PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

PPF 9
Gifts M
May-July 1936

TEE

3-0036

ATO
S. SABIN
TIFFT

PPF900490

THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE

SPRINGFIELD

ORGANIZED A TOWN MAY 14-16, 1636, O. S.

MASSACHUSETTS

EDWARD H. MARSH
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICATIONS AND SOUVENIRS

May 13, 1936.

The President
Washington,
D. C.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

It gives me pleasure to send you under separate cover the first copy of Springfield's 300th Anniversary Book containing your gracious greeting to the people of Springfield.

The Anniversary Committee deeply appreciates your genuine interest in our celebration expressed in your cordial letter.

Sincerely yours,

Edward H. Marsh

Edward H. Marsh, Director
Publications & Souvenirs.

EHM:B

OFFICE: MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE: PYNCHON AT BROADWAY TELEPHONE: 3-0036

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ADRIAN L. POTTER, CHAIRMAN DWIGHT R. WINTER, VICE CHAIRMAN MAYOR HENRY MARTENS, EX-OFFICIO

WILLIAM F. ADAMS
REV. DAVID NELSON BEACH
VICTOR N. BENGLE
REV. GEORGE S. L. CONNOR
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DR. ALFRED M. GLICKMAN
JOHN E. GOREY
WALTER GUENTHER
WILLIAM C. HAYES
HERMAN ISENBURG
MRS. GUY KIRKHAM
EDWARD H. MARSH
JOSEPH ONORATO
MRS. GEORGE S. SABIN
ELIPHALET T. TIFFT

PRESIDENT BOARD OF ALDERMEN - - PRESIDENT COMMON COUNCIL

May 14, 1936

My dear Mr. Marsh:

Your letter of May thirteenth and the copy of Springfield's Three Hundredth Anniversary Book, which you were good enough to send to the President, have been received. He deeply appreciates your kind thought and has asked me to thank you most cordially.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Edward H. Marsh, Esq.,
Director,
Publications and Souvenirs,
Three Hundredth Anniversary Committee,
Springfield,
Massachusetts.

hm

P.P.F.
9-M

May 14, 1936

My dear Mr. Miollis:

The President has asked me to acknowledge receipt of and thank you for your letter of April twelfth. He has also asked me to tell you how greatly he appreciates your courtesy in sending him the cheese.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

Sent House

Raymond Miollis, Esq.,
P. O. Box 282,
Barron,
Wisconsin.

P.P.F. 9-C

mwd

May 9, 1936

MEMORANDUM FOR

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE:

I attach hereto a letter which we have received from Mr. Raymond Miollis, President of Natural Cheese, Inc., Barron, Wisconsin, together with a translation. I will appreciate it if you will have someone prepare a suitable reply for my signature.

It would appear from the marked paragraph on page three that Mr. Miollis is sending the President a cheese, although to date none has been received from this company.

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

mm

4/12/36. Raymond Miollis, Pres., Natural Cheese, Inc., Barron, Wisconsin.
Translation retained.

With compliments from

RAYMOND MIOLLIS
NATURAL CHEESE, INC.

PHONES
OFFICE 96
RESIDENCE 235

P. O. BOX 282
BARRON,
WISCONSIN

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

May 12, 1936

Hon. Marvin H. McIntyre
Assistant Secretary to the President
The White House

Dear Mac:

Your memo of May 9 and the enclosed letter from Mr. Raymond Miollis were referred to our dairy specialists for consideration, and I now have from the Acting Chief of the Bureau of Dairy Industry a memo which is enclosed for your information.

In the circumstances I can hardly suggest any sort of reply other than a simple acknowledgment.

Sincerely yours,

H A Wallace

Enclosure

Secretary

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON

May 12, 1936

Hon. Marvin H. McIntyre
Assistant Secretary to the President
The White House

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H A Wallace

Enclosure

Secretary

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF DAIRY INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON, D.C.

May 12, 1936

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Assistant Secretary to the President
The White House

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Sincerely yours,

Secretary's File Room
(Signed)
H A Wallace

Secretary

Enclosure

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF DAIRY INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 12, 1936

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SECRETARY

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Mr. Raymond Miollis, who has signed the accompanying letter to the President, was employed a few years ago by the Pure Milk Association, a producers' cooperative of Chicago, to develop cheese making to utilize their surplus milk. It has been reported to us that while he was successful for a time in making a Gouda type cheese, he later encountered serious difficulty with the cheese, which threatened to destroy their market. Mr. Miollis had not permitted anyone to observe his methods, and since he was unable to correct the trouble himself and no one in the plant was familiar with the method of making the cheese, the company terminated their contract with him. Later he went to Barron, Wisconsin, and interested the Cooperative Creamery at that place.

The statements he makes on the second page of his letter are open to serious question, particularly the statement that natural cheese are carriers of various kinds of disease bacteria. I suggest that a letter be prepared thanking him for the cheese and for bringing this to the attention of the President, but not committing anyone to any action.

If further information is desired, it could no doubt be obtained from the Pure Milk Association, Chicago.

L. A. Rogers

L. A. Rogers,
Acting Chief of Bureau.

April 25, 1936

Respectfully referred to the officials of the State Department for translation.

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

hm

Letter from Raymond Miollis, President, Natural Cheese, Inc., Barron, Wisconsin, April 12, 1936 to the President. Written in French.

a. Le fermier Américain recevra pour son lait de 20 à 50% de plus qu'il ne reçoit actuellement.

W146

NATURAL CHEESE, INC.

BARRON, WISCONSIN

BARONET
CHEESE
MADE BY
BARRON CO-OPERATIVE
CREAMERY

Le 12 Avril 1936.

pac
track

Mr. Fallon
can you have
this translated

R B

President Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

Mon cher Président,

Puisque vous faites aux Fromagers l'honneur de vous intéresser à leurs produits, vous serez heureux d'apprendre qu'un geste de vous peut mettre au premier rang l'industrie fromagère américaine, qui est en ce moment en très mauvaise situation.

Les Etats-Unis produisent 500.000.000 de livres de fromage par an. Ce fromage n'étant pas exportable - parce que de qualité inférieure - est consommé entièrement ici.

La moitié de ce fromage est fondu (processed) c'est à dire dévitalisé, l'autre moitié est vendue au naturel.

Ce fromage naturel, étant fait de lait cru ou contaminé après pasteurisation, contient à l'état virulent pendant plus de trois mois tous les microbes de la vache, des mains du fermier, de l'étable et de la fromagerie, - que la vache, le fermier et le fromager soient malades ou non de maladies contagieuses.

En d'autres termes, les 250.000.000 de livres de fromages naturels consommées annuellement sont porteurs de bacilles de tuberculose, de typhoïde, de fièvre de Malte, de streptocoques de tous genres et de tous les microbes qui pullulent en milieux malpropres.

Grâce à nos procédés et brevets vous pouvez transformer l'industrie fromagère américaine et améliorer la santé publique en orientant la production vers les fromages fins, de qualité controlée au microscope, c'est à dire exempts de microbes de putréfaction et de maladie.

Les avantages pratiques seront les suivants :

a. Le fermier Américain recevra pour son lait de 20 à 50% de plus qu'il ne reçoit actuellement.

b. Les fromages des différentes variétés seront exportables. On pourra créer une exportation fromagère, maintenant inexistante, et utiliser de cette façon une plus grande quantité du lait produit. Cela diminuera d'autant le surplus actuel.

c. De bons fromages feront augmenter immédiatement la consommation per capita aux Etats-Unis. Elle demeure faible (4½ lbs. au lieu de 10 a 12 lbs.) parce que les produits fromagers actuellement offerts au public Américain sont de qualité nettement inférieure.

Ces avantages auront pour résultat d'augmenter considérablement le chiffre d'affaires et les benefices nets de l'industrie fromagère. Si, comme je le propose, les coopératives agricoles se lancent dans la voie nouvelle que nous préconisons, ce sera le fermier Américain, producteur de lait, qui bénéficiera des avantages indiqués. Je suis prêt à vous soumettre un plan d'action qui, en peu d'années, donnera les résultats espérés.

Le BARONET que nous vous adressons ci-joint a été fait en Wisconsin avec du lait d'hiver, c'est à dire médiocre. Ce fromage est cependant comparable, comme qualité, aux meilleurs produits de France.

Veuillez agréer, mon cher President, mes respectueuses salutations, avec mes voeux pour Novembre 1936.

NATURAL CHEESE INC.

Raymond Miollis

Pres.

Raymond Miollis.

P.S.- La feuille ci-jointe atteste de l'exactitude des dangers signalés dans la fabrication fromagère actuelle.

Au cas où vous ayez l'intention de vous renseigner avant de donner suite à cette lettre, je me permets de vous conseiller de vous adresser au New York Board of Health, où le Dr. Harris en 1928 a étudié de près la question.

Les bureaux de Washington, les Universités et les Stations agricoles nous combattent énergiquement depuis des années et sont en somme responsables de la situation arriérée actuelle. Ils ne vous donneront certainement pas une réponse satisfaisante.

R.M.

Barron Cooperative Creamery

OFFICERS:
O. G. WERTS. PRES.
HENRY QUAM. VICE-PRES.
GEORGE A. SCHMIDT. SEC.
L. A. NELSON. TREAS.-MGR.

DRIED SKIM MILK, DRIED BUTTERMILK
SWEET CREAM AND BUTTER

BARRON, WISCONSIN

DIRECTORS:
CARL NORDBY
O. G. WERTS
GEORGE A. SCHMIDT
HENRY QUAM

TUBERCLE BACILLI IN CHEESE.

T.R.Mohler.- Hyg. Lab. Bull. 41, 1908. Refers to the work of Rabinovitch, Klein, Laser, Bang, Petri, Lamson, Marks, Moller and others :

"T.B. in cheese may remain virulent for three months".

Galtier "found T.B. in both salted and unsalted cheese after three months and ten days". "Artificially infected cheese remained virulent for Guinea pigs 104 days".

LONGEVITY OF TYPHOID BACILLI IN CHEESE.

E.M.Wade & Lewis Shere.- Am. Journal Public Health, Vol 18, 1926.

"Investigation of 29 cases of typhoid due to Cheddar cheese showed that typhoid bacilli survived 63 days in the cheese".

"In artificially infected cheese, typhoid bacilli were recovered from 8 to 36 days after infection."

E.D.Rich.- Am. Journal Public Health, 13, 1923, 210.

"Reported 61 cases of typhoid with 4 deaths from short curd cheese eaten 2 to 3 weeks after manufactured."

"In each case the raw milk was infected by carriers".

M. Nevin.- Journal Inf. Dis. 28, 1921, 226.

"Cottage cheese,three persons dead."

The above information was sent to the writer upon request, by the New York Board of Health.

Raymond Micelis.

Raymond Micelis

TRANSLATION

Barron, Wisconsin

April 12, 1936.

THE WHITE HOUSE
MAY 5 1936
RECEIVED

President Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

My dear President,

Since you do cheese makers the honor of interesting yourself in their products, you will be happy to know that a gesture from you can put the American cheese making industry in the first rank, an industry which is at this time in a very bad situation.

The United States produces 500 million pounds of cheese per year. This cheese not being exportable - because of its inferior quality - is wholly consumed here.

Half of the said cheese is processed, that is to say devitalized, the other half is sold au naturel.

This natural cheese, being made from raw milk or milk contaminated after pasteurization, contains in the virulent condition for more than three months all the microbes from the cow, from the hands of the farmer, from the stable and from the cheese dairy, whether the cow, the farmer, and the cheese maker are or are not suffering from contagious diseases.

In other words the 250 million pounds of natural cheese consumed annually are the carriers of the bacilli

of

of tuberculosis, typhoid, Malta fever, streptococci of all kinds and of the microbes which flourish under uncleān conditions.

Thanks to our process and patents you can transform the American cheese industry and improve the public health by directing the production toward fine cheeses, of a quality microscopically controlled, that is to say exempt from microbes of decay or of disease.

The practical advantages will be as follows:

a. The American farmer will receive from 20 to 50 per cent more for his milk than he does now.

b. The cheeses of the different varieties will be exportable. We shall be able to create cheese exports, now non-existant, and thus use a greater amount of the milk produced. That will diminish by so much the present surplus.

c. Good cheese will immediately increase the per capita consumption in the United States. It remains low (4 1-2 lbs. instead of 10 to 12 lbs.) because the cheese products at present offered to the American public are distinctly inferior in quality.

These advantages will have the result of increasing considerably the turnover and the net profits of the cheese-making industry. If, as I propose, the agricultural cooperatives enter the new channel that we advocate,

it

it will be the American farmer, the milk producer, who will benefit from the advantages indicated. I am prepared to submit to you a plan of action which, in a few years, will give the desired results.

The BARONET that we are sending to you herewith was made in Wisconsin from winter i.e. mediocre milk. Yet the said cheese is comparable, as to quality, with the best products of France.

Please accept, my dear President, my respectful greetings, with my best wishes for November, 1936.

NATURAL CHEESE, INC.
Raymond Miollis, Pres.

P.S. The attached sheet testifies to the truth of the dangers pointed out in present-day cheese making.

In case it is your intention to investigate before acting upon this letter, I take the liberty of suggesting that you address the New York Board of Health, where Dr. Harris, in 1928, studied the question closely.

The Washington bureaus, the Universities and the Agricultural Stations have been fighting us energetically for years and are in fact responsible for the present backward situation. They will certainly not give you a satisfactory reply.

R.M.

Barron, Wisconsin
April 12, 1936.

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The White House,
Washington, D.C.

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R.M.

Book never read.

123 W. PARK AVE. FANNIN 1764

FLORENCE McDERMOTT
AUTHOR-LECTURER-TEACHER OF NUTRITION
NUTRITIONAL RESEARCH
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

pp 7.
9-M

May 15, 1936

The Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I am writing to ask if you could inform me where I could obtain recipes of the Soy Bean banquet given yourself last year.

I have directed a Diet Hospital in this city for twelve years and researched in foods, and have just completed a Dictionary of Foods, together with some two hundred recipes on Modern Nutrition, which is my gift to our State Board of Education for free use in the Public Schools. I am very anxious to get as many Soy Bean recipes as I possibly can. I am very sure you know it contains the oil of Lecithin, one of the most valuable foods to nourish the brain and nervous system.

What a challange to the world whose institutions for mental suffering and nervous break-down and the parent disease, insanity, all report over crowding. How I wish some of these newer theories could be used, not only as a cure, but to prevent disease.

Education on this particular phase of food was never more needed. I have some delightful recipes that I am trying to induce the school cafeterias to use all over the United States, I have also perfected a very delicious milk from the Soy Bean flour.

I am sending you a manuscript copy of this book and I do want you to try some of the drinks that are of special benefit to mental workers. I am very sure you will join with me in wishing God-speed to the day when most diseases will be prevented.

May God guard you and keep you long to direct the affairs of State.

Cordially yours,

(Mrs) Florence McDermott.

Florence McDermott

FM:BR
Enc.

Florence McDermott's
Medical Credentials

"I am familiar with the research work carried on by Mrs. McDermott along the lines of diet, and feel sure that she is worthy and efficient to carry on a school of dietetics".--W. A. King, M. D., City Health Officer, City Hall City Hall Plaza, San Antonio, Texas.

"I have known Mrs. Florence McDermott for several years and of her work in dietetics.I feel sure her school of Scientific Cooking will fill a great need."--Minnie C. O'Brien, M. D. Nix Professional Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

"In all the years of your activity here and the many hours you have so cheerfully given of your time for the benefit of humanity, I have heard nothing but praise. I consider you the best-informed and most level-headed dietitian in the South."--S. B. Riggs, D. D. S., Medical Arts Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

"I have known of Mrs. McDermott and her work through professional contact over a period of the past four years. I consider Mrs. McDermott very familiar on the question of diet and its relation to disease, as well as in its relation to preventive medicine.

"I know that she has done a great deal of research work in relation to diets and I feel that she is especially well qualified in this subject.--R. E. Scott, M. D., F. A. C. P." Medical Arts Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce my friend, Mrs. Florence McDermott, and to highly endorse her work. She has lived in San Antonio for several years as director of the Florence McDermott Diet Home. I understand she is giving this up to lecture on her subject "Modern Nutrition."

San Antonio's loss is your gain, and I sincerely hope you will benefit by her teachings as we have done. Many noted physicians here highly endorse her work. Any courtesies you can show her will be much appreciated by the writer."--Mrs. W. E. Pyne, Pres., The City Federation of Women's Clubs, San Pedro Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the efficiency of Mrs. McDermott's diet methods.

"Only recently, I was a patient with Mrs. McDermott, and being a graduate of the New York Training School for Nurses, and having worked with many eminent physicians all over the country, I was greatly interested in her work from a scientific stand point. During the very ill period I had the best of care and made progress from the moment I entered the institution.

"When I reached the convalescent stage, food that only a scientist could have prepared, was serv d to me in a most attractive and appetizing way. Mrs. McDermott is an artist in the preparation of food. She knows WHAT to give the patient for his, or her individual bodily needs, and she gives her personal attention ot it's preparation, and service."--Elizabeth M. Holm. R. N., San Antonio Nurses Registry, San Antonio, Texas.

"I have known of the work of Mrs. Florence McDermott in a practical form for some time and it gives me great pleasure to endorse her plan for classes in modern nutrition.

"I feel instruction in this particular field a great need, and would like for the employees of this department to know more of her methods."--Mrs. E. O. Moffett, Director of School Cafeterias, Board of Education, San Antonio, Texas.

Note: —
STE says to be sure
& see that this book gets
to the President.
Marvin McIntyre
Jeffard D Jones

Buckley
P.P.F.
9-M

1936.

My dear Mr. Mangione:

The copy of "War in the Pacific" by Sutherland Denlinger has just been received. I shall be glad to make it available to the President immediately.

Book

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary to the
President

Mr. Jerre Mangione,
Robert M. McBride & Company,
116 East Sixteenth Street,
New York, N. Y.

dj

May 26, 1936.

Buckley
P.P. 7.
9-m

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Book

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STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary to the
President

Mr. Jerre Mangione,
Robert M. McBride & Company,
116 East Sixteenth Street,
New York, N. Y.

dj

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY
Publishers
116 East Sixteenth Street
New York

TRAVEL

Published Monthly

CABLE ADDRESS
BRIDECO, N. Y.

May 21, 1936

ack 5/24/36
MW

P.P.7.
9-M

Mr. Stephen Early
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Early:

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of our new book, WAR IN THE PACIFIC by Sutherland Denlinger. Mr. Critchell Rimington, who is connected with our establishment, has suggested that you might be kind enough to put this book on President Roosevelt's desk. Anything you can do to help call this book to the attention of the President, will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

Jesse Mangione

Jesse Mangione, Editor

JM:da

hm

Ansley

June 1, 1936

P.P.F. 9-M

Gentlemen:

The President has received the copy of the book "The Log of the Bon Homme Richard", which you were good enough to send him, and has asked me to thank you most cordially for your kind thought.

Very sincerely yours,

To House

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mariners Savings Bank,
New London,
Connecticut.

hm

Buckley

June 2, 1936.

P.P.F. 9-M

My dear Senator Sheppard:

The President has received your letter of May twenty-ninth and has asked me to thank you for your kindness in presenting the miniature bale of cotton to him.

He asks if you will be good enough to express his appreciation to the M. & H. Gin Company for their courtesy.

Very sincerely yours,

Stone Room

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Honorable Morris Sheppard,
United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS SHEPPARD, TEX., CHAIRMAN
DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, FLA.
HUGO L. BLACK, ALA.
J. HAMILTON LEWIS, ILL.
MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.
M. M. LOGAN, KY.
ROBERT R. REYNOLDS, N. C.
NATHAN L. BACHMAN, TENN.
F. RYAN DUFFY, WIS.
ELBERT D. THOMAS, UTAH
SHERMAN MINTON, IND.
LEWIS B. SCHWELLENBACH, WASH.
ROBERT D. CAREY, WYO.
L. J. DICKINSON, IOWA
WARREN R. AUSTIN, VT.
W. WARREN BARBOUR, N. J.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.

VICTOR RUSSELL, CLERK
C. H. TOLBERT, ASST. CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

Washington, D.C.

May 29, 1936

Dear Mr. President:

At the request of the M. & H. Gin Company of Granger, Texas, I am sending you herewith a miniature bale of cotton.

Yours very sincerely,

Morris Sheppard

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

pp7.
9-m

June 4, 1936

My dear Mr. Millholland:

I want to thank you for the inscribed copy of your book, "Splinter Fleet," which you have been good enough to present to me through the courtesy of Mr. Moley. I deeply appreciate your kind thought of me.

Very sincerely yours,

Marie LeHand

Ray Millholland, Esq.,
5157 Winthrop Avenue,
Indianapolis,
Indiana.

ngm

RAYMOND MOLEY

194 EAST END AVENUE
NEW YORK

May 27, 1936.

Dear Missy:

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the book "Splinter Fleet," inscribed for the President by the author, Ray Millholland. Perhaps you will recall that about two years ago TODAY published Mr. Millholland's very moving story about a relief worker, which was entitled "Man on the Hill."

"Splinter Fleet" is a story of submarine chasers during the war, and since Mr. Millholland felt that the President might be interested in his book, he has asked me to forward this copy to him. Mr. Millholland's address is 5157 Winthrop Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

I am looking forward to seeing you Thursday evening.

Cordially yours,

R. M.

Miss Marguerite LeHand
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Brady

P.P.F.
9-M

June 8, 1936

My dear Mr. McDonogh:

Your letter of recent date has been received and I want to thank you in the President's behalf for the kind thought which prompted you to send the surgical device to him.

The friendly interest which your communication evidences is greatly appreciated by him.

Very sincerely yours,

Steve Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Frank A. McDonogh, Esq.,
946 South Thirty-third,
Louisville,
Kentucky.

hm

cf

but those days are not here (says
and up to date service like now

846 S. 33rd St
Louisville Ky.
May 26/36

Hon Franklin D Roosevelt
Hyde Park N.Y.

Dear Friend.

I was sorry to learn of your Mothers accident, (through our daily paper.) I am sending you by Air Mail today what is known as Reno S. Surgal Nail it is a #9. about the genral size used Now if it is necessary that your Surgeon finds that an opperation will help her to recover. I am offering this Nail which is a new invention used only a year or so with great results here in Louisille (I am now waiting for Patent rights from Patent office therefore it is not for sale as yet as Patent is applied for.) But it is a great pleasure to offer it to you if it will help reline your good Mother, and I know my mother an invalid for 30 years (the same kind of accident that those days we did not have X rays and up to date service like now

Now Mr President you Surgeon who do think will be the best, will very likely if shown this tail will see what a great improvement over the old time plegn. and know how to use it The U.S. shape and notched mill keep it absolutly from any motion and in a few hours the patient will be able to walk as usual.

I hope you will Consider this gift as I would be pleased like yourself to help someone.

You have done more than full mark for Infantile paitus and hope our Good Lord will bless you for it.

If you Doctor finds he can use this to give her any relief I would be pleased and hope she will have a speedy recovery

Yours truly friend

Frank A McDonough
846 S. 33rd.
Louisville Ky

Any size can be sent on recipt of a telegram.

846 A 33rd
Louisville Ky
6/10/36

0

7

8th morning today but
y, if the Surgical Nail
President had been
to his mother or not
ad the sad news
I mailed this Nail
hip had been broken
that a good doctor
ame and gave her
me, I am anxious to
know if it reached her in time
and what Doctor if you know used
it I hope she is getting better, as
I see in the papers the President is
on his trip. I would sure be
glad to meet him again, I think
he is a great man and I will do
all I can to help re-elect him
we need men like him and



After.....days, return to
F. McDonough
846 A. 33rd
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hon. President Franklin D. Roosevelt
Hyde Park
N.Y.

Personal Attention

8462 33rd
Louisville Ky
6/10/36

Mr M A Leffland. O
White House.
Washington D.C.

Yor Letter of June 8th reciving today but
you did not say, if the Surgical Nail
I mailed to the President had been
of any help to his mother or not
As Soon as I read the sad news
over the Radio I mailed this Nail
thinking if her hip had been broken
as mine was. that a good doctor
could insert same and give her
great relief it once, I am anxious to
know if it reached her in time
and what Doctor if you know used
it I hope she is getting better as
I see in the papers the President is
on his trip. I would sure be
glad to meet him again, I think
he is a great man and I will do
all I can to help reelect him
we need men like him and

I hope God will bless
him with good helth to
serve us our Country for a
good many more years to come
Thanking you for your kindness
in acknowledging the Signed Nail
as I thought long not hearing before
this that it had gone astray.
Let me know please the man Z
Doctor it was going to so I can
write and explain it better to him

Your Friend
Frank McDonough

Buckley

P.P.F.
9-M

June 11, 1936.

My dear Mr. Mack:

Your note of June third has been received.

Thank you very much, in the President's behalf, for your courtesy in sending a copy of your book to him. I shall be glad to lay it before him when he returns from his trip to the Texas Centennial.

Very sincerely yours,

H Hauser

RUDOLPH FORSTER
Executive Clerk

em

Harold L. Mack, Esq.,
McKenzie River Farm,
Vida,
Oregon.

HAROLD L. MACK · McKENZIE RIVER FARM · VIDA, LANE COUNTY, OREGON

June 3, 1936

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. President:

I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of my booklet which may be of interest to you. It gives perhaps a different angle from which the economic problems may be looked at and may possibly be of some value to you.

Please accept it as an expression of my sincere desire to make any contribution within my power to the social advancement along the lines you have so courageously undertaken.

Sincerely yours,

Harold L. Mack

HLM:R

First Nat'l Bank Bldg
Eugene Oregon

hm

Buckley

June 12, 1936

P. F. 7.
9 - M

My dear Mr. Sullivan:

Your letter of June tenth and the copy of the Souvenir Book, which was published in connection with the Massachusetts Democratic Pre-Primary Convention, have been received. I shall be glad to bring them to the attention of the President upon his return to the city.

Thank you very much in his behalf for this evidence of your friendly interest.

Very sincerely yours,

To Howe

RUDOLPH FORSTER
Executive Clerk

Micheal J. Sullivan, Esq.,
Massachusetts Democratic State
Pre-Primary Convention Committee,
1215 Main Street,
Springfield,
Massachusetts.

hm

SADIE H. MULRONE, Treasurer

Massachusetts Democratic State Pre-Primary Convention Committee

1215 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

Tel. 3-2151

48

THE WHITE HOUSE
JUN 12 1936
RECEIVED

June 10, 1936

The President
Washington
D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

We are sending you under separate cover suitably bound Souvenir Book which was published in connection with the Massachusetts Democratic Pre-Primary Convention which was held in Springfield, Massachusetts on June 4th, 5th and 6th, and which we believe may be of interest to you.

Respectfully yours,

Michael J. Sullivan.

MJS:MAB

COPY

June 15, 1936.

My dear Governor Green:

I want to tell you how glad I am to have the framed map of Rhode Island which you were good enough to send me on the occasion of the first air express service from the State of Rhode Island.

I appreciate your kindness.

Very sincerely yours,

His Excellency
Theodore F. Green,
Governor of Rhode Island,
Providence, Rhode Island.

SEE P.P.F. 1769-for first carbon.

P. P. F.

9-M

P P 7.
9, M

June 16, 1936

Buddy

My dear Miss Millet:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June thirteenth and the drawing which you were good enough to send to the President. He has asked me to thank you most cordially for your kind thought in writing and for the friendly interest which your communication evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

Stu Rooney

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Katherine Millet, ✕
314 East 167th Street,
Bronx,
New York.

✕ P P 7
6-D

hm

June 13, 1936

My Dear Mr. President:

When your W.P.A. system became a well known fact, I was one of the lucky persons to join by it. Not by money but by knowledge. All my life I was terribly interested in drawing and all fields of art, but due to financial difficulties at home I could not widen my knowledge in it.

I was very unhappy, but not for long, because I found out about the Industrial School of Art, a W.P.A. Project, I registered and have been there 2 months now. Until he

1936

t sin-

im that

ter Love".

ghtfulness.

rs,

d

TARY

7320 Ellwood Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

es

wishes of the future

Iam.

Yaur faithfuls
follower

Miss Katherine Millet
314 East 167 St.
Bronx N.Y.C.

"May God Bless You"

surprised at the amount
of work and the amount
of teaching and practicing
carried out there.

To me it was
as a Godsend to give me
something to look forward
to in the future.

And I owe all
my knowledge to You, as
one of Yaur faithful followers
I while pray to God every
night for You to become
elected Again, so that
the future will be big and
successful for me and
the Country as well.

So with the deepest
gratitude & the fondest

PRIVATE SECRETARY

Reverend George T. McCarthy,
7320 Ellwood Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

es

Buckley.

P.P.F.
9-M

June 16, 1936

My dear Father McCarthy:

The President thanks you most sincerely for your courtesy in sending him that inscribed copy of your book "The Greater Love". He is most appreciative of your thoughtfulness.

Very sincerely yours,

Miss LeHand

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Reverend George T. McCarthy,
7320 Ellwood Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

es

Buckley

P.P.F. 7
4-M

June 18, 1936

My dear Mrs. McFarlin:

Your letter of June sixteenth has been received and I want to thank you in the President's behalf for the kind thought which prompted you to send the sample of your handi-work to him.

He deeply appreciates the friendly interest which your communication evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

Stuart Rorm

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Fannie McFarlin,
586 Irwin Street,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

hm

June 18, 1936

My dear Mrs. McFarlin:

Your letter of June sixteenth has been received and I want to thank you in the President's behalf for the kind thought which prompted you to send the sample of your handiwork to him.

He deeply appreciates the friendly interest which your communication evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. Lelland
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Fannie McFarlin,
596 Irwin Street,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

hm

Attached

Mrs Atlanta. Ga. (w/l 4/19/36)
586 Irwin St. June 16. 1936.

My Dear President:-

I heard that you was going to run for President again I dont want any one to Run against you I want you to remain on just as you are. and will you accept this Cigar holder and lighters I made this with my own hands. Mrs Duffie will please read this to the presidehht you know me of both names Fannie Shephard and Fannie McFarland of Big Bethel

So I will come to a close.

Mrs Fannie McFarlin.
586 Irwin St.
Atlanta, Ga.

Buckley

June 20, 1936

P.P.F.
9-M

My dear Mr. Morgan:

The President has received your note of June eighteenth and is pleased to have the copy of your annual guide. He asks if you will not be good enough to convey to the members and officers of Jones Beach Rod and Gun Club, his sincere appreciation of their kind thoughtfulness.

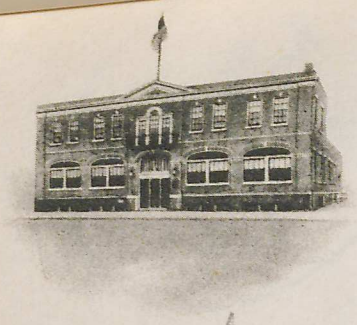
Very sincerely yours,

Steve Early

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

L. B. Morgan, Esq.,
c/o Nassau Daily Review,
Review Building,
Rockville Centre,
New York.

es



Nassau Daily Review

LONG ISLAND'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
REVIEW BUILDING
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N.Y.

acknd 6/20/36

THE WHITE HOUSE
JUN 20 1936.
RECEIVED

June 18, 1936.

Dear Mr. President:

Inclosed herewith you will find a copy of our annual guide, which we offer to you with the compliments of the officers and members of the club.

I sincerely trust you will enjoy its contents.

Respectfully yours,

L. B. Morgan,
Chairman, Guide Committee,
Jones Beach Rod and Gun Club.

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Executive Chambers, White House
Washington, D. C.

LBM:W

P.P.F.
9-M

June 22, 1936

Bradley

My dear Mr. Mueller:

The President was pleased to receive your friendly letter of June eighteenth and has asked me to thank you most cordially for the etching. He more than appreciates your kind thought in sending it to him, and is grateful for your good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

P.P.F.
9-P

Steve Early

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Peter Mueller, Esq.,
91-16 Park Lane, South,
Woodhaven,
Long Island,
New York.

avv

QUALITY & SERVICE

LITHO-ENGRAVING
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION

PETER MUELLER

91-16 PARK LANE SOUTH
WOODHAVEN, L.I., N.Y.

TEL. VIRGINIA 7-5630

ack'd 6/22/36 a.d.s. M

Ack'd
m.a.LeH

June 18, 1936,

Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I am sending you, under separate cover, an aqua-tint etching of yourself, the photo of which you have had the kindness to send me through your Secretary, M. A. LeHand, for the purpose, on March 6th.

Owing to a long illness, I have been delayed in completing it sooner.

If the picture pleases you, and if it can be used in any way to help your campaign, I will be happy to do whatever I can.

Hoping for your success in your campaign for the benefit of our country and its people, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Peter Mueller

PFM:A

P.P.F.
9-m

June 23, 1936

June 23, 1936

P.P.F.
9-m

My dear Congressman:

The President has asked me to drop you a line to tell you how pleased and delighted he is with the cigarette and cigar holders. It was awfully good of you to present them to him and I am sure he will have pleasure in making use of them.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

Honorable Dan R. McGehee,
The House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Miss Ketland has them

k/tmb

pp 7.
9: m

June 23, 1939

My dear Rabbi Mendelsohn:

Your letter of June nineteenth has been received and the President asks me to thank you for your kind thought in sending him the inscribed copy of your book. He is indeed most appreciative of this evidence of your good will.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Rabbi S. Felix Mendelsohn,
5140 North Central Park Avenue,
Chicago,
Illinois.

es

"Upon three things the world is based: Upon the Torah, upon Worship, and upon the Practice of Charity"

—Ethics of the Fathers

TEMPLE BETH ISRAEL

4850 BERNARD STREET
PHONE JUNIPER 0915
CHICAGO

S. FELIX MENDELSOHN, RABBI
5140 N. CENTRAL PARK AVENUE
PHONE IRVING 9212

M

ackgd 6/23/36

June 19, 1936

His Excellency
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I am mailing you today a copy of my book "The Jew Laughs" which contains nearly four hundred humorous stories.

I hope that you will find time to read at least some of the stories, since I believe that they have many laughs in store for you. You will probably find most interesting the second part of the book which consists of American humor.

Very respectfully yours,

S. Felix Mendelsohn

SFM:EB

"Upon three things the world is based: Upon the Torah, upon Worship, and upon the Practice of Charity"
—Ethics of the Fathers

June 23, 1936

My dear Miss Mitchell:

Your friendly note of greetings has been received and I want to thank you in the President's behalf for the token you were good enough to send him. Please let me assure you that he is most appreciative of this evidence of your good will.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Watterene Mitchell,
135 West 118th Street,
New York, NLY.

es

Buckley

O.P.F.
9-M

June 23, 1936

Gentlemen:

The President has received the copy of the book entitled "Andrew Johnson" by Mr. Lloyd Paul Stryker, and has asked me to thank you most cordially for your kind thought.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

The MacMillan Company,
60 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

hm

P.S.7
9-M

June 24, 1936

Bunker

My dear Mr. Murlin:

The President asks me to thank you very much for your courtesy in sending him the inscribed copy of The Wampum, 1936. He appreciates your kind thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

J. C. Murlin, Esq.,
Superintendent of Schools,
North Fairfield,
Ohio.

es

P.P.F.
9-M

June 29, 1936

Buckley

Respectfully referred to the State Department for appropriate acknowledgment, attention Mr. Southgate.

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

mgs

MARCHELLO, Filippo, 32 E. 22nd St., New York, N.Y., 6/23. Presents the President with a copy of the "Arte Romana" in appreciation of his constant and noble work. Is editor of the magazine "Domus".

July 2, 1936.

PPF 9-M

MEMORANDUM FOR

HONORABLE HARRY L. HOPKINS.

I wonder if there is any helpful suggestion you can make to the writer of this letter about employment.

She has been advised that the quilt cannot be accepted.

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

PPF 9-Q

WPA - Let. from MRS. T. T. MOODY, 535 Ga. Ave., Macon, Ga., 6/29/36 - widow with 3 minor children says she has made quilt, (red, white and blue showing Demo. donkey), for Pres. & Mrs. Roosevelt; says she is unemployed and has no money to send quilt, but will do so as soon as she is able to pay postage, if they will accept. it.

July 2, 1936.

My dear Mrs. Moody:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June twenty-ninth.

While the President and Mrs. Roosevelt deeply appreciate the kindly thought which prompted you to make the quilt for them, they do not feel that they can accept a gift upon which you have spent so much of your time.

What you say regarding your desire to secure some employment is being brought to the attention of the Works Progress Administrator.

Sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Mrs. T. T. Moody,
535 Georgia Avenue,
Macon,
Georgia.



Connection

Auburn, R. I. 193

Boneveet

— *In account with* —

E. C. Albro

Automobile Repairing of All Kinds

IGNITION EXPERT

Painting, Duco and Lacquer Finishes

252 Greenwood Street, Auburn, R. I.

Terms :



Telephone Connection ?

P.P.7.
9-M

Auburn, R. I. _____ 193__

M Rev. Bonneveet

— In account with —

E. C. Albro

xPP.7.9-A

Automobile Repairing of All Kinds

IGNITION EXPERT

Painting, Duco and Lacquer Finishes

252 Greenwood Street, Auburn, R. I.

Terms :

7

em

PPF 9-M

July 3, 1936.

My dear Mr. Mayo:

Your letter of June thirtieth has been received and I want to assure you of the President's appreciation of your thoughtfulness in sending the stamp book to him. He does not, however, feel that he should deprive you of its possession and I am therefore returning it to you.

XPPF 37-M

I am bringing your letter to the attention of the officials of the Social Security Board and the Works Progress Administrator.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary to the
President

em

Bennett T. Mayo, Esq.,
Apartment 8,
128 - 8th Street, N. E.,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

ret. stamp book.

July 3, 1936.

Respectfully referred to the Works Progress Administrator for consideration and advice to Mr. Mayo.

Copy is also being sent to the Social Security Board.

The stamp book has been returned to Mr. Mayo.

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary to the President

WPA - Copy let. from BENNETT T. MAYO, 128 8th St., NE, Atlanta, Ga., 6/30/36 - copy retained.

July 3, 1936.

Respectfully referred to the Social Security Board for consideration and advice to Mr. Mayo.

Copy is also being sent to the Works Progress Administration.

The stamp book has been returned to Mr. Mayo.

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary to the
President

em

SOCIAL SECURITY - Let. from BENNETT T. MAYO, 128 - 8th St., NE, Atlanta, Ga., 6/30/36 - copy retained.

copy

June 30, 1936.
Apt. 8, 128 - 8th St., NE.
Atlanta, Georgia.

The President,
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

My failure to secure employment in any of your many organizations for the past year prompts me to write this letter.

I have tried repeatedly many times through Social Security in Washington and WPA here and other of your great New Deal Agencies to secure some remunerative position where I might earn an honest and just living as every American should. Although I am competent and eligible I have been turned down on every occasion. I still feel and think you are doing a great work, Mr. President, and I am for you a hundred per cent.

Although I cannot take part in any of this great work for reasons unknown to me, I truly know of many others who are greatly benefited through your many great organizations, and I want you to know and feel I appreciate what is being done for many others.

Mr. President, I am sending you herewith a little stamp album my brother and I saved as boys and to which I attach a certain amount of sentiment. Will you do me the honor to accept this small token of my esteem for the great work you are carrying on for all America, and even though I take no active part in this great program, I realize and appreciate what it means to thousands of other Americans. I have the honor to remain,

Your most obedient servant,

(S) BENNETT T. MAYO

Mobile, Ala., July 4th, 1936.

Honorable Franklin D.Roosevelt,

President United States,
Washington, D.C.

My dear President:-

Please accept this little Souvenir, which I have fashioned from a piece of our native pecan wood. The tree, from which it is made, possibly over a hundred years old, stood on the premises occupied during the World War by our United States Soldiers, as a Hospital, and now occupied by the Young Women's Christian Association. In the winter of 1934-1935, with funds, material, labor, etc., furnished by the Federal Government, out of funds of the F.E.R.A., and under my supervision of the project, was constructed TWO of Mobile's finest tennis courts. To make way for these courts several large pecan and other trees had to be removed, and this Baton is made from a piece of one of these trees. These courts, which we are mighty proud of, to-day stand out as a beautiful MONUMENT TO THE "NEW DEAL". Being a musician, I am to-day a member of Mobile's WPA orchestra, our music project having been approved sometime last December. Of this orchestra, we are also mighty proud, and our appreciation and thanks again goes out to the man that has made it possible for all to earn a decent living and to have the necessary things of life, and that man is no other than OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT.

Always faithfullly yours,

L.R.McManus

L.R.McManus
Govermnent Street Loop,
District #39, Mobile, Ala.

205 St Stenator st.

ONLY A SOUVENIR

From:-

L.R.McManus, Violinist, and a
member of Mobile's WPA Orchestra,

To:-

Our beloved President,

Hon. Franklin D Roosevelt, with

Sincere wishes.

(A letter in detail under separate cover follows)

L.R.M.

Address:

2054 Senator Street,
Mobile, Ala.

Mailing address:

Government st. Loop
District #39,
Mobile, Ala.

July 27, 1936

My dear Mr. McManus:

Your interesting letter of July fourth has been received in the absence of the President, and I shall be glad to bring it to his attention upon his return to the city. I can assure you he will appreciate your sending him the souvenir baton and will be most grateful for the friendly spirit which prompted your act.

Very sincerely yours,

To Store Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

L. R. McManus, Esq.,
2054 Senator Street,
Mobile,
Alabama.

es

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

P.P.7. 9-m

July 6, 1936

P.P.7. 9-c

My dear Miss Clark:

Your letter of June twenty-ninth to the President has been received. He is deeply grateful to you for the thoughtful kindness which prompted you to send the holy medal to him, and has asked me to thank you most sincerely.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Marie Clark,
530 Brook Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

hm

The Miraculous Medal

The Medal of the Immaculate Conception, commonly called the Miraculous Medal, was revealed to a humble daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, Sister Catherine Labourè, by the Blessed Virgin herself, in 1830.

During her seminary days, Sister Catherine received extraordinary favors, such as visions of the heart of St. Vincent de Paul and daily manifestations of Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, but it was toward the close of that memorable year that she was blessed with the three apparitions of Mary Immaculate, to which we owe the Miraculous Medal.

