

Selections

From the Writings of

Jesse Harding Pomeroy

LIFE PRISONER SINCE 1876

Volume 2 of the Boston Sunshine Series

With an Introduction by
Jarett Kobek

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Making Good

An Introduction by Jarett Kobek

How to start, where to begin: the basics, first.

Jesse Harding Pomeroy, author of the following texts, was a bad, bad boy. By the tender age of fourteen, he'd gone and done some mighty ugly things: tortured animals, mutilated and sexually abused several boys, been in and come out of reform school, and to top it all off, he'd savagely butchered two small children.

He was a teenage murderer – a kid who killed.

Serial slayer of late 19th Century South Boston.

Let's let the dead lay, let's not get into the sordid details; they've been told in other places and shall be told again. This is what matters: by August, 1876, Pomeroy, who had originally been condemned to death, saw his sentence commuted, on account of his young age, to a term of life imprisonment.

Not just any term, either: he had been sentenced to a life in *solitary confinement*.

And live he did. For four decades Jesse stayed in the hole; finally let out into the general prison population in the year of 1917. (That's the second longest solitary stay in the history of these here United States of America. Only Bobby Stroud, Birdman of Alcatraz, did any longer.)

Don't think Jesse took it willingly. He didn't. He spent the whole time trying to escape, once going so far as to cause a gas explosion in his cell, during which he was seriously burned. After a while, though, he stopped taking escape so seriously; he had grown old, and he'd gone *so long* without seeing the world. What the hell would he do if he got out, really?

Jesse had other hobbies. He dug books. He dug writing.

He'd always dug it—wrote his own autobiography in July 1875 and saw it published in the *Boston Sunday Times*. He'd been writing letters and petitions to governmental and legal officials throughout his whole stay in prison. And starting in the year 1915, he began writing for *The Mentor*.

Given that it's now common practice to subject our prisoners to institutionalized torture and systematic rape, it's hard to imagine a time when the purpose of the penal system was ostensibly as much reform as punishment. But there it was, *The Mentor*: undoubtedly the brainchild of some kind hearted Christian Soldier, a monthly magazine edited and printed by the inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, devoted to the "interest of that great body of men, who while in prison are earnestly seeking for a way out into the light of Reason, up the Path of Courage, to Success."

Pomeroy, now so ancient as to be known affectionately by his fellow inmates as Grandpa, finally had his outlet.

Let's not mince words: most of his writing is ass-awful. Down right terrible.

Feel better? Me too.

Still, some of it isn't *so* bad. None of it ever reaches that (possibly imaginary) realm of Literature with the Capital L, but who cares? Can the charade even be maintained? Who amongst us approaches this work with anything but a morbid

curiosity? We read it not for the Transcendent Experience of Good Writing but rather for a far more mundane reason: we want to hear the great beast speak. We want the evil of the man's actions—those boyish crimes which had transformed him from a doughy teenager into the South Boston bogeyman—to impact on his writing: we want a freak show.

Prepare to be disappointed. Pomeroy never gave anyone anything they wanted.

There's no gloating; no boasting; no recount of his dastardly crimes; no nothing but a very conservative old man telling tales of the latter years of his life. The details are incredibly banal: we hear about prison life in an excruciatingly boring form. The meager entertainments afforded the prisoners, the food served them. We hear about Jesse's opinions on literature; we read his poems about Christmastide and Christopher Columbus.

Pomeroy wrote with an aloof reserve—he bought into that long held and somewhat disturbing delusion of a long, unbroken chain of writers, makers of literature, and no doubt considered him another of its links. His voice is pure affectation—an underclass autodidact writing how he thinks a writer should. He assumed the gravity befitting of his task.

It's ain't all Augustan odes; sometimes a lil' bit of the real Jesse breaks through.

"Ad Nostros Angelos," a poem meditating on the death of nearly twenty children in a school fire, strikes the reader as a singularly bizarre and unsavory work. Here, a man known to have had a direct sexual fixation on the suffering of children, wrings his hands over the senseless slaughter of the innocents: "O cruel world, etc." While the tone of all Pomeroy's writing, the poetry in particular, comes off as preposterous, we now witness a variation in the fraud. If the other poems are made false from affectation, "Ad Nostros Angelos," by contrast, even down to its dedication, is a lie.

Perhaps, I read too much of Jesse's history into the mystery of his literature: is it not possible that Jesse, after forty years, *had* reformed? Is it possible that in he had made good?

Possible, maybe, likely, no. We need not bring in *a priori* data about the unredeemable natures of sexual predators; we need look only at Jesse's texts themselves. Despite all his high handed talk about prison—all his hopes that he and the other inmates will serve as a lesson to those boys thinking about going bad—Pomeroy never once in his writings expresses remorse for his crimes, or, indeed, even a cognizance that his state of imprisonment is the result of his own actions. The responsibility, it would seem, is not his own.

He has been worked upon by fate.

We can think of two dead kids who got worked on by something, but we hesitate to call it fate.

Coming to the freak show we are surprised to be taught a lesson. For there is something informative about the essays, an aspect of sociological interest; some of what Grandpa had to say was extraordinarily interesting due to this simplest of facts: the man had been living in a hole since 1875.

He hadn't just missed *some* of the four decades of human history containing the single largest technological impact on everyday lives and the way people lived them, he'd *missed them completely*. Pomeroy didn't know cars or phonographs or electricity or movies or aeroplanes.

When he emerged from solitary he was a blank slate. Knowing he must be writ upon, he opted himself to do the writing: the most compelling pieces in this collection are those where Pomeroy acknowledges his unique position as a judge on the world's technology—a position he fully understood and recognized. Pomeroy explores not only the new marvels to which he's been exposed, but indeed, his own reactions to these marvels; things he'd only read about while locked away in his cramped little cell.

Read how he describes himself, upon seeing his first film:

All things have a first time; and I do not doubt that Rip Van Winkle woke up from that twenty-year bit he did in bed, his surprise and delight, could he have seen the moving pictures, would have been no greater or more enjoyable than was my experience last Sunday at my first movie show, **The Battle Cry of Peace**, presented in our Chapel by the kindness of the authorities and of Mr. Howard, the owner.

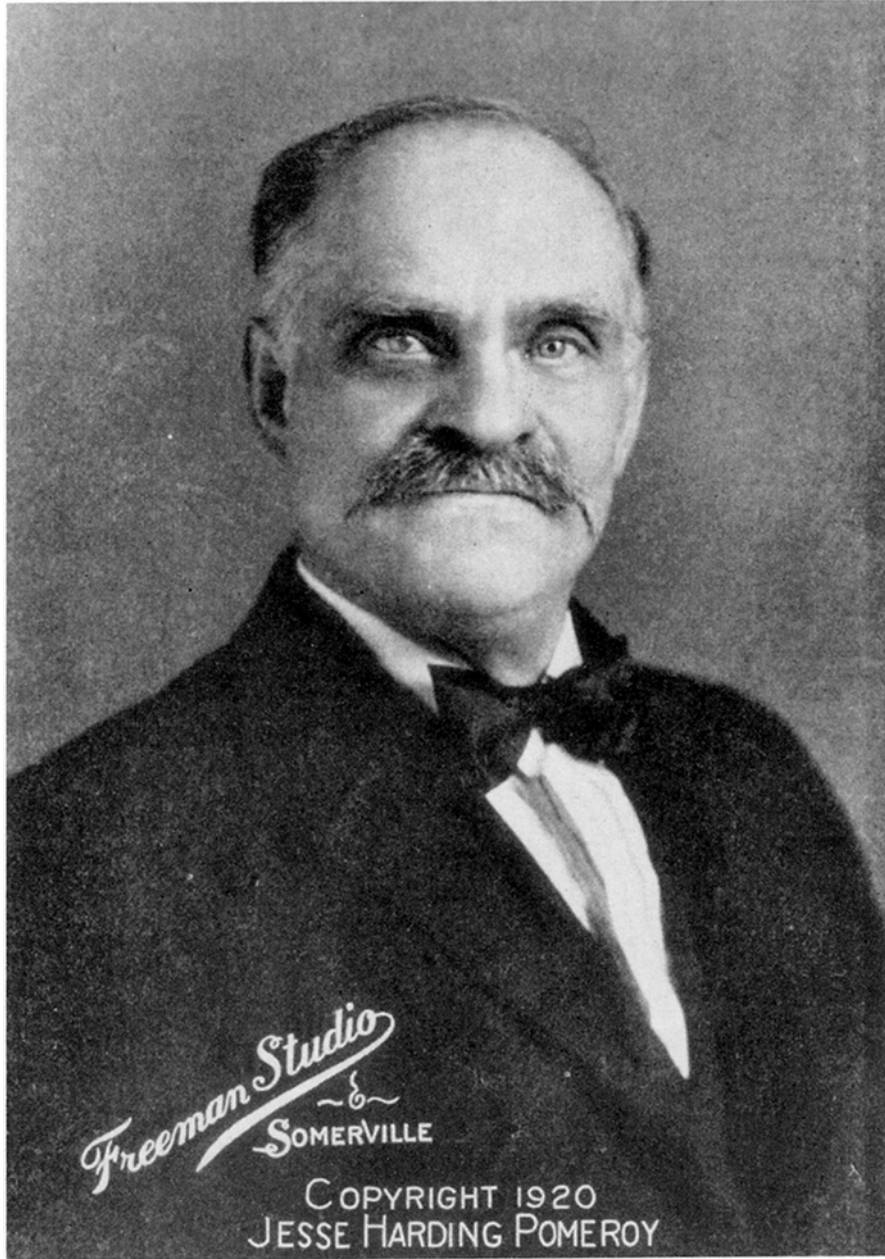
Finally, a word should be said about another dominant aspect of the work: Pomeroy's political views. If you ever needed a better demonstration of Gramsci's theory of hegemony, look no further. You'd think a man who had been literally thrown away by his society for four decades and stuck in a hole might bear some kind of grudge, might not be too pleased with the world around him, but you'd be wrong: Jesse loved his country. He loved his society. He loved all the core American values: hard work, free market, cheap labor, and self-defense.

He loved them so much that in an essay entitled, "I Am An American," he wrote:

We have no alliance with any nation; our hands are not tied nor do we have any interest in what is between the original combatants, except so far as the peace to be may give us reparation for the past and security for the future. But—and here is the significant point—we are a government by and of the people; liberty, freedom, law and equality are our standards and safeguards, secured to us by the efforts of our ancestors, from an unwilling source.

None of which, given our current political discourse, may sound particularly odd, but let's remember that the man who wrote these words had no belief in any liberty other than his own, had been free for only 14 years of his life, had been done in by the law, and clearly had not believed in the equality of his victims.

Jarett Kobek
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SELECTIONS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF
JESSE HARDING POMEROY
LIFE PRISONER SINCE 1874

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1920

Most of these selections having been printed in THE MENTOR, since 1915, "A monthly magazine contributed to, edited and printed by inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, The Mentor is devoted to the interest of that great body of men, who while in prison are earnestly seeking for a way out into the light of Reason, up the Path of Courage, to Success."

Introduction

Massachusetts State Prison.

January 1st 1920.

In presenting these lines of my literary life, my object has been to let the people know what sort of a man I may be. There is much misunderstanding on that point. I have been, since 1874, then only 14 years of age, in a cell, excepting the past two and one half years. My mind is my own making, and I am thankful for a good education—my own effort. The experience is unique; the outcome also is unique—in health of body and mind; in disposition and thought displayed by these lines, which are, truly, "unique" in Poetry and Prose, my own composition; and I feel that my heartfelt thanks are indeed due to those Old School Boys of other days, who give unstinted thought and effort in my behalf, making life so pleasant, and making possible this publication.

Jesse Harding Pomeroy.

"Grandpa".

(Transcription of previous page)

Introduction

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Jesse Harding Pomeroy
“Grandpa.”

HOW I LEARNED SPANISH

By GRANDPA

April, 1915

I think it was in the last February number of THE MENTOR that I read a strong article recommending Spanish for its usefulness—commercially as one reason—as a language to be learned.

It occurs to me that the tale of my own unassisted effort in that direction might prove of value to others here; because, if advice may not be wanted, the experience, as in my case, of one who has gone through the mill, so to speak, might smooth the path, strengthen any in difficulty and encourage any in doubt; for Spanish is one of the easiest languages to learn. Speaking from experience I know of none other so easy, and it has been my privilege to learn a few.

But, right here, let me say as a matter of fact, "easy" does not enter into the learning of any language, except in comparison. There is no easy way to learn any language; yet, It can truly be said that, compared with the difficulties of Pronunciation, the exasperating exceptions of Grammar, the intricacy of Prosody, of other languages, Spanish is easy, because it lacks those difficulties, and discouragements. It is simplicity itself in Grammar, being remarkably regular; the pronunciation, but for **a, e, y, c, j, n, z, ll**, is much like English, and even these letters present no difficulty, as all the sounds are found in our own tongue. After spending two years on Latin, and then two years on French, in October, 1880, I entered upon the study of Spanish.

In those days, we did not have the correspondence school which dates, I think from the nineties; and if there was a school here in 1880, I knew nothing of it, although the schoolhouse on the South Wing was in use in 1889-1890.

