THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN BY MY GRANDMOTHER, JOSEPHINE KETTLEMAN RHODES, BETWEEEN 1930 AND 1946.

SHE WAS GREAT GRANDMOTHER TO DANIEL JR., CLAUDIA AND ADMANDA. GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER TO JAMES, SETH AND THOMAS VAIL, AND SEAN DALY, AND HEATHER DALY

JOSEPHINE KETTLEMAN WAS BORN MAY 30, 1858, DECEASED DECEMBER 8,1949.

Daniel E. Grow

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In the summer of 1930 we drove from Philadelphia to Lowell, Massachusetts, hoping to find there some members of a family whose ancestor, Sir Stephen Lovett, came from England at the time when many Englishmen were moved to seek new homes and new experiences in this new land.

My interest was caused by a desire to write the story of the life of Angeline Lovett and her descendants, and that is my intention still.

As it happened, we arrived in Lowell on a very rainy day. We were not able to ramble in cemeteries, reading headstones, or to hunt for old inhabitants who might be able to give us some help. We therefore went to the Public Library where we learned that Sir Stephen had arrived in Lowell in 1710, that there were some of his descendants there as late as 1875; but not one Lovett could be found in the city directory at the time of our coming.

The employees were extremely kind to us. They became really interested in our search; there being no other visitors they all joined in the effort and brought us histories and directories which they placed on the table at which we were seated. My son, who had driven us up in his car, found the history of one Captain Lovett who had settled in Lowell in late 1600; he seems to have been the first Lovett that came and my son was so pleased with his history that he said, "Mother, I should have liked very much to have been the descendant of such a man as this."

We knew that Angeline was born there in 1829, the youngest of seven children, three boys and four girls, and we knew that the

pioneering characteristic still showed among them, all four girls having found homes west of the Mississippi River. Angeline was a quiet, studious girl; by the time she was seventeen years old she had learned all that was then taught in the public school. She had also gone as far in her studies as the minister could take her. The majority of clergymen in Massachusetts were college men, versed in Latin, Hebrew and Greek; but Mr. Lovett drew the line at Greek when Angeline asked if she might begin to study it. "No," he said, "Greek will not be of any use to a woman."

But when she asked permission to go to California with a missionary and his wife, he allowed her to go, paid her fare for the trip in a sailing vessel around the tip of South America through the Strait of Magellan, in 1846 before steam power was being used.

Angeline arrived at the port of departure only to learn that her missionary friends had failed to put in appearance. However, her fare having been paid in advance, she put her trust in God and embarked, without friends, among a large number of fellow travelers mostly unlearned and rough men, all of whom were willing to take this hazardous journey; one that might require six months of sickness, danger and untold hardship.

There was one woman, named Sarah Kellerman, on board the ship, who, seeing this young girl unaccompanied by anyone, immediately took her under her care; they became fast friends. One was seldom seen without the other and all the other passengers soon knew that Angeline was no longer friendless.

There were so many men on the boat that an attractive girl

of seventeen certainly needed a chaperone. There was on the ship a gentleman, cultured and polite, who fell in love with our girl; he was a doctor from South Carolina and kept asking her to marry him; but she did not want to get married, nor was she impressed by his wealth and bearing, he was old enough to be her father. Finally Sarah told him that his persistence was making Angeline unhappy and he must stop annoying her.

Thomas Kettle

At this, he turned his attention to Sarah who was a much more suitable companion for him; ultimately Sarah and the doctor were married, much to the satisfaction of all. Upon their arrival in California, after they were married and had established a beautiful home in San Francisco ~~Nicene~~ Angeline stayed there for a while; you see she had no other place to go, all her original plans had been upset ~~broken~~ when the missionaries, who had persuaded her to take this journey, failed to keep their promise.

Sarah Kettleman had a brother, Thomas, who had left Chester County, Pennsylvania, to go west by land, with a group of other young men who went out to seek their fortunes. He was on the lookout for his sister's coming and, when he heard that the ship had arrived, went to the dock to meet her.

He was a handsome young fellow, the leader of the group and very lovable. After crossing mountains and rivers, fighting their way to the coast they had established a camp about twenty miles east of Sacramento. In a short time he persuaded Angeline to marry him and after they were married these boys built a shack for them to live in. They, themselves, slept in the open. Thomas was a carpenter by trade and made some pieces of furniture for her convenience and Sarah

furnished some china and cooking utensils, so that they could go to housekeeping.

Sarah and her doctor did not stay very long in San Francisco. His health began to fail and they returned to his former home in Charleston, South Carolina. They stayed there until his death in 1850 and Sarah returned to Chester County, Pennsylvania, whence she had come four years before.

