself drawn into the work to a considerable extent wherever she may be. For many years her winter home has been in Boston, while her summer vacations are largely spent at York Beach, where she has a cottage, but she still retains the Pembroke home, where is her legal residence, and her deep interest in all that pertains to the welfare of her native state.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn had three children: Jenness Stevens, born August 17, 1881 (New Hampshire College, 1904), married Edith Dalton of Suncook, June 19, 1907; children, Lucy, Joseph Henry, Frances and Elizabeth. These reside on the old farm at Pembroke. Second, Joseph Jewell, born December 6, 1882 (Harvard 1907), married Inez J. Emery of Concord, September 24, 1910; children, Joan, Lewis Emery, John Jenness. Joseph Jewell Dearborn was a post-

graduate in forestry, and was superintendent of the Diamond Match Company at Athol, Mass. He died April 17, 1923. The widow and children reside in Concord, N. H. Third, Sarah Elizabeth, born March 17, 1885; married Arthur Dryden Campbell of Boston, treasurer of the American Painting and Decorating Company; children, Patricia and Deborah. They reside at 51 Pinckney street, Boston, where Mrs. Dearborn also has her winter home.

A Village Vanishing

AGNES BARNEY YOUNG

We climbed a long and winding hill
 To find this trim New England village
 With square white houses, spacious lawns
 Flanked by the rolling fields for tillage.
 With freedom of the open space,
 Old-fashioned roses climbed and bloomed;
 In thriving mien and beauty flung,
 No hint the cozy hamlet doomed.
 True, true, had Fate for some time closed
 A mansion known our nation through;
 As yet, no younger hand had thrown
 The door ajar to start anew.
 The windows had been taken out
 A building down the street, half-way,
 And Progress wept, as she surveyed
 The tempest's fury wreak decay.
 The ancient church, the store, the school
 Strove that their prestige be maintained,
 Though smaller grew the village school,
 And aging folks in number gained.
 Beside the flowers in old-time yard,
 That edged the broad and handsome street,
 A lady with a quiet grace,
 Of olden lineage, but neat,
 Walked, touching tenderly each bloom,
 As much of the forgotten past
 As she, who, in her lengthened skirt,
 To age Victorian was cast.
 I liked the fluted ruffles at
 Her slender wrists, her parted hair;
 Though gray, its coil was that of youth,
 And elegance was clinging there.
 Ah, is this charming village doomed?
 Will Time of natives leave no trace?
 I questioned as the lady clipped
 A rose—who'll take her place?

Jean Joseph Marie Toscan

DR. JAMES A. SPAULDING

THE ROMANCE of John Toscan, a former Vice Consul of France at Portsmouth, began with the birth, in October, 1742, of John Parrott son of Abraham and Elizabeth (French) Parrot at Broad Hempston, England, for this boy ran away from home and joined the fleet of Admiral Saunders with General Wolfe aboard. John was discharged from the "Prince Frederick William" at Halifax, made his way to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and married Deborah Walker, and one of their children, Elizabeth French Parrott, was to become the wife of Toscan.

John Toscan, as we shall know him hereafter, the son of George and Hippolyte Toscan, was born in Ventavon in the Province of Hautes Alpes in France in 1752. When he grew up, he was sent to Paris to live with his uncle, George, who was curator of the Jardin des Plantes. Under his uncle's guidance, he became acquainted with the children of some of the nobility, and we hear of his calling with them on prominent personages connected with the Court of France, at Versailles.

He lived at one time on the Street of the Monkey named after a celebrated tavern of that name, with Gravier who was secretary of the Department of Waters and Forests of France.

Letters still extant show that the diplomatic service was early marked out for Toscan and when at Madrid in his twentieth year in 1772, he wrote letters to an uncle in Grenoble mentioning the fashions of the day, the wonderful buildings and pictures and his travels to Bilbao, Cadiz and Barcelona. He re-

mained at Madrid seven years, being charge d'affaires, learning Spanish and English and being much made of by the Honorable John Jay, our Minister to Spain; and he was also intimate with Genet so largely mentioned in the history of our Revolution.

When Toscan was nominated Vice Consul for New England, he took with him from Ambassador Jay letters to Governor Livingston of New Jersey and to Governor Gerry of Massachusetts. With the letter to Governor Gerry, the originator of the scheme of "gerrymandering" various districts for political purposes, he brought a dozen gold buttons for the Governor's waistcoat; and these we can imagine him displaying in style at the next convening of the General Court.

Arriving in Boston in June, 1781, John Toscan was named Vice Consul at Portsmouth where he made the acquaintance of John Parrott and his family and ultimately fell in love with his charming daughter Elizabeth and married her. A document still in existence shows that there was some question as to the legality of the marriage of a French official into a simple American family; but in a charming love letter from Toscan to Miss Parrott, he assures her that if she loves him, everything will be all right for he will obtain a special royal permit to marry her whenever she says the word.

Portsmouth was, in those days, a flourishing town with a large marine trade to the West Indies, so that the official duties of Mr. Toscan were many. As representatives of France, he wel-

came the commander of the De-Grasse naval expedition when they arrived in Portsmouth after their defeat by the British. He met Lafayette on his visit to that town, and his greatest pleasure in life was in being rowed on the river in a barge painted white with a white awning and with twelve oarsmen all dressed in white duck; and beside him President George Washington, Governor Langdon and General Sullivan.

When John Paul Jones came to Portsmouth to look after the building of the frigate "America," which was to be given to Jones to command, he became acquainted with Toscan, boarded in the same house with him and together they rowed to the island where the frigate was being built; they did their best to encourage the rapid progress on the ship. When it was decided that the "America" should be presented to the French Government, Mr. Toscan was on the spot as the representative of that Government. We also see him active in planning and carrying out a wonderful festival in Portsmouth to rejoice over the birth of a Dauphin of France,—afterward Louis XVI; and in a word, he was prominent in Portsmouth business and Portsmouth society whenever the French were there, and there were a great many of them at this time in the history of the United States as every one knows.

Among the documents still extant and deposited with the Historical Society of the State at Concord, there are a large number of reports written by Toscan to the French Government concerning the growth of the United States, its population, resources, trade, agriculture, timber and minerals, and a careful reader can not fail to see that Toscan was not only very able in Governmental affairs but also had the art of expressing himself

in a fascinating manner, something unusual in documents of this sort.

Mr. Toscan lived, on his arrival in Portsmouth, in the Whipple House where I was born and in the Purcell House where John Paul Jones also boarded. Later on, after his marriage, he moved to the Livermore House, still standing on Livermore Street, but moved across the road to give space for the Haven Park. After its occupancy by the Toscan, this house had, as one of its tenants, Samuel Elliott Coes, the famous philosopher of Portsmouth in whose garden, as a boy, I have often played.

A few years later under the stress of misfortune when his office as Vice Consul was abolished, the Toscan moved to the Parrott farm at Greenland of which his wife owned a share and ultimately, as we shall see, to other parts of the state.

Family affairs requiring his presence in France, Mr. Toscan went home before the Revolution by way of Martinique and Bordeaux. During this visit, Toscan renewed his youthful friendship with the celebrated Branave and went to the Assembly to hear him speak. This renewed historical character was guillotined, and so, passed on a friend of Toscan's. Carlyle speaks of Branave at the scaffold in a most picturesque manner saying, "Stamping his foot as he glanced up at the axe and murmuring, 'And such is my reward.'" On this visit, Toscan also renewed his long friendship with Barbe Marbois, famous in French history.

Soon after the outbreak of the French Revolution, Toscan sent money to the National Convention in Paris to pay for his substitute in the French army and later sent more money for a sword for the officers of his regiment. In a letter of his which you can read to this day,

he says, "My wife joined with me in this gift to my native country by refusing to allow me to hire a nurse for herself and the children, and tells me to give the wages for such a woman to our beloved France."

Some time in 1793, Mr. Toscan instituted in Portsmouth a Feast of Reason and Victory in which the children of the town sang French songs and the French citizens drank to the health of the Republic and followed the toast with speeches. In the evening, some of the houses were illuminated. When some one remarked that the house of Mr. Toscan had not been so illuminated, he said, in the newspapers, that he had not spent the money to buy so many candles but had saved it, in order to give a dinner to the poor at the almshouse. Oddly, this festival came off in Portsmouth within a single day of the guillotining of Louis XVI in Paris; and we cannot help wondering what Toscan's feelings were when he heard that news.

Not long after the outbreak of the French Revolution, Mr. Toscan's office as Consul was abolished so that he was obliged to look about for some means of supporting his family. He acted as a commission merchant, bought silk and spirits in Bordeaux and sent out timber for building wharves at Martinique, and also helped on the farm at Greenland; and about 1794, he and his family moved to Brookfield, later on to Middleton and finally to Lancaster, all in the State of New Hampshire, where he raised crops on a farm and kept a general store.

It happened in November, 1797, that Mr. Toscan left his farm at Lancaster in charge of his wife and agent, Mr. J. Whipple, and went to Boston, planning to sail for France to consult with his friend Marbois and to settle his affairs with merchants with whom he had car-

ried on a commission business, and finally, to discover what had become of his family and especially his uncle George, whom he had left in Paris years before. He had engaged passage on the brig "Union" from Boston to Bordeaux, Captain Ebenezer Smith, when there came news of an attempt against the Directoire by his friend Marbois and Colonel Mathieu Dumas, who had been adjutant to Rochambeau in America, and others. Fearing now that if he should go to France he might be exiled as his friends had been, he abandoned his voyage and started off on a pilgrimage to Pittsburgh, afoot. As he walked along, he noted the country, the forests, crops and minerals, described the city of New York and the city of Philadelphia and kept his eyes open for a future home for his family in a part of the country where the climate was less severe than in Lancaster.

Starting in November, he averaged twenty miles a day to Pittsburgh and then walked back again to Lancaster in the following spring. Arriving there, he sent the documents to the French Government with an account of all that he had seen and suggested that he should try, another year, to walk to Quebec, then along the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, down that river to Louisiana and so back home by way of Richmond.

At another time Toscan walked from Greenland to Portland, Maine, where he had some customers, from there across to Dartmouth College and finally by the river again to Lancaster.

Toscan was a great student of languages and a reader of books, and owned a large number of excellent monographs in French, Spanish and Italian, beautifully bound and testifying by their abundant footnotes that they had been often read by this well educated gentleman.

Another item of family interest is that amongst the French friends of Toscan was a family by the name of Guignod,—the father, a sea captain, then being in Martinique and the family spending the summer on the Ursula Cutts farm at Riverside where Mrs. Cutts had been killed by the Indians. Upon this farm my grandfather, Enoch Greenleaf Parrott, spent his summers in abundant prosperity after the privateering of the war of 1812; and it is now occupied by the American Chemical Agricultural Company.

Amongst the letters passing between the Guignods and Mr. Toscan, I find one concerning their children playing with one another on the farm, and mention is made of a most interesting visit home, and also of a fascinating physician whom I am now called upon to bring into the light for a few minutes, for the first time I think, at least in New Hampshire history.

Dr. Francis Vergnies emigrated from France to Gaudaloupe but was exiled from that island during a negro insurrection following the French Revolution. He settled at Newburyport doing good service during an epidemic of yellow fever there and was highly thanked and appreciated by the authorities for his medical skill; and he soon obtained an excellent clientele particularly among the French speaking people for fifty miles around.

Mr. Toscan once employed Dr. Vergnies to treat the Guignod children for smallpox vaccination and for further treatment of them, as the local physicians, Dr. Brackett and Dr. Cutter, were unable to converse understandingly with them in French. Dr. Vergnies came over to see the children and also to see Madam Guignod when she fell sick and in spite of wise and careful treatment died. Ultimately he sent in a bill for the in-

significant sum of fifty-five dollars for three visits from Newburyport to Portsmouth,—during which he had difficulty in reaching there owing to the bad roads and lack of accommodation in his need of horses, so that once he walked more than half the way. There was some little dispute about his bill of fifty-five dollars but it was ultimately paid.

Mrs. Guignod died from a fever, and was buried in Colonel Sherburnes' tomb under St. John's Church.

The Parrott descendants possess a very pretty reminiscence of John Toscan in the shape of an oil painting showing him as a young man in the costume of those days engraving on the bark of a tree the initials of his sweetheart.

Toscan also possessed several statuettes and busts of the leaders of the French Revolution and one or two fine engravings of marriages at the Court of Louis XIII and Louis XIV.

It is difficult, without any documents at hand, to know how Mr. Toscan stood concerning the French Revolution and its horrors; but he became, later on, an enthusiastic Bonapartist, named one of his sons after the celebrated Bonaparte and in one of his letters, wrote "The affairs of our Republic improve every day and in spite of the efforts of the crowned, the rights of man will triumph."

I notice also that he, at one time, possessed interesting documents concerning the French Revolution.

Mr. Toscan was a subscriber to the best journals of the times as is proved by old bills still in existence from the stationers at Portsmouth in those days. He was also on friendly terms with Honoré St. John De Crevecouer who wrote long articles about Pennsylvania and introduced American apples into Normandy. When our European tourists of today drink Normandy cider and

boast about it when they come home, little do they think they are simply drinking apple juice that originated in Pennsylvania.

Some people largely think that there is no need in keeping old bills but without such a bill as lately discovered, how could we know that Toscan bought any books or newspapers or had any literary taste at all.

He was well acquainted with the Marquis of Chastelleux who visited Portsmouth and with the sons of the Duke of Orleans who also came there as untitled French gentlemen and were under the guidance of Mr. Jacob Sheafe, the leading member of a distinguished family of that era. Not being in Portsmouth at the time but bound for France, Mr. Toscan was overtaken by these gentlemen in Boston and enjoyed seeing them again, and entertaining them.

A very interesting document which has lately come to my observation and with which I was never before acquainted is a Form which was signed and sent out by Toscan as Consul General in Portsmouth in 1802,—his office having apparently been returned to him at that date. In this Form he asks all Frenchmen in New England to send to him, "your ballot yes or no as to voting for the General Bonaparte to be Consul for life." This document proves, so far as I know, the first recorded system of absent-voting in the world. The Form which I happen to possess was signed by a Frenchman at Portsmouth by the name of George Anthoine Manent who voted "yes."

Oddly enough, when I was a boy, I used to see old Mr. Manent in Market Square in Portsmouth. He seemed to me as old as the hills, but now, how I wish I had known enough to ask him something about Mr. Toscan, and the members of the Parrott family.

As the financial condition of Mr. Toscan improved toward the end of the eighteenth century, he decided to return from Lancaster to Greenland where he built, with his wife's share of the Parrott property, the bungalow which still stands facing the railroad station. It is somewhat altered from its original form by the addition of a higher story in the rear by Captain William Frederick Parrott, a grandson of John Parrott. This bungalow was finished in 1800 so that the families were much more comfortable.

In this home Mr. Toscan lived for the next five years tending to his duties as Vice Consul in Portsmouth for a while, carried on a milk route in Portsmouth, sold timber and provisions from the farm and was comfortable and happy in the companionship of his charming wife and his children.

On the eighteenth of May, 1805, he fell from a tree which he was pruning, and died from the injuries received. The new Vice Consul at Portsmouth, Mr. Cazeaux, notified of his death, sent word to the neighboring Frenchmen so that a large assemblage of compatriots attended the funeral services at Greenland. The grave was suitably marked and can still be seen in the family burial lot on the Parrott farm.

His widow with her income from that farm and a Government pension given on the death of her son, Frank, survived until 1820.

This account of the career of John Toscan cannot come to a proper end without brief mention of his sons who served in the United States Navy and in the merchant marine for several years after the death of their father. Frank, as he was generally known (who had been christened Franc Libertéé Egalité), was a midshipman on the "Wasp" in her battle with the "Reindeer" in the War of

1812, and being seriously wounded by a copper bullet, he, with midshipman Langdon also from Portsmouth, was taken into L'Orient in France where they both died. They remain buried in that town to this day, and over their graves you can read of their services to this country. A grateful Congress hailed their achievements with approbation, issued official thanks for their bravery in battle and presented a gilt scabbard and sword to the family and a pension to their mothers for life.

Oddly enough, another brother served in the United States Navy as a midshipman. His name was Messidor, a name taken from the month of July in which he was born, as it was called in the French Revolutionary Calendar. He served as midshipman for several years and died early from a fever due to exposure in sea service.

His place as midshipman was taken by a third brother, Bonaparte, who, after a short service in the Navy, resigned, by the advice of his superior officers, went to sea in the merchant marine service, was captured by pirates in the Gulf of Mexico and strung up at the yardarm. Miraculously, he came off with his life because the rope around his neck was too stiff to strangle him. Coming home he sailed on another voyage in a merchant ship, other voyages followed and finally he went to Florida in 1832-1833, and was planning to start a sanitarium and winter resort for invalids from the North when he was swept away by acute appendicitis as letters would suggest. Oddly, some silver spoons of his were discovered and redeemed from a Florida inn by his cousin, Robert Parrott, who was serving in the United States Army about ten years later, in the war against the Seminole Indians.

Frederick, a fourth son, who married

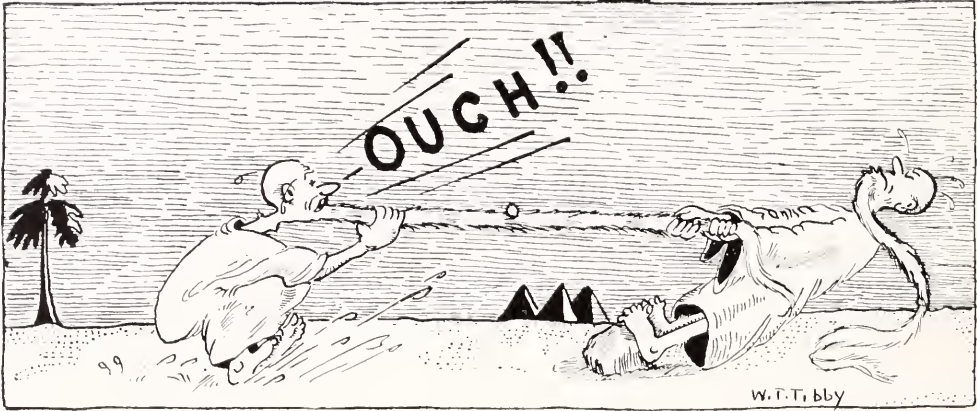
his cousin, Martha Brackett Parrott, was a sea captain who sailed as far as the East Indies and Rio de Janeiro; and coming home for another voyage in a ship belonging to his uncle, Enoch Greenleaf Parrott, my grandfather, he was seized with acute tuberculosis, suffered only a few weeks and passed away in Greenland amidst "scenes of solemn sorrow seldom witnessed."

And then, to cap the climax, the fifth son, William Parrott Toscan, who had sailed safely on voyages to the distant Philippines and to Russia and back, set sail one day from Portsmouth for the coast port of Philadelphia, and was never heard of again.

What a tragic end to the romance of Jean Joseph Marie Toscan had he lived to know of all these early deaths of his promising sons. But this he was spared by his own early departure. How the poor widow endured the deaths of her children nobody living can tell. Cared for by her surviving daughters, she remained at the Greenland farm, an example of womanly fortitude for the rest of her life.

As a boy I can remember the last of the Toscan, the daughters of Frederick and Martha Brackett Toscan, Miss Gussie and Miss Lizzie,—Gussie dying several years ago and Elizabeth French Parrott Toscan surviving into her eighty-fifth year and dying suddenly about ten years ago from apoplexy.

So ends the story of the Toscan family. This paper is dedicated briefly to their memory. I am glad, in my advancing years, to be able to say these few words in kindly recollection of those whom I knew as a boy and of the rest of the family of whom I have lately found many personal records, as condensed and offered to this Society, the Piscataqua Pioneers.



THE GREATEST INSULT OF ANCIENT DAYS

Whiskers

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

"There once was a man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared;
Three owls and a hen,
Two larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard.'"

EDWARD LEAR.

THE ASPERSION made by some unthinking people that New Hampshire sports more whiskers than any other state in the Union is a sinister malignment. There isn't a word of truth in it.

There may be some veracity in the assertion that there are more whiskers in the New Hampshire General Court than in any other legislative body in the United States. When one considers the relative size of the legislature in this state, as compared with similar bodies throughout the country, the answer is found.

If New Hampshire ever laid any claim to the palm it was forever discredited when the Sacramento "Whiskerino Club" offered prizes eight years ago for the longest whiskers in the country.

Hans Langseth from North Dakota won first prize with a length of seventeen feet. Zach Wilcox, of Carson City, Nevada, was runner up, with twelve feet.

To be sure, much of the glorious history of New Hampshire has been made by be-whiskered men and long haired women, but no one state has been able to rightfully claim a monopoly. Of course there have been notable exceptions, of which Daniel Webster was one. In an attempt and with an earnest desire to defend the fair fame of the Granite State in this matter of whiskers I recently experienced one of the surprises of a life that has been singularly full of unexpected happenings.

Thinking I had elected to write of a subject that had not been overdone, that possibly my brain had been fertile enough to seek out a topic of comparative rarity upon which to let my fancies roam, I went with considerable smug satisfaction to the reference room of the Manchester Public Library.

"I suppose it is utterly hopeless to ask

for any material upon the subject of whiskers," I remarked to the obliging reference librarian, Miss Ruth C. Dudley. "I'd like a little historical data to lend dignity to a matter that I am likely to treat facetiously."

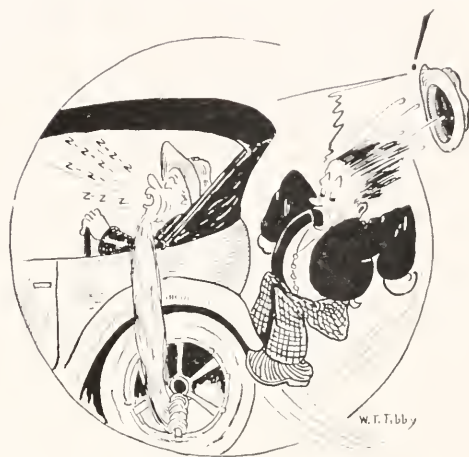
The young woman, with an air denoting confidence, disappeared among the archives. She evidently knew what was in store. Soon thereafter I was crest-fallen at the result of my request. The amount of material extant upon a subject the expounding of which I had vainly entertained the hope of becoming a pioneer, was overwhelming. For the literature of whiskers is surprisingly voluminous. Writers have apparently been fascinated with the subject from time immemorial, and before the competent library assistant was done I was confronted with a table piled high with literature on the subject.

Whiskers have been taken mighty seriously in the past, and it is only within the last two or three decades that people have been waking up to the utter uselessness, either from an esthetic or utilitarian point of view, of this capillary appendage.

Nineteen years ago the inimitable Elbert Hubbard, who professed to write things out of his heart in red ink (and sold the printed product), declared that no man with whiskers should ever be allowed to run an automobile or ride in one. The smooth shaven visage had become an indication of progress.

And yet—some of the revelations wrought by the razor have been disillusionizing in the extreme. A man with a shapely, resolute chin that shows character and determination, has considerable to gain from the present fashion. The Andy Gumps would be entirely justified in flaunting defiance at Dame Fashion and going about reforestation of their chinless area.

When the germ complex gripped civilization the beard became a favorite target for reformers. The medical fraternity in America not only cried out loud against whiskers, its members



PERHAPS THIS IS WHY ELBERT HUBBARD WOULD HAVE BARRED MEN WITH LONG WHISKERS FROM RIDING IN AUTOS

set a pious example and sacrificed their facial adornments on the altar of Hippocrates.

A bushy whiskered American surgeon is about as rare today as the Pithecanthropus Erectus, who, we are reminded by Carolyn Wells in her "Outline of Whiskers," was pretty much all whisker and was probably the first man who stood up to shave. "You can have a haircut, but you can't have your whiskers trimmed on all-fours," she reasons, "so he had to get up. And he's been uppish ever since."

In spite of Kipling's classic utterance to the effect that kissing a man without a mustache is like eating an egg without salt, Edwin F. Bowers, M. D., made a heroic effort about a dozen years ago to warn mankind of the menace of whiskers. He affirmed that next to unpampered poodles and alley-hunting house cats, whiskers are the greatest menace to

the health of the family and the community. Said Dr. Bowers:

"It might be contended that bugs and bacteria can, and do, find fair foothold



UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

on a smooth face. But it is merely a problem in arithmetic or algebra—or whatever you do with it—to compute the number of square inches on a smooth face, then estimate the additional shelter accorded by a few running feet of hair trellis work, add this to the smooth face, and multiply the quotient, or whatever you call it, by the square root, to see how much better off bugs must be in the dense jungle than on the shelterless plains."

Dr. Bowers professed to no interest in the esthetic aspects of the question. It was only of the menace afforded by the "gentlemen joyously adorned" in the Amazonian jungles of whose well-whiskered faces belligerent bugs sported, that he wrote.

Eight or ten years previous to Dr. Bowers' attempt to warn the public of the menace of whiskers, George Harvey

made a similar attempt through an editorial in the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. Under the caption "Mustaches in the Light of Science," Mr. Harvey discoursed knowingly, but, unlike Dr. Bowers, his knowledge was second hand. He described an important experiment made by a noted French professor whose studies in all questions relating to the germ theory won him great fame and were awaited eagerly. This professor, Mr. Harvey tells us, enlisted the services of two men, one shaven, one bearded, and walked with them through several streets of Paris, the Louvre, several large stores, finally fetching them in a crowded tram car to his laboratory. Says he:

"There, waiting with subdued expectancy, was a young woman, who—probably the first experience of the kind in the history of her sex—had been hired to be kissed. When the professor had made certain, by the use of antiseptic preparations, that no germs lingered on the lips of the maiden, the shaven young man applied his lips to hers in the customary manner. The professor then passed a sterilized brush over the young lady's lips, dipped it into a test tube containing a sterile solution of agar-agar and quickly sealed the top.

"The girl's lips, and face even, having been thoroughly sterilized a second time, the bearded man followed the example of his shaven companion and the sterilized brush and test tube were again called into play in the same manner. During each of the operations the young woman held her breath in order that no accidental germ might be drawn upon her lips from the atmosphere."

The horrible sequel to this tale is almost too painful to be related to a present-day public that is supposed to get much of its excitement from petting parties.

After four days the tubes were opened. The first, taken from the shaven man, was speckled with dots, each of which was a colony of yeast germs such as cause mold, but are practically harmless. The second, from the mustached man, literally swarmed with malignant microbes. The long, thin tubercle bacillus was the first found; followed by diphtheria and putrefactive germs, minute bits of food, a hair from a spider's leg and goodness knows what all, so great a variety that in any case nobody had the hardihood to reveal the results of the experiment to the young lady.

The conclusion was so irresistible that the scientist declared: "If any woman could get a look through a microscope at the mustache and beard of a man she would never let him kiss her unless he shaved himself or enveloped his whiskers in antiseptic gauze."

As antiseptic gauze is impracticable there seems but one remaining course for women to follow.

Back of genuine historical data on the beard runs the imagination of those who seek primordial evidence. To return to the delightful comments of Carolyn Wells: "The Neanderthalers shaved to have their fossils taken. Then came the Pilt-down men, so-called because of incipient beards and small, downy mustaches, much like the plastic youth of today. The Cavemen, like the other fur-bearing animals of their time, had oodles of whiskers. This gave them their ferocious appearance and helped to intimidate their wives. But women didn't frighten easily, even then, and so the men had to resort to clubs, but not the kind they resort to now.

"As time crawled on, you know how slowly it went in those days," Carolyn wisely continues, "the fancy whisker came into vogue. The Assyrians, as they

came down like wolves on folds, affected a most remarkable bearding. It was like rows on rows of anchovies, the curled round kind that comes in glass. The Babylonians, who hung out in gardens, wore this sort, too, and society became so rakish and gay and festive that it feil.

"The Egyptians took their whiskers very seriously. Rameses II wore his *en bloc*. That is, like a block of wood shaped like a brick. How he achieved this remarkable effect is unknown, it being one of the lost arts."

Not so happily have other writers treated of the beard. Miss Wells, with her delicious sense of humor, concludes that the reason the Egyptians worshipped Sacred Cats and built mausoleums for feline mummies is because they revered whiskers on everything. It's all right to be funny about kings and warriors and prehistoric men who have been so long



CURLY BEARDS WON THE
LADIES

dead that there is no danger of their progeny taking offense. Miss Wells was on safe ground. But when one gets into the present century and nearer home it

is wiser to use discretion. It is probably best to mention without comment the patriarchal beards of "Cy" Sulloway, New Hampshire's "Tall Pine of the Mer-

A woman now residing in Concord, N. H., who as a child saw many of the men and women of letters who frequented her father's Boston office, has described for me the beard of James Russell Lowell. What seemed to impress her most was the unwarranted length of the mustache ends that draped themselves over either side of his full beard.

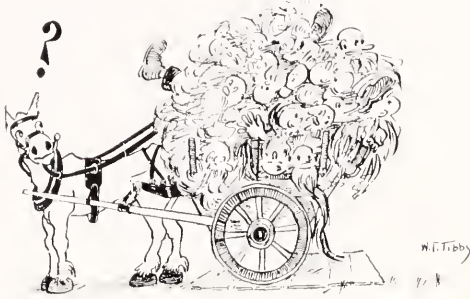
William Dean Howells in writing of his friend Lowell in his book, "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," describes his personal appearance at some length and says of his beard: "At the earlier period he still wore his auburn hair somewhat long; it was darker than his beard, which was branching and full, and more straw-colored than auburn, as were his thick eyebrows."

The book above referred to contains many illustrations and is a veritable picture gallery of bewhiskered men. But they are the faces that we love; their lips have sung America's sweetest songs, their lives are interwoven with our country's finest traditions and—by the beard of Allah!—we revere them. It wouldn't make a bit of difference if every last visage were hidden in a beard that would do credit to a bolshevik.

There is the dear, venerable Quaker poet! We would hardly recognize Whit-tier without the full white beard he wore in later life. James T. Fields' whiskers vied with Whitman's in bushiness and the Longfellow with whom we are familiar was not lacking in chin adornment. Out on the western coast the Poet of the Sierras, Joachim Miller, sported one of the healthiest beards known to America.

Fashions may come and fashions go, but the beard of our Uncle Sam goes on forever and is as much a part of tradition as that of our beloved Santa Claus; or the dread Bluebeard.

Why some men prefer beards and



SACRAMENTO, CAL., RAISED MORE THAN A TON OF WHISKERS IN 1922

rinnack," and "Jim" French, the "Watch-Dog of the New Hampshire Treasury." They are of the past. There are few left in the present personnel of the state's prominent men who carry on the bearded traditions. Still, there are notable exceptions, who for the present will remain unsung.

A friend, who knows a great deal more than I, told me the other day that Benjamin Harrison was the last bearded President of the United States. That may be so. (One can't prove anything historical by me.)

Walt Whitman celebrated himself through one of the most riotous and untamed beards in the history of American letters. In his "Leaves of Grass" he sang:

"The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzzed whispers, love-root,
silk thread, crotch and vine,
My respiration, and inspiration, the beating
of my heart, the passing of blood and
air through my lungs."

and he might have added

"The sound of the belched words of my voice,
words loosed to the eddies of the wind
through my whiskers."

others do not is one of the unsolved mysteries, since the male of the species claims himself superior to the vagaries of fashion. One man decided to become beardless because of the innocent questionings of a little child.

"What do you do at night, Grandpa?" asked the little one. "Do you sleep with your whiskers inside the bedclothes, or outside?"

The question troubled him. The next day he appeared smooth-shaven, and explained as follows:

"I went to bed and I put 'em inside. It felt queer, and I put 'em outside. That didn't seem right either, so, after switchin' 'em back and forth a lot of times I was so mad I got up and cut 'em off."

The fringe-like beard of Horace Greeley could never by any stretch of the imagination have been a thing of beauty. It has been graphically described as an "arrangement found just below the thyroid cartilage, right (and left) resting on the clavicle."

Like the vogue of "Alice blue" and other fashions emanating from the White House, the style in whiskers was formerly set by kings and emperors, each of whom adopted a special style of his own. Henry I wore a beard trimmed round, and Richard Coeur de Lion a short whisker. Edward I affected a curly beard, which, by the way, was supposed in former days to be utterly irresistible to the ladies. Edward II had an unhappy experience which historians tell us caused him to burst into tears. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered that he be shaved with dirty, cold water. That, surely, was enough to bring tears to the eyes of king or peasant. Edward III wore a long beard and Richard II had his cropped.

During the middle ages close shaving was in vogue and barbers gained much

prestige. Not only were they esteemed for their skill in cutting the hair and shaving the faces of their victims, they were the surgeons of their day and performed much blood-letting, supposed to be a cure-all for every ailment. Old men of that period wore their beards forked, and we find in Chaucer this reference, "A merchant there was with forked beard." The first Dane who invaded Britain was Sueno, surnamed, "Forked Beard."

Early English literature is full of amusing references to the beard, but occasionally it strikes a tragic note. Sir Thomas Moore, who took great pride in his silken, curly beard, thought of it tenderly at the time of his execution and moved it out of the way of the headman's axe.

Those who glibly prate about the world going to the dogs because girls use paint and powder should read a couple of verses written by Matthew Green in Old England many a long year ago:

"To brush the cheeks of ladyes fair
With genuine charms o'er spread,
Their sapient beards with mickle care
Our wise forefathers fed.

"But since our modern ladyes take
Such pains to paint their faces
What havoc would such brushes make
Among the loves and graces."

According to an old English ballad

"A well-thatched face is a comely grace
And a shelter from the cold."

This thought may well account in part for the prevalence of beards in New England before the days of steam-heated houses and apartments. Many a man feared pneumonia, bronchitis and a train of throat and chest maladies unless he went unshaved through the tedious New England winter.

The Hebrews have everything on their side in the matter of reverencing beards,

although even rabbis now appear unshaven. Adam is pictured with a flowing beard reaching to his knees, and Michael Angelo has given us an immortal creation in his figures of the bearded Moses.

"Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," is the divine command in the book of Leviticus, and with regard to priests more especially is it prescribed, "They shall not make baldness upon their heads, neither shall they shave off the corner of the beard." The general dignity of age typified by the beard is also expressed in the book of Leviticus, which commands, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man." In those days a prophet or patriarch with a razor in his hand would have been an anomaly. Small wonder that the ancient Jews considered it a greater indignity to pull a man's beard than to tread on his corns.

Research into the early literature of the Druids tells us of a harrowing experience in connection with a shave. It was, perhaps, the most uncomfortable tonsorial performance recorded. The Druid priests, the white-robed functionaries of a long-forgotten cult, wore long flowing beards themselves and carefully shaved their human victims before sacrificing them upon the stone altars beneath the sacred oaks. Remains of these altars may be seen to this very day. Attendant upon these sacrifices were fierce warriors, who, we are told, stood in rows with their immense tangled mustaches hanging down upon their breasts like wings. Men of rank among the Gauls and Britons shaved the chin and body, but let the hair grow upon the upper lip.

To touch the beard was to bind an oath most solemnly among the Franks, and history tells us that Clovis, who founded the Merovingian dynasty, sent ambassadors to King Alaric of the Visi-

goths, who prayed that they might touch his beard as a sign of alliance. Alaric, in bad humor, refused to submit to this graceful request and seized the ambassadors by their own beards and drove them away with insults. Clovis naturally resented the affront and proceeded to avenge it with the result that the empire of the Visigoths was overthrown and the whole history of Europe changed.

Nature, which has been lavish with the Russian, whose appearance is generally more bizarre than beautiful, has denied the Chinaman the dignity of that badge of masculinity. The Chinaman, then, devotes his efforts to the back of his head. It is an adaptation of the law of compensation expounded by the beardless Emerson.

After the introduction of Christianity the Anglo Saxons compelled the clergy to shave. At any rate the priests and laymen who dispensed with the beard were more comfortable than was the Emperor Julian, who wrote a communication about his beard, which is said to have been the most famous set of whiskers in history. In the pages of Gibbon is found this letter to the Abbe de la Bleterie, whom he shocked by his levity. Nobody knows to this day whether or not the emperor was joking when he wrote of his beard, "It serves as a forest for troublesome little animals, that I suffer to roam there with impunity."

It is well known that for centuries the Romans were smooth-shaven, and Cicero says that for four hundred years there was no such artificer in Rome as a barber. But the Romans looked back with pride upon an unshaven ancestry, and were wont to speak of their forefathers as bearded when they wished to praise them.

Greece is supposed to have seen its best days in the period of the beard, and

Homer dwells on the snowy beard of Nestor, which gave great weight to the opinions of that age.

But why delve further into antiquity? Enough whiskers have survived the fluctuating tides of fashion to furnish material for a dozen essays in spite of the fact that rabbis, college professors and anarchists are discarding their beards, even as poets and musicians are resorting to haircuts.

Were it not for wearying the reader with a perfectly good subject that may, like everything, be carried too far, much might be written of the Van Dyck, that aristocrat among beards, which one would hesitate to mention in the same breath with the common or garden variety of whiskers; the Chauncey M. Depew beard, which Miss Wells characterized as the "Depew Dip;" the facial adornment, carefully parted in the middle, affected by Charles Evans Hughes; the beard that the beloved Lincoln grew at the behest of a little girl; the "side burns" worn once upon a time by dapper young men, and the beard of Peter Cooper, which deserves a place in the same category as that of Horace Greeley.

Yes, there are plenty of whiskers left in the world, in America, in New England, in New Hampshire. When, in 1922, the "Whiskerino Club" offered prizes for whiskers, referred to previously in this article, it was at the "Forty-Niner" celebration in Sacramento. A journalist with a penchant for figures who "covered" the convention estimated that a ton and a half of whiskers were raised in the convention city as a part of the celebration.

There were "Abraham Lincolns," "Chop Sueys," "Airdales," "Holsteins," "Common Cur," and many other styles. A safety razor company sent a razor to every member of the club, and it was re-

ported that many of them were put to immediate use on the morning after the big parade.

Walking along the New England countryside today one meets many a remnant of the once fertile whisker crop. Thank goodness, it is but a remnant. Occasionally, while motoring in out of the way places one sees an old man sitting under a tree or inviting his soul on the front veranda. Upon his shrunken chest is a real old-fashioned set of whiskers, about the only antique that hasn't been collected in the neighborhood. Chewing tobacco, bought at a store nearby, has left its tell-tale stain upon the dirty-white chin drapery. Again one meets the plow-handle variety of mustache, which is usually a great source of pride to its owner, and of which the walrus mustache is akin. But many of the old types are disappearing. Where is the little waxed mustache of the dude of other days? It has evolved into the tiny tuft on the upper lip, so small and well trimmed that it is neither a menace to health or beauty.

The distinguished appearance of the "gentlemen of the old school" with Van Dyck or goatee cannot be gainsaid, but whether the beard is a contributing cause to his look of distinction is an open question.

Occasionally one meets the "little bunch of whiskers on the chin," familiar in rube vaudeville, but it is not as common as might be supposed from the prominence given it on the stage and in cartoons.

For the most part the faces of present day males are an arid waste so far as whiskers are concerned, and this is no token of effeminacy either. It probably is too much to hope that the present fashion will long continue. This is a changing world. The cycle will revolve and man's face again disappear in eclipse.

But if the women have the vote on the matter they will unanimously decide against whiskers, even the lovely soft brown curly kind.

An acquaintance who traveled in Germany in pre-war days when the military mustache, affected by the Kaiser and his ilk, were in vogue, described the framework upon which these precious hirsute ornamentations were supported during sleeping hours. She said these contraptions were on sale in the stores and she therefore was able to get a good idea of their construction.

New Englanders have never resorted to such heroic measures to keep their mustaches spick and span, but it isn't so many years ago that the ends were waxed and foppishly curled.

No New England home was formerly complete without one or more mustache cups. Father's cup was held in considerable awe by the younger members of the household, and woe unto the youngster who carelessly smashed it.

This dish was constructed with a piece across the top, at one side. This was provided with an opening through which tea, coffee or other liquid could be drunk without the mustache floating therein.

Many of these cups were exceedingly ornate, and were much favored as Christmas gifts. The word "Father" often appeared in gilt letters, encircled, possibly, with a wreath of forget-me-nots or other dainty flowers on the front side of the receptacle.

Love A-Begging

HARRY ELMORE HURD

Somewhere amid the deafening din
Of Babel-building polyglots,
Men brag of days that might have been:

Some place where Sophists congregate,
Their brains like polished silver pots
A-wash with doubts disconsolate:

Somewhere along the finseled ways
Where Circe smiles at swinish sots
Who barter life for roundelays,

Love walks, a stranger begging bread,
Waylaying men whose bitter thoughts
Have poisoned faith and left hope dead.

Someday I, too, may meet the maid
But I shall give the coins love wots
And bid her keep them unafraid.

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Editorial

NEW HAMPSHIRE should pause for a moment and give heed to what is happening to its water power. The purchase of power sites by the large public utility corporations have become so frequent that the transactions fail to arouse more than passing attention from the general populace. If these sites are being developed in such manner as will ultimately accrue to the benefit of the state then all is well, but if the contrary seems probable some drastic action should be immediately taken. In passing it might be suggested that New Hampshire people would really be interested to know just how much of the capital being invested in the hydro-electric enterprises in this state is being furnished by New Hampshire people and how much by the Insull and allied interests—and by capital we mean real, honest to goodness money.

* * * * *

The congestion of our roads caused by the heavy traffic from a sister state leads to the supposition that much tourist travel from outside New England is denied us. Travelers, as a general rule, seek to avoid over-congested highways. It would do no harm to ascertain whether this congestion affects bona fide tourist

travel to any appreciable extent. Our highways are a business enterprise and should be treated as such.

* * * * *

The "holier than thou" attitude of the Southern States in matters relating to Prohibition should be taken with a grain of salt. The Southerner is a rabid prohibitionist as a matter of expediency. The whites have their liquor,—always have had it, always will have it, and will tell you so to your face, but they are determined that the colored population shall not have liquor, which is a good thing for the colored man and white man, too. The white man who drinks his liquor and stands up is a *gentleman*, the white who drinks and shows himself in an intoxicated condition is "*white-trash*"—lower in the social scale than the colored man. The Southerner is a prohibitionist—so far as it does not affect himself—as a matter of *business* expediency for himself and for the *moral* benefit of the *colored* man. To those who have an acquaintance with the South and its customs the peculiar attitude of the Southern white is not considered as hypocritical at all—he acts, as he believes, for the best economic interests of his land and *morals* have little to do with it—except for the colored man.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. WALTER H. SANBORN

Walter Henry Sanborn, born in Epsom, N. H., October 19, 1845; died in St. Paul, Minn., May 10, 1928.

He was the son of Henry F. and Eunice (Davis) Sanborn, his father having been a State Senator and prominent in public life, while his mother was a descendant of Thomas Davis, who fought under Prescott at Bunker Hill. He was educated at Pittsfield Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter as valedictorian of the class of 1867. He received his A.M. degree from his Alma Mater in 1870, and LL.D. in 1893. After graduation he served three years as principal of the high school at Milford, N. H., where he studied law in the office of Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh. Removing to St. Paul, Minn., in 1870, he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court, and entered into practice in partnership with his uncle, Gen. John B. Sanborn, and continued in successful practice until his appointment as a justice of the U. S. Circuit Court for the Eighth Judicial Circuit, March 17, 1892, in which position he continued through life, having been made presiding judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, June 4, 1903.

In his long period of judicial service Judge Sanborn delivered more than a thousand opinions, many of them involving important and intricate questions of law, which have commanded wide attention and are cited as authority in all parts of the country. Among the important cases of whose decisions he was the author were the Trans-Missouri

Freight Association case of 1895; the Standard Oil case of 1909, and the Oklahoma Gas case of 1916. He was a receiver for the Union Pacific Railroad from 1893 to 1898; for the Chicago & Great Western in 1908-1909, and the San Francisco & St. Louis, 1913-15, in each of which positions his duties were trying and responsible, and were effectively discharged. In a recent testimonial volume to Judge Sanborn, Chief Justice William H. Taft, of the U. S. Supreme Court, says: "I take great pride in the fact that I came onto the bench and began my services in Cincinnati and the Sixth Circuit when he began his services in St. Paul in the Eighth. While I wandered from the path of devotion to judicial ideals, Judge Sanborn was true to them and his record shines in the judicial history of his country."

Judge Sanborn was a Republican and a Congregationalist, a Knight Templar, Mason, and a Past Eminent Grand Commander. He was a member of the G. A. R., had been President of the St. Paul Bar Association, and was a member of the Minnesota Historical Society. On November 10, 1874, he married Miss Emily F. Bruce of Milford, N. H. They had two daughters, Grace (Mrs. Charles G. Hartin) and Marian (Mrs. Grant Van Sant) and two sons, Bruce W. (Dartmouth 1904), a lawyer in St. Paul, and Henry F. of St. Louis.

Retaining his love for his native state, of which he was the most distinguished son at the time of his decease, he maintained a summer home in Epsom, where he annually passed the vacation season.

SIDNEY F. STEVENS

Sidney Francis Stevens, born in Somersworth, N. H., January 26, 1878; died there, May 17, 1928.

He was the son of Charles E. and Frances (Lowd) Stevens, and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1900. He studied law and graduated from the Law School of Boston University in 1904, entering practice in his native town as a partner of William S. Matthews, with whom he continued. He was a Republican in politics, and served as a Representative in the New Hampshire Legislature from Somersworth, in 1907 and 1909, being a member of the Judiciary Committee in the latter session. He served several years as city solicitor previous to his appointment as Justice of the Somersworth Municipal Court, March 10, 1915, which latter position he held till death. He was for some time a member of the School Board, and was a director of the Somersworth National Bank. He was a member of the Stratford and Carroll County Bar Associations, and was a member of the special commission appointed by Governor Spaulding to consider the question of taxation and report to the next Legislature.

On June 28, 1905, Judge Stevens married at Quincy, Mass., Miss Nancy W. Roy, a native of Waterloo, Iowa, who survives, with one daughter, Nancy F.

MISS MARY I. GREELEY

Mary Isabel Greeley, born in Concord, N. H., February 19, 1843; died in New York City, May 10, 1928.

Miss Greeley received her education in Concord, graduating from the high school in 1860. Her life was devoted largely to social reform, charitable, benevolent and patriotic work. She served for a time as private secretary to Julia Ward Howe. Later she was for twelve

years the head of the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plain, Mass., and through her instrumentality the funds for the establishment of the Blind Babies' Nursery in Boston were secured, and she was treasurer of this institution up to the time of her death. For many years past her home had been in Bradford, where some years ago she was the founder and first Regent of the Mercy Hathaway White Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, its membership being composed of women in the Warner River Valley towns. She was a member of the South Congregational Church of Concord. She is survived by one brother, Plummer Greeley, of New York, with whom she resided at the time of her death.

BENJAMIN F. TUCKER

B. Frank Tucker, born in Pittsfield, N. H., July 21, 1848; died in Concord, April 29, 1928.

He was one of ten children of John True and Sally Ann (Coffin) Tucker, and removed with his widowed mother and her family to Concord in childhood. He was educated in the public schools and worked in early life for many years in the old Ford foundry, at the North End. He was a Democrat in politics, and long actively interested in party affairs, being the leading worker for the Democrats in Ward 4 for years, while Jacob H. Gallinger, Frank S. Streeter and James O. Lyford were the Republican bosses. He served for some time as a deputy sheriff in Merrimack County in the days when crime was rampant, and kept three horses for work in that service. During the administration of Gov. Samuel D. Felker he was superintendent of the State House.

He married Emma A. Watts of Acworth, on Thanksgiving day, 1872. She died some years since, leaving two sons,

who survive—Arthur P. of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and John True, of Lowell, Mass., the latter, who has a summer home in Acworth, caring for him in his last days.

GUSTAVE PEYSER

Gustave Peyser, born in Portsmouth, N. H., December 28, 1855; died there April 28, 1928.

He was educated in the public schools, and started in life as a traveling salesman, but soon abandoned that work and entered business with his father, the late Henry Peyser, in the drygoods line, under the firm name of Henry Peyser & Son, carrying on an extensive business in the drygoods line, which he continued after his father's death. He declined all public offices but was conspicuous in Masonic circles, holding all degrees up to and including the 33d. He was also a Shriner and Past Commander of De Witt Clinton Commandery, K. T. He held membership in the Knights of Pythias and Elks, was a charter member of the Portsmouth Country Club, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a director of the National Mechanics and Traders Bank and a Trustee of the Portsmouth Savings Bank.

He married Miss Annie Love of East Boston in 1882, by whom he is survived, with one son, Harry W. Peyser, a lawyer of Portsmouth, and three grandchildren.

MICHAEL H. DONOVAN

Michael H. Donovan, born in Concord, September 6, 1853; died there, May 17, 1928.

He was the son of Daniel and Mary (Donovan) Donovan, was educated in the public schools, and was engaged for 46 years in the service of the Concord, Northern and Boston & Maine railroads, retiring in 1911, when he was elected a member of the Concord Board of Assessors upon the adoption of the

new charter, which position he held continuously until his death. He was an earnest Democrat in politics, and was chairman of the Democratic City Committee in Concord from 1907 to 1911.

He was a fine bass singer and much interested in music, serving from early youth in the choir of St. John's Catholic Church of Concord. He was a member of the Concord Lodge of Elks, Foresters of America and Capital Grange, P. of H. He married, June 11, 1876, Elizabeth Jane Bland. They had eleven children, of whom four daughters and six sons survive—Mrs. Stanley M. Houston, Misses Elizabeth J., Katherine R., and Lucy B. Donovan of Concord, and John P. and Dr. Arthur B. Donovan of Boston, Attorney Joseph C. Donovan, Edward F., Henry S., and M. Thornton Donovan of Concord. There are also eleven grandchildren.

JOHN HENRY BRACKETT

John Henry Brackett, born in Greenland, November 26, 1838; died there, April 26, 1928.

He was the son of Thomas and Sarah White (Veasey) Brackett, and one of the oldest citizens and most successful farmers of the town, his farm on the Bayside Road ranking among the best in the region. He was prominent in the affairs of the town, serving for thirty years as a member of the Board of Selectmen, and represented the town in the Legislature in 1884 and 1886. In religion he was a Congregationalist, and was active in Masonry, serving from 1876 to 1904 as secretary of Winnicut Lodge of Greenland, and, after its disbandment, transferring his membership to St. John's Lodge of Portsmouth. He married, in August, 1889, Mary E. A. Lewis, who died, January 31, 1892, leaving one son, Thomas J. Brackett, who survives, with seven grandchildren.

DR. CHARLES H. QUINN

Charles Henry Quinn, M. D., born in Hillsborough, N. H., January 25, 1873; died at West Concord, May 23, 1928.

Dr. Quinn, the son of Charles H. and Helen (Symonds) Quinn, was educated in the public schools and graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in the class of 1898, settling soon after in practice at West Concord, where he continued through life. He served for twelve years on the medical staff of Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, and was physician for the Odd Fellows' Home for the same length of time. He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society, American Legion, White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., and the Foresters. During the World War he served in the Medical Corps, with the rank of Captain, at Camp Oglethorpe, Ga. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ada F. Parmenter, a nephew and three nieces.

EDWIN R. CELLEY

Edwin R. Celley was born in Bridgewater, Vermont, May 15, 1836, and died Feb. 16, 1928, in his 92d year. He was the son of Richard and Eunice (Bassett) Celley, and at the time of his death was the oldest person in town.

Mr. Celley was educated in the common school and Village Academy of Bridgewater. In 1863 he was married

to Ida P. Felch of Piermont, N. H., and in the same year joined the United States Government's Construction Corps. He went to the front to engage in building barracks and the construction of breast-works or anything which required the skill and tools of the carpenter, and was in Washington when the great Lincoln was assassinated. At the close of the war he worked several years for the Passumpsic Railroad Company, and, then moving to Piermont, he went into business for himself in the manufacturing of chair stock and ladders, which he followed for some time.

Mr. Celley was musically inclined and at different times was the leader of the Passumpsic Railroad Band, conductor of Celley and Bailey's Orchestra, and a member and prompter in R. E. Whitcomb's Orchestra. He was a live wire in all town affairs, having been tax collector for many years, president of the old Piermont Creamery Company, president, until 1926, of the Piermont Fire Insurance Company; treasurer of the school board for fourteen years, and town clerk for twenty-two years. He was a Mason, a Mechanic, and a Granger.

In 1903 he was elected unanimously (a Democrat in a Republican town) to the State Legislature as Representative. Mr. Celley was a man of unimpeachable business integrity.





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The Meeting-House Bell

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

On some pleasant Sabbath morning
 In the good old days of yore,
Ere we reached the well-worn threshold
 Of our meeting-house once more,
From its weather-beaten steeple
 Where to-day the pigeons fly,
Rang the church bell, loud and louder,
 Like a summons far and nigh.

Like a warning to the people
 Over hill and over dell,
Solemnly, uncompromising,
 Rang that well-remembered bell,
And the echoes which resounded
 At this summons from its throat,
Softly swelled our church bell's music,
 Mellowing each sombre note.

How that bell awoke the Sabbath!
 How it called for evening prayer,
And it rung when we assembled
 At a conference held there;
Long and mournful was the tribute
 Of that ever faithful bell
When it tolled some soul's departure
 With a slow and measured knell.

How we children watched the sexton,
 In those days now long gone by,
Pull the bell rope while we harkened
 To that muffled voice on high;
And we climbed a steep, dark stairway
 Over creaking boards until
We had reached a lofty tower
 Where the bell hung huge and still.

Times have changed and customs altered,
 Joyous youth smiles far away,
Yet our meeting-house is standing
 Like it stood through childhood's day;
And its bell rings just as clearly
 As it rang in days of yore,
Though it summons fewer people
 To that old, white church's door.

“Citizenship”

JAMES W. REMICK

IN ITS narrow sense Citizenship is the state and quality of being a citizen, as distinguished from being a slave or an alien. I might dwell upon the personal dignity and personal satisfaction of being a citizen of the greatest nation on earth, instead of being as Edward Everett Hale said,—“A man without a country.” In this way, I might please my sense of self-importance, but it would not be presenting Citizenship in the only way in which Citizenship is worthwhile, namely,—the use of it for the good of one’s country and of humanity.

In a recent number of the *WOMEN’S CITIZEN* is an article entitled “A Plea for Party Partisanship,” by Mrs. Mary T. Pratt, who is described as “New York City’s First Alderwoman.” The basic idea of Mrs. Pratt’s article is expressed in these words: “As I see politics, it is a game, like any college football game.” Reasoning from this analogy, Mrs. Pratt argues that a political party should be a machine, like a football team, and receive the same unquestioning, unswerving, enthusiastic and loyal support of its backers that a football team receives from its rooters. She then proceeds to say: “It is just this sort of courageous, loyal, fighting spirit that is going to strengthen our party machines. A good political machine is a wonderful thing. That is why I boldly plead for strong party partisanship.”

I confess I do not like to think of politics as a “game.” I prefer to think of it as the serious business of safe-guarding and improving our free institutions. I confess I do not like to think of political

parties as mere machines. I prefer to think of them as sacred instrumentalities in the science of government. I confess I do not like to think of American citizens as mere rooters for their respective parties, like rooters for a football game. I prefer to think of them as responsible trustees of this great experiment in popular government. I confess I do not like to think of loyalty in the restricted sense of loyalty to a party. I prefer to think of it in the sense of loyalty to our country.

When I was a partisan Republican, about all that was good seemed to be in the Republican party. I now see that there is good and bad in all parties, and that none of them are as good as they ought to be, and above them all I now see our flag and our institutions, greater than them all, and commanding my allegiance before them all. If this seems visionary, let us not forget that when our flag is in peril and defenders are needed, we do not ask whether they are Democrats, Republicans, or Progressives. It is enough that they are ready to fight, and if necessary, to die for it and for the ideals which it symbolizes.

Mind you, I do not say that the party system should be done away with, but I do say, as a result of my own personal observation and experience in the storm center of politics for half a century, that an independent balance of power is a necessary complement of the party system,—that without it, parties degenerate into corrupt and self-seeking political machines and become as Washington, Marshall, Webster, Cardinal Gibbons, and others have said,—a menace to the Republic.

More than three hundred years before Christ, in the "Oration on the Crown," which has been called the greatest oration of the world's greatest orator, Demosthenes said:

"Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen. In authority his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the Commonwealth. In all times and circumstances, his spirit should be loyal. From the beginning, he should choose an honest and straightforward course in politics,—to support the honor, the power, the glory of his country,—in these to exalt,—in these to have his being."

In this definition of "Citizenship" by the great Athenian, we find nothing about being an adept in the "game of politics."

Passing over the intervening period of more than 2,000 years and the intervening space between far-away Greece and near-by Hanover, I am pleased to find and place by the side of the words of Demosthenes, the equally noble and inspiring words of Dartmouth's great ex-President, one of the greatest men of his time. In his monumental work entitled, "Public Mindedness," which should be read by all, Dr. Tucker said:

"Citizenship is a matter of *principles and ideals*, but citizens are made by *doing* the things for which at any given time citizenship stands. There is no other way of making the ordinary citizen. Principles are elaborated, standards are set, ideals are made clear and abiding, through persistent, or as in some cases, through aroused and impassioned action. We must learn to become impatient in down-right earnest with all easy and spectacular, if not ques-

tionable, substitutes for citizenship. Society has been training reformers, organizing crusaders, and in various ways concentrating public opinion at the exposed points in our modern civilization. Sympathy of interest is called for in all these varied movements."

In this definition of Citizenship by Dr. Tucker, we search in vain for anything about the "*game of politics*."

During the more than two thousand years between the time that the Greek orator and the time that our own great educator, publicist and fellow citizen stated with so much eloquence and force the characteristics and qualities of that true citizenship which is essential to the perpetuity of free institutions, republic after republic decayed and passed away because the quality of their citizenship degenerated.

One of the first books I read when a boy was a book entitled "The Fate of Republics," which gave a historic account of the many failures in popular government and their causes. The historian, Macauley, prophesied that this republic would not live beyond fifty years; that it has lived almost a century and a half and achieved so much does not by any means ensure its permanency. The death worm may nevertheless be eating at its vitals.

In his great work on "Modern Democracies," written since the World War, Lord Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealths" and true friend of America, said:

"If it be improbable, yet it is not unthinkable that as many countries impatient with tangible evils substituted democracy for a monarchy or oligarchy, a like impatience might some day reverse the process."

However, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and, as Lord Bryce says: "Laziness, and selfishness which is indifferent to whatever does not immediately affect a man's interest, is the fault which most afflicts democratic communities." Let us not, therefore, bask in the glory of past achievements, nor in complacent self-conceit take the future for granted, but let us searchingly cross-examine ourselves to see whether we are being duly mindful of all the sacrifices which have been made for us and of the sacred trust which rests upon us to not only preserve this republic, but, in our day and generation, to do all we can to make it in the words of Webster: "A vast and splendid monument upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

Under the fire of such a self cross-examination, what can we say for ourselves? If we are duly mindful, why do so many of us cut the patriotic exercises of Memorial Day and Fourth of July in order to pursue our own pleasures?

Why do fifty per cent of the voters of the Republic neglect to exercise the sacred right of suffrage?

Why are we spending more money, many times over, for self-indulgence than for education, while millions of suffragists are unable to read the ballots they cast?

Why are we running more to jazz and joy-rides than to church and to public forums?

Why is it that we are worshipping mammon more and God less?

Why are so many in positions of public trust desecrating The Goddess of Liberty—stealing the jewels from her fingers and the gems from her crown?

Why are we making politics a game, and blind partisanship, spoils, money, selfishness, special interests, deception,

duplicity, and demagogism, such factors in the game, when with a moment's reflection, we would know that such things dishonor the flag and may ultimately seal the fate of this Republic as they did the fate of republics of the past?

Why do managers of newspapers and moving picture houses find it necessary to print and produce so much that is sensational in order to sell their papers and draw the crowds?

Why is it that there is a diminishing market for such great moral lessons as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and such an increasing market for stories which appeal to the lower levels of our natures?

Why do so many of us violate the Constitution for a drink, thus encouraging lawlessness and breeding anarchy?

Why is it that in this land of boasted "Liberty Enlightening the World," lawlessness and crime are more rampant than in any other civilized nation?

However these questions may be answered, let us not despair. The ideals of citizenship expressed by Demosthenes, in his "Oration on the Crown," and, more recently, by the late President of Dartmouth College, in his great work on "Public Mindedness," are not dead in America. If the heart, at times, despairs in contemplation of the dangers threatening our institutions, and the seeming indifferences of the people toward them, it is reassured again by the recollection of how, in the past, they have met every crisis. Whenever the call to arms has been heard, they have answered in a way which has added glory to the flag and stability to the Republic.

There are signs that they are already moving to meet and overcome perils more insidious and, for that reason, more dangerous than war—perils to which so many republics have succumbed—the

perils of lawlessness and self-indulgence.

The mysterious words, written by the mysterious hand on the wall of the King's Palace at the Feast of Belshazzar, "*Mene, mene, tckel upharsin*" (Daniel, Chapter 5), are prophetic of the fate of every nation that puts the body above the

soul, self-indulgence above self-denial and materialism above idealism. Let us see to it that this Republic, established and preserved at such tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure, does not perish by the insidious process of moral decadence.

Some Lovers in a Wood

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON

After a night of rain, the morn in fair;
 The birds are singing, flower-sweet the air.
 On the green earth the golden sunlight poured,
 Emblazons all "The Garden of the Lord."
 I take a path that wanders by a stream
 And find a spot to linger in and dream.
 The rocky slope round which the pathway turns
 Is home of laurel, violets and ferns.
 A softened glow of sunlight here is found,
 With leafy shadows dancing on the ground.
 All is silence but a bird's song now and then,
 And murmur of the stream down in the glen.
 When here alone, I never lonely feel;
 For it seems to me next moment will reveal
 Fond lovers come from yonder spirit land,
 Around the bend appearing hand in hand.
 Lovers perhaps from dear familiar books
 With all the glad May morning in their looks;—
 Evangeline and Gabriel before
 A cruel fate their lives asunder tore;
 Lord Ronald that most true and noble knight
 With Lady Clare and her doe of lily white;
 Or Madeline and Porphyro the bold,
 Who fled together on that night so cold.
 They also meet beneath the woodland trees
 Who lived and knew love's pain and ecstasies.—
 John and Priscilla, when the youth confessed
 The love which conscience had so long repressed,
 (For in stern Plymouth, true love found a way
 And maidens bloomed as sweet as buds of May).
 Lincoln and Ann, that flower soon to fade,
 Whose fragrance in his heart forever stayed.
 And then, how tenderly the sunbeams fall,
 As One draws near, the Lover of us all!
 A hush, and then the birds break into song,
 The winds caress Him as He walks along;
 The very waters of the stream below
 Chant His dear name of music as they flow.
 "Let not your heart be troubled"; kind His words
 And sweeter than the singing of the birds.
 I turn again to duty-crowded ways
 With joy enough to last for many days.

Charles H. Hoyt---His Life and Works

With Special Emphasis Upon His Play, "A Texas Steer"

WILLIS WARREN HARRIMAN, Ph. B., A. M.

Formerly Director of Dramatic Art and Literature in Several Colleges and Universities

THE dooryard of Mr. Brander's house (Texas). Mink (negro) enters with old saddle. Crab (negro) enters running and shouting.

Crab (excited): Mars Brander's elected, shuah! Can't be no possible doubt of it. I voted fo' him.

Mink: Huh! 'Spose you tink yo' vote elected him. How much did yo' get fo' votin' fo' him?

Crab: I got five dollars. How much did yo' git?

Mink: Didn't get nuffin'.

Crab: Didn't get nuffin'? What yo' thinkin' of? You's de only man dat voted fo' him dat didn't get paid. Yo's a fool.

Mink puts saddle on bench.

Mink (crossing to Crab): Fool! See heah, nigger—yo' don't know what yo's talkin' about. Don' yo' tink I know dar was money to be had? Masah Yell, he offered me five dollars fo' my vote, but I said, "No, sah! I'm not dat sort o' man, sah! Do yo' tink I'd barter my right o' sufferin' fo' a mess o' potash, sah! No, sah!" If de cullad vote is to be a article of commerce, sah, I wouldn't tech a cent ob his money, sah! (*Crossing to bench.*) The best I'd do was to let him give me a pair ob boots.

The preceding dialogue, which originally appeared at the beginning of Charles H. Hoyt's play, "A Texas Steer," is indicative of the general content matter of that particular dramatic masterpiece;—politics, as Hoyt's eyes saw it in Texas

and Washington. To say that Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" is the keenest satirical exposition of American political life ever written, is not an extravagant statement.

But before we analyze "A Texas Steer," let us make a short study of Hoyt, his life, and his dramatic works in general.

Charles H. Hoyt was born in Concord, New Hampshire, July 26, 1860. He received his early education in a private school in Charlestown of his native state. Later, he attended the Boston Latin School, and graduated from that institution. In preparing himself for what he thought would be his life work, he read law with the illustrious Chief Justice Cushing of New Hampshire. But Charles was very much more interested in the genial Chief Justice's good stories than he was in the wise laws of the state and the dry definitions of Blackstone.

A more literary work was beginning to attract Hoyt. For a time he was associated with the editorial staff of the *St. Albans, Vermont, Advertiser*. During a period of five years he was editor of the "All Sorts" column of *The Boston Post*, and easily succeeded in making the paragraphs of that column the brightest of its kind in the pages of American journalism;—"spicy," were the sentences of those paragraphs. For *The Boston Post*, he was also dramatic, musical, and sporting editor.

From the ranks of journalism many communities have chosen men to represent them in legislative assemblies. So,

too, with Charlestown and Charles H. Hoyt. Although Charlestown was a two to one Republican district, and although Hoyt was a Democrat, yet he was twice chosen to represent his town in the New Hampshire Legislature:—in 1893, and again in 1895. Hoyt had more of the attributes of a statesman than those of a politician. He was neither inconsistent nor radical in his politics. Although he was young, and in the minority of the Legislature, representatives of the two great parties esteemed him and honored him by appointing him to important committees of the New Hampshire Legislature:—that of the Judiciary. At one time Charles H. Hoyt was “talked of as a candidate for Governor.”

Charles H. Hoyt was a philanthropist,—a sincere and hearty lover of his fellow men. The people of Charlestown have always pointed with pride to the many improvements in their town which were instituted by “Charlie” Hoyt. And the best of it all is, that Mr. Hoyt never boasted of the things he had done for Charlestown. Charles H. Hoyt was moderate, he was unaffected in disposition, and he was thoroughly lacking in personal egotism. “His friends were thousands; his admirers, legion.”

But it is not Hoyt, the philanthropist and the statesman; it is not Hoyt, the journalist and newspaper critic; it is not Hoyt, the business man; but it is Hoyt, the dramatist, who especially demands our attention. “Without Hoyt’s farces,” says a contemporary writer, “the dramatic period of the eighteen-nineties would have been very much the poorer.” Charles H. Hoyt’s plays are clean; they are irresistible in not only humor, but also wit; they are good-naturedly satirical. But in the midst of all the extravagances of farce, there are places where pathos even predominates; where pat-

riotism elevates the reader or the theatre-goer to lofty thoughts.

In the list of Hoyt plays there are the plays: “A Brass Monkey,” produced in New Bedford, April, 1889; “A Midnight Bell,” San Francisco, April 4, 1888; “A Trip to Chinatown,” Decatur, Illinois, September, 1890. Although “A Brass Monkey” is a hilarious farce, yet it has pathetic moments never to be forgotten. Old Jona’s love for his daughter, Baggage, a useless little girl always in the way, predominates over the general hilarity of the play. In “A Midnight Bell,” which was Mr. Hoyt’s favorite play, there is a strong element, at once interesting and inspiring. But Hoyt’s greatest play, if the number of productions is the measure of quality, is “A Trip to Chinatown;”—it was produced six hundred thirty-nine times. In its first five years it had made Hoyt five hundred thousand dollars richer than he had been.

But “A Texas Steer” is not only a mere farce;—it is a keen, satirical exposition of American politics, the best exposition of politics ever written. Some of the lines possess a sterling quality of patriotism which makes the heart throb with pride:

“Do these Southerners,” asks Judge Woodhead, at the fort in Texas, “like to see that flag flying?”

“Well, if you doubt it,” answers Lieut. Bright, “just try hauling it down.”

And also:

“Don’t blush for your State, my daughter,” says Brander to Bossy, “be proud of it.”

Charles H. Hoyt’s “A Texas Steer” was first produced in the Madison Square Theatre, January 8, 1894.

“A Texas Steer” is the story of a wealthy Texan, Maverick Brander, who was elected to Congress against his own

will. He has been away on business, and meantime his friends have decided to send him as their Representative to Washington. His election was unique. Bossy, his daughter, maintains that he has been independently elected, that "he came by his election honestly because every man that voted for him was paid in advance;" and "there's no reason why he shouldn't feel perfectly independent in Congress." The method pursued at the polls by Major Yell, the campaign manager for the Brander faction, is also interesting. In meeting Lieut. Green, a newcomer to Texas, Yell expresses his regret for not meeting him before the election.

Yell: Sorry I didn't meet you ten hours befo', sir. I'd have voted you for old Brander, sir.

Green: I fear that would have been impossible, as I'm not a resident of Texas.

Yell: Bless you, sir! That wouldn't have made any difference. (*Places hands on Green's shoulder*) Think I couldn't have voted as good a looking man as you, sir? Why, I put through three Chinamen and an Indian that was half negro. We ain't particular out here in Texas.

Green: But they at least live here.

Yell: No—died here, though. After they voted, some of the boys, in a spirit of fun, lynched them for illegal voting.

Green: Horrible.

Yell: Well, I dunno. They voted illegally and the purity of the ballot must be preserved. I haven't much sympathy for the Chinese. They've done my washing lately.

But Maverick Brander has no sympathy for vice and corruption. Although he is "a pretty rough old man" he is refined at heart. He has no inclination for a political career. He insists upon not going to Congress.

"I'm an honest man," he declares. "What do I want in Congress?"

But against his will, he does go to Congress. He is introduced to the mechanisms of politics by his private secretary, Knott Inmitt. The Honorable Maverick Brander and Knott Inmitt are discussing congressional oratory and the steal perpetrated by the Land Grant for the Northern Texas Transportation Company. The following dialogue takes place:

Inmitt: It's not the gift of eloquence, but a good private secretary that makes the orator.

Brander: And you can write a speech showing up that steal (the Land Grant)?

Inmitt: I can write a speech on any side of any question.

Brander: What has become of your conscience, sir?

Inmitt: I've lived in Washington all my life.

But a lack of conscience is not confined only to politicians. Beautiful women sometimes have it. And beautiful women sometimes entangle political men. The scheme is a vicious circle.

So it was in the case of Brander. Dixie Style, a beautiful orphan from Indiana, calls upon him in his apartments.

Dixie: When my mama was a very little girl, a great man named Daniel Webster kissed her, and she was very proud of it, and used to tell me of it. Now, would you be willing to kiss me?

And the Honorable Maverick Brander is willing.

But a kiss is not always a rose dot on the "i" of adoration;—it is sometimes the microbe of alimony.

Dixie returns to the Brander apartments, and informs Brander that her friend, Tough, took a picture of the kissing incident.

Dixie: And he (Tough) came and

said if I didn't give him a hundred dollars for the negative, he'd show it to Mrs. Brander.

As Brander produces the money, he sarcastically inquires:

"Did it cost Daniel Webster a hundred dollars to kiss your mother?"

Brander is disgusted with political life in Washington. He snatches his hat, grabs his satchel, and unconditionally informs Mrs. Brander and his daughter:

"You can stay here (in Washington), But-I'm-going-back-to-TEXAS."

But at the beginning of the third act we find Brander still in Washington. He is sure that "most men come here (to Washington) meaning to do right, but when they take an innocent man right from the country and send him to Congress, they put him in a damned hard spot." Brander is proud of "the country," Texas, from which he comes.

"No Texan has cause to blush for his native State," he proudly declares. "If Massachusetts had her Warren and her Putnam, Texas had her Houston and her Crockett. Don't blush for your State, my daughter,—be proud of it."

But Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" is a comedy, at times over-leaping itself into the region of farce. "A Texas Steer" naturally descends from patriotic eloquence to ludicrous extravagance in Brassy Gall's speech:

"The time was that we regarded Texas as the refuge of the criminal and the home of the coyote and cactus. But since Mr. Brander has been here (in Congress), our eyes have been opened. (Renewed applause.) We have learned to appreciate the greatness and the future glory of Texas. (Wild applause.) He has taught us that Texas is the coming Empire State. (Applause.) Gentlemen, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Brander, Texas is becoming the center of

commerce, literature, and the arts. (Wild applause.) And mark my words, gentlemen, in five years, and maybe less, New York will go to Texas for their fashions."

Meantime three Texans have arrived at the Brander apartments. Mrs. Brander is entertaining some illustrious guests at a dinner party. But the three Texans with loud-speaking revolvers and strange antics so terrify the guests that they take refuge under the table. The third act ends with a tableau of dignified Washingtonians and wild Texans ludicrously arranged in the picture.

Mrs. Brander opens the fourth and last act with a sigh of chagrin as she recalls the events of her despoiled dinner party. Disappointment and humiliation have undone her.

From the beginning of the play there has been a delightful little love episode between Captain Bright and Bossy. The love story culminates in the fourth act, and when Senator Brander is informed that his daughter is about to marry the Captain instead of the foreign nobleman who has been urging his love upon her, he replies:

"I'm an American, I am, and an American son-in-law's good enough for me! I don't like I-tal-ians, anyway—call him Lord, Duke, or Count. To my mind a greaser is a greaser just the same."

From the affairs of love the story returns to the affairs of state. Major Yell, the Brander campaign manager, and his friends are preparing to return to Texas. The Honorable Maverick Brander addresses them:

"But, boys, one word before you leave! You're coming back to Texas to give the voters of my district a steer. What's that steer to be?"

And Yell answers:

"That you're a second Daniel Webster, and we're all for your re-election."

Although Charles H. Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" is a comedy which over-leaps itself into the region of farce, yet it does give utterance to several sharp, pungent, significant thoughts which are worthy of the reader's consideration. Some of these thoughts have already been expressed in the quotations which have been given in this exposition, but repeated consideration of them will be well worth while.

"The longest pole knocks the persimmon."—*Christopher Columbus Jr. Fish-back*, "a culled person so black I thought I have to light a lamp;" "Mistah" Fish-back is in search of the commission as Minister to Dahoeny.

"What has become of your conscience, sir?"—*Brander*. "I've lived in Washington all my life."—*Knott Innitt, Brander's private secretary*.

"But when you take an innocent man right from the country, and send him to Congress, you put him in a damned hard spot."—*Senator Brander*.

"A woman who couldn't forgive a man for making a fool of himself at least once a week ought never to marry."—*Bossy to Captain Bright, her sweetheart*.

"There's no time when a man feels so ashamed of himself as when he's just getting over a drunk."—*Major Yell*.

"No Texan has cause to blush for his native State. If Massachusetts had her Warren and her Putnam, Texas had her Houston and her Crockett. The men who fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill were no braver, truer patriots than those who died at San Jacinto and the Alamo. The history of Texas is the story of one long battle for freedom, written in the blood of her heroes. Don't blush for your State, my daughter, be proud of it."—*Senator Brander*.

In conclusion, it may be maintained that Charles H. Hoyt was "The Prince of Good Fellows;" that his dramatic compositions are clean, wholesome, with frequent expressions of valuable thought; and that his "A Texas Steer" was the keenest satire of American political life ever written.

Chocorua

Oh, rugged old Chocorua,
 What wonders greet our eye
 As we behold thy majesty
 Against the morning sky!

Dawn clads thee in a veil of purple,
 While winter crowns thy head
 With a cap of snowy whiteness:
 To glory art thou wed.

And when at eve the sun goes down
 Behind thy head with glory crowned
 We lift our hearts up thankfully
 That God lets us such glory see.

An Indiana Idyll

JOHN BARTLETT MESERVE

IN THE formative days of our National existence, it became a policy of the government to segregate its Indian wards into their tribal homes, upon defined geographical reservations. Measures of safety perhaps dictated these early dispositions, but thereby a policy became permanently established. Advantages were accorded the tribes, to insure freedom in maintaining the forms of their tribal governments and in enjoying, unmolested, the traditional practices and rites of the race. The influences of civilization were cast about them; schools were established and supported through governmental intervention; religious societies were encouraged and the power of the law invoked to restrain the traffic in intoxicating liquors among a people to whom drink has ever been a most demoralizing factor. Firmly, but without repression, the tribes were induced to abandon many of the vicious tribal, personal and domestic practices which had ever characterized their lives. Inter-marriage with the other races resulted in many aggravations and divided a tribal membership into full bloods and mixed bloods of varying degrees. Within the tribal domain, the full blood members withdrew to themselves and maintained many of the stolid and somber characteristics of their ancestry. They preserved the language, mannerisms and pastoral ideals of the race and avoided contact, in the absence of actual necessity, with the white man's government. Theirs was one of hostility to the plan of division of the tribal domain in severalty among the individual members

of the tribe. They were sufficiently cunning to discover, in this purpose, the destruction of their traditional hunting grounds and themselves reduced to the arts of the white man, to sustain life. They were, in no sense, hostile to the government, but, on the reverse, were strongly attached to this invisible entity, which they typified in the "Great Father at Washington." There was a disposition among them to feel that the United States Government should protect and indulge them in the unmolested practices of a primitive life; they felt that they ought not to be embarrassed by the enforced adoption of the artificial conditions of the white man's life and customs.

Voluntarily segregated to themselves, among the Cherokee Hills in the eastern portion of the old Indian Territory, dwelt the full blood members of the Cherokee tribe. Unsuitably fitted for tillage but adequately formed for hunting and fishing grounds, these rugged hills more nearly accorded with the aboriginal ideals of living of the Cherokee full blood and so among these hills, in after years, he chose his allotted patrimony of the tribal domain; here he lives today and here he will continue to abide until the last of his race is run. His children pass through the mills of education maintained for their benefit but return home to resume the habits, dress and life of the ancient abode.

Nestled among the picturesque Cherokee Hills and surrounded by scenes which challenge one with their natural beauty, is situated the old Cherokee town of Tahlequah, ancient capital of the

Nation in the old tribal days. Tangible evidences of the crude government of the Cherokee Nation, were centered at Tahlequah and at certain stated times the functionaries of the tribe would assemble in council. Influenced by the General Government, the tribal authorities had established at Tahlequah a seminary for girls, which was maintained with care and patronized generally by the members of the tribe. The seminary possessed its dormitory and boarding facilities and offered many attractive and instructive features which entered into the lives and homes of the young Indian maidens who attended. The art of needlework and housework was combined with instruction in English and the rudiments of study. The primitive Indian homes were enriched by the instruction and training which the girls brought back with them from time to time.

A stolid full blood member of the Cherokee Tribe was Candy Mink, who lived among the hills west of Tahlequah, and in whose demeanor was reflected the peculiarities and prejudices of his race. By what irony of fate he acquired his cognomen, no one has ever attempted to explain. A childhood penchant for sweetmeats, may have influenced his name, which otherwise was the name of his forefathers. He perhaps had some unintelligible Indian appellation by which he was known upon the government rolls, but for practicable every day purposes, no use was made of it. Mink rarely frequented the white settlements, save upon an occasional visit to see the Indian Agent, but lived in his double log cabin among the fastnesses of the picturesque Cherokee Hills, with his wife and daughter, Myrtle. One must not overlook a complement of ponies and numerous

dogs which went to complete the ideality of his Indian home. The timbered hills were replete with wild turkey and grouse in their season and the clear streams abundant with fish. A bounteous nature reduced the necessary activities of the old full blood, to the crude tillage of a rather abbreviated acreage of corn.

There is, today, a splendid highway descending through beautiful vistas from old Tahlequah to Ft. Gibson upon the Arkansas River, but which in those inceptive days was a precarious road or Indian trail and quite impassable during a rainy season. The Indians paid scant attention to the construction of roads, which were suffered to develop themselves into defined arteries of travel by frequent use. It was contiguous to this old road, that Candy Mink lived, his cabin being reached by a tortuous by-road or winding lane.

Many years ago and during those primitive days in the territory, Phillip Hall, a young white salesman, was a biweekly visitor upon the trade at Tahlequah. He was in the employ of a department store venture at Muscogee, displayed a line of highly colored ladies' finery and quite naturally enjoyed an interested clientele among the Indian girls at the seminary, with many of whom he became well acquainted. They were an animated group of young ladies not unlike a similar group of fashionable boarding school girls of today, but were ever under the watchful care of their white instructresses, to whom they were fondly attached. Hall traversed the old road from Ft. Gibson to Tahlequah, with a team and light surrey and the scenes in and around the old capital bore a familiarity to him, born of the years of intimate association.

A number of years have passed since

that afternoon in early summer when Phillip Hall departed from Tahlequah for Ft. Gibson. His visit had found the old town rather quiet; the seminary had closed for the season and the girls were scattered to their homes. It was a sultry afternoon, with ominous clouds hanging along the horizon which gave evidence later in the evening of an approaching storm. The ponies trotted along rapidly, but it now became evident to Hall that a halting place and a shelter must be reached before long, if the fury of the storm were to be anticipated. Turning to the right at the first byroad, Hall urged the ponies swiftly along a meandering road, winding between the hills and, greeted by the barkings and snarlings of a dozen dogs, drove up to the cabin of Candy Mink. Hall was unacquainted with the old full blood, but was well acquainted with his type. The old man and a couple of other full bloods were sitting in the yard or reclining against the cabin. Drops of rain were beginning to fall as Hall attempted to explain to the Indian his wish to seek shelter from the gathering storm, for himself and team. He was unable to make himself understood and a hostile attitude was evidenced which was further emphasized by the Indian by a shake of the head and a vigorous wave of the hand down the road as he indicated his will that Hall proceed upon his way. There was no time for parley so, gathering up the reins, Hall drove to a shed, a short distance from the cabin, unhitched and unharnessed the ponies and after placing them in shelter, hastened rapidly to the cabin before the storm broke. Here, he joined the group of full bloods and endeavored to renew the conversation, but without any display of recognition or indication from them that his presence was noted. Through

the open door and into the kitchen, Hall could see that supper was being arranged upon the table and with no evidence of hospitality, the Indians arose and went into the house and arranged themselves at the table. Hall invited himself into the house, found a stool and drew up to the supper table where he proceeded to assist himself. Little conversation was indulged by the Indians and such as there was, came in the language of the race, with which Hall was wholly unacquainted. By this time the storm had broken in all of its fury and the rain descended in torrents. The four men were served by the Indian wife and daughter who stood at a reserved distance. Phillip Hall knew Myrtle Mink, whom he had met at Tahlequah where she was attending the seminary. She was of his clientele of customers and the moment he saw her, Hall felt that the unenviable character of his position would be explained. Myrtle betrayed no sign of recognition of Hall, but, on the contrary, met his attempt to force his recognition of her, with a stolid, expressionless stare. The situation was now becoming one not without its grave concern to Phillip Hall. A quiet anxious hour or two after supper was spent in watching the soft drizzle which had followed the heavy downpour. The storm had subsided but the darkness had come and the road down the hills was impassable in the night. The Indian wife made it clear to Hall by signs and mutterings that he would find a bed for the night through the door which led from the kitchen and thither he repaired as the low intermittent conversation of the Indians on the outside of the cabin subsided. The room contained a narrow wooden bed of homely construction, but Hall was more deeply concerned with the security of the latch upon the door.

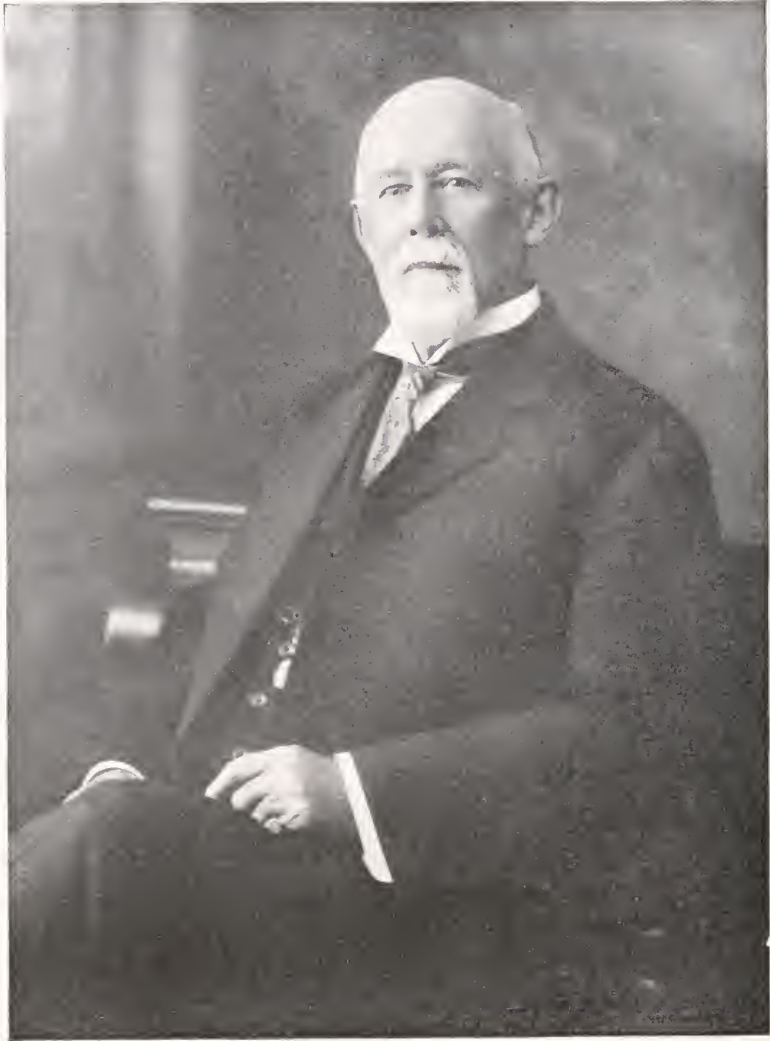
A half sash window opened out toward the shed where the ponies were tethered. Securing the latch of the door as best he could, Hall stood gazing through the window out into the night. The storm elements were passing away and a full moon was playing hide and seek through fleecy clouds. A chorus of frogs echoed along the banks of the adjoining stream and the incessant barking of dogs lent a primitive touch to the surroundings. But there were phases of the situation in which Hall now found himself, which were not wholly reassuring. The brace of guns which he carried was carefully laid beside him upon the floor as he lay down upon the bed, and in due time, fell off to sleep. Hall was not a heavy sleeper and, after some time, was awakened by a clicking of the door latch of his room. A low whispered conversation accompanied the quiet efforts of someone to open his door and Hall lay breathlessly listening, but with his hand dropped to the side of the bed where lay the guns. He heard stealthy foot steps outside the cabin and slowly the face of the old full blood appeared at the window, peering into the room and at him as he lay motionless upon the bed. Again the stealthy tread was heard and again the click as someone tried the latch and the whispered conversation was resumed. A quiet seemed to settle down and Hall crept to the window and gazed out into the clear moonlight. With many conjectures, Hall witnessed the old full blood and one of his companions of the evening before, laboriously carrying

a huge jug or demijohn, through the handle of which a short pole had been passed, from the cabin down toward and around to the rear of the shed and out of sight. After a brief absence, the Indians came back, empty handed. Hall was lost in wonderment for an explanation of what was going to happen or what had already happened. He sat down upon the edge of the bed, became drowsy and fell to sleep across the bed. When he awakened it was with a start and to find the sun streaming in at the window. A loud knock came upon his door and a musical voice called, "Wake up, Mister Hall, breakfast is ready." It did not take Phillip Hall very long to make his appearance at the breakfast table, where he was greeted by the merry voice of Myrtle who was convulsed in laughter. The old Indian came forward rather sheepishly, shook hands with Hall and greeted him in good English for Candy Mink had been at Carlisle some years before. Explanations were made about the untoward events of the night, which were inspired, it seemed, by the misgivings of the old Indian, who was unable to distinguish Hall from the occasional revenue man of the government who was noted for making an appearance at inopportune times and in a most unconventional manner. Visions of the Fort Smith jail had an ever disquieting effect upon the Indians. Myrtle had promoted and encouraged the illusion of her father of the night before, to the great discomfort and danger of the whole household.

And For The Beggar Child

DEAN HOWARD

Poets sing of yew trees, prim as in a park;
 Rovers, the pine tree, sentinel in the dark.
 Lovers seek primroses, faint-gold in the dawn;
 I shall have dandelions on a green lawn!



JOHN CALVIN THORNE

Born in Concord, N. H., November 6, 1842, where he has ever resided. The oldest member and the President of the New Hampshire Bible Society since 1917. Deacon Emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Concord and its Treasurer for 39 years.

The Thorne Family in Old England and New England

JOHN C. THORNE

TO BEGIN a brief history of the Thorne family we are obliged to go back for at least seven hundred years, to observe their first records in England. The earliest mention is that of John Thorne, whose son, William, was knighted by King Richard the First—surnamed "The Lion Hearted," in the year 1199, the King passing away from an arrow wound the same year.

The Thorne family resided in Pembroke-shire, in the south of Wales. This honor came to William undoubtedly from his valor in the Third Crusade, from which King Richard had returned, after winning many victories, in alliance with King Phillip the Second, of France, over the Saracens led by the renowned Saladin. It was in these great conflicts in the Holy Land to wrest the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, from the hands of the infidels that Richard most certainly gained his world-wide title so well merited—"The King of Lion Heart."

The coat of arms conferred upon Sir William Thorne, which the writer was fortunate to obtain in London, is thus described in the Book of Heraldry:

"First—Argent a fess guels between three lions rampant sable."

"Second—Crest, a lion rampant sable."
(This shows an ancestor won a battle.)

"Third—Motto, Dieu me conduise.
(God conduct me.)

"The grant of amorial bearings, was to the House of Thorne of Holsworthy and Upert, in Shipwash, where they had been seated since the death of King Richard."

"Seats of the family of Sir William Thorne, son of John, in Lianstadwell, Pembroke-shire, Wales."

"Lady Martha Thorne-Thorne in Fairlawn, Golsworth, Working."

(The original is painted in three colors.)

Passing over a long period of no special interest, and also for brevity's sake, we come again to another John and in a new country, for he landed at Salem, Mass., from the good ship Sarah, in 1635. Ten years later we learn that he and his brother Isaac were in King Phillip's War, members of Capt. Daniel Henschman's company, enrolled Aug. 21, 1675, at Rehoboth, Mass. James and Jonas, of a succeeding generation, served in the capture of that stronghold of the French at Louisburg, Cape Breton, June 17, 1745.

Here is a coincidence of dates in the month and day of the month, precisely thirty years apart, in our American history. The memorable battle of Bunker Hill was fought June 17, 1775. The first was the chief event of the Colonial period and the latter ushered in the American Revolution.

Another John Thorne steps forward, born at Kingston, N. H., May 18, 1736, entered the expedition to Crown Point, in Capt. Marston's company of Exeter, under command of Col. John Goff, enrolled Sept. 30, 1762. He was made Regimental Quartermaster and served throughout the campaign. For his services in this French and Indian war his descendants are entitled to membership



COAT-OF-ARMS—Given by King Richard of England, surnamed "The Lion Hearted," in the year 1199, to William Thorne, son of John Thorne, when Knighted for valor in the War of the Third Crusade to the Holy Land, 1190-94.

in the "Society of Colonial Dames," or the "Society of Colonial Wars."

Leaving the fields of war—"that mad game the world so loves" for the pleasanter paths of peace, and also to more modern times, we learn that Phineas Thorne, son of the previous mentioned John, was born in Kingston in 1762, and in 1765 the family removed to Salisbury, N. H., on what was afterwards known as "Thorne Hill." Phineas was a noted school teacher, known later as "School-Master Thorne," succeeding Master Perkins, says "Rummel's History of Sanbornton," 1881. "Phineas Thorne privately instructed men like Bradstreet Moody, Esq., Jeremiah Sanborn, Esq., and others, who having entered public life, felt the need of a better education." It was further mentioned, "that he taught Daniel Webster before leaving Salisbury to attend school elsewhere." The old schoolmaster died at the age of ninety-one years. In 1896 I was enabled to place a granite monument at the graves of my ancestors, Tilton Highlands, formerly part of the town of Salisbury. It was briefly inscribed—"John Thorne. French and Indian War, 1762. Died 1807; Phineas Thorne 1762-1853; Miriam Lovejoy, his wife, 1767-1835."

It seems worthy of note that the name "John," from the time of the Crusades down through 700 years, has appeared in almost every generation, to even the writer of this "epistle of John" of today.

Phineas Thorne (above) had a son Calvin (my father) born Nov. 24, 1811, in Sanbornton, N. H.; died Aug. 12, 1884, Concord. His son, John Calvin Thorne, was born Nov. 6, 1842, in Concord, N. H.

Much more might be written of this family which has existed for so many years. I will, however, bring this paper to a close by giving the intimate blood connection with the great Daniel Web-

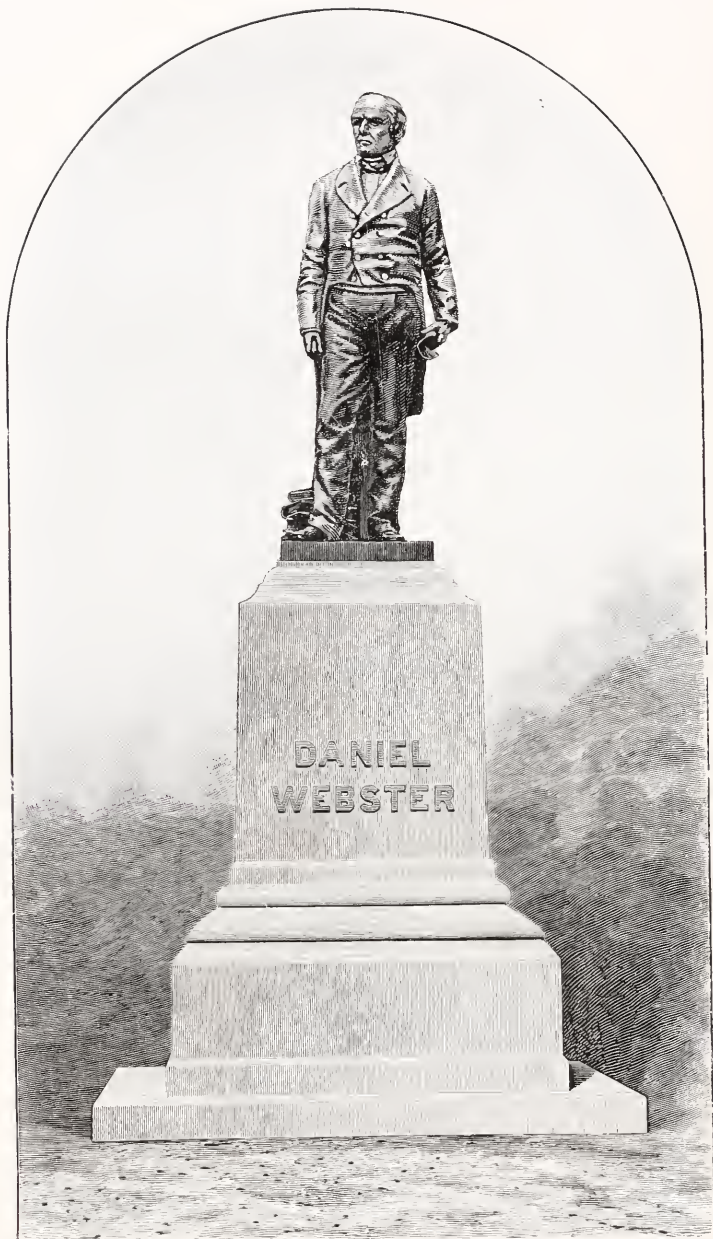
ster, in which fact we feel a justifiable pride.