The apparitions concerning the Medal were all very much alike; their nature, therefore, may be learned from a summary of Sister Catherine's account of the heavenly visitation which she received on November 27th:

> "The Blessed Virgin was standing on a globe, and her face was beautiful beyond words. Her fingers were covered with precious jewels whose light dazzled me. And I heard: 'Behold the

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

Marie Clark
530, Brook Ave
New York City, N.Y.
June 29, 1936

Thank

relt:-

I am sending you a little gift, and may it keep
nd protect you from harm. I know it will if you have
to Christ, and His blessed Mother a few words of
ning. Always keep it with you, it is called the mira-
has done two wonderful things for me.

The country needs you, I am seventy-two years old
ts in my time could all take their hats off to you
r family, and may He keep you safe for the people of
rs in Faith, Hope, and Charity

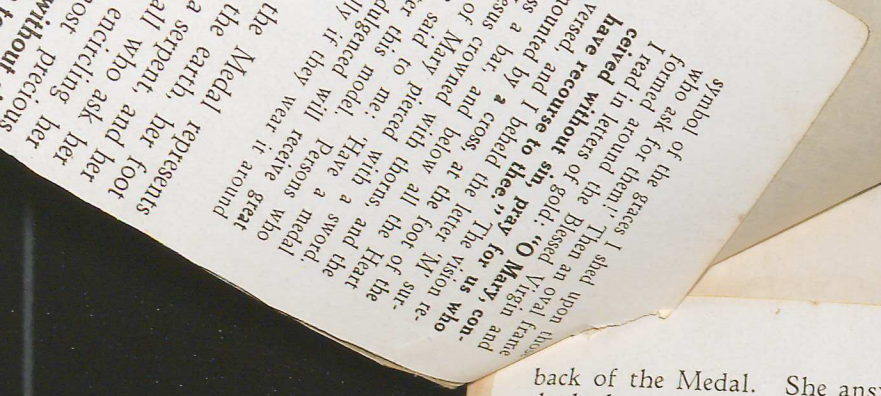
Most Respectfully

Marie Clark

symbol of the graces I shed upon those who ask for them!' Then an oval frame formed around the Blessed Virgin and I read in letters of gold: **"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."** The vision reversed, and I beheld the letter 'M' surmounted by a cross, at the foot of the cross a bar, and below all the Heart of Jesus crowned with thorns, and the Heart of Mary pierced with a sword. A voice said to me: 'Have a medal struck after this model. Persons who wear it indulgenced will receive great graces especially if they wear it around the neck.' "

The front of the Medal represents Mary standing on the earth, her foot crushing the head of a serpent, and her hands outstretched to all who ask her assistance. The prayer encircling her contains one of her most precious titles: **"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."** The rays of light from her hands symbolize the graces which she is only too anxious to bestow upon those who confide in her.

When Sister Catherine related the vision to her confessor, he asked her whether she had seen any writing on the



back of the Medal. She answered that she had seen none at all. "Ah! said the good priest, "ask the Blessed Virgin what to put there." The Sister obeyed, and having prayed a long time, one day during meditation, she seemed to hear a voice saying: "The M and the two hearts express enough."

Soon after its manifestation the Medal was struck, it became freely circulated, and in a short time was worn by millions. In its wake followed wonders innumerable. Health was restored, sickness banished; bad habits broken, special graces given; dangers averted, blessings bestowed—until the little Medal of the Immaculate Conception became known by the name it bears today, The Miraculous Medal.

The Association of the Miraculous Medal

Mary's wish, expressed in the vision, is that all her children wear her Medal. To fulfill this wish Pope Pius X established The Association of the Miraculous Medal. Its purpose is "to render due honor to Mary Immaculate, first by sanctifying ourselves, and second by

Marie Clark
530, Brook Ave
New York City, N.Y.
June 29, 1936

velt:-

I am sending you a little gift, and may it keep and protect you from harm. I know it will if you have ve to Christ, and His blessed Mother a few words of rning. Always keep it with you, it is called the mira- t has done two wonderful things for me.

The country needs you, I am seventy-two years old nts in my time could all take their hats off to you our family, and may He keep you safe for the people of ours in Faith, Hope, and Charity

Most Respectfully

Marie Clark

Marie Clark
530, Brook Ave
New York City, N.Y.
June 29, 1936

Dear President Roosevelt:-

I am sending you a little gift, and may it keep you in good health, and protect you from harm. I know it will if you have faith in it, and give to Christ, and His blessed Mother a few words of prayer night and morning. Always keep it with you, it is called the miraaculous medal and it has done two wonderful things for me.

The country needs you, I am seventy-two years old and all the presidents in my time could all take their hats off to you God bless you and your family, and may He keep you safe for the people of our nation. I am yours in Faith, Hope, and Charity

Most Respectfully

Marie Clark

WARE, James,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
July 6, 1936.

Sends President a model of the White House. (returned).

See 50-Miscel

br

PPF
9-M

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by

July 9, 1936

Dear Mr. McClintic:

Thank you ever so much for the delicious bass. It was more than kind of you to think of me, and I want you to know that I am deeply appreciative.

Very sincerely yours,

Regards at the House

Honorable J. V. McClintic,
Chastleton Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

ngm

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Thanks
ack'd
7/9/36
noon

To the President
from Mr. McClintic,
The Chastleton.

Bass

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the

17, 1936

P.P.F. 7.
9-M

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it me to thank

ught which

you in his behalf for the [illegible]

prompted you to send the Holy Medal to him and

for the friendly interest which your communica-

tion evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary
to the President

Mrs. Margaret Smythe,
111 Colonial Apartments,
Wilkinsburg,
Pennsylvania.

hm

$1.00

graph

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

July 17, 1936

P.P.F.
9-M

My dear Mrs. Smythe:

Your letter of July twelfth to the President has been received. Permit me to thank you in his behalf for the kind thought which prompted you to send the Holy Medal to him and for the friendly interest which your communication evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary
to the President

Mrs. Margaret Smythe,
111 Colonial Apartments,
Wilkinsburg,
Pennsylvania.

hm

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

Thanks
answered 7/17/36

111 Colonial Apts—
Wilkinsburg Pa
12 July 1936

Dear President Roosevelt—

Pardon me for taking the Liberty of writing you this note, but my reason I am enclosing you a Miraculous Medal of our Blessed Mother which I ask you to wear, Carry all the time, which will give you Strength, Health, & Courage, against those Tyrants—you are fighting.

I have great devotion to this Medal, I was left a Widow three Months ago absolutely penniless, owes the Undertaker for burial, rent and other bills, I am now working with the P.W.A. for $15.00 a week which I give thanks to this devotion and will pay the Bills as best I can, giving one & other $1.00 or more, as I need Shoes, clothing etc—

THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

to go to work Cooking respectable, and I also thank you for your help in going on this work, & you were not in power, which I trust & God you again will be, I Cannot think how we Could live. I Trust I am not offendy you by writing this note, as I am addressing it personal So you Can wear it at night medal

away May God bless and Spare you to us, "The whole Nation"

Yours. t.

Mrs Margaret Smythe

THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY





This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

June 18, 1936

PP 7
9-M

ter:

President asks if you
enough to express to the
stin and of the University
appreciation for the lovely
the fine collection of books
they put aboard his train when he
stopped in your city. He sincerely ap-
preciated these thoughtful remembrances.

I know we shall all remember our brief stay in Austin as one of the most inspiring occasions of an interesting trip.

Sincerely yours,

Kindest regards

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

RB/mm

Beauford H. Jester, Esq.,
Chairman,
Memorial Museum Committee,
Austin,
Texas.

OF CIVIL AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST IT IS PLANNED TO DEVELOP
THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY





This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

June 18, 1936

PPF 7 9-M

ester:

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d enough to express to the
Austin and of the University
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and the fine collection of books
which they put aboard his train when he
stopped in your city. He sincerely ap-
preciated these thoughtful remembrances.

I know we shall all remember our brief stay in Austin as one of the most inspiring occasions of an interesting trip.

Sincerely yours,

Kindest regards

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

RB/mm

Beauford H. Jester, Esq.,
Chairman,
Memorial Museum Committee,
Austin,
Texas.

OF CIVIL AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST IT IS PLANNED TO DEVELOP THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY

June 18, 1936

PPF 9-M

My dear Mr. Jester:

The President asks if you will be good enough to express to the people of Austin and of the University his sincere appreciation for the lovely roses and the fine collection of books which they put aboard his train when he stopped in your city. He sincerely appreciated these thoughtful remembrances.

I know we shall all remember our brief stay in Austin as one of the most inspiring occasions of an interesting trip.

Sincerely yours,

Kudd on Trans

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

RB/mm

Beauford H. Jester, Esq.,
Chairman,
Memorial Museum Committee,
Austin,
Texas.

THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY

INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

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TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16L

86 D M 484 NL 3 EX

AUSTIN TEX JUN 9 1936

ack 6/18/36

HON MARVIN H MCINTYRE

(REPORT DELIVERY) SECY TO PRESIDENT OF US

CARE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELTS TRAIN LITTLEROCK ARK

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO AUSTIN IS A COMPLIMENT TO 65,000 CITIZENS OF THE CAPITOL CITY OF TEXAS AND TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS ON WHOSE CAMPUS THE TEXAS MEMORIAL MUSEUM WILL BE ERECTED.THE FIRST STEP IN ERECTING THE MUSEUM WILL BE TAKEN THURSDAY NIGHT,AS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT PRESSES A BUTTON FROM HIS TRAIN SETTING OFF A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE BREAKING GROUND FOR THIS STRUCTURE.THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION WILL BE RELAYED BY LOUD SPEAKER TO THE CROWD ASSEMBLED AT THE TRAIN DURING THIS SUMMER AND FALL, AS A PRELIMINARY TO THIS GREAT MUSEUM OF CIVIL AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST,THE UNIVERSITY IS HOLDING A CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION IN ITS $20,000,000 PLANT TO WHICH THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS CONTRIBUTED MANY HELPFUL GRANTS AND LOANS.THE VALUABLE LIBRARIES AND MUSEUM COLLECTIONS OF THIS GREAT INSTITUTION OF LEARNING,NOW RANKED TWENTY -FIRST IN THE ENTIRE UNITED UNITEDSTATES,WILL BE OPEN TO INSPECTION OF VISITORS. SPECIAL DISPLAYS AND EXHIBITS BUILT FOR THE CENTENNIAL OCCASION ULTIMATELY WILL BE HOUSED IN THE MEMORIAL MUSEUM. THE FIRST UNIT OF TEXAS MEMORIAL MUSEUM IS BEING FINANCED BY FUNDS DERIVED FROM SALE OF COMMEMORATIVE COINS,FROM PRIVATE GIFTS,AND FROM A $300,000 APPRPRIATION BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.FROM THIS START AND WITH THE FERTILE BACKGROUND OF CIVIL AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST IT IS PLANNED TO DEVELOP THIS MUSEUM INTO ONE OF THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. ON WEDNESDAY

...Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM
Commercial Cables | All America Cables | Mackay Radio
TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

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DL	DAY LETTER
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NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16L

86 D M 484 NL

SECOND PAGE FROM AUSTIN TEX

HON MARVIN H MCINTYRE

MR.PAUL WAKEFIELD,ACCOMPANYING SECRETARY OF COMMERCE ROPER,WILL JOIN YOUR TRAIN AT SANANTONIO.HE IS A WAR -TIME FRIEND OF STEVE EARLY'S AND HE WILL BE ABLE TO SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION THE PRESIDENT MAY NEED FOR HIS BRIEF APPEARANCE HERE.MAYOR TOM MILLER OF AUSTIN HAS ARRANGED WITH THE KATY RAILROAD AND COLONEL STARLING TO STOP THE TRAIN AT EAST AVENUE AND FOURTH STREET,WHERE A TWO HUNDRED FOOT WIDE STREET AND A CITY PLAYGROUND AFFORDS OPPORTUNITY FOR ASSEMBLING TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM HAS BEEN INSTALLED,SO ANY GREETING THE PRESIDENT MAY WISH TO EXPRESS CAN BE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE CROWD.DR.H.Y.BENEDICT,PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY,HAS BEEN INVITED BY THE MAYOR TO HAND THE BUTTON FOR THE GROUND -BREAKING TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.THE CITY AND THE UNIVERSITY ALSO WISH TO PRESENT THE PRESIDENT WITH A BOUQUET OF ROSES AND A COLLECTION OF BOOKS IN WHICH ARE REPRINTS OF MANY IMPORTANT WORKS ABOUT EARLY TEXAS.WE TRUST THESE ARRANGEMENTS WILL RECEIVE YOUR APPROVAL.IF YOU WISH ANY FURTHER INFORMATION WE SHALL BE GLAD TO PROMPTLY SUPPLY IT.

BEAUFORD H JESTER
CHAIRMAN MEMORIAL MUSEUM COMMITTEE

1130P

(1836 - 1936)

THE TEXAS MEMORIAL MUSEUM
CENTENNIAL COIN CAMPAIGN

LITTLEFIELD HOME, THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
P. O. BOX 1836 TELEPHONE 2-5456
AUSTIN, TEXAS

OFFICE OF THE
GENERAL CHAIRMAN

GOVERNOR JAMES V. ALLRED
HONORARY CHAIRMAN

BEAUFORD H. JESTER
GENERAL CHAIRMAN

J. W. CALHOUN
TREASURER

HARRY D. CROSS
DIRECTOR

MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

H. Y. BENEDICT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

H. J. LUTCHER STARK
CHAIRMAN OF BOARD OF REGENTS

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AUSTIN

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ERNST GOENS
TYLER

J. O. GULEKE
AMARILLO

SAM HARBEN
RICHARDSON

MIKE HOGG
HOUSTON

ROBERT L. HOLLIDAY
EL PASO

W. A. KEELING
AUSTIN

JOHN A. McCURDY
AUSTIN

WILLIAM L. McGILL
AUSTIN

MRS. VOLNEY W. TAYLOR
BROWNSVILLE

H. H. WEINERT
SEGUIN

FROST WOODHULL
SAN ANTONIO

DR. GOODALL H. WOOTEN
AUSTIN

Corsicana, Texas.
July 6, 1936.

My dear Mr. McIntyre:

I appreciated very much the letter of June 18th you wrote me, expressing the President's appreciation of the roses and collection of books that were put on his train when he stopped in Austin. You may be sure it was a pleasure to everyone to have anything whatsoever to do with expressing the welcome and appreciation of Austin and the University of Texas to the President.

I happen to know that it would be very, very much appreciated by Mayor Tom Miller of Austin, Texas if you would write him, for the President, thanking him for his participation in the welcome given by Austin and for the welcome of the citizens themselves.

Sincerely yours,

BEAUFORD H. JESTER,
General Chairman,
Centennial Coin Campaign.

Mr. M. H. McIntyre,
Assistant Secretary to the
President,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

O.O.7.
9-M

July 13, 1936.

My dear Mrs. Korchnak:

Your letter of July sixteenth has been received and I want to thank you, in the President's behalf, for your thoughtfulness in sending the medal to him.

I am sorry indeed I do not know of any way in which this office could be of assistance to you in the matter to which you refer.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Mrs. Michael Korchnak,
318 Second Avenue,
Johnstown,
Pennsylvania.



318 Second Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.
July 16, 1936.

P.P.7.
9 : m

My dear Mr. President,

I am writing to you as I would to my own father and I sincerely hope that you will be the person to understand me as I will try my best to make myself so.

I was in the flood and have had some misunderstanding here with the Red Cross in applying for help from them and after investigating my case the refused to help me.

Two years ago we children (there are six of us) lost our father and he left the estate in my oldest sisters name then she was supposed to sell the property to me and as days

This was upstairs during the flood

318 Second Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.
July 16, 1936.

P.P.F.
9-M

My dear Mr. President,

I am writing to you as I would to my own father and I sincerely hope that you will be the person to understand me as I will try my best to make myself so.

I was in the flood and have had some misunderstanding here with the Red Cross in applying for helps from them and after investigating my case the refused to help me.

Two years ago we children (there are six of us) lost our father and he left the estate in my oldest sisters name then she was supposed to sell the property to me and as days

em

318 Second Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.
July 16, 1936.

P.S.
9 - m

My dear Mr. President,

I am writing to you as I would to my own father and I sincerely hope that you will be the person to understand me as I will try my best to make myself so.

I was in the flood and have had some misunderstanding here with the Red Cross in applying for help from them and after investigating my case the refused to help me.

Two years ago we children (there are six of us) lost our father and he left the estate in my oldest sisters name then she was supposed to sell the property to me and as days

passed so did everything father had said, until the recent disaster done its worst now the estate is left with no one to take care of it the youngest sister stays with friends since the flood the houses have to be fixed and it happens that all the four children have their own homes one was not in the flood the other three are having their homes repaired by the Red Cross the one sister received an award for furniture and clothes and Im the one to be left out,

So now I feel that if they didnt help me they could at least fix this estate for us two girls so that we could stay and live here as we both feel that our father wanted us to stay here its been our parents home for almost forty years

5 Prospect Place,
New York, N. Y.

our parents were also in the first Johnstown flood. We children are all born in the United States, in politics my father has always been a Democrat as well as my husband and I. And I hope and pray that the fall election will again see you as the President of the United States. I am also sending you a Religous Medal.

Thanking you for everything that you can do for me,

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. Michael Korchnak.

P.P.7.
9. m

em

Marvin Minkacsi, Esq.,
5 Prospect Place,
New York, N. Y.

pw. Rest

July 20, 1936.

P.S.7.
9-m

My dear Mr. Munkacsi:

Your letter of July tenth has been received.

Thank you very much, in the President's behalf, for your thoughtfulness in sending the pictures to him. I shall be glad to bring them to his attention as soon as possible after his return from his cruise.

Very sincerely yours,

keep negatives

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Martin Munkacsi, Esq.,
5 Prospect Place,
New York, N. Y.

ARTIN MUNKACSI · FIVE PROSPECT PLACE · NEW YORK CITY

July 1o, 1936.

F. D. Roosevelt, President,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I realize that you are working hard now and, perhaps, you will not have the opportunity to give much attention to what I am sending. Yet, just because you are so busy, I am sending these few prints of your grandchildren, with the hope of bringing a ray of sunshine into your workrooms.

Recently, I made these pictures for Harper's Bazaar.

Yours sincerely,
Martin Munkacsi

MM:hl

July 21, 1936.

P.P.F.
9-m

My dear Mr. Murdock:

Your letter of July fifteenth has been received.

Thank you very much, in the President's behalf, for your thoughtfulness in sending the sketch to him. I shall be glad to bring it to his attention upon his return from his cruise.

Very sincerely yours,

Steve Early

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Phil Murdock, Esq.,
209 South La Salle Street,
Chicago,
Illinois.

LEON C. MURDOCK
SECURITIES
THE ROOKERY
209 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
TELEPHONE RANDOLPH 1781
CHICAGO

July 15, 1936

Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. President:

I thought you might like to have a half-tone reprint of a pencil portrait which is making quite a hit here in Chicago.

For your information, also, the original of this portrait is on display at the Lake Shore Bank and Trust Company, Michigan at Ohio Street, here in Chicago.

With best wishes for your success in November, I am

Very truly yours,

Phil Murdock

PM:MH

PHIL MURDOCK

File the sketch

P.P.F.
9-m

July 30, 1936

PRIVATE

My dear Mr. Mueller:

Your letter of July fourteenth has been received and I want to thank you in the President's behalf for your friendliness and for your kind thought in sending your sketch to him.

In accordance with your request, I have pleasure in enclosing a photograph of the President.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

mm

Ray A. Mueller, Esq.,
1604 South 72nd Street,
West Allis,
Wisconsin.

Enclosure

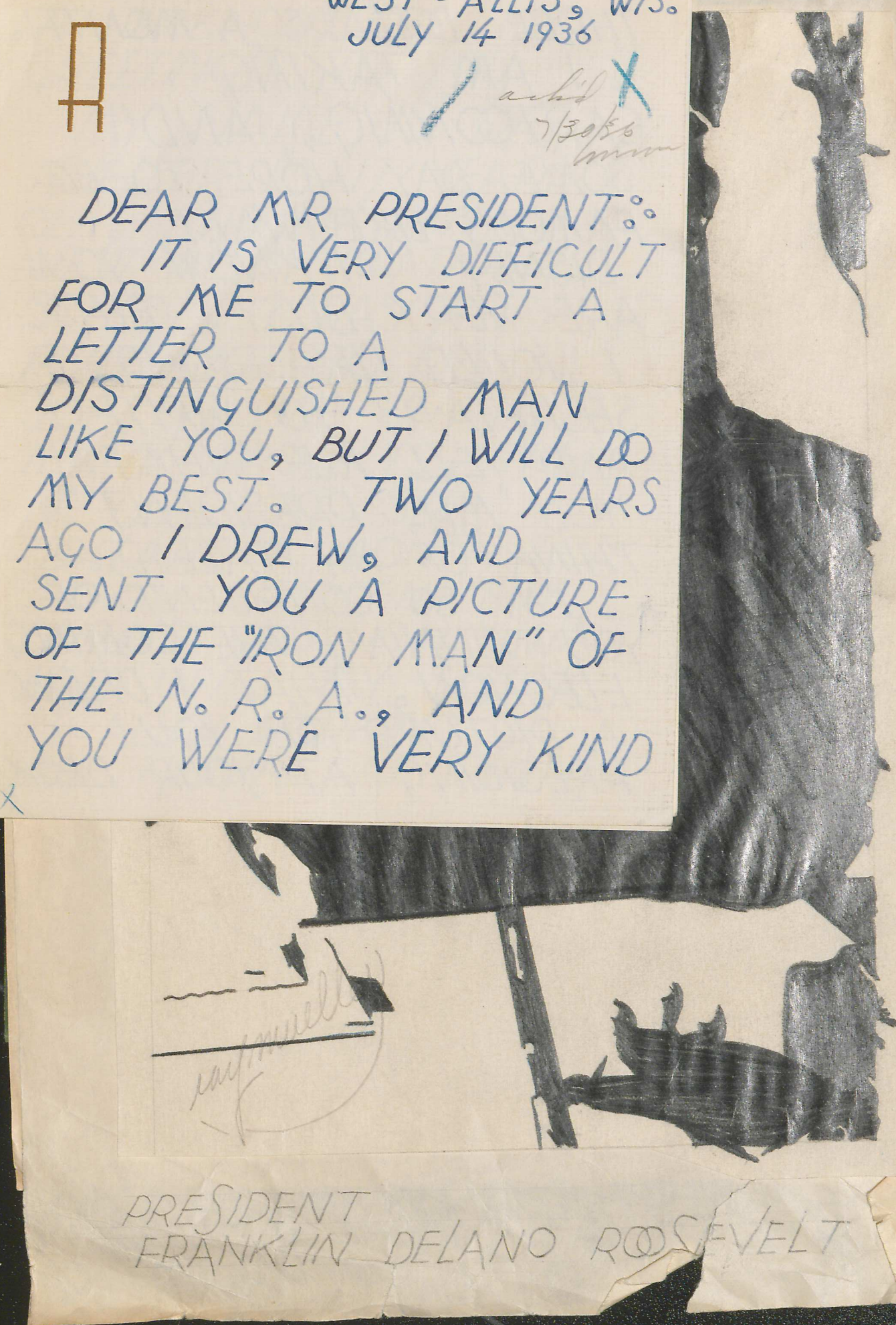
PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

WEST ALLIS, WIS.
JULY 14 1936

archd X
7/30/56

DEAR MR PRESIDENT:
IT IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME TO START A LETTER TO A DISTINGUISHED MAN LIKE YOU, BUT I WILL DO MY BEST. TWO YEARS AGO I DREW, AND SENT YOU A PICTURE OF THE "IRON MAN" OF THE N. R. A., AND YOU WERE VERY KIND

X



PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

THREE DOLLARS A MONTH.
I AM TAKING
CARTOONING, AND
SOME DAY HOPE TO BE
FAMOUS LIKE WALT
DISNEY. I KNOW YOU
ARE VERY BUSY, BUT
I WOULD LIKE YOUR
SECRETARY TO WRITE
AND TELL ME WHAT
YOU "MR. PRESIDENT"
THINK OF MY TALENT.
I'M SO CONFIDENT OF
YOU WINNING THE COMING
ELECTION, THAT I DREW
A PICTURE OF YOU
PRESIDING AT YOUR DESK

TO ACKNOWLEDGE MY
GREETING'S TO YOU.
MY NAME IS RAY
MUELLER I'M 17 YEARS
OLD, AND AM ATTENDING
WEST ALLIS VOCATIONAL
SCHOOL. I WAS VERY
FORTUNATE TO GET A
JOB ON ONE OF YOUR
MANY PROJECTS, THE
N. Y. A. AT SIX
DOLLARS A MONTH FOR
SCHOOL CHILDREN. BUT
DURING VACATION I WAS
LAID OFF. MY SISTER
IS ALSO WORKING ON
THE N. Y. A. AT TWENTY



PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

NEXT NOVEMBER AT THE WHITE HOUSE, TAKING THE CARES OF THE NATION ON YOUR SHOULDER ONCE AGAIN.
GOOD LUCK! "MR. PRESIDENT", AND MAY GOD KEEP YOU WELL AND STRONG, FOR THIS COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.

YOURS
SINCERLY,
RAY. A. MUELLER
1604 So. 72ND ST.
WEST. ALLIS,
WISCONSIN.

P.S.
I KNOW THAT YOU ARE BUSY MR. PRESIDENT BUT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR. WOULD YOU SEND ME A GENUINE AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH? I DONT CARE WHEN YOU DO THIS ANYTIME FROM NOW TILL ANY UNKNOW DATE.
BUT WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR SECRETARY LET ME KNOW IF YOU'LL DO THIS FAVOR SO I'LL KNOW WEITHER OR NOT TO EXPECT THIS FAVOR. IF YOU CAN'T



PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

CONSIS'TS OF GENUINE
PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED
PHOTOGRAPH'S FROM THE
FOLLOWING PEOPLE.
FEG. MURRAY. ARTIST
OF SEE'IN STARS FAME
CAROLE LOMBARD, VIRGINIA
BRUCE, RICHARD DIX,
MADGE EVANS, WALT
DISNEY, MARLENE
DIETRICH, FRED MAC
MURRAY, ALICE FAYE
SPENCER TRACY, JEANETTE
MAC DONALD, JEAN
PARKER, JIMMIE BRADDOCK
EDMUND LOWE, JEAN

DO THIS FAVOR FOR ME
WOULD YOU HAVE YOUR
SECRETARY SEND ME
A ORDINARY PHOTO OF
YOU, EVEN THOUGH
IT'S UN. SIGNED. I'LL
TELL YOU WHY I ASK
YOU TO DO ME THIS
FAVOR. I'M AS A
HOBBY SAVING BOTH
LETTERS AND AUTO-
GRAPHED PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM FAMOUS PEOPLE
SENT TO ME IN EXCHANGE
FOR DRAWINGS I SENT
TO THEM. MY COLLECTION



PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

HARLOW, WARNER BAXTER, IRENE DUNNE, WALLACE BERRY, CLAUDETTE COLBERT, AND ONE FROM A HUMORIST AUTHOR AND RADIO, STAGE, AND SCREEN STAR FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS AND A PHOTO FROM HIM THAT I WOULD'NT PART WITH FOR ALL THE WORLD AND MY MOST TREASURED PHOTO, FROM "THE LATE WILL ROGERS". I'D BE PROUD OF A PHOTO FROM YOU AND I'D HANG IT NEXT "MR. ROGER'S IN MY BEDROOM AS YOU TWO WERE SUCH

A GOOD "PALS". AGAIN MY BEST WISHES FOR THE COMING ELECTION, AND I WISH YOU, YOUR FAMILY, YOUR DEAR ONE'S AND YOUR FRIEND'S ALL THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS GOD CAN GIVE.

THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL LETTER YOU SEN'T ME TWO YEAR'S AGO. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW PROUD I AM OF IT.

RAY.



PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



A GOOD "PALS". AGAIN MY BEST WISHES FOR THE COMING ELECTION, AND I WISH YOU, YOUR FAMILY, YOUR DEAR ONE'S AND YOUR FRIEND'S ALL THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS GOD CAN GIVE.

THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL LETTER YOU SEN'T ME TWO YEAR'S AGO. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW PROUD I AM OF IT.

RAY.

PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



PRESIDENT
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

P.P.F.
9-M.

July 20, 1936

My dear Mr. Mitchell:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your book, The Californian, which you were good enough to send to the President, and I want to thank you most cordially in his behalf for your kind thought.

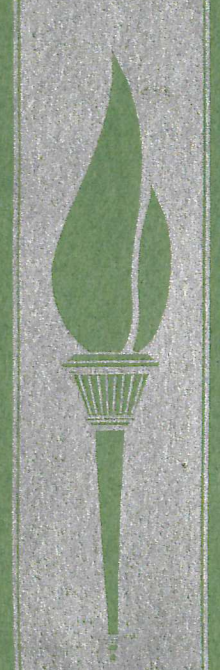
Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary
to the President

H. T. Mitchell, Esq.,
256 Second Avenue,
Upland,
California.

LBE

THE CALIFORNIAN



SPRING
1936

HOWARD T. MITCHELL

To:
Franklin D. Roosevelt
With kind personal regards.
Atty. Howard Thomas Mitchell,
256 Second Avenue,
Upland, California.

To

The Fossils

this number of THE CALIFORNIAN *is inscribed*

by the

Editor and Publisher

as a token

Of our personal regard for them;

Of our respect for their accomplishments;

and of our

Sincere appreciation of their loyal and devoted services

to Amateur Journalism.

"God bless them, every one."

See Page 47 "The Major Conflict"
This is the strongest approval
I could write of your
administration. Please read.
H. T. M.

The Prince of Peace Shall Rule

By Eugene B. Kuntz

Be not disturbed when you shall hear
  Of wars now on, and wars to come;
Let not your hearts be racked by fear,
  When you shall sense the warrior's drum,
The soldiers' tramp and wild huzzas,
  The clank of sabers and of guns,
The crash of peace by bumptious laws,
  And marching feet of alien sons.

We pray for peace, but there are those
  Who care for neither peace nor prayer,
Who, hating God, each day disclose
  Their propagandist lying flare.
They are the foes of God and men,
  The enemies of what is right.
Saints hate all cruel wars—but then,
  Who'll stop the fiends who want to fight?

As long as nation's carnal hearts
  Are filled with pride and hate and greed,
Our God will let them play their parts,
  While carnage-ghosts them hellward lead.
Wars there'll be until this age
  Has reached its Armageddon-crest,
Then he shall stay the demon's rage,
  And give to earth milleniel-rest.

Then He, the Prince of Peace shall rule
  In righteousness and equity;
Men shall no longer act the fool,
  No longer join Mar's bloody spree.
Plowshares shall spring from sated swords,
  And pruning hooks from wearied spears,
And men shall heed Messiah's words
  Throughout the glad millenial years.

Memory Bridge

By Billie Dettloff

Memory flings back time's yellowed page
And I gaze again on childhood's age—
There's a picture etched on memory's wall:
A creaking bridge o'er a waterfall.

'Twas lined with elms growing tall and straight; just two score yards from our garden gate.
To staid grown-ups, 'twas just an old ditch
Irrigating yellowed waters which

Were spanned with a bridge of moulded planks.
They couldn't see fairies on the banks;
And brownies blowing boat-leaves down streams;
Goblins riding on these ships of dreams.

When the sun sent spears of shafted gold,
Tinting the leaves of the elms, I'd hold
A dangling rod—to snare wondrous fish—
As I'd gaze in the sunset . . .and wish.

Tryst

By Ida Costello Beverage

Someday I'll wander back again
  To haunts that we once knew,
And in the purple evening glow
  I'll stop and wait for you.
But if, perhaps, you do not come;
  Still, I will try to see;
You'd have me keep the memories
  That you once gave to me.

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Memories and Portraits

By WALTER S. GOFF

THE PORTRAITS which memory paints after nearly two score years of participation in amateur journalism are many and varied. I sometimes wonder if perhaps the passing years do not change somewhat the true perspective of these mind pictures. I know that in my own case, at least, some, yes all of the bitterness of those early disappointments and defeats has been assuaged, and at this late date I can even forgive those who deserted my standard in New York in 1902, and thereby elected George A. Alderman as official editor. But at the time it seemed that the bottom had been reached. Even at this late date there is no doubt but that I was crucified as political expediency. Politics was in the raw in those days. The ins were in and the outs were out. The velvet hand was not in evidence and one of the highlights of that convention was the firing of a revolver in the convention hall at the heighth of the proceedings. This was without a doubt the loudest contribution to amateur journalism on record! Thus fame(?) came to Walter B. Littlefield. (If the name is wrong some student of the past history of amateur journalism may correct me.) * * *

And now I come to that part of this record to which I can affirm—my own personal relationship with the National Amateur. In the early part of 1902, during President Nixon's administration—certain Gotham amateurs and politicians got up a slate headed by Anthony E. Wills of **Fiction** fame and named me for official editor. A very brisk and acrid campaign followed and many allegations and recriminations were hurled from hostile camps. Far be it from me even at this late date after the passing of nearly a third of a century to cast aspersions upon the sincerity of any, nor question the wisdom of the New York convention in electing my opponent. But I will confess that the "raw, immature youth" as he was designated by one fair lady from Boston, was given a hurt that took many years to efface . . . The boys gave me a rousing send-off at the banquet in my maiden effort as an after dinner speaker, and possibly it was just as well, for what I had to say was undoubtedly of small importance. I

have often wondered what the venerable Edwin Markham who was an honored guest thought of the ill-concealed hatreds of the two factions. George Julian Houtain had managed my campaign and a campaign paper had been published—a model for years to come. There is not an iota of doubt but that I was sacrificed on the altar of expediency so that there should be no split in the ranks of the association. Despite this sacrifice, however, the Interstate was organized by the Bostonians and other New Englanders, and not much help was given President Wills during his administration by them. Early the following year, I was assured, if I would again run, I would be easily elected at Chicago, and Mr. Houtain offered to again manage my campaign. This time he was successful. William R. Murphy, a very brilliant writer and editor, was cast in the scales as my opponent and was defeated. I have not the figures at hand and am possibly in error, but I believe I received the largest majority ever given a successful candidate for the official editorship. The victory, however, was a hollow one for me. The sedate Albert E. Barnard, elected president, did not arouse in me the enthusiasm of the Crusader. In New York, I had been one of a Young Blood battalion wanting to go places and show what he could do; enthusiastic, and nothing but amateur journalism counted. It was our life. We went to bed and dreamed it. We got up and lived it. It was our Alpha and our Omega. At Chicago it was different. There was no enthusiasm. The election was cut and dried. Everything went as per schedule. I felt no elation at my election. I published three issues of the **National Amateur**, all good—better than many that had preceded and have followed. But my heart was not in the work. I had gone stale. Mr. Barnard was in the same mental morass, and gripped by the same inertia. He quit. I stuck a while longer—and succumbed. I am not proud of my career as editor nor have I any apologies at this late date for my **National Amateurs.** But I am proud of the effort put forth at New York. I went down with all my flags flying. I typified what I was—a real 100%, all-wool and a yard wide amateur journalist. I had the enthusiasm and fire of youth, and the financial resources to ensure a large volume had I been elected. Mr. Alderman's volume was a great effort, a wonderful accomplishment, and nothing in this article may be construed to detract from his renown or the debt owed him by the association for his splendid work as official editor.

Recently one of our talented newer members essayed the rather difficult task of compiling a partial biography of one of the older amateur journalists. The task at best was one involving a great deal of labor. An herculean effort on the part of the compiler was rewarded by a rather contemptuous remark from one who possibly while a so-called "old timer" did not have at hand a true record of the career subject. The effort was a praiseworthy one and deserved serious consideration, not because of its subject, but because it opened up a new field for amateur endeavor—biographical. In the past, autobiographies have appeared at various times of more or less interest, but no serious attempt at amateur biographical writing has hitherto been made. Now that the ice has been broken, that the pioneering has been made, it is to be hoped that we will be favored with more articles of this character.

Perennially, almost, an attempt is made to discard proxies at amateur conventions. Under the present dispensation, there are certain ways in which proxies may be discarded constitutionally. Certainly the proxies of absent members must be counted as provided by the constitution. Sometimes they deserve to be discarded. Several conventions that I have attended have had serious battles over this. I will never forget Ex-President Charles R. Burger, that master of parliamentary law at New York in 1902, continually on his feet, battling for what he considered right and just. Some proxies were discarded at this time but memory does not tell me as to the merits at this late date. Of more clear and distinct outline is my memory of the Detroit convention in 1925. At that convention, Harry R. Marlowe, than whom there is no truer amateur and whom I call it one of the privileges and high lights of my many years of participation in amateur journalism to call him friend, developed the desire to become the current president. To accomplish this undertaking he found it necessary to manufacture some votes. Gathering some friends together, he caused to be printed in so-called amateur publications, brief encyclopaedic articles on various uninteresting topics. In no conceivable manner were these 'recruits' amateur journalists. They had no understanding of our craft, and were not even interested. I fought this issue tooth and nail, and eventually they were denied membership. Mr. Marlow was not elected president at this time, and the issue was settled once for all that the National was and is an amateur press association; tho on divers matters we often disagree, still as individuals we are amateurs. Harry was afterwards elected to the presidency, and my vote was cast for him. I received a great amount of adverse criticism by many members for my part in this convention, by those who did not thoroughly understand the situation, but that was all right with me. The amateur who is never 'misunderstood' is perforce only 'small potatoes' in our mimic world of belles lettres.

A certain member of the current 'Youth Battalion' in amateur journalism has indicated to me that in the future his mailing list is to be selective one. He is apparently about to enter where angels fear to tread. In answering his letter I tried to make it plain that the drawing of a line between the sheep and the goats is a somewhat delicate matter of accomplishment if done conscientiously and one which the writer at least would hesitate to undertake. Years ago it was a matter of principle with me that my papers went everywhere. Some of my mailings approximated 1,000 copies.

I was asked recently who were the three 'greatest' amateurs of my personal acquaintance. My personal acquaintance of over nearly 40 years is quite inclusive but at best, my answer would be only my personal viewpoint. I would say offhand that the three amateurs who have meant the most to me are Charles R. Burger, John T. Nixon and Walter E. Mellinger. I will not attempt to prove that this trio have contributed more than any others to the cause of amateur journalism, nor that we do not now have in our ranks workers who are as consistently enthusiastic and are giving to the extent of their ability. But to me, these three had everything. Charles R. Burger, the smooth, suave gentleman, who knew what amateur journalism needed, and what he wanted, and who generally got what he went after because he knew how. Amateur journalism was more than a hobby to him. It was his life, his everyday life. With a personality so distinctive that even his bitterest enemies could bring up or find nothing against him, he traveled down the years, moulding amateur journalism and the National into a stronger and a better organization and cementing ties of friendship that only death will sever. Charley, I doff my hat to you. May you long be with us. * * * A harder worker than John T. Nixon never entered the portals of the realm of amateur journalism. He was not a brilliant man, but he was so imbued with amateur journalism that he just could not exist without it. He married an amateur. He was a printer and a newspaper man, and always had a press handy on which he could get out some kind of a paper. He detested any kind of dishonesty or hypocrisy and I never knew him to do a mean or small thing in amateur journalism. His death was a personal loss to me, and the loss to amateur journalism

can not be measured in current terms. * * * With Papa Mellinger I was thrown into a great deal of personal contact back in the days when we got out the **Quarterly Review**, which for me at least was the pinnacle of my amateur career. He was a commercial traveler out of Grand Rapids and we saw each other very often. I was at home in his home as he was likewise in mine. When my interest and enthusiasm began to lag, he got out his kitbag and stuck pins into me, and this worked both ways. Between us we worked up great enthusiasm and much good was accomplished. I am not going to give myself and Papa a 'pat on the back,' but nevertheless the **Quarterly** was really good and even the elite from Boston had to admit it. Well, we have Mellinger still with us and because of his participation in amateur journalism, I know that at heart he is still as young as the youngest recruit in the ranks. Long may you wave, Pop!

When the Fossil organization was formed, I was not very keen about it. I felt that really they should come to the National as a sort of alumni. I never affiliated with them, but it was recently my privilege to scan a complete bound file, and one of the regrets of my amateur career is that I neglected this phase of our hobby.

At a recent amateur conference it was my privilege to attend, I was struck by the preponderance of the fair sex present and commented on the fact. One thing in the past which has militated against the well being of our craft has been the dearth of femininity in the ranks. Out of around seventy amateurs honored by trees in the Presidential Memorial forest near Grand Rapids, Michigan, less than ten are dedicated to the ladies. I think amateur journalism will be better and more worth while, if we have a more evenly balanced membership list. As executives, we have never had a poor Madam President. They have all been hard workers and successful executives. As other officers they have likewise been worthy of the trust reposed in them. At meetings they in a manner, set off the gathering in a way impossible to have at a strictly stag affair. We have had several who have done yeoman service as editors of the **National Amateur.** Let us have more girls as well as boys in the future.

While on this subject, it might be well at this time for me to pay my respects to the memory of that grand old lady of amateur journalism—Mrs. Edith Miniter. When I learned of her death a year or so ago, I felt a personal loss which passing time has not effaced. 'Aunt' Edith as she was designated by some irresponsibles at one of the early conventions of the century, was one of God's gentlewomen. Than she, there were no greater in the realm of amateur journalism and to know her and work with her was indeed a privilege not to be frogotten soon by those who were her contemporaries. During the hey-dey of my amateur career, she consistently opposed much of the things for which I campaigned, and it was only at the last meeting I was privileged to have with her—at Philadelphia, I think, at a National convention,—that we settled our mutual misunderstandings. God rest her soul, and I know that this is so.