She brought with her two children, Charles and Elberta; her first-born, named for his father, died in California. Charles was about ~~two~~ four years old and Elberta, was a baby, born after her father's death. Because of her wealth, people often spoke of Sarah Jones as "The California Widow," but Dr. Jones' wealth was not amassed in San Francisco as many surmised, but increased by the investments he made of the money he had taken with him.

It might well have been expected that Angeline with all her other learning had learned to cook and keep house; but she had not and she made many mistakes, such as roasting a fowl without removing the entrails, and things like that. But Thomas could cook and thought himself lucky to have a wife (cook or no cook). She was the only white woman for miles around and he was the envy of his companions.

Angeline told us that one morning she found a snake curled up on her bed, the cat had brought it in during the night. No-one else had a cat. It was a great pet in spite of its hunting expeditions. She mentioned sweet potatoes big enough to make a meal for the whole family. She did not care for the oranges we bought here after eating those that ripened on the tree in California. Through

good fortune and bad, through sickness and health, she kept sweet and happy, her whole trust and confidence in her Heavenly Father.

Thomas was a very good marksman, a necessary skill in California at that time. When his daughter Mary, who lived in California until she was five years old, needed shoes, he made her some out of the skins of animals he had killed.

Angeline became the mother of two sets of twins within a few years, all boys, who only lived a few weeks, but the little girl, Mary, who was born in 1850, lived and throve through everything.

They had settled in this camp in 1847 before the "gold rush" that has been so much talked about; the country was inhabited by Indians; the only women Angeline had to help her were Indians, Sarah and Dr. Jones having remained in San Francisco.

Thomas' companions slept in the open, but they put their tools under his bed in the shack at night because the country was full of men of questionable character who were wandering around seeking gold, many having no tools of their own, and not able to buy any even if they had the necessary amount of money.

The tools that this group took with them when they left Pennsylvania were their only means of getting the gold they were seeking and Thomas kept a loaded rifle by his bed to protect them; he slept with one eye open.

One morning, just before daylight, he saw and heard a man creeping into the shack. Instantly he had his rifle in his hand ready to shoot. The man shouted, "Don't shoot Tom." It infuriated him to think that one who knew him should be the intruder and he pulled the trigger; fortunately the gun did not go off because this was one of

his company, who came to get his own tools in order to make an early start on the day's work.

It was Angeline who rode a horse to and from Sacramen to taking all the gold these men had found to exchange it for money and supplies sufficient to last until the next trip. Imagine a girl not yet twenty riding forty miles with such valuable property through a country inhabited by Indians and rough white men.

In 1855 the whole party returned to the East. Annie was born in that year and Josephine in 1858. Josephine, like her mother and grandmother, was the seventh child making her the seventh child of the seventh child of the seventh child; from this there is no claim of any advantage, it just seems a coincidence worth mentioning.

I, Josephine, the writer, am the seventh child born May 30, 1858. I am the only member of my family living in this part of the United States; of those who remained in the West I have lost track.

Do you wonder why it seems worth while, at my age, to write a story of my life? This is my answer: There are very few people now living who were born before the civil war and someone might find it interesting to read of the way we lived before we had the electric devices we have today....no telephones, no electric light, no movies, no automobiles, and no aeroplanes; but, chiefly this record of my reminiscences is written because I owe a debt to my teachers, my mother, and to my God.

I have had so much; I have lived so fully, so safely and so happily because my mother taught me from infancy to put my

whole trust in God. She said, "It is wicked for Christians to worry. One who worries makes himself and his companions unhappy."

In 1917 it was a satisfaction to me to send one of my sons, who was in good health and of proper age, to enlist in World War I, to give his life, if need be, to the service of the Country which had fed him and educated him.

And, today, I am happy to have a grandson, also, in the service. God be thanked that the war in Europe is now over and the boys on their way home! The debt I owe my mother can never be repaid except as I pass her teaching on to her descendants.

She gave me verses that helped me over many hard places. One from Longfellow, "The reward is in the doing, and the rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain." Another from 1 Peter, 5 - 20. "What glory is it, if, when you be buffeted for your faults, you shall take it patiently? But if, when you do well, and suffer for it, you take it patiently, this is acceptable to God."