That Sarah Thorne, sister of James, who was born in 1672, was the great-grandmother, on his mother's line of descent, of the immortal Daniel Webster, the expounder and defender of the Constitution, one of the world's eminent statesmen and most eloquent and impressive orators, New Hampshire's greatest son. His noble bust in bronze adorns the Hall of Fame in New York City, where it has recently been placed.

Before presenting the genealogical record in proof, let us for a moment consider the maternal influence upon their descendants. Says President Coolidge—"A great man comes from the devotion of his mother." To this true statement might well be added that of grandmother. To further quote from the President he remarks—"The female antecedents are especially strong, powerful characteristics, often reappearing through two or three generations."

Here is the correct and full genealogical record of Daniel Webster, from the early beginnings, 250 years ago. To cite the authority of the reliable Fitts' records—"Sarah Thorne, sister of James, was born February 26, 1672; married Richard Fitts of Ipswich and Salisbury, March 18, 1694. She died March, 1773, at the full age of 100 years. Their daughter, Jerusha, born 1712, married Roger Eastman, January 25, 1730. Their daughter, Abigail, born September 27, 1740, married October 13, 1774, Ebenezer Webster (as second wife) and they became the father and mother of Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782."

This genealogy, by additional notes, presents special information of "Sarah Thorne, who was a superior woman, remarkable for resolution of character, bravery and piety—often walking sixteen



STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER
IN THE STATE HOUSE YARD, CONCORD, N. H.
(Kindly Loaned by Secretary of State)

miles to worship with the people of God, at Ipswich, of which church she was a member. She was a dutiful and affectionate wife, a kind mother and a charitable and useful member of society." We must be impressed by this memorial that she was indeed a notable example of a mother in Israel and also in New Hampshire.

Another branch of the Thorne tree has spread over our country, west and south. William Thorne, a brother of John, settled in Long Island in 1637. In June, 1927, upwards of two hundred of the family membership gathered for

their first reunion and organization at Butler, Pa.

Mentioning William, recalls that a Sir William Thorne lives in Capetown, Africa, whose coat of arms is identical with the one before mentioned but with a different motto—"Through Thorne to Victory."

So runs our tale of a family life for some seven centuries in England and America.

For a detailed record see the "Thorne Genealogy, 1200 to 1900," published 1913. 62 pages, by John C. Thorne, Concord, N. H.

A Road

EUGENIE DU MAURIER MEREDITH

Winding, dusty, corn-stalked, and tobacco-edged road,
 'Neath a clear azure sky, with flower-perfumed breath,
 Where travelers have lain down their earth-burdened load,
 And sung life's vesper-song with the cold lips of death:—
 Where passionate hatred, and consuming love dwell,
 Where Satan's conquests 'neath strengthening conscience fell:—
 To strife and quietness, and happiness and bliss,
 Where God-mated lovers meet, and holy lips kiss:—
 Where love meets hate with peace, and good will brings to all,
 Where men's divine spark reigns, and heeds the victor's call:—
 To strife and turbulence, and unreasoning war,
 Where brother fights brother, swears vengeance to the core:—
 There dwell men brave enough not to kill men through hate,
 Where spiritual courage suffers martyrdom with mate,
 Where smoke of battle has cleared all the atmosphere,
 Where the dove of peace smiles, and love sees with vision clear.

Star Dawn

OLIVER JENKINS

MEN whispered smooth silken phrases in her delicate ears, under silver moons, under red and blue stars, and sometimes, because they were told to, under glaring calcium lights.

In spite of this, there came an evening in October when Fay felt very blue and very lonely. And perhaps it was the sad autumn air that was to blame, filled as it was with the dust of gold and scarlet leaves. Anyway, in front of her now, spread over the smooth lacquered table were many magazines and in them were many pictures of Fay Sterling which revealed her as a woman of lustrous fluffy hair and almond-shaped eyes, and there were flattering, oh, so flattering words under the pictures. Nevertheless, Fay Sterling was not to be comforted by these reflections of her glory. Not even the thought that her lovely silver counterpart this very evening was bringing a yearning and a thrill to the hearts of men and women seated in great motion picture palaces throughout the land, helped very much.

Earlier in the evening, at dusk, John Benton had called up. John Benton was her director, the one genius on the top-heavy staff of Perfection Pictures, Inc. John Benton, it was said, had discovered more promising stars than any two of his fellow directors. And John Benton had told Fay Sterling certain things which were positively annoying.

"Everyone concedes that you are the most beautiful girl in the films," had said Mr. Benton. "But,—" and she could hear his sigh over the telephone, "there has been something lacking,

something vitally important. And I think I've found it."

"And what may that be?" Fay had inquired quite indifferently.

"Simply this. You don't know how to do love scenes." Fay voiced a faint protest at this point. "Yes, I know," went on Mr. Benton dryly, "you have the pose, you go through the motions and all that, but you simply don't register that something, that *feeling*. You see what I mean? There is such a thing as living. I've had to take out a lot of stuff from '*Purple Feathers*.' No life in 'em."

"You mean that I am never really in love?"

"Exactly."

"Oh, well, you are probably quite right," said Fay in a voice as soft as the autumn wind that was stirring the blue and gray chintz curtains in back of her. "But I am very tired and it is a very beautiful evening. After a while I shall want to go out to look at the moon."

"And what has that to do with it?" asked Mr. Benton in a voice of exasperation.

"Nothing, I am afraid," said Fay, and Mr. Benton being a man of extreme wisdom, replied,

"Very well. In the morning I shall run out to see you."

"In the morning I shall be in bed," said Fay serenely.

"So much the better," said Mr. Benton. "I'll come for lunch."

So now here she was sitting alone in her bedroom still smarting from this blow to her pride, and gazing at her rotogravure self in the gay-covered

magazines. Outside, the autumn night was a silver mist of witchery with an exaggerated orange moon rising over the hilltop. Only an occasional motor car humming along the highway broke in upon the steady chirp-chirp of the saccharine-voiced crickets. "I am beautiful, I am young. Is it my fault that I have never fallen in love?" she asked herself.

In a recess of the house there was a crystal tinkle, and after a while another crystal tinkle, and after that a man's voice raised in question. A young man's voice in the salon downstairs, decided Fay. "I do hope it is no one to see me," she thought.

But it *was* someone to see her. "It's a young man from the *Argonaut*," announced Sophie, the maid.

"Didn't you tell him that I am busy?" asked Fay. "I don't want to see anyone tonight."

"Yes, Miss Fay, I told him," said Sophie. "I told him and he says he would take only a few minutes if you could spare it. He's a very persistent person, if I do say so."

"You tell the young man from the *Argonaut*, Sophie, that I am extremely busy—no, never mind, I may as well see him. Tell him to wait."

Fay stood before a long rose and ebony mirror and surveyed herself. She touched up a few weak spots with powder and rouge and noted that the moon had reached a more exalted position in the sky and was now a lemon yellow.

The young man was just as his voice had intimated, a young man. He was a good-looking young man, too. Even Fay, as accustomed to good-looking young men as she was, admitted unconsciously that this was indeed a charming person. He was tall and dark and had fine fea-

tures and calm eyes and a very definite air. Fay did not mind any of these things.

"I am Fay Sterling," she explained, coming into the room, "and you are from the *Argonaut*?"

"Yes, Hugh Faring of the *Argonaut*," supplemented the young man.

"Oh, I think I have seen some of your writings," said Fay.

"Possibly you have," said the young man. "Unfortunately."

"Will you sit down?" murmured Fay. "And please tell me why it is unfortunate."

"Well, perhaps it isn't. I only meant—that is, I mean, the stuff I write is rotten, I think. I hate to think of anyone wasting their time on it."

"But perhaps I haven't. I'm not sure that I ever did read anything of yours. What do you write?"

"Really, Miss Stirling, I hate to——"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," said Fay gently. "I don't blame you a bit. Of course, I should know, anyway. You write interviews, don't you?"

"Well, yes."

"And what is it you wish to ask me?"

Young Mr. Faring took out a little blue leather notebook from an inside pocket. "I have several questions here," he explained, and he flicked the leaves quickly. "First of all, you see what I mostly want—I mean what the paper wants, is something sort of, well, sort of sensational."

"You mean peppy," Fay helped out.

"That's it," beamed Hugh Faring, "that's just what they want."

"Something about my views on marriage or babies or Mussolini or the tariff question, I suppose," suggested Fay, and she laughed ever so gaily in a voice that rippled upwards in a delicious curve.

"Well, no, not quite that. You see,

perhaps it would be better if you would tell me some little inconsequential thing about, well, about love, for instance. I mean, of course, something that concerns you, about your own love affairs. I know it's silly and all that. In fact, it's downright rot. But the paper likes it. A lot of people like to read that kind of stuff, you know."

"Why, yes, of course," said Fay, and maybe it was her voice that held a sad little note and maybe it was the autumn wind swirling down the chimney. "You can say almost anything. You can say, for instance, that I am engaged to a Russian nobleman. Anything like that. You can say that this is the sixth major affair of my present season, and if you care to, that is, if it makes your story any better, you can say that in my meteoric rise in the screen world I have left behind me a road strewn with the broken hearts of admirers."

"No!" protested Hugh with unfeigned concern, "you can't have."

"But I have. What makes you think I haven't?"

"Because you are too sweet to——"

"Go on."

"I beg your pardon," apologized the young man, now obviously much perturbed. "I didn't mean to be fresh. Not at all. I'm sorry."

"Why should you be? The truth is that I haven't ever been really in love."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Faring, "but why the story of the nobleman?"

"Am I not talking for a newspaper?" asked Fay. "But now, perhaps you have another question. One that is easier. Have you?"

But Hugh Faring was quite nervous over something. He sat looking at the opposite wall in a bewildered sort of fashion.

"Is there a ghost?" inquired Fay.

"No, but that clock. Is it right?"

"It should be," murmured Fay, glancing back over her shoulder at the little banjo clock. "Eight thirty. It is much later than I thought."

"Lord, yes," agreed young Mr. Faring, rising to his feet. "Much too late for me. I want to ask a thousand pardons for detaining you so long. You see, I didn't intend to. Not over a few minutes. And now I'm late——"

"Oh, that's too bad! Can't I get you a taxi?"

"No, thanks. Thanks a lot. It's my own fault. My car is outside. But the party is starting right now——"

"Oh, you are going to a party!" exclaimed Fay. "How delightful!"

"Well, it isn't really a party. That is, not a regular party. It's the opening of a roof garden in town, and I'm supposed to cover it for the paper, that's all."

He was already walking to the hall and Fay, with a swirl of faint perfume and singing silk, stood beside him.

"Goodnight," she said and held out her hand. "Thank you so much for a pleasant interlude in what will most likely be a very dull evening. I shall watch for your story in the *Argonaut*."

Young Mr. Faring took her hand for a moment and his dark eyes looked deep into hers. "I doubt whether I shall write it," he said. "I don't think I could." And then because there was little else that he could do under the circumstances, he said "goodnight" quite awkwardly and ran down the flight of stone steps to a blue and yellow roadster, waiting in the driveway.

The lemon moon had changed gradually to a creamy white by now, but Fay, unmindful of this, sat in the rose and gray salon with a question mark curled up in her heart. And talking to her in

his smooth, almost liquid, voice, was John Benton, who upon reconsideration had decided that there was no time like the present for seeing an actress.

"This new girl I've been using was in the comedies," he was saying. "And she's like a lot more of 'em. Sweet and dumb. She has done well enough wherever a double was possible. But the first of the big shots is slated for next Monday morning and then, of course, only you can do the thing."

"There is no use," said Fay softly. "I am going away tomorrow."

"You ought to have a rest," agreed Mr. Benton complacently. "It will do you a world of good. Anyone should take a rest before starting on a new picture. You will have four, no, five, days before Monday."

"Maybe I shall not come back for five weeks," said Fay, and she sighed and looked away from Mr. Benton.

"Come, now," said he, "there is no need of your feeling so badly. Don't let it get you. Of course," he added gently. "I admit that the picture is the usual hokum. But it has tremendous possibilities. The love scenes, for instance, in their sheer simplicity—" and then Mr. Benton stopped abruptly, for he had not intended to mention love scenes that evening.

But Fay had apparently not heard. "John," she said, "will you believe me if I tell you something—a secret?"

"Of course, my dear, of course."

"You won't. You will think I'm posing, making believe. But I'm not. Not this time. Well, then this is it. I'm afraid I'm falling in love. Really."

"Oh," said Mr. Benton a bit flatly, "that's it." He took a gold case from his waistcoat. "Will you have a cigarette?"

"There! See? You don't believe me.

No, I won't have a cigarette."

There was a wind springing up in the night and now it came in brisk little gusts swirling against the casements. John Benton lit his cigarette with maddening detail, first tapping the end slowly upon the arm of his chair.

"I met young Faring outside when I was turning in the drive," he said after a while. "Did you give him a good peppy interview?"

"Do you know him?"

"A little. Know his dad much better, though. Owns the *Argonaut*, you know. Old P. G. Faring. He's a corker."

Fay sighed. "How old am I, John?"

"Twenty—to the public."

"I feel at least fifty. There is so little to remember, so much I have missed."

"There, there, now," said John Benton, "you are in a blue mood. You need a tonic, a little music and color. How about something to eat and a dance?"

Fay laughed and her laughter was like crisp autumn leaves falling into a pool of cold metal. And for a while they sat there, actress and director, looking at nothing in particular, and only the banjo clock ticked away over the wind's sound.

"I'll go with you," said Fay at last. "But not to a dance."

"Good," said John Benton. "I know a new place that promises good food and even better music."

So it was that a little before midnight that evening in October, Fay Sterling, the most beautiful girl on the screen, and John Benton, inspired director, entered gaily into the nocturnal festivity of the new Ten Aces Club, thus giving an added and legitimate thrill to a score of persons who recognized them, perhaps a welcome change from the anticipated illegitimate evening.

It was a large airy place, the Ten Aces Club, high upon a roof, designed

in brilliant colors. About the walls were large designs with the ace of spades and its fellows as the central *motifs*. At the moment the orchestra members, dressed in costumes with diamonds and hearts and clubs and spades sewed all over them in gay primitive colors, had their heads together crooning the very latest in pathetic waltz melodies, while a crystal spotlight cast the conventional kaleidoscope of iridescence over the dancers. Faces, as they drifted by, were alternately green and red and magenta and orchid. Over it all hung an atmosphere of mottled perfumes and the strong odor of questionable liquor.

Fay, sitting at a little table with Mr. Benton, said, "I wonder how it would be like to be one of those little chits of girls with a butter-and-egg daddy panting in your face."

"This gin," remarked Mr. Benton quite irrelevantly, "is a bit crude, but after the first gasp, one manages it."

The lights had flashed on and the orchestra crashed into a jazzy fox trot with the saxophones and clarinets shrilling in shrieking din. A man at a nearby table shouted "hey-hey" between swallows of ostensible gingerale, and a girl in black chiffon stockings and a girdle went from table to table singing,

When Papa's away
There's just one place for Mama to stay
And I don't mean maybe. . . .

Suddenly John Benton touched Fay's arm. "Unless I'm mistaken that's young Faring over there now."

Fay turned and saw Hugh across the layers of blue cigarette smoke, evidently deeply engrossed in conversation with a tall, languid blonde. The blonde was unmistakably of peroxide origin, decided Fay cattishly. Hugh looked now in her own direction and their eyes met for an instant, but not a trace of recognition

showed in his face. Fay was on the point of nodding, but checked the impulse.

"He certainly has peculiar taste," she commented, vainly attempting to sound unconcerned.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Benton. "She looks like a jolly number, anyway. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks. Yes, I will, too. This smoke is so thick it chokes me."

"You won't mind anything like smoke after this gin," prophesied John Benton.

She didn't. That is, after not one, but three drinks.

"John," she said, "I feel utterly rash. Like doing something foolish. Starting a riot or getting married, for instance."

"Which amounts to the same thing," stated John. "It would be a case of one following the other."

"Don't be funny. You're not half so likeable when you try to be funny. I *mean* this. It would be a tremendous adventure, don't you think so?"

"It would be an adventure," said John in a totally unconvinced tone.

The noise had mounted to a Babel of discords. Bottles which had hitherto appeared surreptitiously from their napkin coverlets, stood conspicuously upon the table. Laughter and jazz vied with one another for supremacy. The strain of people trying to amuse themselves had worked to a point of hysterics where it had nearly ceased to be a strain. The cabaret was on. The band crashed.

Then in the midst of this uproar a strident voice cut through. The music, the singing, the laughter, ebbed, halted in full flight. The voice filled the room tensely.

"The police! Everybody through the rear door. Quiet! Don't scream, please!"

A scuffle of feet. Tense, staccato voices. Hysterical whispers. Women gave little shrieks. "This way, this way." "S—ssh!" Waiters scurried here and there sweeping bottles into baskets. Suddenly the lights went out.

Fay heard John Benton telling her to follow him, but she only half-rose. She felt strengthless, chill. As if she were held there by something which was uncontrollable. Doors slammed. Voices were farther away, not so loud. New waves dashed over the old.

After what seemed an eternity to her the place was flooded in light again. A place of havoc and ruin. Tables overturned. Liquor in sullen pools. Blue coats and dried-up parchment-faced men in plain clothes. "Take everybody!" said a tall police captain in brusque command and a group of belated fugitives were cut off from flight and herded together. A burly officer came over to where Fay was sitting.

"Hey, you! Snap out of it!" he said gruffly.

Then there was another voice cascading over the first. "She's O. K., Bill. Playing in with me."

Hugh Faring!

Fay looked up into his dark brown eyes, twin dryads in this nightmarish place.

"Come on, let's get out of here," he said gently.

In the cool of the night air Fay's benumbed senses cleared. Hugh had taken her arm and was guiding her along the street, filled at even this late hour by the curious. They found his car parked around the corner.

"Jump in and we'll be moving," he said. He lit a cigarette while the motor whirred.

Two blocks passed and Hugh turned to Fay. "Good lord!" he exclaimed,

"why didn't you tell me you were going there?"

Fay favored him then with the silken rustle of her laughter which caused him to look at her even more intently and say, "That place was marked long before it opened. All the authorities needed was evidence and they got that at the first go-off tonight. Dope and all that kind of stuff with young girls."

"Oh!" said Fay.

"Sure," went on Hugh. "I was tipped off on this raid and was just waiting for the thing to break. This is the story of the year. A wow of a yarn. I'm going to spread myself all over the front page tomorrow."

Fay, however, had a feminine mind. "Who was the blonde?"

"Never saw her in my life before. Swear it. One of the crowd, the gang back of the club, you know. I was a little leery, afraid there might have been some leak. So I acted like a gawk from the sticks."

"And you wouldn't recognize me."

"Uh—huh. That's the reason."

The wind had a bit of a tang of future winter in it when one rode in an open car, realized Fay. She slumped down deep in the seat. Out of one eye she had a fleeting vision of an electric sign advertising a popular brand of cigarette, and she recognized that they had reached the outskirts of the city.

"If you would like to know why I was there," murmured Fay as a mischievous little idea entered her head, "I—that is, I mean 'we,' were celebrating."

"Celebrating what?" inquired Hugh in a vague sort of voice. "A picture?"

"No, a decision. Or maybe an anniversary. John and I were talking about getting married when the raid happened."

Hugh's face was not vague now; it

was quite definite, tense even. "You don't mean you were going to marry *Benton*, do you?"

"Well, hardly," replied Fay and she gleaned quite the knowledge she was looking for from his earnest, boyish features. "We were only *talking* about marriage in *general*." She prodded him with a round, baby-faced look. "Why?" she questioned.

"Why?" he echoed. "Don't you know that ever since—let me see—four, five, no, six hours ago I have been thinking

of you almost continuously? And—"

"Have you really?" interrupted Fay.

And what do you suppose happened then? Well, young Mr. Faring just slid his arm somehow in back of Miss Fay Sterling and two pairs of lips met in what a motion picture director, like John Benton for instance, would have termed a peach of a "fadeout." (But of course, to get a proper conception of the delicate scene one would have to see the movie version of this tale, if there ever is one, which seems highly improbable.)

Antiques

EVELYN BROWN

The late winter sun,
In this room of my sires,
Touches with a faint gold
Old long hushed desires.

Warm fingers its light
On the cold gilt frames;
It fingers the sampler
And traces quaint names.

"When you meet temptation
Turn then to the right—
Elizabeth—aged twelve"
In the softening light.
Upright to the wall
Is the slat back chair,
Inanimate and prim,
Hush—a rustle there—

So you think loved things
Can reveal no soul;
Come sit in this worn room,
When the day is old.

Respecting New Hampshire

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

THE present state of New Mexico was settled in 1537, Florida in 1559, Arizona in 1580, Virginia in 1607, New York in 1614 and Massachusetts in 1620. The *seventh* state was settled in 1623—it is New Hampshire. The eighth state is Maine, 1624. New Hampshire ratified the Constitution on June 21st, 1788, being the ninth state to do so, preceding Virginia by four days. As we know, New Hampshire is one of the smallest of our forty-eight states. It contains only 9341 square miles. However, Massachusetts possesses only 8266 square miles.

When we travel the length of the Granite State, from south to north, we journey about 185 miles, and its breadth, east to west, is about 90 miles. The length of California is 770 miles, the breadth of Texas 620 miles. Texas is, of course, the largest state in the Union. It approximates 29 times the size of the Granite State. However, New Hampshire is more than 7 times larger than Rhode Island, the smallest state.

Standing upon the summit of New Hampshire's highest elevation, Mount Washington, we are 6293 feet higher than the city of Portsmouth. This is about 1000 feet higher than Mount Marcy, in the state of New York. Mount Whitney in California, the loftiest elevation in the United States, approximates 2 1-3rd times the height of Mount Washington. And Mount Everest, our world's loftiest elevation, is about twice as high as Mount Whitney. Of course, there are other mountains in the Granite State beside Mount Washington. There are Mt. Adams (5800 feet), Jefferson (5700 feet), Madison (5400 feet), Munroe (5400 feet) and

Jackson (4100 feet). If we were able to place Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Munroe one above another, these mountains would equal a total height of almost 29,000 feet. In other words, these five mountains in New Hampshire would be about as high as Mount Everest in Asia.

Of course, the population of New Hampshire, like that of the other states, changes from year to year. It has changed considerably since the year 1800, when it had an average of about 20 inhabitants to each square mile. This density of population increased steadily until in 1920—120 years later—there averaged about 50 inhabitants to each square mile. The first census of the United States was taken in 1790 and New Hampshire ranked as the 10th state in population. In 1790, the Granite State possessed about 142,000 inhabitants and in 1920, about 443,000. And, accordingly, its population in 1928 would be more than 450,000 inhabitants.

Such was and is the state of New Hampshire—the counties of Belknap, Carroll, Cheshire, Coös, Grafton, Hillsborough, Merrimack, Rockingham, Stafford and Sullivan. Beautiful Concord is its capital, busy Manchester its metropolis. Two of its cities, Dover and Portsmouth, were settled in 1623, seven years before the settlement of Boston. Other well-known cities are Berlin, Claremont, Keene, Laconia, Nashua and Rochester. The famous old college Dartmouth is situated at Hanover, and New Hampshire University, whose progress has been remarkable, at Durham. And the Granite State possesses Phillips Academy at Exeter, a world-famous preparatory school, incorporated in 1781.



MRS. AUGUSTA PILLSBURY AND HER CHILDREN

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mrs. Augusta Pillsbury

H. H. METCALF

THE most important office that has been held in New Hampshire by a woman is that of commissioner of Hillsborough county, administered during the last two years by Mrs. Augusta Pillsbury of Manchester. This county, with a population of nearly one-third of the entire state, includes the largest cities in the state and the county commissioners have direct charge of hundreds of unfortunate, sick and poor people. Its budget last year was over \$500,000.

In the political campaign of 1926, Republican party leaders conceived the idea of putting a woman on the county ticket, not with the expectation that one could be elected, but in order to try out an experiment. Mrs. Pillsbury was the most widely known woman and had the best record as a vote-getter. She was then serving her seventh consecutive term as secretary of the trustees of the Industrial School, she had been elected a selectman four years and at the election of 1924 she had led a field of fifteen candidates, the other fourteen being men, in a contest for the state legislature.

She had already filed her name for re-election to the legislature. She urged other women to run for the county office, but none were willing to go in and "take a licking." On the last day of filing, she entered the list and organized a campaign throughout Hillsborough county along the same lines that she had previously found successful in the city of Manchester.

She was nominated by a large majority in the primary and at the election she led the highest opposing candidate by 2,585 votes. On the same day she was re-elected to the legislature by 676 majority. She resigned her office at the State Industrial School as soon as she had secured the passage of a bill through the legislature establishing a girls' cottage, which was dedicated June 29, 1928, as the Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding Home.

"I suppose I could have served my term as county commissioner without making a single enemy," Mrs. Pillsbury said, "if I had been satisfied to be a dumb-bell and take what they gave me. But I took an oath of office to serve the people. It was my duty to see that the poor and sick got a square deal and that the taxpayers got some kind of a run for their money."

Within a few days after taking office, the new woman commissioner "kicked over the traces." Disagreements arose over coal contracts, purchasing supplies, farming out children, etc., and she found the methods of transacting public business did not agree with what she had been accustomed to do in her own business affairs and in those of the state institution of which she had been made a trustee by every governor since Governor Bartlett.

She was outvoted in the Board of Commissioners by two to one. Instead of being properly subdued, her charges were brought before the executive committee at the State Legislature for

investigation. The investigating committee was headed by Judge Henry W. Wilson of Bennington and consisted of three Republicans and two Democrats. They worked several months on Mrs. Pillsbury's charges that the coal contract had been improperly awarded and was illegal, that favoritism existed in the purchase of supplies; that oleomargarine was being bought of a relative of a commissioner in Rhode Island at higher prices than it could be bought for here at home; that the commission had violated the law in not providing her as secretary of the commission with a safe in which to keep county records; and that general loose and un-businesslike methods prevailed in transacting the county business.

The investigating committee sustained Mrs. Pillsbury's allegations by unanimous vote and a report was given to the legislature calling for reforms. The other two commissioners refused to recognize the work of the investigators on the ground that it was an "executive" and not an "investigating" committee, but at the special session of the legislature this was remedied and the legislature validated the acts of the investigators.

At the close of 1927, Mrs. Pillsbury and the other commissioners were able to show a surplus in the county treasury and all bills paid instead of the deficit which had prevailed for many years. An addition to the county hospital was built and this institution is now the second largest hospital in the state.

"The county hospital at Grasmere," says Mrs. Pillsbury, "should be for the poor and unfortunate, which was the intention when the hospital was founded years ago. It should not be a competitor to private hospitals.

"People who can afford to pay should go to regular hospitals. People who

cannot afford to are entitled to hospital facilities, and this hospital should be for all the people, regardless of race, religion or politics. The medical staff is a closed staff. But in my opinion it should be an open staff. Any doctor in good professional standing should have an equal right with any other doctor to use the facilities of this hospital for the benefit of the poor people of the county."

Mrs. Pillsbury's particular interest has been in the hospital because she is herself a graduate registered nurse and, before marriage, had many years' experience in hospitals. She has also devoted much time to the children at the farm.

"It is all wrong to confine the children at the farm, huddled together like so many animals," she says. "I found at times there were as many as forty-two children held there in captivity. I believe in placing these children in private homes or in orphanages where they can be educated and given some substitute for home influences. In this work I have been supported by Commissioners Barr and Labine, and we have placed out all but twelve of these children, as well as many more that have been committed. Of the twelve now held at the farm, five are waiting to be admitted to the Laconia Home for Feeble-Minded Children as soon as there is room."

In his published report to the taxpayers, Rev. Edmond M. Total, chaplain of the county institutions, wrote on March 1, 1928:

"Thanks to the mutual good will between the Catholic Diocesan authorities and the honorable Board of Commissioners, a number of children were advantageously placed in an orphanage, and I am personally grateful to Mrs. Pillsbury who, in these and other negotiations, so ably represented the board."

Not all the "commissionette's" attention is given to the county children. She has five of her own. Her three sons and one of the daughters attend the Straw School.

"I believe in large families," she says. "I also believe that women should go into politics. But if they do, they should go in on the same basis as men. Women should be willing to run for office, not have an office handed to them. If they win, they should have backbone enough to assert themselves. If they lose, they should be good sports and not sulk."

Mrs. Pillsbury's vote-getting ability is largely due to her being what the politicians call a "good mixer." She has personal acquaintance with more people than any woman in Manchester. Her home on North Elm street is the scene of frequent political gatherings, and people of all classes and from all parts of the county call on her for counsel and help. Every day she is busy finding jobs for the jobless, homes for the homeless and hospital care for the sick.

"I have no ambition to run for higher office," she says. "But I believe there are women in New Hampshire capable of doing so, and I hope they will put themselves forward as candidates for the legislature and other important positions.

The right kind of co-operation between men and women in public life will benefit us all.

"I was told that if I started a fight it would hurt the party," she said. "Instead of that, the Republican party has been benefited. We have cleaned up a bad situation, the county deficits have been wiped out, the county tax lowered and the party will stand before the voters this fall on economy and business-like administration."

Busy? Yes, the "commissionette" is a hard worker. Early in the morning she gets her own children ready for school. This summer four of them are attending the religious education school in Manchester. At nine she is on her county job, investigating home conditions of applicants for aid, etc. At five in the afternoon she is home again, getting dinner for the children. She does not play bridge or attend teas. Her exercise is walking. She walks from Manchester to the County Farm at Grasmere and thinks nothing of it.

Always quiet and collected, devoted to duty, and with a sense of humor which allows her to get a good deal of fun out of public life, Mrs. Pillsbury is one of New Hampshire's outstanding successes in the field of politics.

Friends

ELMER E. FRENCH

Is life worth the living?
O, yes, I think it's so;
Although it often tricks us,
As over the road we go.

Sets our hopes a-flying,
Fills our minds with fear,
Brings us tears and sighing,
Driving away good cheer.

Though it often cheats us
And fills our heart with woe,
Life is worth the living
Just for the friends we know.

A Notable Event in a Notable Church History

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

THE oldest church in central New Hampshire is the First Congregational, or "Old North" Church, in Concord, which will reach its two hundredth anniversary in 1930.

The early settlers of Concord were a godly people, and upon their first exploring expedition into the region, in the spring of 1726, they held religious services, on the Sunday of their arrival, in under the bluff at "Sugar Ball," and they had erected a log church, with port-holes for defense against the Indians, before the first families had made permanent settlement. They organized a church in 1790, and extended a call to Rev. Timothy Walker to be their pastor, on the 14th of October of that year. He had been preaching for them for some time previous, accepted the call and was duly installed on the 18th of November following. His pastorate extended for fifty-two years, during which a new church edifice of stately proportions was erected on the site now occupied by the Walker School, the same being completed in 1751. Porches on the east and west sides and a tall spire were added in 1784. It was in this edifice, on Sunday, July 20, 1777, that Parson Walker was preaching, when Col. Gordon Hutchins, hastily returning from the Provincial Congress at Exeter, entered and gave notice of Stark's expedition to Bennington, and the call for volunteers to join the same, to which nearly every man in attendance promptly responded. It was also in this house, on June 21, 1788, that the New Hampshire Convention ratified

the Constitution of the United States, and as the ninth state to take such action, gave validity to that great instrument, which, with amendments, remains the fundamental law of the land.

This edifice was occupied until the completion of a new one, erected on the site of the present structure, and dedicated November 28, 1842, after which it became the seat of the Methodist Biblical Institute, a theological school conducted under the auspices of that denomination, which school, after twenty years, was transferred to Boston, and the property reverted to the original owners, but the building was destroyed by fire in November, 1870, as was the new church, also, on June 29, 1873. The present church edifice was completed and dedicated March 1, 1876.

The pastorate of Rev. Timothy Walker extended over a period of fifty-two years and was the longest in the history of the church. Commencing in 1730, it extended to 1782. Mr. Walker was not only the spiritual leader of his people, but a dominating power in all the affairs of the community. He was not only a preacher but also a farmer and that upon an extensive scale, and the fertile acres which he brought under cultivation have remained in possession of his descendants to the present time, as well as the old mansion which he erected, to which important additions have been made from time to time, and which is now one of the noted landmarks at Concord's "North End."

For seven years following Mr.

Walker's pastorate the church was without a settled minister; but in 1789 Israel Evans, a graduate of Princeton, who had served as a chaplain in the Revolutionary Army during the war, was called, and served for eight years, when he was followed by Rev. Asa McFarland, a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1793, whose term of service extended for twenty-seven years, from 1798 till 1825. Dr. McFarland was an able preacher, a conspicuous figure in Concord's history, and, like Parson Walker, the progenitor of a family of commanding influence in the public and business life of the community. His son, Asa McFarland, long time editor of the STATESMAN, was a compeer of Joseph B. Walker, grandson of Parson Walker, in work promotive of the public welfare. Like the first minister he also built a substantial residence on North Main Street, which has since remained in the family.

Succeeding Dr. McFarland came Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, who had just graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, and settled here in his first and what proved to be his only ministry, the same extending from 1825 to 1867, a period of forty-two years, and, next to that of Mr. Walker, the longest in the history of the church. Dr. Bouton was a man of scholarly traits and devoted much attention to historical research. He was the author of a valuable history of Concord, and was the first to hold the office of Editor of State Papers, which he filled efficiently for many years.

In 1867, Rev. Franklin D. Ayer, a native of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1856, who had been preaching in Taunton, Mass., accepted a call to be Dr. Bouton's successor, and served the parish with great acceptance for thirty years, when he resigned and removed to Phila-

delphia, yet holding the title of Pastor Emeritus, and occasionally visiting his former people, by whom he was ever held in high esteem.

In 1898, Rev. George H. Reed was called and settled as Dr. Ayer's successor, and has ably filled the position to the present time. Dr. Reed is a native of Worcester, Mass., a son of Samuel G. and Clara E. (Harlow) Reed, born March 24, 1858. He is a descendant, on his mother's side, from Governor Bradford and John Alden. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Bangor Theological Seminary, graduating from the former in 1883, as class orator, and from the latter in 1887, subsequently pursuing a special course at Boston University. His first pastorate was with the Winslow Congregational Church, at Taunton, Mass., from 1887 to 1891, following which he served the North Congregational Church at Haverhill, Mass., from 1891 to 1898, coming thence to Concord.

Aside from his pastoral work, Dr. Reed has been actively connected with various religious, philanthropic and benevolent organizations. He was instrumental in the organization of the Concord Ministerial Union, of which he was for some years president, and also of the Council of Churches, laboring earnestly to promote the spirit of unity among the Protestant denominations. He has been prominent in the work of the New Hampshire Bible Society, the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society, the New Hampshire Prisoners' Aid Association, the Anti-Saloon League; served as chairman of the Committee on Penal Institutions for the New Hampshire Conference of Charities and Correction; as trustee of the Bangor Theological Seminary, and the New Hampshire Congregational Ministers'

and Widows' Fund. He is a member of the Phillips Exeter Alumni Association, and the Bangor Theological Alumni Association, the Beaver Meadow Golf Club and the S. P. C. A. In 1910 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a distinction which it had given several of his predecessors.

Dr. Reed was united in marriage on July 16, 1889, with Miss Ellen Virginia Deane, daughter of Ashael and Virginia (Hughes) Deane, of Taunton, Mass., who died June 16, 1906, leaving one daughter, Margaret. On May 3, 1910, he married Helena B. Quimby, daughter of Edwin S. and Helen M. (Gilman) Quimby, of Bangor, Me. The daughter, Margaret, educated in the Concord High School, Wheaton Seminary and Plymouth Normal School, was for some years

a teacher, but subsequently married Rev. George E. Dunn, a Congregational minister of Massachusetts.

On Thursday evening, June 28, Dr. Reed was tendered a reception, in the church chapel, in recognition of the thirtieth anniversary of his installation in the pastorate, the same being conducted under the auspices of the Woman's Guild. There was a very large attendance, not only of his immediate parishioners, but of members of other churches and the public at large, most of the resident Protestant clergymen being present to extend their felicitations to the honored Dean of the Concord clergy, upon the completion of three decades of faithful service in the most notable pastorate in New Hampshire history, with only six incumbents in its nearly two hundred years of organized existence.

Scratched

DOROTHY LEONARD

Up on the side shelves of Eaton Hill
 (Our superseded fort of Cronus' prime)
 They rampart cove with ragged slabs of lime
 Arranged for poaching boys and squirrels to spill;
 And every triangle and trapeze still,
 Across whose floor a flood of ice sublime
 But irremovable outtrailed its time,
 Shows how tormented bits of grit can mill.
 We borrow them now for garden paths, in passing,
 Graduating the number to our springs.
 They're quaint and much more durable than grassing
 Beside our pinks, beneath our trellisings.
 Birds, babies, gilt slippers, wheelbarrows run
 On diagrams God made for His own fun.

A Song Bird Sanctuary in a Small City Garden

GEORGE S. FOSTER, M. D.

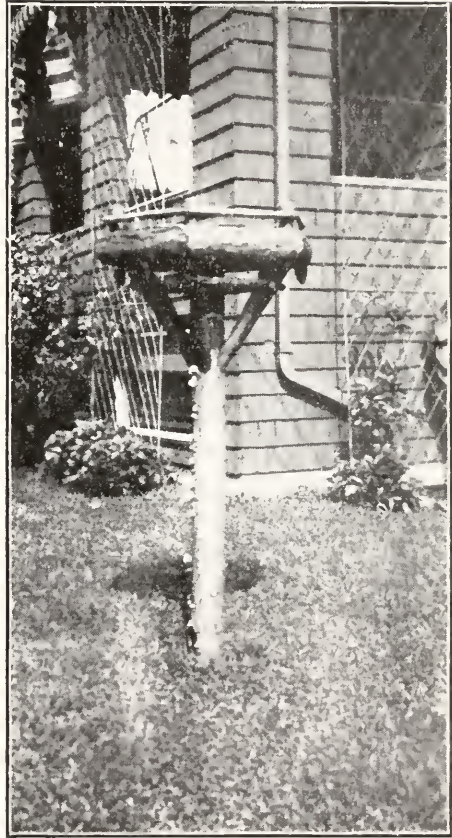
MANY children residing in the closely populated sections of our New England cities become deeply interested in our song birds. Young America attending the grade schools hears about and becomes a student of song bird life. Too many of these children lack an opportunity to develop this interest in our song birds because their parents do not take the time to assist them in this nature study.

No matter how small the city flower garden or vegetable plot there is always a certain amount of unused space which could be made into a small bird sanctuary if only a meagre equipment was provided. Just give the child of eight to sixteen years the opportunity to learn something of our little feathered friends and such true foundations in nature study will leave a life-long impression and greatly assist in forming the character so necessary for true citizenship and self-respect as well as respect for others, both men and animals. This is no small part of our duty as parents.

In these small garden plots in the most closely built sections there is room to place a bird bath, feeding stations and half a dozen bird homes. Even such a small bird sanctuary will bring results which will satisfy the most enthusiastic.

By thus equipping this small area many varieties of song birds will be attracted and thus the children will have ample opportunity to carefully observe and study song bird life. It is an interesting fact to note how quickly the

grown-ups will acquire the fever and find themselves out in this little song bird sanctuary with the children.



BIRD BATH ON RESIDENTIAL LAWN

The equipment for such a bird sanctuary can be made practically without cost. For instance, an ordinary garbage can cover can be fixed upside down between posts can be used. During the warm three upright posts, each five feet long

and sunk one foot into the ground. This sort of bird bath serves very well and when filled with water the graduations serve for bath depths for all sizes of birds. In fact any earthen jar cover turned upside down and filled with water will attract birds if merely placed upon the ground.

Birds on the wing are always attracted by the reflection from a basin of water. A little clean beach sand or some rather



BIRDS ENJOY BEING HANDLED BY PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND THEM

highly colored shells placed in the bottom of the pool serve to attract the birds. All of our song birds enjoy a bath, and a bird bath always attracts our little feathered friends.

For a feeding station another garbage can cover fixed between three upright season birds enjoy an open area for feeding, so keep it supplied with sunflower or millet seeds for several of our song birds such as purple finches, blue jays and the beautiful rose-breasted grosbeak just seem to thrive on sunflower

seeds, while the smaller birds such as the chippy sparrow, tree sparrow and the song sparrow seem partial to the millet seed.

Everyone will enjoy watching the numbers of birds that will come to the bath and feeding station. Be sure to keep it supplied so that no visitor will be disappointed. As with anything in life a little thought and care is necessary.

In regard to birds' homes no special extravagantly constructed home is necessary. In fact birds will, as a rule, select a home that is rather rough and crude in appearance. The tree swallow, blue bird, wren and others just seem to take great pride in occupying a crude home placed on the trunk of a tree, the side of a dwelling or garage or fixed on an eight or ten-foot pole set up in an open space.

There are one or two things which one should keep in mind when placing bird homes. Always place them on the south or east side of a tree trunk or building wall, and the south side is always preferable. Never put a home up among the branches of a tree for birds will always select a home placed out in the open where the home faces the south and is not covered by a foliage.

Any small box with an inch and a half hole cut in on the side will serve as a bird home. Merely tack a half-inch piece of wood just below the entrance as a sort of perch for the birds to light on when entering. It is a good plan to tilt the top forward a little as most birds like a home placed on a little angle. It is surprising how soon a home will be occupied. Just make sure that the English sparrow does not get in ahead of the better birds such as the bluebird, tree swallow or wren. Just a word about a wren home. Make the opening the size of a quarter of a dollar. The wren being

one of the smaller birds can thus occupy such a home and be unmolested by other birds who cannot enter because of this small opening. No bird brings more joy and real snap to the sanctuary than the house wren. Always have at least one home with this sized opening and a wren is sure to find it. Any garden sanctuary can well hold four to six homes, and if watched carefully all will be occupied.

Consider the selection of trees and shrubbery. A cherry tree will always attract robins, Baltimore orioles and rose-breasted grosbeaks. Let them have some of the cherries for some can always be spared. Just think how many of these birds can be brought to a garden sanctuary even though one sacrifices by giving the birds all of the cherries! The economic result to the trees and shrubbery more than makes up for the loss of a few quarts of fruit.

A bitter sweet vine, a group of barberry hedges, one white and one red mulberry tree as well as a few coniferous growths add to the attractiveness of any plot and the birds enjoy the fruit and berries and also will build their nests in these areas.

The song birds are of the utmost eco-

nomie value. They will keep the gardens, lawns, and orchards free from destructive insects and thus more than pay for any berry or fruit consumption which is rightfully due them. Where song birds are plentiful in a garden or orchard no spraying of the trees is necessary. Just let the birds have their freedom and they will pay anyone large interest on any investment made in shrubbery, fruit trees and flowers by the protection they give these growths in destroying the injurious insects.

In closing, just a word for the little humming bird. This little feathered friend enjoys larkspur and nasturtiums. Be sure and plant a few of these for him for humming birds are most interesting little creatures to observe and they are such good examples for any human being in regard to alertness and physical activity.

May our American home builders get the fever and always include in home equipment the little garden or lawn plot song bird sanctuary. Thus will your children grow up and become better citizens, and lawns, gardens and orchards will have a protection and so a more beautiful appearance.

The Robin

EDNA FOSS PAGE

Today I saw a robin on her nest
 Her mate was flying here and there in haste
 To find some morsel which should suit her taste—
 It was as though he made his life a test
 Of work and deep devotion while she sat
 In idleness. Her part was subtly played.
 Both had worked till the downy nest was made
 Now she must sit, the silent habitat
 Of what would soon enfold a hungry brood,
 The scene but typified our daily life
 And lifted me far from my weary mood.
 A home which shelters two souls, man and wife
 A robin sitting on her nest of eggs.
 I thank Thee, God, for this thing we call life.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

EDWARD T. McSHANE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

HENRY H. METCALF }
LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH } ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Editorial

"What will you do for the farmer?" is being asked of all aspirants for public office, high and low. After listening to the hue and cry of the farmer's distress one would naturally conclude that the farmer is an innocent and unoffending victim of all kinds of thugs and doers of business evil. But there is another side to the picture, the pitiable side, and that is the farmer's asinine manner of disposing of his product. At the roadside stand he can be a glutton for profit and in a great many instances well deserves the title "highway robber." With his load of farm produce in the city he is quite another person. His arrogance of the road-side stand is gone and he stands with his hat in his hand almost asking alms in exchange for the produce he has to sell. Uppermost in his heart is the fear that he will have to return to the farm with all, or a portion, of his load, and in his frenzy of fright he offers his wares at a fraction of their value. To illustrate: A farmer drove into Manchester with an hundred bushel of green peas. He was one of the very first to bring this delectable food to market—there was good demand and a small supply. He offered the peas at a dollar a bushel. The offer was accepted so quickly it took his breath away and home he went with his hundred dollars.

He not only voluntarily and unnecessarily sold his product at less than cost, but he caused other farmers to take an unwilling loss. This kind of farmer doesn't need protection—he needs the kind and helpful hospitality of a certain institution at Concord until he has recovered his reason.

* * * * *

The MANCHESTER UNION AND LEADER should receive enthusiastic encouragement from the people of New Hampshire in its effort to insure the election of a Governor and Legislature pledged to prevent the enactment of any law which would permit the exportation of hydroelectric power from the State of New Hampshire. All indications point to the probability that an attempt will be made to railroad such a bill through the next session of the legislature. The people of New Hampshire should be brought to a realization of the dire consequences following such permission. Every industry in the State is threatened. Our water power facilities are being acquired by foreign interests—with New Hampshire capital. So long as that power is being used for New Hampshire industries it is probably all right, but if it is to be exported from the state it is entirely wrong. But—"there are none so blind as those who will not see."

New Hampshire Necrology

MRS. GEORGE CARPENTER

Lucy J. Whitcomb, widow of the late George Carpenter, born in Swanzey, March 9, 1834, died there, June 9, 1928.

She was a daughter of the late Col. Carter Whitcomb, a leading citizen of Swanzey, and a great-granddaughter of Col. Jonathan Whitcomb, who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. She was educated in the public schools and at Mt. Caesar Seminary, and subsequently pursued the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific course for several years; also the University course in the People's College. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and active in the order of Patrons of Husbandry, having been a charter member of Golden Rod Grange and served as Lecturer of Cheshire County Pomona Grange. She was also a leader in the organization of the Mount Caesar Library Association.

On June 14, 1864, she was united in marriage with George Carpenter of Swanzey, prominent in political life and at one time candidate of the Greenback and Labor parties for Governor, and later for Member of Congress. She died at "Valley View," the old Carpenter estate, on the slope of Mount Caesar, which had been in the family for nearly two centuries.

ALSON F. RUBLEE

Alson F. Rublee, born in Gilford, December 24, 1851; died at Lakeport, May 22, 1928.

He was the son of Henry F. and Mahala A. (Robinson) Rublee.

He was educated in the public schools and the Boston Conservatory of Music, and devoted himself to music as a pro-

fession, commencing with the Highland Brass Band, whose name was subsequently changed to Rublee's Band, and which became one of the most famous organizations of the kind in New England, and toured the country, playing in Washington, New York and other great cities. He was also leader of various other bands, was a member of the Peace Jubilee Chorus in Boston, and long musical director of the N. H. Veterans' Association at The Weirs.

In 1872 he married Ellen Paddleford of Littleton, who survives, with one son, Henry A. Rublee of Lakeport; one daughter, Cornelia M. Barr, of Norwood, Mass., and four grandchildren.

JAMES H. BROWN

James H. Brown, born in Acworth, N. H., February 23, 1840; died at Hillsboro, May 25, 1928.

He was the youngest of four sons of Aaron and Eadey (Watts) Brown, and was educated in the public schools and the Marlow and Alstead academies. He taught school several winters, and carried on the home farm for a number of years; but later engaged in trade in Newport, where his brother, George R., was in the practice of law. Soon after he became proprietor of the Phenix Hotel in that town, which he successfully conducted for ten years. Subsequently he was for some time a traveling salesman, and later in the real estate business in the South.

In 1891 he became proprietor of the Valley Hotel in Hillsboro, which he conducted till 1897, when he retired, subsequently engaging in real estate operations in that town. He was a Democrat

in politics, a Universalist, and a member of Harmony Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Hillsboro. On October 24, 1888, he married Mary E. Whittemore of Hillsboro, a sister of the late Col. J. B. Whittemore, who survives, with one daughter, Eva, now Mrs. Raymond Rickard.

ALVAH T. RAMSDELL

Alvah T. Ramsdell, born in York, Me., April 15, 1852; died in Dover, N. H., May 28, 1928.

He was the son of a farmer, but early in life apprenticed himself to William A. McIntire, a contractor and builder of South Berwick, Me., and learned the carpenter's trade. Aspiring to something better he studied architecture in Boston, and engaged in the service of Beacon & Preston, architects of that city. In 1889 he located in business as an architect in Dover, where he continued, designing and erecting many notable buildings there and elsewhere.

Politically he was an active Republican; served four years in the Dover City Council, and was a Representative in the Legislature of 1903. In 1920 and 1921 he served as Mayor of the city, following a term of service as Senator from the 21st District. He was a Knight Templar and Scottish Rite Mason and an Odd Fellow.

STEPHEN B. STEARNS

Stephen B. Stearns, born in Goffstown, April 1, 1844; died in Manchester, May 28, 1928.

He was a son of Henry B. and Phoebe (Russell) Stearns; educated in the public schools and Pembroke Academy, and taught penmanship at the latter institution, and in the Bryant & Stratton Business College; also for a time at Columbus, Ohio.

In 1870 he became Assistant Secretary

of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, and at the time of his decease was Secretary of the Manchester Fire and Casualty Association, and rating Secretary of the New Hampshire State Board of Underwriters.

Politically he was a Republican and had served as a member of the Manchester Common Council and the School Board. He was a member of the subcommittee that erected the old Manchester High School building.

He married, in November, 1872, Isabelle Austin of Hooksett, who survives, with three sons, Henry B. and Hiram A. Stearns, attorneys, and Ray, engineer with the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., and five grandchildren. He is also survived by a brother, Ex-Mayor George H. Stearns.

LEWIS G. GILMAN

Lewis G. Gilman, born in Raymond, N. H., August 7, 1867; died in Manchester, June 2, 1928.

He was the son of Enoch F. and Carrie M. (Bartlett) Gilman, was educated in the public schools and early in life became a drug clerk in Raymond, later continuing in the same line in Manchester, where he ultimately established himself in business and became a leading druggist of the city. He was President of the New Hampshire Pharmaceutical Association in 1905-6 and a delegate to the National Association of Retail Druggists in Chicago in 1907.

He was long active in politics as a Democrat, having served in early life as chairman of the Democratic town committee in Raymond and later in the same capacity in Ward Six, Manchester. In 1912 he was nominated by the Democrats of the Second District for member of the State Executive Council, and elected by a heavy majority, serving the

term under the administration of Gov. Samuel D. Felker.

Mr. Gilman was an Odd Fellow and a Congregationalist. On November 14, 1891, he married Lucy B. Fiske of Raymond, who survives, with one daughter, Rosamond R. (Mrs. W. Elgin Sanford), one son, Lewis B. Gilman, and two grandchildren.

JOHN SCALES

John Scales, born in Nottingham, October 6, 1835; died in Dover, July 6, 1928.

He was the son of Samuel and Betsey (Lane) Scales, and eighth in descent from William Scales, who went from England and settled in Rowley, Mass., in 1638. His great-grandfather, Samuel Scales, was a Minute Man in the Revolutionary service.

He was educated at Colby Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1863, and served in succession, from 1863 to 1883, as principal of the Strafford, Wolfeboro and Gilmanton academies and Franklin Academy, Dover, the larger portion of the time at the latter. From 1883 to 1898 he was associate editor and publisher of the DOVER ENQUIRER and DAILY REPUBLICAN, since which time he has been a frequent contributor to the DOVER DAILY DEMOCRAT, and largely engaged in historical research and writing. He edited a history of the Dartmouth College Class of 1863, a volume of Historical Memoranda of Old Dover, a History of Strafford County, and various other publications, and was a member of the board of editors that supervised the proofs of Stackpole's History of New Hampshire.

He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution, Northern Colonists, Piscat-

aqua Pioneers, and was a Knight Templar Mason. He had served as a member of the Dover School Board and as a trustee of the Plymouth Normal School. He was accounted the dean of New Hampshire journalists at the time of his decease, being oldest in point of age, though not in date of service.

He married, October 20, 1865, Ellen A. Tasker, who died some years since, as did their son, Burton T. Scales, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1895, and a professor in Girard College, Pennsylvania. He is survived by a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Burton T. Scales; a granddaughter, Catherine B., and grandson Benjamin Scales.

THOMAS F. MORAN

Thomas F. Moran, born in Nashua, June 13, 1876; died there June 3, 1928.

He was the son of Michael and Mary (Sweeney) Moran, and educated in the public schools, graduating from the Nashua High School in 1896. Choosing the profession of law he entered the law department of Boston University, from which he graduated in 1900, and immediately commenced practice as a partner with Edward H. Wason, present and long time Congressman from the Second New Hampshire District, where he continued through life, winning high rank in his profession.

He was a Democrat in politics and active in party affairs. He served one term as a member of the Nashua Board of Aldermen; as a member of the House of Representatives in 1905, and of the State Senate in 1921.

He was a member of Company C, First Regiment, N. H. N. G., from 1892 to 1895; was a director of the Second National Bank; Vice-President of the Citizens' Guaranty Savings Bank, and a director of the Peterboro Railroad, and

held membership with the Elks, Knights of Columbus, Hibernians and Foresters, the Chamber of Commerce and the Nashua Country Club; also the Hillsboro County, New Hampshire and American Bar Associations.

August 20, 1905, he married Maude C. Matthews of Nashua, who survives, with two sons and three daughters.

REV. MILLARD F. JOHNSON

Millard Fillmore Johnson, born in Springfield, N. H., October 27, 1850; died in Penacook July 3, 1928.

He was the son of Warren and Sarah Ann (Sargent) Johnson, and removed with them in early life to Penacook. He was educated in the Penacook schools, Colby Academy at New London, Brown University and the Newton Theological Seminary, graduating from the latter in 1879, and was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Foxboro, Mass., September 25 of that year, where he continued ten years, filling several subsequent pastorates, but retired a few years since. He had served as President of the New Hampshire Baptist Convention and the Colby Academy Alumni Association.

On December 15, 1879, he married Eunice A. Allen of Penacook, who died a year ago, leaving two sons, Allen Montague, of Needham, Mass., and Warren C., of Providence, R. I., and one daughter, Mrs. Helen Watts, of North Carolina.

MRS. JOHN KIMBALL

Charlotte Atkinson, widow of Hon. John Kimball, born in Tilton, December 29, 1837; died in Concord, June 25, 1928.

She was the daughter of Judge Daniel C. and Mehitabel (Tilton) Atkinson, and was educated at Tilton Seminary. She subsequently studied music and taught

the same extensively, being at one time instructor in music in the Monticello (Ga.) Academy. Subsequently she was long a teacher in the Concord public schools. She was active in the affairs of the South Congregational Church of Concord, of which her late husband, whom she married October 15, 1895, was a leading member. She was also a trustee of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin. She is survived by a step-daughter, Mrs. Clara Kimball Ayres, and a niece, Mrs. Henry S. Kimball, of Concord.

MARCEL THERIAULT

Marcel Theriault, born at St. Jacques, N. B., November 22, 1885; died in Hudson, N. H., June 17, 1928.

Mr. Theriault, who was a prominent lawyer and leading citizen of Nashua, had arranged for an airplane ascent from Ferryall Field in Hudson, accompanied by Miss Kathryn L. Thomas, a Nashua young lady, but just as the plane had risen it burst into flames, both passengers being burned to death before rescue was possible.

He was the son of Adolphe and Hermine (Plourde) Theriault, the family removing to Nashua in his childhood. He was educated in the public schools of Nashua and graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1914. He was admitted to the bar and engaged in practice for several years with Marshall D. Cobleigh. He was a Republican in politics and was a candidate for Mayor at the first election under the new city charter, but was defeated. He was a member of the State Senate in 1917, and chairman of the Committee on Judiciary.

For some years, from 1920, Mr. Theriault was general manager of the Abbott-Downing Company of Concord. He was

the founder and president of the Montcalm Association, and a member of the Ferdinand Gagnon Club; also a member of the Hillsborough County and New Hampshire Bar Associations.

On May 6, 1906, he married Anita Jodoin, who died January 16, 1913, leaving two sons, who survive—George French and Albert Marcel.

GEORGE W. WESTON

George W. Weston, born in Wilton, December 19, 1897; died in Peterborough, June 18, 1928.

He was the son of Fred and Ida A. (Wellman) Weston, and was educated in the Wilton schools and the University of New Hampshire, graduating from the latter in 1922. In college he was prominent in athletics, and for two years captain of the track team.

In September, 1922, he became headmaster of the Hancock High School, which position he held until his death, having greatly improved the standing of the school. He was a member of Roy Bent Chapter of the American Legion of Wilton, and active in John Hancock Grange of Hancock. On July 4, 1922, he married Ruth E. Colburn of Temple, who survives, with two children—Marion Priscilla and Wilfred.

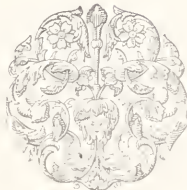
GEORGE J. FOSTER

George J. Foster, born in Concord, February 13, 1854; died in Dover, June 21, 1928.

He was the son of Joshua L. and Lucretia A. (Gale) Foster, and was educated in the public schools, graduating from the Portsmouth High School in 1869. His father was a newspaper publisher in Portsmouth for many years, but removed to Dover and established a paper there known as FOSTER'S DEMOCRAT, in 1872, upon which George J. was engaged throughout his life, being himself the publisher after his father's demise.

He was prominent in public affairs in Dover, serving many years upon the School Board, of which he was chairman for six years. He was a Representative in the State Legislature in 1903, and was Mayor of Dover in 1909-10. In 1926 he was chosen to the State Senate and served a portion of the 1927 session, but was taken ill before the close, and had been unwell up to the time of his death, which occurred at the Wentworth Hospital.

Mr. Foster was a Trustee of the Strafford Savings Bank, the Wentworth Hospital and the Public Library, and was a 32nd degree Mason, Knight of Pythias, Elk, and Red Man; a member of the Bellamy and Kiwanis clubs. July 22, 1880, he married Annah C. Clark, now demised, leaving a daughter, now Mrs. Bertha F. Glidden, and two sons—Arthur and Frederick; also two grandchildren.





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EATON D. SARGENT

Eaton D. Sargent

RAE HUNT

WHETHER wins the Republican nomination for governor on September 11 will find that his troubles have only begun. The Democratic nominee will be Eaton D. Sargent, one of the best known and best liked citizens of New Hampshire. He comes close to being what might be termed an ideal candidate and he is running for office under what might be called ideal conditions for the Democratic party of this state.

True, he was a candidate in the last election, and was defeated, but times have changed. When Mr. Sargent campaigned in 1926 he was opposed by an unusually strong candidate at a time when the electorate was unconvinced of any need for a change of party leadership. But this is a presidential election year. Two not too prosperous Republican years have passed, and the Democratic party has nominated for the presidency a man whose remarkable personality has an unquestionable appeal to the mass of American citizens. It is safe to say that few men in our history have had such a tremendous appeal to the youth of the land irrespective of state or party, as has Governor Smith. And now the ticket in New Hampshire is to be: Smith and Sargent. Well may the Republican nominee scratch his head and sigh.

Few men in the Granite State are as well qualified to be governor as Eaton Sargent. Even his Republican competitors admit that, and it is no uncommon thing to read in a staid Republican journal, "he would make a good governor." In fact, the only fault ever found with Mr. Sargent is his politics,

and as most serious students of American politics are willing to admit, about the only difference between a good Republican and a good Democrat is the difference between a good Methodist and a good Baptist, which is to say—none at all!

There are a number of reasons why Mr. Sargent would make a good governor and a strong one—why, in short, he is an ideal candidate in an ideal year for the democracy. In the first place he is a tremendously likeable fellow. Everybody likes Mr. Sargent. They like him, admire and respect him. He is honest, capable, and upright. He is a self-made man in the true sense of that much abused expression. He has shown himself to be an excellent executive, as the popular mayor of Nashua, and he is one of the state's most successful business men.

He is a good speaker, a good campaigner, a good entertainer. He never talks too long and puts his audience to sleep. He never pounds the table with excitement over the lamentable state of soy beans in South Africa, or frets about social conditions among the Eskimos. He never excoriates his enemies, if, indeed, he has any. He slings no mud and he refuses to get excited over trifles. Best of all, he has that God-given gift, so unfortunately rare among politicians—a sense of humor.

A sense of humor is a rare gift. It is practically unknown among politicians; or among uplifters in general. The world is full of serious-minded, earnest young men who carry the burden of the universe upon their thin shoulders; full of men with a lean and hungry look who

are chronically incapable of laughter, who would like to uplift, or regulate, or in some way control their laughing-eyed contemporaries who believe with Emerson that the sun rises today and will rise somewhere tomorrow.

Mr. Sargent is not one of those moribund creatures who believe that man should wear a long face because the world is going to the devil. He likes to laugh and to have others laugh with him. He has a fund of funny stories that are actually funny. When he comes into a room he brings good cheer, a sense of happiness and well-being, a feeling of good fellowship. When Governor Winant in 1926 invited newspapermen from every state to visit New Hampshire and inspect the beauties of the Granite State, he appointed Eaton Sargent as his emissary of good cheer, to show the visitors around and make them feel at home. In two days they voted him one of the finest fellows they had ever met and were sorry that they could not make him governor.

Mr. Sargent was born in Bradford, Vt., August 13, 1870. He received his education there, coming to Nashua when he was 17 to work for ten cents an hour in the tin shop of the White Mountain Freezer Company. In a short time he advanced to the shipping department, was later made paymaster, and finally became the traveling representative for a large area. He moved to Winchendon in 1902, where he organized the Alaska Freezer Company and became a leader in civic affairs. There, too, he was made deputy grand high priest of the 11th Capitular District of Royal Arch Masons. He organized the Wye Knitting Mills, which grew into a million dollar a year industry, and helped form the Mason and Parker toy factory and the Goodspeed Machine Company. A few

years ago he bought the White Mountain Freezer Company and returned to Nashua, where he became one of the most popular and successful mayors.

A good example of the man he is was shown when somebody suggested that the children ought to have a municipal bathing place at Field's Grove. Like many other constructive reforms that he carried out this captured his imagination. He turned the minds of Nashua citizens to the needs and care of their children. The bath house and swimming pool project was voted and construction went ahead with all speed, and every day Mayor Eaton D. Sargent appeared at the scene and inspected the work.

At the time he was doing this he was a member of the commission appointed by Governor Winant, a member of the New England Council, treasurer and general manager of the White Mountain Freezer Company, president of the Gardner Beardsell Company, vice president of the Johnson Barker Company, treasurer of the Bundy Steam Trap Company and the Indian Head Manufacturing Company, director and member of the executive committee of the Second National Bank, governor of the 8th district Rotary, president of the Nashua Y. M. C. A., and member of the finance committee of the New Hampshire Consistory, of which he is now second lieutenant commander.

He believes that the application of sound business principles in the various departments of state would bring about valuable savings to taxpayers. He believes in the industrial and cultural future of New England as a section. He is an optimist as well as a go-getter. He sees clearly and he gets things done. The Democratic party in New Hampshire has reason to be proud of their candidate. He is a good one.

Charles W. Tobey

H. STYLES BRIDGES

WITH the New Hampshire primary just around the corner interest in the contest for Republican nomination for governor growing keener and scores of local contests inspiring friends of all candidates a record Republican vote on September 11 is being freely forecast.

Friends of Charles W. Tobey of Temple and Manchester, one of the two contenders for the Republican gubernatorial nomination are elated at the widespread support their candidate is receiving from all sections of the state.

Tobey, his friends claim, with his widespread knowledge of state affairs gained in four terms in the legislature and a six weeks' test as acting governor while president of the senate in 1925-1926, would not only make one of the best equipped governors the state has had in many years but from a strictly political point of view would add great strength to the whole Republican ticket in the November election.

Tobey came to the legislature for three terms in the house, one of them as speaker, and his single term in the Senate with a background of political experience which gives him exceptional qualification, his supporters claim, for the governorship. He had served his home town of Temple as chairman of the board of selectmen, trustees of trust funds and education. He has gained a knowledge of agricultural problems from the operation by his own hands of his home farm in Temple where he had earned his living before turning to a career which was to bring equal success in business and finance.

While Tobey was being honored by his townsmen with successive elections to

positions of responsibility and trust he did not forget what he viewed as an obligation to the Republican party through which his fellows had given him honor. For the past sixteen years he has been a loyal worker and a willing volunteer for the party's cause. Known throughout the state as a brilliant speaker and earnest and public-spirited citizen who had courage as well as convictions Tobey was in great demand in these campaigns as a speaker. For this reason Charles Tobey is known in almost every city and town in the state and in most of them he has spoken on some occasion, in many of them several times.

While he has gained wide acquaintance through his appearances as a public speaker it is not alone for his political life that Tobey is well known. During all the time that he has held public office he has been equally active in those non-political services to which he has devoted attention.

During the war Tobey served with no compensation except the satisfaction that comes from serving one's country in time of need, as chairman of the liberty loan campaigns in New Hampshire. His service in this field is widely remembered. He served also during the stressing period of war days as a special assistant to Herbert Hoover then directing the federal food administration.

It is a coincidence that Tobey should be seeking the Republican nomination for governor in the year when his war-time chief has been selected by the party to lead its national ticket as its candidate for the presidency.

Always enthusiastically interested in any community project and long an advocate of a forward-looking state pro-



CHARLES W. TOBEY

gram for the encouragement of agriculture and industry Tobey was selected as one of a small group of New Hampshire business men a few years back to join in a concerted movement to promote New England welfare through the New England council. New Hampshire members of this organization have formulated a five-fold program of improvement for New Hampshire involving an effort to keep New Hampshire youth interested in its own life and welfare, a contemplated improvement in agriculture, encouragement and improvement of manufacturing industry; development of better transportation facilities and encouragement of her recreational resources. To this program Tobey stands pledged as a citizen and if elected, as governor of New Hampshire.

When Tobey turned from his farm to business and finance he found it necessary to establish a business office in Manchester. This he did, preserving his family residence in Temple. Tobey brought to Manchester the same enthusiasm he had shown for public enterprise in Temple and was soon chosen by his fellow business associates to be president of the Chamber of Commerce. Then he was elected president of the Manchester Rotary Club, a unit in the chain of service organizations which is well established in New Hampshire.

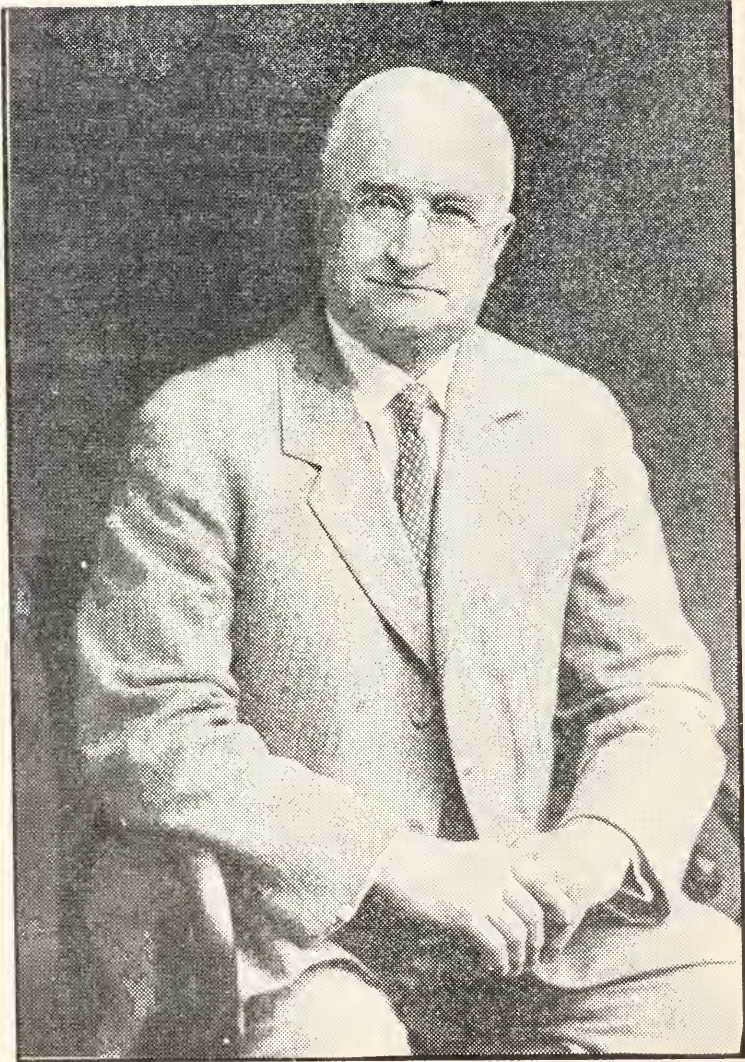
All this experience, civic and political, which Tobey has gained in his public life in New Hampshire is embraced in his candidacy for the governorship and qualifies him, in the minds of his friends, for the highest office in the state.

But Tobey believes a man should have more than an aspiration to office and more than training for the job. He holds a candidate should have convictions on issues and that he should convey to the citizens whose support he solicits his po-

sition on public questions. His views have become widely known in his long public service but he has commented on some of the more important public questions in his speeches about the state, in a formal statement of his position. Long an active worker in the cause of temperance he has voiced his support of state and national prohibition laws and pledged his best efforts to strict enforcement. Recognizing in the complex problem of transportation a number of important phases, he has pledged adequate protection to towns threatened with loss of railroad facilities and he has expressed opposition to increased gasoline tax or automobile permit and registration fees. While suggesting that a bond issue for some specific highway project already laid out may be wise he has voiced opposition to a general bond issue for general highway purposes. Perceiving in the present system of highway finance a burden for many of the rural communities which is very real, he has stated that he favors legislation whereby the state will take over from the towns the burden of maintenance of trunk lines.

Endorsed by a wide group of New Hampshire citizens as widely qualified for governorship Tobey has attracted to his candidacy Republicans in all sections of the state and representative of a true cross section of New Hampshire citizenry. This was revealed in the publication of his state committee of more than 300 men and women widely diversified as to occupation and place of residence.

So his record has run since he came to New Hampshire a year after his marriage in 1902. His family circle includes two sons and two daughters, all of whom are enthusiastically interested in their father's candidacy and who are helping out a bit at his Manchester headquarters.



ORA A. BROWN

Ora A. Brown

NORRIS G. COTTON

WHEN the gay cavalier of King Charles was laying the foundation for his mansion in the smiling climes of Virginia and the light-hearted Huguenot of sunny France was basking in the glories of the Carolinas, a stern-faced, tight-lipped race of Puritans landed upon the storm-swept coast of old New England, and turning their faces resolutely toward the furies of the winter wilderness, began their never-ending struggle for sustenance.

From this resolute band of men and women has been born the great empire of the Western hemisphere. Their type of character has formed a distinct strain running down through the blood of generations. Their sons and their daughters with hardihood, thrift, and frugality ingrained in their souls have been the bulwark of the American nation. The natural conservatism and plodding, painstaking methods as well as the calm judgment and unflinching persistency which has always been characteristic of the sons and daughters of New England has shaped the course and cemented the character of the Republican party throughout its history.

The nation has come to recognize this fact and to place its confidence in men of this stamp. We see them today in public life at Washington. Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States; John G. Sargent, attorney general; William F. Whiting, Herbert Hoover's successor as secretary of commerce, have all come to their great offices from the rugged hills of New England. Simple and unassuming, clad in rusty black, going about their duties in the same me-

thodical, unexcited manner with which they were wont to face the tasks in dusty country law offices, they nevertheless are gifted with a far-seeing vision and a shrewd ability to measure men and weigh issues which has enabled them to give to the nation a record administration.

From such stock comes Ora A. Brown, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire. He was born on a rugged hillside farm in the town of Bridgewater overlooking Newfound Lake. The death of his father placed upon him even during the tender years of childhood heavy responsibilities. The ability to bear responsibility and the faculty of fulfilling every obligation has been the key-note of his life. Nearly a half-century ago he began his business career as a clerk in a country store in the town of Ashland. He now owns that store and is engaged in various lumbering and real estate enterprises throughout that section of the state. He is a part of the bone and blood and sinew of a typical New Hampshire community. He has never been pretentious. Measuring calico across the counter of his store, building up the good will in his business, serving his townsmen as treasurer for thirty-six years and member of the school board for thirty years, living in the life of a country community, he has gradually grown and developed through the years.

Long ago his influence was felt throughout his county and he was called to the board of county commissioners where he served for eighteen years, fourteen of which he was chairman. During

that period new buildings were erected at the Grafton County Farm and developments were brought about in methods of caring for the county's charges. All over that section of the state citizens of every political persuasion testify to Ora Brown's qualities as a business executive. His influence was felt in other counties throughout the state so that at a meeting of the state's county commissioners in 1926 a resolution was passed with the unanimous support of every Republican county commissioner in New Hampshire, endorsing Mr. Brown for the governorship.

His services in the State Senate of 1923 as chairman of the Finance Committee are well known. Stanchly loyal as ever to Republican ideals, he assumed the leadership in that body in stemming the tide of political legislation which came up from the Democratic House of Representatives.

The flood damage which occurred in northern New Hampshire last winter was almost entirely within the councilor district which he represents in the present administration of Governor Spaulding. Here, again, his abilities were brought out by his able and constructive work in the difficult tasks of reconstruction. Although he insists, and rightly so, that the great credit of flood relief belongs to Governor Spaulding, nevertheless his work under the Governor's leadership has demonstrated his fitness for the governorship and has familiarized him with the great road problems that will confront the next administration.

True to his type, he is a man of deep convictions and one outstanding feature of his life has been his unswerving loyalty to the Republican party. He is not one who shows enthusiasms for his party

only when his own name adorns the party ticket, but down through the years in campaign after campaign he has served his party ably and well. Within the party councils men and women have always turned to him because his spotless political record and stainless private character have assured them that he represents the best type of Republican, but whether its candidates were his choice or not, he has ever been found on the firing line. Like the old stock of New England from Calvin Coolidge down, he is a regular Republican, stalwart and unafraid, and because he is a regular Republican and because of his splendid record of constructive achievement, he commands the respect and hearty support of the men and women in this state, who have borne the brunt of the party battles and who today occupy the positions of party leadership. Governor Spaulding, Senators Moses and Keyes, Congressmen Wason and Hale, every member of the Governor's Council, President Tilton of the State Senate, Speaker Davison of the House, and the great bulk of Republican committees in every town and ward throughout the state have gladly tendered Mr. Brown their support.

Personally, he is gentle and unassuming, calm and well-poised. He speaks with a quiet firmness which carries a tone of deep conviction. Those who know him best love him the most and the period of his service in every position which he has occupied shows that his popularity grows with the years. He is no brilliant orator, no glittering generalities and scintillating platitudes fall from his lips, but, strong and serene as the hills of his childhood home, he represents the prototype of New Hampshire character and Republicanism.

The Light That Didn't Fail

LILLIE GREEN

WHY I rushed into marriage with Clay Bartlett in such a headstrong fashion no one ever knew. In those days I was a good deal like old Dunderhead, father's old, leggy, bay mare. Dunderhead raced down every hill she came to; but she rushed one too many—so had I. If I hadn't been so high hat and cottoned a little more to Charlie Grimshaw! But I did not, and that was that!

I was six when Charl came to dad's; a little ragged, hungry shaver two years older than myself. He had run away! He would not say why, nor where his folks lived, if he had any. He would just stand with tightly closed lips and a defiant gleam in his blue eyes when we tried to get it out of him. So dad gave it up, and mother took the little chap into her heart wholly and forever, like she had me.

Charl wanted to do everything like dad, but when it came to driving old Dunderhead mother interfered. He was only ten then, and the old horse was cranky, had to be handled just so: a sharp pull and a quick release, a continual pull maddened her. I was lined up with Charl, of course, and stood by ready to help. But dad only grinned and winked an eye at mother and Charl went ahead. He would dig his bare toes into the flexible boards of the old spring-board wagon, yank and release for all the world like dad, and I would sit tight beside him and admire. One ride I'll never forget! We were older then and Cupid had begun his work. It was a dewy morning in June. Intermittently the guinea was tuning up in the barn-yard;

song sparrows were singing fit to split their throats; the orioles had come, and, in the elms back of the house, Mrs. Oriole was building their nest while Mr. sat on a limb near by and most enthusiastically told her how. Dad had asked Charl to hunt up some potatoes, he had planted himself short; and off we started on the old spring-board behind old Dunderhead. What fun we had that morning riding down hill over high water-bars behind that crazy beast! And what possessed us to take the Rabbit Track home! The name is significant: the narrow track dropped down the mountain side to where just beyond a spreading, scraggly, yellow birch, it curved sharply with a sheer drop of seventy-five feet at its side. This road had long been in the discard; but youth seems to seek just such hazardous places! Dunderhead had rammed ahead, Charl conscientiously and masterfully yanking and releasing. We had almost reached the old birch when the bits snapped! Like lightning Charl dropped the useless reins, caught me round the waist with one arm, and as we swept under the old birch caught a low branch with his free hand, swung us both above the wagon and down to safety as old Dunderhead clattered on to death. Thus it always had been with Charl.

On the other hand, Clay had been a teacher in a mid-west town where Aunt Libby lived. Repressed, dreamy as a brown, woodsy pool, Clay somehow wakened long enough to catch me while I was obstinately holding off on Charl; we had quarreled and I was visiting Aunt Libby. Much like old Dunder-

head's last run, I married Clay; what for or why I could see no reason, that day years later, when I sat in my expensively furnished living-room, waiting for Clay to come to dinner so that I could catch the 2:09 south bound; at all events I was thoroughly out of patience. Now without egotism I can say that I was a live wire. I had made my home a place of culture and refinement. I had kept it up to date and tidy with the aid of one servant and found time for many social events besides. I had recently been installed Worthy Grand Matron in the Eastern Star and it had been to make visitations on chapters in my province that I had expected to set out by train that day. I had asked Clay to be punctual to dinner so that I could make my train without strain; and then I had been compelled to sit, dressed trim and neat in the very latest mode, ready for my trip, waiting and waiting for Clay to appear. When nerves and the hour could hold out no longer, I called the maid and ordered the dinner served. I had just seated myself at the table when Clay burst into the room. He gave me a sweeping glance, agitated and vindictive, and stalked across the floor to our bedroom. I ran after him to have the door slammed in my face and the lock snapped. I beat upon the door. "Clay," I called, "let me in." There was no answer but the squeak of the top chiffonier drawer as it was pulled open. The gun was in it! Heavens! what was Clay up to? I threw my whole weight with force upon the flimsy lock, it snapped and I was precipitated into the room. Clay stood at bay; revolver in hand! I held his morbid stare with one of concentrated force until with irritation he threw the gun upon the bed and folded his arms, his countenance convulsed with bitterness and despair.

"Clay! Clay Bartlett! You, a sensible decent man, up to this. Why?" I demanded. Clay defied me for a time gazing coldly back into my eyes. Then weakening suddenly, he threw out his hands and cried:

"What's the use! The damn farm conditions've got me—my money's all in that one crop—every damn cent—and it's not worth harvesting."

"Well, why shoot yourself? Try again—something else—one year of failure won't strap us entirely, I guess," I answered with high hattedness.

"Little you know about hard work and worry involved in getting money or the value of it either," he flung at me.

"I think I've done my part, Clay. I've had only one servant where most women in our circumstances have two or three."

"Yes, and you've used the money you've saved to deck out the house, and your own person—and to buy expensive cars to run the road with," he sent back.

"Now see here, don't go too far," I answered with white heat. "The interest on the money I let you have would have done that. What about the time I worked hand in hand with you to get a foothold, haven't I some right to the proceeds of that labor?" Clay wilted visibly.

"God! I would give all the money that's been made to be set back to that time—it isn't that I begrudge you the money, Gertrude. Oh God! I haven't any—not a red cent to give you! I'm broke! Can't you *see*? I'm an old horse between hawk and buzzard!" Like a black cloud covers the sun, the truth rolled down upon me! He had said it right, there wasn't a "red cent" anywhere that we could raise without selling! I had supposed that we were financially well off. Needless to say, I did not go

to any Eastern Star chapter that day. Instead I nursed a mentally sick husband. I found out by bits that my money had gone with the rest. During that night while Clay slept beside me, my mind was on the stretch, I had not been home since my marriage. Mother, after hearing of my escapade as she termed it, wrote me a choleric letter, at which I had taken fire; and the next I heard from home was a telegram from Charl—dear old dad and mother were gone—Flu! Mother Bartlett had been a widow for years and lived with us, and when the telegram came we were both desperately sick with the same thing. Mother Bartlett died soon after. It was an awful time everywhere! The property was divided equally between Charl and me. My share proved to be \$11,009.93. I'll never forget the amount. I gave Clay \$10,000 and kept the change. A girl friend wrote me after dad and mother died that Charl had gone South—to Florida; and lying there in the dark thinking of the diversities of life a sudden longing for Vermont seized me. I spent the rest of the night making plans, and though Clay held out at first, he finally gave in. We sold, and out of the proceeds managed to save enough to buy a farm in Northern New Hampshire but not in the vicinity of my old home. It took practically every cent we had. The people we bought of sold everything as they were crazy to go South: Florida was booming! The buildings were poor, the old house uninteresting, the living-room, on the sunless northwest corner, had old-fashioned high window-sills and was wainscotted, but it had a huge fireplace, and after I had papered and painted using a color that seemed to bring sunlight into the room, had laid rugs, hung curtains, with home trinkets around the room it had some degree of attractiveness. It had taken time to

accomplish all this, together with planting the garden and other jobs I did for Clay; but we both had tried and things had seemed to be going pretty good for a time; however, the live stock fretted Clay; he soon became fractious with them, and a dumb animal cannot do its best with a person around who hates it. They were to Clay simply a process, like for instance, a cream separator. He could not appreciate the intelligence and affection bound up in a Jersey of fine breeding. The morning after finishing the room, I went out to the woods and brought in some fir and spruce boughs and banked them in the fireplace and had just struck up a bit of jazz on the old skate of a piano to celebrate when Clay stuck his head into the room and asked me to go to town for him. I was glad to go. I had not been off the farm and no one had called since we had arrived two months before.

"You'll have to go with a team," he remarked dryly.

"I don't care, I'll have more time to view the aspect," I said laughing. "Bring the chaise and four round, and I'll be there". I hurriedly changed my shoes and slipped into the trim, neat suit I had waited for Clay in that fateful day, and drawing on my hat at just the right angle, I threw a kiss at the image in the mirror and goose-stepped out to the door. I nearly fainted at the sight I beheld: an old wagon that I am sure antedated the ark, and a bony, leggy, sleepy old black horse hitched to the veteran wagon by a harness which fitted like the previous garment of a person who had dieted for six months. Afterwards I ran across a picture of the wagon in Webster's.

"I'll go myself! We don't sport limousines these days," Clay snapped, observing my surprise.

"You said something then, Clay," I laughed; "but I wouldn't miss the ride on that ark for all the limousines in existence, give me a lift on to the throne," I answered. Clay helped me up, and reached me a check to pay for the things he had ordered and told me that I could get it cashed at the feed store where I would get my largest amount of the order. This without a smile! He never seemed to see the funny side of life. It was a great ride with something of the effect of an airplane I fancy. Though slowly, I was surely sailing through the sky. But the store wouldn't cash the check! and so I hitched the old horse at the post opposite the bank, observing out of the corner of my eye, someone watching from the bank's front window. I supposed they were laughing at my rig, so I tripped across the street and up the steps with a high air, and, signing the check, presented it at the window.

"Um—are you Mrs. Bartlett?" the cashier asked. "Sorry," he replied to my answer, "but I cannot cash it without Mr. Bartlett's signature."

"I've always signed for him in the West," I exclaimed.

"Maybe so, but we do not do it here—without a written order," he added.

"Accept her signature, Brown," a familiar voice from the President's window directed. I turned and stared. I felt like an old-fashioned white petticoat that had been caught in the rain. Charl! Old Char!—here! My heart skipped a beat—then dashed ahead.

"Been watching you from the window," he said stepping out and offering his hand. "Didn't know *you* were Bartlett's wife! I live a couple of miles beyond your farm and drive in for banking hours, so I've met your husband." I gave him a quick glance as I placed my

hand in his. Charl! Charl! my brain kept repeating.

"I—I—did not know—Effie wrote me you went South after—after," the words simply would not come, and that fool clerk was taking it all in.

"She was right, I did; but little old New Hampshire has a way of getting us back. It seems I'm not the only one," he smiled. "Here's your money," he said, picking up the bills and change and p'acing them in my hands. "The clerks have their orders about checks but you won't have any further trouble," he explained.

I never knew how I got out of that bank, nor whether I said anything else or not. I could have kicked myself all over the village for being such a dunce; but there old Charl had stood, the perfect picture of clean manhood. The only difference in him since I had seen him last being a rounding out of the spare boyish frame and growth of character in his face. His eyes, sweet and clear as windows of heaven, twinkled down into mine. How could anyone expect me to know anything! And the only thing I remember of the ride home was the decision I was forced to make about telling Clay! I decided that it might be better, under the circumstances, not to. I reasoned that it might aggravate him further. I had always spoken to Clay of Charl, as Charl, nothing more, no other name, and I felt sure that he did not know for I reasoned again, if he had known, when he met him, he would have told me. So at the dinner table I related the incident making all the sport out of it I could. It all seemed far from Clay's consciousness, he interrupted in the midst of the tale to talk about cultivating the potatoes, and gave me a polite hint to go along and lead the horse. Clay had a way of hinting at what he wanted—it some-

times gave him the advantage—of course he hadn't asked me! But he did a good deal of hinting!

In the West he had a good deal of time for reading, especially evenings. Here, he let his chores drag until eight or nine o'clock then, hungry for the news, he would read far into the night. This might be all right in city life but on a farm it didn't work, so I took the paper to the barn and read to him while he milked; but he let the chores drag worse than ever and I spoke about it—he snapped me up—"It needn't worry me—I could read anytime," he said and as I was working from 4:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. doing my work and helping him out of doors it gingered me up and I stopped the reading. Another thing—when the day's work lasted until 9:00 p. m. every nerve in my body called out for rest, so I went to bed. Clay would read till 12:00 or after, wake me getting to bed, then I would lie awake till most morning.

I asked him to come to bed earlier—he flew up about it as usual, and I took a room by myself. So the days brought friction where there ought to have been peace. Clay took to leaning on the pitchfork instead of using it in the hayfield, and became more and more cranky with me as well as the animals at the barn, and just before potato digging time, he hired money at the bank. He couldn't have got it, he boasted, if it had not been for *my friend* at the bank. I was terribly tried about that! Imagine it, Clay borrowing money of Charl! It amounted to just that, and he bought a car with the money! He had swallowed his own pride to hurt mine, and he certainly had done it. He was going to pay with potato money, but he couldn't—the potatoes didn't measure up. It took a couple of years for all this to happen.

Meantime Clay was selling off the cows to meet bills, and our income becoming smaller all the time, of course. I had steered clear of Charl, but as the hardships accumulated my soul cried out in protest and Charl loomed before my tired spirit like the calm lofty mountain; sometimes I thought if I could only be a tree, a shrub growing in the atmosphere of its serenity, it would be all I would ask.

Then there came a day when there were only four cows left out of a herd of twenty-five. Clay was going to sell; I interfered. There were recriminations a plenty. We were both geared high. Clay left at last to drive the cows in from the pasture. He was gone some time and I cooled off. When I came to my rational self again I felt sorry for Clay because I knew the man was pressing him hard for money, and, as a sort of peace offering, I went to the barn to help out with the chores. I was cleaning the horse-stable when I heard a footstep. I looked up quickly, and there stood Charl!

"Can't Bartlett get along without your doing this dirty, heavy work?" he asked with heat.

"Clay? Oh yes, he doesn't like to have me, but it saves having a hired man around—we like to be by ourselves," I lied. Somehow the old balance had returned. "You know I always preferred it to doing dishes." He gazed at me as if he were dissecting my brain and finding out my thoughts for himself.

"Gertie," he said, "I could stand it when I believed you happy and well cared for, but to see you doing a man's work, suffering privation—cooped up with a—a—"

"Don't say it, Charl," I interrupted. "I'm happy as a lark; why let it get under *your* skin?"

"Never! I can read you like an open

book. I know you—this life is a living hell to your high sensitive spirit. Don't tell me!"

"Get along there, damn you!" Clay's angry, high pitched voice interrupted. We hurried to the stable window. Clay was having trouble with the bull. It had swung round facing him and, although Clay had a pitchfork in his hand it was slowly backing him into a corner. Just then Clay stumbled and fell and the bull was upon him! Charl grabbed the short handled fork from my hand and, running out into the yard, attacked the animal from the rear and with quick, sharp thrusts drove it into the barn and into its pen. I had, meantime, gotten Clay on to his feet, and except for a good shaking up he was all right. Charl stood in the barn door-way and gazed at us, acrimonious in every line of body and feature, and left without a word. I did not sleep much that night. I had glimpsed the cataclysm in old Charl's soul, and the old sentiment that I had tried to forget fired up to white heat. I had ample reason for leaving Clay, and divorcing him—yes, I thought of it. Someway a divorce loomed above me like the beaming tower of a lighthouse, and I surely was out in a rough sea. In the morning Clay was touchy and I left him alone. I was sore physically and mentally. I could do the hard work—even stand Clay's crankiness, I felt, if it would get us anywhere but to go on with the bickering year in and out, what was the use. What good could possibly come of it? It was too much to anticipate. After the dinner work was over I took my basket of mending and went into the living-room. Breaking down the evergreens in the fireplace I put some sticks of wood, started a fire, for the hint of winter had come into the air, picked up my basket of stockings and sat down before the cheer-

ful blaze. I was deep in thought when there came a light tap on the hall-door and Charl stood before me.

"Care if I come in a few minutes?" he asked. I indicated a chair and he pulled it up beside me and sat down.

"Seems good, doesn't it?" he said reaching out his hands to the blaze. "Snow in the air." A few minutes ticked by. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; but I made my fingers keep on with the mending.

"I've been out in the field talking with Bartlett—found him no worse for his scare," he said with a short laugh. "I thought I'd come in—" he did not go on and for the life of me I could not speak. There seemed to be a charged atmosphere subtly weaving a net about us, folding us in it, transmitting messages from one to the other charged with vital yearnings until it seemed to me the whole room was aflame with the spirit of our love for each other.

"Gertie, I'm going to be frank with you—I offer no apology—I want you to divorce Bartlett and come to me. I can't see you submitting to the treatment you have been receiving from him for the last two years any longer. It's the greatest hell I've ever known," he said.

"I don't know what to say," I began feebly.

"Don't need to say a thing, Gertie, only—had you forgotten me when you married Bartlett? And that don't matter either. I believe you've always loved me—but I'd like to hear you say it."

"I—I didn't stop to think until afterwards. Clay has his good points and just then they appealed to me. About my love for you—oh Charl—measure it by your own," I answered.

"That's all I want to know. Remember that old song we used to sing? It's as good a description of my love for you as

I can give." He sang the words softly in his rich baritone:

"Not from the whole wide world I choose thee,

Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Thou art the light of the world to me,

Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

The wide world could not enclose thee,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

For thou art the whole wide world to me,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

He got to his feet while singing, and merely remarked before leaving that he would stop in the morning for his answer. I went into the kitchen, started the fire and prepared supper—we always ate before chores—but Clay did not come in. I sprinkled and folded a large basket of clothes for ironing and then went to the barn, rather apprehensively, to see what was keeping Clay. I went to the horse-barn first, but there was no sign of him, so I went around to the big barn-doors and sprung one of them so I could peek through, and there, on the hay, not more than ten feet away, lay Clay, face down shaking with sobs. I closed the door softly and went back to the house: from the kitchen door I called him to supper, but he did not appear and not until after I had put out the light and gone to my room did he come in. He went directly to his room.

The sight of Clay on that haymow and the sound of those terrible sobs had unnerved me. I turned and thrashed about to get away from them. I had never seen a man cry before. After midnight, in the deep of the darkness about me, I prayed God to bring the "Strength of the Hills" into my soul. I think He did for I slept. In the morning neither of us ate much breakfast. Clay pushed

away from the table and crossed his legs.

"I think it may be better for us to come to some understanding," he said in a heavy voice. "I thought when we were married that I could make you happy, but I know now that no one short of Charles Grimshaw can do that!" I started to speak but he held up his hand.

"Just a minute, please; I am not blaming you for loving him—he is a fortunate man in all respects: money, business and personality—the only thing for us to do that I can see is to sell out, then there will be money for you to get a divorce. I want—insist, that he keep away till then, for I do not want any gossip going the rounds."

"You take everything for granted without consulting me. Have I complained?" I asked.

"No, and you wouldn't, it's not like you. Gertrude, I might as well be frank about this—I've known for years that you loved some one else; and, when you came home that day from the village, I knew who." I looked my surprise, I guess.