Often times I am approached for an explanation of just what amateur journalism really is. After participating in this most entrancing hobby for more years than I care to contemplate, the answer remains somewhat elusive, to say the least—or the most. There are two schools of thought, each presenting very plausible explanations. One group looks upon amateur journalism as a school—a mill wherein the raw and often immature recruit is fed into the hopper and is turned out the finished writer who is forthwith on his way to journalistic success. Some of our stalwarts have adhered to this viewpoint and scholarly articles have appeared in our better magazines in support of this conception. These articles have explained and made clear the course to be

steered to enable one to become the gifted and successful writer. With those conforming to this belief I dissent. I believe that any truly great writer would feel at home within the portals of amateur journalism. A truly "great" writer is a natural writer—like unto the great artist who blends the colors on the canvas so skillfully that a masterpiece is produced. The result is labour of love, and even tho no multimillionaire appears to purchase the painting, and perforce it remains in the obscurity of the attic studio—still its creator is repaid many times over for his work. And so the natural writer writes just for the sheer love of writing, and because of this he puts all that he has into the effort, and, lo, a masterpiece is produced. And so we amateurs—I like to think so at least—write for the sheer joy of writing. Our mimic world of letters is in truth a fraternity where all are activated by like desires, and where we are all, or at least should be, friends. The cause of amateur journalism flies the flag of **belles lettres**—and long may it wave. And so the real answer to the question is as elusive as ever. But tho we can't describe it we love it and we just can't get away from it. It's like a bug that gets under ones skin. Some one has said that in amateur journalism there is neither age nor sex, and that we are all a bit cranially touched—and maybe this is so. At any rate, we amateurs know that—well—that we are amateurs, whatever that may be.

I know not a whit of ryme nor meter, nor has it ever been a privilege of mine to write intelligently of what it takes to make a great poem. I am not just so gifted. Likewise many who perpetrate their wares upon us are similarly bereft, and unfortunately don't know it. With music it is much the same with me. The music without that sweet melody which gets into ones heart and lays open the inner resources of the soul makes little or no appeal to me. It just jangles. And so with poetry. A great deal of current offerings lack that quality which is so elusive, and without which it can not qualify. In my study are many of the masterpieces of all time, that never fail to soothe the troubled spirit; one may go to them for ease of mind and heart. I like to feel, too, that some of our amateur poets may join this select coterie. Kathleen Smith of the late '90s was one whose lines without a doubt have brought her immortality, at least till those of us who knew her and her work have passed on. After reading some of her better work, one has that feeling of exaltation which comes only when one walks and talks with a master. Ranking with Mrs. Smith I think is Mary Morton. Her work was very infrequent but was so superb that what she gave us will live as long as amateur journalism shall last. Her conception of the Infant Jesus and Mis Mother Mary was such a masterpiece of writing, so lofty in thought, and so beautiful in word imagery as to have remained with me for more than a quarter century. Within the limits of the few short lines are portrayed all that the Guild typified and all that He may mean to us. It was not necessary for Mrs. Zeigler to have given us more of her work to qualify her for the immortals. Because I brought Margaret Nickerson Martin into the realm of our charmed circle, I may possibly be charged with personal prejudice if I nominate her for the third of this group. Frankly, I state that the crowning work of my amateur career has come when the sun is sinking in the west. Margaret Nickerson Martin is of that company of which many knock but few enter in. One hesitates to analyze and to commend too effusively for fear that what may come may be of lesser merit. However, her presentation of one small poem 'Request' will forever rank her with those who have made amateur poetry worthy of the name.

One of my friends in amateur journalism once wrote a poem on the beauty of old age. He, himself, at that time was not an elderly person, there were not even the first few straggling wisps of

grey at his temple, but in this poem he really seemed to catch the spirit of a happy old age. And in amateur journalism we who are of the older generation are fortunate in that because of our participation in our hobby, we have cemented so many beautiful friendships which are staying with us. As I look back to the days of my youth, and call the roll of my intimates of that day—where are they? Many of course are long since passed to that Bourne whose beacon lights fitfully burn plainer and plainer. Others have dropped from sight leaving no trace behind them. They were as the falling night star, blazing forth in brilliancy—then oblivion. We know them no more. But in amateur journalism we find those kindred spirits, whose interests are so closely allied with ours, and that we are one happy family, happy because we are able to accomplish those objectives for which we all strive. And with the passing years we have all these many friends with us. We have their papers, and their letters and their pictures. Some are of course with us no longer, but they, too, live on memory's pages. And so I am glad that I am an amateur journalist. We have found the fountain of youth for which the Spaniard searched, and partaking the waters thereof we refuse to grow old. I think that if amateur journalism accomplished no more than this, it were well worth all that has been expended on it of time and labour and effort. And as all amateur journalism is truly a labour of love, it is worth while. And so the real amateur journalist, when he comes to face the setting sun, does so not with a stone within his breast, but with the happiness of a well-rounded life, because he is able to relive those years which are in memory's scrap book.

It was my privilege recently to spend a few short moments with a grand old—beg pardon, young—man of Michigan amateur journalism who wrote before the organization of the National under the pen name of Karl C. Yelraf. He is over 80, and I never saw one before who so truly proves that amateur journalism stops the march of Father Time. Long may you be with us, Mr. Farley.

I have just learned of the death of "Mama" Mellinger. It is strange that this word should come to me just as I have writen the paragraphs above, but I believe that because of the many years in amateur journalism, and his many friends who mourn with him at this time, "Papa" is better able to finish the race. For Mrs. Mellinger I will ever retain the memories of those olden days in Grand Rapids when the Mellinger and Goff families spent so many happy days together. She was truly "Mama" to all of us and she put up with much from "Papa's boys" that many a housewife would have seriously objected to. I never saw her other than the gracious lady who made us one of her family. She always left us in her debt for her many kindnesses which we seem never able to repay. Indeed, I think we were all a bit jealous of Walter, for we, too, truly loved her. We just couldn't help it. And so, dear pal o' mine, I know you know what I want to write, and can't. And I know that you are still of good heart, because "Mama" would have it that way.



The Poor Poet

By Albert Chapin

I am he who penetrates the region where even the air is music.
I stubstitute a note of my own in my attempt to write them down, hence I miswrite them. Another comes with truer ears and writes the same cadences which become the songs of nations.
I await no sage or hero.
As they act, I write what must be spoken.
I am the teller of news for I, alone, was present at the appearance.
I am a beholder of ideas, an utterer of the casual.
I describe and I sing, but I am not the child of music.
I speak in no metres, but in metre making words, passionate and alive, and I adorn nature with new things.
My thoughts are new and I tell you how it was with me.
I put eyes and a tongue into every dumb and inanimate object.
The secret of the world is profound and I have the key.
My poems are not long, since there is no need for them.
Every word I utter was once a poem.
Like Lynceus, I see through the earth.
I stand nearer and see the thought.
I know astronomy, chemistry, vegetation and animation and employ them as signs.
I know why the great meadows of space are strewn with flowers of suns, moons and stars and why the great deep is adorned with silver and emeralds and the earth with animals, men and gods, and every word I speak rides them as horses of thought.
Verily, I made all the words of images and stropes and the very language you speak is my fossil poetry, the tomb of the muses.
I speak not with the intellect as an organ but with it released—taking its direction from celestial life; as the traveler, I throw my reins on the horses neck and trust to his instinct to find his way.
My summer is an epic song.
My tempest is a rough ode.
When my soul has come to the ripeness of thought, my fearless, sleepless, deathless progeny is detached and sent from me to avoid the dangers to which I am subjected, a fearless, vivacious offspring clad with wings.
Its melodies ascend and leep into the deeps of infinite time.
The winged creatures within me whirl me into mists,—leap from cloud to cloud as I am bound heavenward.
Yea, brother! and this is not the half of it.
Back to earth I come,—owing two months room rent.

Originality

By EUGENE B. KUNTZ

NO DOUBT, one of the hard walls against which amateur writers bump their literary heads is that of trying to be original." It is quite possible that the constant fear of plagiarism prevents many a one from giving intimate attention to the writings of others, lest he fall into the pit even of unconsciously using another's phrases or thoughts. Being one of those who, unfortunately has followed that course, I find that those who have snapped their fingers at **Be Original**, and have refused to deny their imagination, and their literary taste the food that may be drawn from the outside sources, have had an unquestionable advantage.

As I consider the stories, novels, essays, orations, and poems of past generations, as well as of the present, I am conscious of the fact that the authors kept company with other men's phrases and thoughts, which they imbibed, and after whose patterns they have fashioned their productions.

In Dr. William Mathews' **Literary Style**, I found a suggestion that led me to believe that the demand for originality is born of "literary envy and jealousy," one of the "baleful effects" of which, according to Dr. Samuel Johnson, "is the charge of plagiarism." In his essay, Dr. Johnson says further: "When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the **author** may be degraded, though his **work** be reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obscure may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre. This accusation is dangerous, because, even while it is false, it may sometimes be urged with probity."

Recently, I read a text-book on story-writing in which the author urges students to read and re-read a story until its spirit is their own, and then write a story in imitation of it. He points to some of the most prominent writers of the age who followed such a course., intimating what Dr. William Mathews puts so bluntly, namely, that, "If by originality we mean an absolute imitation of what is essentially new in science, art, action, method, or application, it is pretty certain that there has been nothing of the kind since the first germs of thought began to bud and blossom in the pre-historic ages. The germs quickened apace, and multiplied so fast—the intellectual debts from man to man accumulated so rapidly—that originality became lost in antiquity."

We may fret, because, in writing an

essay, or oration, or story, or poem, or a treatise on science or art, we find a swarm of other men's thoughts or phrases fluttering around in our minds, like moths around a candle, and apparently insisting on having their wings singed, and their bodies incorporated in the soil of our composition. But we aren't the only ones who, in trying to be original, are baffled by such swarms, for, many years ago, Jeffrey rather humorously laments: "In our own times, all the higher walks of literature have been so long and so often trodden that it is scarcely possible to keep out of the footsteps of some of our precursors. The ancients, it is well known, have stolen most of our bright thoughts, and not only visibly beset the patent approaches to glory, but swarm in such ambushed multitudes behind, that when we think we have gone fairly beyond their plagiarisms, and honestly worked out an original excellence of our own, up starts some deep-read antiquary and makes it out, much to his own satisfaction, that heaven knows how many of these busy-bodies have been beforehand with us in the **genus** and **species** of our invention."

Manifestly, many of the great in literature are agreed, that "the originality which some critics demand is simply an impossibility," as impossible, as I see it, as it is, out-doors in a crowd to avoid being fanned by the breeze that has touched others in the assembly. We cannot make our brains blank tablets, or have the newly-created brain of Adam, or make our minds void of all we have seen, heard, or read. Treasures of thought may, and, no doubt do come to us on the waves of the air from other minds, to be gathered by us on the strand of knowledge, and thus become our own, and by adoption and adaption to be polished, and then be sent out to become the treasures of other finders.

I shall conclude with the following from **Literary Style:** "The essence of originality—of the only originality possible in our day—is not the invention of some thing bizarre and extraordinary, but the vitalizing of materials that already exist, and which are common to all. It is not easy to define what is called genius; but one thing is certain, namely, that it does not feed on itself and spin cobwebs out of its own bowels, which would only keep it forever impoverished and thin, but is essentially passive and receptive in its nature, and impregnates itself continually with the thoughts and feelings of others. * * * Gray cribbed from Pope, Pope from Dryden, Dryden from Milton, Milton from the Elizabethan classics, they from the Latin poets, the Latin from the Greeks, and so on until we come to the original Promethius, who stole the fire directly from heaven. But does this lessen the merit of these authors? Grant that the finest passages in poetry are to a great extent but embellished recollections of other men's productions; does this detract one jot or tittle from the poet's fame? The great thinkers of every age do not differ from the little ones so much in having different thoughts, as in sifting, classifying and focalizing the same thought, and, above all, in giving them to the world in the pearl of exquisite and adequate expression."

Perhaps an adequate illustration of the process of adoption and adaption is seen in the infiltration of foreign words into our own language. Like alien pigeons they come to us from here and there, examine the cotes, are satisfied, and remain. We adopt them as homing-words, and adapt them to our use.

If every writer throughout the ages, who has borrowed words, or phrases, or even thoughts from others, is a thief, then the world is full of literary thieves. Maybe it is.

Book's Eye View

By Hazel Beaver

From a dusty corner of the topmost bookshelf, I view the endless chain of individuals who pass through a public library. Being one of those very good books, highly spoken of by college professors, I am rarely molested. Hence, in quiet and seclusion, day after day, I watch hundreds of readers until I can almost analyze each person by the volume he chooses.

For instance, watch that young fellow over there. Ah-ha, I thought so! See what he's carrying?—Sax Rohmer, Zane Grey, Macleod Raine. He's the type who neglects his homework to read "Dr. Fu Manchu." His sole judgment of worthwhile literature is based on murder or thrilling escape per page. He knows it's wrong, but he has what he considers the most legitimate excuse—"The Teachers make us read such dry stuff that a fellow must have some relaxation." Relaxation—all he ever does is relax. That's why it's taking him six years to finish a four-year course.

By the way, have you ever met the young lady who chooses a book because the color harmonizes with her new suit or because it is the impressive type to match a sophisticated hair style? Exaggeration? Oh, no,—I've seen it done. In general, she might be catalogued as "beautiful but dumb."

About six o'clock there is usually an influx of fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographers. Almost invariably, they'll pick **Lutz** or some other cheap moralizer. Almost invariably, they remain fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographers until they turn into cranky old spinsters.

Of course, everyone who comes into the library doesn't pick up trash. Do you see that man over there? That white-haired old gentleman, dressed in old-fashioned but spotless clothes, who carries himself erect with simple dignity, despite his many years, is the one I mean. He comes here quite often. He loves browsing about here so much that he seems almost like an old friend. His favorite books are religious, but his favorite character seems to be **Robert E. Lee.** I believe he has read every book the library has about him. Sometimes, I like to imagine that he's an old Southerner who once knew **Lee**—perhaps even fought for him.

To any library there come a few who read for knowledge, who never feel they know enough, who always shy from meeting others because of this feeling, and who are only happy amid those people and places they encounter in their imaginative book world.

Yet, who gains more pleasure from life? Is it the high-minded aesthetic whose life is wrapped up in idealism but who usually misses the material comforts of life? Is it the flighty imaginative girl who gets her thrills by reading romances? Is it the hard-headed, alert business man who likes the dime detective but whose chief interest is still monetary? Is it to be expected that every individual seek higher levels, or can real joy be obtained through mere emotion of the senses which seem to be satisfied by reading the lower type of literature?

Fame and Fraud

By ALBERT CHAPIN

"FAMOUS," implies the act of doing something extraordinary; acclaimed and extolled by the world and perhaps the field for such efforts is as fertile today as ever, despite the progress in benefactions to mankind.

At least three major problems confront us which await a master mind. They are: the pacifying of quarrelsome nations to set the world at peace, absolute control of crime and a permanent cure for depressions.

When man invents such terrible instruments of death, so terrible that authorities destroy the model before it shall have become known, it means for them a different kind of distinction. They are not world benefactors but destroyers. We have plenty of instruments used in peaceful pursuits which can be used for unholy purposes without men laying awake nights to invent a death-dealing ray of light that kills at two miles.

True fame lies in one's deeds designed for the public good, for the lengthening of life and making it sweeter rather than cutting it short. Fame is the world's memorial to those who benefit the world. Their deeds must be extraordinary. It belongs equally to one's supporters, machines or beasts who made his act possible. Lindy had the right idea in dividing his honors with "We."

Distinction, somewhat less than fame is within every man's reach. He needs no bally-ho, no bunting or first page publicity. It consists of accomplishing a praiseworthy object and of being superior in conduct, rank or eminence, to others. If one's efforts are futile, he can at least set the example of being a good loser. Within our own little world and our small circle, lies the opportunity. There is no competition in one's own particular way of doing things. It is his exclusive art. No man knows another's capacity since each is an unique. To quote Caesar, "Better be first in a little Iberian Village than second in Rome."

Consider the following.

News reports have reached us to the effect that the Metropolitan Opera people of New York have been hit by the depression and forced to discontinue employment of about sixty people engaged in the "task" of attending the performances and trained in the "art" of applause at the proper moment. The life of an opera depends on them. These positions have been long in existence. So long that they have been handed down to successive generations and in one family ninety years. Some of us can hardly imagine such conditions exist and if fraud in music, why not in all arts? You may think that with bonafide critics and an enlightened patronage, it cannot be done.

Books and pictures are not particular who own them and, as Barnum said, " The American people like to be fooled."

Fraud is graft and deceit and seems to be the ways of the world which has always applauded romance and drama, since the truth seems uninteresting unless embellished. In these times we pass out money, then we investigate, and later investigate the investigators. A system of checking and double checking every position of trust is needful in all big business.

The higher the trust the greater the offense and then "make the punishment fit the crime" as they say in the "Mikado."

Some people applaud any questionable act in which a man "gets away with it." They like interesting yarns like the one Doctor Frederick A. Cook told us about the North Pole. And some to this day really believe it. Myth and legend appeal to them as it did to their ancestors who were deprived of books.

Yes, it is possible to inject fraud into history and art, and it has been done all too often. It was done in the days of early Rome. Indeed, the great latin writers of the Augustan age admit their chronicles are filled with battles never fought and consuls never inaugurated.

Take the net results of any three good men in literature and it is the sum of very few ideas and few original tales. The rest are old stories given a shave and a hair-cut—variations of the real, embellished and made interesting reading. Realities are too human. Many great things to be done await the man and the hour. When the moment is ripe the man will be there. We pass them daily on the streets—just as great men amongst them as were ever born. We know them not, nor their depth or capacity. All we know is that they seem ordinary men just like ourselves, awaiting the hour when they shall be called to act. It may be war, peace, art or science but they are with us today and ready.

When they shall have been recorded in history, the bare facts of a modest hero seem too ordinary. We are prone to honor them in our hero-worshipping way and rather welcome a little embellishment to justify that worship, hence the author obligingly gives them words and wings which pleases us most and is just what we expected.

What would the world's literature be without the mythological personages of the Greeks and other nations? We love fraud and deceit when it contributes to the beauty-loving instinct.

Thinking is good; a good thought is better, but a golden thought is best. golden rays of the sun upon it, fill its hands with the symbols of goodness, put wise and endearing words in its mouth, then call it your hero. The man who says George never cut down a cherry tree is a destroyer of the beautiful even though he is correct. Nobody cares to be disillusioned in cherished beauty. How many of us once took delight in nursery rhymes? Of course there is a Mother Hubbard and a Little Red Riding-Hood and a Santa Claus. Who cares to be told they are myths? They are part of us. The part that absorbs some of the drabness of life.

The sweetest thoughts are to love all that is beautiful, and which is man's nature. No harm would come from embellishing all goodness and emphasizing in a harsher way all wickedness. In both, it would but attract to the beautiful.

The human race craves enlightenment and goodness. Call it what you will, but you cannot deny that good people, well aware that they have about concluded their stay on earth—also those who are about to feel the hangman's rope—will seize every opportunity to obtain interesting reading be it stories, scientific articles, history or politics, well knowing they can never impart their knowledge nor take it with them, or even remember it after a few hours. We read the daily papers regularly. What did you read yesterday, the day

before, the week month or year before? something a little unusual perhaps, which was stored away in your memory to be recalled sometime. But the ordinary interesting items merely satisfied an instinct that calls for enlightenment. You recall it when you read it at some future time, but once is enough for reading and for seeing a picture. You examine a painting carefully. You are delighted with it but would not go across the street to see it again because it has served its purpose—satisfied that craving for beauty and goodness. It is not so with music, which continues to be sweeter as it becomes more familiar. We don't drink in all of its beauty at once as we do with the painting, but as it becomes more and more familiar we are soon capable of singing it. Not until then and for some time after, do we tire of it.

I do not say the operas were frauds but rather the method of introducing and attracting attention, and of course, the object was gate receipts. However, borrowing can be and is done in music. The music of our own national anthem is such, but it resulted in a priceless inheritance to the American people serving a better purpose than in its original state. We can excuse borrowing for the enhancement of beauty and for the good of the world, but condemn the grafter and the press agent stuff.

All the good we have done for society in the borrowing line will be determined in that great rendezvous in the deep blue zenith where romance and reality meet.

Many historians resort to embellishment at the expense of truth and others give us anecdotes concerning great men that do not justify an intelligent estimate of their genius or personal weight. Then too, the authority of the names of others are too great. It is because their greatest powers were latent—a character acting directly by presence.

It is a genius by which men need no society and are fully entertained by their own thoughts. It enables them to demonstrate their superiority other than by force. It is their habit of mind which inspires respect just as higher nature will often over-power the lower by its presence alone if it cannot bring that lower to its own level. It cannot resist. This power shows in their features and their personality. But strength cannot safely be determined that way in all cases nor through conversation, since it is said of many great men, "He talks like a parrot but writes like an angel."

Ancient writings were compiled more than one-hundred and fifty years after the early records of Rome were destroyed by the Gauls, and which records were then over three hundred and sixty years old. Hence, over five hundred years of imagination was "put over" on us. Moreover, even actual wars such as the war with Porsena and the issue with Brennus were grossly misrepresented.

Much of what has come down to us in legend and mythological personages (beautiful and stimulating to the imagination) are merely poetical thoughts, but which really shine. They can be detected, however, by that peculiar character which distinguishes imagination from realities. The wild legend about the draining of the Alban Lakes is but one of the many examples and we are attracted by its glitter as we are by all glitter.

Early latin literature is mostly fashioned on Greek models. The latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric and dramatic are of that kind, as also is the most nearly finished didactic poem taken from Hesiod. The tragedies are copies of Greek masterpieces—bad at that.

Philosophy was borrowed and orators patterned speeches after Greeks. The genuine latin literature—truly latin—had perished before latin writers were born. It abounded with metrical romances which has always delighted human beings, particularly the semi-savage and those having no libraries or books and who have, like all men, longed for mind pictures of the past and to whom metrical compositions were in-

teresting stories embellished in a form easily memorized for their amusement and enlightenment.

Such is the ballad which has always appeared in every society at a certain point in their progress, the writer of which has always been hailed with distinction. Few men are modest enough to refuse distinction. Man's nature is to accept praise. I have yet to know of one who accomplished a great act and who purposely and successfully avoided the lime-light.

Both Lindbergh and Hauptmann are world-known. Both will be recorded in history, but in extremes—Lindbergh the modest hero and Hauptmann a fraud from the standpoint of manhood.

"Fame" vs "Infamous"
"Acclamation" vs "Condemnation"
"Fame" the memorial
"Infamous" just a hateful record.

A Nice Long Evening

By Freda Wolz

By the dim light of the kerosene lamp which occupied the center of the table, Eleanor and I were playing "war," the card game invented especially for dull evenings. We were alone in the cottage, but we both had an uncanny feeling, as though some unseen presence were there with us. The very silence of the place made me shudder involuntarily from time to time, and caused gooseflesh to appear on my arms.

"I'm going to pull all of the shades down," I announced finally. "I feel creepy." Candle in hand, I went from room to room performing my task. The feeble light shed by the candle only intensified the darkness of the corners, and each article of clothing draped over a chair took on a new and sinister form. I yanked down the shades quickly, without looking at the windows for fear of what I might see there.

Our game of war went on endlessly, neither of us winning. Suddenly Eleanor looked up. "Listen," said she, "it's raining."

Well, rain was the only thing necessary to make that wretched night more dismal. I accepted it with a nod.

"The boat isn't tied up yet," went on Eleanor, looking at me. I could see that she wasn't particularly anxious to go out into the darkness and the storm. Neither was I, but I surprised even myself by offering to go.

The wet weeds winding about my legs as I dashed down the dark path to the pier, and the weird lap-lapping sound of the water against the boat as I locked it, added to the uneasy feeling I had had all evening. I scurried back to the house, bolted the screen-door, and then I almost collapsed, for there, in a dark corner of the porch, his hat pulled down, completely obscuring his face, was the crouching figure of a man!

My first impulse was to yell lustily and beat a hurried retreat to the nearest exit, but my feet carried me in the opposite direction directly to the grotesque figure. There I stopped, looked, and giggled hysterically, for my sinister villain was only an old squat-stove upon which someone had unwittingly placed a hat, thus giving it a human appearance when seen in the dark.

After this scare, my friend and I turned down the lamp and went to bed. Where there is no light there are no shadows.

The Old Settee

By Herbert Durrell Smart

By the stump of the dear old apple tree,
In fancy today is the old settee,
That once against the trunk inclined,
And weathered storms of every kind.
Caressing zephyrs still softly blow,
Bringing memories of the long ago;
And the blossoms fall from the old apple tree,
As they used to do, on the old settee.

Happy Childhood days in memory loom,
And the air is filled with sweet perfume;
In retrospect I see once more
The foot-worn path we wandered o'er;
The grass is green where oft we strayed,
And sentiment now a shrine has made;
And you and I on the old settee,
Are showered with blooms from the old apple tree.

In springtime, when first the daisies sprung,
In those far-away days when we were young,
And o'er the apple orchard ground,
The fallen blossoms lay scattered round;
And the air was filled with fragrance sweet,
In that hallowed spot where we used to meet,
We prayed that we might always be
As happy as then on the old settee.

But that was long, long ago, I ween,
And changes have come to that pleasant scene;
And I can't help thinking, as I recall
Those bygone, happiest days of all,
That you may remember, as I do now,
The frgrant blooms on the blossoming bough;
And I often wish we could once more be,
For old time's sake, on the old settee.

Hunt For Sunshine

By Mulford Tausig

Hunt for sunshine all the time,
Get up out of dust and grime.
When the clouds are thick and dark,
Think of morning and the lark.
Sing to drive away dull care,
Keep on hunting sunshine fair.

Hunt with some one; hunt alone.
Road is rocky? Turn a stone.
With a purpose act your part.
Be sincere and stout of heart.
And then if your temper's right,
Better things will be in sight.

Life's a proposition keen.
Fun and frolic every scene.
Mixed up in the panoram',
Stray goes many a little lamb.
Scenes change fast, but on the whole,
Mortals reach their chosen goal.

Hunt for sunshine first and last.
Worst storms always gather fast.
Make appointments, and then be
Time ahead and hunting. See?
Ten to one success is yours,
If you hunt in sunshine tours.

THE CALIFORNIAN

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HYMAN BRADOFSKY, Editor
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Amateur Affairs

WHEN Polonius asked Hamlet what he was reading, the melancholy Dane replied, "Words, words, words." There is nothing in the context to indicate that the Prince was reading an **amateur paper**, and the probability that he was is extremely remote. But if he were, his reply would be aptly descriptive. And when, to quote again from the same play, the King endeavored to express the contrition evoked by a torturing conscience in a fruitless effort at prayer, he expressed the failure of his effort by saying: "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below."

Do not these lines from Shakespeare suggest to us something which is well worthy not merely of thoughtful consideration but of useful practice. He wrote our common language with a power and a beauty which we may not hope to equal.

It is a canon of construction that that which is clearly expressed neither requires construction nor permits it. For all that is needed is simply to read the words in which the writer has expressed the thought which he wishes the reader to understand. When he has once done this, his task is complete. If he adds to it useless words, or repetitious expressions, he not merely adds to the reader's task, but multiplies it. For, aside from the mere physical task of visualizing and mentally reading the words, the reader must have in mind another canon of construction. He must remember that each phrase and each word is to be presumed to have been used by the writer with deliberation and with the purpose of expressing a thought which without it would not be expressed, or not clearly expressed. And, therefore, when we overload a manuscript with repetitious words and phrases, "as some of you play actors do," we merely increase the possibility of misconstruction by the suggestion that the added words mean something not already expressed. And when we use words which are so plainly repititious that they exclude this construction, does not that fact of itself show that they ought not to be used, because they need not be used? To write words merely to discard them in reading is to "write oneself down an ass."

The responsibility for adding the Ossa of foolishness to the Pelion of greater folly, rests upon the amateurs. Each one can adopt the effective remedy of merely changing the practice. Or you can still use the burdensome and irrelevant stamp of convention instead of the pen of intelligence, and say, "video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."

Why is the National Amateur Press Association? A prominent lawyer was invited to be the guest of a friend in the South. He was met at the train by a colored servant, with a horse and carriage. The lawyer noticed that the driver was very expert with the whip. He could pick a fly from any part of the horses's back with unerring aim. As they drove along, the lawyer said to him, "Can you knock off that blossom on the side of the road?" With one snap of the whip the flower fell. As they approached a tree overhanging the road, the lawyer noticed a hornet's nest suspended from a limb, and said, "Sam, can you hit that hornet's nest?" Sam replied, "Massa, a fly am a fly and a flower am a flower, but a hornet's nest, dat am an organization!"

The National Amateur Press Association is an organization composed of amateur journalists residing in the United States and Canada. It exists because without coordinated effort it is impossible for the science of amateur journalism to fulfill its destiny.

Many or some of you may think of an "amateur press association" as an aggregation of amateur journalists who meet once a year, conduct a casual convention, elect officers and appoint a few committees, and then go home to forget all about the Association and its work until it comes time to make the arrangements for another convention. Some members of the National Amateur Press Association undoubtedly think that their membership and dues confer upon them only a right to attend the convention as spectators once a year if they can afford it, to receive quarterly the official organ published by the Association, and the various amateur papers published by a few members.

Let me say to you that any such idea is not a true or fair picture of what the National Amateur Press Association is and does. On the contrary, the National Amateur Press Association, at all times throughout its history, has rendered, and is rendering today, utterly invaluable and indispensable service to amateur journalism—work which is worth many times what it costs the members in dues or time.

If the Association has not yet accomplished still more, and has not yet become what many members wish it to become, any fault is with the indifference of the members who do not enter heartily into its work. We all certainly owe a duty to the National Amateur Press Association, and it should be the wish of every member to discharge, at least in part, that gladly acknowledged debt.

Please remember, that the more members our Association has, the more representative it will be. If the present membership of the Association will bestir itself, the Association will very quickly become much more representative than it is at present, and that is what all desire. Our appeal to every member to get a member affords the opportunity for everyone, here and now, to do something concrete toward the realization of the ideal of a more representative "amateur press association." It is a means to an end—a bridge over which the Association will pass to greater things.

The field is there for this extremely useful activity, and it has certainly lain fallow too long. No one need delay on the theory that plans now in the making or to be hereafter adopted will render useless or undesirable this immediate personal effort to secure members for the Association. Whatever results are achieved in this direction will help form a more solid basis for that which is to come. The task which we seek to have each member perform is really simple and easy, if one goes at it and does it. It only becomes a burden if one puts it off to some future day, and thus lets it hang over him with its constant suggestion of a duty undischarged.

An Arabian proverb reads: "A fig tree looking on a fig tree becomes fruitful." The same idea is expressed by a biographer of Byron, who tells us that before beginning to write, Byron used to read for at least half an hour. The thoughts of other artists never failed to kindle him into a creative glow, as a match kindles when placed near a flame.

If this be true, then, how eagerly every member of the National Amateur Press Association should hasten to Grand Rapids in July, to be re-kindled by the congregation of creative artists who will assemble there. Seldom does the fire of genius burn too brightly; more often does it flicker for lack of the

breath of new inspiration. Even our greatest poets—the seers of the world—must be profoundly stirred before they can profoundly create.

It is doubtless true that every experience of depth furnishes material for some form of creative expression. If you gain knowledge and scientific understanding, this is the stuff of which essays are made. If you sense a conflict or struggle, plot material is furnished for your stories. Again if you are deeply moved, if Nature, Life and Humanity take on new beauties, new values, who knows how soon the emotional spark may flame into a poem? All this variety of thought and feeling will be freely dispensed to those who attend the Convention.

Therefore, every member of the Association who can make arrangements to do so should attend the annual meeting of the Association at Grand Rapids this year. You will there come in contact with persons of your type and interest from all over the country, thus broadening your acquaintanceship, extending your horizon, and nationalizing your thinking. You will find in the proceedings of the Association a summing up of all that is being done amateuristically for the advancement of amateur journalism in this country, and you should take from all this an added interest in, and understanding of, the really important movements of your Association.

Does visiting favored parts of your own country also appeal to you? Do you like to get acquainted with America as well as with Americans of your own organization? Then the opportunity which the annual meetings afford should not be overlooked.

Memorabilia

By Relief A. Nichols

To-night
he sails in fancy's flight
down all the sea-lanes of the world,
white waters swirled
around a great ship's prow,
icebergs, that now,
fancies allow
to melt in mist; then how
his sails were furled
once in Capri, smiling lips curled
he sails in fancy's flight
to-night.

She dreams
of Cadiz, and it seems
its white walls rise from seas of blue,
clippers that flew
in storms around Cape Horn
strange fragrance borne
from quays at morn,
the gale's shrill laughing scorn,
these are a few
scenes summoned forth by her review
of Cadiz, and it seems
she dreams

Before
old age had closed their door
adventure lured them far and wide.
Now, when the tide
no longer serves great ships
to start long trips,
when gray fog slips
unheeded 'round the tips
of wharves, crafts ride
at anchor, they feel grateful pride
old age had closed their door
before.

The Truth About "Mother Goose"

By HENRY JONES MULFORD

I

I AM asking your attention to a book that, during the past two hundred years, has had more copies printed, and has been the more widely read, than any other book in the English language: the book of **Mother Goose.** This book has excited the interest of young and old, alike; beginning at our mother's knee it follows us through life itself.

For years we have taken the Mother Goose jingles at their face value, looking upon them as merely rimes for the amusement of our children. But the rimes are something more than that. Actually each is an item relating to an historical personage of England, as we shall see later. For the child the appeal here lies in the human interest that he finds in the rimes; they are really little stories of persons, animals and inanimate objects that come within the grasp of his immature mind. These "stories" excite his interest and his imagination, and are, therefore, of value as aids in the development of mind.

That this book is something more than it appears is attested by what has followed in its wake here in America; many persons have found inspiration in its lines. Moralists have drawn lessons from them; poets have sung their praises; artists and painters have immortalized their characters; composers have set the lines to music. Pedagogues have arranged pantomimes for the kindergarten; and the stage and cinema have brought the characters to life. The book also has had the compliment of being damned by those critical of all things of value in this world. One such critic, a woman, speaking as one having authority, brands **Mother Goose** the evil genious of childhood, crying that, because that innocent old lady, "speaks" of rogues, of kings and queens, and of foreign money, "she" is making knaves and traitors of our children. Could anything be more absurd? This critic should object to the Bible on the same ground! Fortunately there is an answer to all this. The critic has spoken in full ignorance of her subject. She has been in the position of Don Quixote when he attacked the windmills. She has not understood that which she has attacked; she has not sensed the real value of **"Mother Goose."**

II

The origin of the name **"Mother Goose"** lies in some obscurity. We can say, however, that it did **not** originate with a certain Mrs. Vergoose, or Goose, of Boston, as some maintain. The name first appears in the title of a small book published by Charles Perrault in France

in 1696, **"Contes de Ma Mere l'oye,"** (The Tales of Mother Goose.) These tales were the simple stories known to us under the names of **Blue Beard, The Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood,** and **Puss In Boots.** These were translated and published by Robert Samber in England in 1729. Neither of these books contained any of the Mother Goose rimes known to us today. The first appearance of the rimes in book form was in a book published by John Newberry in England in 1760 with the title, **Mother Goose Melodies.** In 1799 Isaiah Thomas issued a Mother Goose book in America.

In regard to the legend connecting Mrs. Vergoose with the rimes. She was born at Charlestown in 1665 with the name Elizabeth Foster. In 1715 her daughter married Thomas Fleet, a printer, who came from London to Boston in 1713. Mrs. Vergoose is said to have entertained her grandchildren by reciting the rimes to them. The explanation here is, I believe, that Mrs. Vergoose learned the rimes, long current in England before their appearance in book form, from her son-in-law, and was dubbed "Mother Goose" because her name seemed to fit the occasion.

In regard to the rimes, themselves, we have someone who speaks with definite authority as to their origin and meaning. Several years ago Miss Katherine Elwes Thomas of Boston published a book with the title, **"The Real Personages Of Mother Goose."** In this book Miss Thomas states:

"This work is the result of careful research covering the past quarter of a century. * * * I have examined many rare volumes in the Bodlein Library at Oxford, the British Museum Library at London, the Public libraries of Bristol and Bath, the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., together with glimpses into the Harleian Miscellany, and have observantly travelled about these sections of England and Scotland wherein lie the scenes of the jingles. * * * The result of this fascinating work has been the establishing beyond controversy that the nursery rimes, largely of Jacobite origin, are political diatribes, religious phillippics, and popular street songs, embodying comedies, tragedies, and love episodes of many great historical personages, lavishly interspersed with English and Scotch folk-lore flung out with dramatic abandon. * * * These rimes are today the nursery classic of the world, the classic which, read and sung for centuries to children, has added joy to hours of sunshine, eased the shadowy times of pain."

III

Long before Miss Thomas' book appeared, I, actuated by the strictures of the beforementioned critic, attempted an interpretation of a number of the Mother Goose rimes. In this attempt I thought that I had discovered the reason for the lasting popularity of the rimes. It seemed to me that the book, taken as a whole, contained the four elements necessary to human happiness: Philosophy, Beauty, Humor, and Human Interest. In this respect the book appeared to resemble Shakespeare's play **As You Like It,** for there one finds those four elements in full measure. How great it would be, I thought, if mothers could be made to look at the rimes in this light, and would use the rimes to inculcate thought and reason in the minds of their children. Let me give you several of the rimes with my interpretation of each. Later I will tell you what Miss Thomas has uncovered in regard to them.

To begin with, here is the life history of the immortal Solomon Grundy.

"Solomon Grundy
Born on a Monday
Christened on Tuesday
Married on Wednesday
Took ill on Thursday
Worse on Friday
Died on Saturday
Buried on Sunday
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy."

In these ten short lines we have the record of Solomon Grundy's life. But,

what is there in that record? Only that he was born, got married, and died! His life was totally without purpose; the record is completely uninteresting to us. Then why was it set down? As a warning, was it not? It is the warning of the Fool in **As You Like It.** We learn of this warning through the mouth of the melancholy Jaques. You remember how, in scene seven of act two, he comes into a part of the Forest of Arden where the exiled Duke and his followers are assembled, exclaiming:

"A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world;—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: **No, sir, quoth he,**
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, **It is ten o'clock:**
Thus we may see, quoth he, **how the world wags:**
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

The Fool is philosophyzing on life. He is telling us what so many of us do: cling to the tree of life until we are rotten, and then drop off, having accomplished nothing! It is the same warning that Solomon Grundy gives to us. Life should be accomplishment.

But, there is another angle to the story. Perhaps Solomon Grundy was not responsible for his inane existence. Perhaps he began life with a handicap. He may have been the victim of adenoids and tonsils, as so many are. He may have been a stupid child due to the presence of those retardations of child development. Had he lived today a simple operation would have freed him from that handicap. Many a child today begins life with that condition and his future depends upon the enlightenment of his parents.

My second selection from the rimes runs as follows:

"Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumpt over the moon;
The litle dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

On the face of it this rime is pure nonsense; but, it seemed to me, that it is nonsense with a purpose. The children love it; and it is good for them. A little nonsense now and then takes the tension from sense. This little story depicts familiar animals and objects in unusual attitudes, attitudes that bring a smile to the face of the child, and then a question from his tongue. He smiles, for instance, at the thought of a cat playing a fiddle, and then he wonders how such a thing could be. The lines develop his imagination and his sense of humor; and finally, they give to him a sense of rhythm. Certainly no harm can come to children from this. Humor plays a large part in taking the edge off of the tragedies of life. Our children should have evenly developed minds.

Next let us consider the episode of the selfish little boy.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plum,
And said: 'What a brave boy am I.' "

Jack was the personification of selfishness and conceit. He got off into a corner and ate his pie all by himself. Then he picks out a plum and shouts, "What a brave boy am I!" But, after all, was Jack to blame for what he did? He was a selfish and conceited little rascal; but he did not know that he was. He could not know for he was only a child. Jack, no doubt, had been allowed

to go his own way, and the result was inevitable. The average child left to his own devices is left to failure. The reason is obvious. It is chance that directs that child's development, and chance is never a good director when it comes to the development of a man. The future demands that our children have intelligent direction.

My fourth selection has to do with royalty and foreign money.

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?"

This pie episode seems impossible until we recall the old English custom of enclosing things in a previously baked pie crust. In this case the birds were imprisoned in a huge crust and then liberated. But the lines arouse curiosity in the child mind, and cause him to ask questions. These questions come from an immature mind illumined by a new idea. For the child the interrogation point is the way to knowledge. The answers to his questions must be so given as properly to direct the illumination, not so as to befog the light. An explanation of how the pie was made will open the child's mind to understanding.

And now we come to a charming picture.

"Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row."

Certainly a charming picture! Cannot one visualize the lovely old-fashioned flower bed all bordered with cockle shells? And "the pretty maids all in a row" in their dainty old-English costumes, give an unexpected touch to the picture. And, in the foreground, stands "contrary Mary." Because she is "contrary" does not take from the attractiveness of the picture; it only adds to the charm of the whole. In this picture we have the three attributes that help so greatly to make hum-drum existence endurable: Beauty, Charm, and Lightness.

Here is one who has been looked upon as a dissolute old rascal!

"Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Here is a man, a king, entirely different from the man we considered in the beginning—Solomon Grundy; but is King Cole any better than Solomon? Certainly he seems to have had more fun; but has he accomplished any more than Solomon? That depends. Individually he may not have progressed very far, for those addicted to the bowl seldom amount to much. However, he may have helped others to progress. Does the happy man accomplish more than the gloomy man? "Old King Cole was a merry old soul." Ah, there you have it! A merry old soul! Much may be forgiven a man if he be merry; if, by passing along his humor, he can lighten the burdens of his fellow men! Old King Cole loved good cheer and laughter, and he dispensed both. He knew that laughter was a great ally in the battle of life: that it relieved tension, and brought relaxation to troubled minds. **Ave**, King Cole!

Here are some "mixed pickles"!

"Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a Summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.

"Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dirt ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

"You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home."

This seems to be something of a jumble, does it not? Let us see if we can make anything of it. Examining the lines closely can't we find a bit of philosophy there? It is philosophy made difficult by the philosopher's trick of round-about language. Analyzing it we discover this truth: That, if we desire our children to be safe away from us, to grow up sane and able to take care of themselves, **we must make them sane at home.** The home is where sanity begins. The child learns in the home that which he practices abroad. In this the parent is the example ever before the child. Dr. Lyman Abbott used to relate an illuminating little incident about a little girl who wanted to join his church.

