

and down the halls and rooms of the new memorial building.

"Well, that county which you and I call 'home' played a mighty important part," he continued. "Her men were among the big men of the state. H. F. Sheldon, Joel K. Goodin, P. P. Elder, Sr., and many others I could mention all had their role in the stirring times of the days when Ottawa was not even a dream, when Minneola flourished, when Ohio City was a big trading center of the Middle West, when St. Bernard was established as the county seat by the pro-slavery element—all of these and more were the features of those days. Now Minneola, Ohio City and St. Bernard are merely memories of the 'old guard,' many of whom are also gone.

Many Relics are Here.

"Now there are hundreds of things stored away in attics, chests and closets in Franklin county that will never do the owners any good but would be priceless here in the memorial building where we have thousands of relics. W. G. Tulloss, your representative in the legislature, has the old hearthstone that came out of the John Brown cabin down near Lane. Mary Wilkinson has copies of the old Kansas Weekly Journal which was published by Charles W. Goodin at Minneola in 1865. Others have relics of Tany Jones, of Peoria's early days, of the Chippewas, the Muncies, the Sac and Fox and other Indian tribes—oh, I could go on here all day, but I want those things right up here. They are priceless treasures and should be right here in this building."

History is Preserved.

In the memorial building are photographs and oil paintings of practically every man who had anything to do with planting the seeds of freedom and independence in Kansas away back there in the territorial days. There are relics that bring up the day of Coronado, the Spanish explorer; of Zebulon Pike who discovered Pike's Peak but who first traversed Kansas; of the "red legs," the guerillas and Quantrill and dozens upon dozens of others. Copies of practically every newspaper, pamphlet, magazine or handbill that had anything of a community-wide circulation about it are there. Every issue of all papers now published are there.

All Newspapers Saved.

"I can show you a copy of the first issue or the last of your own paper," said Mr. Harrison to the reporter and he did it. He whipped out a copy of The Herald on which the ink was scarcely dry and he pointed to a pile of papers where I. S. Kalloch's old Western Home Journal, the forerunner of The Herald, lay yellow with age. The Journal was published in

Now what Mr. Harrison wants from Franklin county is the co-operation of every person who knows the whereabouts of any of these relics. Then he wants those relics. Not for himself. They will not be of any use or value to him. They are for Kansas, the state that Brown and Lane and Robinson and Sheldon and Elder and others by the score helped build while Quantrill and Price and others tried to tear down their handiwork. Mr. Harrison wants documents, papers, relics, anything, everything. It doesn't make any difference what

just as long as it is of or pertaining to Kansas.

Send in Your Curios.

Just as an example, a little box will go up to Topeka some of these days from Ottawa. When Mr. Harrison opens that little box he will find some buttons, a nail from an old fashioned coffin and some tiny fragments of bone. Those came from the grave of a Mrs. Cromwell who died in Franklin county near Ohio City away back in the '50s. The grave was marked with stones but later forgotten. In 1912 W. P. Latimer, then sheriff of Franklin county moved the remains from where it then lay under a road in Ohio township to a family lot of the Latimer family in the Princeton cemetery.

John Brown's Scaffold.

This sounds gruesome but there are many gruesome relics in the memorial building. Early Kansas history was not a holiday. Tragedy upon tragedy came and went, one after the other. John Brown was hung and in the memorial building is a part of the scaffold from which Brown's body dangled after that tragic morning down at Harper's Ferry.

Kansas will be everlastingly indebted to every person in Franklin county who contributes to the collections in the new Kansas building, the finest of its kind in the country and containing more rare specimens than any other in the land. Kansas could get \$750,000 any day of the week for her collection of newspapers alone but a million wouldn't begin to touch them. They are priceless.

Carrie Nation Hacked Picture.

One picture, a battle scene from the Civil War, has a large hole in it now but it is of more value than before the hole came. Carrie Nation put that hole in the picture with her trusty hatchet when she was waging a campaign for prohibition.

An apparently worthless piece of wood stands in one corridor of the building. But there is a cannon ball imbedded in that section of the old tree and mere money wouldn't begin to buy it for kindling or any other use.

Ask for \$57,000.

There are thousands upon thousands of relics stored in the building where a visitor can not see them now. Why? Because there have not been enough appropriations by the legislature to buy cases, shelves and racks, all fireproof, for the careful arrangement of them. Men and women are working every day, tabulating and arranging the various relics.