Since my father died when I was four years old, there is little that I remember about him. I have been told that he used to take me in front of him on his horse to canter over the country. My most vivid recollection is of the time when he tried to give me my medicine when I had scarlet fever and I spilled it all over my nightgown; I can see the brown stain on my left shoulder yet and I can remember very well how he scolded me. He must have been living when I was hurt at the Five Point School house which I attended when I was three years old and where I learned to read. Miss Belle Hannum was the teacher and the pupils were of all ages and sizes; the big boys came to school during the winter when there was

not so much work to be done on the farm. When Miss Hannum rang the bell after recess it was customary for the girls to go in first and, after them, the boys. I was so small that I could not go as fast as the older girls, and when the big boys came they did not see me and I was knocked down. They only saw me when they stumbled over me. They picked me up and Miss Hannum came out and washed me off at the old-fashioned hydrant and trough in the vestibule of the school. Her black silk apron was all covered with blood. The scar on my forehead still shows. I have no recollection of the brain fever which followed, or of my father's funeral, or of our removal from the farm to West Chester, but there is a vivid memory of the farmhouse, of the woods behind it where the Goshen Baptist Sunday School held its annual picnics and of how shocked I was when the minister, Joseph S. Evans, played drop the handkerchief and "Come Philander let's be marching." I thought it was entirely too undignified. Queer how very young children have such inhibitions.

In West Chester we lived with my father's sister Sarah K. Jones who had come up from Charleston after my Uncle's death; she bought a house on Miner Street which she gave to my mother later, and which was purchased by Honorable Thomas S. Butler many years after that; very recently it was sold and remodeled into an apartment house. At that time there were very few buildings on West Miner Street between Darlington Street and New Streets. The Northeast corner belonged to Doctor Brinton. His youngest daughter Sallie and my sister Annie were great chums. Across from Doctor Brinton's was the Presbyterian Church where I went to the infant

Sunday School taught by Mrs. McCollough. On the West corner opposite the Church was the home of Mr. Charles Lee who had four children, two boys and two girls. Annie and I were invited to the children's parties they gave, but the little girls were much younger than we were. Next to Mr. Lee's house was Miss Price's school for children, which I attended for awhile. I cannot remember the name of the lady next door. (one of the pitiful things of growing old is that when one outlives his generation, there is no-one to whom she can go for information concerning the past); after this house came the bete noir of our early days, - a tiny house on a small lot cut right out of our lawn; though the owners were poor they could not be persuaded to sell. It disappeared long ago and our lawn was continued to the pavement on both sides of the house.

Our house was built by Thomas Bateman. For years he had been saving lumber to put into the dream house of his life, but he never lived in it. It must have been built in 1861 or thereabouts. Below us on the left was a small house belonging to my mother and rented to Mr. Winterbottom whose daughter, Emmy, was unable to work for many years, but was finally cured by electric treatments. Then came the corner grocery store operated by Stephen Smith. Annie used to spend all her spare time wheeling the little Smiths up and down the pavement. Many of Mr. Smith's family are honored citizens of the town today.

On the other corner was the home of Joshua Smith, a bachelor of large means. The house was large and imposing, entirely surrounded by a fine lawn where I spent many happy hours swinging in a swing which I was welcome to use at any time. Across from this property to the North was the home of Mr. Hilderman. There were

three children, the youngest, Emily, and I used to play together now and then. Her oldest sister died from an infected tooth, remembered because it was my first knowledge of sudden death. These are the only dwellings remembered in my early years; perhaps because I was not allowed to go far from home at that age. Across from our house was a vacant lot where the circus used to come. We could see all that was going on from our second-story windows. This we enjoyed particularly, because we were bribed to stay home from the circus. Chapter 2 - in West Chester.

The first public school I attended was on Barnard Street. It was used later as a tag factory. At school one day I heard the teachers talking about me. One said, "I wonder why she cries so much." And I wondered too. Then the other said, "Perhaps she misses her father" and I wondered about that too. The real reason for my constant weeping might have been the continued talk of war, the funerals that were held at our house, the sound of beaten drums, the tramp of marching feet, and the uneasiness and unhappiness of many people around me. Martial music distresses me even now. Auntie was active in the Sanitary Commission which frequently met at our house. I used to watch them raveling old linen to get lint to stop the bleeding of wounded soldiers. My cousin, Captain John Pawling, died from an infected leg shot in battle. The funeral was held at our house.

The first news of Lincoln's assassination came in a telegram to Auntie from Washington. At this time there was much talk about the underground railway which helped runaway slaves to get to

Dr. Prof Kenneth Dove.

