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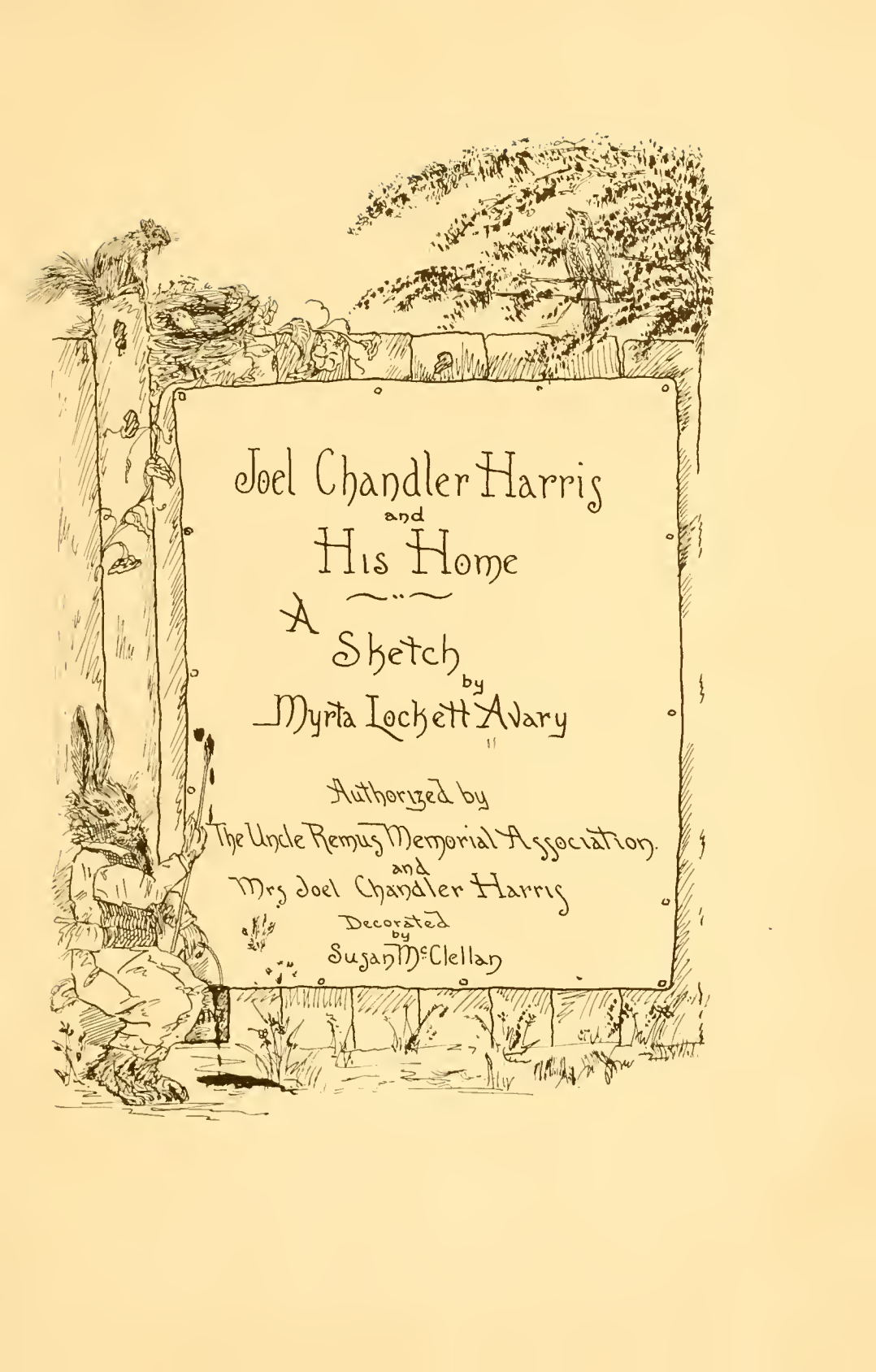
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Copy 1

With the regards
of
Jacques Le Hamis

Oh, don't stay long, we don't stay late -
I ain't so mighty fur to de hodge date!
Uncle Leamus





Joel Chandler Harris
and
His Home

A
Sketch
by
Myrta Lockett Avery

Authorized by
The Uncle Remus Memorial Association
and
Mrs Joel Chandler Harris
Decorated
by
Susan McClellan

PS 1813
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Souvenir
of the
City of Atlanta
and of
Uncle Remus
and the
Wren's Nest

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UNCLE REMUS MEMORIAL
ASSOCIATION

Appeal Publishing Company
Atlanta, Ga.

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of the
Joel Chandler Harris Memorial*



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“Uncle Remus”



*Joel Chandler Harris
At the Age of Sixteen.*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS was born December 9, 1848, in the quiet little village of Eatonton, Putnam County, Ga. His father died in his infancy. His mother was young and very poor. She did the best she could for her little boy, raising him carefully, and sending him to the Eatonton day school. That was before the public school era, and schools were pay institutions.

Joe was a red-haired, freckle-faced little boy, sturdy, active, fond of play, but marked by that shyness and reserve which he carried through life. "He was probably the least noticed boy in the neighborhood," relates a friend who knew. "He was such a clever little fellow!" reports another who chose him for playmate. He developed early liking

for literature, listening intently to the "Vicar of Wakefield," which his mother read to him when he was six. That book inspired him with a desire to write.

He was fond of animals. "His mother told me," relates his wife, "how he befriended stray cats and dogs. He kept that up. I have been often perplexed to know what to do with our excess of kittens. He was always finding another puppy and bringing it home. Our children were allowed to keep any pets they pleased. They had a pony, donkey, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, cows, calves—almost everything! His mother said Joel always had a wonderful way with horses. Old Uncle Bob Capers, the negro stage-coach driver at Eatonton, used to let Joel sit on the box with him. Once, she saw Joel sitting alone on top the stage, driving the horses himself—such a little fellow! and she was nearly frightened to death!"

The Civil War came, making times harder for every one and no easier for this struggling mother and her child. Of the period when he became fourteen, he once gave this account in casual talk:

"There came a time when I had to be up and doing. I was in the postoffice, reading the newspapers when the first number of the Countryman was laid on the counter. I saw in it this advertise-

ment: 'An active, intelligent boy, 14 or 15 years of age, is wanted at this office to learn the printing business. March 10th, 1862.'

"This was my opportunity and I seized it with both hands. I wrote to the editor, whom I knew, and the next time he came to town, he sought me out, asked if I had written the letter with my own hands, and in three words, the bargain was concluded.

"The Countryman was published nine miles from any post office, on the plantation of Mr. Joseph A. Turner. On the roof of the printing office, squirrels scampered and blue jays chattered. I used to sit in the dusk and see the shadows of all the great problems of life flitting about, restless and uneasy, and I had time to think about them. What some people call loneliness was to me a great blessing; and the printer's trade, so far as I learned it, was in the nature of a liberal education. Mr. Turner had a large private library, especially rich in English literature, in translations from the Greek and Latin, and works on ornithology. It would have been remarkable if, with nothing to do but set a column or so of type daily, I had failed to take advantage of this library. Mr. Turner took an abiding interest in my welfare, directed my reading, gave me good advice, and the benefit of his wisdom and experience at every turn. For the rest, I got along as any boy would. I was fond of setting type, and when my task was done I used to go to the negro cabins and hear their songs and stories."

One of these cabins was that of "Old Uncle George Terrell," who made ginger-cakes and persimmon beer, and told quaint stories to little Joe and the Turner children clustered around his cabin fire. "Uncle Remus" of Mr. Harris's books and world-wide fame is a composite of "Uncle George Terrell," "Uncle Bob Capers," and other kindly black "uncles."

If the master of Turnwold had a wonderful library and the little boy was welcome there, the mistress had a wonderful garden where he was welcome, too. In it was a plot where only wild flowers grew, and Mrs. Turner knew as much about wild flowers as her husband knew about birds. The Countryman was a scholarly little sheet, resembling Addison's "Spectator," Goldsmith's "Bee," and Johnson's "Rambler." Mr. Turner welcomed contributions in prose and verse from his young printer, and predicted a bright future for him. At the close of the war the paper ceased publication.