Mr. Harrison with the aid of legislators is asking \$57,000 to make the structure complete. With that amount of money everything will have a place and everything will be in its place. You want a copy of the Western Journal of Ottawa, April 30, 1866? A copy of the Kansas Weekly Journal of Minneola or any other paper? A document or relic, all you will have to do will be name it and within minutes it will be brought forward by a clerk—when the building is completed.

Hundreds of Pictures.

Fifty-seven thousand dollars will place seats in the various rooms where here hang the pictures of all the great men, where there are faces of legislators from the first to the present, yonder where soldiers, lawyers, statesmen, pioneers, emigrants and all look out at the

exit

THE COLONIES TRANSPLANTED

YOUR GREAT GRAND PARENTS
HAD A PARTY.

Daughters of the American Revolution
Wore Colonial Clothes to
a Colonial Reception.

New Amsterdam was the capital of America for a short time Saturday night.

At least that was the appearance at the Colonial gathering in Ottawa Saturday night. In one house in this city a stranger well versed in American history would have thought himself in the midst of the families of Washington's cabinet. It was a Colonial meeting in a Colonial home.

The pretty cards bearing pictures of "Wayside" the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. Haggart, and a clever invitation to attend a dinner there on Saturday evening at a quarter to seven brought the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution and their friends in the three cornered hats, lace frills, knee trousers and high ruffs of the grand Colonial folk. Master Robert Haggart, dressed as George Washington, received the guests at the door and Miss Margaret Needles, a cousin of Mrs. Haggart's, was here from Kansas City to assist the host and hostess with the entertaining.

No more suitable rooms could be found for an entertainment of this kind than those of the Haggart home which are arranged with the old beau-

tiful colonial furnishings. Among these antique articles were three old fashioned brass andirons, brass warming pans, a spinning wheel, several brass candlesticks and a receptacle for conveying coals of fire to neighbors' homes in the days when matches were not.

The china used on the tables was all of the blue Willoughware and the places were marked with water color sketches of colonial ladies. Antique vases holding old fashioned flowers were used for centerpieces while the sugar shell and tongs on the large dining room table were the highly prized property of Mrs. Jephtha Davis, heirlooms which came to her from Washington's time.

The serving was in charge of Mrs. A. O. Rathbun, Miss Claire Estabrook, Miss Rebecca Ott and Miss Laura Rathbun. After the dinner the guests went to the living room where the large grate fire lent a particular charm to the following program of musical numbers and readings of the olden times: One-part song with accompaniment on "Ye Clavicord," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," Patience (Julia Aileen) Clark; speaking piece, "Paul Revere's Ride," Primrose (Mrs. E. A.) Hanes; two clavicord selections, "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Monastery Bells," Constance (Miss Alma) Boicourt; one-part song, "My Grandma's Advice," Patience Clark; new-fangled arrangement of speaking piece with music on the clavicord, Abigail (Claire) Estabrook, Maria Jane (Mrs. A.) Haggart. Forty guests enjoyed the evening.

ROYAL AFFAIR HELD AT DAVIS HOME LAST NIGHT.

Descendants of Forefathers Recalled History of Long Ago—With Husbands of Members Edward Hand Chapter Guests.

"Come and let us banquet royally" adequately expresses the dinner party at which the members of the Edward Hand chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution were hostesses last night at the home of Dr. Jephtha Davis and Mrs. Davis who is a great granddaughter of the famous General Hand. This is the annual social event when the local Daughters observe the birthday of the nation's greatest statesman, George Washington, and their husbands were the guests of honor.

A Brilliant Festal Board

At 6:30 o'clock the guests were seated at two long tables and one large round one, the speaker's table, in the parlor, living and dining rooms. The ladies' place cards bore Washington's picture and on those for the gentlemen were sketches of Martha Washington. A tall brown basket filled with pink carnations and roses, a crystal basket of sweet peas and carnations, with the handles tied with pink tulle. crystal candlesticks with pink shades and a cluster of crystal vases filled with sweet peas, friesias and smilax and patriotic napkins were used on the beautifully appointed tables.

Mrs. R. C. Marcell, Mrs. C. B. Shinn, Misses Catherine Bennett, Marie Cook, Martha Hanes, Claire Estabrook, Phyllis Claypool, Jane Davis, Faye Stine, Angie Parker and Helen Jenks assisted Mrs. J. M. Hoover in serving the three courses, the menu for which follows:

Tomato Bouillon	Wafers
Smothered Chicken	Mashed Potatoes
Peas in Patties	Gravy
Hot Biscuits	
Melon Mangoes	Cherry Conserve
Cherry Ice	Coffee
Charlotte Russe	
Mints	

During the serving excellent piano and violin selections were given by Miss Nellie Simpson and Mr. Herbert Tanner.