Canada. Spiritualism was talked about and believed in by many of the most important people. Mrs. Ann Painter, who lived on the corner of Chestnut and High Streets, mother of the Honorable Uriah Painter, and Mrs. Sarah McConkey, who owned the brown stone house North of the Courthouse on High Street, were very active spiritualists. Sometimes my aunt would take me when she went to visit them. I wish I could recollect some of the weird stories I heard. Auntie's friends used to argue with my mother, telling her what a wonderful medium she would make, but she only shook her head. Once she was asked if she did not think there was something in Spiritualism. She said, "Yes, there's a lot in it, but it's all from the devil." Once when my aunt was ill and could not sleep, her Spiritualistic friends wanted to put her to sleep. She was willing to have them try if my mother would promise not to leave the room. So my mother stayed and they tried their best, but finally gave up saying "We cannot do anything while Angeline is in the room."

When we left the farm after my father died, we left Jimmy McCue there as caretaker. He began to be interested in Spiritualism and, being alone so much, it affected his mind. One summer day he came to our house on Miner Street. My mother was shelling peas on the side porch and I was with her. In a loud angry voice he exclaimed, "This house is mine; these children shall be my servants." Without a quiver in her voice my mother said, "How do you do Jimmy; nice day isn't it?"

"Blood, blood, everywhere there is blood," he continued, but my mother kept on shelling peas and talking of commonplace things while I ran into the house and hid under the hat-rack. By the time the policemen came to take care of him he was completely subdued and

willing to go off with them quietly.

The first Bible verse I ever learned was "At what time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." My mother taught it to me when I was terrified by thunder and lightning. She also taught me to count the seconds between the flash and the report so that I could find out how far away it was. My sister Annie was never very well but she was always jolly and very unselfish. She was quite devoted to me and spoiled me badly, but Mary was so anxious to have me excel in everything that I did that she did not hesitate to point out my faults. She did me one good turn, however, and I am very thankful now, but it was hard to take when I was a child. I had a little bureau just big enough to hold my little trinkets, hair ribbons, sashes, and underwear. Every Saturday morning she used to dump all three drawers on the bed in a heap and I had to sort the things out and put my drawers in order again. I had a place for everything and kept it in order myself. Today, nurses and the family who go to look for something in my bureau when I am ill compliment me on the neatness of the contents; but it is not the compliments which mean so much to me, it is the fact that I always know where to get anything I want. When people are eighty-seven years old they become forgetful, but when I have to look for something I look where it ought to be and there it is!

Active, healthy children are apt to get on grown-up's nerves. While gentle quiet ones are very dearly loved, therefore it was no wonder that Auntie liked Annie much better than she liked me. When she came home from a shopping trip in Philadelphia she would spread all her parcels on the dining room table while we all stood around to look as she opened them. Every third or fourth parcel she

would say, "Here is something I thought would suit Annie," or, "I bought this for Annie," or "How do you like this Annie?" Finally, when I could stand it no longer, with my elbows supporting my head on the edge of the table, I said, "Auntie I'm very poor." That made her laugh and so she found some things for me.

We were very faithful in our attendance upon Church and Sunday School. Sometimes on stormy Sundays we would take lunch when we went to the morning service and stay over until Sunday School at two o'clock. The Superintendent was Dr. Joseph Jones. He was my ideal of a good man. Under his management the school was large and enthusiastic. The annual anniversary was always held on Thanksgiving night. Every class had a name, one that could be represented by an emblem. For instance, one class named "The Good Shepherd" had a wooden tray (possibly an old picture frame with its wooden back) covered with green moss and little green trees beside a pool (a piece of looking glass) and the figure of a shepherd with a staff, surrounded by white woolly lambs. You can imagine how pretty it might have been, especially if made by the Fergusses, a very artistic family who lived on the outskirts of town.

Three classes, named severally, "Faith,""Hope" and "Charity" chose for their emblems three little girls,- Ida Haldeman, Evie Jones and I were dressed in white with blue sashes and gold crowns lettered in blue. We were carried to the platform by big boys and placed in a row. In unison we said, "Faith, hope, charity, these three", and then alone I said, "But the greatest of these is 'Chatty.'" That was my first public appearance. However, it did not cause me to hanker after such things. I am one of the few people who never thought she could be an actress (luckily).

In that same Sunday School thirty-five years later when one of my young daughters was asked what kind of lights were carried by Gideon's band, she said "Israelites." There too, I signed the temperance pledge at the age of seven. Many think it a mistake to allow children to sign a pledge, but I have never broken mine. It was a safeguard on many occasions when I was offered a social glass of wine.

Some time after we went to live in West Chester, my aunt married the Honorable Joseph J. Lewis. He was a widower with several grown daughters and a young granddaughter, Anna Wentworth. Her father and mother were missionaries in the ~~East~~ far East. They sent her home to her maternal grandfather to be educated. Anna and I were great friends, sleeping in the same bed and playing together all day long. One day I treated her unkindly. My mother heard her crying and called me in to the house to learn the cause of the trouble. Then sent me upstairs to stay until I was willing to ask Anna to forgive me. When I came down a few minutes later, I called "Come on out and play Anna, I'll forgive you." Both my mother and Anna had to laugh at this and I was not compelled to ask her forgiveness.