At the time I refer to, Franklin's Life had my attention, and, comparing languages to a staircase, putting Latin and Greek as the two first and lowest steps, he says we should ascend by taking in succession. French, Italian, and so on. I stuck to Franklin, through Latin; but French was my second one to learn. In my own thought, I did so well, I determined to shake Franklin as an old fogey, not up to date. Even if his idea was good in his day, life is different now, because Latin and Greek are deader than in Franklin's time, since learned men no longer confine themselves to those languages.

So I struck out for myself selecting Spanish, influenced by reading a statement that Spanish was so easy to learn, that the study of the Grammar could be dispensed with—one could pick up the tongue merely by reading and speaking.

That "ad," let me say, was only a get-rich quick scheme of the man who was selling his Spanish merchandise—for sold I was, parting with shekels for his misleading, unreliable, because incomplete, instruction; and, eating humble pie and

reducing the swelling of my head, by steady application to a Spanish Grammar. (I found I had to have one to make progress).

I came finally to my goal which, in truth, rightly approached, is quickly attained by any one with ordinary intelligence. In a few months I was able to read and write correctly, and with understanding, the Spanish language.

For the study of Spanish, the first needs are a good Grammar and a Pronouncing Dictionary. As I look back, I am obliged to say you cannot learn the language without them.

Children learn by example, association and practice; that is the natural way, as all of us learned English—the Grammar came later in life—and if we could mix with Spanish speaking people, undoubtedly we would sooner or later learn to speak that tongue; but, and here is the point, we would have no mastery over the written Spanish; we would not be able to construct for ourselves any independent forms of speech, not knowing the rules governing the nine parts of speech. Many a man can speak English, but cannot write it, for that very reason.

It is like the “ad” of an article that is said to be a hammer, a tack puller, a screw driver, a monkey wrench, and so on—much in one, and hence the others are not necessary. It may be true; but some day you need a screw driver and the article is a nuisance, because of its complexity; hence profanity and a hustling for what is actually wanted.

Ahu’s Grammar and F. Corona Bustamente’s (two volumes) Pronouncing English-Spanish, and Spanish-English Dictionary, meet the tests required. No doubt there are others; but, I would say, the best Grammar contains forms of correspondence, social, commercial checks, drafts, receipts, bills etc. I do not recommend Ollendorf’s, it is so unmercifully long. He seems to think a man has nothing to do but study his book—with a life sentence, perhaps that would be true. Nevertheless, disgust with his prolixity has stopped many a beginner.

I would say that the Grammar is easy to remember; the words have none of the jaw-breaking length, such as we find in German; and especially to be noted is the freedom from silent syllables or letters. Unlike French, Spanish is written mostly as spoken, and spoken as written; in all cases the letters have one value only.

A while ago, I read of M. Chatrian, the French author. As a young man he studied Law, and of course, the French Code, trying to memorize the same. Those posted as to the French code with agree that, like the Heathen Chinese, it is “somewhat peculiar.” The result was, Chatrian lost his hair, and forgot as fast as he learned; so he turned author, with profit back, if not his hair, for his trouble. I found no brain storming resulting in a loss of hair in my study of Spanish, which should encourage others.

In my progress two things greatly helped me. First, I always had a slip of paper and pencil to write down every word or phrase whose meaning I did not know, whenever I was reading Spanish; and, preserving the slips and memorizing them from time to time, I soon had a large stock of words and expression. Secondly, looking about my room, in the yard, or wherever I might be, I found the Spanish equivalent for whatever met my eyes. Now the point is that, like English, a few thousand words, and those in nearest contact with us, are used to express our daily speech or writing; and

whatever gives the mastery over those usual words, by so much shortens and fixes in the mind, the essentials of Spanish speech and writing. It will surprise any one to take a page of a newspaper and count the words to the page. Observing how often the same ones occur.

Another thing: one of the puzzles of English is the sameness of spelling or pronunciation, for different meanings as: **so, sew; to, too, two;** and so on. This is rare in Spanish, and hence a great help; but Spanish has one peculiarity; many words differ only by a letter, as **pecadilla**, hash; **pecadillo**, picklock; so beware of yelling for picklock (**pecadillo**) when you want hash (**pecadilla**). I shall never forget my perplexity on this very matter of sameness of sound or spelling in English, as a little boy at the Bigelow School in South Boston. My Grammar was at least an inch and a half thick; how thick my head was I cannot say, but this I know, all the rattan in the School could not help "Grandpa" from such sentences as this: "Their was work to dew, by too men, two carry sum things." Such confusion cannot happen in Spanish.

I will conclude this part by saying that the only difficult points in Grammar I found to be in the use of the third person of personal and possessive pronouns, and verbs, for the second person, and the irregular verbs. The rule is simple, and that slip of paper I spoke of will clear all misunderstandings, it being mostly a matter of politeness in speech among the Spaniards. They are intensely formal, ceremonious; and there is interlarded with expressions peculiar to their way of living and thinking. The nearer we get to their line of thought, as they express it, the sooner the tongue will be mastered.

Any one can turn English into a literal Spanish translation, but that translation will not in all cases express the Spaniards' way of sating the English phrase. It is like our pudding on holidays: the more raisins mixed in, the nearer it is to the genuine article. And any dictionary shows those peculiarities I speak of, which usually, we call idioms or idiomatic expressions.

But mispronunciation is not idiom. For instance, a Yankee from way down east wadding through my story, might at this moment say: "Gosh, dew tell!" Paddy a long, long way from Tipperary, might say: "Begorra, it's kilt entirely I am, with your blarney." Sambo from Dixie might say: "Say, Boss, what am it all about?" And the Englishman from London might say: " 'I, 'Arry, have you hon to this bloke?" Finally Master Fresh the American, may say, "Oh, gwan! swelled head, what are you giving us?"

Now, the above examples are characteristic of the several persons named; but mostly mispronunciation is at the bottom of each one.

There are local dialects of Spanish, wherever it is spoken; but, in general, seldom are they of any but local uses, and the pure tongue, as in English, will serve all needs. We say here: "in the cooler." "He is planted." These are localisms, and need not concern a student of English. Not long ago, some one asked me: "If I learn French, can I talk with French Canadians?" I said: "Yes, surely; it is the same tongue." But, if he had asked as to Creole French in the South, I must have said, "No, it is too corrupt, and mispronounced."

In closing, I cannot do better than to quote a few Spanish expressions, showing the peculiarities of thought and speech in a native, comparing them with English equivalents. The following are examples only:

Hasta el fin nadie es dichoso – literally, “Until the end no one is happy;” in English meaning “They are the best off who laugh last.”

¿ **En cuanta la libra?** – At how much a pound? (Observe the inverted question mark, which is placed at the beginning of interrogative sentences.)

¡ **Que verguenza!** – What a shame!

Yo soy Frances – I am a Frenchman. (Note the omission of “a” (**un** or **una**) in the Spanish.)

Son las ocho – Eight o’clock.

Soy yo – It is I.

Tengo Sed – I am thirsty. (Literally, I have thirst.)

Hace frio – it is cold.

Lo siento mucho – I am sorry.

Un amigo mio. – One of my friends.

Don Quizote, Lepe de Vega, and Spanish newspapers, and conversations will help to master the tongue. Spanish of today is mostly the same as three hundred years ago, unlike English. Shakespeare requires a glossary. I am glad to review those early years, and any one persuaded to learn Spanish, will lay up treasures, mental and future, besides enlarging the mind.

My New Year's Path

By GRANDPA

MY 56th BIRTHDAY, November 29, 1915

The pathway of another year!
It stretches far and fair before,
No eye can trace its distant shore,
 The golden dawn,
 Of New Year's morn
Brings radiant scenes – visions bright,
As on we march, a merry sight,
 Hope beckons to the morrow!

Behind us lies the beaten path.
The passing year has brought us now
To where we pause, in thought to bow.
 In doubts or fears,
 In joys or tears,
Thus far on earth, our lives we pace:
With ardent hearts we now must face
 The riddle of the future!

And shall we fail life's race to win?
Take courage all who read this lay!
In song to us its message say: –
 Temptations fight,
 With all our might.
Whate'er our fate, or land or sea,
In freedom or captivity,
 Let Truth and Honor lead us!

Fear not the rugged, winding road!
If we a better lot would like,
With resolution we must strike.
 In pride of life,
 And joy of strife,
Our goal to win: nor heedless stay,
But ever forward hew the way,
 And seize the victor's laurel!

Best Wishes for the New Year's Path!
Let onward, upward be its aim,
To highest peaks, whose summits flame,
 Hope's message clear,
 Sad hearts to cheer,
Who hapless in life's valley stray!
Help from above drives grief away.
 A happy New Year sending!

AD NOSTROS ANGELOS

(In memoriam sempiternam.)

By GRANDPA

Dec. 19, 1915.

Darkly whispered is the news,
O, can it be the truth?
Evil winds the message strews,
And sorrow strikes us ruth;
Alas! for the words to men,
Out of Peabody town!
That nearly twenty children,
Have met a fir'ry crown!

Shall we lay on any souls
Our darlings, lost so dear?
Peabody an echo rolls
Of warning all should hear;
O! may we its lessons learn,
And firmly take our stand:
Not another child shall burn
In schools throughout the land!

But, Oh! our hearts are breaking,
And bitter tears have chased,
For little forms now missing,
Who once our ingle graced.
Yet, is the yoke no burden,
Our Savior bears all trace;
Our Jewels He has taken,
To guard away, in grace.

In balmy meads of wonder,
In Heaven's lands so far,
By silver streams they wander –
No harm can meet them there;
And hand in hand they're waiting –
No more we weep their fate,
For us they now are watching,
Close by the golden gate.

Forever and forever,
Thus reads the sacred scroll –
When earthly scenes we sever,
To reach Immortals goal,
And we see how fair they grow,
Angelic in their charms,
No more to part or sorrow,
We claps them in our arms!

Dedicated to our angels lost at the
Peabody school fire, October 28, 1915.

At Christmastide

By GRANDPA

Dec. 25, 1915

At Christmastide
Deep swells the stream of human life.
And youthful wish and joys provide
To age sedate with reflections rife
Of happy times, to young or old;
When kindred hearts, in love have tried
In widest gifts to all unfold,
At Christmastide.

Sweet Christmastide!
God's precious boon to human kind!
Promised of old, to none denied,
Though strife and doubt at first it find.
No clime but owns its potent sway,
Where loving kindness does reside.
Unnumbered hosts their faith display
At Christmastide.

Dear Christmastide!
Across the sea, across the land,
In melting mood, none care to hide,
All hearts adore the blest command.
Where earthly dross – pelf of power
(In Charity's hands open wide),
Our faith and hope in vain o'er tower
At Christmastide.

Blest Christmastide!
Its lessons bring to ev'ry heart
Abiding peace, and love beside,
Such as the angels' choir impart
On holy plains to shepherds old: –
"Peace on earth, to men good will"
When first in song the tale was told
At Christmastide.

At Christmastide.
God's love shall know the victor's might:
In ev'ry home, His star in pride,
With throbbing beams of golden light,
Shall point the way to deathless life.
And far or near no tongue deride
Our faith to banish earthly strife
At Christmastide!

My First Movie Show

By GRANDPA

January 10, 1916

All things have a first time; and I do not doubt that Rip Van Winkle woke up from that twenty-year bit he did in bed, his surprise and delight, could he have seen the moving pictures, would have been no greater or more enjoyable than was my experience last Sunday at my first movie show, **The Battle Cry of Peace**, presented in our Chapel by the kindness of the authorities and of Mr. Howard, the owner.

Shakespeare, in one of his inimitable plays, tell us "All the world's a stage;" he goes on to say that we are all players. The play of life is infinite in surroundings and details: whatever brings to view life, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives," will always find a welcome and eager desire for more, as wise Shakespeare well knew.

Bobby Burns has well said:

**"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."**

For we are greatly interested in human affairs, especially in our neighbors'. And this is the secret of the powerful hold that the movies have upon us—the power to see ourselves, or one another, as in life we live. The true, the natural, if with movement, is ever received joyously, as in the pantomime of years ago the life itself is portrayed. Such are my reflections, with others to follow; for, strange as it may seem, I do at times reflect. (Ahem!)

Of course one reads, as the years go, of the wonderful inventions which today are embraced in the production of our movies. It has been a long road, and little by little successive improvements brings us to the perfect production of today.

Beginning seriously to depict motion on the screen, or give a semblance of motion, some forty years ago we had the zeotrope, thaumatrope, and then, with others, the stroboscope, phenakistoscope, stereoscopic cabinet and the kinematoscope. More or less success we had—generally less—in presenting by rapid motion of the pictures or accessories, an optical illusion of moving life: but until Edison, in 1889, perfected his machine, there was nothing worth consideration compared with the success of nowadays.

Our machines are based on the Edison. The biography, cinematograph, etc., gives us in reproducing moving life that goal after so many years of striving. And we must remember that photography is at the bottom of our perfection in this matter.