Harris, adrift at the age of sixteen, found work successively at Macon, Ga., as typesetter and writer on the Telegraph; New Orleans, La., as editor's assistant on the Crescent; Forsyth, Ga., as typesetter, writer, editor, and wrapper-up and mailer of the Advertiser, owned by Mr. James Harrison; at Savan-



nah, associate editor on the News with W. T. Thompson, author of "Major Jones's Courtship." At Forsyth he was a member of the Harrison home circle; Mrs. Starke, Mr. Harrison's sister, exhibited a kindly interest in him. He left Savannah for Atlanta in 1876 with his wife and two children.

He had married Essie La Rose, a young lady of French ancestry and Canadian birth, a sea-captain's daughter, in Savannah, April 21, 1873. Of her surname he was fond of saying: "'Twas a pity to change it—but I just had to!" and proving by Shakespeare that a rose by another name were just as sweet! It is said of him that he never liked to be out of sound of his wife's voice. Her congenial and sympathetic companionship and his appreciation of it contributed much to his success. "Evening Tales," a translation of Ortoli's folklore tales, was their joint production, her familiarity with French assisting him greatly.

In Atlanta, as an editor of the Constitution, he was a member of that charmed circle which included Evan P. Howell, N. P. T. Finch, Henry W. Grady, Wallace P. Reed, Sam Small and Frank L. Stanton. An interruption came to Small's "Old Si" stories, which were making a hit. Howell said: "Joe, why don't you try your hand at this sort of thing?" and the Constitution printed the first of the "Uncle Remus" tales. Their popularity was instant. Northern publishers began to call for Mr. Harris's stories—greatly to his surprise. He always seemed inclined to take his fame as a joke—a sort of humorous accident. He was very seriously industrious, however. His wife thinks "Free Joe" was his favorite among his stories.





The popularity of his dialect work has obscured his value as novelist, historian, poet, and essayist. Many of his unsigned editorials and articles might be identified by the quaint, sweet humor of his style, were there no other way. As this in "Just Rain Enough": "People say that there has been too much rain. But has the grass complained? Have the morning-glories entered protest?" And this, in "Midsummer Madness," on the weather: "The motto for summer is: Keep cool and don't fret; we may be happy yet."

Mr. Harris's home, paid for with his pen, was the first fruits of his literary success, the Constitution enabling him to take earlier possession by arranging easy terms of payment for him. His daughters, Lillian and Mildred (Mrs. Fritz Wagener and Mrs. Edwin Camp), and Joel Chandler, Jr., were born here. He brought three little sons with him—Julian, Lucien, and Evelyn. He lost three children. Of his home Rev. Dr. Lee, his friend for years, has said: "You could never enter his door without a sense of a subtle, genial presence resting on everything about the house. Every child he had did seemingly as he pleased, but grew up to express in orderly conduct and attention to duty the sweet music of his father's house."

It must have been a proud day for him, whose early life had been such a struggle with untoward conditions, when he here installed his wife, his mother, and his family of young children. It was never a pretentious dwelling, but always roomy, sunshiny and comfortable; it wore the air of being the abode of a man who loved home, wife, mother, and children; who loved trees, flowers, and birds; and who was a good neighbor. The children of the vicinity knew the taste of the apples that fell from the old apple trees in his garden, and of the persimmons that were to be found among the rustling leaves inside of his fence when autumn winds shook them from their boughs; and everybody knew the color and smell of his flowers. Neighbors received "messes" of vegetables from "Snap Bean Farm," as he humorously called the lot overlooked by his veranda, where honeysuckle vines and other things besides edibles grew and domestic animals found pasturage. In his magazine he wrote as "The Farmer of Snap Bean Farm" and "Mr. Billy Sanders of Shady Dale."

The Sign of the Wren's Nest, gradually abbreviated to its present name, acquired this title years ago, when a pair of wrens built a nest in the mail box at the gate, and Mr. Harris protected them in their occupation, saying to human protest: "Make other arrangements for mail. We must not break up a home." When Mr. Harris built his house here, this part of Atlanta was in the woods. Of a sap-

ling beside his door, he said to his wife when he forbade its being cut down: "This tree shall be my monument." That sapling, now a lordly tree, shades the entrance.

I recall my first visit to this home. The happy wife and children, the venerable mother, and even the household pets reflected in their air of peace and content, the spirit of the master. In the hall, an unobtrusive stair ran up. "Where to?" I asked. "Mr. Harris's study among the treetops—at least, he built it for that," his wife said. "But he doesn't do much writing up there!" interpolated his son, Julian, then a lad, with twinkling eyes. "He can't stay away from us!" "But doesn't your laughter and talking disturb him?" "He likes it! He writes most of his stories with us around him. He reads them to us and asks what we think of them."

The engaging manner in which Julian "gave away" his sire in small bits of information was delicious exposure of Mr. Harris's comradeship with his children. "Come!" said he, with the genuine Harris friendliness, "and I will show you the Mockingbird Tree." And he pointed out the lofty poplar where warbled the songster that inspired Mr. Harris's prose idyl. That yard and garden, and the trees and vines! One

could easily imagine Uncle Remus here, and Brer Rabbit hopping confidentially from leafy covert to hold confab with him—and hopping back hastily if a stranger hove in sight.

Whimsically wise was Uncle Remus about his wild things. One day, when in the Constitution building, I wanted to peep in on Uncle Remus. But on what errand of importance? I crept into his den, where he sat busy at his desk, papers all around. "Uncle Remus," I said, "I want to ask you something about



Printing Office at Turnerswood, Where Mr. Harris Learned to Set Type.



Brer Rabbit." I had his ear—and his twinkling eyes. "Mr. Harris, you know rabbits can't climb. Now, you say, in your story, Brer Rabbit 'clomb a tree.' How could he?" "He was bleedzed to!" chuckled Uncle Remus. By like unanswerable reply, he is said to have stopped the mouth of grave naturalists calling on him for explanation of the prowess of his wild creatures, and to have demolished President Roosevelt in "nature study" controversy at the

White House. "The Blue Jay," "The Mockingbird," "The Self-Educated Dog," and other essays of their class reveal him, however, as a serious and accurate observer of animal life. "The scientists are a very unhappy lot; they deny everything, they doubt everything," he remarked during the "nature study" controversy. "A creature hunted and a creature at play are not the same, though each may be identical with the other. A hunter must have blood, and a naturalist must have specimens, whereas an observer needs only his patience and sharp eyes."

"How's ole Sis Cow?" was Andrew Carnegie's greeting to him as they met in the middle of his walk. "Poly," chuckled Uncle Remus. "Sis Cow" had put them on easy terms at once, and they sat down on a bench under the Mockingbird Tree and "had a mighty good time," joking and chuckling, the one in Negro dialect, the other in broad Scotch brogue. "Andrew Carnegie is just a plain ordinary fellow, and mighty good company, too," Uncle Remus is said to have reported of his guest, and the millionaire ironmaster reported of him, "He has given a helping hand to all the world. He's won the hearts of all the children, and that's glory enough for any man."

His friendships were deep and lasting. He never forgot the Turners and others who were kind to him in his early years. After Evan Howell's death, when inviting Clark Howell, then candidate for Governor of Georgia, to hold a campaign rally on the lawn at the Wren's Nest, he wrote: "I have lived here thirty years in concealment, and if I do not make myself conspicuous at this meeting of your friends, it will be because I have never made myself conspicuous anywhere. You never really knew the relations existing between your father and myself. They were something finer than the things poets write about. We were together for nearly thirty years and there was never a ripple in the strong stream of our confidence and faith in each other."