We had two maids at this time, Mary Riley and Alice McCloskey. They were young and full of fun. How we children did enjoy their pranks! One evening, just as Mr. Lewis stepped upon the side porch, Mary Riley ran out, threw her arms around his neck saying, "Oh Daddy I'm so glad to see you." He was furious, but we children though frightened, had many a laugh when we spoke of it. Billie McCue, gardener and coachman, was quite a character too. Once I coaxed the maids to let me iron a shirt - the kind with a very stiff front and buttoned in the back, no collar; so they said, "You may iron one of Billie's shirts if you promise not to tell him." I did

not keep my promise very long. When I saw he had it on I could not resist saying "Billie, is that shirt ironed all right?" "Sure, why?" "I ironed it." It was a long time before Mary and Alice forgave me, and longer still before Billie forgave them. Thus ended my chance to learn to iron shirts.

About this time, it was in 1866, I think, Auntie, Charlie and Bertie went to the Paris exposition with Mr. Lewis and one or more of his daughters. When they came back my cousin Bertie brought me a lot of small gifts, ear-rings, a locket and chain, kid gloves small enough to fit my childish hands, and French chocolates! These we had never seen before. Little did I think at that time that before I died they would be sold more cheaply than any other candy. The first time I wore my kid gloves I left them in the pocket of my white dress (we all had pockets in our dresses then) and when the dress was taken out of the tub the gloves were ruined. Though I had the ear-rings, my mother would not let me have my ears pierced. So, remembering that "If you want anything done, you should do it yourself," I undertook the job. I wore ear-rings for many years thereafter but my ears still bear the scars of my crude attempts to pierce them. The locket and chain I wore to school and according to my regular habit, gave it away to Laura James, my chum. Previously, if I gave away something valuable my mother went to the mother of the child to whom I had given it and got it back. This time she said, "You gave your pretty locket and chain to Laura James. Well, she may keep it. Never again am I going to ask people to give back the thing you have given to them." It taught me a good lesson.

Until I was eleven or twelve years old all my shoes were made to order. Up to that time there were not many ready made shoes

to be had. Mr. Husted was a fine shoemaker and there were several others in West Chester. The shoes they made were beautiful, high-buttoned bronze shoes for Sunday and black calfskin for school. Hats too were made to order. Louisa and Adelaide Haines had a fine millinery establishment opposite Evans' drug store on Church Street. They used to way-lay me on the way home from school to get me to cut their corns. They had a little foot stool back of the counter where I sat and learned to be a chiropodist. Perhaps, if worst should come to the worst, I could earn my liv ng fixing people's feet. Much of my time was spent in Mrs. Ann Smith's trimming store on Gay Street; going in to buy something for Mary or Bertie I would stay as long as I dared, fixing up boxes of Hamburg edging, laces or ribbons, and from both these stores I would go home in fear and trembling knowing I would be scolded for staying so long.

Not fond of being kissed, there is one kiss I have never forgotten; when Governor Hartranft was running for governor of Pennsylvania, a torchlight procession passed our house and I ran out and give him a bouquet, so he picked me up and kissed me. These torchlight processions were times of great excitement. Our house, with its numerous high windows on each floor, was lighted with at least twelve candles in each front window. The State Fencibles in beautiful uniforms carried an immense flag to catch the flowers which were thrown into it. The citizens marched, each carrying a lighted torch. (These were Republican parades. Most of the people of my acquaintance were members of that party. ~~Now~~ at that time, we all felt like the little boy in Philadelphia who asked his father if he had ever seen a Democrat. The reply was, "Yes, my son, Mr. Patterson, who sits behind us in Church is a Democrat." "Then," the boy said, "Why do they let him come to Church?") Wayne MacVeagh used to come to see Mr.

Lewis. The nicknames of his two sons "Tim" and "Tote" intrigued me greatly. The first Judge Butler, uncle of Honorable Thomas Butler, and Judge Futhey were shining stars in the West Chester firmament at this time.

About 1858 or 1860 James Y. Kilgore and his son Timothy settled in Otranto, Mitchell County, Iowa. James was the father of Carrie B. Kilgore, the first Philadelphia woman to be admitted to the bar. Both father and son were Methodist ministers. They supported themselves, however, by having a blacksmith shop. In those days blacksmithing was a most important calling. There were so many people going West by horse-drawn vehicles, and there were not enough people in Northern Iowa to support a church or a minister.