I well remember the excitement and interest when it was reported that a perfect motion picture of a race horse was possible—not perfect in the first attempts which, I believe, were made at Mystic Park in Medford, Mass. But in time the possibilities were

increased by new and unforeseen inventions and chemical agents, until today we have in **The Battle Cry of Peace** a marvel of skilled success, of art, harmoniously developed as the Vitagraph in motion pictures.

The announcement to us of this treat in store, January 9, last, was, to me, a most interesting one, because, as I said, although I have read more or less of these various inventions, it was never my good fortune to view one of them until last Sunday. The wait of three weeks was worth while. The magnificent production—a marvel of beauty and skill—proved the truth that “everything comes to the man who waits.”

Satisfaction, pleasure, interest-absorbing, instruction, encouragement, made me feel that at least I was in the procession. We, unable to go elsewhere for this purpose, found indeed a great thing in this drama, **The Battle Cry of Peace**; it marks an era in coming to us here; more so to me, perhaps, than all others, for no doubt, all but myself have seen more or less variety in years past of moving pictures.

Their first essay was by Henry Heyl at Philadelphia in 1870. A crude beginning was tried (the usual step in most all new things) by successive poses thrown on a screen by a light, the time being measured by music. From then to now we can see what progress has done for our entertainment.

Just what mechanism controls our machines, giving such beautiful and vivid pictures in motion, almost perfectly in every case, no hitch, no overlapping or interference in the concentrated rays from the lens, it is not my privilege to know exactly; but it may very well be that electricity has a hand in the matter—the usual nigger in the woodpile nowadays for much otherwise unexplainable.

Electricity alone allows the photographing of rapid motions, as of bullets or shots from any rifle or gun. Velocities of thousands of feet per second can only be mastered and pictured by means of electricity—this mysterious element whose large services in our daily life range from wireless (electricity in motion, unconfined) to, let us instance, a burglar alarm, as some of us known personally.

The velocity of electricity is greater than any motion of human production: hence it overtakes and holds before the photographic plate anything in motion. A bullet or shot is shown as just leaving the muzzle, etc., sensitive chemical agents, unknown forty years ago, fixing almost on the instant any form of motion clearly as in life.

This we saw in numberless instances on the screen, Sunday. Nearly two miles of film and 30,000 portraits are in the drama—and what variety and distinctness! Walking, running, marching, torpedoes driving ahead on discharge into the sea, ships in variety sailing here and there, autos matched with galloping horses and motor cycles, troops drilling and fighting, shot and bombs exploding, dust, smoke, debris of all sorts flying in the air, natural as in life, vividly real as it appeared: and then the aeroplanes just as in a magazine picture, but in motion!

My experience in life some forty-five years ago, as a little boy, when the magic lantern was the great thing, we boys thinking it bang-up, is still in my mind. I can recall the ecstatic thrills of joy that chased up and down my spine when, in 1871, I sat in the Trinity Church on High Street, just beyond the Prison, and saw my last entertainment by that means. All was still life—no motion—often crude picture; afterwards the process was improved, photographs being made on the slides, but not in 1871. There was, of course, a screen for the pictures, as on last Sunday; all else is different to me.

Now it may be that one so inexperienced should not criticise or pass judgment on this matter of movies. I do not criticise. It seems to be that as life is changed since 1871, comparing the two in some instances may be of interest, showing, it is true, primitive ways rather than the strenuous life of today, so much talked of and vaunted as, say, by Teddy, for instance.

As a back number, one may not be in the up-to-date class, and any reference to olden times only shows how that magic lantern is the foundation of the movies of today. Today we have miles of films in a reel; in 1871, on glass strips long or short, wide or narrow, would be scratched through the varnish, or coat of smoke covering the same, a design of some picture. This, slid before the light, reflected by a polished dish of some metal through the lines we scratched, and then through the lens in front of the glass slip would be shown on a screen, or white sheet, usually in a darkened room.

One by one the slips were put in and withdrawn—a tiresome, hot job. No uniformity was then possible in the pictures; repetitions were never the same in outline or expression. Some variety was there, it is true, depending on one's ingenuity and patience in scratching the designs—all still life, as I said. Compare that with our Sunday treat! How marvelous and bettered is the change!

Motion in motion: remember the many pictured scenes where a scene being on the screen, as in that dining room, or in that peace-meeting picture; and then into that scene enters some one or more figures moving clearly at pleasure, the original picture still remaining on the screen clearly. How is it done? It's a sticker for me. Remember again that chase by the soldiers and cavalry after the fleeing auto; that shows my meaning. Wonderful! A marvel! I admit my magic lantern is a slow coach—not in it. And, too, the films were always in motion! But what can be expected of a back number?

Not yet have my eyes seen aeroplane, battleship, torpedo or its boat, big guns, submarines, electrics, wireless; nor had I a chance to use a telephone. Pictures everyone sees; reading galore any may have; but the seeing and reading are not like things, as was my idea in the Chapel last Sunday.

The papers crack up the movies, but as a fact, "the half has never been told." A revelation to shut-ins was ours. Much was recognized from what the papers and magazines have printed. Favored by a good seat, a clear view and now and then a few words of explanation, especially of Coney Island, flying machines, the bombs, etc., understanding was had as the drama was screened. As a comparison, the sober life referred to in the 70's had its peace and satisfaction. Today, "red devils," electrics, trucks, etc., clutter the streets and many are injured. In those days, delirium tremens was the factor in any devils about—jag juice chiefly.

We could see our road in traveling and our journey was satisfactory if upon solid ground—not seeking to leave it unless in our ascension robes, as was oft the case in a balloon voyage, for instance. Those two and a half hours of unalloyed delight will ever be remembered: too interesting to be tiresome; and then to return to our den and partake of green peas and salt salmon for dinner. A good appetite comes with much laughter, as Shakespeare says, and I found to my satisfaction it was so.

A day to be ever marked in red. That drama, **The Battle Cry of Peace**, speaks for itself and must be seen to be appreciated: and to one not prejudiced, most inspiring, stirring, convincing, in its aims and presentation. It appeals to every thoughtful soul; in

masterful measure it drives home the conviction that preparation is the key of safety to the gate of security. We must, as the saying is, "keep our powder dry."

The wide oceans are indeed our protection, yet ships are fast. Secrecy and darkness would allow us a surprise with no declaration of war against us, the fleet being, maybe, in Southern waters. If true that within 200 miles of New York most of the munition factories are placed, a blow there would be indeed in the solar plexus, as the reel said of our Uncle Sam. Immense loss, damage and misery would result from an unprepared condition.

Whoever conceived and carried through the idea embodied in **The Battle Cry of Peace** is a public benefactor for stirring the conscience of the nation. We may be too big to be conquered, but we are not so strong that we can despise precautions. "Our country first, last and forever" is still a good saying.

A few more words may be said of my impressions. Those natural scenes, almost bewildering in variety and occasion, grave, gay, humorous, pathetic, serious, exciting in thrillingness, etc., portrayed magnificently in diversity of shape, place and expression, with no bitch to speak of, instantaneous, the real things in life, charming in a marvelous finish and beauty, instructive and amusing too, offer, it would seem, a popular, cheap, ready and permanent means of public education and betterment limitless in its applications to the ways of life. I will say there was refinement, delicacy, not a suggestion of repulsion among so many difficult situations, and only voice and color were wanting, in my judgment.

The music was a charm; almost continuously played, it helped the realism of the drama, with the boom of guns, rattle of arms, the smoke, the rolling of waves and vessels. Shells exploded, tumbling down whatever was in their vicinity.

Some color there was, reds, browns, duns, etc. It may be that, in time, the autochrome plates of Lumiere Bros. of Paris, or other means, will allow perfect colors in the pictures on the screen. Today they print all colors: it is reasonable to look for something of the former sort in the near future. Then what a charm will be added to the movies!

Some phonographic principle may allow a voice to the silence of the screen, as we saw it Sunday. That would complete the ravishment of **The Battle Cry of Peace**.

Natural voices, the march of the soldiers, the combat, the purring of the auto, the firing of arms of all sorts, speeches with their varied expressions – how grand and magnificent will then be the perfect performance!

American geniuses will shine here as in the past – good reason to guard ourselves and not be too sure of peace at any price. Marvelous have been the gifts of our scientific inventors. Speed the day of greater and more entrancing results; they are not impossible.

Energy, force, vigor, natural expression, will be more than enhanced in the perfect day to come, much we had Sunday. May I be there to view it! How true to life the launching of the superdreadnaught!

About 1867, the U.S. Ship Tuscarora was launched from the ways it was built on, in the Charlestown Navy Yard. My father helped to build the vessel. It was a holiday in the yard, and father brought the family to see the ship slide into the Harbor. Well do I

remember the driving in of wedges and the cutting of the timbers holding the ship to the ways.

Then slowly, but soon fast, with much enthusiasm and many hurrahs (the small boy was on hand as usual) the work was done.

At Bath, Me., in 1871, my privilege allowed me to see a three-master take the Kenebec from the Sewall yard, I believe.

So here was a standard of comparison, and I recognized at once the scene on the screen—of course, very much on a larger scale.

I may be allowed to tell the tale of the beginning of the modern torpedo, as it took place right here in the Charlestown Navy Yard, and, as a small boy I, of course, was on hand, usually.

In 1871, Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, he who, in the Japan-Russia war, was Grand Admiral, visited with the commander, Shubrick, the various points of interest in the Navy Yard.

For his benefit a spar torpedo (a torpedo on the end of a spar) was fired by electricity from the receiving ship Ohio. Sailors wagged from vantage points the signal just as the procession reached the front of the ropewalk.

The Duke jumped as off went the bomb, throwing a column of water one hundred feet in the air, amid great excitement, in which I shared, nearly under the feet of Shubrick.

The point is that the occasion was unique. **Leslie's** illustrated the scene whose end was the dirigible torpedo and the submarine, this last, an American invention.

The genius of the nation, so finely portrayed in the closing views of **The Battle Cry of Peace**, will not forsake us if we are but true to our colors and principles. Everyone owes a duty to the nation—in or out of prison.

So many and rapid are the changes and improvements that month by month are made in the life of the people, that almost we may say it is a new world beyond the walls.

In striving to fit ourselves to keep in line and step with the procession, the movies and other indulgences we have had are a step forward for our help.

The lessons of that drama are for all, and no doubt by all appreciated.

Kindness we do not despise. Inspiration and incentive was our last Sunday. Let us hope for the like enjoyment and instruction in a near future. Our thanks are known.

The Reading of Books

By GRANDPA

January 30, 1916

Some time ago it was my privilege to read a very true and inspiring saying. Substantially it ran: "Next to having friends, is the companionship of good books." A few days ago another and significant phrase had my attention: "It is strange how much a man may know of books and yet be very ignorant of the ways of common life." And, musing over these two expressions, a few ideas and some conclusions have come to me—helpful, hopeful, too—and it may be some may have an interest in what follows.

The Good Book says "it is not all of life to live." And again we read, "it is not good for man to be alone." These two expressions sum very clearly a significant part of daily experience. Companionship of mind—reading of books; companionship of humans—the daily intercourse of life. And one of the most striking and influential forces of life is found in the company of the books we read: our mental food, reflecting, intellectually, morally, spiritually,—influencing more than we may suspect, our outward lives—because through the mind our words and acts express our inmost thoughts: whatever it is or may be the surroundings of any life, if there is companionship of good books, **there** is found a wealth of pleasure and instruction whose extent is but one's capacity and inclination to pursue a treasure for future needs.

Hand in hand goes also a mental expansion and a tendency to larger growth in finding one's level, as all must do. It has been said "A man is known by the company he keeps." We say likewise, one may be known by the books one reads, for there is some necessity, compulsion, so to say, in human associations: but one's inclinations, mental habit, in reading, is not beyond human choice—given the opportunity.

Today a wealth of literature fatigues the eye and wearies the brain. Fiction in all its diversity—domestic, dramatic, sociological, detective—all special forms whose basis is always the human element. Belles letters; history, travel, biography, adventure, and, in a most striking output, scientific, economic books: periodicals and especially now, children's books are to be noted, as a remarkable expression of the Press.

Not so many years ago, books were indeed few in numbers—the art of printing is not 500 years old. (Let us forget the Pekin Gazette, which is claimed to date from B.C.) Printing, using what we call type, was unknown before Gutenberg perfected the art, or rather introduced a crude beginning since perfected—yet those first books, Elvezer, for instance, are marvels of art, patience and clearness—our improvement is in variety of type and colors, with the rotary press, for immense editions—witness our Sunday papers.

Books were indeed known before printing—al l manuscript, rolled in cylinders, not bound, these last come from later times. Parchment, so named from Pergamos in Asia Minor—that is skins of sheep, pigs, etc., made fit to write upon; or papyrus—from whence our word paper—a reed growing anciently in the Nile valley, whose stem was

slit and then peeled as we make veneer, the sheets being placed crosswise over others at will, and then beaten together, were the chief articles used to write upon.

All skins may not have been parchment; and we have some authentic codices, tablets—the Pentinger tablets—of distances from Rome to remotest military stations, coming down to us from B.C.—a few: but much later: those tablets above are from the fourth century A.D. now at the Vienna library. Vellum, a costly and fine parchment or skin from kids, was largely used in old times.

