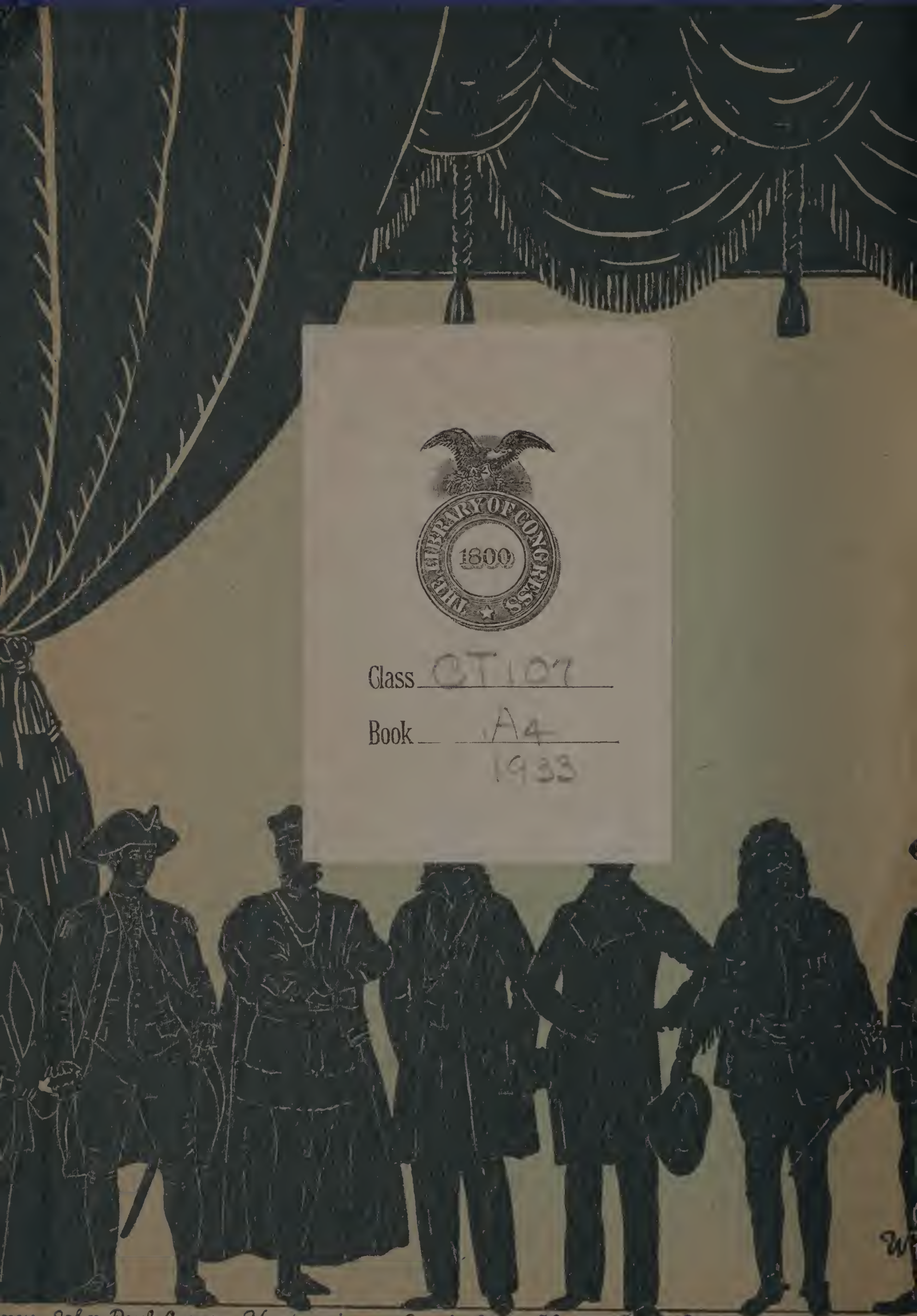
SONS KNOWN to FAME

by LENA C. AHLERS



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Gutenberg
John C. Calhoun
Robert E. Peary
Mozart
Mark Twain

SONS KNOWN TO FAME

Ludwig von Beethoven

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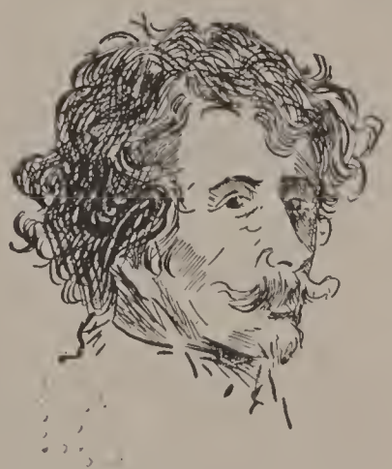
By LENA C. AHLERS

Author of

Daughters Known to Fame

Birds the Indians Knew



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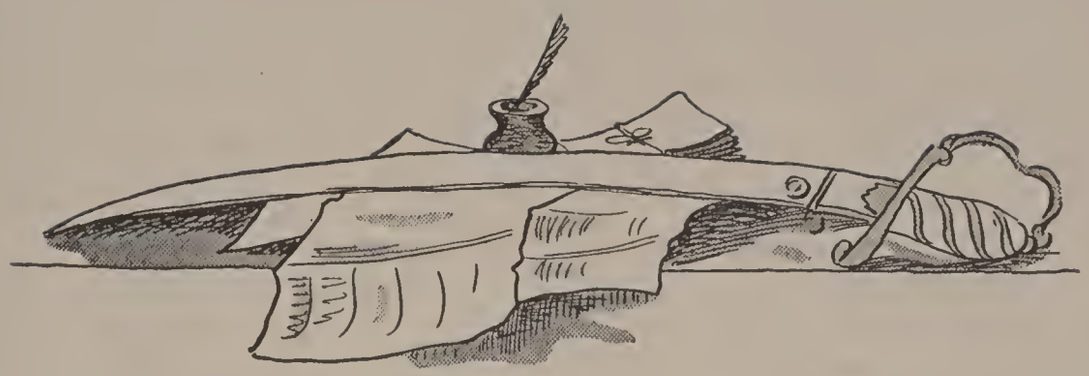

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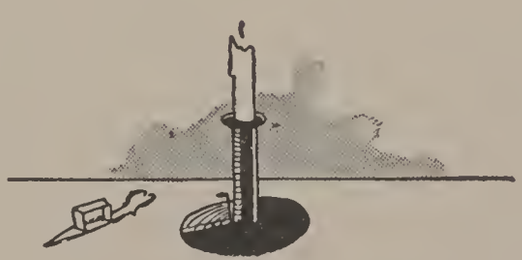


Americus Vespucius

We think of February as the birthmonth of many famous men and women, but we seldom think of the many illustrious persons born in other months. Few of them contain the birthdays of more widely known and loved persons than does March. Of these none should be given more tribute than Americus Vespucius.

Few Americans pause to give honor to his birthday, the ninth of March. Although Vespucius was born about four hundred and seventy years ago, in 1451, his name is more familiar than that of many a noted man now living. Both North and South America were named in his honor. He is believed to have discovered both continents, but never disputed the right of Columbus' great honor.

Like so many of our old heroes, little is known about his early life except that he was born in Florence, Italy, and was educated by his uncle. He must

have been a very brilliant lad and fond of adventure, and in some way he gained an unusual knowledge of astronomy.

After he finished his education Vespucius engaged in trade in his home city, later going to Cadiz. When Spain became interested in the explorations of Columbus, he helped to prepare the vessels for the long voyages.

The only account left of the voyages of Vespucius is his letters, but many of them have been lost or mistranslated. Still it is believed that he found the Americas before Columbus did, and it is certain he took at least four long voyages. These were in 1497, 1499, 1501, and 1503. Although there is no definite account as to the countries visited it is supposed that on his first voyage he reached the coast of South America, at least a year before Columbus did. In his later voyages other parts of both Americas were probably visited. It is thought that two of these voyages were for Spain, and two for Portugal. From certain accounts, it appears that Vespucius was probably a pilot or astronomer on the ships of Columbus.

In 1507 Waldeemuller translated the letters of Vespucius, and in them appeared the suggestion that the new continents be named America after his given name. The title was first accepted by South America and later by North America.

Vespucius died in 1512, but in the naming of the two continents his name is immortalized.

La Salle

"It is easy," wrote Parkman about La Salle, "to reckon up his defects, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. America owes him an enduring memory; for, in his masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage." La Salle was one of those Jesuit missionaries, who next to Champlain was the greatest of the early explorers who did so much for America. As Parkman says, America is forever indebted to La Salle for his unconquerable courage. As a tribute to this indomitable Frenchman this country has perpetuated his name by giving it to counties, cities and so forth. But without this the memory of his name would still live, and it is a name that even now the Indians love and reverence.

Rene Robert Cavilier, which was La Salle's real name, was born in Rouen, France, on the twenty-sec-

ond of November, 1643. His father was a rich merchant and they had a luxurious home, furnished with lovely things that the small boy liked to examine. The boy was given a good education, and when he became a young man became a teacher in a Jesuit school. Here he took their vow and was determined to be a missionary, but being still a boy his craving for adventures made the school seem dull and uninteresting. So he soon gave up his place. A short time later his father died and because of his vow to the Jesuits the young man could not inherit any of his wealth. Even then La Salle had wonderful dreams and visions, and not having any money he decided that he would go to Canada, where his brother, Abbe Jean Cavilier, was a priest at St. Sulplice.

The young man full of enthusiasm and dreams bade farewell to his mother and friends and started eagerly on his long voyage. It was at this time that he borrowed the name of La Salle from a title of an estate belonging to his family. He thought this would be a very appropriate and nice sounding name for a missionary. Upon landing in America he accepted a grant of forest land from the priests, nine miles from Montreal. Here he decided to locate as a fur trader and as means offered to do missionary work also and to teach the Indians about God. He induced other settlers to come and live on his land, and tried in every way to better qualify himself to be a help to the Indians. He studied their customs and

their ways, and it was not long till he knew seven or eight of their languages. One day a band of Iroquois, who were greatly feared by the white settlers, called on La Salle and his settlement, and they enjoyed their visit so much that they decided to stay all winter. It was during the long winter evenings that they told the young man marvelous tales of the Ohio River.

La Salle had been dreaming all the time of finding a shorter passage to Africa, and was sure that the river the Indians told him about would lead him there. So he went to the governor of Quebec and asked permission to explore the wonderful stream. The governor readily granted the permission but could not give La Salle any money to buy the necessary things. Undaunted, the young Frenchman returned to his little settlement and sold his land, and with the money bought four canoes and supplies, and hired fourteen men to go with him. On reaching Lake Superior they met Joliet and his men on their way back to Canada and the priests in La Salle's party insisted on going with them. La Salle refused to accompany them and with a few followers went southward, discovering the Ohio River and probably following it as far south as the present city of Louisville. But this is not certain, and the party may not have gone that far.

The spirit of adventure had been aroused in La Salle's nature and for the next two or three years he traveled the length of Lake Michigan, crossed its

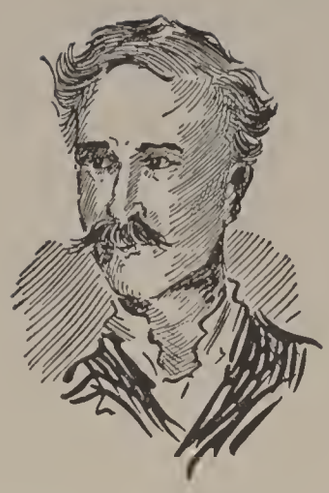
western shores and explored the valley of the Illinois River and other nearby regions. During this time he became a good friend to many tribes of Indians and his influence over them was marvelous. Although he was not the missionary he had earlier dreamed of being he was still doing the work of a wonderful missionary in being kind to these wild men. In 1673, La Salle obtained from the French court a title of nobility and a grant of land, including Fort Frontenac. This aroused the jealousy of the French in Canada and instead of friendly feeling toward the young explorer his countrymen felt bitter and revengeful. If La Salle had been a man of less great and pure determinations, and been filled with selfishness he would have stayed near the Canadian border and been a fur trader and probably would have become a wealthy man. But La Salle's ambition was to acquire and develop part of this fertile new country for France, so in 1677, he returned to Paris and told his plans to the court. He was received with honor and many of his requests were granted.

In 1678, La Salle returned to Canada, and during the next winter built the Griffin, the first sailing vessel that ever floated on the Great Lakes. In the summer of 1679, it sailed the Strait of Mackinaw and was never again seen, but it had taught the Indians some of the marvelous things that the white men could do.

It was during the next years that La Salle did his greatest exploring and he descended the Mississippi River to its mouth, taking possession of the entire Mississippi valley for France. He named this region Louisiana in honor of the French king, and in 1680, built a fort on the Illinois river, which he called Fort Crevecoeur. This was the first rude settlement in Illinois, and two years later he established the Fort of Saint Louis, near the present town of Utica. Around this fort La Salle gathered the largest confederation of Indians ever controlled by a white man for so long a time.

Having established the fort he organized his affairs and gave it in care of his lieutenant, Tonty, that he might do other things. La Salle again went to France, hoping to get the means and people to establish a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi River. In 1684, he again started back to America with four vessels carrying one hundred soldiers, beside carpenters and colonists and plenty of supplies. After a long voyage they reached what La Salle thought was their destination and disembarked, but it proved to be Matagora Bay. La Salle had had a quarrel with the captain of the ship and he had departed as quickly as possible, and before the mistake had been recognized. La Salle knew that if aid was not soon obtained the little colony was doomed in the vast wilderness, and so with a few followers he started afoot to Canada.

During all his life in America La Salle had had to overcome obstacles and opposition which would have overwhelmed one of a less courageous nature, so now he did not flinch at the trip before him. But the brave young man did not go far before he was shot treacherously in the back by one of his men; one of the men whom La Salle would have died to save.



Robert Peary

The name of no modern explorer is more famous than that of Robert Edwin Peary. Adventure holds a magic attraction for all, and with reverence we admire the men who venture into a wilderness never penetrated before by a human being.

Robert E. Peary was born in Cresson Springs, Pennsylvania, May 6, 1856. It may be imagined that the small boy had scarcely learned to walk before his bright eyes were exploring every tempting nook and crevice, and with the passing of the years his love for adventure grew. Unlike the lives of so many of our distinguished men, Peary's childhood was not a struggle with poverty, and he had excellent opportunities to obtain an education.

After finishing his public school education, Peary entered Bowdoin College. His genial, courageous temperament made him a great favorite, and his adventurous nature continually kept him busy searching

for new thrills. In 1881 he entered the Civil Engineer Corps of the United States navy, and from 1884 to 1888 he was employed by the Government as first assistant engineer, and later as chief in surveying the projected Nicaragua Canal.

The young man's love of adventure was gratified for a time, but not satisfied, and when in the latter part of 1886 he was sent to Greenland, his joy was unbounded. With one person he ventured into the interior of Greenland. All of his love for adventure thrilled him and increased his desire to take up Arctic research work. After his return he finished his survey work, but gave up the thought of making civil engineering his life's work.

In 1891 Peary set out at the head of an expedition to explore the northern regions. Taking six companions he started for northwestern Greenland to study the habits and life of the Eskimo. On this trip he discovered Independence Bay, and after a sledge journey of exciting adventure, he reached the northeastern coast. He grew to love the climate and the frozen land. Feeling the North calling him, he continued to follow this urge. He discovered that the supposed southern part of Greenland was an island, and not a peninsula as it had been supposed to be.

On his return to the United States Peary wrote a book about his two northern trips, which was printed under the name, "Northward Over the Great Ice." The same year he set out again for the Arctic

with the avowed intention of discovering the North Pole. He was gone for four years and many false reports that his ship had been lost came to the States. Although Peary did not discover the North Pole on this journey, he made other important discoveries, journeying farther north than any white man had previously gone.

Peary's young wife, who was also fond of adventure, accompanied him on several of his exploring trips, and his eldest daughter was born in the Polar regions. The Eskimos called her affectionately "Little Snow Bear."

The explorer returned from his third expedition in 1902, and began planning and building a ship especially for his next trip. It was christened "The Roosevelt." When fully equipped he started north again in 1905, with the interest and the good wishes of the whole world going with the expedition. After journeying to the northern coast of Grant Land, Peary left his ship and part of the equipage, continuing the trip on sledges. Although he was forced to turn back from privations he established another "new far north" record.

Returning to this country he wrote another book of vivid description, "Nearest the North," which appeared in print in 1907. After resting himself, and again equipping "The Roosevelt," Peary left on another expedition in 1908. The ship was again left on the northern part of Grant Land, and Peary and

his companions continued the journey on ice. Discouraged, one after another of his companions turned back. Supplies grew shorter and shorter, but Peary continued northward. Only four Eskimos and one negro were with him when, on April 6, 1909, he discovered the North Pole.

His adventurous spirit appeased at last in its quest, Peary returned to his ship and on to this country. He was greeted as a hero, promoted to rear-admiral, and Congress voted him their thanks.

After the declaration of the World War in May, 1917, Peary was made Chairman of the National Aerial Patrol Commission organized under the control of the navy department. This brave man died on February 22, 1920.

David Livingstone

Of the birthdays that come this month, none deserve to be honored more than the nineteenth of March, the natal day of David Livingstone, the first pioneer missionary. Because he did more for the advancement of men than any other man, the natives still reverence his name.

Doctor Livingstone was not only a missionary, but an explorer, and a noble man of indomitable courage. Through his pleas he awakened the whole world to the plight of "Darkest Africa."

David Livingstone was born in Blantyre, Scotland. His parents, like those of so many of our heroes, were very poor, so the boy went to work in a cotton factory, when only fourteen years old. The work was hard for a young boy, but he kept struggling to educate himself, never losing an opportunity to add to his knowledge. Later he supported himself while taking a course in medicine at Ander-

son College, Glasgow. This was of great value to him in his later travels. His own struggles made him deeply interested in others, and his love for adventure urged him to offer his services to a London Missionary Society.

At that time there were even fewer persons who were eager to give their lives, or part of them, for the advancement of others, than today. So Livingstone's offer was eagerly accepted, and he was sent to Africa. The young man was rather disappointed for he had hoped to have been sent to China.

He was a man of unattractive and uncouth appearance, but no more noble and courageous man ever lived, and his life in the wilderness of Africa was a continual struggle. Livingstone was gifted with a captivating and charming manner, which helped him to win the confidence and love of the natives. He won the friendship of all the chiefs, which is a difficult thing to do, and went safely where no white man had ever gone before. They learned to trust and honor him so much that they affectionately called him "Little Doctor," a name of which Livingstone was always proud.

At a little mission station in Bechuanaland Livingstone joined Moffatt, an elderly Englishman, and became acquainted with his charming daughter, whom he married. Afterward she accompanied him on several of his travels, and took a keen interest in his work, helping him wherever she could.

Livingstone traveled over one-third of Africa, and the value of his thirty years of exploring in this continent is still of great worth to the world. In 1849 he traveled as far north as civilization then extended, and then went on beyond the Tropic of Capricorn, discovering Lake Ngami.

In 1852 he started on another exploring expedition, which took him to the little known country around Zambezi. The journey was a hard one and he was severely wounded in a fight with a lion. Nearly exhausted he journeyed farther finding the Victoria Falls. He then returned to civilization to rest awhile before starting on another trip.

During the periods between the expeditions Livingstone wrote several books, telling in clear, forcible words of his travels and experiences. These books are "Missionary Travels", "Researches in South Africa" and "Narrative of Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries."

Soon after returning from Zambezi, Livingstone was appointed the British consul at Quilimane. At the same time he was appointed leader of an expedition to explore Eastern and Central Africa, and on this trip Lake Shirwa and Lake Nyassa were the principal discoveries.

In 1866 Livingstone started another exploring expedition to discover the true source of the Nile River. On this trip the Serapula River, lakes Moeru and Bangweolo were found. This was the most diffi-

cult of all his expeditions, and for over three years nothing was heard from him, or about him. A New York newspaper sent out a young explorer, by the name of Stanley, to try to find out what had happened to Livingstone.

Stanley met Livingstone at Ujiji on the tenth of November, 1871, and gave to him some letters and much information. The two men spent four months together, equipping Livingstone for another expedition. A friendship that lasted the rest of their lives formed between them. Rested and in better health, Livingstone took thirty men and left to penetrate farther into the interior. The natives deserted him, and discouraged Livingstone turned back, finally finding the way to a friendly little village on the banks of Lake Bangweolo.

The years of suffering and hardship had weakened him, and there he died in 1873. According to their custom the natives took his heart and buried it at the foot of the tree, under which he died. His body was preserved and taken to Zanzibar, from where it was sent to England and buried at Westminster Abbey.

Montgomery Pike

Many of our cities, rivers and states were named from Indian words, or from some explorer or prominent person. Many of our mountains and peaks were named in honor of the person who discovered them, as is the case of Pike's Peak.

Pike's Peak was found on the twenty-third of November, 1806, by Zebulon Montgomery Pike, a soldier and explorer. Pike was born in 1779, in Lamburton, New Jersey. His father was a soldier, and at the age of fifteen the boy enlisted in his regiment as a cadet. He was steadily promoted, and in five years was appointed first lieutenant.

The first expedition for which Pike became famous was the one that ended in the finding of the most noted peak in the Rocky Mountains. He started out to explore the head waters of the Mississippi river, and his search led him into Colorado. Seven miles from the city of Colorado Springs he

found the peak that bears his name. It rises 14,108 feet above sea level. Beautiful trees and luxuriant vegetation cover the side of this peak to a height of 11,700 feet, while the top is surmounted with snow.

Lieutenant Pike climbed part way up the peak, was frightened and turned back, declaring no one could reach the top. It was not till in 1819, that Major Long's expedition climbed to the top of the peak. One can now easily and safely travel to the very top on horseback or on a cog-railroad, nine miles long.

After the expedition Pike wrote a book about his exploring trip, and although it is authentic it is not well written.

In the beginning of the War of 1812, Pike took an active part, and his valor and courage made him a very brave leader. In the attack on York, Canada, he was killed by fragments of rock shattered by the bullets of the British. In the finding of Pike's Peak, Zebulon Pike has left a lasting monument to his memory that will never die.

John Paul Jones

"Tell you a story," repeated Uncle Bert, as his nephew climbed up on the arm of his chair. "And what shall it be about?"

"Please tell me about that great sea fighter you were going to tell me about. The one whose birthday is the sixth of July, just like mine is, but you said he was born many years ago," reminded Allen Spaits.

"So I did," agreed his uncle. "Well, John Paul Jones, one of the most dauntless sea rovers and fighters who ever lived, was born in 1747 in a queer little Scottish town with the almost unpronounceable name of Kirkcudbrightshire. His parents were very poor and his father worked as a gardener in the gardens of a rich man, but almost as soon as the little lad could walk he showed his fondness for ships, water and the things which belong to the sea. As he

grew older he would sit for hours listening to the tales which sailors would tell. Because the small boy had to work whenever he could he did not get to go to school very much, but he read a great deal, and he learned much about the different parts of the world by listening to the old sailors and fishermen talking. John Paul was the boy's real name, and after he came to America he added the name of Jones because of the great kindness a man by that name did for him."

"But how did he get to America?" asked Allen.

"I will tell you about that by and by," answered his uncle. "When John was twelve years old his parents left the gardens and the boy was sent to a small town to work in a shop, and he spent every one of his spare moments watching the glistening sails of ships. He determined that some day he would go to sea and be a sailor, so the next year when he had a chance to go on a ship to Virginia after a cargo of tobacco John was very happy. He liked the new country and began to hope that some day he could live in Virginia."

"Did he ever?" questioned Allen.

"Yes, for a time he lived in America, but most of John Paul Jones' life was spent on the sea and he was made captain before he was twenty years old. By and by one of John's brothers came to America and lived on a beautiful farm and every time that the Captain came to Virginia he visited his brother. For

a time after his brother's death the brave young captain lived on the farm."

"Did he like being a farmer?" demanded Allen.

"Not as well as roving on the waters, so as soon as the Revolutionary War broke out Captain Jones offered his help to the government, and he was made an officer on a ship named the Alfred. He was the first man to raise an American flag on a battleship. Soon Captain Jones was made a commander of a little war sloop and sailed up and down the Atlantic coast looking for the enemies' ships. He captured several vessels and destroyed others which would have done much harm if they had landed. It was on a trip to France that he was nicknamed the sea rover, because some people thought he tried to burn an English town."

"But he wasn't a mean rover, was he?" interrogated Allen.

"No," asserted his uncle, "and he will ever be known as one of the most fearless and bravest of American fighters. When he returned from France he was given the command of five small ships, one of which he called the Bon Homme Richard, and for a time he again took up his patrol along the eastern coasts. One day there was a desperate fight with a large English fleet and when they asked him to surrender Captain Jones cried, 'I have not yet begun to fight,' even though the ship he was on was sinking. All of the ships were so close together that the guns

touched, and the English had many more men. It was a wonderful battle and the Americans won. After that the young sailor was honored by everyone."

"Was that all he fought?" asked Allen.

"No, he fought at least twenty-three naval battles, but when peace was signed he went back to his farm," explained his uncle. "But five years later he entered the Russian army, later resigning to go as United States Consul to Algiers, but when he reached Paris he became very ill. He died in that city on the eighteenth of July, 1792, and he was buried with great honor. About twenty years ago the coffin containing his body was brought to America and buried at Annapolis."

Nathan Hale

" . . . imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world."

So has one person written about the grave of Nathan Hale, for the exact place where this young patriot is buried is not known. And although a tombstone has been erected in his honor in the City Hall Park in New York City, probably near the spot where he was executed, and another statue honors his memory in Hartford, Connecticut, his grave may be neglected. In the whole history of our country there is no record of a life more beautiful in sacrifice, yet perhaps so little honored as is that of Nathan Hale.

Nathan Hale was born in Coventry, Connecticut, on the sixth of June, 1755. He was the sixth of twelve children, having eight brothers and three sisters. As may be expected his father was a man of great piety and patriotism, also very industrious. He was a farmer and magistrate and a deacon in the church,

and several times he was representative in the general assembly. He taught his children the highest ideals and principles, and we know that Nathan's mother must have been a sweet lady with high morals and standards. The family were of the Puritan faith, and the children were taught accordingly. The household was orderly and Godly, in which the Bible ruled and the family prayers never failed. So from his very babyhood Nathan was brought up "in the fear of God" and with a fine sense of duty.

Even when still a baby Nathan loved the beautiful scenery around him, and this love increased as he grew older. As a boy there was nothing he liked to do better than fish and hunt, and no boy could leap as far or run as fast, as he. He was very clever, too, and made the most wonderful toys for the other children. He liked to study too, and as soon as he learned to read he was a good student. Little is known about his school days, but after much pleading he succeeded in getting his father's promise to send him to college. Nathan and two of his brothers were placed under the care of Doctor Joseph Huntington, pastor of the home church, to prepare them for the ministry and to enter college.

Nathan was a tireless student and never failed to take advantage of opportunities. When he was only sixteen years old he entered Yale College. Not much is known of his college life, but that he was an industrious student and a general favorite. It is said that he

was very fond of sciences and always stood at the head of his class in these studies; he liked languages also.

In September, 1773, Nathan graduated from Yale and began teaching school in East Haddam, Connecticut, in order to earn money to better prepare himself for the ministry. A little old lady said of him at this time, "Everybody loved him, he was so sprightly, intelligent and kind," and added "so handsome." He was five feet and ten inches tall and well proportioned, having a good full chest, bright blue eyes and light complexion. He was vivacious, amiable and charming. Sparks said of Hale, "No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors."

Hale spent the winter in East Haddam and in the spring he was called to teach in a select school in New England. Here he had thirty pupils and they learned to love their ardent, patriotic teacher as much as his college associates had. Here the young man was teaching when on the nineteenth of April, 1775, the country was summoned to take up arms. As soon as the Boston Express brought the news to New London the citizens called a meeting. In glowing speeches and resolutions their patriotism was given, and it was determined that Captain Colt's Independent Company, the only uniformed soldiers in the

place, should march to the scene of hostilities the very next morning.

Nathan Hale was among the most patriotic and vigorous speakers at the meeting. "Let us march immediately," he urged, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence." And straightway he enrolled as a volunteer and the next morning dismissed his pupils. To his father he wrote, "a sense of duty urges me to sacrifice everything for my country," and thinking he would be disappointed in his not pursuing theological work Nathan added the promise to take it up again later. His father was a real patriot, and had often gone so far as to forbid his family to use any wool raised on the farm that it might be woven into blankets and clothes for the army. So he readily assented to Nathan's going to war, and the young man enlisted on the sixth of July.

Hale was appointed a lieutenant in the Third Company of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, and on the third of August, Hale's company and another were stationed at New London where it was thought the British would attack. On the fourteenth of September the two companies were ordered to march to Boston, and from the twenty-third of December to the twenty-seventh of January Hale was given a vacation, which he spent in visiting friends in Connecticut. On the first of January, 1776, Nathan received the appointment of Captain in the Nine-

teenth Regiment of Foot, and the last of January he and his men were sent from Winter Hill to Roxbury. In April the troops were ordered to New York. During this time nothing especially exciting or conspicuous happened, all being sieges and counterplots. Hale was often given perilous and hazardous duties to do, and he worked hard. He was often in charge of advanced guards, and sometimes so near the enemy he could see their signs.

Little record is left of the doings of the army through these days, but one incident is recorded. A British sloop, laden with supplies and guarded by sixty-four guns, anchored in the East River. After some consultation Captain Vandfut and Hale decided to capture the vessel, which seemed a perilous task to accomplish. At the hour they had agreed upon the men assembled and crossed the river in a boat, and carefully boarded the ship. Hale went to the helm and the other men kept the British in the hold. The boat was safely steered to the warf and chained, and the clothes and food distributed.

After the Battle of Long Island the American forces became greatly discouraged. They had little food and the poorest clothing, while the British seemed to have much money and good food. During this time the Americans tried vainly to get some hints of what the British intended doing next, for they realized that if they could not find out the next move their enemies would make they would be lost.

At last the Board of Officers agreed to Colonel Knowlton's suggestion to try to find some officer that would act as a spy and go into the enemies' camp and find out their plans. This was not only an ignominous but hazardous task, for no one is looked upon with more contempt than a spy, no matter for what good and noble cause this work is being done. Knowlton appealed to all the officers for help and pleaded for someone who knew something about the country, military plans and so forth to go. For a long while no one answered to his call. To be a hated spy is a terrible task for anyone to do, and most of all for an officer, so the idea to get anybody to do this work seemed hopeless. An old French sergeant was asked to go and he answered, "I am ready to fight the British at any time and place, but I do not feel willing to go among them to be hung like a dog."

A gloom settled over the men, and Colonel Knowlton stood in a hopeless, despairing attitude. There seemed nothing anybody could do, for none of them cared to go, and then a clear voice that thrilled all who heard it, said, "I will undertake it." And Captain Hale in all his young, strong, promising manhood came forward. His fellow officers at once pleaded with him not to go, he must not be sacrificed for this work, they told him, and when his family and friends heard of his offer they joined in their supplications. But to all of them Hale responded calmly, "The soldier should never consult his fears when duty calls."

About the middle of September, with orders from Washington, and carrying clothes for a disguise, Nathan Hale with his most intimate friend, Hempstead, started out on his journey to the British camps. When dressed in his disguise Hale wore a round, broad-rimmed hat and a plain suit of citizen's brown clothes, in imitation of a Dutch school master.

It can partly be fancied through what great anxiety, fatigue, and perils the young man must have passed after parting with his friend. Hale must have noticed the smallest details along his way, in this way hoping to be able to find his way back again to where a boat was to meet him. As soon as he got in the enemies' country he took notes of their fortifications and the arrangement of different objects. These notes he folded and placed between the soles of his pumps. It has been proved that several days must have elapsed between the time of Hale's parting with his friend and his capture, though just what happened during this time is not known. Before the young man reached New York City part of the British Line had moved two miles above the city to Kip's Bay, while General Howe with one portion of the troops still remained in the city.