"You thought you had me fooled, but you didn't. I'll release you from your marriage vows as soon as possible, or rather make it possible for you to do so. But make sure of this," he said rising and setting his chair back in its place and looking me full in the eyes, "if I thought I could hold you, Christ Himself could not make me give you up." Passion shook his voice as he spoke, and he went out. I was completely taken by surprise. What was I to do? It looked as if my way had been opened for me; but I wanted to do the right thing, and I didn't know what it was; so I left the house-work and climbed the stairs to the attic where I knew I would not be disturbed. I crossed the open space, picked up an old blanket from one of the boxes there,

flung it about my shoulders and sat down on a trunk by the east window where I could see the hills in the distance. Their adjustment to their surroundings was one of perfect poise and harmony. I gazed out upon them with that thought in mind until I became self-possessed again, and then I went over in memory the years that were past. It came to me after a little that every person is a unit within himself, if he allows that unit to become divided he is headed for destruction, and I was drifting fast and sure for the rocks. I must choose and quickly; but I must choose right. I had denied myself everything for which my soul hungered; contact with thinking minds, social life, for which I had demonstrated my fitness in the West, to pick up potatoes, clean stables, etc., so that Clay might make good. Besides all that, I had never enjoyed with Clay the companionship—the inter-relations of two souls in tune with one another that should have been mine, and Charl could give me all this. Hand in hand we could take our position in life where we both belonged. I, a loved honored wife, cared for and protected. Ten thousand Cupids were beginning to sing in my soul for I believed I had demonstrated my right to that life. I had tried in every way to help Clay, but even though I had done all that, he would not join hands. It would seem that Clay still loved me. That being so, how could he treat me as he had? It seemed that he had been quick to perceive my love for Charl—well-fertilized ground for evil seed! But I had positive, absolute faith in Charl; and not a shred for Clay, how could I have? Why should I? If Clay would not work in team with me without kicking and biting wasn't I perfectly justified in going to the one who would, and who would draw four-fifths of the load? What possible compensation could

there be for me in continuing on with Clay? But as I studied the situation closer, I began to see that to remain with Clay was not without compensation; to keep a home together, to make it one of refinement, to keep it filled with courage and good cheer, to hold out a steady, helpful hand to a bewildered soul and bring him at last into the harbor where he could drive the fog from his brain and be able to see clearly and with strength of purpose, was not given into every one's hands to accomplish! Was I equal to the task? Could I go on, now, without Charl? I gazed out upon the hills with an unuttered prayer for courage, flung the old blanket aside and went down stairs. I had no idea how long I had been in the attic. Charl was waiting at the foot of the stairs by the door.

"Oh God!" he prayed, and opened his arms. I went into them and clung in desperation as a drowning soul clings to a mighty tree, my face upon his shoulder.

"One must do his duty, Charl," I sobbed. "Clay is not himself, and it is me who has made him so. I have to find him and bring him back to sanity—there's no one else that can."

"Loveliest little woman on earth," he said, leaving a kiss upon my hair. "Loveliest little woman and loyal—loyal. Good-bye!" he released me and went out. Sometime later a door closed somewhere in the house; it entered my consciousness and I went to the kitchen, Clay's door was closed. I rapped and opened it. Clay stood at the end of the bed in a bewildered condition looking at the clothes he had emptied there from the dresser and closet.

"Clay," I spoke, "let us try once more, and this time I will meet you half way—no, I'll go all the way." Clay turned, a slow mocking smile growing upon his lips.

"You see, Clay, we've been out on a rough sea, but the lighthouse is just ahead—give me your hand and we'll make it. Will you let me try?"

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" he moaned, and we cried together. When we could, we talked things over—opened our hearts to each other, told the truth which always lets the sunshine in.

"I closed my heart and mind to all brightness and lived in the darkness of hell, Gertrude. I dare not tell what I thought about you; but I loved you—or thought I did. How can you come back to me: a stick-in-the-mud, debt-driven, no income, nothing? You can't and you shall not—I'll be man enough for that!" It was hard to listen to him but infinitely harder for him. I was sorely in need of the "Strength of the Hills."

It was two weeks later, that Charl surprised us one afternoon; poised and strong as usual. We were in the living-room and Clay offered him a seat; but Charl declined it.

"Gertie," he said, "I've never felt right about taking that money from dad's estate—it should have been yours. He gave me a good education and—and everything I needed for body and soul—that was enough. I invested the money, and now I am asking you to do me the favor of taking it. I have sold my farm, but still have twenty-five registered Jerseys. I've taken a good deal of pleasure and pride in selecting and caring for them—and I hate to sell them; Bartlett, could I induce you to take them off my hands? I think they will pay for their keeping all right. I've left word for the man to drive them over if you'll take them. And, now, I'm off for the West. I've always wanted to go to California. The best of luck to you, old man," he said holding out his hand to Clay, "and you, too, Gertie." Clay shook his hand, and together we stood by the west window and watched old Charl spring into his car, climb the hill, and go over the top into the setting sun.

The Explorer

DOROTHY LEONARD

A galleon is voyaging,
Discovery its goal,
My collar its San Salvador,
My parted hair its pole.

A ribbon-end its fabulous,
An ear a unicorn,
Magellan come from Lilliput,
He finds a Chin of Horn.

And yet I never heard of sea
That laughed beneath a keel
Or island crinkled with delight
At Cristoforo's heel!



GEORGE C. CARTER

Introducing The Author of "Industrial New Hampshire"

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

GEORGE C. CARTER, whose comprehensive survey of industrial New Hampshire starts in this issue of *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*, has lived the greater part of his life in the state of which he writes.

Although born in Boston, his home and interests are in the Granite State. On his maternal side he comes from a well known Grafton county (N. H.) family and on the paternal side from an old line of Maine ship builders.

Mr. Carter took charge of the New Hampshire district for the well known mercantile agency of R. G. Dun and Company more than thirty years ago. He traveled all over the state in the early years of this work by bicycle, on horse back and with livery teams. Because of this experience there is probably no man in the state who knows it more thoroughly or is personally known to more people. The nature of his work still takes him into every section of the state.

The nucleus of "Industrial New Hampshire" was an address which was prepared by Mr. Carter at the request of one of the well known radio broadcasting stations which was giving a New Hampshire night. It was boiled down to fit into twenty-two minutes of reading time in the program and received considerable favorable comment from the radio audience, as was evidenced by the many letters received.

Later it was given before a number of service clubs and was printed in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*. The edition in which it appeared was promptly exhausted and to supply the demand the article was printed in pamphlet form. All of these copies were long ago distributed.

Still later the same address, with minor changes, was used as a feature article by "Current Affairs in New England," the weekly organ of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, in its New Hampshire number. The call for extra copies by Boston people interested in New Hampshire was so great that they promptly exhausted this edition of "Current Affairs," so that again no more copies of what a well known Massachusetts statesman termed the "New Hampshire Industrial classic," were available.

In response to requests that continue to come in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY* has asked Mr. Carter to give a complete picture of the entire state, utilizing the data contained in the original address but covering the field of survey much more carefully than could be done in the brief time allotted for a radio address.

Industrial New Hampshire

GEORGE C. CARTER

AGRICULTURE is unquestionably our basic industry. Certain it is that the agriculturist to succeed must be industrious, and the New Hampshire farmer has always made good in this. While New Hampshire is one of the most highly developed states of the union from an agricultural standpoint, it is also a veritable hive of industry.

It was very early in the history of industrial New England that the first textile pioneer established mills at the Falls of Amoskeag, and declared to those who thought his effort would not succeed, that he would some day make the spot "The Manchester of America," a prophecy which has had its fulfillment in the present Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, by far the largest cotton organization in the world.

New Hampshire is extremely important in manufacturing lines, because it first manufactured men. The stalwart oaks and stately pines, with their rugged environment of altitude, seemed especially well fitted to produce their like in human beings. Let us make brief mention of a very few from among the thousand or more New Hampshire born men who became famous throughout the nation.

New Hampshire furnished one President, in the person of Franklin Pierce of Hillsboro. Amherst gave to the nation Horace Greeley, editor of the New York TRIBUNE, undoubtedly the greatest single political influence America has ever known, while Hinsdale produced Charles A. Dana, editor of the New

York SUN; Winchester, adjacent to Hinsdale, was the birthplace of General Leonard Wood.

Daniel Webster of Salisbury has been recognized as one of the world's greatest minds, while General John A. Dix of Boscawen, later Governor of New York, was the author of the historic utterance—"If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Speaking of governors, New Hampshire has furnished Massachusetts three, in the persons of General Benjamin F. Butler of Deerfield, John Q. A. Brackett of Bradford, and Channing H. Cox of Manchester.

Sherman L. Whipple, the well known Boston attorney, was born in New London, and J. Reed Whipple of the Parker House, Young's Hotel and the Touraine, was born in New Boston. Christopher Columbus Langdell, Dean of the Harvard Law School, who did more than any other one man in the country toward clarifying jurisprudence, was also born in New Boston. Benjamin Holt, the originator of the caterpillar tractor idea in its entirety, was a native of Concord. Orrison Swett Marden of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE, came from Thornton, Jonas Chickering of the Chickering Piano Co., was born at New Ipswich, Denman Thompson of Old Homestead fame, at Swanzey, while Salmon P. Chase of Cornish, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, was the financial giant who almost unaided and alone successfully financed the Civil War. Secretary of the Interior John W. Weeks of Lancaster, had his residence on the

summit of Mount Prospect in that town, Harlan Fiske Stone, appointed Attorney General of the United States by President Coolidge, was born at Chesterfield.

The first signature to the Declaration of Independence following John Hancock, was that of Josiah Bartlett, the delegate from New Hampshire, and in 1787 at the first Continental Congress the signature of George Washington, President and deputy from Virginia, was immediately followed by those of John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, Deputies from New Hampshire.

In the business world it is of interest to know that John S. Runnells of Effingham was many years president of the Pullman Company. John G. Shedd of Alstead was the head of Marshall Field and Co., and Sherburne S. Merrill of Alexandria became president of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R., which, under his leadership, was made the greatest railroad of its time. John S. Pillsbury of Sutton founded the flour mills at Minneapolis which bear his name. Every user of Pillsbury's flour pays his cordial tribute to the business genius of a New Hampshire man.

Alonzo A. Miner of Lempster was for many years president of Tufts College, and so we might go on toward the second thousand of New Hampshire celebrities indicating the soil and environment of New Hampshire such as to produce men—real men—of the finest type.

We are to speak particularly, however, of the industrial side of the state. The people of New Hampshire always were, are now and always will be intensely industrious. As early as November, 1631, there were established at Portsmouth some salt works and mills for the manufacture of clapboards and salt pans. This immediate use of the

natural resources of the state in timber, starting at this early date, has been rapidly developed until lumber and wood products of every variety are now one of the principal industries of the commonwealth. Let us right now take a little journey into industrial New Hampshire, stopping here and there only to make the briefest mention of some of the outstanding industries.

Starting from Boston on our journey northward, we cast a hasty glance to the right where the towering stone finger of Bunker Hill monument reminds us that it was the New Hampshire born General John Stark of Manchester with the New Hampshire troupes, numerically more than those from any other state, who held the rail fence and saved the day. The choice of several routes leads us through the Chelmsfords, or through the city of Lowell, Mass., as may be preferred, but both routes bring the visitor with the urge to see New Hampshire, at the converging point in the village of Tyngsboro. Here a short, sharp "S" turn of the main highway leads to the New Hampshire line.

Those interested in Indian lore will wish to pause a moment at a point on the west bank of the Merrimack river, a mile and a half below Tyngsboro village, where is located the home of Col. Jonathan Tyng, who befriended both Passaconaway, the noted New Hampshire Indian chief, and his son, Wonalancet, last sachem of the Merrimacks, both friendly to the whites. A bronze tablet in a granite boulder a short distance back from the main road tells us that Wonalancet died here in 1696, one year after the founding of the Bank of England in London.

The traveler journeys north from Tyngsboro but a few minutes, when

presently between two magnificent bronze tablets set in New Hampshire granite we enter the Daniel Webster Highway, which is the central New Hampshire boulevard running the entire length of the state from north to south. In a few minutes more we wind around a beautifully curved and well graded road to enter the business section of Nashua, "The Gate City of New Hampshire."

Nashua is a prosperous, active, energetic community, with a wide diversity of industries. The largest single unit consists of the Indian Head and Jackson Mills, now consolidated with the Nashua Manufacturing Co. under the latter name, making cotton cloth and blankets with a wide distribution, sending Nashua blankets and Indian Head cloth all over the civilized world.

Nashua is an Abenaki Indian word, meaning "Between the Rivers," referring to the fact that the Nashua river flows into the Merrimack at this point, giving excellent water power for the operation of the mills.

Nashua is also the home of the White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer, well known throughout the country for many years, and also the White Mountain Refrigerator, whose slogan is—"The chest with the chill in it." Both of these products have been giving cool and soothing comfort, with real humanitarian grace, for many years.

Here also is a large cooperage plant which has sent its products to fish and meat packing establishments throughout the country, and even as far as the Canadian northwest, so that it may be said of Nashua that the city has a substantial part in protecting the food of the nation. This same community carries the food production principle still

further, through the wonderfully ingenious bread wrapping machines manufactured here, whereby the "staff of life" is made ready in sealed wax paper packages for the consumer without the touch of human hands.

A large gummed and coated paper concern has customers and connections all over the world in a wide variety of papers, some of which are marketed through subsidiary or allied organizations with which the name of "Carter" is connected in various official capacities. Sales of many kinds to a great variety of customers makes the office of this concern one of the largest in the state.

Nashua has for years been an important machine center. "Rollins Engines" are well known everywhere. A screw manufacturing corporation sells its product throughout the country, and here is manufactured a remarkably efficient machine for printing in edible ink on citrus fruits. The delectable products of Florida and of California are made all the more inviting by the trade marked imprints from the almost human touch of Nashua-made machines.

Here also is a remarkably efficient factory which during the World War did its bit in the making of precision bullets for the French Army. With the war over, they continued with increasing vigor and effect the making of machines, which in turn are used in the manufacture of small paper boxes at an incredible number per minute, all without the labor of human hands.

Since Nashua machines can make the boxes so well and so fast, it is but natural that another concern should find a way to put the contents in the package, sealing and labeling it all ready for delivery to the jobber, retailer or customer. "Autopack" does the trick and does it so

rapidly and well that it almost seems a feat of legerdemain. Some of the largest concerns in the country making household products are packaging their goods with "Autopack."

Large size wooden and paper boxes, concrete moulds and other special machinery and equipment are made in substantial amounts. Tables, caskets, wood novelties and lumber manufacturing complete the list of wood working establishments.

There have been several corporations under a single family name operating as manufacturers of machine tools in great variety in Nashua for a long period of years. There is a concern making arbor presses, and still another making steam presses for textile mills, both articles having a country wide distribution.

Numerous smaller metal specialties are turned out for sale in the same way. Here also are made corrugated culverts for highway uses, capable of sustaining incredible weights, and a long existent shearer concern making automatic clippers of various kinds. Even now we have not completed the list of Nashua's utilitarian efforts in metal manufacture.

Here is a hot air register manufacturing establishment, which also makes a line of bronze castings, including historical tablets. The products of this factory are in many public buildings in Washington, and in first class hotels, business blocks, residences, and other important establishments throughout the United States. Some of the largest ventilators and registers ever manufactured came from this plant.

Remember the circus? Of course you do. Together with the rich man's span of horses and the jovial teamster's dappled grays, the probabilities are that the nickel, brass and bronze trimmings were

from the saddlery hardware concern in Nashua. The automobile has lessened the demand for metal harness and carriage trimmings, but has increased it in other ways. The words "saddlery hardware" have been turned into the single word "brass" in the name of the concern, and their business goes merrily on, with sales clear to the Pacific coast.

Nashua has iron foundries, and the manufacture of steam traps has satisfied customers in the factories located in every section of the country.

Nashua is a railroad junction point of considerable importance, which permits direct shipments to any point. Here is a large factory making asbestos shingles which have a world wide distribution. Here also are made overalls, knit goods and other garments in substantial quantities, a concern turning out house finish, and there is also a concern specializing in wood preserving.

Nashua has always been a shoe manufacturing center of importance. With an increasingly vigorous production in this line, it is natural to find a large shoe counter manufacturing establishment here. There are numerous smaller industries in varied lines, but the list closes with a very substantial one.

In this case, "W" stands for "Wonalancet," in the Indian tongue "pleasant breathing" and this chieftain, last of the famous New England Indians, frequently had his tepee upon a spot now occupied by a carded cotton manufacturing concern which bears his name. Both Egypt and South America are included in the sources of raw cotton supply for this factory, which has a direct branch in Peru, and whose products have wide distribution. But we must be on our journey northward, where we shall find much of history, many and varied units

of industry, with ample opportunity for still greater manufacturing successes and development.

Crossing Pennichuck Brook we enter the town of Merrimack, having four villages. We shall pass through three of them. At Thornton's Ferry, right beside the highway, in the center of the little village, is the grave of Dr. Matthew Thornton, one of the three New Hampshire signers of the Declaration of Independence. Two miles further on we cross the Souhegan river, in the village of Merrimack, whose industries are tanning, shoe factory supplies, tables, excelsior and re-inforced concrete specialties.

Two miles further on is Reeds Ferry, the home, still standing, of Walter Kittridge who wrote "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground." Here also is a large plant for the manufacture of cooperage stock.

Forging ahead on our northward journey in anticipation of the wonderful things to be seen historically and industrially in Manchester, the "Queen City" of New Hampshire, we pass in turn the famous Horne Nurseries, the Manchester Country club, and the estate of Gordon Woodbury, at one time our Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which once sheltered Lafayette.

Crossing the historical little brook, the eye sweeps to the right and we see for the time the "Central Plant," one of the largest shoe manufacturing organizations in the world, which has quite a number of other subsidiaries in New Hampshire, the main plant being in Manchester. The road formerly went straight ahead by two other large shoe factories, through the West Manchester district, but since the building of the new million dollar Queen City bridge,

through traffic now passes over that structure to Elm street, the main business thoroughfare of the city, and in so doing passes directly by the large "Central Plant" already mentioned. It is built in the form of a hollow square and if one really desire to comprehend its immensity it will be necessary to turn briefly to the right at the end of the bridge and immediately an excellent view is obtained of the whole plant.

Manchester was the home of General John Stark, hero of Bennington and many other battles. Bennington, Vermont, still has the magnificent monument over three hundred feet high, commemorating Stark's glorious work, but Manchester still has the General, for he lies buried in the family lot in beautiful Stark Park, on North River road, from which point an excellent view of the Merrimack river, Uncanoonuc Mountain, Joe English and Crochet Mountains can be obtained. A short distance from Stark Park is the site of the old Stark home, with its old fashioned well sweep and the original doorstep over which Stark trod on that memorable morning when the messenger came to inform the General of impending events at Bunker Hill, in which Stark and the New Hampshire troupes were destined to hold the rail fence and save the Colonials from utter annihilation.

In our little journey to Manchester, we should not fail to visit Oak Hill and the Weston Observatory, beautiful Lake Massabesic, the summit of Uncanoonuc Mountain, and in the summer Pine Island Park, an inland "sea shore" resort, together with other numerous watering places and such natural curiosities as Rock Rimmon, the Pulpit, Devil's Den, etc.

Whether visitors come from other

sections of the United States or from foreign countries, the names "Manchester" and "Amoskeag" are synonymous. The "Queen City" is rightfully proud of the fact that it possesses by far the largest cotton textile corporate organization in the world. The inception of the business dates back to 1803, and now manufactures a wide variety of fabrics which are known from coast to coast, and in many foreign countries. After the absorption of the Stark mills, their pay roll included more than sixteen thousand souls, a good sized city in itself, under one corporate roof.

Textiles and shoe manufacturing have run neck and neck for some years in New Hampshire, sometimes the value of the cotton product would be in excess of that of shoes, while in other statistical periods boots and shoes went ahead a bit in the race.

Manchester has numerous large shoe manufacturing units and quite a few smaller ones. An expert shoe authority, nationally known, speaking recently in the open forum conducted by the Chamber of Commerce, frankly stated that Manchester was destined to be one of the largest shoe manufacturing centers in the world.

Other industries include such varied lines as the manufacture of bobbins, braid, brooms, brushes, builders' finish, burial caskets, cabinets, candy, cheese, concrete specialities, corrugated containers, findings, garments, granite, heels (leather and wood), iron castings, knitting machinery, lasts, looms, machine specialties, mattresses, narrow fabrics, needles, paper (book), paper boxes, proprietary medicines, sausages, shoe forms, shoe machinery, silk textiles, store fixtures, structural iron, thread, trimmings, underwear and woolens.

There is a very large underwear manufacturing establishment here using a wide variety of knit goods, rayon and other fabrics.

Here at Manchester is the manufacturing home of the 7-20-4 cigar, in its class the largest selling cigar in the world. On a trip to Europe some years ago, the writer was an interested observer to the following incident, which occurred to a member of the party. A member from New York, who smoked nothing but Manchester-made 7-20-4 cigars when he could get them, was accosted by the customs officials for attempting to take the few remaining cigars in a 7-20-4 box across the border line without declaring them for duty. There was less than half a box left. He was obliged to pay the duty and the fine for not having paid the duty before, total \$17.50, but they gave him back the cigars, and he said it was worth it because he could enjoy them that much longer!

Manchester is also an insurance center. The New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co., with a modern building patterned after some of the beautiful Palazzo Vecchios of Italy, already in control of a substantial number of subsidiary organizations, is one of the real live and rapidly growing industries of the city, managed by men of high character, standing and ability, who have spent a life time with the organization. Their trade-mark, which is a picture of "The Old Man of the Mountain" in the Franconia Notch, and their slogan—"Sound, Solid and Successful," has for years spread New Hampshire ideas and ideals throughout the country.

The New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association has its headquarters at Manchester, giving an intensive service

covering a wide range of activities for the benefit of industries, and not only for the benefit of the industries of New Hampshire but for the entire commonwealth.

At Governor Smyth's residence near the head of Amoskeag Falls was held the last powwow between Passaconaway, Chief of the Penacooks, and the Chiefs of the fierce Mohawks, whom Passaconaway had defeated in battle, whereby the New Yorkers agreed forever to stay beyond the Green Mountain Ridge and never again molest the New England Indians or settlements. This agreement was kept to the letter, and the Falls of the Amoskeag with their tremendous water power became the nucleus of industrial Manchester, steadily growing into commercial importance.

HOOKESETT

"Hooksett Navy Yard" is the name long given in jest to the wide expanse of the river at this point, where the Merrimack makes the bend, giving a beautiful eddy effect which furnishes good boating and a good bathing beach. Hooksett Pinnacle is the highest point directly on the river between Concord and Newburyport. The textile mills, for years specializing in crash towelings, here are among the oldest on the river and are situated at the eastern end of the beautiful Hooksett dam, beyond which are the picturesque three bridges, over which one starts on a railroad journey up the Suncook valley.

A brick yard which has been in continuous operation for over one hundred years, granite and rock, mineral deposits complete the list of industrial activities. Mount St. Mary's Academy, a fine Catholic Convent and School, is located here.

THE SUNCOOK VALLEY

Before proceeding northward on the main line, let us take a side trip up the Suncook valley, either by the highway or the Suncook Valley R. R. which ends at the foothills less than twenty miles away.

At Suncook, two miles from Hooksett, are textile mills and the little village of "China," named after one department of the mills. There is also a granite quarry, a manufacturer of "good wood boxes," and several concerns making narrow webs.

Epsom is the poultry center of New Hampshire, delighting the darkies (black and white) whose appetites whether in New England or New York, appreciate high grade chicken delicacies.

Pittsfield is a shoe manufacturing center with a textile mill, wooden box plant and a factory making overalls and water proof coats for firemen. The favorite pastime of the founder of this business is to take his own medicine by putting on one of his coats and then allowing the town or city fire department to play the hose on him for a given time. Then the coat is opened to show its lining dry. They surely do make men in New Hampshire—and coats!

Barnstead (Parade) village comes next with an artistic webbing concern, and Center Barnstead is soon with us, making shoes, wooden or leather heels, or tanning the leather as fancy dictates. We can go no further by rail, but beyond lies Gilmanton, once the center of the bog iron industry with "Iron Works" still a part of one of the village names. Desiring to put nothing in the way of Pittsburg, New Hampshire retired from the field and the iron works no longer exist!

If we return by train we must go back to Hooksett, otherwise we take the cross state highway over the hills and just before reaching the business section of Concord, we pass on a smooth table land high above the river and level as a billiard table, the drill grounds of the New Hampshire National Guard. Here is another real industry and a live one, too, on the occasion of the annual encampments.

Adjoining the drill field and proving grounds is the airport. Here Col. Lindbergh landed when he came to New Hampshire, and to this point he returned when it was impossible to find Portland in the fog. From this point, New Hampshire's own pilot, Lt. Fogg, went twice daily with the mail to Montpelier and other stricken areas in Vermont during and after the awful floods of November 3, 4 and 5, 1927.

A heroic task in the increasing winter blasts! From here Lt. Fogg went to the assistance of the Trans Atlantic fliers on Greenly island, in April, 1928. The airport is an industry of increasing importance to the state.

CONCORD

Concord, the Capital city, has an industry all its own. On every other year, on the odd year by the calendar, the State Legislature meets. Hotels, rooming houses and restaurants are full to overflowing, yet Concord never turns anyone away for the city is perfectly capable of caring for all who come. The city has done it for years, and does it right well.

The Great and General Court of New Hampshire is the largest representative body of its kind in the world. The fathers who founded this commonwealth believed that the representatives of the

small towns should be heard, and they are heard in large numbers from January to April, inclusive, on each alternate year. The New Hampshire Legislature has produced many of the nation's statesmen; therefore it is a real live industry, of which the city and state may justly be proud.

Although there are many groups of granite quarriers and granite manufacturers in this state, the largest single group is at Concord. Before the days of the railroad, granite for the central portion of the Quincy Market in Boston and for public buildings elsewhere, was sent down the river through the Merrimack and Middlesex canals. Since then Concord granite has graced the trimmings or has been the whole thing, structurally speaking, in many governmental and privately owned buildings throughout the country. One finds Concord granite everywhere. The quarries on Rattlesnake Hill and the nearby cutting plants are usually operating to capacity.

Concord was for many years a piano manufacturing center, but after the death of the proprietors the business was merged with others. For a long time Concord harnesses went all over the world. Most of the leading circuses touring the country were proud to have their splendid animals encased in Concord harnesses, and the same concern also furnished equipment for the Yellowstone Park Transportation Co. and our government reserves. The advent of the automobile obviated the necessity for harness manufacturing along former lines, but they still remain in the memory as a high grade product, well-known during their time, throughout the civilized world.

In the pioneer days of the West, long

before the days of the railroad and after its coming, for journeys to points distant from railroad transportation, there was a call for a strong, heavily built mail and passenger coach which could withstand almost any amount of abuse through bad roads, not to mention frequent Indian attacks, and the energies of four, six or eight horses. Concord wagons and coaches, manufactured by a concern which had its inception in 1814, already had a reputation. The Great West called freely for the product of this organization, and here in Concord by this same concern was made the original "Deadwood coach" which, after its very real and thrilling experiences under actual attacks both by Indians and highway robbers, went the rounds for many years in Buffalo Bill's exhibition. The coach is still extant, as are many Concord express wagons and other horse drawn vehicles.

Changed conditions, however, bring changed manufacturing demands, and the same concern, at the plant which has served transportation so admirably many years, now makes the famous Concord Trucks, which are sold throughout the country.

Concord was known to the Indians as "Pennycook." The spelling of the first white settlers correctly interpreted the euphonics of the red men. Later it was named in English after Count Rumford.

A large contract printing establishment taking the early English name of the community has developed steadily into one of the leading concerns of its kind in the United States, and now prints many of the well-known magazines which are read throughout the country, and are familiar to all who browse among the news-stands and book stores. The rise of this concern to a

point of eminence in its profession is as remarkable as it is thoroughly well-deserved.

Concord, the capital, has many state institutions of substantial proportions which bring both business and visitors to the city. The adjoining town of Bow was the birthplace of Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and an extensive memorial establishment now occupies the site of Pleasant View, her home in Concord many years. A short distance beyond this is St. Paul's School, under Episcopalian management, which has graduated many men now well-known throughout the country.

There is a large leather belting establishment in Concord which has been in existence many years and maintains direct branches in the larger cities of the country. An insulated wire cable factory furnishes a connecting link between comfort and discomfort to the thanks of motorists throughout the world who travel in the automobiles for which this wire is made.

Concord is fortunate in the wide diversity of its industries, as is quickly evidenced by the perusal of the alphabetical list which follows—art calendars, artesian wells, auto covers, auto trucks, boxes, brass, brick manufacturing, cabinet works, car wheels, chairs, chemists (manufacturing), cigars, clothing, electric motors, fire hose nozzles, granite (quarrying, cutting and polishing), insurance (Concord is an important home insurance center, being the home of accident, fire and life insurance companies), iron foundry, leather belting, machinery, plumbers' woodwork, silverware, stock feed, stove manufacturing, and yarn manufacturing.

The Capital City is naturally the home of the New Hampshire State Chamber of

Commerce, always alert for the general welfare of the entire commonwealth. Here, also, right in the heart of things at the corner of Main and Park streets, is the office of the New Hampshire Publicity Bureau, covering efficiently an infinite variety of services for all classes of citizens and answering all from out of the state and abroad who wish to know about New Hampshire.

"Industrial New Hampshire" acknowledges its indebtedness and gratitude to this board and its secretary for its efforts in directing business to New Hampshire manufacturers, and for the very many courtesies and helps to the industries of the state. They have also been unceasing in their efforts to direct inquiring industries from outside to factories or locations within the state.

PENACOOK

This trim, picturesque and highly industrious village, although geographically a part of the city of Concord, is a short five miles from the business center of the Capital City and deserves special mention. Here in two factories are manufactured many of those delicate electrical measuring instruments and other electrical specialties which are so necessary in modern machinery, including the automobile, in which electricity plays a part. Penacook electrical specialties go all over the country and to other realms across the water. Many artisans in this village are highly developed individuals electrically, as a result of the location of these plants at this point.

Since the Pillsbury flour mills of Minneapolis were established by a New Hampshire man, it is surely fair play that New Hampshire should have a flour mill of its own. It has at Penacook, the flour and feed mills at this point which were first operated in 1857, turning out

high grade products, the mills having daily capacity of 500 barrels.

Here at Penacook, beginning in 1835 and continuing until recent years, were made famous Concord axles, which went into many horse-drawn vehicles of all kinds throughout the country, and are even today well-known in Australia, where many of them were sold.

Other industries at this point include woolen and worsted goods, hosiery, woolen carding, yarns, and an excellent line of builders' finish, which is sold all over New England.

DUSTIN ISLAND

Out of the state buyers visiting Penacook factories should not fail to take the half-mile walk or ride from Penacook Square to Dustin Island. Here a monument commemorates the heroic deed of Hannah Dustin, whose "industry" on a certain occasion is well worthy of recounting at this time.

March 15, 1697, Mrs. Dustin was with her nurse, Mary Neff, and a ten days' old infant in her home at Haverhill, Mass. The husband and seven children were in the field. The Indians were heard coming. Hannah called to her husband, who was coming to the rescue, to escape with the seven. It was better to save eight lives than three; all could not be saved.

The eight escaped to safety. The Indians immediately took the life of the babe and compelled the two women to march without shoes in the wet snow fifteen consecutive days until they reached the island, where there were other Indians and a captured English boy who had been kept with them three years.

Learning that they would be obliged the next day to run the gauntlet, which would mean almost certain death, taking

the boy into her confidence, Mrs. Dustin arose shortly after midnight, March 30, and with tomahawks all the Indians were dispatched save a squaw and a papoose, who escaped.

It was necessary to scalp all of the fallen Indians for evidence at Boston. This was done, all the canoes but one scuttled, and the three made their way to Haverhill, where they were received with great joy, and later received special monetary grants from the Provincial Government at Boston.

PASSACONAWAY

At Penacook, also, was the home of the strongest and most renowned character among the New Hampshire Indians, Passaconaway, the bashaba or emperor of the twenty-four federated tribes, beginning with the Wimmipesaukees of New Hampshire and running down to the Narragansetts of Rhode Island.

It was here that he reigned as chief of his home tribe, the Penacooks; here that the early government granted him some land (his own land by the way), but made him pay for the surveying of it. It was from Penacook that on the 19th of September, 1677, the last of the New Hampshire Indians, a little over one hundred, made the long trail northward and joined the St. Francis tribe in Canada.

It was from Dustin Island that Passaconaway himself, then well beyond one hundred years of age, according to the legend on that memorable February morn, was called to the wolf sled ride, which took him swiftly over the frozen wastes of river, field and lake to the summit of Agicocook (Mt. Washington), and from thence he was received by the Great White Spirit into the realm celestial.

Verily, Indian lore, history and in-

dustry are strangely yet closely intermingled in the thriving village of Penacook!

BOSCAWEN

Up the hill from Penacook we immediately pass on the right the old Bonney Tavern, built in 1787, and soon enter the village of Boscawen (Plains). Not an Indian name, but called after Lord Boscawen, this town is rich in history. Note the many bronze tablets on the main street indicating the birthplace of Gen. John A. Dix, who sent the ringing message to the commander at New Orleans—"If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot"—the house where Daniel Webster first practiced law, and other historic spots.

We are now on King street. Queen street goes up over the hill, but along King street have marched at different periods the Indians, French, British and Colonials. Boscawen has produced more notables than any other town of its size in the state.

At the end of the street we descend into what has been known for years as "The Valley of Industry." Here, since the early days, right where the highway crosses the brook, there has been from one to five diminutive factories making barrels, cooperage stock, chair stock or butter packages. One comes upon it so suddenly from the higher tablelands that the hum of the saws and resonance of the hammers strike an immediate and responsive chord in the heart of the visitor.

Right here was born Dr. George Howard Malcolm Rowe, for many years the well-beloved and well-known superintendent of the Boston City hospital. The Rowe family was much in evidence in Boscawen in the old days, as an examination of the cemetery monuments will show.

North Boscawen is next, with a railroad station named Gerrish. Here the local industry consists in the Merrimack County Farm buildings, well managed and well kept. After this the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, near another estate occupied for a time by Webster. We are now within the corporate limits of the city of Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Before we drive through the underpass we have seen on the left a sign indicating a mountain road going westerly to the birthplace of Daniel Webster, two and three-fourths miles. This place is now owned by the state and is well worth the brief side trip to this very historic spot, where, January 18, 1782, the great statesman first saw the light of day. The original house is well-kept and visitors are shown every courtesy, and just think that when Daniel's father went there, it was the last house between Boscawen and Canada! Such was the pioneer spirit!

Franklin specializes in a few things that they may be made exceptionally well. Needles and knitting machinery are made for sale throughout the nation and shipped to many foreign countries. There are also important units in textiles and paper manufacturing. A plant making hack saws, another producing piston rings, and still another manufacturing paper ruling machinery, some of which is shipped to England and Canada.

Franklin boasts the largest single factory unit in America making wool hosiery, foundaries for making iron, brass, bronze and aluminum castings, together with other industries devoted to wood, metal, cloth and leather specialties.

THE MERRIMACK

The Merrimack (river of swift and broken waters), was discovered by Sam-

uel De Champlain, July 17, 1605, when the noted explorer sailed up its mouth three miles from its entrance to the sea at Newburyport, Mass. Right here is opportunity to correct a popular misconception that it rises on Mt. Washington. This is in no sense true. In Franklin they say that "The Merrimack rises back of Warren Daniell's barn," for back of the Daniell estate the Merrimack starts a strong, forceful and full-fledged river by the coming together of the Winnepesaukee, originating in the lake which bears its name, 504 feet above sea level, and the Pemigewasset, into which the waters of Newfound Lake (Pasquaney) flow, while the Pemigewasset itself rises high in the mountains of the Franconia Notch. Thus none of the drainage from Mt. Washington enters the Merrimack. The city of Franklin gives it birth, and it flows a total of 117 miles, turning more textile spindles than any other river in the world.

First surveyed in 1638 by John Gardner, it now supports, after a development of less than three hundred years, a population of considerably over a million people in the towns and cities immediately adjacent to its banks. The songs of the poet and the hum of industry have succeeded the many fishing scenes and powwows for which it was favored by the red man, but it still serves humanity nobly as it will for ages to come.

FRIENDLY RIVALS

At Franklin, the parting of the ways, two distinct groups of forward-looking towns vie with each other in a most cordial invitation to the visitor to come their way. Hill, Bristol and Bridgewater say "Go north by our way; it saves you sixteen miles." Tilton, Laconia, Meredith and Ashland respond: "Ours is the scenic route; it is worth sixteen miles

more." Hill, Bristol and Bridgewater retort: "No better scenery anywhere than the lower Pemigewasset winding through the hills, and the incomparable Newfound Lake." Tilton, Laconia, Meredith and Ashland come back with: "We are four and the lakes are more—Winnisquam, Opechee, Paugus, Winnipesaukee, Waukevan, Little Squam, Big Squam, or call them both Asquam."

It has been freely quoted in various connections that one cannot have his cake and eat it, too, but this does not apply to New Hampshire. Therefore, rather than sacrifice either the cake or the eating we will be friendly to both the rival routes so eloquently delineated by the various signboards at Franklin, and will go straight ahead to Hill, where we find a needle factory, a wood-turning shop, and a concern making high grade glaziers' tools and other specialties which are well-known throughout the country.

To the left before we cross the bridge, bear to the right and ascend a well-graded hill that makes most folks wonder whether it can be made on high or not (but the hill soon decides that), is "Profile Falls." This is not the Old Man of the Mountain, but a good profile nevertheless, and was brought to light by a New Hampshire manufacturer who felt it well worth preserving.

Bristol is the end of the railroad at this point. Walk from the railroad station to the upper square and you will see why. Bristol has the highest fall from lake to river of any place in the state. No wonder the wheels turn merrily all along the two and a half-mile drop. Bristol was the home of the war Governor Berry of New Hampshire, and has produced many notables.

Bristol is the outlet for the academy town of New Hampton. It was here that Uncle Levi Carter lived to be about

one hundred years old and had twenty-one children, many of whom made their mark in the world. Verily, Daniel Webster was right when he said "New Hampshire makes men!"

Bristol has a well-ordered textile mill, has several varieties of woodworking establishments, including wood heels and pickersticks, manufactures mica, and has a crutch factory whose product aids suffering humanity in this and foreign countries in a very utilitarian way. Bristol as a business center for the ever-increasing population of the Newfound Lake region, regards the lake business as an industry peculiarly its own.

While at Bristol we of course take the trip around the lake and then return to Franklin to treat the friendly rivals just alike and reap the reward which such equanimity and poise always brings. We cross the Pemigewasset through a famous covered bridge which was reported in the press as having been swept away in the floods of November, 1927, but which was afterwards found never to have moved a hair's breadth.

Warren Daniell's barn (estate) is on the right, and we are therefore only a few rods from where the Merrimack is every second born anew as quietly and as quickly as its constituent streams cease. Across the Winnipesaukee, just this side the main business section of Franklin, and again crossing the same stream at the other end of the trading center up a steep hill which all good cars make in high, and away three miles to Tilton.

TILTON AND BELMONT

Tilton rates itself "AA" under the slogan "Active and Attractive—That's Tilton!" Well beloved by the Indians, it has statues of the red man and the sprightly animals that he loved, at different points in the village. High up above

the town, but visible from both railroad train and main highway, is the Tilton Arch—a triumphal arch from Rome, or from the Champs Elysees, transferred to a beautiful town in New Hampshire. The non-commercial industries here consist of Tilton School and the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home.

Tilton really is active as well as attractive. Here are made several lines of woolen goods, hosiery, box shooks and lumber, house dresses, optical lenses, endless canvas belts, insulated wire and cable. Tilton is a railroad center in tabloid. North and south goes the main line, White Mountain division, four miles west it connects with the White River line through Franklin, but six miles away at the end of a branch line is Belmont in the hills, with a vigorous hosiery mill, some smaller hosiery units and wood-working.

Back the six miles to Tilton for the purpose of making the main line of progress continuous, although we could have gone on from Belmont had we wished, passing East Tilton, we reach Winnisquam (laughing waters). In a general way this lake is like an hour glass, and we cross it on the main highway, over a gracefully curved bridge, to Winnisquam village and railroad station, the bridge being at the point corresponding with the narrow neck of the hour glass.

In summer the industry of the lake is fishing and boating—in winter it is fishing through the ice and logging across it. Many hundreds of little fish houses dot the ice in winter, while on Winnepesaukee there are several thousand of them during the height of the fishing season. Occasionally the ice breaks up before the houses are drawn off, but even then they are nearly always rescued. Your lake fisherman is resourceful and knows how.

CITY OF THE LAKES

Laconia could well adopt the title of the poem of our childhood days—"We Are Three," for it consists of that portion served by the Laconia postoffice, together with Lakeport, two miles away, with a postoffice and business community of its own, although to the layman the dividing line, if there is any, is not discernible. Four miles further north is the Weirs, given over wholly to the industries that surround a summer resort of a sizable nature. Industrially let us treat Laconia and Lakeport as one, since Lakeport is one of the city wards of Laconia, whose business alphabetically reads as follows—aluminum castings, automatic fire sprinklers, boats, bottled beverages, brass castings, crutches, gray iron castings, grist mill products, hosiery, knitting machine needles, knitting machine parts, malleable iron castings, paper boxes, railroad cars, sweater cloth, tennis racquets, toy building logs, wood hospital accessories.

Laconia has long been known as a knitting machine and needle manufacturing center, both products being made for sale across the water as well as throughout the United States. Street railway cars, freight cars and passenger coaches have long borne the name "Laconia." Beginning early in 1928, this well-equipped concern has added a line of outboard motor speed boats, a perfectly natural development of the business since there are thousands of boats used on New Hampshire lakes, rivers and in the ocean harbors. It is, therefore, now possible for all to travel in Laconian comfort and bliss, whether they go by passenger coach or freight car, street car, bus or motor boat.

Going north from Lakeport to the third postoffice of the "We Are Three" within the city of Laconia, the traveler

either by rail or highway passes along Lake Paugus, named after a famous Indian chieftain, until the Weirs is reached, where one gets his first view of Lake Winnepesaukee (Lake of the Smiling Waters), the second largest fresh water lake wholly within the territorial bounds of the United States of America. Its magnificent expanse of silver, green, blue, purple and gold, depending upon the time of day, with the lights and shadows being exceeded in acreage under the designation given, only by Lake Okecho-

bee in Florida. The Weirs in the Indian tongue was "Arquedahkenesh," (The Place of Plenty and Easy Fishing). From this point twice daily the steamer *Mount Washington* makes a sixty-mile trip around the lake, while the auto trip entirely around the lake is 110 miles in length. Majestic Lake Winnepesaukee with its numerous public and institutional camps and thousands of summer camps, constitutes a seasonable industry of which New Hampshire may well be proud.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Evening Near Ragged Mountain

JOSEPH HOOD BARNES

The unwheeled tip-cart blocks the warped barndoor,
 The rusty plow lies on the grass-grown wall,
 The rafter shadows on the canting floor
 Show slanting light from Ragged's spruces tall.

The old gate's rusty, long-unlifted latch
 Clicks loud where silence many years has been.
 From bough-scraped house the stranger seems to catch
 An evening echo of past life within.

An aspen quivers on the quiet air,
 The valley darkens past the slope, and soon
 A thread of curling marsh-mist seems to bear
 Earth's peaceful message to the crescent moon.

The narrow woodroad up the hill is dim
 As memory of the lives whose need it met.
 The early night wind stirring the fir limb
 Is faint in hope but loud in its regret.

The last light fades along the western sky,
 The ridges die in shadow one by one.
 The east's glow, too, has passed, and by and by
 The first pale star announces day is done.

Representative Women of New Hampshire.

Lilian Carpenter Streeter

H. H. METCALF

WHILE more men and women from New Hampshire, in proportion to population, than from any other state, have won distinction in various fields of activity in the country at large, whether in public service or professional, educational, industrial or business life, some who have remained in the old home state have made a record for worth-while achievement comparable with anything accomplished by those who have gone abroad. Among New Hampshire women of distinction in the line of human service LILIAN CARPENTER STREETER holds high place.

Born in Bath, N. H., July 22, 1854, she came to womanhood in an era when great progressive movements for the betterment and uplift of humanity were having their inception, and their appeal found response in her heart and mind, as shown by ready and efficient action. She came of parentage presaging character and ability of high order, being the daughter of the Hon. Alonzo P. and Julia R. (Goodall) Carpenter. Her father was one of the remarkable array of lawyers contributed to New Hampshire by the state of Vermont, including such men as Harry Hibbard, Edmund Burke, Jacob Benton, Harry and George A. Bingham, William L. Foster, Albert S. Wait, Ossian Ray and Henry B. Atherton, followed by the Mitchells, Remicks, Charles F. Stone and others, including him who later became her husband. For years Judge Carpenter was among the leaders of the Grafton County bar, one of the ablest and most brilliant

in the state, and was appointed a member of the Supreme Bench in 1881, and succeeded the late Charles Doe as chief justice April 1, 1896, continuing until his own decease, May 21, 1898. He was born in Waterford, Vt., January 28, 1829. Julia R. Goodall, her mother, was a daughter of Ira Goodall, a prominent lawyer of Bath, with whom, as well as with former Chief Justice Andrew L. Woods, Judge Carpenter had studied law. Rev. David Goodall, the first minister of Littleton, who organized the Congregational Church in that town 125 years ago, was the father of Ira Goodall and Mrs. Streeter's great-grandfather.

Mrs. Streeter was educated by private teachers and at the famous St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy, but must have profited much from close association with her father, who was accounted the best classical scholar who ever sat upon the bench of the New Hampshire Supreme Court. On November 14, 1877, she was united in marriage with Frank Sherwin Streeter, who had been a student at law in her father's office at Bath. He was one year her senior, having been born at East Charleston, Vt., August 5, 1853. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1874, was admitted to the bar in 1877; practised for a few months in Orford, and then removed to Concord, where he rose rapidly in his profession, and, after a brilliant and successful career, departed this life December 12, 1922. He had served as President of the Constitutional Convention of 1902, as a member of the



LILLIAN CARPENTER STREETER

International Boundary Commission, and for thirty years as a trustee of Dartmouth College, which institution, in 1913, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the social life of Concord, where her home has been for a full half century, Mrs. Streeter has long been a conspicuous figure, and this not on account of her husband's prominence and success, but because of her own individuality and personal interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of society, in educational, religious and charitable work, and in organized effort for social improvement and progress.

It was on March 21, 1893, that the Concord Woman's Club, the first departmental club in the state, was organized, with Mrs. Streeter as president—most fittingly so as it was entirely through her persistent efforts that the club was established. In an article in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for June of that year, Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth, a member of the club, and New Hampshire's first graduate from Vassar College, said: "The formation of our Concord Woman's Club is a marked example of the power that emanated from the steadfast faith of one individual, and it is to Mrs. Lilian Carpenter Streeter that we are indebted for this new source of pleasure and profit." Her interest in this club has ever continued, and it was not long after its organization that she was chiefly instrumental in the formation of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs of which she was also the first president, and has since been known as "Founder and Honorary Life President."

It was also in 1893 that Mrs. Streeter, at the instance of Edward Everett Hale of the New England Conference of Charities and Correction, visited the

almshouses of the state with a view to ascertaining the general conditions affecting children of the state, and reported to that Conference the result of her investigations.

In 1903 she was actively instrumental in the formation of the Concord Charity Organization, as it was then called, but now known as the Family Welfare Society, which has done great work in aid of the poor and needy people of the city. She served as vice president of this organization till 1910. In June, 1909, she represented New Hampshire at the Conference on Dependent Children called by President Roosevelt and held in the White House at Washington. She was also interested in the organization of the Concord District Nursing Association, which she served as secretary and subsequently as president, being afterward made honorary president.

She was made chairman of an Unpaid Children's Commission, provided for by the legislature of 1913, and made a thorough and exhaustive study of the condition of dependent children throughout the state, reporting to the Legislature and recommending the enactment of a measure providing for state care of such children. A bill to that effect was introduced and passed in the House, but was killed in the Senate, which has been the graveyard of many beneficent measures all through the years.

Perhaps her most important service in the line of philanthropic work was that in connection with the establishment of the State Board of Charities and Correction in 1895, in which movement she had been interested from the start. A measure providing for the establishment of the board had been introduced and passed in the House but was held up in committee in the Senate, and an adverse report was about to be presented. The

proponents of the bill were granted a final hearing, however, and upon short notice of the inability of Mrs. Isaac N. Blodgett of Franklin, the author and most active promoter of the measure, who was expected to speak in its behalf, to attend the hearing, Mrs. Streeter appeared in her place and made such an effective argument in its favor that the committee reversed its decision unanimously, reported favorably, the bill passed, and the Board which has done splendid work for suffering humanity in the state of New Hampshire for the last third of a century, became an established institution. Mrs. Streeter was properly offered a position on the Board but felt obliged to decline on account of the pressure of other duties at the time and her mother, Mrs. Julia R. Carpenter, a born philanthropist, was appointed in her stead. Upon her mother's death, in 1899, she succeeded her and was made Secretary of the Board, serving till 1901, when she was made Chairman, and held the office for ten years.

Since her withdrawal, in large measure, with advancing years, from social activity and organization work, Mrs. Streeter has devoted much attention to the cultivation of flowers and has made of the extensive garden attached to her home at 234 North Main street, Concord, what has come to be known as one of the most attractive gardens in this state, the same being opened to the public on many days in the height of the season, and visited by hundreds of admiring citizens and many from outside the city limits. She has done much to encourage others in the development of a taste for gardening, and rendered practical aid in carrying out work in this line. In discussing this subject her manner of speech is no less earnest and convincing than when she has been supporting the

great philanthropic measures to whose success her earlier life was devoted.

Mrs. Streeter is a member of Rumford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Concord, and of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames, of which she was state treasurer from 1914 to 1923, and was also national registrar from 1923 to 1925. She is a member of the Shakespeare Club of Concord (president), and of the Concord Friendly Club. She is a member at large of the Garden Club of America; honorary vice president of the Monadnock Garden Club and a member of the Chilton and Mayflower Clubs of Boston.

In religion she is a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a devoted member of St. Paul's Church of Concord, interested in all its activities. She is a member of the Social Service Commission of the New Hampshire Diocese, and when the Provincial Synod of New England was established in October, 1913, she was made a member—the only woman on the board.

Although an active opponent of woman suffrage while the question was in issue, she has been more faithful to her duties as a citizen since the enfranchisement of her sex than some ardent suffragists have been. In politics she is a Progressive Republican, of the type of the late Theodore Roosevelt and John G. Winant.

At the "Commencement" in June, 1920, the New Hampshire State College (now the University of New Hampshire), conferred upon Mrs. Streeter the honorary degree of Master of Arts, in conferring which President Hetzel said:

First President of the Concord Woman's Club; Founder, First President and Honorary President of the New Hampshire Federation

of Women's Clubs; Chairman of the Children's Commission; interested in innumerable enterprises; generous in sympathies; tactful but persistent in social reforms; wise in counsel, loyal always to the traditions of Puritan idealism; in the spirit of your gifted father a servant of the public good; in recognition of your generous and valuable public service to mankind, the faculty and trustees of your state college take pleasure in conferring upon you the honorary degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

with all the rights, privileges and honor attaching thereto.

Mrs. Streeter has a daughter and son. The daughter, Julia, graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1900, and married Henry Gardner, then of Salem, Mass. They

have four children—Rosamond Gillis, now a junior at Bryn Mawr; Henry, Jr., who enters college next autumn; Henry Goodall and Frank Streeter. The son, Thomas Winthrop, graduated from Dartmouth in 1904, and from the Harvard Law School in 1907. He now resides in New York, where he is chairman of the board of the Sims Petroleum Company and director of many corporations. He married Ruth Cheney, a granddaughter of B. P. Cheney, who founded Cheney's Express, the basis of the present American Railway Express. They have four young children—Frank Streeter, 2d, Henry L. Thomas Winthrop, Jr., and Lilian Carpenter, the eldest ten years of age. It is needless to say that Mrs. Streeter takes special pride and comfort in her interesting grandchildren.

Sentimental Dialogue

RICHARD V. JOHNSON

"Why should I give all his dear things away?"

"You have no need for them; somebody may.
I know five children who go cold today."

"Often he rubbed his soft glove on my arm;
Often I soothed his most childish alarm."

"Why keep his clothes, my dear? Come, now, be calm.

"I have undressed him and put him to bed;
I have kissed him at night on the top of his head."

"You will keep all his things?"

"Till the day I am dead!"

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EDWARD T. McSHANE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

HENRY H. METCALF }
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Editorial

New Hampshire's Motor Vehicle Commissioner, John F. Griffin, is not only a capable and efficient official, he is modest and unassuming in the discharge of his duties, rarely seeking the medium of the newspapers to give expression to his opinions. That he is also "hard boiled" when it comes down to brass tacks in dealing with offenders of the motor laws is, too, quite a well known fact. So, when Mr. Griffin does speak he says something. In a recent interview he scored the practice of "cutting out of line" as indefensible and thereby won many plaudits of praise from law-observing motorists. Some day, soon, something must and will be done to curb motorists who are not content to await their turn in passing slow going autos. Admitting that it is quite all right to pass machines whose drivers are loath to exceed a speed limit of more than twenty-five miles, the contention that each driver in the line behind should await his turn in passing, properly and safely, is founded on plain common sense, and if our Motor Vehicle Commissioner is not now fully clothed with the lawful authority to kill this menace before it kills us, then authority should be granted him at the earliest opportunity. New Hampshire motorists are becoming weary of being crowded off the highway by drivers who are trying to

gain a few feet. To watch traffic flow by on a week-end one can be impelled to think that the insane asylums are being moved and the incurables are driving.

The first step in the plan to export power from New Hampshire on a gigantic scale was taken when the Public Service Commission granted authority to the electric power interests to sell the surplus power from the new enterprise at Littleton, outside the state, it having been shown that more power will be developed than required by our own industries. Upon the surface the provisions of this law reads very prettily, but there is something under the surface that needs attention. If our industries are bought up and the plants dismantled, then a surplus can be created almost anywhere in the state. If the Amoskeag properties at Manchester are bought by the power trust interests, under whatever corporate name, and the mills closed, then the surplus of electric energy at this big enterprise can be sold outside the state. New Hampshire will welcome the development of its water power sites for the use of New Hampshire industries and people, but when New Hampshire awakens to the fact that its power sites are developed for the purpose of helping its competitors in other states to operate more cheaply, then, well, then it may be too late to do anything about it.

New Hampshire Necrology

MRS. WILL B. HOWE

Ida May Howe, born in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, February 15, 1864; died at Berkeley, California, June 28, 1928.

She was the daughter of James and Elizabeth (Waterman) Starrett and married Will B. Howe, city engineer of Concord, N. H., January 22, 1889, residing with him in that city until his decease April 1, 1922, and later removing to California.

While in Concord Mrs. Howe was active and prominent in various patriotic and social organizations. She was a charter member of Rumford Chapter, D. A. R., and served as its regent, and also as regent of the state society. She was a member of the Concord Woman's Club, the Society of Colonial Dames, and of the Daughters of Patriots and Founders of America, and was also a member of the executive board of the Concord Chapter of the American Red Cross, and served on various committees during the World War.

In California, where she removed in 1922, she resided with her daughter, Miss Myrna Howe, supervisor of health education in elementary and junior high schools, San Francisco, who is the only survivor of the family.

DANIEL C. WOODMAN

Daniel C. Woodman, born in Laconia, August 8, 1859; died at Whitefield, July 16, 1928.

He was son of Daniel C. and Betsy L. Woodman, and was educated in the public schools and New Hampton Institute, graduating from the commercial department of the latter in 1879, and then entering the employ of A. P. Fitch of

Concord, with whom, and later with C. H. Martin, he was engaged in the drug business for several years. On account of health he then engaged for a time in the building business with A. C. Ferrin, but, four years later, bought a half interest in the C. H. Martin store and returned to his occupation as a druggist, later acquiring the entire business. He sold out in 1908 and removed to Whitefield, where he conducted a drug store until 1913, when he retired and moved to Manchester, engaging the next year in the real estate and insurance business, in which he was active up to the time of his death, which occurred suddenly from heart failure while on a visit to Whitefield.

He was a Republican in politics and while in Concord served two years on the Board of Aldermen and four years as an assessor. In Manchester he was an active member of the Real Estate Board. He was prominent in Masonry, a Knight Templar and Shriner, and a member of St. John's Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Whitefield. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Miss Lena Woodman.

WILLIAM H. FOSTER

William Hamilton Foster, born in Concord, August 27, 1861; died there, July 19, 1928.

He was the son of Judge William L. and Clara B. (Perkins) Foster, and eighth in descent from John Foster, an early settler of Salem, Mass. He graduated from St. Paul's School in 1883, and immediately became a master in that institution, continuing till 1911, when he was made vice rector, which position he held until death. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth

College in 1885. He was an Episcopalian in religion and a Republican in politics; a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Society of Colonial Wars and the Wonalancet Club of Concord.

He is survived by his wife, who was Alvira E. Gordon, daughter of Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter, and a daughter, Harriett Evelyn, wife of Frederick M. Gardner of Philadelphia.

KIRK D. PIERCE

Kirk Dearborn Pierce, born in Hillsboro, August 11, 1845; died there, July 23, 1928.

He was the son of Col. Henry D. and Susan (Tuttle) Pierce, and was educated in the public schools and Boscawen Academy. He studied law and engaged in practice in company with his brother, Frank H., a graduate of Princeton, who was later U. S. consul at Matanzas. Their office was at Hillsboro Lower Village, but after his brother's appointment as consul he removed his office to Hillsboro Bridge, where he continued in practice until his retirement about ten years ago. He was the last male descendant of the family of Gov. Benjamin Pierce and a nephew of President Franklin Pierce.

February 19, 1879, he married Mary A. Collins, who died in 1910, leaving two daughters, Susan Hamilton and Mary Kirk, who resided with him.

EDWIN M. HEARD

Edwin M. Heard, born in Sandwich, December 17, 1853; died at his summer home there, July 26, 1928.

He was the son of the late William A. and Ann (Marston) Heard, thus representing two of the most prominent old families of Carroll County, his father having served as clerk of the court

for that county for many years. He was educated in the town schools and Tilton Seminary, and engaged for many years in general trade in Sandwich as well as insurance, but some years ago removed to Laconia, where he enlarged his insurance and banking business. He was a trustee and treasurer of the Methodist Church at Sandwich, where he kept a summer home, and prominent in Masonry. Politically he was a Democrat.

In 1878 he married Nellie L. Barker, who survives, with one son, Howard B. Arthur M. Heard of the Amoskeag Bank, Manchester, is a brother of the deceased.

CHARLES G. WALDRON

Charles G. Waldron, born in Dover, June 29, 1879; died there, July 27, 1928.

He was a son of the late Frank P. and Katherine (Moue) Waldron, was educated in the public schools and served seven years in a local newspaper office. In 1901 he enlisted in the U. S. Coast Artillery and served three years, attaining the rank of sergeant.

In 1904 he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad as a fireman. After his promotion to engineer he served in both the freight and passenger departments. In 1921 he was made engine house foreman at Portsmouth. In 1924 he was transferred to the roundhouse in Dover as foreman, which position he filled until his death.

Though a staunch Democrat, he was elected representative to the Legislature in 1918 in Ward 1, a Republican stronghold. Several times before he was elected mayor in 1921, he had been the party's nominee for mayor. He was the only Democrat ever twice re-elected as mayor of this Republican city.

He was a past exalted ruler of Dover Lodge of Elks. He was also a member

of Moses Paul Lodge of Masons, United Spanish War Veterans' Association and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ethel G. Waldron; a daughter, Margaret F., and a son, George F.

EDWARD G. LEACH

Edward G. Leach, born in Meredith, January 28, 1849; died in Franklin, July 30, 1928.

He was the son of Levi and Susan (Sanborn) Leach. He prepared for college at Tilton Seminary and graduated from Dartmouth in 1871. Removing to Franklin he taught for a time in the old Franklin Academy, and later studied law with Barnard & Sanborn for three years when he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Franklin, which he continued successfully through life.

Politically he was a Republican. He was the first city solicitor of Franklin and held the office many years at different times, and was solicitor for Merrimack County from 1880 to 1884. He was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1893 and 1895, and of the State Senate in 1907, and of the Executive Council in 1905-6. In 1918 and 1919 he was mayor of Franklin.

Mr. Leach was active in the organization of the Manufacturers and Merchants Mutual Insurance Company in 1884 and was its president at the time of his death. He also promoted the organization of the Franklin Building and Loan Association, of which he was president, and was a leader in various public enterprises. He was a leading member and officer of the Unitarian Church of Franklin, and a Knight Templar Mason. On December 24, 1874, he married Agnes A. Robinson of Boston, who sur-

vives, with two sons, Eugene W. Leach, judge of probate for Merrimack County, and Robert M. Leach of Taunton, Mass., former member of Congress; also six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

REV. DENNIS C. LING, D. D.

Rev. Dennis C. Ling, D. D., rector of St. John's Catholic Church of Concord, died at the rectory, August 4, after a long illness.

He was a native of Kingsley, P. Q., 69 years of age. He was educated at Nicolet College and Seminary and was ordained to the priesthood in 1887. He was a curate in Nashua, under Msgr. Milette several years, and became rector at Marlboro in 1891, where he was instrumental in the building of a rectory, and of a church at Harrisville. From Marlboro he was transferred to East Manchester, where he established the parish of St. Anthony. Later he served in Hinsdale seven years, and from there was transferred to Lebanon, where he erected a fine school building. From Lebanon he went to Keene, remaining eight years, and was then transferred to Concord, succeeding Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D., upon the appointment of the latter as Bishop of Springfield.

E. SCOTT OWEN

Ellery Scott Owen, born in Belcher-town, Mass., July 17, 1860; died in Concord, N. H., August 5, 1928.

He was the son of Rev. Eleazer and Mary Abigail (Walker) Owen, and was educated in the public schools of Springfield and Westfield, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., graduating from the Portsmouth High School in 1877. He traveled for the Boston publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co. from 1882 to 1886; was in the service of the Kansas City

Investment Company from 1886 to 1892, and of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company of Hartford from 1892 to 1909, serving most of the time as the New Hampshire manager, removing to Concord in the former year. Since 1909 he had been a representative of Baker, Ayling and Young, investment bankers of Boston.

He was active in religious work, had been president of the Concord and State Y. M. C. A., a deacon of the South Congregational Church of Concord and was

moderator of the New Hampshire Congregational Conference in 1906. He was a Republican, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Wonalancet Club of Concord. He married, first, Elizabeth M. Flagg of Portsmouth, June 14, 1888, who died June 22, 1894; second, Alice G. Holmes of Portsmouth, October 14, 1896.

He is survived by the latter, with one son by the first wife, Forrest Flagg Owen of Grand Rapids, Mich., and a son and daughter by the second, Harold H. and Margaret Owen, of Concord.

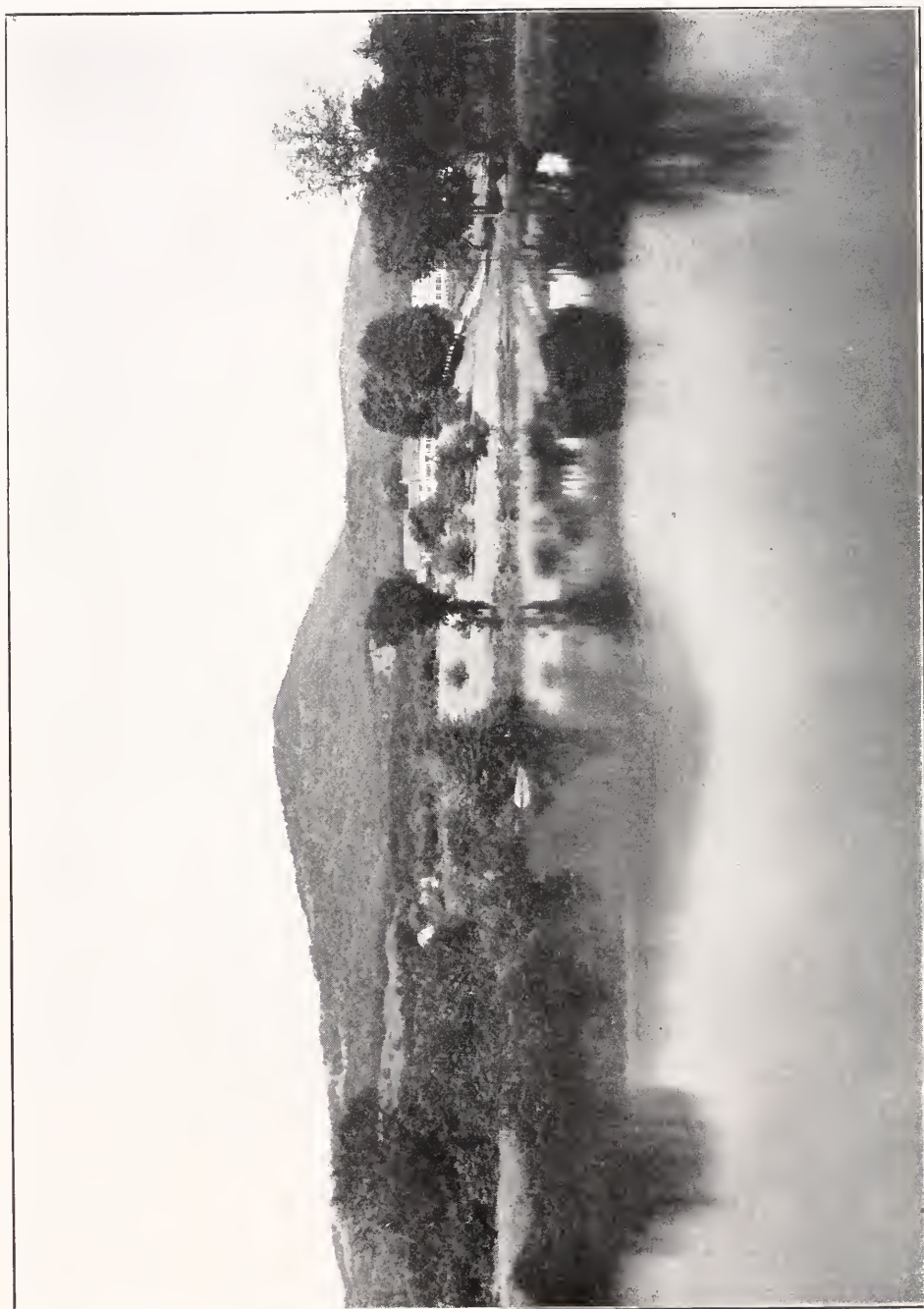
Mountains

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Mountains are warriors strong
 In steel blue armor clad,
 Spring-time comes skipping
 In bright silver tripping,
 And the warrior mountains are warmly glad.

Mighty—serene they stand,
 And tolerantly smile
 At the misty-spring
 Who on rainbow wing
 Dances so gaily and sings the while.

Mountains are warriors strong
 In mist-blue coats of mail,
 But the seige of winter is o'er
 And white-petaled spring once more
 Tosses o'er them her soft flowered veil.



LOWWELL VALLEY AND MT. LOWWELL, EAST WASHINGTON, N. H.

A Leaf From Lovewell Valley History

AGNES BARNEY YOUNG

The corn, so tall and sturdy grown,
Was tasseled in the field;
Abijah Monroe walked through it, said,
"I'll have an ample yield."
But some one else had glimpsed that corn,
Its ears so long and fair—
Inspection easy, for, in range,
The cave of Mr. Bear.
From forest home on Lovewell's side
He noted things below;
So, when the darkness hid his jaunts,
He knew just where to go.

The land now donning red and gold,
While fall bird's sweet refrain
Was wafted from the showy trees
To echo 'cross the plain.
The picture one of beauty rare,
As autumn sun had set;
Again, the bear tried out the corn,
And grumbled low, "Not yet!"

The Harvest Moon waxed bigger, and,
At last, there came a day,
When 'Bijah Monroe went forth again—
In wonder-born dismay,
For, there were torn and scattered husks
Along the trampled rows—
The costly, crafty night-time raids
'Mong pioneers' woes.

Sad, 'Bijah looked at Lovewell's height,
Disheartened, said "He's there—
"None, none would come to do me ill—
"I'll wager it's a bear."
He went off home and told his Sally—
You know what he'd repeat—
You know a man will pile his troubles
At willing helpmate's feet.

Resourceful, Sally paused to listen,
"Though hands were in the dough,
And, when her 'Bijah ceased relating
His drawn-out tale of woe,
I hear her say, "Why, 'Bijah M—,
"I'll tell you in a trice,
"Go, ask the neighbors what to do,
"They give such good advice."
So 'Bijah off across-lots went,

Climbed walls a-bounding lands;
 And left poor Sally working hard
 With both her mind and hands.

'Tis night, some dark forms, stealthily,
 Have to the cornfield sped,
 And left a piece of tasty bait,
 Where depredations led.
 Watch! See! A torch glows on the plain,
 Another on the hill;
 The settlers are a-coming 'round
 To see if it's a "kill."
 Kind Sally's piled the apples high—
 The scene by candles lighted—
 The room with folks is filling up,
 And they are all excited.
 While lively talk goes blithely on
 With many a joke and bet—
 Outside, the shadows, deepening, creep—
 The scene for action set.

Away up on the mountain-side,
 A bulky form comes out,
 And sniffs at fragrance of the air—
 Detects no one about.
 He looks back at the opening of
 That snug and hidden den;
 He loves this quiet tree-trimmed spot—
 He'll soon be back again.
 The brush snaps, as he travels on
 A-down the bouldered steep;
 He's husky, and 'most ready for
 The long, long, winter's sleep.
 The birds, in birches tall a-roosting,
 Cast down one sleepy eye
 At Bruin, their disturber, passing,
 So slyly ambling by.

He's reached the clearing now, and sees
 The cornstalks in full view;
 He's coming nearer, nearer, sniffs—
 A scent—not corn—it's new.
 He scouts around for choice lure—
 Ah, he espies the treat,
 With cunning, closer he creeps up—
 The settlers' trick complete.
 He nibbles, likes, then grabs the bait—
 A gun sounds on the air—
 Four feet will never travel back
 To cherished wild-wood lair.

Out, out, the watchers rushed, and some,
 The nimblest, sped ahead,
 A-shouting back, "Come on, come on,
 "He's dead, old Bruin's dead!"
 They dragged him out on stubble-bed,
 And found the bullet-hole—

Unique, the picture, torch-lit, weird,
 Upon the wind-swept knoll.
 The trick, so skilfully, was played;
 To trigger of a gun
 Attached a piece of savory pork—
 A jerk—the deed was done.

* * * * *

When Harvest Moon 'bove Lovewell's crest
 Lights churchyard on the hill,
 The ancient tombstones' even rows,
 Come with me, if you will,
 And, while you read on graying slab
 The names "Abijah, Sally,"
 A bear will leave his mountain home,
 A bear without an ally,
 And re-enact in phantom corn
 The legend of the valley.

At An August Dawning

ELEANOR W. VINTON

At an August dawning
 Where mist curtains curly
 Wave like a wind-blown awning
 Silken soft and pearly

Have you watched the fairy
 Dancers all a-tingle,
 Petticoats quite airy,
 Tiny bells a-jingle?

Scurrying and bustling
 Dainty slippers quiver,
 Chiffon skirts all rustling
 Mirrored in the river?

Watched them vanish quickly
 When the imps of daylight
 With their whisk brooms prickly
 Whisk away the graylight?

Prohibition and Christian Ethics

HARRY TAYLOR

NINE years ago the rulers of the United States came to the conclusion that the consumption of alcoholic beverages—wines, spirits and beer—was a serious menace to the well being of the country. They consequently passed the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act to prohibit the sale and consumption of these beverages in the United States of America.

It is very questionable whether the majority of the people of these states were in favor of Prohibition when it became law. There is more than a suspicion that the very legislators who passed the law were for the most part drinkers of alcohol in some form or other. The minority group who "put over" Prohibition were able to do so because of certain psychological factors operating at the time. The strongest of these factors, of course, was the war fever which had more or less moulded the mass of people into a docile and pliable form ready and eager to do anything they were told, if they were informed that it was "patriotic".

However, Prohibition is with us today; it is the law of the land; why not make the best of it and do our best to make people obey it? We all know, say the people of the above opinion, that alcohol is not necessary in any form, that it is injurious to the human system. Why not then continue to prohibit it until the younger generation has ceased to have any knowledge of alcoholic beverages.

But that is exactly what is being done today: the people of this country are for the most part making an attempt to obey and to enforce Prohibition but they are not succeeding very well. In order to

show why this is it will be necessary to talk a little of what I will call the Philosophy of Lawmaking.

A law is a rule of order or conduct established by authority and there is not a society in existence that does not enforce, for its own preservation, such laws and rules of conduct as are deemed necessary. But it has to be observed that the laws or rules of conduct laid down by any group are only obeyed when there is first of all in that society a feeling that such laws or rules are good and proper. That is to say, the laws that are unhesitatingly obeyed by the great majority in any said group are such as would be observed by choice—law or no law. They are rules of conduct that have become embedded in the mores and folkways of the group long before the authority makes them law. In other words, all good and sound laws are merely the recording by king or legislative assembly of rules of conduct that are already observed by the mass of people.

All tribes and nations for centuries past have had laws regarding murder. Murder, in almost every group, is the most reprehensible of actions. The normal human being shrinks with horror from the act of murder. Even if no law were passed in any group there would still be some recourse to speedy and drastic action upon the part of the citizens when a murder occurred.

It is the same with robbery. The mass of people shun the very idea of robbery or theft. For long ages there has been passed on from generation to generation a feeling against robbery. The automatic passing of laws against robbery follows long after that offense

is registered against in the hearts and lives of the mass of people.

The saying that "You cannot make people good by act of Parliament" is true of the making of laws in all ages. Wherever an act has been passed before the people were ready for it, wherever an act has been passed that was not prompted by the mass of people themselves, there has always been failure in the administration of that law.

Now as regards the drinking of alcoholic beverages, is such an act considered a crime by the common man and the common woman? We know that it is not. Even when a person drinks to excess—as is frequently the case—still we would find it hard to find an ordinary man or woman who would regard even that as a crime. Most of us would say immediately that drunkenness is a sin, an impropriety, a foolish submission of oneself to an appetite, but we would not say that drunkenness was a crime. We are none of us persuaded that a man is a criminal because he takes a glass of beer or spirits. We are far too near the time when heavy drinking was the rule and when men—parsons, lords and commoners—often finished their drinking in a drunken sleep under the table.

It will be seen from the above that the drinking of alcoholic beverages is in a different category from robbery and theft and adultery and murder. These latter are already made illegal in the hearts and lives of the people but not so the former.

It is true that just before the war the excesses of drinking had begun to shock the normal, decent man and woman. No one with any sense of decency liked to see the saloons at every street corner exploiting the instinct of conviviality for private gain. No one liked to think that a vast and powerful combine—the Liquor Trade—was interested in making people drink as much as they could

possibly hold. To this extent the conscience of the people had changed since the days of Dickens and Abraham Lincoln.

But the conscience of the people ten years ago did not insist that the liquor traffic should be abolished; it merely insisted that the time had come when it ought to be controlled. That is the extent to which the conscience of the people goes today and that is why the administration of Prohibition as a whole has been and is a failure. It has gone far beyond what reasonable people considered was necessary.

So much for Prohibition: now let us examine Christian Ethics and try to see what it has to say upon the question of Prohibition. It is my contention that the teaching of Christian Ethics is against the policy of Prohibition. Prohibition, that is to say, is not good Christian Ethics.

Christian Ethics is the teachings of Jesus upon life and conduct. It is his way of making people good. The ministers of the Christian Churches are trying to make people good in a different manner from the law makers. Jesus said "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." What exactly did he mean? He meant just this: "There are many admirable things that are Caesar's, things that are necessary for the maintenance of society as it exists today. It is Caesar's task to enforce them as best he can by law and statute and soldier and policeman. These belong to Caesar; but I have a different way. I do not try to make men and women do good by force. I do not try to make people do the thing that is right and fitting because of the policeman's truncheon. I try to make men and women *desire* to be good; I try to make men and women hunger and thirst after righteousness; I try to give men and

women a new heart and a new conscience so that they not only obey Caesar but someone immeasurably higher than Caesar."

Because of the hardness of our hearts, as Jesus said to the Jews, we need laws and policemen and such like, but they are not the weapons of the Christian if he be a real follower of Jesus. If the Christian desires that men should cease to indulge in intoxicating liquor he does not call in the aid of the policeman and the jailer. He knows, if he has penetrated to the heart of the Christian religion, that you cannot *force* men to be good. If you want men and women to be good and to desire goodness you must create in their hearts a liking for goodness. A drunkard converted from drinking by the methods of Caesar gets blind drunk again immediately he is outside the prison walls. A man converted from drinking by the application of Christian Ethics can pass a hundred saloons in a day and not be tempted for he has lost the desire to drink. It takes much longer to make men good by the Christian method but it is much surer.

Modern Education is founded upon the same idea. The old method was that of force and punishment. The older educationalist conceived the pupil as a kind of human container into whom—willingly or unwillingly—so much knowledge had to be poured from the educational ladle. In the old system of education, that is to say, the free play and growth of the child was not considered at all. Our modern ideas are different. They seem to be founded upon Christian Ethics. The end in view is the production of free, intelligent and self-directing men and women such as are needed in our modern day.

The old education hammered knowledge into the child by the rule of force; the new education seeks to draw out of the pupil his best talents and energies by

understanding and sympathy. There is little of "Thou shalt not" about our modern education just as there is little of that spirit in Christian Ethics.

People governed by the "Thou shalt not" method are not the material for a spiritual and enlightened democracy. Jesus saw this very clearly in his day and offered something very different from the negative laws of Moses which mainly consist of "Thou shalt not's."

Christian Ethics seeks to redeem men from ignorance and sin by revealing to them the eternal truths of right living and by giving them such a vision and such a desire for the Life-Eternal—which is the life that is lived right here and now when one loves the truth and seeks it with one's whole heart—that the lower and sensual desires wither and fall off for lack of nourishment. Christianity seeks to show men the path into the kingdom of Truth, Beauty and Goodness and create in their hearts such a desire to tread that path that they no longer have any desire for sin and sensuality and selfishness. Christianity cures men of a lust for the lower things of life by giving them a love for the things that are higher. It takes a long time to do it but it is the only way that it can be done.

Not by way of Prohibitions, that is to say, can men be saved but only by way of enlightenment and understanding and love. The policeman has no place in the Kingdom of God. Christianity affirms that the man that is saved by force and by law and prohibitions is not saved at all and never will be saved until he desires of his own free will and judgment something better.

What, then, has the teaching of Christian Ethics to say upon the problem of drunkenness? It says to begin with, in the words of old John Bright, that force is no remedy. You cannot make a citizen of God's Kingdom out of a man

simply by passing a law that if he drinks intoxicating liquor you will clap him in jail. If he has any manhood in him at all your prohibition may have the result of making him drink all the harder. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Drive out nature with a fork and she comes running back." That is what our Prohibition friends are trying to do; they are trying to drive out nature with a fork and she is coming running back.

Saint Paul says somewhere, "If meat cause my brother to stumble I will eat no meat forevermore." Our modern Christian Prohibitionists have altered that text to another which reads, "If drink cause my brother to stumble I will call in a policeman and clap him in jail." It is an easy way to get rid of an obnoxious fellow but he remains a problem just the same when he emerges resentful and bewildered out of prison.

How then ought the Christian Church to deal with the drink problem? The end in view—and let there be not the slightest doubt about that—ought to be a society where men and women will no longer desire intoxicating drinks of any kind. But the Christian Church, if it has both the wisdom of the serpent and the softness of the dove, will be very chary about using the instruments of Caesar in fighting the liquor problem.

Rather will it seek to break men away gradually from a habit which is as old as the race.

If men must drink, it should say, let them drink in as seemly a place as possible and surrounded with all the safeguards of human decency and fellowship. Let there be no profit or exploitation for evil ends in this drink business in future. Apply law to this great question but do it wisely, judiciously and in such a manner that men's resentment and animosity be not unduly kindled.

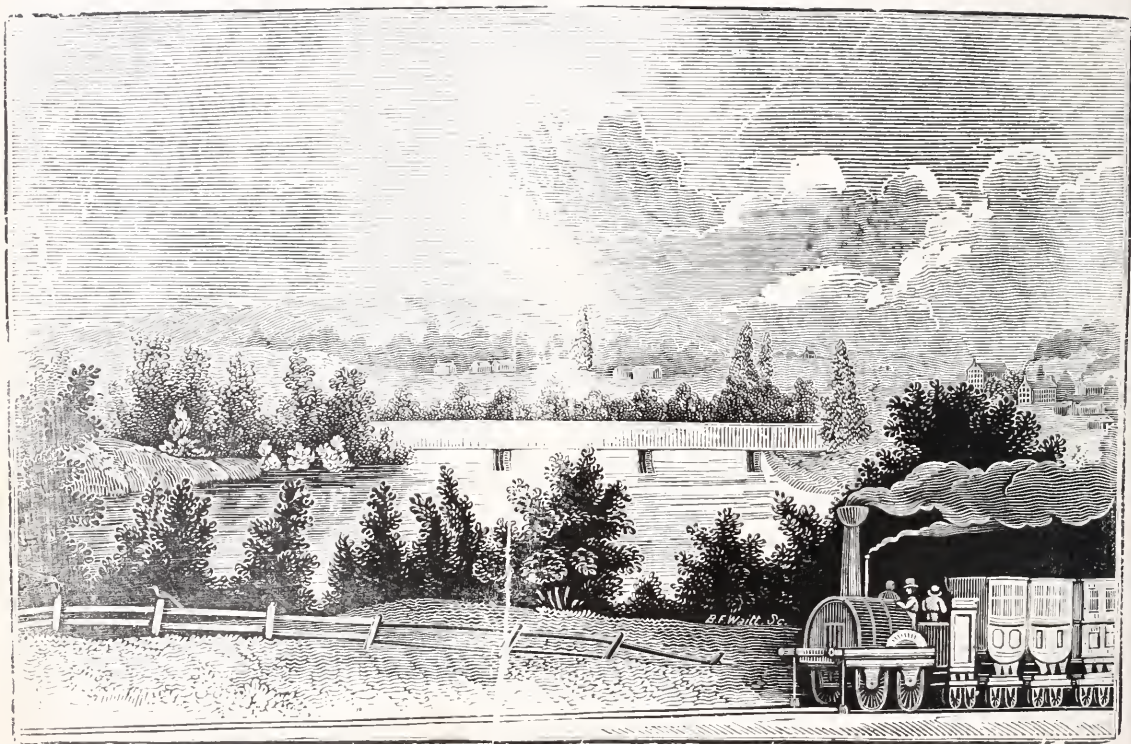
It is the duty of the Christian Church to lead men gently away from intoxicating liquors by showing them something infinitely preferable and by creating in their hearts a desire for that which is better. It is a long and an arduous task, of course, but whoever imagined that the Christian task was anything else but a long and arduous one.

Prohibition is another of these short cuts that our modern "democracies" seem so fond of trying to take into the kingdom of God. But the Christian Church, if it possesses any of the wisdom of its founder, ought to know that there are no short cuts either in the perfecting of character or in the production of a true democracy. These so-called "short-cuts" invariably end in a morass.

The Map of New Hampshire

POTTER SPAULDING

The Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
 To her many loving friends,
 The season's choicest greetings
 And her latest likeness sends!
 It hardly does her justice,
 It makes her look quite plain,
 But 'twill serve as a reminder
 'Gainst the time you come again
 To renew a lasting friendship
 'Mid Mother Nature's smiles,
 Where life is more than living
 And distance knows no miles!



OLD WOODCUT OF DATE OF 1844 SHOWING TYPE OF EARLY LOCOMOTIVE AND CARS
AND THE FIRST GRANITE BRIDGE AT MANCHESTER, N. H., BUILT IN 1840.

Early Railroad Days

FRED W. LAMB

ON THE Fourth of July, 1842, Manchester witnessed a celebration which will always be remembered. The most noteworthy event of the day was the official opening of the Concord Railroad from Nashua to Manchester. The occasion was a gala day to the people of Nashua and Manchester. Persons flocked from all quarters to see the steam cars fly over the road at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This train was drawn by one of the old style, light, wood-burning locomotives and consisted of a few passenger cars filled with the officials of the road and other prominent citizens of the towns along the line.

The advent of the railroad was the occasion of suspicion, and many of those who lined the right of way viewed the passing train with much distrust. For four years the road handled all of its business on a single track and siding. The line was opened to Concord on the first of September, 1842. An additional track to accommodate its increasing business was built in 1846-7-8.

The trains were quite quaint in appearance, the cars and locomotives being small and coupled together with chains. The dead woods to take the shock of collision in shifting and making up trains, were constructed by extending the side sills of the cars and covering their ends with a loose cap of leather, which being stuffed with waste, made a cushion that deadened the shock to a considerable extent as the cars came together to make a hitch.

The Manchester and Lawrence Railroad was opened to Manchester, November 13, 1849. In 1850 a railway was built from Portsmouth to Candia, Sun-

cook and Concord known as the Portsmouth and Concord railway. It did not pay expenses and in 1861 its name was changed to the Concord and Portsmouth, the track between Candia and Suncook was discontinued, a new track was built from Candia to Manchester and the Concord and Lawrence railways built jointly with the piece from Hooksett to Suncook. The New Hampshire Central Railway, now known as the Manchester and North Weare railway was built in 1849 and 1850 from Manchester to Henniker, but the piece between North Weare and Henniker was afterwards torn up. This caused great excitement at the time, being done on a Sunday, Oct. 31, 1858, by a gang of men who came from Concord with four locomotives. The reason which was given as the cause was that "it suited the interests of the owners of the railway."

The first passenger station in this city was built of brick and fronted on Canal street, north of Granite street, and was built in the early forties. In the old days it boasted a portico and long steps running the entire length of the building on the west side.

The New Hampshire Central Railway was built by laborers who lived in shanties south of Granite street and all along the line, wherever the work was in progress. It was in 1849 that there was a row between these laborers and a gang of toughs. Excitement ran high when Joseph Rowell, an oldtime pioneer, read the riot act to the crowd. Mr. Rowell was a sheriff and it was supposed that by virtue of his office, his dignified reading of the riot act might settle the business.

But the rioters were furious and be-

came so threatening that Mr. Rowell beat a hasty retreat and hid under the long steps on the west side of the building. The crowd got a long pole and prodded the concealed sheriff until he emerged from his hiding place. It took some time before he could convince himself that he had not been stabbed.

At that time the railway ran between this building and the freight station of those times which stood upon the easterly side of the lot where the Children's Playgrounds are now located. The business of the corporation increased so fast that by 1853 it outgrew its facilities and its cars used to obstruct public travel by remaining on the track at the crossing of Granite street. The city brought a number of suits against the road and meetings of the citizens of Manchester and Bedford were held to endorse this action.

The corporation finally agreed to build a new passenger station upon the site of the then freight station and erect a new freight station south of Granite street. This second passenger station was completed in 1855 and the suits were withdrawn. This station was built of brick in the form of a cross 310 feet in length and 80 feet in width. Both of these stations were torn down upon the building of the present passenger and freight stations, the present passenger station being opened to the public on March 6, 1898, the present freight station having been completed somewhat earlier.

Conductors in those days were expected to be at the head station, as the depot was then known, to attend to their duties at least half an hour before starting time and they were required to give notice in both the gentlemen's and ladies' waiting rooms of the time their train would leave, at least five minutes prior to starting. They were also required to take tickets and fares, see that

the train was made up right, announce the names of the various stations plainly, look after the condition of the cars and report all repairs that were necessary and while in the stations at Manchester, Nashua and Lowell, keep back the crowds and coach drivers, make records of arrival in the several stations and at all times be prompt, obliging and attentive.

At this period of time there was only one brakeman upon the train and among his duties were first, to see that the cars were properly warmed and that the axles were oiled. He received and had charge of the baggage on the train, this coming to him from the baggage master at the station, properly marked. He was supposed to look up lost baggage and to handle all baggage carefully. He was to ride upon the platform when the train was in motion. Particular emphasis was laid upon the order "not to apply brakes so as to cause the wheels to slide at any time except to prevent collision or other similar accident."

Freight conductors were required to see that all cars were properly and safely loaded and to have charge of all shifting and making up of train, taking no car in the train unless the loading was perfectly safe while freight brakemen were required to see that the cars were properly oiled and when the train was in motion were to be at the brakes ready for any emergency. The running time between Concord and Nashua was three hours and no freight train was allowed to run at a greater speed than fourteen miles an hour.

The engineer was then known as the "engineman" and he was especially cautioned about blowing the whistle about the stations or elsewhere, except in case of necessity, for fear of annoying the public. Firemen were required to see that the engine had a sufficient

supply of wood, the locomotives being all wood burners at this period, and on returning to the house had to clear the firebox and ashpan of cinders and aid the engineer in cleaning the working parts of the locomotive.

The bridges at Goff's Falls and Hooksett were objects of especial care and engineers were cautioned in passing through them to "shut off the draft of his engine and use all precaution as to fire and smoke." Foot passengers were prohibited passing over the bridges and were warned that any violation of this regulation would expose them to great danger.

Brakemen and firemen were required to take sufficient time in oiling engines and cars so that the boxes would not be overrun so as to waste the oil, and the use of oil in kindling fires or interference with oil in the care of other persons was strictly forbidden.

No persons except the watchmen were allowed about the engine houses, machine shops or other buildings of the road on Sunday without the permission or on the request of the shop overseer, roadmaster or superintendent. The use of ardent spirits on the road or about the premises except for mechanical purposes was strictly forbidden and no smoking was allowed about the railroad premises or on any trains by any of the employees of the railroad.

Directors and leading officials of the road and of other New England roads were passed over the line but all other railroad employees must pay fare or have a pass from the superintendent of the road.

Under the baggage regulations but fifty pounds of baggage was to be carried upon each ticket, all over that weight being charged for at the rate of twenty-five cents for each fifty pounds excess through to Boston, with proportionate

charges for lesser distances, said charges to be paid to the baggage master and by him to the station agent. No baggage was allowed to be forwarded by the passenger train unless accompanied by the owner or some person in charge of it.

It is an interesting fact known to comparatively few that the City of Nashua was in those early days known as Nashville and all railroad timetables, etc., were printed bearing that name.

Locomotive building in Manchester was commenced in 1848, it is said, as that is the date given when the first locomotive built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the "Etna," was turned out of the old shop. It was built for the Northern Railroad and was not delivered until 1849. The demand for locomotives built by the Amoskeag steadily increased until they reached a maximum of sixty a year, turning out more than one a week frequently. Among others they built six engines for the Michigan Central Railroad. They averaged in price about \$8,750 each, or \$525,000 in the gross. The locomotives weighed from twenty to thirty tons each and were built for home use, the Western railroads and the Canadas.

The business was finally discontinued by the Amoskeag Company in 1855 or 1857. The total number of locomotives built by the Company was 232. The last order and the last locomotives built were for the Grand Trunk Railway. During the period when locomotives were under construction by the Amoskeag Company, Oliver W. Bayley and Cyrus W. Baldwin were agents of the Amoskeag machine shop.

At the annual State Fair held at Manchester, October 5, 6 and 7, 1853, O. W. Bayley, Manchester, Agent of the Amoskeag machine shop was awarded a medal for a locomotive engine.

There are three very interesting old lithographs of Amoskeag locomotives on exhibition at the rooms of the Manchester Historic Association in the new Carpenter Memorial Library building. The first and largest of these was named the "Gen. Stark, No. 2." It was a twenty-four ton passenger engine built for the Concord Railroad in June, 1849, with five and one half foot wheels and weighing 46,000 pounds. It is a very quaint view as the engine has an extremely large smokestack.

Another engine, of which the Historic Association has a picture was named "Amoskeag." It had 15 inch cylinders, 26 inch stroke, 140 flues 2 inches in diameter and 11 feet long with 5½ foot driving wheels and weighed 48,000 pounds. The third picture is of an inside connected passenger engine bearing the name J. B. Jervis.

John C. Moore paid a visit to the old big shop in 1853 and wrote a description of what he saw there. In regard to the building of locomotives he wrote quite a description, given in part as follows:

"I was soon introduced to the locomotive department, where, amid the clanking of ponderous hand tools, the thundering music of a multitude of tilt hammers of all sorts and sizes, the rasping sound of files and the dull solidity of sound which the monster planing and punching machines give forth, I discovered some half a dozen large locomotives in progress, besides one outside the door in process of being fired up for a testing operation.

"These engines were in various stages of forwardness, one nearly finished. The finished engine to which I referred was designed for the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, was some twenty-four tons weight and was named Missouri. It is, in all its parts, not excluding the ornamental (the mere finishing of which

was only required) one of the most splendid engines I have ever seen. It was numbered 124 and took the prize medal at the late State Fair. They now have thirty-five in the course of construction and have lately received an order for twenty locomotives from the Northern Indiana Railroad.

"In the carpenters' department the accuracy and easiness of production were noticeable. I saw one of those coverings, or sheds, which form the engineer's shelter on locomotive engines, which had been sawed, planed, cut, morticed, beaded, ornamented and thoroughly prepared for the hand of the builder and everything done by machinery but the simple putting together and painting.

"In the locomotive department the heavier descriptions of planing and finishing are done. I noticed several of the large driving wheels with their cranked axles, moving round in the process of planing, which is accomplished with a mathematical exactitude calculated to surprise the tyro in mechanics. I here saw turning lathes, calculated to operate on all sizes of material, from an inch to twenty feet in circumference. The cylinders for the locomotives are turned and prepared here and the process is one which to the uninitiated possesses much interest. The surprising accuracy with which these massive tubes of iron are shaved into proportion, inside and out as if they were made of wood, instead of the most solid iron, is wonderful to behold.

"From thence I went to the boiler and tank shop. Here the boilers and locomotive tenders are made. It happened to be the day after the fair when I paid my visit, on which account I am constrained to be thankful, for the cyclopean din was great enough with but a few at work, to satisfy me of the truth

of the comparative saying:—'as noisy as a boiler maker.' I stood the hammering in of one rivet like a martyr and left, counting on my way back to the more peaceable regions some ten or twelve tenders in various stages of finish, besides the furnaces and boilers of as many locomotives."

The Manchester Locomotive Works were started in 1853 by several individuals under the firm name of Bayley, Blood and Company and were called the Vulcan Works. In the year 1854 the Company obtained a charter and became a corporation under the name of the Manchester Locomotive Works. The capital stock was placed at \$300,000 one half of which was paid in, the incorporators being O. W. Bayley, Aretas Blood and J. M. Store.

In the spring and summer of 1854 shops of brick were built at the corner of Hollis and Canal streets. They consisted of a building parallel with Canal street, two stories high and four hundred feet long by eighty-four feet wide, for a machine shop. There was also a woodshop, two stories high, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide; a blacksmith shop, three hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide; a boiler shop two hundred and five feet long and fifty-two feet wide and later a tank shop two hundred and thirty feet long and thirty-six feet wide.