This papyrus paper was in time displaced by our papers, cotton, then linen. The date is not certain, but we have today cotton papers of European make dating from the eight century. We do not reckon China where it was known A.D. 500 one says. About A.D. 1000 we date our oldest cotton manuscript—preserved in the British Museum and Library of Paris. Linen dates from Spain, it is said, and 1177 A.D. As a paper material it was in common use in Europe A.D. 1350:—and it may be noted that distinctively white paper—mostly a tinge of brown before—dates from about 1690 in England—Whatmans is still famous—from 1770.

The conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in the seventh century destroyed in greater part the user of papyrus, and introduced as above, our papers. These writ parchments mostly in use until cotton and linen papers were in sufficient supply have been preserved by the copies thereon written much from the earlier perishable papyrus. And it is wonderful to read the works of say Demosthenese, Cicero, Horace, Homer, or again an Egyptian papyrus of in cases hundreds of years B.C.—remembering it is all the handwork in every copy; accuracy is there dependent upon one's attention in writing. And then the variety of ancient books is considerable. We can find poetry, folk lore, fables (old Aesop), drama, travel, arithmetic (Euclid), architecture, shorthand, oratory, biography, religion and agriculture; a large list when we consider the primitive lives of those days.

Now compare our own reading. How striking the change, reflecting the growth, mental, moral, physical in human life since those times. Anciently, especially in Rome, Greece, Egypt, mostly all could read and write.

The dark Ages, so called, a thousand years or thereabouts to the middle of the fifteenth century, due to the destruction of the Roman Empire, cast a cloud of ignorance almost universal over Europe: bright spots there were in colleges and monasteries, but profound ignorance marked the mass of the people; and reading and writing were so highly prized that those so favored were called clerks, and to some extent the benefit of the clergy was theirs,—of course the clerical part of the people were well endowed in this matter.

To the taking of Constantinople by the unspeakable Turk (1453) we owe the revival of learning in Europe, by the scattering of the learned from that city, with their treasures of manuscripts, etc.: many monasteries yielding rich stores, too often neglected by their monkish owners of before

Amid our variety of books we note three striking things:

First—The travel, original with Richardson of Londen in the 18th century, whose Pamela is the origin of all such books, to our day—a wonderful expansion and it may be questioned, a wise one.

Second—The scientific, technical sociological books.

Third – Periodicals and children’s literature.

None of these were known anciently – to any extent. The fewness of books in old days induced the chaining of them in the places where used: and sometimes the thought arises whether our output of thousands a year, has not, in a manner cheapened our treasures: for with use comes indifference. A few books lead to the cherishing of our privilege, and many famous people have been educated, and indeed well educated, too, who lacked our opportunity in wealth of books.

A harmful tendency in the scattering of attention and looseness in choice comes from so much and diverse a collection of thousands of books every year. But thanks to ourselves, our taste in reading, we can avoid pitfalls. Everyone’s inclinations for novels, history, etc., whatever it be, can have such guidance that profit and pleasure will come. Using rightly that inborn tendency in reading, we select what suits us, and perseveringly follow up our reading, tracing out the subjects, and ideas suggested by referring to other books, we in time have a well-balanced intellectual store, rounding out our mental viewpoint.

And what opportunities we have who like poetry! It shows a refined and discriminating mind: folk-lore, ballads, epic-poetry, drama—all touch the realistic experiences of human life, and their charm is graven on the mind: we know what was said on this, “give me the making of songs. I do not care who makes the laws of the people;” and remember folk-lore, poetry, etc., is the earliest form of literature, handed down so to speak, from mouth to mouth, before reduced to writing.

History—life universal; biography—life specialized; travel and adventure—life in diversity, unknown forms of human existence; discovery—which makes for human intercourse. And then again who likes scientific, technical works.

Marvelous the record of invention here within less than 150 years. Steam in its various uses; knitting and weaving machines; rotary and color printing; engraving; photography; electricity in myriad forms of use; geology; chemistry; dyeing; talking machines, aeroplanes; railways, automobiles. Medical science: ether; antiseptics; the serum treatment in many cases—preventing disease; a brief list, but vastly beneficial to the world.

These special lines can be followed up in our reading; opportunity knocks at our door, and if we grasp the opportunity the prize is ours.

Periodicals infinitely varied lend a human touch to what we read: the remotest parts of the earth are brought before us; life-like pictures charm our wondering view; the humorous, pathetic, serious, caricature—all tend to that companionship of human minds which makes the whole world kin. Lovelace sings:

**Stone walls do not a prison make;
Nor iron bars a cage.**

And Byrd says: “My mind to me a kingdom is.” And there is the point. We may not have friends, but we can have in our books intellectual friendships, whose bonds human interference cannot sever.

There was a time when the press was fettered; today we see it free.

If at this point our mental view is enlarged by ability to read in other than the English, what pleasure to have the key unlocking that unknown life, peopled to our choice! Refinement and instruction here await all.

Tallyrand said: "Speech was given or used to conceal thought." It is not so. He shows his tricky and underhand nature, for who can trust a man whose words are not kept? Heaven's gift to man of speech, and man's gift of printing to his fellows are for the uplift of human life. No people under the sun but talk; all even today do not write; yet they have some way, usually pictorially, of communication.

Intensely interesting is the tracing of the art of writing: the forerunner of printing and engraving, but our tale is different.

The way of reading is a large factor in the use of books. Gladstone could skim a book almost we may say as one skims the cream from milk – if we know what cream is. Macauley had so wonderful a memory that he could recall anything he might read: and there are others. All may not be so gifted, but attention, carefulness, interest in the subject, if we follow up the ideas suggested by our reading, will bring us to the point we purpose.

No mind can assimilate the press of today without selection according to our taste, our mental bent; otherwise to dissipate in reading is as harmful as dissipation in our life lines. Ill digested, soon forgotten, hasty reading wastes and weakens our faculties. Variety will spice our mental life.

NIGHTCAPS FOR NIGHTGOWNS

By GRANDPA

March 25, 1916

When two numbers you shall write,
Four you stare at, and I am right;
If from that four, five you take,
One is left, and no mistake.

What are the numbers?

Ans: IV, -4: take away V five, leaves one.

We have a word in our speech,
Which as write, no thing can teach;
If now to it, one you prefix,
If then means, cross as two sticks.

Name word, and meaning.

Ans: Word 0 zero: prefix 1 = 10 = X as two sticks.

There is a number that we uses;
Now multiply it as you choose;
Add the answer, - 'tis no trouble -
Finds **that** number or some double!
'Tis a magic number we here choose;
Please name it, 'tis in daily use.
The only one our languages knows.

What is it?

Ans: 9. Multiply by any number and add:
the result is always 9 or some multiple of 9:
9X2 - 18: 1 and 8 = 9, etc.

To state their age, some do not wish;
Try this receipt - you'll hook your fish:
Write years in numbers, if you please,
Then double them, quite at your ease,
With 5 now multiply the sum,
Then subtract the years, yet keep mum;
If one figure, you now have down,
Say so, - I'll name it, do not frown.
But if two or more you do find,
Name all but the first,

Then I'll name the rest,
Likewise the age you had in mind.

What is the answer?

Ans: Depends on figure 9: as , age, say, 15:
double - 30: multiply by 5 = 150, subtract
years 15 - 135: name all figures but first -
3 5 added - 8 so 1 must be first number -
9: now 135 is to be divided by 9 = 15 age
and so of any age.

One figure only in answer is 9 = one year
old. The figures added always come to 9
or multiple of 9 as 135 above.

Of figures odd we've had a few:
Do this one now, and we are through: -
Our numbers nine, in three lines place:
Use each but once, please have the grace:
Forming a square; add up each row:
It makes 15 where'er you go: -
Upward or down, or crosswise too,
Fifteen is what each way you view.

Ans:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8
-	-	-
15	15	15

(Before the Nightcaps)

At nine p.m., as the lights go down,
Use these night caps for your night gown
Sweet sleep will come, of this be sure,
It has been tried, and found secure.

Momentous Events in History

By Grandpa

April 19, 1916

Our ways of living today, compared with those we read of—and not so many years ago—find many a point of view remarkable for the sudden and sweeping changes introduced at a moment, so to say, influencing the daily life of the whole world. Their lasting effects may well be called eras in human affairs, and among them a few of such surpassing interest, due to the absolute nature of the changes they introduced, will have attention.

We cannot in a paper like this consider the whole field to which we refer. The cycle of history—sacred and profane—is so expansive as a whole; nevertheless some of the striking events will be named—social, legal, political, etc.—even if unconnected one with the other.

In the first place, the date we call A.D. marks a most striking and impressive era—a world-wide event unsurpassed in its consequences. History is full of the beginning of a cult—a religion, if you will; but how long do they survive? The test is their universal spread and belief by humans. Those wise in such matters tell us that everywhere the divine instinct, in some form, finds expression even in what we call heathenism: that impulse expressed somehow, some way (although, it is true, not by our standards), can be found. Travel, history, archaeology, do but confirm in striking ways the human need of a religion, and we see as a fact, that which we call the Christian religion—the continuation and culmination of the Jewish religion—is the oldest continuous form of human belief and worship. The greater part of the old forms have died out, or live today tolerated but degenerate, without vitality. And here the words “tolerated” and “toleration” have in history a vivid and remarkable significance, because in history of ages past we see that one of the greatest questions ever before the human mind, was that expressed by those two words: “tolerated” and “toleration”—the free exercise of one’s religious beliefs.

Satan claims his own. The Bible says he goes seeking whom “he may devour”—and deceive, too, no doubt.

Unending pages tell us how one form of worship would dominate to the exclusion of all others. Those with a special form of belief, on obtaining the upper hand in almost all cases at the time we speak of, would exclude all other forms of worship. And the reason is not difficult to see.

Immortality—the hope and belief in a future life—is found as a guiding basis in many, if not all, creeds, even in what is called heathenism. Savages, some say, look to a future life beyond—in the happy hunting ground of never-ending bliss. And our veneration of civilization, intensifying this belief and encircling human acts and existence, incites to a selfish aggrandizement since, generally speaking, our entrance into that immortal life depends upon what we do as mortals while in this world.

The Edict of Milan (A.D. 313) by Constantine, was a happy consummation in human history of the growing belief that toleration was the just view. Constantine accepted the cross—the **Laburnum**—as his standard of battle, due, it is said, to a vision of the same which he saw in the heavens. In the end it made Christianity the religion of state. True it is it did not at once end the evil of intolerance: old customs are hard to change, and we know the dreadful history of religious persecution before and since the time of Constantine. Human nature has many obscure corners, and new things are not always acceptable. Nevertheless that Edict was a most solemn landmark, whose culmination, after many years in strife and tears and blood, at last finds universal acceptance as an integral fact necessary for human existence. And here is its significance, though doubt and mutiny against its provisions, for human prejudices die hard, and active and insistent, furtive and obscure opposition have shown themselves. Like vaccination, for instance, it went at first against the grain of social belief, custom and interest.

The Edict of Nantes (1598) in the time of Henry IV of France can well express some of the views here recorded. Yet, revoked thoughtlessly by Louis XIV (1685), remember the disastrous result. We may remark, however, that one result was the scattering of many expert workmen to foreign lands where their trades were a blessing; and hence some good came from the heedless act of the king.

The Battle of Tours (A.D. 732) may well have a place here for its great and universal results. Mohammed, that mighty and incomprehensible power, had overcome, more or less, what we call the Eastern World, and a line from the northern border of Spain—embracing Corsica, Sicily, Crete, Cyprus, and almost all of Asia Minor, with the Caucasus—showed the then limit of the Saracen power. All south was theirs, and this battle, if gained by them, would have meant the conquest of France. The fate of Christendom was exposed to the genius of Mohammedanism, whose belief, its vehement progress, unsparing activity, restless in its bounds, was carrying all before it. Spain, Africa, Asia in its various names, Arabia, India—all were enthralled.

But the glory of our faith and race reserved to France the striking the telling blow which crumbled forever the menace of the Saracen power until, under the walls of Vienna in 1583, King Sobieski struck the last hope from Mohammedanism. Since then we have what is called “the sick man of Europe,” and the Turks have never recovered, although a long time in dying.

Tours was fought for France by Charles Martel, who was the victor. Mohammed had Abderrahmen. Martel (Hammer) was so named for battering of the Moslems, who lost 375,000 men. Incredible as is the figure, we say that excepting at Vienna all fears for Europe ended there that day—surely a most impressive era for humanity.

Vienna, besieged by a vast host of Turks in 1683, was in extremities until the King of Poland, John Sobieski, with his valiant followers utterly routed the Moslem army, with enormous losses to the heathens.

We may fitly mention an analogous battle for its great result—Chalons (A.D. 451), between the Christian army and barbarism. Its result saved Europe for the field of Christianity, as Attila was defeated. “The scourge of God” men called him in those days. This was most momentous event in history.

Life, liberty, property, happiness, security, justice—all these are some of the agitating questions of olden times, whose solutions, little by little, we owe in great measure to the Code of Justinian (A.D. 533). Our Declaration of Independence (to be spoken of later) has the same expressions, and the Roman world (at the time we speak of Rome **was** the world) felt the same needs.