The Wren's Nest is truly classic ground. James Whitcomb Riley was its guest for weeks. Joaquin Miller, Dr. Lyman Abbott, members of the Gilder family, Walter H. Page, A. B. Frost, Richard Malcolm Johnston and many other famous folks of our own land and some from over seas have visited it. The master received

with the grace of the warm heart all who came in simplicity, seeking him simply, be the visitor great or lowly. When sought as a celebrity, he hardly knew how to meet the situation, and escaped if he could.

It was impossible to lionize him. Once, when he and Henry Grady were in New York, Grady engaged to have him at a banquet in his honor. He slipped out of his hotel and fled to Atlanta. Mrs. Harris gives the sequel: "Before I expected his return, I saw a man that looked like him on a street car crossing one on which I was going down town. 'If I didn't know he was in New York,' I said to myself, 'I would be sure that was he' At the Constitution I asked Mr. Finch, Managing Editor, when he had last heard from Mr. Harris. 'Why, don't you know he is in town? Haven't you seen him? He came by here and then went home,' said Mr. Finch. Home I went. Mr. Harris was walking contentedly about the lawn. 'Joel,' I exclaimed, 'why are you back so soon?' 'Ain't you glad to see me?' he asked. I reassured him on that point! 'I got so homesick,' he explained, 'I couldn't stand New York any longer. I just had to come home as quick as I could get here!' Opportunities for European tours offered. 'No!' said he. 'Europe's too far from home. Georgia's good enough for me!'"

*Turnwold
Woods*

In Eatonton they once thought they had him cornered for a speech. He was on the platform with Grady, and when his turn came they called: "Harris! Harris!" "I'm coming!" he answered, and walked down among them. With some such remark as, "I have never been able to make a speech without taking a drink of water; so you must excuse me till I go and get a little water," he escaped while they laughed and cheered. That was his one public speech.

The one person who succeeded in bringing him into the limelight was the President of the United States. Or, was it a little boy? The reader can decide. When coming to Atlanta in 1905, Theodore Roosevelt, then President, wrote that



he and his wife wanted to meet Unele Remus. When the reception committee insisted that Unele Remus ride in the presidential carriage from the Terminal Station to the Governor's Mansion, he metaphorically "clomb a tree," like Brer Rabbit, because he was "bleedzed to." "I can't," he said. It was then arranged that he should quietly pay his respects to Mrs. Roosevelt at the Governor's Mansion after her reception. Her little son, Kermit, had written Unele Remus a letter, saying he was ill, and pleading for an autograph; Mr. Harris had responded with an autographed book; further correspondence had ensued. Mr. Harris was at his ease with Mrs. Roosevelt; here was no grand lady seeking a celebrity, only a mother whose little boy loved him. At her request, he stepped with her on a balcony overlooking the parade where her husband was chief figure. "There's Unele Remus! Caught at last!" cried the people, cheering merrily, while he blushed furiously.

He went to the Piedmont Driving Club to pay his respects to the President privately. The President, at a state luncheon, summoned him to the seat of honor. So there was Unele Remus at a banquet in spite of himself! "I am going to cause acute discomfort to a man I am very fond of," said the President, and spoke at length of Mr. Harris's virtues as author and citizen, and declared that, "as many great things as Georgia had done for the Union, she had never

done a greater than when she gave Joel Chandler Harris to American literature."

His visit to the White House, in obedience to the President's invitation, followed. "I was afraid he would not go until Julian got him on the train," laughed his wife afterwards. "He liked the Roosevelts very much. But his nervousness about meeting strangers, who might take him for a celebrity—about being conspicuous—was distressing. It was an affliction." As "Mr. Billy Sanders of Shady



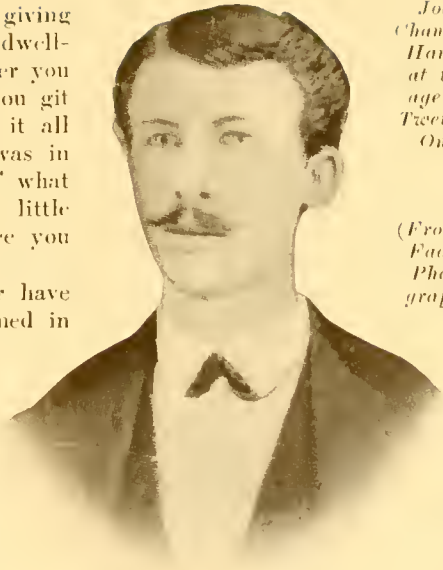
*Turnwold (in ruins). Harris Occupied Upper
Left-Hand Corner Room.*

Dale," he described this visit, giving this impression of our National dwelling: "It's a home; it'll come over you like a sweet dream the mimit you git in the door." And: "To make it all the more matchel, a little boy was in the piazzer waitin' to see me, an' what more could you ax than that a little boy should be waitin' for to see you before he was tucked in bed?"

His charities—he would never have called them that!—were performed in a manner that was all his own. When his wife left home, she never knew what property might be missin—or added—on her return. She relates: "I was overlooking his wardrobe for a coat I had put away. 'Joel,' I asked, 'what did you do with that coat?' He replied, 'An old man came here one day, asking if there was an old coat I could give him. Why, yes, I told him. Here's one I've been keepin' for you. He seemed surprised.'"

Disturbed by a peddler offering soap, he said he needed none. "But I am on the verge of starvation," pleaded the peddler. "Why, man," laughed Harris, "your clothes look better than mine!" "If you knew how my poor wife brushed and smoothed them—" Harris studied him anew, noting that his garments were old and their wearer of genteel bearing. "I answered hastily," he said. "I need soap. Here is a five dollar bill. I'll take it all in soap." The peddler left his entire stock.

He was observing his Ramie plant one day when an Oriental woman, bearing a bundle, timidly entered "the gate that is never closed," as he described the entrance to his grounds. She came bowing and smiling. Would the so nice gentleman buy some shawl or some of the most beautiful lace for his lady? And if not so, would he graciously allow one who was prostrate at his feet, to look at the—oh, so pretty tree? Receiving cordial invitation, she fixed her eyes, all her homesick soul in them, on the Ramie plant, like herself, a wanderer from her native land; and forgot her bundle; but he did not and his lady acquired more shawl and lace than she knew what to do with.



*Joel
Chandler
Harris
at the
age of
Twenty-
One*

*(From a
Faded
Photo
graph)*

*Joel
Chandler
Harris
at the
age of
Twenty-
Four*

*(Time of
His
Marriage)*



Street railway employees on the line running past his house found him a friend. In horse car days he often relieved the driver while the latter went inside the car to warm or eat his lunch. His interest in his fellow craftsmen was unflagging, and he never forgot that printers were of his class. The resolutions passed on his death by the Atlanta Typographical Union was perhaps its first tribute of the kind to anyone. He helped many struggling writers. Need where organized charity does not look, he relieved with touch too delicate to wound. The following instances are characteristic:

"Our young friend, X," he wrote his absent son, "is here on a visit. I found him on the street, down and out, and brought him home with me— what I would have some one do for you were you to happen on such hard luck." X is a man of mark today—and not the only one who, in the hour of youthful struggle, met the genial grasp of Uncle Remus's hand and sat down at his board. A gentleman he knew became partially paralyzed, and his family suffered. Mr. Harris, seeking work this man could do, consulted a mutual friend about obtaining for him the postmastership of a new sub-station. The friend exclaimed, "No chance for him against applicants with strong pulls." "Strong pulls!" retorted Harris. "You forget he is a paralytic!" "What's that got to do with getting him a government position?" "Everything! Amos Fox, our postmaster, and Senator Colquitt have both been paralyzed." He saw Fox and wrote to Colquitt. The paralytic got the job.

His dealings with a number of humble pensioners of both races was a composition of humor and pathos. There were some old men on the retired lists of labor who looked to him for stipends as war veterans look to the Government. A specially pathetic instance was that of a Frenchman, a landscape gardener, a little old man who went blind; his daughter came to the Wren's Nest every week for her father's allowance. To Negroes he was ever kind.