Long Island was covered with British, and it must have tried even Hale's clever ingenuity to pass through all those troops of Highlanders, English, Waldeckers, Hessians, tories, rebels, refugees and so forth without being recognized. But he passed safely

through the midst of all this and it is known he had returned as far again as the shores of Huntington, where the boat was to meet him, when he was captured. When he reached the shore he saw a boat approaching and believing it was the one sent for him came from his hiding place only to see it was a British boat. Hale tried to run back to shelter, but was summoned to stop. Glancing back he saw that the whole crew was standing with their muskets pointed at him, so he boarded the little vessel. The British men treated him very kindly for they did not suspect he was anything but the school master he appeared to be. But when he reached New York and was carefully examined the papers showing various fortifications and other war plans were found in his pumps, and when it was found that he was a spy he was treated with little respect.

Open and sincere by nature when Captain Hale saw that he could not escape from his enemies he confessed that he was a spy. That twenty-first of September, while the British burned the greater part of New York, Hale stood calm and fearless and heard General Howe make the decision what should be done with him. He was taken out and a short time later he gave his life for his country, and just before he died he said those wonderful words that we have often heard, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Anthony Wayne

It is queer how some persons become better known by their nicknames than by their own names, and how well they grow to fit a character. "Mad Anthony" was one of these names which appropriately describes the handsome, fearless, energetic man that Anthony Wayne was when he became a national hero. Quite as interesting as the odd nickname was the manner in which it was given the daring young soldier. The nickname was first given him by a witless circuit rider who used to stop in Wayne's camp, and when he came near the young soldier would shake his head, muttering "Mad Anthony! Mad Anthony!" So well did it suit the character of Wayne, and so appropriately describe the fierceness with which he fought that the troops adopted the name and after the storming of Stony Point he was better known as "Mad Anthony" than by his own name.

It is hardly conceivable that such an energetic man was ever a baby, and perhaps that was the reason he was born on New Year's Day in 1745. He was born in Easton Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in the days when each person born in this country was either a staunch patriot or a cowardly traitor. His uncle was Wayne's first school teacher, to whom he continued going till he was sent to the Philadelphia Academy, which he left when he was seventeen years old.

Wayne was very fond of arithmetic and devoted most of his time to mathematical studies, finding every problem full of interest, and the harder the problem was to solve the better he liked it. When he completed his education, Wayne returned to Easton and opened a surveyor's office. He soon had many patrons who relied upon his good judgment, and when he was only twenty years old he was sent by the government to Nova Scotia to locate a grant of land for the king. So well did the youthful surveyor do the work that he was chosen superintendent of the settlements, which position he filled till 1767. At that time he married the daughter of Benjamin Primrose and returned to Easton again as a land surveyor.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary hostilities, Wayne raised a volunteer corps and in six weeks was commanding a regiment. Congress gave him the appointment of colonel and he was dispatched with his volunteer troops to the northern army then invad-

ing Canada. No more spirited leader could have been found than this handsome, goodly proportioned man with dark hair and dark fiery hazel eyes. His courageous, frank, generous manners and cordial ways made him a very general favorite.

"Mad Anthony" as he was even then generally called, was selected to take part in the terrible attack on Trois Rivieres, and a short time later received an appointment as brigadier general. The next spring at the eager request of the government he was persuaded to join the main army and was placed in command of a brigade. Wayne was as prudent as he was ardent, and no better leader could have been found. He commanded a division at the Battle of Brandywine, which was fought on the eleventh of September, 1777.

This was one of the most important battles of the war, and Wayne held his position dauntlessly, hurling the enemy back again and again. But the 11,000 American troops could not keep the 18,000 British soldiers from crossing Chadd's Ford, and they were forced to retreat, letting the enemy enter Philadelphia.

On the evening of the third of October, 1777, Wayne led the right wing of a division that marched on Germantown. When morning came Washington ordered: "To arms! To arms!" It was a dark, foggy morning, and "Mad Anthony" drove all before him, and for a time the Americans were successful. The

fog grew thicker and became so dense the soldiers could not see each other and everything was thrown into wild confusion, which was followed by a general retreat.

The next winter Wayne gathered food and other provisions for the army. It was the brilliant attack of Stony Point on the midnight of the fifteenth of July, 1779, which best illustrates Wayne's invincible and indomitable character, and made him a national hero. Stony Point was thought to be impregnable by the defender as well as the enemies, being built on a high hill on two sides of which the Hudson River flows, and on the other side lay an almost impenetrable marsh, which every tide overflowed. The hill was surrounded by a row of abatis, and on top stood many cannons ready to be fired. The fort was guarded by six hundred trained British soldiers, having been captured by the English in May of the same year, and much desired again by the Americans.

"General, if you will only plan it, I will storm—" said Wayne to his commander-in-chief, who readily agreed to do what was asked of him. After careful reconnoitering of the position and the surrounding ground the attack was planned. At the head of a command of light cavalry, Wayne started at twilight from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from the Point.

Leading his men noiselessly in two long columns across the morasses, they came near to the sentries who at once gave the alarm, when a slight noise dis-

turbed them. In a moment the British were firing amid the stirring roll of drums. With Wayne's cheerful words urging his soldiers on the Americans charged on, making a hole in the abatis they marched with ready bayonets up the steep hill to the cannons. Wayne was at their head, the most fearless of them all, when a musket ball struck him in the head. He raised himself on his knee and cried: "March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will direct the head of my column." Some soldiers are as heroic and courageous as their leaders, and some of Wayne's men carried him on, and in thirty minutes the Point surrendered and five hundred and forty prisoners were taken. A lighthouse and fog bell tower now stand on Stony Point.

After the battle "Mad Anthony" was applauded as a great hero, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. His wound was not severe and he was soon sent to break up a settlement of British banditti on the Hudson and Hackensack Rivers, later going into army quarters for the winter at Morristown. Here many of the troops mutinied and over a thousand started to Congress with their grievance, but Wayne rode after them and tried to persuade them to rejoin the army. They refused to do this and when the British heard about it they tried to get the men to join them. Every man was a true patriot and refused to join the enemy, promising Wayne that they would return to the army if they were needed.

In 1781, Wayne joined Lafayette in Virginia, and later he joined the army of General Greene. "Mad Anthony" led an attack against the whole British army at Green Springs, and later fought them and the Indians in Georgia. With his troops he was occupying Charleston when it surrendered, and in 1783, he was made a brevet major general for his brave services, retiring a year later.

Because of the hardships and terrible endurances that Wayne often suffered in army life his health became very bad, and after leaving the army he went to Philadelphia to live. In gratitude for his services to the state, Georgia gave him a grant of land, which he was forced to sell on account of debts. He was also made a representative of Georgia to Congress. Then for a short time he lived on a farm, but in 1792, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army, and the same year he fought the Indians on the Ohio River. When the Indians were subdued he was appointed governor commissioner to treat with the northwestern Indians. After finishing conducting the treaty of Greenville, which gave the United States a great tract of land he was attacked with gout. He died a few days later in a little hut on Presque Isle in Lake Erie, and was buried in his native town. His grave is visited by hundreds every year.

Oliver H. Perry

"We have met the enemy and they are ours," are the words by which we know Oliver Hazard Perry best. In those few words he expressed his own indomitable character and invincible courage. He was born in Newport the twenty-first of August, 1785.

Oliver's father was a great sailor, and won distinction for his brilliant naval services. Oliver was his eldest son and it was probably but natural that he should inherit many of his father's characteristics. Living near the coast, while still a baby, Oliver delighted in watching the water, the great waves chasing each other, and the boats and ships plying along the shore. He grew to love the ocean better than anything else in life, and when he grew older with his brothers made toy boats, which they sailed near the banks.

The young boy was sent to private schools, but he had no great fondness for study or books. One day

when he was only ten years old he was watching his mother unpack a box that his father had brought from India. He startled his mother by saying, "When I get big I am going to be a sailor like father," and nothing could change his determination. He had a younger brother, Matthew, who was as fond of the water as he was himself, and who later through his naval efforts opened up the civilization of the world to medieval Japan. As Oliver grew older he became a pupil of Count Rochambeau, a notable Frenchman, who had served in the American Revolutionary War, and who had great influence over his pupils. He was a good disciplinarian and a fine manager, and Oliver learned to love and admire him.

When Oliver was only fourteen years old his father permitted him to sail with him as a midshipman on the U. S. frigate, General Greene. Dressed in his new uniform the boy felt very proud and happy, and he was contented that at last he could sail on his beloved waters. He worked hard and diligently over his studies, knowing that only through knowledge could he ever hope to rise higher, even as a sailor. The ship sailed for one of the Havana stations, and the trip was a great delight, and an interesting one to the adventure-loving boy.

In 1800 the General Greene with the same officers and crew was sent to cruise in the waters around the island of Haiti. The inhabitants of the island of Jamaica were then in revolt, and were on unfriendly

terms with France. The independence of the island seemed of some benefit to United States commerce, so the frigate helped to make the fort surrender. The boy delighted in the excitement and showed his dauntless bravery and skill.

The next year Oliver and his father parted, the boy going along with a crew sent on a sloop and three frigates to the Mediterranean Sea. They were to look after the Tripoli countries, who were committing piracy. So successful were they in driving the pirates from the seas that their depredations soon ceased. Perry's courage, experiences and daring gave him added merits and he was promoted, thereafter rising rapidly.

In 1803 when Perry returned to the United States he was acting lieutenant, and the next year he returned to the Mediterranean Sea under the same commander who had subdued the Tripoli pirates. A few days before Perry's nineteenth birthday he was appointed commander of the Nautilus, a trim little schooner. In her he had many daring adventures, for all the crew were brave young men, who vied with each other in doing deeds of boldness.

In 1808 when the United States became estranged from England, Lieutenant Perry, as he was then called, was given command of eighteen gunboats at the Newport Station, and he cruised in these for two years. In 1810 he was given the command of the Revenge, and in it saved the entire crew of the Diana,

which brought him the compliments of Congress. Early in 1811, while out cruising the Revenge sailed into a dense fog, and was dashed into the breakers and thrown upon a reef, where it was destroyed, much to Perry's grief.

He returned to Newport and was married to Miss Mason, a talented and brilliant young lady. In a short time war was declared on England and Perry was given command of a flotilla of gunboats to protect the coast along Rhode Island. He heard frequently of an organization of naval forces on the Great Lakes, under the command of Commodore Chauncey, and he was eager to join them. He asked permission to join the Commodore, and after considerable trouble was ordered to go to Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario, where part of the outfit was being made ready.

In March, 1813, Perry was ordered to Black Rock, where he was to take command of five vessels and take them to Erie. At a place on the lakes called Long Point the British had two vessels, called the Lake Provost and Queen Charlotte, ready to fire on the American squadron when it passed. But on a dark night Perry succeeded in taking the five vessels safely by, passing so near the English fleet that they nearly touched.

In May of the same year Perry succeeded in getting some vessels of his own, and the Niagara and Lawrence were soon launched, followed by the Ariel,

Caledonia, Congress, Porcupine and Somers. At last the ships were ready, and he must get the men to sail them. He received permission to call for volunteers, and from those who offered themselves he picked eighty of the most promising looking ones. Along with him was his younger brother, a lad of fourteen years. In the harbor of Malden on one of the lakes lay the British fleet, and Perry was given orders to try to coax them out in the middle of the water. He had nine ships and fifty-four guns, and made many maneuvers to tempt the English, but they, understanding his plans, refused to move, so the plan was abandoned. Perry's ships were anchored in Put-in-Bay, and the men began to be restless, waiting for action. On the tenth of September, just before sunrise the young lieutenant heard a loud knock on his door, and bid the person enter. He was told the British ships were in sight, and he was up in an instant, giving commands to his men to prepare the vessels for a struggle.

The next thing Lieutenant Perry did was to run up a large blue flag on which was written the last words of James Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." The banner could be seen for a mile, and every boat cheered and the men felt encouraged. The English fleet came bravely on as fast as the wind permitted, little thinking of the danger awaiting them. Dawn came, and the fleet came on; the gray of the morning light passed and at fifteen minutes of twelve, the

Detroit, the first of the English vessels came near to the American fleet and fired. The ball struck the bow of the Lawrence, another shot from the trim English vessel and a man fell, still another and a lieutenant was hurt.

Then the command was given and the Lawrence began firing back, but they lacked the right wind, and were driven in the midst of the British firing. The boat was riddled and dead men began to pack the deck, the scene grew more terrible, still Perry's brave commands were heard and heeded. He had no thought of surrender, and above the boom of the guns, and the rattle of musketry floated the blue flag with its encouraging words. Desperate, weary, Perry determined to keep to the ship till the wind permitted the rest of the fleet to come near, and his men imbibed his courage. Then the Niagara came along side, and Perry took down the blue ensign and got into a row boat. The British saw the flag come down and thinking the Lawrence was ready to surrender began to cheer, but Perry had already raised it on the Niagara. The Somers and another vessel came up, closely followed by the Scorpion and the other smaller boats, and the battered Lawrence was permitted to drift farther back. The fighting began in real earnest, and the English ships tried to escape, but the swift sailing Scorpion and Trippe chased them. It was an exciting race, but the British ships were forced to surrender, which was the first time in

the history of England that they had lost an entire squadron to a man of twenty-seven! When Perry saw that the victory was to be theirs he took the banner again from the Niagara and went to the Lawrence, and over the wounded and dead placed the flag. It was on this battered wreck he scribbled his famous note on the back of an old letter to General Harrison. It read:

"Dear General: We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. Perry."

By his manner, his perfect fairness and honesty Perry endeared himself to everyone, even to the English and the prisoners. On the twelfth of May a great ceremony was held at Put-in-Bay in honor of the victory and Perry was awarded a gold medal, the rank of commodore, with an extra three months' pay and the prize money by Congress, and many other valuable gifts. He was a man who must be always busy and his next duty was on land, where he fought as a volunteer to General Harrison. The English had lost all their vessels on the lakes, but still had forts along the Canadian shores, and on the twenty-second of September Commodore Perry landed a force of 1,200 infantry on a small island about twelve miles from the forts. The next day they landed on Canadian shores, and the English hearing who was

in pursuit of them decided to retreat, General Harrison followed. On the second of October Commodore Perry offered his services as aid to General Harrison, and was accepted, starting with an army to Sandwich. The English heard of his coming and destroyed everything, but the Americans followed quickly and captured them at last while destroying a bridge. In his report General Harrison wrote, "Commodore Perry assisted me in forming the troops for action, and his appearance cheered and animated every breast."

In May, 1814, the Commodore returned to Newport to his wife and four children, but he was not permitted to stay long at home. There were still many English vessels along the Atlantic coast, and he was given command of a naval station. But there was no active fighting, and the dullness chafed on his adventurous spirit. Later he was given command of a little fort, that protected Baltimore, and if captured would put that city in danger. He gave his best efforts to protect the fort. In 1815 he was busy getting the Java, an older vessel, ready for sea, for the call of the waters was still with him. The next year the Java sailed to join a squadron at Port Mahon. John Heath was the captain of the vessel, and one day he quarreled with Commodore Perry. As his subordinate Perry promptly offered an apology, but none was accepted, and he was dismissed, and in March of the next year returned to Newport. In July of the same

year Captain Heath came to Newport and demanded satisfaction of Perry, asking that a duel be fought and arranging for it. Perry agreed to go to Washington on the nineteenth of October, and they met on a road near the Potomac. The Captain fired a pistol but none was fired in return.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Commodore Perry, handing his unused pistol to one of his men, and taking the arm of another he hastened to his carriage. Everyone rejoiced, and admired Perry more than ever.

In 1819 the pirates began to trouble sailors on the Carribean Sea, and Commodore Perry was sent in an old frigate, with another vessel, to fight them. There was yellow fever all along the shore, and while at port in Venezuela Perry contracted the malignant disease. His crew took him aboard and began to sail away, but on the day of his thirty-fourth birthday he died, just as his vessel was entering the Port of Spain on the island of Trinidad. They buried him in the wilderness with full military honors, and seventeen years later his body was brought back to Newport, where it lies under a granite monument on a hill that overlooks the water he loved so well.

Ethan Allen

As the hero of Fort Ticonderoga, Ethan Allen is enshrined in every patriotic boy's heart, and his courage is the admiration of every true soldier. He was born the tenth of January, 1738, in Litchfield, Connecticut, and from the first was a wide-awake baby, eager for adventure. As he grew older he was the leader among the boys and devised all kinds of games to entertain them. So fond was he of sports that he had little time for his studies, so he seldom had his lessons, but the teachers could not help loving the courageous, fun-loving boy. With all his healthy, out-of-door activity, Ethan was still a great dreamer, and had many queer ideas which grew with him, making him a man with fantastic opinions.

Ethan had several younger brothers, and they reverenced him as a great hero long before he became a national one. They lived in the time when every young person had to learn to be depended upon

and to defend life and property. The freedom of the wilderness helped to make them grow into noble men eager to help build up the vast new country.

In 1763, Ethan and his four younger brothers went to the neighborhood of Bennington, Vermont, to live, being among Vermont's first settlers. The part of Vermont in which they settled was known as the "New Hampshire Grants" until after the Revolutionary War, and was claimed by both New York and New Hampshire. Trouble arose between the two claimants and it was referred to the English king to be settled. He decided in favor of New York, and that State tried to make the settlers pay twice for the land.

This injustice of New York made the settlers angry and they sent Ethan Allen, one of their leaders, to Albany to try and arrange to settle the quarrel. Soon sheriffs were sent out to try forcing the pioneers from their lands, which made the quarrel grow more bitter. In order better to defend some of their property, the young men joined in an armed corps with Ethan Allen as their colonel. They called themselves the "Green Mountain Boys." For several years things went on while the struggle grew, then the Green Mountain Boys tried to send some of the New York settlers who were causing trouble from the neighborhood. For this seven hundred and fifty dollars reward was offered for Allen's arrest.

Allen liked the excitement and the hazards of his adventurous life, and his dreams and ideas became more fantastic. He was looked upon as a quaint, peculiar man. One of his oddest theories was his belief in the reincarnation and the transmigration of souls. His opinion was that he had at one time lived on the earth in the form of a white horse.

The pioneer life in Vermont helped to make the patriotism grow stronger in Ethan Allen's heart, and when the patriots at Lexington fired on the British troops the Green Mountain Boys were ready for service. At Fort Ticonderoga there was a large store of ammunition and only a small garrison to take the Fort, but Allen and his Green Mountain Boys arrived first.

Allen had eighty-three men and arrived at the Fort on the tenth of May, 1775. Quickly and silently he led his men up the height on which the fort stood, and went on through the undefended gates where he was challenged by a sentry and one soldier. Going up to the house in which Captain Delaplace was housed he ordered him in a stern voice to surrender.

The captain startled, jumped out of bed, and asked in whose name such a demand was made.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," roared Allen, waving his sword over the frightened captain's head. So scared was the British leader that he surrendered the fort without more words or trouble.

Leaving a small garrison to defend the fort, Allen and his band of rugged Green Mountain Boys joined Arnold, who later became so famous as a traitor, and together with their men went in boats to St. John's, another British city, which was also captured. But they were too weak to keep it, and, discouraged at their failure but still yearning for adventure, the troops returned to Fort Ticonderoga.

A short time later Ethan Allen went to Philadelphia, at that time the country's capital, where he received the thanks of Congress for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. When the expedition to Canada was organized, he was sent by General Schuyler to find out the opinions of the Canadians on the rebellion, in which he was successful. Soon afterward he was sent north again by General Montgomery.

Allen's love for adventure was always his weakest point, and many times overbalanced his wiser judgment. After obtaining the information that General Montgomery wanted, Allen thought he would help him further by calling for volunteers, and in a week two hundred and fifty Canadians joined him. Major Brown had heard that Montreal was poorly defended and decided to make an attack on the city. He confided his plans to Allen and asked him and his men to join him. Major Brown failed in his attempt to cross the river to meet Allen at the appointed time, but undaunted he decided to make the attack alone. Before he could storm the city a much larger British

army attacked him and he was forced to surrender.

All but thirty-eight of the Canadian volunteers deserted Allen, and at about the same time the British general, Prescott, discovered who Allen was and began treating him cruelly. So instead of being such a great help to General Montgomery, as he had dreamed of being, the young colonel was a worry. In a short time he was sent in handcuffs to England, where he was an object of curiosity on account of the capture of Ticonderoga.

After a short stay in England, Allen was brought back to America and shut in prisons and jails in Halifax and New York. After much suffering, he was paroled and given some liberty. On the third of May, 1778, he was given in exchange for other prisoners and was one more free. Although his adventurous spirit had been weakened it had not quelled his love for adventure and he hastened to join the army of Washington, but affairs in his own State called his attention.

Allen was appointed lieutenant colonel in the Vermont militia, and was sent at once to Congress to secure the State's admission to the Confederation. Some of the Congressmen could not decide and hesitated about giving their opinions. Meanwhile some British commanders heard of Allen's mission and tried to persuade him to induce the Vermonters to restore the authority of the crown. Ever a true patriot, desiring to do only that which would help

his people the most to advance, Allen was undecided what to do, and this indecision made many accuse him of treason.

After the Revolutionary War ended Allen lived quietly, and during these years he wrote a book on natural religion, entitled "Reason the Only Oracle of Man." He died on the thirteenth of February, 1789, and it is now only as the "Hero of Fort Ticonderoga" that this brave, daring man is remembered.

Charles Pinckney

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," so spoke Charles Pinckney, and it is by these famous words that this courageous American patriot is best known. But we seldom think of February as being the birth month of this great hero, and in reverence we remember to pay tribute to Lincoln, Washington, Lowell, Longfellow and to a few others, but Pinckney's birthday passes unobserved.

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was born on the 25th of February, 1746, in Charleston, South Carolina. Not much is known of his childhood, for folk did not know then what a famous man he would later become, but he must have been a bright and attractive baby with many charms. Strangely enough the small southern boy was given most of his education in England, and there he learned many of the quaint English courtesies. With his warm, genial nature this made him grow into a mannerly young man and he

was liked by all who met him. But even though he spent most of his school days in England he still remembered America and loved the wild freedom of the new country, so he returned to the United States in 1769. He took up the practice of law in Charleston.

Pinckney was a brilliant lawyer and soon had a large practice. He was greatly interested in politics and soon became attorney general of the province. This was an honorable position for a young man to hold and won him even greater respect and more patrons. Because of his interest and enthusiasm he was chosen as a member of the first provincial congress called by South Carolina to discuss the matter of enlisting in the hostilities that had begun between the colonists and England. Young Pinckney felt that now he was grown up and that his boyhood days were over, for there was trouble on every side and true American patriots were needed everywhere.

By this time Pinckney had built up a splendid practice, but he was eager to give up his work for the cause of his country, and enlisted. He was appointed colonel of a regiment on the twenty-sixth of October, 1776, and was among the first to enter the war. During the war he served as aide-de-camp to Washington, a great honor for so young and untrained a soldier, but everybody had found out that they could trust the young man. He was with Washington at Brandywine and Germantown, and took a prominent part in the attack of Savannah. His companies learned to love

him deeply for his patriotism and cheerful, courageous ways. At the fall of Charleston he was made a prisoner for two years ,which were sad ones to him as well as to the rest of the army. On his release he was made brigadier-general, because of his good work in the other fights.

At last the peace came that all of the patriotic Americans had prayed and hoped for, and Pinckney returned to his law practice in Charleston. His fellow men looked upon him as a real hero and he was later chosen as one of the members of the Constitutional Convention sent to Philadelphia. He was also one of the members of the convention that framed the constitution for the state of South Carolina ,so he had a big part in helping to make our first laws.

In 1796 Pinckney was appointed minister to France to succeed Monroe. This was a delightful surprise to the young lawyer, for though he loved his country like most young men he had always cherished a desire to travel. He took part in the negotiations between France and the United States that followed the war, and here he showed his true patriotic spirit. He was offered a bribe by the French, but indignantly refused, quoting the words which have made him famous ever since, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

In 1804 he was chosen as a candidate for the presidency against Jefferson, but as there were not many Federalists at that time he lost. In 1808 he was again

a candidate against Madison, but his party had not grown and he failed to be elected. But these losses did not affect his cheerful, optimistic spirit and he found many other things to do.

Even at the time when every man was thrilled with true patriotism Pinckney was regarded as a true patriot, and years have only added to his valor. He died when he was seventy-five years old, and like so many of our bravest heroes his grave is neglected and unknown, but his spirit lives on.

Paul Revere

"So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear."

So Longfellow wrote about Paul Revere, an American hero, dear to the heart of every boy, and an inspiration to the patriotic young man. Few Americans have had a more beautiful tribute paid them than has been given to Paul Revere in the poem written about him by Longfellow.

Paul Revere was born the first of January, 1735, in Boston, Massachusetts. He grew up in the atmosphere and times that made staunch patriots of every noble man. When other boys hardly knew the meaning of country, this small boy's heart was beating with love for his. After finishing his school education, Paul began studying to be an engraver, and later had the honor of engraving and printing the first paper currency in Massachusetts.

When Paul Revere was a young man, the colonists rebelled at the tax the English put on their imports. At last the English government became alarmed at the way the colonists were acting, and recinded the taxes on everything except tea. At Charleston the tea was taken from the English ships and stored in damp cellars, where it soon spoiled. Finding that the colonists refused to buy the tea, the British had their ships at New York and Philadelphia sent back to England, but the authorities refused to let the tea ships at Boston return. When the Boston men heard about this, they called a patriotic meeting, and Paul Revere was one of the leaders. It was decided that the tea should never be brought ashore. The night of December 16, 1773, a number of patriots, disguised as Indians, boarded the vessels and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the water. Paul Revere was one of the most enthusiastic of the leaders and workers.

On their way home from the famous "Boston Tea Party," as this expedition has ever afterwards been called, Admiral Montague, a prominent British leader, was visiting at a friend's house, and, hearing the men come, raised a window.

"Well, boys, you have had a fine night for your Indian caper," he laughed. "But, mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"Oh, never mind," replied one of the patriots, "never mind, Squire! Just come out here, if you

please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes." The admiral probably thought it best to let things be, and he quickly put down the window.

Soon after the Tea Party the Patriots of Boston formed a league, known as the Boston League, who pledged themselves to watch every movement of the British. Again Paul Revere showed the glowing patriotism in his heart by becoming a member of the league.

On the eighteenth of April, 1775, General Gage, a noted British general, mustered eight hundred men whom he ordered to march to Concord, which is twenty miles from Boston, and destroy some military stores. And after that to go on to Lexington and destroy other military supplies, and arrest the "arch rebels," John Hancock and Samuel Adams. His plan was at once suspected by members of the Boston League, and it was to circumvent the British that Paul Revere made his famous ride. The daring patriot rode from Charleston to Lexington, rousing the country to arms, and, according to Longfellow—

"Said to his friend: 'If the British march
  By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
  Of the North Church tower as a signal light;
One if by land and two if by sea,
  And I on the opposite shore shall be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
  Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm'."

The countryside was aroused, and when Gage's men reached Lexington they were confronted by armed men, and the first shot of the Revolutionary War was fired. Marching to Concord, the British found more armed men, and the military supplies all removed. Paul Revere was taken a captive, but was soon released.

This great American patriot died in Boston in 1818, and the house in which he lived is still standing.

John Brown

JOHN BROWN, A REAL HERO

"I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness," wrote John Brown from the prison where he was awaiting death after his famous raid, and continued, "feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and humanity, and that nothing that I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost." There never lived a man with more visionary, heroic and impractical ideas than those of John Brown, yet no man struck a greater blow for the freedom of the negro.

John Brown was born on the ninth of May, 1800, in Torrington, Connecticut. Five years after the boy was born the Brown family went to Hudson, Ohio, where they were among the first settlers in that wild pioneer country. It was not long till the courageous

John lost all fear of the Indians, woods, wild animals and other things that would frighten most small boys. By the time he was six years old John was wandering alone throughout the woods surrounding his home as fearless as any grown man and filled with the spirit of daring adventure. His parents were very poor and so for most of the year he traveled about barefooted and bareheaded, and often hungry.

By the time the boy was twelve years old the second war with England had commenced, and he found plenty of work to do. He often drove herds of cattle for miles through the wilderness, and on one of these trips he was the guest of a slave holder. The man praised the boy highly for his courage, but John so resented the cruel way in which he treated his slaves that the boy vowed eternal vengeance against slavery. Thus surroundings and circumstances ever pushed the young boy forward in preparation of the daring deed he committed in later years.

The boy's mother was deeply religious and taught her children to be devout Puritans. John knew the Bible better than did most ministers of that time and he believed himself God's chosen bearer of the sword of Gideon. During all his childhood the boy dreamed of the time when he could be a minister and travel about the wild country and tell the people of God, but he was forced to give up this dream on account of weak eyes. His high ideals and fine principles never left him, and he possessed a marvelous nature that

attracted men toward him. He never used tobacco or wine in all his life, nor would he play cards and listen to the light talk that was the pastime of so many of the young men at that time.

During his later boyhood and young manhood John tried doing various things, and under his father's guidance became an excellent tanner and sheep and cattle raiser. Over and over again he lost all of his property, often through accidents and sometimes through his friends. Meanwhile he had married and out of the nineteen children that came into their home, only eight of them lived after the father. Mrs. Brown died in August, 1832, and in 1843, three of the sons were buried on the same day.

After the failure of his wool business in Springfield, Massachusetts, Brown went in 1845 to North Elba, New York, where he lived as a farmer. At this time Brown was nearly six feet tall, rather slender, but his straight supple body told of unusual strength and had about it a determined air. His thick gray hair gave his face a rather kingly look, which was emphasized by his heavy full beard, which failed to hide his broad mouth and tightly closed lips. He was always a busy, active man, for nature had made him for vigorous work. He never complained or talked about wrongs done him, but was greatly excited by any wrong done to the negro slaves.

It was during the time that he lived at North Elba that Brown made the acquaintance of Gerrit Smith, a

distinguished Abolitionist, who had set apart some of his large possessions to build a colony for free negroes. Being so deeply interested in the negroes Brown offered to live among them as their friend and adviser, which he was permitted to do. But for some reason this strange undertaking did not prove a success, but Brown learned many things from his experience. By this time the Kansas-Nebraska bill had been passed, which permitted Kansas settlers to decide whether the state should be slave or free territory. Several years before Brown's four oldest sons had gone to Kansas, so now he took his gun and followed, hoping to drive out the partisans of slavery.

Brown made his home in the new state along the eastern border near a region that the Indians called the "Swamp of Swamps." In December, 1855, Brown with a large force of armed Missourians, who passed for Kansas militia, marching under the authority of the Federal government went to Lawrence. The people of the little city were prepared to meet the men, but they drove up in their lumber wagons in front of the Free States Hotel. There were rods fixed along the side of the clumsy wagons and from these bayonets stuck into the air, while the men stood upright with rifles in their hands. Among the fighters were four of Brown's sons, and in the hottest of the fight Brown commanded his men to "Kneel down and pray." Finally the fight was stopped, but the adventure only made Brown more determined to free the

slaves. On the thirtieth of August, 1856, Brown again led a troop of thirty men to attack four hundred armed Missourians and did not let them pass until he had killed thirty and wounded fifty men. From the fight at this town Brown was nicknamed "Ossawatomie Brown."

Late in the autumn of 1856, Brown returned East, trying to secure help and sympathy for the western people by speaking in many places. Although his speech was rough and often ungrammatical Brown touched the hearts of the people and sowed fertile seed that later helped to kindle the Civil War. In June of the next year the fiery leader returned to Kansas, already having selected Harper's Ferry as the place where the first blow of his wild and daring scheme would be struck. Alive with this glowing ambition Brown made several raids which stirred the entire country, and a reward was offered for his capture, so he went back East.

Toward the end of June, 1859, a mysterious Mr. Smith and his two sons came to Harper's Ferry on the pretext of looking for a farm. On the night of the sixteenth of October, John Brown and his two sons, who had impersonated Mr. Smith and his two sons, and a little group of men seized the national arsenal at Harper's Ferry, believing this would result in an immediate uprising of the slaves. The little company took the guards away and locked Colonel Washington up, and at midnight shot to announce that the

first blow had been struck for the freedom of the slaves. By and by a train went through the narrow gap, and soon armed bodies of men marched against Brown on all sides. The daring leader in great calmness repeated, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Robert E. Lee, the leader of the Confederate armies, a short time later regained possession of the arsenal and took Brown and others of his companions, who had not escaped, prisoners. When Brown was asked why he had started the wild raid he simply replied: "We wanted to free the slaves." Nothing, not even when he was tried at Charlestown, convicted of treason, and sentenced to be hung on the second of December, disturbed Brown's calm composure. When his second wife heard of her husband's capture she sent him this message: "Tell my husband I can spare him for the sake of the cause. I can resign him to God, sure that it is His hand that strikes the blow."