The Pandects, the Code, the Institutes—**corpus juris civilis**—the body of Roman law, as given to the world by Justinian after five years' labor by a body of jurists, consolidated and harmonized the then known laws: and for almost 1400 years that code ruled practically all the courts of the civilized world. Here is their significance: other lands and peoples have had their laws, but they remain a local force; Justinian's Code dominates the world, and its foundation is referred to the twelve tablets of Roman history (B.C. 451). Two thousand volumes, it is said, were consulted in giving form to that code; and we must remember that our bound are greater in quantity than the rolled manuscript—called a volume—of those days. Still the number is imposing and in their extent they allowed that code to embrace all known human laws, customs and decisions of the ages.

The Code is chiefly public law; the Pandects are a digest of decisions of judges, juries, lawyers, etc.; while the Institutes condense the Pandects—the principles of legal science. And so Rome yet rules the world.

The religion of Judea and the Roman laws, two of the most powerful forces in civilization, inciting to momentous and lasting changes in the whole world, we note here. Somewhere it is well said that brethren should dwell together in harmony, but strife is written on every page of human history—sacred or profane.

The invention of gunpowder gave rise to a most marvelous change in warfare. We cannot surely state the date, or by whom, or where gunpowder was first used: some claim it for the Chinese, but, then, they claim everything is due to a Chinaman, as nowadays everything is due to an Irishman. Sometimes it seems as if the Irishman were a Chinaman without a pigtail. We know, however, that the Battle of Cressy (1346) brought Edward III of England victory over France by using gunpowder. It is reasonable to think it was in use some years before that date, and that it was the beginning of the last of modern warlike inventions. Personal prowess was gone: today is the man behind the gun. From crossbows and pikes, sword and armor, we now have myriad forms of explosions, as witness the giant guns of the Germans crumbling our thickest armored plate, torpedoes and the silent, deadly submarine—not to speak of air craft. Here is a marvelous list, beginning with gunpowder of centuries ago; and the end is not in sight.

Remember, too, "the cheese box on a raft" (March, 1862) which changed modern naval warfare. That was indeed a day! Its revolutionized future wars, and the **Monitor** and **Merrimac** battle will ever be a monument of unsurpassed human effort.

The Discovery of America (October, 1492) is another wonderful date. What wonders the world has seen, due to that discovery of America! Unnumbered peoples; unlimited commerce and manufactures; inventions in limitless forms; light from petroleum; fuel from coal; electricity in all forms; foods till then unknown; a recasting of the social, political, physical and mental state of living; a larger human intercourse and sympathetic feeling for our kind—all are inadequate expressions of the immense and

universal changes brought about by that discovery. The Dark Ages—1000 years of social, moral, and mental obscurity—were rolling away. The genius, sagacity and perseverance of Columbus opened a new era.

Our Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1776), has done much. It is the forerunner of modern uplift, politically. Republics were few in olden times: we recall Greece and Rome. But since 1776, republics dominate the New World, and today have a large footing in the Old. Monarchy vs. Republicism has proved the former a failure, as witness the growing list of republics today: Brazil, China, Portugal, and the long South American list. The uplift of the people is responsible for all this; and equally parliamentary powers have come to the public hand. The ballot, free speech, labor laws, and many other benefits are with us today all arising from the leaven of 1776—a grand and glorious era for the whole world, whose impulse caused the French Revolution, which was the beginning of the end of Absolutism.

Printing was an art which has wonderfully changed human life. Perfected about 1444 by Gutenberg, its blessings have spread education everywhere. Right here the Chinese bob up to claim printing as their own; but they claim everything, so we do not mind. Of course, in ages past, before Gutenberg, there was among almost all people some form of communication—by speech or by writing of various sorts. When written communication first originated none can say. Today we have monuments, coins, medals and stone tablets with engraved characters going back, in some cases, thousands of years B.C., and every little while we dig up like antiquities. But although we have copies of works, speeches, etc., written hundreds of years B.C., we have no authentic original manuscripts beyond the third century A.D. (the works of Tatius) excepting, it is understood, some Samaritan and Egyptian writings of many centuries before A.D.

The permanency of ancient manuscripts is remarkable, due, in a measure, to the use of skins, parchment, papyrus, etc. Our paper was then unknown. Various terms are given to those writings, as codex, for instance, containing more or less of our Bible, and dating, it is said, from the fifth century A.D. With printing we include its allied industries—engraving, lithography, artistic work, etc. In the old days all could not read; and that was so precious a privilege that what was called the Benefit of Clergy (exemption from punishment, more or less complete) for crime, was extended to those who possessed the gift.

Steam as a discovery may have a high place as marking an era of untold benefit to the human race. With coal—cheap fuel—its effect on industries is unmeasured; so much so that to go back to the ancient mode of manufacture is an impossibility. Cheap clothing, travel, universal use of many things before deemed luxuries, as well as reducing the cost of production and distribution are ours. From the ends of the earth, at reasonable rates, we obtain articles never before in popular use—tea and coffee, silk, spices, drugs, etc. Briefly, this expresses our debt to steam and its linked industries.

A brief reference to some striking inventions, or discoveries in arts and sciences, may close our list. This flying machine, electricity in all its forms, the telegraph, wireless telegraphy, dynamo production of light and power, X-rays (a boon to injured life) with all allied forms in use medically, the phonograph and the telephone will find place here.

Speaking of medical use, let us mention quinine, Jesuit, or Peruvian bark (a gift immeasurable to the human race and marking an era in medicine), various anaesthetics

and disinfectants for wounds—ether, for instance, dating from 1846, and whose blessings can never be too highly praised. And when we remember that much of the above is due to the genius of America, our satisfaction is greater.

We give to the world cheap light in petroleum. Today kerosene is a safe article universally used. Petroleum, naphtha, etc., was of course, known thousands of years before our day, as witness the wells at Baku in the Caucasus. The ancient fire-worshippers lit the flame there hundreds of years B.C. and continuously it burned until extinguished about 1880 by the Russians on exploiting the oil industry. Our boon was the refining of petroleum.

Chemistry must not be forgotten. Rubber, for instance, sugar, dye-stuffs, and the canning industry which dates from about 1845. Consider the immense boon to humanity of this art. Clean, wholesome, fresh and varied food of many sorts all the year round, all over the world. “Variety is the spice of life,” we are told. Then appreciate the great and wonderful change this industry has given us.

We mention the sewing machine, and weaving and knitting machines. In old days all was hand work. Now even our shoes can be machine-made in great part. Truly, here are vast and striking improvements.

Let us not forget photography. We cherish the fame, we love the genius of the ancients—the great of those days or of today. What would we not give to possess the features of the old worthies we so highly esteem? Today that is our gift, marvelous in its use and extent; even colors do not defy us on the sensitive plate.

We close with the word “liberty” because our modern life and efforts have put new meaning to that word—known ages ago, but marred by slavery. Emancipation was surely known of old: to our sorrow we knew slavery as a modern term for us: but little by little, enlightenment has come, the fetters are broken, we redeem ourselves from that reproach.

Right here in Massachusetts, the fearless ones raised their voices until, in the end, social and political liberty was complete throughout our land—equal liberty, equal rights, equal protection, and opportunity for all under the flag.

And this inspiration has spread to all civilized lands, working its ends, more or less perfectly, until slavery is well nigh abolished: it lingers in spots only. Thus onward and upward goes the human mind and body unfettered; great have been the changes; the future will see greater ones beyond a doubt.

A Boston Brew of Tea Sir!

By GRANDPA

March 25, 1916

Of 'seventy-three the tale we sing,
That famous brew whose taste did sting:
The deed on winter's night was done, Sir.
A noble pot to make our brew
From Boston port the waves to strew.
 And Johnny Bull
 Did drink his full,
For relish to his taste, Sir!

The monarch proud of England's shore,
Thought tax on tea was pence in store:
But soon his tone was changed, Sir.
For Yankees bold will pay no tax,
Where principles are found too lax:
 King George did taste
 And made a face,
That never yet was straight, Sir!

Not all the strength of English might,
Nor coming years in fame so bright,
Could wash his mouth of tea, Sir.
It shook his nerve as never yet,
Into his pate new ideas let:
 J. B. may strive
 On pence to thrive: —
We served **his**, piping hot, Sir!

From small beginnings much may come: —
Across the years we view their sum.
Our stamps were not for George, Sir.
Our gallant sires undaunted were,
In fight for Freedom sweet and pure.
 For Johnny Bull,
 Could pull no wool,
Across the Yankee's eyes, Sir!

Their noble fame to us e'er brings
A trust and hope wroth more than kings;
A quenchless flame to guard, Sir.
In courage tried our Temples rear,
With mem'ries true to shield from fear,
 Fail we do not,
 (Nor rights forgot)
To twist the Lion's tail, sir!

That brand of tea should now be named,
For spicey flavor justly famed: —
The Hub's exclusive brew, Sir.
Pekoe, Hyson, Bohea, Oolong,
May find some praise in other song.
 But for its vim,
 And snap so grim,
Gundpower be its name, Sir!

IN AUTUMN'S DAY

By GRANDPA

October 16, 1916

Ah yes! the sweetest spot of fate
Is standing at the door.
While Future opens wide the gate,
For us to see before:
The golden Autumn of the year,
That in our life does glow,
When ripest fruits of hope are near,
No frost our hearts can show!

No greater gift than this we know,
Life to us, Death may give:
It crowns our sordid lot below,
For eons hence to live.
To cross that gate in Autumn's Day.
Our journey then begun,
That never has an end we say.
For spice of life, we've won!

There are ups and downs to ev'ryone.
And some slip on the way:
No grouch can help a soul to shun,
Those pitfalls where we stray.
There's Autumn in each year of life—
We on the threshold bide—
That we may pray new lives to rear,
Called past those portals wide!

So wage the fight as best we may,
No whining or retreat,
We gain the prize in Autumn's day,
That faith led us to meet.
With conscience clear to any stain,
Kind thoughts for fellow man,
And cheerful memory's wise refrain,
To guide the road we scan!

Hopeful and helping, all the while,
Nor heed the scornful eye,
The sullen face, or freezing smile,
Where self alone, we spy:
Avoid the fawning, oily knave,
Whose dulcet voice is heard,
In honeyed phrase, who promise gave,
But did not keep his word!

The friend of all, by whom we stand,
As loyal to his cum,
Is just the man whose faithful hand
We clasp, till death has come:
His beaming eye, and winning smile,
Whose tongue no slander knows,
Knits soul to soul as steel; no guile
Has he, for jealous foes!

Thus may we live till death shall blind
Our eyes from mortal strife!
And Faith, a flame, to gold refined
The clay of earthly life!
Our ransomed souls shall then behold,
Heaven's seraphic lay,
As we pass o'er that wide threshold,
Beyond, in Autumn's Day!

THE QUIET HOUR

Dedicated to our new Chapel, Massachusetts
State Prison, Sunday November 26, 1916

By GRANDPA

Mid granite walls of sombre hue,
Some hundreds shut-ins live
In daily toil, with pleasures few,
Their cream of life they give.
Through all the days from Monday morn,
One joy to each does call;
That Sunday is not quite forlorn,
'Tis peaceful rest for all.

Then gathered in the Chapel Hall
The Youth, with eager face,
And Age, whose grizzled locks recall
The end we all can trace
Each one his mind in brightness lifts
His thoughts to higher scenes,
While gazing on these graceful gifts,
So much to all it means.

The outside is not test to say
What jewel lies within:
The crust of life does overlay
The gold that makes us kin.
In skillful toil, by cunning hands,
These marvels have been done;
Where Grace with Beauty blended stands:
Their charm our hearts have won.

No fretted vault or pillared aisle
Is this, for praise or prayer:
Nor do we need a sculptured pile —
Our Lord is with us there.
The rainbow hues of varied light
On altar, pulpit shine:
And spacious walls have colors bright,
Where glowing splendors twine.

It is the work of Comrades, all:
The Choir in song does thrill;
And Orchestra and Band do call
On each his part to fill.
The curving lines, in hopeful mien,
Melody do shower;
Too short for us the time is seen
At this, the quiet hour.

Each soul a temple rears in time,
A secret shrine to dwell,
Where Conscience rings her moral chime.
Our hearts to Virtue swell.
“ 'Tis ne'er too late to mend,” we find,
And help is swift and strong,
If moral courage steels the mind,
To choose twixt right and wrong.

The parting of the ways we face
Here at the quiet hour:
Each one the past may now retrace
Who heeds its silent power.
And winning voice, with fervid prayer
Of Chaplains do impart
The warning, knowledge, hope, to share,
Ere we at last do part.

Hope spreads her wings within these
walls,
Through sad the life we see:
And Faith Divine unceasing calls,
Whate'er our lot may be;
And far beyond the soaring dome
Our grateful hearts do rise:
We vow no more in sin to roam,
For virtue wins the prize.

A La Miss Suffragette

First lines after being released from 40 years
in solitary confinement, Feb. 7, 1917

Of many questions, one has fame —
Insistent women ballots claim:
And worried men, with jaws agape,
Are hoping this demand to shape
In such a way, as to leave to some,
A portion say, — referendum.