He did not try to build up a large estate, although with fame came profits. His wife relates: "He used to say, 'Let's enjoy things

as we go along, and while we are all together. I just want to leave enough when I die to take care of you and the girls. The boys can take care of themselves.' He was generous in his home, although he discouraged extravagance and advocated simple living by precept and example. He kept a cabinet of small change which was open to the household at their convenience. While indulgent to his children, he was firm. 'This is thusly,' he would say, laying down the law. He kept up his country habits, rising and retiring early. He liked to go out in the morning and trim rosebushes and cut flowers; would bring in great baskets of roses. He liked to look after his raspberry and strawberry vines and his collard patch."

Who that is familiar with his essays as "The Farmer," will not recall the way in which he served "cornpone and collards" to his readers? There is the little story that his young friend, Don Marquis, told him. Don, going to see him one morning, was greeted: "I want to show you a poem of mine!" Don expected a manuscript. Uncle Remus took him out in the yard and exhibited a wistaria vine in full bloom!

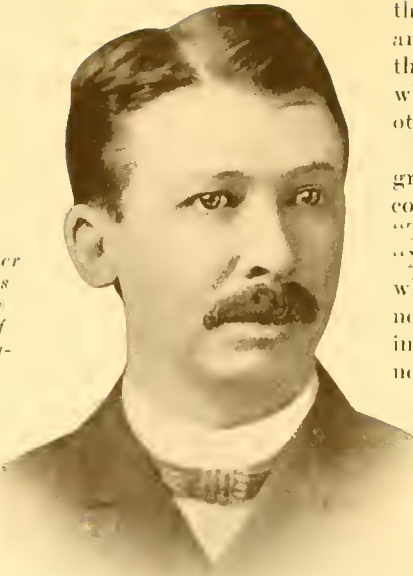
"He liked old things, old-fashioned things," says his wife. "He did not like new furniture, new carpets; said he didn't like the new smell and was glad when the new wore off; he liked things that had served us; wanted things to stay put. Once, soon after we began housekeeping, when I had been house-cleaning and moving furniture around, he came in and exclaimed: 'Why, Essie, you've been changing things around. How is a man to know if he is in his own house or some other man's if you change things around so.'"

As an editor, he was "deeply interested in the tremendous movements of the present, the onward rush of things." As a man he understood the heart of youth, the heart of a girl. Witness these extracts from letters to "Billy" (his pet name for Lillian) at school:

"A new set of furniture—*birchwood*: think of that!—is to be placed in your room, and it is to be yours all by yourself; everything spick and span, everything new; all the cobwebs knocked down, all the dust blown out." This was aunt her home-coming. Inviting her call upon his purse: "If you are to read an essay, you will need a piece of blue ribbon to tie it with, and a fan to hide your embarrassment." Praising her excellent school record, he warns: "But listen, Miss Pods: don't study too hard. Take care of your health." "Your report is horribly good. It makes cold chills run over me to think of the amount of vitality you must expend to get a perfect report." "Maamma isn't joking about coming to see you; she'll come," he promises. "My dear, I hope you'll look at the world as I do as you grow older," he counsels. "If you do, it will be a mixture of mince pie and plum pudding the year round." "Learn to laugh at things



*Joel
Chandler
Harris
at the
age of
Thirty-
Four*



that irritate you. And be generous and kind, and you'll soon find that the most beautiful part of life is that which you spend in doing good to others."

"Billy" is home, a young lady grown, and "Tommy" (Mildred) continues at school. He writes "Tommy" about "Billy's" affairs: "Now, what do you reckon? and what do you think? says I with a nod, says I with a wink. It's nothing to eat, it's nothing to drink. Oh, no, indeed, it's better than that; for

Billy has bought her a brand new hat! It's partly a hat, and partly a bonnet, with fluffy white chiffon and roses upon it!" And: "Fritz and Billy Ann tried hard today to wear out the old red bench in the yard. They sat, and sat, and the breezes blewed, and the birds flewed, and the chick-

ens shoed, and the cows chewed, and the pigeons cooed, and the kittens mewed, and the road rewd and Stewart stewd. And that ain't all nuther, but I've forgotten the rest. That's always the way. When I get hold of something interesting, I sit right down and forget it." "Billy" is now Mrs. Fritz.

To one of the daughters who was a very little girl at the time, he wrote: "The little yellow kitten is dead. It just died itself and Mama didn't have anything to do with it. All the other cats are alive and well, and would send love if they knew how nice you are. The little calfy is well. At any rate, it chewed a button off my coat while I was scratching its back. The chickens are all in the pen, and they seem to like it. The little children in the neighborhood have been having birthday parties. They are all six years old this year, but nobody knows how young they'll be 20 years from now. Why should they be six this year instead of some other year?"

To both his daughters at school: "Here comes the old man a-writing to his gals with nothing whatsoever for to write about. Things are very bad about the house when Mama is ailing. It does no good for me to put on old Chloe's frock and try to keep things straight. They will go wrong. And I can't sit down and listen to

the gossip with the neighbors who call. I can listen, but that doesn't satisfy them. No, everything goes wrong when Mama is ailing, and even gossip gets stale. But as I told you, she is getting better now and things will brighten up—nothing more so than poor me."

"The trees are just one mass of bloom," he writes to "Tommy" in springtime. "The roses are beginning to bloom. I saw a thrush today. Just now, I hear a catbird singing."

Christmas is coming; the girls at school are eager for the holiday at home. "If my dear gals will collect their thoughts, put them in a bag, and shake them up, they will see that Christmas is only twenty-three days off," he reassures them; and "Tell Mildred to write at once to Mama and tell her what presents she wants bought to give to others. Mama will not write this week, as she is so busy fixing for Christmas. We have the *cutest* present for you both that you ever saw. *Fine!* Some of us will meet you at the train.—Your loving Daddy."

I know of nothing to compare with Mr. Harris's letters to his daughters unless it be Mark Twain's tribute to his daughter Jean.

Letters to his sons, lengthy, intensely personal, and intimate, were written with pencil on copy paper usually; began, "My dear Boy," and ended, "Your affectionate Dad." They show that his sons poured themselves out to him as sons rarely do to fathers, and that they loved their home as his girls did. To Lucien, in Canada, he wrote: "I am lonesome without you, but not selfishly so. I want you to have all the enjoyment you can. But don't stay away from us simply to show that you are not homesick. There is nothing unmanly in such a feeling. I should think there was something wrong about your mother and me if you were not homesick."

To "our little affair," his son's heart-entanglement, he devotes a series of such letters as women write to women but men rarely write to men. Besides the delicacy, freedom, and intimacy, there is the masculine touch, however. As for the girl herself, who maybe is jilting his boy, he handles her as if she were a flower. "The im-



Joel
Chandler
Harris
at the
age of
Forty-
One



(Photographed by Stephenson while Riley was at the Wren's Nest.)

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Riley was a welcome and beloved guest at the Wren's Nest. He and Uncle Remus were congenial spirits and affectionate friends. On Mr. Harris's death Riley wrote Julian Harris: "The world is bereaved with you in your great bereavement. Though his voice is stilled forever, forever will it be heard gladdening alike the hearts of age and childhood. Always I think of his Christmas Prayer and say amen, as I try to say it now."



(By Frances Benjamin Johnston.)

THE PORTRAIT WITH "THE TWINKLE."

"I have now found out for the first time what you meant by the twinkle. The twinkle seems to be me, myself, after all, and I have been going on all these years, not knowing what was missing from the photographs I had taken by people who knew nothing about the twinkle. Mrs. Harris declares that your portraits represent me as she sees me."—Extract from letter by Mr. Harris to Miss Johnston, December, 1906. Miss Johnston had sent Mr. Harris a collection of photographic studies made by herself during a visit to the Wren's Nest.

*Met a 'possum in de road,
Brer 'Possum, whar you gwine?
I bless my life, I thank my stars,
I'm hunting fer de muscadine.*

*To St. Andrew:
Thus saith the prophet Joel:
"Hit takes de Bee fer ter git sweet-
ness
Out'n de hoarhound blossom."*



(Courtesy Ladies' Home Journal.)