In an address twenty-two years later at Harper's Ferry Frederick Douglas said: "If John Brown did not end the war that ended slavery, he did at least, begin the war that ended slavery. If we look over the dates, places and men for which this honor is claimed, we shall find that not Carolina but Virginia, not Fort Sumpter, but Harper's Ferry and the Arsenal, not Major Andersen, but John Brown began the war that ended American slavery, and made this a free republic . . . . . When John Brown stretched forth his arm the sky was clearer—the armed hosts of freedom

stood face to face over the chasm of a broken Union, and the clash of arms was at hand."

A year after Brown's famous raid South Carolina seceded from the Union, and in May, 1861, the second Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry was raised, which were the men that first sung that familiar old song, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, his soul goes marching on."

Shortly after the execution of John Brown at Charleston, West Virginia, his body was taken to North Elba, New York, where it was buried not far from his old home there. A large boulder lies nearby, and a crumbling headstone, that was originally erected to the father of John Brown, marks his and one of his son's graves.

Philip Sheridan

With foam and dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

—T. Buchanan Read.

Everyone has admired this spirited poem written in commemoration of Sheridan's famous ride. Yet more than the famous ride and the beautiful poem do we admire Philip Sheridan, the brilliant American soldier, who was probably the greatest Union cavalry leader of the Civil War. His career was one of a series of almost unbroken victories. Sheridan was one of the three Union officers who obtained the rank of general in the War of Secession, the others being Grant and Sherman.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born on the sixth of March, 1831, in Albany, New York. His parents had just emigrated from Ireland, and the little boy inherited from them many of his best traits. Shortly after

Philip was born his parents went to Ohio to live. Even as a child Philip was very fond of horses and adventure, and had many an exciting fight with the small boys in the neighborhood. Even then, as in after years, his bravery and good judgment made him the victor.

When he grew old enough Philip was sent to the common schools, and being naturally endowed with a keen intelligence progressed very well, but he loved better to wander in the great out-of-doors than sit still in the school room. His school days were full of adventure and activity, and when they were finished he was given work in a country store. But the high-spirited boy was not content with the dull life, and yearned to get out in the woods and open country. One can imagine how joyful Sheridan was when in 1848 he received an appointment to attend the Military Academy at West Point. All his chums envied him, and he felt that his greatest desire had been granted. He proved to be a better student at the Academy than he had been at school, and loved his studies, but did not graduate till 1853, having been suspended a year on account of breach of discipline.

To add to his happiness the young graduate received a commission in the First Infantry and was assigned for duty along the Rio Grande. He served along the frontiers of Texas and in Oregon till 1861, and every day grew fonder of the life and his horses. During this time he served with distinction in several

Indian wars, proving that he was a born soldier and leader. The same year he was appointed captain for his services and ordered East. His services here were a good training for the work he was to do in after years. In the East he served as Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest Missouri, taking part in the Pea Ridge Campaign. Afterward he served on the staff of General Halleck, and in April, 1862, was appointed Colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry by the governor of Michigan. This regiment was then serving in Halleck's army.

As Colonel Sheridan won distinction and after the battle of Booneville, in which he defeated a large force of Confederate cavalry, he was made brigadier-general of volunteers. Sheridan's rise in the army was rapid, and he won one promotion after another in rapid succession.

In July Sheridan was ordered to the Army of the Cumberland in Kentucky. His soldiers loved him, and he loved them, which perhaps was one of the reasons that he won so many brilliant victories. At first Sheridan was given command of a brigade, but was quickly given the leadership of cavalry, and later changed to a division in McCook's corps. He won new honors at Perryville and Stone Ridge, and at the latter place it was only because of his courage and the desperate fighting of his men that the army was saved.

By 1863 Sheridan was one of the most brilliant

leaders in the war and he was appointed major-general of volunteers and given a division and command in the battles of Chickamagua and Chattanooga, and also took part in the Battle of Missionary Ridge. At this time Grant said he was seeking "active and energetic men full of spirit and vigor and life," and finding all these qualities in Sheridan, appointed him commander of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan did some valuable service in the Wilderness Campaign, and through his help greatly hastened the fall of the Confederacy. On the ninth of May, 1864, Sheridan started a raid against Lee's lines of supplies and while on this march met with and defeated Stuart's cavalry. At Yellow Tavern and other places Confederate railroads were destroyed, and at Richmond the outer defenses of the city were entered. On the thirty-first of May the Confederate Army was driven out of Old Cold Harbor, and Sheridan and his men held the place against several infantry assaults until reinforcements came.

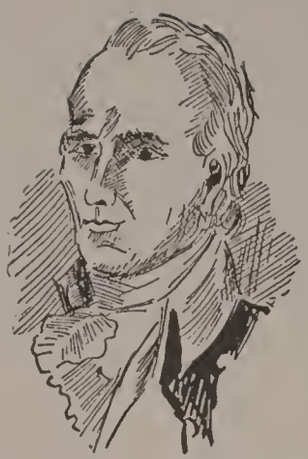
In August Sheridan was ordered to take command of the forces in the Shenandoah Valley, and he made several daring cavalry rides and completely cleared the valley of Confederate forces. But it was the battle at Cedar Creek, fought the nineteenth of October, 1864, that Sheridan accomplished his most famous feat. The great leader was at Winchester with his gray horse, which was twenty miles from Cedar

Creek, when his keen ears heard the first signs of fighting. Jumping into his saddle Sheridan started on his famous ride, and as if the horse understood the great need of his master he galloped away. Sheridan was carried proudly on the sweating, foaming horse, and reached the battlefield just in time to change defeat into a brilliant victory. This incident so inspired T. Buchanan Read that he wrote the throbbing poem, which has been an undying memorial to Sheridan's great ride ever since.

Sheridan's wonderful ride won for him in November the promotion of major-general in the regular army. In the spring the invincible leader set out with ten thousand cavalry and on the twenty-seventh of February marched by way of Charlottesville to join Grant's army at Petersburg. Sheridan and his men then took prominent part in what led up to the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox.

The country could not pay Sheridan all that his brilliant services were worth, but they tried to do all they could to compensate him for his great work and in 1869 he was appointed lieutenant-general. He accompanied the German armies during the Franco-Prussian war. In 1883, he was made the commander-in-chief of the army. During various periods in the reconstruction of Louisiana and Texas he was in command of armies in those states.

In 1888 Sheridan published a book of his personal memoirs, and on the fifth of August in the same year the brilliant, active man died at Nonquitt, Massachusetts.



John Stark

Every boy would be proud to be given the nickname of "Young Chief" by an Indian. We can feel sure that Major General Stark was delighted when the Indians started calling him that name, for the red men never call anybody "chief" whom they do not think is brave and courageous.

Few men who have ever lived are more closely connected with history than General John Stark, who was born the twenty-eighth of August, 1728, in Nutfield, now Londonderry, New Hampshire. His father was a sturdy Scotchman, and from him the boy inherited many of his finest characteristics. Shortly after John was born his folk went to Manchester to live, but they did not like the city so went to Derryfield, where John lived till he was twenty-seven years old.

John's school days were full of adventure, for he was a strong, athletic boy very fond of excitement. He and his brother loved to go on long tramps and

played all kinds of wild games. Even while he was still a child the boy was capable of great endurance, and as he grew older and stronger he became fonder of excitement. So his school days passed filled with activity, exciting adventures and thrills. When he was a young man he and his elder brother and two other young men started on a hunting trip. They were going to the northern part of the state, which was still a vast forest, for they wanted all the thrilling adventure they could get, and being very good hunters were not afraid. The older settlers warned them of the many dangers they would encounter, but the boys were determined to go.

The journey was very exciting, and grew more thrilling as the four stalwart young men rushed farther and farther into the wilderness. They met many different Indians; some were friendly and others were not, and finally they were attacked. John was captured and one of his companions was killed, but his brother and the other man escaped. We can fancy that at first the young man was scared, but he was too brave to be frightened long, and soon became very fond of his captors. It was because of his courage and endurance at this time that the Indians bestowed upon him the name of "Young Chief," by which title he was called by them ever afterward. The Indians kept him prisoner for three or four months and the young man learned to know many of their traits and

much about the forest, then he was ransomed for one hundred and three dollars.

John was very glad to get home again, but his love of adventure had not yet been appeased. Undaunted by his experience, early the next year he went on an expedition to the Androscoggin, taking with him the money to give to those who had ransomed him. So well did he like this wild life of adventure that for two years he did nothing else but travel through the wilderness.

With the breaking out of the French and Indian War the true patriotism in John Stark's heart made him volunteer his services. He was at once accepted and appointed lieutenant of a regiment, and spent a short time at home. Then he was sent to a garrison between Lake George and the Hudson. Here his bold, courageous ways won him great favor and he was promoted to first lieutenant. The young man was very happy at this time for he loved the exciting thrill of a soldier's life.

In the middle of the winter of 1757 an expedition was ordered to go down Lake George, a rather hazardous trip, and Stark was one of the officers chosen to command this fleet. After a short trip on the river the seventy-four men marched through the wilderness for three days before reaching Lake Champlain, where they were attacked by two hundred men. They were ordered to retreat and later took part in the attack at Fort Ticonderoga.

Shortly after the attack of Fort Ticonderoga Stark returned home, where he married Elizabeth Dumbarton, and stayed in Derryfield till the spring. As soon as warm weather came he returned to active work, which was mostly made up of building a road through the wilderness from Crown Point to Number Four. When the road was finished Stark again returned to his home. There was very little fighting from that time until the Revolutionary War, and at times the young men chafed at the quietness of things.

Stark possessed a strong, kind character, and although he was always stern in appearance he was frank and patient and full of patriotism. He openly denounced the acts of the British, while his elder brother joined their ranks and became a colonel. Ten minutes after Stark heard the news of the shooting at Concord and Lexington he was on a horse and galloping to Boston, enlisting volunteers. In a short time he was made a colonel of one of the regiments, and was soon engaged in a battle on Winter Hill. Later he was ordered to meet the army in Canada, and was surprised to meet it in retreat.

In December Stark and his men were sent to reenforce Washington and his troops on the Delaware, and he took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. As the term of office of some of the soldiers who had enlisted expired they became discontented, but Stark pledged his fortune to them if they

would re-enlist. His wonderful courage and optimism helped to give the men new courage and made them remain true to the country they were fighting for.

When Washington's army retired to winter quarters Stark retired temporarily from the service, going to New Hampshire to his home. He heard that several junior officers, who had done no real fighting, had been promoted, and becoming indignant at the unjust way in which he had been treated Stark resigned his commission.

Congress at last seeing the unjust treatment they had given Stark sent him the commission of brigadier-general, and when the troops invaded New Hampshire he was given command at the Battle of Bennington. It was during this battle that Stark said the words which have often been repeated since. As he saw the troops of British coming, he shouted in his clear, strong voice, "There they are, boys—we beat them today or Mollie Stark's a widow!" A tremendous cheering was the only reply that greeted his words, but the second reenforcement of the enemy was defeated just as the first had been. This paved the way for Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. Strange as it may seem when one remembers how active Stark was that he never received a single wound in any battle or skirmish.

After the Battle of Bennington Stark was greeted everywhere with acclaim, and he raised a large force

which he threw in front of Burgoyne to cut off his retreat to Canada. In 1787 Stark was appointed to command the northern army stationed at Albany, and during the summer he was ordered to Rhode Island. In the winter he returned to New Hampshire to raise new recruits, and in the spring he returned to his old post.

In the spring of 1781 Stark received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the northern department, and he made Saratoga his headquarters. After Cornwallis' surrender, and the disbandment of the army Stark returned to his home, where he died in 1822. He was buried on the shores of the Merrimac River. A plain granite stone marks his grave, on which are cut the simple words, "Major General Stark."

Johann S. Bach

Bach was the first of the great German musicians, and is unequaled as a composer of organ and choral music. His preludes and figures for the organ are the greatest ever composed. He created a new system of fingering which has had great influence on modern piano playing. Bach has often been called the "Master of Masters," because his work inspired so many famous musicians who came after him. Bach was one of the most versatile of all the great composers, being a conductor, teacher, organist, pianist, student, composer and musical scientist. He composed pieces for the organ, piano, stringed instruments and human voice. Of the compositions that he wrote for choral purposes his "Saint Matthews Passion," "Mass in B Minor" and "Saint John Passion" are the best known and the greatest choral pieces ever written.

Johann Sebastin Bach was born on the thirty-first of March, 1685, at Eisenbach. He was a descendant of a remarkable family in which there had been nearly sixty musicians, so it may have been but natural that the little boy should love music so well. The house in which he was born is still standing, near a famous German castle. Bach's father was a famous organist and the Court and Town musician of Eisenbach. The boy was given his first musical instruction by his father, who was a capable and patient teacher. Both of his parents died before Bach was ten years old, and he went to live with his elder brother Johann Christoph, who was an organist at Ohrdurf. Possessing a good voice the little boy was admitted to the school of St. Michael without paying admission, and the organist helped in his education.

Bach soon went to Weimer where he played in the band of Prince Johann Ernst, later going to Arnstadt as an organist. In 1707 he became organist of the church of St. Blasius at Mulhausen, and the same year married his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach. Three of their seven children became well-known musicians. In 1708 Bach went to Weimer as Court organist, where he began to produce compositions of unusual ability. This started a period of great activity for Bach, which was occasionally broken into by short trips to various cities. In 1717 Bach was appointed capellmeister to Prince Leopold of Cothem, and they became great friends and went on several journeys

together. Returning from one of these trips Bach was shocked to find that his wife had been dead some time.

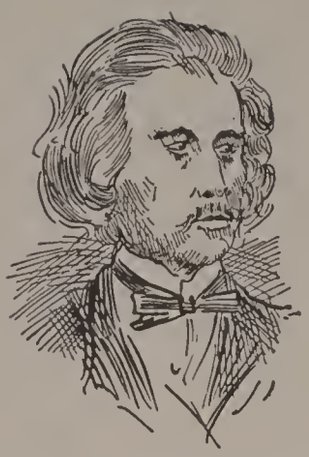
Bach married a second time in 1721, his wife being Anna Magdelina Wilkin, a good singer and capable musician. Six of their thirteen children became musicians, and one, William Friedmann, became the greatest organist in Germany after his father's death. Five of Bach's eight daughters died while still young, and none of the girls were musical.

In 1723 Bach went to Leipsic as conductor of the famous Thomasschule there. The Bach home became the center of musical activity, and was visited by many famous musicians. Among Bach's most celebrated pupils were his own talented sons, all of whom received a liberal education, some of them spending years studying at universities.

Bach composed a great many cantatas for every feast day in the year, besides many others for special occasions, as well as sacred and secular ones, and even a few comic compositions. Perhaps his most famous cantata was the "Contest of Phoebus and Pan."

Bach was an indefatigable worker and honors came to him rapidly toward the latter part of his life. In 1736 he was given the appointment of Hof Componist by the Elector of Saxony. In 1747 Bach visited the imperial court of Berlin and was royally received. Two years later the great master's eyes

began to fail, and an operation resulted in no improvement. Three years later his eyesight came back for a short time, but a little later the great man was stricken with apoplexy and died in 1750. Few musicians have been mourned more, but his memory lives forever in his beautiful compositions.



Josef Strauss

Members of the Strauss family, from which Josef Strauss descended, were in the public family for nearly a century. Some authorities think that it was this composer's father who really created the waltz, but whether he did or not his compositions are marked for their beauty, their throbbing joy and sweetness, just as are his three famous sons' works. It is given to but few parents to have three famous children in their family, but this gift the gods bestowed in the Strauss family. Josef's grandparents were not musicians, and they did not want Johann, his father, to take up the study of music, and so it was as Josef's elder brother Johann said about their father: "Father was a musician by the grace of God. Had he not been guided by an inner irresistible impulse, the difficulties which confronted him in his youth would have pushed him into another path."

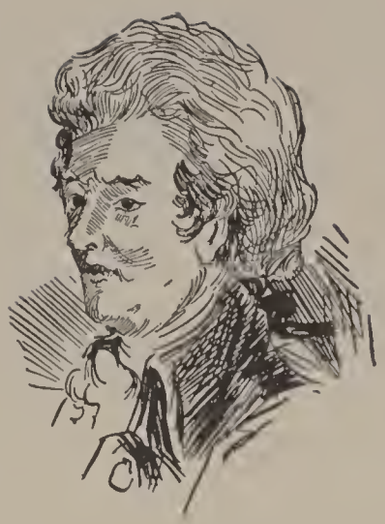
Josef Strauss was born on the twenty-second of August, 1827, in Vienna, his brother, Johann,

being two years older and Eduard being eight years younger. His two sisters, Anna and Therese, neither of whom were musical, were younger than Eduard. The mother was the daughter of an innkeeper. Because of his own hard experiences Johann Strauss did not want any of his sons to become musicians, but the mother seeing their great talent sympathized with them, and while the father was away from home helped them to secure musical instruction. The father being a professional musician was often gone from home for weeks at a time, and when home had little time to devote to his family. The three boys fairly reveled in music and were quick to learn, astonishing their teachers by their rapid progress and natural ability.

It is said that once upon his return to Vienna, the elder Strauss was accosted by a friend, who did not know that the father did not want his sons to study music, and he complimented him upon the progress that the boys had made in music. The father hurried home and called Johann and Josef in from their play and after giving them a hard scolding he commanded them to play a duet. The boys were greatly frightened, but they played the best that they could. When they finished the father complimented them, for they played well, and he was convinced that not only had they made a thorough study of music but of his own mannerisms as well. Still, he would not consent that they should take up a musical career.

The small boy made many attempts at composition, but by and by he began to succeed, and although he never became as famous as his father or elder brother, he still created some beautiful compositions. Perhaps his polka, "Arm in Arm," is the best known of his pieces. He composed a number of pieces with his elder brother, of which the "Pizieato Polka" is probably the best known. Of the Strauss brothers, Wagner, the noted musician, wrote thus: "While the Strauss waltzes are not deep in style, yet one Strauss waltz often contains more charm, more delicacy and more real musical worth than all the toilsome, constricted, factory-made musical products of some countries which to me are as inferior as lamp posts of Paris are to the towering spire of St. Stephen's at Rome."

Josef's father died in September, 1849, from scarlet fever and after his death the three sons pursued their musical career unhampered. For a time the "Strauss craze," as it was known, struck most of Europe, and everybody was playing some of the Strauss compositions, drinking in the sensuous melodies as camels drink water after a long trip across the desert. During these years Josef traveled considerably and wrote numerous compositions, many of which have sunk into oblivion. The three brothers together composed over a thousand compositions, writing more popular works that century than any other musicians. Josef died on the twenty-second of July, 1897.



Wolfgang Mozart

Few people leave such beautiful monuments to their memories as has Mozart. Dying at the early age of thirty-five he yet left behind him nine hundred and twenty-two compositions, as some one has said, "Each of these is a monument to his genius."

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, as he was christened, was born on the twenty-seventh of January in 1756, in Salzburg, Germany. The town had, even at that time, been long renowned for its beauty, and its culture and lovely environment seemed in harmony in making a fit birthplace for a great musician. Maria Ann was just four years older than Mozart, and at the birth of her brother had already displayed great signs of a musical talent. As the little boy grew a bit older he took a deep interest in his sister's music lessons, given to her by her father, who was a choirmaster. The father early recognizing the boy's precocity

gave him freely of his time and talents and by the time he was three years old he was taking daily lessons of an hour long. By the time he was five years old he was composing short pieces for the harpsichord.

In 1762 the father took his two children on a musical trip through Munich, Vienna, and other important cities, which proved to be a great triumph. In Vienna the children played before the emperor and empress, and it is said that instead of bowing to the empress, as he had been instructed to do, the little Mozart climbed upon her lap and kissed her. This seemed to please the great lady very much.

The next year Paris and London were visited, resulting in another marvelous triumph, and the fame of the youthful musicians spread rapidly. In London the lad was given singing lessons by an Italian teacher. On their return to Salzburg, some people hoping to prove the boy a fraud, had him locked up in a room by himself and told him to write one of his compositions. The small boy wrote a very beautiful oratorio, which was sung in the archbishop's church several weeks later, proving the genuineness of his talent even to the most skeptical.

In 1767 the Mozart family made a journey to Italy, where they were also received with great acclaim. It was in Rome that the fourteen-year-old boy wrote from memory the long Miserere, a copy of which is never allowed to be taken from the church.

At Milan Mozart wrote Mitridate, an opera which was sung twenty nights in succession. In 1771 the little family returned home, remaining there for several years.

In order to have a better opportunity to advance his talents Mozart went to Mannheim, where he first met the Webers, a family of talented singers. It was not long till he became infatuated with Aloysia, the eldest daughter, but when he again met her a short time later she had married. In 1775 the young man wrote an opera for the Munich carnival in which every song was greeted with great hand clapping.

After the death of his mother Mozart again went to Mannheim, where he once more met the Webers, and this time he became engaged to Constanza, a younger sister of Aloysia's, and they were married in August, 1782. Their married life was one of great poverty and trial, but it was during the first nine years of his marriage that Mozart composed his famous pieces, Figaro, Don Giovanni and The Magic Flute. In 1788 he composed his well-known symphonies, C Major, G Minor and E Flat, frequently called the "most impassioned works in instrumental music."

Mozart's later years were spent in Vienna as composer and teacher, and he also gave some concerts, anything to help keep himself out of debt. During this time he met and made the acquaintance of many musicians, and his piano playing was always greatly

admired. A touching story is told about the last weeks of his life. One day a stranger, wearing a long, gray cloak and shrouded in mystery, came to ask Mozart to write a "Requiem," a mass for the dead. Needing the money Mozart promised to write the composition, and after he had worked on it a while he told his wife that he was writing it for himself. One winter night he gave his friends explicit directions how it was to be finished, and on the fifth of December, 1791, he died. For some reason he was denied a Christian burial, and, with twenty other bodies, his was carried, on a rainy day, to the poorhouse grounds. No one knows where his body lies, but his memory is still as beautiful as ever.

George F. Handel

February is the birth month of more famous men and women than any of the twelve months, and no person born in it is entitled to greater distinction than George Frederick Handel. He not only won fame as a musician, but as a composer, and his oratorios are the greatest that have ever been written. What other men born in February, namely, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, did for history, Lowell, Longfellow, and Dickens did for the world of letters, and Edison did for scientific invention, Handel did for music.

Handel was born in Halle, Saxony, Germany, on February the twenty-third, 1685. When only twelve years old he made his debut as a musician in the court of Berlin, later playing in orchestras at Hanover and Hamburg. His music was always applauded. Not satisfied with his meager training, in 1706 the young man went to Italy to study music. He stayed there

three years, during which time his talent developed, and his style reached its full maturity. His playing was wonderful, and the rich, deep, full notes were admired by all, so his name soon became world famous.

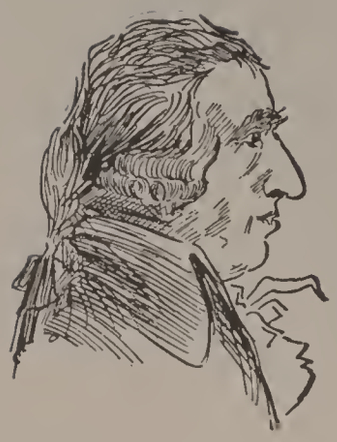
After finishing his studies in Italy, Handel went to England, where he lived most of the rest of his life, composing musical compositions and playing.

Not until he was appointed the head of the Royal Academy did Handel change from the composing of operas to that of oratorios. In quick succession he wrote forty-two operas, including "Egypt," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Saul," "Samson," and others.

In 1741 he wrote the "Messiah," the greatest oratorio ever written, for the benefit of the Foundling hospital at Dublin. It is said that at the first performance King George the Second was present, and when the great "Hallelujah Chorus" was reached the King arose, followed by all the audience. Even now in most places it is still the custom to stand when the beautiful words of the chorus are reached. No choir festival is quite complete, even after so many years, without this great chorus.

Handel took a keen interest in the street cries of his time, and many of his best compositions are composed from them. The comic opera "Serse," from which the popular "Largo" is taken, is supposed to have had its origin in a little song sung by a comic servant disguised as a flower seller on the streets.

Handel was a persistent worker, and worked nearly till the day of his death, though for six years he was blind. He died in 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Everyone mourned his passing from this earth, but in his music he has left a monument that will never perish, and the memory of his beautiful life will live forever.



Josef Haydn

The music that Josef Haydn composed is probably more familiar to most persons than his name. On the thirty-first of March, 1732, this man, who will ever live in the hearts of music-loving people, was born in the small, quaint village of Rohrau, Lower Austria, and was brought up simply, as all little Austrian girls and boys are. He had a noble temperament, and the good training helped him to grow into a genial, pure-hearted man, whom the small children lovingly called "Papa Haydn."

From the time he was a tiny baby he seemed passionately fond of music. He would listen in glee to his mother singing, and would cry joyously when he heard music. He could play as soon as he was permitted to touch a musical instrument. When he was

eight years old he was a choir boy at Saint Stephen's church in Vienna, and won considerable recognition.

Unlike most musical geniuses, he had no hard obstacles to surmount, and his career was never a struggle. From 1761 to 1790 he was the musical director to Prince Esterhazy, and during this time he wrote several of his best symphonies, a few operas, and a large amount of other music. He was the founder of the symphony, one of the most beautiful forms of music in existence.

During the last year of his stay with the prince, Haydn met Mozart, who afterward became also a wonderful musician, and with Beethoven perfected the symphony. At this time there were few who believed in Mozart's talent, but Haydn encouraged him to study, and believed in his ability. They became devoted friends, and their friendship helped them through all their lives.

In 1791 to 1794, Haydn visited in England, where he wrote and brought out the "Twelve Grand Symphonies." Upon his return to Austria he composed his oratorio, "The Creation of the Seasons," one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written.

Haydn wrote one hundred and twenty-five symphonies, eighty-three quartets, thirty-eight trios, twenty-four concertos for different instruments, fourteen operas, eight oratorios, and many other songs. All of his work is characterized by simplicity and

beauty, which is the reflection of his wonderful character.

After a busy and beautiful life of seventy-seven years, he died. The memory of his life still lives, and we should honor the thirty-first of March as the birthday of one of the greatest and most loved men.

Robert Schumann

"For intellect give me Schumann. Romanticism strikes me very forcibly in him. His geniality alike is so very great that I lose myself more and more in his works in order to estimate fairly the qualities as the weaknesses of the new school," so wrote Moscheles about Schumann.

Robert Schumann as born on the eighth of June, 1810, at Zwickau, Saxony. His father was a bookseller, also an author of several books, and at one time he was a clergyman, so from him the little boy gleaned a great liking for beautiful and sacred things. His mother was the daughter of a physician and wanted her son to be a lawyer. Few mothers and sons have ever been such delightful friends and companions as Schumann and his mother. His mother was wise enough to see that it was best to let her son choose his own career, and so when he showed signs

of great musical talent he was sent to a teacher, and made such rapid progress that in three years his teacher assured his parents he needed no more musical instruction. When the boy was scarcely seven years old he started to compose, and by the time he was eleven years old he had set the one hundredth and fiftieth Psalm to music. The same year he appeared in a public concert and was greatly admired. During this time Schumann's general education was not neglected, and in 1828 he left the Educational Institute to attend the University where he devoted most of his time to philosophy, poetry and music, spending much time in studying the old masters whom he greatly revered. His father had died two years before he entered the University, so the mother insisted that her son had to take up a course that would prepare him to support himself, so he took up the study of law.

At the University Schumann did little but study music, and during the first year at this school he met Clara Wieck, who later became his wife, and who was the daughter of Friderich Wieck, who soon became his music teacher. In 1829 Schumann went to Heidelberg to attend the University, there he was advised to abandon the study of law and take up music instead. After that the young man practiced hours every day, soon injuring a tendon in his left hand, which ended his practicing. Schumann saw that he would have to give up his plans and dreams of becom-

ing a pianist and began studying to become a composer instead. In 1832 he returned to Leipsic, where he lived in the Wieck family, taking music lessons from the great instructor. Schumann had already started to write works that were attracting considerable attention, and before he was twenty-two years old he had written his first symphony. From 1830 to 1840 Schumann produced many of his finest songs, and in 1834 with several others he founded a musical journal. It was through this paper that the work of Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Berlioz was first given notice.

In 1840, Schumann and Clara Wieck were married, and for the next four years they lived in Dresden. The year of his marriage Schumann was given the degree of Philosophy in the University at Jena, and during his residence at Dresden he composed his famous cantata, Paradise and the Peri. It was while living in this beautiful old city, also, that he started working on the music for Goethe's poem, Faust. Many of his best songs were written to the poems of Goethe, Heine, Burns, Byron, Moore and other old poets. At this time Schumann was at his zenith as a composer and one masterpiece followed another in rapid succession. It was during these years, too, that Schumann met Wagner, the great musician, and they became intimate friends.

In 1850, the Schumanns went to Dusseldorf, hoping that the change would benefit the great com-

poser's health, and the next year a short trip to Switzerland was made. It was at this time that the great master's mind first began to fail, although he still did some composing. Two years before his death, in the latter part of 1854, the great man was taken to a private asylum near Bonn. He died in the arms of his loving wife on the twenty-sixth of July. After Schumann's death his talented wife made many concert tours, and for a time was a piano teacher at the Dr. Hoch Conservatory.

Franz Schubert

"Music hath buried here a rich treasure,
But far more beautiful hopes."

This is the epitaph written by Grillparzer and engraved on the monument above Schubert's grave. Schumann's well-known tribute to this famous musician portrays his genius excellently: "He has strains for the most subtle thoughts and feelings, nay even for the very events and conditions of life and innumerable as are the shades of human thought and aspiration, so varied is his music. Whatever his eye beholds, whatever his hand touches, turns into music."

Franz Peter Schubert was born on the thirty-first of January, 1797, in a place known as the "Courtyard of Heaven" in Vienna. His father was a school teacher, and his mother was a cook before her marriage. The boy was one of fourteen children, and after

his mother's death in 1812, his father married again, and one of his five stepbrothers and sisters became a famous priest. The boy's first teachers were his father and his brother Ignaz and Ferdinand, and later he was sent to the village choirmaster who taught him theory, piano, violin, organ and singing. When he was only eleven years old he was singing in the choir at church, and the violin solos he occasionally gave aroused wide interest. He soon became a student in the school provided for the education of Imperial choristers in the Royal Chapel and started composing before he was fourteen years old.

After having been threatened with conscription in the army three times Schubert managed to evade service by entering his father's school as a teacher. He spent three years in teaching school, and when he was not yet eighteen years old wrote his Mass in F. Before he was nineteen years old he had written "The Wanderer" and "The Erlking," two of his most beautiful compositions, and by this time he had begun to compose with the great rapidity that astonished all who knew him. When it became known at his death at the age of thirty-two, that he left six hundred songs, nine symphonies, numerous other compositions, masses, chorus, operas and an oratorio, it can be seen that he was a remarkably fast worker.

In appearance Schubert was very short, which did not add to his dignity or stately appearance. One of

his most intimate friends declared that "Schubert looked just like a cabman." There was nothing about his form or appearance that indicated the presence of the great talent that the man possessed. The famous Liszt said of him the "most poetic musician who ever lived."

Franz von Schober came to Schubert and insisted that he should give up the work in his father's school, and come and live with him in Vienna in order to have more time for composing. This brought the young man into a wonderful new world that encouraged and inspired him greatly, but he was never affected by the superficialities of life. As one person has said, "Schubert was music incarnate," so nothing else seemed to matter to him.

In 1818 Schubert went to teach music in the home of the famous Esterhazy family in Zselesz, where so many of the famous musicians taught. During the summer of 1825, in company with his friend, Vogl, Schubert toured the Austrian highlands, and it was during this time that he set Scott's Lady of the Lake to music. Everywhere the great master was royally entertained, and the trip was a most enjoyable one.

The last year of Schubert's life was one of his most productive, and he was made a member of the famous Music Society of Vienna. Because of hard work Schubert's health began failing toward the early part of November and he was soon forced to go

to bed. By and by it was known that the master was ill with typhoid fever, and toward the last he imagined he was already dead, and just before he died whispered, "Here, here is my end!" This was the nineteenth of November, 1828, and his brother Ferdinand was by his bedside, while his father hearing of his son's death was prostrated.