The capacity of the works at this time was three locomotives a month and three hundred men were employed. In 1865 the company purchased from the Manchester Iron Company the old iron foundry located just south of the freight depot. Here the company made all their own castings of which three million, five hundred thousand pounds were used in 1873. At this time also, the company used one million, eight hundred thousand pounds of boiler plates, forty-five hundred tons of coal and a thousand cords

of wood and two hundred thousand pounds of brass castings and two million, five hundred thousand pounds of forgings per year. The company manufactured all the heavy forgings, frames, axles, etc., which it used and had two furnaces constantly in operation, using the scrap iron which accumulated at the works. In 1875 seven hundred men were employed.

The first agent was Oliver W. Bayley, who was for many years head of the Amoskeag Machine Shop where he obtained his knowledge of locomotive. He was succeeded in 1857 by Aretas Blood who had formerly been connected with the Essex Company at Lawrence, Mass., which had been in the locomotive business. The president of the Company at this time was John A. Burnham, of Boston, and William G. Means of Manchester was treasurer.

The first locomotive built by the Manchester Locomotive Works was named the "Pioneer". The engine was not sold or delivered until March 24th, 1855 when a duplicate was built and the two were sold to the Central Military Track Railroad and the names changed to "Cossack" and "Corsair." These engines had cylinders 15x20, the boiler forty-two inches in diameter with copper tube sheets and tubes, outside connected, 60 inch driving wheels and weighed 48,000 pounds.

The tank had a capacity of 1,400 gallons. This road was afterwards merged with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. The next engine was built in April of the same year, was named the "Troubadour," delivered to the Chicago & Aurora Railroad. The fourth engine went to the C. B. & Q. R. R., all of which engines were alike. Twenty-four engines in all were built in 1855, thirteen in 1856 and nine in 1857.

Some very fanciful names were given to engines built at this period, among

them being the "North Wind," the "South Wind," the "West Wind," the "Gray Eagle," the "Golden Eagle," "Lightfoot" and "Quickstep." During the Civil War the names of various generals became favorites, several engines being named for Generals Grant and Sherman.

During the panic of 1857, the building of locomotives was discontinued until better times and the plant was leased by Aretas Blood who then ran a general machine shop under his own name. He built portable sawmill engines, wood-planers, machine tools, stationary boilers and such work.

The building of locomotives was resumed in 1863 but the first engine was not delivered until June, 1864, nine being built that year, of which four were for the United States Government for its military railroad. In 1865 the shops built seventeen, the weight of the engines having increased to 60,000 pounds and the size of the cylinders to 16x24.

In the year 1872, Mr. Blood, who had become the principal owner of the Manchester Locomotive Works, purchased the steam fire engine business known as the "Amoskeag" from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Oliver W. Bayley was agent from 1854 to 1857 when he was succeeded by Aretas Blood, who remained in that office up to the time of his death, November 24, 1897, he being succeeded by Charles T. Means from 1897 to July 1st, 1901, when the business was taken over by the American Locomotive Company. During this period the Manchester Locomotive Works built 1793 locomotives. The American Locomotive Company operated the plant until a few years ago when all operations were suspended, and the plant is now idle.

The Manchester Historic Association in its rooms at the Carpenter Memorial Library, has a very interesting picture

of the works as they appeared in the early days. The writer has a fine photograph of the locomotive "Shawmut" built by the Manchester Locomotive Works for the Boston & Maine Railroad and delivered in 1864. The photograph was made by the late A. D. Stark and was taken just outside of the lower end of the shop. It is an American type of locomotive with four driving wheels and a four wheeled truck. On a fancy plate between the driving wheels appears the following "Manchester Locomotive Works, A. Blood, Agt., 1864." The cylinders are entirely covered with finished brass work.

The 1854 type of locomotive was larger and in the line of improvement in many details. But few of this class were in service in New England, the Concord and Isaac Spalding on the Concord R. R., the Londonderry on the Manchester & Lawrence and the Middlesex and Jesse Bowers on the Nashua and Lowell R. R.

Nearly all the engines of this type were on western railroads. During early days on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., there were quite a number of these with fanciful names such as Rover, Rattler, Rumbler, Ranger, Greyhound, Foxhound, Stag-hound, Bloodhound, Northwind, Eastwind, and Southwind and Westwind.

The next type brought out were outside connected engines with inclined cylinders the Concord R. R. having three of them, the Thornton, the Blodget and the Ixion. During the Civil war the Thornton was sold to the government and the last time I saw this engine it was in service between Washington and Alexandria, Va., and bore the name President.

Like other builders the Amoskeag shops had experience in building freak locomotives. One was the Mamaluke with a single pair of driving wheels.

seven feet in diameter and with a walking beam on each side interposed between the cylinder and the driving wheel one end of the beam being connected to the cylinder piston, the other end to the main rod and the driving wheel. I saw this engine on its trial trip which was suddenly interrupted near the old Amoskeag station when it was found that the smoke stack was too high to pass under the dry bridge some distance below Amoskeag bridge. The other freak, named Hooksett, had the cylinders suspended by huge braces midway between the cylinders and front driving wheels. This engine after considerable service in Maine and Massachusetts finally ended its career on the Concord R. R.

The machine shop boys of long ago were quite a merry group and always ready for a practical joke. A locomotive had just been completed for the Coche-

cho Railroad, extending from Dover to Alton Bay and was standing in the Manchester round house preparatory to being run to Dover under its own steam.

The engine had a rosewood cab, with piano finish, being also highly embellished with polished brass and painted scroll work of variegated colors. A half dozen of the shop boys got together and decided to take a Sunday outing with the engine as the railroad track would be free from trains on that day.

Early in the morning they congregated at the round house, fired up and when the engine had sufficient steam they started on the trip, though with no orders or permission as to the use of the track. Away they went from Manchester to Lawrence, switched over to the Boston & Maine tracks and proceeded to Dover where the engine was left on its future home grounds.

Lines to The Old Man of The Mountain

E. B. M.

Above us brooding against the sky
 Like sphinx of Egypt on the sand
 That rugged face so clear and high
 Serenely overlooks the land.

Do you suppose that God-made face
 Was looking down 'cross hill and glade
 When Pharaoh had his minions place
 That mighty image they had made?

These monuments through endless ages
 By standing there like flags unfurled
 Have made us pause and scan the pages
 Of the wondrous story of the world.

And when perchance in future's charts
 The sphinx is lost in sandy grave,
 May he still charm our children's hearts
 Our wonderful Old Man so brave.

INDUSTRIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE

GEORGE C. CARTER

(Continued from August Number)

MEREDITH AND ASHLAND

Six miles north of the Weirs, nestles on one arm of the lake, the beautiful town of Meredith, at once a manufacturing center and a summer resort.

Meredith has a linen mill, making all linen crash toweling, credited with being the only factory of its kind manufacturing a completed article from the raw stock to the finished product.

Also a burial casket factory, making a fine line of goods for a steadily increasing trade. Meredith also makes box shooks and wheelbarrows.

Leaving Meredith we pass by the Squam Lake in Holderness to the hustling town of Ashland, which manufactures hosiery, woolen cloth, paper, lumber and wood turnings. Ashland appreciates the visitor so much that at each end of the town is a neat little arch with a welcoming slogan for those approaching the town and a cheery salutation for those going on their way from the community.

PLYMOUTH

New Hampshire has many gateways, but Plymouth is the real gateway to the Franconia Notch and from the Daniel Webster Highway to the White Mountain region of New Hampshire. In the old days it was sometimes confused by visitors from the West with that other Plymouth in Massachusetts, which has the imprint of 1620 upon its historical rock. There used to be an old stage coach driver who, when visitors in Plymouth, N. H., asked to see the rock, would make up a party, drive around the

town, and then stop before a well-known ledge in the village, saying—"This is our Plymouth rock." After the ohs and ahs had subsided, somebody would ask for the water, or perhaps where the ocean might be, and then the joke was out.

Plymouth is still a summer resort of importance but is a manufacturing center of equal importance. The visitor may be shown the original Court House in which Daniel Webster won his first law case, the State Normal School, the Holderness School for Boys, or the Mad River, which lives up to its name, and the Bakers River, famous for Indian fights, but they are also shown a modern sporting goods factory of substantial proportions. The "Lucky Dog" brand of sporting goods. Baseballs, footballs, baseball bats, and a great variety of sporting goods used by most of the professionals, as well as thousands of amateurs, have been made here in Plymouth for years, sold all over the United States and exported to many countries.

Plymouth is also a glove manufacturing center, an old line concern covering a wide field with its sales.

PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY

Familiarly known as the "P. V.," either by rail or highway, one scarcely expects to find industry in a section known from the earliest times as a summer and fall resort with a charm of its own, yet there has been a large amount of lumbering in this vicinity, and we must needs take a side trip through its beautiful ascending valleys between the hills.

All along the line are lumber and wood-working plants of various kinds. At Blair Station and Beebe River in the town of Campton, at West Thornton, Woodstock and Lincoln, the end of the railroad, are large lumber mills, at Lincoln and just outside Plymouth are paper mills, originally the Henry Paper Company, a subsidiary of J. E. Henry & Sons, who for many years controlled thousands of acres at the head of this valley, but paper manufacturing and lumbering are now in other hands.

At Campton is a factory making Campton pants and woolen hose for lumbermen, sales being through the New England States. Beyond Campton lies Waterville, the end of the road, for here the mountains are an impassable barrier. Lincoln lumbers much and at Woodstock, a summer resort, one mile this side of Lincoln, one can continue five miles to the Flume, and another five miles to the Profile, the "Old Man of the Mountain." Later, therefore, let us return to Plymouth, on the Pemigewasset.

RUMNEY, WENTWORTH, WARREN

By the highway, north from Plymouth, on the road to Rumney, we pass the Polar Caves. Rumney makes crutches, together with wood novelties and turnings, and is also the head office of a large mica and feldspar mining concern.

In Wentworth, dairy products and lumbering predominate, while Warren also does a large amount of lumbering and has a chicken grit factory. Five miles north of Warren, within the limits of that town, is Glenciff, where there is a bobbin factory, and where also is the State Sanitarium for the cure of tuberculosis, under the shadow of Mount Moosilauke, which has an elevation of

4,811 feet above sea level. This is the summit of the road, and passing by Benton Rock, a splendid view is also obtained from the train of the Oliverian Plain.

HAVERTHILL, PIKE, WOODSVILLE

Many New Hampshire towns have several postoffices. Haverhill has five, exclusive of the Lake Tarleton Club district, a summer camping center of large proportions. The little village of Pike, in this town, is deserving of special mention since here are the headquarters of an internationally-known concern manufacturing abrasives and sharpening stones for every conceivable use. This concern has sharpening stone quarries at various places in New Hampshire and at many points throughout the United States. It draws supplies from many countries and in turn sends the finished product to numerous foreign countries.

A former mayor of Manchester tells of meeting a business man abroad who was visiting India and who inquired of the supply house there for a certain high grade India oil stone, thinking it was made in that country. Imagine his surprise when he said—"Yes, we have it and can supply your needs, but you can also get it in your own country, for it is manufactured in Pike, N. H."

Woodsville, opposite Wells River, Vt., is a railroad center of unusual importance, and has two large mills, one making box and dimension lumber, the other devoted exclusively to high grade hardwood flooring and allied products.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMMONOOSUC

Bath, five miles above Lisbon, has long been famous for Lady Poor's Ointment and other proprietary medicines, fiber leatherboard, and other novelties. In the small towns of the Ammonoosuc

Valley there is much of lumbering, both in soft and hardwoods.

Lisbon has a substantial plant manufacturing piano backs and sounding boards and general house finish for sale at wholesale, together with various kinds of lumber. The timberland reserves of this concern have for many years covered many thousands of acres.

There is an electrical insulated wire establishment making a quality product in this and allied lines, their product having a very wide distribution throughout the country, and has been well and favorably known for many years.

Lisbon also makes canvas gloves which are well-known throughout the territory served by this factory, and a plant formerly making wooden shoe pegs now makes wood heels for women's shoes.

LITTLETON

Was at one time known the world over as the home of stereoscopic views, the concern making them having an exclusive franchise for views of the World's Fair at Chicago. These views went all over the civilized world, but now we have the movies! Saranac gloves and mittens, a product of high quality made by a concern many years in the business, people who know their business well, are still going strong, being sold from coast to coast. The concern at Pike also has a branch here. There is a silverware factory, lumber and house finish mills, a concern making children's shoes, and a large building of heavy mill construction which has been occupied by several concerns and gives further opportunity for Littleton's industrial development.

WHITEFIELD, LANCASTER, GROVETON

Twelve miles north of Littleton is Whitefield, a live industrial community

having factories which have been devoted to leather tanning and shoe making, dairy products, lumbering, pulpwood, bobbins, and overalls, the latter a well-known Whitefield product throughout the East.

It is ten miles to Lancaster, passing by symmetrical Mount Prospect, where lived and died John Wingate Weeks of the President's Cabinet and during his life holder of many important public offices.

Lancaster is a lumbering and pulpwood center, and has a modern, well-equipped plant making paper mill machinery, in addition to doing other kinds of special machine work for factories throughout New England.

Whitefield, at the Mountain View House, two and a half miles out, believes it has the best single view of the White Mountains. The bankers of the state agree, for each October the New Hampshire Bankers Association gathers here for its fall convention.

Groveton has a very large paper manufacturing plant with sales offices in New York. This organization is specially well equipped for large production and has a substantial acreage of timberland reserves so necessary for a business of this kind.

Here is the northern end of the Boston & Maine railroad in New Hampshire, but Groveton can ship anywhere because the Grand Trunk, going east and west, crosses the terminal of the B. & M. R. R. here very much like the top of a letter "T."

Yet if we wish, we can go still further north in New Hampshire, either by rail or highway. The roads, both kinds, are fine, and the fishing excellent. Let's see what we can find in industry.

THE STRATFORDS AND COLEBROOK

THE STEWARTSTOWNS AND PITTSBURG

A short fifteen miles northerly from Groveton is North Stratford, famous for its large woodworking establishments capable of immense production, together with many smaller manufacturing units.

The town of Stratford is the birthplace of Harry S. Baldwin, founder of the Baldwin chain of restaurants, later merged with the Waldorf System.

Here we are at the Vermont state border, but the Maine Central R. R. comes along and takes us another fifteen miles or so to Colebrook at the junction of the Mohawk and Connecticut rivers.

Colebrook has a state fish hatchery, many large dairies and factories producing quite a variety of dairy products, bobbins, pulpwood and lumbering generally. It is also a potato-growing center.

West Stewartstown manufactures lumber in substantial quantity and in considerable variety. Above here is a place where all within a few feet, one may pass from New Hampshire into Vermont, then into Canada, and back into New Hampshire. Then we are immediately on our way to Pittsburg.

This is the most northerly and most mysterious town in New Hampshire. For industry there is always lumbering and pulpwood, hunting, fishing, camping, both winter and summer, and exploring always, because in Pittsburg one hunts for the sources of the mighty Connecticut, the "Long Tidal River" in the Indian tongue.

Pittsburg pushes head and shoulders away up into Canada, if the boundary of the latter had actually gone due east from the Vermont line, so that from the primeval forest locks of the Pittsburg headlands, the river sources might ever

receive New Hampshire protection, for from north to south, New Hampshire owns the river, the dividing line between the two states being the west bank at the average high water mark.

The Connecticut rises in the three Connecticut Lakes in Pittsburg. The first two lakes are easily available by automobile, but the third remains securely hidden from the average traveler since only the rugged make the trail. The river rises at an elevation of 2,038 feet, flowing 348 miles into Long Island Sound.

DIXVILLE, ERROL, UMBAGOG

That which goes up must come down. If we travel to the end of the road and keep on traveling we must retrace a bit, and we are glad we do have to return to Colebrook for the valleys are more beautiful than ever and new scenic and industrial interest is ahead of us.

Colebrook is the nearest railroad point for the famous Dixville Notch, twelve miles distant. Here has been spent, first and last by various owners, in buildings and landscape, in roads and waterways, over \$2,000,000. The only industry in Dixville, therefore, consists in taking care of the guests at "The Balsams," a Riverside Drive, New York, apartment house transplanted in the northern New Hampshire wilds.

Ten miles further on is Errol, the outpost town for this section of New Hampshire, devoted to lumbering, farming, fishing and hunting, or furnishing the guides for all of these.

Two and a half miles above Errol village is the dam which impounds the waters of Umbagog Lake, mostly in Maine, but the outlet end is in New Hampshire. Errol guards the overflow which makes the start of the Androscoggin River, and makes good use of the

river before trusting the waters again to the tender mercies of Maine.

Southerly from Errol, one plunges into the thirteen-mile woods, and follows the river for over thirty miles. At certain seasons of the year every inch of it is crowded with pulpwood logs headed for Berlin.

There are great sights in the North Country for those who appreciate it. Nothing like it anywhere, they say, and these thirty miles and more of solidly massed yet steadily moving logs in the river never fail to win admiration for the industry behind the immense and silent cavalcade.

BERLIN

Berlin reminds the visitor from afar of a hustling, bustling Western mining town now on a stable, prosperous basis. The rocks and ledges are here aplenty, so are the hills and the mighty torrent of the river, solidly harnessed and highly trained to most faithfully serve the very large and important industries which in turn serve the city so well.

The gold mine of Berlin, however, is not within the city hills, and those of adjacent mountains, but atop the bold and jagged rocks, and along the banks of mighty rivers and lesser streams which give inexhaustible timberland reserves to the thousands of forest acreage hereabouts.

A nationally known paper manufacturing concern with financial headquarters in New York City, has a large and well equipped plant here. There is a concern making furniture, another builders' finish, and still another manufacturing ferrules. Iron foundaries and machine shops find plenty to do and there are several smaller manufacturing units.

A remarkable industry, centered in Berlin but necessarily having ramifica-

tions in the shape of subsidiaries and direct branch operations, deserves more than passing notice as it is indicative of what New Hampshire environment plus New Hampshire management can do.

Itself a consolidation of allied interests, now a single unit with subsidiaries and sub-divisions in both Canada and Maine this concern, founded in 1852, is now the largest manufacturer in this country of bleached sulphite pulp and high grade kraft wrapping paper.

The installed horse power in the hydro-electric development of this corporation here is 38,000 to 40,000 horse power, and steam plants with an installed capacity of 25,000 horse power. An extent of the ramifications of this splendidly equipped industrial unit may be gained from figures given to the public quoting estimates and appraisals made by independent engineers showing total values in fixed properties alone for the main corporation and its subsidiaries of an amount approaching \$80,000,000.

This total is of course scattered over many townships, and in two countries, but as one can easily see, Berlin does business and does a lot of it! The community spirit is strong and progression steady, the vigorous giant of the north, industrially.

GORHAM

The view of Mt. Madison (5,380 feet) from Gorham is the most symmetrical of any mountain we know. Gorham hums with summer visitors in season, snowshoe parties in winter, and lumbermen all the time.

The Mount Washington carriage road, now largely devoted to automobile travel of course, is owned by a well-known family of Gorham lumber manufacturers. It is best reached from Gorham via the notch road to Glen, from whence

the ascent can be made, low gear being the recommendation for safety and comfort of passengers and engine.

The large Berlin pulp concern has a substantial property in Gorham. Mountain souvenirs are made in considerable variety and there are substantial plants for the manufacture of lumber, both hard and soft, straight lengths and special turnings.

MT. WASHINGTON (6,293 FT.)

We may inquire the way to Mt. Washington and take our choice of rail and highway routes, each with a charm all its own. Since Berlin and Gorham are beyond the White Mountains, let us approach them from the north, say at Twin Mountain, then on to Fabyans, the mountain rendezvous of the old-time mountain visitors, from whence it is only a mile or two to Bretton Woods.

Here in a hotel bearing its name, the widest expanse of Mt. Washington can be seen, and from the nearest civilization point as well. The largest hotel in the mountains fulfills all expectations in summer, and Bretton Arms does the trick in winter for numerous snowshoe parties.

From the base station with connecting trains from Bretton Woods, the cog railway, three and a quarter miles long, incorporated June 25, 1858, has made journeys with safety to all the passengers for many years. Through storm and sunshine, sleet, hail and wind, and many a calm, cool, cloudless day as well as those higher contrasts in light and shade, these ruggedly built cars on a specially built track have carried their thousands to the summit and back, of the top of New England and the highest mountain, save one, east of the Mississippi River.

Mount Washington, and all that

goes with it, may justly be considered one of New Hampshire's vigorous industries.

FROM COOS TO THE SEA

When a real New Hampshireite wishes to make a complete mental sweep of the state he uses the time-honored phrase, "from Coos to the sea," meaning from the northernmost county adjacent to Canada, to the most southeasterly section bordering on the ocean between Maine and Massachusetts.

From the summit of Mt. Washington to Portsmouth harbor in an air line is about ninety miles, but the motorist or steam road traveler will make it about twice that distance, depending upon what part of the great Coos county he uses as a starting point and how much he circumnavigates in his route.

Just here let us learn to pronounce it correctly, or the natives will stare at us. Down state and out of state they can be pardoned for calling it "koose," but we who are here know it should be pronounced as spelled "ko-awss." In fact, the early whites spelled it "Cowauss." In the Indian tongue it meant "crooked," referring to the rivers in their windings through the hills.

An interesting anomaly in town and county nomenclature is right about us now, for Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods and the Crawford Notch are in the town of Carroll, which is not in Carroll County at all but in Coos. Likewise, in the south central section of the state, the town of Merrimack is not in Merrimack County but in Hillsboro. The early New Hampshire fathers evidently believed in variety.

The descent to the sea really begins in earnest a few rods beyond the Crawford House at the head of Crawford Notch. The direction is down, there is

no doubt about that, but the roads are well graded and are well cared for. We are now on the East Side State Boulevard, not always smooth as a city boulevard for New Hampshire frosts and freshets are more powerful than man, but there is no danger of getting lost. There is but one road aside from the numerous wood roads of the lumbermen which are to be seen everywhere, for lumbering has been the chief industry of this valley for many years and will be for many generations to come for the timber supply is enormous.

Down past the Willey Slide, where a whole family perished and about which many poems have been written because of the fact that when a portion of the mountain slipped the family rushed out only to meet death, when the slide parted at the house and left it unharmed, after a few miles we come to a small sign pointing to the right of the state road. It indicates "Livermore, two and a half miles."

If we wish, in this short distance we can leave a beautiful summer resort road and find ourselves at the end of the road, in the heart of the high mountains, where a single lumbering concern has operated many years, having its own railways and runways from the forests higher up in the eternal hills. We return to the state road as we came, plunging directly into the forest, hardly seeing the sunlight until we emerge suddenly on the East Side Boulevard again.

Down the valley we go—scenery, hunting, fishing, camping, lumbering everywhere, with summer hotels galore. At Bartlett there is a peg mill of importance, and at North Conway a plant distributing builders' finish, but other villages in the township of Conway do most of the manufacturing. These include quarrying and granite manufactur-

ing in Redstone, woodworking at Center Conway, and at Conway there have at times been extensive operations in boxes and box shooks. Bobbins, spools, wood heels, and other wood products are made in substantial quantities. In accordance with whatever the demands of the times, Conway is equipped to do it.

SILVER LAKE

Now our general direction is and will be for some time to come, southward until we reach the sea. The main highway is far from Silver Lake, center of a large camping industry, with one manufacturing plant making builders' finish and supplies. Chocorua, name of the famous Indian chief, is not hard to pronounce if you know how, but we bear around the lake, one of the most beautiful in New Hampshire, and gaze with awe to the rugged pinnacle bulwarks of Chocorua the mountain, 3,508 feet in height.

At West Ossipee we see a factory in a field. This is very appropriate because it is the home of the Snowmobile and the Sandmobile. One does excellent work in safe and rapid traction through fields of snow, and the other makes the builders equally proud of its work on the sand fields of the Sahara Desert. Whether in New England, Canada or the great Northwest in far below zero temperature, or the sizzling heat of desert wastes, the Snowmobile of Ossipee town can be depended upon to "carry the message to Garcia."

A short side trip westerly from the state road at this point brings us to the South Tamworth Industries, a name given to a group of woodworking developments by which the business life of the townfolk is greatly enhanced. Still further along this road are the Sandwich villages, selected by the Cleveland

and Roosevelt families, members of which still come here in the summer. There are a number of small industries scattered through this section.

We now return to the state road and to Center Ossipee. Here we find lumber manufacturing, wood turning and the manufacture of an excellent type of excelsior. A family which has made its mark in an adjoining state has done much for this, their home town, and these efforts are continued with unabated interest.

Ossipee village is next, the industry here being all that pertains to a county seat. Since it is only ten miles away and a pleasant journey, let us again leave the state road for a time because we must not miss the incomparable—

WOLFEBORO AND WAKEFIELD

Named after General James Wolfe, who fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham, Sept. 13, 1759, Wolfeboro in New Hampshire has a charm and prestige all its own. Situated at the north-eastern corner of Lake Winnepesaukee, it is a port of call for both business and pleasure craft in all the various grades. Large quantities of campers' supplies are sold here and Wolfeboro seems to be equally at home with logs or lollypops because the woodworking industry is prominent here.

Wolfeboro Falls is but a mile away and the two villages will be taken as one industrially. The Falls have been for many years known as an excelsior manufacturing center making a high grade product. At this village also is a concern manufacturing pads, a woodworking plant and a machine shop for general repair work and the manufacture of patented specialties.

There are at Wolfeboro shoe manufacturing plants capable of substantial pro-

duction, a lumber and house finish mill, together with some smaller manufacturing units. At South Wolfeboro for many years there was a woolen mill. Wolfeboro folks think that here are manufactured the finest sunsets on the lake, and it is quite the thing in summer and autumn for manufacturers and merchants, men and maidens, all, to view them from the Wolfeboro hills.

Now we may return from whence we came to follow the East Side Trunk Line Road southward through the Wakefield villages, or go direct from Wolfeboro through Cotton Valley. The two routes meet at Sanbornville, the railroad junction point going northward for Wolfeboro. Shoes were made here for many years. There is considerable lumbering in this and adjoining villages, and here also is a manufacturer of extracts.

Union has a wood-turning plant, making toys and novelties, and had a brass factory many years until its removal to Rochester. It has a very efficient excelsior-making plant turning out a quality product, and considerable lumbering is done from here.

We have found Carroll County interesting in many ways and ere we leave it we should have in mind that in the main it runs to townships having a number of postoffices or villages. Ossipee, for instance, is composed of eleven villages while Wakefield has to get along with nine, including the last two mentioned—Sanbornville and Union.

THE MILTONS AND NORTH ROCHESTER

Milton Mills is most easily reached from Union, a distance from the railroad and trunk line highway at Union, of only four miles, while it is seven miles from Milton. At the Mills, which is on the Maine state border, as are also Milton and North Rochester, is a blanket factory in operation many years.

Again we return to Milton and now we are in the leatherboard and fibreboard district. Milton makes "board" in great variety and this in turn permits of the adaptability of the product to an almost unlimited number of uses. Milton has three factory units, one making leatherboard, another fibreboard as a branch of its North Rochester plant, and the other an infinite variety of fibreboard specialties, such as boxes, cases, kits and megaphones. It is good to know that through the latter the voice of New Hampshire is heard throughout the nation and wherever the product goes.

It is worth while to take a glance at what has been accomplished in a development of something over thirty years.

Here are made fibreboards for the trunk trade, which are exported to London. At this plant is manufactured both the board and the counters, innersole and board for the shoe trade generally. These specialties are used all over the country and exported to Canada, Mexico, England, Germany and the Philippines.

This concern produces board for the electrical trade, cars, boxes and roving cans for the textile industry, seamless waste cans, chair seats, trays, guards for athletic clothing, and many other specialties which are shipped to every corner of the globe.

They have a direct branch at Tonawanda, N. Y., making vulcanized fibre and Bakelite, have substantial interests in factories in London and Paris, and are without question the largest manufacturers and distributors in the realm of fibre shoe counters and soft fibre specialties in the entire world.

New Hampshire has drawn upon this concern's family of owners for two of its Governors, two brothers in two terms, ten years apart, including the present

Chief Executive of the State, having by their outstanding integrity and ability been seated in the Governor's chair by the citizens of a grateful commonwealth.

ROCHESTER, EAST AND GONIC

Rochester and its two suburban villages is an unusually busy city. New Hampshire has ten counties and ten cities. Some counties are composed wholly of towns while other counties, including Strafford, where we are now in our journey, have more than one city, and Rochester holds its own well as such. Each autumn it holds many more than its own, for the city entertains in a few days many times its credited population, at the celebrated Rochester Fair, now recognized as one of its leading industries.

Rochester is the center of the box and box shoo manufacturing industry, in northern New England, with three large plants, each of which during the World War had a number of subsidiaries and did well their part in safely packing large quantities of materials which were so essential in winning the great conflict. Rochester-made shoo and special boxes are well-known throughout the East.

The city has long been a shoe manufacturing center of importance both in the central business section and in the outside villages. By the same token each of the three has its textile mill, each making a different line of cloths.

Paper boxes are made in substantial amounts for local and nearby shoe factories, there are mills for general house finish, a plant making churns, another confectionery, a brass foundry, and several smaller manufacturing units in varied lines. Rochester and adjacent towns furnish large amounts of cordwood to the brick industry here which makes large quantities of its product.

THE LAKE SHORE

At Rochester let us allow the East Side line to wait for another side excursion before our journey to the southeast corner of the state. The Lake Shore line on the timetable runs from Dover through Rochester to Alton Bay and connects with the White Mountain Division of the railroad, or in the case of the auto road, with the Daniel Webster Highway, at Lakeport. The highway parallels the railroad.

Our first stop is at Farmington, eight miles from Rochester. Here is a very vigorous shoe manufacturing center with several factories. Wire brushes are also made at this point, and there is a finely equipped plant for the manufacture of wood turnings, which are sold throughout the country. Farmington has excellent possibilities for growth.

At New Durham, there is a steadily growing wire brush factory which is constantly adding to its list of customers and increasing the breadth of its distribution, some of its products going for export to a number of foreign countries.

There are a number of wood turning units of modest size, but one substantial one has shown a remarkable development, being now quoted the leading concern in the country in its specialized field. High grade enameled handles, both baked and in the pyroxalin line, are shipped all over the country, to Canada, England and New England.

New Durham has two other distinctions. It is the birthplace of one of the well-known religious denominations now merged with a larger body, and it is also the scene, at Merrymeeting Pond, of a large water power development controlling one of the streams contributing to the Merrimack.

Four miles further on is Alton, with a shoe factory, a wood turning plant, and

a concern with automatic machines turning out corkscrews of every conceivable size, shape and strength. A number of smaller units complete the list.

It is two miles to Alton Bay. Here we meet the tip end of the long arm of Lake Winnepesaukee, which reaches inland at this point several miles from the open sea of the lake surrounding its 408 islands, as if to say to the visitor—"Come with me, here is a helping hand with a long and strong arm." This is the southeastern terminal of the steamer *Mt. Washington*, making regular connections with the train schedule.

The industry of Alton Bay consists in the time-honored Advent Camp Meeting plant in successful operation many years, and the boat industry, together with other lines connected with a vigorous lake and mountain resort.

It is now nineteen miles to Lakeport, the end of the Lake Shore line. There is no manufacturing save the necessary lumbering on the shore and on the larger islands, some of which are heavily timbered. From the train or from the highway the ride along the highway is long to be remembered. The moods and colors of the lake, the fine views of the Sandwich and Ossipee ranges, with an occasional far distant view of Mt. Washington itself, constitute a picture far too sacred and inspiring to be marred by industry.

DOVER

Dover was originally Coheco in the Indian tongue. Just sneeze and you have pronounced it! It is perfectly natural, therefore, to have Coheco cloths made by the Dover branch of one of the largest textile corporations in America, and Coheco Belting, which is on sale all over America. Both the cloths and the belting have a good sale abroad as well as at home.

Dover has several shoe factory organizations of substantial proportions and the number is increasing. Co-ordinating with these are heel factories, a large organization making box toes and another the boxes. Lumber, brick, builders' finish, house specialties, and quite a number of smaller units are in active operation, the latest being a factory for making moth expellents.

This city is also a center for the manufacture of printing presses and printing machinery. One concern manufactures a large line of printing presses from those costing a few hundred dollars each to large high powered presses capable of immense production. They also do a general machine and foundry business.

Another concern makes a special line of printing machinery. In fact it is stated that a large percentage of special bronzing on packages and wherever this type of bronzing is used on paper, is done on Dover-made machines.

At Sawyer's Mills, on the way to the rapidly-growing State College at Durham, but still within the limits of Dover, is a woolen mill, formerly operated by a governor of New Hampshire, but now as a branch of a nationally-known woolen organization.

Historically, Dover is rich in Indian and Colonial history. Originally settled in May, 1628, its first industry was ship-building. At the Woodman Institute, right in the heart of the city, is a house built in 1675 and a log garrison, hand-hewed, built in the same year. Both are replete with relics and much of scientific and historical interest. The log house still shows bullet holes and arrow heads received during Indian raids. To learn of early Indian and Colonial industry, visit Woodman Institute.

SOMERSWORTH-SALMON FALLS

These two, the first a city, the second a village in a town of another name, are located on an industrious river, that has done a lot of manufacturing since the early days. Somersworth was originally "Great Falls," and the early textile mills grew to substantial proportions. Here, also, is a bleachery, a woolen mill, a shoe factory, and several smaller manufacturing units.

Salmon Falls has some "great falls" all its own, furnishing excellent power for the textile mills at that point. There is also an important stove foundry concern here which makes an excellent product having a wide distribution. These two communities make a brief side trip, a very little journey from Dover since one is only six and the other three miles away.

PORTSMOUTH

The eleven-mile journey to Portsmouth is along a picturesque ridge, with beautiful water scenes on both sides, to Dover Point, where the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire was made. Now we cross a toll bridge over rushing salt tides and the other side is Newington, then Portsmouth, with more history to the square inch than any town in New Hampshire, and that is saying a whole lot. Portsmouth has so many first things that we must mention only two here.

First, manufacturing began in New Hampshire right here with the making of clapboards and salt pans in 1631. Then came ship-building, and there has been increasing activity ever since, fishing, ship-building, summer business, history business, all running along together harmoniously and well.

Secondly, it cannot be denied that the folks who made the first permanent set-

tlement at Dover Point landed first at Odiorne's Point in Portsmouth. According to Dover, they didn't stay put long enough to be called a permanent settlement, and Portsmouth replies that what constitutes a permanent settlement is a matter of opinion and really ought not to be figured on length of stay, anyway. Here again we have the "friendly rivals" in two nearby cities, on whose clearly recognized claims to first things the whole country, historically speaking, has taken sides.

Was it Admiral Sampson or Admiral Schley, heroes of the naval victory at San Diego, who, when their friends argued and quarreled as to whose was the greater credit, said, "There is glory enough for all?" This leads us to remark that the Spanish sailors captured in this very fight were brought to Portsmouth and remained incarcerated in the Naval Prison off Portsmouth.

Did you notice that we did not say "in Portsmouth?" There's a reason, and it is this. The Portsmouth Navy Yard isn't in Portsmouth. Our good friend and neighbor, Maine, is on the other side of the Piscataqua River, which is the beginning of Portsmouth Harbor, and it just so happens that the Navy Yard and the building in which the Russian-Japanese Peace Treaty was signed is over the line in the Pine Tree State.

Most of the generals, admirals, diplomats and whatnots were housed at the Hotel Rockingham in Portsmouth, or the Wentworth in Newcastle, so that in speaking of Portsmouth, industrially, historically, or scenically, Newington, Greenland, Rye, Badger's Island, and the Navy Yard are usually included. Portsmouth has them all as her own in industry.

Here at Portsmouth is a button manufacturing concern, the largest of its kind

in the world, making buttons of almost every kind and description, exporting to England, Australia, South America and China. Also golf tees to England. At Portsmouth is a concern making a line of reamers and special tools which are sold from coast to coast, in America and also in many foreign climes. There are several important shoe factory units, a number of small specialty factories, wholesale lobster and fishing plants, and a large wholesale coal concern serving the industries of New Hampshire.

During the World War Portsmouth was busily engaged in building the bridge of ships which was to win the war. Two plants, one in steel and the other in wooden vessels, did their full duty. Now one is used for a dye and chemical plant of substantial proportions, making a high grade product in great variety, and the other is operated very extensively by a gypsum products concern, making "Rockwall" wallboard from its own gypsum mines in Nova Scotia.

In the same general vicinity is the plant of an agricultural chemical concern which serves a utilitarian purpose both locally and throughout the country. Portsmouth is an insurance center and is rich in colonial architecture. It is the nearest land port to the Isles of Shoals.

HAMPTON—BEACHES—SEABROOK

From the Canadian line we started on the journey "From Coos to the Sea," a frequent phrase in New Hampshire. At Portsmouth we are at an ocean harbor, but not the open sea, so let us continue by the Lafayette Road to Hampton. Here we find a lively commercial center, divided in its interest between looking after the beach trade and general manufacturing.

There is a lumber and house finish

mill, a shoe factory, and another making counters and innersoles. For many years Hampton boasted a piano action factory. Hampton Beach is a real asset to New Hampshire as is attested by the immense crowds that throng there in the season to enjoy one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast.

Hampton Falls has another lumber and house finish establishment, and Seabrook has long been a shoe manufacturing center, also making wood heels. We have now accomplished the full study of the territory from Coos to the sea, for here the ocean, New Hampshire and Massachusetts meet.

New Hampshire has eighteen miles of lineal coast line from Portsmouth, through the beautiful Rye beaches, continuing to the Hampton beaches. Except at strictly beach points, the indentations are so frequent and irregular that the tidal coast line has been figured at 136 miles, which adds to the availability of the region for summer purposes both for New Hampshire people and the many colonies from numerous sections of the United States and Canada.

EXETER

Exeter is one of the first four towns settled in New Hampshire, and has always been a lively manufacturing community. Passing through the town by automobile, one would not think of Exeter as a seaport, but at high tide it is, since for years lumber, brick and coal have been shipped to and from the town in ocean-going vessels via Portsmouth Harbor, Piscataqua River, Great Bay, Squamscott River, which meets fresh water in the Falls of Exeter.

Exeter has a first class textile mill which has been in operation many years. It also has an establishment manufacturing a wide variety of brass fittings which

are sold throughout the country, there is a machine shop, an asbestos specialty factory, and concern making dresses and aprons. There is a wholesale establishment here distributing handkerchiefs and other specialties, which are sold in dry goods stores of New England.

This town has long been the home of a concern making grain elevators, the manufacture of brick has been carried on since the early days, and Exeter is also a shoe manufacturing center of importance.

Exeter has produced many notables. Every one coming to Exeter sees the attractive bandstand in the business center of the town, as finely fitted in beautiful mosaic as any of which we know, and admirably suited to its purpose. This bandstand is the gift of Ambrose Swasey, the famous telescope manufacturer, whose product is familiar in a number of important observatories throughout the world.

Everybody knows of Judge Henry A. Shute, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," who at this writing is still manufacturing mirth for the English-speaking people all over the land out of his actual experiences as a boy in Exeter. As everyone knows, this town is the home of the Robinson Female Seminary and of the Phillips-Exeter Academy, which has graduated many notables, including the son of President Lincoln.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY VILLAGES

Having completed the East Side trunk journey from the extreme north end of the state to its southern boundary, we must needs cruise about a bit by automobile or train, as we prefer, weaving in and out of the Rockingham villages, each with one or more separate industries. Exeter, the shire town, has given us a good start. Danville and South Dan-

ville are both shoe factory centers, and there are also shoe shops at West Hampstead, Newton, Plaistow and Kingston. There is a wooden box-making plant at Newton Junction. Formerly there were many carriage factories in this section, but the coming of the automobile changed all this.

Fremont has an important pickle, fish and meat tub factory, which has supplied many important packing houses throughout the country. Northwood has a shoe factory. Epping has long been a shoe-making center, has some large brick yards, and a box manufacturing plant. At North Epping are substantial nurseries. Raymond makes both shoes and toys, and the town of Candia, which produced Samuel Walter Foss, author of "The House By the Side of the Road," has also done more or less in the shoe manufacturing line in a small way.

All unconsciously we have been traveling quietly and pleasantly along toward Manchester, the industrial center of the state. Candia is only ten miles distant from that city, and on the way to it we pass beautiful Lake Massabesic, from which Manchester draws its supply of pure drinking water. Lumbering and ice constitute the industries along the way, and presently we are again in Manchester.

DERRY, CHESTER AND SALEM

Before we leave this section of the state, we must visit a very industrious community in the shoe manufacturing center of Derry, with several large factories in this line. Since the making of shoes is so important here, it is entirely natural to find wood heels and other shoe accessories, such as wood and paper boxes, made in substantial quantities. There is also a factory making wooden labels, tags and flower supports, whose product has a country-wide distribution.

At Chester is a factory making wooden tags and wooden spoons for the use of physicians in making a throat examination. Chester was for two or three years the home of the famous eccentric "Lord Timothy Dexter," who managed in Chester to acquire his longed-for artificial title. The house he occupied in 1796 and 1797 is still well kept under the ownership of a well-known philanthropist.

Salem, which is not the witch city of an adjoining state but our own border line town of that name, has long been a shoe manufacturing center, also making leather heels. Salem Depot has an excellent house finish mill, a potato chip factory, and here is located the famous "Rockingham Speedway," a splendidly built, scientifically arranged track for motor racing. North Salem for many years had a textile mill.

MILFORD, WILTON, PETERBORO, JAFFREY

We have examined thoroughly and well two out of the three of the north and south trunk lines, and in order to ascend the other we must cross the southern portion of the state by the way of Milford.

On the way from Manchester to Milford we pass through the town of Bedford, where was built the first boat which was put into the Concord to Boston canal route, a commerce which was carried on in the fifty-year period from 1800 to 1850. The next town is Amherst, where the great American statesman and journalist, Horace Greeley, first saw the light of day, Feb. 3, 1811.

Milford, by the highway, is only sixteen miles from Manchester. Here is an aggressive industrial community with a variety of lines. Milford-made post-office boxes and equipments are likely to be seen wherever there are United States

postoffices, for the concern has been in operation a long time and has done an extensive business. They also make plumbers' woodwork, radio tables and bath room furniture.

Milford has two textile mills, one making worsted yarns and the other jute and linen canvas. An old line concern makes a large amount of bed room furniture, sold all over the country and in South America, while a factory producing women's and children's garments has a country-wide distribution.

Milford and the nearby town of Brookline, the latter also having a lumber mill, has long been known as a granite center. There are all told in the district about thirty concerns in quarrying, cutting and shipping both monumental and building granite, together with a large amount of paving blocks, wherever the need for such products exists.

Wilton has long been a milk and milk products center, but also does a considerable amount of lumbering, and has a mill making dry measures, which are sold everywhere. Medicinal ointments known to the trade many years are made here, and there is also a well-known woolen mill at this point.

By train from Wilton to Keene, we would go through Greenfield, where there is a wholesale grain and feed manufacturing establishment, and Elmwood, where there are lumber and wood turning mills.

Then we would find Harrisville, manufacturing chairs in one factory and flannels in another, and box-making at Chesham.

Or, from Wilton we might like to take a run over to New Ipswich, where cotton manufacturing first began in New Hampshire in 1798. There is still a textile unit within the limits of this town,

branch of a larger one in the adjoining town of Greenville. New Ipswich does quite a business in manufacturing a variety of wood turnings, and Greenville, in addition to its cotton factory, makes chairs and tables, and has a lace curtain factory, selling from coast to coast.

But we must return to Wilton, and from thence start westward as did a great religious leader on a similar occasion years ago. The trip over Temple Mountain Pass is well worth the try, on high if you are a good driver and have the right kind of a car. You will need your brakes and lots of them in the descent to Peterboro.

Here industry and art, history and music, summer rest and winter pleasures meet and mingle or follow each other in rapid rhythmic succession. This town boasts the first free public library in America supported wholly from the public funds. Here is the home of the MacDowell musical interests, hallowed by the personal touch of the master and his good wife, perpetuated by the association bearing his name. Nearby is the Sargent Camp for girls, and many other camps and summer residences of notables. In the village is the home of the American Guernsey Cattle Club. The registry office constitutes a considerable industry for Peterboro.

There are two textile mills, one specializing on felts and factory cloths, the other making denims and kindred lines. The first named, in addition to the many places in this country where the product is used, have customers in China, Italy, England and France. The last named concern also makes goods which are shipped abroad to some extent.

Splint wood baskets in small, medium and large sizes are made for many uses in postoffices, factories and for other purposes. There is also a toy factory, a

necktie manufacturing establishment, and thermometer works. All around are establishments for the sale of antiques, a number of them being quite pretentious, Peterboro having for years been known the country over as a reliable antique center.

A short eight miles below Peterboro is East Jaffrey. Here let us first visit a basket factory perhaps two and a half miles out of the village. The trip is worth while because it takes us by beautiful Contoocook Lake, source of the river of same name. Back again to East Jaffrey we find a hustling industrial community, making berry crates, boxes, lumber, match blocks, matches, tacks and taxidermy! The textile mill here makes denims, and there are several smaller units in different lines.

The nearby village of Rindge makes brooms, the industry of East Rindge is

"saw mill and lumber," while West Rindge has a wood turning plant, and there is lumbering everywhere. If we were studying the summer resorts of New Hampshire only, we would return to the Peterboro-Keene road, the two being twenty miles apart, and skirting the foothills of Mt. Monadnock, a majestic isolated mountain, 3,166 feet high, arriving at beautiful Dublin town and Monadnock or Dublin Lake, the latter being 1,456 feet above sea level, and the highest large lake in New Hampshire in elevation.

We are, however, following the lines of industrial towns and villages, so let us go from East Jaffrey over a pretty hill and valley road to another line of towns on the main line of railroad from Boston to Keene, Bellows Falls and the great Northwest. New Hampshire is right on the line and we can ship anywhere!

(To be continued)

The Black Cat That Rides on the Witch's Broom

FLORA B. BURLINGAME

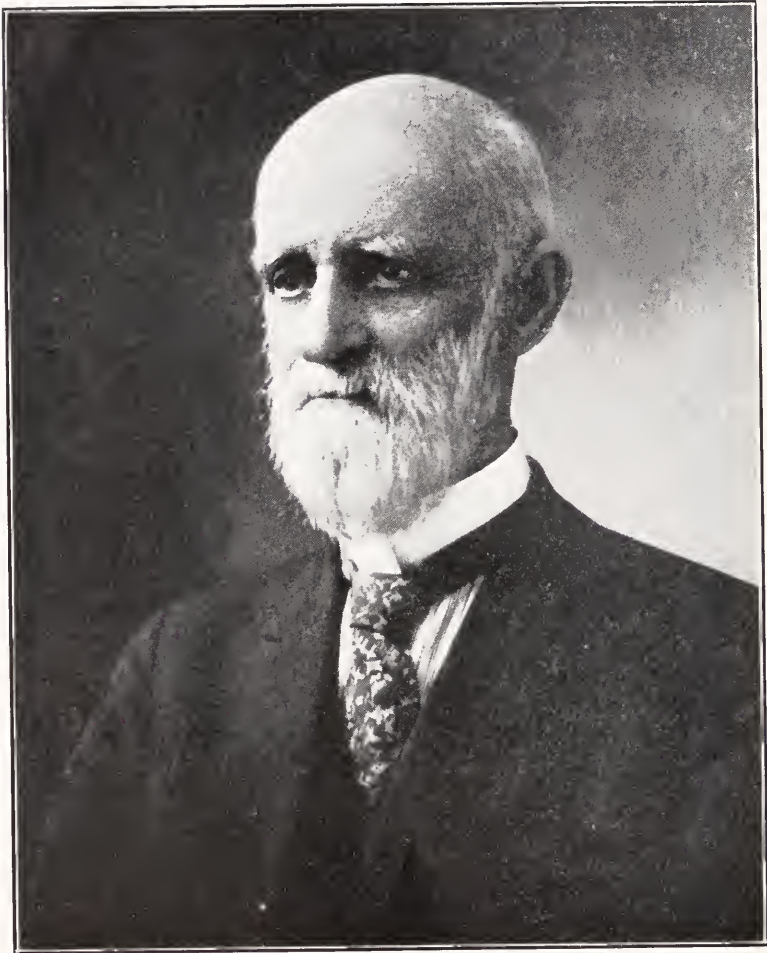
When the moon is big and yellow,
And its light is misty mellow,
And each shadow hides a ghostlet,
Tall, slim, dripping, drooping wraith,
And white cloudlets scamper madly,
Chased by east winds, moaning sadly,
Then you watch for me at midnight,
If in fairies you have faith.

Oh, I'm not the little kitten,
That lost his little mitten,
Nor the great big bold black pussy cat
That struts around in boots;
Nor have I a deep devotion
Towards adventures on the ocean
With a solemn, silly owlet
That just hoots, hoots, hoots.

Some cats play "Hey Diddle Diddle",
On a noisy, tricky fiddle,
Some prefer night vocal music
To the instrumental muse;
Those outside of fairy stories,
Quite obtain their highest glories,
When in sunshine, warm, inviting,
They can find a place to snooze.

As for me, majestic, regal,
On a broom, without a wiggle,
Do I ride behind a witchlet
As across the sky she goes;
And my tail is like a duster,
Made of feathers in a cluster,
And it stands up straight behind me,
And it dusts the moon man's nose.

Silhouetted in the moonlight,
I am never seen in moonlight,
Black as Pluto's plunging horses
I go sweeping through the night.
Watch for me. Perhaps you'll shiver,
For my eyes flash sparks that quiver.
In the smoky, spooky midnight
You will surely see a sight.



HENRY HARRISON METCALF

Henry Harrison Metcalf

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

AGE is not measured by the length of a man's life but by the eternal spirit that dwells within him. Time is not marked by a man-made calendar but by The Everlasting. "The noise of the moment scoffs at the music of The Eternal."

When the simple statement is made that Henry Harrison Metcalf was born April 7, 1841, and is therefore eighty-seven years of age people may reckon his life in the human computation of days and years. They will say, "He is an old man." But Henry Metcalf can never grow old.

A new generation, to which the agonizing days of the Civil War are as remote as Waterloo or the Battle of Hastings, may well salute this man whose life for more than six decades has been linked with the educational, professional, political and journalistic life of New Hampshire and who still retains the keen mentality that has made him a factor in public life since before the days of the Emancipation Proclamation.

New Hampshire is the birthplace of Mr. Metcalf, here much of his education was obtained, here he took his life partner, here their children were born, his own life and that of his people are interwoven with the best traditions of the Granite State, and he is still giving this commonwealth his devoted service.

Newport, where Mr. Metcalf now makes his home for a part of his time, is his birthplace. He was the oldest son of Joseph P. and Lucy (Gould) Metcalf. His family remained in Newport five years after his birth and subsequently lived in Unity, Lempster and Acworth for about equal periods of time until he

arrived at his "majority," as we New Englanders term coming legally of age.

The "little red schoolhouse," often rudely constructed, innocent of the red paint associated with it traditionally, equipped with double seats, unpainted, to which the blades of the boys' jackknives were not unknown, served as a part of the background for Mr. Metcalf's early education. He also received instruction in private schools and attended Mount Caesar Seminary in Swanzey for several terms. Afterward he taught in the rural schools of the state.

That which is too easily obtained is often valued lightly. New Hampshire boys who received higher education in Mr. Metcalf's youth frequently had to struggle for it. So hard was the battle which Henry Metcalf fought to gain his education in law that his health broke under the strain. He went to Michigan in 1862 to enter the law department of Michigan University at Ann Arbor and engaged in farm labor and teaching to pay his way. He was graduated in 1865, standing among the highest in a class of eighty students, many of whom afterward attained high positions in public life. Among these were Frank A. Hooker, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, and Thomas James O'Brien, United States Ambassador to Japan and Italy.

The young man's graduation thesis, on "The Law of Marriage," was highly commended by Judge Thomas M. Cowley, dean of the law school and eminent jurist.

After he returned to New Hampshire following his graduation, and had regained his health, which was gravely impaired by his struggle to obtain his

University education, Mr. Metcalf entered the law office of Edmund Burke of Newport, the most eminent member of the New Hampshire bar from Sullivan County, to complete his professional education and was there admitted to practice at the September term of Superior Court in 1866. He is now believed to be the oldest member of the New Hampshire bar.

Fate plays strange tricks. With all this preparation for the legal profession and after fully intending to make it his life work, Mr. Metcalf abandoned it at the very outset of his career. It is not as a lawyer but as a journalist and author that he is best known to New Hampshire people.

Early in 1867 the young man set out for Littleton with a Lempster school-mate, Chester E. Carey, to look over the field with reference to the establishment of a weekly Democratic newspaper. Mr. Carey was a practical printer, then employed on the *Vermont Union* at Lyndon. He was not a writer and sought Mr. Metcalf's co-operation in an editorial capacity on the new sheet which he proposed to establish.

Carey and Metcalf found the field promising and arranged for the purchase of the plant of the *Littleton Gazette*, a small, independent paper then published in the town. It was arranged that the new paper should be started the following autumn. Meanwhile Carey resumed his work at Lyndon and Metcalf put in his time canvassing Grafton County and southern Coos for the new Democratic paper which started publication the first of October under the name of *The White Mountain Republic*.

And it was then that Henry Metcalf's voice and pen became potent in the promulgation of the tenets of the Democratic Party to which he early in life pledged allegiance and which he has

consistently served with unfailing fidelity and often militantly through all the years to the present day.

The new paper was well received and made a good start, commanding the support of the leading Democrats of the White Mountain region. Mr. Metcalf liked his work and put his whole heart into it. Aside from his editorial labor he continued to put much time into the field working up circulation and making friendly acquaintance with the Democratic leaders through the northern part of the state who were, in fact, the most active and influential in the entire state.

Mr. Metcalf became so enamoured of his occupation and so enthusiastic in his support of the Democratic party, that although he had planned to make this editorial experience a stepping stone to the practice of law in some northern town, he abandoned the idea and concluded to devote himself to journalism for life. Like all young newspaper folk in a restricted environment, he looked forward to work in some larger and more promising field. This opportunity came sooner than he had expected or even hoped for.

Charles C. Pearson and Company of Concord planned and arranged for the publication of a new Democratic state weekly paper in Concord in the summer of 1868 and interested many leading Democrats in the enterprise. The paper was to be devoted to Jeffersonian doctrines and particularly to oppose railroad and other corporation domination of the state. Edmund Burke was in close sympathy with the proposed enterprise and recommended Mr. Metcalf when the publishers were looking about for an editor. He was finally invited to a conference, offered the position, which he gladly accepted.

Mr. Metcalf continued as political and news editor of the new paper for several

years during which it came to be the most widely circulated and influential Democratic paper in the state. As it was a weekly publication the editor was able to devote considerable time to outside work and during his period of service he traveled into every county and nearly every town in the state. He not only added to the subscription list, but wrote up places and industries and exploited the scenic beauties of the state. All this in a day when the most rapid means of travel into country towns was with Dobbin.

Mr. Metcalf personally secured more than two thousand subscribers, and made the acquaintance of leading men in all sections of the state. It was *The People* that was the first paper to establish a state news department arranged by counties.

Of an independent spirit, and disposition to express himself freely on all questions, Mr. Metcalf naturally came to be dissatisfied with the restraint under which he labored in working for others. In the fall of 1871 he bought the *White Mountain Republic* of Mr. Carey, which he had helped establish in Littleton. He edited this publication as well as *The People* until the following spring when he relinquished his Concord position and moved to Littleton to take full charge of *The Republic*. This he enlarged and improved and made a vigorous expounder of Democratic doctrines, as well as a live local paper.

But the youthful editor was not destined to remain long in the North Country. An insistent call came from Dover and in the spring of 1874 he went to that city and established a Democratic paper. A group of prominent Democrats who were displeased with the action of *Foster's Democrat* in forsaking its party and going over to the Republican fold had determined to have a paper

that could be depended upon in all emergencies.

These men were familiar with the reputation of Mr. Metcalf and besought him to come to their rescue. Recalling those days Mr. Metcalf said many years later: "Misled by promises that were never adequately fulfilled and regarding the field a good one, I responded to their call, sold *The Republic*, moved to Dover and there started *The Democratic Press*, afterward known as *The State Press*, which I published for five years, making it, next to *The People*, at Concord, the most extensively circulated Democratic paper in the state."

But starting a newspaper is, at best, a hazardous undertaking. There were two other papers in the city, the advertising and job printing patronage upon which most papers are largely dependent for support, proved inadequate for profitable continuance.

Foster's Democrat, which had been generally expected to go out of existence, commanded the support of certain financial interests outside of politics and continued in the field. This, with the Republican paper, *The Dover Inquirer*, made the competition too close for profit, and Mr. Metcalf wisely decided not to continue the struggle. So, in the spring of 1879, he turned *The Press* and its plant, into which he had put the fruits of his labor in previous years, over to The Press Publishing Company and went to Concord where he continued the publication of *The Granite Monthly* magazine, which he had started in Dover in 1877.

In the subsequent autumn Stilson Hutchins of Washington, with some associates, purchased the *Manchester Union*, then published as an evening paper, along with the weekly *Union Democrat*, with the avowed purpose of issuing a morning daily and giving it a

state wide circulation. Mr. Hutchins, seeking an editor, heard of Mr. Metcalf and invited him to a conference. He engaged him for the position and Mr. Metcalf began his duties in November, when the issue of the morning paper commenced.

Mr. Metcalf remained with *The Union* two years, until the fall of 1891, which period covered the exciting Garfield and Hancock campaign when partisan controversy ran high. During this period *The Union* maintained a position as earnest champion of the Democratic cause. It was at the opening of the legislative session of 1891 that *The Union*, through Mr. Metcalf's efforts, accomplished a feat never undertaken before or since. It published in a single issue brief personal sketches of all the members of the legislature, some of which were obtained with great difficulty.

Dr. J. C. Moore of Laconia, one of Mr. Hutchinson's partners, secured control of *The Union* and decided to assume the position of editor. Mr. Metcalf was immediately offered an editorial position on the *Manchester Mirror and American* by its editor, Col. John B. Clarke. *The Mirror and American* was at that time the leading Republican paper of the state and entered into partisan politics with a zeal and fire that is well remembered by older citizens of New Hampshire. Its editorials, for years written by Henry M. Putney, "Old Put," were masterpieces of political satire, scathing and scorching.

It is easy to realize that an ardent Democrat like Mr. Metcalf fired with fervor for his party principles, could not bring himself conscientiously to accept a position upon a publication of such strong Republican allegiance as *The Mirror*. He declined with thanks.

The Pearson Company at Concord, which had absorbed the old *New Hampshire Patriot* and united it with *The*

People, had been having a varied experience with its editors and about this time found itself without one. Mr. Metcalf was offered the position and for ten years thereafter was in editorial charge of *The People and Patriot*, which in the meantime passed into the hands of a stock company by which a daily paper was also established.

In the spring of 1892, a change of ownership having been effected, Mr. Metcalf resigned as editor and was never afterward officially connected with the paper, though a frequent contributor to its columns. Nor had he any advertised connection with any paper, except as political editor of the *New Hampshire Democrat*, a paper published by J. C. Smith, at Portsmouth, from April, 1924 to April, 1928.

For many years, however, Mr. Metcalf has done a great deal of work for various papers. He furnished the editorial matter for *The Portsmouth Times*, published by the late Col. True L. Norris from 1896 to 1908. For this paper he also wrote a weekly Concord letter and for five years wrote the editorials for *The Cheshire Republican*, a weekly Democratic paper published in Keene.

Mr. Metcalf has served at various times as New Hampshire correspondent for *The New York World, Herald and Times*, and *the Boston Post*.

Meanwhile Mr. Metcalf was connected intermittently with the *Granite Monthly*, which he had founded. Three different times it passed back into his hands after having been disposed of, one period of control and editorship extending from 1906 to 1918. Sometimes when the magazine would leave his hands its fortunes would become low, but he felt a paternal interest in the publication and preserved it for the future benefit of the state as a medium of information along historical and biographical lines, as well

as a service to material progress and a means of literary culture.

But not in journalism and magazine work alone have Mr. Metcalf's literary talents been employed. He has published several books of state interest, including "New Hampshire Agriculture," "One Thousand New Hampshire Notables," a Who's Who of New Hampshire; "New Hampshire in History," and "Sullivan County Recollections," as well as having edited "New Hampshire Women" for the New Hampshire Publishing Company, and the Sullivan County Centennial volume, depicting the county's one hundredth anniversary celebration.

Aside from journalism and literary work Mr. Metcalf has long been active in other lines. Regarding successful agriculture as the basis of national prosperity and the Grange as a powerful agent for the promotion of the farmers' interests as well as the social and educational welfare of the state, he became a charter member of Capital Grange, No. 113, of Concord, in 1886. He was its first lecturer and served many subsequent years in that capacity. He also served as master. He was a charter member and eleven times lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona and was for six years lecturer of the State Grange. For thirty years he devoted as much time and effort to the promotion of Grange interests as any man in the state.

Coming of Revolutionary ancestry, all four of his great grandfathers having been enrolled in their country's service in the Revolution, he early joined the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution. His membership in that organization is held through virtue of the service of his paternal great grandfather, Lieut. Samuel Metcalf, who fought at Bunker Hill and on various enlistments throughout the war. He

is a direct descendent of Michael Metcalf, who came from England in 1637, settled in Dedham, Mass., and was the first schoolmaster in that town. Mr. Metcalf has served as president and historian of the New Hampshire society of the Sons of The American Revolution.

When the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association was organized through the instrumentality of Governor Rollins, in 1899, Mr. Metcalf was chosen a member of the executive committee and served in that capacity until 1914, when he succeeded Governor Rollins as president of the association, an office he still holds. He has given his devoted service to the work of the association throughout the years.

When the National Grange had accepted the invitation of the Concord Commercial club to hold its annual session for 1892 in that city, it became necessary for much to be done in preparation for the event. Mr. Metcalf was asked to assume the duties of the then incapacitated secretary and executive officer of that body soon afterward known as the Board of Trade and later as the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Metcalf, always ready to render public service, took command of the situation, and needless to say, the funds were raised, the large gathering comfortably housed and everything accomplished efficiently at an expenditure of more than \$1,200.

At the next election Mr. Metcalf was formally chosen secretary and continued for fifteen years in that capacity with the Board of Trade, as it came to be known. During his incumbency the National Grange was again entertained in 1898. Five sessions of the State Grange were also held in the city entailing an expenditure of more than \$500 on each occasion.

During this time he was also secretary

of the New Hampshire Board of Trade for nine years, during a period when that body was actually accomplishing things, was holding quarterly meetings throughout the state at which questions of material interest were discussed by competent speakers. The arrangements for these sessions were in Mr. Metcalf's hands.

Mr. Metcalf's religious affiliation is with the Universalist church and he has for many years been active in that denomination. He has been a member of the First Universalist society of Concord for forty-five years; has served as a member of the prudential committee, as moderator of the parish for many years, as superintendent of the Sunday school and is now the senior deacon of the church. He was for nine years vice president of the Universalist State convention, six years a member of the board of trustees and was made a life member of the convention four years ago, the first member ever elected to that position.

Mr. Metcalf was an active advocate of the cause of woman suffrage from the early days, worked with Carrie Chapman Catt in campaigning for the cause in this state and is the only man who ever introduced an equal suffrage resolution in a political state convention in New Hampshire. He was also the first person to introduce such a resolution in the Universalist General Convention of the United States.

No man in the state has been recognized as a more ardent supporter of the Democratic cause in New Hampshire than has Mr. Metcalf for the last fifty years. He served as secretary of the Democratic state committee in 1869 and 1870; was a delegate to the national convention in 1876 and was president of the state convention in 1900. He served for some time as chairman of the Demo-

cratic city committee of Concord and has been a delegate to nearly every state convention of the party since 1867, often serving on the platform committee.

With no hope of election, he has allowed his name to go on the party ticket in times past for various offices from ward moderator to representative to Congress.

Now, in his eighty-eighth year, he is a candidate for State Senator in the Concord district, hoping against odds for an election, that he may close his career with a useful service to his native state.

Mr. Metcalf has been a member of the Board of Education of Littleton and auditor of the Union School district of Concord, in the welfare of whose schools he has felt a deep interest for many years. In the last few years he has agitated for a woman's college in the state, a dream that will some day come true, and has to some extent through Junior college course at the Colby Girls' School.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1918-21 Mr. Metcalf took an active part and worked vainly to promote amendments looking to the abolition of the executive council and the Constitutional Convention, both, in his opinion, in the interest of economy and good government.

For two years Mr. Metcalf served in the appointive office of Editor of State Papers, or State Historian, 1913-1915, through appointment by Governor Feltner. Mr. Metcalf says that "although deprived through partisan hostility in withholding the appropriation for the office of the opportunity to serve the state through preserving in proper form its work in the development of the nation, I have maintained my interest in such work and have not failed to do all in my power to stimulate popular pride in the state's historical record."

Through Mr. Metcalf's instigation the Concord Board of Trade and city government in 1915 arranged for and carried out an appropriate celebration of the 150th anniversary of the charter of Concord as a township, and he served as chairman of the general committee and of the program committee.

He framed and secured the passage of the measure by the Legislature of the act providing for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the state in 1923, and was secretary of the commission in charge. He also prepared and carried through the legislature the resolution providing for an adequate celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption by New Hampshire of the first independent government in the country in January, 1776. He was also secretary of the commission that carried out that celebration in Concord in June, 1926,

and he devoted much time and labor to the work.

Mr. Metcalf was united in marriage December 18, 1869, with Mary Jane, oldest daughter of William and Prucia (Morrill) Jackson of Littleton. She died in Concord, October 9, 1926. Mr. Metcalf faced the loss of his life-time companion with that courage which has marked his entire career.

Three children, all living, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf. They are Harry B. Metcalf, now editor and proprietor of the *Argus-Champion* of Newport; Edmund Burke of Bedford, Mass., many years linotype operator on Boston newspapers, and Laura Prucia, wife of Harlan C. Pearson of Concord. There are also seven grandchildren, and three great grandchildren, the latter sons of Caroline Pearson and William E. Spaulding of Cambridge, Mass., in whom Mr. Metcalf takes special pride.

A Garden

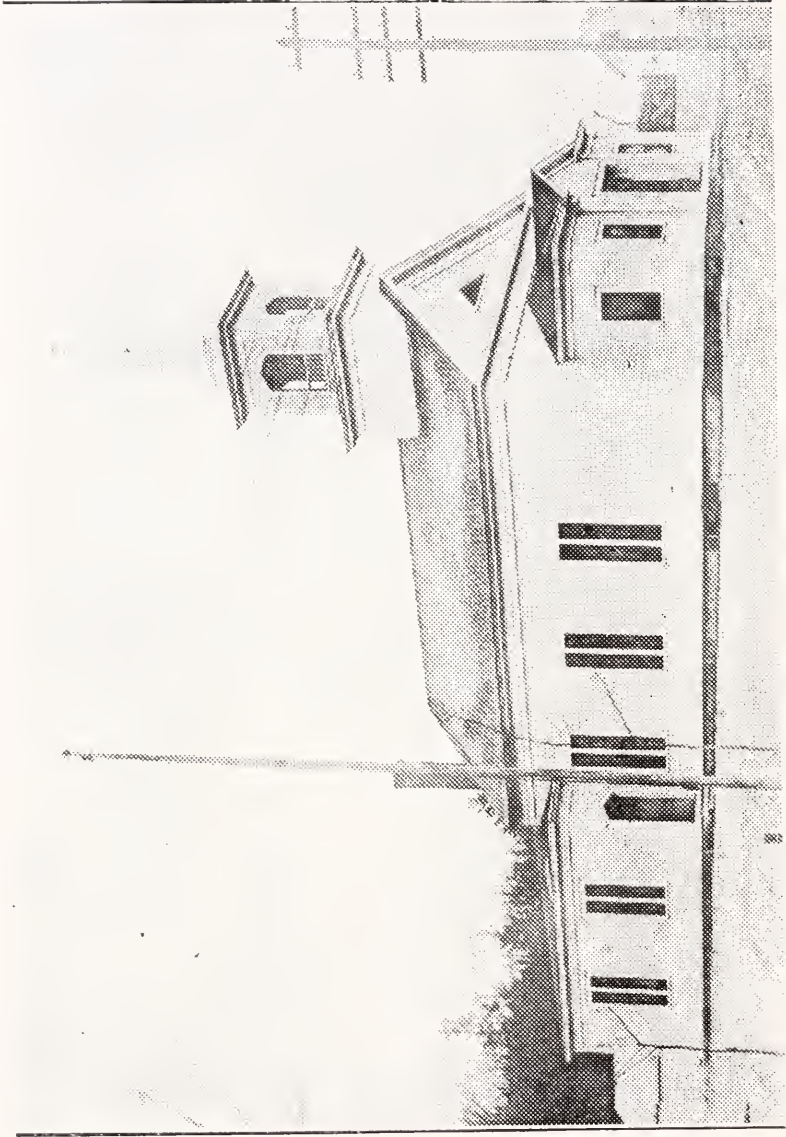
CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Behind a humble bungalow,
Built not so many years ago,
There blooms a garden, small and fair,
Which basks in sunshine everywhere.

Within that garden, small and fair,
Where floral fragrance fills the air,
Some gorgeous dahlias stand arow,
Resplendent like an irised bow.

Like memories from days gone by,
Its old-time flowers please your eye,
Aglow in sunshine's golden light—
Pink, blue and scarlet, yellow, white.

Within that garden fair, we see
The butterfly and busy bee,
Where flowers bloom and flowers grow
Behind a humble bungalow.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HOOKSETT

One-Hundredth Anniversary

AGNES FADDEN

NEW ENGLAND is dotted with white churches of dignified architecture within whose walls have been written the living records of a sturdy and God-fearing people. Typical of these is the Congregational church at Hooksett, N. H., which was completed eighty-two years ago and in which was held the one hundredth anniversary of the church society September 16.

This church has been served by twenty-four pastors, only seven of whom are now living, so far as can be ascertained. These, who have been invited to be present on this anniversary occasion, are Rev. W. S. Miller, Rev. David F. Atherton, Rev. Charles B. Wathen, Rev. J. H. Bliss, Rev. Daniel S. Robinson, Rev. Charles B. Williams, Rev. Morris H. Turk, and Rev. Alfred T. Hillman who acted as pastor for some time.

Interwoven with the history of all churches in New England is always the record of toil and sacrifice of their women, and this is no less true of the Congregational church in Hooksett. For many years a faithful group of women, organized into a Ladies' Aid Society, has labored unceasingly for the welfare of the organization and the newly renovated building with its bright new carpet and shining pews in which the service is held at this time is a testimony to the zeal of these workers.

On January 22, 1828, an ecclesiastical council met to act on letters received from various individuals in Hooksett asking for the formation of a Congregational church. The following were present: Rev. Abraham Burnham of Pembroke, Rev. Roger C. Hatch of Hopkinton, Rev. William H. Talbot of West Nottingham, Rev. Nathaniel Bou-

ton of Concord, Rev. Henry Wood of Goffstown. There were also delegates present from each church represented and these were Josiah Kittredge of Pembroke, Foster Townes of West Nottingham, Nathaniel Abbot of Concord and Jonathan Aiken of Goffstown.

A "Church of Christ" was formed, officers chosen, a confession of faith and covenant of faith administered to seven. These were Roger Dutton, Susan Moulton, Sarah Head, Zebiah Hersey, Mehitable Hersey, Mary Otterson and Arria Mitchell. These composed the membership of the church at its organization, according to the records, yellowed with age, and written in the fine, flowing handwriting of Nathaniel Bouton, "scribe." The services at this event consisted of a prayer by Rev. Roger C. Hatch and a sermon by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton. There was also hymn-singing.

There was no church building at this time and meetings were held in the present town hall. A pastor was called, Rev. Joseph A. E. Long, and under his pastorate eighteen were admitted to membership. The succession of pastors that followed Mr. Long comprised Rev. Charles Boynton, 1833-1835; Rev. Humphrey Moore, Rev. W. C. Greenleaf, 1837; Rev. S. E. Jewett, 1838. Records are unavailable for the years intervening until February, 1846, when Rev. James W. Perkins was called.

The Congregational Society was formed March 7, 1846 and the church building was erected in that year upon the land given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Head, grandparents of Capt. Samuel Head, with the proviso that the church be maintained in the Congregational faith. The vestry was built later.

An all day dedicatory service was held August 30, 1846, with Mr. Perkins preaching in the forenoon and Mr. French of Peterborough in the afternoon.

Rev. John Lawrence was called in 1848 and served for two years. In December, 1850, the church, which then numbered sixty members, called Rev. Joseph W. Tarleton at a salary of \$500, \$100 of which was paid by the Home Missionary society. At that time a salary of \$500 was not considered particularly small and many ministers labored for even less. But it must be confessed that this was usually augmented by the "donation" of many necessities of life by the members of the parish.

Five years later Rev. William Forbes received a call to the church and he stayed three years, or until 1858, when Rev. E. H. Caswell came. He acted as pastor for a time and then was called as a regular minister and remained until 1860 when Rev. Martin Leffinwell preached two Sundays and was engaged. He remained until 1865 and in July of that year Rev. A. Burnham was chosen and preached until March 31, 1872.

Today the federation of churches is common enough and the idea is growing. But a half century ago there was much less tolerance among the various denominations in the Protestant church than at the present time. It is therefore a tribute to the harmony that existed among the people of Hooksett that for several years they maintained a Union church in which the people of the Methodist and Congregational faiths worshipped together.

These two denominations held services in the town hall for several years and continued to do so for a time after the new church was built, in spite of Mr. Head's proviso that the building should only be used for Congregational meetings.

The clerk of the church during this period was the late Frank C. Towle and his records show that in the year 1872 there were 56 members. Rev. J. E. Robbins, a Methodist minister, was the first pastor of the union church and as the rules of that denomination allowed a minister to remain in one parish a maximum period of three years his stay was limited by this requirement.

It is due to this ruling in the Methodist Episcopal church, probably, that so many pastors came and went during these years. Among these are the names, familiar to the older residents, of Rev. William Leonard, Rev. John Wilder, Rev. Charles Taintor, Rev. S. D. Kellogg, Rev. John Rollins, Rev. J. P. DeMerritt, Rev. A. C. Coult, Rev. Morris Turk, Rev. W. S. A. Miller, Rev. J. B. Stuart, Rev. Robert Humphrey, Rev. David F. Atherton and Rev. Charles B. Wathen.

The love which the residents of the community have held for the church has been manifest through their generous gifts. There is the exceptional munificence of Mrs. Jabez Greene, who gave a house for a parsonage and who later gave a baptismal bowl, tankard, four goblets and two plates for a communion set.

When the church was remodeled and renovated in the summer of 1911 the parsonage was moved to its present location. Deacon J. Hollis Morgan, with characteristic zeal, solicited funds for the work and after the interior of the church was to his liking held the celebration in observance of the twentieth wedding anniversary of himself and Mrs. Morgan within its walls. This celebration was incidental, however, to the rededication of the church. The address was given by Rev. David Fraser of Manchester.

The records show that Rev. J. H. Bliss

came to the church as pastor in 1911 and remained until November, 1914. During the next year there was no settled pastor, many ministers speaking from the pulpit. From 1915 to 1917 seems to have been a particularly prosperous era. The salary of the minister was raised to \$900 and Rev. Daniel S. Robinson was called. During his pastorate many united with the church. The last resident pastor was Rev. Charles B. Williams who served from 1917 to 1922. Since he left the work here the pulpit has been filled by Rev. Alfred T. Hillman and by Harold M. Smith, principal of Pembroke Academy.

What is now the Ladies' Aid Society was organized fifty-five years ago as the Ladies' Union Sewing Circle. The exact date of this organization was January, 1873. January 16, 1896, it was reorganized as the Ladies' Aid Society. Through the years its membership has not varied to any marked extent. Originally there were thirty-seven members, seven of whom were men and who were honorary members. The largest membership at any one time was fifty-two and at the present time is thirty—exactly the original number exclusive of the men.

It is also a peculiar coincidence that the present membership of the church is exactly the same as it was eighty-nine years ago. This membership is forty-three, with several of the members residing out of town. Mrs. Lizzie Thompson Morse, who now lives in Suncook, and Hiram Warren Austin are the living members who have belonged to this church for the longest period. They joined January 1, 1881. Among others who have retained their membership for a considerable period are Mrs. Eva Otterson, Eben Chase, Mrs. Sarah H.

Chase, Mrs. Hiram W. Austin, Mrs. Julia A. Saltmarsh, Mrs. Martha A. Carbee, Mrs. Mary J. Mitchell, Miss Mary Fuller, Deacon J. Hollis Morgan and Mrs. Morgan.

Among the more recent gifts to the church is one by Thomas L. Poor who seven years ago presented a new furnace and had it installed. The love and sacrifice of many others have been expressed in other ways, and whether it is a pot of baked beans or a pie for a church supper, or hours of labor in cleaning and renovating the building, the heart of the people of this parish has been in the work.

The years record few misunderstandings, rows or "church maulings." On the whole the people have lived together in peace and harmony and the church, as an organization, and the building as a tangible feature of the physical aspect of the village, have been indispensable and abiding.

The various organizations within the church, the choir, the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor and the church society, have worked together in harmony for the good of the whole. For more than a score of years Arthur D. Brown has faithfully served the Sunday School as its superintendent. Outstanding in the service rendered by the choir stand the names of Leona M. Worthley, Bernice Worthley, Mildred Rowell and Ella Morgan.

Today the zeal of the people of this parish is as genuine as in the days of old and we can fervently say in the words of the hymn

"We love Thy church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand."

Real Authors

MARION L. BOOTHMAN

ON A SATURDAY night in August in the year of our Lord 1928 the streets of the Capital City were thronged with shoppers. At this point let me pause to introduce our hero, the average citizen and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jones of Concord, and their little boy, A. C. Jones, Jr., who, like Satan in the book of Job, came also.

As this immortal trio was passing the Monitor building Junior nudged his father's elbow, nearly upsetting and making premature squash pie of the ingredients of the Sunday dinner which the average citizen was obediently carrying home in his wife's market basket.

"Lookit, pa!" exclaimed Junior. "See what Mr. Tuttle's got in the Publicity window this time."

"Books by New Hampshire authors," cut in Mrs. Jones while her husband disentangled the asparagus from the strawberries and rescued the roast from a passing dog. "Yes, dear, I read all about it in the paper. I meant to come right down street this morning and ask that nice girl in the Publicity office to show me the new books, all autographed copies and all gifts straight from the publishers."

"Jimminy crickets!" ejaculated Junior. "I've counted more'n a hundred already and haven't begun on those sets in boxes."

"That can't be right, son," remonstrated the average citizen, emerging from the vegetables. "That's too many. The paper said, 'books by living or recent New Hampshire authors.' There haven't been enough authors in this state since 1492 to write a hundred books. Either you can't count straight or Tuttle's made

some mistake and annexed a lot of Massachusetts and California writers. This Publicity Bureau is too doggone aggressive."

"I guess Frances Abbott's no Massachusetts miss and even you, A. C.," retorted Mrs. Jones, "even you can't say Grace Blanchard was ever brought up anywhere but in Concord, where she has spent all her life so far and will probably be librarian to her dying day. Can't you see Miss Abbott's *Birds and Flowers about Concord, N. H.*, ready to fly in your face, you doubting Thomas. And there's the *Island Cure* and those two girls' books about Phillida. That's not all the Concord people either. What about Mr. Metcalf's history of New Hampshire and that new poet, what's his name, Jenkins? He's come and settled down in the Capital City just in time for Concord to have the honor of being the home of the author of *Heavenly Bodies*."

"Wait a minute, Jane," Mr. Jones interposed mildly. "You know Jenkins is one of these free verse cranks and not too well known at that. If he wrote straight honest-to-goodness homey poems and had his stuff syndicated like Eddie Guest he might be worth boasting of. If there isn't a book by Mr. Hammond at the Historical Society! *A Check List of New Hampshire Local History*, now what does he mean by that?"

Mrs. Jones had no chance to bestow the meed of approval on Mr. Hammond's useful bibliography, for her son occupied the center of the stage.

"Gee, ma!" he burst out, "there's *Jimmy, the Story of a Black Bear Cub*. I wish Mr. Tuttle would let me have

that one. I've read *The Sprite* and *Polaris* and *Animal Heroes in the Great War* but I like *Jimmy* best. Did you know Mr. Baynes was dead now? Teacher says ain't it too bad he can't write any more animal stories. He sure beats those Burgess books a mile. Gee! There's another real boy's book, the *King's Powder*. Old Georgie got it back in his teeth. The Americans hid it in the church and then at Bunker Hill they gave it back to the King's soldiers all right, all right. The Britishers got their own powder in the neck."

The average citizen was growing restive. He didn't propose to stand on the street corner all night with a heavy market basket on one arm and a bag of potatoes on the other while Junior and Mrs. Jones prattled their bookish credos. He could see that the books on antiques by Alice Van Leer Carrick had caught his wife's eye.

"Oh, yes! The *Next-to-nothing House*," she murmured to herself. "Of course I have that and *Collector's Luck in France*, but what's this new one? M'm, *Collector's Luck in England*. They say Early American is going out and that foreign antiques are all the rage."

The average citizen shifted the potatoes to a more comfortable position, that is, more comfortable for him. The grocer might not have given full measure but that bag was nevertheless a peck of trouble. Just then he saw two books that apparently held no interest for his wife and son. At least they hadn't mentioned Ralph D. Paine's *Roads of Adventure* nor O'Kane's *Trails and Summits of the White Mountains*.

"Jane," orated A. C. Jones in his best rotarian manner, "you have given us a lot of blah but you have wholly neglected to mention the cream of this exhibit. Here are two books that any he-man would be proud to own. I re-

fer, madam, to *Trails and Summits of the White Mountains* by a real mountaineer and honest-to-gosh camper if he is a college professor, and to *Roads of Adventure* by another he-man who saw service on the seven seas as a war correspondent. Let us give all honor to Prof. O'Kane and to the memory of his Durham neighbor, Ralph D. Paine."

"Gee, Pa, is he the guy who wrote *Firstdozen, Kentucky!* and *Cadet of the Black Star Line*? I didn't know he lived in Durham. Joe's dad's got *Trails of the Green Mountains*, too, and he's going to buy the Adirondack one red hot off the press."

Mrs. Jones was not content to go home until she had sung the praises of Tilden's *Spanish Prisoner*. "To think he lives down here in Pembroke and his daughter goes to the Academy just as common as anyone," she lectured on, and then exclaimed over Robert Frost's *New Hampshire*.

"When you see that and *Tristram*, two Pulitzer prize poems, how dare you stand up in your shoes, A. C. Jones, and say that New Hampshire hasn't got poets? Who knows but Oliver Jenkins will get the next prize?"

Mr. Jones summoned the courage to retort that once you admitted the work of the MacDowell colony where Robinson wrote *Tristram* the devil was to pay. You could claim any foreigner you chose. Look at Padriac Colum!

But Mrs. Jones raced on to Mrs. Keyes' *Letters from a Senator's Wife*. "There's another smart woman for you!" she declared. "In the Moses campaign you men said, 'Who asks who is the Senator from New Hampshire?' That's all right, but if anyone says 'the wife of the Senator from New Hampshire' everyone knows they mean Mrs. Keyes."

"And there's another Concord author," she continued, "Charles Rumford

Walker. See his novel, *Bread and Fire*, that came out last spring. You know, he makes me think," she spoke with unusual literary discernment for Mrs. A. C. Jones, "something of Winston Churchill. Not of course that they are anything alike, but Churchill was a great old muckraker in his time. There's *Coniston* right before our eyes. And Charles Rumford Walker's another reformer, twenty years later, another flaming youth with a message. Of course, Churchill's stand was against corrupt politics and the fashion has changed now to economics, but the principle's the same. The author of *Bread and Fire* with his old steel works takes himself just as seriously as the author of *Mr. Crecœ's Career*."

The average citizen hastened to escape the deep waters of criticism. He promptly thrust the bag of potatoes on Junior, and taking his wife by the arm steered her home at a rapid pace.

FIFTEEN OF THE BOOKS THAT JUNIOR SAW

- Abbott, Frances Matilda. *Birds and flowers about Concord, N. H.* 1906
 Baynes, Ernest Harold *Jimmy, the story of a black bear cub* 1923
 Blanchard, Grace *Island cure* 1922
 Carriek, Alive Van Leer *Collector's luck in England* 1926
 Dudley, Albertus True *King's powder* 1923
 Frost, Robert *New Hampshire; a poem with notes and grace notes* 1923
 Hammond, Otis Grant *Check list of New Hampshire local history* 1925
 Jenkins, Oliver *Heavenly bodies* 1928
 Keyes, Frances Parkinson *Letters from a senator's wife* 1924
 Metcalf, Henry Harrison *New Hampshire in history; or The contribution of the Granite state to the development of the nation* 1922
 O'Kane, Walter Collins *Trails and summits of the White mountains* 1925
 Paine, Ralph Delahaye *Roads of adventure* 1922
 Robinson, Edwin Arlington *Tristram* 1927
 Tilden, Freeman *Spanish prisoner* 1928
 Walker, Charles Rumford *Bread and fire; a novel* 1927

Recalling Her First Party

FANNY H. RUNNELLS POOLE

Why do I love him? What surprising vision
 Is breaking like the sunrise on the shore?
 What revelation, rainbow-hued, Elysian,
 Attracts me more and more?

It's not alone his voice of mellow sweetness,
 Or that his manners every fear disarm,
 That in his presence I find joy's completeness,
 And song's accordant charm;

But when, that night, the others dozed in blindness,
 And I was haunted by a fond romance,
 Alone he came, and with discerning kindness
Invited me to dance.

New Hampshire Necrology

SETH F. HOSKINS

Seth F. Hoskins, born in Lyman, N. H., March 24, 1844; died in Lisbon, August 22, 1928.

He was the son of Luther B. and Lucy (Walker) Hoskins, and was educated in the public schools and at Peacham (Vt.) Academy. For five years after leaving school he was employed in the general store of Parker & Young in Lisbon, and later was engaged for four years in partnership with Charles E. Cummings in the same line of business. Then he became a partner with Dr. Henry C. Bowles and engaged in the summer hotel business at Sugar Hill, the firm erecting there the Sunset Hill House, which, under the management of Mr. Hoskins, became one of the most popular resorts in the White Mountain region. He continued in the management until in recent years he had been relieved by his son, Carl S., a Dartmouth graduate of 1893.

Mr. Hoskins was a Republican in politics and active in party affairs. He was for some time chairman of the Lisbon Board of Education, served two terms in the House of Representatives and one in the State Senate, and was a member of the staff of Gov. N. J. Bachelder. He was also for some time a director of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company. He was a member of Kame Lodge of Masons at Lisbon, of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association and the New Hampshire Hotel Association.

He married, in early life, Miss Elizabeth Stevens of Hardwick, Vt., who died in 1919, leaving two sons, who survive, Carl S., before mentioned, and Dr. Neal L. of Detroit, Mich.

ARTHUR W. DUDLEY

Arthur W. Dudley, born in Brentwood, N. H., July 22, 1846; died there, August 21, 1928.

He was the son of Winthrop H. and Mary F. (Robinson) Dudley, and was educated in the public schools, Pinkerton Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1867.

Following his graduation, he went to Chicago and secured a position on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The following spring he was assigned to the railroad's western division in Nebraska as division engineer of construction, remaining there until the following October, when he was stricken with pneumonia and he was compelled to return home. After his recovery he was employed as assistant engineer on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad with headquarters in Bridgeport, Conn., remaining there until obliged to return to Brentwood to care for his aged father and grandparents.

Subsequently he was engaged for several years in railroad work in Florida. Returning to Brentwood, he did survey work for the Exeter water works system, the Derry system, the Derry and Chester Railroad and the Concord and Portsmouth road. In 1895 he was called to Manchester to take charge, with Engineer Joseph B. Sawyer, of important extensions to the city's water system. At the retirement of Mr. Sawyer in 1897 he took over their office and engineering practice, which he conducted for over thirty years. During this time he designed and had charge of construction of nearly fifty municipal water systems in New Hampshire and other New Eng-

land states. He was appointed by Gov. Frank W. Rollins a member of the commission that laid out the ocean boulevard in 1899, and in 1912 Gov. Robert P. Bass appointed him to the public service committee to serve on cases where permanent members became disqualified on account of previous connection with interested parties.

He served Brentwood as selectman, road agent, member of the school board, library trustee and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1889. He was representative in the Legislature in 1895 and 1897.

He was a Mason, and a Patron of Husbandry, having been master of Newborough Grange of Brentwood, and lecturer of East Rockingham Pomona Grange.

In the summer of 1872 he married Mary I. Lamprey of Moultonboro, who died in 1880. Three children were born to this union, Fred L. Dudley of Randolph, Vt., district highway commissioner of Vermont; Mary F. Dudley, dietician at the Boston State Hospital, and John H. Dudley of Brentwood. In 1881 he married Clara F. Hook of Brentwood, also now deceased.

GEORGE C. PRESTON

George C. Preston, born in Manchester, August 17, 1848; died in Henniker, August 25, 1928.

He was the son of Luke W. and Mary F. Preston, and educated in the public schools and Francestown Academy. In 1868 he removed to Henniker and engaged in mercantile business, continuing in the same business and location till 1917.

He held the office of town clerk and postmaster of Henniker, and in 1891 represented the town in the Legislature. In 1893 he was a member of the state senate from the ninth district and was

at the time of his death the last survivor of the twenty-four members of that year. He was a charter member of Crescent Lodge, I. O. O. F., and also a member of Aurora Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He was an attendant and active in the work of the local Congregational church.

In 1871 he was married to Miss Emma J. Boynton of Francestown, who died five years ago. The survivors are a son, Harry B. Preston; a brother, Arthur G. Preston, both of Henniker, and a niece and a nephew.

MRS. JENNIE CLAPP ROLFE

Jennie Clapp Rolfe, born in Nashua, N. H., May 13, 1855; died in Lisbon, August 23, 1928.

She was a daughter of Thomas W. and Sabina A. (Taylor) Clapp, who removed to Concord in her childhood, where her father was subsequently mayor of the city. She was a graduate of the Concord High School in the class of 1874.

For many years Mrs. Rolfe had been prominent in the Daughters of the American Revolution and was a charter member of Rumford Chapter of Concord. She was chairman of the committee which secured the New Hampshire state flag for Continental Hall in Washington, D. C., and a member of the committee to secure the final payment on Continental Hall. For three years she filled the office of state registrar of the society. She was also a former regent of Rumford Chapter. Mrs. Rolfe was also affiliated with the New Hampshire Chapter, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America.

She was a member of the South Congregational Church, the Concord Woman's Club, the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Friendly Club, Red Cross, and was a patron member of

the Associates of the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital.

On June 6, 1877, she was married to Benjamin Stodder Rolfe, who, with their son, Benjamin Henry Rolfe, survives.

GEORGE L. SADLER

George L. Sadler, born at Windsor Locks, Conn., December 15, 1866; died in Nashua, September 2, 1928.

He was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Lickiss) Sadler, who came to this country from England. He attended the public schools and later entered the employ of the Thompson-Houston Electric Company at Lynn, Mass., taking a course in electrical plant management.

About 1890 he went to Nashua to act in an advisory capacity to the Nashua Electric Light Company, and was so successful that it was not long before he was made general manager of the local company, which position he held until the formation of the Public Service Company of New Hampshire. On November 10, 1926, he was promoted to general manager of the Nashua division of that company.

Mr. Sadler was active in church work, being a member and vestryman of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Socially, he was a thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of the Mystic Shrine. He was also a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, Rotary Club, Nashua Country Club, National Electric Light Association, and the Boston City Club. Politically, he was an ardent Republican, and as such was elected representative from Ward 2, senator from the 12th district, and councillor from this district in 1921-22, serving under Gov. Albert O. Brown, and had been a trustee of the New Hampshire State Sanitarium at Glenduff for several years.

He is survived by his widow; one son, Paul; a grandson, Paul, Jr.; three broth-

ers, Ernest and Leroy Sadler of Hartford, Conn., Frank Sadler, Taunton, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. J. O. Coogan, of Hartford, Conn.

MAURICE BARNARD

Maurice Barnard, born in Goshen, June 2, 1863; died in Concord, August 15, 1928.

He lived in Goshen, where he attended the public schools, till eighteen years of age, when he removed with his parents to Newbury, and was engaged in a country store at South Newbury for two years, when he went to Concord and entered the employ of the wholesale grocery firm of Woodworth, Dodge & Co., since known as Woodworth & Co., with which he continued through life, through his ability and energy reaching the position of president of the company, which he held for many years past and gaining high rank among the business men of Concord.

Mr. Barnard was an earnest Democrat, a Methodist in religion, and prominent in the Masonic order.

In 1889 he married Belle Frances McIntire of Concord, who survives him. He is also survived by two daughters, Marjorie Shirley, who resides at home, and Dorothy, now Mrs. Russell Sanford, of Worcester, Mass. He is also survived by a brother, Guy W., of South Acton, Mass.

MRS. MIRIAM B. JENKINS

Miriam Bancroft Jenkins, born in Concord, April 24, 1894; died in Han-kow, China, August 3, 1928.

Mrs. Jenkins was the daughter of Susan C. and the late Dr. Charles P. Bancroft. She was educated in the public schools, St. Mary's School in Concord and Abbott Academy at Andover, Mass., and later graduated from the Peter Bent Brigham Training School for Nurses.

For two years following her graduation she was very active in organizing the Tuberculosis Association in Rockingham County. She was stationed in Exeter, where, as throughout the county, she made many friends. She was a zealous member of Christ Episcopal Church. In 1922, accredited thereto, she went to Wuchang, China, to work for the Church General Hospital in that vicinity. After three years of service in this field, interrupted for a brief period by the Chinese revolution, she married Walter C. Jenkins, of Durham, N. C., the American representative of a New York importing house to China.

Besides her husband and mother, Mrs. Jenkins is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Asa Sheverick, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. John R. McLane, of Manchester.

REV. WILLIAM RAMSDEN

Rev. William Ramsden of Newfields, long a prominent member of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference, died in Boston, August 2, 1928.

He was born in Leeds, England, seventy-five years ago, but came to America in early life, and after working for a time in the mills at Lawrence, Mass., attended the seminary at Tilton and the Boston University Divinity School preparatory to the Methodist ministry. His first pastorate was in Benton in 1879. Subsequently he served in Lawrence, Derry, Woodsville, Rochester, Newport, Bethlehem, Concord, Salem, Newmarket and Newfields. At Newmarket he was for several years pastor of the Community Church.

Since retiring from the ministry he had passed the summers at Newfields and the winters at Lake Como, Zephyrville, Fla., preaching at the latter place.

His first wife died in 1918 and later he married Mrs. Wade, of Salem, who survives him, as well as one son, William

G. Ramsden, principal of the Friends' Academy of New Bedford, Mass., and one daughter, Miss Ethel M. Ramsden, who teaches in East Orange, N. J.