**ANDREW CARNEGIE AND UNCLE REMUS AT THE
WREN'S NEST.**

"Happy, indeed, that I can subscribe myself not only an admirer, but a loving friend of that rare soul, Uncle Remus"—so Mr. Carnegie autographed his portrait given to the Wren's Nest. Mr. Harris presented several of his books to Mr. Carnegie after the latter's visit to the Wren's Nest in 1906. His inscriptions on some of these appear on this page.



(Courtesy The World's Work.)

WHERE HE WROTE MANY OF HIS STORIES.

*"Recreations:
Thinking of
things and
tending his
roses. Lives in
the suburb of
West End,
where he has
a comfortable
home built to
a veranda, on a
five-acre lot
full of birds,
flowers,
children and
collards."—
English "Who's
Who," 1908.*

portant thing," he says, "is not so much her attitude to you as yours to her." His first care is that his son may treat love and woman nobly. He is concerned lest his boy may doubt a sincere affection hiding under girlish inconsistencies. With humorous philosophy, he says: "It ought to teach you what I learned long ago—that you can't understand the female sex. I've been knowing your Mama for more than 20 years, but do I know her as well as I do you? Well, I can stand up in the floor, and say, I reckon not, by jing!" And: "Love is like a hummingbird's nest—very much in the air. Don't take it too seriously."

This love story had a happy ending (as Mrs. Lucien Harris might tell); and this may have been somewhat due to Uncle Remus, that good genius of true lovers. He qualified charmingly as a father-in-law, and the world may yet hear of him in that capacity in a memoir by Julian's wife, who was one of his chums, and whose literary gifts he encouraged. A slender girl at his side, she used to roam with Uncle Remus about the grounds at the Wren's Nest for many happy hours; and she can tell the loveliest stories about their communings. Lucien's wife, standing with me under the Mocking Bird Tree at the last May Festival, mentioned among other reminiscences of "Father":

"Sometimes when I'd run over here I'd find none of the family in but Father. He'd come in the living-room and talk with me—sometimes for a whole afternoon. I know Father loved me for myself, or he wouldn't have done that. He'd bring me presents—a



book, a box of candy, a pair of gloves—and say: ‘This is for you personally—it’s just between me and you—it’s none of ‘Tootsie’s’ business. [‘Tootsie’ was his pet name for Lucien, you know.] Don’t let’s tell anybody.’ I’d find ten dollars or something of the kind tucked away in the gift. That was Father’s way with us all.”

His letters about his grandbabies, some of whom were born

at the Wren’s Nest, are delightful in their fun, wisdom, and tenderness. Here is the way he writes to Billy about a new grandbaby in 1897:

“The news is so scattered that it is hard to gather it up. In fact there’s nothing but the baby. You remember I told you he was very old. Well, it’s a fact. He is bald-headed, and all his teeth have dropped out, and his head is wobbly and he is too decrepit to walk. And he’s irritable too, just like an old man. When he yells for his food, he talks as the donkey does, only not so loud. But he sleeps most of the time, and this is another sign of extreme old age; he can hold nothing in his hands. He may grow younger as he grows older, and I hope he will. You said something about my being a grandpa. But the way I look at it, this baby is too small and wrinkled to count. If I’m to be a grandpa, I want to be one sure enough. I want to be the grandpa of something that you can find without hunting through a bundle of shawls and blankets. If *this* is what you call a grandpa, anybody can be one, for all you’ve got to do is to get a squall and wrap it up in a shawl, and there you are! Mama hovers around and looks wise, and seems to think that every time the clock strikes, the squall ought to be smothered with a quart of eatnip tea. No name has yet been found that is quite good enough.”

Loving children and at ease with them as they were with him, he was unable to encounter even them in any ceremonious way. His fifty-eighth birthday was to be celebrated in Children’s Room, Carnegie Library, and he was asked to address the children. The

hour arrived, and this note from Uncle Remus to Miss Anne Wallace, Librarian:

"I do not know how I can ever convey to you my gratitude for making my poor birthday an occasion for celebration by the children of Atlanta. No higher tribute could be paid than this; and I am far from being sure that I deserve it. Yet what a great thing it would be if, after all, I did deserve it.

"I should like to be there—but how can I face the children—their beauty, their sweetness, their innocence—how can I appear before these little ones without bursting into tears of gratitude? How could I, knowing what they are there for, behold them without making great display of what Brer Rabbit would call his big boo-hoo? I depend upon your woman's heart—which never fails to know—to sympathize with what I mean—and what I feel. Your faithful and affectionate friend,
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

That note might be read as a part of the ceremonial in every celebration of his birthday. Its spirit of reverence for woman and childhood—a spirit that marked him always—makes eternal appeal for our reverent memory of him and all that concerned him. It is fitting that to a band of women should be entrusted the charge of keeping his memory green by preserving his home as a shrine.

His last Christmas editorial, "Christmas and the Fairies," reads like a tender valedictory to all the world; it concludes: "The Farmer wishes for old and young the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year the world has ever seen. He hopes the materialist may never be able to destroy in the minds of the children the budding faith in things unseen, the kindling belief in things beyond their knowledge; he hopes that Santa Claus will come to them while they sleep, and that real Fairies will dance in their innocent dreams."

An editorial on "The Matter of Belief" (written long before, but appearing in strange coincidence with his death), reflects his



(Courtesy Book News Monthly)

*Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris and
Her Grandchildren.*

own simple faith: "We must become as little children;" we must be brotherly; and "The Farmer knows that He who created life, which is the greatest mystery of all, is fully equal to the production of all other mysteries and miracles." "His faith in Providence was always very strong," says his wife. "Whenever we were in trouble, he would say, 'God will take care of us.' He was always sure of that." He was not a member of the church visible until shortly before his death when he was received into the Catholic communion, that of his wife; but he was always deeply religious. When he was a little boy, his mother took him to his grandmother's funeral. In a letter, written when a young man, he describes the impression made upon him by these words of the service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" they rang in his ears continually; he wrote them in his copy-book; they abided with him as the strongest in his soul's experience.

He was only sixty when death touched him—before the years could bend him or the sunshine of his days could dim. "Humor is a great thing to live by," he once wrote, "and other things being equal, it is a profitable thing to die by." He met death sweetly, resolutely, genially, knowing for several days that the end was near. The old playful, whimsical manner of his intercourse with his family was preserved until he sank into unconsciousness. To his son's greeting one morning, "How are you, Father?" he replied, his eyes striving for their merry twinkle, "I am about the extent of a tenth of a gnat's eyebrow better." Once, Julian said, "Father, your time has not yet come to be no more." He answered: "Rather when a man dies, instead of saying, 'He is no more,' say, 'He is forever!'" In his own quaint words, he went in childlike faith, "to see what is on the other side," passing away July 3, 1908, at 7:58 in the evening.

Sunday, July 4, he was borne from his home to St. Anthony's Church nearby, and after the last rites, simple as he would have had them, were performed by Father Jackson, he was laid to rest in Westview Cemetery. Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee preached a memorial sermon to him in Trinity M. E. Church. Protestant and Catholic thus united to do him honor. His grave is marked by a granite boulder on which these words selected from his writings by Julian, are inscribed as his epitaph:

"I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest, saying: 'You have made some of us happy.' And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling and I have to bow silently, and turn away and hurry into the obscurity that fits me best."

Never into obscurity, O sweet, brave soul! The sun shines—and it shines for us all—wherever you are!

President Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Julian: "His writings

will last. To very few writers is it given to create one of the undying characters of story, and this was given to Joel Chandler Harris in the creation of *Uncle Remus*. But his *Uncle Remus* stories are but a small part of his writings which have great and permanent value. . . . From the standpoint of our common American citizenship, it seems to me that the ethical quality of your father's writings was quite as important as their purely literary value. . . . Your father was a genius; and furthermore, he was a man who in his private life, in its modesty, its simplicity, its kindness and refinement, illustrated the very quality which we must all of us like to see typical of the homes of the Nation; and finally, he never wrote anything which did not make the man or woman reading it feel a little better, feel that his or her impulses for good had been strengthened; feel a more resolute purpose to do with cheerfulness and courage, with good sense and charity, whatever duty was next to be done."