"Do you want to be like Christ?" he asked her.

"I don't know," was the child's innocent reply. "I want to be like mother."

"I want to be like mother!" The parent **is** the example ever before the child!

And here is "poor Robin."

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

"He will sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!"

Here we have a lesson in Pity, Compassion, and Solicitude! Is it not well for our children to learn these things early? Is it not well that we should learn to take thought for those of our fellow mortals who are suffering "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?" Can the child too early learn the meaning of "Help one another"?

And lastly, a prayer.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!
All the four corners round about,
When I get in, when I get out.
"Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away!"

A prayer for a little child to learn! Is it not a proper prayer? What could our critic say to it? Could she find fault with its sentiment? What lovelier picture than that of the child's bed with four angels "round about"? What lovlier thought could we implant in the child's mind?

IV

Now, beginning with the second rime here set down, let me repeat what Miss Thomas has to say in regard to those which I have given to you. Miss Thomas has nothing to say in regard to Solomon Grundy. The lines telling of his life seem to have no meaning other than what I have given to them. In regard to the rime beginning "Hey diddle, diddle," Miss Thomas states:

"Here's laughter for us! Elizabeth of England makes a sweeping bow in right merrie mood as, her shrewd eyes a-sparkle with merriment, she meets our laughter with her own over this jingle which, truth to tell, must have pleased her mightily.

"Hey diddle, diddle, as an exceedingly ancient refrain, ushers in this Elizabethan jingle which, in its half dozen lines, covers the wide scope of the mummings, tilts, and merrymakings at Whitehall palace. That it was a favorite jingle is evidenced by the number of Cat and Fiddle inns of the Elizabethan era.

"Queen Elizabeth, thus gaily dancing into the limelight of today, was familiarly dubbed 'the cat', and fairly earned this title from the manner in which she played with her cabinet as if the ministers had been so many mice.

"In this particular jingle, Elizabeth fills a dual role for she is well 'the cow that jumpt over the moon,' her designation as a 'cow' being because of the heraldic bearings from the earldom of Richmond. * * * The 'moon' was the statesman Walsingham. * * * The sports at which 'the little dog laughed' were, in addition to the political ones, the gorgeous tournaments held in the tilt-yard of Whitehall when the frolicsomeness of

the court convulsed the nation over the antics there performed with grotestque gravity. * * * 'The dish ran away with the spoon' gives an amusing glimpse into the elaborateness with which Queen Elizabeth insisted upon having her meals served, and incidentally into certain flirtations invariably connected therewith, for the 'spoon', always a beautiful young woman of the court, was the designation for that one selected as taster of the royal meals. 'The dish' was the formal title of the Courtier detailed to carry certain golden dishes into the state dining-room. * * * The particular Dish and Spoon whose running away has been thus forever commemorated were undoubtedly Edward Earl of Hertford, and Lady Katherine Grey, who had contracted a secret marriage.

"That it was customary to dub those in and about the court with ridiculous nicknames, generally of animals, is evident from the writings of the times, even prior to the reign of Henry VIII. During Elizabeth's reign a violent epidemic of nicknaming seems to have swept over the court."

In regard to "Little Jack Horner" Miss Thomas has this to say:

"The legendary account runs that Jack Horner was, as the steward of Abbott Whiting, made the bearer to the King of the title deeds, twelve in number, of certain churchly estates. These, having been done up in the form of a pie, after the fantastic custom of the period, were entrusted to the steward. While on his way to London Jack Horner, inadvertently, or otherwise, tore a small rent in the pie. Whereupon sticking in his thumb, he pulled out no less a plum than the title deed to the Mells Manor estate, held to this day by his descendants. Upon his return to the Abbott and declaring that the 'plum' had been given to him by the king, little Jack Horner backed his assertion with the indisputable fact that his Majesty had knighted him Sir John."

Miss Thomas, having visited at "Horner Hall" and talked with the descendants of "Little Jack Horner" now living there, goes on to say:

"The Misses Horner, while placing at my disposal all the generally current versions of this ancient tale, insisted that it is a fact that Little Jack Horner not only presented the Christmas pie intact to his monarch, but that the family still preserves the original deed bearing the signature of Henry VIII and the sum paid for the Mells Manor property when he bought it direct from the king."

I have given you eight lines of the rime beginning, "Sing a song of sixpence," but there are eight more lines as follows:

"The King was in the counting-house
  Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the pantry,
  Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
  Hanging out the clothes,
When down flew a blackbird
  And snipped off her nose."

Of this rime in its entirely Miss Thomas says:

"In this jingle, light as the down of a thistle, airy nothing of sparkling wit and bubbling worth to the children of the English-speaking universe, sleep the annals of King Henry VIII. Emerging now from their distant past to newly vivid human interest in the exploitation of the times thus portrayed, they reveal curious manifestations of private and public characters in high places, for satires, caricatures, and lampoons lept forth in rapid succession during the reign of this monarch. * * * 'Sing a song of sixpence' cleverly portrays the history of Henry's siezure of the abbey revenues, his insistence upon a divorce from Katherine of Aragon, the flash of love-making to Anne Boleyn, and the swift tragedy of that unhappy young woman. * * * 'Sing a song of sixpence' is really Henry's gleeful humming over the confiscated revenues; the 'pocket full of rye,' the rich grainfields thus ripening for the royal coffers. * * * The 'pie,' similarly constructed to that borne by Jack Horner at this same time, was made up of the four-and-twenty deeds dispatched by the Abbot of Newstead to the rapacious Henry VIII. * * * All this while Katherine of Aragon sat eating the bread of England, thickly spread with the honey of Spain's cleying assurance that the king would not be allowed to divorce her. * * * And out in 'the garden' with maddening witchery, the 'maid' was hanging out the clothes, daintiest frocks from France, tossing her head in smiles at the king. Pretty Anne Boleyn, upon whose brow was to rest the crown of Queen of England! The twenty-year-old beauty, but lately come to court from attendance upon the king's sister, Mary Tudor, fell at once under the spell of the king's desire. * * * 'The garden' was that of Whitehall palace, adjoining the tilt-yard of the great cardinal, at one of whose revels, when in the heyday of his glory Wolsey was dazzling the eyes of all Europe, Henry had his first glimpse of 'the maid' whose royal love story was to be writ in blood. * * * The 'snipping off' of Anne Boleyn's nose was accomplished by this high clerical 'blackbird' when, in obedience to Henry's secret commands, he broke her engagement to Lord Percy. * * * There came in woefully brief time another and grimmer 'blackbird' in the person of the royal headsman. And most effectually did he 'snip off her nose' when his axe was brought down upon her slender throat."

In regard to "Mistress Mary, quite contrary" Miss Thomas has this to say:

"Fair, sweet, and enticingly human, Mary, Queen of Scots with her royal maids of honor, Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston, disporting themselves in 'the garden' of Holyrood Palace, suddenly, at the crooning of this jingle, cease to be mere characters moving through the shadowy pages of history and glow to startlingly vivid life. * * * Of the myriad verses leveled at Mary, this one, containing no hint of tragedy, bubbles over with the joyousness of her life's springtime. A charming garden it was, set in the Scottish hills in those early days when the girl queen, with 'silver bells' of flashing jewels, and lovely gowns from France, dazzled the eyes of the stern Covenanters, bent upon forcing conformity to their obnoxiously dull, psalm-singing ethics. * * * There is a true Jacobite swing marking this witty irony of Mary's love of tinkling cymbals acquired at the French court epitomized in the 'cockle shells' with which she and joy bells, with her epicurean tastes tickled her palate to forgetfulness of the hated Scotch breakfasts of oatmeal porridge. * * * So long as the 'pretty maids all in a row' remained to lend enchantment to the grim barrenness, she danced, a bewitchingly contrary Mary, before John Knox when he demanded instant recantation from the beautiful woman who, recognizing no law but that of her queenly moods and passions, made of life such a brilliant failure."

We now come to three of the lesser lights in the English firmament. Of these Miss Thomas writes:

"A right merry soul," truly, must old King Cole have been. * * * Right merry, indeed, in that far third century when the favorite and quite usual sport of kings was war, banditry, and murder.

"Lewis, in his **History of Great Britain**, mentions three kings of England of this name, but the particular monarch of the jingle is evidently that King Cole who reigned in Britain, according to the information vouchsafed by old chroniclers, in the third century. The statement is made by Lewis that 'King Cole was a brave and popular man in his day and ascended the throne of Britain on the death of the Asclepoid.' At Colchester is a large earthwork supposed to have been a Roman amphitheatre, which goes popularly by the name of King Cole's Kitchen. * * * Plain inference is that the incident of King Cole, with his flair for his bowl and his pipe and his fiddlers three, is actually to be regarded as the start of the jingles in England."

"This pasquidade (Three children sliding on the ice) printed in London in 1640, and preserved in one of the orig-

inal handbills in the British Museum Library, refers to the convening of the Long Parliament by 'Jack Spratt' (Charles I) on the 30th of November, 1640.

Hampden, Stafford, and Laud are the 'three children' with their sliding on the ice and falling in a flippant announcement of the tragedy of their death in the tower. The rest who ran away realized only too well by this time upon what exceedingly thin ice any one skated who put faith in the promises of Charles I."

"'My sweet Robin' (The north wind doth blow) was the queen's favorite name for the Earl of Liecester.

"Very felicitiously, in view of this general knowledge as to the true quarter in which the wind blew, there sounds through this jingle the mocking sympathy of the court. When now and again the north wind of the queen's displeasure blew upon 'poor Robin', he only too gladly retired to one of his several 'barns', one of which, it is to be remembered, was Kenilworth, and there, hid with his head, for the time being, under his wing rather than on the threatened headman's block, 'poor Robin' remained away from his royal mistress until blue and sunny skies were once more his portion."

Miss Thomas has nothing to say in regard to the last rime which I have quoted, "The Prayer." It, undoubtedly, was one of the thousand-and-one rimes so freely printed and circulated in those early days. But it needs no comment. It speaks for itself.

V

In the light of the foregowing what a wealth of material do we perceive in the Mother Goose rimes! Not only do they "jingle," but also they instruct. They attract adult as well as child. With the child it is the catchy rimes and the familiar note in them that hold the attention; with the adult it has been the unconscious appreciation that there is something more in the verses than mere rime and jingle. We can perceive in the exposition which I have set forth here that the Mother Goose rimes have an undoubted value as aids to education. For the child their value lies in their lightness, in their humor, and in their approach through familiar things. They aid in the development of the child mind by making it open, easy of access. If, in our endeavor to introduce an idea into the mind of our child, we begin with a point with which he is familiar, **that will give a grasping point to his mind**, the rest will be easy. When the child is old enough to go to school and take up English history, these rimes will be found to be of great service in fixing events in his memory. They will give to him the grasping points necessary. The adult, too, will find the rimes of value in that there will be found here and there hints as to what not to do in bringing up his children. The one great lesson to be found here is the fact that the child mind is more easily directed through leading than through forcing.

In this paper I have only just touched upon the subject of the rimes.

Miss Thomas gives above one hundred fifty of the rimes. The reader will find the book a mine of valuable information. These one hundred fifty seem to be the limit of the real Mother Goose rimes. I have one book in which seven hundred are given, but the greater number of them are mere nonsense lines and riddles, and have nothing to do with our subject. "The Real Personages Of Mother Goose," with the rimes in their original forms, and its exposition of their origins and meanings, should be in every home and in every school library.

The God and the Man

A SAGA OF THE UPHRIGEES

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

ZOOHM, great god of the Uphrigees, creator of man and beast, maker of rain and sun, master of lightning and thunder, all-powerful spirit of Uphrigee, whose whisper is the cry of babies and whose shout is the groaning of the deep sea—O, Zoohm, have mercy upon the people!

The lands of the nation lie desolate and uninhabited. His wrath has borne fruit in destruction. Where is the plenteous and bountiful acreage which once blossomed in peaceful opulence? What was the sin which so aroused the wrath of Zoohm that he had wiped out his model civilization? Why did the coming of a single Man cause an entire people to be annihilated?

Zoohm, seated upon the throne of mountainous rocks which are soft as the flesh of infants at his touch, guarded by the clouding sentinels of the heavens, and crowned with the immortal jewel of jewels, looks down on the plains of Uphrigee. He is taller than the tallest mountain and he is more enormous than the world he created. His eyes are the planets of the yet undiscovered universe. In the land of the Uphrigees there are the twin suns of day and the covered moons of night. When Zoohm closes his eyes it is night; when he opens them it is day. Through the drooping eyelids of the god the planets cast their light, a softer, mysterious light of shaded somnolent rays. In the daytime, the planets of Zoohm's eyes speak the open mind of the god; when he sleeps, the shafts of silvery beams are cast with dream thoughts and the inexplicable desires of his immortal and omniscient soul. Indeed, so powerful is the mind of Zoohm, that the very sky overspreading Uphrigee assumed the coloring of his changing panorama of thoughts. When the sky is blue, without a cloud, it is because Zoohm is serene; when the darkening rays of midsummer overcast the heavens, it is because Zoohm is wrought up into a fury. When mottled white fluff is blown across the ceiling of the world, it is because Zoohm has looked up, his heart in a cold mood of bitterness, perhaps on account of a word spoken a trillion miles away by one of his brother gods. When little clouds first speck the sky, then it may be understood that fleeting ideas are rambling in the mighty brain.

In the winter season, from the bales of cotton within the heavens, soft flecks of snow are dropped earthward, for Zoohm will not permit his people to re-

main unprotected before the onslaughts of cold. He is covering them with his blankets. When storms break forth, with thunder and lightning, and the rain pours upon the earth, it is because Zoohm is in pain. Across the great expanse of space, one of his brother gods, perhaps, has hurt his feelings. Then Zoohm's tears flow copiously, his sobs are earthquakes in Uphrigee, and the long pointing fingers shoot forth the messages of his pain. In this manner may it be spoken concerning the thoughts and moods of Zoohm.

His breath comes from the winds which gush incessantly up from the ravines of the lowlands and rush down again to wreak destruction of tornado and hurricane whenever Zoohm wills it so. Once in a thousand years—or a minute according to Zoohm—the god may breathe. Then, woe to the Uphrigees, for one single exhalation may destroy whole continents.

The hands of Zoohm are long and fearful. From out his pointing fingers lightning strikes; when he crooks it as if to beckon, waters of rivers change their courses, the sunny breezes of spring reverse their movement and turn to harbingers of rain.

Now, it is told by the first white pioneers who entered Uphrigee, of that extraordinary land. The people had been cut off from all other races by the mountains of Zoohm and the seas of Zoohm. Even as others had never heard of Uphrigee until the expeditionary party brought news of its destruction after a million years, so Uphrigee never realized that outside its walls there were other living creatures. It is told by the historian of the expedition of the customs and habits of the strange people.

In Uphrigee, everything had been precisely as Zoohm had created it a million years before the destruction. Further, it is believed of Zoohm that he came of a family of gods. He was the youngest of a thousand sons of another god, so far removed from mortal comprehension that his name was not even considered in the credo of Uphrigee. When Zoohm reached his maturity, on his one hundred thousandth birthday, the parent god had said:

"Zoohm, my philosophical and idealistic son, now you may go forth and, after your own ideas, create your own world, concerning which you have spoken so much to me in criticism of my creations."

It was then that Zoohm had uttered the remarkable words:

"Thank you, father of fathers, god of gods, lord of lords. I shall go forth. The name of my creation shall be called Uphrigee. And Uphrigee shall be a different world from all others that my eyes have seen. My criticism of your creations, venerable father, and the creations of my esteemed brothers, all of them, I trust you will forgive. It grew out of a condition which scarcely may be deemed normal; out of a pathological, or shall we say perverse streak within me. You permitted a drop of human blood to flow in my veins. I have watched the suffering people and I have felt the pain within myself. Whom I create shall be of a different calibre. Those humans to whom I give life shall not be permitted to misunderstand. I shall post careful instructions. None will question my laws. None shall be left to his own frail resources."

Then Zoohm thought for himself the site where he would henceforth make his home, and having built the mountains and laid the seas and spread the continents, he gave his attention to those who would populate the plaything.

He determined that Uphrigee should possess that for which all other races had yearned. It would know only perfect contentment. It should possess all which is needed for complete existence, never feeling a hunger for anything else. Restlessness, ambition, curiosity, impatience, greed, initiative, and many other dangerous faculties known to the peoples of other worlds, the great god withheld. He permitted his creatures few wants, with every want fulfilled. He gave them the daytime in which to work and the night wherein to dream—pleasant dreams, undisturbed by thoughts of the morrow or desires unsatisfied.

In outward aspect, the population of Uphrigee was almost identical with other worlds. Every trade and profession and art had its representatives, selected automatically by quota, according to the mathematical rules of Zoohm.

He made men and women and gave them the power to bring children and their children into the world, two of them to replace the father and mother, taking up the prescribed duties at the death of the parents; for also, as one of his major gifts, Zoohm allowed the marvelous privilege of death. After the tour of life which was marked by an exact calculation to the second and the fraction of a second, the soul of the human advanced to the eternal role, becoming immortal as part of Zoohm himself.

The shoemaker had a son who was a shoemaker; the tailor a successor. The shoemaker never worried about the baker, who never envied the tailor, who never cast begrudging eyes at the minister or the doctor or the lawyer. The Uphrigees had their lawyers but they were merely ornamental, and so were the doctors. Illness of the flesh and of the mind was unknown.

Every Uphrigee knew just what he was supposed to do and did it with a grace, never in a jaded, bored manner; nor, on the other hand, in any excited fashion. Each day without change a fixed amount of work was concluded. Thus, in the case of the shoemaker, he completed a pair of shoes—never a stitch more or less—from the beginning of time to the era concerning which this saga is recorded. There were millionaires merely for ornament. However, all their money had no more effect or use or power than the pennies of the paupers, whom Zoohm also created, being a careful artist desiring his picture to be complete in every detail.

The historian of the exploring expedition has written that the Uphrigees were merely marionettes and pawns, until the epoch immediately proceding their destruction; in other words up to the coming of the Man. Perhaps such a statement is a libel against Zoohm. Did he not provide his people with the qualities sought by all other humans? The Uphrigees had no wars, they never quarreled, they knew no hates, there were no prisons, asylums, houses of refuge. nothing ever displeased them. There were no mishaps or disorders, excepting when Zoohm forgot himself and breathed, sending forth tornadoes and hurricanes.

As there was nothing to learn, Uphrigee possessed no schools. If there was nothing to displease, on the other hand there was nothing to arouse. Inasmuch as there were no disputes or quarrels or arguments, there was no necessity for social gatherings, fraternal organizations, debating and the like. Inasmuch as there was no hate, neither was there any great love. Every man married a woman who was chosen by Zoohm and the two divided their work responsibilities, coming and going in the usual routine of every good Uphrigee family. Naturally, there being no possible causes for displeasure, there were no divorces. The conditions in Uphrigee were ideal. It was never dull. There is nothing dull for the dullard. He is his own reward and accepts himself with pleasant grace and thankfulness. Someone of the other world called the earth, has written: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To have termed the status of Uphrigee as ignorance is a further libel on the god Zoohm. For a million years the populations knew no suffering and endured none of the tortures to which flesh of the earth is heir.

As the great god on the mountain peaks looked down each day and day and day, he was content, and frequently sent his thoughts into the vast spaces, conversing with the father of fathers, the god of gods, the lord of lords. The parent god said nothing, silence being consent, but some of the brothers of Zoohm, with wars on their hands, plagues, religious conflicts, inquisitions, intrepid inventors, dissatisfied socialists

and others, were rather upset. Although they pretended to Zoohm that they considered Uphrigee a stupid affair, it is not yet sufficiently understood whether or not they were sincere.

In any event, by frequent taunts they succeeded in making Zoohm himself a bit discontented. When he sent his satisfied thoughts abroad it was then that the sky reflected the serene state of his mind; when his brothers teased him, frequently Zoohm wondered, and it was then that the sky indicated by flecking clouds that his normal and natural disposition was upset.

For a million years, the Zoohm philosophy ruled. The god was content, excepting during the last hundred thousand years, wherein he wondered and pondered and analysed and questioned and sought to determine upon some possible change of routine. One of his brothers had cried:

"Pretty dull life for you, Zoohm, never a question to answer, never a problem to solve, never a criminal to whip, never a martyr to sanctify!"

Zoohm would answer: "Mine is the only world which moves without mishap; mine is the only perfect creation."

Some times, in the strange conversations between the gods, his brother creators expressed their envy of Zoohm, but during that last hundred thousand years, Zoohm (though he despised himself for thinking the thought) had come to envy his colleagues. He struggled with himself, he tried to drown the unworthy desire. At night, when his eyelids closed, the somnolent rays of light became neurotic, reflecting the inexpressible and inexplicable desires of the unhappy god. Forgetful, Zoohm had breathed and a tornado had laid bare the plains of Uphrigee. This necessitated that the broken section be repaired, which gave Zoohm occupation for a thousand years which, in Zoohm's mind, was a minute. After the reconstruction, it was the same as it had been before; the population went on its way without a frown or a smile; it was as his brothers had told him.

Several times Zoohm had breathed and sent tornadoes, merely so that he might have something to do. Thus he kept on building and rebuilding, always hesitating at the principle problem of the people themselves. It was rather monotonous for Zoohm, a million years of it.

Then, one day, as it is written, in the millionth year, Zoohm whispered across the space of eternity to another god and asked that he might borrow a Man. He wished for a discontented, over-intelligent, idealistic, pantheistic man with vision, ambition, foresight, inspiration and chiefly with a disgust for all existing conditions. The brother god laughed up his sleeve and said he would do as Zoohm requested. He picked out the most troublesome man he had in all his kingdom.

"Now, Zoohm, you may do as you like with Smith. I am giving Smith to you. He is yours. I don't want ever to see him again. Keep him or lose him somewhere in the open spaces of time. I will think a thought into his mind of the idea of travel and exploration and when he is asleep this night I will transport him on the planes of an ethereal current to the top of your mountain. Zoohm, he is yours."

Whereupon the other god chuckled again in his sleeve, and, looking down into his valley, touched Smith on the shoulder and thought an idea into his brain of a remarkable exploration, which he immediately wrote about and sent to the newspapers, making an arrangement with one of them for the serial rights. Then this same god sent Smith into a nameless sleep and transported him on the plane of an ethereal current and left him standing on the top of the mountain of Zoohm.

When the Man Smith found himself gazing on the three hundred thousandth hair of Zoohm's beard, which he thought was a tree, he swung himself on it and looked down over the plains of Uphrigee. It hurt Zoohm, as Smith swung over the space laughing and excited at the sight of the cities below. It is to be

recorded that when Zoohm felt the twitch of pain, it aroused in him a thrill of joy, for it was the first physical sensation Zoohm had ever known, being (unlike others of his brothers) a celibate God.

The Man Smith, without delay, ran down the side of the mountain and made his way into the main street of the principal city, expecting to find a telegraph office from which to send his story back to the syndicate. He was annoyed considerably for two reasons; there was no telegraph office and his presence caused no excitement at all among the inhabitants of Uphrigee. The shoemaker went right on sewing his shoes, the baker made no pause over his bread; only the doctor and the lawyer, who had nothing to do anyway would listen to him. At first Smith had been hopeful that he would be feted and celebrated in the usual manner, with receptions by special committees, gifts of the keys of the cities, and so forth, but nothing happened at all. Everything around him was so quiet and normal and peaceful that Smith found nothing at all to do. Being a reformer by nature, he realized at once what a tremendous task was facing him.

The people had no ambition; they were spineless; they were using antiquated methods; men and women unsuited to each other were living together in absolute indecency and immorality. But one thought dominated them all; it was the worship of the so-called god by the name of Zoohm.

At first Smith spent practically all of his time trying to communicate with his own planet. He managed to set up some sort of a wireless device, puttering away with it for several weeks and sending into the ether the impossible narrative of his discovery of this new world. Years later some parts of his story were picked up, sent to a scientific institution and examined by experts in many lines.

As for Smith himself, when no answer came to his pleading messages, he decided to settle down. He opened a school of philosophy and education. Nobody attended. He tried a theater. Nobody had the slightest interest in going. He advertised a mass meeting. It was useless. Being a democrat and believing in equality, he knew that there must be rulers. He developed an election system. No one paid any attention. Smith even inaugurated a house to house canvass. He would open his battery of eloquence on a storekeeper in this manner:

"You work ten hours a day. Why? Put down that needle. Why don't you use a machine? Why charge only nine pankavos for what costs you twelve? Don't you ever figure your overhead expenses here? What about this land? And look at the product you are turning out! It is as old as Methuselah. Why don't you try to beat your competitor down the street? Have you no backbone? Why don't you do this, or that, or that? Don't you see how much more beautiful your product would look?

"And now, I have a more delicate subject to discuss with you. This woman who lives in your house. You don't love her; she doesn't love you. That is sinful. Look at your children! They have no respect for you. You don't tell them what to do. Why don't you try to give your children more opportunity than you had in life? Why don't you allow them to choose an occupation for themselves?"

These, and other thoughts Smith uttered as he remembered the works of Plato, Marcus Aurelius, George Bernard Shaw, Julius Caesar, William Jennings Bryan, Napoleon, Marx, Washington and others. Talk as much as he would, as eloquent and convincing as he believed himself to be, he never found a listener. Unknown to Smith, however, Zoohm was always listening. The giant watched the little ant wherever he moved and found the newcomer infinitely more fascinating than any of his own creatures. This set Zoohm to thinking even more energetically. Pangs of conscience attacked him. Had the Uphrigees been robbed of the qualities which made them interesting? This Man Smith was the most restless, uncomfortable, miserable

individual ever to walk the streets of Uphrigee, yet here he was, completely fascinating the god Zoohm. What would happen to Uphrigee if suddenly the people were allowed to think for themselves? Zoohm was curious at the possibilities.

He closed his eyes and it was night, and opening them again, it was daytime. The people of Uphrigee had acquired the ability to listen and what is more important, the right to think, and what is even more important than either of these, the faculty of acting. To Smith's astonishment, the moment he walked out of his home, he discovered that he had become an object of general interest. Wherever he moved, men and women looked up from their work, boys and girls followed him in the streets.

Smith prided himself on the fact that his hard work was beginning to bear fruit. Approaching the next prospect for enlightenment, Smith began his harangue. The man not only listened but threw down his work and asked what he should do.

"Let us go among the people on the highways and byways," said Smith, in unoriginal manner, "Let us start a revolution!"

The man followed Smith eagerly through the streets to his neighbor, who did the same thing. By the end of the day Uphrigee was in an uproar. The Revolution was on its way.

Zoohm, watching from above, nodded with satisfaction. This was exciting beyond all expectation! The god followed the experiment with avid eagerness. He forgot to go to sleep until late and had such amazing dreams that he awoke far too early.

Meanwhile, Smith was working rapidly. In a few days he had set up a republic and had been elected president. In another few days, factories were being erected. Inside of a year, the entire complexion of Uphrigee had changed completely. Inventions were springing into being. Boat, train and aeroplane were running on schedule every hour on the hour. Labor-saving devices had replaced all the antiquated methods. In other fields equally, progress had been made. The ministers laid down a strict moral code with the famous Seventeen Commandments. The lawyers, not ornamental any longer, were doing a good business in divorces, murder, robbery and so forth, which came into being coincidentally with laws governing such exigencies. Being left to their own devices, the people indulged in excesses of many kinds. Doctors were called for resultant stomach aches and illness of a more complicated order.

Competition flourished, remarkable improvements in every field brought honor to the Uphrigees and to President Smith. Some became millionaires who learned how to use their money and squeeze the common people. Paupers, feeling the pinch of necessity, set up their stands at various corners, begging for alms. Schools were erected; prisons completed; philanthropists, out of the bounty of their hearts, took care of the unfortunate orphans, lunatics and old folks. A magnificent art movement was born. Musicians wrote symphonic and operatic works. Poets were ecstatic and some men, discovering that there were women whom they desired and might not have, broke every one of the Seventeen Commandments.

In other words, Uphrigee became the exact replica of other worlds. The people who had hitherto accepted Zoohm and asked nothing of him, now prayed for gifts which kept old Zoohm hopping to fill all the orders.

With the rush of the minutes called years, Smith logically became the national figure. At first he was popular and beloved; later on he was no longer beloved but feared. He had become a tyrant, a czar, His will must be obeyed. When those who wished to flatter him approached with a crown, he refused at first as a gesture, then permitted his courtiers to crown him king.

Throughout the comedy and tragedy of Smith's regime, Zoohm enjoyed himself mightily. He was perfectly content

with everything that happened, good and bad. It provided him with work to do and entertainment to boot. All might have been well, excepting that Smith overstepped himself.

Not content with being king, Smith had grown jealous of Zoohm. Little by little, the rankling envy of Zoohm expressed itself in Smith's actions. At the assembly of the Congress each morning, the prayer to Zoohm was considerably curtailed, and practically removed in the opening of school services. The chief minister of religious education had been summoned to the palace and there ordered by the king to soften and modify the church practices.

When Zoohm became aware of this new tendency on the part of Smith, he laughed. As time went on the laughter ceased. Smith was impudent! He flung his defiance to the clouds, taunted the people, terming their belief crazy and antiquated.

"You are old-fashioned, my people," quoth Smith, "why do you bend your knees to Zoohm?" The Man Smith laughed at the clouds and pointed his little hand toward the mountains and scorned the god.

Zoohm, taller than the mountains, more enormous than the world itself, Zoohm, great god of the Uphrigees, maker of man and beast, creator of rain and sun, master of lightning and thunder—O Zoohm, have mercy upon the people!

"Ridiculous!" laughed Smith. "There is no such thing as Zoohm! There is only I and there is only you, the people!"

Smith gathered together scientists and caused a new course of education to be spread through the land. "Uphrigee exists because of natural causes. There are laws underlying the whole universe. Mythology was sufficient to please your ancestors, Uphrigees, but since the coming enlightenment you must understand there is no such thing as Zoohm!"

Zoohm attempted to swallow his wrath. He had belief in the little Man Smith. He admired how the frail creature had, in the human span of a lifetime, accomplished so much, remaking the land of Zoohm's million years. To Smith, Zoohm owed much. The god had been amused and entertained by the Man.

"Even if there was such a thing as Zoohm, he would need me more than I need him," Smith derided the ministers, laughed them to scorn. He rewrote their sermons, forced them to deliver what they deemed heresy.

"I preach the gospel of the people," Smith reiterated. "I say, if you cannot do it yourself, do not do it at all!"

The ministers cautioned the king. They feared the wrath of the great god Zoohm.

"Fear Zoohm?" roared Smith in a frenzy of laughter. "I do not fear Zoohm!"

Thereuupon Smith passed a law forbidding all prayer. He planned to promulgate the religious Emancipation Proclamation himself, speaking from the mountain sides.

"I have come today to release you from further slavery" began the king. "When I first entered the realm of Uphrigee, you were marionettes, you were puppets. Through me you have learned how to live. Under my instructions Uphrigee has become the most powerful world among worlds. Only one set of chains still holds you to the past, and its stupid beliefs. You believe in and pray to Zoohm. You believe that these mountains are his legs and that the suns above you are his eyes. Your ministers have cringed, fearing Zoohm. Do you not know how one night I came among you? You believe that on the other side of these mountains is eternal space. I stood on the peak of this mountain and marched down among you. Fear him?"

The clouds of the sky, in menacing fashion, changed from the blue serenity of the day as Zoohm watched and trembled. One million years and then this pygmy stands and insults the god before his people! From the mountainous crests the eyes of Zoohm dimmed with passion and the earth rocked under a tumult-

uous sighing of his overwrought soul. The people trembled and wept. Now the tears of Zoohm poured down in torrents and the king drenching wet, stood there, a tiny figure against the mountainous person of Zoohm.

"I do not fear that which does not exist!" Smith hurled his defiance. "Listen, people of Uphrigee. From this day forth, it is the law of Uphrigee that prayer is forbidden. The only god is the people. If Zoohm exists, let him strike me dead! If he does not, then we must wipe him out henceforth!"

Zoohm listened and rose to his fullest height. The arm of Zoohm descended. The finger of the long hand pointed toward Smith and a shaft of red lightning pierced the Man.

In the morning the people of Uphrigee found Smith lying dead. The ministers returned to the temples and prayed anew to Zoohm. Strange how empty all his world seemed now to Zoohm! All the prayers of all the ministers and all the people of Uphrigee, all the flattery, all the compliments, all the blind faith rising in a corral from the plains, added to the remorse and the sorrow of Zoohm. Tenderly his hand went forth and lifted the body of Smith, placing it with infinite gentleness on the other side of the mountain.

Overcome with his grief, Zoohm sobbed and cried, and the tornadoes swept across Uphrigee and wiped out all the cities and towns and communities, all the lakes and rivers and plains, and a vast waste lay before Zoohm, exactly as it had been when first the god had set about the making of his own, his model world.

Now, it is recorded that after fifty years from the time that Smith went forward, his wireless messages and the scientists had discovered the route of Smith's journey of exploration, that an expedition was sent forth. The historian mentions how Smith's body was found outside the mountains of Uphrigee. Members of the expedition, after long months of research, were able to reconstruct the history of the million years ending with the destruction of Uphrigee.

* * *

Zoohm, great god of the Uphrigees, creator of man and beast, maker of rain and sun, master of lightning and thunder, all-powerful spirit of Uphrigee, whose whisper is the cry of babies and whose shout is the groaning of the deep sea—O, Zoohm, have mercy upon the people!

At Spring's Returning

By Ida Costello Beverage

When flower-buds are bursting in the spring,
When field and hill are burgeoning again,
When winter winds have bade the earth adieu;
Then, I shall hear you singing in the rain.

Maine Farm

By Relief A. Nichols

Old place,
each year you lend new grace.
The distant gray of granite hills,
birdsong that fills
the orchard trees at dawn,
a sloping lawn
dappled with fawn—
like shade, from these are drawn
by weary wills
the quiet peace that time distills—
each year you lend new grace,
old place.

Monomania

By HOLGER RIDDER

POLITICS have never been in as unsettled a state as at present. This somewhat pyrotechnical phase of our government has often and erroneously been portrayed as a rather constant and gibralterian element; but whether or not political astuteness will continue as the reigning power in American government, and rule to some extent the annual, bi-annual and quarter-annual elections, reclines not too securely upon the shoulders of the younger element of our aspiring politicians.

When the pay check was toppled from its lofty throne and the soap-box orator gained the limelight as a ruler of the great masses with whom politics are concerned, the first really opportune and lucrative opening was afforded the young man in politics. My own contentions on this matter need not be accepted either as authentic or prophetic. Careful survey of the personnel serving in the ranks of the Roosevelt escadrille carries out my own and other more pretentious beliefs. And this despite the many changes undergone during the admistration's life. The young man has at last arrived at the crossroads in politics.

Now it remains for the younger element to keep a pellucid and alert head about them. The wrong attitude, a swelled head because of slight progress, will result in returning the power to the conservatives, and, in the same breath, to the "old guard." In other words, the bankers and financial figures who have ruled so long will once again take hold, and the young man will again fade into an political ago—a disgruntled and insignificant figure in modern history.

The old set-up is readily conceded to consist of the right wing—conservatives. Nationally, this included the Morgans, Wiggins, and Mitchels. Then there is the left wing where radical banners are waved with more enthusiasm than intelligence. While midway between, the great masses wallow with a Harding, Coolidge, or Hoover at their head. In a general sense the new set-up is much the same.

But there are some changes—changes which are important and which cannot be denied and which the young politicians should study to advantage and keep for handy reference.

Why?

At the present writing the old conservatives are commencing to show signs of recognizing another side to the political question. That reason alone should prompt political freshmen to study more diligently their political and psychological canons.

The present clique, although consist-

ing of the same three elements which are to be found in virtually every republic—and some democracies—has been altered only in that the whip has changed hands. Indeed, it might be ventured that all sides seem to have a whip of some sort. The conservatives are at present taking orders from an intermediary in the guise of one Roosevelt. But the mob is ruling today and, in an orderly manner it might be added. The radicals, with their soap-box oratory have gained slight ground if any and now seem to stand on about even terms with the conservatives from the standpoint of Mr. and Mrs. Intelligent Voter.

The mob leaders are many, some being perhaps too well known. Others may not be so prominent but are not in any sense to be dismissed too lightly. For example, there is George W. Christians of Chattanooga, Tenn. Not many of the average voters ever heard of him. He spells potential political news. Milo Reno of Des Moines, Iowa, President of the Farm Holiday group of the middlewest, is another ruling figure who is credited with Lincolnian qualities. These qualities may have faded slightly recently but he is to be watched nevertheless.

Father Charles E. Coughlin of the Church of the Little Flower at Detroit is perhaps the best known figure since his caustic comments reached the majority of radio listeners. While he has retired to the background of recent months, he is still to be considered in the category of important political figurse. Huey Long was found to be too important in southern political circles. An assassin's bullet laid him low. And now with Victor F. Ridder relieving General Hugh S. Johnson of his New York WPA duties, he is perhaps to be considered seriously in a political light.

But what does all this have to do with the young man in politics. Just this:

The youth have gained a foothold on the stiff climb towards political recognition and power. Now is the time to clinch that foothold and progress sanely and steadily.

A student of politics, if he is alert, will find that present conditions, changing constantly as they are, offer a perfect study of every vicissitude politics is likely to undergo. Revolution of violent form is about the only change omitted. If the political student will but study carefully each change, and delve into its intrinsic causes and results, he will have gained invaluable information which no textbook nor lecture compiled could afford him. All of which, if properly used, will result in evading future repetitions of past errors.

If the young man will settle his mind to the fact that log-rolling is an intricate portion of politics and that it is wisest to play toward the majority (with some degree of good common horse-sense, of course); if he will also concede the fact that in the future the citizenry in general will continue to rise up on its haunches and demand its rights, he will make progressive steps toward obtaining a ruling hand in the political swirl.

Politics, after all, is nothing more or less than an intricate knowledge of mob-psychology and its applications. The mere fact that everyone is in politics for what they themselves can get out of it, is not and need not be aired with unwise bravado.

The present is the most opportune moment for youth to enter politics. Many of the old iron-handed heads have died a political death, and, although some die-hards deny it, the political world in general is in search of young blood for its future battles.

Roosevelt has already thrown in with the younger heads with astonishing and pleasing results. They have been acclaimed by the general public; why shouldn't the future for young and aspiring politicians (or should we say statesman?) be bright with the promising glow of success?

Every Girl's Big Moment

By EUNICE McKEE

WAYNE HUGHES was born with that fatal charm that does something to the hearts of women. To escape from his life of social ease where he was susceptible to feminine claws and clutches, Wayne suddenly became energetic and told his astonished father he had a new employee.

"If I have to have a secretary," he announced. "I want the homeliest you've got; if she's fat I won't mind."

These specifications the elder Mr. Hughes evidently ignored, or he wouldn't have appointed Loris Browning as his son's Girl Friday. She was sensible, attractive, and smooth; in other words she didn't intend to be charmed by this new employer of hers who was noted for his conquests.

During their first interview, Wayne adopted his most severe manner. "Miss Browning, my motto is strictly business during business hours. You will be on probation for two week. I hope we can get along. That's all."

He frowned at her retreating figure. He couldn't understand why she had to be the first girl he ever talked five minutes with and failed to receive a compliment on his choice of ties. Oh, well, maybe it was a good thing his personality didn't shine forth in business hours like it did socially or he might encounter difficulties.

The telephone company should have declared an extra dividend after Wayne became one of those big business men. Girls, young ladies, and women, always on the other end of the line. Reluctantly, Wayne would accept some invitations, reject more, then swear about the few engagements he had to fill.

Marge, the gum-chewing PBX operator told Loris: "That man and Cleopatra would have made a perfect pair, the way these women seem to go for him. I can't see much of anything. He looks like he just swallowed a sour pickle all the time."

Loris grinned. "We're only the office furniture; he's not on his best behavior here."

For once Marge failed to pop her gum, and gazed off in that where-is-Adam mood. "The big attraction must be a good bank balance. I'm not so sure I wouldn't mind being his Bottled Sunshine."

Loris looked up from the column of figures she was checking, a puzzled frown etched across her brow.

"Why 'Bottled Sunshine'?"

"That kind costs money."

"Piffle! To me he's just another variation of mere man, saturated with egotism."

At this point, Wayne interrupted their tete-a-tete with a curt: "Good morning, bring your notebook into my office, Miss Browning." Just like he would say, "Home, James!" She'd show him! Hopping mad, Loris casually sharpened her pencil, and reached for her notebook, while Marge between giggles, whispered: "A shiek is okay in the right place, but when he's your boss, well, I'll tell you right now I'd rather see than pet one."

Loris walked in Wayne's office, her cheeks tinged a dull red. Wayne glanced up with a frown. Funny, his secretary was a bit attractive Nice clothes, too. He smiled warmly. But she didn't seem to notice, instead iced him over with a cool stare, placed her notebook on his disordered desk, and waited.

Wayne was slightly puzzled. Trying to be snooty, was she? Maybe she didn't know girls like her were nothing at all to him.

He attacked a pile of unanswered letters, dictating so rapidly Loris' fingers ached from writing so fast.

In the middle of their work, Wayne's right hand pal, Holden Marshall, breezed in, a florist's box dangling under one arm. After his cyclonic entrance, Loris was dismissed.

She told Marge: "I suppose they've got to swap notes on last night's gin party. He's worked me ten minutes overtime now." She put on her hat, refinished her nose, and with the usual, "I'll be seeing you," rushed out of the office.

Wayne and Holden did seem to be having lots of fun. It practically sounded like a co-ed Truth Party to Marge.

"You didn't bring flowers to me?" Wayne laughed, as he noticed the box Holden carried.

"Nope, for my current headache. You give me one sometime, but not this kind. Tomato juice won't cure it."

Wayne seemed mildly interested. "What do you have?"

"Tuberoses. In the language of flowers that means, 'dangerous pleasure'."

"Be careful, or you'll be rolling down the breach-of-promise hill," Wayne advised.