Many the men, varied the mind,
As true today as seasons wind:
On many questions we opine
Miss Suffragette oft holds the line.
And Solomon with all his wit,
Hard pressed would be for answer fit.

And yet a means to clear the way,
And rights of man no part betray,
Is found in giving each a share.
By equal work, the vote to pare;
For work of both is not in trim
Where family jars may knock and swim.

No votes for man or woman too,
Sad havoc in our lives we view;
And all for men or women still,
Is yet a question where we thrill,
In woman's work let her vote take
From man his vote: all for her sake;
And give to man his vote for work.
Which suffragettes with reason shirk.

If Brothers may themselves entwist,
And fight or differ, as I wist,
Here is an answer all may prize —
In every house, whate'er the size: —
And cooing words, that home will fill,
For Buddy then is Buddy still,
With curtain lectures on the bill.

LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW

FROM MY SEAT IN THE CHAPEL

By GRANDPA

October 20, 1917

At times we sit and gaze,
Across the city's maze;
 And here or there,
 Its views compare,
While eyes in marvel blaze.
City on hill tops three –
Close by the fertile sea –
 Fain would we seek,
 Our thoughts to speak,
When looking out on thee.

Shops and homes, varied quite,
Varied hues greet the sight;
 Though mostly dun
 The colors run
In beauty all bedight.
North or East, Southerly,
Uneven roof we see;
 And over all,
 A misty pall,
Of fog or smoke, maybe.

Sky scrapers' dizzy height,
Elsewhere may give delight;
 Staid Boston shows,
 A measured pose
In feet, with air and light.
Streets, green trees embower,
Mark the Custom Tower!
 And Bunker Hill,
 That bitter pill,
To the English power.

If up our eyes we raise,
Beyond the mist and haze,
 Sunshine and light,
 Blue ether bright,
Give hope of clearer days.
For life in mists is hid,
We may not lift the lid;
 'Tis better so,
 Sometime we'll know –
When life's window is slid.

BE MY VALENTINE

By Grandpa

February 14th, 1918

I long have had a Valentine,
Nor February was the time;
And changing months or years don't bring
Me less of joy, and peace to sing;
For fairy face, for ease in life,
Or wealth of Ind, great is the strife;
Some rise to gain the prize in time,
But that is not my Valentine.

While men and women daily meet,
And life with care is oft replete,
Where selfishness is still the rule,
And many do their neighbors fool;
The choice of all that we shall make –
As inward thought our actions take –
Is not the human porcupine.
That we would have as Valentine.

St. Valentine! the Day of Hearts!
A blessing and a joy imparts
To all who heed its loving mood,
For others think and self eschewed;
Hearts of Gold, fain do we seek,
And find them too, for hearts do speak;
Then is the happy choice refine,
For there we have our Valentine.

There's many sorts from which to choose:
The fair of face, the sprightly muse,
And some anaemic, thin and sour,
Where love does flee the gilded bower;
And then we have the virago,
Whose tongue both ends a-wagging go;
To joke and mirth some do incline,
And here oft is our Valentine.

My Valentine,
As hearts entwine!
In all the days of all the years,
One image only soothes and cheers;
In loving touch and kindly word,
In gentle voice, so long unheard;
To change may I in thought decline,
While Mother be my Valentine!

MOTHER'S DAY

By GRANDPA

May 12, 1918

The World has many days
To pray or celebrate;
Each nation sets a date
For honors or displays.
But over all the earth
All climes and people heed
That Mother's Day may lead
For her who gave us birth.

The days glide on apace,
And once again we see
That all do now agree
Dear mother's name to grace.
Sweet memory doth hail
Her children, far and near,
To think of her so dear
Who never them did fail.

And precious is the time
When mother's voice we hear
Low toned, sweetly sincere
To point the way sublime.
Her lessons to cherish
Though once we're fain to sniff,
As from the paths we drift,
Quite heedless in our wish.

But courage children, all!
Though some have gone astray,
Dear mother knows always;
In time we heed her call.
Her sympathy so deep,
Her loving sacrifice,
Bid us to gain the prize,
E'en though she fell asleep.

For mother's love can save
Her children who on earth
Vow life shall be of worth.
Recalling what she gave.
Through blinding tears we see—
Her love shall head the smart—
The magnet of her heart
Draws each one to her knee.

“OVER THE TOP” IN NO MAN’S LAND

Dedicated to Brigadier General Charles Flamand

By GRANDPA

May 28, 1918

Over the Top, in No Man’s Land,
By tremulous light of dawn,
Our heroes charge – an eager band –
Leading the hope forlorn;
Shoulder to shoulder on they go,
Nor shrink at the hail of the lead;
Bayonets leveled send the foe
Reeling in heaps of dead.

No Man’s Land is a gruesome sight,
Where the martial hosts are warring;
Strewn on the ground, death reaps in
might
His harvest, overflowing;
Groans of the wounded sighing in pain,
Gaseous clouds choking its way –
Roaring of cannons’ deep refrain,
That frightfulness may sway.

Over the top in No Man’s Land,
Where death is e’er stalking his prey,
Ravaged by shells on either hand,
Sunny France gives dismay;
Our cause is just and must prevail –
Treasures we lavish, sorrow scorn –
Drilling in Huns their might shall fail,
And **Kultur** be uptorn.

When at last we’re over the top,
What blissful joy and pride our lot,
Cleansing the land as with hyssop;
Then “Blightly” – dearest spot.
Honors and peace – nations free –
Tears for the fallen – orphans cheer
World-wide the hymn of jubilee –
Heal No Man’s Land, so drear.

COLUMBUS DAY

1492- 1918

By Grandpa

From Palos on a fateful day
In Sunny Spain, there sailed away,
Three little ships of ancient build,
Whose voyance thence, the world has thrilled.
O'er seas unknown, on unseen lands,
Divinely led, Columbus stands,
And found a New World, spreading fair,
That coming ages was to share.

Four hundred years and more have gone,
Since that great man, in early morn
Unfurled his flag; and claimed for King
Of Spain, all those shores far reaching;
But Spain today, has ne'er a claim.
To hide her reign of greed and shame;
United peoples, rich and free,
Are working out their destiny.

Great was the gift Columbus gave
The Old World – rising from its grave
Of ages Dark; – a thousand yaers
Of Ignorance, and slavish fears;
Where America's name is known,
We find her fame on breezes blown; –
A chance for all; – no tyrants **there**,
Each one is free her gifts to share.

And blessings from the New World came;
Her Science, Arts, and Commerce claim
The greater shame in all the time
Since first Columbus knew her clime;
A leaven that has changed the earth –
For better, greater things of worth –
Than e'er was seen before his day,
Or even dreamed of, truth to say.

Many men on history's page
We view and cherish to this age;
Their acts or words, immortal stand,
Inspiring us to efforts grand;
Columbus had his day of fame,
Then felt the grief that fetters claim;
Today, the World that he had found,
Bows in his honor, to the ground.

Thanksgiving Day

1918

By Grandpa

This State began – 'tis years ago –
What now as Thanksgiving, we know: –
In solemn mien, with praise and prayer,
And tables groaning with the fare; –
No Hoover **then**, to raise his voice,
In vexing rules, to curb their choice;
With savage guests the feast was sped,
And pumpkins, Turkey, rapture shed.

'Tis good to eat that one may live; –
The fruitful earth has much to give,
And those to whom we owe this day,
Found Thanksgiving, their toils repay.
A rugged clime, a stranger land,
And wasting sickness, thinned their band;
Undaunted by their woes they see
There's ample cause, to thankful be.

And we, the heirs of sterner sires –
Whose worth and deeds, our life inspires,
In humbleness and gratitude,
Exhalt Thanksgiving to our mood.
With thankful hearts, and grateful mien,
Heaven's mercies, the land has seen;
In Union find the nation strong
To firmly crush the German wrong.

Harvests rich of varied name,
Work a-plenty all may claim,
Wages raised, social ease,
Martial fame, with victory please;
Our gallant sons across the sea,
Bring ruthless Huns unto their knee;
The quaking foe in his despair,
Pleads loud for peace. – but to ensnare.

New England much the world has gave, and
we her sons in times so grave,
Of private ills, can set no store; –
The greater good, put to the fore.
Content in mind, we cheerful face
The road in life that we must pace; –
In Thanksgiving, let's try and see
That fellow man may thankful be.

I AM AN AMERICAN

By GRANDPA

December 9, 1918

The closing of the war—the world-wide war, it may well be named—by an armistice, November 11, 1918, marks in a striking and forceful way, what we may well hope to be, the final scene in a warlike drama, having its beginning at the peace of Versailles in 1871, marking the close of the war between France and Germany.

That it should have had a sequel was inevitable to every student of affairs, in view of the heart-burnings, and unsatisfactory conclusions to which it came. France was by no means so crippled that time and revenge could not help her, and Germany, raised apparently to the pinnacle of human triumph, was yet far from an assured stability, which could stand the shock of contest.

During more than forty-three years Germany, in the terms of her greatest leader and statesman, Bismarck, applied the policy of “blood and iron”, parading before a startled and unready world a policy of military preparedness so thorough, well thought out and established as a system, a marvel of efficiency and readiness, that when the time came—“der tag”—she was able to demonstrate to what lengths a singleness of purpose and endeavor could carry a united nation; and Germany was united in a marvellous way in truth, for war with anybody. But here is the point: theory and practice are two different things, and while organization, and thorough preparation may as a theory work out without a flaw, the human element can go only so far, and the limits of human endurance are soon reached.

Germany, therefore, overshot herself—bit off more than she could chew, to quote a familiar saying—and in all the war the strain upon her over-exerted armies has stopped them, every time, in fair center to victory.

Germany has not gained in this way any distinct, definite military victory; this, too, in spite of vast preparations, devoted endeavor, brilliant strategy. Witness the Marne 1914—checked with victory in her grasp; again in the strife to win the Channel ports, shortly after the above; again, in spite of superiority in forces and choice of position and maneuver, she remained on the defensive, retreating finally to the so-called Hindenburg line.

Nineteen-eighteen saw the culmination and collapse of her military machine. apparently victorious in breaking the British lines in March, the truth is that victories of that sort merely camouflaged a real defeat for her, because so costly, exhausting and destructive to her military establishment were her offensives that a few more such “victories” would have been a more speedy undoing for her.

It cannot be denied that in the open field fighting Germany won no decisive victory, in defense warfare her system was a stunning surprise and in a measure successful; but urged on by the high command her armies and morale were exhausted in fruitless effort, which, from the Marne 1914 to the Marne 1918, destroyed and crippled future opportunity. The entrance of America was the death knell of German

hope for victory. The world has seen many wars, since Babel's tower caused confusion among men, confounding concerted human effort. In one sense, the world has never seen war waged on so vast a scale; imposing and impressive for the forces employed, the destructiveness and expense of the armed collision, and the surprising novelty of its warlike instruments employed. In this sense it is well named a world war, because also never yet have so many nations grappled with a common foe, as in this war. And no one can avoid, seeing the well sustained combination of Germany and Austria with Turkey and Bulgaria standing alone, as it were, expressing appreciation of the magnificent and valorous efforts put forth to achieve victory; but, as I have said, human limits, human nature was overtaken, forgotten, and although the Allies were kept at bay as it were, the very pressure of their numbers and the unshrinking and ceaseless valor, the Allies at last burst through the barriers vaunted as impregnable, and found back of them a foe exhausted, decimated without the morale of a just cause—fighting fiercely, merely to retreat to one or last positions. The magnificent efforts of the Allies, untied to check the presumptuous and boundless ambitions of Germany, are crowned at last with a victory unsurpassed in the annals of history, from the magnitude of its results and the drastic terms of its armistice. The peace to follow will undoubtedly express the results and likewise purposes of these four years of utter warfare. It is to be sincerely hoped that in its results and consequences, a vital blow has been, and will forever be regarded, as struck to what is known as militarism. For more than forty years Germany has posed before the world as the one nation absolutely delivered over to armament, militarism, in its most aggravated form. Her example, an armed threat on the midst of Europe, has alarmed and influenced other nations, under plea of self-protection, to follow suit, more or less. The vastness of these military preparations and precautions have exhausted, by their burdens, to a greater or less degree, the nations of the world. Stupendous has been the bill in money, inexpressibly expensive morally and physically, the burden and the results on the people of each country, who in the end, pay all the bills, whether in money or otherwise, by their blood sacrifices, sufferings and daily exertions.

There are many tactics of peace in history. The eighteenth century is especially prolific of them, and a perusal of those treaties show that they were mostly to settle European affairs, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and Turkey being aligned more or less with or against others, as friends or foes. And the treaty of peace of today will embrace the same old parties including Italy and the new world—China and Japan—for the first time. To, the far-reaching results, the conflicting interests of the warring parties, mark an epoch in history, and as peace is decided, will depend for many years to come, the future history of the world, profoundly affecting the remotest and most obscure corners of each hemisphere, and influencing and controlling human thought and intercourse in an especial manner. It is not possible even to set forth just what form the terms of peace may take; interests so vast and varied; jealousies, ambitions, security for the future, recognition of forces until now only tolerated but today ascendant, and wrongs to be redressed—all will claim recognition.