President Woodrow Wilson paid this tribute, in a recent letter to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson: "I am one of the very enthusiastic admirers of the man who has given us at once so much instruction and so much pleasure in his depicting of the character of the old-fashioned Negro of the South."

This sketch, issued by the Association which preserves his home as his monument, deals, and fitly, with his home life rather than with his work as a man of letters. The world has been and will be reminded in many other ways of his position in literature, which must strengthen with the years. He ranks with its finest and sweetest humorists, and as one of its greatest masters of folklore, a science which has come to be recognized as such only within a century.

He is grouped with St. Francis of Assisi, who preached sermons to birds; with Hans Christian Andersen, the Grimm brothers, and others of their cult who, in preserving the world's folklore, have preserved its prehistoric literature. In Negro dialect, he has no equal. The service which he performed could not now be rendered by any other, for the plantation life of the old South and the old Negro have passed away. His popularity is extensive. An American tourist in Egypt, saw, on a boat on the Nile, a group of children around a story-teller's knee, listening to "Nights with *Uncle Remus*" told in a foreign tongue. A traveler in Australia reported that the "*Uncle Remus*" classics greeted him in bookshops wherever he turned. In Anglicized Africa, the Negro's native habitat, they are much read. Several Georgians dining in London with a nobleman, made casual reference to Atlanta. "Oh," exclaimed a chorus, "that's where *Uncle Remus* lives!" In the University of Berlin, a lecturer on American Literature, pronounced "*Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings*," the "most important individual contribution to American literature since 1870." As an estimate, sincere and rounded, we give this, written by one of his associates at the time of his death:

"He was the articulate voice of the wonderful folklore of that

lumberer race whose every mood and tense he knew with complete comprehensiveness. His shrewd, kindly, and humorous delineation of the Negro, and the reasoning life he has given the simple animals of the fields and forests make him known wherever people read and think. His mission was—and is—broader. For his folklore and his novels, his short stories and his poems breathe consistently a distinguishing philanthropy. It is the creed of optimism, of mutual trust and tolerance for all things living, of common sense and of idealism that is worth while because it fits the unvarnished duty of every hour."

And these lines from Frank L. Stanton's beautiful tribute:

*"He made the lowly cabin-fires
Light the far windows of the world!"*

And these from the poem in which Rev. George W. Belk voiced the plaint of the children for the loss of their wonderful storyteller:

<i>The rabbit will hide</i>	<i>But who can tell us</i>
<i>As he always hid,</i>	<i>What they say</i>
<i>And the fox will do</i>	<i>Since Uncle Remus</i>
<i>As he always did,</i>	<i>Has passed away?</i>



List of Books by Joel Chandler Harris

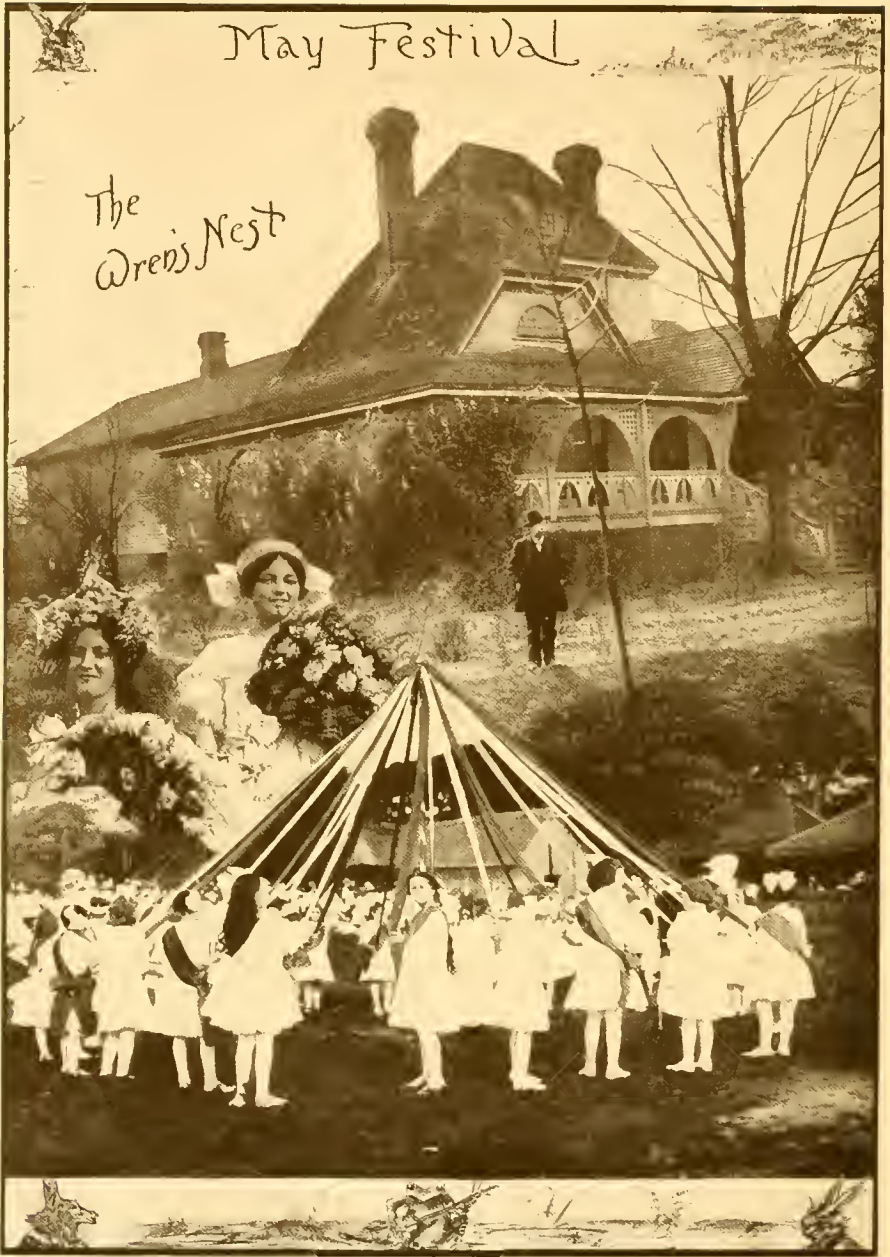
FROM THE HARRIS BIBLIOGRAPHY BY KATHARINE H. WOOTTEN,
Librarian, Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Ga.

- Aaron in the Wildwoods—1897.
Balaam and His Master—1891.
Bishop and the Boogerman—1909.
Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann—1899.
Daddy Jake, the Runaway—1889.
Free Joe—1887.
Gabriel Tolliver—1902.
History of Georgia—1896.
Kidnaping of President Lincoln—1909 (published originally under the title, "On the Wing of Occasions"—1900).
Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country—1894.
Little Union Scout—1904.
Making of a Statesman—1902.
Mingo, and Other Sketches—1884.
Mr. Rabbit at Home (a sequel to "Little Mr. Thimblefinger")—1895.
Nights With Uncle Remus—1883.
On the Plantation, a Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures During the War—1892.
On the Wing of Occasions—1900 (republished in 1909 under the title, "Kidnaping of President Lincoln").
Plantation Pageants—1899.
Shadow Between His Shoulder Blades—c. 1907.
Sister Jane—1896.
Stories of Georgia—1896 (also published under the title, "History of Georgia").
Story of Aaron—1885.
Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War—1898.
Tar-Baby, and Other Rhymes—1904.
Told by Uncle Remus—1905.
Uncle Remus and His Friends—1892.
Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit—c. 1907.
Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings—1880.
Uncle Remus and the Little Boy—c. 1910.
Wally Wanderoon—1903.

In addition to the above, Mr. Harris was editor and translator of many books. Of chief interest is the "Life of Henry W. Grady," which he edited.