* * *

Loris slowly opened the box of flowers which she found on her desk the next morning. From underneath the folds of tissue, she drew out a note, quite masculine in appearance, and received the shock of her life.

She ran into the next office where Marge was trying to wear off that morning-after-the-night-before feeling with huge yawns.

"Marge! Read this! What am I going to do about that boss of mine? Flowers! He actually wrote he's in love with me. Don't die. He seems to have taken too much of a liking to me and claims it's not doing him good. How do you like that? After all these years he never dreamed something like this would happen to him. You'll turn cartwheels, but it's gospel. Figure it out for yourself."

For once, at such an early hour, Marge was wide awake. "And what compensation does he get for such adoration?"

"My heart, me, everything! I'm absolutely crazy about him and just now finding it out."

"After what you told me—" Marge cried.

Wayne, unknown to Marge and Loris sat at his desk and listened with surprise to the revelation of his supposed affection. There certainly was something funny going on. He hadn't sent any flowers. And he in love with Miss Browning! What a crazy idea!

But— the idea wasn't so bad at that. Maybe he would—maybe he could—maybe he was! Not bad.

He quietly slipped into Loris' office and took the box of flowers into his. As he opened it, the pungent odor of tuberoses filled the room. That fool Holden! His forgetfulness in leaving the flowers had made him discover something, though. He looked at the flowers again, all wilted and kind of dark looking.

"Gosh," he murmured, "she must be hit hard not to notice they aren't fresh."

He pressed the button on his desk, and Loris appeared, looking a little embarrassed. Wayne promptly took her in his arms and kissed her. After all, he had to make sure about that love business. He looked at her. All of a sudden he felt funnny, not at all like the harsh person he had been. This wonderful girl was a menace to normality anyway. He decided he wanted to be different like this, always. So he kissed her again.

Loris didn't seem to mind either. He wouldn't have dreamed anyone so cool and calculating could become so yielding and lovable. "And I've spent all these days hating you," she said, almost twisting one of the buttons off his coat.

Wayne laughed. "I said strictly business during business hours, didn't I? You shouldn't waste time like that. The pleasure is too dangerous!"

A Day in a Print Shop

By Norman Herro

"Ho hum! Gee it's seven-thirty. Well, I have to get up and go to the shop." This is the ordinary routine of remarks heard every morning by most mothers, mine included. After the usual dilly-dally, such as looking high and low for the never-present pantaloons, I finally manage to arrive at the plant.

"Say, Norm, will you finish up that gathering job?" That was the boss, and so I must get to work on the job which of all odd jobs in the printing game, is the least liked. It consists of placing a sheet from each of four separate heaps in a common pile. Every sheet is numbered and the number must coincide with the corresponding sheets in the other three piles.

All of you who groan and then brag about your tedious, wearisome, back-breaking, and eyestraining tasks, should if possible, make a stab at gathering about twenty thousand sheets of tissue paper. I'm telling you that I had the worst case of stiff-neckiosus on record in seventeen states. But that isn't the worst by a long shot. Continually watching the numbers, tends to make one a victim of that all-too-common malady strabismus (cross-eyes, if you must).

Now that I'm through with that, those tablets must be padded. This is the process wherein the goo—in common parlance—is applied to one end of the tablets. After weighting down the pads, we apply a thin coat of nitroloid or padding compound. Then at ten minute intervals, two more coats are put on. When a few hours have passed, the pads are cut and packed for shipment. I really enjoy this task but all good things must come to an end.

Setting type. This is the backbone of the printing industry. It is a difficult task and requires the greatest accuracy in spelling, and a complete knowledge of type faces.

"Say, Ken, where is the six-point, lightfaced Parsons Italic?" "Now who in the heck pied this type?" "Let's see, is this a (u) or an (n)?" How in the world did these t's get over in the x space?" "Say, Bud, how do you spell 'piece?' "

"Who has seen my line-gauge?" "Now my tweezers are gone."

These and countless other remarks are heard continuously from 8 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Working on a large press, such as the new Kluge Automatic that just arrived, is the most interesting part of the whole routine. Handling an enormous machine like this stimulates thought. It brings to one visions of the painstaking writing of manuscripts by the monks, of the first hand-press, and of the powers of man. It instills in a person the feeling of awe and smallness, while an instant later it brings home a feeling of power and strength, and makes him feel like a king. We think of how men have wrought from the raw materials of mother earth a gigantic and evergrowing civilization; how mankind has conquered over all opposition. The machine first impresses us with awe, but on deeper thought, the men who made it, seem even more wonderful.

Well, it's 4:30 p. m. and now for some open air and a good square meal. "So long, Ken, see you in the morning."

If I Had A Million Dollars

By Howard Thomas Mitchell

What would you do if you had a million dollars? You have heard friends or acquaintances say, "If I had a million dollars, I would do this and that." Most of us have had a life's ambition to fulfill which we have felt would take a large sum of money, perhaps a million dollars, to accomplish.

I also have had a life's ambition. What one would or should do with a million dollars, would vary with individuals depending upon values, human interests, mental and physical equipment; age and personal ambition. As I have had the good fortune to have spent nearly a quarter of a century in educational pursuits, my life's ambition is projected in the research and educational fields, the first of which would be the discovery and acquisition of educational materials and the latter of which would be the means and the methods of imparting the former to others. Inasmuch as this plan requires the broadest social point of view and humanitarian perspective and as I now have three degrees from outstanding universities, I should like to pursue this field further. It is my desire to give the world a discovery and knowledge and a reality that hitherto has been unknown to mankind. This naturally, would be to answer a question of the unknown that would vitally affect life and its problems. If you were to ask the average person about what the big question in his or her life was, you would likely get this query, "what is life all about"?

For sometime I have been bewildered in expressing the idea which I wish to bring to your attention. At first I thought it was expressed like this, "What is the mystery of life?" But life is more than a mystery, it is a problem. Besides, the mystery of life indicates a lack of direction, and I believe that all life should have direction, a definite purpose to be fulfilled. Hence, the major question is, "What is the purpose of the life of man?" That is, the purpose of the life of man, not as an individual, but the purpose for the human race. Frankly, I do not know what this purpose is, but I have a tremendous urge to spend the remainder of my life in an effort to ascertain such. Nevertheless, I am convinced that there is a definite purpose of the life of man. I do not believe that the life of man is an accident, or a happenchance, or an existence like that of a blade of grass, or a horse. Life should not be a mystery, or a labyrinth, but should be directed toward a definite goal or accomplishment, something distinctive for each human, but yet toward a common end for the good of the race. I am also positive that the chief end of life is not for the purpose of making a livelihood; that should be the least of man's concern in a well-ordered world. Life should not be for the purpose of making war, or for paying billions of dollars in war debts. Neither is the main puurpose of life in laying down one's life for a government, whose policies and administration do not preserve human life. Neither is the chief purpose of life the acquisition and concentration of wealth, nor is it to dwell in poverty and despair, with millions of our fellow-citizens unemployed, living in hovels and in hunger.

Certainly the chief purpose in life is not the development of a materialistic civilization which subjugates the cultural, everlasting, spiritual values. But these are negative appraisals. And, hence, what is the affirmative, positive, creative, perpetual, beneficial purpose of the life of man? That is the unknown I would like to answer, and dedicate my life to that end.

So here is my plan for spending a million dollars. First, I would register for a Doctor of Philosophy Degree in Sociology at Harvard University. Then, I would tour the world to visit and study the social conditions and problems of the principal and minor nations of the world. Then, I would return to Harvard University to compile and make my findings, and complete the requirements for the Doctor of Philosophy Degree, previously mentioned.

The next step would be to establish a research institution at the University of California at Berkeley. The University there is blessed with the third largest library in the United States, and the climate and romantic surroundings would be conducive to inspirational thought and research. I would then employ an outstanding scholar in the following fields: Education, Sociology, Religion, one from each prominent denomination of the religions of the world, Literature, Philosophy, Medicine, Law, Journalism, Astronomy, Astrology, Psychology, Economics, Political Science, Geology, Engineering, Architecture, Chemistry, Music, the Fine and Applied Arts, Physics, Physiology, Finance, Business, a leader of organized Agriculture, a leader of organized Labor, and five average "forgotten men, and women."

I would ask each one this question, "What is the purpose of the life of man?" Each would be asked to make a research for two or three years, and be given free rein in doing such, after which they would be required to answer this interrogatory in the light of his or her research, experience, and personal point of view.

The third step in the plan would be to publish the findings of these scholars in a book, to be disseminated to the world in this form.

A further step in the plan would be to contract for a motion picture production of the findings made, not in a farcial or fanciful way, but in a realistic manner.

Execution of the plan would come in the final step. I would then spend the remainder of my life touring the world, not on a grand lark, but to exhibit the motion picture production dramatizing the findings and also to lecture to the people around the globe covering the answer to this research of the question, "What is the purpose of the life of man?" In doing so, I would realize my life's ambition and feel that my life was spent in a beneficial way for humanity. This is my life's ambition and is written on my fortieth birthday, August 11, 1935, and they say, "life begins at forty." It is my conviction that the pre-requisite to a true and personal happiness is to make a contribution to the highest good of the race, without regard to personal gain.

There is only one thing lacking in this plan. That is the "IF". I do not have the million dollars.

Mammon

(To Ken Dawson)

By Ida Costello Beverage

If I could hear you singing
Through the hours of my day,
Oh, just a fragment of your song would do!
I do not think the darkness
Of my room would matter so;
I'm sure your voice could draw the sunshine through.

Then, when the sun had entered
And had poured his liquid gold,
I'd bar the door and window, turn the key.
I would keep this bit of beauty
That your voice inveigled in
To light my way through all eternity.

Politics and Knocking

By ALBERT CHAPIN

SOME publications are so irregular that news items become ancient history before the journals are off the press. Items of general interest might and should be published beyond the scope of petty politics and in a small way do a world of good by airing our own views on general conditions.

Many journals publish quarterly; their Autumn and Winter editions given over to a discussion of Summer activities in Oakland or elsewhere and their Spring and Summer begin to stump for the new.

Politics at the most is dry reading. Little, very little, do some of us know of the qualifications of our candidates. How much better it would be to discontinue this line of hot air and strive to issue a paper of interest to the general public who know nothing of association politics and care less.

Make your journal so interesting that some stranger will preserve it because of a story, poem, essay or article which pleased him. That is the goal, the target and the objective. There are plenty of daily happenings, just small news items that can be used as themes and elaborated on. The general run of things in national affairs.

For example, I clipped from a daily paper an item said to have been taken from records showing the salaries big business houses paid to executives, twenty-eight men, Presidents and Vice-Presidents for each year since 1928 to date. For the year 1934, twenty-eight of these men received $2,038,628.00 or an average of $73,808.00 per year each. The figures were so staggering I did not compile them for the other years although I still have them before me. Three Presidents were heads of well known five cent magazines.

Another clipping—a millionaire only thirty years of age but was a Director in fifty-nine organizations.

To be sure it takes brains to lead us and we should be glad to pay the fiddler if we dance. But twenty-eight men in proportion to two hundred and twenty million souls is a very small percentum.

In these two clippings there is plenty of food for thought and by expressing our views we can show how the little fellow digests the conditions of our country's affairs.

Nobody seems to be doing anything to get us anywhere and some of us in commenting on conditions might start the ball rolling. Every curse or calamity is nature's advertisement we are progressing. We have to have a comparison to know it.

Things were going wrong, banks and corporations failing and salaries ate up the profits, (not the salaries of the workers.) It will right itself if allowed to take its course. Everything in the world, has its opposite. Mismanagement will not long be tolerated. Taxes too high the revenue yields less. If corporations pay all their profits to executives the corporation soon goes the way of the toy baloon. Everything is a half and calls for its opposite or other half to balance it. Try it "dark-light," "cold-hot," "sweet-sour,'" "gain-loss," "build-destroy," "love-hate," etc., etc., on and on indefinitely.

If the country ever needed expressions from its citizens it needs it now.

Here is another example of what we are coming to, and while I have deplored the discussion of politics, I have in mind only the petty politics of this association and even so, I am not in favor of discussing national politics but rather conditions as they exist regardless of the party or persons responsible.

The recent curtailment of some of our alphabetical enterprises sponsored and financed by the government who anticipates stopping the flow of treasury funds which it is said will throw many thousands out of employment unless a new stream of coins flow from the treasury to the tune of five billion dollars (count 'em). We used to think a million was some money but now there are so many zeros following the numerals it is staggering to read them.

If such conditions obtain today when we cease to draw funds from the treasury how about the conditions when we shall have drawn five billions more? Cities and towns doing work uncalled for, throwing rubbinsh in the streets to make a job for a man to clean it up. When it is all over, then what? It seems about the same as going to a money lender for five hundred dollars, the world looks rosy, greetings on every side, everybody is a friend, (until when?) Until the dawn. The day he expects it back and with interest.

The use of government funds will have to be paid back, by you, your children and your grandchildren. Big business is top heavy with salaries. Promotions seldom come from the ranks. They follow the example of politicians, place friends in jobs that are in the least desirable and often the "lucky" man is a stranger to his job. Building Commissioner to Fire Commissioner, thence to Police Commissioner and so on up the ladder to top notch jobs. Where is the reward for a lifetime of faithful service? "We gave you a job for fifty years, you never have had to look for work," they will tell you. No, you didn't have to look for work, it was piled high in front of you every day and you plugged along for ten, twelve, fourteen hours each day for a wage insufficient to support a family.

Se the strings of Vice-Presidents in many organizations more than fifty-seven varieties, probably fifty-six of them are worthless, put there to absorb, to pay political debts.

Unemployment will bring about a world of good, some restrictions of a kind that will permit say $10,000 to any man as one year's salary and in saying this, I have no sympathy with any of the "isms" at that.

Now that I have tried to give you an example of what I consider would be of more interest than slamming each other over the association's politics, let's get down to brass tacks and publish something. Let us unlock the chains that admit us to new scenes. Imagination has endless endurance and within our world is a nest of worlds; let us flow and not freeze.

Tin Can Common

By OTTO W. FERGUSON

BEN CARTER'S stove and tinware shop, at No. 1 Broad Street, corner of Court House Square, was not much of an institution, if one judged by the display of stoves and tinny utensils in the bare front room.

Carter did not worry about that end of his business. When trade came in he gave it his alert attention; but the real money came from a large shop in the rear, with three windows and a shipping door opening on Dead Cat Alley. The year round, six days a week, eleven hours a day came (muffled in winter, wide-spreading in warm weather) sounds of rattling sheet tin, crunching shears, tinka-tinking of rounding shapes upon various anvils. This was a busy factory, pride of our town, employing from four to eight journeymen can makers, busily engaged at turning out quart and half-gallon fruit and vegetable containers. The tinsmiths, experts in their line, were lucky chaps brought from Louisville and Cincinnati. They became part of our citizenry, men of family, usually owning nice little homes. Lucky, yes, with steady work (most of them) at the highest wage known to our county seat town of the late '70's—$1.50 per day. The two flour and feed mills, Deutschmann's and the Wood Brothers, paid their helpers from $1 to $1.25 a day. Over on the western edge of the town, at the foot of Water Street, squatting beside waddy-like Pleasant Run, our woolen mill afforded employment for perhaps a dozen operatives, at eighty-five cents to one dollar for a twelve-hour day.

As summer came near, the tinshop force was increased by two or three workers Carter took from other jobs at which he managed to keep them busy five or six months a year.

Ben was sitting pretty. Ledger and bank-book showed that, and his employees strongly suspected it.

Two of his best men, steady, intelligent, saving fellows, had been talking it over together, in their homes, through one summer and fall. Finally, convinced it would be a good move, they told Carter they were going in for a shop of their own.

Between them they had $600. The autumn demand was about over. To equip a shop with tools and simple machines, stock a winter and spring supply of tin, solder, et cetera, taking care of their own wages and that of at least two helpers, several thousand dollars more would be needed.

They put the matter up to the moneyed men of the village. My uncle Luke, a prosperous lawyer, heard them

out, looking over their smeary pencilled prospectus—and decided not to go in.

From this statement it appeared that Carter's workmen each turned out an average of fifty cans per day, at an all round cost of seven cents a can. For some years he had been selling all he could make at $1.20 per dozen. On each man's output of 300 cans per week, Ben's net was $9.00. A year-round average of six men only would mean $54.00 a week. No mean income in those days when there were supposed to be only six millionaires in the entire land!

The necessary capital being found, the new firm of Wells & Brooker got under way, the partners going to Cincinnati to engage two capable helpers and necessary machinery and stock.

Carter took his time to think matters over. After some hard thinking he packed a satchel and left town for several days. Returning, he put his six remaining operatives to work on the next season's supply of cans. But these cans wore no "collars," just straight-up bodies, and for them the necessary hole-cover discs. (Collars necessary to complete the containers, fitted snugly around the edge of cans and provided an inner ledge of almost an inch all the way round. Having filled a can, the housewife laid a disc over the opening and smeared around its edges with the necessary hot red sealing-wax).

The Wells & Brooker shop had passed word around the county that their price for quarts would be $1.05 per dozen. Even if Carter saw fit to meet that price, they felt that there would be an increased demand at this lower figure, enough to absorb the output of both concerns.

Early in the Spring, Carter put out a price of ninety-five cents per dozen for the quart-size—good throughout the season.

The new concern soon found it would not be able to get the cost down to eighty-five cents, as hoped. They had $20 rental to pay; their helpers had not turned out to be as steady men as one might have asked, and they ran a costly lot of waste. Also, there was eight per cent interest to be met on the borrowed capital.

Paying their helpers the weekly $9 wage, and allowing themselves no more, Wells & Brooker found that their quart can were costing them $1.15 a dozen.

As soon as the local "capitalist" backers heard of Ben Carter's revised price schedule, they wanted to know how the new concern stood as to profit and loss. Wells & Brooker had to confess they never could meet the price—or break even at their own announced $1.05 per dozen.

The cash backers put the matter in my uncle Luke's hands. He talked with Carter, who finally took over the made-up supply of cans at seventy cents a dozen, shipping it off to a Louisville jobber in several freight cars. Carter paid a little for the tools and machines and took both Wells and Brooker back into his shop at $1.05 per day. They had lost two years' savings, but had back their precious jobs—plus experience.

Telling the incident long afterward, Uncle Luke laughed when asked why he had not put $500 into the new concern.

"I knew Ben Carter too well to believe his resourcefulness would fail to meet the situation," he said. As it turned out, Carter had decided that those can collars had no right to cost almost as much as the rest of the can. So he had gone to Cincinnati and done a bit of figuring with the head of a specialty manufacturing concern. A contract was made for a two-year supply of collars at an extremely low price.

Carter then took up with the tin importer (all stock then came from foreign lands) the matter of having can flats cut to exact size in Cincinnati. All these years, the tin had been coming in crates of big sheets, thus incurring much labor expense in the little shop, cutting each can piece to size, using

great clumsy shears; also costly wastage of trim and the freight on it.

Ben Carter now sold many more cans, because town and farm women found them considerably cheaper. He still got his $9 per week per man, and before the end of the new season had to take on several new operatives. He was in fair way to become one of the rich men of southern Indiana,—when the Mason Jar came along a few years later and spoiled it all!

What started me thinking of this smallish trade war of sixty years ago was a newspaper item about machine can making. It said that on each of fifteen machine-conveyor lines in a leading can plant, 325 cans per minute are possible—a potential run of 7,000,000 tin cans per day!

The total weekly output of six men in Ben Carter's shop was 1800 pieces, or about 100,000 per year. It would have taken these men seventy years to make a one-day run of the big factory. Or it would have required one day's work of 140,000 operatives to equal a 24-hour output by the factory.

It makes me shudder to think of such things in this machine age. I seem to hear rumblings, and shake the head. I recall Thomas Carlyle's pondering of an ancient Greek saying that the feet of the gods are shod with wool.

None of us seems wise enough to make a good guess as to what is just around the corner—as the Power Age swings into action, superseding the Machine Age.

Cans, bottles, shoes,—all sorts of manufactured articles. Will a single factory, twenty-five years hence, be producing daily the equivalent of 250,000 or 500,000 hand workers of sixty years ago? In that little town where Ben Carter made tin cans, 800 people seem to live quite comfortably, a shrinkage of about 200 in the population. But the woolen mill, flour mills, cheese plant, two tailor shops, four boot and shoe makers, coffin and wagon-making shop, two weekly newspapers. slaughter house and three blacksmith shops, long, long since gave way to competitors in larger communities.

Production—distribution — consumption. Can we solve the problems ourselves, or will the solution be rudely thrust upon us when those wool-shod gods arrive?

Lindbergh

(Flight U. S. to Paris—May 20, 21, 1927)

By Arthur Elliot Sproul

Age-long man's agonizing fight 'gainst Fear.
Age-long his struggle to uplift his head
From noisome pit of Violence and Dread
To where the star of Peace shines high and clear.
Cruel the path, even to Now and Here,
While rising peaks show where man yet must tread
Ere he the summit gain, by Right well led.
Yet whose voice this? . . . "We go!" . . . then . . . "We are here!"
Low in the dusky ear of bending Night
Lindbergh twice speaks—and all earth's nations hear!
Not supreme skill alone his wondrous flight—
Far higher course 'twas given him to steer;
Men's hearts he swung to Friendship's loftiest height—
World Peace thy debtor is, Youth Without Peer!

Vagabond Love

By Albert Chapin

O doubt no longer that our love is blind
And, like the sightless minstrel, feels along
For such response its empty cup shall find,
Then greets the clinking echo of its song.

This essay won first prize and the Essay Laureateship of The National Amateur Press Assoc. for U.S. and Canada.

"The Major Conflict"

By HOWARD THOMAS MITCHELL

THE WORLD is full of conflict. Indeed, the world is more afflicted with conflict today than prior to or during the World War. Then it was a conflict for physical supremacy, a dominance by force. At present nations are in conflict with each other, but not with use of force. Peoples within nations are in conflict with each other, but not with force, except for the recent hostilities between Italy and Ethiopia.

The major conflict today is between two opposing philosophies of life. This conflict encompasses every nation in the world and all of its inhabitants. Some people are aware of what is going on, while others are ignorant of what is transpiring.

We Americans are constantly engaging in a great delusion. We persistently rationalize, explain, appraise, and regret symptoms and results. We seldom go to causes. The result is just one end of the chain. At the other end of the chain, is the cause. In the field of logic, the complete chain of reasoning is known as cause and effect. In order to change the effect, we must change the cause. In the field of psychology, the complete chain of mental reaction is known as stimulus and response. Yet we constantly talk about responses, and seldom consider stimuli. To change the response, we must change the stimulus. In the field of physics we have the complete chain of change in the physical world and this is known as force and movement. If we desire an object moved to a given position, then a given force must be applied to that object. In other words, in order to obtain a certain condition in the physical world, a given force must be applied. The movement or status of physical surroundings depend upon the force existing. Hence, if we are to change effects or results, we must change the causes. If we are to change responses, we must change the stimuli. If we are to change physical surroundings, we must change the forces that make them. In other words, it will accomplish nothing to quibble or wrangle over effects, results, or physical conditions unless we change causes or forces. The cure to any situation is to eliminate the cause, and rebuild the wasted structure. A physician who treats a patient to bring temporary relief seldom effects a cure. But a physician who seeks and does eliminate the cause of the malady usually cures the patient. The same is true of the inventor, the engineer, the chemist, and the scientist.

If we reap wheat, we have sowed wheat. If we reap weeds, we have sowed weeds. If we reap conflict, we have

sowed competition. If we reap war, we have sowed competition, selfishness, and jealousy. If we reap depression, we have sowed greed. If we reap poverty, we have sowed selfishness. If we reap egotism and conceit, we have sowed personal ambition. Is this not logical? Therefore, we usually reap in kind what we have sowed in kind.

To remedy a condition or an ailment we must go back to the beginning of that condition or the origin of the ailment. We must go back to causes. If a house has an unsound foundation, to change the architecture of the gables or the color of their paint, does not make the house sound. Anything with an unsound foundation, remains unsound. In the field of sociology we seldom go back to causes. We complain about and critisize social conditions, and give little thought to the forces producing them. The world socially today is ill. Then the social foundation of the world is ill; it's unsound. If we go back to the foundation of conditions, we go back to fundamentals, back to the fundamental attributes of social living, **back to a philosophy of life.** The cause of the social conditions of the world at present is due to the philosophy of life in the past—the ways of living in the past. If the social conditions in the world at present are undesirable, then the philosophy of life in the past has been undesirable, faulty, unsound, and vicious.

Hence, the major conflict today is between two opposing philosophies of life—the philosophy of competition and the philosophy of cooperation. They are direct opposites. The component parts of the philosophy of competition are: individualism, selfishness, and greed, and their inevitable results, poverty and despair. The component parts of the philosophy of cooperation are: group welfare, service to others, unselfishness, altruism, and their results, good-will, peace, and utopia. The originator of the philosophy of competition was Adam Smith, who was a Scotchman born in the early part of the 18th century. Smith set forth this philosophy of competition and individualism in his book, entitled, **"An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."** The chief advocate of the philosophy of cooperation was Jesus, not Christ the Messiah, but Jesus **the Philosopher.**

Let us now consider some of the fundamentals of these two opposing philosophies of life, or ways of living. Adam Smith in his **Wealth of Nations**, said:

> "Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is **his own advantage**, indeed, and, **not that of society**, which he has in view."

Here we have the beginning of this doctrine of competition and individualism, which engrosses the world today. Here we have the author and originator of the doctrine of the Laissez-faire, namely, let each individual do as he pleases; the survival of the fittest, and the devil take the hindmost; **do** the other fellow before he **does** you. Smith held that this system of balanced self-interests resulting from competition was the best regulator possible, infinitely better, than government regulation. This policy of laissez-faire, or letting things drift, was very generally accepted by other writers who followed Adam Smith, and was clearly reflected in the industrial conditions and parliamentary debates. This philosophy of competition, individualism and letting things drift, brought on the Industrial Revolution in England, and the high degree of governmental regulation for that period, which followed. Of this period the economist Richard T. Ely, says:

> "The increase of wealth, growing directly out of the principles of competition so long as they were unrestrictedly applied, was such that poverty grew rapidly, and some said even faster than wealth, and the laboring population of the realm sank into deeper distress and degradation. The partial benevolence of employers, which would fain have mitigated this disaster, was, as a rule, neither welcome or tolerated by the competition which had made itself law. Not until this benevolence was formulated, generalized, and enforced by disinterested legislation was the horror diminished."

Here the economist is speaking about social and industrial conditions of the 18th century and the effect of the doctrine of competition and individualism on those conditions.

Again the economist Ely, says of this philosophy of competition:

> "When we hear the principle of "a fair field and no favor" and "no State intervention" advocated by a man strong in the consciousness of personal advantages, we must remember that he is a century behind his time, and that he has not read or has not profited by one of the most dolorous chapters in human history. The English nation, after a trial of free competition and no interference has undeniably returned to the principle which recognizes as the function of the State the protection of the citizens, and the furtherance of their material and social well-being, by every law and every activity which offers a reasonable guarantee of contributing to that end."

As has been previously written, the philosphy of competition in England caused the concentration of wealth and widespread poverty. The Renaissance greatly affected conditions in England and this influence together with the reaction from the evil effects of the philosophy of competition brought on the Industrial Revolution in England. This was followed in England by a high degree of governmental regulation for that period to displace the Smith doctrine of the Laissez-faire, and the policy of governmental regulation there has continued down to the present.

In practical language, the philosophy of competition and individualism or the doctrine of the Laissez-faire, means the survival of the fittest—life to the strong—death to the weak—to make the strong stronger and the weak weaker—a dog-eat-dog philosophy and the devil take the hindmost.

Now, what have been and are the results of this philosophy of competition and individualism? It leads to individual gain at the expense of group welfare. It is synonymous to selfishness. It breeds greed at the expense of the social good. It has led to corporate control of business. It has been responsible for ruthless exploitation of our natural resources. It has led to business syndicalism with monopoly control of industry, commerce and finance, at the expense of society as a whole. It has advanced the aggravated concentration of wealth, and its resulting widespread poverty in the midst of plenty. It has induced competition between the nations, and competition between the nations had led to war, and war has brought on the slaughter of millions of human beings and billions of dollars in war debts that have staggered the peoples of the world with taxes, and the ultimate result has been universal poverty, and poverty has led to despair, and despair leads to suicide, death, and oblivion. Therefore, when the philosophy of competition and individualism is reduced to its final analysis, it leads directly and inevitably to extinction and oblivion.

The philosophy of cooperation is a direct antitheisis to the philosophy of competition and individualism. The integral parts of the philosophy of cooperation are group welfare, service to others, unselfishness, altruism, goodwill, peace, and ultimate utopia. These follow in logical sequence. The chief advocate of the philosophy of cooperation was Jesus, not Christ the Messiah, but Jesus **the philosopher.** We are not dealing with religion here, but a philosophy of life. The great weakness of the Christian church has been the neglect of the teachings of Jesus **as a philosophy of life,** a guide to life in this existence, a practical, workable way of living in the here and now. We Americans like to call the United States a Christian nation. Is it? Is it not a fact that we have followed a pagan, barbaristic philosophy of life—the philosophy of competition and individualism, selfishness, and greed for six days of the

week, and worshiped the philosophy of cooperation as a religion one day a week as an ideal—an impractical ideal. When the people of the United States practice in daily life and in business and international relations the philosophy of cooperation seven days a week, it will be a Christian nation.

What are the integral parts of the philosophy of cooperation? First, its kernel is the idea of cooperation. Jesus said, "Help one another." He did not say, help yourself. He also said, "Feed my flock." He did not say, feed yourself and let others starve. Next the philosophy of cooperation stands for group welfare. As to this Jesus said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." He did not say, love yourself. Further he said, "Go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor." He did not say, gouge the people all you can, build up your wealth, and bring poverty upon your neighbors. This philosophy also stands for altruism. Jesus, the philosopher said, "Love your enemies"; "Ye are thy brother's keeper"; "Blessed are the meek"; Further the philosphy of cooperation stands for unselfishness. Again Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven"; "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." He did not say, each one of you go acquire all you can and let the other fellow take care of himself, as the doctrine of individualism permits. Then to the thief, the most despised creature of his time, he said, "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." As for peace and good-will, he said, "Peace on earth, and good-will toward men"; "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not say, increase strife between individuals and nations by following competition and individualism. When the Philosophy of Jesus is boiled down to one sentence, we have the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you," and if we reduce this to its final analysis we have the one word, **"Co-operation."**

Here we have the foundation and beginning of the philosophy of cooperation. Everything in life that is and has been worth while has been based upon this philosophy. A harmonious, successful home-life is based upon cooperation. In a home wherein competition enters will be found unhappiness, discord, and ultimately it leads to the divorce court or a life of misery. The success of all governmental agencies depend upon cooperation. Competition, to a certain extent, existed between the Allied armies in the World War and the results were not satisfactory. Marshall Foch was appointed commander-in-chief, cooperation was urged to displace the former competition, and the great war was soon thereafter concluded successfully for the Allies. Cooperation is the cornerstone of fraternal bodies. Cooperation between the comrades and posts of the American Legion has made it a powerful national organization. Cooperation between the branches and agencies in the educational field has brought a high degree of efficiency in the public school system, wherein competition would be ruinous. The success of any church, regardless of denomination, depends largely upon the doctrine of cooperation. Indeed, the major conflict today is between two opposing philosophies of life—competition vs. cooperation. This is the great lawsuit of the hour, with the heads of governments as the parties plaintiffs and defendants, and with their citizens as witnesses, but God is the Supreme Court.

At present the tendency is away from the philosophy of competition toward the philosophy of cooperation. We may hate Communism and yet a result of Communism is the elimination of competition between the Russian Republics of the Soviet. We may despise Hitlerism and yet a result of Hitlerism is the elimination of competition in Germany. We may abhor Fascism and yet a result of Fascism is the elimination of competition in Italy. A fundamental reason why the British Empire has recovered

so rapidly from the depression has been due to the high degree of cooperation between the empire units.

The conflict between the forces advocating competition and individualism, and those advancing cooperation as a national policy in the United States, is now going on. Presidents Taft, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, were advocates of competition and individualism, while Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and the present Chief Executive were and are advocates of cooperation, the degree of emphasis increasing with successive administrations. One of the outstanding reasons why the present administration is so vigorously criticised is because it has and is discarding the philosophy of competition in favor of a national policy based upon the philosophy of cooperation. The National Recovery Act, the Agriculture Adjustment Act, the Federal Emergency Relief Act, the State Emergency Relief Acts, the Social Security Act, the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Act, and other administration measures are all based upon the doctrine of cooperation. The major change now going on in the United States, although accompanied with a marked change in political theory, is the change in the philosophy of life for the American people.

Since the time of Adam Smith the world and its inhabitants have followed the philosophy of competition and individualism. **And the distressful conditions in the world today are due to adherence to the philosophy of competition and individualism—a philosophy of selfishness—a philosophy of greed—a philosophy of extinction.** If the world continues to follow this philosophy the results of the future will be the aggravated results of the past and present. Competition between nations at present, has led to staggering armaments, carrying with it a woeful waste of public funds; a resulting fear of attack in the air with bombs, poisonous gas and other death-dealing chemicals. Many civilians in Europe are equipping themselves with gas-masks for the impending attack. To continue to follow the pagan, barbaristic philosophy of competition and individualism will inevitably lead to a world conflict, and the extinction of our civilization. To abandon the doctrine of competition in favor of the philosophy of cooperation is to save it.

The only sound national and international policy must be based upon the philosophy of cooperation, and goodwill. It is the way to world peace among the nations. It is the way to a world's federation of nations, perhaps something similar to our own United States, and its inevitable consummation —the world brotherhood of man. This is not an ideal dream but a practical possibility. The philosophy of competition is an intravert psychology. It absorbs to itself, as a sponge draws in water. The philosophy of cooperation is an extravert psychology. It reflects from itself, as an electric light globe throws off illumination to others.

A farm lad was missing from the home of his parents. He had not been missed long. The farm house was adjacent to a large wheatfield. The parents feared the boy had wandered into the wheatfield and became lost. An alarm for help went out into the neighborhood. Neighbors came from far and wide, each taking his independent course in the wheatfield. (This is competition and individualism). They literally combed the wheatfield but did not find the missing boy. Finally one said, "We will not find the boy by each taking his own course. Let's all go to the end of the field, lock hands, and move down the field in a row, and we will find him. Keep your eyes on the ground, and don't be afraid of falling, for if you stumble, your neighbor will hold you up." (This is the philosophy of cooperation in operation). The neighbors locked hands, moved down the field in a row and had traveled about a fourth the distance of the field when one came upon the boy lying on the ground, asleep. This little story illustrates the operation of the two opposing philosophies.

Shall America keep step with progress, or shall she bring up the rear?

Poems by Eugene B. Kuntz

LIKE FLOWERING TREES

Some hearts are cold as ice-packed winters are,
And though they glitter like a blue-flamed star,
They have no warming light, no tender mood,
To drive away dull sorrow's fretting brood.
Their contact chills, like frigid eyes of death,
And freezes like the north's congealing breath.
No flowers of kindness have in them their root,
Nor do they bear love's nectar-spilling fruit.

From them no happy laughter ever peals,
But mantled darkness from their eyes conceals
The wonders of life's winging happiness
That swirls about them, eagerly, to bless.
Such hearts are lonely, like an imprisoned bird,
That through a shackled lifetime has not heard
The piping songs and raptured melodies,
Voiced by birds in blossom-waving trees.

And then, like flowering trees, some hearts exhale
The fragrance of true loveliness. The gale
Of met-displeasures does not change their mien,
But scatters grace and beauty in between,
And on the ones who them behold, they drop
Their blossom-laden smiles, and bid them stop,
And join with them in gladsome-ringing mirth,
To soothe the sorrow-pangs of troubled earth.

MATURITY

I've reached the time when life is turned a golden hue,
With crimson flecks, and white, and richest purple-blue;
When in the far-off east, night-shadows, hanging low,
Look spellbound on the sunset's iridescent glow.
I've reached the time when beauty in its loveliness
Stands waiting by life's casement, each passing hour to bless;
When in the west apocalyptic scenes appear,

My questioning eyes with soul-entrancing light to cheer.
I've faced a world of sorrow, and, too, a heaven of bliss,
And out of all the windings of life's chrysalis,
I've broken forth to preen the feathers of my wings,
So that, when I am called, I'll turn from sordid things,
And spiral through the glory of the burnished west,
And somewhere in God's Pleasant Place find endless rest.
'Twas but a little while since I beheld life's face,
And found it full of smiles and warm-enfolding grace.

I've reached the time that's richer than the time that was,
When youth met weary problems in a world of dross;
I know the depth of friendship and of steadfast love;
I know the secrets of the quiet brooding dove.
I've quaffed the chalice that was filled with bitter-sweet;
I've known the weariness of ever-marching feet,
But now, before the borderland of peaceful rest,
I stand upon the circle that bounds God's golden west.

Poems by Eugene B. Kuntz

DUALITY

I sing to you, though you are far from me.
I face my other-self; to it I sing,
Which in my heart is you. The melody
Is always like a living song in spring,
That knows but joy, supernal joy and peace.
Transformed, the other-self gives look for look,
And smile for smile, untrammeled by caprice,
As is the message sent by brook to brook.

Though you are far away, yet by my side
You stand, alert, with head bent down to hear
The words I sing to you; the tinkling glide
Of tones that ripple like the waters, clear,
Across the pebbles in the stream. I see
The radiance of your face, the swift
Response that, like a muted rhapsody,
Is heard when clouds are slit by a golden rift.

My other-self assumes the guise of you:
Your beauty and your form, and it stands forth,
As lovely as a blossom pearled with dew—
A being more than sublimated earth.
You're joy's true ultimate, the ultimate
Of love, the soul of all my songs, and more:
For blended souls you are the golden gate,
For all felicity the open door.

A STRAY HAIR

Upon my sleeve a gray hair lay,
As though it nestled there forlorn
At after-eve, at the close of day,
And yet, it drew nor jibe nor scorn.
When I beheld it lying there,
By zepherous breeze upon me blown,
I knew it, mother, as a hair
That on your head had silvern grown.
'Twas many years ago, when I
Beheld it gently clinging there,
And then I thought of times gone by,
When in your love I had a share.
And on my breast your tresses lay.
Your fragrant hair then velvet-brown,
And still untouched by threads of gray,
In burnished wavelets rippled down.

* * * * *

I did not know how dear they were,
Those tresses of my mother's head,
Until one day through anxious stir,
I saw her in her coffin—dead.
I've often wished that I might feel
Her lovely head of gleaming gray
Sink on my breast with love's appeal,
As once it did that other day.

FANTASIA

I dreamed, and in my dream I held a book,
A tome of many pages,
And as I turned the leaves, I read
The glowing eyes of ages,
That flashed their burning thoughts to me:
I pondered them; they led
Me past the darkling mystery
That issues from the dead.

I read and understood the tale of years,
That Time was not revealing
By history's yet-untraveled road.
But what was most appealing
Was words of purple-dripping dew,
And sentences that flowed,
Like murmuring streams of music, through
A realm where wisdom glowed.

The words that spiraled in my mind, like smoke
From wayside campers' burnings,
Hung there a moment, then were gone—
Were gone with many turnings,
Like spectres poised on fog-banked air,
At early break of dawn.
Then I awoke; I could but stare:
The vision had withdrawn.

Poems by Eugene B. Kuntz

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA

Upon a ship's hushed deck I stood one night,
And watched the magic play of moon and sea,
And listened with enchantment's keen delight
To mystic voices floating up to me.
Swift-darting sprites leaped through the moonwashed air,
And hid in distant waves, while dreamy sounds
That rose above the phosphorescent flare,
Voiced strains immortal round the billow-mounds.

The solitude upon the lapping sea
Was like a benediction to my soul,
And soothed, as well, the mournful threnody
That welled-up to the rounded wave-formed mole.
No human came to break the peace I felt,
No clashing noise to mar my dream-filled thought,
While there my reverent spirit humbly knelt
Before creation's God who all had wrought.

Along the argent way, the moon had laid
Upon the bosom of the sea, my eyes
Went wand-ring, undismayed and unafraid,
To where the sky upon the ocean lies.
Then came the dawn, forerunner of the day,
And drew aside the curtain for the sun,
And I beheld a color-melody
On flame-shod feet across the billows run.

DREAMS ARE PRANKISH PARTS

Our dreams of us are prankish parts,
Revealing beauty's face, or gloom:
They either fascinate our hearts,
Or fan them with the wings of doom.
In some we see things beautiful,
In most enchanting dress appear,
While others, fouled like smutty wool,
Breathe out vile dread and spectral fear.

Who has not sensed the dread of dreams
Within the throttling arms of night,
Or felt himself adrift on streams
Of songful, inexpressible delight?
In some the hands of horror lay,
Like leaden weights upon our breast,
In others, fairies were at play,
Like colors in the sunset's west.

How often past dividing veils
We've looked upon a loved one's face,
Who, wandering over mystic trails,
Now dwells within a lovelier place.
Our dreams indeed, are prankish parts
Of us, that show the tides that sweep,
Unhindered, through our shoreless hearts,
While conscious minds are chained by sleep.

WE SPEAK OUR THANKS WITH VIBRANT TONGUE

For what and how shall you and I
Express our thankfulness this year?
There's much that's new in earth and sky
Tto draw from us a shout of cheer,
And mounting songs of gratitude.
Then let us voice a fuller praise,
In humbler and more reverent mood,
With symphonies and peerless lays.

Spring came and passed, and summer, too,
And blossoms bloomed so beautiful,
And made us glad—both me and you;
And cloud-formed ships, as white as wool,
Sailed on the waves of ecstacy;
And sunsets hovered in the west,
In splendid color-harmony,
To soothe our hearts with vesper-rest.

For all of this, and all that sprung
From fallow earth and scented sod,
We speak our thanks with vibrant tongue
To Him who is our nation's God.
And for our sorrows, overcome,
And for the friendly smiles that came
To cheer us when our souls were glum,
Our Thankfulness we now proclaim.
We thank our God for every good

That's been our rich inheritance;
For all the grace that with us stood,
When hardships hindered our advance.
We thank our God that trust in Him
Will surely bring our hopefilled soul,
Through paths, or bright or candle-dim,
To highest life's love-lighted goal.