ALBERT T. BARR

Albert T. Barr, born in Lowell, Mass., August 18, 1847; died in the Hillsboro County Hospital, August 16, 1928.

Mr. Barr came to Manchester in 1862 and had his home in the city ever after. He was engaged in a sash and blind factory for many years, but was later long engaged as a school janitor. He was a member of the 18th New Hampshire regiment in the Civil War. He was a Republican in politics. He had served on the Manchester board of aldermen and represented Ward 4 in the state Legislature in 1903. In 1908 he was elected a member of the Hillsboro Board of County Commissioners, and served continuously till his death, with the exception of a single term, during which service many great improvements were made at the County Farm. He was long active and prominent in Masonry, Odd Fellowship and the G. A. R. He married, December 21, 1867, Susan A. Moore, and is survived by one daughter, Rena B., now Mrs. James S. Orr, of Providence, R. I.

DANA J. MOONEY

Dana J. Mooney, a prominent citizen of Newport, died at his home in that town, August 3, at the age of 87 years.

He was a native of Alton, born June 17, 1841, son of Moses C. and Ann A. Mooney, and was educated in the public schools, New Hampton Academy, Hillsdale College, Mich., and Bates College, Maine. He commenced business life in Newport as a member of the firm of Mooney & Meserve, clothing dealers, later continuing the same alone for some years, but had been retired for a quarter

of a century though devoting much attention to civic improvement and the development of the material resources of the town. He was active in the establishment of Newport's water system, and was chairman of the water and sewer system for many years. He had also served as selectman, member of the school board and representative in the Legislature. He was an active member of the Congregational Church and a deacon emeritus of the same. He was a trustee of the Newport Savings Bank. He was deeply interested in music and a prominent member of the old Sullivan County Musical Association, also a member of Mount Vernon Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

He was twice married. His last wife, who survives him, was Miss Mary Abbie Meserve. He leaves a daughter and son, the latter being Clarence D. Mooney, the noted organist of Laconia; four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

ETHELYN WILLIAMS BURELL

Mrs. Ethelyn Williams Burell passed away at Ahaluna Cottage on Uncanoonuc Mountain August 28. She was state president of the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont branch of the Shut-in Society, which position she had held for twenty-five years.

She was born in Lancaster, N. H.,

July 8, 1877, removed to Concord in 1884, came to Manchester in 1917, and married Carl Burell in 1918.

When eleven years old she suffered a severe attack of meningitis from the effects of which she never recovered.

Though badly handicapped she accomplished a far greater work than many having far greater advantages. For the past twenty-five years on each Christmas she, with the help of her associates, sent cheer and hope to at least three hundred members of the Shut-in Society in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and to a great many outside of her district, and for the past ten years had reached the inmates of most of the homes and hospitals in her district. At Easter she reached almost as many, and each shut-in was remembered on his or her birthday. Through monthly cheer stations many were reached every month with some little gift of cheer. Not only this but she wrote personal letters of cheer to every new member as they came into the society and to all shut-ins in her district as often as time and means allowed.

She will be greatly missed by her shut-ins and associate workers.

Her work will be carried on for the present at least by her husband, Carl Burell, 601 Hall Street, Manchester, N. H., who has shared in her work for the past ten years.

In Memoriam

ETHELYN WILLIAMS BURELL
CARL BURELL

If it is true that when our loved-ones die,
They're really dead, as some would have us say
It would be better if we could die too—
What is there left to live for anyway?
But all within us, truest—highest—best—
Declares to God and man there is no death,
That life—if we have really lived at all—
Is something more than merely mortal breath.

We know in part from whence we must have sprung,
We cannot know, as yet, where we shall go,
There are things that the human mind can't grasp
But we go forward and not back, I know.
To higher, better, freer life she passed;
Is more alive than ever she was here,
With her all things—indeed all things—are well,
'Tis for myself that I must hope and fear.

She used to give me many a task to do—
Not tasks but privileges they were to me,
She left for me a greater task than these
To do and be with she would have me be;
Though loneliness e'er walks life's path with me
My task is not a task but privilege still;
If I should do what she wants me to do
I shall be doing God's most holy will.

Tryst

CATHERINE PARMENTER

I cannot see your face, and yet I know
That you are here beside me, and the sky
Enfolds the hills that all about us lie
Steeped in the ardor of the sun's warm glow.
New England hills! The singing hemlocks seem
To touch the summer clouds; while through the veil
Of moving leaves flung 'round the forest trail
We glimpse the waters of a restless stream.

I cannot hear your laughter, but we share
The joy and wonder of the green-clad way;
The sweet wild roses that so softly sway
Stirred by a whisper of enchanted air.
New England valleys! Shadows deep that pass
Beneath the arching beauty of the trees;
A lark's clear song, poised on the hill-born breeze;
The lush, cool verdure of the meadow-grass.

I cannot see your face, and yet I know
That you are here beside me as I tread
Familiar paths where lilies blossom red,
Where columbine and starry asters grow.
New England hills! . . . And though perhaps your eyes
May now see fairer things, and you may hear
Great songs, unheard, unknown to mortal ear,
In that mysterious place beyond the skies—
Yet I believe you love them none the less:
The beckoning heights you knew and loved so well;
The maple trees, the thrush's chiming be!l,
The allurements of the friendly wilderness.

And so again today, when sunlight fills
The earth with quiet peace, shall you and I
Follow familiar trails that lead us high
Amid the beauty of New England hills.

Denman Thompson and "The Old Homestead"

The third of a series of articles "Our New Hampshire Dramatists"

WILLIS WARREN HARRIMAN, PH.D., A.M.

THE fifteenth of October marks the birthday anniversary of another great American dramatist, a man who, by his own intrinsic merits, and by his portrayal of a genial, benevolent, and sympathetic character, has endeared himself, not only to New Hampshire, but to every state, East and West; North and South:—Denman Thompson, of Swanzey.

Although Denman Thompson was born in Beachwood (now Girard), Pennsylvania, in 1833, he was really a New Hampshire man. In 1847, the Thompson family, including Denman, moved to Swanzey of our own state. That the Thompsons should make their home in Swanzey was perfectly natural. In 1735 the colonial authorities of Massachusetts granted a section of land, lot number "Forty-three", of that township to John Thompson, one of the original colonists, and from that early date, Swanzey has always been the abode of the Thompson family.

Denman Thompson was always associated with the theatre or with things theatrical. In his early years, Denman was a member of a circus troupe. He took charge of the banners and the poles which ornamented the tent and which supported its canvas, and when the circus company was on parade, Denman rode in the pageant or "show", as the older actors used to call it. Meantime he had become proficient in gymnastic feats, and the ring-master gave him a place among the acrobats and the tumblers. Thomp-

son was always interested in this sort of performance, and his comments on the style of straight jig dancing of the middle of the nineteenth century were entertaining history. A little later, he served as scene shifter in the Charlotte Cushman production of "Macbeth." While in this work, he probably absorbed more or less of the artistic technique of that admirable interpreter of Shakespearian and classical drama. In 1852, Thompson took a speaking part in "The Spy." He also gave several dances. Five years later, Thompson played the part of "Uncle Tom" in Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a play which, by virtue of its long life, may justly be called one of our American classics. Thompson used to point with pride to the programme which announced him as "Uncle Tom", Mr. Petrie as "Simon Legree", and Miss C. Nickinson as "Eliza."

While in Toronto, Denman Thompson was a member of a stock company, and with that company he remained ten years. During that time he accumulated a wide and varied experience which well fitted him for a long career. Nearly all the famous actors have undergone an extensive training in stock companies.

After Thompson had returned to the United States, he appeared in a sketch of about thirty minutes' duration which appeared in the variety houses. The name of this sketch was "The Female Bathers." Very much like the other sketches touring the variety houses of those days

"The Female Bathers" was not especially genteel, not especially of a noble quality. In fact it was degenerated by immodesty and suggestiveness. But the sketch was used as a frame for the portrayal of a New England farmer,—wholesome and human in his sentiments.

"Uncle Joshua", the New England farmer, like "Jonathan", our first stage Yankee, had a number of laughable and excitable adventures. "Jonathan" is of special interest to New Hampshire, not only because of his uniqueness as the first stage Yankee in American dramatic literature, not only because of his humor, but because he appeared in a play by Royall Tyler, an eminent jurist of New Hampshire's neighbor state, Vermont. "Uncle Joshua" and "Jonathan" were great farm characters, both destined to become famous Yankees of the stage, but to "Jonathan" must be given the honor of being our first stage Yankee farmer. If the reader has never read Tyler's play "The Contrast" he should read it for its wit, its humor, and its Americanism.

But this article concerns itself with Denman Thompson and "The Old Homestead."

In the course of time the female bathers were withdrawn from the sketch, and it was known on the bill-boards as "Joshua Whitcomb." In this new form the sketch appeared in the variety houses. Meantime, Mr. James M. Hill, a wealthy merchant of Chicago, became deeply interested in Thompson's portrayal of "Uncle Joshua", and decided that the actor and the part should have a longer period of time in presentation, and consequently the sketch was expanded into a three act play.

In its new three act form the expanded sketch, "Joshua Whitcomb", was first presented at "The New York Theatre" in 1874. The older generation

of the GRANITE MONTHLY readers will recall in delightful reminiscence the work of Julia Wilson, as "Tot"; the work of Albert Klein, as the boot-black, a part to which Klein gave a peculiar artistry and human vitality; and the work of Walter Gale, as the tramp, "Happy Jack", a part which he played during a period of twenty years; and especially the work of Denman Thompson, as "Joshua Whitcomb."

In 1886, "Joshua Whitcomb", the play, underwent another remodeling, and became "The Old Homestead." But the character "Joshua Whitcomb" and the other characters which had become endeared to thousands of theatre-goers, remained unchanged. The remodeling did, however, present opportunities for the embellishment of scenic effects. In April, 1886, "The Old Homestead" was given on the stage of the Boston Theatre, and its receipts during the first week were for those days extraordinary;—more than eleven thousand dollars.

Plays which included within their casts Yankee types of character have always been popular and have always been money-getters for the box-office. Soon after Royall Tyler of Vermont presented the first Yankee character, "Jonathan", in "The Contrast", there was a steady demand for types of a similar character. Hackett appeared as "Jonathan Plow-boy" and "Lot Sap Sago", two characters which endeared themselves to theatrical audiences everywhere. G. H. Hill, known as "Yankee Hill", Joshua Silsbee, J. H. Hackett, and John E. Owens presented "Solon Shingle", whose soul never arose higher than the pecuniary value of "a bar'l of apple-sass", but who, notwithstanding, was a favorite character for years. And more recently, William Crane as "David Harum", was nearly as successful as was Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

Probably the largest financial returns were received from Harriet Beecher Stowe's play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", a play which was acted night after night, during a period of fifty years, and which in the summer of nineteen hundred two, was played by sixteen different companies under the canvas.

But we must return to our analysis of "The Old Homestead."

Is "The Old Homestead" a great play from an artistic point of view? In many respects it is. "The Old Homestead" is a true picture of human nature in its broad and deep essentials. "The Old Homestead" plays upon the emotions, "to the heart", as we say in popular language, rather than to the eye. "The Old Homestead" is closely akin to a type of drama which emanates from the aristocracy of country folk;—the folk drama. Those are the three attributes which have kept "The Old Homestead" vivid and vital throughout successive decades, until we may now declare it an American classic. One critic went so far in his review as to maintain that "'The Old Homestead', as it stands today (1911), is a document of far more value to the student of American traits than many a learned historical book."

As a type of folk drama, and as a document of American traits "The Old Homestead" attracted thousands of sturdy country folk to the theatre, and thus introduced them for the first time to the theatre as an educational institution. Stories are related which tell that many of these country folk were so determined to see "The Old Homestead" that they strenuously saved their pennies to meet the price of tickets.

There were real country folk represented (we purposely hyphenate the word) into the scenes of "The Old Homestead".—and they lived in Denman

Thompson's own home town of Swanzey.

"Joshua Whitcomb" was the personification of two men who lived in Swanzey: Captain Otis Whitcomb and Joshua Holbrook. Whitcomb gave his wit and his humor to "Joshua Whitcomb"; Holbrook gave his "sober seriousness." A sister of Joshua Holbrook gave her tenderness, her honesty, and her faithfulness to "Aunt Matilda." A playmate of Denman Thompson gave his characteristics to "Henry Hopkins", the city man. And the old homestead of the Thompson family gave much of its own self and its own environment to the scenes of the play.

Denman Thompson loved country folk, and inasmuch as he used to say that it seemed to him that there were few people in this land who were not country people, he loved everybody; and everybody loved him. His great love naturally embraced a philanthropic quality, and whenever any of his profession were in need of pecuniary aid, Denman Thompson always untied the strings of his purse. But his generosity was often imposed upon, and frequently his open purse had to be protected from the hands of unscrupulous actors. To the protectors of his open purse, he would reply:

"Oh, well; the poor devils have to live! Why should I judge them?"

The centennial anniversary of Denman Thompson's birth is not far distant. At that time there should be a revival of "The Old Homestead": it is a type of folk play, it represents country ideals, it mirrors rural customs.

Fortunately we have several plays which represent our American customs as they appeared at certain periods of time in our development. Royall Tyler's "The Contrast", Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion", Mrs. Bateman's "Self", Bronson Howard's "Saratoga", Clyde Fitch's

"The Moth and The Flame", Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea",—every one of these plays which represent the moral and the social conditions of their respective periods, should be played again and again.

Denman Thompson's play, "The Old Homestead" is a dramatic document of great value to the student of American traits.

As such, even if for no other purpose, it should be frequently presented.

Twilight On Strawberry Hill

EDSON JUSTIN CHEEVER

The lingering glow of the sunset has faded,
The day's toil is ended and nature is still;
And through the deep calm like a mantle enfolding,
Falls softly the twilight on Strawberry Hill:

And bathed in its beauty, the landscape beneath it,
On soft dreamy outline is stretching away
To where the far mountains, their dusky peaks lifting,
Are silently robing in night shadows gray.

Now up through the gloaming the dim quiet valley,
Smiles out a good night to the answering sky,
And floats on the soft mellow air of the even,
The musical notes of the Whip-poor-will's cry.

Oh, traveler, weary with earth's exploration,
Who hath looked upon nature in regions afar,
Gaze out on this lingering vision of beauty,
And say what thy heart's deepest sentiments are.

Look out on those shadowy far-away mountains,
The dark peaceful valleys that lie at their feet,
And down through the deepening shades of the twilight,
On the calm tranquil beauty of Bethlehem street:

And tell me—if ever thy wandering footsteps,
O'er mountains of grandeur, or deepest ravine,
Have led thee, where nature, her bright charms unfolding,
Revealed a more peaceful or happier scene.

Now fast through the magical shades deeply blending,
The landscape grows dim in the thickening gray;
Night drops her dark mantle, the vision is ended,
And mountain and valley have melted away.

Ah! well for us all, if each life in its closing,
Might pass to its haven as peaceful and still
As, softly the beautiful shades of the twilight
Die into the darkness on Strawberry Hill.

Through Trial and Error

HARRY H. TAYLOR

THE best men find life a strange mixture of ups and downs, of successes and failures. Even those who finally "make good" and are to be classed as successful men—in business, in art, in science, in literature, in any walk of life—will usually admit that their success was largely built upon failure. They will tell how often they were obliged to retrace their steps, hard though that is and begin again because they found themselves on the wrong road. And looking back, they will usually think also of the days of struggle and failure as the most valuable, if not the most happy years. It was during the experimental years that they found themselves, learned the business, acquired mastery.

It is good sometimes to walk in the dark, to face the unknown, to be pioneers. No tangible result may be obtained, the experiment may be a failure, the pioneer work may end in a blind alley, but in a higher sense they may be successful. All success in life does not come direct; indeed, the most valuable and lasting success often comes by very tortuous and round about ways, by many devious turnings and twistings, by the exploration of many blind alleys. Many times in life we may be progressing by going backwards; we may be making ourselves much more capable of success by proving ourselves a failure. There is such a thing as negative success. It comes when we prove by actual trial and error that we were on the wrong path. There were several roads open to us at the time and along any of them we might find success. But we were not

sure; we acted more or less in the dark about the whole business. All that we were sure about at the time was that we had to make some attempt and so we attempted this, or that. Suppose we failed in the attempt and suppose we found ourselves in the end poorer in capital and older in years after the abortive attempt which we made. What then? Shall we count it all as lost and wring our hands in despair? Not at all. Maybe the long road round was the shortest way in the end; that is, if our eyes are still set upon the goal and we are out to achieve. For in the exploration of that blind alley we have definitely achieved several things. In the first place we have proved conclusively that there is nothing for us along that path. Forever in our minds after that experience we shall place "no road" in front of that path. And in the second place we have achieved a certain skill and knowledge in our traveling along that road which ended for us in a cul-de-sac. And the greatest of all qualities we achieved and that was the courage to turn back and retrace our steps. So many people are lost along the blind alleys and cul-de-sacs of life because they have not the courage to turn back, because they dare not admit either to themselves or to others that they have made a mistake. If only they had had the courage and wisdom to say with Ulysses: "Come, my friend 'tis not too late to seek a newer world. Push off and sitting well in order, smite the sounding furrows. . . . though much is taken much abides. And though we are not now that strength which in old days moved earth and Heaven, that which we

are, we are, one equal temper of heroic mold, made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Sometimes we profit by our experiments in most unexpected ways. Again and again in life men have set out to find something, urged on by the driving spirit of the quest, and they have found, not the thing they sought at all, but something immeasurably better and more valuable. Columbus set out to find a shorter cut to the Indies and to this very day we have the name West Indies for the island which he discovered but he actually discovered something immeasurably more valuable to humanity than the Indies: he discovered a new continent. This happens, not only to the Christopher Columbuses of life, but to us ordinary mortals as well. Again and again in human life we are like the young man Saul who went out to find his father's asses and stumbled across a kingdom instead. All that matters is that we should possess the spirit of the quest, that we should be seekers, that we should be going somewhere.

One of the best things to remember about human life and its "trial and error" method of progress is that it is never the same two days together and that what was a bitter failure today may, by a very slight shifting of the situation, prove a wonderful success tomorrow. We are always finding things unawares in life, sometimes when we have long ceased to hope that anything good may come in that direction. Scientists have often entertained truths unawares. They have been experimenting to one end. They have missed their way but have discovered a delightful byway to a new truth. The error of Astrology, for instance, gave way to a real science—Astronomy. In the same way the

alchemists preceded the chemists and in a deeper sense than they ever dreamed. The ancient alchemists thought they could discover some way to transmute all metals to gold; our modern chemists are finding that all matter—metals included—is but the multi-form expression of energy. The men in years back sought to find the law of perpetual motion. They did not succeed in their quest but one by one they did discover the laws of mechanics which have proved of infinite value to us.

The question which I want to try to answer is: How can all of life's experiments — its trials and errors — be made to enrich human personality? How can we best learn from our failures and experiments?

In the first place, it is surely necessary, as far as possible, to have some idea what we are after in our experiments. Sometimes, indeed, it is necessary to take, as it were, a leap in the dark; but more often we would do well to be guarded by the light of the past. Many scientific discoveries have been the result of following clues which have been almost forgotten. We cannot afford to be forever commencing at the beginning. We ought to profit by the wisdom of the past, by the failures of the past. We ought to learn to avoid doing what other men have proven to be impossible of achievement. It is well from time to time to go over in our mind the blind alleys that other men have explored and learn never to enter one of them ourselves.

And, secondly, in our grapplings with life and destiny, it is well to ponder well the things that have happened to us, whether they have been successes or failures. It is well to ask ourselves the reason why we attained the result that we did attain and by how much can we

do better the next time. Reflecting upon our technique of living is one of the most productive ways of attaining success. In fact, I think that until we understand, to some degree at any rate, the reasons *why* we succeed or the reasons *why* we fail we do not begin to extract the benefit from the experiment that we ought. In our failure it is imperative for us to know *why* we are a failure (as far as the soul part of us is concerned). Was it some weakness or inefficiency upon our part that caused our failure? Or was it some latent condition of our body—not connected with our soul at all—that caused us to fail? Or was there some obstacle within or without which made success for us absolutely impossible? And in judging of our successes it is even more imperative that we should know the reasons why we have succeeded. Was the success that came to us entirely of our own achievement? Was it the result of long and patient years of gruelling self mastery and the painful learning of some technique or other? Or did our success come to us out of the clouds, as it were, having no seeming connection with any great effort that we may have put forth? Or again did our success come suddenly and unexpectedly but was it really connected up with and a direct result of the errors and failures that had been ours in the past? Was it a fact that we could never have succeeded this last time but for the experience that we had gained through our errors? And lastly supposing that our successes were the result wholly of our own creative ability and striving ought we not to be rather more grateful than proud that it was vouchsafed to us to be instruments of that success.

The failure that is true success comes to us when we are able to get up again

after a knock down blow and, without bitterness or resentment, begin again to build and work and strive. The outstanding example of a failure which was not a failure is to be found in the attitude of Jesus on the cross. Here was a colossal blunder or failure as far as outsiders were able to judge. There He was on the cross deserted by even His intimate companions and with the death blow given to the cause of the kingdom. And yet, at the supreme moment, He was able to say, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Or again, in the tragedy of the death of Socrates we have the same hallmarks of a true success. In the midst of a group of friends who were rendered almost hysterical by the imminent martyrdom of their leader it was Socrates who stood serene and uncomplaining, chiding the others for their lack of control and insisting that the dread cup be given to him at the right time and not delayed upon any account.

Generally it is not failure that is hard to bear but success. Unhappy the man or the woman for the most part whose life has been one long series of successes and triumphs. Success is a cup that very easily intoxicates. It is apt to make one bumptious, critical, overbearing and unsympathetic. More men have been ruined by success than by failure. Sometimes it is the most unfortunate thing in the world for us when the prizes of life come to us too easily. We are apt to think that there is something special about us, that we are different from the common herd, that we have a right to their worship and their flattery. Then it is when our success is a failure; then it is when we are becoming dwarfed and stunted while we fondly imagine that it is just the other way with us.

But what shall we say about the more serious results of wandering from the beaten track: not the mere failure to achieve, but the actual disasters of life. Can these, too, enrich personality? Surely yes. The parable of the prodigal son illustrates this. Would it have been better, do you think, if the younger son had never left his father's home? Perhaps you will say—yes. And yet we may assume that his character was enriched by his bitter experience in the far country. He might have stayed at home and remained a rake at heart. At any rate his heart was softened by his experience in living, the domestic privileges which he had formerly accepted without appreciation were now a real joy to him. We may believe that he learned sympathy with others by his misfortune. The elder brother, who had lived an exemplary life, is seen, in the sequel, to be lacking in those very elements of personality which make it most lovable. And this leads us to conjecture whether he too profited by his gigantic blunder, so lovingly brought home to him by the father.

It is true, of course, that errors and blunders and moral lapses do not necessarily and inevitably enrich personality. It is necessary for the personality to utilize them. How often we live *and do not learn*. How frequently we repeat our errors, re-sin our sins. In order that failure may enrich our personality it be necessary that we should form habits of reflection, "take stock" of the soul's goods; otherwise we may go on making bad bargains and think that we are making a profit.

These are the *possible* virtues that may be acquired through trial and error and misfortune—humility, patience, fortitude, courage, renunciation. What grand virtues are these, all of which are learned in the fires of human

experience, on life's anvil. Humility and patience to begin with are the finest of the virtues. Humility is the true knowledge that we possess of the littleness of which we are compared with the magnitude of what we might be. As Robert Blachford says somewhere: "When a man is conscious that he is not perfect he is usually more prone to charity. And when a man has gone through the small sieve he knows that he is not very large potatoes." Yes, adversity is a good school for humility and patience. A man starts out in life with a good deal of hope, and a good deal of conceit and if he doesn't get any falls he becomes, perhaps, a trifle bumptious. But some of us have the luck to have the conceit taken out of us very thoroughly. Grief comes and wrings our hearts; disappointment comes and humbles our expectations; death strikes down the brave and the fair at our sides: we make mistakes, and become modest: we do wrong, and we are ashamed. When success has exalted us, when pride and self righteousness have almost made us prigs, then the fates come along and knock us down, and roll us over in the mud and the slush and then we rise up sore and sorry and full of knowledge of life and of pity for the living.

And fortitude and courage, what mighty qualities are these hammered out for us on life's anvil of trial and error. It is easy enough to be kind and pleasant when things are going well with us. Any one can drift along placidly with the stream but we do not show our real character upon these occasions. It is during those periods when things are *not* going right, when we are pulling against stream with our might and main, when all our plans have gone wrong and all our efforts been wasted. Then is the

testing time for character. Can you, in the words of Kipling, "Watch the things you gave your life to broken and stoop and build 'em up again with worn out tools. . . . if you can force your heart and nerve and sinew to serve your turn long after they are gone and so hold on when there is nothing in you except the WILL which says to them 'Hold on.'"

Fortitude is one of the virtues which must be forged in the fires of experience; it must come through trial and error. But it is worth all the testing that can come to man or woman. It is one of life's great virtues.

And last but by no means least of the virtues hammered out on the anvil of life's trial and error is capacity for resignation and renunciation. These are the great Christian virtues and they have been the butt of much scorn and ridicule. It has been pointed out that resignation and renunciation are weak virtues, if indeed they can be classed as virtues at all. I disagree entirely. In the words of R. L. Stevenson, "To be able to renounce, when renunciation is desirable, and not to be embittered, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." It takes a very strong character to be able to renounce the things that are not for him. It is hard, sometimes, to reconcile oneself to the giving up of something that has been the most cherished desire of years. But to be able to do this with resignation and cheerfulness is the greatest of all virtues, the greatest of life's fruits. To be able to renounce and go on cheerfully with the work that we *can* do; to retrace one's steps and start again on something that we have learned from bitter experience is more our size job—ah—that is the greatest of all virtues. Resignation and renunciation, what a load we can cast off our shoulders again and again if

only we have the strength to do this from time to time. It may come to us after long years of anxious striving and hope along certain lines, after one by one our hopes have been shattered and our batterings against a certain door have proved all unavailing. But to make the most of what remains, to still seek some little avenue of advancement, to still have one's face to the east, and one's heart full of love and desire for good, this is the height of Christian wisdom. "It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done," says F. W. Robertson, "but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes: organize victory out of mistakes."

How can I better close than in the words of Stevenson:—

"If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire,
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word
and a thing not seen with the eyes—
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough,
Lord, if that were enough."

A Review

A Review of Supreme Court Decisions in New Hampshire Prescribing the Rule To Be Followed in Appraising Property for Taxation

MARSHALL D. COBLEIGH, NASHUA, N. H.

Section 1 of Chapter 63 of the Public Laws of this State has prescribed what seems to be a plain and definite rule for selectmen and assessors that they "shall appraise all taxable property at its full and true value in money as they would appraise the same in payment of a just debt due from a solvent debtor."

From 1833 when this statute was first adopted down to 1911, each board of selectmen, or assessors, were a law unto themselves, so far as the initial assessment was concerned. All sorts of arguments were presented to convince or force them to disregard this rule. Among the most potent influences along this line was perhaps the frantic demands of taxpayers, particularly if they had political influence, for a lowering of their individual assessment, so that his or her individual taxes might be lowered; the fact that selectmen and city governments could play up that by a low valuation, the state tax of the city or town would have a little less of a state tax to pay; and the further fact that there was more or less of a rivalry among towns as to how much lower they could appraise the property of their town than other towns, as well as different constructions as to the meaning of the statute above quoted, has caused widespread misconception of what the true rule is by which selectmen and assessors are bound. This condition came about easier by the fact that through the Colonial period almost every known form of taxation was experimented with, and following the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 with its "proportional" rule,

which left out of legal reckoning after that date many of the theories once in vogue, but which were still earnestly urged as the true system.

From 1789 until 1833 the value of different kinds of property was fixed by legislative enactment, providing that a horse, cow, acre of land should be valued at a certain fixed sum, and further prescribing the test of when values should be varied between different classes of the same species;—as orchard land should be valued at a certain sum per acre, and an acre would be estimated or measured by the number of gallons of cider it would annually produce, etc. In 1833 this was repealed and the present rule enacted.

The fact that each board, prior to 1911, were a law unto themselves, each subject to a different form of pressure and temptation to disregard their official obligations, as well as deep seated opinions, often without justification in logic or reason, caused a condition which it is hard to explain, much less to justify, but in general could not be changed without a long campaign of education and some force exerted by higher officials.

In the early seventies, a commission was provided to study the subject and an able committee headed by the late Judge George Y. Sawyer of Nashua, made an exhaustive investigation into the general subject, and New Hampshire conditions in particular, and embodied the result of their labors in a report written by the chairman, which has been extensively quoted and is still cited in nearly all text-

books, and many judicial opinions on taxation. The result of this report was to stimulate the legislature and courts to require a higher degree of diligence and accuracy on the part of assessors.

In 1874 a statute was enacted and is still in force (see Public Laws chapter 63, section 6) which provides "That selectmen and assessors shall take and subscribe upon the copies of original invoices, to be recorded in the clerks' records, the following oath We, the selectmen and assessors of do solemnly swear that in making the invoice for the purpose of assessing the foregoing taxes we appraised all taxable property at its *full value*, and as we would appraise the same in payment of a just debt due from a solvent debtor. So help us God."

This did not result in much improvement and in 1878 a statute was enacted providing for a sworn return of inventories by each taxpayer. Still the law was more "honored in the breach than in the observance" and what is now section 14, chapter 62 of the Public Laws was enacted which provides "If any selectman or assessor shall wilfully omit or fail to perform any duty imposed upon him by the provisions of this chapter, or by other laws pertaining to taxation, or shall wilfully fail to enforce or wilfully violate any of the provisions thereof, he shall be fined two hundred dollars."

The foregoing with the perjury statute which provides (section 1, chapter 394 Public Laws) that anyone who commits perjury "shall be imprisoned not more than five years" and (section 2, chapter 394 Public Laws) which provides that "if any person, in regard to any matter or thing wherein he is required by law to make oath or affirmation, shall wilfully swear or affirm falsely he shall be deemed guilty of perjury and punished accordingly." And in order that there might be

no loophole it was provided in the inventory law in 1878 that a false oath to an inventory shall be deemed perjury and punished accordingly.

But as graphically described in the report of Commission in 1908, mis-assessing, inequalities, ignoring of the law went seemingly merrily on, restrained only by the lack of nerve of the individual assessor.

This unsatisfactory and unjustifiable condition of affairs was not peculiar to New Hampshire. Indifference to the statutory requirements relating to the assessment of property, discrimination between individuals and other classes, was breeding a feeling of discontent and all over the country causing much concern on the part of students of the subject. Indiana in 1891 provided for a tax commission with power over local assessments and under the leadership of Governor (afterwards Senator) LaFollette, of Wisconsin, in about 1901 or 1902, a law was enacted for that state providing a tax commission with central and arbitrary control over the work of local assessor. This proved a helpful step in advance, and other states rapidly followed the policy, and now nearly, if not all, the states have a tax commission with large powers over local assessments. In 1911, New Hampshire fell into line, the legislature providing for a tax commission who are charged among many other powers and duties that of (section 11, chapter 68 P. L., Subdiv. VI) "To have and exercise general supervision over the administration of the assessment and taxation laws of the state AND OVER ALL ASSESSING OFFICERS in the performance of their duties, to the end that all assessments of property be made in compliance with the laws of the state."

Subdiv. VII "To confer with, advise and give necessary instructions and directions to local assessing officers."

And by Subdiv. VIII "To direct proceedings, actions and prosecutions to be instituted to enforce the laws, etc."

That conditions have greatly improved under the supervision of this body, every fair student of the subject freely admits. During the seventeen years the New Hampshire Tax Commission has been functioning, it has brought about a far more equitable practice and general satisfactory condition in the state than was ever before known. Continually exercising their good offices, rarely resorting to the strong arm methods with which they are equipped, their successful performance of the exceedingly difficult duty placed upon them has received very general commendation.

There does not appear to have been any questions raised by which this subject received official attention by our highest court until 1860, and the first we find is *Dewey v. Stratford*, 42 N. H., 282. This was a petition for abatement of taxes and it was held "In the absence of proof it will be presumed that selectmen had knowledge or competent evidence of the value of the property taxes when the assessment was made, and that they may seek and receive evidence from any proper source as to the value of property." In this case it was further held that where one person owns several pieces of property, some which are assessed too high and some too low, that he is entitled to an abatement on those too high while no change can be made with those that are too low. This rule was followed for 19 years when in *Edes v. Boardman*, 59 N. H., 588, decided in 1879, it was held that the over-valuation of some classes of property does not entitle a taxpayer to an abatement if the error is neutralized by the undervaluation of other property.

True value came up again in 1871 in the case of *Cocheco Co. v. Strafford*, 51

N. H., 445. The principal question in this case was whether land used for overflowing caused by a dam to store water should be taxed at its original value or its enhanced value as part of a reservoir. The court held that the latter was the correct rule, Chief Justice Bellows and Judge Doe writing exhaustive opinions. This was the first of Doe's great opinions on the subject of taxation which was later followed by his opinion in *Edes v. Boardman*, *Boody v. Watson*, *Morrison v. Manchester*, *State v. Express Co.*, and others which have long been recognized in the annals of tax discussions as classics. Bellows observes in this case: "If it (use as part of reservoir) really enhances the value of the land to which it belongs it ought to be taxed like other real estate, at its fair value." Doe observes along the same lines: "These capacities of the basin give it a value as the capacities of the adjoining land for the growth of wood or grass give it a value. Whether a basin be real or personal estate, its value depends upon its capabilities." Judge Doe further observes (Page 482) that the words "full and true value in money add nothing to the meaning of the statute and if the legislature had only said 'the selectmen shall appraise all taxable property' and stop there, it would have been just the same." Another observation by Judge Doe is "nothing can be more fallacious than the idea is that the amount which the owner of a piece of property would give rather than be deprived of it, is an absolute and conclusive test of its fair and market value." He further says (476) "Value is a pure question of fact. . . . assessors are not limited to strictly legal evidence . . ." "The price of mill privileges, like the price of other property, depends upon the relation of demand and supplies. And that relation may not be tested in the case of mill privileges, frequently

enough to establish such a uniform rate of prices as is attached to some other kinds of property Such mutual partial independence of the value of estates may CREATE A DIFFICULTY great or small in the valuation of each; but such a difficulty is to be solved as other difficult questions of fact upon diligent investigation, by candid, deliberate and sound judgment. Some general views may perhaps be usefully borne in mind although they may not in themselves lead to precise arithmetical results."

The next case shows the effect of Judge Sawyer's report before mentioned upon the thought of the times and in *Manchester Mills v. Manchester*, 57 N. H., 309, decided in 1876, where assessors had made the assessment on the old fashioned plan much in vogue before the days of a tax commission, assessing different classes of property by different standards which perhaps explains the outburst of righteous indignation on the part of Judge Rand, as follows: Speaking of assessing any kind of property at its full and true market value, he observes: "This legislation is clear and emphatic, and the policy of the law should be carried out by SELECTMEN AND ASSESSORS It should be regarded as very reprehensible practice to appraise property for the purpose of taxation otherwise than according to its real value; and I think, myself, that the attention of the Attorney-General should be called to the practice with a view to the institution of prosecutions for perjury." In the same case Chief Justice Cushing observes: "I believe it is just and lawful that each person should bear the burden of taxation equally with the others. In order to produce this result, it is necessary that all property be valued proportionately On what possible ground could a Board of Assessors be

justified in taxing the property of a manufacturing corporation and appraising it at 7/10 of its true value, and real estate at 1/2 its real value." In this case it appeared the petitioner's property had been taxed at nearly its full value and other property in the city at much less.

In 1879, Chief Justice Doe in *Morrison v. Manchester*, 58 N. H., 594, observes: "What each is bound to contribute being a debt of constitutional origin and obligation, no part of the share of one can constitutionally be exacted of another. And as any one's payment of less than his share leaves more than their share to be paid by his neighbors, his non-payment of his full share is a violation of their constitutional right. Such non-payment is in effect a compulsory payment of money by those who bear their share of the common burden to the privileged person, who does not bear his share." In the same year, Judge Doe observes in *Bank v. Concord*, 59 N. H., 75: "The court is not authorized to make an order of abatement that would violate the constitutional right of the other taxpayers of Concord by transferring to them a part of the burden of the plaintiff's stockholders."

The next case considered is *Company v. Gilford*, 67 N. H., Page 517, decided in 1893. The question raised was whether the taxes of the petitioner for 1890-91-92 should be abated. There had been a petition for abatement and an order made in 1853 in regard to the same property and this judgment was offered in evidence with the claim that the court having once found a value it must remain at that figure until changed by the same authority. The court declined to follow this rule and speaking through Judge Chase, says: "For the purpose of taxation in 1853, it should have been appraised at the highest price it could have been fairly sold for on the

FIRST DAY OF APRIL OF THAT YEAR. For the purpose of taxation this year, it should be appraised at the HIGHEST PRICE it could have been fairly sold for on the FIRST DAY OF APRIL THIS YEAR and not for the greater or less price for which it could have been sold or leased at some former time. . . . Such value is the market value, or the price which the property will bring in a fair market, after reasonable efforts have been made to find the purchaser who will give the highest price for it." This is now the universally accepted rule.

We now come to *Amoskeag v. Manchester*, 70 N. H., 200, decided in 1899, with an exhaustive and able opinion by Judge Parsons, who ranks close to Judge Doe as an able student of taxation. In this case stock in trade, real estate and other classes of property had been assessed by different standards of percentages of its true value. Judge Parsons observed: "The general principles of uniformity and equality essential to the legal taxation under our constitution and laws have been so fully elaborated during the last 53 years that any discussion at the present time of principles that were no longer a subject of debate or doubt and would serve no useful purpose. . . . Fundamental principles of justice and equality, recognized in the constitution and numerous decisions of court have established that each taxpayer is entitled to have his property valued for taxations by the same standards as that of other taxpayers. . . . There is no foundation for the proposition that owners of one kind of property should pay more or less than their share of the common burden because of the character of their estate."

In 1906, *Winnepesaukee v. Laconia*, 74 N. H., 87, was decided in which Judge Chase observes: "Take the case

of over-valuation. The statute requires that they not only shall appraise all property at its 'full and true value in money' but afterwards requires them to make oath that they have done so. 'We have appraised all taxable property at its full value, as we would appraise the same in payment of a just debt from a solvent debtor.' These redundantly explicit provisions—purposely made redundant to avoid danger of misunderstanding or misconstruction—were enacted to secure the reasonable apportionment of the burden of taxation required by the constitution. IF SELECTMEN AND ASSESSORS OF TAXES UNIFORMLY PERFORM THIS DUTY and all taxable property was taken into account, the burden of taxation would be distributed among the taxpayers according to the true intent expressed in the constitution AND ALL REASONABLE GROUNDS FOR THE UNREST NOW EXISTING WITH REFERENCE TO TAXATION WOULD BE REMOVED." And he further observes that at that time "It is a well known and lamentable fact that these provisions of the statute are not observed."

In *Clark v. Middleton*, 74, N. H., 188, decided in 1907, a novel question arose in tax abatement annals. In this case the petitioner's property was assessed for \$5,000.00 while in fact it was worth only \$2,000.00. They asked for an abatement without submitting any other evidence. The court denied the petition and the opinion is summarized in head note as follows: "The fact that property is assessed for the purposes of taxation at more than its fair market value is not sufficient to sustain the owners' petition for an abatement, in the absence of evidence that such valuation is disproportionate to that placed upon other property in that taxing district." This case has an interesting discussion of the pro-

cedure that should be followed in tax abatement cases.

We find there is an interesting discussion of the full value statute in the Opinion of Justices in 76 N. H. 591, given in 1911 in answer to a query by the legislature in which the principles set forth in the foregoing decisions are emphasised, and says among other things: "By an unbroken line of decisions in this state since 1827 . . . it has been conclusively settled that the constitutional rule of equality in taxation requires throughout the same taxing district the same tax should be laid upon the same amount of property, so that each man's taxable property shall bear its due proportion of the tax according to its value. The share that every person is bound to contribute for the protection in the enjoyment of his life, liberty, and property to which he is entitled by the provisions of our constitution, is his proportional part of the expense of such protection according to the amount of his taxable estate." And, speaking of passing laws for the assessment of taxes, the court says: "This power inherent in the people, was by them delegated to the general court, subject to the condition that all taxes imposed should be proportional and reasonable upon all the inhabitants of and residents within the state . . . while they granted this power in general terms, they qualified the manner of its execution and determined the subject on which it should operate."

Since the provision for a tax commission 15 years ago, it is significant that only one case involving the true value rule should have reached our highest courts. This occurred in 1913 in *French v. Lyme*, 77 N. H., 65, which was interesting as well as an amusing case. The petitioner owned wild land in Lyme and asked for an abatement on the ground

that growing timber could not be assessed as part of the land. The case was referred to the Tax Commission and heard by Honorables Albert O. Brown and John T. Amey, who denied his request. The Superior Court ordered judgment on their report. The plaintiff excepted and carried the case to the Supreme Court and the decision of the Tax Commission was sustained.

There is a further discussion of assessing at its full and true value in the Opinion of Justices, 77 N. H., 612, 613, given in 1913 but which adds little that is new to this subject except defining the words "the uniform rate" which is intended the same rate in proportion to value as is imposed upon other property in the taxing district.

In conclusion and review, it is significant that this statute has existed in its present form for over 90 years, that up to 1911 in nearly every case the particular assessors have come in for rather severe criticism of the way in which they were doing their work. Many of the inequalities and much of the confusion that existed 17 years ago has been eliminated. There is little excuse for people to spend time splitting hairs as to what "full and true value" now mean. Every attempt to bring about a change either in the constitution or this statute has been rejected by the people of New Hampshire, therefore, it appears by abundant evidence that our people as a whole believe it is the right way, that it is the only fair way, that it is the only method by which assessors can treat every taxpayer with even and approximately exact justice.

An honest and impartial administration of the law will remove all reasonable grounds for irritation that crops out, a duty which, we believe, the assessors are anxious to faithfully perform.

The Oldest Organ in America

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

UNLESS it has been removed—and the writer has not heard of its removal—the oldest organ in America is to be seen in the state of New Hampshire. It is to be seen in the city of Portsmouth, in St. John's Chapel. The *Musical Courier*, New York City, published on Thursday, March 16, 1916, an article by the writer, a few quotations from which may be of interest to citizens in New Hampshire and Portsmouth.

“Certainly, the organ was not popular for use in divine services in America during the beginning of the eighteenth century. Particularly was this so in Boston; but there happened to dwell in that Puritanical town around the year 1709 a gentleman of large means and larger mind. With many people he was rather unpopular, despite the fact that he was Boston born and for years the treasurer of Harvard College. The reason was that he was far too liberal minded for his times, and he had been very much opposed to the famous, or rather infamous ‘witchcraft delusion.’ Thomas Brattle was an independent sort of individual and, since he loved music and was himself a good musician, he saw no harm in importing an organ from England. But the good people of Boston did not, for the greater part, look with favor upon the organ of Thomas Brattle. That most worthy gentleman died in 1713, and his will referred to his organ as follows: ‘I give, dedicate and devote my organ to the praise and glory of God in the said Brattle Street Church’ (of which he had been a most influential member). ‘If they shall accept thereof, and within a

year after my decease procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise. Otherwise to the Church of England (King's Chapel) in this town, on the same terms and conditions, and on their non-acceptance or discontinuance to use it as above, unto the college (Harvard), and in their non-acceptance to my nephew, William Brattle.’

“As was to be expected, the Brattle Street Church members, with ‘all possible respect to the memory of our deceased friend and benefactor,’ voted that they did not think it proper to use the same in the public worship of God. However, the members of King's Chapel were very much pleased to receive such a gift, and they put on record that ‘At a meeting of the Gentlemen of the Church this 3rd day of August, 1713, Referring to the organ given by Thomas Brattle, Esq., De'as'd, Voted, that the organ be accepted by the church.’

“Accordingly, the ‘Brattle Organ’ was placed in King's Chapel, where its first organist was a certain Mr. Price. This was only a temporary arrangement, however, for an agreement was soon drawn up with Edward Instone, of London. Among other things this agreement read: ‘That the said Edward shall and will by or before the 25th day of October next issuing be in Boston in North America aforesaid and being there shall and will at all proper and usual times of Divine service officiate as organist of the said chappel for and during the space of three years. In consideration of which voyage so to be performed by the said Edward Instone, he, the said Jno. Redknapp, hath this day

paid unto ye said Edward Instone the sum of £10 of lawful money of Great Britain.' It was agreed by the church wardens and vestrymen of King's Chapel to 'pay or cause to be paid unto the said Edward Instone the sum of £7 10s. per Quarter, current money, for every Quarter of a year that the said Edward Instone shall officiate as organist in ye Chapel.'

"The new organist, the said Edward Instone, left London for Boston on September 7, 1714, and he arrived safely in America, bringing with him not only sacred music but also secular music. Outside of King's Chapel there was much opposition to the use of the Brattle organ by the church; but its members were very well satisfied, both with their organ and their organist, for at the end of the three years' contract they re-engaged him at the same salary of £7 10s. per quarter.

"For about forty years the Brattle organ furnished the music for the services at King's Chapel and then, in 1756, it was sold to the parish of St. Paul's, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, another organ being imported from England, at a cost of £500, to take its place. In this church at Newburyport the Brattle organ remained from 1756 to 1836, about fourscore years, and it was then

purchased for St. John's Chapel in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by Dr. Burroughs for \$400. This was its final church home, where it is today. It is still in active use. The tone of the organ is agreeable and sweet, although, of course, it would be rather disappointing compared with even the smaller church organs of this twentieth century.

"No one knows the name of its maker; but it has been here in America from about 1709 to 1916, more than two centuries. Its notes were the first uttered by an organ in this country and it performed its initial church service before the death of Queen Anne of England. Its organists played upon it through the successive reigns of the three Georges until a greater George became President of the new American Republic. Since then twenty-six men have been Presidents of the United States, and what a world history has been written! America's oldest organ, its work not yet wholly done, is indeed small and almost forgotten; but it has survived the unpopularity of its early career and still exists, two centuries later, when the descendants of the Puritans who so disliked the Brattle organ, throng the city churches to be thrilled by the exquisite melodies of that organ's greater and grander successors."

Acknowledgement

SVEN COLLINS

Oh people of my country,
Here from my watchtower high,
I give you benediction,
Your ancient Guardian, I.

Secured from new encroachments,
Safe from the grasp of Greed,
You, by your dauntless spirit,
Rendered me aid in need.

Loyal to fine tradition,
Feeling true beauty's thrall,
Faithful to state and country,
You met my urgent call.

Long may your hearts be gladdened,
Blessed by all your race,
You, who have won your battle,
And saved The Old Stone Face!

Up the Crystal Stairway

BERNICE STEVENS LADEAU

A GRAND old forest in the west of England and in its edge a deep, crystal pool. The sun has set, and already the crimson banners he had thrown across the sky have begun to fade and blend with the soft, opaline tints above them. Amid the dense foliage the thrush is calling to his mate, his liquid notes re-echoing through the depths beyond. Deaf to the music of nature and communing with her heart alone, stands by the borders of the pool a fair young girl—so fragile and pale that she seems like a spirit wandering there.

Hardly less alone is she there, her consciousness tells her, than in the village whence she came. An orphan from childhood, adopted by an uncle who had never had children of his own, she had received a fine education, and had come to Europe to study art. An accident had taken his life suddenly, and as no legal papers nor will had been made, she had been left penniless.

Bravely she had taken up the burden of life, trying to secure art pupils in the city, but being alone and unknown had met with no success. A few small pictures had been sold from time to time, just enough to keep the wolf from the door, and now she was stopping in M—to sketch and undertake more ambitious work.

But the strain had been too much for her delicate constitution, and she felt her strength going fast, and with it ambition and hope.

She stood amid the dying day, her pale, wan face strained with despair.

"God in Heaven, my father's God!" she cried, throwing herself upon her knees, "Help and pity, for I am homeless and alone!"

She rose to her feet weakly and approached the pool, the awful temptation almost overpowering her to seek rest in the glassy waters, in which already a star floated.

"Irene!"—did the pine-tree yonder whisper her name? Or was it the brook flowing yonder into the pool?

She took a step further. "Irene!" the voice came again, this time nearer and in firmer accents, and she felt a hand rest gently on her arm.

She turned, and eyes dark as evening's skies looked into her own, from a face which seemed strangely familiar though never seen before.

"Irene, what is it you do? Would you leave your post of duty and your work undone?" "What is my duty?" she responded. "I am all alone, sick, almost helpless, useless and—alone." Strangely she left no fear, no need to question why he, a stranger, should intrude upon her solitude with reproaches.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A half-century ago a little orphaned girl, with big black eyes, straight black hair, a fiery temper and the temperamental nature of the born artist attended school in a small New England village. Very early she showed marked ability with pen and brush and evinced a talent for writing and a lively imagination that under happier circumstances might have brought her fame.

The following phantasy, written a few years before her death in the somewhat ponderous language of the Victorian style, is perhaps published partly through sentimental reasons. Bernice was a schoolmate and life-long friend of one of the editors of this magazine. But not through sentiment alone. We believe our readers will agree that the manuscript, handed us not long before the author's recent death, is too good for the waste basket.

"Think, Irene. Have you won the battle you are engaged in, and have you heard the call to lay down arms,—or are you seeking to retreat without orders?"

The dark eyes met hers, and from them flowed as a river a sense of peace and strength and fullness of life. Then she noticed he wore a blue coat and his left sleeve hung empty at his side. In his face, pale as the dead, shone the deep, hazel eyes, soothing, comforting, challenging, inspiring a new hope and desire for life.

Irene's soul rose within her, and responded to the challenge. "Will you come away with me, Irene?" "I will come," she quietly replied. Silently they walked through the soft shadows to the only home she knew, at present, the cottage where she boarded with a kind peasant woman.

At the gate they paused and broke the charmed silence in which they had walked.

"You have not asked me who I was, Irene."

"No, I seem to have always known you. I have not wondered. Surely I shall meet you again."

"Surely. Rest your weary heart, Irene, you will never be alone again. When you are stronger I will tell you all, and you will rejoice as I do,—but not now.

"I will say only this,—that I am sent by one dear to you, and my name is Laurence Trask. I shall be near, and ready when you need me. Do not go to the pool in the forest again. It is a gloomy place, and you are too weary and worn.

"Tomorrow at ten o'clock I will meet you in the park with sketching materials and we will work together. Yes, I too am an artist. You will see. Good-night,"—and as he clasped her hand

strength and peace seemed to flow to the center of her being.

"Goodnight, Irene. You will rest tonight, and be assured that brighter days are in store. You will fulfill your mission to the world. Rest! Rest,—Rest," and he was gone. Gone so quickly she could not discern his figure as he left her, with the magic word "Rest," murmuring softly in her ears. And as she lay in the little curtained room the moon looked softly in upon her, and the night-winds whispered, "Rest, weary one, for you shall never be alone again!"

Next morning she woke with a strange sense of blessedness, and as consciousness fully returned and she rose, she was surprised at the strength and vigor which supplanted the usual languor and faintness. "Surely I am stronger," she thought, and slipped out into the dews of dawn among the roses. With the fresh fragrance and beauty of the morning she remembered anew the friend who had come to her, and uttered almost aloud,—"I wish he were here!"

A slight movement at her side and surely that was the face smiling at her with the deep mysterious eyes,—a moment, and it was gone. "Was it my fancy alone?" she murmured. Who could tell?

The early dews were leaving the grass when she passed on her way to the Park. An old laborer whom she often met was surprised at the unusual buoyancy and strength of her walk. "Good morning, my little leddy," he said, and she, out of the gladness of her heart, smiled so kindly on him that he blessed her as he went on his way.

A lark rose from the field near, and sang as he mounted high on his joyous journey.

As she stood watching the tiny speck enter the clouds, she felt a presence near, and turning, looked into the kind

and thoughtful countenance so gratefully remembered, and laying down her easel and portfolio, gave him both hands in greeting.

As her left touched only the empty sleeve, she looked at him so pitifully. He read the tender thought and gently pressed the hand he held. "Grieve not, dear friend. I miss it not. I gave it in a good service and never regret it. I gave more, too—how much you little guess. Sometime, sometime you shall know. But this I may say, what I gave was all I had to give, and it was for yours and for you,—though you knew it not."

"I cannot understand it, my friend, but am content to wait. I feel sure that you are noble and faithful, and will do what is best. Why is it that I know this and feel willing to obey you when I am so accustomed to thinking for myself? And I do not fear you,—I who am so timid of strangers."

He looked earnestly into her puzzled eyes. "There are many things to tell you, sometime. Wait, my friend, till you are quite strong. I knew you would not fear me. Our friends are given to us by nature, born our friend, while we may live a lifetime with others and never get any nearer."

"Am I, then, given you for a friend?" she asked with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, for always,"—and he seemed on the verge of saying more, but recollected himself.

"Now for the sketching. You have canvas and colors and easel. Good. I will place the easel for you."

"What view shall I attempt today, and where are your materials?"

"I will not sketch, myself, today, but aid you. Are you strong enough to begin a great work? Are your nerves quiet and at rest?"

He took the slender wrist in the firm

hand, and looked into her eyes with that well-remembered gaze. She tried to return it, but failed in delicious confusion, and blushes covered her sensitive face.

"Dear child, dear Irene! Have you learned already that you are mine, not for life alone, but forever? Look into my face, beloved, and tell me. Do not fear, little one, I have always been yours, but the time had not come before when you were ready to have me come to you. Speak to me, Irene, my cherished one!" And with eyes clinging to his own, her head fell upon his shoulder and as the first lingering kiss was given, she knew she would never be alone again.

After the first swift moments had passed he gently lifted her hands and said, "These dear hands have much to do. Shall we begin work now,—for henceforth we work together."

"Gladly, dear Laurence," she replied.

"Then sit ready to paint, and look steadily at your canvas, and your work will come."

He seated himself on a mossy rock nearby and took her hand in his.

A start of astonishment broke from her lips, and she rose to her feet.

"What do you see, Irene?"

"I see a great battle. A great company of men in uniforms like your own are charging upon the enemy, who present a row of bristling bayonets. The captain is ahead, a man with beard and iron-gray hair,—now he is turning his face toward me,—merciful Heaven, it is my father! How bravely he charges on! Oh!" She shrinks back and covers her eyes.

"Never fear, dearest," he assures her. "Look again."

"A man with a bayonet was charging full upon him. Laurence, will it kill him?"

"Think, darling, did he not come home safe?"

"Yes, he came. I was but an infant then. O, tears are flowing down your cheeks and how pale you are." They clung to each other a moment and then he resolutely put her aside. "Look again, beloved," he said in a low, firm voice.

"O Laurence, the brave soldier! He will be killed! He was by my father's side, and he rushes in front of him. He spreads out his arms, and the bayonet is almost in his side. It pierces him! He falls! He falls, the brave soldier, and my father moves on and the enemy flee. The flag waves above, and victory is sure! But is it indeed true, and, dear Laurence, why is your cheek so deadly white? Did you know the soldier who saved my father? As he fell I thought—I thought he looked like you. But that was twenty years ago. I was a small child when the war ended, and this man looked as old as my father. You are not thirty years old, are you, dear Laurence?"

"Do I look no older than that, dear?" he replied evasively. "Now paint the great charge, and we will call it—'Greater Love Hath no Man!'"

The bright afternoon passed all too swiftly, but the work had made wonderful progress; never before had the painting grown under her fingers in such a marvelous manner.

When the twilight came she walked home beside the soldier, the sketch completed, ready to enlarge into a large painting.

As they neared the gate she asked him to enter, but he refused.

"No, my beloved, not tonight. You must rest after your hard work. Tomorrow if you are well,—and you *will* be well,—you must return to your studio in London, and begin the large painting.

Do not fear. When you need me, I will come."

"I need you always, Laurence!"

"Beloved," and he was fain to clasp her in his arms—"that time will come, but not yet. Your work is to be done first. Goodbye."

The next day saw Irene at the station when the nine o'clock train steamed in. Her trunk was checked and she was about to step aboard. She had hoped to meet Laurence before she started, perhaps even to travel with him. Anxiety and perplexity were on her countenance as she scanned the crowd.

"All aboard!" called the conductor, and he was about to help her up the step, when she heard behind her the familiar accents. "Irene," and a detaining hand fell gently on her arm.

"You are just in time. Come quickly, Laurence," she hurriedly responded.

"*Not on that train, Irene!*"

The conductor took her other arm, and tried to lift her upon the step as the train was about to start, but he gently but firmly drew her back. "No, Irene, not on that train. It is death, my beloved."

Trembling in every limb, she suffered herself to be led to a seat, and together they sat awhile in silence. Soon the wires began to click, and a message came in, which caused great commotion in the station. They listened to the excited conversation and Irene learned that the train upon which she had intended to go had been derailed and was a wreck in the river. A relief train was soon sent to bring back the dead and dying to their sorrow-stricken friends.

With awe she turned from the exclaiming crowd and looked into his loving face, bent toward her in anxiety and tenderness.

"Who and what are you, Laurence?" she uttered. "How did you know? And

how did you make me see the vision of the battle? Are you man or angel—human or spirit?"

"Hush, beloved. This is no time or place to answer such questions. Can you not trust me?"

"Trust you? Yes, as I trust my God. I believe you are my guardian angel, sent to guard and help me."

Wonderfully tender was his face as he drew her out of the station to a sheltered nook. "Not an angel, Irene! Angels are God's great spirits. They know not human love, as you and I know it, Irene. But there is a mystery. I cannot just now show it to you. Keep in harmony with the Infinite, dearest; be careful of your health, and do the chosen work that teaches the lesson of sacrifice. The vision I showed you will teach you much, and at the hour of twilight, when the first stars shine out, my spirit will be with you. Here is the train on which it will be safe to go. I will place you on it, and one day I will meet you, after it is finished."

Months passed by, and the vision of glory and sacrifice was complete. The winter had passed swiftly in her work, and success had crowned her efforts. A small legacy had sustained her, the picture had been accepted and hung in a favorable position at the academy, and golden praises were hers. She was famous, but the same sweet unassuming child as ever.

On the day appointed she stood with the throng before the picture, lost in deep thought; as the painting had progressed the vision had become clearer, and the likeness became wonderful. She saw her father as she did not remember him in person, a much younger and sterner man, and the other soldier—in the great passion of self-abnegation and heroism,—was assuredly the image of Laurence Trask.

As she stood thus in wonder of her own work yet inspired by another, his name was spoken by a stranger at her side.

An elderly man was speaking, an American. "How true to life! I saw that scene myself, and the two men were known to me. They were close friends, and their love for each other was wonderful, 'passing the love of women.' The captain had a little one at home, while Laurence Trask had no near relatives and was not married. When the enemy charged, they fought shoulder to shoulder, as always, and at this critical moment, Trask threw himself before his friend, saying, 'For Irene's sake,' and receiving the thrust aimed at his friend, fell at his feet. There was then no time to secure his body. The moment was too precious. Over the bodies of the dead and wounded our men pressed on, overcome the rebels and took the works. The captain went through the rest of the war with a charmed life, and went home to Baby Irene."

"What became of them? Is he living?"

"He died when she was twelve years old, I do not know what became of her then. I wonder who painted this! Can you read the artist's name? I cannot see well."

Irene did not wait to hear further. She wished to be alone with her thoughts. The puzzle of Laurence Trask's identity increased. As she went down the steps a loved voice spoke her name. With joy unspeakable she looked into his face, but it was no place for any greeting but a hand-clasp. A hansom was called, and her hotel number was given. In a few words the story was told of the stranger's words.

"Will you not explain all to me, Laurence?"

"Dear one, can you not trust me? The time will soon come for the revealing. Let us return next week on the *Toronto*. A purchaser has offered a good sum for your painting. When the opportunity offers on shipboard, I will tell you all, and then if you wish,—and I am sure you will—the day of our espousals will come. Will you go, dear one?"

"Just as you wish. Laurence, I trust you perfectly. I have wondered if the Laurence Trask who saved my father was your father, and the bond of friendship descends to us."

The look of brooding tenderness that always filled his eyes when he looked upon her, like that of a mother when she gazes upon her babe, deepened, and the old sense of peace, flowing riverlike from his gaze, enveloped her till her heart sank in its currents. "Soon, beloved, you shall know."

Next week the *Toronto* sailed, bearing with her a precious freight of hopes and joys. How different the ending of the voyage! Brightly shone the golden sunshine on the flags and the happy faces gathered at the rail. No sad foreboding seized them. The skies were bright and the ship glided over the dimpling waters so smoothly. No vision came of darkness and horror to come.

Magically, it seemed, all Irene's little anxieties of starting were made smooth. Unknown hands had arranged all so well, and she recognized his thoughtfulness in every detail, though she had not seen him as they went aboard.

She stood at the rail, apart from the rest, watching with no envy the gayety of others. She knew he was near, and looked up without alarm when his hand fell gently upon hers. The sense of his presence was no more real than in all the months of her work, though unseen to mortal sense.

She had learned many strange and

beautiful lessons, but more were to be taught her. "Come away by ourselves, Irene, to the farther deck. We have no friends to leave behind: all life is before us. Do you realize that, dearest? Before we came together it was only an existence:—*now* we live. Earth would be a dreary waste alone, and even heaven—incomplete!"

He looked at her with eyes full of the mysterious beauty of the spirit that dwells among men, yet apart.

"Shall I tell you more of the mystery of love and life? It goes back to the beginning—the dawn of creation. Man is a dual being, body and soul, and though we jostle bodies with many in the throng, our souls never meet with them. We dwell alone, apart, and look at each other like the stars through immensity of space. We meet persons on the street, well-fed, portly of figure, while from the windows look forth upon us souls starved, sad and woe-begone. While perchance from the thin, wasted face of an invalid shines forth a spirit strong and splendid, so nobly developed and powerful that by-and-by it breaks through the chains of flesh and soars to the stars above. We meet men and women whose bodies are joined by law, whose souls never met. Years in each other's presence and the intimacy of marriage never reveal to each other the real self within. God knows they were never soul-mates. Here is another mystery of the creation. In the beginning God created them male and female,—that is male with *his* female, not *any* female, but one mated to that particular male. Each soul has one other soul created by Him to perfectly respond to it as no other can. Do you understand me, Irene?"

She was drinking in his words with eyes misty with intense feeling.—"Yes, Laurence, I understand. How blessed

it is that we found each other as we have, that you waited for me."

A smile almost of amusement crossed his face. "Yes, truly *waited* for you. Twenty years, Irene."

He was lost in deep meditation, his eyes following a sea-gull in the distance. "Not yet," he murmured. "Not yet."

"Now I must let you go to rest from the excitement of travel. I must caution you in one respect, Irene, and trust you to have confidence in me. When you need me, call silently. I will be ever near, but you will never meet me at the table nor in company. At the twilight hour, when we have always met in spirit though far apart in body, come to this place and I will meet you here. Next Sunday evening I will tell you all. Then our espousals will take place, and we will be always together."

He clasped her hand and looked into the fair blue sky bending over them. With swift resolve he stretched forth his hand to the distant horizon.

"Look, Irene, and tell me what you see!"

She followed his gaze.

"What is that, Laurence? How it glitters in the sun! Is it an iceberg? How rapidly it comes nearer, and see, dearest, as it approaches it changes to a crystal stairway, to such a golden shining glory above. I seem to float, float up that sparkling pathway in your arms."

"Look again, Irene!"

"Why, it must have been a vision, like the one of the battle. I see no icebergs now, but only the rippling, distant water, meeting the soft blue sky. Thank you, beloved, for the lovely vision."

He held close the trembling hand.

"Darling, would you be willing to ascend that crystal stairway in my arms, from the sea to the skies?"

"Anywhere, anywhere with you. And surely if the journey is to be taken, what

happier way could be found? Truly, the bitterness of death would be sweet with you, Laurence."

"Adieu then, beloved. The time will come. But now rest—all shall be well."

Swiftly flew the shining days over the summer sea, till the Sabbath was ushered in, a Sabbath on the ocean wave, far from the traffic and tumults of men! Walk softly, ye who ride on the ocean wave. Treacherous are the deeps within you. Man may build a Babel to the skies, and lavish upon it all the wealth and luxury of the world, but let them know there is one mightier than they.

The day drew to its close, and those who had laughed and whiled away the holy hours, rested awhile with those of quieter mind, enjoying the cool evening breezes before withdrawing to the lighted cabins within.

Irene saw with joy the evening star shine out. It was her tryst, her betrothal, perhaps her bridal hour. Thus she greeted him with joy as he seated himself beside her, and took her hands in his. They sat together in golden silence for a space.

"Irene," at last he spoke. "Have you been lonely here?"

"No!" she replied in surprise. "I have felt you near me when I could not see you. At this twilight hour I have come here and your presence has been wonderfully near before I saw your face. Tell me tonight, Laurence, according to your promise, the secret of our beautiful communion. See how well I am, how full of strength and joy, how different from the frail, cowardly woman you first met in the forest. Fear not to tell me all I need know to make me fit mate to one so wise and noble. How is it our spirits meet when our bodies are absent?"

He bent upon her the tender, brooding gaze. "You are not afraid, Irene, when thus we meet?"

"Afraid? Nay. It is the most blessed experience of my life."

"One question more, Irene. Would you fear to have my spirit with you when my body was in the grave?"

She turned toward him with perfect fearlessness mingled with solemnity.

"Dear, it would have to be so. Death could not separate us. Though our bodies were in the grave our souls *must* dwell together because they are one."

"Can you take a step further? Can you imagine that those who are parts of one whole and made to complement each other might perchance be born in different periods of time and never meet on earth? Some there are who never meet their soul-mate here. Some of these never marry. Some are not so wise, and make a more or less unhappy union for earth alone, a union that can never be carried into eternity. Blessed, blessed beyond the power of mortal to fathom, are those who meet and are joined in this life to the one mated to them for time and eternity. Such unions are few. Why? For one reason, because many form marriage compacts in haste, in early youth perhaps. Such unions are permitted and children are born of them, often faulty and degenerate, as becomes such ill-assorted union—union of bodies alone. Sometimes—ah, the pity of it, in years afterward one or the other meets the true mate, and they are forever debarred from the companionship they might have had on earth. Another reason may be this: to which I have alluded—between their coming to this world there may be the bar of years—even centuries. As in the other case, each may or may not marry in life. If they do, there is ever the lack, the fatal lack of real union of heart. They must always be 'strangers yet.' But sometimes, Irene, they do not marry. They live their life and do their

duty, and are called into the larger life beyond, still virgin souls, waiting the true mate."

A trembling shook her frame as the aspen trembles in the breeze, but she searched his face, sure and unafraid.

His gaze had been among the distant stars, as one who reads their familiar story, his voice low and musical as the birds softly crooning to their nestlings on summer's eve.

"Laurence—and you?"

He turned and threw out his arms as if to enfold her, and his face was glowing and commanding.

"Irene, that was my lot. I gave my life, all I had to live, for you, and then waited in the quiet land, cooling the fevered pulse of the earth-life and learning the great lessons of love and peace, till God said, 'She is ready! She needs you! Go now, and bring her, a noble bride, to the home we have been preparing.' Irene, have you not heard that there are many mansions? And one of them is ours. Tonight, up the shining stairway as in the vision of light, we will go to our home, and it will be forever—forever, Irene!"

She sank, fainting in his arms.

"Be brave, my own, a soldier's bride. And now, go once more to rest, my own beloved. Once more, you must leave my visible presence—not visible to others, dear, at this or any other time, but only to you. You start! You had never noticed that, and I have not wished to subject you to curious scrutiny or shock you with this revelation before you were prepared for it. Sleep, beloved, and when it is time for you to wake, I myself will call you. Goodnight."

As she sought her couch, sounds of revelry and laughter were heard, and as she passed some officers one said to another, "Do you think there is danger from the ice we saw?"

"O, danger if we get among them but the *Toronto* is safe and strong and swift, and we will soon be beyond them. Do not alarm the passengers."

She half turned toward the cabin to warn the laughing crowd, but a presence restrained her, saying: "No, it would be of no use. Rest." And knowing it was the voice of her loved one she lay down, and was soon in a deep slumber.

At first it was dreamless. Then she seemed floating, floating, on a quiet sea, quite alone. She felt the gentle motion of the waves beneath her, and saw the stars shining overhead. Some appeared much nearer than others, and one, the brightest of them all, seemed to draw near. As it approached, diversity of surface appeared, as planets show through a telescope, then as the glorious orb nearer came, in the soft light of its atmosphere she discerned lovely landscapes, hills, valleys and gently flowing rivers, with homes beside them of snowy beauty. Noble trees shaded the streams and she fancied she beheld happy beings walking beneath their shadows.

As she gazed with delight upon the lovely scene, suddenly there came a jarring and upheaval as if all was sinking into the depths of the sea.

She cried out in alarm, but a dear voice spoke among the roaring of the waves.

"Fear not, Irene, the home you saw awaits us. Let us go to it through the pathway of the sea and air." And as she awoke she felt the clasp of the loved hand, and beheld the form of her dear one by her side.

"Arise, Irene, and follow me. There is yet more work for us before we go. Come."

And he led her above.

And as they ascended the narrow stairway, she encountered a crowd of

crying women and children, and men with stern faces making way for their loved ones.

As they reached the deck, amid the twilight darkness of starlight, there rose the ghostly mass of ice, reaching seemingly to the sky, and the wounded ship beat against it as a bird against the bars of its cage.

"Man the life boats!"

"Women and children first!"

The huge cranes swung forward and lowered load after load of weeping wives and mothers to the deep. The last boat was near where she stood, and an officer took her arm. She looked up at Laurence at her side.

"Shall I go?"

He smiled and pointed to another woman near, with a child in her arms.

"No, take her instead," said Irene, drawing the poor woman forward. "She has a child, I have no one to live here for," and she assisted the officer to lift the woman into the boat, which, filled with its precious freight, soon floated upon the water and drew from the dangerous spot.

"Come, dearest, to our trysting place," she heard a whisper, and unsteadily with the motion of the lurching ship she walked to the familiar place.

"Sit here, beloved, rest in my arms, your head on my shoulder, your lips on mine. See how softly the stars look down upon us, and the icy steeples point toward heaven. Look not upon the waves below. A soldier's bride must feel no fear. The battle has been fought and won, and we will seek our home together, staunch and fearless as soldiers should. See the star yonder, the brightest one, Irene. You beheld it in dreams. Soon we will go there, up its shining stairway. Lay your head here, faithful one, and rest."

Farther and farther floated the life-

boats, lower sank the ship, and the anxious watchers on the farther end, despairing now of life, set up a piteous cry. Irene started, but Laurence laid over the shrinking ear a sheltering hand, and his eyes held hers with a tender sacred gaze born of near eternity.

"Come, now, Irene, see the doorway open to receive us, and the light gleaming down the stairway. Come, we will

enter." As they rose to their feet, the ship gave a lurch like a drunken man and sank with its living freight, and at the rail, watchers from the nearest boat saw a lovely maiden stand with shining face and outstretched arms. But they did not see the manly form beside her that rose with her from the waters and floated up the shining stairway to the golden star above.

A Lost Friendship

ABBIE L. RONNE

'Twas such a pretty dish I broke
 One day.
 I cannot throw the pieces yet
 Away.
 Shall I mount them on a shelf,
 No one knowing but myself
 That they're just a shattered thing
 Alway?

I've no other that can take
 Its p'ace.
 None to serve with just the same
 Sweet grace.
 Would I only knew how rare
 Was the gift held in my care
 Ere it left my clumsy hands'
 Embrace.

Oh, it filled so many, many
 Precious needs,
 And I miss it so my heart
 Fairly bleeds.
 That 'tis wiser to forget
 I well know, but, oh, not yet
 Can I cast it to be lost
 In weeds!

INDUSTRIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE

GEORGE C. CARTER

(Continued from September Number)

FITZWILLIAM, TROY, MARLBORO

Right across the Massachusetts border, New Hampshire gets busy immediately at the state line with lumber, wood turnings, chair stock and allied products. Fitzwilliam makes more chair stock and lumber products but is also a granite manufacturing center of considerable importance.

Troy makes a variety of wood turnings and other lumber products, has an active box factory unit and a blanket manufacturing mill of substantial proportions, whose product goes all over the country and to some extent is utilized for export.

Marlboro is between two lines of railroad, and its residents take whichever they wish, use their own automotive vehicles or the bus to Keene, six miles distant. Ingress and egress are both easy for the good folk of Marlboro town and the musical hum of industry there comes from its several lumber mills, box and toy manufacturing plants, novelty manufacturing factories and a blanket mill.

A short side trip of a few miles will give us a view of the wooden-ware plants, long established, making nationally-known products, in East Swanzey and Richmond. From these we turn northward a few short miles because we can no longer keep away from the industrial giant of southwestern New Hampshire, the city of Keene, famous for its all-encompassing hills, healthfulness and hospitality.

KEENE

The city of Keene is on the alluvial floor of an extinct lake, a situation

which makes for broad expanses and ample room for homes, factories and recreational facilities. Keene is active, aggressive and progressive, and the Keene spirit has enabled the city to constantly forge ahead industrially and commercially.

The diversity of its industrial life makes for stability. How is this for an alphabetical array? Keene manufactures automobile accessories, boxes (paper and wood), brush handles, celluloid articles, chairs (numerous units), confectionery, crackers, drill presses, druggists' sundries, feldspar, glue, ledgers, lumber, machine shops, mica mining and grinding, musical instruments, narrow fabrics, overalls, pants, patterns (models), packages in wood, portable houses, screens, shoes, silk fibre, silver polish, soft drinks, stone (artificial), toys, washing products, wood heels, wood hoops, wood turnings, woodenware, woolens, and whatnot!

Keene is a chair, textile and shoe manufacturing center, but the wide range of its individual products is remarkable and is being steadily enlarged. Whenever a resident of Keene hears of some new product or new mechanical help needed anywhere, he starts right in to make it. Quite a few of the Keene-made products are shipped abroad, and most of the list mentioned have country-wide distribution.

Keene is the banking and business center of Cheshire County, almost a capital in the Kingdom of Cheshire, so closely allied are a number of small towns with the shire town. Keene has the roundest main "square" of any city we know, and the roads radiate immediately from this

civic center in the heart of the city, to all portions of the country and the outside world.

Some folks try to have a little fun with Keene on account of the meticulous care with which the phrase is moulded, descriptive of its very fine main street, but the joke is on the other folks because Keene wants things just right and by having them so accomplishes the desired results. Here is the phrase—"The widest main street given over wholly to vehicular traffic of any commercial city in the country."

The reason for care and exactitude in making its claim for first place in the column of its choice is that there are other cities which have reported a wider main street expanse but on examination of the facts it has been found that grass plots, parks and other enclosures have been included. Keene, therefore, made it plain that a street was a street and as such still retains its lead among the cities of the United States.

THE ASHUELOT VALLEY

The point where three states merge always arouses mysticism in thought and crypticism in utterance. This is especially true where Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts come together in their respective towns of Vernon, Hinsdale and Northfield. Every now and then some one wants to go to the spot so that he may, with both feet in Massachusetts, bend forward as if on a gymnasium floor, rest the left hand in Vermont, and place the right upon the sacred soil of New Hampshire.

Theoretically, this might be done, but it would take both a gymnast and a contortionist to really accomplish the feat. Having in mind that the dividing line between the two states is the west bank of the river at mean (average) high

water mark, we very properly look for this mysterious tri-state spot at the water's edge. If we are both brave and agile, careful and persistent, we will descend the steep bank of the western shore of the river at the Massachusetts state line and there, usually under several inches, and sometimes one or two feet of water, we see a copper spike in a small granite post.

Here is where the three states meet, and to accomplish the wished-for feat, one would have to balance his left foot in Massachusetts, rest his left hand on the Vermont bank, while boats or floats would have to be provided for the right foot in Massachusetts, and the right hand in the beautiful waters of New Hampshire! As a more practical help, the three states have joined together in a tri-state monument stating that the real point of meeting is a stated number of feet east of the monument.

The Ashuelot River empties into the Connecticut near this point and at Hinsdale, the first town in New Hampshire to visitors from the south and west, 's the New Hampshire end of the immense Connecticut River dam, a power project of large magnitude. As we enter the state from Springfield, Greenfield, the Mohawk Trail and points beyond, the state line is appropriately marked, and we are on the Dartmouth College Road, which may be considered as the western or Connecticut River Trunk Line, north and south.

Hinsdale utilizes the wonderful power of the Ashuelot River in many ways. This is a paper manufacturing valley. Toilet tissues, manillas, and other papers are made in large quantities for shipment everywhere. Woodenware, a foundry, machine shop and several smaller units add to the list, which is completed by a concern manufacturing the Granite State

lawn mowers, which are sold all over the land. Their field display automobile—a whole show window on wheels, attracts attention wherever they go.

Now we are following the beautiful windings of the river from mouth to headwaters, finding new views at every turn. Ashuelot village, with its sturdy and artistic covered bridge, had a textile mill for years and now specializes in tissue papers, lumber and boxes. Five miles from Hinsdale, through Ashuelot, and we are in Winchester.

Winchester helps the world keep clean through the products of its sweeping compound factory, assists the transportation companies to deliver merchandise promptly and safely through the excellency of its wooden boxes, which are made in large quantities, and does its bit to keep everybody well shod with the help of its tannery, long in operation here. With lumbering and summering aplenty, Winchester is bound to grow.

West Swanzey manufactures lumber, woodenware, boxes and woollens, a textile mill weaving the affectionate word "Homestead" into its business name, giving added emphasis to the fact that here, on a street just across the river from the mill, is the old home of the late Denman Thompson of "Old Homestead" fame. The property is now in the hands of a fraternal organization. Visitors welcome.

NOT FAR FROM KEENE

We are now journeying northward as a general direction and presently we are again in Keene. This city is the hub of the universe in Cheshire County and we are glad to be here again to use the city as a base for a few side trips into some of the smaller communities where the hum of industry is heard, before taking the rest of the western portion of the state.

Southwesterly, nine miles from Keene, is beautiful Lake Spofford. The village industry runs to furniture and wood turnings. Northwesterly from Keene the Westmoreland villages produce lumber, and Walpole does likewise, all the while bringing forward much of history and many estates for summer comfort. North Walpole, opposite Bellows Falls, Vt., has a thoroughly modern meat-packing plant.

Back to Keene again, we are sure of another pleasant day in journeying to Nelson and Munsonville, where there are woodworking factories, and to Stoddard where there is more woodworking. The road follows a beautiful branch of the Ashuelot River system and there are crystal lakes everywhere. Cheshire County is one vast pine forest, once heavily wooded, now cut off to some extent to be sure, but still having ample supplies for years to come.

Reforestation has already taken a good start and will be the thing of the future. At West Keene is a forestry concern shipping white pine and other seedlings both locally and abroad in the land. At Swanzey a well-known university has a large tract of white pine under scientific study. Throughout the region of rivers, lakes and mountains the merry laughter of the summer folk echoes everywhere, and the sound of the woodsman's axe is heard throughout the winter.

Returning to Keene once more we take our noonday meal at once of the very fine restaurants, at the commercial hotel run by a former chef who knows well his business, or at the fine old tavern with the name of the county over the door. Here is one of the most extensive menu cards known in the hotel trade—an inventory, not a menu, one appreciative guest called it—a hostelry immaculate in its cleanliness, and with a

national reputation, in all verity a Cheshire County industry.

We now go northerly forty miles or more to the shire town of another county, through Gilsum, where there is lumbering and a woolen mill, nine miles from Keene, and Marlow, sixteen miles from Keene, where there is lumbering and wood turning. At Marlow Junction, which is a highway meeting point since it is many miles from any railroad, we must take a little side trip southwesterly because of the beauty we find in village, river farms and industry.

South Acworth shows us woodworking, and nearby is Beryl Mountain, for the town abounds in beryl, mica and feldspar deposits and mines, usually owned or worked by out-of-town concerns. East Acworth has lumbering and wood turning. Alstead has more woodworking, and Langdon does lumbering.

NEWPORT AND SUNAPEE

Returning to Marlow Junction, we enter the county of Sullivan, named after General Sullivan of Revolutionary fame, through Lempster to Mill Village in the Land (town) of Goshen! Mill Village does woodworking and we could take a side trip to the Washington villages in the same county. It is, however, just a few miles north to Newport, and here it will be our pleasure to linger, for the hotel is comfortable and good, while we meet the manufacturers and their famed products, after which we may make daily excursions to busy little mills and factories in nearby communities.

Newport has two very substantial woolen mills whose product is sold nationally and there is a concern manufacturing lace curtains with a steadily increasing production distributed from coast to coast. Lumber, wood heels and other wood products are made here, and

since the Newport slogan is "The Sunshine Town" one is not surprised to find the correspondence from the Pine Tree Soap concern located here with a final salutation wishing the recipient all the joy of life. Newport has a large shoe factory.

At Guild, three miles away, but in the same township, is another woolen mill whose neatly painted plant and business-like office with a well-kept lawn in front never fails to attest the character of the ownership and management as indicative of the spirit of New Hampshire.

At North Newport is an old-time industry manufacturing scythes, and another making hardware specialties, while at Sunapee, six miles from Newport, there is a woolen mill, a machine shop, and a factory making hay rakes. Lake Sunapee (wild goose water), has an elevation of about 1,108 feet and the summer colony, which is large, consists of folks from all over the country, including many men and women of note.

The Sugar River Valley exemplifies its name. A little journey northward to Croyden Flat, Croyden (now Coniston) and Grantham, shows the river rushing and foaming over the rocks in many places, producing a coloring much like rich brown maple sugar. On the way from Newport we pass the estate of the late Austin Corbin, New York railroad magnate, who was born here, and the Blue Mountain Forestry Reserve which he founded, is not far away. Here at times have been large herds of the wild things of the forest.

Croyden was the home of the original character in Winston Churchill's famous novel, "Coniston." The home of Ruel Durkee is still standing, and so many visitors came that the name of the post-office was finally changed to "Coniston." The next village is Grantham. We have

seen much of lumbering and a beautiful valley, but there are other industrial fields to conquer, and we will therefore return the ten miles from Grantham to Newport.

CLAREMONT AND CHARLESTOWN

Claremont has two distinct pronunciations—both right! To the uninitiated it is like "Clairmont," but the natives and gentlefolk speak the word in three syllables, "Clar-e-mont," accent on the first section, a delightfully sweet, light touch on the "e" and a brief cryptic "mnt" for a finale. The effect is very pleasing indeed, but Claremont is a charming place under any style of nomenclature.

Its largest industry would take a volume to describe accurately or well. Famous as manufacturing diamond drills for the South African gold mines, operating in prospector's cores, it also makes rock and hammer drills, drill bit sharpeners, and allied products, quarrying machinery, portable hoists, air and gas compressors for all purposes. If anything else is needed in this general field they can make it. By a curious coincidence, its catalogue lists twenty-four sales offices from coast to coast in the United States, and twenty-four more in as many foreign countries, exactly a "fifty-fifty" numerical count in sales units between domestic and export business. Claremont is proud of the record of this substantial machine-building corporation.

Claremont has made high grade bedspreads for many years and the product has received an unusually wide distribution. At home or abroad, in Pullman or on shipboard, in the best hotels everywhere, the chances are more than even that you will sleep beneath Monadnock bedspreads made in Claremont.

Claremont is a paper manufacturing

center. One large concern specializes in kraft papers both for domestic and export trade. Another factory makes the tissue manillas from which the dress patterns well-known to every woman in America are manufactured. The feminine portion of the population may well rise up and call West Claremont blessed!

There is a mill making high grade woolens, and another manufacturing shoddy and by-products. A shoe factory completes the list of major industries, but there are a number of smaller ones in various lines, for the capabilities and needs of Claremont cover a broad field.

Right at this point we must go over the hill to the pretty Connecticut River town of Charlestown, famous as being the home of actor folk for several generations. Broad streets, with plenty of shade and green grass, comfortable estates and cottage homes abound. Charlestown made violin cases for years and had a machine shop. The present major industry is a woolen mill, and there is an advertising calendar establishment which sends its product all over the country.

Now we return to Claremont, which is two and a half miles east of the Connecticut and the fact that the Sugar River empties into the larger stream with a wide expanse at its mouth does not permit a highway and bridge at this point. Turn to the left at the fine large open square in Claremont, excellent for facilitating traffic, since it is all hard surface, follow the river to West Claremont, passing the industries already mentioned, under the very high railroad bridge, keep to the right and we are on our way north again.

Both at Claremont and from the highway for several miles, we get a splendid view of Mt. Ascutney, 3,320 feet in height, situated on the Vermont side. We

keep on the New Hampshire side because we are cruising New Hampshire. At the covered bridge we are directly opposite Windsor, Vt., and keep straight ahead, later ascending a right hand road to Aspet, the name given by the famous sculptor, August St. Gaudens, to his estate and studios here in the township of Cornish.

At Aspet the industry of St. Gaudens is exhibited in his many heroic and life-size statues and numerous bas reliefs. Here also was his home, and at the end of the field at the edge of the wood lies the remains of a world renowned figure in the realm of art. Statuary made and moulded at the Aspet studios, in the atmospheric charm and spirit of rural New Hampshire, are to be found in many places and many climes.

Quietly and reverently we leave Aspet, down the hill to the river level and learn that at Cornish Flat there is woodworking and a manufacturer of patent medicines. North from the foot of the hill at Aspet is the "Blow-Me-Down" mill, with much of local history and interest, the name evincing considerable comment from the uninitiated. The road brings us in due time to West Lebanon, opposite White River Junction, Vt.

"Lebanon" in the ancient language of which it is a part, means "white" and indicates the very fine spirit of the town and its people. West Lebanon is on the Connecticut River, five miles from Lebanon on the Mascoma River. East Lebanon, now "Mascoma," is in the section from which, on the way to Enfield, beautiful views of Lake Mascoma are obtained.

West Lebanon is a hustling railroad town, also making live stock labels, metal labels, has a wholesale laundry concern and smaller institutions making specialties. The section in and about

East Lebanon has been given over to lumbering and excelsior manufacturing.

Lebanon has one of the most beautiful hotels in the state, facing a park or "common," as it is called here, covering a large oval expanse traversed by walks, making a very pleasing town effect, and giving permanent assurance of plenty of light and air in the business center of the town.

Lebanon manufactures woolens, overalls, sport garments, mackinaws, women's underwear (rayon) and cloth made from shoddy for suits and overcoats. Paper boxes and other specialties add to the list of varied industries whose diversity is continued by wooden bobbins, lumber and general building supplies, wood turnings, sash and blinds.

Lebanon has for years operated a large brick yard now well equipped with modern machinery, making high grade specialty products along with the regular lines. Dartmouth College, nearby, and many other institutions, have much of Lebanon brick in their construction. There is a general machine shop also specializing on cast aluminum signs and electric traffic flasher signals for streets. Their Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other club signs are everywhere, and they make indestructible hotel insignia for outside signs in great variety.

There is a concern here making split ball bearings, which are sold throughout the country. Lebanon garments from underwear to mackinaws are worn from coast to coast, and a substantial shipment of Lebanon underwear went to the earthquake sufferers in Japan through the Red Cross, after that terrible disaster.

Here also is a large factory in a highly technical field, making watch keys, jewelers' tools and small electric motors. Some of these goods are exported to England and France. It was in this fac-

tory that Atwater Kent of radio manufacturing fame, worked when a young man and has since given gracious acknowledgment of the knowledge and impetus gained here as a vital factor in his early career.

Enfield has a woolen mill, and the famous Shaker bridge across Mascoma Lake to Enfield Center. This bridge has a "manufacture" all its own and many are the stories connected with it which can be properly delineated only by the old timers. The visitor must call in person, get the tales first hand and then cross the bridge himself to get the full benefits of the entire situation.

At Enfield Center there has been considerable lumbering. Here are the excellent and finely-kept buildings of the Enfield Shakers, who have been in New Hampshire since 1793. The society manufactured and sold a variety of goods at this location for many years, but in 1928 the few remaining members, all well along in years, merged with the Shakers at East Canterbury, the property at Enfield Center being sold to the Oblate Fathers, who operate a Catholic school for boys and girls.

Canaan attends to lumbering, and together with the nearby towns of Orange and Grafton produces mica, feldspar and allied rock minerals. Canaan Street, a separate village away from the railroad, is just like a bit of the old world in the new, or the new world in the old, just as you like, but folks come here year after year for rest and quiet. All through this section are views of Mt. Cardigan, an isolated peak with an altitude of 3,200 feet. Now we return to Lebanon.

Hanover, the home of Dartmouth College, founded in 1770 by Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, is seven miles from Lebanon. Dartmouth constitutes the industry "par excellence" at Hanover and it is a sub-

stantial one, for new buildings, new equipment and new grounds are constantly being added. As the college grows so does the town and beautiful cottage homes are rapidly reaching out into the fields, hills and vales which surround the college itself. It is here that Dartmouth is manufacturing men, two or three thousand of them at a time, in exemplification of the statement of one of her own distinguished graduates, Daniel Webster, in his oft-repeated utterance that "New Hampshire manufactures men."

Here at Hanover we have contract printing, and a concern which takes the product of several New Hampshire manufacturers among others and distributes them at wholesale to camps, schools and colleges in various sections of the country. There is, of course, more or less lumbering in this section and other units naturally connected with extensive building operations.

Lyme and lumbering are synonymous, this town being also headquarters for campers' supplies. Orford occupies a unique place in history, because it was Captain Samuel Morey, an Orford manufacturer, who, in 1793, fourteen years before Fulton put the *Clermont* on the Hudson River, built the first steamboat and sailed it up and down the Connecticut River a number of times.

Chancellor Livingston, the financial backer of Fulton, had a number of interviews both with and without the presence of Fulton. Captain Morey was offered \$7,500 for his inventions, patents, drawings, plans and services in building a larger boat for the Hudson. Morey held out for \$15,000, and the deal was never made. The captain's boat was taken to Lake Morey on the Vermont side, and having struck a rock went to the bottom. The captain's plans went into the *Cler-*

mont, and Fulton received the credit, much of which was actually due him, but to Orford, the town, and Morey, the pioneer, belongs the real credit for the first boat propelled by steam.

Piermont makes boxes, does lumbering and manufactures specialties in dairy and agricultural products. From here the West Side trunk line road runs northward, meeting the road from Plymouth to Pike, at the historic town of Haverhill, thence to North Haverhill, by the home estate of former Governor Henry W. Keyes, colleague in the United States Senate with Senator George Higgins Moses.

Here the genial senator and his talented wife, Frances Parkinson Keyes, maintain their home establishment with the broad acres and grand vistas of a splendid Connecticut River farm.

Presently we are again at Woodsville, the railroad junction point for everywhere, which we have already covered, and since we have completely followed the three main lines from north to south, the very proper question is, "where do we go from here?" and as usual New Hampshire still has an answer. There are some cross-state lines, both railroad and highway, the two necessarily being together because everything is either a hill or a valley, which are well worth our while industrially and otherwise.

RADIATING FROM CONCORD

From Boston to Montreal by the way of White River Junction, Vt., the line diverges northwesterly at Concord. We have already been as far as Franklin on this line. Next is East Andover, manufacturing lumber and boxes, not to mention mountain climbers out of the members of the Ragged Mountain Club further on.

Andover is a Unitarian academy cen-

ter also making maple sugar utensils and lumber. Here also is a hame manufacturing plant, sending its product wherever hames are used in this country, South America and elsewhere. New Hampshire-made hames have long sustained an international reputation.

Two miles further on is Potter Place, whose "industry" consists in transferring from rail and diverting auto traffic to New London Hill and Lake Sunapee. Let's go! At Wilmot Flat is the little store where a well-known founder of one of the chain store systems made his first start in business with \$78 cash—all his own!

Elkins, in a small way, is a woodworking center, and beautiful Lake Pleasant, right beside the road, has a charm all its own. Then almost immediately comes the hill. There is no doubt about that, and we do not wonder why the natives always call it New London Hill. To all others the last word, omitted by the post-office, is self-evident. Here is a Baptist academy, now a girls' school, which has received many benefactions from the Colgate family.

Just a look at the lake from Soo-Nipi-Park Lodge and we return to Potter Place. West Andover does lumbering and so does South Danbury, which manufactures art gifts by unusually fine painting work on glassware which is shipped to many states. Danbury makes wood novelties, and the Grafton villages do general lumbering.

Beyond would be Canaan and Enfield, which we have already covered from Lebanon, the latter being their banking and trading center, so we will retrace our route to the ever-interesting Concord and try another spoke in its radiant industrial or trade route wheel.

Westerly from Concord the first "industry" is the group of large buildings

known as the State Hospital for the Insane, where a thousand or more inmates receive the very best of care and some remarkable cures are effected. Next is the Christian Science building, and still further on St. Paul's School, both outlined under the chapter dealing with Concord.

Just before reaching the school we bear to the right. At this writing a new cement road costing \$100,000 has just been authorized. The old town of Hopkinton is rich in history, and was the capital of the state for a time in the early days. Over the hills again we reach Contoocook, a bright little town with a picturesque covered bridge.

Here is an active wood turning plant, a concern making paper box machinery, another shipping razor strops all over the country, and still another operating as a silk manufacturer.

We are delighted to find ourselves on the way to Lake Sunapee again to view its grandeurs from many points on the southern shore, the two previous trips giving us the western and northern views. Next on the way is Davisville, and a few miles from the main road, Webster, both doing lumbering. Warner comes next with considerable lumbering and several wood turning concerns. Warner has also done considerable business in the extraction of chemicals from wood.

At Roby's Corner, in Warner township, has long been a wheel hub manufacturing establishment which has sent heavy hubs to many foreign countries. Melvin's Mills, still in Warner, makes excelsior, and there is a "Waterloo" in the same town, that Napoleon never saw, but many summer residents have enjoyed. Here was the home of the late senator and one time secretary of the navy, William E. Chandler.

Bradford does considerable lumbering and summer business. A splendid village with a long main street, with Todd Lake just outside the village and Lake Massasecum only two or three miles away, the town is a busy place in the summer and fall seasons, with much lumber teaming after the winter snows have come.

Lake Massasecum is a turquoise gem set deeply in a forest of livid green. It has the finest bathing beach for children we have ever seen and constitutes an industry, for there is a well-ordered pavilion there, of which Bradford may well be proud.

To the theatre-goer and lover of vaudeville, Bradford will always be associated with "Town Hall Tonight." Many years ago Cressy & Dane (Will M. Cressy and his wife, Blanche) at this writing the oldest vaudeville team in America, began to please the public with playlets of their own writing.

The Town Hall was a real one right here in Bradford, and most of the characters were taken from those well-known in Bradford to Cressy as a boy. In other plays which he has written, dealing with rural life, the name "Bradford" is displayed on the curtain or scenery, and we are right now in the original Bradford itself.