James Y. Kilgore had married my mother's oldest sister, Mary Jane Lovett, and Timothy had married her youngest sister, Nancy Lovett. It might be well to mention here that her sister Augusta had married George Wilkins who was converted to Mormonism and had taken his family to Utah to live. There was also a nephew of my mother's, Stephen Henry Lovett, who married and settled in Miles City, Montana.

In the Fall of 1866 my mother, Annie and I went to Iowa to spend the winter with the Kilgores. In those days the trains were small, made of wood, not as big as the trolley cars of today nor half as comfortable. They had plain wooden seats without cushions. The floors were uncarpeted; the only heat was from a small pot-bellied stove in the center of the car. Passengers carried laprobes to keep themselves warm and took with them sufficient food for the whole journey. There were no sleeping cars, no dining cars, no food to be bought except a cup of coffee now and then at a way station, or oranges and apples from little boys who came into the car at stations

where the train stopped. The speed was not much faster than travel by horse power. As late as 1900 thirty miles an hour was fast for suburban steam trains. It took us five days to go from Philadelphia to Iowa via Baltimore. We spent one night at Prairie du Chien across the Mississippi from Iowa. The sleeping quarters in the hotel at this little town consisted of one large room, divided into private rooms by curtains of sheeting. There was no furniture except beds and chairs and very few conveniences. From childhood I had lived in a house where there was a bathroom, but such a convenience had not reached the banks of the Mississippi in 1866.

Since Mother was obliged to take with her enough money to last for several months, keeping enough to pay our fare back to Pennsylvania, she was quite distressed because she could find no place in which to hide it, nor any protection for herself and children should anyone try to lift a curtain. I am quite sure she put into practice the little verse she had taught me, "At what time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

The next morning we crossed the Mississippi River on ice, in a stagecoach. As we neared the Western bank we saw in front of us a rushing torrent of water. The current was so swift that it could not freeze, but we descended from the stagecoach and walked on ice, that I was sure would break under my feet, to a raft, nor was I reassured for the rough water still seemed to threaten us. But we reached the Iowa shore safely and there we found my Uncle Timothy waiting for us! He had a platform wagon filled with straw, hot bricks and blankets to keep us warm on the fifty mile trip to Otranto. Annie and I cuddled down on the floor and were quite comfortable, but Mother sitting on the high seat with Uncle Timothy had her feet

nearly frozen and could not stand up when we got out of the wagon.

Annie and I went to school with our cousin Diantha Kilgore. The schoolmaster was Mr. Crandall, a very austere man but a wonderful disciplinarian and teacher; what we learned in the months when we were his pupils would put to shame the showing of any public school of today. The little red schoolhouse in Iowa laid the foundation of an education which was continued in the schools in West Chester, and later in the Brooke Hall Female Seminary in Media, Pennsylvania. To all of these I owe a debt, but especially to Mr. Crandall. To those who underrate the rural school I put this question, "Where do you think the great orators, teachers, preachers and statesmen of the early nineteenth century were taught, not only letters and science, but honor, patriotism and religion?"

Chapter III

It was in Mr. Crandall's school that I received my first and only beating. To a question in geography I answered "I don't know." He gave me a chance to think and Annie sitting back of me whispered the answer. Probably he heard her, so that he realized that, though I did not know in the first place, I did know later. It may be unlikely that a child of eight should have a sense of honor. It may be that I was just stubborn, but it seemed to me it would be cheating if I answered because I had not known until I was prompted. At any rate I kept silent and he took a big stick and began to beat me. After enduring it a few minutes I began to yell. That was what he was waiting for because he put away the stick and dismissed the class. I never did give in. When school was out, two big boys carried me home on their shoulders. Their names were Pod and Pete Wilder. They made me feel like a heroine saying, "Why anyone could have heard you yell a mile away." It would be nice to know if either is living

and if they remember the little Trojan who went to school with them in Iowa in 1866. Well that whipping did not do me any harm and I sailed along from multiplication and long division into fractions, from reading and spelling to grammar and up to the large geographies, all in six months.

Miss Starkweather had some trouble with me when I went back to the school in West Chester in the Fall; naturally they put me in the grade I had been in before the trip to Iowa, the second grade, in the Church Street school. When the teacher called the class in multiplication I went up with the rest of the class but she said, "This is not your class. Your class is in subtraction." I tossed my head saying, "As if I couldn't do multiplication; why I can do fractions." But when she called the lower class I remained in my seat and would not stir until she sent for Miss Starkweather. Miss Starkweather gave me an examination and put me in the sixth grade.