Ludwig von Beethoven

Beethoven was one of the most notable of the German musical composers, and probably the supreme master of modern music for the orchestra. No one familiar with music but has heard of his beautiful "Moonlight Sonata," which he called the Sonata in C Sharp Minor. Perhaps this talented man had the greatest misfortune that could come to a composer, the loss of hearing, but the story they tell about the creation of the "Moonlight Sonata" happened before the composer became entirely deaf. One evening Beethoven and a friend were hurrying through the streets of Bonn, his native village, when they heard lovely strains of music coming from a poor cottage. "Oh! If I could only hear some really good musician play this wonderful piece," they heard some one cry, and entering the cottage they saw that a blind girl had been playing. Beethoven sat down at the old piano and played as if he were inspired by all the

emotions in the world, but the blind girl did not know it was the great master until he struck the first chords of the Sonata in F. The candle went out and the music stopped. Beethoven's friend went to the window and opened the shutters, and a shower of moonlight entered as the great composer started improvising his well-known composition. Then he hurried home and wrote the music down.

"Music is the only spiritual entrance to a higher world of knowledge," so Beethoven expressed the ideas in which he held his art. Ludwig von Beethoven was born on the sixteenth of December, 1770, in Bonn, Austria. His father was a popular tenor singer, but a dissipated man, and it was from his grandfather that the boy really inherited his musical genius. His mother was very poorly educated, but greatly devoted to her children. Beethoven received his first musical instruction from his father and a "boon companion," and it is said that they tried to "beat" music into the lad. With this kind of treatment it is no wonder that the boy soon got so he detested anything musical, but when a little later he was sent to other teachers he grew to be very fond of music, even of practicing. He was soon sent to Vienna, where he received lessons from teachers of great ability and made rapid progress. Among his later teachers in this city was the famous musician, Haydn.

On the death of his mother Beethoven returned to Bonn. There followed some of the dreariest and

hardest years of his life. From his eighteenth to his twenty-second year Beethoven had the full responsibility of the family thrust upon him. In 1792 Beethoven's father died, and things were some easier for the young man, though his general education was always neglected. Shortly after the death of his father the young musician went to Vienna and never again returned to Bonn. It was after his twenty-eighth birthday that the first symptoms of deafness showed, and for the next ten years made slow progress, but finally resulted in total loss of hearing. But the great composer always bore his affliction with courage, and still gave the world the best results of his great genius.

Beethoven was a very awkward man, though his bearing was always dignified and heroic. He was a short, heavy, thick-set man with much physical force, looking like a giant that had been stunted in his growth. His face was intensely expressive and powerful, which was probably the cause of his kingly appearance. This great master was very peculiar and eccentric and had an irritable temper, yet he had many friends and kept them through life. Beethoven never married, though he was a great admirer of pretty women.

Beethoven's life was never one of the happiest, and as if to add to his burdens, after the death of his brother Caspar in 1815, he bequeathed his son to the composer. Beethoven became greatly attached to the

boy, though he was a worthless scoundrel and squandered large sums of his famous uncle's money.

This music master started composing at the age of eleven years, and wrote nine symphonies, a number of concertos, numerous sonatas, an opera and an oratorio, masses, songs and various other compositions. All of his music throbs with warmth, color and emotion and with him the development of orchestra music reached its best.

In the midst of a raging storm, with the wind blowing and thunder and lightning shaking the buildings, the great man died on the twenty-sixth of March, 1827.

Peter I. Tchaikowsky

The name of Tchaikowsky is not so well known as that of most musical geniuses, probably because he was born at a much later date, yet he is one of the most famous of the musicians born in April. This great Russian musician composed ten operas, three ballets, six symphonies, two masses, and many other compositions consisting of songs, duets, overtures, and so forth. "Don't believe those who would persuade you that musical composition is a cool, reasonable work! Music which comes up from the depths of a soul in the agitation of inspiration is the only kind which is able to move, stir and deeply affect," so wrote this great musician in one of his letters. This may be the explanation of why his compositions are so full of character and feeling, throbbing with life and emotion.

Peter Ilich Tchaikowsky was born on the twenty-fifth of April, 1840, in Votkinsk, Russia. His father

NOTE—*Authorities differ as to the correct spelling of Tchaikowsky's name in English. Other spellings are Tschaikowsky, Tschaikovsky, Chaykovski (Russian).*

was a mining engineer, and his mother was a good singer and also played her accompaniments, but was no great musician. When the boy was eight years old the family went to St. Petersburg to live, where he started his musical education, with the promise that he would also study the law. He was not especially bright at school, except in mathematics, but he knew in order to learn anything he had to study and so he did. When Peter was only fourteen years old his mother died from the dreadful cholera, and the boy missed her greatly. Four years later he graduated from the law school and got a minor position in the ministry of justice, but he did not like the work and kept dreaming of the time he would be a great musician. During these years he had studied music faithfully, though unlike so many famous musicians he showed no special talent. Russia did not at that time offer great opportunities for the study of music, but after Rubinstein founded the Conservatory of St. Petersburg, Tchaikowsky entered it and took up the study of harmony, later studying under the great master.

Tchaikowsky's earlier works seem to have been of little worth, for even after his death, when he had become famous, none of them were published. His biographers claim that he did no really serious work till he was in his twenties, after he had become acquainted with famous musicians who encouraged him. In 1866 Tchaikowsky was appointed the teacher

of theory at the Conservatory at Moscow, that Rubinstein's brother had founded. The same year he produced his first symphony, which was not a success, due to the misunderstanding of other musicians of the time. But in a few years, by very hard work and great efforts Tchaikowsky produced compositions which no longer were failures. Among these were his "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Tempest," two of his better known compositions.

During all the years of discouragement Tchaikowsky's married sister was his best friend, and was always ready to encourage and help him. He spent many months at her home, and probably would have given up composing if it had not been for her kindness.

For a time Tchaikowsky was critic for a leading musical paper, and during these years he produced some of his best compositions which included the operas "Undine," and "Eugene Onegin." He also taught during this time, and although he did not like teaching was always a conscientious and patient instructor. During a visit to France he married Antonina Ivanovna Milyukova, whom he left in a short time, returning to St. Petersburg.

On account of ill health Tchaikowsky left Russia and for a time lived in Switzerland and Italy, and after a year, when his health was better, he wrote some of his most interesting works. His reputation now began to spread and his compositions began to

be more successful. In 1893 Cambridge gave him the Degree of Doctor of Music. Encouraged by his success Tchaikowsky visited America, conducting six concerts in this country. On his return home he composed one of his greatest compositions, the "Pathetic Symphony."

In October, 1893, the great master's health began to fail, and at first it was thought he was suffering from indigestion, but by and by the dreadful cholera gripped him and he passed away on the sixth of November.

Christoph von Gluck

"The imitation of nature is the end which both poet and composer should set before themselves; that is the goal after which I have striven. My music tends only to greater expressiveness and the enforcement of the declamation of the poetry," so said Gluck, a great musical composer. He also wrote, "Music should in opera occupy towards poetry the same relation as is held by a color scheme and chiaroscuro towards a fine drawing; that is to say, to add life to its figures without injuring their outline."

Christoph Wilibald Ritter von Gluck was born on the second of July, 1714, in Weidenwand, Bavaria. His father was a forester and game keeper, and almost as soon as the small boy could walk he liked to toddle after his father in the forest. When he was twelve years old the boy was sent to a Jesuit school at Kommotau, where during the next six years he also studied music. He soon gained a reputation as a

good singer, and before finishing his education at this school was forced to give lessons to help support himself. Stories are told that he was often given eggs in payment for his services by people who were nearly as poor as himself, and the little Gluck would take these to the village store and exchange them for money. In 1736 Gluck was fortunate enough to get an invitation from the Prince Locowitz to visit him. The prince became greatly attached to the young boy, and it was through him that Gluck was sent to Sammatini at Milan, one of the most gifted musical teachers of that time. The boy stayed with the great master for four years, being greatly impressed by the beauty and melody of Italian music.

In 1741 Gluck wrote his first opera for the court theater at Milan, "Artaserse," which was very well received. Two other operas followed in quick succession, "Orfeo ed Euridice," and in a short time "Alceste Patide ed Elena." The production of these and several other compositions established Gluck's reputation as a composer, and when still in his thirties became well known as a composer.

From 1747 to 1762 Gluck spent most of his time in travel, visiting all the principal cities in Europe, but always working hard. During this time he wrote many of his best compositions. In 1750 Gluck married Marianne Pergin, the daughter of a rich banker in Vienna. Four years later the title "Chevalier of the Golden Spur" was bestowed upon Gluck.

After the production of "Armide," Gluck found himself besieged by enemies on nearly every side and a veritable musical war broke out. All kinds of literature with vindictive articles and sketches were sent out and everybody became strangely excited. But when Gluck produced his great masterpiece, "Iphigenie en Tauride," in 1779, even his bitterest enemies were forced to admit that his composition was one of great merit. For some time previous to this Gluck had been the music teacher to the Princess Marie Antoinette, before her trip to Paris. "Echo et Narcisse" was Gluck's last opera, but it never was as successful as his great masterpiece. He died from apoplexy in Vienna in 1787. In all he composed fifty-four dramatic pieces and various other compositions, and in all of them he held to his ideal of art, which is best expressed in his own words, "I sought to reduce music to its true function, that of seconding the poetry."

Richard Wagner

Wagner was not only a great composer, but a poet and dramatist as well, and some of his librettos rank highly as literature. "I have only a mind to live, to enjoy—i.e. to work as an artist, and produce my works; but not for the muddy brains of the common herd," so declared the great German composer.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born on the twenty-second of May, 1813, in "The House of the Red and White Lion" in Leipsic. His father was a minor government official, Wagner being the youngest of nine children, several of whom attained considerable fame as singers and on the stage. One of the other boys, Albert, became a famous singer and actor, and was afterward stage manager at Berlin, and his daughter, Johanna, a famous singer, was the first Elizabeth in Wagner's great production, "Tannhauser." The father was killed in one of Napoleon's attacks in 1813, leaving the mother to struggle for

her large family, alone. However, she soon married Ludwig Geyer, an old actor friend of her former husband's, who became greatly attached to his youngest step-son.

Soon the family went to Dresden to live, where Geyer was employed in a theater, and Wagner was sent to the Kreuzschule to school. He was a very studious boy and when he was twelve years old had translated twelve of the books of Homer's "Odyssey." His early talents seemed to lie in dramatic lines more than in musical ones, and although he liked music he despised to practice and would play only "by ear." All of his life he suffered from this handicap, which he never overcame. Often during these days he met von Weber, a widely known musician even at that time. Through his influence Wagner began to like music even better and decided that he wanted to become a great composer and musician. In 1827 Wagner returned to Leipsic, where he became deeply interested in Beethoven's works, and started to teach himself, making his first compositions in secret. Then for a time he studied with a music teacher, but made little progress, for the teacher did not understand the boy and considered him self-willed. During this time the boy wrote an overture, which was given at a Leipsic theater, and which caused the audience to roar with laughter. After that Wagner matriculated at the University of Leipsic, paying great attention

to philosophy, but he soon took up music again. This composer's first published work was a sonata, followed by several other pieces. By the time he was eighteen he had written a symphony which was given by the orchestra in Leipsic in 1833.

When Wagner was twenty years old he became chorus master of the Wurtzburg theater, where his brother Albert was stage manager at the time. Even though his own operas were failures, Wagner was gaining valuable experience. In 1834 he was appointed conductor of the opera at Magdeburg, Germany, and two years later of the opera in Koinsberg. During his stay in this city he married Wilhemine Planer, an actress, from whom he later separated. The next year he went to Riga. In 1839 Wagner went to Paris, then one of the musical centers of the world, making the trip by water and encountering a fierce storm, which he afterward wrote about in "The Flying Dutchman." Wagner remained till 1842 writing his famous opera "Rienzi," based on the book by Bulwer-Lytton of the same name during these years which was produced in Dresden. But during most of this time Wagner was forced to write cheap songs for a living, hiding his real talent. In 1843 he was appointed director of music in the Dresden theater, and immediately he began to write his great "Tannhauser," which is based on the legend of a German knight ruined by love.

In 1849 Wagner had to flee from Dresden, having taken part in a political riot, and did not return till in 1861, spending the years in Zurich, Paris and other cities. In 1850 Liszt produced Wagner's "Lohengrin," and he soon became famous. In 1870 Wagner married a daughter of Liszt.

Early in the spring of 1883 Wagner's health began to fail, and he died on the thirteenth of February from heart failure, and was buried in a tomb erected by himself near Bayreuth.

Giacomo Meyerbeer

Jacob Liebmann Beer, as Meyerbeer was christened, was born on the fifth of September, 1791, in Berlin. It is quite interesting how this great composer came by the name by which he is best known. A rich relative of the family, named Meyer, stated that he would leave the Beers his fortune if they adopted his name, so the name was added to that of Beer. In later years Meyerbeer had the name of Jacob Italianized, hence the Giacomo by which he is known. Meyerbeer's father was a prosperous banker, and his mother was a talented and cultured woman, so the little boy had a refined atmosphere in which to grow. There were two older boys than Jacob, and Wilhelm became a famous astronomer, and Michael a well-known poet. So as in the famous Strauss family there were three boys who all became famous. The little boy soon showed a surprising talent for music, so his parents sent him to receive lessons from

Franz Serapa Lauski, a pupil of the noted Clementi. When he was only seven years old the little Jacob played one of Mozart's concertos in public, astonishing all who heard him. But the little boy did not aspire to be a pianist, but a great composer, so he was sent to other teachers, among them Abt-Vogler, the great German teacher.

Vogler required his pupils to do an enormous amount of work in the shortest time possible. He expected his pupils to learn one of the masterpieces of a famous composer every day, and do it thoroughly. At this time Meyerbeer was a very diligent student and often stayed for days in his room, only leaving it for a few moments at a time. Soon the young man was composing pieces, but his first two operas were failures. Undaunted the talented young man kept on writing and when he was only in his early twenties produced compositions that called forth considerable attention. Among the first of these was an oratorio called "God and Nature." Soon the young composer went to Vienna, where he went on the first night of his stay to a concert by Hummel, which impressed him greatly and made him decide to perfect his own technic. On the insistence of his friends he went to Italy to study and while there met many important musicians. The greatest of these being Rossini, the famous Italian composer, with whose compositions Meyerbeer was greatly

impressed and inspired, and in a short time he wrote seven Italian operas, which were great successes. He also produced several other operas, among them being "Romilda Constanza" and "L'Esule di Granata." A few years later he produced his first French opera.

Tiring with the glamour of Italy Meyerbeer returned to Germany, where he began producing more serious work, and he soon wrote "Croaciato," which was a great success. From 1824 to 1831 Meyerbeer produced few compositions, but he soon went to Paris, where he wrote some of his best pieces. During these years Augustine Scribe, the dramatist, was an intimate friend of Meyerbeer, and encouraged him greatly in doing his best work. Meyerbeer produced his greatest masterpiece in 1836, when he wrote "Les Huguenots," which is as popular today as it was when it first appeared. In 1842 the King of Prussia appointed Meyerbeer Generalmusik director at Berlin. It was while there that Meyerbeer produced an opera in which Jenny Lind, the famous singer, made her appearance. In 1849 "Le Prophet," another one of Meyerbeer's great successes, was produced. Louis Philippe made him a member of the Legion of Honor, and he was elected to the Institute of France. Other high honors were bestowed upon him by royalty and everywhere he was regally received and honored.

Although Meyerbeer was a rich man he always lived modestly.

The great composer's last work was "L'Africanne," which he did not live to see produced. He died at Paris on the second of May, 1864, and his funeral was one of great magnificence.

Anton Rubinstein

It was not as a pianist that Rubinstein desired to be known, but as a composer, and his compositions are especially noted for their harmony and the completeness of melody in each one. Some one said of him that "he composed each piece as he played it." Of his playing Eduard Hanslick said, "It is a delight to listen to him, in the highest and most sincere sense of the word." Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" is among his better known compositions, and is noted for its great beauty. His operas are not well known outside of his native country, Russia, though among them are six German ones and several sacred ones. Among his other productions were cantatas, overtures, concertos, sextets and other compositions. His D-minor Concerto is one of the best pieces ever written for the pianoforte.

Anton Grigorovich Rubinstein was born on the twenty-eighth of November, 1830, at Wechwotynetz,

Russia. His father conducted a pen and pencil factory in the town, and his mother was a good musician. The little boy had five sisters and brothers, and Nicholas became a famous musician, founding the music school in Moscow. The family were of Jewish descent, but all had been baptized in the Greek Catholic Church in 1830, after the Czar had threatened to exile all unorthodox people. The little boy's first music lessons were given to him by his mother, who taught him and his brother Nicholas. As if fate decreed that musical neighbors should help to decide the little Anton's life work, when a new neighbor came beside the Rubinsteins and had a musical daughter, who incited the boy to renewed effort. After Anton showed that he desired to study music and that he had talent his parents sent him to the leading music teacher in Moscow, to which city the family had removed in 1834. For a few months in 1840 the boy attended the conservatory at Paris, and the same year made his first public appearance. Then in company with his teacher Rubinstein traveled all over Europe giving concerts. This seemed fun to Anton, who like all boys delighted in adventure and in changing scenes. At one of these concerts Liszt and Chopin were present and greatly admired the young boy's playing, and upon Liszt's advice Rubinstein made a tour through Germany. He also visited

England, where he was greatly welcomed by Queen Victoria.

In 1843 Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg, where he was received with great applause, later going to Moscow, and in 1844 to Berlin. Here the young man took up his studies again, and also the study of several other languages. From that city the young musician went to Vienna, where he gave lessons to support himself, and lived very poorly. Finally Liszt helped him to return to Berlin, and he returned to Russia in 1849. As the country was in turmoil at the time the young musician had a hard time with his passports and all of his musical compositions were seized and destroyed. During his stay in St. Petersburg Rubinstein spent his time in composing and teaching to support himself. His first opera, "Dmitri Donoskoi," was produced in 1851, and was quite a success. In the next four years the Russian composer played in most of the important musical centers in Europe, all with success.

In 1858 Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg, where a few years later he founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory, of which he was a director. The school met with all manner of opposition, for at that time Russia was not deeply interested in music. In 1867 Rubinstein left the Conservatory, several years later in company with Henry Wieniawski he came to

America, appearing two hundred times in concerts. He soon returned to Russia, where in 1865 he married Mlle. Viere Tchekuanov, and they had three children. In 1887 he was reappointed director of the Conservatory he founded. He died on the twentieth of November, 1894, at Peterhof.

Franz Liszt

Liszt's transcriptions for the piano are among the finest ever written, and his Hungarian rhapsodies stand alone among the work of all composers. Hungarians consider Liszt as one of their heroes, as well they might. Among the many compositions written by this great master his symphonies, "Faust" and "Dante," and his oratorios, "Saint Elizabeth" and "Christus," are among his very best and most popular works.

Liszt was born at Raiding, Austria, on the twenty-second of October, 1811. His father was steward in the famous Esterhazy family, and was a proficient violin, flute and piano player. It is said that he took lessons from the famous Wagner when he taught the children belonging to the Esterhazy estate. The small Liszt showed a surprising musical talent, and when only seven years old made his first public appearance. So delighted were some noblemen with his playing that they offered to pay for his musical education for the next six years, so he was sent to Vienna. He gave

a concert in that city when he was only twelve years old, which astonished all who heard him, and it was predicted that the world would soon have a new music master, a prediction which came true. Beethoven was among one of the listeners and was ever afterward among Liszt's most ardent admirers. The same year the small boy wrote a variation of a famous waltz, which also proved a real success, and his fame as a pianist spread rapidly. During the following years the young musician made many trips to Switzerland and England, where he always met with the greatest success. In 1825 his first one act opera appeared, "Don Sancho," which proved a real success.

But the joy of Liszt's success was dimmed by the death of his father in 1827. Few fathers and their sons were greater companions than this boy and his father had been. Now the support of his mother fell upon Liszt and he began working harder than ever. He took up life as a teacher in Paris under Erad, the manufacturer of pianos. He was a very capable and patient teacher and his pupils all venerated him. Among them were many of the greatest pianoforte masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Much has been said about the wonderful beauty and depth of Liszt's playing, but no words can fitly describe the wonderful sounds that came from musical instruments through his fingers. Hans Christian Andersen, the great fairy tale writer, said of Liszt's playing: "The whole instrument appears to

be changed into a great orchestra." Rosenthal, one of Liszt's most devoted pupils said of his playing, "He played as no one before him and as no one probably will again."

During Liszt's stay in Paris he made friends with many famous persons, among them the great French novelist, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Chopin, Heine and others were among his noted friends. Everyone liked Liszt for his genial personality, his kindness and cultured enthusiasm. Here in 1834 he married the Countess D'Agoult, known in literature as Daniel Stern. Of their four children one became the wife of Wagner, and another the wife of Napoleon's Minister of War. From 1839 to 1847 the great composer traveled much in Europe. Two years later Liszt decided to stay at Weimar, where he remained for twelve years. Here he became director of the Court Theater, and in this way was able to help many rising but struggling composers. In this way he helped Wagner, Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz and other composers, who later became world famous. It was at this time that Liszt first became known as a teacher of famous musicians, and through his stay in the little city, Weimar became a famous musical center. After leaving Weimar Liszt traveled from place to place, and while in Rome the great man took deep interest in the church.

It was while Liszt was in Rome that he became afflicted with bronchitis, which resulted in his death on the twenty-first of July, 1886.

Francis Scott Key

Every evening at flag lowering time the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played in every American fort and garrison and on every American battleship throughout the world. Could anyone ask for a more loving and appropriate monument than has been dedicated to the memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of these patriotic words?

Francis Scott Key was born on August 9, 1780, in Frederick County, Maryland. His parents were of good birth and culture, and were true Christians.

It is said that Francis was not a pretty baby, nor in after years did he possess great personal charm, but he was endowed with a far greater gift. He became the possessor of a noble character, with which training made him grow into a respected, loving and lovable man, who always had a good reputation.

After finishing his common school education Francis was sent to Saint John's College at Annap-

olis, where he first became interested in literature, and commenced writing poems. He graduated from law school and began its practice in his home town in 1801. Because of his diligence and perseverance he rose in a short time to the position of district attorney of the District of Columbia. This position he held for many years.

After the burning of Washington by the British in 1814, Doctor William Beams, one of Key's friends, put three British refugees in jail. He was quickly arrested by English soldiers and taken aboard an English warship. John S. Skinner, a friend of Beams, and Francis Scott Key were permitted by Secretary of the State, James Monroe, to intercede for the doctor. The two Americans boarded the vessel just as it was preparing to bombard Fort McHenry.

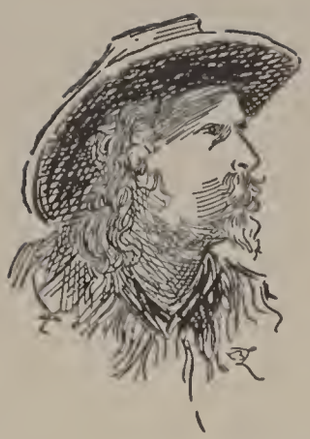
The British officer agreed to release Doctor Beams, but refused to let Key and his companion leave the vessel till after the battle, fearing they might have discovered their plans and would tell them. The bombardment began early in the morning of September 13, 1814, and continued during all the day and night. Key and Skinner, who knew the strength of the fort, feared it would not survive the attack. All night, in terrible anguish, they paced up and down the deck, hoping and praying the fort could hold out. Key's brother-in-law was one of the commanders at the Fort, and besides fearing the loss

of the fort, the young man knew if it fell his relative would be taken captive.

Slowly the dawn of the morning came, but the distance between the fort and the ship was filled with fog and smoke. Nothing could be seen. Skinner and Key tried again and again to see through the mist, but were unsuccessful. Then at seven o'clock a rift appeared in the density of the veil, and it grew wider and wider. Eagerly the two Americans watched, and then shouted with joy when they saw the fragments of a flag still proudly floating over the battered fort. These tatters are still kept as an historic relic.

Thrilled and inspired by the sight, Key thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out an unfinished letter, and on the back of it he wrote the most of the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner." He finished it that night in a hotel in Baltimore, and showed it to his brother-in-law. He became enthusiastic over it, and took it the next morning to a printer, who printed it on hand bills. That day they were distributed through the fort, and it was sung to the tune of an old English drinking song, "Anacreon in Heaven." A few days later an actor sang it in public in Baltimore, and it immediately became popular. Shortly afterward it was played at the Battle of New Orleans. It is commonly thought that, if the British had not bombarded the fort, Key would never have been inspired to write his famous song. Mr. Key died Jan-

uary 11, 1843, and is buried beside his wife at Frederick, Maryland. The United States keeps a flag continually floating over the two graves, and every Memorial Day a new one is raised with solemn ceremony. The first monument erected to Key's memory is in San Francisco, and it looks out over the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean.



William F. Cody

William Frederick Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," was a true American frontiersman, and is the hero of every young boy. Few men have had more exciting and thrilling adventures, and are more typical of the life of the western plains.

William Cody was born February 26, 1845, in Scott County, Iowa, and all his early life was spent among the Indians. While still a small child his parents went to Missouri, and one day while Billy was in town, watching some Indian ponies, he was accosted by a strange boy whom he later found out was his cousin. He had gone away from home when a small boy, and later Billy helped this cousin, Horace Billings, to herd government horses. It was while they were watching them that Cody had his first skirmish with Indians.

Mr. Cody was an Abolitionist, and because of political troubles in Missouri, was forced to go far-

ther west. Billy, always eager for adventure, was delighted with the change, and loved the freedom of the vast unexplored wilderness. Nature and his parents were the only teachers the small boy had, but he learned from them many things that other boys never find in books.

One day when he was eleven years old Billy met Mr. Russell, a great freighter, and he offered to employ him at twenty-five dollars a month to herd cattle. Cody was eager to accept the offer, but his mother tried to persuade him not to accept, fearing he would be captured by Indians. Billy could not get his mother to change her mind, so he ran away, reaching the men and cattle just as they were about to start. When they were thirty-five miles west of Fort Kearney, their destination, they were suddenly attacked by Indians. The cattle stampeded and ran in every direction, and Cody, being the youngest and weakest of the men, fell behind as they fled from the Indians. How the boy wished he had never left home! As he was going along that night he looked up to see an Indian looking at him. He fired and the next minute the Indian fell, and the plainsmen, hearing the shot, returned.

As the years passed Cody's strength and keenness increased. There was little about the Indians he did not know. When the pony express was started by the Wells, Fargo Express Company between Julesburg,

Colorado, and other stations, Cody was engaged as rider. He had to ride forty-five miles a day, carrying express packages through a wilderness. When his mother heard of the perilous trips he was making she appealed to him to give it up. But Cody loved the work, and refused to give it up until his mother became very ill. Then he returned home, but left with a trapper as soon as she was better.

Cody and his companion went on a long trapping expedition, and one day while creeping around a creek the young man fell, breaking his leg. His companion left to go to a camp for pack horses, telling Cody he would be back in twenty days, and leaving him plenty of food and fuel. The Indians came and took all the supplies and Cody's gun. It was twenty-nine days before the trapper returned, but Cody was still alive. They returned to Fort Leavenworth in 1860, and for many months Cody had to walk on crutches.

Then the Civil War broke out, and Cody offered his services as a Union scout, rendering valuable aid in hunting "bush whackers" and rangers in Arkansas and Missouri. Among the soldiers he was known as the "Red Legged Scout." About this time the Union Pacific Railroad began construction, and Cody was a member of the United States troops that protected the men working on it. He signed a contract with the railroad men to supply the entire force with fresh buffalo meat, and in a year and two months killed four

thousand, two hundred and eighty buffalo. It was then he was nicknamed "Buffalo Bill."

Later Cody engaged in several raids against the Indians, finally settling on a ranch in North Platte, Nebraska. There he raised cattle and buffalo, but the life did not appeal to him, and he left it to go on the stage. In a short time he collected a band of Indians, cowboys, unbroken bronchos and wild buffalos, and commenced a series of shows. He called this show the Wild West Show, and exhibited it in all the principal cities of America, going to Europe in 1892 where many of the crowned heads visited his show. He returned to this country in 1893 for the Columbian Exposition, where his show was one of the greatest attractions.

He died on the tenth of January, 1917, and the memory of his active life of adventure is still keenly alive.

Mark Twain

Who has not learned to love Mark Twain, after reading the delightful and exciting adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer and Pudd'nhead Wilson? He is the most popular American humorist that has ever lived, and his books are read wherever the English language is spoken. He understood the heart of the boy, the hidden yearnings, the longing for adventure, just as Miss Alcott did of a girl.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, which was Mark Twain's real name, was born in a small house in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835. He had only a meager education, for at that time Missouri was a pioneer state and offered few educational advantages. He was only thirteen years old when he went to work in a printing office. Judging from his humorous stories we would think the boy had been full of fun, but on the contrary he was of a rather melancholy temperament. The small boy liked his work in the office, and did it with zeal, soon becom-

ing an expert typesetter, but deep in his heart was a longing for adventure. He worked for a time on papers in Saint Louis, going from there to New York, then to Philadelphia. Always there was a lure in his soul, a call that his work did not satisfy.

At last the young man awoke to what the call was for. The life of a riverman had never ceased to hold fascination for him. He could hear the waves splash, the bubbling of water, close his eyes and see the steamboats plough through the waves. He must see the river again! So in 1851 he came back to the Mississippi river, and at once became a steamboat pilot. Here the simple life, and the freedom it afforded, seemed to give him a new interest in life and he wrote "Life on the Mississippi," an interesting account of his trips on the river. During this time he also chose the pen name by which he is far better known than by his right name. "Mark Twain" was frequently called to the sounder to indicate water two fathoms deep. The words impressed the young pilot deeply, and he liked their soft musical sound.

When the Civil War broke out traffic on the river ceased, and there was no longer need for pilots. So Mark Twain joined a company of southern sympathizers, who volunteered, but they saw no actual service. After the war he went with his brother to Nevada, going from there to San Francisco, where he worked for a time as a reporter. Then he became interested in mining, taking a trip to the Sandwich

Islands, and in his spare time writing short sketches. One of his poems, "He Done His Level Best" appeared about this time in a California paper, and excited considerable attention.

On his return to this country in 1866 he gradually acquired a reputation as a writer and lecturer. His "The Jumping Frog of Calavaeras County" and "Innocents Abroad" appeared shortly afterward. The latter book being a humorous account of a trip through Egypt and the Holy Land, and made him famous and prosperous. Mark Twain was given the editorship of the Buffalo Express, of which he was editor for two years.

In 1871 he was married, the same year giving up the editorship of the Express, and going to Hartford, Connecticut, where he remained the rest of his life, except ten years spent in Europe. The years from 1889 to 1899 he spent traveling in Europe, gathering much material which he used later in books.

In 1894 a publishing house, in which Twain was interested, failed, leaving him a large debt to pay. This he paid by his lecture tour in 1895-96, in which he visited many of the important cities in the United States. Many delightful incidents are told about him on this trip. While staying at one hotel it is said he remarked, "This place is delightful and the inn is Paradise on earth, but the walls are so thin that I could hear the lady in the next room every time she changed her mind."

Mark Twain was the author of many books, his best known ones being those about Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, "The Innocents Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson." He wrote several historical works which include the "Recollections of Joan of Arc," "What is Man? and Other Essays" and "Following the Equator."

His busy life was ended by death at the home of one of his daughters in 1910. No other monument is needed to keep the memory of Mark Twain forever living in the hearts of his countrymen, except his delightful books.

Eugene Field

Eugene Field was a writer was loved by everyone, and especially by children. They have listened over and over again in reverential attention to his "Little Boy Blue," and to the frolics of the gingham dog and the calico cat. And how many children have felt sorry for the small boy who was always "seein' things at night." What would childhood be without the rhymes of Eugene Field?

Eugene Field was born September 3, 1850, in Saint Louis, and in heart always remained a boy. His father was a great student, and believed in giving his children the best education obtainable. His mother died when he was only seven years old, and Eugene and his younger brother, Roswell, were taken to Amherst, Massachusetts, and placed in the care of a cousin. She cared for them like a mother, but still the boys felt the loss of their own gentle mother, though they were delighted with the long trip.