Now we have a good stiff climb to Newbury, where we get our first view on this route of Sunapee, pass on to the industry of the lake, the Sunapee Transportation Company, operating its best fleet to meet the train schedules. It is worth while to continue several miles to the end of the lake on this road, pause at the top of the hill, and then return, for what is beyond we have already seen.

Both on this trip and the one preceding we have splendid views of the isolated peaks of this region, scenery of

course, but of industrial interest since they are heavily timbered and furnish much acreage for lumbering. At Newbury we view Mt. Sunapee, 2,743 feet in height. At Bradford we may take a side trip north through the Sutton villages where there is much lumbering and at North Sutton delightful Kezar Lake. Finely visible from the Suttons but from many other points as well, is Mt. Kearsarge, 2,943 feet high. Let us now return to Contoocook and ascend the river of that name.

HENNIKER, HILLSBORO, ANTRIM,
BENNINGTON

The Indian trails always follow the rivers between mouth and source. The white man built railroads and established trade centers.

We have already covered both the source and the mouth of the Contoocook and now, following the trend of industry, we take the central section. West Hopkinton has a paper mill and there is lumbering everywhere.

"There is but one Henniker in all the world" is the slogan, a fact, not a fancy, of the lovely town which gave birth to Edna Dean Proctor, poet and author, and other notables. The Henniker arrangement antedated zoning and city planning, for the stores and residences in the village are on one side of the river while we cross the famous double arch stone bridge to reach the factories.

The first is a shop making novelty wood turnings in large numbers, while the next factory has for years turned out a very high grade product in wood rims for bicycles, and operated in kindred lines. A leatherboard manufacturing establishment comes next, and at West Henniker there is a paper mill.

Hillsboro is generous and in addition to having two sub-divisions of its own,

takes in two subsidiaries in her campaign literature under the slogan, "Lucerne in New Hampshire," having in mind the myriad number of lakes amid forest, dale, mountain, glen.

The announcements read, "Hillsboro-Deering-Washington." That is typical of Hillsboro, gracious, courteous and kind, following the lead of President Franklin Pierce, born here and quoted the most polished gentleman of the White House.

Hillsboro has a woolen mill making cloakings and overcoatings, and another textile mill producing hosiery and underwear. Then there is the Upper Village and the Lower Village, each distinct communities in the township, with wood-working and lumbering, together with a very large hydro-electric development, whose resultant power is carried to many communities in the state.

Antrim, the home of former Governor Goodell, has a concern bearing his name, established in 1875, manufacturing cutlery, apple parers and hardware specialties. Many of these items are exported in addition to their extensive sale throughout the country. Another concern makes reels and still another parts for textile mill looms. Antrim also has a factory, one of the oldest in this line in the country, making cribs, cradles and basinets.

Bennington has a large and exceptionally well-equipped paper mill, while Hancock has lumber and saw mills, is a poultry and apple tree center with many thousands of units in fowl and trees. There is also a clothespin factory nearby. Now we will return to Manchester via Frankestown, over the hills and between the railroad lines, all several miles away. Crotched Mountain in Bennington and Frankestown is 2,055 feet high.

The next town is New Boston in the hills, the birthplace of J. Reed Whipple of the Parker House, Young's and the Touraine hotels at Boston. When living he maintained a large model farm with tested blooded stock, from which hotel supplies were drawn. In all of the section through which we have been passing, lumbering is the accepted line of industry.

It is now but sixteen miles to Manchester, near nightfall, and a short run to the Queen City, where we may have a good night's rest at the new million-dollar hotel, with a magnificent view of the mountains, or the thoroughly modernized hostelry which, facing Merrimack Common, sheltered many notables in years past, or again, the numerous other well-kept caravansaries in sufficient variety to please everyone.

We have, in our big and little journeys through New Hampshire, visited every industrial community but one, the North Weare branch, kept for the last because of its strategic and outstanding position in south central New Hampshire. Before we come to the final chapter, let us pause for a few brief moments to contemplate upon what we have found. Not every town or every last mill or factory, for there are myriads of little establishments tucked away in villages and on the hillsides, especially where there is a sizeable or even a diminutive water power.

We have also not visited all of the towns, since this is an industrial journey. There are 231 towns in the state, exclusive of quite a number of unorganized towns, "purchases" and "grants" in the mountain districts, with over a thousand villages, and many of them are agricultural rather than industrial, villages of homes and neighbors rather than of stores and factories.

Industry is never prosaic in New Hampshire. It is always intermingled with the zest and joy of living and surrounded with the beauty and inspiration of history, scenery and recreation. That is why in our journeyings through New Hampshire industrially we have taken cognizance of atmosphere and environment, which, when added to the energy and knowledge of the people, go far in the realm of industrial prosperity.

"The Little Republics" is a name affectionately given by the people of the state to its towns, which hold their town meetings annually in the month of March. The state industrial slogan is, "If it is New Hampshire-made, it is well-made." New Hampshire is rich in natural resources, with a vast water power development, and the reserve supply large. There is an ample amount of intelligent, sincere industrious labor. It is the purpose of its people to care for its industries for in these, to a considerable extent, lies the future development of the commonwealth.

THE NORTH WEARE BRANCH

From Manchester to North Weare it is approximately twenty miles, much of it along the Piscataquog River, and all intensely replete with industrial and other lines of interest. Right here let it be known that the practical folk in these parts will take you for a tenderfoot and a stranger if you say "Amoskeag" and "Piscataquog." To them simply "Skeag" and "Squog" are sufficient.

There are two routes and the traveler usually leaves the city by one and returns by the other. Over Bridge Street bridge, with its excellent view of the falls and mills, beautiful St. Marie's Church on the left, we cross the smaller river at Kelley's Falls, where there is a large power development, and another

at Gregg's Falls further upstream. By the other route the Piscataquog is crossed in West Manchester and we take Mast Street for down this road in Colonial times came many mast trees for the Royal Navy.

At the parting of the roads we take the right hand one. Several of the others take us to St. Anselms College, a high class school of the Benedictine Order, whose graduates have made a name for themselves in many sections of the country. At Grasmere are the large and well-kept buildings of the Hillsboro County Farm.

The next group of buildings in beautiful and attractive architecture constitute the Villa Augustina, a Catholic convent and school for girls.

At Shirley Station we must take a side trip to a most interesting industry, the larger of the twin Uncanoonuc Mountains, 1,321 feet high. The road either to Shirley Hill House or Base Station is fine, but the last of the climb is by cog railway. The mountain is a lively industry in summer and fall. These are in Goffstown.

At Goffstown village we find a large factory manufacturing bobbins and spools, another making builders' finish and allied lines in lumber, and other lumber units. A side trip of a few miles takes us to Dunbarton, the home of the Starks. Then comes Parker's Station with the pleasant sign, "Come over to New Boston," but we have and we wish to visit Weare, the last on our list industrially.

The town of Weare has six villages which have had postoffices of their own in addition to several other smaller centers having its own local name. In the early days there was a strong predominance of Quaker stock. The thrifty, hardy, industrious pioneers divided into

family and friendly sections resulting in several villages comprising one township.

We enter at what was formerly known as Oil Mill Village, now Riverdale, the original name being given when its principal industry was the manufacture of illuminating oils. The same waters which ran the oil mill now assist in illumination, but through electricity rather than oil. There is still an excellent water privilege here all ready for utilization.

South Weare has a modern brick garage in the center of a very hilly country. Henry Ford called in person on his agent here within a few weeks of this writing, and also made some purchases of authenticated Weare antiques. East Weare is on the other side of the town and has a toy manufacturing establishment.

Weare Center has the town hall, and to show its metropolitan character has a traffic beacon. Here in the hill country is one of the best of the smaller high schools of the state. Clintongrove, two and a half miles off the main road, has an unmatched charm, and then returning to Weare Center, we follow the tar road, bearing to the right to North Weare.

At this end of the village with the store and postoffice, there is an establishment founded by a state senator of New Hampshire, making cutlery handles in all types and finish. Through the cutlery concerns served, this product goes all over the world. The concern has a lacquer and baked enamel plant.

Some distance up the road is a Quaker church, well painted and well kept, and a country store. This locality has long been known as Chase Village because Mrs. Chase, a dear, delightful old lady, kept the store and had a pleasant word for everyone until her death, well past eighty years of age.

We follow the winding of the river, and we hear the merry hum of machinery and woodworking in a busy modern plant making toys, fireworks, handles, and other wood turnings and novelties. About 90 per cent of the product is sold outside of New England and some is exported to Canada.

The river indicates more of industry and on the other side is still another plant making toys and novelties. The road bears left, and again to the right, leading directly to water falls, another bridge and a mill teeming with the merry hum of industry. Here are made children's carts and other toys in great profusion of style, type and color, to delight the youngsters of America.

FINALE

It is now eventide. The busy mills of Weare have just closed down the speed after the merry run of the day, and cheerily the men and women who have been at their tasks making things for the comfort and happiness of the rest of the country pour out of the several factories with the satisfaction of a day's work well done and the anticipation of a splendid meal well won.

It has been a glorious day with sunshine aplenty and the crisp, bracing air of early autumn filled with the ozonic vigor of the hills of Weare gives ample cause for the shouts of the workers as they pass each other and pass the pleasantries to all, on the way to their homes and loved ones waiting there.

The foliage is gorgeous. In autumnal splendor the hills everywhere have been waving their greetings to all in the scintillating brilliancy of the various shades of brown, deep red and crimson, the straw colors and bright yellow, myriad shades in green, purple and gold. As the sun sinks slowly down behind the west-

ern hilltops in its own lavish setting, nature seems doubly generous in adding a wonderful sunset to the orderly riot of color in the autumnal glories of the hills.

At the evening meal we are to be the guests of one of the old line Quaker families of Weare. We are met with a hearty greeting by the good housewife, who bids us wait but for a few moments while supper, which has been kept hot for our coming, is being placed upon the table. We look out of the window and there is the gentle soothing benediction of the afterglow, as if the day is waving us a last affectionate farewell before going to rest.

Now the supper bell is rung. Family and guests gather to a bounteous steaming repast replete with the good things of earth. The good man of the house bows in silent grace and all present do likewise. The atmosphere of the home is surcharged with gratitude and thanksgiving too sacred for the grandiloquence of words or the crudity of thoughts expressed through the medium of speech. Impressively, all join in the silent service of grace, a few brief hallowed moments of communion, man with his Maker.

Grace over, the viands and vegetables, crullers and condiments, raisin pies and refreshments do their duty and do it well. The table talk is on the admonition of St. Paul—"Not slothful in business, serving the Lord," the privilege of labor and constructive work; the destructive influence of laziness, idleness and an over-proportion of self-seeking and pleasure-hunting.

Then the contrast in the results of energy, thrift, forethought, attention to business, and the blessings of industry, with the determination to do the work well, whether this refers to the individual or the factory itself. The whole inci-

dent and its environment is one of inspiration to do better and more work, whether at the bench, at the desk or on the firing line of salesmanship.

Verily, it is good to manufacture in New Hampshire, and New Hampshire manufactures are good! It is good to live in New Hampshire.

(THE END)

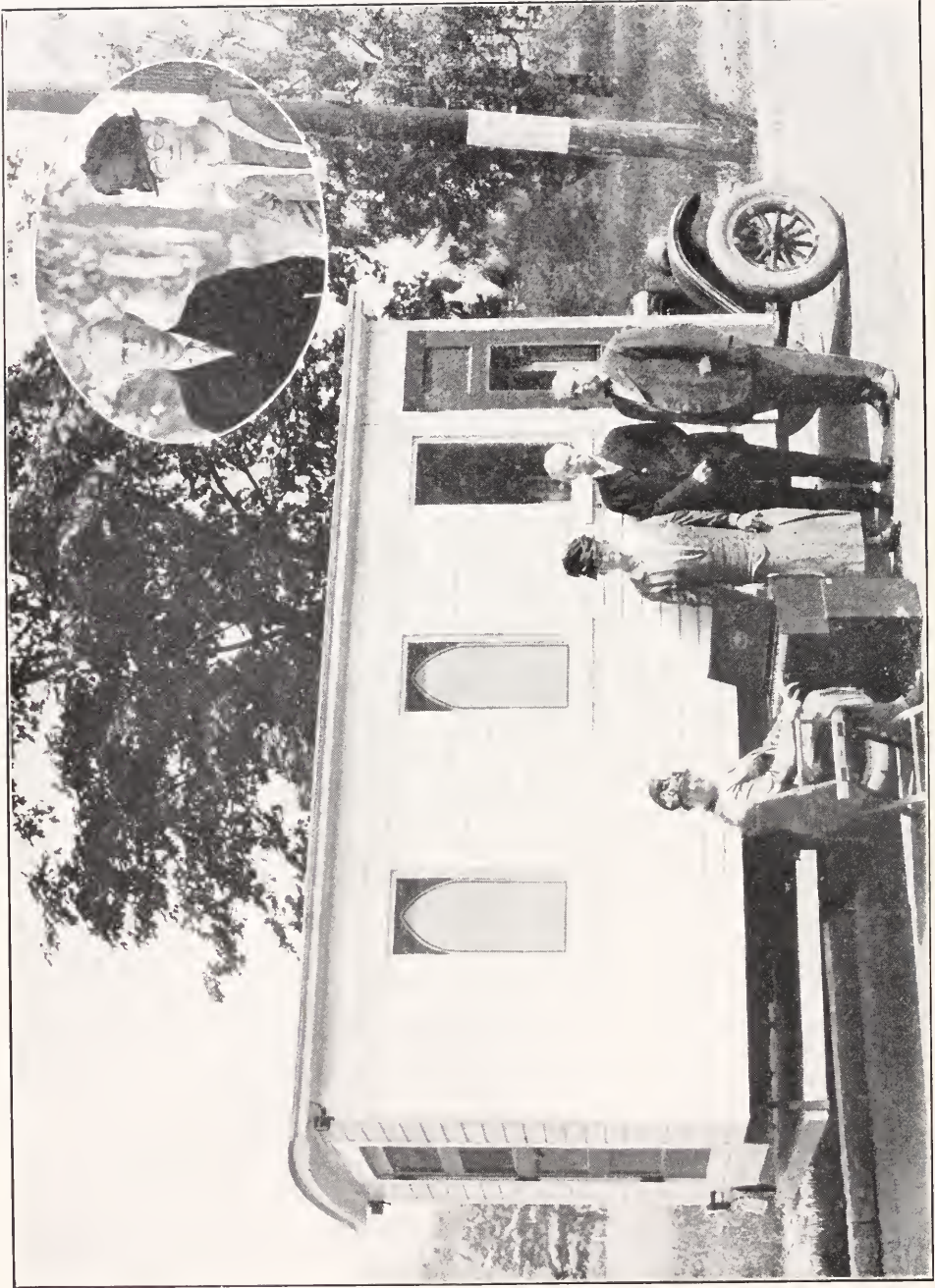
In Old New Hampshire State

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

New Hampshire hills, New Hampshire rills,
 Her valleys verdant, fair,
 Her sunless brakes, her sunlit lakes,
 And woodlands everywhere;
 Her lovely glens and lonely fens,
 Her meadows, fair and green,
 And like some sage from former age,
 That Old Stone Face is seen.

Beneath bright skies, New Hampshire lies
 When flowers bloom in June,
 Where stars arise like sparkling eyes
 And shines the harvest moon;
 Where autumn's breeze sighs through the trees
 And leaves become like gold,
 And snowflakes white fall fast and light
 On landscapes, stark and cold.

New Hampshire rills, New Hampshire hills,
 How beautiful are they!
 When sunlight shines on fragrant pines
 And fields are sweet with hay;
 Her wooded hills, her winding rills,
 The lilacs and the home,
 Once more we see in memory
 When far away we roam.



THE CHURCH ON WHEELS—LEFT TO RIGHT, MRS. WHITELOCK, MRS. WOODWARD, F. R. WOODWARD, PASTOR WHITELOCK—INSERT—MR. AND MRS. WOODWARD.

Clothes, Cookies and Conversions

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

A WOMEN'S Sunday school class was discussing evangelism. Methods of reaching the adamant hearts of poor benighted, unmoral, un-Christian, poverty-stricken families were being frankly talked over.

"If I were going to talk religion to those people I'd take a bag of doughnuts in one hand and a New Testament in the other," remarked one motherly soul, "and if I couldn't take but one it would be the doughnuts."

That was before the days of holy horror over feeding a child a doughnut when he should have spinach, cod liver oil and orange juice. But the principle this missionary-minded woman sought to express was and is sound.

It is the spirit of which Rev. Herbert R. Whitelock of Manchester has become enamoured. His slogan is "Not charity but a chance." He believes a man is in a more receptive mood to hear the gospel if he is warmed and fed than when he is cold and hungry.

Mr. Whitelock is a Baptist clergyman and has been pastor of the People's Baptist Tabernacle in Manchester for several years. But he is constantly seeking a wider application of Christian service than is found in the confines of denominationalism and his dream is to sever his connection with stereotyped pastoral work, broaden his horizons, go out in the highways and byways and bid those who have no "wedding garments" to the "marriage feast of the Lamb". And this interdenominationally.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelock have answered the wider call. They have now retired from regular pastoral work to assist churches of all denominations in

carrying on evangelistic campaigns. They have already started this work.

Next Summer they will widen their field, add new bus equipment and will head a more ambitious program of open air evangelistic work than has ever before been undertaken in New Hampshire. They have always been dreamers. They have visioned large things. But they have also been doers and have helped their own dreams to come true. Now they are visioning greater things than they dared to hope in the first days of their service.

Four years ago the People's Baptist Tabernacle, of which Mr. Whitelock is pastor, sponsored the inauguration of a welfare project that has commanded the attention of people all over New Hampshire and beyond the confines of the state. The way this work has grown, the product of hope, faith and good works, is a story not untinged with romance.

For the work started without a cent. It has developed into one of the most thoroughly interdenominational and non-sectarian institutions in New England, with an advisory board made up of representatives of many denominations.

The project started as a "Goodwill Center." Said Pastor Whitelock, "I dreamed of it as becoming a service station for Manchester. . . . Now it is known all over New Hampshire and has served people in all parts of the state."

Four years ago the Tabernacle sponsored the opening of a large rest room in its church building, open to the general public through the day. Here tired mothers and little children could come and rest, shoppers or shop girls could stay during the noon hour and eat their

lunches and any one could find relaxation and hospitality.

Then, under the personal supervision of the pastor, a free employment bureau was opened. Manchester, like all textile cities, has had its industrial unemployment problems in the last few years. In the last three years 2,300 have been placed in jobs through the Goodwill agency.

The House of Goodwill was opened on New Year's day, 1925. This is a workmen's home, adjacent to the church. Since that date 12,870 people have found shelter there. They were men who were "down and out," many only temporarily. A clean, warm bed and a simple breakfast is furnished for twenty-five cents. If the man hasn't the requisite quarter he is given a chance to earn it. "Not charity but a chance!"

A permanent salesroom or store for second-hand clothing, household furnishings and all kinds of articles is maintained. A large truck bearing the legend "Goodwill Center" is employed in collecting articles from homes and stores. These articles are thoroughly cleaned and often repaired and are sold to those who need to make their pennies go the longest way possible. Twenty-five tons of clothing has been thus handled since the Goodwill Store was opened.

Like Jack's beanstock, the project that started four years ago without a penny has grown phenomenally. It has attracted the attention of people with money which they are willing to use for righteous purposes.

Two years ago John G. Winant, then Governor of the state, gave a valuable eighty-acre farm to the work, with a set of splendid farm buildings as good as new.

The house, a large two-story building, with many rooms finished in the natural wood, well furnished, equipped with

electric lights and furnace, with wide verandas commanding one of the finest views in New Hampshire, is ideal for a summer rest home. There is also a large barn well stocked with tools.

This estate has infinite possibilities to which the Whitelocks are keenly alive. Last summer groups of under-privileged children were sent there by the Kiwanians, where, under the supervision of a caretaker, they were given the time of their lives. Next summer, if Mr. Whitlock's dreams come true, two hundred children from all over the state will romp and play in the health-giving atmosphere of "Bethesda Lodge," as the estate has been dedicated.

"I have faith that the funds will be forthcoming for my plans," Mr. Whitlock says. These include supervised play under experienced leadership. The children will be housed in tents in groups of seven, with a leader to each group. Among those who have given to this work are Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding, whose gift aided in opening the home the first season.

One of the visions of the Whitelocks is a hospital at the Bethesda estate where unfortunate girls may receive attention. At the present time there is no such institution in the state, a fact that is deplored by public welfare workers all over New Hampshire. Young women who have strayed from the path of virtue and who find themselves in need of hospital attention are taken to institutions in Massachusetts and Maine. The requests for aid that have come to the Whitelocks through their position as welfare workers in the last few years have convinced them of the great need of such an institution in New Hampshire.

Pastor Whitlock is declared to be the originator of the Vacation Bible School project in this state which has since become so popular. This he did, in a small

way, nine years ago in his church in Manchester.

A program of Bible conferences, with Bible study, missionary outlook and evangelistic effort is now conducted every summer at Oakdale Park. And this is a story in itself.

Attracted by the evangelistic work which Pastor and Mrs. Whitelock have been accomplishing through their open air preaching, F. R. Woodward of Hill, one of the town's substantial citizens, decided to give the project a boost. He presented Pastor Whitelock with a tract of land of about eight acres on the east bank of the Pennigewasset river, just below the village of Hill and last summer erected a new chapel 30 by 48 feet in size for services and classes.

The chapel is situated in a picturesque oak grove. A large cottage, where the pastor and his family and other workers live while conducting the conferences is adjacent to the chapel. An open air pulpit is provided for out door services in fine weather and a baptismal service which has great religious appeal, is conducted in the waters of the Pennigewasset at the park at the close of each season's meetings.

The park and buildings are wired for electric lights, which flood the place with radiance on the darkest nights. The new chapel is on a good cement foundation, the work of which was supervised and much of it actually accomplished by Mr. Woodward, who is eighty-three years of age.

Mr. Woodward's life reads like a romance right out of the hills of old New England. All through his younger days he worked sixteen hours a day regularly, from five in the morning till ten at night, taking only time out for his meals. His only diversion—vice he considers it—was smoking and his pipe was his companion till he was sixty-two years of age.

Then he decided it was a dirty habit that he would be better off without, and with characteristic strength of purpose, he abandoned it.

In 1871 Mr. Woodward started the needle making business on Mechanics' Row in Manchester, in the needle plant of the Hiram Forsaith Company. In July of 1872 he moved to Hill. In the fall of that year the rotary steel glass cutting method began to be used in place of hand methods and, like all advancing ways of doing things, crowded out the more primitive.

In the winter of 1873 Mr. Woodward sold his needle business to the Adams Needle company and concentrated on glass cutting. The Woodward method of glass cutting became standard. Mr. Woodward received communications from almost every nation in the world. His device, which was at first considered a toy, was soon recognized as the first invention of a usable cutter for glaziers. A general agency was established in 1905 in Irvington, N. J. which serves the world.

All this may seem a digression from religion, from evangelism, from "clothes, cookies and conversions," but the fortune that Mr. Woodward has amassed through his invention and his subsequent business affiliations, has a very vital part in the subject under discussion. His business projects have included the New England Novelty Works in Hill and the construction of a big reservoir dam in that town, which was blown up by dynamite April 29, 1918, it was believed through the agency of a foreign enemy of the United States.

Last year Mr. Woodward sold a part of his business, keeping a controlling interest. At the present time the Woodward Glass Cutting Company's manufacturing plant is in Hill while the agency is retained in New Jersey.

Mr. Woodward was married in 1876 to the wife who still travels the journey of life with him, and they live in the home which they built in Hill fifty-two years ago.

The Oakdale Park project is the direct gift of Mr. Woodward as well as the modern church on wheels that has become a familiar sight up and down the highways and byways of New Hampshire. It is from this gospel wagon on a substantial motor chassis that Mr. Whitelock preaches to the people of the state while his wife, with her clear soprano voice of operatic quality, sings her way into the hearts of the people.

The Bethesda Lodge Association, Inc., has Mr. Woodward for its president. The board of directors includes substantial men of Manchester and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelock vision a larger evangelistic service, patterned after the interdenominational work of Paul Rader in Chicago. They love to preach the gospel.

It is no easy path to Heaven to which Pastor Whitelock points the way. It is

the sort of evangelism that Mencken and his school deride. Hell reeks with brimstone and Heaven is no ordinary, everyday place patterned after terrestrial delights. One has to walk a straight and narrow way to get to that Land of the Blest.

If you are saved you know it. There's no doubt about it. And if you are living in sin you aren't going to get off too easily, according to Pastor Whitelock. He glories in being a Fundamentalist. He makes no apology for the old time religion. But, figuratively, he carries doughnuts in one hand and a Bible in the other. He ran his truck into the mud and mire of the flood-stricken districts of Vermont as soon as wheels could revolve over the uptorn highways to carry succor to victims of disaster last fall.

He feeds the poor, clothes the hungry, gives a glass of cold water to the thirsty in the name of his Master, says to those overtaken by evil, "Go and sin no more." He despises no small service while waiting for greater, and dreams great things for the Kingdom of God.

Waukegan

FRANK E. PALMER

A thousand weary days have come and gone
 Since last I saw you, calm and so serene,
 Girt by blue, distant hills and woods so green—
 Ah, yes, a thousand days, fair Waukegan!
 Yet clearly I remember how upon
 Your surface of a cerulescent sheen
 The sun shed jewels lovely to be seen,
 And all so golden was your hue at dawn!

I loved to watch great hawks and eagles float
 And dive above your waters all agleam,
 And loved to call, to hear my voice again;
 And often in a softly swaying boat . . .
 Alone and silent . . . I would lie and dream:
 How sweet life was . . . and all so happy . . . then!

Hopkinton Fair

ELEANOR W. VINTON

The Fair's begun at Hopkinton!
From twisting river valleys wide,
From all New Hampshire, shining eyed
We come in flocks to share the fun.

Our fluffy sheep, our cattle brown
Are worthy of today's renown.
The piglets' glee is unrestrained;
Sir Gobbler looks annoyed and pained.

That gorgeous rooster boldly cries,
"Step right this way, for I'm a prize."
Hello, you sleepy collie pup,
We'll leave you by your brimming cup.

We thrill to the allegro beat
Of racing horses sleek and fleet:
The midway with its merry din
Will make the plumpest purse grow thin!

The first prize pies! A tempting sight
This bread! Like snow on mountain height.
Red jelly clear as crystal, made
In fragrant kitchen, is displayed.

Here silken smooth potatoes wink,
And mellow pumpkins blandly blink.
Great apples streaked with crimson vie
With rosy ribboned sunset sky.

We sense a grilling battle won
This bracing, spicy autumn day
When toil dons gala dress to play
Beneath the sun at Hopkinton.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

EDWARD T. McSHANE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

HENRY H. METCALF }
LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH } ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Editorial

"No matter how fine an addition to human comfort or pleasure a given article or service may be, unless there is a diffusion of knowledge and information with respect to it, it will not itself become quickly accepted and incorporated into our standards of living."

THE above quotation is taken from a speech which Herbert Hoover delivered a few years ago before the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at Houston, Texas. It is another way of saying that unless there is a diffusion of knowledge and information with respect to New Hampshire, the state, as a summer and winter recreational playground for instance, will not become quickly accepted no matter how fine an addition to human comfort or pleasure a summer or winter vacation in New Hampshire may be.

The recreational advantages of New Hampshire are by no means the state's only asset. It has industrial assets that cannot be overlooked and agriculturally the state is not so decadent as many people would have us believe. Back in 1924 the late Ralph D. Paine contributed a chapter to Ernest Gruening's symposium, "These United States." The chapter was entitled, "New Hampshire, Not Yet Abandoned" and in it Mr. Paine made this statement, " * * wherever in New Hampshire there is mellow soil and convenient access to markets you will

still find modest prosperity and contentment. Few good farms are being abandoned." In this same interesting chapter Mr. Paine gives us his idea of the state's greatest asset. He says: "It (New Hampshire) does not have to be told that its one asset beyond price is the people of its farms and villages and the things they stand for."

New Hampshire has recreational, industrial, agricultural and civic advantages to sell. Who is going to create the desire? Yes, the State Publicity Board and, by the way, it is doing a wonderful job with the limited means at its disposal. Today's competition in business extends through individuals, business firms and smaller communities to states and even nations. New Hampshire is by no means alone in the field of state advertising. Because its means are limited and because of the rivalry which exists among the states the New Hampshire Publicity Board needs the co-operation of every individual and agency which is capable of diffusing knowledge and information with respect to New Hampshire.

The GRANITE MONTHLY intends to become more active in this particular line of endeavor. A publication is successful in the same degree that it is really useful. We hope eventually to make this

magazine render a maximum of service to the state, but to do so it will be necessary to break partly away from tradition and enter fields of usefulness wider than those of history, biography and literature to which the GRANITE MONTHLY has been, for the most part, devoted since April, 1877.

To give the greatest measure of service to the state the GRANITE MONTHLY should, in our opinion, adequately serve at least four purposes—first, to advertise New Hampshire's recreational, industrial, agricultural and civic advantages; second, to stimulate local pride in New Hampshire; third, to assist in co-ordinating the efforts of various state organizations along publicity lines; fourth, to provide a record of important state happenings including historical and biographical sketches.

It is our belief that the average citizen of New Hampshire does not thoroughly understand the extent or the worth of the power for publicity which lies in himself. Perhaps this is something of which our State Publicity Board may be able to take greater advantage. If every citizen of New Hampshire were able to overcome the natural reticence which is a part of his makeup and become as ardent a booster for his own state as citizens of California and Florida, for instance, are boosters for their states, then the work of the State Publicity Board would be greatly simplified.

We hope that we may be able to stimulate a little more local pride in the old Granite State than obviously exists at the present time. To this end the GRANITE MONTHLY intends to overcome gradually some of its own reticence, more or less ingrained throughout the past half century, and get whole-heartedly behind the State Publicity Board in its endeavor to sell New Hampshire. In

this effort we desire to enlist the cooperation of every organization and every citizen.

* * * *

New Hampshire is called "The Granite State." For this reason the Hon. Henry H. Metcalf decided in April, 1877, to name his new monthly publication "The Granite Monthly." That is the name it has borne since that time.

In this day of trade journals and magazines the GRANITE MONTHLY is thought by many to be printed wholly in the interests of the granite industry. In this way, at least, the present name is misleading and, in some instances, lessens the sale of the magazine in news and book stores. Moreover there seems to be a tendency nowadays, when New Hampshire is endeavoring to secure her share of recreational business, to omit the phrase "Granite State" when describing New Hampshire.

This matter of a new name for the state magazine has been taken up with the magazine's founder, Mr. Metcalf. He offers no objection to an attempt on the part of the publisher to find a name which might possibly be more fitting than the GRANITE MONTHLY. In fact Mr. Metcalf thinks that it might be possible to secure a better name and his only suggestion is that the phrase "Formerly the Granite Monthly" be carried on the cover page providing the magazine is renamed.

So the publisher asks citizens of New Hampshire and all subscribers to suggest a new name for the state magazine. The name must be short and wholly typical of this state. This search for a new name will take the form of a contest which will close on November 20. Only residents of New Hampshire or subscribers to this magazine are eligible to participate and the person who suggests a better name will be awarded a cash

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Tripp, whose wife was Ann McClary of the famous McClary family of Epsom.

He devoted his early life to agriculture and was long known as one of the most progressive and successful farmers in the county, chiefly engaged in dairying and stock breeding. He was a charter member and first Master of McClary Grange and was prominent for many years in the management of the Grange State Fair at Tilton. Later in life he was extensively engaged in lumbering.

He was a Democrat in politics, held many town offices, and had been his party's candidate for State Senator. He was a Mason and Odd Fellow, a director of the Suncook Bank and a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord.

He married June 8, 1862, Katie M. Bickford, who died September 4, 1910. A son, Florus W., died in 1894. A daughter, Angie M., who married Blanchard Fowler, survives.

FRANK W. CLANCY

Frank W. Clancy, born in Dover about seventy-five years ago, died September 1, at Sante Fe, New Mexico, where he had been prominent in public life for many years.

He had been in early life a private secretary to William E. Chandler. He studied law at the Columbia Law School and engaged in the profession in New

Mexico. He had been mayor of Albuquerque, and while a member of the territorial legislature drew up the constitution under which New Mexico was organized as a state. He was clerk of the court for ten years at Sante Fe, and for some time, up to his death, was United States District Attorney.

He was a graduate of the Dover High School of the class of 1869, and last visited that city about two years ago.

SAMUEL H. JACKMAN

Samuel Hason Jackman, who died recently in Sacramento, Cal., was one of the many New Hampshire natives who engaged in educational work in the gold state, chief among whom was John Swett of Pittsfield who was California's first Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Mr. Jackman was a native of Enfield, N. H., born July 20, 1831. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1860, and was the oldest living graduate of the college at the time of his death. He devoted his life to teaching, first in Illinois, but soon removing to California, where he taught for twenty years, besides serving a term as superintendent of schools for the city of Sacramento.

Retiring from school work he engaged for some years in agriculture. He was a Mason and a Patron of Husbandry.

Address

RICHARD V. JOHNSON

Little creatures, call them men
 Wonder at Your hiding,
 Question when You'll come again
 To catechise back-sliding.

Lesser creatures, call them poets,
 Praise You for Your presence
 In ships at sea and smoke and love
 And city men and peasants.

And I, a creature, call me fool,
 Thank You in my madness
 For making Life a gaudy toy
 To play with in all gladness.

“Our New Hampshire”

N. MILES CURTIS

Welcome to New Hampshire, Brother,
Slip your pack and rest awhile.
We've a State we're glad to show you
We've a glad hand and a smile.

Lakes whose mirrored face discloses
Lofty peaks, resplendent, grand,
Dotted here and there with islands
Bordered white with crystal sand.

Many roads—their call inviting
Walks and rides through shaded glen.
Marking trails where red men traveled
Back in times when men were men.

Seek enchantment in the valleys.
Find your rest on moss grown bed:
Listen to the rippling waters
Waters clear and mountain fed.

And when time comes for the parting
Raise your load and travel on;
Tell the ones you meet in passing
That our gateway hinders none.

Fragments of Military History

(IN FOUR CHAPTERS)

FRED W. LAMB

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

It is not the intention of the writer to claim any great merit for what material he has gathered for the following sketches. They are just what the title indicates, only fragments gathered from many different sources and touching upon a few of the many important military companies which have had their existence in the State of New Hampshire and more particularly the City of Manchester. Volumes might well be written upon the history of these various commands, but that has not been attempted here. It is hoped however that what has been written will not be without interest to the reader of this publication.

F. W. L.

The question is often asked, "What has the state of New Hampshire done in the various wars in our country's history?" Her record is one of which every citizen may be proud as the old Granite State has never been found wanting when needed and no truer words were ever penned than these lines of Whittier's:

"God bless New Hampshire,
From her granite peaks,
Once more the voice of Stark
and Langdon speaks."

In the War of the Revolution, New Hampshire furnished a total of 18,289 men, including the three regular regi-

ments in the Continental Army, besides the large numbers of militia enlisted for shorter periods. Some of the most noteworthy of the leaders were John Stark, our own hero of the hills; John Sullivan, second only to John Stark and a great statesman as well as a soldier; Enoch Poore, Joseph Cilley, Alexander Scammell, Andrew McClary, Henry Dearborn, John Langdon, George Reid, William Whipple, Mathew Thornton and Josiah Bartlett.

New Hampshire men fought the battles of Bunker Hill and Bennington and took a most prominent part in the Christmas victories of Trenton and Princeton. They were active at Long Island, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, the Rhode Island campaign with the battle of Butts Hill, the campaign against Montreal and Quebec and the Sullivan campaign against the Indians in western New York. At the battle of Monmouth, Gen. Washington made the inquiry, "What troops are those?" Upon being told they were from the old Granite State, he replied, "Ah, I see! My brave New Hampshire boys." They were also very prominent in the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown.

In the War of the Rebellion, 1861 to 1865, New Hampshire again did her part, furnishing 32,486 men, enlisted in eighteen regiments of infantry, one regiment of heavy artillery, three companies of sharpshooters, a battalion of cavalry and the first light battery of field artillery. Among the most famous organizations was the old "Second" under the

command of Gen. Gilman Marston and Col. Edward L. Bailey, carrying 2555 men on its rolls and the "Fighting Fifth," under Col. Cross, with 2562 men.

Among the more notable commanders may be mentioned Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. John G. Foster, Gen. Gilman Marston, Gen. Louis Bell, Gen. Simon G. Griffin, Gen. Aaron F. Stevens, Gen. John Bedell, Gen. Walter Harri-man, Gen. M. T. Donohue, Gen. Joseph C. Abbott, Gen. Joseph H. Potter, Com-modore George Hamilton Perkins, the man of whom Rear Admiral Farragut said, "He was the bravest man who ever trod the deck of a ship," Capt. John A. Winslow and Lieut. James S. Thornton. There were also some New Hampshire born men serving from other states, prominent among them being Benjamin F. Butler and John A. Dix, the author of the famous dispatch, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

Among the actions in which our men were prominent may be mentioned Fredericksburg, Antietam, Cold Harbor, Spotsylvania, Fort Fisher, Fort Wagner, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, the battle between the "Kearsage" and the "Alabama" and the battle of Mobile Bay.

At the battle of Gettysburg, New Hampshire was represented by the old "Second" and the "Fighting Fifth" and Twelfth regiments of infantry, the First Light Battery of Field Artillery, three companies, E of the First and F and G of the Second United States Sharpshooters. Charles H. Clement and Edward F. Moore of the New Hampshire battalion of the First New England Volunteer Cavalry, who were serving at the headquarters of Gen. Sickles, were killed during the battle.

The Second New Hampshire Volun-

teers commanded by the gallant Col. Edward F. Bailey, occupied a position in the celebrated "Peach Orchard" upon the second day of the fight and on the third day it was stationed near Little Round Top. The regiment entered the battle with 24 officers and 330 men. Of this number, 19 were known to have been killed, 136 were wounded and 38 were missing—lying dead or wounded on the field or prisoners in the hands of the enemy, making a total of 193 out of 354 or about three fifths of the number engaged. All of the field officers were wounded.

The Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers on the second day of the fight was located near Round Top on picket, then afterward entered the battle near the "wheat field" so called, being under the command of Lieut. Col. Hapgood. On the morning of the third day the regi-ment threw up a slight line of breast-works where it lay under a terrible fire from the Confederate artillery. The regiment suffered severely, losing four officers and eighty-two men killed and wounded out of twelve officers and one hundred and sixty-five men who entered the battle. Its severest loss was the death of Col. Cross, who at the time was commanding the brigade and who was killed by a shot through the body.

The Twelfth New Hampshire Volun-teers occupied a position upon the second day of the battle upon the Emmetsburg road and was in the very center of the terrific conflict and suffered severely, losing one officer killed and five wound-ed, and twenty enlisted men killed and sixty-eight wounded out of a total of twelve officers and two hundred and twelve enlisted men. Upon the third day of the battle the regiment was held in reserve.

The First Light Battery of Field Ar-

tillery was placed in position at Cemetery Hill both the second and third days and did most effective work, particularly during the repulse of Pickett's charge, firing 353 rounds and being highly complimented for their work by Gen. O. O. Howard. They suffered but slightly, however. The sharpshooters were constantly engaged and contributed their full share to the final victory for the Union arms. It has been well said that "New Hampshire soldiers at the battle of Gettysburg gave the last full measure of devotion."

In every war, devoted to the country, the flag and the government, saying with Miller at Niagara in 1814 when preparing to storm the British battery whose capture gave us the field, words afterwards borne on the regimental colors, "I'll try, sir!"; in the war with Mexico in 1846; shedding the first blood of the war for the Union from the veins of young Ladd of Alexandria in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, sending the First New Hampshire to the Spanish-American War, and again in the World War of 1917, the old Granite State has blazoned in burning letters a lesson to be read and never forgotten by her children.

"Swift as the summers came, they left
The plough midfurrow standing still
The halfground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

"They went where duty seemed to call
They scarcely asked the reason why
They only knew they could but die
And death was not the worst of all."

CHAPTER II

MANCHESTER RIFLE COMPANY

The first military company in Manchester was the Manchester Rifle Com-

pany which was organized in 1825 under the command of Captain James McQueston. Among succeeding commanders were Nathaniel and Ira Moore and David Young and it was disbanded about 1848. The following is a copy of a document entitled "Listing Orders" which is owned by the Manchester Historic Association.

"The undersigned to agree to enlist into the Second Rifle Company in the Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, commanded by Cap. John Calfe and promise to uniform and equip ourselves for such Rifle Company, agreeable to the Rules and Regulations of such Company and perform all duties incumbent on us as members of such Company.

EDMOND JOHNSON,
JAMES MCQUESTON,

Field Officers of the Ninth Rgt.
Manchester, April 7, 1834.

Given under our hand at Manchester this 7th day of April.

Samuel Worthley, Joseph F. Gage, John Rowell, Elbridge Weston, John Dickey, Ira W. Moore, Reuben G. Sawyer, Jeremiah Johnson, Nathaniel Baker, Joseph B. Hall, Rodnia Nutt, Hibbard Stevens, ———Gault, Reuben Kimball, William Heseltine, William Gault, Josiah Davis, Edward Proctor, Jonathan Kimball, Peter Kimball, James Griffin, Caleb Page, Leonard Johnson, Pierce Porter, Benjamin Stevens, Joshua P. Currier, Samuel B. Kidder, John P. Young, Samuel Hall, Jr., Edward Hall, Eliab Cory, Cyrus Young, Robert Hall, ——— Heseltine, Joseph Proctor, Ephraim Harvey, David Young, Simeon Heseltine, James Stevens, Adam Gilmore and a few others."

The following is a copy of a communication which was addressed "To the Captain of the Manchester Rifle Company, Manchester, N. H."

Nashua, 24th May 1838.

Dr. Sir:—The uniformed companies of the Fifth Regiment propose to have a volunteer parade on the Fourth of July next, in Nashua. Many companies not within the limits of said Regt. are expected and a very splendid military display is confidently anticipated. The Committee of Arrangements for the occasion take great pleasure in extending an invitation to the Officers and Soldiers of the Manchester Rifle Company to attend. The line will be formed at 8 o'clock A. M. It may be well to add that a gentleman proposes to furnish Breakfast and dinners for such Companies as may choose in soldier style—cold ham, tongue, corned and roast beef, rye and Indian and wheat bread, pickles, cheese, apple pie, cider, etc. For Breakfast 25cts. For Dinner 50 cts with table, seats, etc. Should your Company conclude to come you will please give early information and especially as to the number who will take refreshments as above.

Yours truly,

JNO. LOUIS CLARKE,

For the Committee.

To the Captain of the Manchester Rifle Company.

At the annual "Goffstown muster," September 24, 1839, Jeremiah Johnson, a member of the Company, was killed in a general quarrel by Elbridge Ford. The latter was tried the next year, found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to the state prison for five years but was pardoned at the end of three.

THE GRANITE FUSILEERS

The Granite Fusileers were organized August 10, 1842, under Captain Samuel W. Parsons and assumed the name of City Guards in 1847. Among the commanders were George T. Clark, S. G.

Patterson, J. C. Ricker, S. G. Langley, J. R. Bagley, Micajah Ingham and Francis H. Lyford. They occupied for armories rooms in the City Hall, Granite block and Wells' block and went out of existence about 1860.

THE STARK GUARDS

The most famous of these old companies was the Stark Guards, which were organized under Captain Walter French, who was followed by E. W. Harrington, George W. Morrison, E. A. Bodwell and others. They had an armory in the old town house as will be detailed later and in Patten's block and maintained their organization a little over ten years.

The author has a ball ticket issued by this company to H. I. Dowe. It reads as follows:

Military and Citizens Ball by the Stark Guards. The Company of Capt. H. I. Dowe and Ladies is respectfully solicited at the Town Hall, Thursday Evening, 24 inst., at 5 o'clock.

Managers—W. French, G. Welton, E. A. Bodwell, J. T. P. Hunt, J. Besse, J. Porter, Jr., J. A. Winn, N. Chase, C. Shattuck, J. McQuestion, S. W. Little, W. H. Estey, P. H. Pike, S. Simonds, J. C. Emerson, G. Porter, G. W. Tilden, J. S. Kidder, E. W. Harrington, L. B. Bowman, I. W. Moore, W. Gardner, I. C. Flanders, J. D. Kimball.

Manchester, N. H. February, 1842.

There is a piece of music entitled "The Stark Guards' Quickstep," performed by the Manchester Brass Band at the presentation of an elegant standard by the ladies of Manchester, Sept. 22, 1842. Composed and respectfully dedicated to the officers and members of the Stark Guards by Alonzo Bond. Published by Oliver Ditson company, 1842.

It bears a vignette likeness of Gen. John Stark as a young man and also a

steel engraving of the presentation of the standard above referred to, the Guards being drawn up in line upon Amherst street and the officers receiving the colors from the ladies on the steps of a house just across the street from the company. It shows a very quaint old uniform.

"We learn that the industrious and generous hearted females employed in the mills in this place are about to present the Stark Guards and Granite Fusileers each with a splendid new banner as a token of respect which they have for these excellent military companies. The ladies deserve the warmest thanks of the community in general and of the companies in particular for this renewed exhibition of their patriotism and liberality. We certainly hope they will have their reward."—August 31, 1844, Manchester Operative.

It is said that this presentation of colors took place on Amherst street and that the building mentioned where the officers were receiving the colors was the old "Washington Hall" which was torn down when the Traction Company built their workshop on Amherst street, just below the corner of Chestnut street.

The Manchester *Democrat* of Sept. 27, 1842 had the following in regard to this event.

"The standard recently delivered to the Guards was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas P. Pierce, an artist of much skill and taste, as this production of his will fully demonstrate. On one side is the coat of arms of New Hampshire, richly executed and on the other a correct portrait of the hero of Bennington, Maj. Gen. John Stark. These are surrounded by rich scroll work bearing the following inscriptions: 'By our exertions we conquer. We are always ready.' 'Presented by the young ladies of Man-

chester.' 'Stark Guards, instituted 1840.' 'For our Country and our Country's Good.'"

The presentation address was made by a Miss Wheeler. The colors were received by Capt. Morrison of the Company. Both of their addresses are contained in the Manchester *Democrat* of Sept. 27, 1842. There was also an address by Rev. G. W. Gage at the town hall, which is printed in the same paper of the date of Oct. 4, 1842, in full.

The company had an armory in the old town house and it was in this armory that the fire caught which destroyed the old town house on Aug. 12, 1844. The fire caught from a lighted piece of paper being carelessly thrown upon the floor, which probably communicated through some grains of powder to shavings beneath the floor and the hall below, the armory being in the attic. The effects of the Stark Guards and the Granite Fusileers were almost entirely destroyed.

It appears that they went to Boston in 1843 and took part in the celebration of the completion of Bunker Hill monument on June 17th of that year.

Two heroes of the Revolution, Messrs. (Jonathan) Bell and (John) Burns, accompanied the Stark Guards (of Manchester, N. H., to Boston) and looked in as good health and condition as the youngest soldier in the corps. They are both in the 89th year of their ages, and were both present at the battles of Bunker Hill and Bennington—(Boston *Courier*, June 16, 1843.)

Mr. Bell of Goffstown and Mr. Burns of Whitefield, N. H. who accompanied the Stark Guards from Manchester, N. H., to Boston, as stated in The *Courier* of June 16, from some misunderstanding did not report at the adjutant general's office on Saturday morning, June 17, and were therefore unable to join

the procession, but a carriage was procured, and they were sent directly to Bunker Hill.—(*Boston Courier*, June 21, 1843.)

Jonathan Bell of Goffstown, N. H. was at the Bunker Hill celebration of June 17, 1843. He is buried in the Grasmere cemetery in Goffstown. "Jonathan Bell died June 10, 1844, aged 89. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill and afterward served in the Army of the Revolution." (Inscription on grave-stone.)

Jonathan Bell is entered as a private on the Roll of Capt. Samuel Richards' company in Col. John Stark's regiment to Aug. 1, 1775. Time of entry, April 23, 1775. Time in service, three months, sixteen days. (The men of this company were mostly from Goffstown, New Boston and Weare—Editors.) (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. i., pages 55-57.)

Jonathan Bell of Captain Richards' company in Colonel Starks' Regiment receipted for \$4 coat money, Oct. 10, 1775. (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. i., page 184.)

Jonathan Bell was a private in the expedition to Saratoga in 1777, and to Rhode Island in 1778. (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. ii., pages 116 and 557, and vol. iv., page 258.)

Deaths—Burns, Major John, Whitefield, N. H., 6 May (1852), aged 97; a soldier of the Revolution. (*New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, vol. vi., 1852, page 306.)

Major John Burns—The name of Burns suggests Scotch origin. Major John was born in New Boston, N. H. in 1775. His father, John Burns, was an original petitioner for the town of Bedford (N. H.) and one of the hardy scouts and hunters that campaigned against the French and Indians with Captain Nehemiah Lovewell. Major

John, the Whitefield pioneer, at twenty years of age enlisted in Colonel Stark's regiment, May 4, 1775. This regiment was in active service at the siege of Boston three months and at the battle of Bunker Hill. John Burns was one of the last men to leave the field. He was one of the ninety New Hampshire men who participated in the expedition for the capture of Quebec in 1775, led by Benedict Arnold. He re-enlisted for the Canada expedition of 1776 and with his regiment went into camp at Ticonderoga in August, where he was discharged on account of sickness. He was also a soldier of the war of 1812, but his military title of major was acquired in the early militia service of the state. He died at Whitefield, N. H., May 6, 1852, aged 96 years, nine months. Buried in Burns cemetery, Whitefield. (Letter from J. H. Winslow, Whitefield, N. H.)

John Burns is entered as a private on the Pay Roll of Capt. Gordon Hutchins' company in Col. John Stark's regiment to the 1st day of August, 1775. Time of entry, May 4, 1775. Time in Service, three months, five days. The men of this company were from Concord, Henniker and vicinity—Editors.) (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. i., pages 63-65.)

John Burns, aged 20, of New Boston. Joiner, late of 7th Stark's Regiment, enlisted for Canada expedition. Advance paid Sept. 18, 1775. (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. i., page 210.)

John Burns also enlisted for Canada expedition of 1776. (*New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls*, vol. i., pages 337, 690 and 699.)

The Stark Guards gradually dwindled away, its last parade being made with one soldier and a band, that soldier being the eccentric W. N. Haradon, a local printer.

(Concluded in December Number)

Eben Sells The Farm

EVELYN BELLE WHITMORE

“WELL, if it ain't a-spillin' right down,” Eben remarked to himself, casting his weather eye toward the heavy clouds from which the rain fell in torrents. He was marching triumphantly down the middle of the road, his tightly furled umbrella carried over his shoulder like a musket. As he splashed along, his face one expansive grin, he glanced furtively to the right and left before he dared give vent to the explosive chuckles which seemed to rise from the very toes of his shoes, they were so prolonged.

When he came to his own place he turned a perfectly square corner and marched up the path to where Elmira awaited him in the doorway. On the threshold he stopped, grinned broadly at her, then waved his hand airily in the direction of the road. “So long, Solomon,” he chortled, “if I don't see you again, don't forget to write.”

“Eb Brown, are you crazy?” his wife demanded. “Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain? You look like a drowned rat this minute. Whoever are you waving to?”

“Oh, everybody in general and nobody in particular,” was his enigmatic reply. “I've put one over on 'em this time.”

She pulled him inside, shut the door and taking the umbrella from his hand stood it in a corner of the kitchen. “Didn't you have sense enough left to open that thing and keep yourself from getting soaked?” Elmira scolded. “What ails you today anyway?”

“Bless my soul, Elmiry,” Eben's amazement was genuine, “did you expect me to ruin a brand new ambrilla in this cloudburst? It's the first time I've carried it out.” He glanced toward the

“ambrilla” that leaned dejectedly against the wood box. “'Tain't hurt a mite,” he beamed. “It's as good as new.”

“No, Eb, I don't suppose I did expect you to do anything but what you always do,” she assured him. “I reckon you'd sit plumb under a roaring waterspout and hold your umbrella behind you to keep it from getting wet.”

The only answer she received was a rumbling laugh that shook the water from his dripping clothes in a miniature shower. Hovering about anxiously until he had divested himself of the sodden garments, she then led him to the stove and told him to put his feet in the oven and keep them there.

He complied readily, giving her a prodigious wink. “Just as you say, Elmiry,” he cackled, “but I put one over on 'em this time. The whole bunch of 'em,” he reiterated, smirking at his grinning image in the looking-glass.

After watching him for a moment in silence, Elmira turned the glass around facing the wall and came to sit beside him. “Now, Eb Brown,” she commanded, “stop that eternal ogling and gurgling and tell me what devilment you've been up to.”

“There, there, Elmiry,” he soothed, patting her hand, “the devil don't know any more about it than the rest of 'em,” chuckling again. “I've sold the farm and not a bloomin' soul in this bloomin' burg knows a bloomin' thing about it. There now.” He blinked at her like the original wise old owl who, because he spake not, heard and saw all.

“Why, Eb,” Elmira blinked also in her astonishment, “that's what everybody has been telling you to do for the past five years. They've said two farms were

too many for you to handle and advised you to sell this one."

"And that's the very reason I never would sell, I'd a-held on to it another five years if the know-it-alls in this town hadn't decided to shut up about farms for a spell and give me a rest." He glared at Elmira and pounded his fist on his knee. "It makes me mad for good and everlastin'," he went on, "to have the world and his wife tell me what I ought to do. I'm of age, ain't I?" he insisted, leaning toward her. "And I'm white, and of sound mind and all the rest of it, ain't I?"

Elmira nodded, a slow smile dawning in her eyes. At last she laughed outright. "I reckon you're right, Eb," she said. "And I'm glad you're going to sell this place. It is too big for us to manage now. The little farm will be as comfortable and more cosy. Have you had the papers made out yet?"

"No, but they're just the same as made out. The other feller is going to take a week to think over his part of the bargain, and I'm going to take a week to think over my part, then we'll sign the papers and part company. I told him I wanted to keep the business quiet so he agreed not to say a word."

He radiated smug satisfaction as he leaned forward to pat her hand again. "And look here, Elmira," he admonished, "you must promise not to tell any of those nose-y Lady Aiders. They'll pass it on to their worse-halves quicker'n scat. We've got to keep it quiet, you know."

Elmira promised, her eyes dancing. "You'd better watch out you don't go and tell it yourself," was her only retort.

However, nothing could dent the armor of Eben's triumph. His rumbling laugh broke out anew. "I've put one over on 'em this time," he chuckled, rubbing his steaming feet together. "But I'm going to keep it quiet, if I die."

Several days later, Eben was thinning out beets at the farther side of his garden. Just over the fence neighbor Jones was thinning out beets also. Apparently, neither had noticed the presence of the other until Eben began to talk aloud. Unfortunately, talking to himself was Eben's cardinal failing, and having much on his mind he was indulging freely.

And of course Jones' ears were in their usual normal condition. Moreover, he couldn't be expected to leave his beets and move to a distant part of the farm simply because Eben chose to blab family secrets in that reckless fashion. So the thinning out contest went steadily on.

"Might as well sell the place," Eben ruminated, nodding his head to an imaginary listener. "No sense in running two plantations full tilt."

Neighbor Jones' eyes opened wide and he skipped a couple of beets that needed pulling. "Ought to have sold it five years ago," he mumbled, moving along the row.

Eben's voice rambled on, letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. "\$30,000 right in your hand is a proper price for a place like this. Right in your hand, mind you, and no questions asked. \$30,000 don't grow on every bush."

"Whew," whistled Jones under his breath, "you bet your life it don't. I'd sell mine for half that this minute and no questions asked either."

The beet pulling entirely forgotten, Eben squatted between the rows, gesticulating emphatically, while he broadcast every item of his private affair on the four winds of heaven.

"What in Sam Hill do I care about the \$30,000. I've put one over on 'em this time," head wagging like a Chinese mandarin's. "I'll show 'em what tree grows shingles." His shrill cackle smote Jones' ears with the force of a trumpet blast.

By this time, Jones felt that as Eben's father confessor he had done his full duty. Such a dose of information was more than his brain could hold, so he departed forthwith to seek his better-half and unburden his mind of its accumulation of facts.

Owing to her propensity for peddling news, Mrs. Jones was dubbed (behind her back, of course,) "The Daily Advertiser." She was an active Lady Aider, consequently, without wasting valuable time, she rehearsed Eben's story from A to Z to the members of that select organization. And as Jones' bump of loquacity was equally well developed, he was not slow in spreading the facts among the male element.

Elmira was dumbfounded when her neighbors began to arrive in twos and threes, primed with congratulations and advice. She squirmed and twisted uneasily, trying not to fib yet determined to keep her promise to Eben, while the ball of conversation flew about with increasing velocity.

"Who has Eben sold the farm to?" Mrs. Jones finally asked pointblank.

"I don't know," Elmira faltered. "He hasn't sold—"

"To be sure" (the words were snatched out of her mouth before she could utter them) "if he hasn't sold it yet, he would wish to keep it a secret until the papers were signed. Not so much explaining to do afterward in case he wanted to back out." The wisdom of the Sphinx was in Madam Jones' enveloping smile and the conversation, with a fresh burst of enthusiasm, rolled merrily on. They answered their own questions before Elmira could think of suitable replies, seeming to know more about the affair than she did. Nevertheless, she "wished to goodness sakes Eb Brown would come home."

But the harassed Eb was having his

own trials and tribulations. He had barely entered the store when the grocer hailed him with: "Hear you're talking of selling one of your farms, Eben."

"Why, yes-s-s," Eben stuttered, taken aback by the unexpected onslaught. "I sort of think of selling. Sort of think of buying, too," a sudden inspiration coming to him.

"Buying?" thundered the store-keeper. "What do you want to buy more property for?"

"Oh, you never can tell what may happen," Eben prophesied vaguely. "Never can tell," he repeated. "Maybe I'm going to start a watermelon plantation. Takes a lot of room for watermelons to grow in," he added as an afterthought.

Before his surprised listener could frame an answer, Eben was surrounded by farmers. "You've sold the big farm already for \$30,000, haven't you, Eben?" began one, thereupon starting a discussion about business deals, fair prices, secret transactions and so forth.

Poor Eben, in the midst of the disturbance, parried all verbal broadsides to the best of his ability. He felt himself slowly but surely turning into an automation whose idiotic "never can tells" were becoming chronic, when the store cat created a longed-for diversion by knocking over a row of lamp chimneys on the top shelf. Before puss could be captured, Eben had taken advantage of the ensuing clamor and skipped out.

It was nearly dark when he slunk into the kitchen where he found his wife, limp and weak, stretched on the sofa.

"Where've you been all this time?" she asked wearily.

"Oh, out in the shed, treading around." He flopped heavily upon the nearest chair, his face a picture of utter bewilderment.

"Do you know, Eb," her tired brain

still whirling, "that every blessed one of the Lady Aiders has been here talking things over?"

"Yes, and every blessed one of their worse-halves nailed me in the store and talked things over, too. If it ain't a

conundrum!" Eben ejaculated, gazing about the room as if to find a solution to the puzzle. "How in timentation," he pondered, still dazed, "did everybody know I had sold the farm when I kept it so quiet."

Long Years Tell The Story

RICHARD V. JOHNSON

Hailed as "Queen of Syncopation"

She wove a pattern rare,
Tying strands of discordant tune
As a net for her shimmering hair.
Years pass and still the glitter binds,
An audience applauds;
She struts the stage as her jazz-band
Assembles evil chords.

A man, who wished her name and fame

As a hub for his revues,
Startles her with an offer rich
If she but sing her "Blues."
Skirts high, she sings in a broken tone
Of "Sam" and all the rest;
All those loud songs which stir the blood
And which she sings the best.

The last scene comes and she is queen

Of a pyramid of youth;
By one choked laugh from a drunken fool
At last she sees the truth.
She is old and the syncopation
No longer a pattern rare;
The strands of discordant tune but match
The sheen of her aging hair.

A Row of Maples

ANABEL C. ANDREWS

“**T**HE check for the timber is here, Ruth; just came; he wants to buy the homestead also.”

“And where would we live?”

“Why, if we intend ever to go South, now is the time to go. We aren’t growing younger, as the years follow; also I’ve never known a better time to sell, than when some one wanted to buy.”

“Did he make you an offer?”

“He said he would pay us any reasonable price. I am to make a price for him to accept, or refuse; the first price being final.

“I told him I would talk with you about it, letting him know before the first of the month, how do you feel about selling, Ruth?”

“I want to do exactly what you think it best to do, after thinking the matter over carefully.”

“I expected you’d say just that.”

“Why does he want this place so much?”

“My great, great, great grandfather, the first owner, was with Washington at Valley Forge; it is an old New Hampshire Homestead; and that pleases him. He likes the barn so far from the house; he is particularly pleased that the house isn’t one of the large houses they used to build; asked me if I knew why it isn’t. Grandfather built this: moving the old one back for a tool and carriage house. He built for Grandmother’s comfort in all ways; the spring water in house and barn, was almost unknown in a farmhouse in those days.”

“Suppose you decide to sell, have you

made any plans regarding where you will locate?”

“When the matter is settled, I’ll tell you all I’ve thought along those lines; but I want to tell you now, that anything, and everything, you want to take from here, you shall take; though Mr. Davis would pay a big price for all the furniture, because it is early American.”

“Thank you, Jimmy; but I can’t take the trees in front of the house.”

“I know; I know, Ruth; but it’s only a row of maples, and there’d be trees in any place we located—I’m going after the mail now.”

When he came back with the mail, as he laid it in Ruth’s desk, he saw what he supposed to be a note she had left for him. He picked up the tear blistered sheet to read:

“Only a row of maples—

But they mean so much to me.

The years are bridged, when I look at them,

From now, to the used-to-be.

The little boy—”

Evidently her feelings had overcome her; for the pencil had fallen to the floor, and the house was very quiet.

Ruth had written for years; her work finding always ready acceptance; but not one word since the captain’s letter had told them of Junior’s death.

He laid the paper carefully back, and went out thinking hard.

When he came in Ruth had supper on the table; she had his favorite muffins, with honey from their own hives. Jim was very quiet as he served the supper; after a time Ruth said:

"See any one you knew at the post-office?"

"Why, I didn't see anyone that I didn't know."

"No, you wouldn't. Would that be true in the new home, and wouldn't you miss it?"

"Yes, but we'd make friends in the new home."

"Would they be like those we left here, Jimmy?"

"Why, no; but, Ruth, I'm tired of trying to knock a living out of this farm under prevailing conditions. I'm no longer able to do the hardest part of the work, in order to have it done as it should be. Every pound of hay raised on the place, should be fed here, going back to the land. Instead of that I sell grass standing, every year more, because I can't get help who have any interest. Western cows, daylight saving—it grows harder every year, and I'm sick of it, Ruth!

"Don't you want a change?"

"I want to do what you think is best for us to do."

"Well, there's one thing, I not only think, but know; which is that you are the best, and the dearest wife a man ever had. You know it would have been so different if Junior had come home. He would have been ready to lift the burden as it grew heavy for me—but he is only one of hundreds of others. It is hard to see the justice of it all, Ruth; no one left to carry on, and the name dies with me. There has been a Morse on this farm since before the Revolution. The first—my great, great, great grandfather—was with Washington at Valley Forge. Am going down to the Lodge; shall you stay up for me?"

"I think so."

"Don't get over-tired, or lonely wait-

ing, I have the key. Here's Lassie, and Muggins to stay also."

Lassie laid her nose and one paw on Ruth's slipper, while Muggins cuddled down in her lap; they were contented and happy; but Ruth was troubled and disturbed. She well knew that any word of hers would mean much to Jim; because of that, she wanted to keep silence till she was sure what he really wanted to do; she prayed for help to say the right word when she did speak. This was the home to which she had come a happy bride; here her baby had come to them.

For him they had worked and planned; when he came home from the university, they had thought life was giving them lavishly, and they were grateful, while hard work was pleasure.

Then came the war, and Junior's early death. Everything changed for them then. It had taken from Jim all incentive to plan for the future; he was over-tired; he—who had always had such an even temper—was growing irritable, and a little fretful. After all what did it matter where they lived if they were together, and Jim could have an easier time.

It was a wrench to leave the home she loved so well; the maples—where Junior had played in childhood, and which he had always cherished. One of his letters home contained the first complaint—and the last—that he ever made.

"'Sunny France!' Mud, rain, vermin, snipers, and battle-torn trees. Please go out and tell our maples I'll see them some day; and woe to any bug I find on 'em."

A quick step on the steps, and Lassie bounded to meet Jim, while Muggins stretched and started a sleepy song.

Jim came in alert, eager, more like

himself than at any time since Junior was lost to them.

"I'm late, Ruth; but I've so much to tell you, can you stay up a while to hear it, or are you tired out?"

"I can stay up till morning if you need, or want, me."

"Good girl. First thing to tell you is, that you can stay with the maples. I'm not selling—why, Ruthie what—don't cry so! O, you should have told me that you felt as strongly as this about selling—there now let's go up in Junior's room.

"Sit here in the chair in which you held him as a baby, and tell me all about it."

"You always," sobs choked her, "had a home, while I—I—"

"Steady, Ruth, take plenty of time, but let's have it all; wait a bit and try again. Yes, I always had this home, and you?"

"I never had till I came here a bride; it is impossible for you to understand what it has meant to me. Flowers, trees, and pets of my own. All my life, till you brought me here, had been spent in hotels, or 'climbing other people's stairs.'

"We have worked hard, Jimmy; but I've loved it from the first day; then when Junior was sent to us, my cup of joy overflowed. I suppose that is why all this trouble came; it isn't given to mortals to be altogether happy—I'm sorry. I'll be all right now, and will listen to all you have to tell me."

"You should have told me. I'm so ashamed, and so sorry that I needed to be told; I should have seen—does your head ache?"

"A little, thank you; but it will soon be all right."

"Some things I have to tell you are like a story: which proves that 'Truth

is stranger than fiction' sometimes, this being one.

"When I went into the hall I saw Mr. Davis talking with 'Bert, and heard 'Bert say:

"'Is Jim still undecided?"

"'I'm to know before the last of the month.'

"'Make a lot of changes, if you buy?"

"'Not many; but I want a circular drive, and, by cutting the two last maples, I can have a fine one.'

"That was enough for me. I hadn't known what those trees meant to me till I heard him speak so calmly of cutting any of them. I'm afraid my voice wasn't just steady as I said:

"'I couldn't help hearing what you said; and it came to me in an instant, what it would mean to me to sell the old homestead—I can't do it! I'm sorry to disappoint you.'

"'Don't blame you a bit; wonder that you ever considered it, even with your son gone. Come over to my room at the hotel; I've a lot to say to you.'

"After we were seated in his room—they've given him the best one in the house—he said:

"'On the chance that you might sell, I talked with Peterson, your neighbor, about stock, tools, etc.; now why can't you take him on the same plan that I had?"

"'You are not talking of Harry Peterson, our neighbor?"

"'Exactly that.'

"'But I don't understand; isn't he located permanently with his father?"

"'Yes; but, while it has been kept very quiet, there is a great deal of friction.

"'When Harry finished at the university, he came home, married and expected to put his education into practical use on the farm.

"His father, as you are doubtless aware, is one of the old-fashioned farmers; now they were the salt-of-the-earth, but there is as much difference between them and the modern, up-to-date farmer, as there is between Green's Flying Machine, and a modern 'plane. Harry has some money, his wife has also; they want to put into practice what he learned at the university, and is still learning; under existing conditions he simply cannot do it.

"He wants some land of his own, on which to succeed or fail. Why can't you help him out, since too much grass land—which is what he wants—is your trouble—I'll 'phone the janitor to send him over; he can't talk at his own home you know; do you mind me? I can go out if you do.'

"No, send for him.'

"The plan they had made was largely satisfactory to me; but I want more land than Davis did; and I wouldn't consider renting stock and tools."

"There would be a fine opportunity for trouble if you did, Jim; I've yet to meet an individual who will be as careful of the property of another, as of his own."

"Member how Junior would say: 'I did some tall thinkin', Dad.' Dad did some tall thinking; this is the result.

"I'll keep the two clover fields; seed one more, keep more bees; keep the orchards, and the kitchen garden; sell the honey, and fruit to Joe—he has two new stores in Boston now—we shall have our milk and cream from Harry; and it will be Dutch Gretchen's as always.

"I can keep busy, but not be worked to death; you will have no help to board, no farm-work of any kind—perhaps you may write some once more?"

"If I can, Jimmy—I'll surely have time enough; but I'll love our home to ourselves."

"I've put the timber money into U. S. bonds; we had some, and they are absolutely safe; with what the fruit and honey will bring, we need not fear for the future.

"You remember Mr. Davis has a brother, who came here with him once."

"Yes, he deals in antiques; he was so in love with the hand-woven blankets, made from wool grown here in the farm; and the old hand-woven counterpanes. He wanted to buy them; but I told him they were Junior's."

"He still does. He offered me, for the counterpane that was my great, great grandmother's, a price that seemed like a fairy tale, but it is true.

"I gasped; but he said: 'At that my brother would charge much more, and get it. The things you own are very rare, while the blankets and counterpanes are priceless.'"

"I never could understand how any one should value anything old unless it was an heirloom.

"I had none for father and mother 'lived in their trunks.' I've taken the best possible care of yours for Junior—some day, when we are gone, they'll be sold to strangers under the hammer."

"Why not sell now, and buy more security for our old age?"

"I should advise it."

"Would you sell the dining-room furniture?"

"Yes; take some of the money and buy a modern suite—so much less work to care for it; to my mind much prettier also."

"All right, Ruth; we will sell him all you are willing he shall have.

"You shall go to Manchester, buy what you like to replace; we will stay

here with our maples, and not move till
we move for the last time.

"Are you satisfied with the new ar-
rangement, Ruthie?"

"More than satisfied."

"Then to bed. Come Lassie—where's
Muggins?"

"Asleep in Junior's chair."

"I've felt as though he might be here
with us—who knows."

A Toast

CARL BURELL

So,

Here's to Old New Hampshire!

For she is up to snuff,

I'm glad to see her advertise;

I love to hear her bluff.

Her mountains are the tallest;

Her valleys are the deepest;

Her plains, they are the flattest;

Her hills, they are the steepest;

Her 'taters are the bestest;

Her sweet-corn is the sweetest;

Her girls—the Good Lord bless them:—

Are the dearest and the neatest.

Her farmers work the hardest

To get the things he raises,

And but for summer boarders,

He'd surely go to blazes,

To let prospective boarders know

How we are blessed by Fate,

Of course, we have to tell them,

And we might exaggerate.

Our Board of Trade and editors,

Of course, they never lie,

But their old friend Munchausen

Could never qualify.

We love the summer boarders,

And maybe they love our hash;

We do love them exceedingly,

We also love their cash.

But still we know we're honest,

By practice as by birth,

And if, maybe, we get their cash,

They get their money's worth.

It matters not just what they want,

They're never at a loss,

For New Hampshire is the party

To put the thing across.

So, Here's to Old New Hampshire!

For she is up to snuff,

Just watch and see her advertise,

Just hark and hear her bluff.

Tired

OLIVER JENKINS

JIM HERBERT felt a constant dread of growing prematurely old.

It was because of this mostly that he had finally convinced his wife, Stella, that they should buy a house on Mapie Hill, where all of the really smart younger married set lived. It meant parties over week-ends, to be sure, in which one could not be too attentive to one's own wife; and it meant other things, with all of which Jim could not sympathize. On the whole, however, the advantages seemed overwhelming.

"But you know, dear," Stella had said with that silver drawl he loved so much, "the Pattersons and the Mansfields and the rest have separate incomes. Do you really think we could manage it?"

"Of course," he had replied briefly, already thinking ahead to the coming winter with its gay round of events.

Stella was a peculiar girl, he reflected. She had known full well that they could afford it. It was something else. Most women would have caught up the suggestion with glee; in fact would have suggested it in the first place. But not Stella. She had never caught the spirit of the crowd at all, and since they had moved into the bright, new home almost a year ago she had consented to go on the little parties only three or four times. She was not a mixer. In a group, she melted away, so to speak, into the background. Someone would say, "Where's Stella?" And upon searching she would be discovered as likely as not, cuddled up in a corner with a book.

"I can't see any sense in such things as petting with other people's husbands and wives. That and drinking seem to make the parties. Why do people get married

anyway?" she had burst out upon one occasion.

But Jim could not understand that sort of reasoning. It was all innocent enough, anyway. You can't have a good time if people are content to sit around and twiddle their thumbs. God! a man would be in his grave, if he didn't let himself go once in a while.

He wasn't bored with marriage as so many of his friends were. He loved Stella, and confessed to himself frequently that she outshone all the other women in beauty. He looked at her now, curled up on the divan reading a popular magazine. Her dull gold hair, the amazing eyes, the soft curve of mouth. She must have sensed his scrutiny for she looked up then and drawled, "Jamie, dear, will you please hand me the ash tray and a match?"

He went over to her, lighted her cigarette, and bestowed a light kiss upon her cheek and upon her mouth.

"It's a corking good night out," he said. "There's a moon just coming up. Funny none of the gang's blown around."

"I'm frightfully tired, darling," murmured Stella, "even though I haven't done a thing all day."

"You'll get over it if somebody starts a little excitement."

Outside in the crisp November night there was the purr of a motor car followed by the screech of brakes, and in another moment the "gang" with synthetic phrases thrown helter-skelter, were in the house urging Jim and Stella to join them.

But Stella remained upon the divan without moving.

"Come on, Stella, big party. Everybody's going."

"Stella, be a sport."

"Get her coat and hat, Jim."

Stella smiled and said, "I'm too tired. Really. Besides, my head aches so much I couldn't enjoy anything."

"How about a little drink of good old rye?"

"No, honestly, I'm dead tired. There's no use. But Jim can go."

"Nope," said Jim, "if Stella won't go, it let's me out. I'd like to. We'll make it some other time."

The couples went out then with boisterous gaiety, their voices ringing in the clear winter air. Jim listened until the faintest echo had died away.

"Stella," he said, "maybe you're tired. I don't know about that. You are always tired. We don't act anything like young people. We're getting to be old fogies."

Next morning Jim got up early as was his custom, and drove into the city. He was glad now that he had found a good night's rest. Nothing crippled a chap's abilities so much as the inevitable hang-over. He wondered about Bill Patterson, Ed Mansfield and the rest of the boys. At a news-stand near the entrance to the office he bought a paper.

The headlines stared up at him:

SOCIETY FOLK CAUGHT IN ROADHOUSE
RAID

Same old stuff. The papers talked of little else, nowadays.

It was not until almost noon that he found time to prod deeper into the news. There under the headline was a brace of photos. He looked at them steadily and a chill ran through him. He looked away and back again. It was there in heavy black type, names and all.

Jim rested his chin on his hands and gazed out of the window. The noon hour. The city was in its full strength now. The incessant cacophony of its heart-beat throbbed through the building. For a moment Jim hated it all, hated the beast and its damnable appetite. The story in the paper. Lord, it was all right for Bill and Ed. They'd laugh it off. But if he had been there, it wouldn't have been so easy. In spite of all his struggling, his perseverance, a mess like that would have put a dent in him.

The telephone bell was ringing. Ed Mansfield's voice rasped in the receiver.

"Did you see it? Funny as blazes . . . big laugh. . . Wait'll you hear. What're you doing tonight, old boy? How about a l'il celebration?"

Jim expressed the proper blend of sympathy and joshing, "But I'm afraid we can't make it," he concluded. "I promised Stella a week ago we'd take in 'Some Going,' the new show at the Apollo tonight. . . Can't call it off very well . . . sorry . . . afterwards? . . . There's some stuff I've got to work on . . . and I'll be dog tired . . . Yeah. . . . Yeah. . . . Sorry. . . ."

The Continental Frigate Raleigh

JOSEPH FOSTER

Rear Admiral (Supply Corps) U. S. Navy (Retired)

THIS story of the "Raleigh," first American man-of-war built in New Hampshire, was gathered from the "New Hampshire Genealogical Record," Dover, N. H., 1905, and other historical records, and received from the British Admiralty for the dedication by the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, August 10, 1927, of the tablet placed by them in 1926 on the Portsmouth Historical Society's house, Middle street, Portsmouth, N. H., and it is fitting that the story should be preserved in the "New Hampshire State Magazine" for the information of all, who now, or in future years, shall see this tablet.

ON RINDGE'S WHARF, PORTSMOUTH,
MAY 21, 1776,
SIX WEEKS BEFORE
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
THERE WAS LAUNCHED
THE CONTINENTAL FRIGATE "RALEIGH,"
THE FIRST
AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR
BUILT ON THE PISCATAQUA.
KEEL LAID MARCH 21, 1776,
ACT OF CONGRESS DEC. 13, 1775.
ERECTED BY THE PISCATAQUA PIONEERS,
1926

(Bronze tablet, historical society's house, Portsmouth, N. H.)

It may seem that the "Raleigh" could not have been built in the sixty days between the date of laying her keel and the date she was launched; but it should be remembered that more than a year elapsed after launching before she was

finally completed, and went to sea, August 12, 1777.

The following address was delivered by Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, U. S. N. (retired), on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Piscataqua Pioneers and the Unveiling of the Raleigh Tablet on the John Paul Jones house by the Pioneers.

The bronze tablet which was unveiled by Miss Helen Tilton, great-great-granddaughter of Capt. Thomas Thompson of the "Raleigh," commemorates the launching of the continental frigate "Raleigh" at Rindge's wharf in Portsmouth on May 21, 1776, six weeks before the Declaration of Independence:

THE CONTINENTAL FRIGATE "RALEIGH"

PART I—HISTORICAL

The war of the Revolution had commenced, the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and General Washington had assumed command of the American Army and was laying siege to Boston before the American colonies decided to take the offensive on the ocean. On December 13, 1775, Congress ordered the building of thirteen ships of war, one of which afterwards named the "Raleigh," was to be built in New Hampshire. Eight merchant ships had been purchased under the act of Congress passed October 13 and 30, of that year, and were being converted into cruisers. This was the beginning of the American navy. The "Raleigh" was to be a 32-gun frigate and she was finally armed with 12-pounders. The keel of

the "Raleigh" was laid on what is now Kinde's wharf in Portsmouth, March 21, 1776; work was pushed along as rapidly as possible and the vessel was launched on May 21, following. She was built by Messrs. Hackett, Hill and Paul, under the inspection of Thomas Thompson. Congress on June 6, 1776, passed the following:

"Resolved, that Thomas Thompson be appointed captain of the frigate built in New Hampshire." It was just eighteen days afterward on June 24, when Captain Thompson began to enlist the crew for the "Raleigh." The first enlistment being that of Robert Follett, as master, who, however, was soon discharged, and Thomas Manning enlisted for that office. Although the hull of the "Raleigh" had been so rapidly constructed, it was found impossible to procure her armament, ammunition and sails for her to go to sea before August, 1777. Meanwhile Captain Thompson was busy in enlisting his crew, weeding out and discharging those enlisted who upon trial were found to be undesirable men, and in getting the vessel, equipment, and men ready for active service on the ocean. Many of the men after signing the ship's book, failed to appear at the time agreed upon and we find a big "D" placed either in their time of entry or wage column and their names crossed; sometimes the equally expressive term "Rum" was written. Capt. Thomas Thompson was born in England, he came to America in 1766 or 1767; resided in Portsmouth and married an American woman. He was a good seaman and an excellent ship-builder.

The "Raleigh" went to sea August 12, 1777. She was ordered to meet the 24-gun ship "Alfred," one of the eight merchant vessels which had been converted into cruisers, and the two then to proceed in company to France, where

military stores were in waiting to be transported to America. The first few days of the voyage they took several prizes of little value. On the second of September they took the "Nancy," a vessel belonging to a convoy bound for the West Indies, but which could not keep up with the fleet. From this vessel Captain Thompson obtained the signals of the fleet, and made chase. About noon on September 3, the fleet was descried from the "Raleigh's" masthead, and found to consist of sixty vessels, guarded by four men-of-war and several armed merchant vessels. Captain Thompson gradually approached the convoy until he could make out the positions of the escort, occasionally signalling the "Alfred" with the enemy's code as if she were one of the merchantmen. Awaiting the cover of night he directed his consort to follow his movements. He failed in his endeavor to separate some of the ships from the fleet. The wind increasing towards morning so that the "Alfred," being a weak ship, had to take in part of her sail and was fast falling to the leeward, he made a bold dash through the convoy toward the vessel of war that was most to windward. Having obtained a weatherly position, the "Raleigh" ran out her guns, set her ensign and commanded the enemy to strike; not being obeyed, she poured in a broadside of sixteen guns loaded with round and grape-shot; twelve broadsides were fired into the Englishman in the space of twenty minutes. The English vessel proved to be the "Druid," carrying twenty guns. At the end of twenty minutes the three other war vessels and the armed merchantmen appeared; the "Raleigh" left her antagonist, ran a league to the leeward and joined the "Alfred," and awaited the enemy, but the English did not follow. The "Druid" was a complete wreck; her masts, rigging and sails were cut to

pieces, five feet of water was in her hold, six of her crew had been killed and twenty-six wounded, while the "Raleigh" had but three men killed and wounded. Arriving in France, the "Raleigh" and the "Alfred" loaded with military stores sailed from L'Orient for America, in February, 1778, taking a southerly course. On March 9, while the two vessels were far apart, the "Raleigh" being hull down to the leeward, two English vessels, the "Ariadne" of twenty guns, and the "Ceres" of fourteen guns, came up to the "Alfred" and gave battle. Instead of trying to join the "Raleigh" as the "Alfred" should have done, being to the windward, after firing a few broadsides, she struck, before the "Raleigh" could get near her. Captain Thompson, seeing that it was then three ships against one, and being loaded with military stores that were very important for the American army, decided not to give battle to the ships and soon outsailed the pursuing vessels. Captain Thompson was blamed for not attempting to retake the "Alfred" and was relieved of his command on his return to America. It appears to us if there was any fault it was in the two vessels not keeping close together with the "Raleigh" on the windward side. If this rule had been followed then both vessels would have been in the engagement, with the chances in favor of the Americans.

On her return to America the command of the "Raleigh" was given to Captain John Barry. The "Raleigh," under her new commander, sailed from Boston on September 25, 1778, at six o'clock in the morning, having a brig and a sloop under convoy. At noon two strange vessels were seen to the southward, distant about fifteen miles. At sundown Captain Barry found that they were two English frigates and sent the two merchantmen back to port, clearing his ship for

action, and for forty-eight hours engaged in a game of hide and seek. The two English frigates hung to his trail like grim death, and through the darkness of night and a thick fog a part of the time by day he could not escape them. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of September 27 the action commenced with the foremost vessel. The "Raleigh's" fore topmast and mizzen-top gallant mast were shot away at the second broadside, which gave the English frigate the advantage. Soon the other frigate came up. Captain Barry maintained a running fight for several hours, and about midnight succeeded in running his vessel ashore on Wooden Ball Island, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, off the coast of Maine. Captain Barry had landed a part of his men on the island and was returning in the boats for the remainder of his crew and to destroy the vessel when a petty officer struck the flag and surrendered the "Raleigh." Captain Barry with those who landed on the island escaped to the mainland. The English frigates were the 28-gun ship "Unicorn" and the 50-gun ship "Experiment." The American loss was ten killed or wounded; the "Unicorn" had ten men killed and many wounded. The "Raleigh" was floated off at high tide by the English and was but little damaged. She was then taken into the British service for many (some) years was one of their best ships of her class.

H. M. S. "RALEIGH" (1778-1783)

Record received from the British Admiralty through Captain W. C. Watts, U. S. Navy, naval attache, American embassy, London, under date of 29 January, 1927.

The "Raleigh," a fifth rate of 32 guns and 677 tons, was captured by H. M. S.

"Experiment" and "Unicorn" on the 28th September, 1778. Admiral James Gambler, then the British Naval commander-in-chief on the North American station, decided to take her into his squadron. He refers to her in his dispatches of 16th and 20th of October in the following terms:

"I find it expedient to avail myself of the 'Raleigh' Congress frigate just taken by the 'Experiment' and 'Unicorn,' a new ship reported to sail remarkably well, draws little water, and in perfect order, near fit for service, and shall order her to be surveyed by the proper officers, and if reported fit for His Majesty's service to be taken into it, she mounting 32 guns."

"The 'Raleigh,' a very fine Rebel frigate, has been taken and brought in here by the 'Experiment' and 'Unicorn,' and she being clean, in good condition and found upon survey to be very fit for the King's service, I have ordered her to be purchased accordingly, appointed Captain George Anson Byron to command her, and to be upon the establishment of a 5th rate, until their lordship's pleasure is known."

The log of H. M. S. "Raleigh" begins on 20th December, 1778, when the ship was at New York. On that day Captain James Gambler, nephew of the admiral, came on board and superseded Captain Kendall, who had replaced Captain Byron.

Having completed her stores she sailed on 1st January, 1779, and after making various captures of American, French and Spanish vessels, arrived at Nassau, New Providence, on 12th February, 1779. On 28th February she sailed again with prizes in company, and on 21st March anchored off the King's Yard, East River [New York].

On 5th April, 1779, she sailed again in company with H. M. S. ships "Ar-

dent," "Richmond" and "Unicorn" and arrived at Spithead [Roadstead, Portsmouth Harbor, Hants, England], on 26th April, 1779. The following day Admiral Gambier struck his flag on board the "Ardent."

On 3rd May, 1779, she sailed from Portsmouth, England, in company with H. M. ships "Unicorn," "Convert," "Fortune," "Signet," "Leith" (armed ship) and "Wasp," and anchored in Guernsey Roads, where H. M. ships "Richmond" and "Pallas" were also anchored. On 9th May pilots for the coast of France were taken aboard and the squadron proceeded off St. Malo, where they engaged a French squadron and the French batteries in Cancale Bay. On 15th May the squadron returned to Jersey. And on 25th May the "Raleigh" sailed for Plymouth Sound, where she arrived next day. On the 6th June she entered the Hamoze [the estuary of the River Tamar, Plymouth, England] and the ship was cleared for complete refit. On 31st August, the commander-in-chief, Plymouth Vice Admiral Lord Shuldham, hoisted his flag temporarily in the "Raleigh," until 12th September; and again on 22nd September till 23rd September.

On 4th October, 1779, the "Raleigh" sailed for Cork, where she arrived 6th October, and sailed again 24th December, 1779, in company with H. M. S. "Richmond," "Victuallers," and a convoy of 62 sail. On 24th January, 1780, she brought to an American sloop from New London, took her sails, rigging and stores out of her and set her on fire; and on the 16th February, 1780, arrived and anchored in Tybee Road, where the expedition to Charlestown [Charleston, S. C.] was collected. On 9th April she was one of the ships that engaged Fort Moultrie on their way into Charlestown Harbour.

On Sunday, 7th May, 1780, Fort Moultrie surrendered to the seamen and marines under Captains Hudson and Gambier of the squadron. Charlestown capitulated on the 12th and [the] "Raleigh" remained there until the 31st, when she sailed in company with the "Virginia." They captured an American sloop on the 9th June and another on the 12th July. On 26th July she joined the fleet under Vice Admiral Arbuthnot and Rear Admiral Graves off Block Island. She was employed cruising and capturing two American schooners on the 12th August, and in company with H. M. S. "Blonde" captured the "Hannibal" (American privateer, 24 guns, 149 men, from Newberry) on 18th September, and took her to New York, where Rodney's fleet then lay. On 10th October, in company with H. M. S. "Intrepid," she recaptured a vessel manned by an American prize crew; and on 16th October retook the "Minerva" transport that had an American prize crew aboard. On 23rd October she captured the American privateer "Greyhound" of Philadelphia, and arrived back at New York on 27th October, 1780.

On 10th November, 1780, General O'Hara came on board and on 12th November a company of the 84th Regiment. On 15th November H. M. S. "Raleigh" sailed from Sandy Hook in company with Rodney's fleet. On 22nd November she re-took a schooner manned by an American prize crew, which she sent into Charlestown. On 24th November, in company with H. M. S. "Hyaena," captured the American privateer "Miffin" (20 guns). On 28th November she arrived at Charlestown and sailed again on 18th December in company with H. M. S. "Roebuck," and on Christmas day captured a schooner from Curacoa to North Carolina, which, however, sunk

in a squall with all hands on 8th January, 1781.

On 19th January, 1781, she arrived at Charlestown and sailed again on 6th February in company with H. M. S. "Medea" and "Robuck." On 19th February they captured two American vessels which were sent away to New York; on 24th February another American sloop from Philadelphia; and on 12th March she arrived [at] New York and landed her prisoners. On the afternoon of 15th March the "Raleigh" got into the eddy tide off the north end of Governor's Islands and got aground and was not got off till midnight on 16th. On 21st March she weighed with the squadron convoying 42 sail of transports (under Admiral Arbuthnot) and on 27th March assisted in landing the troops in Lynhaven Bay. On 31st March, American prisoners were received on board and on 2nd April Captain Balfour and the officers of H. M. S. "Culloden" for passage to England. On same day she sailed and arrived in Spithead [Roadstead, Portsmouth Harbor, Hants, England], 23rd April, 1781. After disembarking her prisoners and clearing the ship of stores, the "Raleigh" was put out of commission at Portsmouth on Sunday, 10th June, 1781. She was sold out of the service in July, 1783.

Her captain, James Gambier, became subsequently Lord Gambier, and was one of the British commissioners at the Treaty of Peace with the United States in 1814.

PART 2—PERSONNEL

A list of the officers and men of the "Raleigh" will be found in "Kittery and Eliot, Maine, in the American Revolution—1775-1783," by Lieut. Oliver P. Remick, Engineer Corps, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, of Kittery, Maine.

printed in 1901, to be found in many public libraries.

The names of some of the officers and men of the "Raleigh," taken from "Fentness' History of the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard," with a notice of Captain Thomas Thompson, containing a copy of his commission, are printed in the "Soldiers' Memorial," Portsmouth, N. H., Part 1893, pages 63-65.

A list of the officers and crew on the Continental frigate "Raleigh," when she sailed from Piscataqua River about August 12, 1777, is printed in Remick's "Kittery and Eliot, Maine, in the American Revolution."

Total 152 all told, who were also all on the "Raleigh," Jan. 22, 1778, at L'Orient, France. Seventeen other men (names given) were also on her at that time, but their names are not on her shipping list, but they were probably, however, on her when she sailed from the Piscataqua. There were many men enlisted from vessels on the cruise to France, and also in France, so that on Feb. 2, 1778, she had a total of 28 souls on board.—("Remick's" 216-222.)

The "Raleigh" list is from the original shipping lists and muster roll now (1901) in possession of Mrs. Arthur R. Yates, of Portsmouth, N. H., who is a descendant of Captain Thompson.—("Remick," page 39.)

The list of officers is as follows, viz:

Commander, Thomas Thompson, Captain U. S. N., of Portsmouth, N. H.

First Lieutenant, Peter Shores of Portsmouth, N. H., joined her Sept. 1, 1776; salary \$20 per month.

Second Lieutenant, Josiah Shackford, of Portsmouth, joined Aug. 5, 1776; same salary.

Third Lieutenant, Hopley Yeaton, of Newcastle, N. H., joined Sept. 28, 1776; same salary.

Master, Thomas Manning, of Ports-

mouth, joined Jan. 13, 1777; salary \$30 per month.

Captain of Marines, George Jerry Osborne, of Exeter, N. H., joined Aug. 12, 1776; salary \$26 2-3 per month.

First Lieutenant of Marines, Stephen Meads, of New York, joined Aug. 3, 1776; salary, \$18 per month.

Second Lieutenant of Marines, Nathaniel Thwine, of Boston, joined Aug. 21, 1776; salary same.

Surgeon, John Jackson, of Portsmouth, joined Sept. 2, 1776; salary \$21 per month.

Mates, John Yeaton, of Newcastle, joined May 22, 1777, and Robert Curtis, of Kittery, joined June 21, 1777; salary \$15.

Midshipmen, John Frost, of Portsmouth, joined Dec. 24, 1776; Richard Littlefield joined Feb. 3, 1777; Samuel McClintock, Jr., of Greenland, N. H., joined Feb. 10, 1777; Daniel Durgin, of Portsmouth, joined as mate, Aug. 22, 1776, as midshipman, July 2, 1777, and Daniel Lang, of Portsmouth, joined July 15, 1777; salary of each, \$12 per month.

Boatswain, William Bray, of Kittery, joined July 15, 1776; salary, \$15 per month.

Gunner, William Cambridge, of England, joined as gunner's mate, July 22, 1776; salary, same.

Carpenter, Simeon Fernald, of Kittery, joined July 24, 1776; salary, same.

Sailmaker, Benjamin Dam, of Kittery, joined July 14, 1777, as sailmaker's mate; salary same.

Surgeon's mate, John Quin, of Kittery, joined June 27, 1777; same salary, \$15.

Captain's clerk, Richard Langdon, of Portsmouth, joined Sept. 5, 1776; same salary.—("Remick." pages 216-217.)

"Capt. Thomas Thompson was appointed to command the Raleigh on June 6, 1776, by Congress. He was born in

England, and came to the United States about 1767, settled at Portsmouth, N. H. Married there. Was a sailor and also a shipbuilder. Was removed from the command of the "Raleigh" in the summer of 1778, and returned to Portsmouth. Has descendants living in that city at present (1901). Died there in 1809."—("Remick," page 222.)

"Lieut. Josiah Shackford was a son of Josiah Shackford, who lived at Portsmouth. Lieutenant Josiah married Deborah Marshall of Portsmouth, a step-sister. He probably remained on the "Raleigh" until her capture in 1778. He was a sea captain, and sailed ships out of New York for many years. At one time he sailed a sloop of fifteen tons from Bordeaux, France, to Surinam, South America, alone. He wished his wife to move to New York, but she refused to leave Portsmouth, and for several years she did not hear from him; when he returned suddenly to Portsmouth, put up at the hotel, took tea with his wife, and left the town next morning, never to return. He was next heard of in Ohio, where he founded the present city of Portsmouth, in that state; became quite wealthy, and died there when he was over eighty years old."—("Remick," page 222.)

"Lieut. Hopley Yeaton was born in 1730, at Newcastle, N. H. He was a sailor and sea captain. Was a leader of the Sons of Liberty at Portsmouth in 1775-76. Remained on the "Raleigh" until her capture, Sept. 28, 1778. Soon after he was assigned to the Continental frigate 'La Hague' (or 'Dean'), and was on her in 1779 and 1780. He was commissioned by President Washington, on March 21, 1791, a captain in the United States Revenue Cutter service, and commanded the cutter 'Scammel,' the first one built under the United States. She was stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., and

patrolled the New Hampshire and Maine coasts. He resigned from the service Sept. 30, 1809, and moved to Lubec, Me., where he died in May, 1812, and was buried there."—("Remick," page 222.)