16 Illustrious Forefathers.

After the dinner Mrs. Ben Bowers presided at the exceptionally well given program of toasts. Much credit belongs to the toastmistress for the original remarks with which she introduced the speakers. A tribute to Washington was followed by the explanation that each Daughter must have on her family tree one ancestor who fought in the American Revolution.

To Miss Grace Meeker belongs the honor of having sixteen such illustrious forefathers and she interestingly told of "Old Trails." "Often great patience is required in trailing such forbears," said Miss Meeker. "History, poetry, the life of a people moves along old trails. Especially is this true of the old Santa Fe trail. Fifty years ago soldiers guarded the dangerous wagon trails for the makers of history, it now remains for us to keep their memory green."

Though it is a matter of conjecture what Washington would have said about modern dances it is certain he would have approved of the minuet as danced by Mildred and Garnet Jones.

Toasted Pilgrim Mothers.

In calling for the toast, "A Daughter of the Revolution" given by Mrs. F. O. Hetrick, Mrs. Bowers quoted from the speech of the Boston woman who said she was tired of hearing of the Pilgrim fathers. Her sympathies were all with the Pilgrim mothers who, in addition to all the other hardships, had to endure the Pilgrim fathers. Mrs. Hetrick spoke of the wonderful ways these brave women made life livable in the early days. They clothed, fed and ministered to the illnesses of their families and possessed ingenuity, versatility and a sense of humor it is hard to comprehend. Even the Indian women left to women of today a much prized food, their discovery of baked beans. Mrs. Fred M. Harris beautifully rendered two vocal solos, "George Birthington's Washday" and "Heart borrowed Down" from the Bohemian Girl.

"From heroes we draw out ideals," said Mrs. Bowers. "From earliest childhood the truth is instilled in our minds by the cherry tree episode." Then she told a sequel to it. After repeated efforts to make soap from the necessary ingredients an old colored servant of Washington's father declared "that sure ain't goin' to make on 'soap, Massah." It was impossible because investigation proved that the ashes used were those from George's cherry tree and there was no "lye" in them.

What Would He Say?

Attorney W. S. Jenks, in whom his profession has supposed to develop great skill in propounding questions and getting the answers he wants res-

D. A. R. BIRTHDAY.

One of the most enjoyable meetings of the General Edward Hand Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was the birthday party held Saturday night at the home of Mrs. C. B. Shinn. It was to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of the organization of the local chapter. Two of the charter members were present, Mrs. Jephtha Davis and Miss Grace Meeker. Saturday also marked the eighty-second birthday anniversary and the sixty-fifth wedding day of Mrs. Davis. The Daughters were attired in a variety of clever juvenile costumes and they gave the following program:

Recitation	Barbara Kennedy
Song	Mary Wilkinson
Recitation	Allie Davis
Piano solo	Maggie Brombacher
Song	Zana Goodin
Recitation	Gracie Meeker
Song	Hattie Hetrick
Piano solo, "Home Waltz"	Claire Estabrook

Birthday presents were distributed from a tea cart. They were secured from a pink Jack Horner pie, each guest drawing a ribbon attached to a gift in the pie. The large white birthday cake was decorated with twenty-two pink candles in pink rosebud holders. Mrs. Jephtha Davis blew out the candles and Miss Meeker cut the cake. Thirty-four Daughters and two guests, Mrs. E. M. Hopkins of Lawrence and Miss Myrtle Merri-dith of Florence, were present. The committee in charge was composed of Miss Claire Estabrook, Miss Eva Webb, Miss Catherine Bennett and Mrs. A. C. Carpenter. The December meeting, at which there will be a Christmas tree, will be at the home of Mrs. Estabrook.

The Gen. Edward Hand chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution held their regular monthly meeting Friday evening at the home of the Misses Fanny and Laura Sheldon. During the business session a committee was appointed to make arrangements for a D. A. R. meeting during the assembly. Following the business session the Misses Sheldon gave short sketches of three of their great great grand-fathers, Dr. John Sargeant, Seth Sheldon and Captain Simeon Edgerton, all of whom were from Connecticut and served in the Revolution. Captain Simeon Edgerton was in command at the capture of New London and was present at the storming of Fort Griswold. After the Revolution these three ancestors moved to Pawlet, Vermont, where their homes are still standing. During the meeting pictures of these homesteads, taken recently, were shown. The meeting was one of unusual interest. After the program of the evening light refreshments were served. The meeting was adjourned to meet in one month with Mrs. Riggs.