While we were in Iowa it was very cold. One day Annie's nose froze on the way home from school. My aunts, knowing the climate so well, rushed out to meet us to look us over before we came into the warmth of the house. They held snow on her nose until it thawed. They said the part that was frozen would have dropped off if she had come in while it was still frozen. Later, after the snow was all gone, the dry grass on the prairie caught fire miles away. We seemed to see a wall of fire approaching us all along the horizon, but at first it was so far off that my uncles had plenty of time to prepare for it. And this is what they did. They set fire to the grass outside our yard and beat it out behind them until there was a wide path of burned ground encircling the place, then, when the

My Ceef Memoirs Chap

flames reached us, they died out for want of something to burn. Fortunately there was no wind, otherwise it might have taken a large force to burn enough ground to put a stop to it.

The little things that amused us were simple enough but new; there were no large trees near us but there were many hazel-nut trees about eighteen feet high. We would jump up and catch a lower branch, pull it down to the ground and then hang on until it flew back to a point higher than it was when we caught it. There never was a better nor more exciting swing. Andwwe liked to see Uncle Timothy cut a hole in the ice on the Cedar River and catah fish. One Sunday they cut a hole in the ice big enough for the minister to stand in while he baptized a woman in the ice-cold water; she had been taken from a sick bed, and rolled in blankets,; after she came up out of the water they rolled her in the blankets again and drove home. I felt sure it would kill her, but id did not and it was not long until she recovered her former good health.

In April, after a very happy winter, we left our Aunts, Uncles, and Cousin Diantha Kilgore, to come back to West Chester.

We came home by Lake Ontario, Canada, the St. Lawrence River, and New England. Ontario was the first large body of water I had ever seen; the ship, the only one I had ever sailed in. It was a fine spring day, the sunlight on the water was dazzling; the sky was blue and our hearts werehappy to be on our homeward way. Leaving the boat in Canada, which I did not see at all, probably because I was asleep, we crossed the St. Lawrence on another sunny day from Canada to Ogdensburg. This City made such an impression on me that I have never forgotten the picture it made as the boat

approached it. From Ogdensburg we went to visit my grandparents near Lowell, Massachusetts. The sap was running in the maple trees on their place; the trees were tapped about three feet above the ground and a little gutter placed in the cut to carry the sap to a bucket which had been put there to catch it. After the buckets are sufficiently full the sap is boiled down until you have the maple sugar and maple syrup that are so much in demand today. The snow was still on the ground and I used to find the pretty red berries called wintergreen hidden under dark green leaves in the snow. They were pleasant to the taste, but not very abundant.

We arrived in West Chester some time in May. The fields were green; the trees beginning to get leaves, and the town seemed beautiful to me. I hope to see Iowa as it is today soon, perhaps this summer. There will be many well kept farms where I had seen only prairies, full grown trees instead of the little hazel trees of my childhood years, but the Cedar River still flows on to meet the grand old Mississippi.

While Mr. Lewis and Auntie were abroad with Charlie, Bertie, and Mr. Lewis's daughter, a Polish Count, Michel Dziedusz-ycki, met and fell in love with Bertie. She was only fifteen but men kept falling in love with her. He was not a fortune hunter nor an adventurer. He had plenty of money and a very fine character. He was fifteen years older than Bertie, but no-one ever seemed to think of that; Auntie, knowing that her own health was not good, made him promise not to marry Bertie until she was nineteen years old and properly educated to fill the position his rank would give her. She therefore was sent to Brooke Hall in the Fall of 1867 and was graduated in 1870. She studied Italian, French, and Music, as well as fundamentals. The Count and Bertie conversed only in French,

though he had a smattering of English and spoke fluently many of the languages of Southern Europe. She had to know Italian because his home was in Florence. My Aunt died in 1868 but the Count kept his promise and he and Bertie were not married until after she was graduated in 1870.

My sister Mary also went to Brooke Hall and one of my greatest pleasures when I was ten years old, was to go to visit them on Saturdays. Mary was graduated in 1869. While Mary and Bertie were pupils there, many of their classmates were destined to fill prominent positions both at home and abroad. Mrs. McKinley went to Brooke Hall before their time, and in April 1898 she entertained the Brooke Hall Alumnae (which was started in 1894) at luncheon in the White House. We went by special train of vestibule cars so that we could go from one end of the train to the other without danger and could visit with old friends in every car. The President sat down with us for the first courses of the luncheon, but had to leave before it was over. It was a most thrilling occasion to all of us, the first and only time I was invited to the White House. I have remembered this date because War was declared against Spain the next day.