A Brief Account

By James B. Borland

As I stated in my book, **Fifty Years in the Newspaper Game**, (and I have been in it now more than 58 years), the paper I was instrumental in launching as a boy is the only publication started by amateurs, which still has its founders with it, after so many years in the professional field. I know of but one other daily still existing, which was started by boys—**The Morning News**, of Batavia, New York, but none of its founders are with it.

True, 42 years after I published my first issue of **The Franklin Evening News**, it merged with another local paper, **The Venango Daily Herald**, and its name has changed to **The News-Herald**, but I continue as managing editor and part owner.

It is a far call from that wintry day on February 18, 1878, when James B. Muse, J. Ross Barackman and myself made up our first issue of **The News** on an oil-cloth covered table in the back room of my father's office, until now when the presses roll in a modern newspaper plant. Father was a physician of the old school. He called his waiting room, "the sanctum" and his private office "the sanctum sanctorium," but this room we used was not big enough nor important enough to have any pet name.

The "pressing off" of a couple of hundred copies was done on the one-eight Gordon job press at The Venango Citizen office, where the Republican organ of the county was published. We made the columns two inches wide, which happened to be equal to 12 ems, while the standard measure of the times was 13 ems. We did not even know that an "em" was then, but unconsciously by a mere matter of 40 years or so, did **The News** become the protagonist of the 12-em column, now in almost general use by the daily newspapers.

It is also a far call from the four-page paper, two columns to each page, measuring 16½ by 4½ inches, to our present neat 16-page, full-sized newspaper published six days a week, with an extra mid-week edition, which is known as **The Venango Citizen Press.**. The weekly carries all the local news of the week and is looked forward to eagerly by former Venango County residents now in every state in the Union. It also goes into Canada and sometimes to Cuba and far China.

Up until recent years I prided myself more on being a printer than a writer, as my entrance into the field of amateur journalism was really as a printer. I still carry a make-up rule in my pocket and have an honorary membership in the local printer's union.

In the summer of 1875, when I was in my thirteenth year, my father came across an old army press, a case of "nonpareil" and several fonts of type. In my spare moments I printed an address which he was to deliver at a meeting of the national association of his school of medicine at Atlantic City, New Jersey. It consisted of 24 pages about 3 by 5 inches. I have since had this volume bound.

The next summer I purchased a Ruby hand press and a couple of fonts of type with which to print cards. The year 1877 was a big one for me however, from an amateur standpoint. I had obtained a case of minion type, and this, together with the outfit belonging to my father, put me into pretty good shape to issue a paper. I decided to do this and to call it **The High School Monthly.** The first number was printed on my Ruby press, a page at a time. The pages

were 4 by 6½ inches. After the fourth issue I had it printed in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, changing the name to **The Boys of the Oil Region.** I issued only three or four numbers, then rented my outfit, later selling to Elmer E. Barackman and Albert E. Brigham, who started one of the first amateur dailies I know of—**The French Creek Daily.** I assisted in editing this little 3 by 4 inch affair, which died a natural death after an existence of about two months.

A chum of mine, Cecil L. Griffin and I had printed one issue of **The Venango Star,** 3½ by 5 inches, in March, 1877, a venture that failed to appear during the summer vacation period when engagements at "the old swimmin' hole" interfered with work at the case. But in September we revived it and kept it going as a weekly with an outfit belonging to Griffin.

The **Star** kept going until the "bug" entered my head to start a real amateur daily. And so it happened that on Monday, February 18, 1878, **The Evening News** was launched.

Now, at the age of 73, I find sitting at my desk and writing somewhat irksome. I have never learned to dictate my thoughts to another, nor has the machine age got to me enough that I ever took up the art of typewriting. So, with my soft-leaded pencil and my sheet of yellow paper I prepare daily for **The News-Herald,** a column known as "Jim Borland's Column." This feature I started in 1919, the first column appearing on November 19th, under the heading: "The Reason For It" were these words:

> "In order to give a few of the features that some readers of the old Evening News used to like, Mr. Borland has decided to prepare a column for their benefit occasionally. If others do not like it, they can pass it up, just as they would something on the dinner table of which they were not fond. And if nobody likes it, it will be discontinued."

The column met with favor and it became a daily feature. I have formed many friendships through it and even though some of them are by correspondence, I feel they are nevertheless lasting. Through it I have come in contact with some of the best feature writers in the United States.

No longer do I have the urge or the energy for long tramps through the woods to gain inspiration for the Nature stories such as were the main features of my early columns, and I find it increasingly difficult to concentrate on ideas to get them into readable form. As the column grew in interest, some of my more talented readers began to make contributions until now two days each week are set aside—one for Helen Morrison, a widow with two sons who once worked on a newspaper, and the other for E. H. Shartle, the Snug-Harbor philosopher of Meadville. My friends in the newspaper profession, including Ned Arthur, the Rambling Reporter of Pittsburgh, remember me with interesting letters. Ned especially writes after he has been rambling in some interesting spot in Northwestern Pennsylvania. John L. Morrison of the Greenville Record-Argus and I carry on conversations through our columns. J. C. Galloway of the Port Allegany (N. Y.) Reporter and Argus, runs an excellent column, and I find frequent occasion, with his permission, of clipping articles which I think will interest **The News-Herald** readers. There have been and still are many others whose interest and assistance have been a real buoy to me when tired and my own Muse is resting, but I have friends who say that they like my original columns the best, and particularly when I write under the heading: "This, That and the Other Thing."

I tried to write my own swan song last month. Told the readers I was going away for a vacation and thought that while I was gone I would permit the column to lag and then perhaps I would not take it up again on my return. But it has become such a fixture

(Continued on Page 101)

The Old Cabin

By HYMAN BRADOFSKY

I HAD reached the valley early in the afternoon and having had a long hard drive since sunrise, I put my horse in the old village stable and procured myself a room, which though meagerly furnished and none too clean, was the best the little desert village could afford me. Then I went out to seek information and strive to find what I had sought during a year. Directly bearing upon my quest I found nothing, but indirectly I learned from an old desert ranger that a cabin about five miles east of the village which for years had been deserted, was now occupied by two persons about whom there was considerable mystery. No one knew where they came from or how long they had been living in this crude cabin. The woman who lived there had been to the village but once, so this old ranger told me, and the gossips had it that she pawned a shawl of most rich and rare texture in order to purchase a few groceries. I had heard enough to make me believe that very night to visit this lonely, mysterious habitation.

The afternoon sun had just sunk behind the low hills in the west and I could very distinctly feel the chill of the desert night air coming on. The faint remains of a wagon trail ran out of the village in the general direction of the cabin and this I took as my guide, following it in places with great difficulty, for the sage and grasses had almost reclaimed the trail for their own. Before I had been able to travel a mile the daylight had so dimmed that I could only find my way by the none too bright light of the moon which shown in a crescent above me. From the landscape I had at first been largely cut off by high bushes that often nearly met from opposite sides of the trail, but a sudden turn led out into an almost level and barren plain upon which, in the distance, I saw the object of my travels. A sort of fear came over me as I observed this old habitation looking so indefinite and wierd in the pale moonlight, and the general atmosphere of the situation must have affected me, for the rustling of a few dried leaves at the side of the road caused me involuntarily to start. A night hawk, high in the air swooped across the plain, giving its uncanny call as it circled hither and thither in its indecisive flight. I paused a moment, wondering if I had better proceed, and then, knowing that my hesitation was only the sensation of a startling moment, I walked on until I stood at the door of the dwelling.

The cabin stood beneath an old oak that long ago had been shattered by some impartial stroke of lightning. A

pile of brush was lying at the base of the oak and a little distance from it I caught the reflection of moonlight on a heap of tin cans. The building had only one narrow rough-hewn little opening for a window, while the door, if such it might be called, consisted of a few frail boards, almost ready to fall to pieces, though strangely enough, fastened to the timbers by a large heavy chain, covered with rust.

Hesitating, I stood for a moment not knowing whether to knock or walk in, when my indecision was to my amazement broken by a faint voice that had something of anxiety in it. Like a whisper from the inside of the cabin it sounded, and I heard the word "Cecilia" repeated again and again, and then something about her returning, all of which I could not hear. For several moments I stood and listened but heard nothing more; the silence was broken only by a faint breeze which now and then would blow the sack covering out from the window and then back again. Besides having heard the faint voice, I instinctively felt that this man was alone and ill. At all events I wished to find out, so I lifted the heavy chain from the side of the door as quietly as possible, and entered.

The cabin was dark as pitch and I stumbled, at the first step inside the door, over something that at the momen I took to be a bundle of clothes. Accordingly I paid little attention and striking a match, looked about for a lamp or candle that I might acquaint myself with my surroundings. At the first flash of the match I realized that the interior was almost as destitute and poverty stricken as the exterior of the cabin. On a little table which happened to be just before me as I produced the light, I found a tin can half filled with grease in which were sticking two charred pieces of string. This I correctly judged to be the light-giving arrangement and accordingly set the match to the strings. I was rewarded with a flickering yellow light which caused my shadow to dance wierdly on the rough curtain that hung at my back and apparently divided the interior into two compartments. No sooner had I taken in the general barrenness of the room than I took a step toward the door to examine the bundle over which I had lightly stumbled on entering. As I stooped down, I heard breathing, and laid my hand on the body of a child perhaps seven years of age. He was sleeping most soundly, so I turned to see what the curtain concealed. My eyes, I hope, shall not soon look upon such a picture. Propped up by a heavy blanket sat a wasted fever patient with sallow skin that seemed just carelessly and loosely drawn over the prominent bones of the face. The lips looked dry and I knew were speechless. I had heard their last "Cecilia," and I wondered who and where she was. The eyes had a light that showed I was not recognized. The hands held two things for which I had searched a year. I did not know this at first, but taking them gently from him, I stepped to the lamp for examination, and there I found it to be true.

One of the objects was a little casket in silver with the arms of the King of Spain upon it. Inside it contained papers that made me lord of an old but valued castle. The other was a locket and in it was a picture of me taken years before. With these two bits of evidence my place in the world was secure. Should I, as I had intended, ruin those who had stolen them from me and found them useless, and lead them to an awful fate for their crime? A glance at the fever patient told me now that he was indeed Jose, the famous court singer, but where was "Cecilia," my sister? I must remain for her return; she must be shielded, the family honor saved.

A touch on the shoulder made me quickly turn, and I looked into the face of a penitent woman. She had entered the open door, had seen me examine the jewels, had read my purpose by the light of my face as I gazed upon her dying husband.

"Shall we go, my brother, you and I and the child?" she said.

"Yes, Cecilia," I answered, "Castles are not too good for forgiven people."

It's Hard On A Woman

By BETTA GRACE

SPRING had descended upon Jonesville. The budding trees imparted a heady fragrance to the air. Neighbors called cheerily to one another. Children laughed as they romped out of doors but one person who should have been most happy, was perfectly miserable.

Marjorie Steck had set to rights her charming bungalow, having sent three year old Billy out to play. Now she glanced at the blue and white kitchen clock—most time to start the noon meal. Her head felt heavy, and her feet ached. Everything seemed to irritate her for no reason whatever. She had gone to her old family doctor for a tonic, and had been told her nerves were exhausted and that she needed a complete rest.

The prospect of a few weeks of quiet seclusion drew her sick fancy like a magnet.

Would David allow it? He was so devoted to her and Billy that he had refused to take his own vacation without them. How could he understand a woman's desire to go off by herself? He would probably advise her to get a maid to help her with the work instead.

It proved just as she feared. On his arrival home, he was quite concerned with the doctor's report. However, he considered him an old fogy—why, she would die of ennui buried away in a quiet hole of a place. She needed excitement, he would promise it to her. They would attend his lodge convention. He kissed her tenderly and counseled: "Take a nice nap, honey, and maybe we can drive out somewhere tonight."

Her mother lived on the next street, just a few blocks away. Billy had his nap and then teased Marjorie to take him to his grandmother's. She could always be relied upon to have cookies in her quaint old cooky jar. In a few moments they were on the way—they found her working in the garden at the rear of her house. She kissed Billy gaily and then noticed her daughter's jaded appearance.

"Let's go in," said the older woman, "I was just going to have a cup of tea." 'Just a bad case of nerves," she reflected, 'they're apt to get frayed after a long winter.'

Marjorie always felt better after talking to her mother. Billy would be in the best of hands if she went away. She promised to telephone, later in the evening, and with this, the mother was content as she returned to her beloved garden. One of her neighbors, scarcely a minute later, trailed her there.

"I knew where to find you. I just saw Marjie leaving. My, she isn't looking at all well Generally she's so bright and

gay." "You know," she rambled on, "I always said, Marjie Prindal was the prettiest bride in this town, with those big blue eyes and all that curly brown hair. It's no wonder Dave and Phil almost fought over her."

Mrs. Prindal smiled. "Yes, but that is past history. Marjorie married the one she really loved and I am glad Philip took it so well." She added archly, "He did very well by himself they say, marrying that very rich widow."

"Yes, indeed," was the gloomy answer, "But I see you haven't heard the news. His wife died very suddenly. Well, he was good enough to her. What on earth will he do with all that money. Well, I only hope he'll not make a fool of himself."

Mrs. Prindal did not flinch. She knew the gossip at the time of her daughter's wedding. Some had said she had advised Marjorie to marry David because he was a rising young business man with a solid bank account; whereas the more handsome Philip Smedley was fond of spending as he went along, excellent company, but highly improvident. She believed in her heart that a wise choice had been made with love to back it. Philip had married so soon afterwards that some had said it was done out of spite. This, no one could prove.

* * * * *

The Steck's evening meal was generally a merry one, but tonight, Marjorie had hardly sat down when she burst into tears and hurriedly excused herself. She begged him not to mind her as it was a violent headache and she wished to be alone.

He came to the bedroom door and stood there uncertainly. "Are you sure I can't do anything?"

"Nothing at all. I'll soon be alright."

"Then I'll glance through the paper."

He found it in the porch swing and stretched himself out comfortably.

"Not much in it tonight. What's this?"

'We regret to announce the sudden death, around seven o'clock, Wednesday evening, of Mrs. Philip Smedley, etc.'

What memories it evoked. How on earth, could a man marry a woman so much older than himself, even if she did have plenty of money? How much nicer to make your wife, a beautiful young girl whose heart revolved around you, and to have a darling little son.

Then the serpent spoke. "But does she? Why was she upset all day? Why the sudden tears tonight? Had she memories she did not share with you? She knew you would see this and she does not want to talk about it."

As these thoughts harrowed his mind, Marjorie tossed feverishly on the bed. "No use asking David again," she thought miserably," he will not believe I am that sick or else he'll send me to a hospital.

She began to cry silently. "'Why did I ever get married. I never used to act like this. Why can't David see things in any way except his own?"

When her mother came quietly into the room, she threw her arms around her neck.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you. I feel so ill." Her face was so hot to the touch that Mrs. Prindal arose hurriedly and went outside. She found David still in the swing looking moody.

"Well, how is she?" He asked impatiently.

The mother was angry. "She seems to be running a temperature. It would be no harm to call the doctor."

He immediately became human and went to Marjorie's side. Her forehead burned beneath his fingers and he strode to the telephone.

"He'll be here in double quick time," he said.

The old doctor was rather curt. "She isn't in a dangerous condition now, but soon will be if she doesn't get enough rest and quiet. A trip to some quiet place might be just the thing, a change and utter rest."

A sigh came from the bed.

"We were going on my lodge convention next week. We have such grand times on them and what a change."

"David, that would be crazy in her condition," said the doctor sternly. "She'd come back a nervous wreck."

"Well, then," said the husband, with a catch in his voice, "I suppose I must stay home if she can't go."

At this Marjie sat upright, her face flushed. "You will do nothing of the kind, David. You go right ahead and enjoy yourself. Mother is a very capable nurse and will tend to Billy and me."

"Of course I will," returned the mother gently. I'll make her rest all the time. She'll be a different person when you get home."

David again protested but not very earnestly. His heart had been set on going with all his friends. Now the doctor helped him by seconding the motion.

* * * * *

Philip Smedley decided to wind up his wife's business affairs and go abroad. He was now a rich man, drove an expensive car, and wore clothes which he prided himself, were quite correct. His townspeople only remembered him as the handsome clerk in Miller's department store who had been turned down by Marjie Prindal. He blamed her mother. He believed it had been a question of money. Well, now he had enough to make David Steck look poor. He would travel and see everything he had ever wished to see. But, before he departed, he craved one look at the girl he had hoped to marry.

His wish was granted sooner than he expected. As his train pulled into Jonesville, a tumult arose. Friends and well-wishers were seeing the lodge brothers off. As he descended, his eager eyes took in old friends. David saw him as he was about to get on board and said gruffly, "Well, hello Smedley."

He found Marjorie with her mother and little boy. She, noticing the black band on his arm, gave him a compassionate look, saying delicately, "We are so sorry, Philip." Then with a glance towards the car, "May we give you a lift?"

"No, thanks," said Philip. "I'll just taxi to the hotel. But I will see you again as I'll have to stay in town several days. I may sell some real estate."

Marjorie's mother felt uncomfortable. She did not want any gossip especially with David out of town. Philip undeniably was both handsome and likeable. So she said, "Marjorie is a patient. She is to do nothing but rest for the next two weeks."

This was all Philip needed to irritate him. Why had her mother always been on edge with him? Could one not call on a former sweetheart without every gossip in town pricking up their ears?

He drove in disgust to the hotel, but Marjorie's face tormented him. He had been a model husband even though he had not loved his wife. Now he had everything, save that one thing which can even gild poverty. And he felt it was still Marjorie with her disarming sweetness.

Tomorrow would do to look over the old mansion which had belonged to his wife's father. He had meant to sell it.

Moodily he threw himself into a chair, then restlessly went to the window. It was still daylight. Why not look the old house over now—something to do.

His good looks, set off to the best advantage, attracted considerable attention. His eyes became arrested by the golden glow of daffodils in a florist's window, emblems of spring. He remembered Marjorie was ill. You could send a sick person flowers, couldn't you? Well he would chance it. It would give her an excuse to thank him. He was glad, however, that the florist was a stranger to him.

A gate in an iron fence showed him he had reached his destination. His gaze lingered on the brown stone facade before him. There was a neat lawn. Beds of flowers would brighten the sombre hue of the dwelling. Yes, it could be made quite livable. As he went through the rooms with their shrouded furniture, the same idea kept coming to him. It was a fine house if

some one was in it to make it live and be homelike. It might be quite charming. He had to live some place. No use existing in hotels as he and his wife had done, when you owned a house.

Feeling more cheerful, he returned to the hotel. Tomorrow, a woman would be cleaning and airing his future home. Then he would see what next.

Marjorie had been surprised at the change in Philip Smedley. This was the first time she had seen him since he and his wife had left Jonesville. Mrs. Smedley had no desire to domicile herself in such a small place. So that was that. The youth of her young romance seemed quite different. He had acquired sophistication. She was afraid her mother had been a bit curt, and so, since she never had wilfully hurt anyone's feelings, she deposited the beautiful flowers in a blue and white jar and telephoned her thanks before her mother knew what she was about.

Philip's face radiated the joy he felt. He told her about his house, what he was going to do to it.

"You should be able to get a fine price for it. Houses like that are scarce here."

"But, I am not going to sell it. I intend to live in Jonesville."

"Live here," echoed Marjorie. Her mother's eyes held a frigid expression.

"Why not? I'm sick of not having a real home. Perhaps," he queried, "you can recommend a good housekeeper to me."

By this time Marjorie had caught sight of her mother's face. "Well, goodbye Philip. Maybe I can."

"Really Marjie, you simply mustn't call that hotel again. His wife hardly dead, your husband away and he sending flowers—thinking up any excuse to renew your relations."

The girl felt suddenly bleak. She had meant no harm. It was only her naturally warm nature and the physical weakness that was troubling her; she began to cry.

"There, there, darling," soothed her mother. "I hated to say it, but we must think of David and Billy too. You go right in the bedroom and lie down till supper."

The next day as Marjorie and Billy were taking their usual walk to the park where children congregated, she met Philip and was about to go on, when he stopped her, reminding her of her half-promise. She recommended the first suitable person she could think of.

"Come on mother," said Billy.

"He's anxious to get to the park to play with his little friends."

"And what do you do?"

"Why I sit and watch them, sometimes I read a little. I'm not supposed to do anything strenuous."

"Well, I'll get that woman and then some day, I want you and your mother, of course, to come to tea and help me with your suggestions about the finishing touches."

She could not help but smile, for who does not like to help suggest such things?

The invitation was received in the course of a day or two. Mrs. Prindal did not want to give in but after all, she was consumed with curiosity to see what he had done to the place. He had her pour the tea though he would infinitely have preferred Marjorie. He tried to focus most of his attention upon her, but soon left her wandering from room to room, gaining more and more pleasure as she mentally changed most everything.

"I shall follow everything you told me," he said in a grateful tone of voice. "The place will be transformed. Couldn't you," he added persuasively, "Run in, now and then, to see if they do things right?"

"Well, I should like to select the window drapes. I know just the right kind. But no," she said firmly, as though to herself, "You can get them on the second floor at Brown's."

He did, but ran in to show them to her on his way back to his house. It was the same with everything until she was at her wits end. She decided to send

her daughter to her sister's farm. At first Marjorie demurred but finally consented. The white house, set in green hills, was a picture. She soon loved it and so did Billy.

No longer did Philip care for his house. It was now altogether charming and livable, but who wants to live in one by himself.

He wished he might drive his big roadster out to see her. Once he went that far but saw nothing of her. Now that the danger seemed removed, Mrs. Prindal tried not to mind the young man's existence in Jonesville. David would soon be home . . . any minute she expected a telegram.

As if in answer to her thoughts, one was delivered. A delay in their schedule had occurred. He might not be home until tomorrow sometime. That was all he knew.

Meantime, Marjorie was feeling much better, restored somewhat by the simple life she was leading.

Then Billy fell ill. She was used to his little ailments but as the fever mounted, she grew anxious and telephoned her mother to drive out with the doctor. But she could not locate her for, being a nurse, she had gone with the doctor to see a very sick woman.

"Try and get Doctor Burns, the child expert," advised her aunt. "I am worried."

Doctor Burns said he would come gladly if they would send a car, his being temporarily out of order.

Marjorie's nerves had reached the breaking point. Who could she send quickly enough?

Philip! She knew he would do anything for her. He drove the physician at such a pace that he protested the child was probably suffering only from indigestion, while they would be facing something far worse if he was not more careful.

But it was a very serious doctor who bent over the flushed child. It was hours before he was pronounced out of danger. Marjorie refused any rest till sent from the sick room, in charge of Philip. Doctor Burns preferred having with him, her aunt, a very quiet person.

The girl was too exhausted for tears but leaned against the wall outside her child's room, her arm across her eyes.

This was too much for Philip. He put his arm around her and led her to the porch swing. Here he heaped pillows behind her.

"Lay back and sleep if you can."

Sleep came effortlessly. He took a sombre pleasure watching over her and observing the pale beauty of her features.

David, eager to get home, was utterly amazed at the darkened house. An inquisitive neighbor seeing his dilemma, turned on her porchlight. She called, "They are not at home."

"So it seems," said David, who was hungry, tired, and angry.

"Your mother-in-law went with the doctor to see Mrs. Smith and Marjie and Billy are out at the farm."

David was of two minds. He was thoroughly irritated—a fine homecoming, and look at the presents he had not forgotten to buy. He would phone Marjorie and ask her if this was any way to treat a man.

No, he would not. He always said too much that way. It was a lovely night, and the distance short. He would drive out and bring them home.

It was the lights of his car that roused Philip from his reverie.

David strode up the steps, and stopped in dumb amazement. Philip rose to meet him. One glance at his sleeping wife, and the flood gates of his wrath broke loose.

Marjorie thought she was having a night mare as the voices broke through her sleep. Who was Philip quarreling with?

"David!" She stepped betwen the two men.

"You don't know what you are talking about. Philip has saved Billy's life. I must go to him. How could I have slept?"

Her aunt came to the door. "Don't

worry child. He is doing as nice as can be. David, what a time we have had. You'll never know how nearly you lost your son—except for Mr. Smedley. Now you must come in for some coffee and sandwiches. I can tell David needs a lunch."

Poor David! He hardly knew what to say. The doctor allowed him a glimpse at the little boy. And then said, "I must be getting back but I could do with a cup of that delicious coffee. "I forgive you, Smedley for that reckless driving. Minutes certainly counted."

Marjorie choked back the tears, thinking of what might have happened. David took her in his arms and looking across them at Philip, asked his forgiveness.

"Phil"—if I could do something for you?"

"You might find me a tenant for my house," answered Philip, dully.

A Louisianian

By J. T. DeGrange

My amateur journalism goes back to 1882. We were in the University of Louisiana before it was absorbed by Tulane. My younger brother and myself were the editors and publishers, and when I say publishers—that's just what I mean. We set the type with a **stick**, made the forms and printed the paper on a hand press and distributed the type. While we were at the job, the Typographical Union Number 17 was flourishing, and we were of course compelled to affiliate. Our paper was called **The Amateur Times**, and ran on through 1883, when I matriculated in the Medical School. After serving three years in the Charity Hospital, I graduated in 1888. So! you see why it is that I am eligible for membership in the **Fossils.**

So much for the person of the first part. Now for New Orleans, a city in which we take such pride. A city that is divided into two parts with a distinct line of demarcation separating the French from the American sections by a wide street called Canal, which extends from the river front to the cemeteries. The lower or French quarter is called the Vieur Carre.

You must know, my dear cousin, that we are as proud of our city and state as you are of your California, for New Orleans was the metropolis of the western hemisphere, situated near the mouth of a river whose tributaries reach to almost every part of the broad expanse between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountain system. Then the Erie Canal was dug, and the great steam-horse began to creep over the northern country; and the Northwest was made the tributary of the East—the great American city so firmly implanted on a bed of solid rock and tenderly held in by the graceful and so wonderfully picturesque Hudson, began to grow. There are those, and we among them, who still have faith in the return of New Orleans' greatness, and that her escutcheon will be again emblazoned in the Hall of Progress among the World's First. In the last century, what the Erie Canal did for the North, the Panama Canal might in this century do for the South.

Judging the future by the present and the past, the State has nothing to fear. As high a type of manhood has developed within her borders as may anywhere be found; and coming generations may well revert to these standards by which they may gauge their own advance.

John J. Audubon, the greatest American-born Naturalist, whose work still lives—a monument to his life's ambition; Richardson, the greatest Architectural genius native to American soil; Gottschalk, the only Musical Virtuoso of world wide fame produced by this Continent; Paul Morphy, the master genius of all time in the Chess world; Judah P. Benjamin, the greatest legal light of his Century, as can be attested by both the

American and English Bars; Zachary Taylor, president of the United States; Pierre Soule, an orator whose copeerage was unquestioned by such fellow-senators as Webster; G. T. Beauregard, a military engineer who in defensive operations was never equaled, and to whose memory an equestrian statue has been placed at the entrance of the City Park.

Louisiana erected the first statue of a woman reared in the western World—Margaret Haughery, philanthropist and founder of an orphanage. The following names might also be mentioned: Henry M. Stanley, explorer; Paul deChallen, traveler; Gallier, architect who built the French Opera; Henry Watkins Allen, governor, author and soldier; John Cardinal Gibbons, a prince of the Church; George W. Cable, author; Rudolf S. Hecht, banker; Randall Lee Gibson, lawyer; Edgar Farrar, a lawyer of national renown; Edward White, who by his great learning and knowledge, had been elevated to the highest gift America can bestow on her native son—Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In Literature and Art, Louisiana contributed such authors as Lapousit, St. Ceran, Allard, Canonge, Delery, Dufour, Dugue, Delpit, Mercier, Gayarre, Rougette, Fortier, Ruth McEnery, Stewart, Grace King, and so on.

The escutcheon of our State has been emblazoned by the self-sacrificing and brilliant members of the medical profession. Dr. Edmond Souchon says: "I was exceedingly happy to find that Louisiana with twenty-nine contributors to Science, comes on a par with the great old populous cultured city of Boston, which presents only twenty-nine original contributors." Dr. Francois Prevost of Donaldsonville, in 1830, was the first to perform Caesarian section in America; Dr. Aloysius Luzenberg was the first to remove a portion of gangrenous intestine in a case of hernia and to suture the end of the bowel successfully; Dr. Leonard John Riddell was the inventor of the binocular microscope; Dr. Tobias G. Richardson was the first to amputate both legs at the hip joint at one time on the same patient with recovery; Dr. Albert B. Miles was the first to apply a ligatute around the first portion of the subclavian artery while operating on the third portion. I could recount other cases where Louisiana was the **first** in surgical and medical research.

I cannot close without mentioning that New Orleans has the largest and best equipped **air port** in the country. Again I say, that I am proud of being a **Louisianian.**

Sacrifice

(The Village Elm)

By Maude Smith

A tree in the way, the linemen said,
As they worked on a needed wire,
Reporting the same to the one in charge,
And all were employed for hire.
"Only a tree, cut it down," they were told,
There are thousands more to grow,
And business is business, as every one knows,
And the times are wretched and slow."

Only a tree to eyes that are blind
To beauty and service and grace.
But more than a tree 'twas ever a friend,
To each and all in the place.
If time had laid low its glory and strength,
There were little need to mourn,
But to be stricken down like a worthless thing
Leaves a sense of shame to be bourne.
So we breathe a prayer to the Father above
Who made both men and trees,
To open the eyes of the sons of men,
Who rob us of trees like these.

The Heart Within

By HYMAN BRADOFSKY

I EXPECTED to find her discontented and care-worn, wearing a sad smile. I was sure the smile would be there for my cousin was not the kind to voluntarily allow her disappointment to be known. Yes, the smile would be there but the sunshine would be gone. A loving disposition like hers could not long exist under the cold unsympathetic temper of her husband. Her five years of married life would inevitably be telling on her.

All these thoughts flashed through my mind as I waited for someone to answer my ring. Presently I heard a light step. The door flew open. A girl smiled at me, —it was Ann herself, who stood there, as young and beautiful as on the day of her marriage. There was certainly no sadness in that smile. Had her husband changed, or, was it possible that I misjudged him?

But as she ushered me in, her husband advanced coldly to meet me. No, he had not changed. And as he gazed indifferently at me, I was sure I had not misjudged him. Could Ann then hide her feelings so well?

That evening as we gathered around the fireplace, he silently took down his violin from the mantle and began to play. Deep, quieting melodies they were but, like himself, calm and reserved. But under it all was something which greatly moved me. I decided that it must have been the wonderful harmonies.

We sat silently for some time. Presently my host rose, excused himself and retired for the night, leaving me alone with Ann. We remained gazing at the fire for some time. Then in answer to my question she said,

"Yes, I have been very happy since my marriage. Harry is so good. He has the biggest heart you ever saw. Most people don't understand him. They feel repulsed by the hard shell into which he draws himself and they fail to see the heart within."

Certainly, I thought, she was playing her part well. Her pride was even greater than I had anticipated. My heart went out in admiration to such loyalty.

But as we parted for the night, I fancied she looked pale and wore a weary look as though she were not well. Ah! the strain was beginning to tell on her after all.

The next morning she did not come down to breakfast. Her husband quietly informed me that she was ill. Being a physician, myself, I begged to see her. I found that she was seriously, yes, dangerously, ill.

Days passed and she grew no better. At last, the time for the crisis came.

There was little, if any, hope. Her husband had received the news with no start, no betrayal of feeling. But in his dark eyes was an undescribable look of agony. I was sure that it was no fancy.

I thought of all this as I stood watching my patient. Suddenly I felt that she was sinking. I called in another physician. There was nothing to do but to wait. Together we watched her every move, listened to every breath, and then waited for the next.

Suddenly, through the stillness, we heard low tones of music. It was the violin. The patient moved. She must not be disturbed. I looked questioningly at the other physician. The eyes of Ann turned to mine. They seemed to guess my thought and she said weakly, "Don't stop him. I like it."

So he played on,—low passionate music which moves the soul as only music can. For a few moments I forgot my patient in that wonderful flow of harmony, soothing and reassuring at first; then growing more and more passionate, it seemed to be wringing my very heart. Then it seemed to mount up and up, each note wrought with pain, anguish and despair. Suddenly it stopped as if the anguish were too much and the heart had broken. It was not mere music I had heard but the cry of a human soul.

I turned again to my patient. Her regular breathing told me that she was asleep. One hour, two, three passed by and still she slept. Finally she awoke, refreshed. The crisis was over and the tide had turned.

As soon as I could, I went to tell her husband of the change. I pictured to myself how calmly he would receive the news, though now I knew how glad he would be.

I knocked at his door. There was no answer. I opened it softly and looked in. There he sat in his arm chair. His violin had fallen to the floor beside him. His bow lay across his knees. I stepped inside. He did not move. Then a sudden fear came over me. Could it be that his heart had really broken with the music? That his life had ended as suddenly as it? I tiptoed nearer. Still he did not stir. I took another step and laid my hand on his. Then the full realization came over me. The momentary release of his feeling, so long pent up, had proved too much for him. He had shown his heart to the world for one brief moment, but that moment had left it crushed and lifeless.

Dreaming By the Old Fireplace

By Herbert Durrell Smart

There are faces in the firelight tonight,
That through the years I've known;
Faces that I remember still,
For they've never older grown.
And as I sit here dreaming alone,
While the fire in the grate burns low,
Like spirit voices the crackling flames
Seem to come from the long ago.

Dreaming alone in the old arm-chair,
As the shadows cross the floor,
And eerie forms in silhouette
Unlatch the kitchen door!
The years turn back in memory,
To what seems but yesterday,
When the neighbors came to reminisce
And pass the time away.

And as I waken from my dream,
There's no one here but me;
The neighbors must have tip-toed out
While I was not there to see.
The fire dies down, the hearth grows cold,
And darkness fills the space,
Leaving me alone in the old-arm-chair,
Dreaming by the old fireplace.

This and That

By Otto W. Ferguson

THE editor of a certain Quarterly I greatly admire because of its high quality content and beauty of physical makeup, recently asked me to submit a manuscript of not more than 5000 words.

Bless his heart! Never have I written so many words in one batch. Best I ever did was a 3500-word story sold to a Saturday supplement in the gay '90's, when I was nineteen and had the garrulity of youth. I shall not try for this 5000-word job, but will submit several pieces running from 600 to 1500 words.

On the other hand (a phrase dear to T. R. when he did not wish to get in too deep), if I cannot extend to 5000, it is just about the hardest thing to set forth some thought in 150 to 200 words and resist going on and on.

Time and again I have envisioned a chatty column of paragraphs about the size of the above on various topics. Started, the thing runs away. I just sit there putting down unnecessary words —but coming to a runaway's standstill at under 1000.

* * *

It is hard to be fair to people with weaknesses similar to our own—which should be easy. Why should I complain of the complaisant woman who settles in an easy rocker and starts a near-monologue? You know her well. Everything is grist. Any imprint on her brain cells must be read back at least once, to someone. Out of breadth, she says "anda" to let you know that as soon as she can lick her lips and take oxygen she will resume.

This is the way I justify my own wordiness—the writing kind: No one is asked to read all I write. The blue note sheets I use for first-run typing lie about. No one in or out of the household takes trouble to see what it is all about. No one.

In a few days, perhaps, I look the thing over. Often there is a squashing sound, indicating that "little blue" goes to final rest in the waste basket. If it looks fairish, I rewrite, and put away for a second cooling. A friend handed Dr. Johnson a three-year old copy of his little Rambler gazette, asking how he liked it now. "Too wordy," with a shake of the head. When past 70, a gentleman to whom the Doctor was under obligations, asked to bring his brother for a visit, and added: After you have sat together for some time, you will find brother grows quite entertaining. "Sir," said Johnson dryly, "I can wait."

* * *

If you read **The Good Earth** by Pearl Buck, did you wonder about her unusual English? She had many letters asking why her book was written "in a style like that of the Bible." Her reply was that "it isn't biblical, it is Chinese." Taken to China in a market basket, her first phrases were in the Chinese idiom. "The phrases for which I am praised or blamed are idiomatic Chinese. I do not even know, many times, whether they are good English."

Starting on **The Good Earth**, I was surprised to find it closely akin to Basic, an international language experiment. Only by careful examination was I able to detect wherein lay the difference.

Basic has a vocabulary of 850 standard English words, plus several hundred world-wide internationals, such as telephone, cotton, boa, banana. There are only sixteen verbs—"operators." Artfully worked with prepositions they almost do the work. Instead of enter, depart, expel, attempt—you say, come in, go away or go out, put out, make an attempt.

Strangely, though in **The Good Earth** hundreds of good Latinic verbs are done away with in this very way, the author declares: "I know that so long as I live I shall have difficulty with prepositions, because the Chinese has very few. So why say settle up, with, down, for; and yet the one verb **to settle** really settles nothing."

* * *

At times, I feel sure that modern poetry and I are not on good terms, or that I am blind on that side. Oh, not that many pretty conceits fail to please, but they seem to fall just short of excellence. Then some poet takes my breath away, and I cry "Why, I **do** like poetry—when worth liking!"

A Kentuckyian of whom I know nothing, has put out through a Louisville printing house a little book of superior verse, **The Valley of Parnassus.** The author bears the quaint name of Cotton Noe. The outstanding poem, to my mind, is his "Lincoln." To see if you and I agree as to what is fine poetry, I quote:

"And why make much of Lincoln's poverty?
Like Christ, this man had bread to eat
We know not of;
And treasures stored where moth cannot corrupt
Nor ever thieves break through and steal.
He was not poor, but rich
Beyond all reckoning—
Inheritor of human love,
The heir of Him who taught the world
The priceless wage of sacrifice—
The gift of spending self in human benefaction."

The mechanism violates all rules for writing poetry,—the olden rules. A poet has to have rich gifts when he kicks aside the natty little tricks of the trade. Cotton Noe is a singer—not an assembler of jigsaw mosaics.

Having gotten around to poetry, please let me copy here some lines, not at all splendid poetry, yet somehow beautiful, despite their homely quality. Thirty-odd years ago, an English friend I never saw, sent me a Saturday literary tabloid. In it was a department headed "Inquiries." The sender-in of these lines wished to know the author. If he found out, I do not know. I do recall that in later issues the editor was roundly scolded a-plenty for printing verses "sacrilegious," "blasphemous."

I did not find them so. Now, at 65, I often pick up the card, yellowed by time, on which the lines are pasted, and am sweetly comforted as I read:

"I love my God as He loves me
Merrily—
Whatever be my wanton whim
I shall keep my love of Him
For aye—
For He is starry sky and night,
And sun and earth and sea and light
And day—
I love my God as He loves me
Merrily—
I feel his kisses in the breeze,
And so I carve His name on trees
Why not?—
These thousand years misunderstood,
He needs my laughter in the wood
A lot—

Have thirty years (how brief with One to whom a thousand years are but as one day!) changed the hearts of men? As you read, did you execrate the author and me, as sacrilegious, blasphemous? The thoughts of mankind change with the suns. I know I have the applause of one equally dyed-in-the- wool Presbyterian. That the dyes were not "fast" was neither Pearl Buck's fault nor mine. Listen to her:

> 'I remember as a very tiny girl standing in the shadow of a great temple at the foot of the hill where we lived in the country, and looking with passionate love into the gentle face of a goddess of mercy, who stood very dusty and patient in her alcove there. I had been learning from the Old Testament what God was. 'For I, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation.' And I remember saying doggedly, in my little frightened heart: 'I choose you—I choose you—You look so kind.' "

* * *

In the closing days of the last Congress, Senator J Hamilton Lewis hung this tale on his fellow lawmakers.

Sitting at his boarding house table, Dr. Samuel Johnson was served a soup he did not seem to relish. "What kind of soup is this?" he asked the waiter, and was told it was oxtail. "Going very far back for a little soup," the good Doctor is supposed to have commented.

I'm a pretty good Boswellian, but fail to locate this yarn. I suspect it was just another case of Senator J. Ham spoofing his fellows—knowing few of them care for books. The senator is a tremendous book browser. He may have found this yarn in one of the hundreds of other books of Johnsonalia. But I just naturally mistrust that wag.

Incidentally, where do the packers get the oxen from which come the tails of which oxtail soup is made? On the air, one hears much of tomato soup and soup stock; of chicken soup containing cubes of rare white meat from breasts of tender young hens; of vegetable soups made from garden truck plucked when the dew is on and rushed to the cannery. Of oxtail, nothing—absolutely.

Who will enlighten the country as to this? Prepare a "paper" over which one may stumble at the mike, as we hear faint rustlings of—paper. One thing sure: my county doesn't help much with fat young animals going up to Chicago, giving their patient, plodding lives in order that I may have my proper share of this tasty soup. The census of 1930 gave the ox population of Clark County at 14. Why, I need that many oxtails every year, for my soup—provided, of course, the stuff is what it purports to be.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Stars

By Albert Chapin

But countless sparks from heavenly steeds to me
Are stars that mark a long and dark-dark way
Where danger lurks and speeding comets stray
In safety aisles through which the spirits flee.
But softer beams than galaxies we see
Are mellow rays in lover's eyes that play
In darkest nights or brilliant bursts of day
In tender orbs that glow when hearts agree

In lakes and shallow pools gleam mirrowed stars
Distorted as they race the ruffled streams
As though strange freaks from worlds whose great bazaars
Enticed the credulous to land of dreams . . .
The trickster's flame above the fakir's door,
When breezes stir, contorts and blinks the more.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The Arcadians

By Edwin B. Hill

The Arcadians! . . . How merest mention of the name evokes the memory of "dear dead days" when Life (with a large "L") was bitter-sweet, and books the solace to compensate for the drudgery of the desk's dead wood! Books and friends!

The Arcadians was the name chosen by a little band of book-lovers who commingled in the rear of a second-hand book-shop "back East." Time and change, and the brethren departed,—some for other climes,—some on the final journey. Of this little band one alone remains in that distant eastern city to bear the torch.