"Master Thomas Manning was a sea captain out of the river [Piscataqua] for many years. Married a Purcel, of Portsmouth, N. H."—("Remick," page 222.)

"Captain of Marines, George Jerry Osborne was a school teacher at Portsmouth for several years before the Revolution, and raised a company of artillery at Portsmouth in 1775, of which he was captain. It was stationed near Portsmouth in 1775 and 1776. Married Olive, daughter of Capt. Thomas and Dorothy Pickering, of Portsmouth, and he lived at Portsmouth after marriage."—("Remick," page 223.)

"Midshipman John Frost remained on the 'Raleigh' until her capture. Was second lieutenant of the privateer ship 'Jason,' Capt. J. Manly, June 2, 1779; was captured on her Sept. 30, 1779. Was commissioned captain of the privateer cutter 'Swift' of Massachusetts in February, 1783."—("Remick," page 223.)

"Midshipman Samuel McClintock was a son of the Rev. Samuel McClintock and wife, Mary Montgomery, of Greenland, N. H. He was promoted to lieutenant in the Navy, and was lost at sea."—("Remick," page 223.)

SHIP "RALEIGH'S" BOOK

"Capt. Thomas Thompson, while he was commander of the 'Raleigh,' kept a book containing the names of the crew, time of entry into service and various other matters. This book came down through the Thompson family as an heirloom and is now (1905) owned by Mrs. Arthur R. Yates of Portsmouth, great-granddaughter of Captain Thompson."

From this book a very complete list of the officers and men of the "Raleigh" is printed in the *New Hampshire Genealogical Record*, published at Dover, N. H., in the numbers for April, July and October, 1905, Vol. II, No. 4, and Vol. III, Nos. 1 and 2.

Captain Thomas Thompson, first captain of the Raleigh, died in Portsmouth February 22, 1809, and rests in the North Cemetery. It will be of interest to the visiting Pioneers to know that the house, No. 179 Pleasant street, now the residence of Miss Susan J. Wentworth, was built by him in 1784. "The house was long the residence of Dr. Josiah Dwight, who married a daughter of Captain Thompson."—(Portsmouth Guide Book.)

They should also know that Congress street, Portsmouth, owes its name to the sailing master of the "Raleigh," Thomas Manning, who at the time of the Declaration of Independence was first publicly read on the Parade, King street, Portsmouth, called for three cheers for Congress street, which name the street has ever since borne. He died 24th March, 1819, aged 72, and his monument may be seen in the Episcopal cemetery. He has descendants still living in the city.

Two collateral descendants of the surgeon of the "Raleigh," Dr. John Jackson (1745-1808), of Portsmouth, are speakers at this annual meeting (Joseph Foster, U. S. N., of Portsmouth, and James A. Spalding, M. D., of Portland, Maine) which makes it worthy of mention that his two sisters, in succession, married Capt. Peter Coues (1736-1818), of Portsmouth, whose daughter, Elizabeth, married Dr. Lyman Spalding, of Portsmouth, N. H., and New York City. "Dr. Jackson was surgeon on the frigate 'Raleigh,' and took part in some actions during the Revolution. He next practiced in Portsmouth; but finally retired

and opened an apothecary shop, doing a good business," as related by Dr. James A. Spalding in the Life of his Grandfather, "Dr. Lyman Spalding, the Originator of the United States Pharmacopia," Boston, 1916.

Dr. John Jackson, born 3rd September, 1745, in Portsmouth, married Esther Bigelow, 22nd June, 1783, and died in 1808. He was son of Daniel, grandson of John and great-grandson of John Jackson, senior, who, with his three sons, Richard, Thomas and John, emigrated from Dartmouth, Devonshire, England, to Portsmouth, N. H., about 1660. The old Jackson house on Northwest street, the oldest house in Portsmouth, was built by Richard Jackson in 1664, and is now the property of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiques.

Capt. Peter Coues, born in Portsmouth, July 30, 1736, was in early life an officer in the British Navy, returning to Portsmouth before the Revolution. Family tradition relates that "He was at one time sailing master of the famous 'Royal George,' which was afterwards in 1782, sunk in the British Channel (Portsmouth Harbor, England) with eight hundred men on board."

Capt. Peter Coues was son of Peter Coues, senior, who was born in the parish of St. Peter's, in the Island of Jersey, in the English Channel, about the year 1710; settled in Portsmouth and married Mary Long of that town, Nov. 4, 1735, as related in the "Portsmouth Soldiers' Memorial," 1893, part "Pre-Revolutionary," page 75.

It is notable that the "Raleigh" entered the American Navy at Portsmouth, N. H., and was sold out of the British Navy at Portsmouth, England.

It is also notable that the "Raleigh" and "Ranger," both launched on the Piscataqua, were both captured and taken

into the British Navy; the "Raleigh" first captured, being received under her own name ("A very fine Rebel frigate" — Admiralty Records), and taking part in the capture of the "Ranger" at the capitulation of Charleston, S. C. 12th May, 1780.

The "Ranger" soon became H. M. S. "Halifax," and both, after a period of service in the Royal Navy, were sold out of that service, the "Ranger-Halifax" at Plymouth, 18th October, 1781, and the "Raleigh" at Portsmouth in July, 1785.

The Dam

MARIE WILLIAMS VANDEGRIFT

Here on this spot we view
Man's handiwork.
As though the great Atlas
Laid down his brawny arm,
And spanning the stream
Holds back within the space
From elbow to wrist
A crystal flood.

When the great bowl is full
To overflowing
Quick leaps the waterfall
Over the crest.
Falling, a misty veil,
As though a bride
Fled o'er the mighty arm
To meet her love.

Forth from her mother's breast
The step is taken
To join her virgin heart
In the turbulent pool
With the heart of her lover,
In love's embrace.
Then dowing through changing scene
Together to the sea.

But the maternal flood
Peacefully waits,
Held by the Atlas arm
Calmly it rests,
Waiting the call of need
From the great city.
Then from her limpid store
All men may drink,
And finding comfort,
Rise up to bless.

Black Recompense

L. M. FETTES

PLOT ADAPTED FROM A POEM BY THOMAS HARDY

THE first rays of the morning sun gleamed in through the windows of a luxurious apartment in Hotel de Luxe and fell caressingly across the face of a woman, playfully catching the glint of gold in her hair.

She was perhaps thirty-five, yet showed no traces of the march of the relentless years save in the fullness of form and maturity of charm that youth, with all its beauty and freshness, cannot claim.

The pallor of her face and the haggard, dark-ringed eyes betokened a sleepless night. A vague shadow of something very like fear seemed to have fallen over her fair countenance, and the cheerful rays of sunlight only seemed to accentuate its ashy whiteness.

Her slim, white fingers closed and unclosed nervously upon the counterpane as she cast furtive glances at a man who stood by one of the windows. He had parted the curtains and was looking across the strip of white sand at the sea. After some moments he turned an anxious face toward the woman.

"Alice dear, what is troubling you this morning? You seem entirely unlike yourself."

"Only a slight headache, a complaint I am so unused to that I hardly know what to make of it," she replied with forced carelessness.

Narrowing his eyes to mere slits, an uncomfortable habit of his, he watched her keenly. Quailing beneath his glance she seemed to shrink visibly. She tugged a bit at the bedclothes, pulling

them a little closer around the fair shoulders as though she would hide their charm from him.

Still he watched her intently, relentlessly, she thought. He was a man whom it would be hard to deceive. She turned her face toward the wall.

By chance—perhaps—her eyes rested on a rare copy of the Sistine Madonna. She shuddered slightly.

"Alice, what is it, dear? You have hardly closed your eyes through the whole night. You thought I was sleeping—that I didn't know. Love is not so blind as that."

"I am not well."

"You were a picture of health up to last night. And—I have always believed you honest—and truthful. Why did you turn from me so coldly through the long night? We have been married scarcely a month. Our honeymoon is not over. Our wedded life has hardly begun."

Still no response from the dry, white lips turned so persistently from his gaze. He thought he detected the sound of a slight sob, a tiny gasp. Otherwise all was still save for the tide lapping the quay beneath the terrace.

"Are you disappointed in me already? Surely, Alice, you were old enough to know your mind."

"No, Frederick, I am not disappointed in you."

"Women hold in their hearts such high ideals concerning the man they expect sometime to marry," he went on, "that the realization of their inmost desire often turns to bitter gall. The flame

of their love, which has been fed on idealism, soon burns to dead ashes. I realize only too well that I cannot fulfill your ideals and I shall be reluctant to censure you. Only make me your confidant."

A red flame of light from the rising sun flooded the room, dyeing the pillows, and, with fiery darts, painted a crimson stain on the breast of the Madonna. Impulsively the woman covered her face, shutting out the sight.

"One could almost believe you felt some unseen evil hovering near you. Why do you start so? You seem unnerved. You are not afraid of me are you, of the years—our years—together?"

"How absurdly you talk, Frederick. Why should I have any fear of you, or of what the years may bring? Your integrity has been well known to me, by hearsay, for a long time, and in these later months through personal knowledge of you."

Slowly, as though a foreboding of disaster sat heavily upon him, the man came and sat down on the bed by her side, stroking the fair head. Then he took her hand, slowly turning the wedding ring on her finger.

"Alice, I've never asked you before, but I sometimes wonder if I hold first place in your heart. You are honest—you are frank. If you care to tell me I shall love you no less. I am your friend—as well as your husband."

The stillness in the room was broken only by the hurried convulsive breathing of the woman and by the sound of the tide lapping lazily.

The passing moments seemed hours. She closed her eyes and he wondered what thoughts and memories were surging in the brain back of those delicate white lids with their long golden lashes.

Was she holding a mystery from him? She who had seemed so frank and open,

even in the little things? Are women all actresses?

When she opened her eyes a new resolve seemed to have taken possession of her. The hand he held had turned cold as ice, but there was no trace of nervousness in the low, quiet voice.

"I had a friend. I believe he loved me above all other women. He said he would wait for me—forever—if I would only promise to marry him when circumstances would permit. He said I could never grow old in his eyes.

"We promised each other, as rash lovers will. His life story had been a tragedy. While a mere boy in college he had fallen prey to a fascinating but wicked woman considerably older than himself. Her sensuous personality, her coarse beauty and her studied wiles had ensnared him. He had married her while under the influence of passion.

"The marriage was a most terrible blow to his family. She was an adventuress—yes—worse than an adventuress. But her power over him seemed hypnotic, and she was evidently in love with him.

"Though far from perfection, he had high ideals concerning marriage. Great as he soon realized the catastrophe of their union to be, he could not bring himself to put her away from him.

"He had just awakened to a full realization of the bitterness of his lot when I first saw him. We were attracted to each other by some incomprehensible power. I soon learned that he was not free. I fought my love for him with every power of which I was possessed. I could not master it.

"I went away and tried to forget. But the great law of attraction drew us together again and we met unexpectedly. We faced the situation, acknowledging our love for each other.

"He said that God was good, and

some day I should be his own, if not in this life then in a fairer world to come. I promised to wait for him, even if it should be till death claimed me.

"From the day I first knew him I have cared for no one else. I committed an unpardonable sin in marrying you under these circumstances—but—heaven be merciful—my punishment is greater than I can bear.

"Yesterday, do you recall the flower-laden casket that was put ashore at this quay and taken to the little cemetery yonder for burial? *She* was in that casket. My heart sang for joy when I first realized it, then went cold and dead when I remembered.

"He did not see me. I caught a fleeting glimpse of his face as he passed. It was alight with a strange joy—expectation.

"O Frederick, be pitiful. Let me go to him. Our marriage, yours and mine, can never be anything but mockery. I sinned immeasurably in becoming your wife, but my sin would be even greater in remaining with you."

Throughout the entire recital the man had remained as though stricken dumb. A strange ashy pallor had overspread his features and he seemed cold and unfeeling as a piece of marble.

The woman's eyes searched his face appealingly—as a quavering criminal might scan the face of a stern judge in whose hands rested his fate. She could discern not the slightest trace of pity, of tenderness. A living, breathing, sentient man seemed to have turned to cold, inanimate clay.

Gradually a hard, cruel glitter came into his eyes, and a bitter, pitiless smile to his lips. The man had turned cynic.

"So my dream of happiness ends, and a tragedy opens before me." He made the assertion almost flippantly, as one might address a companion at the theatre as the curtain rises on a new act.

"You'll let me go to him? You'll free me?" she entreated. "God never would put such capacity for love in a human heart, such yearning for another soul, if He intended it to be thwarted."

"You didn't consult God in the matter when you married me. Just why did you marry me anyway, if you were so desperately in love with the other fellow?"

The woman made no reply.

Slowly a grim, determined expression began to take form in the man's frozen features. A purpose from which there seemed no appeal.

"You have punished me, an innocent victim, for sins of which I am not guilty. Why should you go unscathed? No, you cannot go. If living with me means torment to you then you shall live in torment."

With a low cry she buried her face in her pillow and lay motionless for a long time. The silence of death encompassed the room. The pitying eyes of the Madonna looked down on their despair. The lapping of the relentless waves against the quay sounded monotonously in their ears.

After a time the woman once more turned her face toward him, and, had a spark of gentleness, of compassion, remained in him he would have been touched at the change that had come over her.

She had lived through years of hopeless misery in the brief interval since he had spoken, and each year had left its mark on her countenance.

She was preternaturally calm. There was none of the wild emotion or sickly hysteria that weak women give way to. She was facing a crisis and she realized it to the depths.

"Frederick," she said quietly, "it would have been better for me, far better for you, if you had allowed me to go. You would never have known the depths

of my shame, the utter extent of the injustice I have done you. Steel your heart and listen to my story.

"My lover and I waited for each other for years. We had reached the prime of manhood and womanhood. We agreed philosophically that rites and ceremonies are but man-made forms, non-essentials in the eternal scheme of things.

"We convinced ourselves that the love that man holds for woman, and woman for man, in those rare cases of soul affinity, is beyond all human law and a part of the great eternal principles. Who, we questioned, had a right to stand in the way of our union?"

"We pledged each other our everlasting fidelity. With solemn vows we plighted our love and became as man and wife. We threw aside convention, law, tradition, and vowed to love and be true to each other forever.

"You ask why he did not obtain a legal separation from his lawful wife? The religious belief in which he was nurtured forbade it."

"And you have been as his wife?"

Suffering, mingled with scorn, was evident in his face—in his voice.

She had more to tell, and hastening through the story, eager now to tell the worst, she hurried on.

"Yes, I was as his wife. Call me a Magdalene if you will. Then—oh, how can I tell you?—I married you to hide what the world would call my shame—for I am not brave."

"To hide your shame!" He gazed at her uncomprehendingly, numbed by her revelation. As the full import of

her confession dawned upon him the rising tempest within nearly overpowered him.

Frightened and cowering the woman looked fearfully on the havoc she had wrought in the soul of a man.

Horrible names for her came hissing through his teeth. Like one insane he paced the floor of the room. Resolve followed resolve as to his course of action. Wild thoughts passed through his frenzied brain.

Then a supernormal calm came upon him. Pausing before her he passed the ultimatum:

"You are mine by every right of human law. Who are you to talk of God's laws when by your devilish treachery you can wreck the life of an honest and upright man who placed his trust and confidence in you?"

"What do you know of the eternal principles of which you have been prating? What do you know of pure and holy love?"

"If a life with me means unhappiness to you, then that is the punishment you shall receive. I will fulfill my duty to you in the eyes of the world. That is all.

"In the barren, bitter days that are before you as my wife, your soul will receive its meed of sorrow and recompense. You have sowed the seeds of sin and misery. Bitter indeed will be the reaping."

He turned from her and went out toward the sea.

The woman lay, gazing in wide-eyed misery into a future that stretched before her endless and black as the bottomless pit.

Shipbuilding in Dover and Along the Piscataqua River

JOHN SCALES, A.M.

FOR the readers afar to easily understand my story I will first state where Dover is located. Dover Point is at the junction at the Piscataqua and Newichawannock rivers, where the toll-bridge is, on the state road from Portsmouth to the White Mountains. This is the place where the first permanent settlement of New Hampshire was made by Edward Hilton and his company of fishermen in the spring of 1623.

Dover Neck is one mile above the Point. The settlement on this hill began ten years after that at the Point. In the fall of 1633 Thomas Wiggin led a company of colonists from the west of England and commenced the village there, which during the century following is known in history as Dover; all other localities were places in Dover. The third locality was Cochecho-in-Dover, at the lower falls of the Cochecho River, where now is the business center of the city of Dover.

Dover Neck is so called because it is a neck of land between three rivers. The Newichawannock on the east, which the inhabitants, for convenience, called Fore River; a tide-water river on the west side they called Back River, which name so continues to the present day. It empties into the Piscataqua River on the south, at Cedar Point, in Durham. The Piscataqua River has its source a mile or two above at Fox Point, on the north end of Newington, where the tide-water from Little Bay and Great Bay unites with the water from Oyster River,

which has its head at Durham Falls.

In passing it seems best to state that David Thomson had a grant of land from the Plymouth Company in England one year before Hilton commenced his settlement at the Point, and he had a temporary settlement there of fishermen to catch salmon and other sea-fish that came up from the salt water to get into fresh water where they could lay their spawn. This Thomson grant is at the junction of the Cochecho River, from Dover Landing, with the Newichawannock. There he built a house, called the "Thomson Point House," which was on the earliest tax-list in Dover as late as 1648. Bear in mind, also, that David Thomson had this "temporary" settlement one year and probably more before he commenced his "temporary" settlement at Little Harbor, commonly known as "Odiorne's Point."

For convenience the first settlers called the river from Thomson's Point to Dover Point, Fore River. It was along the coves of the river, between these two points, that Dover had its shipyards of the very earliest time of ship-building in New England. In the early town records of Dover it is stated that a "frigate" was built for the British navy in a cove a short distance below Thomson's Point. No exact date is given, but from date of land grants by the town, it was at some date between 1640 and 1650.

In 1630 Thomas Wiggin, a young man of 30, later known as Governor Wiggin, came over from the west of England and stayed here a year or two, and com-

pleted an arrangement with Hilton and others, to bring over a colony of men, and establish a village on Dover Neck. No record of the transaction is extant, but Wiggin and his company came over in 1633, in the ship "James" and landed at Salem October 10. As soon as arrangements could be completed they packed themselves and goods onto a coaster and came to the Piscataqua River, and up to Dover Point, then called Hilton Point. They landed at Pomeroy Cove, at the west end of the Point, which was the landing place of Hilton in 1623. During a hundred years that was a busy port of entry and departure of Dover shipping.

We do not know the names or the number of this company. Maybe there were fifty, the larger number men, perhaps forty men and ten women. Most of the men were bachelors, under forty years of age. After they got the village in order they returned to England and married. It is a matter of record that several did that way, and no mention of the others was recorded. Be that as it may, what did they do in the beginning, after they had landed?

As many as possible got lodging in the village, on the Point; the rest had to lodge on the ship until houses could be erected on the Neck, which was then covered with a heavy growth of pine and various kinds of hard wood, oak, maple, ash, and such as can now be seen on portions of the land. I presume Thomas Wiggin, during his first visit, had made a plan of the village he would have the colonists construct when they got to work, High Street, where the state road is; another on the west of it, called Low Street; also various lanes to springs and landings on Fore River and Back River. With his plan in hand he set the men to work; High Street, where the state road

and building log houses; first of all the "Meeting-House," which would serve as the general headquarters during the construction of the village.

These young Englishmen came here for business, not for fishing, as Hilton's colonists did. They had an abundance of all kinds of trees to be converted into lumber, and sold. The problem was to find a market for it. This led to the construction of sawmills and shipyards. In the beginning all travel was by boats; that led to boat-building in various shapes; each family had its boat; for general use were scows, gundalows, etc. As soon as the local needs were supplied the next move was to find a foreign market for the lumber, of which they had an exhaustless supply.

To export the lumber they must have ships; that led to ship-building, and Dover at a very early period became the largest locality of ship-building in New England. I do not know by what route the ship "James" crossed the Atlantic, but I suspect it was by the use of the trade winds, which carried the company to the Wind-Ward Islands of the West Indies, and they stopped a bit at Barbados Island, and made the acquaintance of merchants there. Be that as it may, it is certain the Dover Neck settlers commenced trade with that island at a very early period and kept it up for more than a century. Anyway, they shipped large quantities of lumber there, in various forms, but especially that of "pipe-staves."

A long time ago England established a law of weights and measures; one was that "31½ gallons make a barrel; two barrels, or 63 gallons make a pipe, or hogshead." Before the village was built on Dover Neck the West Indies had become a busy locality for the making of molasses and rum; these materials were

shipped to foreign markets in pipes, or hogsheads, so the manufacture of "pipe-staves" became a big business at Dover; cooper-shops were numerous; the cooper's trade was one of the best to learn. They first split out the staves; then put them together, with heads and hoops; then took them apart and put each lot in a bundle; then shipped them to Barbados, where the coopers remade the casks. In return for the pipestaves Dover ships brought back West India goods, not only for home use, but also for towns all along the New England coast. It is only in the beginning of the 20th century that the newspapers ceased to advertise, for Dover merchants in general, "W. I. Goods," with their other articles in store.

Dover men not only shipped goods to Barbados, but several of them were owners of real estate there, and engaged in mercantile affairs. Robert Nanny, one of the signers of "The Dover Combination of 1640," is on record as such. Thomas Beard had his summer residence on that island, being largely engaged in the pipestave trade. Robert Cutt, one of the historic men of Portsmouth, was in business there for a while, and married his first wife there, daughter of an English merchant.

There is no record of who built the first ship in Dover, but among the early craftsmen were Richard Waldron, Hatevil Nutter, and Thomas Millett. Their yards were at suitable coves, and depth of water, for construction and launching. On the shore of Fore River, at one place, at low tide, can be seen the timbers of the old ways, and rotting chips in the mud. Thomas Millett was a famous sea captain as well as ship-builder. He did not confine his trade to the West Indies. He built ships and then sailed them to England and ports in the Mediterranean Sea.

While he was absent on a voyage his wife kept the workmen busy in the shipyard, at her back door. Masts were in demand in England. Dover had forests of magnificent pines; it was big business to fell these trees, to get them on board ships and transport them to the west of England. Various other kinds of lumber were in demand in foreign ports, of which Dover furnished much. Shipbuilding began at Dover Landing at the close of the Revolutionary war, and continued a half-century.

When the settlers on the east shores of these rivers got to work, in later years, they commenced ship-building to construct boats and vessels to accommodate the wants of every-day life. What is now the town of Eliot, down to the dividing line between it and the present town of Kittery, was Old Kittery, on which the first settlement was commenced directly across the river at Dover Point, where William Hilton, brother of Edward, and co-settler with him at Dover, had a "cornfield," but not a residence. The settlement there commenced about the same time Thomas Wigginn commenced the village on Dover Neck, and they confiscated William Hilton's cornfield; he entered a lawsuit and twenty years later recovered pay for it from Mrs. Mason, widow of Capt. John Mason, who settled his Laconia company at Portsmouth (as the name now is), in 1631. So much ancient history is given in order that the readers of this article may understand the beginning of shipyards on that side of the rivers.

The Old Kittery settlers soon engaged in the pipestave business, which the Dover Neck settlers had established with the West Indies. One of the coves is called "Pipestave Cove," and that is where the first shipyard was on that side of the river. As business increased other

yards were established, above and below this cove, and a prosperous pipestave business was maintained many years.

One of these shipyards was at Green Acre, which, in the beginning of the present century, had much fame as a literary resort, under the management of the late Miss Farmer. The locality of the yard is in the cove, at the foot of the hill on which the hotel now stands. Three generations of the Hanscom family worked there and made it famous by the ships it launched, and sailed to many ports in the seven seas of the world.

John Hanscom was born in Old Kittery, now Eliot, in 1748. He had learned the ship-carpenter trade at Badger's Island, just below the present railroad bridge. At 33 years of age he bought the Green Acre farm from the Hammond family, who had been owners of it for a long time. Here was where the Hammond garrison stood, and was the resort of the families around there during the period of Indian raids and wars. The Hammond men had used the cove for boat-building during more than a hundred years before the Hanscoms commenced ship-building. The Hammonds built fishing vessels and coast-wise craft.

John Hanscom had two sons, William and Samuel, who continued in the business at the death of their father. In course of time they dissolved partnership and William opened a new yard, at Walnut Cove, in the vicinity of the island Frankfort, in the Piscataqua River. Many ships were built there. The submerged timbers can be seen there, perfectly sound.

Samuel Hammond continued in business at the Green Acre yard until his death in 1859, and during the time built the famous clipper ship "Nightingale," named for Jenny Lind, the beautiful singer who was brought over by the

famous show-man, P. T. Barnum, and gave concerts in the large cities of this country, and was known as the Swedish Nightingale. The plans for the ship were made by Mr. Hanscom's nephew, son of William, and designed especially for speed. Work was commenced in 1850 and was finished in 1851. Mr. Hanscom hoped to have it completed in season to take Jenny Lind to the World's Fair, held in the Crystal Palace in London. She spoiled that plan by falling in love with Otto Goldsmith and closing her concert career by marrying him, and returning home before Hanscom finished the ship.

The "Nightingale" was 178 feet long, 33 feet wide and 20 feet deep, with a register of 1,066 tons. With her large stateroom and saloons, and figurehead of Jenny Lind, she was a creature of beauty.

Governor Goodwin of Portsmouth assisted Mr. Hanscom in selling his ship to the Boston merchants, Tappan and Sampson, and they set her to work in the California-China trade, and she proved to be the fastest sailing ship afloat, and enabled the owners to win fortunes of fabulous size, in that period of sailing ships.

When steam-driven ships came to make races faster than wind-driven ships, the "Nightingale" was sold to a Rio Janeiro firm, and they used her in the slave trade. While on her way from Africa with a shipload of negroes, captured in the black man's native land, she was captured by a U. S. frigate and brought home as a prize. There is no report of the disposal of the "niggers."

The U. S. government converted her into a warship, and she served as a cruiser in the Civil War, and did good service. At the close of the war she was sold, and resumed the work of a merchant ship. The last known of her

she was sailing as a merchant ship under the flag of Norway.

During more than three score years following the completion of the "Nightingale" in 1851 there was but little ship-building along the river above Portsmouth. In 1917, at declaration of war against Germany, Mr. L. H. Shattuck, of Manchester, took the lead in organizing a ship-building company, which was incorporated under the U. S. Shipping Board. Hon. F. W. Hartford of Portsmouth was secretary of the company, and was leader in leasing and purchasing, for the government, a fine tract of land a short distance below Bloody Point, the easterly end of the bridge over the Piscataqua River. It was a large and beautiful field of level ground, on a high bank above the tide-water. On the opposite side of the river, a quarter-mile distant, is Mast Cove, in Eliot, just above Frankfort Island.

As soon as the act of incorporation was secured, in 1917, engineers were set to work laying out the bounds of the shipyard, and calls were made for men to come and work cutting that high bank into a regular slope for the "ways" for the construction of four ships at a time. At the same time a large building was quickly erected in which all kinds of the most approved machinery, under skilled carpenters, prepared the timbers for the ship frames and all the things necessary to complete the ships for launching.

That summer of 1917 is one of the most remarkable in the history of Dover, in the way of business. Unheard of prices were offered for labor. At the lowest wage the price was three dollars a day, for common laborers; expert carpenters and skilled workmen of various trades were paid much higher per diem wages. The brick-yards on Dover Neck became closed by desertion of the men to the Shattuck Shipyard. The mer-

chants and the business men in the city had difficulty in retaining their employees. They had to raise the wages to three dollars a day or their "hired men" would leave Dover and become "ship-carpenters." Young women were employed as clerks, stenographers and assistants in various ways, at two dollars a day.

Visitors came from all directions to see what was being done, and were permitted to enter within the working bounds by tickets, received at headquarters, a large farm-house on the main road to Portsmouth. I know whereof I write, I had personal experience by several visits during the two years the work was going on. The visits were wonderfully interesting.

The work of transforming a fine hay-field into a first class shipyard was so rapid that the first ship was launched July 4, 1918, only a little more than a year from the date of incorporation, by the U. S. Shipping Board. The last ship was launched August 14, 1919. Two frames were left on the "ways," and they stand there now; probably they will stand there till they rot down; no one will take the gift of them, and the present owners cannot afford to pay the cost of removing. They are a lugubrious sight.

Fifteen 3,500-ton ships were launched during two years; some of them were fitted out at Newington, others at Portland; all were delivered to the U. S. Shipping Board as satisfactory. Secretary Hartford has no record of them since they passed into possession of the Shipping Board. The affairs of the yard were closed in October, 1919, by Secretary Hartford. Later the Shipping Board sold the Shattuck Shipping yard to the present owners, The American Dye and Chemical Company. The company conducts a large business.

At the period of the greatest rush of work at the Shattuck yard 4,000 men were employed in various departments of the business, and from beginning to end the government expended about twenty million dollars. Only wooden ships were launched at Newington. The Atlantic Ship Yard Company was incorporated later and built steel ships at Freeman's Point, Portsmouth, where its first ship, 8,800 tons, was launched January 18, 1919. Ten ships were built there; the last one was launched October 9, 1920. At the Newington yard a capacious boarding house was constructed to accommodate those who could not be housed elsewhere. At the closing of the yard at Newington a large number of the men went to Freeman's Point. To

accommodate the workmen there the company built several houses, in a regular village, on the hill north of the yard. Following the closure of the yard there was a hard-fought lawsuit with the government in settlement of the contracts.

This business of ship-building during the war was one of the most remarkable features the government undertook. There was a perfect terror of under-sea warfare so that ship owners expected the American ships, all, or very many of them, would be destroyed or captured. So Congress organized the U. S. Shipping Board to engage in building new ships to take the place of those that it feared would be destroyed. During the past ten years the Shipping Board has had a difficult time disposing of those ships.

Nostalgia

RICHARD V. JOHNSON

Singing a song, I went along,
 Why not? Why shouldn't I?
 With work and love's hilarity
 I'd sense of living by.
 Yet soon I longed to settle down,
 Forego the open sky
 And own a home, quite near to town,
 Where I might easy lie.
 I wedded with a maiden dear
 And watched free lads go by,
 Then took the road within the year
 With no regretful sigh.

When I recall my due, sweet wife,
 I feel fair fit to die
 For now I know that all my heart
 Did stay. Why couldn't I?

The Tin Peddler

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

OVER THE hill-roads of New England a generation or two ago the tin peddler threaded his tortuous way. His arrival at the isolated farmhouse was an event. The gay steam calliope that bellows and howls in rivalry to the wild animals it accompanies on circus day in town holds hardly more charm for the child of today than did the gaudy contraption of old George, hawker, of my early remembrance.

His wagon painted red, rows of brooms with gaily striped handles rode, brush up, like the plumes on some royal cortege; shining rows of tin pans, pails basins, dippers and quart measures reflected the sunlight and jangled pleasantly as George opened the enchanted doors and revealed the interior. Under the front seat was a tin trunk full of Yankee notions, such as less opulent peddlers carried suspended from shoulder straps as they tramped over the countryside.

The old chestnut horse was fat and lazy. He needed no guiding rein to direct him to the farmhouses along the road. He was as familiar with them as was his master. Most intriguing of all was the chubby pug dog, short of leg and wide of jaw, a breed now entirely out of fashion and therefore almost as extinct as the dodo.

Days before the arrival of George and his outfit we had expected him. He traversed our section periodically and we knew about the time to look for his laborious ascent of our hill road.

We had saved barter against his coming. Little money changed hands in the old days. But he always had bright new pennies in his pockets for the children.

We saved "paper rags" scrupulously, for that was before our New England forests fed the pulp mills. The rag bag was a family institution and every bit of cloth and all garments which were entirely beyond repair found their way there. A woman's frugality was judged by her rag bag. Bits of white cotton or linen were saved in separate receptacles, for they brought a higher price, sometimes double that of the colored cloth. Woolen pieces were worked into "shoddy."

We watched George balance his steel-yards anxiously. Not that we couldn't trust him, but we were anxious to see how much new tinware we were going to get in return. Would Mother get a shining skimmer with which to separate the golden cream from her pans of milk? And would there be enough to give us a new tin drinking cup? Eggs, too, were collected and bartered to the shrewd peddler, who paid for them from his stock of goods and sold them in town at a profit.

One of the stories we never tired of hearing Mother tell was of a tin peddler of her girlhood days. Milo Wells dispensed tinware, brooms and notions over the hills and through the valleys of northern New Hampshire after he returned from the Civil War too maimed to perform heavy labor.

Fortune was a fickle dame so far as Milo was concerned. Sometimes he found a night's lodging for himself and horse. At other times night overtook him far from the habitations of man, or farmers refused him bed and board. For Milo was not immune to the seduc-

tion of a nip of New England rum or a glass of hard cider, when these were available. And following such indulgences he straightway became irresponsible.

One night Milo was apparently destined to sleep under the stars. He had importuned many farmers for a place to sleep, and a supper and breakfast for which he was ready to barter generously. The night was wearing on. In a day when candles furnished the evening's light country folk retired early and were up in the morning with the birds. It was a lonely evening for Milo.

About midnight a brilliant thought penetrated his grey matter. As the distant outlines of a house and barn loomed dimly against the star-lit horizon the idea took definite form.

And so, when Milo and his rattling tinware halted before the bolted door of the dwelling he was ready to act. Descending from his high seat he sent a fusillade of knocks against the stout panels of the front door. The plan worked. From out a chamber window appeared the bearded face of the disturbed householder.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Would you people like to buy some tinware?" meekly inquired Milo.

"Why in the name of common sense are you trying to peddle tinware at this time of night?" came the angry retort.

"No one would put me up for the night, so I thought I might as well peddle," was his naive reply.

We were always glad to hear the outcome of this tale. For Milo was told to put his tired horse in the barn and come in and go to bed.

This is a simple New Hampshire story that only adds its bit to the peddler lore of New England, and America for that matter. For the Yankee peddler was closely interwoven with the nation's his-

tory and scarcely a volume of early fiction fails to immortalize him. "Harvey Birch", who was "The Spy" in J. Fenimore Cooper's book by that name, was a peddler, and Rip Van Winkle's wife died from the results of a fit of anger at a peddler.

Some one has called attention to the fact that the first humorous figure in American literature was a peddler, "Sam Slick", and that the tales of his tricks and his smart sayings pleased our forefathers because they mirrored the figures that they knew so well.

"Jubilee Jim", Robert H. Fuller's brand new biography of Col. James Fiske, Jr., devotes an entire chapter to Fiske's experiences as a speculator under the caption "The Yankee Peddler."

No less a person than Bronson Alcott tossed a bomb into his family circle when, in his early days, he decided to take to the road and hawk tinware and almanacs rather than enter Yale and become educated along the lines mapped out for him by nice, if rather austere relatives.

The peddler of tinware, familiar as he was to all country dwellers in New England up to a generation ago, really had a significant history behind him. To Richardson Wright, author of "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America", we are indebted for a concise bit of historic lore regarding the first manufacture of tinware in this country and its sale by means of peddlers.

The author tells us that in 1738 two Irishmen from County Tyrone settled in the town of Berlin, Connecticut. Their names were William and Edgar Pattison and they were accompanied by their sister, Anna. Although they were tin-smiths they had little opportunity to ply their trade because of the scarcity of tin. Two years after their arrival in this country they began importing sheet

tin from England and working it up into cooking utensils, which had formerly been scarce and high because they were brought over from England.

The work was done by the Pattisons in their own home, beating out their wares on anvils with wooden mallets. After they filled the local demand they walked to nearby settlements with sacks of shining tinware on their backs which met with a ready sale.

And so the industry grew until by the middle of the last century Berlin became the center of the tinware industry and the work went from the home into the factory, with increasingly new methods of manufacture. Peddlers went out

from Connecticut all over New England and so the tin peddler became the pioneer and forerunner of all hawkers in New England.

What a wealth of memories the thought of the old tin peddler revives! It brings back vividly the days in isolated country places that would seem beyond endurance to many a modern child or adult. But we never thought of loneliness then, though there were no radios, no telephones, no rural mail delivery. The visit of the tinware peddler and the clock tinker were events. But the days were so occupied, and life was so interesting that the thought of loneliness never entered our heads.

A Song of Orlando

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

O how cold may laughter be!
Cold and clear as blue-gray waves
Of the sea,
While the heart cries out and craves
Sympathy.

Yet how sweet may laughter be!
Fairy rain upon the plain
In the night,
Till the lonely heart may gain
Dreams of light.

Through the forest of my fears,
Without sun or lightsome wind,
What would shine?
Visions of love Roselind
To be mine.

Not in busy days, nor leisure,
Sorrow would I house, but treasure
Love and rhyme.
Rosalind, be my heart's measure
For all time!

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Editorial

“THE New England Sales Plan is organized to present New England to itself and to the rest of the country in terms of its assets and its advantages,” said Dudley Harmon, executive vice-president of the New England Council at the closing session of the New England conference, held recently in Portland, Me. Thus, in a few well-chosen words, a far-reaching plan is explained which will mean much to New Hampshire and to every other state in the group of six which make up the northeastern corner of the United States.

This plan of selling New England calls for an expenditure of \$300,000 every twelve months for a period of three years. To the average citizen of New Hampshire this seems like a great sum of money, but when the fact is brought out that New England's recreational business alone is worth 300 million dollars to the six states which make up the section under discussion, the sum of \$300,000, to be devoted yearly to advertising all of New England's advantages and assets, does not seem so large. In fact it is only a tenth of one percent of the 300 million dollars which Arthur G. Staples, a newspaper editor of Lewiston,

Me., says is the true value of New England's recreational business.

This happily devised publicity plan for New England will provide just that background of sentiment which is so necessary to put over the campaigns of the individual states. It will provide the atmosphere for New Hampshire's publicity campaign, for instance, and will almost double the efficiency of every dollar which the Granite State appropriates for advertising its own advantages. So it is distinctly up to New Hampshire to do its part in the New England Campaign. Our state cannot afford to miss the opportunity which will be presented to help make the venture a great success. We will most certainly share in the profits and New Hampshire is too proud to take the profits of a venture without sharing in the expense thereof.

The New England Council is an institution of progress. It has functioned in an almost unbelievably smooth and efficient manner. One astute New Hampshire leader who took a prominent part in the recent Portland deliberations had little faith, at the outset, that the New England Council would ever amount to anything. He had to be shown. The active part which he as-

suned in the recent deliberations is proof in itself of the worth of the organization which is doing so much to boost New England.

One thought brought out at the recent Portland conference is in line with an idea which we expressed editorially last month. Mr. Harmon says, "The New England Sales Plan is organized to present New England to itself. . . ." Clarence C. Stetson, chairman of the Maine Development Commission, says, "We must become better salesmen of our assets, of which we have many, and we must sell them not only to the outsiders but to ourselves." This, we think, is a pertinent and happy thought. New England publicity or State of New Hampshire publicity will not reach its maximum of efficiency until each citizen becomes articulate in support of this section of the country or this commonwealth. Their advantages and their assets along recreational, agricultural, industrial and civic lines must be thoroughly appreciated by individual citizens.

* * * * *

The one hundred or more New Hampshire delegates to the New England Council conference at Portland, Me., expressed their keen interest in New Hampshire roads by adopting a resolution recommending to the next Legislature that an additional million dollars be raised each year for the construction of new roads by one of the following three methods: first, an increase in the gasoline tax; second, an increase in the registration fees and third, a bond issue.

The delegates obviously were impressed with the importance of good roads in any program for exploiting New Hampshire's recreational advantages. Summer business follows naturally the best roads and all of the states adjoining New Hampshire are keeping pace with the

rest of the country in building hard surface roads.

Governor Spaulding brought out the fact that the recent government survey showed the necessity of building 85 miles of hard surface road annually in this state if New Hampshire is to keep pace with the rest of the country and that we had constructed only 47 miles of such road during the past year. The governor also stated that it would be necessary to find additional sources of revenue if more money were to be expended in the building of modern highways. He thoroughly believes in the pay-as-you-go policy which he first enunciated in his inaugural address and favors raising either the registration fees or the gas tax or both in order to get the needed extra revenue. He showed his broadmindedness however, by agreeing to the necessity of a bond issue in case it was found impossible or inexpedient to increase the revenue for roads by either of the two methods which he personally favors.

In this way does New Hampshire's governor, a keen, successful business man, place himself on record as to the necessity of New Hampshire keeping pace with the other New England states in the matter of building modern roads.

* * * * *

There is an apparent wide divergence of opinion among our legislative leaders as to the more appropriate manner of financing the construction of new roads. All seem to be in agreement upon the necessity of durable roadways yet entirely out of accord in their plans for payment of the bill. And it is true, too, that the leaders of each of the plans finds a large number of supporters. Finance is a business requiring as much training and study as any of the professions yet the moment it enters the realm of politics all of us appear to be at once

endowed with super-abilities. The taxpayer is vitally interested in the matter of roads. If we have roads we must pay for them and eventually taxes of some form must provide the money. There are those who contend that the cost of building roads and keeping them in repair should be borne entirely by the automobile owners. This does not seem quite fair. New Hampshire can boast of only a little more than a hundred thousand autos. Massachusetts has about three quarters of a million and there are a few who think that half a million of them are more or less users of the New Hampshire roadways. It is contended that these visiting autos bring a large amount of money into New Hampshire. If this is true then the property owner must be benefited more than the auto owner for the reason that the latter can profit only through the payment of a gasoline tax by the Massachusetts autoist—and gas station owners appear to be unanimous in their claim that the amount of gas sold to our neighbors from the south is comparatively very, very small. It would be interesting to know just who does use the roads. Certainly any plan to load the cost of road construction upon the small number of New Hampshire auto owners is neither just nor equitable. We wonder just how much the big hotels and summer resorts pay as their share of the cost of roads to bring business to their doors.

* * * * *

It was in May 1911 that Harry Atwood flew up the Merrimack River valley in his Burgess-Wright biplane. He ended his first day's trip at Concord where he spiraled down over the State House dome in the early evening and then started due east to make a landing on the state camp grounds in the Plains district of the Capital City. If he landed there in May of this year he would

have found a splendid two-way aviation field and a modern hangar, around the door of which would probably have been grouped a half dozen modern planes. When Atwood first landed in New Hampshire there was not an aviation field nor an aeroplane in the entire state.

In Atwood's time the sight of an aeroplane in the air was an event of importance. Nowadays we do not even lift our eyes as we hear the drone of a plane in the sky overhead. The interest in aeroplanes a few years ago was rather disconcerting to a New Hampshire governor who was on the speaking program of one of the early Carnival days at Hampton Beach.

The wide-awake Hampton Board of Trade had provided an aeroplane as a leading Carnival attraction. It was Governor's Day and Rolland Spaulding was making a speech in the band stand in front of the Casino. In those days the flight of the aeroplane was so important that it was announced by the firing of a high-powered aerial bomb. Through a misunderstanding the bomb was fired right in the middle of the governor's speech. The crowd deserted the governor and the speaking exercises and flocked to the sands to witness the ascent of the plane.

Just last summer a plane was smashed up within sight of a crowd attending the speaking ceremonies in connection with an Old Home Day event here in New Hampshire and it was necessary for the mechanic of the plane, who was riding as a passenger, to run over to the outskirts of the crowd and ask two men to help him extricate the pilot from the front cockpit of the wrecked machine. And all this apathy has come about in the comparatively short space of seventeen years, which, in itself, is sufficient indication of aviation's development in New Hampshire.

New Hampshire Necrology

GEORGE HOYT CALLEY, M. D.

George H. Calley, born in Bristol, December 11, 1854; died there October 30, 1928.

Dr. Calley was the son of Rev. David and Mary (Smith) Calley, and was educated in the public schools, New Hampton Institution, Bowdoin and Princeton colleges and Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating from the latter in 1880.

He spent his life in practice of his profession in his native town, and was successful and eminent as a practitioner. He was a trustee of the Minot-Sleeper library and president of the board; also president of the Bristol Savings bank, and a director of the National bank. He was prominent in Masonry, having received all the degrees to and including the 32nd and was also a Knight of Pythias.

On August 4, 1892, he married Addie B. Fowler, who survives, as does one step-daughter E. Maude Ferguson, representative from Bristol.

RALPH E. LUFKIN

Ralph E. Lufkin, born in West Unity, September 19, 1886; died there early in October, 1928.

He was reared on a farm and spent his life in agricultural pursuits, and as a live stock dealer. He was a Methodist in religion and politically a Republican, and much engaged in public business. He was collector of taxes in Unity for 15 years, and chairman of the Liberty Loan and War Work Committee during the World war. He represented his town in the House in 1911, 1913 and 1919, being chairman of the Sullivan county delegation. He also served in

the Senate from the Sullivan district in 1923 and again in 1925, and was a door-keeper of the House in 1927.

LEBINA H. PARKER

Lebina H. Parker, born in Benton, November 18, 1855; died in Warren, November 14, 1928.

He spent his life in his native town, where he was a summer hotel keeper, and proprietor of the Parker House, until shortly before his death, when he removed to Warren, and was engaged in a bobbin factory, where he was accidentally crushed to death by a load of logs.

He was a Democrat, and in office most of his life. He represented Benton in the Legislature in 1887, 1905, 1909, 1915 and 1923 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1900, 1912, and 1918-21. He had been Moderator in Benton for 20 years, and long a member of the school board. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ellen Flanders, and by a brother and sister, Frank and Doris Parker of Lisbon.

CHARLES H. SINCLAIR

Charles H. Sinclair, born in Concord, January 21, 1859; died there November 17, 1928.

He was the son of Henry and Emily (Burnhaim) Sinclair. He was educated in the public schools, and early in life began work in the jewelry establishment of N. C. Nelson where he continued through life, conducting the business after the death of Mr. Nelson about 20 years ago, until 1925, when it was disposed of and Mr. Sinclair retired.

He was prominent in Masonry, having received all the degrees, having been made a member of the Supreme Council 33 degree, in 1920. He had been High Priest of Trinity Chapter, Commander of Mt. Hope Commandery, K. T.; also

Grand High Priest and Grand Commander.

He was also a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F. and of the Concord Lodge of Elks. His wife was a daughter of the late N. C. Nelson.

On Armistice Day

MARIE WILLIAMS VANDEGRIFT

Hurry up, Liza, get yo' hat!
 Don' yuh know where we'z gwim at?
 Down ter see de big parade.
 Now go 'long, yuh wuthless jade.
 Hurry up, Liza, 'n get yo' hat!

Don' yuh 'member little Pete
 How he allus wuz so sweet?
 Cuddle up close 'n hold yuh tight
 Hug you wif his little might?
 Hurry up, Liza, 'n get yo' hat!

'N then when he wuz big 'n tall,
 'N stood in there in the ol' front hall,
 How he didn't dass to cry
 When we went to say "Goodbye?"
 Hurry up, Liza, 'n get yo' hat!

Dat wuz de lastes' time he saw
 His ol' pappy 'n his maw.
 Way off there in France he died.
 'Cose that give us a heap o' pride.
 But,—go 'long, Liza, get yo' hat!

All the honor 'n all the fuss
 Don't bring Petie back to us.
 But we mustn't fret er cry
 'Cause our Petie had to die.
 Hurry, Liza, 'n git yo' hat!

Come on, Liza, hear de band?
 Hol' on tight to dis ol' hand.
 Don't dass have a tear in yer eye!
 Jus' look up at de big, blue sky.
 Go long, Liza, 'n git yo' hat!

We'll jes laff as big as can,
 And we'll make 'em understan'
 We're as happy as can be
 All the res' o' the boys to see.
 Hurry, Liza, 'n git yo' hat!

We can't have no cryin' today,
 Jus' brace up and look as gay!
 Don't want cryin' 'long the lines,
 Nor weaknin' of the spines.
 Come on, Liza, here's yo' hat!

An Old Inkstand

CHARLES NEVENS HOLMES

For years and years, an inkstand stood
 Upon a home-made desk of wood,
In quiet days, long, long ago,
 When stage-coach travelled to and fro.

Beside that inkstand lay its pen,
 The old-time quill used wholly then,
With which our ancestors once wrote
 The prose and poems that we quote.

The quill and stage-coach passed away,
 A steel pen by that inkstand lay,
And yet like years ago it stood
 Upon the home-made desk of wood.

And now discarded, dusty, green,
 It stands upon a shelf unseen,
With other things from days of yore,
 Whose usefulness and times are o'er.

A New Name and How It Was Secured

A FEW WEEKS ago the GRANITE MONTHLY decided that it would be advisable to broaden its publication policy so as to bring within its circle of readers a new group. At that time arose the question of a new name for the periodical. Would it be possible to secure a name more typical of the magazine and its new purpose than the one which it had borne for over half a century?

With the activities of the New Hampshire Publicity Board, the State Chamber of Commerce and the New England Council focusing attention of the need of and the benefits to be derived from a program of state publicity, it was only natural that the GRANITE MONTHLY should seek to find a way in which it might be of assistance to the good work which is now being carried out along these lines in New Hampshire.

After a careful study of the problem it seemed feasible to believe that the state magazine might properly assume the obligation of pointing out to the people of the Granite State by means of articles, illustrations and editorials the outstanding assets and advantages which this state has to offer in agricultural, industrial, recreational and civic directions. This would be of real assistance to any program of state publicity, for such publicity does not assume maximum efficiency until practically all of the citizens become enthusiastic and outspoken in behalf of all those things which might be called the good talking points of the state.

To adopt such a policy would, in fact, be "killing two birds with one stone."

The magazine would be assisting in a cause which needs and welcomes all the co-operation it can get and by publishing material designed to boost the state and its many assets, it would be adding a new group of readers to a dwindling subscription list. This proposition was submitted to a group of distinguished New Hampshire citizens and their reaction to it is treated on another page of this edition.

So there arose the problem of finding a name which would be more typical of this mission and this policy than the old name GRANITE MONTHLY. Then there was another reason why a new name might be desirable. Of late years trade journals and magazines have entered into the publication field and the name GRANITE MONTHLY led many who might otherwise become purchasers of the magazine to believe that it was a periodical devoted to the interests of the granite industry. This fact undoubtedly provided much sales resistance as far as news and periodical stores were concerned.

So these facts just as they have been related in the foregoing paragraphs were told to the publishers of the weekly and daily newspapers in New Hampshire and with only one exception these men and women who are already doing much for the welfare of New Hampshire volunteered to help. They printed in their news columns without charge stories of the new purpose of the old state magazine and the reasons why it might be desirable to change the name of the publication. Moreover they announced that the publisher would be willing to pay

twenty-five dollars to the person who suggested a name, which, in the opinion of a board of competent judges, was better than the one which the magazine now bears.

Then came a veritable flood of suggestions. It seemed as if people everywhere in New Hampshire and even outside the borders of the state were interested in giving the state magazine a better name than the one it now possesses. Hundreds of letters were received. They came from doctors, lawyers, editors, ministers, teachers, librarians, professors, engineers, farmers, factory workers and salesmen. It is impossible to classify accurately the hundreds of participants in the GRANITE MONTHLY name contest. The list included names of men and women who have attained splendid distinction in this and the neighboring states of Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. A few submitted a single name but the greater number of participants submitted several. One person sent in 37 suggestions.

It was necessary to secure a competent board of judges and the magazine was indeed fortunate in this respect. Three people were asked to inspect the names which had been suggested and each of them replied in the affirmative and it is the belief of the GRANITE MONTHLY publisher that a better qualified commission could not have been found in the state.

The judges were Donald D. Tuttle, secretary of the New Hampshire Publicity Board and likewise secretary of the New Hampshire Division of the New England Council; Harlan C. Pearson, probably best known among the state's newspaper men and for many years secretary to practically every one of New Hampshire's governors; Henry H. Metcalf, founder of the GRANITE MONTHLY, author of several New Hampshire books and veteran publicist.

Each letter had been dated and numbered as it was received at the GRANITE MONTHLY office. Then the suggestions in each communication were typewritten on sheets and each group of suggestions placed under the serial number which had been given the letter in which they were contained. The judges did not handle the hundreds of original letters and knew the persons who had submitted names only by number. Each judge went over the long typewritten lists with care and picked out three titles which, in his opinion, would be more suitable for the new state magazine than the name GRANITE MONTHLY.

One name or title and only one was contained in each of the three lists made up by the three judges and that was NEW HAMPSHIRE. Upon this suggestion the judges were unanimous. It was suggested first by Amos T. Leavitt of Hampton and he was awarded the prize of twenty-five dollars. Certainly nothing could be more typical of the magazine and its new purpose than this name which it will be honored to bear.

Another name which met with favor with judges was "Profile" and several people suggested adding the word "state" to "The Granite Monthly", making it "The Granite State Monthly". This was also the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Gannon of New York, a nationally known advertising expert and native of Concord who collaborated with the New Hampshire Publicity Board in its initial advertising campaign. Mr. Gannon was not a contestant but his friendly letter and suggestion was greatly appreciated by the publisher.

The magazine is grateful for the interest which has been expressed in its welfare by the many hundreds of contestants, for by reason of this interest a new group of friends has been made, a new name secured and public attention

Short-Cuts to Happiness

REV. STODDARD LANE

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MANCHESTER,
N. H., DECEMBER 16, 1928

ONE DAY Jesus found himself face to face with a great crowd. They had come from every corner of the country to see and to hear the new teacher from Nazareth. It was a motley throng, made up of all sorts and conditions of men—city people from Jerusalem and peasants from the villages of Galilee, well-dressed people of high social station and people of no social station at all, seekers after truth and seekers after curiosity, leaders of religion and scoffers at it. They were all there—the Pharisee and the Publican, the high caste and the outcast, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the successes and the failures. They were all there, a motley multitude of mixed humanity.

And I wonder what Jesus thought as he looked into that sea of faces before him. I wonder how he decided what to say to them. Perhaps it was their faces that decided him. Perhaps he found his text written in their faces. Perhaps it was the discontent and the unsatisfied longings written on their faces that gave him the inspiration for the day. For he saw that, with all their differences, they were alike in this—they all wanted to be happy. Whatever else they might want or not want—that was a desire common to them all. They all wanted to be happy. And most of them were not. They had not found the thing they were looking for. They had been looking for it in wrong places, they had been searching for it in wrong directions, and so they had not found it. And so Jesus, there on the mountainside, preached to

them his great sermon on "Happiness", the greatest sermon ever spoken by the lips of man. The first word of that sermon was the word "Happy". "Happy are the poor in spirit,"—and that was the main theme of it as Jesus went on to tell folks the secret of happiness that they had sought but had not found.

And I suppose that if Jesus should come today and should find himself confronted with a crowd of average twentieth century Americans, he might very likely preach to them on the same theme. For I suspect that he would see in their faces the same look, betraying the fact that they wanted happiness but had not found it. For surely it is a fact that we all want happiness. However we may differ otherwise, in this wise we are all alike—in our unanimous desire to be happy. And for most of us that desire remains unfulfilled, that ambition unattained. Even of Christians that is true. Christians, who are followers of that Jesus who discovered the way of happiness for himself, and who promised his disciples that his joy should be theirs. Somehow, even we Christians have gotten off the track, and even our religion has not brought us the happiness which we so much desire.

And the reason for it, well, what is the reason for it? I am going to suggest one reason for it—Short Cuts.

We have tried taking short-cuts to happiness, and we have not arrived. The way of Jesus has seemed to us too long and too difficult. So we have sought shorter and easier ways. Getting off the



REV. STODDARD LANE

road he marked out for us, cutting across lots, only to find that we had lost our way. This is the age of short-cuts—short-cuts to culture and beauty and power and oratory and popularity and personality and respect. And there is another to add to the list: Short-cuts to happiness. Let me remind you of some of them.

Here is a man who expects to find happiness wrapped up in a box. There is a sign on the outside of it saying "Happiness in every box." It sounds like such a simple way of getting what he wants. All you have to do is pay eighty cents, take off the lid and—there it is. A full pound of happiness in the form of chocolate creams and bon-bons. Which may produce a temporary tickling of his palate, but scarcely anything else. Unless he eats too many of them, in which case he is made very *unhappy*. But still we go on eating candy at the rate of a billion dollars a year in America. And some of us try to chew our way into happiness by consuming fifty million dollars worth of chewing gum a year. And still happiness seems as far away as ever. Happiness does not come in boxes. Nor in tin-foil.

But here is the road of pleasure-seeking and it looks a promising path to take. If only we could have more "good times"! If only we could go to the movies often enough! If only we could attend the theatre with greater frequency! Then we would be happy. Did you ever see the theatre-going crowd on Broadway? Did you ever notice the joy on their faces as they go into the theatre, and the joy as they come out. No—you did not! The regular theatre-goer, the habitual devotee of shows looks as tho he were going to a funeral, both before and after the performance. I am not decrying the theatre, I am not belittling the art of relaxation nor the ne-

cessity of recreation. I am just saying that too much of it is as bad as too little of it. And the man who makes a business of his pleasure gets mighty little pleasure out of it. The professional pleasure-seeker finds that the more he seeks the less he finds. He is one of the unhappiest persons that I know. And his first cousin, the thrill-seeker, favors no better. Sensationalism so quickly becomes un-sensational, and thrills so soon become unthrilling. And excitement, unexciting, and novelty no longer novel. And he wakes up to find that he has spent his money and his emotions to no avail—with nothing to show for it except emotional bankruptcy and intellectual stultification. He who takes the path of pleasure is walking in the wrong direction, if it is the State of Happiness he wants to get to.

Here is another well trodden path, the path of wealth. Happiness by way of wealth. And many a man has taken it. If only we had money enough! Then the goal would be reached. And so our eyes glisten as we read an "Ad" like this: "Learn the secret of my success. Be a real estate specialist. I made a net profit of \$100,000 in less than five years. You can do it, too. No capital, no experience necessary, mail coupon and get our book on how to make big money in your spare time." But when you come to think it over you know very well that it may not be a road to either. As you look around you, you discover wealthy people who are unhappy and poor people who are cheerful and you are forced to the conclusion that there is no necessary connection between the two. I do not mean, of course, that money is unimportant. Sometimes I think it is altogether too important. But if it were the really vital factor in the situation, then everyone who had money would be happy and everyone without it would be unhappy.

and such is far from being the case. All too often the way of wealth is a short-cut that winds up in a blind alley.

Not even health is a guarantee of happiness. It may be part of the story, but not the whole of it. The absence of it may make happiness exceedingly difficult, but the presence of it does not make happiness absolutely inevitable. In spite of what they say, doing the daily dozen or eating the daily diet or walking the daily walk are not infallible recipes for a happy life. William Lyon Phelps puts it this way: "People without health think they would be perfectly happy if they were well. A man with a toothache imagines that every one in the world without a toothache is happy, but it is not so. There are healthy people who are not happy; and there are invalids whose faces, eyes, and conversation reveal an inner source of happiness that enables them to triumph over bodily ills. They have overcome the world, the flesh and the devil. I should be sorry to be run over by an automobile and lose my right leg, but such a loss would not permanently destroy my happiness. Why not? Because my happiness is centered not in my leg, but in my mind.

"The Irish Dramatist, St. John Ervine, lost a leg in the war. I asked him which he would prefer, to have two sound and healthy legs again and not be able to write novels and plays, or to be as he is now, with only one leg, but an accomplished man of letters. He did not hesitate. He said there was no comparison possible, he would far rather be a one-legged writer than a two-legged something else. 'And yet', he murmured thoughtfully 'I do miss that leg.' Of course he does. But the point is that the lack of a leg does not necessarily mean the lack of happiness, nor does the possession of two legs necessarily mean the possession of a double measure of the happy life. There

has to be something else beside health or the lack of it."

One of our favorite short-cuts to happiness is the path of ease and comfort. The world is full of new discoveries that subtract discomfort from life and add to its ease. There is a satirical quatrain on this kind of progress that won a prize offered by the London Spectator:

"St. Francis Of Assissi
Was incapable of taking things easy;
That is one of the advances
We have made on St. Francis."

And of course the labor-saving devices of our modern civilization are an advance upon earlier days, in so far as they set us free for larger living. But in so far as they are simply means for taking it easy, perhaps there is not so much of the advance element in them. Certainly St. Francis was a far happier individual than most of us, with all our modern appliances. - Which would seem to show that ease and happiness were not always identical. Some folks think that they are. "Be comfortable and you'll be happy", is their motto.

Advertisers appeal to us on that basis. "These are happy days in the Bryant-heated home." Buy a gas heating plant and get rid of all your cares. "Know the joy of solid comfort in your office chair" says another. Sit on a soft seat and be happy. "Mr. Wallop makes his wife happy by promising to install brass plumbing in the bathroom." "Such-and-such an electric refrigerator makes the whole family happy." "Ocean Travel for health and wealth. Always take the 'Baltimoria' and know the joy of luxurious comfort." "Install a radio—no dull evenings—no dull Sundays—a radio drives dull care away." And so the story goes.

If only the upholstery of life is soft enough, then you will be happy; if only you master the science of taking things easy; if only you smooth down all the

rough places and iron out all the wrinkles, and learn the art of living in well-cushioned, shock-absorbed fashion—then the problems will all be solved. How many of us have thought that! If only life were just one long unbroken vacation, if only we could surround ourselves with things beautiful and luxurious, if only we could get rid of our cares and throw overboard our impossibilities, if only we could break loose from all manner of physical discomfort and mental worry—then life would be all roses and no thorns; then happiness would be ours at last! And thinking that, many of us long for youth to come back again—care-free youth, minus the burden of responsibility, minus the wrinkles of worry and the grey hairs of care and the drooping shoulders of toil, and all the rest of it. Happy Youth!

Professor Phelps of Yale, in his little essay on "Happiness", has some interesting remarks to make on this subject. He says the trouble with us is a false definition of happiness, an animal definition. He says: "I have no desire to underestimate the worth of physical comfort, or the charm of youth. But if happiness truly consisted in physical ease and freedom from care, then the happiest individual would not be either a man or a woman. It would be, I think, an American cow. American cows and American dogs are ladies and gentlemen of leisure,—in Europe they hitch them up and make them draw loads. Take, therefore, an average day in the life of an American cow, and we shall see that it is not far from the commonly accepted ideal of human happiness. The cow rises in the morning and with one flick of her tail her toilet is completed for the whole day. This is a distinct advantage over humanity. It takes the average woman (and it ought to) about three quarters of an hour every single day to arrange her ap-

pearance. When Harriet Martineau was a child, she was appalled by the prospect of having to brush her teeth every day of her life. She lived to be ninety. The cow does not have to brush her teeth; the cow does not have to bob her hair; the cow does not have to select appropriate and expensive garments; or carry a compact; one flick and she is ready.

"And when she is ready, breakfast is ready. She does not have to light the kitchen fire herself or to mourn because the cook has left without notice. The grass is her cereal breakfast and the dew thereupon is the cream. After grazing for a while, she takes a drink from the brook and sits down calmly in the shadow of a tree. There and then she begins to chew her cud. Her upper jaw remains stationary, while the lower revolves in a kind of solemn rapture; there is on her placid features no pale cast of thought. The cow chewing her cud has very much the expression of a healthy American girl chewing gum. I never see one without thinking of the other.

"Cows are never perturbed by introspection or by worry. There are no Agnostic cows; no Fundamentalist or Modernist cows; cows do not worry about the income tax or the League of Nations; a cow does not lie awake at nights wondering if her son is going to the devil in some distant city. Cows have none of the thoughts that inflict upon humanity distress and torture. I have observed many cows, and there is in their beautiful eyes no perplexity; their serene faces betray no apprehension or alarm; they are never even bored.

"Well, since the daily life of an American cow is exactly the existence held up to us as an ideal,—physical comfort with no pain and no worries, who wouldn't be a cow? Very few human beings would be willing to change into cows, which

must mean only one thing. Life, with all its sorrows, cares, perplexities and heart-breaks, is more *interesting* than bovine placidity, hence, more desirable. The more interesting it is, the happier it is. And the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

And the moral of the story is that the cow-path does not lead to happiness. Wallowing in pastures of ease and chewing the care-free cud of irresponsibility do not bring happiness. It is just one of those short-cuts that doesn't get you there. It is too short and too easy, and it doesn't come out at the right place.

Well, how *do* you get there? Here is one man's answer. President Timothy Dwight of Yale is quoted by Professor Phelps as saying: "The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts." He is saying that happiness is an affair of the mind. It is centered there, in the realm of mental operation. Not in boxes, which you can easily buy. Not in stomachs, which you can easily fill. Not in pocket-books, which you can less easily fill. Not in bodily sensations, which you can easily excite. Not in legs, which you can easily exercise. Not in pleasures, which you can easily purchase. Not in well-upholstered arm chairs, which you can easily procure. No, he says, happiness is centered not there but in your mind. Which of course makes it a far more difficult thing. Happiness is not emptiness of mind after the manner of the cow. It is your mind filled with interesting thoughts. The more of them you have the happier you are. It is not the state of your health or your wealth or your appetite or your upholstery. It is the state of your mind.

How do you get to happiness? Here is another man's answer. There are three ways to happiness, says Dr.

William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary. One way is the way of well doing. "Whatever I do and do well, whether the thing be physical or intellectual—a brisk walk taken on the hills in the early morning, the thinking of an interesting thought, the solution of a complicated mathematical problem,—gives me a feeling of well-doing that makes me happy." Well-doing produces well-being which produces happiness.

Another way is the way of sympathy. Sympathy transformed into service produces satisfaction. "When we have wished to do a service for someone else and have succeeded, we take pleasure in the fact that the other person is the better for it. An unselfish joy comes to us thru another's welfare and gives human love a peculiar inimitable charm."

And the third way is this: "There is the happiness that comes from the contemplation of that which is inherently worthy, our satisfaction in truth, our reverence for goodness, our delight in beauty. Man is God-like in this most of all: that he has the power to *appreciate* that which is inherently admirable and to find his happiness therein." Here then are the three ways: The way of well-doing; the way of loving our fellows; the way of appreciating the highest and best. Dr. Brown sums it all when we aspire, when we worship, in a word, when we forget ourselves altogether in something greater and worthier than ourselves."

Where shall we find happiness? Here is still another man's answer. "*Happy are the poor in spirit.*" Happy are those who are conscious of their own spiritual needs, the folks who have not arrived and know that they have not.

"*Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness.*" Happy are the people who, urged on by a divine discontent within themselves, strive to be

better than they are—craving for themselves, and for others nothing less than the best.

"Happy are they that mourn." Happy are the people who have the capacity for grief, the capacity for sympathy, the capacity for feeling sorry when others are hurt. Happy are those who care enough and love enough to mourn when sorrow comes to them and to their fellowmen.

"Happy are the meek." Happy are the humble-minded, who do not think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. Those who are humble enough about themselves to be proud to call all men brothers, members of the same family, children of the same God.

"Happy are the merciful." Happy are those who feel kindness in their hearts and show it in their lives. Happy are those who think merciful thoughts and do merciful deeds. Happy are those who bring happiness to others by their own attitudes and by their own ministry.

"Happy are the pure in heart." Happy are those who are clean of mind, those whose hearts are free of lust. Thru the clear windows of their own souls they behold God. "They shall see God, not as a reward for their purity, but as a result of it." Happy are those whose vision is not distorted by base passions or clouded by ignoble hate.

"Happy are the peace-makers." For the makers of peace are the makers of

the kingdom of God. Happy are those who build Good-Will in their own hearts and in the life of the world—Champions of World Brotherhood, followers of the Prince of Peace.

This, then, is the way of happiness, as Jesus saw it. Happiness, he said, comes as a by-product to those who feel their spiritual need, to those who have the capacity for grief, to those who are humble of mind, eager for righteousness, loving in service, pure in heart, makers of peace.

He did not say that happiness comes to those who set out to get it. Self-seeking and happiness never go hand in hand. You have to forget about yourself. He who seeks his own happiness for somebody else shall find happiness coming as an indirect result to himself. Making yourself happy is a by-product of making others happy.

"You are like salt," said Jesus, and salt finds itself only when it loses itself, gives itself away. "You are like light", said Jesus, and light is meant to shine not for its own sake but to give light to all that are in the house. Only as we are absorbed in giving light to others shall we find the light of happiness for ourselves. "He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." That is the only way to happiness. There is no short-cut. The only way to happiness is the way of Jesus.

Some Day

MARTHA VYTH

Some day, in my declining years,

The thought, my heart with rapture fills,

I'll turn my footsteps back toward home,

To my beloved Granite Hills,

When there is time for rest and play

With old-time friends; that's life that thrills,

I'll turn toward home ever to stay

In those old, peaceful Granite Hills.

Coming Back to Canterbury

ELSA P. KIMBALL

The following poem, entitled "Coming Back To Canterbury," was written in Bad Liebenstein, Thuringia, for the Old Home Day celebration in 1927 commemorating the 200th anniversary of the founding of the town of Canterbury, New Hampshire.

Coming back to Canterbury
In the lazy month of August,
Dusty blackberries by the roadsides,
Chokecherries by the old stone walls.
Coming back to Canterbury!

Coming back to Canterbury!
Down from Northfield,
Up from Concord!
From the uplands, from the boroughs,
From the "plains" and from the
"mountain."
Coming back to Canterbury!

Lilac bushes in the woodlots
Growing close to buried door-steps
On the edge of grass-grown cellars;
Orchard trees and tangled grape vines
Hidden now by clumps of birches,
Telling where the school boys reveled
With their swag of stolen booty,
Long ago.

On the road to Canterbury,
Past the patches of the "red-top,"
Past the burry sweet-fern ledges,
Up the crunching, rocky pitches,
Down to cool and mossy hollows,
We are nearing home at last.

Off behind the alder bushes
Comes the tinkle of a cow-bell;
Near at hand the jaded plantain
Dots the close-cropped cattle lanes,
And tonight the song of thrushes
Followed by the whip-poor-will,
Down behind the dewy hay-fields
At the farm in Canterbury.

All these upland fields and pastures,
All these woodlands, all these meadows,
Know the calloused hands of workers
Now at rest in this same soil.
Know their pains and know their trials,
All their hopes, their loves, their joys.
These have known the sweat of oxen
As the plow rolled turf from turf,
In the vibrant month of April.

These have heard the sound of axes,
Sounds of hammers, whirr of saw mills,
Houses, taverns,
All abuilding,
Long ago.

Coming back to Canterbury,
We alone can read the meaning
Writ for us in script of stone,
Of the miles of granite boulders
Laid in walls and double walls
With the field rocks thrown between.
Monuments left to the ages,
Testimony ever more
Of a race of men and women
Bearding Nature in her rigor,
Beating back the very ledges,
Wresting land from very stone.

Coming back to Canterbury
In the sunny month of August,
'Neath the elms and leafy maples
By the Common and the churchyard,
We shall feel them all about us,
Feel the hosts of twenty decades
Joining us from out the past.
Shaker sisters, Shaker brethren,
With their kind and gentle manners
Mingled with their farmer neighbors;
Puritans and unbelievers,
Citizens of worldly air.
What a gay and grand confusion
Jostling on the old fair grounds!
High-wheeled gigs and one-hoss chaises,
Limousines and rusty flivvers!
What will Father Patrick say
To the gay and jazzy "Charleston?"
How will cider mix with Moxie?
Will the "flappers" take to snuff?

Coming back to Canterbury,
Clasping hands with children's children,
Keeping tryst with generations
Those we see and those we see not
We shall dream our dreams once more,
Feel anew our faith and anchor
Home again in Canterbury.

The State Leaders Speak

BY THE PUBLISHER

When Herbert Hoover, president-elect, has a problem to solve he often-times communicates with his friends and gets their reactions on the question which he has under consideration. It is said that as Secretary of Commerce he would often hold as many as fifty telephone conversations in a day with people whose opinion he desired on any given proposition.

As Food Administrator he also had the habit of conferences. Sometimes he would call to his side the state food administrators from all over the country. Valuing their opinions he would pump their minds dry and then make up his own mind concerning the problem which had led him to call in the heads of his several state organizations. It is well known that Hoover's conclusions are apt to be fundamentally sound.

And then there was a popular president who made famous the phrase, "innocuous desuetude". That very well describes the condition into which the GRANITE MONTHLY has been falling for a long period of time. The publishers, interested and loyal, were not properly encouraged by those they served and the circulation was dropping to a very low ebb. Something had to be done. What purpose could the publication serve which would draw to it a new class of readers, which would arouse for it a new interest throughout the state? How could the old state magazine be prodded out of the condition into which its unappreciated efforts had permitted it to fall? These were just a few of the questions that had to be answered if the magazine were to be continued in the publication field without recourse to undignified schemes for revenue.

There is plenty of evidence that the state needs the program of publicity which has been in effect for several years. It was called to our attention that such publicity does not reach its greatest efficiency until the citizens of the state become sufficiently imbued with pride of the commonwealth to actually do a little boasting. Californians and Floridians are not at all backward about proclaiming the advantages of their states but residents of New Hampshire are inclined to be a little reticent—in some instances even backward about asserting the virtues of the old Granite State. So the thought dawned on us that we might possibly assist in the program of state publicity by setting forth in articles, through editorials and by illustrations the assets and advantages of New Hampshire.

But we did not want to trust entirely to our own judgment in such an important matter, so we took a leaf out of the notebook of our efficient president-elect. We decided to put the proposition up to state leaders and get their reaction to the idea of projecting the GRANITE MONTHLY into the field of state publicity in the manner described above. And we found there was real interest in our proposed project—more, in fact, than we had hoped for. We communicated with the heads of state organizations and with a number of state officers—citizens who could really be considered leaders of public thought and opinion and who represent all of the state's varied activities. We got a goodly proportion of replies which in itself suggested interest.

For the most part our correspondents had nothing but pleasant things to say about the old state magazine. Occasionally a letter came which included consid-

erable wholesome and constructive criticism. Such a communication was just as welcome as the one which contained nothing but encomiums.

Governor Huntley N. Spaulding expressed his interest in the state magazine as follows:

"In the half century of its existence the GRANITE MONTHLY, the New Hampshire state magazine, has rendered a valuable public service by preserving in its pages a great amount of historical and biographical matter relating to our state not elsewhere available. I believe the opportunity exists for the magazine not only to continue but to increase its usefulness and you have my best wishes for the success of your plans to that end."

Mr. George F. Thurber, president of the New Hampshire Bankers' Association wrote as follows:

"Replying to your letter of the 14th, I feel that your plan to broaden the field of the GRANITE MONTHLY is an admirable one. The paper has had during the years past an excellent standing and has been in many ways the only publication in the magazine field truly representative of the state.

"Properly conducted, the proposed addition to its activities in the form of state publicity should prove, I believe, advantageous not only to the state but to the publication."

There came a splendid letter from Otis G. Hammond, Director of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Mr. Hammond started off by wishing the publisher success in "making this a magazine which will be not only a credit to the state, but a benefit also." It was his opinion, frankly expressed, that one good way to accomplish this might be to omit certain of the material which has been used in the past and stated—"If the magazine can be devoted to historical and genealogical material and to the publicity of the state, it would in a short time acquire some standing which it does not now have." Mr. Hammond intimates that when such a status is ac-

quired some of the Society's addresses and essays of a historical nature may be available for publication in the GRANITE MONTHLY columns and we are sincere when we assert that we hope eventually to achieve the distinction which such publication would secure for us. In closing his helpful letter Mr. Hammond states: "The magazine should also be made a very valuable instrument of the State Publicity Bureau from which possibly some material aid might be had", and best of all says in his closing line, "I shall be glad to assist in your efforts whenever possible."

James C. Farmer, State Master of the State Grange, is one of the most active young men in New Hampshire. We were especially pleased to receive a letter from him which we are taking the liberty of publishing herewith in full:

"Please excuse my delay in answering your letter of the 14th as I have been in Washington for two weeks attending the National Grange.

"I can immediately see how your magazine can be of great service in spreading the story of New Hampshire and its opportunities, along the lines of the proposition explained in your letter. I have always been a great believer in more publicity and salesmanship for our state and I believe that if there is one thing we lack it is the aggressive enthusiasm for our state that is manifested in many other sections of the country.

"My Grange work took me to the middle west in October and I am going to Colorado, Washington, Idaho and Oregon in January. These trips give me an opportunity to compare the spirit manifested in many different states and if your magazine can arouse a more aggressive spirit in New Hampshire, it will have accomplished a great deal of good and I personally congratulate you for making the effort and I will be glad to assist you in any way I can."

James F. Brennan, recently re-appointed as Chairman of the Trustees of the New Hampshire State Library has al-

ways been a good friend of the GRANITE MONTHLY. He has been a subscriber to the magazine since Hon. Henry Metcalf published its first issue in April 1877 and has all of the volumes bound on his library shelves. In 1904 Mr. Brennan urged the publication, as one issue of the State Library Bulletin, of an Index of the GRANITE MONTHLY from Volume 1 to Volume 34 and although he was criticized for "expending state money for a private publication" the Bulletin was published in accordance with his wishes. So we awaited with interest a reply to our letter from Mr. Brennan and it came promptly.

He opened his communication by stating that he was "in full sympathy and accord" with our communication to him. With regard to our proposed "Monthly Review of New Hampshire News" he wrote: " * * much of the matter that now finds place in the daily newspaper should have place in the more permanent magazine for our people to carefully read and preserve and I am pleased with that idea." But Mr. Brennan was much disturbed lest in our new project which tends toward state publicity the fields of history, biography and state literature should be in some degree slighted or overlooked. In this regard he says: "I certainly should bitterly regret to see the GRANITE MONTHLY, which you had made so attractive and indeed beautiful, to even approach the forsaking of the history, biography and state literature, which has ever been the main feature of this state magazine. * * * " Mr. Brennan need have no fears in this regard.

William S. Rossiter, chairman of the New Hampshire Council of the New England Council, wrote a frank letter which we were glad to receive. Mr. Rossiter expressed a thought of which we ourselves had had a faint suspicion when he wrote: "I have not taken the

magazine and have not paid much attention to it in the past because, frankly, I have thought it was very feeble" and then he goes on to conclude, "If you can galvanize it into greater effectiveness, its value to the state will be just in proportion to the degree that you stimulate its activities." We believe that Mr. Rossiter is undoubtedly correct, from a comparative standpoint, in his conclusion with regard to the effectiveness of the state magazine but one of the best ways we know of to strengthen the GRANITE MONTHLY is to have the wholehearted support of the men and women of New Hampshire whose influence, like that of Mr. Rossiter, counts for much within the confines of the state.

It was a great pleasure to receive an encouraging communication from the comparatively new head of the University of New Hampshire, Edward M. Lewis. President Lewis wrote as follows:

"I have had the pleasure of reading the GRANITE MONTHLY only for a short year, so hesitate to pass upon the question of a change in policy. As a new comer, I have found it both interesting and helpful in revealing the mind and spirit of the old Granite State, and just at this moment I feel that I should not advocate a radical change.

"Your statement of purpose for the future seems to indicate an increase in service along old lines rather than an abandonment of them. If this is the case I heartily concur in your purpose. I am sure that we all want to do whatever we can to make better known the wonderful advantages of the old Granite State."

The New Hampshire division of the Izaak Walton League of America is a live organization and its secretary-treasurer, Wakefield Dort, has been the means of waking a great interest in the aims of the splendid body he so capably represents. From Mr. Dort came a communication as follows:

"I have your very interesting letter of November 14 with reference to the changing about of your periodical. You have asked me to answer two questions and I do so as follows:

"1. The New Hampshire Division of the Izaak Walton League would be very glad indeed of the opportunity to use the columns of the GRANITE MONTHLY to further the conservation and restoration of New Hampshire's immensely valuable outdoor recreational resources.

"2. I feel that your publication in its broadened form will have a wide field of usefulness in the state."

Former Governor Albert O. Brown sounded an encouraging note in his letter:

"Your purpose to improve the GRANITE MONTHLY in the interest of the state, as set out in your letter of the 17 inst., is highly commendable. I hope it will not prove to be too ambitious. It should not and with anything like reasonable support will not so prove.

"Personally I believe your undertaking will be appreciated and supported."

If we needed further confirmation that we might be on the right track in our plan to broaden the scope of the state magazine's activities, it certainly came in the heartening letter from the chairman of the State of New Hampshire Publicity Bureau, H. Stewart Bosson, who wrote as follows:

"I have to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 14th.

"I am sincere in saying that I believe your program is a commendable one, and I very much hope that it may be carried to a most successful conclusion.

"Through our State Publicity Board campaign we are, so far as funds will permit, advantageously selling our resources abroad. However there is much to be done in selling the idea to our own citizenry; as you say publicity really ought to begin at home.

"I know that you will appreciate that this letter of commendation and good wishes should not be used in a sense that this State Department sponsors the improvement in any commercial direction."

Mott L. Bartlett, the efficient commissioner of the New Hampshire Department of Fisheries and Game, also expressed an idea that state publicity ought really to begin at home. He wrote:

"Replying to your letter of November 15, I have for a long time had a feeling that publicity and advertising of New Hampshire's natural resources ought to begin at home, in fact, I have often stated publicly that I believe if the first two years' money appropriated by the state for publicity purposes could have been spent in educating New Hampshire people as to what New Hampshire's assets are, that it would have been taking the greatest forward steps possible. Any agency that will accomplish or help accomplish acquainting our own people with our various activities, attractions and possibilities, can, I believe, do a great deal for the state."

The Parent-Teachers association are performing a splendid work in the educational field throughout the state and it was therefore especially gratifying to receive the following letter from the state president of that helpful organization, Mrs. S. Beatrice Libbey of Franklin:

"In reply to yours of November 14 relative to the GRANITE MONTHLY, may I express my hearty approval of such a splendid idea as you state in your letter.

"The New Hampshire Congress will be very happy to give its hearty co-operation and support to help carry out the plan as outlined. When New Hampshire people appreciate the beauties of the state and its history and talk it as do the people of California, there will be very few attractions left for California to talk about or else the Californian will have to practice talking faster than he does now which I do not believe is possible."

And from the head of the New Hampshire Forestry Department, John H. Foster, came another encouraging communication which further bolstered our opinion that we were on the right track:

"Your letter of November 15 was duly received. The GRANITE MONTHLY has

of course been a landmark in New Hampshire. In a way we people of New Hampshire come to think of it as an institution of long standing which is a part of us. Yet I really question whether it is rendering the service which it might along lines which meet the present day needs.

"Your purpose to project the magazine into the field of state publicity strikes me very favorably if the standards of publicity used are kept high. I admire your fourfold purposes and believe they will do much to benefit the GRANITE MONTHLY and serve the state in a larger way than it has been served before through this publication. Any contributions which the forestry department can make to it in the future will be gladly made. I wish you all success."

The head of the New Hampshire Bar association, George T. Hughes of Dover, wrote as follows:

"I have had occasion on several instances to examine the GRANITE MONTHLY and have been very much gratified at the way the magazine is published and the subjects treated therein. I quite agree with you that it serves a very useful purpose in New Hampshire's life and I very heartily endorse your efforts to make it a successful force in the state.

"While I have never been a subscriber, I should be very glad to subscribe for it and wish you increased success."

A novel proposal was contained in the cordial communication from the President of the New Hampshire Academy of Science, Professor John H. Gerould of Dartmouth College, Hanover:

"The new policy of the GRANITE MONTHLY seems to me a long step in advance. Managed with good taste and without sensationalism, the magazine will carry on an even more important service to the Commonwealth than during the last half-century.

"Personally I think that a change of name to one which would include both New Hampshire and Vermont would bring about a much larger circulation and furnish much more interesting subject matter through the greater variety offered in the wider field. Both states

are, of course, small and closely united east of the mountains.

"Distances of course are now enormously shortened by the automobile and airplane. Enlarging the unit as suggested would help widen the appeal which the MONTHLY should have over the whole country."

John F. Griffin, Commissioner of the New Hampshire Motor Vehicle Department, expressed his interest in the state magazine as follows:

"This will acknowledge your letter of inquiry relative to your proposed change in the policy of the GRANITE MONTHLY and personally I think you are on the right track. You will deserve credit for your efforts and if there is anything that I can consistently do for you do not hesitate to call upon me."

Other leaders of public thought in New Hampshire expressed their sentiment concerning the proposed enlargement of the scope of the state magazine in various ways and we take great pride in adding the following endorsements of our new plan in the excerpts printed below:

HARRY L. ADDITION, *Secretary, The New Hampshire Bankers' Association*— "Very glad to know that new life is to be instilled into the GRANITE MONTHLY. It will not be amiss."

GEORGE C. CARTER, *Secretary, New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association*— "In furtherance of the GRANITE MONTHLY idea and all that it represents we are right with you one hundred per cent."

FRANCIS W. CROOKER, *Publisher, Monadnock Breeze, Fitzwilliam*— "What I have heard about your improvements upon this 'Ancient Mariner' are pleasing."

ANDREW CHRISTIE, *President, New Hampshire Poultry Grocers' Association*— "Such a publication cannot fail to be very useful and beneficial to New Hampshire."

F. W. HARTFORD, *Publisher, The Portsmouth Herald*— "I shall be glad

to do what I can to boost the GRANITE MONTHLY."

J. H. HEPLER, *Assistant Horticulturist, University of New Hampshire*—"I have always thought that the GRANITE MONTHLY was a wonderful way of advertising the State of New Hampshire and that it, as much as anything, ought to stimulate local pride and state patriotism."

GRACE W. HOSKINS, *Corresponding Secretary, New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs*—"Your plan of publicity for state organizations through your magazine seems one that should prove of mutual benefit."

JAMES R. IRWIN, *Secretary, Winnipesaukee Motor Boat Association*—"I think that such a monthly, that will, besides the regular news, try and wake up our state pride and describe what we have to sell, will be doing a service that will be well paid for."

AGNES C. NORTON, *Secretary, New Hampshire Library Association*—"I

think your new purpose is excellent and should meet with approval by various organizations and individuals in the state."

ROLLAND H. SPAULDING, *Former Governor of New Hampshire*—"If it would be possible for you to get a very wide circulation, no doubt it would be helpful to New Hampshire."

JOHN W. STORRS, *Chairman, New Hampshire Public Service Commission*—"The new purpose of the GRANITE MONTHLY magazine, to which you refer, should appeal most heartily to the whole people of New Hampshire."

ROBERT E. THOMAS, *Manager, New Hampshire Automobile Association*—"We believe that the purposes for which your new policy stands are commendable and that the more of this sentiment that surrounds publicity in state-wide work, just so much greater will be the effectiveness of the publicity."

We are grateful.

Trees in Winter

MINNIE MABEL MARSH

Don't you love the trees in Winter

When They're loaded with soft snow?

When the sun shines full upon them

Just see how they seem to glow,

With the azure sky behind them,

A symphony in white and blue

And the dark tree trunks for accent—

I just love the trees—don't you?

Vignettes of a Vagabond

HARRY ELMORE HURD

HENRY BESTON, lover of the seven purple seas, writing to his poet-friend, affectionately calls his "Gallant Vagabonds" "the poets of adventure." Most of us, for reasons pecuniary to ourselves, follow the gentle John Greenleaf Whittier who seldom travelled beyond his own beautiful county. Ralph Waldo Emerson asks, "*Why seek Italy? Who cannot circumnavigate the sea of thoughts and things at home, but still adjourn the nearest matters for a thousand days?*" One with a dash of poetry in his nature may experience the wanderlust that stirred the veins of John Ledyard and Arthur Rimbaud, without leaving his study window. I have seen the Alps above a neighbor's dingy roof.

Turn to one of life's prosaic experiences, a dinner engagement. How far removed are gastronomic anticipations from the quest of beauty? (Not that one who has heard the halloo of a New Hampshire guide, calling one to a feast of fresh trout and vile bread has any desire to minimize the physical pleasures of life, but not even a prospective game dinner moves one to tear his hair [as poets are supposed to do] and pen poetry.) Yankee fashion, I was hurrying to dinner along a granolithic walk. Suddenly a revelation of sheerest loveliness thrust through from the world beyond the physical. It arrested me like a sentry at the gate of a French city during the World War. A dozen yellow pines flamed darkly against the night, yearning upward like lofty aspirations. Through them a new moon fell silvery upon a quivering patch of lake. I stopped, retreated to a vantage point and

opened the gates of life widely. Early stars winked shyly down upon me. Thoreau was right when he drawled, in the face of widespread financial panic, "*Moonshine is the only thing that is permanent after all.*"

Life is full of divine surprises. It was the borderland of day. I dismounted, turning my Morgan free to browse the tender grass beneath the hemlocks. Stretched full length upon the wine-stained soil I watched the pageantry of dying hours. Argosies of silver sails rose against a mauve west. Silence sat with me. Old Tiger wiggled his ears. He was hearing something too still for human ears to recognize. I crept to his side and fed him lumps of sugar to keep him quiet. Pat, pat, pat. Pat, pat, pat. A fox, red-brown and sly, came towards us and stopped twenty feet away. He lifted one paw and searched my face inquisitively. Several minutes passed, he turned to walk away from us. I whistled sharply, as one stops a dog. The fox halted a dozen times, turning, blinking and then walking away. He was swallowed in a patch of scrub oaks. I remained perfectly quiet, expecting his curiosity to bring him back to me. Looking out of the corner of my eye, as one may glimpse a star, I saw his pointed nose, his shoulders and then his tail. For one with the city still upon him to sight a fox within twenty minutes canter from his home is exhilarating like a golden goblet full of ancient wine.

Some persons may not crave the joy of trailing Mrs. Skunk. She came from the direction of a vireo who was spilling minor melodies upon the silver leaves. She wore a black evening cape with

trimmings clean and white. Closely following, in single file with nose to rump, came seven little skunks. They entered into the sport with zest. They filed into a clump of cat-o-nine-tails thinking it was an African jungle but quickly turned into the road again, followed by a poet. (at a respectable distance.)

One day a young heron staged a bit of bird drama upon a gray old wall by a pool. This young bird was trying to eat an eel. I laughed at his seriousness but the eel seemed to be entirely devoid of a sense of humor. At last the frightened bird winged out of sight with a foot of eel swaying like a rope from his beak. He was not so beautiful as a hawk I saw banked like a bar of bronze against the blue with a fish in his claws, looking like a hydroplane with pontoons high in air.

One does not need to travel to find beauty:

*Nature's rarest gifts are brought to us
If we have eyes to see the poetry of earth.*

Spring is the hour of anticipation. Maples blush like schoolgirls in the swamps. Interrupted ferns join hands and play "ring around the rosy" near the dusty roads. Clustered alder buds look like pickaninny fingers closed in prayer. Cumulus flocks come boiling over the horizon in answer to the silver trumpet of the Shepherd of the Hills, although in spring they do not boom like bombs and cause the shadows of the little pines to hug the whispering grass. The odor of spring is ravishing. All the hills stick apple trees in their buttonholes and troop towards town.

I recall one glad morning by a lake, watching Apollo, gleaming in Trojan gold, shooting feathers at the clouds, tickling them to make them run.

Summer is ushered in by rhodora ladies, dressed in magenta gowns. When

the cycle of days have brought their loveliness, one vagabonds to the borders of gay Loosestrife Land. Is there anything more entrancing than flowers, colorfully dressed like women at a crowded ball? Wander down a river bank where waters clasp green marshes in their wet embrace. Pickerel weed rises like blue prayers to heaven. Clematis entwines the sturdier plants with loveliness like men who attempt to "paint the lily." One giggles as he watches bashful jewel weeds blush and tremble at the slightest touch. Their mothers have evidently instructed them.

Autumn has a touch of sadness. One knows that the chilly days are near when birch trees don their yellow gowns and curtsy to the grim old pines, saying, "Good-bye, old shaggy locks, we are going on a long adventure." Autumn also hath its charms. Barberries hang coral dangles in their ears to rouge the pallor of their graying cheeks. Redheads cluster in convention on the hills, combing out their leaves abstractedly as they chat of Winter and plan to tour the strangest country underneath the sleepy stars, called twilight-zone. Unseen workers wax the sumac leaves and lift aloft a thousand torches that flame like Pentecostal tongues in manifestation of God's grace.

Often have I stretched my weary bones upon the earth and admired the hemlock trees with black capes on their shoulders. One day a cedar waxwing, perched high upon a swaying tree, said to a friend, "Pish, all this talk about skyscrapers making for congestion is mere catbird mewling!"

Bumble bees search the heart of old joe pye, believing that the quest of truth is sweet. Rank on rank of common little folk hold yellow banners in their hands upon which is inscribed in hieroglyphics of the land of Oskadoosh, "There is gold in soil for men who dig." Some-

times a vagrant moth, gray-cloaked and uniformed with quiggly brown, transports me over many worlds.

Being a lazy poet I do not vagabond much at dawn like Homer, glorifier of the "rosy-fingered morn", but often have I climbed to a vantage point as the dew-dampened sweetfern odors rose towards heaven like incense upon the far flung altars of the hills. Every vagabond knows that the commonest sunset transcends the beholder's golden dreams and mocks the powers of the wildest pen. As for me, I go in more for afterglows. Have you watched the highlights glimmer from the leaves? Whenever I watch a tree fling its foliage upon the surface of a lake, falling as delicately as black ink upon an oriental print, I wonder if the cold fish thrill with warmth when their goggle eyes detect the beauty etched upon the silent margin of the lake? Do they run away to tell some connoisseur of their good fortune as they tail across a weedy market place?

Winter comes to us wrapped up in a blue-white cloak. He always whistles like a boy who has played a prank. Tell

it not in Florida, much less in golden California, but I who hate the snow on my shovel and curse my aching back, am lost in wonderment as tons of duckling feathers flutter earthward to fill each bed with eider down. Each poet writes a "Snowbound" of his own as he looks out upon dooryard drifts like tombs of long forgotten kings. Birches sway like ostrich plumes and every swamp is fairyland, criss-crossed with the lacy patterns of a host of timid mice. A student of the languages notices a rabbit's eager sentences, dotted with a tail. Alas, the spread of owl wings upon the snow records the agonizing moments of a crime.

Wanderlust is best when one has mused a dozen miles and stops to tingle with the recollections of a whited world across whose blue-streaked bosom you have trailed alone. I wonder what a yearling doe must think when she first sees her virgin trail like thumb-ends in the dust of snow? I shall look into this.

All true men are Nomads in their hearts and all the world comes to our doors if we but fling the gates of life ajar and bid the gods of travel enter in.

Why?

FRANK E. PALMER

High on a lofty crag
 Over the sea we stood . . .
 Below us the heave and sag
 And the restlessness of the flood!

You placed your hand in mine;
 Was it because of fear? . . .
 Then why did your head recline
 On my shoulder, dear?

New Hampshire News Review

With the exception of
POLITICS Hillsborough county, New
Hampshire stood solidly
behind Herbert Hoover and Charles W.
Tobey, Republican candidates for presi-
dent and governor respectively, in the
election of November 6. A few over
200,000 votes were cast in the state, a
remarkable increase over the presidential
vote of 1924. In fact the outstanding
feature of the election was the unprece-
dented interest which the people of New
Hampshire and the country in general
showed in the 1928 election. The vote
in this state was increased by over
twenty percent.