The following account of the D. A. R. meeting is given by an Ottawa delegate:

The fifth annual state conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which convened the past week at Topeka, was the most successful of its kind yet held in the state. The unusual privilege enjoyed of hearing the two national officers, Mrs. Fairbanks of Indiana, president general, and Mrs. Crosman of New York, vice president general, was fully appreciated. Mrs. Fairbanks is a woman of charming personality, a genuine American woman, a pleasing speaker, impressing all with her earnest and sincere patriotism. Her personal character is of such a nature as to give weight to all her utterances. Mrs. Fairbanks is ably seconded by her associate, Mrs. Crosman, who with dignity diverts, delights and debates all points untouched by her honored coadjutor. The session began at 2:30 o'clock p. m., Friday, Oct., 16th, at the Unitarian church, with the following program:

Instrumental solo, Mrs. Edith Stoker.

Vocal solo, Miss Emily King.

Address, Mrs. Eugene Stanley.

Address, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbank.

Address, Mrs. J. Haron Crosman.

Vocal solo, Mr. Harry Stanley.

America, by audience.

Mrs. Stanley's address of welcome was well chosen and gracefully delivered. Mrs. Fairbank's address was

upon the work of raising money for building Memorial Continental hall in Washington, D. C. to commemorate forever the work and sacrifices of the patriot dead who founded this one republic. A site costing fifty thousand dollars has been purchased and one hundred thousand dollars now remains in the hands of the organization. The sum of two hundred thousand is yet to be provided for, to build this magnificent marble memorial. Mrs. Crosman spoke of the marvelous growth of the society of which she was a charter member. It was organized October 11, 1890, by only eighteen women and now numbers over forty-three thousand lineal descendants from Revolutionary heroes. In the evening at 8:30 an elegant reception was tendered the society at the governor's mansion, and was largely attended by delegates, Daughters, Sons and club women, of Topeka. The beautiful state mansion was tastefully decorated and a charming social hour was spent. There was an absence of stiff formality. The governor and Mrs. Bailey and the other Topeka people made their guests happy by the cordial spirit manifested.

Dainty refreshments were served. The Saturday morning session was held at the home of the Regent of the Topeka charter, Mrs. Harrison 1243 Western Ave. This was a business session presided over by Mrs. Stanley. Officers elected for the coming year were: Mrs. Stanley, re-elected state regent, Miss Zu Adams of Topeka, state secretary, Mrs. Hall, of Lawrence, treasurer. Work planned for the coming year was Marking of the old Santa Fe trail, also the preserving and marking of the First Legislative hall of Kansas, a stone building which was vividly described by Miss Zu Adams, of the state historical society.

This building was situated in the long forgotten village of Pawnee, near the present site of Fort Riley.

Reports from the several chapters were read by their regents, Mesdames Reed, of Wichita, Ward, of Ottawa, Haskell, (for Miss Florence Clark) of Lawrence, Rogers of Topeka and Reed of Wichita. Secretaries read interesting reports.

Mrs. E. M. Sheldon, of Ottawa, was appointed chairman of a committee to draft resolutions upon the death of the former state regent, Mrs. A. H. Thompson. Then followed a thrilling and eloquent address by Mrs. Fairbanks, emphasizing the national character of the society and the duties of the Daughters in instilling into the minds of the rising generation, especially the children of alien people, who come here to make their homes, a love for liberty and respect for law.

Mrs. Crossman followed with an interesting story illustrating the national scope of the society. The business session was then adjourned to meet at Lawrence next year. A delicious three course luncheon was then served by the Topeka chapter and immediately following automobile and carriage rides were enjoyed by the delegates around the city, including a visit to the State Horticultural rooms, after which the guests were conveyed to their trains. The delegates were delightfully entertained at the homes of Topeka Daughters and everything possible was done to render the conference a round of interest and enjoyment. Topeka people out did themselves in their kindly hospitality and the sessions were characterized by a deep spirit of fraternity and love.

State Conference of D. A. R.

The fourth annual state conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held with the General Edward Hand chapter of Ottawa, Kan., November 5, 1902. Representatives were present from Lawrence, Wichita and Topeka. The delegates were met at the station by a committee and taken to the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. J. Davis, where they were entertained at lunch. The afternoon was devoted to a short business session, followed by an interesting program. Each woman was presented with a souvenir in blue and white, the D. A. R.'s colors, bearing the following program:

INVOCATION.