In the foot-hills of the Mazatzals, in Arizona, in the 1910's, there was established a little hand-press, which, with its Caslon types, purposed to carry on the tradition. The Arcadians was given new lease of life, and several brochures were printed—"firsts" now of excessive rarity; unpublished letters of Henry D. Thoreau to a friend; a hitherto uncollected letter by Charles Lamb; a Mark Twain item; a little magazine, "Peradventure," besides other bits of lesser note.

The printer, who worshiped at the shrine of "Saint Charles," as Thackeray once termed the gentle essayist, was insistent that his poet-friend in a distant state should correct a certain sonnet endeared to him,—a sonnet which he believed contained misconceptions of Charles Lamb. This the friend was reluctant to do. In lieu thereof he sent on a sonnet of his own composition. But the printer was persistent.

"I have no right to change or alter in any way the verses of another. The author has his own conception. It differs from mine. I do not believe Lamb was ever an "idler," as the sonnet by D. B. S. sets forth. However, here is the sonnet revised to suit the occasion."

Thus, in substance, ran the letter, long since lost to me. The poem as originally published follows.

CHARLES LAMB

Blithely pathetic idler in the ways
Worn smooth with endless passing of the throng,
With forehead bent, I watch thee pass along
Or halt meanwhiles to dream of April days
In bloomy English fields. Thy face betrays
An Eldorado's wealth of tuneless song.
Ah, gentle soul, what mystery of wrong
Is interlined with all thy hand essays!
So filled with gentle moods, and hate-forsworn,
Thy deep, pathetic eyes might conquer Fate.
The grieving viol tempers the loud horn,
And Sorrow waits when Mirth doth compensate,—
As when a chord in April's windy tune
Breaks and lets in a perfect strain from June.

The sonnet, with my friend's revisions, is set forth below:

CHARLES LAMB

Blithely pathetic toiler in the ways
The Lords of Ease have sanctioned for the Throng;
With Care-masked eyes, I see thee pass along
And know thy quipping lip thy heart betrays,
And all the jingle of thy bells doth raise
A dust to hide Grief's lancinating thong.
Ah, gentle heart, what mystery of wrong
Is interlined with all thy hand essays!
So filled with clement moods, and hate-forsworn,

The soul's amenity might conquer
Fate. . . .
The grieving viol tempers the loud horn,
And Sorrow waits when Mirth doth
compensate,—
As when a chord in April's windy tune
Breaks and lets in a perfect strain from
June.

F. D. W. and D. B. S.

The Brilliant, of Saint Paul, published the original sonnet in the Autumn, 1887, issue of that magazine, The author, D. B. Stephens, was a writer of critical papers and occasional verse. His scholarly contributions to the amateur press of the 1880's and 1890's won for him a high place on the roll of fame.

The author of the revision was Frank D. Woollen, a friend of many years, who traveled the final road 3 March, 1927. He was a critic of mark,—a poet,—a story-writer. His last work, **"Brittle Sticks"** was printed by the writer after F. D. W. had passed on. In a letter, he said:

"The arrangement does not matter. I shall not be here to see the booklet."

Brittle Sticks then is his monument, more lasting than stone—a little volume that he of all men would care for had he lived to see its completion.

— ⚓ —

The Man on the Rail

By Duane W. Rimel

Oct. 2—Stiff wind blowing today and we should reach San Francisco in four days. First mate said the water was low, but we ought to have enough. Some of the men have scurvy now—not the right kind of food. My only friend aboard ship—**The Spray**—is Alonzo Govinni, and were it not for his strange uneasiness, we would be enjoying this crossing. The crew has to work hard, but when we reach Frisco we'll drown it all in whiskey. Govinni is more nervous today than ever before—he complains of disturbing dreams and last night he tossed in his sleep. My bunk is right over his.

Oct. 3—Wind is still good and we sighted an outgoing steamer at 8 bells this morning. Govinni talked and muttered in his sleep last night, keeping me awake for several hours. He has developed a nasty temper and did not speak to me at mess this morning. I must tell of a peculiar thing we saw today. It was horrible and I don't think I shall sleep well tonight. It happened this afternoon when most of the crew lay sprawled about the forecastle. Dan Maynard, an old Irishman was spinning a yarn; Govinni and I lay close to the rail, listening half-heartedly to his tale. Alonzo was still silent and moody and I doubt if he cared much for the story. Suddenly one of the men who faced the seaward side muttered a muffled oath and made to scramble to his feet. He was staring straight at the edge of the ship. We followed his eyes to the port rail and there saw the impossible sight. I think every man was so rooted to the deck with terror that no one moved or even spoke. Only the crash of the waves and the howling wind could be heard. Over the port rail the shape of a man was slowly crawling. His hair was long and slimy; his face—I can's describe it. The eyes bulged horribly. With sure movements he lifted his terribly white hands and grasped the middle rail. His lower body was out of sight below the ship's edge. Those salt-filled, glassy eyes were staring straight at Govinni. Then I perceived that where his form crossed the rail I could see right through the body. His whole shape was ghostily formed, and even the sea was visible beyond his emancipated body. My God! I can hardly descriibe this next thing—this crowning evil from the blue deeps; but his throat had been slit from ear to ear, the hole gaping hideously at us. And in his right hand was a long, opened, old fashioned razor. It was then, I think, that Govinni screamed.

Immediately the shape melted over the rail and disappeared completely. Alonzo lay on his back clutching wildly at his throat, babbling incoherently. The crew still sat about dumbfounded, each looking at the other as if to verify their own suspicions. But every one saw it; that much we made sure of. Govinni came around some time later and seemed none the worse for his odd actions. Several men rushed to the spot where the phantom had ben seen, but no sign remained of the ghastly thing. The men were all deeply affected by the scene, and there has been much mumbling and whispring among the crew since then. The captain remains silent, for he knows the ways of seamen. I dread going to bed tonight; I can't forget how those eyes looked at Govinni and how he screamed. I wish to God we were in Frisco!

Oct. 4—Still going strong for port. No sleep last night because of Govinni's mumbling. He said many hideous things in his slumbers, but I can't remember any of them. The sea is rougher today and we had to take in some sail. But the culmination of that scene came this morning. I hesitate to tell of the exact facts, for it is all too mysterious and terrible for a mere sailor to figure out. This morning at mess, we all noticed that something was wrong with Govinni's neck. A red, livid mark ran under his throat, reaching from ear to ear. He barely ate anything, and many others of the crew didn't either. Soon after breakfast we saw Alonzo go down in his cabin, but no one said a word. We merely exchanged meaning glances between us. We were hard at work mending sail an hour later, when we heard a frightful, blood-curdling scream from Govinni's cabin. Rushing down the passage as quickly as possible, we pounded frantically on his door. No answer, so we broke it in. I was fairly burning up with dread and fear and I even hesitated to enter the room after the way had been cleared. But Dan Maynard rushed in and we all followed. Our worst suspicions were true. Govinni lay sprawled on his bunk, throat slashed wide open and his life's blood already spent. We carried his body up the hatchway and this afternoon gave him a decent sea burial. It was a very solemn occasion, for we hated to see Govinni go down to Davy Jones' Locker. Did I mention that some sharks have been close by the ship since yesterday? But here is the peculiar thing. Everyone expected to find a knife in the room where Govinni met his death; but we searched high and low **and never did find an instrument sharp enough to cut flesh!** There wasn't even a pocket knife in his clothes. I have moved my sleeping quarters to another room. It is one of those mysteries of the sea, I guess, locked for ever in Govinni's soul.

Oct. 6—We reached the Golden Gate safely, but the captain didn't let us go ashore right away. When he reported Govinni's death to the authorities, he came back to **The Spray** with a strange story. And Captain Winters never told a lie in his life. He said the officials had heard of Govinni before— his father being an escaped convict from Italy who had suffered the death penalty many years before. And the charge brought against Alonzo's father was for murdering a neighbor—he had done the act in some quarrel over a dark-haired sweetheart, whom he later married. He had killed the man by severing the jugular with a razor, cutting his throat completely open. My God, for a drink of whiskey!

Bittersweet

By Albert Chapin

Nirvana rules that sorrow be divine
In spirit weld where pain with joy
is wrought
To form a golden chain of strange design
That links our sweetest songs with
saddest thought.

The Significance of Education

By JOHN A. DAMGAARD, JR.

WE ARE exceedingly close to the threshold of a new world, a world subject to radical changes, the outcome of which no one can accurately predict. Never before has there been so much misunderstanding, tension and economic chaos. The greatest diplomats can come to no mutual agreement regarding the future peace of the world. In the Orient there is constant friction between China and Japan. Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations and her recent abandonment of the Seven Power Naval Treaty, are diplomatic gestures which have caused international controversy. In Europe uneasiness has been created by the social unrest, the persecution and oppression under the Hitler regime which in turn may affect various other European nations. Italy is menacing the peace of the world as well as that of Ethiopia. Even in our own country there is a degenerate wave of crime which indicates that our moral and social standards have suffered severely. Social and economic conditions exist which make us fearful for the future. Uncertainty everywhere!

At this point of our morbid picture which is merely a sketch of the strife and struggle now rampant in the world, we are tempted to ask the question: "What part does education play in this changing world?" As we rapidly scan the past and note the startling advancement of recent years, we dare assert that in education rests the salvation of the world. In fact man is being educated to education. The thirst for learning has become so great that many of our prominent educators are continually promoting improvements in the educational systems to keep pace with the demands of the day.

Junior colleges, technical schools, industrial institutions, agricultural courses, stand as sign-posts of the times.

Not many years ago thousands of children living in the rural districts were unable to attend high schools simply because of a lack of transportation. However, the keen insight and intiative of our educational executives have made it possible for them to enjoy the same privileges as those of the village and city bred.

Moreover, an educational bill recently signed by the Governor of New York State, demands that a student in that state must be at least sixteen years of age before he ceases to attend school.

Furthermore, requirements for teaching demand at least a college preparation to deal with the problems of youth and the community. Many states insist that the teachers receive special

training in child psychology in order that they may more fully understand the people with whom they deal.

The summer months have constituted a problem for most parents and most cities, for the city streets and idleness often breed crime. Fortunately, this problem has been solved in some localities by the establishment of year-round schools. During the summer months the children spend their time profitably occupied in the classrooms and on the playground. This system enables a pupil to gain one school year every third. Of course, this plan is not intended to produce a doctor or a lawyer a year ahead of time, but it is a great asset to the community in that it provides healthful recreation for the growing boy and girl. These are but a few of the developments of which we must be conscious.

Many people are still of the impression that an education today is no more essential than it was twenty years ago. This, however, is the sour opinion of a few short-sighted individuals who refuse to put on their spectacles to see the true world about them. Statistics reveal the fact that from the discovery of America until the World War less than one million persons were graduated from our colleges, but that today over one hundred thousand are graduated annually. These figures indicate that competition in the field of higher education is becoming decidedly acute. Twenty years ago a boy could come out of grammar school and work his way to the top of the ladder. Today, however, that person cannot even find the opportunity to show his ability for the number of trained young men and women reveal greater promise.

As we attempt to focus our attention on these two disjointed sections of our picture, we ask ourselves: "In what then lies our task for the future?"

We immediately see that an education teaches people how to think so that they may be prepared to cope with the various problems which are constantly arising.

But an education should mean more to us than the mere storing up of knowledge. It should awaken in us a desire to serve mankind and to enlighten life. When a man discovers this truth, he has a burning desire to become an important factor in the progress of the world. He will set a definite aim in life and strive to attain a worthwhile goal and thus become useful to himself as well as to others.

A man may be physically and mentally perfect, but if he has a moral or spiritual weakness, he has not completed his development. Visit the numerous penitentiaries and you will find in many cases men of high intelligence who have become criminals, simply because of a moral defect in their characters.

We must aim then at the complete education—physical, mental and moral; for such an education enables a man to discover his abilities, develop his natural tastes, acquire an appreciation for the best that there is in life, and to concentrate his efforts in developing and in bettering society.

The Dusk of the Gods

By Albert Chapin

A spirit furls Euterpe's curtained space
While evening skies are shedding gentle dews
On fairy scenes of forms with Naiad grace,
This plaintive hour is sacred to the muse;
Then every life-pulse vibrates to her voice
Yet from her native source in mazes, bright
In virgin loveliness of nature's choice,
The current fully flows in calm delight.

An echo comes from an exultant earth
And, flown and guided by divine control
From holy ground where music has its birth,
Wakes every chord to thrill and gladden soul . . .
Fair leonids of harmony which span
The infinite, are buried deep in man.

An Amateur of 1872

By Arthur Seitz

"Backward, turn backward
Oh Time, in your flight;
Make me a boy again,
Just for tonight!"

It does not seem possible that 64 years have elapsed since, I, a boy of nearly 17, became part owner in the amateur paper called **The Busy Body.** My schoolmate, Max Kurth, had started the publication a month before and I was deeply impressed with the idea of becoming an Editor in that wonderful sheet.

Those were the days of the Eastern Amateur Press Association and the New York Amateur Press Association which I joined. We had many shining lights in the ranks at that period. Richard Gerner, my boyhood friend, was turning out a lot of stories; Charles C. Heuman, running **The Favorite;** Will Terhune, Will Downes, Charles Vaux, the Hillyer boys, Bart Bonsall, C. A. Ryder, and a host of other fine boys. I have a full set of **American Youth,** published in 1873 at the Vienna Exposition under the auspices of the New York Amateur Press Association. I prize the set very highly and love to read them. Will Miller, I. Jaroslawski, Will Downes and W. N. Stewart were the editors. It would take many pages to record the doings of those golden days.

It may please you to know how we boys lived, moved and had our being in those wonderful days of so long ago. My home-town, Hoboken, was a beautiful suburb of New York City. It was called the sleeping place of prominent New York business men. Handsome residences dotted River Terrace and Hudson Street, and its proximity to New York City made it a very desirable place of residence.

The boys of today complain to me about the long hours of work and how hard it is to succeed and I laugh at them. At 17, I was in the employ of Messrs. Salter and Livermore on South Street, near Peck Slip, in New York City. Our home in Hoboken was one mile from the ferry to New York City. No cars ran in our direction, so I walked to the ferry in which I crossed to the City. Then a walk of a mile to Nassau and Pine Streets to the Post-Office for the mail; then another mile to South Street and Peck Slip. Three miles in all, and I had to be at the office and open the safe at 7 a. m. sharp. We worked until 6 p. m. and then reversed the walk home, reaching there at 7 p. m. And all for the large salary of $6.00 per week! We earned it!

The firm had a line of Clipper Ships sailing to China—in the tea trade. I shall never forget the wonderful sight of the fine Clippers along the water-front with their bowsprits reaching nearly across South Street! I have often wished to write about these wonderful Clipper Ships, for I loved them, and at 17, could name the various spars and yards very well. Those mighty Ships: "Glory of the Seas," "Celestial Empire," "Sea Serpent," "Nightingale," "Gentoo," "Simla," 'Mary Whittredge" and many others, outfitted from our concern.

I have always admired ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, who was born and brought up in the neighborhood of Peck Slip, at that time one of the toughest parts of New York City. Surely an outstanding figure and example. Although a stand pat Republican all my long life, I take off my hat to Alfred E. Smith!

If space permitted, I could write a long story of the wonderful days of 1872. No cars ran on Broadway, but instead, the old "Busses," or stages, as they were called, drawn by horses. It was the pride of the boys to climb up alongside the driver and beg to be allowed to handle the reins which was always granted. How many will remember the Bridge across Broadway at Fulton Street? I crossed it often and I remember one day an acress, playing "Mazeppa" at the Bowery Theatre, rode a fiine black stallion up the flight of stairs to the platform and waved her hand in answer to the cheers of the admiring crowds.

Happy days of "auld lang syne!"

We boys of Hoboken were very fortunate. We worked hard, but played hard also. Fishing and boating were favorite pastimes. We collected postage stamps, played chess, and pitched quoits as you do today. The winter was always gay with "surprise parties," sociables and sleighing parties. It was not only a great pleasure but hard work for many of us to successfully carry on. It took all our spare money and we denied ourselves many pleasures for the sake of our amateur papers. But we all felt that we were amply repaid. We old boys live largely in the past and dream of the days of 1872, so dear to us still.

My main reason in writing this article, is to tell the amateurs of today not to get discouraged. The trouble, to my way of thinking, is that we, of the golden age of youth, were willing to work hard under adverse circumstances, and became hardened to rebuffs and would never accept defeat. The youth of today have few of these conditions to meet, so have not the same incentive to meet adverse conditions. The many notable inventions of recent years convince me that, with the proper incentive, the young man of today has just as good a chance as we had. In amateur publications, look at **The Californian** of today! I hope you agree with me.

If We Had Known

By John C. Nicholls

'Tis best, of course, we should not know
The day, the hour, or just the year,
When some wide door shall swing ajar,
And the destroyer shall appear.

For he will beckon, and some friend
Will quickly rise and follow through,
And there will be but memory
Of dear delights that we once knew.

If we had known a year ago
That Death had marked him for his own,
Would we have dealt more gently then—
If we had known, if we had known?

Some things that happened through the year—
Some things we did, some things we said—
Would they have happened, do you think,
If we had known that he'd be dead?

We thought of him, as he of us,
As one who struggled in the race
For something better, day by day,
Than just the merely commonplace.

The usual cares were doubtless his,
But, maybe, scarcely ever shown;
We might have eased them, just a bit,
If we had known, if we had known.

All things for him are ended now.
The petty jealousies of men
That once enlisted his concern
Provoke no word from tongue or pen.

We may have loved him for some traits
That were peculiarly his own;
We might have loved him, though, the more,
If we had known, if we had known.

My Old Ohio Home

By Howard Thomas Mitchell

Dedicated to my beloved father
Arias David Mitchell
and to my darling mother
Martha Jane Mitchell
of Marion, Ohio
Christmas, 1935

My old Ohio Home lies three thousand, long miles away
Although I am past forty now, I fondly yearn there to be to-day;
Days may come and years will surely, so quickly go
No matter where 'ere we roam,there's no heart-pull like home.
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter too swiftly they roll by
"Come home" to father and to mother, is their constant, pleading cry;
The stock to help father feed, from the mow the hay to throw down
And on Sunday with mother at the M. E. church, in old Marion town.

When I was but a little boy, my father lead the time-worn path
From house to barn and to the well, our blistering thirsts to quaff;
Then corn in the fields to plant, and in the garden "spuds" to hoe
Soon the grain is ripe, harvested, and again more fields to sow.
No life like the farmer's life, so busy as you must know
Early to rise, work, sweat and toil, helps me a man to grow;
Now to man's estate we rise, then off for the city to hear it's call
Flying traffic, myriad noises cry, between rows of buildings tall.

There are those who will smile, nod and say, "Yes"
While there is money, good eats, feathers and fine dress;
But loved-ones who aid, comfort and forever assist
Are one's real friends, helpers, and faces we miss.
Ever, it's you good people, who make life worthwhile
Remove wrinkles, cares, and turn despair into smiles;
Here, together we merrily sit, with souls so musically tuned
Re-united, happy, spirits high, and all troubles far removed.

Life is a mystery, a problem, and a process of growth
Trials, sorrows, pleasures, but "old-folks" mean the most;
Those who lift, when you're down-trodden and sad
Here are the people, Oh! bless them, they make us glad.
We—Edna, Howard, Theron, David, and friendship of all
When we are burdened, and lonely, you'll ne'er let us fall;
With you in our presence, to help lighten the load
We are ready, willing and anxious to stay on life's road.

Now, father through years of toil, and sacrifices great
Slightly bald of head, weary, his unsteady step hath made;

Then, by the radio in the easy chair, our dear old mother sits
To hear the march of time, hands numb, as she hourly knits.
Souls lonely as the tomb, yearning of sunny days of yore
Grips one's heart, mind and body as they must older grow;
But the boundless spirit flames, God's eternal gift to man
Father and mother, all, we are bound by this endless band.

Yes, I am in the old Ohio home this snowy, cold Christmas day
Feeling your caresses, as when a young boy, his roving steps to stay;
With apples in the bin, pop-corn in the pan, and frost on the sod
To the hills and vales of old Ohio, the prodigal now doth trod.
So here we are, the long family table, merrily gather 'round
Counting our blessings, old times reminisencing, do our voices gaily sound;
And at even time, on dark nights so cold, by the bed we do kneel
Covers pulled up, eyes now closed, and from the world we steal.

Now, on this Christmas day, a station on life's steady way
Sleigh-bells, reindeers, Santa tucked in annual sleigh;
With New Year Nineteen Thirty-Six just 'round the next corner
Bring new resolutions, best conduct, and highest good honor.
And as we meet on the level, and part on the square
The past is beyond us, the future together we'll bear;
So, as all good things, must ever end as they start
We now bow adieu, "God bless you," and be of good heart.

Biographical

The writer has parents, who have lived their Biblical alloted time, and who reside at the old home, consisting of a square mile of land just outside the city limits of Marion, Ohio. They are in poor health and lonely and I am their only son. I have not been back to Ohio to visit them for six years. In their letters to me they have plead with me to come home for Christmas, and although I tried diligently to so arrange my plans, I failed. The thought came to me, why cannot I go home for Christmas in a poem? So while I was sitting on the 20th floor of the Los Angeles City Hall waiting for my case to be called in the Law and Motion Court, and while other attorneys were arguing their cases to the court, I began to write this poem.

Plot

In the first verse we have the call back home at Christmas time, the time for the customary family reunion. In the second verse I trace my boyhood on the farm to manhood and then off to the city. In the third verse we have the contrast of life with that at home, as we all sit around the old home. In the fourth verse my parents reply to the children gathered there. I have a sister Edna, who married Theron Lewis Huntsman, who have a son, David. In the fifth we have the old parents, aged and lonely with the passing years, but bound by that undying love we all know so well. In the sixth verse I am in the old Ohio home, all gathered at the Chrismas table, recounting experiences of life, and then go to bed in the old home on Christmas night. In the final verse we exchange greetings for the New Year with the old folks, take courage for the future, bid God's farewell, and I am back in California.

The Storm

By HYMAN BRADOFSKY

SAILOR JEDD shuddered as he added another log to the fire. Even the cheer of the weather-beaten little cabin seemed lessened as one blast of wind after another shook the house, while from below, came the noise of the breakers as they beat on the rocks.

"I've been out on a good many rough nights, Mother," said the old man to the sweet-faced woman opposite him, "an' I didn't know as I was ever afraid on any sea. But in all the time I sailed I never saw one like this. Even my old ship couldn't stand such weather. I don't know but as I'm glad—." He stopped abruptly as he noted the far-away expression on his wife's face.

"Mother," he said, "you ain't listenin' to me. What you thinkin' about, Mother, not—"

"Oh, nothing, Father," the woman answered, rousing herself and trying to speak naturally, "I wasn't thinkin' of anything special. I'm awful glad you're in by the fire Father, an' not out there tonight." Dissatisfied, the man gazed at her restlessly.

"But you are thinkin' 'bout something," he finally said. "Mother, I believe you're thinkin' 'bout—"

"Yes!" The woman turned quickly. "Yes, if you're bound to know, I was a-thinkin' 'bout Jim. I'm wonderin' where he is. I'm wonderin' if he has a good place to stay. I'm wonderin' if he's out in this weather an'," she hesitated, "an' if he is, I'm blamin' you for it." As though from a blow the man shrank back into his chair, but his wife went on unheeding.

"For ten years, Father, I've been a-blamin' you in my heart, though I never reproached you since you sent my boy away. All this time I've kept still. But now it don't seem as if I could stand it any longer!" She shivered as the wind struck the house. "Maybe he's out in the storm. Maybe he wants me. An' I—" Her voice broke, and burying her face in her hands she cried out passionately. "I want my boy! I want Jim to come home!"

The man was silent, but he flinched suddenly as he thought of the bitter words, "An I'm blamin' you for it." That hurt worst of all, for he was to blame. And yet perhaps if she only know—. But no! and his old face grew set at the thought. He couldn't say after all this time that he was sorry, he, who had never gone back on his word!

The moments dragged slowly on. In the man's mind a struggle was going on. His hands were clinched. His face was tense. A battle was raging between love and pride, and the fight was a hard one.

He longed to comfort the woman whose boy he had driven away but he had said that he never wanted him to come back, and he never broke his word. A miserable pride held him back. The fire was dying and the room becoming chill, before he conquered, and with all the unyielding stubborness gone from his face, he bent toward his wife who still sat with her face hidden in her hands.

"Mother," he said brokenly, "Tell me, do you hate me?" Startled the woman looked up, quick denial on her lips. But the man was going on.

"Because," he was saying, "you ought to. I've been a stubborn, stiff-necked fool who wouldn't think o' anybody but himself. I see it all now, an' I'm sorry. I've been sorry for a long time, Mother, but I wouldn't say so. I was too proud. But I ought to have thought of you. I ought to have thought what it's meant to you all these years. Maybe if I'd a' looked at the boy's side a little—. But I was too blind. I've been blind and pig-headed. I was crazy mad. I didn't take no stock in his high notions 'bout schoolin' and doctorin'. I wanted my boy to be a man and to do a man's work —to be a big, strong man to be proud of, and not a dandy. I thought that if the sea had been good enough for his father before him, it ought to have been good enough for him. Oh, Mother, you don't know how I've been sorry—how I've gone over that day when I drove my boy out an' told him I didn't ever want to see him again. I've gone over it a hundred times! I was sorry the day after, an' I've been ever since, only I wouldn't own up. Mother," he spoke pleadingly, "Tell me you don't hate me. Say you ain't blamin' me. God helpin' me I'll find him for you!"

Suddenly above the noise of the storm sounded the signal of a ship in distress. In an instant the man was the trained seaman. Quickly he seized his rubber coat and hat and started toward the door.

"No, Mother," when she would have kept him, "Don't try to keep me. I've got to help the boys. They'll need me. Maybe lives are in danger."

The tense silence among the watchers on the shore gave way to cheers. The boat, which had fought its way in the face of death to the help of the vessel tearing itself to pieces on the rocks, was coming back. No one but they had felt that it was but challenging death to venture on such a sea; no one but had dreaded lest each wave would sweep over, and capsize the little craft as it struggled toward the sinking ship. Not even the presence of Sailor Jedd at the head of the crew gave the onlookers confidence. This was a night when people could place confidence in nothing that was mortal. But now the men were safe again.

Amid the cheers of his people, Sailor Jedd carried a limp form into the light. "We only got one, but we've saved somebody's laddie," he said gruffly. Eager to do homage to their hero, the people crowded around but Sailor Jedd did not heed them, for looking into the face of the boy, he beheld his son.

Monition

By Ida Costello Beverage

Wild geese,
Sad autumn days,
And one clear call is heard,
To tell me King Winter is on
His way.

UNREST

Nomad?
Yes. I could not
Ever be contented
To let myself again become
Rooted.

ALCHEMY

Some words
You once let pass
Your lips, and then forgot;
That instant, and forever, changed
My life.

Reflections on a Restoration Comedy

By WILLIAM R. MURPHY *

A FULL-LENGTH presentation of **The Way of the World** in Philadelphia this season, furnished opportunity for unique and diverting entertainment, as well as held a mirror up to the so-called Restoration drama. The reflections therefrom affording contrast and comparison between the morals and manners of our day and the times of the Stuarts—Charles and James especially, whose influence continued into the Georgian period.

The revival proved a successful endeavor to give an effective and atmospheric production, suggesting the gay, worldly and artificial comedy of manners of the general period of Charles II. It gave an apt and colorful recollection of the social airs of the Merry Monarch's court and the amorous intrigue, the epigrammatic wit and the highly polished, morally fragile and excessively polite manners of contemporary Stuart society.

An achieved attempt was made to give a veracious reproduction of the libertine and licentious era of the merriest and maddest of the house of Stuart, whose personal example influenced so markedly the society of his and his successors' reigns; hence, there was little impairment of the playwright's text, either in dialogue or situation, which reflect accurately, by way of high comedy, the modes, moods and manners of a definite period of English history which even the austere William and Mary could not cancel. A Bowderlized text would quite miss the characteristic point of that literarily distinguished and morally notorious body of drama known to scholars as Restoration Comedy.

The liberties of the Restoration period were far from akin to the post-war New Freedom of today, proceeding from an essential and typical licentiousness of a decadent high society rather than, as currently, from an intelligent desire and wholesome urge to cast off the burdensome surplusage of passe and no longer useful or valid conventionalities and outmoded habits of mind and conduct.

Witnessing **The Way of the World**, one must do so by projecting oneself into the period, featuring affectation, artificiality, cynicism, genteel intrigue and malicious wit, and not view this notable creation of more than two centuries ago in the light of contemporary codes. Charles Lamb maintained that the life represented in Restoration comedy is an imaginary life, with which morality has nothing to do. This theory of Elia is the viewpoint of a partisan and apologist, difficult to sustain in connection with the verbal and other excesses in the

*See Who's Who In America.

works of Congreve's compeer playwrights, Etherage and Wycherly, and to some extent Congreve himself. The combined theatre of their day as evidenced in their plays, present what is doubtless a true picture and psychology of their era, but it is not of this day. The body of their works not only had a vast contemporary popularity, but the influence of the comedy of manners percolated down through the history of the English drama and the stage and is felt to the very present. And it led directly to Jeremy Collier's famous crusade against the theatre, precipitated by his "Short View of the Immorality and Prophaneness of the English Stage" (1698) which gave a puritanic catharsis to the theatre, though much was lost in vivacity, liberality, skilled construction, wit and humor, that was not regained for generations

Of the Restoration drama, Macaulay said it has "foreheads of stone, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell." It was often brutal and repellent. But Voltaire points out that these qualities are not typical of Congreve, who in **The Way of the World** is arrantly and lightheartedly gay, polishedly and artificially polite, ironically depictive of vice, but not in such wise as to appeal for sympathy for it, and scintillating in brilliant handling of words, rich in fancy, highly intellectual, and full of the characteristic wit of his period.

In **The Way of the World** he has produced what Allardyce Nicoll calls "the most perfect example in English of a certain type of comic endeavor" for the stage. It never descends to moral turpitude, does not sentimentalize over illicit doings, and does not ask for sympathy for intrigue or vice. It exhibits its times searchingly and authentically.

William Congreve (1670-1729) raised and highly educated in Ireland, was a favorite of the socially and politically great of the restored Stuart period. Of his four plays, **The Way of the World** is generally estimated the choicest example of the Restoration drama. It held the boards for many decades, and is even today the subject of revival for the broad and colorful canvas on which it pictures its time and its people.

Sounds I Love

By Isabel Vajda

I love to hear the wind rustling in the leaves of a tree. At night when I lie in my bed, it is the most peaceful sound in the world. There are profound secrets; there are pleasant little cliques of leaves. And, above all, there is the continual lullaby of the leaves.

Have you ever noticed the fog horn at night? It's such a triumphant sound. It shouts its defiance at the waves beating their angry song at the world. It is so alone, and proud. I would hate to think of its ever being conquered. At times its bleakness pulls at my heart, and I feel inexplicably sad and happy. Sad, because it is so alone and proud. It is hated for its sound, it is battling continually, to maintain its own. Can you imagine going through life unloved and alone? It is such a dreadful feeling. Happy, because I have warmth, security, and comfort. I have love and good friends. Some people think it an ugly sound, but I love it for its very ugliness.

To me one of the most beautiful words in the English language is rain. It patters, sometimes daintily, sometimes harshly, on the sidewalk, against the house, and on the tree trunk. It beats against my window and alternately begs and demands entrance. Don't, oh don't try to come in! Stay out and you will be forever beautiful! You seem to love to drench the poor dry-clothes-loving people. You get a sort of fiendish glee at seeing them run helter skelter for cover!

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman." The possessor is a little old woman, who sits in a huge comfortable chair at a win-

dow. She is so tiny and helpless, for she is a cripple. Her voice is of singular richness of tone. And when she laughs, a delightful prickle runs up and down one's spine. She laughs as though she loves life and wants to get the most of everything from it. When one comes into her presence there is a faint smell of lavender, a huge chair, and a tiny face full of kindness and intelligence. There is a resonance in her voice, soothing and calm.

Every inflection of her voice is dear to me, for she hasn't a long time to live —eight months at the most. Please, God, let them be happy ones!

Moon Madness

By Marion Schollmeyer

"Henry!" I stopped in awe as I uttered his name under my breath. He stopped walking with a start, looked at me with surprise, his brown eyes flashing the question in his mind.

"Look!" I said, pointing upward to the sky. His dark curly topped head turned and followed my gaze.

There behind a snowy bank of clouds the moon was slowly unfolding itself. Its brightness, like that of a huge electric blub, almost blinded us. Icy blues, murky grays, and snowy whites presented a panorama of color.

I could smell the frost of a winter's eve and feel the tingle of the nipping wind of late autumn on my cheeks, although I had on the coolest of my cool white frocks while Henry wore flannels and a shirt open at the throat.

I stood entranced. He nudged my elbow and said, "Aw nerts, c'mon, c'mon!"

I turned on him, green eyes flashing reproach.

"You don't appreciate anything beautiful, do you?" I cried. "You've spoiled it now." Turning my face upward again I let a sigh escape. The moon was obscured by a black cloud—all was dark.

THE GOLDEN CROSS

By ALBERT CHAPIN

WELL! RASTUS, what can I do for you," said Lawrence Copeland as his coachman stood before him bowing and grinning and showing two rows of glistening white teeth. "Ah ain't so fussy but mah fren Mandy Johnsing's gonna have a pahty—an'—an'—." "So you want the day off? Go ahead! I guess we can spare you for a day."

This conversation took place in the playground of multi-millionaires, in Lenox, Mass., in the heart of the Berkshires, where, atop a hill was the site of beautiful Copeland Villa whose velvety lawns gradually sloped to the banks of the Housatonic.

When Rastus had left for his day with Mandy, Lawrence sauntered into the mansion, having a keen appetite whetted by an early morning hike through the surrounding terrain. "How come?" he said, "Are you cook and bottle washer," as he gestured toward the breakfast table that Sybil, his wife, was preparing and to his great astonishment. "Oh, it's nothing, the cook had planned to be off today so rather than disappoint them I let them all go as they requested, one after another. I can do it myself and hope you will be able to eat it," said Sybil. "All the maids gone too?" he asked. "Gee, Rastus just asked for the day too, it looks suspicious but the breakfast looks good and will have to be some tough to be worse than the chow I used to get at the cadets barracks down at West Point," he said.

"Well, we can eat and converse without listeners now. How are the muffins? I know they are terrible, you wouldn't say a word if they gave you indigestion." "Very good, I can eat anthing this morning." "So you call my cooking 'anything'" and she gave him a playful slap.

Content with the simple rural poverty of his own gospel, a doctrine perhaps transcending all that was ever written, Lawrence sought only the tranquility of his domestic life with his wife, Sybil, and their little daughter Evelyn. Suspended from a small chain around Sybil's neck was a beautiful golden cross where Lawrence had placed it just five years before. "Let me tell you about this cross," he said, "it has a long, long history, a family heirloom, as well as a great miracle worker. Back in the dark ages it passed through holy hands, the hands of a cleric. It is an emblem of the 'Order of the Savior,' the very highest order the Greek government can confer. This religious man was honored by the Greeks for some outstanding act he performed, and before his eyes closed in death, it was given to another whom he bade keep and cherish it and the stories of its miracles were told again and again, finally passing down to the hands of my Father with the legend that to keep it with love and reverence meant contentment and happiness. I am not superstitious but this little trinket has got me." This was the story Lawrence told her when he placed it about her neck on their wedding day. They were soon seated at breakfast. "Oh, I feel so good today—it seems so good for us to be alone and I really enjoy doing the work myself for a change." Then she stopped abruptly resting her head in her hand in seeming distress. Lawrence looked at her in astonishment but waited for her to finish. "You are wondering what happened," she said sheepishly. "I —I broke my chain today and—and lost my cross. Do you think that is a bad omen," she asked. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Lawrence, trying to hide his emotions, but was, in reality, somewhat disturbed, so many were the tales connected with this priceless trinket. "Do you think anything will come of it," asked Sybil. "Let us not worry any more. It has gone and accidents will happen," said Lawrence. "It is only valuable to those concerned, a reward to some man for a great service, still it is a treasured heirloom to be sure, but let us not worry." "Valuable?" said Sybil. "It is of the finest gold with all that beautiful lacy scroll work woven into the crown atop the cross, a marvel of the goldsmith's art; besides there is a sentimental reason, or is it superstition?" Both were secretly worried however, and trying to hide their emotions, but were soon chatting as if nothing had happened. Their conversation drifting back to the days when they met, and of Fayette Thompson, her only enemy, if indeed, she had one. Lawrence knew Thompson had been a rival seeking the hand of Sybil but aside from any feelings against him on that account, he knew him also as a treacherous fellow and a scoundrel. Surely Sybil escaped a life of misery when she refused to continue their meetings, he thought.

Instead of taking his medicine like a man he continued his pestering and annoyance at every opportunity. He had even threatened her with harm if she did not reconsider her decision.

She tripped lightly to the piano and as her voice rang out on the still morning air there came to Lawrence Copeland memories of the past. She was singing his favorite hymn, the hymn he had heard from the same silvery throat long before, when from the choir

loft in that great edifice, her voice pealed forth. He did not know her then and least of all, dreamed of her as his wife. Sybil knew he was charmed and tried to refresh those happy memories of long ago and sang with all the sweetness her soul could produce. "Do you remember that, Lawrence?" she asked. "Yes, that reminds me of when we were strangers," he replied. "Is it not strange how things turn out, you never can tell what is going to happen." He loved her with an ever increasing devotion, almost madly. They were both in the dew of their youth with a long and fruitful life before them.

A few months later, on a cool October day, there came a message apparently from Sybil's home, "Come at once, I am ill; Mother." Strange she should send a message under her own signature if ill, thought Sybil, but I will go. It was finally decided she should leave at nine o'clock, and if nothing serious she was to return at dark, for the journey was but a few miles. Lawrence and baby Evelyn saw her off and watched the train as it rounded a mountain curve. There was a flutter of a handkerchief in a farewell, which, perhaps might be the last.

Could he have known the future at that moment and the long life of sorrow he was to endure, he might have wished himself unborn.

Sybil's train rolled into the station on schedule. She alighted and started up the lonely wooded road to her mother's home. What a desolate spot, how often have I, as a child, shuddered while going through these very places, a perfect setting for a kidnapping or anything evil. Suddenly the shrubbery of the roadside parted, out sprang a man, Sybil recognized him at a glance, Fayette Thompson, a tall, lean and hungry looking individual, dark hair, narrow shoulders, hat drawn low over a receding forehead, with treacherous black eyes and a perpetual sneer where a smile belonged. "What does this mean? Let me go," she cried. "What have you sprung out at me in this manner with the hiss of a reptile?" "I am the author of the message that brought you here. Now listen! Not a word out of you, if you make any fuss or a sound I am prepared for the worst, so if you value your life, come along and do as I say." "Oh, I knew it—I knew it—I knew something would happen when I lost my cross," she cried. "What cross? What are you talking about? Come along, not a word from you, I'll show you what it means to have a heavy heart. I have had mine and if you make any fuss, remember that I am armed and mean business." He dragged her to a ramshackle old wagon he had concealed nearby but before they had reached it Sybil had become unconscious from fright. He raised her from the green grass where she had fallen and placed her none too gently in the old conveyance and drove for miles over a rough country road.

Sybil remained in a coma for hours but finally regained consciousness just as her kidnapper was about at the end of his journey. All was strange to her, she saw nothing familiar in the landscape and had not the faintest idea as to where she was. Suddenly the scoundrel stopped; strong cords were around her hands and feet, he carried her bodily up a long path leading to a building having the outward appearance of a deserted old mansion.

Entering a rear door he passed down a long, narrow stairway with his burden still in his arms, opened a door at the end of the passage and placed her on a couch and left the room. He had no sooner departed than she heard the following conversation just outside her door. "I have brought the girl I told you about, she is not bad tonight but has been raving all day. I really should have had help in getting her here, she needs watching as she has that form of insanity which might be dangerous to you or to herself. You cannot trust these kind of people you know." "Yes, Mr. Thompson, I understand. You remember you told me all about her case when you engaged my services. I expect you to fulfill your agreement with the first payment you promised me today and shall expect you to make prompt payagreed upon." Then the door suddenly opened. Thompson and the woman stood before her. She was like one in a dream; only yesterday she was the happy wife and mother and today, in the hands of a kidnapper, and worse, she was in a mad-house.

She could see the futility of trying to escape through barred windows and a Matron constantly watching her movements. Orders were given her to obey or take the consequences. All she could do was to be submissive and await developments. Weeping and moaning continually—restless nights in which she called the names of Lawrence and Evelyn only brought a more strict curtailment of her privileges. How often had she told the matron the story from beginning to end and begged the privilege of sending out letters to prove her identity, told her it was a kidnapping by a former admirer who was insanely jealous of her husband and took this means to punish her, only to be met with a rebuff from the matron to the effect that, "That's what they all say, my dear, you are, no doubt, Mrs. Napoleon." She remained in this asylum many long years and every night of her life she prayed that somebody would come to take her away. The matron was kind but stern; she listened to her story and it seemed reasonable," but," she thought," insane people are so cunning and crafty, it is taking too much of a chance to put any faith in them." However, Sybil was becoming sorely in need of clothing and comfort. Thompson had stopped his payments, the matron who had been her guard and attendant for years had reached the age when she wished to retire. One day as they were ripping an old dress apart in an effort to replenish Sybil's scanty wardrobe, they ripped open a deep hem and something fell to the floor. The matron stooped and picked it up and passed it to Sybil saying, "See what I found in the hem of that old dress, Oh, is it not beautiful?" Sybil looked and shrieked loudly as she took it and pressed it to her lips, a strange look coming over her face,—she saw a breakfast table, a piano, flowers, birds and sunshine; she saw Lawrence Copeland and little Evelyn, then her eyes closed and she fell to the floor. When she regained consciousness she was lying on the couch, the matron standing over her smoothing her brow with that kindly understanding that only a woman has and the cross was still clutched tightly in her hand, determined even in unconsiousness, never to part with it again. The matron was told the significance of this emblem and understood now better than ever what it meant to Sybil.