One fact, however, is striking in its significance. America, the United States, will sit at the council table, and her voice and decision will be potent. For the first time in

our National life this fact is so. Beginning with the Spanish-American War we have entered more or less the Congress of Nations. The results of that war imposed upon us duties, responsibilities and opportunities, of which the founders of this republic had never dreamed, or better say, never contemplated as actualities for us.

Washington's farewell address sets forth our avoidance of entangling foreign alliances. The world has moved since his day, and self protection, as well as the mission of freedom and democracy (our inheritance from those who founded our Nation), allow and justify our proceedings in this war—forced on us—and our participation in the settlement at the peace congress.

We have no alliance with any nation; our hands are not tied nor do we have any interest in what is between the original combatants, except so far as the peace to be may give us reparation for the past and security for the future. But—and here is the significant point—we are a government by and of the people; liberty, freedom, law and equality are our standards and safeguards, secured to us by the efforts of our ancestors, from an unwilling source. It is remarkable, that, as I have before pointed out, the people of Russia, Austria, Bulgaria and Germany have at last broken the fetters of oppression, the human limit has been reached and passed by them, more or less, and as a result of the strain these people have overturned their masters, seizing the power of the State, contributing to the final knockout blow to Germany and what she stood for. The people are coming into their own; with many mistakes and excesses, with uncertain and blundering efforts, nevertheless rising to a recognition that kings and militarism are not the only and sole objects in life, but that the people themselves have some power and should have some privilege in national life. Just what the outcome of these revolutions will be, it is hard to predict, because Europe is a monarchical country; it is born in the people, ingrained in them by centuries of their form of polity. Beginning about the time of our revolution, there have been more or less instances of popular outbreaks—revolutions if you will—in these same countries, and their results, up to this time are but to give a few instances of popular recognition to the people—retaining their monarchs mostly, with all that implied; 1789, 1830 and 1848 can be cited to confirm our statement, but this is the 20th century; those people today see themselves in power as the source of authority, and we, a nation of popular sovereignty based upon the people, can only hope for the best result in the future of these interesting, inexperienced efforts of oppressed nations. Our voice and influence will no doubt be theirs at the peace table, but how far can we go, how potent our influence, is a grave problem. The ruthlessness and cynical contempt display by Germany, call for strong measures for the future, and we hope and pray that although human agreements are never perfect, however well-meaning, witness the Hague conferences, so well-meaning—there will be in the stress of present circumstances a determination to blot out all that stood for this war, relieving forever future generations of its many onerous burdens, strengthening the bonds of brotherhood and democracy in all that it stands for; then our dead will not have died in vain.

Throughout the world liberty, justice, freedom, and good will may mark 1918 as the beginning of a new era, when the Prince of Peace and His teachings may rule forever.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

Offered by THE VOLUNTEER'S GAZETTE

— CONDITIONS —

"The story must not exceed 200 words in length, and must be written on one side of the paper. The story or essay can be written in any form that appeals to the writer, either in the form of a letter, a parable, an incident, or an essay."

HOW TO MAKE GOOD IN PRISON

By GRANDPA

Dec 12, 1918.

My continuous imprisonment since 1874, convinces me that, character as the foundation, a purpose, ideals, clean-living, will give prisoners assurance of "making good," though lacking applause of their fellows, or official favor, thus living. There are many ways whereby character is formed or shown. Truthfulness, trustworthiness are essentials — avoiding "grouches;" cheerfulness and obedience are there too; adding the Golden Rule of life, prisoners may, **do** "make good" — become useful citizens, forsaking evil, looking to religion to steady safeguard, in trial or temptation. Personal grace, talents, unusual crimes, give some a large share of good things in Prison — easing the way; the adroit may, oft do climb to official favor; but as a rule, such "trusties" are not reformed men, do not in fact, though apparently, "make good," returning on release. Many are unmasked in Prison, prejudicing the chance of others, especially the inarticulate plodding ones, who mean and try to do well in their obscure way — having hearts of gold; such **do** "make good," their conscience at peace, without official recognition, perhaps misunderstood — a large prison class. Up to date penal systems greatly help to "make good."

NOTE — My composition was within the above conditions; and I received a \$1.00 prize — the first money earned by any of my writings.

SCHOOL BOYS AGAIN

By Grandpa

Dedicated to the Boys of Old Charlestown Schools

Feb. 3rd, 1919.

Now gathered in the banquet hall,
The boys of other days,
With jest and song, or story call
To mind our youthful ways.
Time in its flight
Leaves but delight—
Schoolmates again, are we.

The school of life may work a change,
In those once young and fair;
Gray locks or wrinkles can't estrange
The boyish hearts we share.
Though time disguise
It does suffice—
Schoolmates again, are we.

Sweet memories of long ago
Your joys can never fade!
Whate'er to each, time may bestow.
In ways sedate, or staid.
Gems of Charlestown,
Stars of renown,
Schoolmates again, are we.

L'Envoi.
Dear comrades, thanks for golden store
Of friendship, none misdoubt;
Till, gathered on the other shore,
Life's school at last is out.
The bell is rung,
Tasks down are flung,
Schoolmates again, are we!

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

By GRANDPA

February 10, 1919

The white lights of Broadway,
The bright lights where we stray,
 Cannot compare
 With sweet lights there
At home, where loved ones wait.

Though journey far we may
To foreign lands away,
 Their tender gleams
 Far sweeter seems.
Though bright are lights out there.

The lights of Home shine out,
On paths we tread in doubt;
 They beckon fair
 To havens where
We are safe with those we love.

Their arms about us press,
And eyes their love confess
 For those who stray
 From Home away;
In the lights at home were blest.

In peace and love we rest,
Spurred on to do our best;
 Home lights divine
 All else outshine.
They're the best of all, we say

A SCOTCH BREW

By Grandpa

Feb. 12th, 1919.

I have often said, and in writing too, about our concerts in the chapel, that the angle from which I view these things is somewhat different from that of my fellow prisoners, because my life of seclusion since 1874, when I was 14 years old, to within the last few years, gave me little opportunity to see things on the outside of Prison, though I read much of the bright and changing life I knew not of. We have had here an Irish night, and Paddy was all over the place: we have had a Jewish night—a judicious performance; we have also had other concerts from our kind friends who think of us, and try to make our lives better and more hopeful by their efforts in entertaining. Now a Scotch concert is entirely new to me: at various times, in our varied concerts here, as in May, 1917, when the little boys and girls choir from St. Joseph's church sang "Bonnie Doon;" and again when I first heard a Phonograph in 1915, a few Scotch songs have charmed my ears; yet last Friday was the first time in my life to hear an entirely Scotch concert; to view the peculiar and striking Scotch costume of Kilt and Cap; to hear a bagpipe in Scotch tunes; to see Scotch Dances. I must say it was a charming performance from beginning to end.

I have read much of the poems and songs of Scotland. "Annie Laurie" appeals to every heart; but I often ask myself what is the especial charm in the Scotch literature that so takes captive all people. That night I found my answer.

Burns is popular today because his poems are tuned to the heartstrings of his people—the simple homely lives of a kindly nation, which in the hard struggle to wring a living from their native land, fertile only in moors and mountains, have found solace and encouragement in the joys of home life. Passionately fond of their native land—too small to support the swarms of living Scotch—wherever they go, and no corner of the world is without Sandy or Mac someone—it is ever of Scotland, its glories, its story, they sing. And how strikingly appealing to every heart are the beautiful songs and dances, such as those of last Friday night. The home life was there before us: the elders and children each in their part.

Beginning with the "Star Spangled Banner," we next had the "Scottish Blue Bells" by Madame Chalmers; it was an agreeable presentation and was strongly encored. Then we had a performed whom I view as the bright star of the evening:—Miss Catherine Wilson in her fascinating and, to me, novel and beautiful dancing; first a Sailor's hornpipe in costume; and afterwards, in the Kilt and costume of her native land, a Highland Fling and another dance of which I know not the name, to the shrilling of the Bagpipes in the accomplished hands of Sergeant Major Smith.

To me this was all very interesting and beautiful; and as this winsome lassie tripped into the arms of Mr. Rodger, the conductor of our concert, to be introduced as some dancer, I quite lost my heart to her, and told myself here is the secret of the Scotch

character—its mutual love and dependence on individual helpfulness. After “Willie Brewed a Peck of Maut,” a striking Scotch trio by the Wilsons and Rodger, we were thrilled by “Bonnie Doon” by Miss Rodger. Her encore was enjoyable and then Mr. Rodger tried to convince us that “It’s Nice To Get Up in the Mornin’,” a song well rendered, but to some rank heresy in its sentiments. The jokes and quips of this gentleman gave a peculiar and enjoyable aroma to our concert and gave the lie to the old saw that a joke can’t enter a Scotch head unless by a surgical operation. He surely was a canny Scot, and his dry humor a well of pleasure. The twinkle of his eye belied the soberness of his face, and our little dancer, who next came on, was not in the least afraid of him. Her Highland dances in costume I have referred to above and she danced off with all our hearts. Mine is safe in her keeping, and I wish I had a little guardian angel like her to dance and charm at home. But, though I may never enter that forbidden land and know its joys, I am glad that others here may enter there to know its peace and bliss, to share its joys.

After “Mary of Argyle,” a pathetic haunting song, and its stirring encore, “March of the Cameron Men” by Mr. Walter Wilson, we had a chance to hear the concertina in the hands of Mr. Reid—a masterful performance—who was encored again and again. We could have listened to him until the “wee sma’ hours.” Next to our little dancer, he was easily a star performer. “The Inquisitive Kid,” by W.J. Wilson, showed that the infant terrible was as much Scotch as anything else and the encore about McKENZIE’S legs was quite to the occasion and hugely enjoyed.

The Piping by Sergeant Smith was a novel and stirring treat to me—to see him march along the platform and play so finely various popular airs the while, was very good.

The singing and mandolin playing of Mr. W. Wilson—a different Wilson from “Mary of Argyle”—brought down the house: his mountain song and yodel, his mandolin song, “Ting a Ling Ling,” will never be forgotten by me, and all the time he played or sung, his face was as solemn as only a Scotchman’s can be when joking. The song “Angus McDonald” by Madame Chalmers, finely rendered and deservedly encored in “Hail the Heroes,” brought us to the charming and expressive duet by Madame Chalmers and Walter Wilson, a characteristic Scotch song and scene.

Then came the final piece, a toe dance by our little friend, Miss Wilson, in fancy costume with flags bedecked and waving flags in her hand. I have read that our doughboys “over there” are on their toes, but this little lady went all over the stage on her toes in a Victory dance—most wonderful for its perfectness and airy grace and talent. To a lively tune from the piano she kept perfect step and triumphantly went through what must have been a most difficult number to her. A storm of applause gave another graceful dance as an encore, and smiling and skipping she went off, all, I am sure, wishing her every happiness and success in the future for the great pleasure she gave us that evening.

Auld Lang Syne by our band and all present, closed a remarkable evening.

Thanks are due the administration and our friends for the treat, lifting us out of the rut of prison life: giving us sweet pleasure in the bright life outside; hope and cheer for the future, and a feeling that friends are thinking and planning for us, and that we will “make good” for their sake.

During 38 years I have been eating oatmeal and so I must be more or less a Scot: besides this, over 300 years ago from the rugged shores of Scotland my mother's ancestors sailed to the Kennebec in Maine; so, no doubt, as a Campbell through her, I am Scotch. I shall never forget this concert and all it means for me—feeling at home, as it were, with the Wilsons and Rodgers there present.

IN JOYS OF SCOTCH

Dedicated to Miss Catherine Wilson

In Kilt adorned, on tripping feet,
Our winsome dancer goes—
A Scottish sunbeam, bright and sweet,
To charm away our woes.
With airy grace, in Highland fling,
She steps in perfect time,
While Scotia's pipes shrill echoes bring,
And hearts bow to her rhyme.

The songs of Scotland soothe our ears—
We praise her homely life—
Or vibrate when to war she cheers
The Clans, sae fierce in strife.
We love the games, where yellow gorse
Or heathers purple vie,
To deck the braes where athletes course.
Sae bonnie to the eye.

While sterling worth, and manly men
From Scotland ever roam,
Whose lads and lassies to our ken
Are images of home,
We doff the cap and loud proclaim—
And friendly hands entwine—
That virtues such as theirs bring fame,
And join in Aud Lang Syne.

FIRST MINSTREL SHOW

By GRANDPA

—Charlestown Enterprise, March 29, '19.

A unique account of the minstrel show recently given at the Charlestown State Prison is that from the pen of Jesse Pomeroy which The Charlestown Enterprise publishes below. Mr. Pomeroy had never before witnessed a minstrel show and was delighted and exceedingly entertained as shown by the following article which appears in its entirety:

Gathered in our Auditorium or Chapel Hall, Monday evening, February 24th, 1919, was a company embracing the beauty and officialdom of our community and those interested in us. Not only this, but all the prison population as well, were present to see and enjoyment the most unique, snappy and breezy performance seen in this prison. It was exceptional because by home talent; black face artists among the prisoners, in gorgeous but tasty and striking dress, to the number of forty, were grouped upon a new high platform gayly bedecked with flags and streamers in four rans; and below a string orchestra and piano gave tune and time to the various numbers of song, monologue, dance and instrumental parts. An interlocutor in their midst on the platform in immaculate evening dress suit, and the able and talented director, J.J. Mullen, jr., introduced and steered the various artists and their selections.