Eugene was a happy, active boy, loving all animals and nature. He had many pets, and an odd name for each of them. He was fond of the freedom of the great out-of-doors, and he and his brother had many enjoyable rambles around Amherst. His early education was obtained in this city. He was not an exceptionally bright student, but was very fond of drawing, and liked to draw funny pictures of his school mates and teachers. He often spent hours decorating his letters to his father with elves and brownies.

After finishing their school education, Eugene and his brother prepared themselves to enter Williams College, which they did in 1868. A year later Eugene became a member of the sophomore class of Knox College of Galesburg, Illinois, his brother attending the University of Missouri in that state. During their college years the boys often wrote letters to their father in Latin, which he greatly enjoyed. After finishing his sophomore year at Knox, Eugene joined his brother at the university, where he completed his education.

In 1872 Mr. Field visited Europe, spending six months in visiting England, France, Italy and Ireland. After his return in 1874 he became a reporter on the St. Louis Journal, which was the beginning of his successful newspaper career. He worked diligently and soon became quite famous in this line of writing. Shortly after his return from abroad he

married Miss Comstock, a charming young lady, the sister of a college friend.

For ten years Field worked on various Kansas and Missouri newspapers, with never a thought of writing poetry. His widest reputation as a writer came through his conducting a humorous column, under the title "Sharps and Flats," in the Chicago News. This was unexpectedly varied, and eagerly read each day.

In 1883 the Fields went to Chicago to live, where Eugene remained the rest of his life. Mr. Field was very fond of children, and delighted in giving them odd names, just as he had his pets when a boy. It was probably through their constant demand for new stories and rhymes that first made Mr. Field turn to the weaving of childhood jingles, which made him so famous. He made friends everywhere, but loved best to be with his family.

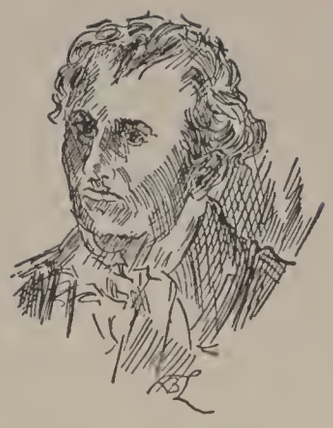
Field's first poems were written when he was over thirty years old, and were humorous. It was not till he wrote the tender words of "Little Boy Blue" that the deeper springs of his sympathetic nature were awakened. Much of his best and tenderest verse pictures his happy home life, and his great love for children.

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands."

Through all the years Mr. Field kept up his journalistic work, but found time to write many delightful poems, filled with tender fancy and whimsical humor. The greater part of his poems are of childhood and they have been collected into volumes, among them being "With Trumpet and Drum," "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "Love-Songs of Childhood," "Poems of Childhood" and "Lullabyland." He also wrote a volume of essays entitled "The Love Affairs of A Bibliomaniac," and made some translations from Horace, under the title of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

Mr. Field has written the most beautiful lullabies and cradle songs ever composed. His "Norse Lullaby," probably being the favorite, and it has lulled many a baby into peaceful sleep.

Eugene Field died in 1895, and few poets have been mourned more. It has become a beautiful custom in many schools to hold Eugene Field Day exercises on the poet's birthday, a very loving and appropriate tribute to his memory.



James F. Cooper

Cooper is one of the most romantic figures in the history of American literature, and his was probably the most stormy career of any American writer. Strangest of all of the varied incidents of Cooper's life is the way in which he became an author and the pioneer of American literature. It is said that one day while he was reading an English novel aloud to his wife he threw it down in disgust, saying that he thought he could write a better book himself. So to prove that he could do it Cooper wrote a two volume novel called "Precaution," which appeared anonymously in 1821. It was a story of London society life about which the young man knew nothing, and was never successful. As soon as Cooper began writing about the country and people which he knew so well his work became successful.

James Fenimore Cooper was born the fifteenth of September, 1789, in Burlington, New Jersey. When the little boy was only a year old his parents

went to Otsego Lake, New York, where they started the town of Cooperstown. James was the next to the youngest of twelve children, most of whom died in infancy.

The little boy spent most of his childhood wandering in the wilderness that stretched on every side of his home, where he met with many adventures and made friends with the Indians. The beauty and wildness of the scenery made an indelible impression on the boy's mind, from which he afterward wove many of his best stories. He was sent to a school in the village, and after a while he was sent to Albany to complete his education. While in this city he stayed with the rector of St. Peters, together with three or four other boys. The rector was a wonderful man and had a strong influence over Cooper, but when he died in 1802 the boy had to go home.

Desiring a better education it was not long till Cooper entered Yale, being the second to the youngest student enrolled in the college. He, himself, claims that he was a very poor student, preferring to take solitary walks to studying. In his third year Cooper was dismissed from college because he took part in a rather disreputable frolic. Then he decided that he would enter the navy, and as there were no naval schools at that time he sailed on a ship from New York in the autumn of 1806. The ship was bound for Cowes, now called Sterling, and for forty

days no land was seen. The incidents that happened on this voyage were later used by Cooper in his sea tales. The young man was appointed a midshipman in 1808, and his father died the next year.

In 1811 Cooper married Miss DeLancey, a young lady of Hugenot descent, and because she objected to the long delays that a sea voyage required he gave up his naval career. For a time his life was very unsettled, but after his mother's death in 1817, it seemed he must do something. Five daughters and two sons came to brighten Cooper's home, but several of them died while still small. The second daughter, Susan Augusta, was also an author.

Cooper's first books appeared in the spring of 1821, followed by "The Spy" in the spring of 1822, a story of war that at once established his reputation as a writer in this country as well as in Europe. In 1823 "The Pioneers," the first of the Leather Stocking tales appeared, followed by "The Pilot," the first of a series of sea tales, in the same year. In 1825 "Lionel Lincoln," or the "Leaguer of Boston," was published, which is a story of crime long hidden from the knowledge of men, but which haunted the memories of those concerned. The book was a failure, for Cooper again wrote something he knew very little about. In 1826 appeared "The Last of the Mohicans," which was soon dramatized and acted, and which brought Cooper to the height of his popularity.

On the first of June of the year in which "The Last of the Mohicans" appeared Cooper went to Europe, where he stayed for seven and a half years, for two or three years being a consul at Lyons. During this time he was a very prolific writer and "The Red Rover" appeared in 1828, followed by "Notions of the Americans Picked up by a Traveling Bachelor." This book and later ones contrasted many things in England with those existing in America, and the Americans began to grow very bitter against Cooper. From the time these books appeared in America the pioneer author's popularity began to rapidly wane. In 1835 "The Monikins," a satirical novel telling about the social and political evils in America and England, was published. From 1836 to 1838 Cooper had ten volumes of travel stories published, the first of which was "Sketches of Switzerland." These books awoke further criticism in the heart of his country-men and he became as unpopular as he had once been popular. In 1837 a novel entitled "Homeward Bound" appeared, followed the same year by a sequel "Home as Found," which were really criticisms of American life and were bitterly denounced. In 1839 Cooper published his "History of the United States Navy," and despite many attacks it was very successful. In 1840 "The Pathfinder" appeared, followed by "The Deerslayer" the next year.

Other books appeared in great rapidity, many of which were not successful. In 1847 Cooper, who

after his return from Europe in 1833, had lived in Coopertown, went as far west as Detroit.

In 1850 the author wrote a comedy named "Upside Down," or "Philosophy in Petticoats," which was played three nights and then withdrawn. "The Ways of the Hour," a book which was printed in 1850, was the last of Cooper's books to be published.

Cooper joined the Episcopal Church in 1851, dying on the fourteenth of September, 1857. A little over four months afterward his wife died and both were buried in the cemetery at Christ Church in the town in which they lived so long.

Izaak Walton

Probably there has never lived a boy who did not like to go fishing. We feel sure that Izaak Walton loved to cast a baited line better than do anything else. The boys who have read Walton's "Complete Angler" marvel at his great love of fishing, and they enjoy his gentle humor and good nature. It is nearly as much a joy to read this old book filled with attractive rural pictures as it is to go a-fishing.

Little is known about the boyhood of Izaak Walton because he lived so many years ago, but it is known that he was born on the ninth of August, 1593. Records prove that he was born in St. Mary's parish in Strafford, England. His mother was a Protestant, and doubtless both of his parents were great lovers of nature. The little boy grew active and strong, but there are no records left to tell us of his education. He probably received most of his learning at home, and the rest from Mother Nature, the great teacher.

Records have been found which show that the boy went to work first in a mercantile firm. He was

frugal and industrious, even though he liked to make many trips to the nearest creek. After a while he was employed in a wholesale linen house, and then as a draper. When he was eighteen years old he went to London and became apprenticed to an iron-monger.

While still in his teens Walton married Anne Kerr, and he had one son, Izaak, and a daughter, Anne. Later the girl became the wife of Doctor William Hawkins.

For a time Walton was engaged as a merchant at Hamburg, where he wrote "The Life of Dr. Donne," which had been started by Sir Henry Notton, who died before the manuscript was completed. A short time later Walton with his family retired to a small estate in Straffordshire. The young man had always been very fond of sacred music and fine arts, and here surrounded himself with these things. Many learned and gifted men were his companions.

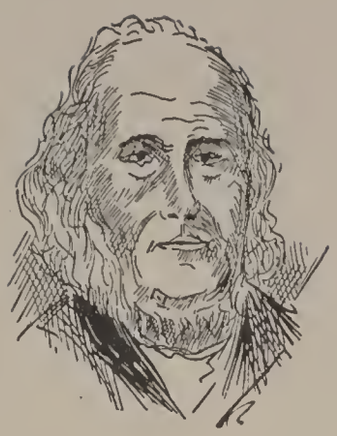
From 1644 to 1651 Walton traveled about England, being welcomed in the homes of some of the most eminent clergymen. Angling, as fishing was called in England in those days, was a much talked about subject, and Walton was an interesting talker on this topic. It was his custom to spend at least one-tenth of his time in this amusement, and most of the fish he caught he would give to the poor. He would say, "Charity gave life to religion." By this time Walton had become a skilled fisherman.

When he finished his travels Walton went back to his little estate and spent much of his time fishing in the Lea River. Here, close to nature, he would dream and meditate for hours at a time, and it was during this time that he wrote the "Complete Angler," which was first published in 1653. It was illustrated with elegantly engraved pictures of fish and was very attractive.

The "Complete Angler" has never been read for accuracy in fishing, but for its quaint humor and simple charm. Five editions of the book were published in the author's lifetime. Beside this tale Walton wrote several poems and informal biographies.

Walton died at his daughter's home in Winchester and was buried in a cathedral in that place. On the stone under which he lies are engraved these words: "Here resteth the body of Mr. Izaak Walton who died the 15th of Dec. 1683.

"Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crowned with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.
Votis Modestis Sic Flerunt Liberi!"



Horace Greeley

We think of February as the birthmonth of such famous men as Lincoln, Washington, Lowell and Dickens. We seldom stop to consider that it also is the birthmonth of many other illustrious men and women. Of these, who are less renowned, but are equally entitled to our love and reverence, probably there is none more worthy than Horace Greeley.

Students of history are familiar with the great influence that Horace Greeley wielded for the abolition of slavery. This man was born on February 3, 1811, in Amherst, New Hampshire. His parents were very poor and the family often came near starvation. But they were rich in the things that make a good and useful character, and Horace inherited much of this, adding to these good traits. He grew into a pure simple, conscientious man with a disregard for dress, or anything ostentatious. In his manners he was rather rough and sometimes uncourteous, but at heart he was a sincere gentleman.

At this time one could not obtain the education they can now, but when he was only two years old, it is said, that he began reading the newspapers, and when four he could read anything. When he was six he could spell any word in the English language, was well versed in geography and arithmetic and had read the entire Bible. As he grew older his passion for books increased, and he took a vivid interest in politics. Because of his parents' poverty he only received a common school education, but being diligent he learned much.

He finished his studies at fifteen, and began an apprenticeship in a newspaper office at East Poultney, Vermont. Here he learned the first lesson in what was to be his later profession, which made him the most famous pioneer American journalist.

In 1831 he went to New York City with only ten dollars and a few clothes in a bundle on his back. He looked awkward and uncouth and the city folks laughed at him. For two years he supported himself and often sent money to his parents, by doing odd jobs in printing offices. Then with two friends, who were kind enough to aid him financially, he founded the Morning Post. This was the first two-cent daily ever published in America, but the people were not interested in such things at the time and it was a financial failure.

Undaunted by this misfortune in March 1834, Greeley began printing the New Yorker, a weekly

literary newspaper. This became very popular and had a wide circulation of interested readers. It lasted seven years, then was combined with another paper.

In 1840 Greeley started the Log Cabin, a weekly campaign paper in which he supported William H. Harrison for the presidency. The following year this paper was merged with the New Yorker and its name was changed to the Weekly Tribune. This became a very popular newspaper and was read throughout the North. The people believed in Greeley, and when he urged them to help abolish slavery they were subject to his influence. In Greeley's heart there was no enmity, and at the close of the war he immediately pleaded for reconciliation between the states. He was one of the men to sign the bond that released Jefferson Davis from two years' imprisonment.

In April, 1841, Greeley issued the first copies of the Daily Tribune, which is still being published in New York. In it he wrote many editorials on protective tariff and antiliquor legislation. Besides being a good journalist, Greeley possessed unusually good conversational ability, and was a forceful lecturer. In this capacity he traveled widely through the United States and England. He was also a gifted writer and wrote several books on political and social subjects. Among these were "H i n t s Toward Reforms," "Glances at Europe," "Overland Journey to San Francisco," and "Recollections of a Busy Life."

Greeley was very fond of agriculture and his leisure time was spent on a farm. His interest in politics continued till his death, and he was one of the founders of the Republican party, and a delegate to its first national convention. There he used his influence to have Lincoln nominated for the presidency. In 1872 he was nominated as representative of the Liberal Republicans for the presidency, but was defeated by Grant. Though he was a severe critic of Grant's administration, he greatly reverenced him.

Greeley's wife died during the excitement of the campaign, and several persons, who posed as friends, deserted him. This caused him to lose his mind, and the gifted man died on November 29, 1872. The strength of his great and beautiful influence still lives in this country, and is the most appropriate and lasting monument any man could leave.

Linnaeus

May brings the birthday of one of the greatest naturalists, who has ever lived. Though, Linnaeus was not wealthy he yet possessed eyes that could see the richness of the beauty of this world, as few other men have done, and he helped to teach others to see this wealth, too. Linnaeus' right name was Carl von Linne, which was changed to Carolus Linnaeus, in Latin, when he was made a nobleman, and it is by this name he is best known.

Carl von Linne was born May 23, 1707, in Rashult, Sweden. His father was a Lutheran minister with a large parish. Even as a baby, Linnaeus showed his fondness for animals, flowers and nature, and as he grew older showed a marked preference for them. His great love for nature puzzled his devoted father, for he thought the boy should like books better. He hoped Carl would become a minister or doctor, but his fear increased that the boy would not, as the years passed, and his son grew to love the great out-of-doors more and more.

The Linnes had a beautiful garden, in which the whole family worked, and when Carl was eight years old he was given a corner for his very own. He was delighted, and filled it with bright flowers, which he tended carefully. Try as he would Mr. Linne could not get his small son interested in books, and becoming alarmed he took him to a doctor to be examined. Doctor Rothe was a kind and understanding man, and understood the boy's desire to be a naturalist better than did his father. He advised Mr. Linne to let Carl stay with him for a year, which the minister consented to do. The doctor had a grand library, containing many books on science and nature, into which Carl delved. Failing to get Carl interested in either the ministry or medicine, at the end of the year Doctor Rothe took him to Killam Stobaeus, who was physician to the king.

Doctor Stobaeus had a large collection of natural history curiosities that he did not have arranged, and put Carl to cataloguing these. The boy's writing was almost illegible, and he had an impatient temper, so he often quarreled with the doctor. Several times the physician turned him from the house, but upon Carl's promise to do better, let him try again. At last in desperation the doctor sent Linnaeus to the University of Upsala.

Once inside the university, and with his beloved nature books, it seemed to the young man he had entered a new world. He found unlimited opportuni-

ties to study botany and the sciences, and was greatly encouraged in this by teachers in the institute. In Doctor Rudbeck, the professor of botany, the young student found a good friend, and supported himself by working in the professor's office. He found chaos among the botany and natural history specimens in Rudbeck's office, and arranged them in order. During this time he wrote his first book on plant life, which was short and appeared in 1729. The same year he began a series of tours in which he gave lectures about flowers.

Through the interest and kindness of Doctor Rudbeck and others in the university, Linnaeus was sent on an exploring trip to Lapland. It was as though the young botanist had found a new country in which to roam to his heart's satisfaction. Alone, except for a horse and dog he remained in Lapland from May to November, 1731, exploring the hills and valleys, gathering much material. In 1737 he wrote a book about the plants he found on this trip, calling it "Flora Laponica."

By this time Linnaeus had become famous, but was earning hardly enough to support himself. Many of the persons at Upsala were jealous of him, and nicknamed him the "Gypsy Botanist." Discouraged with the treatment he received at the university Linnaeus went to live with the famous Professor Boerhaave at Amsterdam. Here with a class of young naturalists he had many delightful rambles,

and during this time he wrote "Fudamenta Botanica," which is one of the most valuable botanies ever written. While at the professor's house he made the acquaintance of Peter Kalm, another great naturalist, who visited America, and brought back many rich specimens of flora for himself and Linnaeus to classify.

Then for a time Linnaeus made his home with Dr. Moraeus, whose daughter, Sara, he married. The doctor suggested to Linnaeus that he get a degree in medicine so he went to Harderuizk and attended school there. He was soon awarded a degree, and then visited Leyden, where he published the first sketch of "Systema Nature."

In 1731, Clifford, who was then the English ambassador, urged Linnaeus to come and live with him at Hartecamp. Linnaeus accepted the invitation, and stayed with him the greater part of several years, living like a prince. During this time he wrote "Hortus Cliffordiensis," and other books. In 1736 he visited England, and in 1738 he went to Stockholm, as a physician.

In 1740 Professor Rudbeck died and Linnaeus was appointed to succeed him as professor of natural history at Upsala University. At last Linnaeus had found his life's work, and in 1750 his "Philosophia Botanica" was published. Three years later appeared his "Species Plantarum." In 1778 he started again the labors of classifying plants, which he had begun

when a student. He classified them according to the number of stamens and pistils, which was a great improvement on any classification then in existence, and from which he was given the name "Father of modern botany." To him science is also indebted for a new system of naming plants.

During this time Linnaeus wrote a book, "Heaven's First Law," a treatise on minerology and zoology, which made him an authority in science, as well as botany. He wrote about a hundred and eighty books, which were about either plants or science. Shortly after his scientific book was published, he was given the Knight of Polar title, with the rank of nobility.

Busy all his life Linnaeus died from apoplexy on his beautiful estate near Upsala, in 1778, but his memory has lived through all the years.

Louis Agassiz

"The book of nature is always open, and all that I can do or say, shall be to lead young people to study that book, and not to pin their faith in any other," wrote Louis Agassiz, one of the greatest naturalists who has ever lived. He not only loved nature, and sought to teach others to see its wonders and beauties, but was a co-worker with God to help increase the loveliness of this world.

Louis Agassiz was born the twenty-eighth day of May in 1807, in a tiny cottage in the Swiss Alps, not far from the shores of Lake Neuchatel. His father, Benjamin Agassiz, was a refined minister and teacher, and his mother was a cultivated woman of unusual character.

Perhaps it was because the small boy was surrounded, from the time he opened his eyes, by the picturesque beauty of Switzerland, that he learned to love the great out-of-doors so passionately. As a

small boy he showed his natural inclination, and loved nature above all things. As soon as he was old enough to care for animals he gathered about him hares, rabbits, guinea pigs, mice, birds, and other animals. He was still a child when he resolved that he would be a naturalist when he grew older, and nothing could change his determination. Louis was not sent to school until he was ten years old, but his parents taught him many things, and he learned much from nature. He was taught to reverence all things beautiful, good and true, and to love the reverence of God. He was a strong, active boy, keenly interested in football, swimming, fencing and other athletics.

As he grew older Louis' love for animals increased, and once while he was going to college he had forty birds nesting in his room. From caterpillars he raised many beautiful butterfiies, adding much to his knowledge of nature in this way. All the time he could spare from his studies, and he was a good student, Louis spent roaming through the fields, coming home loaded with shells, insects and other trophies. He was surprised to find that he knew more about nature than could be found in text books at that time.

It was partly through the kindness of an uncle, and by working his own way as a tutor that Louis got through college. When he was twenty-one years old he wrote his first book of distinction, a treatise on

nature. When he was a year older he wrote to his father, "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen and beloved of those who knew him." He grew into just such a man as he hoped to be, and his bright, kind ways made him scores of friends wherever he went.

His parents, fearing he could not support himself from the sciences, urged Louis to take a course in medicine, so he became a student at a medical school in Zurich. Later he went to Heidelburg, but all the time he cherished an opportunity to study Brazilian fishes, with a noted naturalist. This later lead him to make an extensive investigation of European fishes and fossils, which in turn made him become greatly interested in geology.

A few years later when the University of Neuchatel was established, Agassiz was chosen head of the natural science department. He was one of those rare men, who combine the ability of research in science with the power of inspiring other men. At this time Agassiz was considered the greatest authority in the world on marine zoology, but won his greatest fame for the enthusiasm with which he imparted his knowledge to others.

Soon after becoming professor at the university, Agassiz established a scientific society to explore the Alpine glaciers, and a museum. So great were his scientific discoveries that he soon became famous,

and the King of Prussia recognizing the great value of his work to science, gave him a grant to carry on further investigation. This brought him to America in 1847, and he was appointed a professor at Harvard College. He helped establish the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and gave the country a museum equal to anything in Europe. He also founded the first school of science in this country, at Penikese, Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, which was opened the year of his death. It was the first zoological laboratory built amid the haunts of the animals to be studied.

In 1849, his son, Alexander, came to the United States, and under his famous father's guidance made a special study of zoology and geology. He graduated from Harvard in 1857, and became one of the greatest authorities on fishes.

Louis Agassiz died in 1873, and was buried in Mount Auburn cemetery at Cambridge. Over his grave is a great boulder from the glaciers in Switzerland, where he made his first important observation in geology, and a pine, brought from his native village, shelters the ground beneath which he lies.

A beautiful memory to this talented man is the Agassiz Association, an organization which has been very successful in interesting the young people in nature study. This organization was founded in 1879 by Harlan H. Ballard, and has spread till there are

branches in most civilized countries, with 12,000 to 15,000 members. The head of this association is at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and one of the free offers is a correspondence instruction in nature study. An offer of prizes is made yearly for original research work.

John Eliot

In every movement and reform there must be a pioneer and John Eliot was as much the pioneer of missionaries as Daniel Boone was of the early settlers. The influence of his life not only lives still in his religious teachings and activities but in his writings, which were of lasting value.

Because John Eliot was born so many years ago very little is known of his boyhood and early life, and it is not known exactly what date he was born. The little boy probably came to earth sometime in July or the first part of August, 1604, for records have been found stating that he was baptized on the fifth of August, and giving his birthplace as Wilford, Hertfordshire, England. His father, Bennett Eliot, was a middle class farmer, and the beauty and freedom of the life on his father's farm grew in the boy's heart.

Doubtless, Eliot, like the other boys and girls of the time, was sent to the schools and given the best

education then obtainable. He took a degree of B.A. from Jesus College, Cambridge, 1622, and it is thought that shortly after graduating he entered the ministry of the Established Church. But nothing definite is known about John Eliot until 1629, when records prove that he became an usher at the Reverend Thomas Hooker school near Chemsford. Hooker was a staunch Puritan, and it was probably through his influence that the young man determined to become a Puritan, but in 1630 his connection with the school ceased.

A short time later religious persecutions forced Hooker into exile and made young Eliot awaken to the fact of the difficulties that confronted a nonconfirming clergyman in that country. After much deliberation Eliot decided to emigrate to America, and in the autumn of 1631, he reached Boston. For a time he assisted in the First Church and even in those days was greatly interested in the lives of the Indians and wondered what he could do to help them.

The next November the youthful minister became a "teacher" to the church at Roxbury, with which he was connected until his death. Shortly after coming to Roxbury he was married to Hannah Mulford, to whom he had become engaged in England, and she was ever a faithful helper in all his work.

At Roxbury Eliot became associated with Thomas Welde, Samuel Danforth and others who were greatly interested in the Indians and their wel-

fare, and the enthusiastic young minister became inspired with the thought of converting the Indians. He decided that the first step toward this work would be to perfect himself in the dialects of the various tribes, and so he persuaded a young Indian to stay with him. With the aid of this Indian he translated various religious material.

The "Bay Psalm Book" was the first work to be translated and appeared in the Indian tongue in 1640, followed by a "Catechism" in 1653, which was the first book published in the Indian tongue. John Eliot worked hard with his translations and in 1661 completed the first translation of the New Testament, and two years later the Old. These were bound together and a catechism and metrical version of the Psalms were added. In 1663 another edition of the Bible was printed, followed by still another in 1665, in which Reverend John Cotton assisted.

In 1660 "The Christian Commonwealth" appeared a curious treatise on the government. In 1663-1664 Eliot's translations of Bishop Baylep's Practice of Piety was printed, and the same year with the assistance of his sons he brought out an Indian Grammar. In 1669 an Indian Primer containing parts of the Lord's Prayer and the translation of the Larger Catechism were printed at Cambridge. It was reprinted in 1877. In 1671 the dauntless young minister published in English a little book called "Indian Dialogues." In 1678 his "Harmony of the

Gospels," a life of Jesus Christ, was printed. Eliot's last translation was Thomas Shepard's "Sincere Convert," which was completed and published by Grindal Rawson in 1689.

It was during his life at Roxbury that Eliot first preached to the Indians in their own tongue at Newton in October, 1664. It was here that he was first nicknamed "Apostle to the Indians," which appelation clung to him ever afterward. The young minister continued these meetings and at the third one several Indians declared themselves converted and were followed by many others. Eliot glowed with his success and his enthusiasm and interest made him think of various plans for the betterment of his red brothers.

Eliot laid various plans before the Massachusetts State Government and finally induced them to set aside land for the residences of the Indians. The same body of the government voted to give the pioneer minister ten pounds to help in his work among the Indians and also elected two men to go as ministers to the Indians. Eliot's endeavors became widely known and causing much interest, and before long money came from both England and New England. So interested did Parliament become in Eliot's activities among the Indians that they incorporated an organization known as the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," which supported and directed the work started by Eliot.

Eliot's success as a missionary encouraged others, and soon many were active in religious work among

the Indians. The missionary founded the Indian village of Nonantum, which he later removed to Natick, and he formed a special government for the town. A second town, under his supervision and with the aid of Daniel Gookin, was made at Ponkapog in 1654.

In 1674 there were over four thousand Indian converts in America, but the breaking out of King Phillip's war was a detriment to missionary enterprises. Few of the Indians proved disloyal; however, the war caused an interruption, but in a few years the missions again began to prosper. They were at their greatest height when the Apostle to the Indians, by which title his Indian followers usually addressed him, died on the twenty-first of May, 1690.

Peter Cartwright

Peter Cartwright was one of the most picturesque and interesting figures of pioneer days in the central and east central states. He was a wild and reckless boy, fond of adventure, gambling, horse racing and other dissipations. But he was converted at a great camp meeting when he was about sixteen years of age and probably did more than any other single person to establish the Methodist religion through the states in which he traveled.

Peter Cartwright's father fought for two years in the Revolutionary War, and his son inherited much of his soldierly spirit. Although he never fought in a real war many tales are told of how he fought in his religious campaigns. Peter was born on the first of September, 1785, in Amherst County, Virginia, on the James River. When he was five years old his parents went to live in Logan County, Kentucky, a mile from the Tennessee border line. Cartwright's parents were very poor so Peter had very few advantages, and as there were few schools in the wilderness the

little boy had few chances to obtain an education.

Even though Peter was what they call a "bad boy," he still admired things that were good and when in his ninth year, Jacob Lurton, a traveling Methodist preacher, held services nearby no one was a better listener than Peter. This was the first sermon that the child ever heard and it made a deep impression on him, but he did not then join the class of thirteen members that organized. This little society ebbed and flowed till 1799, when a great revival was held in that region, followed by the building of a little church called the "Ebenezer." This was the turning point of Cartwright's career and he decided that he must obtain an education in some way.

After a time Peter obtained his father's consent to send him for instruction to Doctor Allen, a former traveling preacher, with whom he also boarded. Allen had been a minister, but having been involved in trouble gave up preaching and practiced medicine. Time passed and the population of the pioneer country increased, and one night Peter with his father and older half-brother went to a wedding where he heard another minister pray. The boy came home thinking how wicked he had been that day, and he became gravely troubled over the things he had done and soon began praying. His mother heard him and was very glad that her son's heart was touched at last. That June he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. For two or three years after Cartwright's conversion

great revivals spread through Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas, and in 1803 Cartwright was accepted into the regular ministry.

That fall the Cartwrights removed from Logan County to the mouth of the Cumberland River, eighty miles from the nearest circuit traveled by an itinerant preacher. The presiding elder gave the young man permission to accept a circuit in this district, which was the beginning of his life as probably the most famous circuit rider who ever lived. The following winter Cartwright determined to get a better education, so started to Brown's Academy, a school near his home, but before long there was religious trouble so he quit and prepared to start on the circuit marked out for him. His father died in 1805, and in the fall of 1806 he was ordained a deacon, and a short time later married Frances Gaines.

Although Cartwright lacked an education he was a clear and forcible speaker. In his autobiography he states that during his life as a circuit rider he traveled on eleven circuits and in twelve districts. That he took about ten thousand members into the church and baptized about eight thousand children and four thousand adults, and conducted about five hundred funerals. Many tales have been told about his eccentric habits, his courage and his endurance. It is said that he often found the "arm of flesh" a better suasion than his tongue, and he was not afraid to use his arms. But all of his life, after his conversion, was a

powerful influence for good, and in his way he did as much for his country as any pioneer.

In 1808 Peter Cartwright was elected and ordained an elder, and though his circuits were changed frequently he kept traveling through Kentucky and Tennessee till 1823. In that year he made a trip on horseback to Sangamon County, Illinois, where he bought a little place in a struggling pioneer region. The next year he moved his family, consisting of his wife, two sons and four daughters, to this place, his third daughter being killed on the way by a falling tree. In the new home three more daughters were born.

The indomitable spirit and courage of Cartwright did much for the little community, and was soon felt all over the central region as he traveled about holding "meetings" wherever he could. He was also an ardent enthusiast of educational and political affairs and did much to further their interests in the pioneer country. When the state capital was at Vandalia, Cartwright was a member of the Democratic ticket of the state legislature. He was Abraham Lincoln's unsuccessful opponent in a campaign for election to Congress.

Peter Cartwright died in 1872, after a long life of usefulness and lies buried in the quiet little village of Pleasant Plains, Sangamon County, where so many of his greatest activities were conducted.

Stephen C. Foster

Perhaps it was because Stephen C. Foster was born on the fourth of July that his heart was so full of patriotism. Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1826, where his boyhood and early youth were spent. He was of a retiring nature, glowing with imagination and fancies, and the people among whom he lived gave him little consideration. They saw nothing in the boy that to them seemed extraordinary.

The music and few songs that he composed while living in Pittsburgh, they considered too trivial to deserve their more serious attention. But all the time they were harboring in their midst a lad who was later to write one of the most popular negro melodies ever written.

When still a young man Foster went to Cincinnati, Ohio, as a bookkeeper. At that time Cincinnati

held a strange attraction for adventurers, and was a Mecca for the pioneer of the East. Here Foster came into contact with negro life, which inspired most of his famous plantation songs. The picturesque, joyous life of the darkies, as they went about singing at their labors, impressed the imagination of the young man deeply. While Foster always preferred his sentimental songs to his negro ditties, yet it was the latter that made him famous. The simple, gripping charm of his songs appealed to every heart, and when once heard they kept lingering in the memory. Foster also wrote some sacred songs which were popular at the time, but are seldom seen or heard now. Among these were: "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread," "What Shall the Harvest Be" and "The Angels Are Singing to Me."