A few weeks later, the matron having given serious thought to the story Sybil had so often told her, pulled up a chair by the window and sat watching her inquisitively. "Of what are you thinking, my dear?" she said. "O,—the same things of which I have thought as the days passed into months and thence into years, perhaps he is dead now, perhaps both are dead—perhaps they are still searching for me." "Come here to me my child." Sybil went to her and buried her face in the matron's lap. "I have good news for you, I am going away."—"Going away?" interrupted Sybil, fearing harsher treatment from a new matron. "Yes, going away, but when I go you shall go. I have become aged and infirm from my arduous duties. Thompson has ceased paying your expenses, the doctors concur in pronouncing you sane, and too, I never liked that man Thompson, but we matrons see little that is pleasant. It is a hard life to follow. I think he has left the country since that was the trend of his last letter, and we have not been able to locate the doctor who signed your commitment papers." "Commitment papers?" said Sybil," no physician has ever passed on my sanity, if there were such papers they were forged. I tell you I was seized by this scoundrel while on the way to answer a sick call from my mother,—right in my mother's own driveway."

CHAPTER II

When Lawrence and Evelyn returned from the station that October morning they spent the greater part of the day romping, and along toward evening went to the railroad station to watch the incoming trains for Sybil but she did not return., It would take considerable space to relate all that happened, but briefly Lawrence soon discovered something was wrong and after a fruitless journey to her mother's home, found that it was a plot, that her mother had sent no message, was not ill and neither had she seen Sybil.

As Lawrence chanced to look through an opened window he noticed Rastus, the coachman, seemingly in distress. Large silvery beads occasionally trickled down the polished ebony of his face. "Rastus! What's wrong, are you sick? Go to your quarters and take it easy for a while, or shall I call the doctor?" "Ah ain't sick Mistah Copelan. Ah jes feels mawtified an' I cain't stan' dem detecatives snoopjackin' 'roun' heah, 'saltin' my character, askin' me where Ah am yestidy 'bout now. Ah don' keep no catalogue ob it, an' ah just dunno." "Don't let them worry you, Rastus, they have to interview all the servants, so stop your weeping." "Ah ain't weepin' nohow. Ah jes got so obstenturous ah puts some snuff in mah eye. Ah ain't done no moral turpentine. Ah don' mind tellin' where ah be or where ah's gonna be, but ah cain't tell where ah aint. Ah cain't consecrate mah mind on nothin'.

Huge sums of money were spent in advertising. The police were active over the entire nation, private and public detectives bent every effort to solve the mystery and reap the rewards but all were futile. Lawrence's finances were low and he had used every dollar he possessed, there was nothing more to do but to dispose of the home and put aside sufficient money for Evelyn's future.

Evelyn was left with grandma and there came a day when Lawrence bade them both farewell and decided to strike out in the world in an effort to find some clue, and at any rate, he needed a change of environment as well as to replenish his lost fortune.

But a few years had elapsed, still it seemed a life time to Lawrence Copeland. "Had I only the little cross now perhaps it might bring me luck," he thought.

Many years after, we find him sitting on the sands of Long Beach, a popular resort on the Pacific slope to which he had wandered from his eastern home, and as he listened to the breakers crash against the shore, he struck at a flying scrap of paper with his cane. Thinking it might contain something of value about Sybil, "stranger things than that have happened," he thought, and as he opened it his eyes fell on the words, "Gold Discovered in Alaska." "By jove, I'll go, I have nothing to keep me here now. If I perish it is all the same and no great loss to the world." All the ready cash he had was his last salary that he had tucked away when he resigned his position as Military Instructor in the college in Berkeley. In less than a fortnight a little party of prospectors composed of adventurous looking men, accustomed to hard knocks, were bound for the gold fields of Alaska and Lawrence Copeland was amongst them. He kept his own counsel but always seemed to be the leader in all things above board.

They landed at a small settlement on the Alaskan coast after a rough voyage, then came the trail over the great ice fields. Mountains of snow for many hundred miles between them and their coveted goal. Many wished themselves back in old California as their hearts failed when they saw no signs of life or habitation. The braver prevailed over the weak however, and we soon find them staking their claims.

Lawrence soon won the confidence and admiration of the entire group regardless of his natural quietness and reluctance to be a good mixer. A native esquimeaux pointed out a place to stake

a claim which looked good. Any place looked good to him since what he did not know about gold fields would make a volume. There was a convenient creek nearby, which of course, would be useless unless there was gold. However, as time passed Lawrence seemed to have either the best claim or he was more successful in working it, and it soon was rumored about that "Lucky Ford," a name which Lawrence had been dubbed and then adopted, was striking it rich. He was. He was soon approached by the representative of a syndicate and sold his claim for a sizeable sum. "All I want," he thought, "There are greater things in this world than gold, it is good only to serve and it shall do just that."

With his money and gold strapped to his back in a deer skin pack, he soon bade them goodbye and was on his way homeward. "A snug little fortune to help me find her," he murmured.

Passing again over the same route he had entered the wilderness, but this time alone. Nothing to cheer him and not a sound but the merciless howling of the wind. When half his journey was reached he heard the sound of a human voice and fearing that he might have been followed by somebody bent on robbery, stopped and looked about. "Gosh, this is no place for anything but gold," he thought as he puffed at his pipe. "Help" came a voice in a hoarse cry. "Lucky Ford" had a long ragged beard, flaked with patches of snow and not a man in a million would recognize the once dapper West Pointer, the master of Copeland Villa.

Deep in a crevice nearly to his arm pits his legs caught in something beneath the snow, helpless and weak from exposure was a man who strongly resembled a person "Lucky Ford" once had known. Even his beard and the lines of hardship in his face had not erased the features that were indelibly carved in Lawrence's memory,—that sneer and those shifty black eyes. He had stepped into a treacherous crevice while attempting to negotiate a mountain pass and had been trapped—helpless and alone, at the mercy of wild beasts and the elements. In a holster, slung beneath his left shoulder, was a business looking "thirty-eight," and his pack lay in the snow by his side. Instead of coming to his rescue and releasing him, he toyed with him putting all his detective ability at work and took a chance at bluff to see what he could develop. "So, it is you, eh? At last I have found you and you are at my mercy. Fate has brought us together after all these years where there is no witness but God above and the snows beneath." His powerful frame silhouetted against the white snow, his fists clenched and his breast heaving with emotion "Lucky Ford" stood like a tiger about to charge at his helpless victim. Then the man exclaimed, "Who are you and what is this all about? Are you not known as one "Lucky Ford" in the camp back there? Well then, I know nothing about you or anybody connected with you, Sir. For three days I have been helpless here and I feel I shall pass out unless you help me. I am in a bad shape, what do you say?" "You know who I am and I know you," said Ford, still continuing his bluff. "Come clean now, out with it and tell me where she is, before I—"

He suddenly stopped and allowed his threatening arm to fall limp at his side, which was as far as he had intended to go in his bluff to scare the man into a confession of guilt which doubtless might have been successful had the stranger recognized him.

That facial expression, those shifty treacherous eyes, features once seen never to be forgotten. Time had been at work and nature had striven to erase or cover that face with a thatch of streaked gray, just as she covers unsightly places with weeds and vegetation, but the outlines were there. "I would stake my all that I have found my man. Where is there a man in this great world like him, his double? Yet,

there is a chance, a very rare chance, that I might be mistaken," he thought.

Presently a thought flashed through the stranger's brain, a partial suspicion that possibly, very possibly, Ford might be one of the numerous victims he had wronged but which one he knew not. He had come here for no other purpose than to plunder and was most concerned at the moment to be rescued and so long as he was armed what had he to fear from one man. What meant another victim to him, who had lived on the blood and hardships of others all his days, hence he parried and sparred in a verbal duel while his hand was stealthily moving toward his holster and with no greater concern than his own welfare. "You, who seem to have me all wrong would take advantage of a man in my condition, caught in this hole and helpless? Help me out and when I am on my feet I will talk with you if there is anything I can say." With an ashen face Ford replied, "I shall take no advantage, Sir, I shall show you the mercy you denied others, but beware if, after I shall have released you and set you free, you refuse to tell me what I ask, it were better if you had been unborn." Ford thereupon seized him under the arm-pits and with one powerful pull soon had him on his feet by his side. "Now come clean, out with it, and tell me where she is."

The stranger straightened up to his full height, arms crossed like a Napoleon, A devilish sneer around his mouth, there was a blinding flash as he pulled the trigger and blazed away through the holster. The bullet missed its mark but was too close for comfort. He took a step back as Ford tried to seize him only to discover his leg was fractured and had not felt the pain which the intense cold, until now had deadened. His gun was quickly examined and when every shell was ejected, Ford tossed it in the snow, turned to him in contempt, well knowing that further dealings were worse than time wasted, but took one more fling. "It is useless for me to remind you of the past, you know too well the whole story and had your bullet found a mark just now you would have had one more notch to carve in your gun. I could end your career right here instantly, and in the eyes of men I would be justified. There is something worse than instant death, however, and it shall be yours. I shall leave you as I found you, alone and at the mercy of God and the beasts. I shall not stain my soul with even the blood of a viper. That is the kindest treatment I can give you, Sir—good day!"

"Wait! Wait! See my condition, would you leave me here with a broken leg without food or aid? I tell you the gun was discharged accidentally. I did not intend to shoot you. Think again before you leave me." But Ford replied, "It shall be just as though we had never met."

After he had gone a few paces he heard a groan and painful cry, turned and looked back to see that the stranger had collapsed from weakness and exposure. It was evident his heart had failed and he was stricken. He weakly begged Lawrence to come to his side, "I want to tell you, I—I—I am going to pass out. Before I go I want a clean heart. Listen, I do no know you Sir, only that your name is Lucky Ford from the camp back there. Long years ago, I had a girl. I loved her but she married another. I hated him, not because of himself but rather that he had replaced me in her affections. I swore vengeance and stole her away. I kidnapped her and put her in a private asylum. They never found her. I came here to escape detection and to continue my devilish work. I saw that you were to leave the camp alone. You had money and gold. I came ahead of you, laid in wait for you to rob you. I fell into this hole and broke my leg. I have been here three days which seems three years, and now I'll tell you—she's in—she—eh!" "Yes, Yes," said Lawrence, "and what?" He was now gasping for breath and could not finish.

"Gone!" "Gone!" said Ford as he spoke aloud without a hearer nearer than two hundred miles. "Can you beat that, came here to rob me—Me! his rescuer and last comforter, but I will bury him deep in this snow, but let's prove who he is for an absolute certainty and see if I missed my guess."

A hasty examination of his pack revealed many things, there was a large sum of money, some gold nuggets, food, ammunition, knives and best of all, a packet of letters. Ford hastily examined them and each was addressed to none other than Fayette Thompson. He left everything in the pack as he had found them, scooped the snow with his feet as deeply as it was possible, covered him with the pure white mantle in which he lay and then his voice again gave vent to his feelings sounding like peals of thunder in this great solitude and without a hearer. "I had suspected him from the beginning and was I right? He vanished from sight before the police could question him. Imagine, find him here in a place like this and after all these years. Within that calloused heart now frozen in these Alaskan wilds, (and I think it was as cold in life as in death) is the secret.

"What a burden those bloodless lips could have taken from me had he been spared for just one brief moment. He is the culprit. Who else could tell a tale like that which fits perfectly into the wounds of my heart. I have not the least doubt he is the author of all my misery. He said so and they were his last words. But he knew not to whom he was speaking. Game almost to the end. These fellows are yellow, they can neither face death nor the fists of their victims. Deprive them of their arms and they wilt. Unable to stand a fraction of the pain they inflict on others. He will do no harm unless his carcass poisons the hungry vultures."

He filled his pipe, gave a last look of contempt and was off. After another day he had reached the coast and was homeward bound arriving in Frisco late in September. In great need of rest he took lodgings in a quiet suburb and after he had been shaven soon looked like the same quiet gentleman of only a few months before when he sat on the sands of the sea shore.

CHAPTER III

Grandma has long since passed away. Evelyn, now a comely Miss, had been placed in the care of an old family friend whom Lawrence selected as her guardian when she was three years of age, and at which time he left the East with a promise that when he returned he would return with Sybil or remain away until he found her.

Soon after Sybil's release from the asylum she succeeded in locating Evelyn. They were now together in the West where Evelyn was completing her studies in a California college.

"I have not heard from Dad for a long, long time and have seen so little of him and was so young when he went away I doubt if I would be able to recognize him if I saw him. He promised to come home sometime but not until he found you. Would you know him, Mom dear?" said Evelyn. "Me—know him?" she replied, "My child, I would know him in Japan two thousand years hence," and she brushed away a tear. "With these dimmed eyes I can see him now, just as he stood with you in his arms at the station waving me a farewell—alas, I fear it was forever."

A few years later Sybil had become almost blind and fast nearing the stage of helplessness, yet always clutching the little cross with a prayer on her lips that it perform some of the miraculous powers accredited to it. Her faith was sublime.

Evelyn had now reached the state of beautiful womanhood and like her Mother, an accomplished musician. It was not mechanical but harmony of soul and music. The air was ringing with the sweet notes and it seemed like the description of the children's "Fairyland," a land of music, flowers and sunshine, of birds and bees and the dainty feet of little fairies tripping about with bells on their heels and bells on their toes.

Everything seemed to be singing. That is how it seemed to a man who stood in the open door of his room in the upper hall, his head resting on his upraised arm listening with all his soul. Finally all was quiet and Evelyn tripped up the stairway to take some clean linen

to her new lodger. "We have lots of music here," she said. "I hope it will not disturb you. I know you expressed a desire to be quiet and we will stop if you wish." "Oh, no—no Madam, I am charmed, I am very fond of music. There are times, he stammered, when my feelings seem to betray me, but don't worry, it is all right, let it continue." Then Evelyn asked, "What shall we call you Mr. ——, I have not yet learned your name?" "They call me, eh—eh, "Lucky " but—but I'm not so lucky, just call me—"Mr. Ford," stammered the man. Evelyn frequently invited him to stop in the living room for an evening of music and to meet her Mother but was always met with a refusal. He often saw her in the shopping crowds however, as he sauntered leisurely about when time was heavy on his hands. "A sweet child," he thought, but all he knew of her was that her name was "Evelyn" and who can say that name was unfamiliar to him or had no significance, yet all he asked was to be left alone.

Once he heard a commotion downstairs and a woman's voice shouted, "I can see! I can see!" still he did not inquire what it was all about. At another time "Mr. Ford" came down the stairs and got a hasty glance at the form of a woman dodging back into her kitchen.

There came a day when returning from an afternoon stroll he met Evelyn in the hall and stood chatting pleasantly when suddenly and bluntly she remarked, "You said I reminded you so much of some person—who is that person please may I ask?" Ford was somewhat startled and hardly knew what to say but finally pulled himself together, straightened up and replied, "It was a person with a similar name, one very dear and near to me, but she has gone now, swallowed up by the world—somehow, somewhere." "Your wife?" "No" he replied. Evelyn's heart was throbbing. her face was flushed with excitement, she seemed to have a presentment that this man might possibly be the person she had once called "Daddy." The fact that "Mom" had regained her sight through the miraculous power of the cross, coupled with the brief little statement by Mr. Ford had disturbed her, and too, she thought, "Why should I have taken such delight in talking to him." Finally "Ford" resumed his reverie saying, "I was a very happy man once upon a time but fear I can never be so again." "Don't say that! Don't!" cried Evelyn. "Don't allow yourself to become miserable for that can only hasten you to the grave. It is within us all to love. We must have love in our earthly life as we have it in the spiritual, somebody to whom we can pour out our heart. "Can you not do that at the church"? said Lawrence. "Yes, yes, but we must have a confident and guide in earthly darkness, one to share our joys and sorrows, an earthly pride as well as a supreme God. No man can suffer the bitterness of this world alone. The love you may have had and lost will return as the leaves return to the barren trees."

"Ford" was sitting in the living room one evening, as he now sometimes did to have a chat with Evelyn. He casually picked up an old-fashioned album from the table and started to look it over when Evelyn interrupted him by turning a few pages saying, "See, here is an old photograph taken some forty years ago—that is my Mother when she was young and happy." Evelyn had gone no further with her story when "Ford" shouted "My God! Your Mother —Your Mother!!" He yanked a similar photo from his pocket and compared them. You're, you're—Oh God—at last —at last—you are Evelyn Copeland and I am the "Daddy" you haven't seen for so many years. Where is Sybil—Where is she?" he shouted. Sybil, hearing her name and the commotion entered the room saying, "Did I hear somebody calling me?" "Ford" jumped to his feet and started toward her—"Sybil—Sybil, don't you know me—Sybil this is Lawrence." She looked at him for a moment, her face turned ashen pale, she whispered "Lawrence" and fell in a swoon in his arms.

About her neck was the golden cross suspended from the same chain as it had been on that morning in June, forty years before.

What Lincoln Would Do Today

By HOWARD THOMAS MITCHELL

I AM a Republican. My Father is a Republican. My father is of a family of twelve children, and they are all Republicans. But the fact that I am a Republican, and my father is a Republican, and my father's family were Republicans does not make it obligatory upon me to agree and approve all the Republican Party has done or will do in the future. Lincoln said in his Cooper Union speech: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." The Democrats feel it is commendatory to belong to the Democratic Party, the Socialists are enthusiastic in advocating the principles of the Socialist Party, and we Republicans glory in being a part of the Grand Old Party, but above being a Democrat, above being a Socialist, above being a Republican, is being an American citizen. Today our allegiance and loyalty to the United States of America transcends all obligations to any particular group, regardless of how high in motives that group may be. Hence, any movement that serves America best as a whole should be supported by all the people no matter their particular associations. But, we want the Republican Party always to stand for the greatest good to the greatest number.

About two years ago I had the occasion to take a ten thousand mile motor trip to the East and while in Chicago visited one of the large meat packing plants there. Among other things I saw the goat that led the innocent sheep to slaughter. As you may know in this capacity the goat goes up the run-way toward the slaughter house and the unthinking sheep follow the goat, and pass on into the slaughter house. The goat leaves the run-way at a side gate near the entrance of the plant, and returns to his former position to live and run another day. We are not unthinking sheep. We have all been endowed with intelligence by the Creator and none of us should permit another to do our thinking for us, no matter what position that person occupies or how capable we recognize him to be, or should we expect a newspaper to think for us no matter how well edited it may be. So today we must think soberly about some of the more important problems that face our country today, weighed by the proven wisdom and principles of the Great Emancipator. It is not my desire to engage in idle and undeserved praise or to exult over the noble past of the Grand Old Party, as praiseworthy as we recognize that to be, or to engage in unrestrained condemnation. But I do wish to consider and weigh, as impartially

as I may, the serious present conditions of our country; and the need of reform to meet changing conditions. What are these matters which are now pressing us for solution? First, the eradication of corruption in the administration of government; Second, the need for economic reform as it relates to the distribution of wealth and the protection of the economic security of the individual; and third, the desirability of the exaltation of human rights of the individual above the rights of property. These being our problems what would Lincoln do today?

For a score of years, there has been a tendency in the administration of our government to become afflicted with extreme corruption. The American democracy cannot survive wallowing in the grime of present crime, graft and corruption. Either corruption, or the American representative government must go. This corrupt period in administration became most pronounced in 1920 when corrupt public officials and party politicians conspired or leagued together with big business to bleed and milk the American public. Since that time there has been wholesale mergers and consolidations which apparently have been open violation of anti-trust laws, but what has been done about it? What has resulted? Thousands of small, independent business men have been driven out of business or been obliged to sell out because of unfair business methods of big business that followed, and the lack of the protection of law, and governmental officials. This is a radical departure from the industrial independence of the past that has made America great. The fundamental reason why the United States is the leading industrial, and manufacturing nation of the world today, is due in years past, to the initiative, independence, and unfettered, equal opportunity of the small business man, and not due to the prowess of big business. During the past ten years we have had our tea pot dome; the bribery of a cabinet officer; the charge of peddling post offices; the sale of pardons in the State of Illinois; the enactment of the present extortion tariff, whose ostensible purpose was the protection of labor and a high standard of living, but whose actual purpose was the extraction of an artificially high price from the American public to the tune of a billion dollars a year; the lobbying at a disarmament conference by agents of a steel corporation; the practical purchase of public office by the expenditure of millions of dollars for election, as the senatorial committee on elections and campaign expenses has recently reported that candidates for the United States senate in recent years have expended a sum equal to 15 times their combined salaries; an estimated 60 billion dollar public gouge by the asserted manipulation of the stock market; a moratorium on international debts for the benefit of international bankers at the expense of the American taxpayer; the charge in Congress of disloyalty of the chief executive in the reduction of international debt; the levy of millions of dollars for party campaign purposes; the charge of conspiracy of big business and public officials for their mutual advantage, and at the expense of every American citizen. Thus has been the orgy of corruption in the administration of government.

It is within the knowledge of everyone that our municipal governments are shot through with graft and corruption. One needs only to mention the names of New York City, Chicago, and Philadelphia and many others to cast before our eyes a panorama of gross infidelity to public trust and weakness in city administration. What would Lincoln do today about the corruption in the administration of government? He would clean house. He would cry "put your house in order for the judgment day is not far away." House Report No. 16 of the 37th Congress states that when Lincoln came to the presidency he removed 1457 office holders out of a possible 1639. This does not include the mass of clerical forces in the Departments at Washington, or federal officers in many of the states, who were dismissed. The Republican Party ought to lead the way in a political and governmental house cleaning in this country. If the Republican Party does not lead the way in this endeavor, some other party will, and we want our party to assume that responsibility in the name of its first President—Abraham Lincoln.

During the last ten years we have seen grow up in our land a government of the underworld in many of our communities. It has been the most terrifying and sinister influence that has befallen government in recent times. The gangster and the racketeer has influenced legislation, corrupted the judiciary, and has had a paralyzing effect upon law enforcement. The immortal Lincoln said that this nation cannot live half slave and half free, and this is as true today as when he proclaimed it. America cannot survive if she provides special privilege for big business, a rigid law for the common people and no law whatever for the racketeer. Rackets seem to be the order of the day. There is the liquor racket, the gambling racket, the stock market racket, the international debt racket, the tariff racket, the court reporter's racket, the receivership racket, the trust deed racket, the wrestling racket, the armament racket, the boxing racket, the mortgage racket, the financiers' racket, the foreign bond racket, the racket of politics and big business, and rackets without number. Today there is no division of the Union into the North and the South, but Lincoln's Union is staggering under countless specialized, heartless, rackets. About everybody in America has a racket except the American people, the public. To whom may the public look?

Protection of the rights of the individual citizen is the chief function of government. And we ask what would Lincoln do today? Hear him when he says, "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do for themselves in their separate and individual capacities."

Not only is it indispensible to have honest, sincere, and efficient administration of government, but the need for economic reform is pressing upon us. Progress means adopting new measures to new conditions. It is one thing to be conservative and an entirely different thing to remain static. To progress means to accept reform. It is better to reform voluntarily than to do so under compulsion. In considering our present economic depression, we find ourselves groping under certain notable delusions. First, that these economic depressions are casual visitors ever so many years—that they just happen along for no particular reason—just one of the scourges of time and space like boils of Job. This is a great fallacy. All great philosophers agree that man is a free moral agent and is responsible for his own conduct and destiny. How can a collection of individuals be less? Scientists agree that the world that we live in is controlled by the inexorable law of cause and effect. Nothing just happens. For every result there must be a cause and every cause will and does produce an effect or result. Economic depressions are the result of economic abuses. What was Lincoln's position on economic depressions? He said of the panic of 1855 in a communication to Hon. Truman Smith, Nov. 1860, "I am not insensible to any commercial or financial depression that may exist, but nothing is to be gained by fawning around the 'respectable scoundrels' who got it up. Let them go to work and repair the mischief of their own making, and then perhaps they will be less greedy to do the like again."

What is the cause of our present economic depression? The primary cause of our present deplorable condition lies in the failure of government to protect the economic independence and the financial security of the individual citi-

zen. Government has abandoned the individual to the racketeers and political wolves. What is the cure of our present economic depression and future depressions? There is a difference between temporary relief and a cure. A physician that treats a patient to give relief will not cure the patient. To cure a patient the physician must find the cause of the condition and seek to eliminate the cause. The same is true of economic depressions. This depression will be cured and future depressions will be prevented when government protects the economic independence and the financial security of the individual citizen. This protection will not come until government prosecutes and keeps incarcerated big criminals for fraud, theft and embezzlement. Our laws on these crimes should provide that those convicted of such crimes may not be released from prison or prison authorities until and unless full restitution is made to their victims, and when that is the law of the land thievery in high places will cease with an alarming suddenness.

This brings us to another delusion. The most recent cause ascribed to the depression is that the people are hoarding their money. It is true that there is a great scarcity of money in circulation, and Lincoln said, "Any person will reflect that money is only valuable while in circulation, and will readily perceive that any device which will keep the government revenues in constant circulation, instead of locked up in idleness, is no inconceivable advantage." Many of our citizens are obliged to revert to the antiquated system of bartering in order to meet pressing needs. People are trading services for goods because of want of money. You are busines people, you know how plentiful or scarce money is, and it is inconceivable that people would barter services if they had their money hoarded. There may be certain individuals controlling immense fortunes who are hoarding money. That should be forced into circulation by all lawful and proper methods. The country is not suffering from over-production but under-consumption, and not because of a lack of a willingness to purchase. The great middle class appears to be financially embarrassed. When the money of our country is put back into circulation and the people are provided with the funds with which to buy there will be a great shortage of goods. The lack of money in circulation is largely due to the policy of contraction on the part of the Federal Reserve system and the recent past practices of the Treasury Department. The people hoarding their money—at a Washington conference last summer in a notable address Senator William E. Borah stated, and it has not since been refuted, that ninety-six per cent of the entire wealth of America is owned and controlled by four per cent of the people. If this is a fact, and it appears to be, then the basic reason for our economic depression is the aggravated concentration of wealth in the control of a few people. Allow me to illustrate the fallacy of the hoarding charge. Let us assume that all the money we have today is one hundred dollars and that there are one hundred people. According to the present distribution of wealth four of them would have $96.00 and ninety-six would have four dollars or slightly over four cents each.

Now what is the cure for this intolerable and oppressive condition? An equitable, and lawful re-distribution of wealth is the answer. This entails certain economic reforms and adjustments in the financial world. This being our problem, what would Lincoln do today? In his first inaugural address he said: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever the people shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." The fundamental strength of the American constitutional government lies in the

fact that it is readily amenable to changing conditions, when the people require such.

How can we secure a lawful and equitable re-distribution of wealth? First, there should be a legitimate system of taxation. The original purpose of the income tax law was two-fold, first to place upon wealth the main burden of government and second, to redistribute wealth, prevent a concentration thereof, and yet do it lawfully. Under proper supervision the income tax law will accomplish this purpose as to fortunes of great proportions at the present time. However, this desired result will not follow if the taxing power is thus exercised and the Treasury Department refunds great sums in the following year.

As to future wealth, our present basis for the acquisition of wealth is unsound. Today one can acquire all he wants to acquire, that is all he is able to acquire and still stay out of the penitentiary. In other words our present basis of the acquisition of wealth lies in the ability to acquire, regardless of manner or means. This is basicly wrong. The Apostle Paul in his letter to the Philippians says: "My God shall supply all your needs." He did not say "He shall supply all your wants, but **needs.**" We are living under a human philosophy in America and man's need should be the basic principle for the acquisition of wealth. Taking that as our basis, what amount of wealth does a married man of a family of five need for all purposes of a lifetime, surely not more than one million dollars. Therefore, our second method of a lawful and equitable distribution of wealth calls for an amendment to the federal constitution placing the limitation on wealth at one million dollars, and this of course, would only apply to the future acquisition of wealth. Such amendment might read as follows: "No citizen of the United States may own or control directly or indirectly more than one million dollars in wealth; provided however, that all acquisition in excess thereof be confiscated for governmental purposes." This would set the retirement period in America at one million dollars. Such measure would prevent one citizen from making sixty-two million dollars in a year while millions of his fellow-countrymen were unemployed, hungry, and without shelter. Moreover, one of the greatest advantages of a limitation of wealth is that it would promote honest, fair dealing in business and commercial life.

The third element in the cure of our economic ills requires the enactment of a minimum wage law, providing a minimum wage that will be sufficient for the head of every household of a family of five to live in comfort, provide for an education, insurance, health, rest, recreation and a reserve fund for the emergencies of life. Such legislation would do more to restore prosperity than any other single measure, excepting the limitation of wealth previously mentioned. It would enlarge the purchasing power of the masses, the great consuming class and the greater the consumption, the greater the demand, and the greater the demand the greater the production, and the greater the production the greater the demand for labor, and the greater demand for labor, the greater the prosperity. What would Lincoln say of a minmum wage? In a message to Congress the great President said: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much of the higher consideration."

Our fourth measure for a lawful and equitable distribution of wealth is an amendment to our present inheritance tax law, especially reserved to the states, providing a tax of fifty per cent on all estates in excess of one million dollars. This proviso is essential to level down present, great fortunes to the one million dollar maximum.

Fellow Republicans these measures would usher in a golden era in America. The direct result would mean a period of prosperity, the like of which the

world has never seen. These measures will provide an adequate earning power for every American citizen regardless of occupation or trade. They set a maximum wealth that will be sufficient for all reasonable human needs, barring greed and extravagance which this plan does not recognize. The chief problem is to increase the purchasing and consuming power of the masses. As the masses prosper, so prospers the world.

Not only is it important that there should be a re-distribution of wealth and a minimum wage, but our banking system needs revision. The American people have lost confidence in our present banking system. When we consider that economic conditions in the Dominion of Canada are as bad, if not worse, than they are in the United States and that there has not been a Canadian bank failure during this period of great stress, and that thousands of banks in America have been obliged to close their doors causing losses to depositors in multiplied millions of dollars, it seems apparent that our banking system is in sore need of revision. It is disheartening and unjust for our people to save by stinted sacrifice and stringent thrift, if by virtue of weaknesses in our banking system, the savings of a life time are swept away. What revision does this require? Simply this,—the establishment of government banks providing for guaranteed deposits in national banks by the federal government and guaranteed deposits in state banks by the states. By this revision our banks will be as strong and as sound as the government itself and this should be so. This will insure the economic stability of the individual citizen and immediately restore confidence to the people and to business. Great financial losses must cease if general confidence is to be restored, and prosperity cannot be restored before general confidence is regained. Therefore, a revision of our banking system is imperative. The reconstruction finance corporation will provide temporary relief, but this is insufficient as a permanent policy, and inadequate as a cure of a deplorable situation. Its chief benefit will be to banking groups and not our citizens as a whole.

In addition to the eradication of corruption from the administration of government and the re-distribution of wealth, the exaltation of human rights above the rights of property would elevate and revitalize the social order. America is money mad and needs a new appraisal of spiritual things. Government should lead the way. As to this we ask ourselves, what would Lincoln do today? In one of his speeches the great Emancipator described his chief concern in life as: "A struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of man." Our first Republican President loved all humanity. He felt the pulse of the human heart of the common people. He did not measure the good in men by so many dollars. In his first campaign, as well as throughout his life the major plank in his platform was the exaltation of human rights and upon that principle he was elected to the presidency. Then the Republican Party stood squarely for the welfare of the average citizen. Lincoln's greatest desire was to elevate the masses, and promote liberty, justice, an equal opportunity to all citizens alike. How can that be accomplished more greatly than by the abolishment of war and the establishment of world peace?

Lincoln hated war. He used every reasonable means to prevent the Civil War and as late as his second inaugural address he said, "Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

The path to World Peace lies in the sovereignty of the individual. As long as representative groups may send individuals to war, there will be war. When the sovereignty of the individual, or the sovereignty of the people as individuals, is recognized as supreme, then individuals may rebel against war. Authorities on Ethics, and I now refer to that branch

of philosophy known as Ethics, recognize that the right to rebel against war is inherent in the individual, and such was recognized during the World War. As a member of the American Legion, and as a volunteer soldier in the World War, I know how we despised those who evaded military service in that war. Yet I feel that under the Constitution of the United States every American citizen should have that right,—the freedom of conscience. Then if we can educate men to have enough intelligence not to slaughter each other, and the individual has the power to decide, there will be no more war.

The purposes of our form of government are set forth in the preamble of the United States Constitution, wherein it says: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, . . ." It does not say "We, the President, the Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States." It does not say, "We, the international bankers, or the railroads, the steel corporation, the meat packers, the sugar trust," or any other group, but it does say, "We, the **PEOPLE** of the United States" and thereby recognizes that sovereignty lies in each American citizen. Freedom of conscience was the principal urge in the settlement of America. This is the underlying principle of our constitutional government. Notwithstanding this fundamental truth, the decision in the MacIntosh case decided by the United States Supreme Court deprives every American citizen of that fundamental right—the freedom of conscience. MacIntosh was a theological professor at Yale University, and a Canadian subject, who applied for citizenship in the United States. When asked in his application if he was willing to bear arms, he replied in the affirmative, but qualified his answer by saying "If it was a just war," or words to that effect. The Supreme Court held that he was not entitled to citizenship because the Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court, acting as co-ordinating branches of our government, could lawfully compel American citizens to go to war, when the Congress and the President so decided, regardless of the conscience of the individual upon the subject. This decision was written by Mr. Justice Sutherland, but a profound dissenting opinion was written by Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, which was concurred in by Justices Holms, Brandies, and Stone. By this decision, every American citizen may be called to war to protect a factory in China, or send millions of soldiers to Europe to avenge a national effrontery. As long as this is the law, we are going to have war. This decision violates the fundamental right upon which this government was founded, and alienates that inherent right of freedom of conscience, the previous birthright of every American citizen. This decision is a flareback to the monarchistic theory of government, the very reason why English subjects abandoned the British Isles to settle America.

The Republican Party ought to repudiate this decision and inaugurate a movement to restore the freedom of conscience to the individual citizen. When Lincoln led the Republican Party to its first victory he stood for the elevation of the average citizen. His chief advocacy was the exaltation of human rights.

So, fellow Republicans, as we think of the great Lincoln, the first Republican President, may we say to the Republican Party—go back to the principles of Lincoln. What would he do today? First, he would clean up the administration of government for he would know from past history that political corruption precedes the decay of all governments. Second, he would come to the fork of three roads, the one on the left leading to internal destruction and anarchy; the road on the right leading to feudal serfdom and economic bondage, and the road in the middle leading to reform—a changing government to meet changing conditions. Lincoln would choose the middle road and preserve the Union as he did in 1860. Third, the great Emancipator would stand for the exaltation of human rights above the rights of property. He would emancipate the world from the scourge of war by making the individual sovereign. So if Lincoln were standing with us today, he would proclaim anew in all his wisdom and glory "that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Principal address at Lincoln Day Dinner, Annual Republican Assembly San Diego - Feb. 12, 1932.

Ghosts--Spooks--Phantoms

By OTTO W. FERGUSON

BOLTED breakfast and pattered off in blue cottonade pants (when new they colored me almost like an Easter egg), button-on waist and straw jimmy;destination—Hay's Livery & Feed Stable.

Once there, we lads milled up and down the 200 foot display of Barnum & Bailey Circus posters. Around dawn these gaudy sheets had been put up—a gorgeous art gallery. Excitedly, we discussed animals, birds and snakes; their habits, size, color, ferocity, etc.

Hot, sticky, keyed-up, I went home about ten, filled a quart can with water and put off to our stable-yard, down a gentle slope and far to the rear. At a small clayhole I had dug, I resumed making little brick in spool-box molds, placing each batch on raised boards, to dry in the forenoon blazing sun.

My face streamed sweat, the top of my head got pretty hot. A giant sunflower backed up in a corner seemed to eye me doubtfully, shaking its head. Along the fence, made of three streaks of six-inch boards, between us and the Van Hooks, were gaudy hollyhocks, jimpson weeds, milkweed and tall grasses.

A shuddery hiss drew my glance toward that fence. To my horror, a bloody-red giant flamingo within ten feet poked head and long neck in frantic effort to get at me. I leaped for the garden gate and ran screaming up the sloping board walk to Mother, gasping out a tale of near death.

Mother felt my forehead, gently rebuked me for playing so long in the summer sun, got cool water from the side well, bathed face and shoulders, arms and top of head—then led me to a sofa in the dark, quiet back parlor, where I soon was asleep.

Having a private, personal phantom to go by, I still believe in such things after fifty years. Once you see 'em you never forget!

* * *

That night, at bat and katydid hour, I "washed" my feet in ouchy water fresh from our well, dried them on the croquet lawn, and called it a day.

There were visitors in our gaily furnished parlor, our doctor, his wife, and some neighbors. In a corner, I curled up on a green-rep arm chair and was supposed to sleep.

I heard them chuckling over my flamingo. Well, I didn't much care. Didn't I see it? Then the doctor told of an experience one nasty January night, when called from bed to visit a sick woman out beyond Barnett Hill.

Feeling her way along the wretched road, his mare Molly pulled him up the first long hill. Descending, something caused him to peer out over the low stone wall to his right. His blood almost froze. There, close to the wall, a headless, rider-less white horse loped along!

Sharply flicking Molly, the doctor saw that his horse held the pace. Fast, slow; here was a horse that kept right along with him, though without eyes, ears or nose.

Topping the third hill, a gleam from the valley cabin cheered the doctor, and he was soon indoors working over a very sick woman. Finally, when she was sleeping calmly, he bundled up, and the grateful husband, grinning now, extended a flask of brandy. The doctor rather petulantly waved it away and went to his buggy. Half way up the hill, he found his headless friend ready for return journey also . . .

I will not go into embellishments to the story. The ladies in our parlor nervously declared they would not sleep a week. All but the doctor's wife. She said nothing, her mouth prim-set. I was wise enough not to ask questions then or later, about this tale. Strangely enough, I kept my mouth shut when with my boy friends.

We removed from the village next fall. I saw the doctor only now and then during the next twenty years. He and his family also had left the town; he was now the president of a solid national bank in a flourishing industrial city. Invited back to his private office for an old times chat, I asked him point blank about his headless horse,—explaining that I had been lying in an armchair, supposedly asleep, the night he sat in our parlor and told his experience.

His face took on a slightly foolish look. "Son, that yarn was true," he declared, "just as I told it. But here's something I'll tell you. Next morning I went into my home cubbyhole office and poured into a bottle what was left (not much) of a gallon jug of bourbon whiskey. I toted it under the skirt of my overcoat over to the drug store my partner and I ran, and poured every last drop back into our spirits of frumenti keg. Giving the bung an extra last slam with a mallet, I remember saying: 'Now you headless horses and whiskey devils can just stay in there forever, for all I care!' "

A Brief Account

(Continued from Page 56)

that I was prevailed upon to keep going. More than 5000 columns have appeared under the heading, "Jim Borland's Column."

In addition I have published several books, including: **Up the Creek, Woodland and Waterways, Fifty Years In the Newspaper Game,** and several volumes of poems.

In my column and my poems and works of prose, I have pictured life as I have seen it, and I feel that my life has been full and that I have had much for which to thank my Master. As I near the journey's end— and after 58 years in the harness, one feels that their working days must be nearly done and the task assigned them about completed—I feel like joining with Tennyson in the paeon of victory, "Crossing the Bar," or with Saint Paul in his farewell to Timothy—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."



To A Girl

By Albert Chapin

Remember cloisters where the spruce abound
Where once we mused in woodland groves and brakes
And lingered long in silence most profound
To hear the bosom throbs that silence makes.

"Nona"

By Mary Paicopulos

My grandmother is such a refreshingly quaint person that one can't help but adore her. Even though she is past eighty years of age, her mind is still as keen as ever. I have heard many young friends say that they never paid much attention to "Nona" when they came over because they thought she was just an old lady—probably slightly "batty." They got the surprise of their lives when one day she got them to talk to her, probably very unwillingly. They came away with rather dazed expressions on their faces.

She is always misplacing her possessions. She is constantly in search of her glasses, her shawls, her slippers, safety pins, her coin purse, which always has a quarter in it, and other trifles.

Her face and hands are very wrinkled and thin, but her hair, which she wears coronet fashion, is very thick and glossy, and her braids are, surprisingly, a very dark brown. She loves to have me braid one part of her hair and my cousin the other part.

She has suffered so much in her long life that it is rather astonishing that she isn't bitter. She has been an invalid for forty years. Her husband died when she was still rather young. Although she gave birth to eleven children, only eight are living. Three of her children are in Greece, and there is no possibility of her ever seeing them again. Her youngest son, Leonidas, the "black sheep' of the family, is in prison for political reasons. "Nona" is constantly thinking that he is being tortured in prison and even his few letters which are to the contrary can't satisfy her.

When we children were small, we would gather around "Nona" after dinner and listen to her many stories—her version of Cinderella, the Sleeping Beauty, and others. Each time she would tell them to us in the same fashion, never omitting anything, never changing it. I remember once, in my excitement, I tried to hurry the story a little. She wouldn't utter another word, in spite of our entreaties, for the rest of the evening. It was then that I realized how much it meant to her—those hours of story telling. Later, she confided to me, that she loved to watch the expressions on our faces—waiting for the outcome, even though we had heard the story many times before. We would gasp; we would shudder; we would laugh; we would be horrified—all at the proper time.

My little cousins have replaced me now. "Nona" will sit down at any time and thrill the little children with her stories, told in her own inimitable fashion. (At this point, I will confess that a pang grips my heart as I chance to listen to a word here and there. I realize that I have grown up now).

She sits for hours at a stretch thinking. I often wonder what are her thoughts. The old days in Greece? Her old friends? Her children in Greece? Sometimes one can see her sitting underneath the grape arbor, her favorite resting place, her hands quietly folded. And there are tears in her eyes. . . .

She realizes that she can't live very much longer and yet she is calm. She talks about her death as she would of anything else—casually. Yet she often tells us children not to forget her.

She still has kept many old customs from Greece. For example, before we go to Church on Sundays, we have to go into her room to receive her blessing. Although she can't go to church, she is very religious.

She says she won't die until she sees me married and settled down. My protestations that I am too young to think of such things won't hold water with her. She was married when she was fourteen.

Oh, grandmother! You are adorable! Mere words aren't sufficient. You are as necessary to me, as dear to me as my life. You are an education in itself.

Please God, let her be happy!