MusicViolin Solo

Reports From Chapters.

Miss Grace Smith.

State Regent's Address.....Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Topeka.

Historical Notes.....Miss Zu Adams, Topeka.

Election of Officers

INTERMISSION.

Paper: Cause of the Civil War.....

Mrs. S. S. Ashbaugh, Wichita Chapter.

Paper: Notes Upon Mrs. C. L. H.

NicholsMiss Lucena

B. Mattoon, Topeka Chapter.

MusicSolo.

Miss Leone Good.

Paper: A Trolley Trip in New England..

Mrs. Edna B. Fuller.

Lawrence Chapter.

Mrs. A. H. Thompson was re-elected state regent. In the evening a reception was tendered the visitors by the Ottawa chapter. The home of Mrs. Davis was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In each room were hung portraits of George and Martha Washington, large flags were used for the archways and over the mantels. In the dining room, where refreshments were served, pink and white were the prevailing colors. The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Ward and Mrs. A. H. Thompson, state regent. The visitors felt this was an evening long to be remembered, and were lavish in their expressions of appreciation for the hospitality shown them by the Ottawa ladies. The next conference will be held at Topeka. The out of town guests were Mrs. W. E. Stanley

of Wichita, Miss Florence Clark, Mrs. Edna B. Fuller, Mrs. Lou R. Moore, Mrs. Lillian Hall, Mrs. Alice Bird, Miss May H. Spencer, Mrs. Mary Haskell, Miss Haskell, Mrs. Melborn of Lawrence, Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Mrs. N. F. Handy, Mrs. T. W. Harrison and Mrs. A. K. Rodgers of Topeka.

The Daughters of the American Revolution met last Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Goodin. A large number answered to roll-call. The afternoon was most interesting in the study of the heroines of the Revolution. Mrs. J. Good spoke of Mary Washington and Mrs. Goodin of "Nancy Hart," both of whom were prominent women of their time. Miss Fanny Benson read short sketches on Mary Draper, Hannah Dustier and Deborah Samson, speaking especially of the latter who was in active service during the Revolution. Music by Miss Mary Davis and Miss Lulu Forbes was an added pleasure to the afternoon.

Miss Fannie A. Benson entertained the General Edward Hand chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at her home, Friday, June 15. The meeting was called to order by the regent, Mrs. Ward, who returned from her Mt. Vernon trip Friday noon. After the transaction of business incident to the D. A. R. meeting of assembly, a Massachusetts program was rendered. A brief sketch of the battles of Lexington and Concord was followed by a most interesting paper on the battle of Bunker Hill by Miss Benson. Miss Williams told briefly of the organization of the Massachusetts militia. The Massachusetts ancestors of the chapter who served in the revolutionary war were William Washburn (Miss Benson's ancestor), Samuel Packard (Miss Fanny L. Sheldon's), Captain Samuel Payson and John Fairbanks (Miss Crawford's). Before adjourning, the usual pleasant social chat was enjoyed while Miss Benson served dainty refreshments to her guests. The next regular meeting of the chapter will be the last Friday of September.

Miss Mabel Crawford was hostess at an "Auld Lang Syne" party at her home on Friday evening. The invitations were extended to the members of the university alumni. Each guest was requested to bring a trophy and story of the college days and the evening was spent in relating pleasant reminiscences. Dainty refreshments were served. There were present representatives from the graduating classes of the past ten years.

The officers chosen at the meeting of the Elward Hand chapter, Saturday afternoon were: Regent, Mrs. M. L. Ward; Vice Regent, Mrs. J. Davis; Registrar, Miss I. M. Crawford; Secretary, Miss Fanny Benson; Historian, Mrs. W. E. Beach, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Sheldon; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Brooks. At the next meeting, which will be with Miss Crawford on December twenty-eighth, the program for the new year will be begun. A calendar of the Chapter will be out soon. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. J. Davis.

General Edward Hand Chapter D. A. R., held the February meeting at the home of Mrs. Beach last evening. The subject was "Tea in the Colonies," the following program was carried out:

"Tea in Boston Harbor," Mrs. Ward. "Tea in New Jersey"—The bonfire of the cargo of the Greyhound in Cohasset Creek, Mrs. Rathbone.

"Tea in Maryland"—Burning of the "Peggy Stewart" with her cargo of tea at Annapolis, Miss Crawford.

"Substitutes for Tea," Mrs. Davis. Song, "Revolutionary Tea," Mesdames Sheldon and Olin.