"My Old Kentucky Home" was among the first negro melodies that Foster wrote. It was written while he was visiting Judge Rowan, an intimate friend who lived in a roomy, old colonial brick house near Bardstown, Kentucky. This was one of the first brick houses built in the country, and was surrounded by three hundred and fifty acres of good land. One evening, after Foster had visited a cotton plantation and saw hundreds of negroes picking cotton, he went to his room and wrote the words of the popular song.

On his return to Cincinnati the young bookkeeper sold the words and music of his song to Christy, a popular minstrel of the time, for five hundred dollars.

In those days singers traveled over the country singing the new songs, and they were always in search of the latest ones that would appeal to the people. "My Old Kentcky Home" became so popular in this way that over 400,000 copies were sold in four years. The royalties Foster received amounted to huge sums. With the exception of "Home Sweet Home," this negro melody has been translated more extensively than any other song. Every part of Europe has its version of it, and it is even sung by the natives in different parts of Africa. After its appearance Foster was no longer an obscure song writer, and he could not escape popularity. Everywhere he was feted and honored, and throughout it all he remained the same, simple, modest man. He often expressed the wish that he could get away from the public's applause.

Though without any special training Foster wrote about one hundred and seventy songs, also composing the music for many of them. Among his better known negro melodies is "Old Folks at Home," sometimes called "Suwanee River," which has touched the heart of so many. The following account is given of the circumstances under which Mr. Foster wrote this sweet old song once when passing through Kentucky, and while the stagecoach was stopped at a wayside inn to permit the horses to be changed. Foster stood near, watching the operation with some degree of interest. The darkies were slow and lazy, and made no degree of haste in performing

their duty, chattering meanwhile in the manner and dialect peculiar to themselves. Finally one, deploring his hard lot, said, "I wish I was back to the old folks at home."

"Where was that?" asked another.

The first rejoined, "Way down upon the Suwanee River."

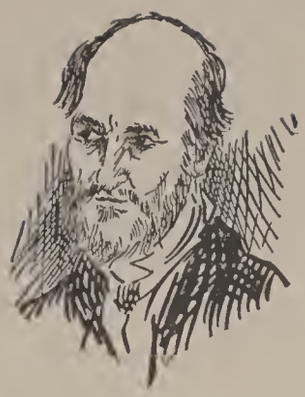
The novelty of the words caught the quick ear of the poet. He recognized in them, and the theme they suggested, an appropriate subject for a song, and that evening when he reached his destination, wrote both words and music for which later he received five hundred dollars. The song was instantaneously successful. Over one hundred thousand copies were sold in the next few years, and even now no song of reminiscence is dearer to the public than the familiar strains of "Way Down upon the Suwanee River."

Among Mr. Foster's less popular songs are "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," "Hard Times Come Again," "Way Down South Where de Cotton Grows" and "Uncle Ned." Among his most popular sentimental songs are "Ellen Bayne," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Oh, Susanna," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Louisiana Belle," "Nellie Bly," "Old Dog Tray" and "Gentle Anna."

The talented man wrote a number of songs which referred directly to the Civil War, and were widely sung during the Civil War. Of these perhaps the most

popular was, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," over 300,000 copies being sold, and at a time when not many persons were buying music. Others were "Fighting for the Flag," "For the Dear Old Flag I'd Die," "Stand Up for the Flag" and "I'll Be a Soldier," but none of these are often sung now.

Stephen Foster died in 1864, leaving in his songs a lasting memorial.



John Howard Payne

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

How many hearts have thrilled at the sound of that sweet refrain! How many eyes have been wet with tears as memories bring back again fancies of some childhood home. Yet how few have ever paused to think through what tribulations the author of those words must have passed before he could so ably express the heart cry of everybody.

Few authors have lived and died in the romantic way that John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," did. The gifted man was born on the ninth of June, 1781. It was one of those "humble, thatched cottages," which the author mentions in the song in which he was born. And in similar cottages he spent most of his boyhood in East Hampton, Long Island, later going to Boston. But wherever he was the birds sang sweetly around his home, the winds

sighed softly, the flowers bloomed in beauty, and all was love because peace was in Payne's heart.

Payne's father was a teacher, and at one time was principal of Clinton Academy in East Hampton, and later a master in a Boston school. His mother was a daughter of a Jew, and taught her children high ideals and a pure faith in the good of all things. In "Our Neglected Poets" Payne has left a beautiful and enduring picture of his home and life in East Hampton.

From the very beginning Payne was a good speaker, being able to portray emotions vividly, and an eloquent speaker. An actor overhearing the boy wanted to put him on the stage, but his father refused to listen to this proposition. Thinking to turn the desire of his son in another direction Mr. Payne sent John to New York City to work in a counting house. Though Payne was only thirteen years old the spirit of adventure was already glowing in his soul and he became deeply interested in literature. He spent most of his spare moments publishing a little paper of dramatic news which he called "The Thespian Mirror." This small paper attracted the attention of William Coldman, editor of the New York Evening Post, and through his influence he succeeded in getting John E. Seaman, a wealthy New York philanthropist, interested in Payne. Mr. Seaman, seeing that the boy was very talented sent him to Union College.

Payne was very fond of pleasure, and his love for adventure overweighed his love for study, so he was frequently reprimanded. His discipline became worse and worse until it led to a break between himself and benefactor. The boy tried then to make his living by publishing a college paper, which he called "Pastime," but it proved to be a real failure. At last through poverty he became repentant and went back to Mr. Seaman to beg to be forgiven, and asked for another trial at the university. Mr. Seaman readily forgave the boy, for he was convinced that he possessed unusual talent, and after a good many lapses of discipline he put him under the care of the professor. After that Payne made rapid progress in his studies, and was known as a good student.

On the eighteenth of June, 1807, Payne's mother died, and he left college to go to his Boston home. He never returned, and went to Washington where for a time he worked as a clerk in the pension office. But he did not like his work, and his love for pleasure and adventure were still uppermost in his soul. Two years later he began his stage career as an actor at Park Theater, New York, something he had always longed to try to do. At the same time he tried writing some plays.

From the time he entered the stage until his death, Payne became a homeless wanderer, but he was never a vagrant or idler, though often poor and in dire distress. This part of his life is well described

in Will Carleton's beautiful poem, "Home," part of which is:

"But he who in thy praises was sweetest and best,
Who wrote that great song full of soothing and rest,
'Through pleasures and palaces we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home'—
He who, in a moment unfettered by art,
Let that heavenly song fly from the nest of his heart,
He wandered the earth, all forgot and alone,
And ne'er till he died had a home of his own!"

Payne's winsome and charming manners, his optimistic spirit and culture made him make friends of all who met him, and his industry and piety never left him. Out of this experience and the memories of his childhood came the inspiration to write the song that will never die. Though tradition tells many tales about how "Home, Sweet Home" was written, Payne himself explained it in this way:

"I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling along amid beautiful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I spoke to her, and, after a few moments I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me—but having some slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for

the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I jotted down the notes as best I could. It was the air which suggested the words of Home, Sweet Home." Then he continued, "Both of which I sent to Bishop at the same time I was preparing the opera of Clari for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well and adapted music to the words."

The music which the peasant girl was singing was an old Sicilian air, and it was the words more than anything else that made "Home, Sweet Home" so popular. For the opera of "Clari" Payne received thirty dollars, and all but the author grew rich off the proceeds. "Home, Sweet Home," was first sung on the eighth of May, 1823, in Covent Garden, London. So enthusiastic were the London people over it that is spread rapidly, and when in 1850, the famous Jenny Lind sang it at Washington Theater many illustrious people were in the audience. Among these being Payne himself, President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott and other prominent men. The singer thrilled her hearers so that everyone became wildly enthusiastic and the song immediately became a great success in this country, also. After that is was translated into many foreign tongues.

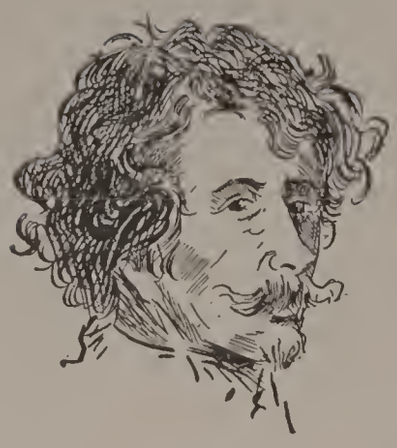
After ten years of literary work in Europe, Payne returned to the United States, with the determination henceforth to make this country his home. Everywhere he was met with great acclaim and many hon-

ors were bestowed upon him. But the spirit of adventure had not yet left Payne's heart and when another ten years had passed, in 1842, when he received the appointment of United States consul to Tunis, Africa, he once more left his native shores. Here he served till 1845, and was reappointed. During this time he was very hard at work upon a book, when he became seriously ill of a fever. After a long and tedious illness he died on the first of April, 1852, and was buried in St. George's cemetery on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. A monument was placed over the grave where his body lay for thirty years.

Through the efforts of W. W. Corcoran, a philanthropist, stirred by hearing the United States Marine band play "Home, Sweet Home," and the interest of President Chester A. Arthur, Payne's body was brought back to this country in 1883. In June with appropriate exercises, and a chorus of one thousand voices blended in the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," Payne's body was interred in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington. The ceremonies being attended by President Arthur and members of Congress.

There have been two memorials erected to Payne in this country. The memorial at Union College, Schenectady, New York, is a gateway, ninety feet wide. A bronze tablet is inscribed with four of the authorized verses of "Home, Sweet Home," and in the niche of another tablet is a bronze bust of the author.

In the college library, which Payne attended, the most prized possession is the original manuscript of the song written in Payne's hand. The other memorial to Payne is his old boyhood home at East Hampton, Long Island, which has been kept just as it was when the wandering minstrel lived there so many years ago.



Van Dyck

March the twenty-second brings us the birthday of Sir Anthonis Van Dyck, one of the most refined portrait painters who ever lived. He was born in the quaint old city of Antwerp in 1599.

Unlike so many of the parents of our famous men, Van Dyck's were cultured and in good circumstances. His mother was a skillful tapestry weaver, and was considered as much of an artist in this work as her talented son later became in his painting. From her the boy learned the value of the harmony of colors, one of the greatest charms of his paintings.

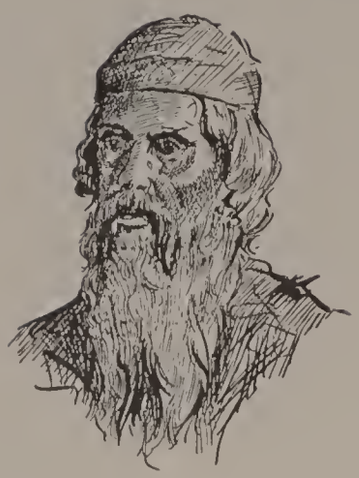
Van Dyck was an intelligent boy, and soon finished his school education, during which time he showed a great talent for sketching faces. When he was only fifteen years old he became the pupil of Rubens, one of the most famous and talented of our artists. Van Dyck worked so hard and was gifted with so much ability that he was soon assisting Rubens in giving lessons to others.

After leaving Rubens, Van Dyck went to Italy, and for five years studied at Genoa, Rome and Venice. In 1627 he returned to Antwerp and started a studio of his own. He soon made a reputation as a fashionable portrait painter, and was kept busy painting portraits of society folk.

Beside the possession of such a wonderful talent, Van Dyck was a man of rare and beautiful character. He had a charming and genial nature, which made him a great society favorite, and being a delightful conversationalist he made many friends. He was a great lover of dogs, horses, and music, and visitors at his studio were usually entertained with the latest songs as well as classical music.

In 1632 he received an appointment as court painter to Charles I of England. The king had heard so much of Van Dyck that on his arrival he knighted him. During his stay at the court he painted over three hundred portraits, most of them being of distinguished persons, and few pictures are more widely known than those of the children of the royal family.

Although Van Dyck painted some historical, religious, and mythological pictures, it is for his life-like portraits he is best known. He was forty-two years old when he died, but he had painted over a thousand pictures. He was buried at Saint Paul's Cathedral in London. Although he died so many years ago, in his pictures he has left a lasting memory.



Johann Gutenberg

No inventor had a harder struggle than Gutenberg, and no man has done more for the world. Through his ingenious invention of the printing press we are greatly indebted for our present-day education, our numerous books, newspapers, magazines, and other literature. If printing had not been given to the world it would still remain uncivilized.

It is so many years ago that Gutenberg was born that the date is not exactly known, but it is thought to have been in 1400. He was born in Manz, and little is known about his childhood. He obtained a good education, and being naturally clever and intelligent he advanced rapidly, and it was because of his great desire to experiment that he became outlawed from his home when a young man. In those days people were so ignorant that they were afraid when anyone discovered something new, and rather than endanger

themselves as they thought, they would punish the person who tried doing something.

Shortly before leaving the town of his birth, Gutenberg married a clever young lady, who accompanied him to Strassburg when he was outlawed. He had learned to be a lapidary, or a polisher of stones, so he took up this trade in the new town. He was a good conversationalist and an interesting person, so all kinds of people came to his little shop to discuss many subjects. His shop was the front room of his house.

One night Gutenberg and his wife, Anna, were sitting together talking after the day's work was done, and he happened to notice a playing card lying nearby. He picked it up and kept looking at it so intensely that his wife asked, "What do you see?"

"I wonder how the picture was first made on the card," he said, and added, "I think printing is made in the same way." His wife's face became eager and they began discussing printing, and thoughts and suggestions kept growing in their brilliant minds. By and by in his spare moments Gutenberg fashioned blocks of wood with various letters cut on them. He cut away the other portions of the wood, leaving only the raised letters cut on them, until he had enough to spell his wife's name. Then one night he held each of the blocks over the lamp to get the smoke on them and pressed them separately on a clean sheet of paper. Lifting them he found his wife's name.

"Wonderful!" she cried, "the letters have the very likeness of writing!"

Encouraged by his wife's praise and interest, Gutenberg began studying engraving, but it was difficult for him to find suitable wood for his work. At last he decided that the wood of an apple tree was best adapted for his use. But he also lacked tools, and had to make these first. Then it took hours of experimenting to find out what kind of ink made the clearest impressions, and he decided at last that a mixture of oil was best. On the walls of his home hung a picture of St. Christopher, and as an experiment he copied several pictures, which he sold at once. With this money he purchased a book, "History of St. John the Evangelist," and at once began cutting letters to copy it. It was not long till he concluded that he must have someone to help him, so he hired three apprentices. These men were uneducated and careless and spoiled many blocks of wood, but finally letters were carved to print a book. The impressions were made only on one side of the sheet and Anna pasted them together, so inside of a week several books had been made and bound. Because there were so few people at that time able to read, Gutenberg found it hard to sell his books, but finally the abbott of the town gave him a large order.

Glad that his efforts were so successful, Gutenberg began making blocks for the gospel of St. Matthew, and he had the first book almost completed

when his hand slipped making the block useless. He knew it would be a great task to make enough blocks to print this gospel and began thinking if there was not some easier way to do this work. Taking a fresh block, he split it into small strips and engraved a letter on each little piece. After much labor he finished several blocks. He called these letters "type," and tied them together with a string spelling the words, "A good man" in Latin. This was the beginning of the first font of movable type.

But Gutenberg was not yet satisfied, and still studied and experimented, trying to improve his invention. He tried fastening the type together with strips of linen, and then a new idea came to him: the thought of a press to hold the letters firmly together. After many experiments he finished a small press that seemed to hold the letters, and in the next two years he printed a good many books, few of which sold. The ink softened the wood of the blocks and kept him busy making new letters. One of his apprentices died, and another started a suit against Gutenberg. The printing press was in the house of the third apprentice and two of his brothers stole part of it, making it useless. On every side were spies and obstacles, so in despair Gutenberg ordered all the type destroyed. But Gutenberg had to earn a living, so he opened up his shop again, and bravely tried to get some work back again. His mind still kept busy.

In a short time Gutenberg was again experimenting and he decided to close his shop and go back to Manz. After settling in the town his brother went with him one day to a goldsmith named Faust, who had told Gutenberg how much he had enjoyed reading his book. Faust was very enthusiastic about the new books, and offered to help the inventor with money, so another partnership was started. New sets of type were made, but again the blocks were softened by the ink. Then from a bit of chain Gutenberg tried making metal type. "We will make one type of lead," he explained. "We can cut it and ink will not soften it as it does wood." But they soon found that the lead pierced the paper, nevertheless he began printing the Bible, using linseed oil and lamp black for ink.

Then Schoeffer, one of Gutenberg's workers, suggested that there must be some better and easier way to make type than to cut it, and Gutenberg began thinking harder than ever. He started making casts of type in plaster molds, and printed the first page of the Bible in this way in 1450. The type was beautiful and clear and made Gutenberg famous everywhere. They called him the "Nazarine." Five years later the first Bible was finished, but Faust grew dissatisfied and began a lawsuit against Gutenberg. Finally the goldsmith took all the presses, type, and other material. But Gutenberg's brother, Frieke, came to his aid, and work on other presses

began. For eight years the brave, courageous man worked alone, encouraged by his faithful wife, and then she died. Discouraged, Gutenberg could no longer keep at work, and left Manz to travel.

Wherever he went Gutenberg was honored as a great and wonderful man, and in Nassau he was invited to enter the service of a gentleman pensioner. He was given a generous salary, so after many bitter struggles, hardship and poverty, he lived in peace and comfort till his death in 1468.

Eli Whitney

No man has more monuments dedicated to his honor than has Eli Whitney, for every acre of cotton grown in the world is a tribute to this ingenious man. Not only did he add to the richness of the inventions of this country, when from his fertile mind he derived the thought for the cotton gin, but hundreds of thousands of dollars have been added to the world's wealth in consequence. Yet, perhaps of all our great men none received less honor in their life than did he.

Eli Whitney was born December 8, 1765, in a small cottage in Westboro, Massachusetts. His childhood was as prosaic, simple, and happy as that of most children, but he was always thinking of ingenious ways to do things. His novel ways of fixing things and making toys made him a favorite among his schoolmates.

Perhaps it was because his parents felt that Eli possessed some undeveloped talent that they insisted he should go to college, after finishing the school

near his home. So the young man went to Yale College, graduating from it in 1792.

In those days everyone who had more than an ordinary education became a teacher, and the same year of his graduation young Whitney went to Georgia to teach. The life in the southern States was a great contrast to that of the New England States, and the ways some of the labor was performed seemed crude to the young man.

The school where Whitney taught was near the banks of the Savannah River, and touched the land owned by the widow of Nathaniel Greene. It was not long until Mrs. Greene heard that Whitney was an adept at making useful devices, so when some of the neighbors complained about the uselessness of growing cotton, because the seeds were so hard to remove, she sent for the young teacher.

She told him that because of the climate and land cotton was about the only crop they could raise, but could not grow that because it took so long to remove the seeds. Whitney went home very thoughtful, his brain crowded with plans and ideas, but he could not try any of them until he made the tools with which to work.

When the tools were finished he worked in his spare time for several months on a machine in his little room. Toward the close of the year he had his simple machine nearly perfected, and had demonstrated that under the guidance of one man it would

clean a thousand pounds of cotton in the same time that it required to clean five by hand.

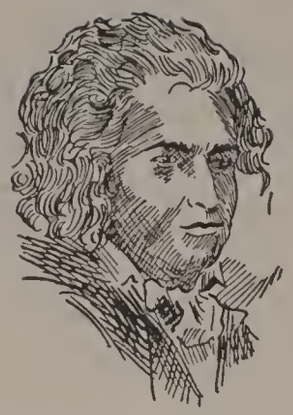
Eli Whitney had worked secretly on the machine, but when he had it nearly completed some lawless men broke into his small room and carried it away. Before the young man could secure a patent several models had been constructed. Throughout his life Whitney received little honor for his invention, but since his death full credit has always been given him. His invention at once made the growing of cotton one of the most principle crops in the southern States, and in 1880 over 4,000,000 acres were grown in this country.

Disappointed at his misfortune, Whitney left Georgia, and with a wealthy man went to Connecticut in 1793 to make cotton gins. The next five years were full of disaster, and they lost all the profit they made. Some of his rivals, embittered by his invention, declared the gin tore the cotton, and that a far superior one had been invented in Switzerland. Then Mr. Miller, his partner, died, and fire destroyed the factory.

In desperation the young man turned to the making of firearms. He began a factory at Whitneyville, Connecticut, and was the first man to demonstrate the success of a division of labor, giving each man a part to do in the making of a gun. His fame as a gun manufacturer spread, and he soon received all the orders he could fill, among them being large orders

from the government for muskets. At last Whitney began to prosper and grew rich. So carefully did he plan every detail of his armory that it was the model on which all the national armories were later constructed.

Eli Whitney died a wealthy and influential man in 1825.



Elias Howe

Because we see a sewing machine in nearly every home today, it is nearly inconceivable that there was a time when no such instrument was known. Probably in later years some other clever man would have invented a machine that would sew, but it is to the ingenuity of Elias Howe that we are indebted for the sewing machine. With the passing of years his original model has been much improved and changed, but many of the plans on which the modern machines are built are still the same.

Elias Howe was born in Spencer, Missouri, the ninth of July, 1819, and was a delicate baby. As he grew older his health did not improve, which often kept him from enjoying himself as other children do. His father was a miller, and Elias had several older sisters and brothers. When Elias started to walk he limped, and all his life he was lame, but his parents were poor, so he went to work with his sisters and brothers when only six years old. They all worked

in textile factories, helping to make clothing to wear. Often the little boy longed to get out-of-doors and be able to play and romp about as other children do, but he did not dare even to stop work for a moment to dream.

The Howe children had a chance to go to school only a few weeks each summer, but Elias was a bright boy, and studied eagerly. His health was too poor for him ever to hope to be a farmer, yet he was always filled with ambitions and glowing dreams. While still a child he planned to do wonderful things some day, and had strong determinations to accomplish something worth while.

When the boy was sixteen years old he concluded the work he could find to do in Spencer held no great opportunities for advancement, so he decided to go to Lowell. Here the cotton mills were beginning to make the little town grow into a city, and it was a great change to Elias, who found much to interest him. He found employment in one of the cotton mills and worked in them for two years, but with the panic of 1837 the mills were closed, and Elias was out of work.

By this time he had learned a good bit about machinery, and had a strong liking for things of a mechanical nature, so he went to Cambridge and found employment in a machine shop. The work was more to his liking, and he never tired of watching the machinery in the shops. Before he was twenty-one

he married a pretty, practical, sensible, young lady, who was a great inspiration and help to him in his later life. They soon went to Boston to live, where he worked as a mechanic. With the passing of years his speculative mind always saw new ways of improving the machinery in the shops, and he was constantly making suggestions.

Howe had by this time considerable experience with machinery, and had observed many different methods of work, often noticing the effort it took for the pioneers to do the simplest task. He would come home tired in the evenings, after working with and watching the machinery all day, to see his patient wife sewing far into the night for herself and their three children.

The young man began wondering if there was not some way in which sewing could be made easier. He took up the idea as a refreshing pastime, and in the evenings talked to his wife about it, and together they began to plan and make suggestions for a machine. He knew that a sewing machine was no new idea, for others had talked and studied about it, but had failed to overcome the difficulties in making one. Howe's first idea was to make a machine that would imitate hand sewing, but that could be used with less time and effort. He thought he would try making a machine that would thrust a needle through the cloth and pull it back again.

Accordingly, he made his first needle sharp at both ends, with an eye in the middle. He decided that only very coarse thread could be used, as the constant friction would soon wear the thread through. But a year's hard, patient experimenting convinced him that such a machine would be no improvement on hand sewing. After deliberating he decided that he must make a different needle to make another kind of stitch.

Patiently he tried one method after another, only to discard them, and think of new ideas. Finally the thought of using two threads came to him, and after much thought and labor he made a crude shuttle and a curved needle with an eye near the point. He made the entire model of wood and wire, completing it in October, 1844.

In eager wonder his wife and children stood about while he tested the new machine, and found it would work. His pale face flushed with pleasure and excitement, for he knew that at last he had made something that would help the world. He decided that the only way to advertise his sewing machine would be to give all his time to the work, as they had not the means of advertising in those days that we have now. It meant that he would have to travel around, almost from house to house, to introduce his new invention.

He gave up his position in the shop and took his family to his father's house in Cambridge. His father was employed in cutting palm leaf for the manufac-

ture of hats, and was still poor. Mr. Howe worked in the garret, making the parts needed for a machine, and doing odd jobs during the day to support his family. It was a hard, discouraging fight, and they often suffered, but Howe was convinced that some day he would make a fortune from the machine. Then his father's shop burnt and the whole family nearly starved, and the young inventor knew he could do nothing with his machine unless he got money to buy steel and iron. Many hours he and his wife sat together in despair, hoping and trying to plan some way in which to sell the machine.

When everything seemed hopeless, Mr. Fisher, a wood and coal dealer in Cambridge, came to Howe's home and asked to see the invention. The inventor was delighted to show him the machine, explaining how it worked. Mr. Fisher became interested in the invention and thought the model had possibilities, and before leaving offered to provide board for Howe and his family, asking them to live with him, and advanced five hundred dollars, for a half interest in the patent of the machine. Howe was glad to accept the offer, and in December, 1844, went with his family to live in the Fisher house.

All winter he worked steadily, devising new methods to solve difficult problems, and by April he had a machine that would sew a seam four yards long. By May it was finished, and after a severe test proved

satisfactory, so in the latter part of the year of 1845 he took out a patent.

When Howe tried to introduce the machine he met with great difficulty, just as most inventors do. Everyone marveled at the machine, admired it, and were eager to see it, but no one would buy any. Many persons are skeptical about a new thing until its worth is proven to them, and on every side he met with opposition. The difficulties seemed too great to overcome, and Mr. Fisher, not having Howe's sanguine hopes, believed the machine would not prove worth while, and withdrew from the partnership. Howe and his family returned to his father's house.

To support himself and family Howe went to work as a locomotive engineer. The work was very hard and he was compelled to give up his position on account of his health. In the idle minutes that followed he began to plan new ways to sell his machine, for he had never given up hope that ultimately it would make him rich and famous. At last he decided that America offered him no chance, and asked his brother, Amasa, to go to England to see if he could not arouse interest there.

In October, 1846, his brother, with a model, landed in London. He showed the invention to William Thomas, a prominent London merchant, who seemed greatly interested in it, and offered a thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for it, and to give the inventor employment in his umbrella factory. Elias

Howe decided this was better than no work and accepted the offer, thinking Thomas would help him sell the machine. So he sailed for England and entered the factory, but the climate did not improve his health, and his employer did not treat him well. But he determined to bear it, still thinking Thomas would help him try to introduce his machine, and he sent for his wife and children. For eight months he worked diligently, standing the tyranny of his employer, but he could bear it no longer and gave up his position. For some time he could find no other work, and things became worse and worse. At last his home folk sent him a little money, with which he bought passage for his wife and children back to America.

Still believing England would offer him a better chance to sell his machine, he stayed in London, but found no market. After many struggles and hardships he pawned his model, and sold even the patent papers of his precious invention to obtain money enough to pay his way home.

Each new day seemed to add heavier burdens, and he reached New York with only a few dollars, sick and discouraged, to find that his wife was critically ill at Cambridge. She died soon after he arrived, and for a time even his machine held no interest for him. All kinds of troubles followed. His invention was stolen from him, and still he remained listless. At last he threw his grief from him and went to a patent attorney and started several suits to protect his pat-

ent. In 1850 he formed a partnership with Mr. Bliss, who agreed to try to sell all the machines Howe made, and opened a shop in New York.

Meanwhile Howe's claims had been established, and he was proclaimed the inventor of the sewing machine. From the beginning their value had been apparent, and with their use folks were no longer skeptical, but, as with most inventions, there was still much opposition to overcome. Some workers, thinking that their labor would be taken from them, decided to attack the machines and stirred up a conflict. So great was this opposition that many of the larger establishments refused to use the machines, even though they lightened their work. Again, it looked as if the sewing machine would be a complete failure, and to make matters even worse Mr. Bliss died in 1855.

In a few years the Civil War broke out, and this further injured the sale of the machines. Elias Howe was one of the first men in Connecticut to volunteer for war service. His delicate health prevented him from being kept in the army long.

In 1867, a model of the sewing machine was shown at the Paris Exposition, and it attracted much attention. Howe was awarded a gold medal and a ribbon of the French Legion of Honor, and with the exposition his royalties from the sale of the machine increased. But his health was so bad, and he missed his wife so much that he died on the third of October, 1867.

Richard Arkwright

It is probably not as the founder of our factory system, but as the inventor of the spinning jenny that Arkwright is best known. All inventors have had hard struggles and many obstacles to overcome, but few have met with more bitter opposition and prejudice than did this dauntless man.

Richard Arkwright was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, right in the midst of the cotton spinning industry, even though at that time it was done in such a crude way. So when Arkwright opened his eyes on the twenty-third of December, 1732, he saw at once lying on every side, though he did not recognize it, what was to be his life's problem. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and his parents were very poor, so he never obtained any real education. Although love surrounded him, his childhood contained few pleasures and often his little body yearned for more nourishing food.

The small boy had no other advantage to educate himself than by learning from what he heard, and he never lost a chance to take advantage of these opportunities. Being naturally an intelligent boy he became even more quick witted and clever, and when only thirteen years old he became an apprentice to a barber. He really became interested in selling dyes and hair goods, and after some experimenting discovered a new dye for hair, which helped to build up his employer's business.

It was not long till the folk of the little town discovered that the barber's apprentice had an unusual keen and ingenious mind. Few of even the older men of that time grasped with such keenness the things the country was in need of as did Arkwright, and still he plodded on day after day helping the barber. Even then he must have possessed wonderful patience and enduring hope, for he was never heard to complain and never seemed dissatisfied. As the years passed he worked at various tasks, but always his brain was busy with mechanical inventions, and in his spare moments he studied machinery, soon becoming a skilled mechanic.

When Arkwright was a young man he traveled through the southern part of England, and having cultivated his talent for observation noticed many things others did not see. He was greatly impressed with the labor and the tediousness of making cloth with linen warp. No way had been found to spin cot-

ton on account of its short fiber. Linen could be spun in a very awkward way on a machine made by an ingenious weaver. Crude and incomplete as it was it could still do the work of many spinners, and Arkwright heard much about this machine and was eager to examine it, thinking he might be able to improve it.

After much thinking Arkwright decided at last to try what he could do to improve this inefficient spinning jenny, and he employed a clock maker to help him. At that time the people were very ignorant and many were superstitious, fearing that new inventions and improvements would injure them. On every side Arkwright met with disapproval and opposition, but it was not long till he found his new work far more interesting than serving the barber.

In stature Arkwright was strong and handsome, possessing an aggressive, determined nature and a shrewd understanding, which fitted him well for an inventor of the times. He was dominating enough to push a way for himself when he was convinced that what he believed was right. Had he been a less determined man he would never have carried his plans to completion.

One day when Arkwright was experimenting on the rude spinning jenny of the weaver he happened to watch a red hot iron lengthen out as it passed between two rollers. The thought came to him that such a contrivance would help to make the short fibers of cotton twist together so they could be spun.

But in order to complete his plans he needed money and other help, and few were willing to help him. He appealed to Mr. Atherton, a sensible man whom he knew.

Mr. Atherton fully understood what a dangerous thing it would be for Arkwright to try to make such a machine, but he also comprehended the advantage a good spinning jenny would be, so he sent two of his workmen to help the young inventor.

Arkwright made the machine on the principle of a Saxony wheel, with rollers at the top going at different rates, to draw the threads out. At the bottom of the machine he placed a spindle with fliers or little bobbins for twisting the threads. When the machine was completed it was crude and rough, but a great improvement on the other model. Arkwright took the invention to Preston and set up a spinning frame in a room of the grammar school. He was soon convinced that he had created something valuable, even though the machine was run by water power. It was called by others "Arkwright's water frame," which delighted the young inventor.

The young man began to think how he could best advertise and promote the sale of his spinning jenny. He knew the opposition he would meet would be great, for the handworkers in the mills were afraid the new machine would rob them of their work. Ignorance makes folk fear, and ignorant that there were ways in which their work could be improved,

without taking away the means of earning their living, the people were ready to revolt. At last, after carefully studying conditions, Arkwright decided to take the jenny to Nottingham, which lay in the heart of the stocking trade manufactory.