May Festival

The Wren's Nest



At the Sign of the Wren's Nest

*Here in this lovely wonderland
Of dreams and memories,
It seems where'er I go or stand
He also present is.*

*I do not see him, yet I feel
That, somehow, he is nigh—
I dream, but sometimes dreams reveal
Things hidden from the eye.*

*Absorbed in thoughts and dreams of him,
These pleasant paths I pace,
When sudden, from some covert dim,
Upon me smiles his face!*

*Perhaps a glint of sunshine, or
Only my fancy's whim,
Yet in my heart it woke once more
Old memories of him.*

*These boughs which droop above my head
Are whispering to me;
It seems as though they softly said:
"We knew him. Where is he?"*

*From every blooming bush and spray
Past which I slowly go,
A murmur comes that seems to say:
"He's gone; we loved him so."*

*A wren upon her nest I see;
She eyes me unafraid,
A sheltered place of sanctity
Here for her brood he made.*

*The mockbirds sang for him their best;
He knew their wild-life ways.
Hark! One, even now, perched on its nest,
Ecstatic sings his praise.*

*Wise was his mind; wide was his heart;
Both took the whole world in.
He chose the world's best for his art,
Loved all—save only sin.*

*Ah, genius is a gift divine,
Revered wherever found,
Harris! the world knows such was thine;
Hence here is hallowed ground.*

*The sun has vanished from the west,
All but its golden rim;
Night comes, with stars upon her breast;
The world grows still and dim.*

*I, dreaming still, my steps retrace;
Tears, too, have dimmed mine eyes—
Which star, friend, is thy dwelling place
In yonder splendid skies?*

—Charles W. Hubner.



(Photo, The Misses Mead Studio.)

MRS. ARTHUR McDERMOTT WILSON.

President of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, the woman who, above and beyond all others, has assured the success of the memorial movement, inspiring her associates at all times with hope and perseverance, and by her personal initiative raising at least two-thirds of the purchase price of the Wren's Nest.

The Winning of the Wren's Nest

THE movement for a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris came as naturally as a flower might upspring from a grave, and while yet he lay at rest in his home, with the birds he loved singing unconscious requiem in his trees.

With the announcement on July 4, of his passing away, the press voiced public feeling in calling for a monument to him. As is usual in the history of memorials, there was divergence of opinion as to the form the monument should take. A statue; an Uncle Remus park; a drinking fountain; a bronze tablet; and the purchase and preservation of his home, were among suggestions as to its form.

At a meeting, called by the mayor, July 10, in the City Council Chamber, the Uncle Remus Memorial Association was organized; a committee, appointed to decide on the form of memorial reported, at a memorial meeting in the Grand Opera House, July 19, in favor of the home; \$30,000, it was estimated, would cover purchase and equipment. A statue in a public place, the more conventional type, might have been chosen but for Mr. Harris's own protest as often expressed to wife and friends: "Don't erect any statue of marble or bronze to me to stand out in the rain and cold and dust." It was remembered how he had loved his home; how characteristic of him it was, the house built according to his own ideas, the grounds eloquent of his ramblings and his tending. The committee's decision was generally approved, yet there lingered, as is usual, some division of opinion.

The gentlemen of the committee, who were burdened with personal business responsibilities, presently found that they could not give the movement the attention it required, and welcomed the formation of the Ladies' Auxiliary in February, 1909; in October, they decided to retire as an organization, the ladies succeeding to the title and office of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, and themselves appearing as Advisory Board. Colonel Frederic J. Paxon, Chairman of this Board, has been unfailing friend and counsellor to the ladies; they feel that the successful issue of the movement is largely due to his readiness to give them his time, his advice, and his aid.

The official board of the Association, as existing, is nearly the same as of the Auxiliary when formed, with Mrs. A. McD. Wilson for President. These annals are too brief to chronicle individual endeavors, but the Association would have mention made that next, in value of service, to their President ranks Mrs. E. L. Con-

nally, who has been a happy link in the work through her long and close friendship with Mrs. Wilson and the Harris family. Her historic residence, "The Homestead" is in West End, and thus neighbor to the Wren's Nest. The daughter of Georgia's War Governor, Joe Brown, and sister of Georgia's recent Governor Joe Brown, she brought the influence of these connections to the aid of the memorial interest. It is desired, too, that special and reverent tribute be paid to the lovely labors of Mrs. Marshall V. Eckford and Mrs. T. L. Stokes, two associates who have passed away.

Mrs. H. G. Hastings has been the faithful Recording Secretary of the Association for its four years of existence; Mrs. Thomas T. Stevens for nearly that period its efficient Treasurer, and always its loyal and resourceful promoter; her predecessor, Mrs. W. B. Price-Smith, served in several capacities, as has the present Auditor, Mrs. Heifner. The first large sum turned into the fund by an associate was \$400 realized from an enterprise handled by Mrs. Fred Stewart—it was an inspiration at the moment that it came!

The ladies, from the first, limited operations to what they could do themselves, without one paid officer on their board. They made no active canvass for funds. Their idea was that as many loved Uncle Remus, many might have a share in his memorial with special opportunity for small aids from children. Assistance has been welcomed and utilized in whatever form it came. A gift of Greek coins from a friend in Illinois; \$5 from a woman's club with request for violet roots from the home; tiny sum from a children's Sunshine Society in Florida; an offering from the Children of the Confederacy in Marietta; a modest check from Matthew Page Andrews, President of the Randall Literary Memorial Society; another from the Southern Club of Smith College—first Southern body in a Northern institution to remember their cause; one from Bessie Tift College in Forsyth where part of Mr. Harris's early struggles were made—these helped by the sympathy and interest thus evinced in the formative period of their undertaking.

Cooperation from schools and colleges has been, and is, highly valued. Miss Hanna's school, Atlanta, was first to render aid. Next came schools and kindergartens in Ohio, Illinois, Carolina, Alabama, and in Athens, Albany, and Covington, Ga. Kentucky's children rank next to Georgia's in interest shown. Mrs. Frank L. Woodruff, the Association's Field Secretary in that State, has sent several contributions from "Uncle Remus Circles" in Louisville and Lexington; once \$100 given in pennies. Among Atlanta institutions, the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, Marist College, "Tech" Boys' High School, Miss Woodberry's School and Washington Seminary have lent a ready hand.

The ladies gave several entertainments and essayed various



Presenting the Deed, Jan. 18, 1915. Left to Right—Mrs. Myrta Lockett Arary, F. J. Paron, Mrs. E. C. Connally, Mrs. W. B. Price-Smith, Mrs. T. T. Sterens, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Harris, Eugene Black, Lucien Harris.



Group on Steps—Left to right, Aileen Harris, LaRose Wagener, Mary Harris, grandchildren of Uncle Remus; Mary Brown Spalding. Second row, Lucien Harris, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Connally. Third row, Mrs. Lucien Harris, Mrs. Fritz Wagener, Col. Paron, Mrs. Sterens, Mrs. Arary. Fourth row, Mr. A. McD. Wilson, Miss Katharine Wootten, Mr. R. T. Connally, Mrs. R. T. Connally, Mrs. J. J. Martin, Mr. Eugene Black.

feminine devices in the interest of the fund, all tending to social pleasure and good feeling. They felt that cheerfulness and sweetness of spirit must pervade all they did for a memorial to Uncle Remus. The teas in the Governor's Mansion, by courtesy of the Governor's wife, Mrs. Joseph M. Brown, merit more than passing note. Much more than passing mention must be made of the May Festival at the Wren's Nest, inaugurated by Mrs. Brevard Montgomery, which has passed into an annual custom, having been observed every May since Mr. Harris died. Its growing beauty and popularity is a reward to the many ladies whose diligent labors go to making it the pretty pageant it is.