A display of tea cups and old china and other relics followed the flaky biscuits, honey and tea, served by the hostess. Invitations to tea from President Washington and President John Adams to General Hand were shown. The Chapter has placed a set of shelves in the city library for books on historical subjects.

The meeting of the General Edward Hand chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, on December 28, at the home of Mrs. J. Davis, was full of interest. In response to a request for specimens of ancestral weaving, some highly prized heirlooms were exhibited. Notable among these were quilts by Mrs. Good, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Brombacher, a blue and white spread by Mrs. Riggs and a blue and white embroidered spread by Mrs. Ewing. Mrs. Good read from an old congressional record concerning the introduction of weaving in the American colonies, by Samuel Slater. Mrs. Good also displayed an old hand reel which was known years ago as a "kniddy-noddy," perhaps the only specimen of the kind in Kansas. The paper at this meeting by Mrs. M. L. Ward on "Weaving in the Colonies" was very entertaining. December twenty-fifth was the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Washington crossing the Delaware, which is the title of the famous painting by Lutz, a copy of which is in the possession of Mrs. Davis. General Edward Hand appears in this picture.

Rev. J. Albert Hyden, of Winfield, who was present yesterday at the meeting of the D. A. R.'s, had a very interesting relic in the shape of a Continental bill worth about thirty dollars. This money belonged to Rev. Hyden's grandfather, a revolution-

ary soldier, who, upon one occasion offered it in payment for a single breakfast, but was refused. Rev. Hyden is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Harden, of West Fifth street.

Stories of Great American Adventures

Washington's First Campaign.

A SLIM, young man, looking scarcely more than a boy in his dashing uniform of lieutenant colonel of Colonial infantry, rode out of the city of Alexandria in Virginia one balmy April day in 1754. It was George Washington, later to become the foremost figure of his age, setting out on his first military adventure and wearing for the first time the epaulettes of a commanding officer.

The troops Washington commanded were a puny force that Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia was sending out through the wilderness to the juncture of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers to re-enforce a command under Captain Trent, who was building a fort at that strategic point at the order of the governor. Seven officers, six non-commissioned officers, a drummer, 120 soldiers, a surgeon and a Swedish gentleman volunteer composed the little army. A lieutenant, a corporal and twenty-five soldiers additional guarded the wagon train.

For nearly a month the tiny force struggled its way through the wilderness. It made roads, built rude bridges over swollen streams and drilled to be-

ring Jumonville's body with his foot, "there may be a dozen of his fellows out on a like quest." Papers found on the dead officer proved that Van Bramm was right.

At Fort Necessity.

Washington soon recovered his good spirits and wrote with youthful elation of his first battle. He became a hero in Virginia and the various towns resounded with his praise.

When the French commander heard how Washington had cut up his scouting party he was most indignant. He swore he would avenge their death. Accordingly a strong force was prepared and sent toward Great Meadows. Washington's scouts kept him fully informed as to the progress of the French. He was advised to retreat but decided instead to build a fort and stand his ground. He believed by doing that that he would arouse a patriotic fervor in Virginia and that enough additional troops would be sent him to recapture Trent's Fort, which the French had renamed Fort Duquesne.

So he picked out a place in the meadow which he described as "a charming place for an encounter." Some North Carolina troops and New York companies that had come to re-enforce Washington refused to help build the fort and stood nearby chaffing the Vir-



THE FIGHT AT GREAT MEADOWS.

ready to meet possible French enemies. England and France were growling at each other in those days and each hoped to obtain possession of the rich valleys between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River. One day a messenger came into camp, almost exhausted from fast travel. He was recognized as Ensign of Captain Trent's command. He brought a doleful story.

ginians while they worked. Had it not been for their arrogant attitude Washington might have been able to have forced the French from the English possessions.

Captain de Villiers, a brother-in-law of Jumonville, was in command of the attacking French force. He had nearly a thousand men when he marched down on the little palisaded structure Wash-

said of the proceeding that "the French were cowards and the English fools."

So ended Washington's first campaign.

The next article in "Stories of Great American Adventures" will be "The Burning of the Philadelphia."

MARY A. HORTON DEAD

Widow of Late Justice of Supreme Court, Died in Kansas City.

Mrs. Mary A. Horton, 91, widow of the late Albert H. Horton, former justice of the Kansas supreme court, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. B. McDowell, 3145 Karnes boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., Friday night.

Mrs. Horton was born in Sharon, N. H., November 16, 1841, and was married to Addison Prescott in Jaffrey, N. H. They moved to Topeka in 1873 where her husband entered the banking business. He founded a bank that is now the Central National bank. He died February 23, 1883.