Samuel Need, the manager of the factory, became greatly interested in the spinning jenny, and tested it carefully. He was pleased with it, which was fortunate for Arkwright, for this was the beginning of his success, and he took out the first patent in 1769. A little later with two partners and money furnished by Need, Arkwright built a factory at Cromford on the Derwent River. The country people around came to see his machine and jeered at it, and the largest factory at Manchester refused to buy the material he wove. One by one other large factories, forced by their employes, refused to buy the cotton that Arkwright spun, using linen instead.

But despite these obstacles the first cotton cloth was made in 1773, and was the cause of new opposition springing up, arousing much hatred and rival claimants on every side. In 1775, Arkwright took out a second patent to more fully protect his machine. By this time he had taught men and women how to use the jenny, and his business kept growing. But years before the indomitable man had been stricken by asthma, and it now wrecked his body, but he kept on and because of his courage he won.

In 1780, Arkwright had a big lawsuit with a rival who infringed on his patents, so even after the opposition of the people had been overcome he had new battles to fight. He built another factory in Manchester and prospered even more wonderfully. When steam engines were invented his horse and water mills were changed to steam. In 1786, he was appointed high sheriff to Derbyshire and the same year he was knighted by George III.

But Arkwright was not permitted to live for long after pleasure and success came to him. He died at Cromford in 1792, and it was not till years after his death that the people fully understood the value of his invention.

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most unique and strangest figures in the history of our country. He won fame not only as the twenty-sixth president of the United States, but also as a clever politician, a statesman with a clear vision, a reformer and naturalist, and as a hunter and sportsman. Had he done nothing else but write the books that he did, he would still have been well known and greatly admired by future generations.

Roosevelt was a descendant of an aristocratic, wealthy Dutch family. He was born on October 27, 1858, and from the very first was an active, bright, interesting little chap, whom everyone nicknamed, "Teddy." His father was a successful business man, engaged in various philanthropic enterprises, and his Uncle Robert was an active politician. His great grandfather was the first governor of Georgia, after the Declaration of Independence was signed, so it

was but natural that the boy should be interested in politics, for what is born in the blood comes out in the life.

While a boy Roosevelt suffered from ill health, and was a delicate-looking lad, but out door life and exercise made him grow into a rugged, robust man. He was just an ordinary scholar, and after finishing common school entered Harvard in 1876. Here he made many friends and was especially interested in natural history, graduating in 1880. After his graduation he went to Europe for a short trip. Like every one who sees the Old World for the first time he was greatly impressed with what he saw.

On his return Mr. Roosevelt began the study of law at Columbia University, later going into his uncle's office. He had no serious intention of becoming a lawyer, preferring to become a professor of natural history. During this time he wrote a book, entitled "The Naval History of 1812."

In 1880 he was married to Miss Alice Lee, a beautiful Southern girl. In 1881, much to the amusement of his friends, Roosevelt entered politics and was elected to the New York assembly, being the youngest man in the legislature. Subsequently he was elected three times. These terms in office helped him to lay a good foundation of knowledge concerning State craft and its responsibility.

In February 1884, his mother died, and two days later his young wife, leaving him a daughter, Alice, who afterwards married Mr. Longworth. These sorrows, with some political defeats, determined Roosevelt to go west, as he had long yearned to do. He went to North Dakota and bought a ranch, which he named the Elkhorn, on the little Missouri river. Here he spent the winters of 1884-85 and the next, going to New York on his vacations. He enjoyed the wild, free life, and was ever afterward an advocate of "the strenuous life." But much as he loved this western life his active career as a rancher ended in 1886, when the Republicans nominated him mayor of New York. In December of the same year he married Miss Edith Kermit Carew, a childhood friend, and they spent their honeymoon in Europe.

In April, 1887, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and his family went to Washington to live. With keen insight Roosevelt foresaw the Spanish American war, and began getting the navy ready to meet it. His first move was to raise cavalry, and he gathered together a motley group of men, mostly western, and gave them the nickname of the "Rough Riders." At the outbreak of the war Roosevelt was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders, later being made colonel, and he was in command of them when they made their famous charge

on San Juan Hill. After that the young colonel was a popular hero.

On his return to the United States Roosevelt was elected governor of New York, making a remarkable record, but some of the politicians wanted him removed, so urged him to accept the nomination of vice-president. He was chosen vice-president and six months later, through the tragic death of William McKinley, became president. He was only forty-three years old, and the youngest man ever to hold this office. He had six lively children, and during his presidency, the White House was always filled with merriment.

In 1904 Roosevelt was elected president, and his administration was full of prosperity and good will. Full of life and vigor he retired in 1909, and was as much a public figure in private life as he had been as president. Shortly after leaving office he and several others, including his son, Kermit, sailed for Africa. On his return in 1910 he wrote a book, "African Game Trails," and became a leading contributor to various magazines.

He made another trip to the interior of Brazil, discovering an unchartered river, which was named in his honor the Rio Teodoro. Despite his busy, active life, Roosevelt wrote twenty-five books, all of which rank high in literature. "America and the World War," was his last book. His youngest son lost his life in the World War.

It seems but a short time ago that the busy, popular man left this world, for his memory is still keenly alive. He died at Oyster Bay, New York, where he had kept a private home for many years, on January 6, 1919. His wife, two daughters and three sons survive him.

Jefferson Davis

Jefferson Davis first opened his eyes on the third of June, 1808, being the youngest of ten children, of which five were boys. All grew to maturity, except one girl. It was in a small farmhouse, in what is now known as Todd County in Kentucky, that the boy was born. His father, Sam Davis, was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and of Welch descent. He raised tobacco and horses on his small farm. Mrs. Davis was of Scotch descent and noted for her intelligence, beauty and sprightliness. In 1809 the family went to Bayou Teche Parish, Louisiana, but the climate did not agree with them so in a short time they removed to Woodville, Mississippi.

As soon as Jefferson was old enough to attend school he was sent to a little log cabin near his home, to which he went until he was seven years old. Then he was sent on horseback, in the company of friends, to a Dominican school known as St. Thomas, which

he attended for two years. On his return home he was sent to Jefferson College, a school in Mississippi, but his stay there was very brief. From his tenth to his thirteenth year he attended an academy near home, and in 1821 he entered the Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky.

Through the aid of his eldest brother, Joseph, in his sixteenth year Jefferson received an appointment to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point. The mental and social training the boy received here did much to develop his disposition which resulted in his illustrious and remarkable career. Here also he gained the habit of wide and extensive reading, which in after years resulted in making him one of the best educated men in America. In July, 1828, Davis graduated from the academy with the usual brevet of second lieutenant of infantry. He went on a furlough to visit his folks, and in the autumn he reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he remained for a short time, and was then ordered to Fort Crawford.

From 1829 until 1831 Davis remained in Fort Winnebago, but the latter part of the year he was sent to the upper waters of the Yellow River on a lumbering expedition to get material for works at Fort Crawford. At this time it is said that Jefferson looked about like a boy of nineteen, and his gay laugh charmed and attracted everybody, but the Indians in that region recognized his courage and soldierly

ways, and one of the chief's adopted him as "brother." After that the tribes called him "Little Chief," a name of which he was very proud.

Through the rigors of the winter and hardships Davis became sick with pneumonia, and for several months lay in an old house, far from any friend. But with the indomitable will and invincible courage that helped him so much in his after life the young man never gave up, and succeeded in returning to Fort Crawford. Colonel Zachary Taylor had succeeded to the command at this fort, during Davis absence, and upon the young man's return sent him to investigate the lead mine at Galena, Illinois, and to arrange local troubles with the Indians there. Davis succeeded in arranging terms of peace and later captured Black Hawk, the famous Indian chief, and two of his sons, who were sent down the river to Jefferson Barracks in Davis' charge.

At the close of the Black Hawk War Davis was again sent on a tour of inspection to the lead mines at Galena. In the autumn of 1832 he was ordered to Louisville and Lexington on recruiting service. It was during this time that he was often confronted with the slavery question, and being a deep thinker gave the subject much consideration. On his return from Kentucky Davis went to Fort Crawford, where he remained till 1834, when he was ordered to Fort Gibson, on the extreme frontier. For his good services

General Taylor prompted him to the first infantry of Dragoons.

Because of impaired health Davis resigned from the army in 1835, and a short time later married Sarah Knox, the second daughter of Zachary Taylor. His brother Joseph gave him a tract of land known as Briarfield, adjoining his farm in Mississippi. Joseph also let Jefferson have fourteen slaves on credit, so Davis settled down as a cotton planter. Here the newly wedded couple stayed till the fever season, when they went on a visit to Davis' sister in Louisiana, but their stay had already proved fatal and Mrs. Davis died, and Jefferson barely escaped himself. In the fall Davis sailed for Havana, and in 1836 he returned to his plantation, where he spent most of the following eight years in seclusion, reading, studying and working out some of his new ideas. During that time he and his elder brother gave much thought to the problems of the two races, and to slavery as a social and economical factor. "The less people are governed, the more submissive they will be to be controlled," said Davis, and he and his brother had a remarkable way to manage the slaves on their farms.

In 1843 Jefferson Davis first entered the field of politics, and in 1844 was an aspirant for the presidency on the Polk and Dallas ticket. The same year he was married again to Varina, a daughter of William B. Howell, and a granddaughter of the gifted governor of New Jersey. In 1845 Davis was elected as a

representative at large from Mississippi. It was during this time that he was still in the House that the regiment of volunteers required from Mississippi was made up, and of which he was chosen colonel. Davis pleaded to stay at Washington to vote on certain bills about to be passed so did not join them till they reached New Orleans.

Shortly after Davis joined his command they took part in the storming of Monterey. Three commissioners were to be arranged for to transact some important business, and Davis was one of the men chosen for this purpose. Later Davis distinguished himself in the Battle of Buena Vista, and early in the action he was severly wounded by a musket ball in his ankle, but he fought all day long. For two years afterwards he went on crutches, and suffered from the wound for over five years. Early the following summer Davis and the regiment returned to Mississippi, and was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm. A commission from President Polk as brigadier-general in the army awaited Davis, but he declined this honor.

In 1847 still another appointment came to Davis, for the governor wished him to succeed the senator who had died. Davis' military reputation gave him the place of chairmanship of the committee of military affairs, and he was also appointed one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute. Davis was reelected for the full term as senator from 1851 to

1857, and after the death of Calhoun was recognized as the foremost leader of the State Right's democracy. In the latter part of 1851, because of severe trouble with his eyes, and also to become candidate for governorship of Mississippi, Davis resigned as senator. He was defeated and went to live at Briarfield.

In 1853 Franklin Pierce appointed Davis as Secretary of War, which place he filled ably and with distinction the next four years. On the fourth of March, 1857, Davis was reelected to the Senate, but became seriously ill the following winter, and for two months lay in a darkened room. The doctor advised him to go to the coast of Maine, so with his wife he spent most of his time there for the next two or three years. With the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency the anti-slavery cause reached an issue, and with the secession of Mississippi Davis resigned from the Senate.

Shortly after his return to Mississippi Davis was elected provisional President of the Confederate States, and on January the twenty-first, 1861, he was elected permanent president. Davis took the oath of office in front of the Crawford Statue of Washington in the Capitol Square of Richmond. He concluded his inaugurational prayer with these words: "My hope is reverently fixed on Him whose favor is ever vouchsafed to the cause which is just. With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy

during its brief but eventful career, to Thee, O God, I trustingly commit myself, and prayerfully invoke Thy blessings on my country and its cause."

After the inauguration of Davis events moved in great rapidity, ever sweeping onward to the great crisis which so many brave and courageous men tried to prevent. Through all these crises the great patience and courage of Davis bore him, and his cheerful optimism was always a proof against despondency. With the firing at Fort Donelson Davis knew the time had come to act, for previous to that many of the Southern newspapers had been bitter against him for his "ill-timed tenderness," as they called his patience Over and over during those trying days his wife wrote that he repeated the words, "How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord." His wife also said that at this time this wonderful man "had a child like faith in the providential care of the just cause by almighty God, and a doubt of its righteousness never entered his mind."

As if fate wished even to try Davis' faith more on the twentieth of April, 1864, his most beautiful and brightest child fell on a brick walk, and died a short time later. Upon the surrender of General Lee, Davis was at once notified that he might escape. With some fast cavalry the great man started southward, and even then he said, "I cannot feel like a beaten man." His wife and children had been sent ahead, and when he heard that Lincoln had been shot he mourned his

death as few other men did. When urged to hasten in his escape Davis replied, "I shall not leave Confederate soil, while a Confederate regiment is on it," but at the time he did not know that a prize of one hundred thousand dollars had been offered by the new President of the United States for his capture. At first it was thought by some that he was implicated in the murder of President Lincoln, and it was because of Davis' love and anxiety for his wife and children that he was captured.

Davis was soon captured and made a prisoner, and for a time was confined in Fortress Monroe. During these long and dreadful days he studied his prayer book, the Bible and the Imitation of Christ. Several trials were brought against him, and one by one dropped, but for two years he stayed in jail, unable to get bonds. In 1867, through the aid of Horace Greely, and other prominent men, Davis was given a bond, and in February, 1869, was given full liberty. Upon his release from prison in May, 1867, he joined his wife and children in Canada, and in order to restore his health sailed soon afterward to Havana. Unfortunately, his stay there was but a week and with his family he went to New Orleans where he was met with eager welcome. Here he met with a severe accident and was advised to go abroad. Upon his return he was offered the place as president of a life insurance company, and needing some way in which to support himself and family he accepted the place.

About this time his brother Joseph, to whom he had been deeply attached, died, and also his own little son, William. He had three children left.

Davis' health grew worse and he was ordered again to England. He stayed abroad for a few months and returned to live at "Beauvoir" an estate halfway between Mobile and New Orleans, where he finished his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." In this book he gave his views of the great controversy, but before it was finished his only remaining son died of the yellow fever. Soon after the book was completed Davis and his wife went to Europe to meet their daughter, who was in school there. They remained in that country for three months and on their return to this country went for a visit to their old home, Briarfield.

Davis' book was published in 1881, and the rest of his life was very quiet. He died in New Orleans on the sixth of December, 1889, and in 1893 his body was removed for burial to Richmond, Virginia.

James Monroe

As the author of the Monroe Doctrine, James Monroe, our fifth President, is famous. The peacefulness and the spirit of content of his administration is summed up in the words the "era of good feeling."

James Monroe was born on the twenty-eighth of April, 1758, on his father's fine estate on Monroe creek, a stream that empties into the famous Potomac river. His boyhood was like the childhood of every common boy. After finishing his education in the district schools he entered Williams and Mary College. But he hardly had begun on his college life when the Revolutionary War broke out, and he went to New York to join Washington's army.

Monroe soon won a cadetship and took part in the battles of Harlem Heights, White Plains, and Trenton, being wounded at the latter place. A ball hit him in the shoulder, and for his courageous b r a v e r y Washington made him captain, and he later served as aide-de-camp on the staff of Lord Sterling. He was

promoted to major, and in this capacity fought at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He spent the freezing winter with Washington at Valley Forge, and in 1778 he was given the rank of lieutenant-colonel. So well did the commanders think of the young man that he was sent to Virginia to raise a new regiment. In Virginia he became acquainted with Thomas Jefferson, who was then governor of Virginia, and his influence left a lasting impression on Monroe, and probably helped much in forming his career.

At the close of the Revolutionary War Monroe's mind reverted to his books, and on his return to Virginia he began the study of law under Thomas Jefferson. In 1782, he was given a seat in the Virginia Assembly, and the next year transferred to the Continental Congress in which he served as delegate for three years. He was always fearful that the United States would become a monarchy, and through his entire life fought bitterly any such tendency. At the close of his third term in the Continental Congress he determined to retire and practice law, but was not permitted to do so, for he was promptly reelected, and he served four more years.

Monroe married Miss Elizabeth Kortright in 1786. Four years later he was chosen to fill a vacant place in the United States Senate. In 1794 he was appointed Minister to France, and was in that country during the terrible French Revolution. It was the most try-

ing period of his life. He endeavored to fill the place, but for some reason he did not satisfy the President and in 1796 he was recalled. Again he determined to settle down to private life and stay out of politics. But he was permitted to do so for only three years. The country had need of his great ability and his purity of vision.

In 1799 Monroe was elected governor of Virginia, and served till 1802, the year that Jefferson became President. Jefferson appointed him M i n i s t e r to France. He was also on the Commission to assist in the purchase of the mouth of the Mississippi river, which resulted in the addition of the Louisiana Territory to the United States. Later he was sent as Minister to England, and then as Minister to Spain. The treaty which he finally arranged with Great Britain was unsatisfactory to the President, and it was never given to the Senate. Monroe worked under great handicaps. At Madrid he tried hard to arrange for the transfer of Florida to the United States, but was unsuccessful. He returned home in 1807, and was again elected to the Virginia Assembly. In 1811 he was reelected governor of Virginia. Before the end of the year he resigned to become Secretary of State, which place he held till his election to the presidency in 1817. During the War of 1812 he performed many valuable services which greatly added to his popularity. He did much toward helping to protect the capitol from an attack by the British.

Monroe's administration was one of the quietest in politics that has ever been known in this country. Soon after he became President he made a great tour of the country in a stage coach, going as far as Detroit, which was a long journey in those days. In 1820 he was reelected President without opposition. It was in December, 1823, that the famous Monroe Doctrine was introduced, and proved to the world that the President fully believed that America was for Americans.

Among other notable events of Monroe's administration was the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida, the purchase of Florida, and the Missouri Compromise.

At the end of his administration Monroe returned to Virginia to his home which had been planned by Jefferson, who also gave the nails to finish it. It was a large brick mansion with great columns and wide porticos in the midst of a grove of fine oaks.

With Jefferson and Madison, Monroe served as regent of the University of Virginia in 1826. In 1829 he was a member of the War Constitutional convention.

Upon the death of his wife in 1830, Monroe went to live with one of his daughters in New York, where he died on the Fourth of July, 1831. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Virginia.

John Quincy Adams

"This is the end of earth; I am content." These were the last words of John Quincy Adams, our sixth President. They are characteristic of the man. It is not as President, but as a diplomat that Adams is best known.

No American family has contained more distinguished members than did the Adams family. Of no other President can it be said that the years he served in the White House were the least interesting of their lives, but it was so with Adams.

John Quincy Adams was born the eleventh of July, 1767, in Braintree, Massachusetts, and was the eldest son in the family. When he was baptized, his mother's great-grandfather, John Quincy, lay dying, so the baby was given his surname. The boy grew into a grave, thoughtful lad, fearless and honest. Few of our Presidents have had a more adventurous boyhood. When he was ten years old his father was sent by the Government to France, and he took his son

along with him. The voyage was long and stormy, and their ship was chased by a British war vessel; they also had a desperate fight with a privateer, but at last reached Paris. There the boy was sent to school, and began studying French. Eighteen months later they returned to America, and John had been such a good French student that he was able to give the English ambassador, who was aboard the same ship, lessons in French.

Three months after their return to their home in Massachusetts, Mr. Adams was again sent to France, and he again took his son along with him. This time they travelled more, going from Paris to Holland. They met many distinguished people. John Quincy Adams was a very intelligent lad, and by the time he was fourteen years old he was in public service himself. The United States envoy to Russia employed him as private secretary, and the boy did the work as well as a skilled person could do. He stayed in Russia over a year, traveling alone through Sweden and Denmark, later attending school at the Hague.

John was only sixteen years old when the Revolutionary War closed. His father, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson were chosen to make a treaty with Great Britain, and John Quincy was chosen as one of their secretaries. In 1785, Mr. Adams was appointed minister to England, and he took his family to London to live, giving his eldest son the choice of

going to college in England or returning to the United States. The boy chose to go to Harvard College, and graduated from that institution with honor in 1787. He then began studying law, and was a lawyer before he was twenty-three years old. At that time he first became known as the "Walking Vocabulary," because of his eloquence in the choice of words, and this was a favorite nickname for him for many years.

In the latter part of 1795, John Quincy Adams went to England, where he met Miss Louisa C. Johnson, daughter of the American consul at London, and they were married two years later. President Washington then appointed him minister to Portugal, but before he sailed for this place, changed the appointment to Prussia. When Washington's term expired, his father became President, but let his son remain abroad till nearly the close of his administration. Then he was called home, and resumed his law practice.

John Quincy Adams' political career began in 1802, when he was elected to the Massachusetts senate, and the next year he was sent to the United States Senate, where he presented the petition for the abolition of slavery. In 1808 he resigned from the Senate because of trouble over the Embargo Act.

When James Madison became President, he appointed John Q. Adams minister to Russia, and he

spent four and a half years in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. During his stay there, America passed through a stormy time, having war with England, and his task as a diplomat was a hard one. When the treaty of peace was signed, in 1814, he was one of the men chosen to make it, shortly afterward receiving the highest diplomatic honors America could give. He was appointed minister to England, which office he held till 1817, when he was made Secretary of State by James Monroe.

When James Monroe's administration ended, the famous diplomatist found that, because no candidate had a majority of votes, the House of Representatives had chosen him to be President. The four years of his presidency were filled with bitter opposition, and were the least glorious and probably least worth while of Adam's entire life. In 1830, after his term as President ended, he was elected to the House of Representatives, being the only person who e v e r returned to Congress after serving as the Nation's chief. He remained in the House until his death, and became known as "Old Man Eloquent," because of his fluency in speaking. In appearance he was short and stout, with a bald head, but his voice was strong and he knew how to present an argument to make it convincing and forcible.

In 1846, Adams suffered a stroke of paralysis, but recovered and was not troubled again until February

21, 1848. He was sitting in his seat at Congress, holding a paper in his hand. When he arose to address the Speaker, he fell to the floor, insensible. A paralytic stroke had seized him, but in a moment he regained his consciousness and spoke the words by which he is best remembered, "This is the end of earth; I am content." He died two days later, and was buried in the church portal at Quincy, Massachusetts, his home, beside his father and mother.

Benjamin Harrison

At the mention of Benjamin Harrison's name we immediately think of his famous grandfather, William Henry Harrison, "The Hero of Tippecanoe." Although the grandson did not become such a national hero he still did much for his Government and country.

Benjamin Harrison was born in North Bend, Ohio, on the twentieth of August, 1833, just seven years before his famous grandfather became President. The son of the "Hero of Tippecanoe" and the father of Benjamin was a very ordinary man without any unusual talent, and he was very little in political life. He served as a Representative in Congress from 1853 to 1857, and spent the rest of his life on his farm with his family. Benjamin was an active, bright child, although always rather small in size. He soon learned that it was only through work he could ever hope to get anywhere. Unlike John Quincy Adams

he had few advantages, and most of what he accomplished was done notwithstanding many obstacles. When he grew a little older he was sent to the district school where he sat all day long on hard planks, without a back, and his feet dangling far from the floor. But Benjamin liked to study and so was glad to go, even if it did make him tired. He regretted that he had to stay home in summer and work.

By his industry and ability the boy soon learned all he could in this school, and through his own efforts was sent to Farmer's College near Cincinnati. Here he worked harder than ever, marvelling at the wealth of knowledge to be found in books, and determined to take advantage of every opportunity offered him. Two years later, after finishing at the college young Harrison started to Miami University at Oxford, graduating from there when he was eighteen years old. He was still only a boy but he knew that his school life was about finished, and he must begin to support himself. After great deliberation he decided that he would be a lawyer, probably dreaming of some day following part of the life of his grandfather.

He entered a law office in Cincinnati, determined to succeed, and before completing his course he married Miss Caroline W. Scott, whom he had met while attending school. He soon finished his law studies and decided to go to Indianapolis, believing that he would have greater opportunities for success in the newly settled country than in Ohio. The clerk of the

Federal Court was the only acquaintance he had in the fastly growing city in the wilderness. Undaunted and undiscouraged Harrison hung out his lawyer's sign, and while waiting for clients had a difficult time to make a living, or even find a place to stay. He had only a hundred dollars and he could not rent a house and furnish it with that, so he and his young wife often slept in his little office. He was offered a job as court crier at two and a half dollars a day, which he eagerly accepted. When at last his first client came he worked long and hard on the case, making many notes. When the day of the trial came the court room was so dark he could not read the notes, so pushing them back into his pocket he pleaded the case from memory. So well did he do that he not only won the case, but also the name of a great orator, which afterward gave him the nickname of the "O r a t o r President."

After the court incident the young lawyer's practice grew rapidly, and at the outbreak of the Civil war he was very busy. But the blood that had made his grandfather a hero would not let the young man remain out of the struggle, and in 1862 he decided to help the Union. A new regiment was forming and he set out to recruit and drill the company of soldiers, other companies joined and it became known as the Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers. Harrison was lieutenant of the company, but was made colonel of the

new regiment. It was not long before the company was called into action and Harrison commanded it at Kenesaw mountain and at Nashville, but it was at the battle of Peach Tree Creek that he won his greatest honor.

"Come on, boys! We've never been licked yet, and we won't begin now!" yelled Harrison to his men, when so discouraged and almost worn out that they were about to retreat from Peach Tree Creek. With his courageous words sounding in the ears of his men they won. He was always kind and tender to his men, always thought of their welfare and they affectionately called him "Little Ben." He was also one of the leaders in Sherman's famous march from "Atlanta to the Sea."

When Harrison finished his work as a soldier he returned to his law practice at Indianapolis, and was soon chosen reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court, and then entered politics deeply. He worked hard for the election of Grant. In 1876, his friends persuaded him to run for governor of Indiana, which he consented to do. But he lost the election. By this time he had become a very prominent man, and if not a national hero as was his grandfather, he was quite well known. In 1880 he was nominated as a presidential aspirant, but would not give his consent to the election and did his best to have Garfield elected.

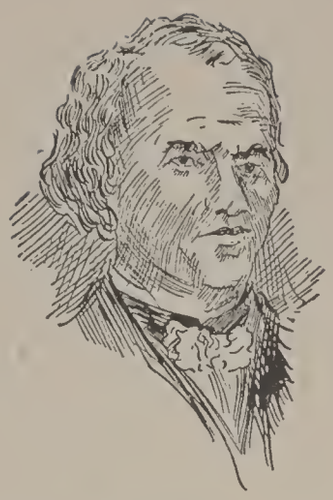
As soon as Garfield became President he asked Harrison to be a member of his cabinet, but the orator-lawyer refused for he had been chosen as Senator for Indiana to the United States Government. In the Senate he acted as chairman of the Committee of Territories, and as a member of several other important committees.

In 1888 Harrison was again nominated for the presidency, and was elected. As President, Harrison was very quiet and retiring, and those who were not his friends said of him that he was "so cold that grass would not grow on the White House lawns." During the years of his presidency the country was generally prosperous and active, and a great development in foreign relations occurred. Six new States were admitted to the Union, and one April noon in 1889 at the sound of a bugle the grounds of Oklahoma were thrown open to settlers. The only great catastrophe that happened during the years of Harrison's presidency was the Johnstown flood in western Pennsylvania which occurred on the thirty-first of May, 1889.

Harrison was again nominated as presidential aspirant in 1889, but lost, and the next year returned to his law practice in Indianapolis. He was soon appointed as lecturer of law for the Leland Stanford University of California; he was also chosen as Counsel for Venezuela in laying before the Hague Conference the arbitration commission which settled the boundary dispute between that country and Great

Britain in 1889; and he was the principal representative of the United States in the Hague Conference at the same time. During those years he wrote a book, "This Country of Ours," giving the practical working basis of the Government, and he was also a frequent contributor to magazines.

After a very brief illness Harrison died on the thirty-first of March, 1901, and was buried in Indianapolis.



Andrew Johnson

None of our Presidents have had a more stormy career, nor a less attractive and joyless childhood than did Andrew Johnson, our seventeenth President. It is said that he had many faults, that he was tactless and on the least provocation used extreme language. But his life proves that he was a man of kindly nature and extraordinary ability.

Andrew Johnson was born on the twenty-ninth day of September, 1808, in Raleigh, North Carolina. His parents were practically penniless, and the boy did not even have the few advantages that Lincoln had. When Andrew was but four years old his father was drowned when trying to rescue a man who fell overboard. The family then became poorer than ever, and the mother had a hard time to feed and clothe the family. Andrew was never sent to school, and because he had to work so hard as soon as he could do anything he never enjoyed games and sports as did

other children. When he was ten years old he was bound out to a tailor's apprentice. For six years Johnson worked for the tailor, and learned to be a very good one. But his young heart hungered bitterly all the while for the things which other boys enjoyed. He brought the money he earned home to his mother, thus helping her to care for the home.

When Johnson was sixteen years old he set up a place for himself as a journeyman tailor at Laurens Court House, South Carolina. Two years later his mother removed to the Greeneville mountains and Johnson went with her. It was here he met Miss Eliza McCardle, a very attractive and refined girl of good education. She saw many good qualities in the young man, and they were married on the twenty-seventh of May, 1826, and although Johnson was very young, it was the most helpful advantage he ever had had in his life. From a tailor Johnson had learned the alphabet, but had not progressed very far with his education. His wife being so much his intellectual superior was very eager to have her husband get at least the rudiments of an education, and she began teaching him. From that time his path was ever in an upward direction, and the old hunger in his heart began to stir again. He soon learned to read and write, and often while he was at work at his tailor trade his wife read to him, and being very bright he soon obtained a fairly good education. Mrs. Johnson was very ambitious and energetic, and Johnson soon

became endowed with her glowing spirit. He determined to do something worth while in life.

At that time Tennessee was ruled by the great land owners, and often their laws were very unjust, especially to the poor. When he was twenty years old Johnson organized a workingman's party in opposition to the "Aristocratic Coterie," as the rich men were called, of which he was elected alderman. He was twice elected to fill this office, and was once elected mayor. In the meantime, encouraged by his own success and the interest of his wife, he had kept up his studies and had taken frequent parts with the debating students at Greeneville College. In 1835 Johnson proposed himself as an aspirant of the Democratic party for a State representative. He was elected and strongly opposed a bill for internal improvements, which made him unpopular and caused him to lose the place in 1837. The reaction and wild panic that followed justified his actions, and in 1839 he was reelected to the legislature. In 1840 he did all in his power to help Van Buren get elected President.

The following year the ambitious young man was elected State senator, and in 1843 he was sent to the United States House of Representatives, where he served for ten years. He was a conspicuous supporter of the Polk administration, and approved the famous Compromise of 1850. In 1853 Johnson was appointed Governor of Tennessee. An interesting story is told of how he made a suit of clothes at this time and sent

it to his old friend, the Governor of Kentucky. The Governor of Kentucky had been a blacksmith and in return sent him a piece of his own work.

In 1857 Andrew Johnson was elected United States Senator, and in the Senate he was nearly alone in his rather peculiar views on many matters then in discussion. He was the only southern member in Congress not to secede from it when the State did. He declared that he "would have them arrested and tried for treason, and if convicted, by the eternal God, they should suffer the penalty of the law at the hands of the executioner." This made the country believe that he was very bitter toward the slave States, but his acts later proved that he was not.

On the fourth of March, 1862, President Lincoln appointed Johnson as military governor of Tennessee, a position that was full of great difficulties. His work here made him a national figure, and he was considered one of the most popular of the war Democrats. In 1864 his name was proposed for the vice-presidency, and he won the election. Six weeks later, on the fifteenth of April, Lincoln died and Johnson became President.

There were many questions on which Congress and the President did not agree, but the first open break between them did not happen till February, 1866. Johnson vetoed the bill to establish a Freedman's Bureau for the protection of former slaves. Then the Senate formed into a great court, a thing

they had never done before, and began a trial of the President as a breaker of the law and a traitor to his oath. By one vote Johnson would have been impeached, or overthrown as President.

It was through the negotiations of Johnson that Alaska was purchased from Russia, and during his administration the laying of the Atlantic cable was completed. On Christmas day, 1868, Johnson made the last official proclamation in which he stated that all States that had seceded or had taken part in the secession were completely pardoned. This refuted the idea that the country had of his bitterness toward the southern States.

At the end of his administration Johnson returned to his home in Tennessee, and thereafter made several unsuccessful attempts to get into Congress. He was finally elected to the Senate.

Andrew Johnson died on the thirty-first of July, 1875, from paralysis, and was buried in Greeneville, Tennessee.