The May Festival at the Wren's Nest is in itself an appropriate memorial to the former master. His lawns and gardens must please Uncle Remus mightily on May Day if, in the spirit, his eyes look



(Courtesy Book News Monthly.) (Photo by Winn.)
*Mrs. Wilson Receiving the Keys
 from Mrs. Harris.*

on at the Maypole Dance, and the Crowning of the May Queen; the "Honey Bee Tree," "Thimblefinger Well," "Miss Meadows and the Gals," "Tar Baby Booth," "Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox," and other materializations from his books, with fitting forms and merry voices of childhood making all the place glad and gay. Besides the chief reason—its memorial interest—for con-

tinuing the custom, there is another. Small admission fees and sales of simple refreshments and souvenirs supply revenue toward the support of the home.

"Uncle Remus Day" was inaugurated by the ladies in 1910, when through their efforts, seconded by Prof. W. M. Slaton, Atlanta's Superintendent of Public Schools, the schools of the city held an Uncle Remus hour of song and story, Dec. 9, Mr. Harris's birthday. Another year the interest was enlisted of the State Commissioner of Public Schools, Prof. M. L. Brittain. In 1912, observance extended throughout Georgia and to other States; to colleges, women's and children's clubs, and public libraries.

The most important help the work ever received came in 1910 from Theodore Roosevelt. Mrs. Wilson, basing request on his known friendship for Uncle Remus, asked him to lecture in Atlanta for the memorial fund. His acceptance and the lecture that followed, Oct. 8, turned the balance of fate and public opinion in favor of the home's preservation, not only because of the money it brought, nearly \$5,000, but by this seal of approval from "the world's foremost citizen" as universally acclaimed. Andrew Carnegie dupli-



*Lucien Harris
Presenting
Loring Cup
to
Mrs. Wilson
at the
Wren's Nest,
January 18,
1913.*

ated the proceeds of this lecture. The largest single contribution has been \$5,000 from the Harris family. Recital of these large gifts by no means minimizes smaller ones. The penny of a child he loved would be precious to Uncle Remus. The smallest aid to the movement commands the respect of the Association; particularly when it comes from a measure which is, in itself, a memorial, as from "Uncle Remus Circles," "Uncle Remus Parties," and "Readings from Uncle Remus."

The formal transference of the Wren's Nest to the Association by deed occurred January 18, 1913, in Uncle Remus's favorite room. After this ceremony, Lucien Harris presented Mrs. Wilson with a loving-cup inscribed: "To Mrs. A. McD. Wilson in appreciation of her efforts in behalf of the Uncle Remus Memorial—Essie LaRose Harris, Julian Harris, Lucien Harris, Evelyn Harris, Mrs. Fritz Wagener, Mrs. Edwin Camp, Joel Chandler Harris," a testimonial which the Association was happy to see bestowed upon its leader by those who loved Uncle Remus best. They realized with pride how deserved it was; and that their President, above and beyond all others, had assured the success of their cause, inspiring them at all times with hope and perseverance, and by her personal initiative, raising at least two-thirds of the purchase price.

"This has been my home for a long time," Mrs. Harris said of the transfer, "and I hate to give it up, but I feel that this is for the best. If it passed into private hands, it might suffer change. Now, I know that our home will be kept as he left it and as he loved it. I know that you will cherish every tree, flower, and shrub that he spoke of and loved, as I have cherished them. You will let the wild

things feel at home here as he did and as I have done. It would please him, if he could know, that little children will always play about the place."

His bedroom and living room are to be kept as he left them. His widow donates the furnishings, among which are his favorite chair, writing-table, inkstand, pen, and many relics besides. Other rooms will be used for a public library, a branch of the Carnegie, already established; a free kindergarten, it is hoped; and similar public utilities as they may be developed, all in keeping with the memorial sentiment. Mrs. Harris has given for the library a number of books which belonged to her husband. A valuable collection of author's autographed copies and of autographed photographs has been secured for it by Mrs. Lollie Bell Wylie. A feature of Mrs. Wylie's collection is the bronze medallion portrait of Mr. Harris by the sculptor, Roger Noble Burnham, a contribution from members of the Boston Folklore Society and Authors' Club. "Brer Rabbit," drawn by A. B. Frost, Mr. Harris's friend and illustrator, is a recent gift from the artist, made through Miss Katharine Wooten. New evidences of interest reach us daily, and we hope to presently swell the pages of our little book with fresh records of the many beautiful things done for the Harris Memorial by those who love Uncle Remus the wide world over. Also, we hope to keep their names on honor roll record at the Wren's Nest; thus will his memorial be their memorial too.

The grounds are to be equipped as playgrounds for children and as a resort for the innocent recreation and happiness of youth in general. The Association plans to add "Snap-Bean Farm" to present holdings, both because they regard it as an essential part of the memorial and because of its availability for playground purposes. Its purchase will require \$5,000. Readers of this booklet will bear this fact, we trust, in sympathetic remembrance. As yet there is no fund to sustain the memorial. Every purchase of this booklet will be a contribution to it. So will purchase of our post-cards and other souvenirs. We will welcome cooperation of any kind from all who loved Uncle Remus and who would like to share, in even the most modest degree, in our work. The preservation of a great man's home, where he made wife and children happy for nearly thirty years, is an object lesson in the moralities and of very wholesome significance in many ways. It is a monument not to genius only but to the domestic virtues, a guarantee of the world's respect for faithful married love and the hearthstones of the world.



Uncle Remus Memorial Association

The Wren's Nest, 214 Gordon Street, Atlanta, Ga.

President	Mrs. Arthur McDermott Wilson
First Vice-President	Mrs. E. L. Connally
Second Vice-President	Mrs. Robert J. Lowry
Recording Secretary	Mrs. H. G. Hastings
Treasurer	Mrs. Thomas T. Stevens
Auditor	Mrs. F. P. Heifner
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Fred Stewart

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Andrew Carnegie	Clark Howell
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	Hoke Smith
	A. O. Bacon
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Honorary Members

Ivy L. Lee	A. B. Frost	Roger Noble Burnham
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GROUNDS COMMITTEE

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Afterword

This memorial booklet is a labor of love throughout. All who have taken part in its making knew and loved Uncle Remus. The author has been inspired by her reverence for his character as a man and a genius; by the charm which the home-life at the Wren's Nest had for her while the master was living; and by sympathy with the movement led by her dear friend, Mrs. Wilson, for the preservation of the Wren's Nest as Mr. Harris's monument. Similar sentiment inspired her young colleague, Susan McClellan.

It is the most comprehensive biography of Mr. Harris yet published, brief though it is. It has been read and approved by his widow; and much of its data was secured direct from her. The collection of Harris portraits is the most complete in existence.

A long list might be made of courtesies extended to it in the making, showing how composite a work of good will and loving memory of Uncle Remus it is. Miss Wootten and Major Hubner, who contribute to it, were Mr. Harris's personal friends and warmly attached to him. The Ladies' Home Journal, Book News Monthly, the World's Work, the Outlook, and the Christian Herald, in lending assistance, expressed the interest of friendship in anything connected with Uncle Remus and his Memorial. Special obligations are felt to these publications, to Ivy Lee's beautiful "Memories of Uncle Remus," and to Mr. Harris's home papers, the Atlanta Journal, the Atlanta Georgian, and the Atlanta Constitution; and to Mr. C. H. Pritchard, formerly of Uncle Remus's Magazine.

Surely this little ship cannot fail of its mission—when its sails are winged with so many kindnesses and it carries the story of a beautiful life!

Visitors are Welcome to the Wren's Nest

Visitors from almost every part of the world have called since the Wren's Nest was opened to the public only a few months ago. Tourists passing through Atlanta usually pay their respects to the place. Children like to come. Sometimes, aged pilgrims journey from a distance to bring their little grandchildren to see Uncle Remus's House. As our opportunities permit, we hope to make Uncle Remus's House more and more a place of rest and recreation to the "children of all ages," as Uncle Remus described the "young in heart."

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Mr. Arthur McDermott Wilson

with the love of
his friends

Myrtle Lockett - Fran

Aug 18-1913

This is my first gift of ever
booklet, and I give it to you
and your family and I hope
it is left to that of his wife and now
I mean I most to me in the
tion of my work upon it.

AUG 22 1918

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