On November 16, 1883, she was married to Albert H. Horton, chief justice of the Kansas supreme court. He died September 2, 1902. Mrs. Horton continued to live in Topeka until 1918 when she moved to Kansas City to make her home with her daughter.

Mrs. Horton was prominent in church and civic affairs in Topeka for years. At the time of her death, she was the oldest member of the First Baptist church in Topeka. She had belonged to the Baptist churches in New Hampshire and in Topeka more than 70 years. She was the organizer and former president of the Women's Kansas Day club and was organizer and first regent of the Topeka chapter of the D. A. R. She also was an organizer of the Woman's club and a former president of the Good Government club. She also was a member of the Colonial Dames and for years was prominent in the women's suffrage movement.

She is survived by three children by the first marriage, John A. Prescott and Mrs. MacDowell, Kansas City, and Mrs. Charles L. Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.; three children by the second marriage, Albert Horton, Miss Mary B. Horton, and Mrs. Carrie H. Brown, all of Colorado Springs; four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be at the First Baptist church Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be in Topeka cemetery.

1-9-33

The First Christmas in Palmyra



Nineteen hundred and twenty-two, when the Federal Government conceived the idea of an overland route to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to carry coffee and meat, sugar and clothing, to that almost ancient city of the Aztecs, she did it for those who had the lure of gold.

Years before that, Coronado crossed the plains of Kansas for the field of gold that had for many years been the fireside story of the Spaniards of the Mexican country. But the only gold he found was the golden rod and the sunflower, which pushed their heads above the prairie grass as if to see if Civilization were not coming from the far East to meet them. Civilization did finally come, but it came very slowly, for its only means of transportation was a boat, steaming slowly up uncertain streams of navigation and a plodding ox team drawn up at the landing, awaiting its arrival.

In the Old World, camels laden with spices and myrrh, silks and diamonds, crossed the desert to find a market place, and they still travel the same route. Years afterwards, in the New World, oxen or mules drawing wagons of flour and meat and clothing and tools, crossed the Great American Desert in search of a market, and the path they made over the western plains was for almost a half century a busy mercantile thoroughfare, but its well-beaten path finally led to that far off Day which eventually brought national freedom.

The Old Santa Fe Trail did well. It planted hamlets, and villages. It digged wells and established eating houses. It brought the pioneer farmer and the circuit rider. It gave to Kansas her first college and listened to the first sermon preached to whites in the territory. The Old Trail was a John The Baptist, a forerunner of what was to come.

Is it any wonder that those who first came to Kansas should be led to believe that the center of commercial life would be along this great highland route? Small wonder it is that men should hope and plan for big things, that "the old men should see visions and the young men should dream dreams."

When our forefathers landed on the bleak shores of New England, they fell on their knees in earnest prayer and devotion. Their hearts were filled with gratitude that they had found a free land; or rather a land they might make free. They did not realize that it would be many years before there would be real freedom in the government which they were then establishing, even though its foundation rested on Plymouth Rock.

Years afterwards, there was to be a "Hole in the Rock," far out on the Western plains, around whose mysteriously shining pool should gather for a last struggle the antagonistic beliefs of the Puritan and the Cavalier—the union man and the slave holder. Both wanted stars in the sisterhood of states, but one wanted them not unless also with bars placed against the elevation of some races of men, while the other one hardly realized that there would be no stars without stripes inflicted upon their own persons, in order that these same afflictions might yet redound to the healing of all nations.

The sturdy stock that came to Kansas, whether originally from New England or some of the Middle States, was an offspring from those reverential types who rendered thanksgiving and praise to an All Wise Being for giving them a safe landing on a new Continent. These pioneers of Western life therefore, early sought to give expression to this religious instinct by the establishment of a definite church relationship: and Palmyra, on the brow of the Big Hill, found a church organized as soon as the town had street names and a few cabins to hold down the lots between.

And this was a strategic location, for the Old Trail had long since found here a natural breathing place on the water shed between the Wakarusa as it runs down to the Kaw, and the Marias des Cygne as it rushes to the southward. But in addition to being a water shed it also became a scene for blood shed of of the most revolting kind.

It was early in 1855, but a few months after the territory was open to settlement, that this religious organization was effected. Three months before the class held its first meeting, Henry Barricklaw, a man of rare talent and large means, had taken a claim adjoining the Trail, and immediately his strong characteristics for leadership were recognized, and to him was given the honor of first signing the class roll. His family had not yet come from Indiana, but there were a dozen other people who readily joined with him in making Palmyra the religious center—the place of poise—for this territory, for years to come.