Senator George Higgins Moses of
New Hampshire was in the limelight of
national politics during the entire cam-
paign. The exact status of the position
which he occupied in the Hoover organi-
zation was never fully disclosed but the
astute New Hampshire statesman can
undoubtedly claim much credit for the
Republican sweep throughout the eastern
states. Certain Massachusetts Republi-
can leaders who apparently were a little
chary of his leadership, may have oc-
casion, in the light of election happen-
ings, to wish that they had given Sen-
ator Moses full sway in the conduct of affairs
in the Bay State. It is not known just
how long the memory of the alleged
"hot stuff" letter will linger in the minds
of New Hampshire voters.

New Hampshire voted in favor of a
constitutional convention and that body
may be asked to simplify the present
method of submitting suggestions for a
change in the constitution. Professor
James P. Richardson of Hanover be-
lieves the Legislature should be em-
powered to submit proposed constitu-
tional amendments to the voters. Such

a question would undoubtedly provoke
an interesting debate, but it is rather
doubtful if the people of New Hamp-
shire desire to make easier the present
methods of changing the constitution.

An event of impor-
AGRICULTURE tance to agriculture
was the visit early
in November of a large group of New
Hampshire Grangers to Boston. They
spent the greater part of two days in
visiting such places of interest as pro-
duce centers, the Boston Terminal
Market, fruit auctions, wholesale milk
plants, a chain store warehouse, the
Quincy Market cold storage plant, the
fish pier and the commissary department
of a well-known restaurant system.
They returned home, impressed once
more with the importance of modern
methods in merchandising farm prod-
ucts. It is worthy of note that the New
Hampshire group of Grangers were the
first to inspect the new Boston Garden
atop the North Station.

The 34th Annual Fruit Show of the
New Hampshire Horticultural Society
was opened at the Concord Armory on
November 20 and thousands of visitors
were impressed by the size, quality and
beauty of the extensive display. The
show was continued through the 22nd
and horticulturists in attendance were
privileged to hear many splendid ad-
dresses by experts on fruit growing and
related subjects.

The annual meeting of the society was
held in connection with the exhibition at
which time the following officers were
elected: Robert M. Gordon, Goffstown,
president; Harold E. Hardy, Hollis,
vice-president; Alfred L. French, Hen-

niker, secretary and treasurer. At the closing session the horticulturists presented Governor Huntley N. Spaulding with a life membership in the association as a tribute of appreciation for the interest which he has taken in their work over a long period of years.

One feature of the annual meeting of the Horticultural Society was the explanation to leading fruit growers by George H. Whitcher of his complicated method of adjusting the damage which may be caused fruit trees by partridges. Mr. Whitcher has been named inspector of appeals for the State Board of Appeals which is made up of the Governor, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game Mott L. Bartlett and Commissioner of Agriculture Andrew L. Felker. Mr. Whitcher has evidently worked out a formula which will do much toward adjusting in an amicable manner the differences of opinion which have existed for many years between orchardists and sportsmen with relation to the amount of damage which partridges actually do to fruit trees. Moreover the primary intention of his formula is to fix the amount of damage and even the orchardists admit that under the present laws relative to such damage the formula will work better than any other method of adjustment yet devised.

At the annual meeting held on November 23 the Merrimack County Farm Bureau, which is made up of about 500 leading agriculturists in the county, voted to oppose vigorously any attempt to increase the present New Hampshire automobile registration fees. The organization voted to favor full maintenance of trunk line highways by the state, completion of missing sections in main highways and more funds for town classified highways. Joseph H. Moody of

East Concord was reelected president of the organization.

The annual meeting of
INDUSTRY the New Hampshire
Manufacturers' Association, held at the Carpenter Hotel in Manchester on November 9, provided something of an optimistic spirit to the industrial outlook in New Hampshire. The speakers included Governor Spaulding, Governor-elect Tobey, President George Hannauer of the Boston and Maine railroad and President Henry I. Harriman of the New England Power Company. Rowland Jacobs of Lebanon was reelected president of the association for his sixth consecutive term and in his opening message to the convention which was attended by over 250 members, predicted better business for railroads and for the textile industry as well. In fact this was the general trend of thought advanced by all the speakers.

President Harriman, head of the company which is promoting the forty million dollar power project at Littleton, predicted that New England will eventually settle down to a textile industry of about 10,000,000 spindles which will be devoted to high grade goods of cotton and woolen and all classes of fine silk and rayons. President Hannauer of the Boston and Maine asserted that the road had adopted a policy of preservation of its branch lines rather than abandonment as far as such a policy can be justified by the public use of such lines. The conference was one of the best which the association has conducted in its brief history of sixteen years.

New Hampshire was much interested in the formal opening of the new North Station in Boston on the night of November 13. Governor Spaulding was present to convey the congratulations of

the state; President Ernest Martin Hopkins of Dartmouth was present as a member of the board of directors and several New Hampshire men were included in the group of long-time employees who were honored by the road on that evening. New Hampshire people will have occasion to make great use of the splendid new station and its modern facilities for service to commuter and shipper alike.

Industry in New Hampshire has reason to feel optimistic over the worthwhile conference of the New England Council which was held in Portland, Me., on November 14 and 15. A group of nearly 100 New Hampshire leaders participated in the conference and voted favorably on the three year industrial development, advertising and publicity campaign for all New England which is expected to call for an annual expenditure of about \$300,000. Governor Spaulding and William Rossiter led the Granite State delegation to Portland.

The good news was made public during the latter part of November that the outlook for business in the Amoskeag Mills at Manchester was the brightest that it had been since 1922, that the names of 11,000 operatives were on the pay-roll and that night shifts employing between 1,000 and 2,000 hands are necessary to take care of the increased business.

A survey of existing manufacturing establishments in a number of typical New England cities was made recently and it shows conclusively that there has been a great spread in recent years of diversification among the cities where studies were made. Manchester, for instance, is manufacturing shoes, shoe machinery, paper and lumber products, cigars, dental products and a large num-

ber of other articles, where heretofore the Queen City has been noted chiefly for manufacture of cotton goods.

When, on November 13, the Public Service Commission of New Hampshire gave permission to the Grafton Power company to change the proposed dam site at Munroe, attention was once more directed to the mammoth forty million dollar project on the Fifteen Mile Fall stretch of the Connecticut river, an engineering accomplishment which will change the map of New Hampshire by wiping out several town sites and bring two great lakes, one twenty miles and the other twelve miles long, into existence. Over 1,200 men are now employed on the project and much of the material used in construction is being purchased in this state.

November brought to an end SPORTS the schedules of three outstanding New Hampshire football teams. The "Big Green" of Dartmouth was trounced by Harvard, Yale, Brown and Northwestern during a season which, at the start, had the earmarks of success. The team representing the University was far more successful than the 1927 club. New Hampshire lost only to Maine and Brown, but engaged in scoreless ties with Boston University, Tufts and Connecticut Aggies. But the state can boast of one championship team—Manchester high school. "The Little Green" as Coach McDonough's charges have come to be known, cleaned up every club it met and the schedule included the powerful Massachusetts outfits of Waltham and Brockton. Manchester High clearly established its right to the New England high school championship.

And the Manchester team will enjoy a trip to New York in consequence.

HUMAN INTEREST Mrs. Mary Ellen Burke, a 20-year old Dunbarton mother, died of burns at the county hospital in Grasmere on November 13. The young woman was alone in her home, the historic Stinson place, built in 1790, when fire broke out. She ran to the upper floor of the place to get her infant child and then fought her way out through the flames which had spread rapidly over the lower floor. She saved the life of the child but lost her own life in the heroic rescue.

Miss Anna Lamprey of Manchester, a sophomore at the University of New Hampshire, was awarded a medal in November for bravery, by the Massachusetts Humane society. The young lady took part in the rescue of three boys from drowning at the Manchester Y. M. C. A. camp at Baboosic lake last summer.

Albert W. Peacock of Milford is serving a term in jail rather than pay a fine imposed by the superior court for failure to permit his son to attend school. Peacock is a conscientious objector to vaccination and would not allow his son to be vaccinated. The boy was therefore refused admission to the schools of Milford and prosecution followed. Mr. Peacock conducted his own case in court.

New Hampshire and all New England looked in at the drama staged during the latter part of November in Meredith when the Keyser family were evicted by a court process from their old home on the road to Center Harbor about two miles outside the town. The stern sheriffs and their deputies set all the household belonging of the family by the roadside and finally the heartbroken group

was led from the place to the click of motion picture cameras. All's well that ends well however, for the owner of the place relented and following a conference with the conservator of the family, who was appointed by the court after the eviction process, announced that he would sell the place back to the Keyser family under a financial arrangement which was mutually satisfactory. So the Keyser family enjoyed the happiest Thanksgiving they had ever experienced under their own roof-tree and amid the congratulations of every lover of fair-play throughout New England.

A sea tragedy was enacted off Newcastle on November 19 when the large four-masted schooner, Camilla May Page, went ashore on a ledge at the entrance to Little Harbor, the first wreck of any consequence on the New Hampshire coast for a great many years. A firm of salvagers was engaged to save everything possible of value from the wrecked schooner but only a comparatively few tons of the coal cargo had been salvaged when heavy seas broke the schooner in pieces and the disaster was complete. The wreck was viewed by thousands. In fact the influx of visitors brought about the closing of Wild Rose lane, a road that led close to the scene of the wreck and thereby caused a dissension in the town of Newcastle which led to the calling of a special town meeting.

STATE CONVENTIONS AND CONFERENCES Eight leading women's organizations of New Hampshire co-operated in the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War which was held at the State House Senate Chamber, Concord on the afternoon of November 13. The general

chairman and convener of the conference was Martha S. Kimball of Portsmouth and the principal speaker was Louis P. Benezet, Manchester superintendent of schools. The conference was called for the purpose of standing back of Secretary Kellogg and his Multilateral Treaty and the conference passed a resolution pledging active support to that document and the principles back of it. Superintendent Benezet expressed the belief that schools were not giving a satisfactory training for world peace and in the course of an interesting and virile address stated that the majority who favor war, wear uniforms and something to the effect that "salutes are more intoxicating than alcohol."

It so happened that the next day, November 14, the annual conference of post commanders and adjutants was held in the general committee rooms at the State House in Concord. It seems that officially and unofficially the proceedings of the previous day's conference were discussed and more particularly some of the remarks of the principal speaker. At the Legion conference Edward L. White of New Haven, Conn., national vice-commander of the American Legion stated that it was the inherent right of every nation to defend itself and provide adequate means for defense. In fact the conference passed resolutions to this effect and endorsing the Armistice Day demand of President Coolidge for reasonable increase in the army and navy.

Echoes and reverberations of the two conferences extended down even to November 22 when Col. Knabenshue of Manchester, speaking at a Rotary Club dinner in Dover, took issue with a "prominent educator" who had stated that "salutes are more intoxicating than alcohol" and gave his reasons for his different opinion.

The annual convention of the drug clerks of New Hampshire was held at the Carpenter Hotel, Manchester, on November 15 and proved to be one of the finest in the series which have been held. The program was in charge of a committee of the New Hampshire State Pharmaceutical Association and proved not only instructive to the clerks in attendance but most enjoyable as well.

The Council of Churches of Christ in New Hampshire conducted a two days Religious Conference in Manchester on November 15 and 16 at which outstanding addresses were made by President Edward M. Lewis of the University of New Hampshire and the Rev. E. Talmadge Root, secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches. Rev. E. T. Cook, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Concord was elected president of the council to succeed Rev. Rodney W. Roundy of Laconia. The resolutions adopted, which among other things call for the co-operation of denominations either through a community church or an agreement among denominational leaders in the state to abandon successively the control of territory to each other, have been universally commended by the press of New Hampshire.

According to the report of the religious census in New Hampshire, taken in 1926 and just published by the Department of Commerce, the membership in churches of this state increased from 210,734 to 223,674 in the decade between 1916 and 1926. While the membership has increased the number of church societies has decreased from 887 to 821, an indication that the attempt of church leadership to secure greater efficiency through co-operation in over-churched

communities has been successful. The census may be said to show real progress in the churches of New Hampshire.

Ernest W. Butterfield, EDUCATION Commissioner of Education, on November 24th, notified all school superintendents throughout the state of the activities of two publishing companies which have been making use of the schools in conducting circulation campaigns in various communities. Mr. Butterfield states that although the companies in question have in several instances, with or without the permission of school authorities, gotten access to a number of schools, he is opposed to the plan and gives his reasons in detail.

Evidently Mr. Butterfield's views are not shared by the educational authorities in Massachusetts, for in Townsend, the home town of Governor Huntley N. Spaulding, the pupils of the high school have just finished a subscription campaign in which the town was thoroughly combed for prospects and nearly \$100 added to the school fund.

Dr. Samuel Drury, rector of the famous St. Paul's school in Concord, in his recent annual report states that St. Paul's "scholastic aims and methods need to be overhauled." Thus does this eminent educator make it plain that St. Paul's school intends to keep fully abreast of the times as far as educational trends are concerned. He believes that his school should "fearlessly embody the best in all present day findings" after a thorough study of every trend of modern education no matter how "progressive." Dr. Drury is not partial towards "surveys by visiting experts," but prefers the "regular presence on a staff of one or two pedagogical seers, whose main concern would be the investigation of an

reporting on the ideals and methods of modern schools both abroad and at home."

F. A. Putnam, head of the AVIATION Marlborough Machine Company of Keene, has become air-minded to the extent that he has purchased a plane for commercial purposes. Mr. Putnam was not content with an ordinary plane so in mid-November he purchased from Robert Stephens Fogg of the Concord airport, the famous Waco biplane, "New Hampshire" with which "Bob" made his noteworthy trip to Greenley Island with a news photographer to secure pictures of the Bremen flyers. Mr. Putnam did not purchase the plane until he had made a business trip of nearly 3,000 miles with Fogg as his pilot. The Keene man intends to use the plane in his business and it is probable that his daughter, Miss Doris Putnam who is a pupil of Fogg and New Hampshire's first girl aviator, will also use the famous plane.

In late November Woodman Park in Dover was set apart by the park commissioners of that city as a municipal airport. The tract of land comprises about 13 acres and is situated in the southwestern section of the city. A few days after this action on the part of the city authorities the commissioners concerned were served with an injunction secured by residents of that section of the city adjacent to Woodman Park compelling them to stop temporarily the activities of the flyers. The petitioners objected to the flying field on the ground that it endangered their property and furthermore prevented the use of the tract of land for purposes for which it was originally intended.

Proving that progress always meets with opposition.

STATE
PROGRESS

Announcement was made at Grafton on November 11 of the sale of the Rutgers mica mines, considered the best in the world, to the J. B. Preston Company of Granville, N. Y. The company intends to operate the mines on a large scale, even to the extent of reclaiming mica which was dumped years ago as being of no value. It is expected that eventually fifty men will be employed at the mines which means a new era of prosperity for the little town of Grafton.

Great numbers of people in northern New Hampshire will be benefited by the opening of the new \$70,000 Whitcomb steel bridge which links Dalton, N. H. and Gilman, Vt. The dedication exercises took place on the afternoon of November 12. Other towns which will be benefited by the new bridge are Lunenburg and St. Johnsbury on the Vermont side and Whitefield and Littleton sections of New Hampshire.

MUSIC
AND
ART

It was announced the first of November that the winners in the second annual state audition contest held in conjunction with the national Atwater-Kent audition, were Miss Germaine C. Ducharme, soprano, of Manchester and Arthur Holmgren, baritone, of Concord. The contest was held at Tilton and there were fourteen contestants representing all sections of New Hampshire.

STATE
SERVICE

Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding called attention to this particular topic when on November 11 he, as a business man, summed up his ideas concerning the manner in which business of the state is conducted in the following sentence: "It is my conviction that New Hampshire is

very fortunate in the type of men it has been able to secure for public officials, particularly in view of the relatively small salaries that the state can afford to pay." The governor says that New Hampshire department heads are not only conscientious and faithful, "but the average of ability in the New Hampshire state government is high." In conclusion the governor calls attention to the fact that it is very important to learn the facts before attacking the policies and acts of a state department or a public official. A prominent state paper editorially endorses the statement of the governor with relation to the quality of state service that is being rendered by department heads and says: "Coming from Governor Spaulding at this time, while official dereliction in a state department is still fresh in the public mind, the statement takes on added significance."

While the statement of the Governor is reassuring the facts, as he states them are appreciated by a large majority of the citizens of New Hampshire. It seems that the general reaction to the unfortunate Pillsbury episode which certain of the state press apparently like to keep very much alive, is one of sympathy rather than antagonism. It appears to be a matter that lies beyond ordinary comprehension and there the average citizen is willing to let it remain.

Public sentiment does not seem to have been so tolerant in the case of the councilors who were warned by the chief executive with regard to their several expense accounts and harkened unto the warning. The recent gesture of the councilors in question who apparently believe they can substantiate their own heavy accounts by comparing them with the personal expense accounts of the division engineers of the highway department, will probably not tend to lessen the criticism. The recent unfortu-

nate episodes will not disturb the faith of the people of New Hampshire in the quality of public service rendered by department heads any more than the faith of the people in Herbert Hoover was disturbed by the scurrilous pre-election stories which were circulated concerning the great American who is now our president-elect.

Since November 14 when the ROADS New Hampshire delegates to the New England Council conference at Portland discussed among themselves the road situation in the Granite State, the subject has proven one of universal interest in New Hampshire. We learn of late that Governor Spaulding is to make this topic the chief subject of his exaugural address to the Legislature of 1929 and that he is having a careful audit made of the books of the State Highway Department for the purpose of procuring facts relative to the disbursement of state funds for highway projects. Agricultural organizations are taking cognizance of the increased interest in roads and on every

hand proponents and opponents of bond issues and "pay-as-you-go" policies are advancing their several arguments.

But always there remains one fact and no one sees it more plainly than the present chief executive—more hard surface roads mean an additional expense and where is the revenue coming from? People are prone to forget that bond issues carry an annual interest charge and that certain sums have to be set aside yearly to retire the bonds. Where do the opponents of the governor's plan expect to secure the revenue with which to pay the interest on several million dollars' worth of bonds and with which to retire the bonds eventually by paying a certain amount on the principal yearly? Obviously some new sources of revenue will have to be uncovered if this plan is put into effect. It is certain that you can't tax citizens beyond their capacity to pay and in many towns that condition is rapidly being approached. Let some one answer. If you don't raise the money by the method suggested by Governor Spaulding where is the revenue coming from?

Divorce

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

His going scarcely rippled the routine,
 A knife and fork, a sheet or two the less
 Were all that made the difference between
 Contentment and abiding loneliness.
 Her house remains as neat, her head as high,
 But underneath the subtle hurt she masks,
 The wick that was her heart is drained and dry
 And tasks that once were symbols are but tasks.
 The garden's just as gay, the weeds as sparse—
 Her cakes and pies still crown the pantry shelf,
 But though her brain continues the bleak farce,
 She fools but few and least of all herself;

Forever in the cupboard she must hide
 The lovely broken fragments of her pride.

A Giant Sun in New Hampshire Skies

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

VALES and hills are white with snow. Winter reigns again. Brooks are chained by ice. The air is chilling. Nature sleeps again. The sunshine does not warm. After sunset a colder chill is felt. Night has come. We choose to be indoors rather than to be out of doors. But if we remain indoors, we miss something. Out of doors the stars in New Hampshire's darkened skies are sparkling brightly, gloriously.

We leave our comfortable fireside. We go outdoors and stand beneath New Hampshire's bright and glorious stars. So many stars are glittering above us that the firmament seems to tremble. We look towards the south. Here we behold the most spectacular part of this sidereal exhibition. Here gleams the red eye of Aldebaran in Taurus. Near Aldebaran there shines the small, famous cluster of the Pleiades. And below red Aldebaran the constellation of Orion—grand Orion!

Orion is too conspicuous a constellation not to be found easily. It sparkles brilliantly amid the "Chambers of the South." Orion is situated close to the western side of the dim and glimmering Milky Way. It possesses two suns of the first magnitude. Between these two suns we see three less noticeable stars in a row. These three suns are called the "belt-stars." The lower one of Orion's first magnitude suns is Rigel, sparking like a sidereal diamond. The upper sun, above the "belt-stars", gleams with a reddish color. It is *Betelgeuse*.

Red Betelgeuse of the constellation Orion is indeed a gigantic sun. Red Antares of the constellation Scorpio is

more gigantic but Betelgeuse is big enough. Astronomers have calculated its diameter at about 215,000,000 miles. This should be compared with our own sun's diameter, about 864,000 miles. Our earth's diameter is only 7,918 miles. Two hundred and fifteen million miles in diameter! Were Betelgeuse to take the place of our own sun, its fiery surface would extend beyond the orbit of the earth.

Furthermore, the circumference of red Betelgeuse would be approximately 675,000,000 miles. Our earth's circumference is about 25,000 miles. If an aeroplane could travel without stopping, at 100 miles per hour, it would complete a journey around Betelgeuse in approximately eight centuries. And to obtain the surface-area of a body we need only to multiply its circumference by its diameter. To find the surface-area of Betelgeuse, we multiply 675,000,000 miles by 215,000,000 miles. This gives us about 145,000,000,000,000,000 square miles! Certainly red Betelgeuse is a super-gigantic sun. We should compare these 145 *quadrillion* of square miles with the 197 *million* square miles of our terrestrial surface-area. Of course we could continue such comparisons. We could obtain the cubical contents or volume of Betelgeuse; but what we have already stated indicates sufficiently that the Alpha of Orion is a stupendous sun of night.

There are many other interesting statistics respecting this huge star. It is distant from New Hampshire about 190 light years, more than 1,000,000,000,000,000 miles away. Its actual luminosity approximates 3,000 times greater than

our own sun. However Betelgeuze is not *particularly* a hot sun. Our own sun is twice as hot. Nevertheless, most of us would think that a temperature of 5,400 degrees, Fahrenheit, is hot enough.

Such is Betelgeuze of the constellation of Orion. One of the most stupendous stars in our own universe, in the other

universes. Its reddish rays do not indicate how super-stupendous is this sun. In the starlit firmament, when vales and hills are white with snow, when winter reigns again over the old Granite State, we see and admire red Betelgeuze, like the shepherds of old saw and admired this sun of night.

Boost Your Community

LUELLA D. VAN DUSEN

There's a beauty of the ocean
 And a beauty of the land,
 The good Lord spread His canvas
 With a very lavish hand.
 Then into human nature
 An active longing wove;
 There's something radically wrong
 With the man who wouldn't rove.
 But you needn't cross the ocean
 In lands afar to roam:
 Just back out the old fliwyer
 And look around at home.

We have Switzerland's snow-clad
 mountains
 And India's jungle bogs,
 And even on occasion
 We can furnish London fogs.
 We have Scotland's far-famed mountain
 lakes
 And Africa's desert sands;
 We have Japan's cherry blossoms
 And Russia's tablelands.
 Whatever 'tis you'd rather see
 Across the ocean wide,
 You'll find in good old U. S. A.—
 (Consult the tourists' guide.)

Maine has her rugged seacoast,
 Vermont her mountain trails,
 Minnesota, her ten thousand lakes,
 Wisconsin has her dales,
 Florida has her Everglades,
 New York, her waterfall,
 Washington has her climate;
 New Hampshire boasts them all.
 Somewhere on your travels
 You'll find folks of every nation,
 And if you really want to shop,
 We have Paris' last creation.

Nor need you go across the seas
 To find a health resort;
 We've climate here to suit your taste
 And baths of every sort.
 In recreation and in sports
 We're Johnny-on-the-spot,—
 Skate or ski or curl or golf
 Or race or fish or yacht,
 Or climb our Alpine mountains:—
 So when you just must roam,
 Why not get acquainted
 With the land that you call "Home?"



AMOSKEAG VETERANS IN SEMI-CENTENNIAL PARADE AT MANCHESTER
ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1896.

Fragments of Military History

FRED W. LAMB

(Continued from November Number)

CHAPTER III

It is our belief that the story of how the First New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War left for the front in 1861 and how the First New Hampshire in the Spanish War also left, might prove of interest to our readers. When the news was received that Fort Sumpter had been fired upon on April 12, 1861, the whole state of New Hampshire was aflame with patriotism in a moment. Upon President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers being received, the Adjutant General issued the necessary orders and recruiting offices were opened at once in all the principal cities of the state, New Hampshire being called upon to furnish one regiment.

In Manchester, the excitement was instantaneous, universal and intense. Party, sect, and caste were all alike forgotten, as was age and sex. Everywhere there was no discordant note, but all joined in the sentiment "The Union it must and shall be preserved." The following day being Sunday, the subject was taken up in every pulpit in the city. Nothing else was talked of in the homes, the shops, the mills and on the streets. Numerous flags were thrown to the breeze from windows and housetops.

The common council, early in the week, passed the following resolution: Resolved, by the Mayor, Aldermen and common council, that His Honor the Mayor be authorized to immediately put up a flagstaff over the city hall and to procure two flags of the United States. That he cause one flag to be run up on

the flagstaff over city hall and the other to be placed on the liberty pole in Merrimack Square. That these flags be kept there until they are recognized as the national emblem over our whole country, and be not lowered until every state marches under them and keeps steps to the music of the Union.

J. C. Abbott, Adjutant General of the state, John L. Kelly and Hollis O. Dudley, all of whom made for themselves splendid military records, immediately offered their services to Governor Goodwin and their offer was accepted. Mr. Kelly, assisted by Mr. Dudley, commenced enlisting volunteers and in seven days had raised 131 recruits in Manchester, they going to Concord on April 27, to join the First Regiment.

On Wednesday evening, April 17, the Abbott Guards, a local military organization, held an enthusiastic meeting, being addressed by Gen. J. C. Abbott and Major Henry O. Kent. The following day, after a parade, they offered their services to the government and were mustered in by Hon. Frederick Smyth on April 22. They started for Concord, 77 in number, the next day, with colors flying and escorted to the depot by the Mechanics Phalanx. The ladies, who had offered their services to aid in preparing their outfit, waved their handkerchiefs and the sidewalks crowds greeted them with rousing cheers.

Capt. John L. Kelly and his recruits were drawn up in line in front of the city hall and they greeted the departing company with salutes and cheers. All the job teams of the city had been press-

ed into service to carry the baggage and they followed the procession, all the teams being decorated with the national colors. The Manchester Cornet Band, Walter Dignam, leader, was at the head of the line.

The Abbott Guards were presented by Capt. B. C. Kendall, on behalf of Torrent Hand Engine Company, No. 5 with a beautiful silk flag and the ladies presented Capt. Knowlton of the company, a bible and a diary. Many members of the company were presented with revolvers by their friends. As the cars left the depot, carrying the company to Concord, men, women and children united in cheering. The operatives in the mills waved greetings from the windows, the workmen of the machine shops and Mechanics' Row formed in lines on the tracks sending up hurrah after hurrah and the city was in a patriotic commotion during the entire day. The Guards camped upon the fair grounds at Concord and were the first armed organization on the field.

The Irish race were promptly on hand to show their colors, and at a meeting held in Brown's hall, 125 men adopted the name of the Manchester Irish Battalion and signified their readiness to defend the old flag. The Germans, though not as numerous, were not far behind the Irish and fifty of them also announced the same purpose. Many of the boys from the Amoskeag Machine Shops recruited in the Abbott Guards under Capt. John L. Kelly. Twenty-five more, however, met and organized a military company to be known as the Amoskeag Rifle Company, on which occasion several of the members were presented with revolvers by their admiring friends.

Under the inspiration of Capt John N. Bruce, another company known as the Mechanics' Phalanx was organized here

and went to Camp Constitution at Portsmouth with over seventy men.

What was true in Manchester, was true all over the state, and soon bodies of troops were arriving in Concord in large numbers. The Hon. Mason W. Tappan was commissioned as Colonel and he commenced the task of whipping the various bodies into shape. From May 1, to 4th, the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States. The state uniformed and equipped the officers, and supplied the regiment with tents and camp equipage of every description. Medical stores, surgical instruments and provisions of all kinds were provided sufficient to enable the men to support themselves for weeks if necessary. The baggage train consisted of sixteen four-horse baggage wagons and a two-horse ambulance, all being built by Lewis Downing & Sons of Concord.

On the morning of May 25, the regiment "fell in" marched to the depot in Concord and boarded the train for the seat of war. It required eighteen passenger cars and a like number of freight cars to transport the regiment. Touching scenes were enacted at the depot before the train left and brief halts were made at Manchester and Nashua where similar scenes took place. It is a fact especially interesting to Amoskeag readers that Col. Thomas L. Livermore was a private soldier in Company F, of this regiment. He will be remembered as a former agent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

THE BOYS OF 1898

President William McKinley issued his proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers for the war with Spain on April 23, 1898. Upon its being received in New Hampshire, the Governor and Council had to decide what regiment of the National Guard should be sent.

There were then three regiments of eight companies each in the state service. Their choice fell on the Third New Hampshire under Col. Robert H. Rolfe of Concord. In order to fill up the regiment to the twelve companies required it was decided to take two companies from the Second Regiment and two companies from the First Regiment of which one was to be the Sheridan Guards, Company B, of Manchester.

The response from all over the state was immediate and most gratifying and the enthusiasm of the Sheridans when it became known that they were to go, knew no bounds. Their orders were received and the company left Manchester for Concord on Friday, May 6, 1898. It is safe to say that no such ovation was ever given before in the city of Manchester as they received on that beautiful May morning.

The children of all the schools, both public and parochial were lined up on Elm street to witness the scene. A parade was formed, the escort consisting of all the local militia companies, five in number, besides the battery, the Manchester Cadets, the High School Cadets, the Hibernian Rifles, the Knights of St. John, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, St. Paul's C. T. A. & M. B. society, the Knights of Columbus, the Sheridan Veterans association and the Amoskeag Veterans, which traversed the principal streets and led the way to the depot.

The Amoskeag Veterans, the High School Cadets and the City Band accompanied the Sheridans to Concord. The company was under the command of Capt. William Sullivan. Two sections of the First Light Battery fell out of the parade, when Central street was reached and retired to the vacant lot where the childrens' gardens of the Amoskeag Textile Club were located and

fired a salute of thirteen guns as the Sheridans marched towards the depot.

From this time on Col. Rolfe was getting the regiment into shape and its official title became the First New Hampshire. Finally, on Tuesday, May 17, the orders were given at 10 o'clock a. m., to "fall in" and after a short parade in Concord the regiment proceeded to the depot to entrain for the front. It took three trains to convey the troops south and a howling, cheering and almost uncontrolled crowd greeted the various trains as they pulled into the Manchester railroad depot. The first train halted for a few minutes but the second and third only slowed up in passing through. It might be said with truth that Manchester was at the highest pitch of excitement and continued to be thoroughly interested and patriotic during the war.

As the story of the organization and departure for the front of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Infantry in 1861 has already been detailed above it may be of interest to repeat the story as it relates to the First New Hampshire Light Battery and its leaving for the seat of war, this event taking place on October 30, 1861.

This battery, the first and only organization of the kind furnished by the State of New Hampshire during the whole course of the Civil War, was the outcome of an idea which occurred to Captain Samuel Webber, agent of the Manchester Print Works, and it was brought into existence through his efforts, seconded by Lieuts. Frederick M. Edgell and E. H. Hobbs. The Governor and Council placed the whole matter in the hands of Captain Webber, he being the only man in the whole state throughly posted in artillery practice, of organizing, equipping and fitting them out except in the one article of buying horses.

Acting in concert with the Governor

and Council he contracted with Alger's Foundry of South Boston for the guns, four rifled six pounders and two twelve pound howitzers, six ammunition wagons, one traveling forge, one battery wagon, carrying spare tools and materials for repairs and a complete outfit of things needed such as tarpaulins, saddlers' and wheelwrights' tools, leather buckets, etc. The Abbott firm of Concord built four baggage wagons and James M. Hill of the same city made the harnesses. The guns were made of bronze and the men were also armed with sabers.

The battery numbered 155 men and they belonged chiefly in the city of Manchester and they were recruited in August. After the men were enlisted they went into camp on what was known as the "old fair ground." This was situated at the north end of Elm street upon a large plateau which was owned by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and which had been reserved by them as a fair ground, race course, etc.

The horses for the organization were bought by Fogg, Nichols & Fling, stable keepers of Manchester, under the immediate direction of Councillor Currier. The number required was 126 and under this method they were all easily secured. The average weight was about 1050 pounds each, and they were secured at a reasonable price to the state. In a short time after going into camp the men reached an excellent degree of skill in maneuvers, every man seeming to know his place and business and the work being done with promptness. They were mustered into the United States service on the 26th of September and were at that time under good discipline and constant drill.

The members of the battery were all anxious that Captain Webber should go as their leader, but from the nature of

his business of course that was out of the question. Acting under his advice, they employed Lieut. George A. Gerrish, of Cobb's Battery of Boston, as a drill-master and on Monday, September 6, they unanimously elected him captain. The other commissioned officers elected were Frederick M. Edgell and Edwin H. Hobbs, first lieutenants and John Wadleigh and Henry F. Condict, second lieutenants. Samuel S. Piper was appointed first sergeant on May 10, 1864. Lieut. E. H. Hobbs was presented with a fine Morgan horse by his friends in the Amoskeag yard, the presentation speech being made by Mr. J. B. Straw. The boys had considerable practice at target shooting, going to Massabesic lake in order to reach a suitable place to try their skill in handling the guns. On October 2, they are reported as having fired thirty Shenkl shot, six Shenkl shells and six round shot. In their zeal to do good work, on one of these occasions upon which they went to Massabesic lake, they practiced firing at a piece of white rock on the other side of the lake. Some of the guns were depressed too much and the shell ricocheted on the water and went far beyond the lake into what is known as Sucker village in Auburn. In a short time a man on horseback came rushing over to where the guns were placed and though frightened almost to death, managed to inform the captain that "his round shot had ploughed a hole in a man's dooryard big enough to bury his whole ox team." The boys ceased firing at once, limbered up and returned to camp. Mr. W. P. Farmer has presented the Manchester Historic Association with one of these shot which was fired at Massabesic during this target practice.

While on their way home to camp from this target practice the boys met with their first accident. In crossing

what was known as "the old rye field" at the south end of the city, one of the gun carriages became overturned and one man, Frank E. Demeritt had the misfortune to get caught under the limber chest and his leg was badly broken.

The camp at this time presented a most comfortable appearance as their tents were provided with stoves and the smoke seen rising from the tent peaks gave a very homelike aspect to the place.

On October 29, at about 4 p. m., the boys broke camp and left the field which had been their home so long, and gave a parade through the principal streets with their guns, baggage and all their paraphernalia peculiar to that arm of the service, escorted by the New Boston band and the so-called "Stark Artillery" from the same town. The parade was said to have made a most imposing and wholly satisfactory appearance. Just before it became dark they took up their quarters in Merrimack square and the men were all dismissed for the night to pay a farewell visit to their families and friends.

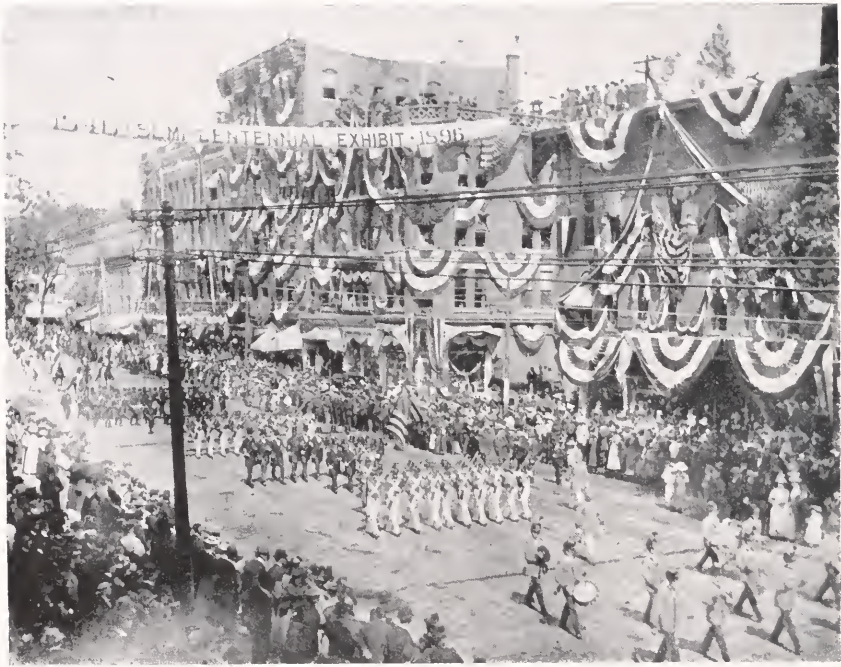
The next morning, October 30, 1861, their camp on the common was crowded with their parents, brothers and sisters, wives, children and friends to give them a last good-by. Many people from all the neighboring towns came into Manchester to see the battery take their departure and Elm street was lined with spectators during all this time waiting to see them move.

At about half past ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 30th they took up their line of march for Nashua, where they were to entrain. They were escorted out of the city by a cavalcade of citizens some of whom went clear to Nashua with them. The march to Nashua was pleasant and they arrived there a little past three o'clock in the afternoon.

They had one or two slight accidents on the way but nothing really serious. All along the route they were greeted with cheers and evidences of their welcome in the way of refreshments such as apples, pies, etc., which were very acceptable.

They marched through Main street escorted by a cavalcade of 100 or more from Manchester and Nashua, headed by Captain Daniel Fiske, to the Pearl street house, thence to Market square where they unlimbered and the men were quartered at the Pearl street and Indian Head houses. At eight o'clock they boarded the cars for Worcester. During the parade the streets were lined with spectators both old and young. Main street seemed to be one moving mass, the housetops were covered and all the windows and balconies were crowded with ladies, all eager to see the First New Hampshire Light Battery and to wave a testimonial of their respect to noble men going to the scene of danger. Shouts of welcome greeted the company and every one had a smile and a word of cheer for each and all. The men composing the command were exceptional, and being so well known the organization left the state with a great deal of pride and as it stood it was a lasting compliment to the patriotic efforts of Captain Webber.

Without any mishaps they reached Washington and at once went into camp of instruction on the flat lands to the east of the capitol. Owing to the fact that their new guns were fitted for the James projectile, an article not used by the United States government, they were obliged to turn them in at the arsenal, receiving again in exchange ten pound Parrots. Once again, before they saw any active service, they had to exchange their guns, the second time they being given six twelve pound howitzers, which they used during the war.



MANCHESTER CADETS IN SEMI-CENTENNIAL PARADE AT MANCHESTER
ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1896

The boys felt badly at losing their guns at the time, but after seeing some service they soon understood the total impossibility of providing ammunition for any uncommon kind of gun; and they also experienced the uncomfortable feeling of being within reach of the enemy without a sufficient supply—it always making one feel good to be able to retaliate in kind.

CHAPTER IV

The Manchester War Veterans were organized May 9, 1866, a year after the close of the Civil War. At that time the military spirit of the state was resting on its laurels, as the former uniformed military companies were mostly broken up by their members enlisting for the war. The old militia law, however, was still in force, and the annual "May training" with its "Slambang" companies was still in evidence. The veterans from the war, after a year's rest from marches, pickets, drill and camp, began to turn their thoughts toward the old familiar musket and accoutrements and all the old associations of camp life.

It was suggested at a gathering of a few old soldiers that a military company composed entirely of veterans of the Civil War be organized. The idea was popular and rapidly spread and in a short time the names of one hundred and fifty-four veterans were on the muster rolls. About this time the old militia law of the state was revamped and the company became Company I of the First Regiment, New Hampshire State Militia. The state furnished the arms and equipments and the members of the company procured a handsome uniform.

William H. Maxwell, who had served five years in the 10th Infantry, U. S. A., and as captain in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers during the war, was

chosen captain of the new company on May 9, 1866. He was soon promoted to be lieutenant colonel of the First regiment, New Hampshire State Militia. A new captain had to be elected and the choice fell on David A. Worthley, who had served as first lieutenant and adjutant of the Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers during the war, he being chosen on Sept. 24, 1866.

Captain William R. Patten, who had been a captain in the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers succeeded him on May 27, 1867, but he was promoted to be major and inspector of rifle practice of the First Brigade, New Hampshire State Militia in February, 1868. Lieut. Timothy W. Challis was then chosen captain; serving until December, 1868. There seems to be a hiatus after this until March, 1870, when James M. House was made captain, and served five years. In April, 1875, George H. Dodge succeeded him, he also serving five years.

By this time, 1881, the veterans had mostly become too old for active military duty with the state militia, so they withdrew and reorganized as an independent company, receiving a charter and arms and an annual appropriation of \$100 a year for armory rent from the state of New Hampshire. David A. Paige, the last captain while in the state militia, was at once elected captain of the independent company, serving in that capacity until October, 1883.

From then on the commanding officers have been as follows: John J. Dillon, four years; Samuel Cooper, one year; Joseph Freschl, one year; Michael Hanberry, one year; Henry F. W. Little, three years; Walter M. Fulton, one year; Abner J. Sanborn, two years; John T. Beach, two years; Charles E. Foster, two years; George F. Perry, two years; Ormond D. Kimball, two years; Albert

D. Scovell, one year; William F. Connor, one year; John A. Sargeant, elected, but immediately resigned; Frank W. Wilson, one year; Albert T. Barr, one year; James R. Pherson, one year; Charles G. Hastings, one year; Samuel McDole, one year; John F. Frost, one year; Franklyn W. McKinley, one year; John F. Clough, one year and Gilbert A. Sackett, one year, and there have been several others.

The first meeting of the company, after its reorganization, was held September 2, 1881. The organization as is usually the case, met and overcame many difficulties. A very handsome uniform was procured and a drum corps organized from among its members. This drum corps consisted of O. B. Stokes, F. A. Wasley, D. H. Bean, C. H. Dunbar and W. E. Dunbar. Many famous events, including balls and dances, were held, and commencing in 1884 the custom of holding an annual fall field day was begun.

The company attended many interesting gatherings, among which may be mentioned the encampment at the Weirs of the Grand Army and the dedication of the Bennington Battle Monument at Bennington, Vermont, in 1891. Once, in an observance of Merchants' Week here in Manchester, they received a prize for the best appearing company in the parade held at that time. The annual fall field day was usually held at Ed. Stowe's beach house.

Some years ago, upon the express invitation of Gen. William Sullivan, the company visited the brigade encampment of the National Guard at Concord. The officers and men all vied with each other in doing all they could to make the visit enjoyable. At the main gate of the camp they were met and escorted across the grounds to the headquarters of the First Infantry. The brigade guard was turned out as they entered as a compli-

ment and as they marched onto the field they were greeted by the grandest ovation that the New Hampshire state campground has ever known.

It seemed as if every man on the field imited in a round of cheers that could have been heard for many miles and the ovation was kept up all the way across the field. At the headquarters, Gen. Sullivan, then Colonel of the First Infantry, was waiting with his full staff to receive them and they were given a cordial greeting. Arms were then stacked and they were escorted to dinner. They were received by Governor Batchelder, afterwards being shown about the camp.

Following this came the grand review in which the company was escorted by the entire First Infantry. With colors proudly flying and with every man marching with the soldierly swing they had learned in their active service so many years ago, they passed by the reviewing point in a line that would be a credit to any organization. It was an occasion long to be remembered as hardly a man was under 60 years of age and many were crippled by wounds or illness.

Few people realize that this organization is the only one of the kind in the whole United States which has had an unbroken and continuous existence for years and over. There have been similar companies organized in other cities, but they did not last many years. The officers are always commissioned by the Governor of the State of New Hampshire and they still have the old Springfield rifles with which they were first armed. Altogether the Manchester War Veterans is a most unique organization.

As one stands on the street and watches the famous military company known as the "Amoskeag Veterans," in their Continental uniforms, march past, the thought often comes, "How and

when were they organized and for what purpose?"

During the early part of the fifties the military spirit of Manchester was dormant. The Stark Guards, once a crack company, had diminished until it became the sport of even the small boy; its last parade being made with one soldier and a band. The Granite Fusiliers, though nominally retaining their organization until the outbreak of the Civil War, had dwindled away and Manchester had no military organization to which it could point with pride or view with pleasure.

In the fall of 1854 the visit to this city of the Independent Veteran Association of Boston awoke and fanned into flame what military enthusiasm existed among our prominent citizens and created a desire among them to form an organization similar in character to the visiting company. A small number of those interested in the movement gathered in the office of the late Dr. John S. Elliott, an early physician, and the matter was thoroughly discussed.

This resulted in a paper being drawn up by the Hon. Chandler E. Potter which read as follows: "We, the subscribers hereby agree to form ourselves into an association to be called the Stark Veterans, the object of which association is the performance of military duty. Said association to be under such rules and regulations as shall be adopted by a majority of the subscribers to this instrument." This document was immediately signed by one hundred and thirty-three men, almost every one being some business or professional man.

The first meeting was held in the city hall, November 6, 1854, at which time Hon. Hiram Brown was chosen chairman, and Hon. C. E. Potter, clerk. At a later meeting held at the same place, November 20, 1854, the name was

changed from "Stark" to "Amoskeag" Veterans, and a constitution was adopted. At the third meeting, held at the police court room on November 25, 1854, upon the recommendation of several committees, previously appointed, a uniform, similar to that worn by the officers of the Revolutionary War, was adopted and the organization was perfected by the election of officers as follows: William P. Riddle, colonel; William Patten, first lieutenant-colonel; Samuel Andrews, second lieutenant-colonel; Hiram Brown, first major; E. T. Stevens, second major; B. P. Cilley, clerk, with rank of captain; James Hershey, treasurer, with rank of captain; J. S. Elliott, surgeon with rank of captain; W. W. Brown, surgeon's mate, with rank of captain; B. M. Tillotson, chaplain, with rank of captain; S. W. Parsons, J. G. Cilley, S. M. Dow, R. D. Moore, captains; James Wallace, Phineas Adams, E. G. Guilford and Thomas Rundlett, lieutenants.

The uniform adopted consisted of the following:

Hat, a three cornered chapeau, trimmed with gold lace, gold eagle on one side and a black plume. Coat, blue broadcloth, with buff facing, standing collar, and single breasted. Vest, buff kersey-mere, standing collar and single breasted. Ruffled shirt. Pants, black velvet breeches with knee buckles, and black worsted hose. Boots, with buff leather tops, six inches wide. Musket and bayonet, cartridge box and belt of black patent leather.

At a later meeting, a committee was appointed to take into consideration the observance of the approaching Washington's birthday, on the 22nd of February 1855, the company having adopted that anniversary as its own. On this date they made their first parade. At 11 o'clock the five principal officers of the

company received the governor and his aides at the station and escorted them to the Manchester house. At 1 o'clock, the uniformed members, sixty-six in number, met at their armory in the Museum building and from thence proceeded to the Manchester house, where the uniformed members, the governor and his aides and the invited guests were waiting to be escorted to the city hall.

The escort being formed, all proceeded to the City hotel and back to the city hall, where the ladies of the veterans were assembled. The day was remarkably warm and pleasant for the season and the whole length of Elm street was lined with spectators, many of whom came from a distance, cheering the procession from every window, balustrade or house-top where a handkerchief could wave.

In the hall the governor was formally received by the company, which he reviewed as commander-in-chief. Some time was passed in going through the evolutions in the hall and seating the company, after which the doors were opened to the public.

The program included a prayer by Rev. B. M. Tillotson, the chaplain of the company, following which the Manchester Cornet Band played "Hail Columbia". This was followed by an eloquent address by Governor Baker. The company was then dismissed for an hour and at 6 o'clock reassembled in the hall with their ladies, from whence after an hour's promenade they passed, by a temporary passageway, to Patten's hall to partake of the bounties of the table.

Plates were laid for three hundred guests. After the inner man had been satisfied there was a "feast of reason and flow of soul," Mr. H. T. Mowatt being the toastmaster. Passing back to the city hall after 9 o'clock, dancing was enjoyed until one, when the end came to

the first observance of Washington's Birthday by the Amoskeag Veterans.

From that time to the present that date has been observed by the organization in some form, either by banquet, ball or levee.

In June 1855 the company adopted their famous seal, being the picture of a Continental soldier and an Indian, surrounded by a border of "Derryfield beef" or two eels. The organization was continued in its original form until August 4, 1855, when an act of incorporation which had been passed by the legislature in June was accepted by the Company and it was then established as a corporate body. The first armory was in the Museum building, then in Granite Block, afterwards Townes' Block, in 1871, since which time they have had other armories.

Among the early commanders were Gen. William P. Riddle, Col. Chandler E. Potter, Col. Theodore T. Abbott, Col. Thomas Rundlett, Col. Henry T. Mowatt, Col. David Cross, Gen. Natt Head, Col. Martin V. B. Edgerly and Col. George C. Gilmore. In June of 1855 the Veterans made their first excursion, visiting at that time Boston, Bunker Hill and Lowell. Since that time they have made many trips to various places nearly every year, among them various trips to Washington and Mt. Vernon and the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

The story of the rise and progress of the military company known as the Manchester Cadets is full of interest. In its existence covering twenty-eight eventful years it became one of the most talked about and most noted organizations in New England, taking part in numerous celebrations in other cities, in competitions for prizes in drilling, turn-outs for various local events and social and dramatic occasions. In all these

varied activities the company always held the reputation of "making good."

Back in the earlier years succeeding the close of the Civil War, the Memorial Day parades were somewhat different from what they are now. In those years large delegations of school children were a feature of the parades. Although assigned a place every year, the Manchester High school never participated. One morning late in May, 1873, three young men belonging to the high school happened to meet each other at the Franklin street church. These three men were Fred W. Cheney, Fred H. Lewis and Frank H. Challis. The participation of the high school in the approaching Memorial Day parade was discussed and these three decided they would march whether or not anyone else did.

The result of their decision was carried out by their appearance in line the following Memorial Day. The next Sunday, after considerable discussion among the boys, a paper was started, the signers agreeing to become members of a military company. This resulted in the securing of twenty-eight names of which twenty-five became members and organized what became known as the Manchester High School Cadets. The officers were as follows: captain, Fred W. Cheney; first lieutenant, Frank H. Challis; second lieutenant, J. Fred Kennard. James W. Hill and Fred H. Lewis were elected sergeants and George B. True, Samuel J. Clay and F. G. Forsaith corporals, with Dayton T. Moore and Will S. Moody as drummers.

The first regular meeting of the cadets was held on June 9, 1873. The matter of uniforms being discussed, it was decided that a blue cap with trimmings of silver braid and white belts and gloves should be the distinctive uniform for the present. The year following, in 1874, they participated in the Memorial

Day parade, being entertained at the residence of Governor Frederick Smith after its conclusion. Later they were in the parade at the inauguration of Governor James A. Weston, June 4, at Concord.

Having thus shown what they could do, money was collected in various ways that summer and when, on October 21, 1874, at the invitation of Supt. John C. Ray, they visited the Industrial School, they were equipped with a blue coat as well as their blue caps. The next year, on April 19, 1875, they attended the centennial celebration of the Battles of Lexington and Concord, Mass., at the invitation of the towns, under the command of Frank H. Challis as captain. He had been elected to succeed Captain Fred W. Cheney on Sept. 8, 1874. Mr. Cheney had graduated from the Manchester High school in the class of 1874 and then removed to Boston to enter business.

In May, 1875, their silk flag was purchased and Edward M. James was the first color sergeant. Later he left the command and Willis C. Patten took his position. This flag was carried by the Cadets in the big parade at Boston at the dedication of the soldiers and sailors monument on the Common and while waiting for the column to move, it is said that Gen. George B. McClellan wrote his autograph on one of the white stripes.

The company drilled at first in the armory of the Straw Rifles, then located in the upper part of old Merchants' Exchange and later they secured quarters in the old wooden battery building which stood where the present brick structure is now on Manchester street. The rifles used in their earlier years were loaned them by the Manchester War Veterans and later they were given arms by the state.

In the fall of 1874 the company was

largely recruited and the membership approached fifty, to which it had been limited by the original constitution. After wearing the blue coats and caps for some two years or more the company uniformed themselves in a neat gray, somewhat similar in style to what is worn by the West Point Cadets.

By the year 1876 all of the charter members of the organization had left the high school and the name was then changed to Manchester Cadets. In 1879, they headed the line of march on the occasion of the dedication of the soldiers' monument on Merrimack common. In 1881, the company was chartered by the legislature and a grant of \$100 was made by the city government. It was about this time that they perfected what was called a silent drill at bugle call, a feat in maneuvering which was said to have been one of the most clever drill movements ever attempted.

The company was an independent part of the National Guard of the state, its officers being commissioned by the governor. Captain Challis held the position for seven years, being succeeded by John B. Abbott in 1882. Later, Fred B. Estes became captain and following him came L. B. Snelling. Frank B. Stevens succeeded Snelling and held the position of captain for a short time and on April 22, 1885, Frank L. Downs was elected to the position and held it for ten years. His commissions ran for five years each, one being signed by Hon. Moody Currier as governor and the other by Acting Governor D. Arthur Taggart.

During the administration of Capt. Downs the company fitted up two fine armories, the first one being in Music Hall building, the opening of which was celebrated with a reception and ball on November 9, 1887, and the second one opened in the new Weston building at a later date. In June 1885 the company

entertained as its guests, the Portland Cadets from Maine, and with them acted as special escort to Governor Moody Currier at his inauguration. The following December, they ran a fair and cleared \$1900 net profit. They acted again as special escort at the inauguration of Governor David H. Goodell in 1889.

The New Hampshire State Grange for many years managed a State Fair at Tilton, one feature always being Governor's Day. For three successive years the Cadets acted as special escort to the Governor on these occasions. An annual banquet also became a feature of the activities of the command about this time, and was always much enjoyed, the one for 1892 being held at the old Massabesic House at the lake, on March 16. They ran many balls and dramatic entertainments, always with good success.

In the fall of 1895, after holding the position of captain for ten years, Frank L. Downs declined a re-election and Arthur L. Franks was then elected to the position which he held for four years. It was during his administration in September, 1896, that the celebration of Manchester's semi-centennial took place and as usual the Cadets were among the most active in making it a success. In the big civic and military parade they turned out with full ranks escorting the Manchester Cadet Veteran Association. The veterans were attired in silk hats and frock coats while the active company had adopted for the occasion a special uniform of white pants and white cross belts over their gray coats, making a very neat appearance. At the conclusion of the parade they entertained lavishly.

Arthur W. Phinney succeeded Mr. Franks as captain and held the position for one year, he being succeeded by Fred

Seaman who remained as captain until the company disbanded. The habitual marching music of the company was for many years the famous Batchelder and Stokes drum corps. Many relics of the company are preserved by the Manchester Historic Association at its rooms in the Carpenter Memorial Library, among them being the guidon, the old silk Stars and Stripes, a group of photographs of the members as they were in 1878, another group showing the members of 1890, one of the original blue coats and caps worn as the High School Cadets and several other articles connected with the history of the company.

The company disbanded in 1901 and

fourteen years later, in 1915, a movement was started to have a reunion. This idea found much favor and it was held on June 18, 1915, a parade first being held on Elm street with 118 men in line, after which cars were boarded for the Recreation Grounds of the Amoskeag Textile Club where the field day events were held and a big clambake was enjoyed. At this time an organization known as the Manchester Cadet Association was formed with the following list of officers: President, Frank H. Challis; vice-president, Frank L. Downs; secretary, Arthur W. Phinney; treasurer, Arthur S. Bunton and A. L. Franks chairman of the executive committee.

(THE END)

Scarf Dance

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

The trees are having a scarf dance
Against a snowy sky
To the music of the storm sprites
As they go whirling by.

Tall and graceful
Against the sky
Tossing the snow scarfs
Up on high.

White to the wind
As they flutter by
Snow scarfs blowing
Against the sky.

The trees are having a scarf dance;
Graceful their snowy arms
As they toss them high to the rhythm
That thrills and soothes and charms.

Some Queer Provisions of Former Tax Statutes

MARSHALL D. COBLEIGH

SINCE that period in the evolution of taxation, when voluntary contributions from citizens ceased to produce adequate revenues for governmental needs, there has been a problem that ever since has troubled all who have had to do with tax administration, to wit, how to raise funds sufficient to meet public necessities, without overstraining the patience of tax payers or furnishing them a pretext to break out into open rebellion. Not only each new tax, but also every modification of any existing system that called for a larger individual contribution for governmental purposes has had to run the gauntlet of general and usually bitter criticism from a large proportion of those thus affected by such new method or amendment, that the change included unjust features that was working a hardship in *their* particular case.

President Jackson well said in his famous Nullification proclamation that "The wisdom of man never yet contrived a system of taxation that would operate with perfect equality", and he might have truthfully added "or one that has or will meet the universal approval of those who pay the taxes."

Some forgotten philosopher has expressed about the same thought in the doggerel rhyme:

"Whoever hopes a faultless tax to see,
Hopes for what ne'er was, is not, and
ne'er shall be."

The foregoing furnishes some of the reasons that there always has been and probably will continue to be many who are seeking either a solution of the gen-

eral problem or an amelioration of certain conditions, that will continue to make suggestions from time to time of programmes and plans that the suggestor, at least, may think will tend to improve or perfect existing conditions.

While those conversant with the development of tax laws appreciate the fact that former legislative bodies have usually kept nearly abreast with the best economic thought of their times, yet one will have difficulty in understanding how our most resourceful humorists could have worked out any greater absurdities than is found in some of the rules or tax laws and procedure that have been elaborately formulated, and either actually enacted and tested out, or which were earnestly urged by some would-be statesmen or reformers.

Without attempting to trace the development of any theory of taxation, or even an effort to follow any chronological order, we will cite a few of the curious proposals and enactments that have come to our attention. We do this, not with any idea that it will be of material assistance to any one who has to do with tax administration, but rather to demonstrate that even this dry subject of taxation has not always been entirely devoid of humorous features.

Without further generalizing, we will cite rules and enactments in various jurisdictions that had the stamp of official approval at some time or other. We will take first one from the Roman Empire, which was a tax on funerals that had to be paid before burial, which was favored by the tax gatherers but resented by the

people, and is said to have been one of the principal causes of the revolt by Queen Boadicea, which, like many others that we will refer to, have been tried in more than one jurisdiction.

The theory that any tax that is a good revenue producer is a good tax was evidently known to Peter the Great, who knowing the attachment that his subjects had for face adornment, introduced a tax on beards in his empire. "The beard is a superfluous and useless ornament," said he, and imposed a tax upon them as an article of luxury. The tax is said to have been proportional and progressive, *not in proportion to the length of the beard*, but to the social position of those who wore it. Each person paying his tax received a token, which he had to carry on his person where it could be seen, for all guards were provided with scissors and were intent on obeying the law to the letter, and ruthlessly cut off the beards of those who could not show their badges. This tax lasted for many years.

Russia once had a tax on hearths in buildings that were inhabited, or used for commercial purposes. This tax was tried in other countries, until it was found that people would not put in sufficient hearths to keep warm, when it was abandoned or repealed.

In the 14th century in England bachelors and widowers without children were subjected to special rates. Some one has said that if one, with a view of escaping these tax penalties, abandoned single blessedness, he involved himself in greater difficulties; for there was a tax on marriages, a tax upon births, and if the health of the victim broke down under these exactions, a sum varying according to his station had to be paid before his sorrowing relatives could bury him. These taxes on marriages were enforced in England from 1695 to 1705.

In this country during the Colonial period many curious taxes had a "try-out". Bachelors were penalized in various ways under the guise of taxation, in some states there was a flat tax, in others, if over 25 years of age and they could prove that they had proposed to three different eligible single women and had been rejected, then the tax was abated.

In New York at one time there was a tax on wigs.

Before emancipation, slaves were defined as real estate for taxable purposes. Many states have tried window taxes with the result that people would reduce the number of windows down to the least possible number, or live in darkness rather than pay the tax on this item of health as well as comfort.

In 1644 the town of New Haven, Connecticut, began a contribution of one peck of wheat for students of Harvard College, by everyone whose "hart is willing",—it was soon regarded as a tax, and collectors of college grain were regularly elected as town officers during the remainder of the colonial period. As late as 1889 Kansas enacted a law imposing a tax of two dollars and fifty cents on those of her citizens that did not vote. It was held unconstitutional, but in Colonial days Maryland imposed a fine of one hundred pounds of tobacco on those who did not exercise the right of suffrage, which tends to show that a fine may stand a constitutional test when a tax for the same amount and purpose will not.

Another Maryland tax, enacted in 1777, provided that contribution or subscription lists should be presented to the inhabitants, for public purposes. If any person declined to contribute, his name and refusal were noted, and his name recorded in perpetual memory of his principles; and in some cases by public

resolution was published for the committee of observation, and other troublesome consequences were apt to follow.

Back in the times when highway taxes were worked out instead of paid in cash, Georgia enacted a law by which if a person failed to pay or satisfy his road tax, he was compelled to work out his taxes at the rate of thirty-five cents a day.

At one time a public spirited legislator of Illinois introduced a bill by which bachelors who had not proposed and been rejected the proper number of times, must pay a special tax, the proceeds to go toward establishing "a home for worthy and indigent single women above thirty-eight years of age." This failed of enactment.

In England, during the long parliament, a tax was enacted in the form of a weekly impost of a meal of food, every citizen being obliged under its terms to retrench one meal a week and pay the value or amount thereof into the public treasury. In the middle ages the nobles were exempt because they were nobles, and the common people were taxed because they were villeins or bondsmen; Jews were assessed because they were not Christians, and Catholics because they were not Protestants. In 1691 Catholics were taxed twice as much as Protestants.

In various New England States during the eighteenth century a tax on different styles of houses was assessed varying according to jurisdiction. In New Hampshire, a "double house with two stories" was forty shillings, a single house of one room ten shillings and other prices for different styles of architecture. All have doubtless seen many old houses with a two-story front with the roof tapering back to one low story in the rear of the house. These originally were so built to be classed as *not* two story, and, thus escape the extra tax.

As late as 1899 it was said that in Mexico a miller was obliged to pay thirty-two separate taxes on his wheat before he could get it from the field and offer it in the form of flour. Everywhere there was a swarm of petty officials who were paid to see that not an item of farm products, manufactured goods, trade, commerce, social events, a christening, a marriage or funeral should escape paying tribute to the public treasury—why wonder at the unsettled political conditions in this state of our Southern neighbor.

In Japan revenue was formerly raised largely from the land taxes and divided so that each taxpayer had to yield up one-ninth of the income from his farm.

In some of the ancient governments, attempts were made to raise sufficient governmental revenues by operating certain industries like salt and other mines, duties on imports and exports; and in Greece and Rome a special tax was imposed on those whose doorways opened outward on the public footway. Direct taxes except in cases of emergencies were looked upon in Greece as despotic and arbitrary; it being then considered as a necessary element of freedom that the property of a citizen, as well as his occupation, excepting in case of emergencies should be exempt. Poll taxes were exacted by the Athenian state, but as taxes were considered as ignominious and implying subjugation, they were assessed only on slaves or conquered foreigners; and failure to pay was considered as a capital offense.

One of the first attempts of which we have a record of attempting to establish an equitable system of taxation was made by Augustus in Rome. Difficulties were experienced in getting proper assessments and discovering the actual resources of those who had property, and barbarous methods were resorted to by

the collectors of taxes: "The faithful slave being tortured for evidence against his master, the wife to depose against her husband, the son against his sire. . . . Neither age nor sickness exempted from liability and personal inquisition. . . . When the number of cattle fell off the people had to pay for the dead." Zosimus, a historian who wrote in the early part of the fifth century, says that the approach of the fatal period when the general tax on industry was to be collected "was announced by the tears and terrors of the citizens." Under the Theodosian code, death was the penalty of those who attempted to evade taxation. In the first instance the taxpayer was questioned under oath, and every attempt to prevaricate, or elude the intentions of the legislature was punishable with death, and was also held to include the double guilt of treason and sacrilege. If the results were not satisfactory to the tax officials, they were empowered to administer torture.

In France, where the government had a monopoly of the salt industry, in 1780 it was enacted that every person over seven years of age had to purchase seven pounds of salt, and be fined if less was purchased. A severe burden on poor people with large families. In that country the laws were so framed that the peasants were induced to resort to all sorts of means to appear poorer than they actually were, and as a result many lived in low thatched cottages without floors or glass in the windows, inasmuch as any improvements in their buildings meant a substantial increase in the tax burdens, which were rigidly enforced to the extent of taking clothes of the poor, and even the last measure of flour, as well as the latches on the doors of delinquent taxpayers being seized.

Coming back to England we find that at one time, in the days of the Druids,

taxes were paid once a year, and that families were required, under penalty of ecclesiastical curse, to put out their fires on the last day of October and attend temple and make payment. If they paid they were to have some of the sacred fire to rekindle their own, and if they did not they could have no fire, and all their neighbors were forbidden to assist, with the result that delinquents were not only shut out from their fellowmen but also from the use of a fire during the oncoming winter.

A favorite method of raising revenue in early England was in plundering the Jews and William II refused to let a Jew be converted to the Christian faith, saying: "It would be a poor exchange to rid me of a valuable property and only give me a subject. . . ." It is related that King John ordered thirty thousand dollars from a Jew at Bristol, and on the Jew's refusal to pay the king ordered one of his teeth drawn every day until he paid. The Jew lost seven teeth before he gave up and settled.

In Rhode Island in 1673 trouble in getting full returns was experienced and the following ingenious law was enacted by which each citizen suspected of not making true returns was required "to give in writing what proportion of estate and strength in particular, he guesseth ten of his neighbors, naming them in particular, hath in estate and strength to his estate and strength." A novel means to prevent tax dodging. Later a tax was enacted by which no one could vote who had not paid his taxes six days before election.

In Switzerland, "As soon as a taxpayer dies, his entire property is seized by the government and held until an exact inventory is made of it. If this discloses fraud in previous returns made by the taxpayer or in his self-assessments, punitive taxes must be paid ranging in some

of the cantons over a period of ten years, effective, but as Wells aptly said: "intruding into the chambers of death."

In early Colonial times in New Hampshire it was often hard, if not impossible, to find anyone who would serve as tax collector, and in 1692 it was enacted that "If the person chosen (constable) shall refuse to serve he shall pay a fine of five pounds, one half to ye use of ye town, and ye freeholders shall make choice of another." This provision was supplemented in 1698 by a clause authorizing the constable on warrant from a justice of the peace, in case a person elected refused to take the oath of office "To apprehend the body of such person or persons and convey him to his Majesty's prison in the Province there to be secured until he pay his said five pounds and all necessary charges about the same." The tax collector or constable early was empowered to arrest the delinquent taxpayer and commit him to jail, there to remain until the tax was paid.

That people hesitated to act as collectors and selectmen, was in part due to the fact that they were responsible for the full collection of the taxes assessed by or committed to them for collection, and men were often ruined financially for no fault of their own. This continued until within the memory of some now living, when selectmen and other officers were excused by statute from all liability except their own official misconduct.

In order to enforce collection of taxes the New Hampshire legislature in 1781 enacted that "Some towns and places in the state liable to pay taxes have through meanness or avarice refused and neglected and may hereafter refuse and neglect to choose proper officers for assessing and levying taxes in the expecta-

tion of thereby eluding their proportion of the public taxes" and in such cases it was provided that the treasurer of the state should "issue executions or warrants of distress" against any two of the inhabitants.

However, it also appears that in some towns there was considerable rivalry to obtain the office of tax collector, and a statute was enacted by which the office should be assigned to the lowest bidder. In *Tucker v. Aiken et als*, 7 N. H., 130 (decided in 1834) Judge Parker said "In fact, the office of collector, has, in one instance at least, been deemed such an object of competition as to produce an offer of nominal, even if it was not an actual consideration, duly paid." In a case recently tried in another county, the following was among the records produced: Voted. "That the collectorship be set up to the best bidder. J—M—M agreed to give one and a half mugs of toddy for the privilege of acting."

In *Wadsworth v. Henniker* 35 N. H. 189, 196-7, there is an interesting discussion of the then liability of selectmen and tax collectors.

As late as 1891 a New York assessor gave as his system of raising each year the assessment of those who he suspected of not making full returns, until they squealed, and would swear off the excess of their assessment.

That the ancient tax collectors even in our law abiding states have passed through difficult tests may be seen by this extract from the deposition of Thomas Thurston, a tax collector in Colonial times. Among other things he says in his affidavit: "The wife of Moses Gilman of Exeter did say that she had provided a kettle of scalding water for me, if I came to her house, which had been over the fire for two days; also certain husbandmen of Hampton did follow the deponent and deputy marshal . . .

from the Town of Hampton, all on horseback, into Exeter being armed with clubs, and there came to said company John Cotton, the minister of Exeter, with a club in his hand, and the said company did push the deponent and his deputy up and down the house, asking them what they did wear at their sides, laughing at this deponent and his deputy for having swords."

That there have been abuses and extortion practices; that taxpayers have always more or less tried to evade; that tax assessors and collectors have been at times seemingly unduly harsh have frequently caused conditions that for a time seemed to block either progress or necessary governmental activities; that the situation has frequently been aggravated by illegal methods adopted for relief, or to gain proper or improper ends, is all too true, which perhaps explains a situation in ancient Egypt where whole villages would petition the government to take their lands, rather than compel them to submit to the burdensome and often-

times illegal exactions made under the guise of taxation.

While we may be momentarily amused at some of the remedies for the then existing conditions that have been at various times proposed, we must remember that until a comparatively recent time, little heed has been given to exact justice or sound economic principles, and too often the controlling factor in taxation statutes is too truly express in the language of Colbert, a famous tax expert in France in the last century, that "The art of taxation consists of securing a method by which the largest amount of feathers may be plucked with the least possible amount of squawking."

Nevertheless it is hard to get away from the conclusion that our present tax system in the course of its development, has run the gauntlet of almost every possible idiotic dream of past tax theorists and that there has ever been (as perhaps now) more of a need of fool-killers, to operate on this class than of students of other public problems.

New Hampshire's Wealth

MRS. EMILY F. NOYES

The brightest spot that God ere found
He paused to call it hallowed ground.
He flung full wide His flowers and
trees
And made New England rich in these.
God loved New Hampshire's every steep;
He touched her skies and made them
weep:
Those tear drops ran in mountain rills
To kiss with life her lonely hills.

Her hills of green were framed in
stone
To yield the best granite known;
O'er all the world her pillars stand
To mark the graves of every land;
But better still, her granite runs
In native blood of valiant sons,
To all who swear to do and dare,
We bid you breathe New Hampshire's
air.

“*Ocean Born Mary*”

PAUL S. SCRUTON

THE legend of Ocean Born Mary, ship master's daughter of the eighteenth century who, while an infant of a few days was christened at sea by a vicious looking pirate chief, has been further strengthened by the recent discovery in Hillsboro, N. H., of the family Bible owned by her parents and bearing the names of several members of her family.

The Bible is in the possession of Mrs. Mary Ann Wood, great, great granddaughter of Ocean Born Mary and came to this country on the same ship with the woman of romance whose name has been perpetuated in the famous Ocean Born Mary House at Henniker, N. H. The precious book is 215 years old.

The story of Ocean Born Mary is familiar to most people in this section, and each year the famous old house which was her home during the last years of her life is visited by tourists from all parts of the country.

According to history, some 200 years ago a ship sailing the high seas was attacked by pirates who boarded it with the looting the vessel of its valuable cargo.

The pirate chief, who evidently was not as bloodthirsty as is usually pictured, discovered that a baby had been born on board the ship and requested the parents of the child to name her Mary, after his own wife. This request was complied with and the pirates left for their own ship, returning shortly with gifts of fine silks and jewelry for the child. The pirate captain choosing a piece of beautiful silk gave it to the parents asking

that the cloth be made into a dress for Mary to be worn on her wedding day. The pirates then left the ship as quickly as they had come and in the course of time it reached a harbor somewhere on the New England coast.

But little is known of authentic value that has to do with the early life of Mary, but it is known that she grew up to be a beautiful woman and her wedding dress was made from the cloth presented to her parents when she was a baby by the gruff pirate chief.

A few years before her death she moved with her brother to a fine house in the town of Henniker, N. H., which was claimed to be the first house with real glass window panes in this section of the country.

The recently found Bible contains on its family page the names of 17 members of the Ocean Mary family, dating from the Pattersons in 1713 down through to the Wallaces in 1854.

Of the female members of the family one girl in each family was named Mary, Mrs. Mary Cote, daughter of Mrs. Mary Ann Wood, being the last of the family to bear the name.

The Bible was printed in Scotland in 1700, and has a linen cover.

A piece of the original silk of which the wedding dress of Ocean Born Mary was made is in the possession of Rev. L. E. Alexander of Hillsboro.

It is interesting to note that for many years the crew of the ship spared by the pirate gang held a reunion each year at Londouderry, N. H., in memory of the child who saved them from an untimely death at the hands of the pirates.

New Hampshire's Opportunities

CHARLES W. ROGERS

IN HIS wonderful lecture "Acres of Diamonds," which had its inception in the tale of his Arab guide, relating to the finding of the rich Golconda diamond fields, Dr. Russell H. Conwell tells of the Arab owner of the property who though comfortably prosperous, became dissatisfied and much desired a quicker road to affluence and power. Selling his lands and herds he started a world-wide search for the mythical river, whose bed was supposed to be lined with diamonds. After long years of weary travel and search he finally died in a far off country, a disappointed and heartbroken old man, while the purchaser of his property discovered that the brook that irrigated his farm was in truth the river of diamonds, being the center of the famed Golconda fields.

This story is somewhat analogous to the situation right here in New Hampshire. The Arab failed to look for wealth on his own land. How many of our citizens are making the same mistake? Millions of Eastern capital have gone to promote enterprises in distant localities, while opportunities at home have been, and are still being sadly neglected.

During recent months much publicity has been given the subject of the industrial conditions of New England, and while the pessimistic tone is to be deplored, it is nevertheless a fact and one that is to be regretted, that there is more or less foundation for this attitude.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that some of the old standard industries on which New England has depended for many years are just now facing conditions that to say the least make con-

tinued operation on a profitable basis a somewhat difficult problem.

The question is being asked what is to become of New England and especially New Hampshire, if the old industries fail to perform their old time function in furnishing the means of livelihood to the mass of people depending on them?

In searching for an answer to this question what should be more logical than to turn to the great natural resources with which the state is plentifully supplied? The value of our water powers is too well known to warrant much comment. They have been largely developed, although a few still remain in their natural state. The granite industry and the manufacture of brick are both extremely important and are the source of large income to citizens of the state.

There is one field, however, that has as yet only been surface scratched—reference being made to the so-called commercial minerals which offer wonderful possibilities.

This valuable heritage has too long been neglected and the time has arrived to bring to the attention of the people a proper realization of the opportunity for industrial research and profitable investment.

Included in the list of New Hampshire minerals we find, graphite, garnet, feldspar, mica, silica and soapstone, also the semi-precious minerals, such as beryl and tourmaline.

Graphite is used in the manufacture of pencils, crucibles, paints and lubricating greases.

Garnet is used in the production of abrasives.

The uses of mica and its commercial

value are too well known to need comment or elaboration.

It is, however, interesting to know that within the borders of New Hampshire is located one of the richest mica mines in the world.

Soapstone is used in the electrical industry, for tubs and sinks; also in ground form by roofing paper manufacturers.

Feldspar and silica are used conjointly and are both in large demand.

Recent developments on the west side of the state indicate an awakening to the tremendous possibilities along these lines. The company which has been organized for the exploitation of the valuable feldspar deposits of that section expect to expend \$150,000 in development work; the output of the works to be all shipped to Trenton, N. J.

In various other parts of the state are to be found outcroppings of this valuable mineral, of which there seems to be an ample supply.

In the ceramic arts, in glass, in carborundum, in cleaning compounds, in silicate of soda and cement products the mineral silica plays a most important part.

In ceramics it is used in conjunction with feldspar and clay, silica forming the body and feldspar and clay the flexing agents. New Hampshire has extensive deposits of this mineral. Thus we see that we have locally an ample supply of two of the necessary materials used in the production of pottery and porcelain. Why then should we neglect the claim that New Hampshire should be considered the logical location for the manufacture of these important products?

Why should Trenton, New Jersey, have a monopoly of the porcelain manufacture, or East Liverpool, Ohio, of the

production of pottery, when New Hampshire has an abundant supply of the raw material needed in both?

With this distinct advantage, an industrial situation can be developed, the value of which cannot be over-estimated.

The abundant supply of these raw materials would assure New Hampshire of a staple industry that would be of tremendous importance to the state, and one that could not be forced out by competitive conditions.

Reference has been made to the movement to develop the feldspar deposit in Aeworth and Alstead, and with the enterprise behind it there can be no doubt of its success.

Of equal value is a deposit of silica located in the town of Hooksett. Of remarkable purity, easy of access, and of almost unlimited supply this deposit is unquestionably one of the most important and valuable mineral deposits in the state.

This deposit is being worked on a moderate scale, shipments having been made to concerns manufacturing pottery, porcelain and glassware; also silicate of soda and cleaning compounds. With the distinct advantage of an adequate supply of these raw materials, with unlimited power at reasonable rates, with excellent shipping facilities, and a high standard of labor for operation, what is to prevent an industrial expansion along these lines? Do our business men lack vision, or are they asleep at their posts? Certainly there is no lack of capital. What then can be the cause of our neglect of the call of opportunity? If we are asleep, let us wake up! Let us bring capital, common sense and enterpris• together. The next decade promises to be a banner epoch. Can we not by intelligent co-operation make New Hampshire the banner state in industrial advancement?

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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HENRY H. METCALF } ASSOCIATE EDITOR
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Editorial

WITH this edition the publisher ends a year of experience with the GRANITE MONTHLY. Not a long period for an experiment but long enough—rather expensive, not altogether unpleasant and entirely successful—as an experiment.

The GRANITE MONTHLY has been the state magazine of New Hampshire for over fifty years. Considered merely from a financial standpoint the magazine has had its periods of prosperity but we gather that such periods were few and far between. For the most part they have been years of vicissitude. Adversity has knocked at the door of the old GRANITE MONTHLY more often than prosperity.

But during all of this time the publication has been performing a real service to the state in that it has been storing up within its many volumes information of historical and biographical import which will become increasingly valuable. As a journal of contemporary events it has not proven very potent and for the most part it has stayed clear of this field.

It has always been conservative. Probably ultra-conservative is a better word to describe the publication policy of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Its chief appeal has

been to that splendid, though relatively small group of substantial citizens who value tradition high and hold fast to customs and ideas that do not always coincide with modern conceptions of state progress. But no man can question their pride in the old Granite State and everything which it has stood for in history's pages.

When the present publisher took over the GRANITE MONTHLY twelve months ago he thought that it would be possible at least to make the magazine pay its own way by continuing the conservative policies which had marked its history for over half a century. He added more pages, filled for the most part with material similar to that which had been used in the past. By enlarging the size of the publication he hoped to enlarge the group of subscribers but the hope has not materialized.

Thus has experience shown that it is next to impossible to give the state a worthwhile state magazine if we are to hold strictly to old publication policies. So it may easily be deduced that if the state magazine is to be continued in the field it must adopt a policy which will attract to it a new class of readers, for all revenue depends upon circulation.

We believe that every resident of New Hampshire is more or less interested in the welfare of the state. There is at least a latent pride of New Hampshire which dwells within the breast of every citizen of the historic old state. Of late years that state pride has been stimulated to a greater degree than ever before by the splendid accomplishments of the New Hampshire Publicity Board, the State Chamber of Commerce and its affiliated auxiliary bodies, the New Hampshire Division of the New England Council and various other patriotic, civic organizations and service clubs.

By setting forth in an attractive manner the assets and advantages of New Hampshire the publisher hopes he can secure a new interest in the state magazine, add a large number of new subscribers to the mailing list and at the same time assist in stimulating that state pride which is so essential to the conduct of a successful state publicity program.

The publisher submitted this proposition to a number of prominent state leaders, who represent agriculture, manufacturing industry, recreational activities and the state government. Their reaction to the idea was altogether pleasing and a summary of their replies will be found in another column of this edition.

We want our present readers to feel sure that it is not our intention to omit altogether articles of historical and biographical import. Rather it is our intention to improve and augment these departments, at the same time adding other material designed to attract a new and larger group of readers.

We freely admit the delinquency so often attributed to us in the matter of publication dates, apologize for the difficulty and merely by way of explanation state that oftentimes articles which were

to have been submitted on a certain date were sometimes delayed for weeks, thereby delaying publication of the edition for which they were intended. This condition we intend to remedy although we must ask our readers to bear with us until we can adjust the flow of incoming publication material to a point where delays will be inexcusable.

We have a new name also, and the story of how we procured it is reserved for another column of this edition. We hope that with the new publication idea, the new name and the new purpose of the state magazine which has been known so many years as the GRANITE MONTHLY—will come new interest, new subscribers and new advertising contracts. This is your magazine. It belongs to the state, to the people of New Hampshire. In a word it will be just what you make it. The publisher pledges his best efforts in behalf of NEW HAMPSHIRE—the state and the magazine.

* * * *

New Hampshire is preeminently a state of recreational resources. In this respect she is unsurpassed by any of her sister states in the Union and only one or two can compare with her. This is not an idle conjecture, but a substantial fact. Are we making the most of this God-given natural resource? The answer must be in the negative. But every year the state becomes more alive to the possibilities of recreational business.

The season of winter sports is here. New Hampshire has been called "The Switzerland of America". Winter in the Swiss Alps is a most attractive season. St. Moritz is the scene of a continuous winter carnival which attracts visitors from all over Europe and the United States. As yet New Hampshire does not have a single winter resort so well known as this little Alpine village in Switzer-

land. But the state in general is becoming well known as a winter resort throughout North America.

The State University has had several winter sports teams that have won the national inter-collegiate championships. From the University have come several national and international ski champions. Dartmouth has also boasted of winter sports teams that have led the nation and last winter her ski jumping champion represented the United States at the Olympic winter sport games. New Hampshire's sled dog races have attracted national and international attention. This winter the fourth annual point to point race of the New England Sled Dog Association will be held at Laconia on February 11, 12 and 13. New Hampshire's winter carnivals are attracting a larger number of out of state visitors each year. Dartmouth's annual Winter Carnival is a classic that attracts visitors from all over the United States and Canada.

The other day a leading Boston paper printed a splendid supplement advertising the prominent winter resorts of Florida. The splendid cities of Miami and St. Petersburg were represented by full page advertisements. From now until the last of January we will have called to our attention in countless ways the advantages of Florida as a winter resort. In a similar manner will our attention be directed to California, land of perpetual sunshine. Are New Hampshire and New England making the most of their opportunities to obtain a share of the winter resort business of the United States?

We can offer something that most of the other states do not have at any season of the year skating, skiing, sliding, tobogganing, snowshoeing, sled dog racing, ice boating—all of these things which are unusual and out of the

ordinary throughout our country as a whole. And amid such surroundings—snow clad hills and mountains, ice covered lakes and rivers, great forests of pine, spruce and hemlock, clear blue skies with a tang in the atmosphere that adds a zest and enthusiasm to living which cannot be obtained in any other way.

Boys and girls the country over have read Whittier's famous poem "Snow Bound". They all have longed as youngsters or as grown up men and women to enjoy for a time at least once in their lives the pleasures of a good old fashioned New England winter. Every one of them should have an invitation to come to New England and New Hampshire to enjoy at least a portion of such a winter with us.

* * * * *

The "Monthly Review of New Hampshire News" which is a feature of this edition, is an innovation. As far as we know the GRANITE MONTHLY has never before attempted anything of this kind. We hope that it will meet with favor and after several months have elapsed and we have learned better how to conduct this new department we want our readers to comment on it. We say "after several months" because we know full well that the review itself and our method of presenting it may be improved. With added experience it is our hope to make such improvement. We would wish therefore that the judgment of our readers might be reserved until after we have had ample opportunity to work out this new feature to the limit of our ability. Any suggestions which subscribers may have as to how this monthly news review may be bettered will be heartily welcomed now. It is criticism that we would like to have postponed until the new feature has had a fair trial.

It does not seem altogether amiss in a magazine feature such as is under discussion if the personal ideas of the reviewer do enter into the subject matter of the review to a certain extent as long as the salient features of the news item in question are related without bias. The reviewer of New Hampshire news for November has obviously felt free to express ideas of his own with regard to several of the subjects treated.

Of course it is impossible in a review of this nature to handle any subjects which do not have a statewide appeal. If subjects were treated which were, for the most part, of local interest only, the size of the magazine would have to be more than doubled to take care of this feature alone. So we long ago arrived at the conclusion that only news subjects which would be of possible interest to everyone in the state could be mentioned in this monthly news review which is the newest feature of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

We believe in New Hampshire and are convinced that the state is making real progress along every line of endeavor. Such progress is necessarily reflected in the news of the day and it therefore follows naturally that there is no better way to impress state progress upon our citizens than to review for them the news of the previous month. This is directly in line with the new purpose of the GRANITE MONTHLY to aid publicity by stimulating state pride.

There naturally is much interest in a resumé of the news of a month in New Hampshire. We believe that even those of our subscribers who are the most avid of newspaper readers will find this to be a fact. To read a review of the news of the past month is interesting and stimulating. One is almost sure to find therein some item of importance which he has overlooked in the reading of his daily newspaper. Then again the interrelation of news events is shown in a review whereas it could not possibly be pointed out or grasped in the daily newspaper.

We hope sincerely that this new feature will find favor with our readers and that it may help to stimulate in a small degree renewed interest in the state magazine.

* * * * *

We hope eventually to add a department to the GRANITE MONTHLY where we may print letters which may be mailed to the editor and publisher concerning any subject of interest which in some manner or other relates to New Hampshire. It would seem desirable to print only those communications which have to do with the Granite State, its assets and advantages, because this is primarily a state magazine and we believe that our readers want to read about matters of state importance. We would be pleased to have the ideas of our subscribers with reference to such a correspondence department.

New Hampshire Necrology

MARY J. FELKER

Mary J. Felker, wife of ex-Governor Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, departed this life November 22, 1928.

She was a native of Candia, N. H., daughter of Woodbury J. and Amanda (Stevens) Dudley, and was educated in the public schools, Franklin Academy, Dover, New Hampton Literary Institution, and Wellesley College, graduating from the latter in 1883. She taught for a time in Maine and afterward in Minnesota, and later spent a year in study abroad. Subsequently she made her home for several years with an uncle in Buffalo, N. Y., where she entered actively into the social and civic life of the community, and was the first secretary of the Buffalo Woman's Club, taking an active part, also in church work.

On June 26, 1900 she was united in marriage with Samuel D. Felker, of Rochester, N. H., where she ever after resided, and where she was prominent in church and benevolent work and the social life of the city. She had served as President of the Women's Benevolent Society and of the Rochester Woman's Club, and was deeply interested in all matters of civic improvement; while as the "first lady" of the State, during her husband's term as Governor, she was widely popular. A woman of high character, wide culture, strong sympathy and Christian devotion to truth and duty, she will be long remembered and mourned.

She is survived by her husband, and one sister, Mrs. Robert G. Ault, of York, Pa.

CAPT. ARTHUR THOMPSON

Arthur Thompson, born in Warner, June 24, 1844; died there November 25, 1928.

He was the son of Robert and Susan (Bartlett) Thompson, and was educated in the public schools and Henniker Academy. At the age of 18 he enlisted in Co. D., 11th N. H. Regiment, and served three years in the Civil War. During the Spanish-American War he served as depot master at Chickamauga, with the rank of captain, and also for a time in Cuba.

He was a member of the board of selectmen in Warner many years, and represented the town in the Legislature fifteen years ago. He was a member of Robert Campbell Post, G. A. R. and of Harris Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Warner.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Caroline Shepard, and a son, Robert Thompson of New York, and two nephews, Robert Martin of Newport, and Frederick Martin of Los Angeles, California.

WILLIAM B. MERRILL

William Bradford Merrill was born in Salisbury, N. H. February 27, 1861, and at the age of eighteen years became a reporter on the Philadelphia *North American*. He soon became telegraphic editor, and later dramatic editor of the same paper. From 1896 to 1901 he was managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press*. Subsequently he went to New York as managing editor of the *New York Press*, where he remained ten years, then went to the *New York World* as managing editor and later as financial editor.

Remaining there seven years, he then joined the Hearst organization as manager of the *New York American*, and later became manager of all the Hearst

papers. In June 1927 he was attacked by hardening of the arteries, and after special treatment, which proved of no avail, he died, on November 25, 1928.

GEORGE W. HASLET

George W. Haslet, born in Boston, Mass., October 24, 1859; died at the Phillips House in that city, November 29, 1928.

He was educated in the public schools of Boston and the Louisville, Mass. high school from which he graduated. Following graduation he was employed for a time by R. S. Frost & Co., dry goods merchants; but in 1880 went to Hillsborough, N. H., as bookkeeper for the Contoocook Woolen Mills, where he continued through life rising to be president of the Company, and figuring conspicuously in the public life of the community, both in town office and as trustee of the public library. He was past master and secretary of Harmony lodge of Masons for 20 years.

Mr. Haslet was twice married. In October 1887 he married May G., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Dutton. She died in 1888. In 1921 he married Ethel Ward Towle, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Edward Towle, who survives.

SAMUEL W. GEORGE

Samuel W. George, who was born in Meredith Village, N. H., April 26, 1862, died in Haverhill, Mass., December 2, 1928.

He was a descendant of Gideon George, who came from Yorkshire, England and settled in Essex County, Mass., in 1760. He removed to Haverhill, Mass., when young, where he was secretary of the Blaine and Logan Club in 1884. In 1887 he was elected as a Republican to the Haverhill City Council. In 1903 he was appointed by Governor Bates a member of the State Board of

Gas and Electric Commission. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1918. He was appointed Assistant Appraiser of the Port of Boston by President Roosevelt in 1908, and was made Appraiser in 1924. He was the first secretary of the Haverhill Shoe Manufacturers' Association. He had been twice married and is survived by his second wife who was Gertrude L. Grove of Sharpsburg, Md.

ARTHUR F. HOWARD

Arthur Fiske Howard, born in Portsmouth in June, 1874, died at St. Raphael's Hospital in New Haven, Conn., December 5, 1928.

He was the son of the late Alfred F. and Eliza (Fiske) Howard, and was educated in the public schools and Amherst College, where he was classmate of President Coolidge.

He was the first superintendent of the Portsmouth Electric Railway, but resigned to enter the employ of the Granite State Fire Insurance Company as an adjuster, of which his father was long the head, and continued in that position.

He was a member of the State House of Representatives, in the administration of Gov. John H. Bartlett. He was a Knight Templar Mason, and a member of the New England Insurance Exchange and is survived by a widow and step-mother.

JOHN H. NEALLEY

John H. Nealley, born in So. Berwick, Me., August 4, 1853; died in Dover, N. H., December 6, 1928.

He was the son of Benjamin and Abby (Pray) Nealley, and sixth in descent from William Nealley, who came to this country from Scotland in 1718 and settled in Nottingham, whence his great-grandfather, Joseph Nealley, went

into the Revolutionary Army and fought from Stillwater to Yorktown in the war for independence.

In 1871 he removed to Dover, N. H., where he engaged in the dry goods trade with his brother the late Benjamin F. Nealley, who was mayor of the city in 1889-90. He continued in the business, after his brother's death till 1911, when he retired. He was mayor of Dover in 1904-5, and during his term the present high school building was erected. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1902, and State Senator in 1907-8. He was a trustee of the Dover Public Library, the Pine Hill Cemetery, and the Wentworth Hospital. He was prominent in Masonry, having attained the 33d degree, and was also a member of the Elks and the Bellamy Club.

DANIEL N. DAVIS

Daniel N. or D. Ned Davis as he was generally known, who was born in Andover, N. H., June 17, 1854, died in Franklin, December 7, 1928.

He was the son of David M. Davis and had been a resident of Franklin for sixty years, where he graduated from the Franklin Academy and later engaged in the clothing business with H. G. Odell. Later he was engaged for a time in the same business in Tilton, but returned to Franklin and became purchasing agent for the Winnepesaukee Paper Company. Later he established a paper box factory, and was active in the business affairs of the city, serving a term as Mayor, with marked ability.

For some years past he had spent the winters in Florida, where he organized the N. H. Tourist Society, being its first president, and where he built a school for the colored people, now known as Davis Academy. He initiated the movement for the Armory Association in Franklin, and was the first president of

the Franklin Automobile Association. In politics he was a Democrat.

He is survived by a widow and one brother, Fred S. Davis, of Andover.

OLIN H. CHASE

Olin Hosea Chase, born in Springfield, N. H., August 29, 1875, died in Concord, December 8, 1928.

He was the son of Hosea B. and Eveline H. (Kidder) Chase, and was educated in the Newport schools. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Republican Champion* and was employed in that office till 1900, when he became proprietor of the paper and was its editor and publisher till 1916 when he removed to Concord to become Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

He was noted as a vigorous and pungent writer and made the *Champion* one of the brightest paper in the state. He was prominent in town affairs in Newport: was for twelve years town clerk, and a representative in the Legislature from 1913 to 1917, serving the latter part of the last term as speaker, having been elected upon the resignation of Edwin C. Bean, to take the office of Secretary of State.

He held the office of Motor Vehicle Commissioner for several years, when he resigned, and was for some time engaged in the insurance business. He was twice chosen Alderman-at-Large in Concord, but was elected Mayor by the board, before entering upon his second term, upon the death of Mayor Frank N. Marden, a year ago.

He was a Universalist in religion and Moderator of the First Universalist Society of Concord.

He was prominent and active in Masonry, belonging to lodge, chapter, temple and shrine, and at the time of his death, he was Grand Marshal of the Grand Lodge, and Deputy Grand

High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter.

While residing in Newport he served two terms as president of the State Board of Trade, and was much interested in its work. He was ever active in Republican politics, as a speaker as well as a writer, and was secretary of the

Republican State Committee in 1923-4. He served as a second lieutenant in the Spanish American War, and was a captain in the National Guard for five years. He married Miss Hattie Reed of Newport, by whom he is survived, with one brother, Herbert S. Chase, of Fairhaven, Mass.

Sunset

ALDINE F. MASON

At the top of the ridge at sunset,
 A sky lavender, rose and blue;
 Ever changing lights and shadows,
 In beauty of wondrous hue.
 The hand of the Master-Painter
 Has spared not his colors rare,
 With the heavens a boundless canvas
 A background surpassing fair.
 Far out across the valley
 Against the pageant sky,
 Our loved New Hampshire mountains
 In clear-cut outline lie.
 Warner's famed Mt. Kearsarge,
 Mt. Cardigan's ragged dome;
 While eastward Pawtuckaway's hill-top
 Guards Deerfield and Candia homes.
 Farther still the trail to the northward
 Brings visions of peaks far beyond,—
 Of our Grand Old Man of the Mountain
 Traced by memory's fairy wand.
 I stand, enthralled by the vista,
 The spirit within me stilled;
 Yea, verily, as the Prophet, I
 Lift mine eyes unto the hills.