Commencing about 7.15 by a chorus by the entire company on the stage, the curtains were then drawn back and until about 10 wit and humor, fun, jokes, songs, ballads, dances and striking and novel interludes of whistling and instrumental playing were in order and hugely enjoyed. Standing room was at a premium; still they came, was the comment, and like a street car, there was always room. After the opening chorus, a sambo overture was in order and the artists, ten in number, sure did themselves proud. From this time on, a gale of laughter and applause welcomed and rewarded the efforts of our talented, if inexperienced, artists.

The writer is handicapped in reviewing this minstrel show because never before has he seen one—although he has lived fifty-nine years; but it is well said “All things come to him who waits.” Nevertheless, it seems a mighty long wait to him. It is therefore not possible to make any comparisons experience might give, and in fact, the wholesome, artistic and talented performance by these prisoners speaks for itself, and marks an era of prison possibilities.

There is unquestionably talent of many sorts here: encouragement and opportunity will not only bring it out, but develop and satisfy because all men are not

alike. Some in one way, others in different ways, have a streak that, rightly fostered, will do much to redeem and help in individual ways, one's effort to "make good."

The entire performance was a new thing to the writer. The end men were strange and fascinating beings; well known, perhaps, in gray, but so disguised in white ducks, black or polka dot coats and gorgeous neckties half down their breasts with the fashionable tints of black and vermilion on their faces, that their own mothers could not identify them. It was therefore not strange that our Warden requested his usual guests "to file out" – and be counted – before the other guests, our visitors.

The farm song by Bartlett, "The Rose of No Man's Land" by Doherty, and "Lil Liza Jane" by Rags Anderson were capital and richly deserving the marked applause they received. Some were colored in truth, but the paint made all alike, yet the "coon" element was in each case well supplied. "Till We Meet Again" by Galvin was a charming song, encored of course; his voice has high reaches and is sustained in pleasing style at the end. We then had one of the great hits, "Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia" by Bruff a song that brought down the house in spasms of laughter and storms of applause. A character sketch by Berman in a Jewish speciality was another hit of the evening. He finely portrayed the Hebrew in daily life and perplexity, his funny talk for English, amusing blunders and sharp eye for the main chance, "monish." Another ballad, "I Was Only Kidding, Girlie" by Kimball, was a sweet pathetic ditty, and encored heartily: his voice is deep and resonant, probably a baritone, and pleasing always. All of our songs etc., were in good taste, perfect time and in many cases original to the inmates, the composition as well as the music, too, in many of them. They marked a new point of view before unsuspected. Nevertheless prisoners can and do write both music and songs worth producing by all music lovers.

Some thirty-two years ago, the writer urged or asked in a note to the then Warden that some change might be made in the prison, especially in the diet; the usual food, for instance, might be served in different ways, instancing the fish hash – a standby for years. He suggested fish balls – the same stuff in another shape. This horrifying idea was promptly disowned by the authorities and a highly sensational account of the incident was published in the Boston Weekly Transcript – with the usual trimmings where reference was ever made by the papers, to this prisoner. Yet time has brought us our fish balls, and we may say unlike the college song, "we do serve bread with our fish balls."

Again the writer has often suggested to some of the powers interested in giving us entertainments, that the blank between February 22 and Thanksgiving without, at that time, stated entertainments, might be bridged by the prisoners entertaining each other – not dreaming, however, of a Minstrel show although hoping that those so kind to us in providing our concerts might be invited and so receive our grateful appreciation. It is a pleasure to see the changes time brings to the Prison. The performers of our minstrel show are to be congratulated. Careful preparation; diligent practice; painstaking effort; novel and striking numbers; enthusiastic team work; individual excellence in many parts, and unexpected talent, all combined in a Minstrel Show that was a marvel of excellence and enjoyment. Full of pep and vim – not a dull moment. The authorities may well approve and consider this striking and enjoyable significant innovation in our prison routine.

One of the most novel numbers and altogether successful performances was the whistling songs by Sutton, three times he was on the boards, and we could have heard him to the end. The same can be said of Peterson, the Quartet, Dandlin and Williams, each on their parts of song, dance, and likewise funny interludes by the end men—not forgetting Bussler in his find ballad “I’m Sorry I Made You Cry,” and the instrumental trio on mandolins it may be, by Kimball, Nucci and Anderson—a very good performance, and strongly encored. But Williams in “Somebody Lied” was a great hit; and his encore, a take-off on the songs before sung where “somebody lied” was indeed most amusing and genuinely original and witty.

We come now to the great hit of the evening, a topical song, “O Charlestown,” by Pierce, who wrote the music, the words by Dana our accomplished interlocutor of the evening—who looked as if he had worn a dress suit before—and the whole arranged by Taylor, our pianist. This number was partly monologue, partly music, and in most amusing fashion agreeably witty and telling. It detailed the advent and experiences of a “fresh fish” welcomed by Mr. Darling who fished him of all his valuables including his name, he came up against Mr. Hynes, the officials, Cass, Burke, Callaghan, Dr. McLaughlin, the Deputy, etc., and the hits and take-offs of each were fine and characteristic in each instance, hugely enjoyed by all. The piece must be heard to be appreciate, and its composition and arrangement was a skillful and enjoyable work. In the yard he comes up against “Burglar Bill” and “Grandpa” Jesse who after forty years here is consoled and patted on the back because it is no wonder he should now write “poetry.” That was a good shot and he might do worse than that.

“Loading Up the Mandy Lee” by Sidney with wonderful dancing as encore preceded the final grand chorus by the Company led by Joyce, “The Motor King,” in grand style bringing to a close an evening long to be remembered here, and one that cannot fail to impress favorably for the future officials and visitors.

It was a pleasure to present to those entertaining us, so fine a program—all home talent. The high spots were the dancing, whistling and topical song; nevertheless, all was greatly talented and pleasing, considering our place and limitations. Hearty thanks are due to the prisoners who so carefully prepared each their part: to our Warden, and to Father Murphy, Mr. Mullen for his painstaking drilling and preparation, to all the officials.

It may truly be said “There are peaches down in”—Charlestown, unless “somebody lied.”

BUNKER HILL – OUR OWN

By GRANDPA

June 12, 1919

Tis five score years and forty-four, Since Charlestown heard the battle roar; Mid smoke and flame the town was sped, And Bunker's slopes though green turned red When Scarlet Coats in vivid glow, By death lay smitten, row on row; A valiant deed – the Yankees stand For Freedom and their native land.	Some think the Yankees met their match, Since Victory they did not snatch: The laurels on the Red Coats lay, Whose bonehead tactics won, they say; The battlefield, took Johnny Bull, And taking, got his belly full: In store of powder quite bereft, We mopped them up e'er Prescott left.
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The gleaming spire upwards springs,
Nor storm nor lightning mars its wings;
And gathered every year we strew
Our garlands for those Yankess true.
By Heaven inspired; their gallant deeds,
Ring down the ages for our needs.
If true to them, we ne'er shall fail
Man's biggest hopes to see prevail.

WORKER'S CROWN

By GRANDPA

September 1, 1919

There's many a prize for one's hand,
There's many a gift at toil's command;
Who labors, and who strives to give
The best results, through time to live,
Has grasped the greatest prize we know,
In earthly honor's brilliant show;
And gifted souls their names may trace,
In works that time shall ne'er efface.

The World subdued! the toilers crown
For sturdy ones; though idlers frown,
And loo at ease, and scornful view
The grime and pains the workers knew;
In endless forms the work is set.
By endless ways the task is met;
And when at last the toil is o'er,
By humble ones, the great oft score.

Where Capital and Labor strive —
By Strikes or Riots seek to thrive —
Where discontent with envy sway
The mass of toilers, day by day,
In Wisdom, Labor may rise —
Cease to scratch out Capital's eyes;
And Capital to Labor hand
The Golden Rule, where both may stand.

Content in Work! a gift to each
Who manfully its blessing preach —
By daily life — in daily toil,
Whose recompense none can despoil;
Its peace of mind, we helpful praise —
Example laud, to mend our ways;
To eons hence — of this to be sure —
Our sacrifices, ease procure.

Three hundred years almost have gone
Since Pilgrim's saw the new world's morn;
They settled there, in Faith — and hope —
By Faith and Work they found their scope,
And now we see how well they planned —
A continent! where Freemen stand,
A beacon light — to darker lives —
A refuge where the humblest thrives.

This be the workers crown to win!
The greatest good for human kin.
And mental toil with handicraft
New vistas to our sight doth waft;
The Old world by the New is swayed —
In Brotherhood and Peace arrayed;
"A series new, of ages" roll,
Where toilers gain their highest goal.

AN INDUSTRIAL MUSE

By GRANDPA

We spread upon the Mentor's page,
A brief survey, both choice and sage
 Of what we take,
 Therefrom to make
Things fashioned out by Labor's law,
For use, in beauty, as we saw.

To do its best each shop doth try,
And varied outputs, please the eye;
 The best of shoes
 For all to choose;
And Auto-plates, with numbers true,
We fondly trust to place with you.

Nine tailors used to make a man,
But here, that saw is under ban;
 No count we'd make
 With that mistake;
Both bond and free their suits beguile
With charming cuts, in cutest style.

And Hosiery, both short and long,
With underwear, so neat and strong;
 Our Brushes too
 Of all sorts view;
And Mattresses for modest sum,
With waves shaped from Aluminum.

The round of shops we now have made,
And reckon to supply your trade;
 But ere we stop –
 The Printing Shop,
Does skillful work in many ways,
Where Ink and "Pi" cheer all their days.

A trade to each would ease the strain
And practice from our preaching gain;
 No strikes we view –
 Walkouts taboo;
With cheerful toil fain would we hope
Each end have its envelope.

LETTER of APPRECIATION

of the visit of

GEN. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

A remarkable letter of appreciation of General Edwards' recent visit to the Charlestown Prison has been written by Jesse Pomeroy. The letter is as follows:

"Rev. M.J. Murphy, Chaplain M.S.P.:

"Rev. Sir—Our chapel is fast becoming a notable gathering place where we are privileged to meet and to hear the best that Boston or elsewhere can present.

"The coming today of Gen. Edwards, the first commander of our famous 26th division—the Yankee division—was, in every sense, a most remarkable event to the prison. The wheels of industry here are not stopped for everybody who may have a speech for us; yet, the message of the general was well worth the occasion and the man. Seldom can a speaker to us relate matters wherein we have participated through some of our number's acts, especially in so creditable a manner as in this world war. And our general was most generous and hopeful to us in all his references to what, in common speech, is called a 'jail bird.'

"It is no pleasure to be in prison; yet the pride of patriotism and true manhood, displayed by the inmates here, in our varied war activities, is a noble and justly treasured record. Our service emblem has at least 65 as the number from among us to join the army or navy, and five gold stars mark the supreme sacrifice for our county. I need not speak of the money subscribed in bonds, war stamps or in charitable ways—K.C., Red Cross, or otherwise. Truly, jail birds, even those in the 26th division, now how to do and die when necessary. It was therefore especially interesting to us to hear the general, since he knew a few of our jail birds—and he knew them to their honor. All of us may feel inspired to the highest ideals, realizing the significance of the general's statement, that it would regenerate most of us to have been 'over there' with him, in company with other jail birds.

"A born commander, a leader to be followed with passionate devotion, a broad-minded, even-tempered and just-dealing soldier, with sympathy and encouragement, even for jail birds, the general struck a key that is not often heard. His words cannot fail to hearten and help every man here who longs for better things. The kindness of his personality will not be forgotten; and his intimate details of how the 26th dared and did overcome the fatuous and brave Germans, contemptuous of the 'Yanks,' was a masterpiece vivid and most interesting. Our thanks are due to him and to all who gave us the unique occasion of his visit; to me in an especial way in will ever be a red letter

day, because I first saw and heard a West Point man. I now know what they are – the best ever.

I AM THINKING OF YOU

By GRANDPA

December 6, 1919

I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking –
Those days of long ago,
With hope, and sport, and fun,
Whose splendors brightly glow;
To years those Days have run,
While hope points on before –
I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking,
In days not as of yore.

I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking –
Those chums I knew awhile,
True hearted and tender,
With ne'er a thought of guile;
And time cannot hinder
A word of treasured cheer –
I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking,
And of your handclasp, dear

I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking –
Your streets and buildings fair,
Calling to me always,
As youthful I was there;
The World elsewhere displays
No spot to tempt my sight –
I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking
And dream of you at night.

I'm thinking of you,
Yes, I'm thinking –
As New Year's comes along –
Two score, nineteen hundred –
Let's heed its happy song;
While golden Hope may spread
A rainbow o'er the ways;
I'm thinking of you,
Ever thinking,
As in those early days.