The year was a busy one for the settler. They came early and late, finding a claim here and another

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FIRST CHRISTMAS IN PALMYRA

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yonder; some built their cabins on the hill beneath the shaggy oaks, while others, thinking the Vinland Valley more fertile, had raised cottages in the tall grass and were making plans for early fall plowing. The out cropping of fuel on Coal Creek induced many to settle there, for they thought that some day immense coal mines would be found, just as they then flourished so successfully in old Pennsylvania.

The summer sunshine mellowed into autumn and winter came on apace. Few families there were without children.

People who won't trouble with children, won't pioneer a country.

There was little or no manifestation of the national trouble that in a half dozen years would center on this spot, and the children of the Kansas homes were happy in each other's society whether their parents were squatters from the North or South.

The national Thanksgiving day found them with plenty of prairie chicken and wild turkey for the center attraction of the table, and every cabin within site of the Old Trail passed the day in peace and gratitude, in a country golden and brown with wonderful autumnal hues and the bracing breeze of a prairie swept sea, as wholesome and pure as that in mid ocean.

Henry Barriekiaw dined with the Eldridge family that day for they were, next to him, the first to sign the new roll. While they were in the midst of their meal, planning largely for the coming year, when the Barriekiaw family and others should arrive to strengthen the forces of the free state people, the shadow of White Turkey, a Delaware Indian, fell across the threshold. David Eldridge gave him a kindly greeting and asked him in. He would not be seated at the table however; but, leaning against the fireplace ate heartily between grunts of approval.

"This is Thanksgiving Day," said Huldah Eldridge the hostess.

White Turkey did not understand but he replied:

"Me hungry, now me no hungry. Me glad. As long as wind blows and Wakarusa runs down to Kaw me no forget."

And he was gone.

For many days previous to Christmas the children had been looking forward with much pleasure to the Christmas eve celebration that was planned by the Sunday School of this new organization. All classes and beliefs joined heartily in the plans. Quaker and Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, dropped creed differences in their rivalry to worship the "New Born King." The shrewd Yankee and hot blooded South Carolinian, the Indian and refugee negro, were all looking forward to the day.

There was no church building, but the Santa Fe Trail Eating House was much larger than any cabin, and here the festivities were to take place.

"Come on Mark," said Elliot Darrow, "we must hurry to Palmyra, for you know we promised to help decorate for the Christmas eve exercises."

The Darrow cabin was a little over two miles from the town and Elliot and his brother trudged through the first snow of the winter, over the Trail, to the new town.

As they entered the hotel they were greeted with a merry shout, for there were a dozen young people ahead of them, who were busy at work preparing for the festal occasion.

Craig and Lucy Penwin had brought some mistletoe, for they had but recently come from the Southland. Every boy in the crowd was anxious to hang the mistletoe and the girls were equally careful not to be found under the branches.

"Land of mercy, girls," said Coke Wren, a diminutive but jolly Yankee settler, who had charge of the decorations, "that stuff won't pisen ye, wait till ye get a basket full of red ears o' corn like we used to git back in old Boston town, then ye might git fusy."

But his equally diminutive wife, Patty, who had been making a motto for the wall, boxed his ears until they were redder than the ears he was talking about, way back in the old Bay state.

In the merriment and good cheer that came with the day, the hotel was dressed in gay attire. The children had brought many branches of oak leaves, sumac and great bunches of buck berries, which they had gathered in the fall. Candle dips were placed at every window as well as on the table which stood upon the rude, improvised platform, erected at one end of the room. The wall behind the table was beautifully festooned with bitter sweet and evergreen. In the center of the platform was placed a handsome tree that had been cut from the Kibbe claim, for it was thought to be very fitting that the first Christmas tree should come from that claim.

In the Kibbe cabin, over a year before, a Methodist circuit rider preached the first sermon to white settlers in Kansas.

All day long the frontiersmen had been bringing their gifts to be placed on the tree and it was quite late when the last of the happy but tired workers scurried home to put on their best clothes and better smile for the evening's entertainment.

It was a clear, moonlight night and the recent snow made the night brighter than ever. They came from every direction. The improvised bob-sled, covered with tall prairie grass, picked up many a settler who could not find horseback room for all the family. Nobody stayed at home and when time came for the exercises, the room was well filled.

Henry Barricklaw arose to begin the program, when a great commotion and noise outside the hotel