Rutherford Hayes

Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth President, was probably the greatest builder of any of our men who ever lived in the White House. Although he spent four years in the Civil War, probably no President led a quieter and calmer life. His folks came from Vermont and the beautiful free spirit of the Green Mountain State was inherited by him.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes was born on the fourth of October, 1822, in Delaware, Ohio, shortly after his parents had come to the State. His father owned and worked a large farm, and also kept a store. The boy was a strong and happy lad and delighted in the great out-of-doors. Later he went to school with his younger sister Fanny. His father died when he was a small boy, and he missed his loving guidance. Young Hayes was an excellent student and the teachers delighted in helping the bright, ambitious boy. After finishing his education in the common schools he studied Latin and Greek with a tutor, later attending an academy. In 1838 he entered Kenyon College,

graduating four years later at the head of his class.

After his graduation from college Hayes entered a law office in Columbus, Ohio, where he studied hard for two years, and then entered Harvard Law School. He studied so hard that he ruined his rugged health, and on his return home was sickly and pale. On the advice of friends he went south to recuperate, and while there met and married Miss Lucy W. Webb, the daughter of a doctor. She was a charming and noble girl, and in after life was a great inspiration to her husband.

On his return to Ohio, Mr. Hayes practiced law until the outbreak of the Civil War, first at Marietta, then at Fremont, and later at Cincinnati, continuing his sudies in his spare moments. By this time the ambitious young lawyer had become very popular and was chosen to fill various important places in the city government. His practice increased rapidly and his fame as a good lawyer spread.

At the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, Hayes was elected corporal of the twenty-third Ohio regiment that formed. In this regiment there was also another man who was later to become President, William McKinley, and the two were good friends, continuing their friendship as long as they lived. Before the end of 1861, Hayes was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was wounded four different times during these years, and at one battle where he was wounded, nearly half of his men were

wounded. At this same struggle he led his men until carried from the battlefield. On his recovery he was appointed colonel of the regiment, and was conspicuous for his brave deeds in several later expeditions. At one time he served in General Sheridan's army and fought in the second battle of Winchester, where he did a daring feat. He had ridden out into a swamp, trying to cross it to reach a battery of the enemy, but his horse began to mire down and could not go on. Leaping from the horse he made his way afoot, and forty of his men followed, seized the battery and the victory was won.

At the battle of Cedar Creek Colonel Hayes accomplished several more brilliant deeds and after the struggle was finished General Crook said to him, "Colonel, from this day you will be a brigadier-general."

After the close of the War in 1865, Hayes was elected State representative, and was reelected the next year. It was not long till he was elected governor of the State, and as a strong advocate for civil service and prison reform he won greater popularity. After his second term as governor he determined to return to his home and resume private life, but after much urging consented to let his name be used as an aspirant for United States Representative. However, he was defeated and for a few years enjoyed the home life he longed for. In 1876 he was chosen to even a

higher and more responsible office, for he had been made President.

His years at the White House helped to show the country what a great man and builder he was. Although the country was greatly troubled at the time with labor questions, he settled the disputes with justice and firmness. When he finished his administration he was still vigorous and ambitious, being but fifty-nine years old. His leisure time he devoted to charities and reforms in which he was greatly interested. For a number of years he was the president of the trustees of the John F. Slater fund, an organization for the promotion and education of negroes. He was an active member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections and served a term as president of the National Prison Association, and was a trustee of the Western Reserve University, and a member of various other committees and organizations. But of all the honors given him he was proudest of being president of the Twenty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers' Association, his old regiment.

A number of years before President Hayes had bought a home in Fremont, Ohio, where he died on the seventeenth of January, 1893.

James A. Garfield

"Fellow citizens; clouds and darkness are round about Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne; memory and truth shall go before His face. Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." So spoke James A. Garfield at the New York custom house when a frenzied horror struck the crowd as they heard the news of the death of President Lincoln at Washington.

Shortly after Garfield's parents came from New York to Northern Ohio he was born in a log cabin near Orange, on the nineteenth of November, 1831. He was given the name of Abraham after his father, and with three other Garfield children had a happy time, even though he had to work hard when a child. His father made a good start on the farm in the wilderness, working very hard all day long, but died before the little boy was two years old. The mother

found it difficult to make a living for herself and four children in the uncivilized country and she was advised to return east, but she resolved not to leave the new home.

James was sent to the district school and took every advantage of the opportunities offered him, being a very brilliant student. He started to school when he was but four years old and it was not long till he could read. By the time he was ten years old he was working hard outside of school hours. He had become a great reader, borrowing and buying all the books that he could. By the time he was fourteen years old he had helped to kindle his glowing imagination with tales of adventure, and he longed to be a sailor. About this time a new home was built in the midst of the nice orchard that his father had planted, and it was the interest the building of the house held for him that kept him at home. From the carpenters he learned much of their trade. Finally, when the house was completed the adventure-loving boy could bear it no longer and pleaded with his mother to let him go to Cleveland and be a sailor. Mrs. Garfield was reluctant to let him leave home, and wanted him to stay with the other children and help on the farm, but at last she consented to his going.

When he reached Cleveland young Garfield looked about for a boat and seeing a schooner climbed on its deck, but the captain saw him and urged him to return home. At last Garfield left the boat, but he was

determined to have a few adventures before returning home, and so wandered about the city in search of work. Finally he secured employment as the driver of a canal-boat which carried coal from the mines to Cleveland.

Garfield had been used to driving horses and easily managed the team on the worn towpath. So well did he do his work that his employers promoted him to a place aboard the boat to steer it. The boy was delighted at the thought, but it proved to be hard and dangerous work. He fell overboard several times and came near to drowning, and it was not long till he returned home, cured of his desire for the sea. Another longing came to him, the desire for a good education. There were many obstacles to overcome, but with pluck and determination he won, and in 1849 entered an academy at Chester. He attended the academy for two years, working in the fields or as a carpenter or at any thing he could find to do during vacation to support himself and pay for his education. When he was eighteen years old he began teaching school, and later attended Hiram College for three years, paying his way here by helping with the teaching. He was an excellent scholar and especially brilliant in algebra, botany, Latin and natural philosophy. At the end of the three years he was well educated and had also saved three hundred and fifty dollars. But the ambitious boy was not satisfied with what he knew, so in 1853 he entered Williams College

in Massachusetts. Two years later he graduated and was made Professor of Languages and Literature at Hiram College.

A year later Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph of Hiram, an old schoolmate. For five years Garfield was president of this college, which grew very popular and the attendance was greatly increased. In 1858, after having made many speeches in campaigns for his friends, he was elected as senator to the State Senate. Here he was an influential member and he helped to persuade the Senate to vote twenty thousand soldiers and three million dollars to help in the Civil War. This made him even more popular in the country, and the governor of Ohio offered him the colonelcy of the regiment. In December, 1861, he took the regiment to join the United States forces in the East. He took part in the great battle of Shiloh, and was especially courageous at the Battle of Chickamauga, after which he was made major-general.

Garfield was then elected to Congress and feeling that he could do more for his country in helping to make the laws than in the army he resigned his position and went to Washington. Here he was very industrious and won many honors. In 1880 Garfield was elected to the Senate of Ohio. But the greatest honor came to him in July, when he was nominated as a presidential aspirant and was elected President.

Garfield was an orator, and as such was always impressive, his own honest faith and sincerity reaching the hearts of his hearers. He is known as a self-made man, having through his own industry, perseverence and courage fought an uphill fight against many obstacles until he attained fame and fortune, and then came to his death at the hand of an assassin.

On the second of July, 1881, President Garfield, joyous and glowing, was starting for Williams College to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of his graduation. With James G. Blaine, the great statesman and orator, he entered the railway station, when a slender, middle-aged man came up and shot him. The President was quickly carried to the White House, and he soon gave an order that his wife should be summoned from New Jersey, where she had gone to recuperate from an attack of malaria fever. "Tell her I am seriously hurt, but I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send her my love," was the message.

For three months the courageous man struggled for life, finally dying at Long Branch, New Jersey, where he had been taken, on the nineteenth of September. He was buried near his old home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Martin Van Buren

No president has been born in a more stirring time nor died at a more exciting period than did Martin Van Buren, our eighth president. He was one of the ablest of America's politicians and one of the country's greatest men.

On the fifth of December in 1782, just as the British were letting go their hold of the fighting colonies and making overtures for peace, Martin Van Buren was born. His birth was in a quaint little farm house in Kinderhook, New York, an odd little Dutch town on the Hudson River, sixteen miles from Albany, and is still standing. Martin's father was a shrewd, good-natured Dutchman, a farmer and the keeper of the village tavern. His mother was also of Dutch descent and a pious and sensible woman, and the boy inherited many fine qualities from both.

Martin was sent to the best schools in the town, and even when he was still very young he became

intensely interested in the political discussions which the neighbors held in his father's tavern. Perhaps this led the quick-witted boy in after years to decide to become a lawyer. When Martin was but fourteen years old he began to study law, serving first as an office clerk, later as a lawyer's clerk, then as a copyist of pleas, and finally toward the end of his six years of study as a special pleader in the constable's court.

In those days lawyers often gave their students a chance to try small cases before juries. When Van Buren was but sixteen years old he was given a case to try in Kinderhook. On the opposite side was a keen old lawyer of wide experience, but undaunted Van Buren carefully prepared his arguments. When young Van Buren came into the crowded courtroom there was much laughter and jeering, for he was so slight and slim. In derision some one lifted him on a table, but when he started speaking the amusement ceased. So eloquently and clearly did he argue the case that he won it. When Van Buren was but eighteen years old he was chosen to sit in the local nominating convention. For a year he studied in law offices in New York with friends of Aaron Burr, and on his return to Kinderhook he began to practice law with his half-brother, James Van Allen.

In February, 1807, Van Buren married Miss Hannah Hoes, an old playmate and a distant relative of his mother's. They went to Hudson to live, and for

twelve years enjoyed a happy home life, when Mrs. Van Buren died.

Not long after he began his law practice Van Buren entered politics, and his kindly manner and shrewd judgment soon made him a leader, and he gained a wide reputation. Because of his small size he was frequently called "Little Van" or the "Little Magician." In 1808, he was admitted to the Supreme Court of New York, and for the next twenty years was a leader in New York politics. In 1812 he was elected state senator of New York. When the war with England started he did not believe in it, but helped pass the law to raise troops. This pleased the people and helped to make him even more popular. New honors came to the industrious young lawyer rapidly, and in 1815 he was appointed attorney-general. In 1816 he was reelected to the senate, and the same year appointed one of the regents of the University of New York. In 1821 he was chosen United States senator, and three years later he fought to help Jackson win the presidential nomination.

Van Buren was then elected governor of New York, and when Jackson became president Van Buren resigned his place as governor and went to Washington to serve as Secretary of State. The keen witted lawyer had learned to grasp every opportunity to help himself rise in politics. To show his gratefulness for

the help Van Buren gave him to be elected President he appointed him Minister to England, but he was only gone a short time when he was recalled by the senate which refused to approve the President's appointment.

In the next presidential campaign Van Buren was elected Vice President, and in 1836 was chosen as President. One of the most striking of all inaugurational scenes was that of Jackson and Van Buren seated side by side in a phaeton drawn by four horses.

Jackson's administration had caused a considerable business panic, and things were left difficult for Van Buren to straighten out. His term was one of turmoil, with the slavery issue growing ever more intense, and Indian attacks and riots causing much trouble. But during all these trials and discouragements Van Buren showed himself a man of great strength, real courage, and a true American.

In 1840 Van Buren again was an aspirant in the presidential campaign, but received but few votes. He returned to his home. In 1848 he was again nominated, but only received a small vote. Because of the difficulties in which Jackson had plunged the nation Van Buren's administration had not been looked upon with great approval. In the years that followed Van Buren kept keenly interested in politics, though he took no prominent active part in political matters. In

1853, with one of his sons, he went to Europe, and everywhere was received with honor. On his return to this country he retired to Lindenwald, his beautiful country home, where he stayed the rest of his life.

He died on the twenty-fourth of July, 1862, just as the Civil War was raging, and was buried at Kinderhook, his old home town.

William H. Harrison

"To be eminently great it is necessary to be eminently good," was the motto of William Henry Harrison, and his life of glorious activity proved that he made it a part of himself. Not as our ninth President or as a brilliant politician is Harrison best known, but as the "Hero of Tippecanoe."

On the ninth of February, 1773, William Henry Harrison was born in Berkeley, Virginia, on the banks of the famous James River. His father was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and an intimate friend of George Washington. Harrison's parents were not poor and gave their son a good education. Although he was a frail, sickly boy, Harrison loved adventure. He had many exciting times playing with the neighbor boys, and planning some day to be a great soldier.

When he finished the grade school Harrison went to Hampden-Sidney College, graduating from there with honors in 1790. Harrison wanted to join the

army and be a soldier, but his father insisted that he study to be a physician, so he was sent to Philadelphia to take up the study of medicine. He was there only a few months when his father died. On his return home he heard much about the trouble they were having with Indians farther west. His old love for adventure and the desire to be a soldier prompted him to join the army as soon as possible, but on account of his ill health his friends tried hard to persuade him not to do so and to continue the study of medicine. But the young man would not listen, and received a commission as corporal. In the very first battle nearly all of his companions were killed by the Indians, but Harrison escaped. The fresh air and exercise made him have better health, and he was happy trying to fulfill his dreams.

Harrison's first experience in the army was as commander of a pack train that carried food to distant soldiers along the firing line. He was often exposed to many dangers, but his brave courage never failed him, and he won the admiration of all his companions. When St. Clair, his commander, was killed, Anthony Wayne was given his command, and Harrison received the appointment of lieutenant. After one fierce skirmish General Wayne wrote about Harrison to headquarters: "Wherever duty called he hastened regardless of danger, and by his effort and example contributed as much to securing the fortunes of the

day as any other officer subordinate to the commander-in-chief." Not long afterward Harrison was made captain, and put in command of one of the larger forts.

When the Indians were subdued and the territory was free a government was established and Harrison was made secretary. Three years later when the vast region was divided and the Territory of Indiana was created he was made governor, and during his service made thirteen treaties with the Indians. Through these treaties the United States came into possession of millions of acres of land. For twelve years he was governor of this territory, performing his duties with great skill and honesty. His keen tact made him a friend of the Indians. When the United States made the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the region was added to the land that Harrison governed.

In 1811 the Indians along the Wabash River gave trouble to the settlers, and Tecumseh, their chief, was called upon for an appointment, which he made but did not keep. Their difficulties were not settled peaceably, and finally in September a great battle occurred near the village of Tippecanoe, eight miles from Lafayette, Indiana. So well did General Harrison fight that he became a national hero, and ever since has been affectionately called "The Hero of Tippecanoe." With the breaking out of the War of 1812, Harrison again joined the army, and while on a march received notice that he had been appointed

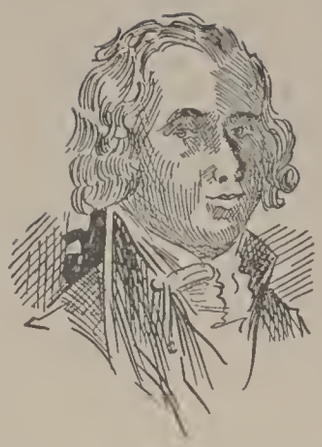
brigadier general of the regular army. Once when he wrote to a commanding officer for instructions this answer was sent him, "Exercise your own discretion, and act in all cases according to your own judgment." Such wide powers of authority had not been given to anyone in command since Washington.

At the close of the War of 1812, Harrison resigned his commission in the army, and was elected as a representative to Congress for the Territory of Ohio. Congress recognized his gallant services in the war by giving him a gold medal and a resolution of thanks. In Congress he soon became known as a clear and able speaker, and his favorite motto was much quoted. From 1819 to 1821 he served as State senator, and in 1824 he was elected to the United States Senate, but soon resigned. In 1828, he received the appointment as minister to Colombia, but a year later when Jackson made so many wide changes he was recalled. He returned to his home near North Bend on the Ohio River, and for ten years lived the retired life of a farmer, serving as clerk in the county office. His home was part of an old log cabin, covered long before with clapboards, and he never permitted liquor to be brought into his house. He would drink nothing else but cider.

In 1840, much to Harrison's surprise, he was elected by the Whig Party as a presidential candidate. Probably no presidential campaign has been more exciting than the one of 1840, and log cabins and hard

cider figured conspicuously everywhere. The Whigs cried out on every side, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" Tyler was the candidate for Vice President.

The short month that Harrison served as President was the least exciting time of his adventurous, active life. He did not have a chance to demonstrate his ability as an executive at the head of a nation. Pneumonia developed and on the fourth of April, 1841, he died. He was buried first in Washington, but later his body was removed to his home town of North Bend.



James Madison

Not as president but as father of the Constitution is James Madison best known. Few men have done more for their country than did this clever diplomat and graceful writer.

James Madison was born on the sixteenth of March, 1751, in his grandfather's house in Port Conway, Virginia. While still a baby he went to live on his father's great farm at Montpelier, in the region of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and only twenty-five miles from Jefferson's home. James was a delicate, pale-faced child, but he managed to enjoy himself. For a time he was not sent to school but instructed at home. He grew to be very fond of his home and his books. He was also interested in his father's affairs, and as he grew older seemed to become more shy and thoughtful.

Madison was still very young when he learned to read French and Spanish, and was a keen student of ancient government. When he was seventeen years

old he started to Princeton College, and was an exceptionally brilliant student. He slept only three hours a day and his health soon failed him. He graduated in 1771, and spent the next year in graduate study. On his return home he continued the study of history and the constitutional law, and in 1773 received his first political appointment as a member of the Committee of Safety of the country.

For more than forty years Madison was a prominent figure in public life. In 1776 he was chosen as a member of the delegation to the Virginia Convention. Thus he helped to make the Constitution for the State of Virginia, and some of the greatest speeches of his life were made in defense of the Constitution. After the adoption of the Constitution by the State Madison was elected to the general assembly. In 1777, he was given a place in the council of the State by Patrick Henry. Three years later he was sent as a delegate of Virginia to the Continental Congress. He was still young, but his sagacious influence made him a man of great influence.

From 1784 to 1786 Madison again served in the assembly of Virginia, and the next year was sent again to the Continental Congress, and the same year as delegate to Philadelphia to the Constitutional Convention. With Alexander Hamilton and John Jay he helped to write essays about the government, which were published under the title of the "Federalist."

On his return to Virginia, Madison was chosen as

delegate to vote on the new Constitution which he later supported. During Washington's administration he served in the House of Representatives, and in 1794 Washington offered him the position of Secretary of State in his cabinet, which he refused to accept.

The same year Madison, now forty-three years of age, met and married Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd, a beautiful Quakeress. She was a very brilliant and attractive woman, and as mistress of the White House won lasting fame. Everyone who met "Dolly" Madison, as she was familiarly called, loved her. For a number of years she was the mistress of the White House. During the last years of Jefferson's administration she was hostess, as Mrs. Jefferson had died some time before.

From 1797 to 1801 Madison lived almost in retirement, spending his time in writing. When his old friend, Thomas Jefferson became President he was appointed Secretary of State. For eight years Madison filled this office, showing his wisdom and justice in the changing and trying conditions that faced the new country. By nature, training, and experience he was well fitted to take the place at the head of the nation.

During most of Madison's administration the shadow of war threatened, and it was only through the wise judgment of the President that war was so long averted. Madison made many negotiations, but

slowly France and England pushed the new country into troubles, and finally the President declared war. It was but a few months after the beginning of the hostilities that Madison was reelected as President. There was strong opposition to the war in parts of the country, and many blamed Madison for entering the quarrel.

All rejoiced when at last the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent on the twenty-fourth of December, 1814, and ratified promptly the day it was placed before the Senate. During the war the White House had been burned, and Mrs. Madison had rather an exciting escape. The night it was burned, the President and his wife spent in a little hovel in the woods. Mrs. Madison had taken with her some of the silver and a large portrait of Washington, which was greatly valued afterward.

At the end of his term Madison returned to his home in Montpelier, Virginia, and during the years that followed took a great interest in education. He was especially interested in the development of the University of Virginia. His last public service was as a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829. In his retirement he was as distinguished a man as he had been as President, and his wife was the same brilliant social leader.

Madison died on the twenty-eighth of June, 1836, his wife following him in 1849. Few had loved each other more devotedly.

William McKinley

"Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," were the last words of William McKinley, our twenty-fifth President. They are characteristic of the man and his life. It can well be said of him that he gave his life for his country. Few of our Presidents have shown greater wisdom and courage in the midst of trials than did McKinley, and his life will ever be an inspiration and help to his successors.

William McKinley was born in Niles, Ohio, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1843, just one hundred years after the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The small lad was never strong or healthy, but enjoyed playing with the other boys, and when he started to school he soon won the reputation of being an exceptionally bright student. Even when he was a boy he was honored for his high principles and great integrity. His grandfather and father were both interested in iron

and worked in iron foundries, so it was but natural that the young boy also became deeply interested in it. When he finished grammar school he started working in a foundry, and for a time was greatly pleased that he, too, could work. But it was not very long that the intelligent young boy could be contented laboring with his hands, and he decided that he must have more education.

He started to school at Poland Academy and did brilliantly in his studies, being especially bright in mathematics and languages. In 1859 he started to the Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania, but stopped in a year on account of his health. In a short time he began teaching school for he could not long remain idle.

McKinley was only eighteen years old when the Civil War started, and he stopped teaching school to enlist in the Third Ohio Volunteer Regiment. He served under McClellan in West Virginia in 1861, and the next year took part in the Battle of South Mountain and the bloody struggle of Antietam, where he distinguished himself by his courageous fighting, and was recommended for promotion by Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes. At various times he served as aide to General Hancock and Crook, and took a prominent part in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. On the twenty-third of September, 1862, he received a commission as second lieutenant, and by the end of

the war had risen to the rank of brevet major. He was mustered out of the army on the twenty-fifth of July, 1865.

The young man decided at once to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He started to practice law in Canton, Ohio, where he had lived the greater part of the time. One day while McKinley was studying and waiting patiently for some clients Judge Gidden, in whose law office he had studied, came in and said, "McKinley, here are the papers in a case of mine. It comes up tomorrow. I have got to go out of town, and I want you to take charge of it for me." The young lawyer protested, saying he was not prepared to take the case, much as he would like to. The judge insisted that he try it, so McKinley sat up all night preparing his arguments and the next day won the case. He at once won a reputation as a good and forcible speaker and was in great demand, being elected as prosecuting attorney in 1869.

About this time McKinley married Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a rich banker in Canton, and few marriages have been happier. In the death of their three small daughters a deep sorrow came to them, which influenced both of their lives and made them ever thoughtful of others. During this time General Hayes and McKinley were warm friends.

In 1872 McKinley made many vigorous speeches in support of Grant for the presidency, and three

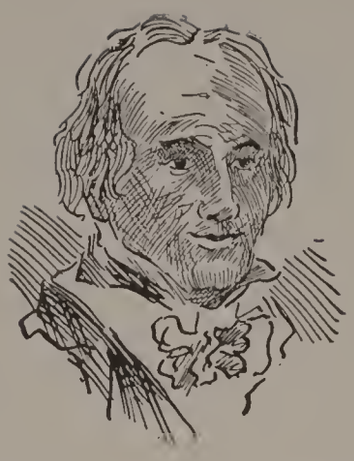
years later for Hayes as Governor of Ohio. The young man had become a national figure and in 1876 was elected to the House of Representatives, serving till 1891, except for five months in 1884. His influence became nation wide, and in 1880 he succeeded Garfield as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, becoming chairman of the committee eight years later. He soon became the leader of the Republican Party in Washington, framing and carrying through Congress the high tariff bill.

In 1890 McKinley was defeated for reelection to the House, but the next year was elected Governor of Ohio. During the four years he served as Governor of the State he worked hard to improve the roads, canals, and public institutions of the State, which brought him into national prominence.

In 1896 McKinley was chosen as President, and during his administration the country passed through a perilous period. Beside the Spanish-American War and other troubles there was a great rebellion in China, and the United States minister at Peking was in a dangerous position. Troops were sent to rescue him, and this country was in grave danger of being plunged into another war. On the fourteenth of June, 1900, through the efforts of McKinley the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States. Notwithstanding these troubles, it was a time of prosperity and growth to the country and when McKinley was

again elected the people cried joyfully, "Four more years of the full dinner pail," but they could not foresee the future.

On the sixth of September, when the Pan-American exposition opened in Buffalo, McKinley held a public reception in the Temple of Music. Hundreds of people passed by and greeted the President, when finally there came a slight, dark man with his hand bandaged. Just as McKinley reached out to shake hands with him a shot was fired and the President fell back in the arms of friends. He was taken to a banker's house where he died on the fourteenth of September, 1901. He was the third in our list of martyred Presidents.



Henry Clay

"I would rather be right than president!"

These noble words were uttered by one of the most loved and yet least honored of American citizens—Henry Clay. They indicate the true and sublime character of this wise, peace-loving, and gentle servant of our great country.

Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in "the Slashes," a district in Hanover County, Virginia. His father was a Baptist minister, with small salary. Henry had six older sisters and brothers. When he was five years old his father died, leaving him without paternal support or loving guidance. The gentle minister never dreamed that some day his little son would become one of the most famous men in his country's history. His widowed mother was very poor, and the boy had but few opportunities to secure an education. But being naturally ambitious and brilliant, he determined to improve every chance to gain knowledge. His teachers were surprised at his

intelligence, his studious habits, and his talent for speaking. His keen mind and love of reading made him the brightest pupil in school.

At the age of fourteen years he was forced to take a position in a retail business house to support himself and help his mother. In the daytime he worked at this business, and in the evenings studied law. In a short time he became assistant clerk in the State Chancery Court, continuing his study of law. With his determination and talent he readily mastered the principles of law, and after one year's study with Robert Brooke, attorney-general of Virginia, was admitted to the Virginia Bar in 1797. Afterward he said, "I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely, that at an early age I commenced and continued for some years the daily practice of reading and speaking the contents of some historical or scientific book." These paragraphs and chapters the boy would recite at work in a cornfield, forest, office, or anywhere he was laboring.

After his admittance to the bar young Clay started to practice law in Lexington, Kentucky, whither his mother had gone about five years before. In that pioneer country he soon won great fame as an orator and jury lawyer, being able to win almost all his cases. He had a wonderful, appealing voice, and this made him popular as an orator. He also kept himself posted and spoke frequently and fluently on the topics of the day. In addition to his charming

voice, he possessed winning manners and rare tact for making friends. He was the center of attraction wherever he went.

Two years later Mr. Clay was elected a member of the state constitutional convention, which was the beginning of his political career. About this time he married a gifted young lady in one of the leading homes of Lexington, who took a keen interest in all his affairs. In 1803 he was sent to the legislature of Kentucky. In 1806 he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and 1809 was again sent to the United States Senate for a short term. When first chosen he was too young to qualify. His brilliant eloquence increased and won attention until he shared with Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun the honors of being among the most eloquent of American speakers. These three were known as "the triumvirate of eloquent orators."

In 1811 Mr. Clay was elected to the National Congress in the House of Representatives, and on the first day was chosen speaker of the House, and for thirteen years filled this position with great ability, never having a single decision reversed. He won popularity at the very first as an advocate of the War of 1812. He had the honor of being chosen as one of the peace commissioners to sign the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, which closed the struggle with England.

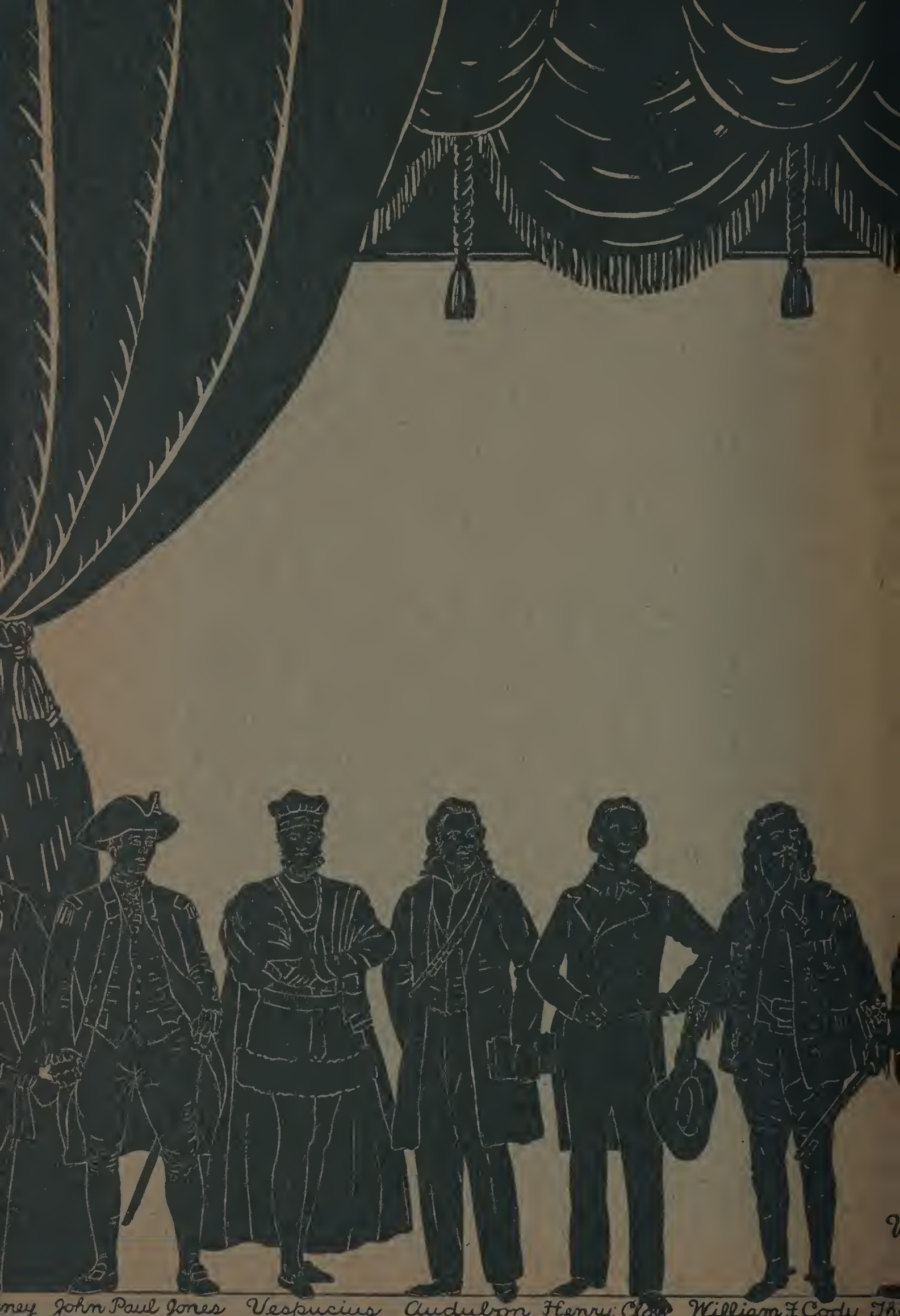
On his return Clay resumed his activities in Congress, becoming a vigorous champion of protective

tariff, and of the government policy of internal improvement, which was displaced by the slavery question. For many years he used every effort in his power to prevent what came later as the War of Secession. In 1820, through his influence, the Missouri Compromise was passed. It was at this time that the gallant young orator was first called "the great Pacificator," a name which clung to him the rest of his life.

In 1824 Mr. Clay was an aspirant for the presidency against Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams, but was unsuccessful. During President Adams' administration he served as secretary of state, and at the end of this administration he returned to private life. Two years later he again was sent to the Senate by Kentucky, and in 1832 he was again nominated unanimously for the Whig presidency, but was again unsuccessful.

In 1839, Mr. Clay made a famous speech in which he declared himself an opponent to slavery. His friends warned him that this speech would ruin his chances for the presidency, and it was then he first uttered the famous words, "I would rather be right than president." In 1842 he again retired from the Senate, and in 1844 was nominated for the presidency against James K. Polk. Losing, he was again re-elected to the Senate, devoting the rest of his life to keeping peace between the States.

He died in June, 1852. From his life we learn that fame and reputation remain far above the distinction of merely holding an office. In his life he was idolized by his friends and respected by his enemies. One of his biographers says: "As a public man his career was without a blemish."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