During the four years of Bertie's engagement, the Count made trips all over the world, coming back to West Chester to spend Bertie's vacation with her. He added a lot to my young pleasures, which indicated that his was a very fine personality. He entertained me with stories of places he had visited and things he had seen in other countries: South America was a never-failing joy to me; lightning bugs whose light was so bright one could read by it; and creeping things that kept him awake at night and disappeared when he made a light. He always brought me presents, chiefly games that he would

teach me to play, and once he brought me a silver watch. But the thing that won my heart was that always he was willing to play croquet with me, when Bertie was busy getting fitted for her trousseau or otherwise engaged. That he enjoyed playing I never doubted until now, but it shows what a fine gentleman he was when he made me think he enjoyed it. Maybe I played well enough to give him a little trouble because there were other grown men who came to play croquet with me;that may have been because we had a fine croquet ground and I was always ready. Alas, after eighty years I become afraid that I might not have been as good a player as I thought I was! Sometimes the Count would beat me and then he would tease me saying, "You will have to eat more roast 'bif' before you can beat me," and once he made me so angry that I showed what a tartar I was by calling him a "skunk." Then he went in to Bertie and said "Skoonk, Skoonk, vat is a skoonk? She has called me a skoonk." But we did not often have arguments. He and Bertie seemed to want me with them much of the time. They always spoke French together. I soon learned that "La petite" meant me and one day I told them they would have to speak Italian instead of French unless they wanted me to understand them.

At this time I was taking piano lessons from a young German named Charles Haas. He could not have been more than twenty years old and was intensely interested in everything I could tell him about the Count and Bertie, probably because the Count too was a foreigner. At any rate, after he had gathered all the information he could, he would say,"this is not music; maybe you like it much better, but it is not music. You are von great little 'Blow,'" and then the Blue Danube Waltzes would float out upon the air.

One day, the proprietor of the Hotel in which Mr. Haas

boarded, became crazed with drank and imagined that his wife and his boarder were having a love affair, so he took a gun and announced to passersby that he was going to shoot Mr. Haas as soon as he came back to the hotel. When my mother was told about it she sent me out to Darlington's Corner, where Mr. Haas was giving a lesson, to warn him not to come back to West Chester until the trouble was over. It is at least two miles to Darlington's Corner, but at that time men, women, and children knew that legs were meant for walking and I found the trip no hardship, especially since it meant that my music lessons were over, for poor Mr. Haas was too frightened to return.

It was remarkable that my family treated me as if I were much older than I was. So, many thimes I was given things to do that other older people thought too much for a child of ten or twelve. Onee I heard the men in the First National Bank discussing whether it was safe to cash a check for three hundred dollars which I had brought to the bank. "Imagine, " said one to the other, "Sending a child like that for three hundred dollars." However, they gave it to me and I reached home as proud as punch. It was then that I learned to assume responsibility and love it.

There were just three teachers in High School. Miss Starkweather at the big desk in the large room. Miss Ellie in a classroom on her left and Mr. Fairlamb in the Classroom on her right. Mr. Fairlamb was about eighteen years old, earning money to pay his way through college. Most of the older girls were half in love with him, which made discipline less difficult for him, but twelve-year olds have not begun to think of love so there was some friction in my case. He taught me Latin, which was not one of my favorite studies. This being the case, now and then my mother took a hand in the matter. One night she drilled me in the moods and tenses of the regular verbs.

And I went into class a tip-toe to show what I could do. Mr. Fairlamb, probably amazed to find my lesson so well prepared, tried me on several points. Finally he asked me to give the imperfect tense. Thinking he said "pluperfect," I gave that. To my amazement he said, "Incorrect. Sit down." Deliberately I opened my book saying, "That was the pluperfect."

"Opening your book in class proves that you do not know your lesson. I shall give you zero."

I said gravely and slowly, "I know my lesson and you know I know my lesson. I have answered five questions already, you old hog," and then I threw my book at his head. One of the other girls caught the book, but he put his head down on the desk and laughed! Can you imagine how I felt? To be laughed at? My rage was so overpowering that I could not see where I was going and fell flat on the floor in the main room when I left the classroom. Miss Starkweather stepped down from the platform and picked me up. She asked Ellie Still what had happened then took me up to her desk, put me in a chair beside her and kept me there until I regained my self-control.

I do not know whether she had any talk with Mr. Fairlamb, but he and I both seemed to feel that it was all the result of a misunderstanding; there was no zero recorded in Latin on my next report, and ~~from~~ when four years later, ~~when~~ I was graduated, he sent me a lovely florist's bouquet, edged with lace paper, of which I was very proud.

minus

The teacher who followed Mr. Fairlamb was Mr. Fred Wyers. I think none of the older girls were in love with him. Be that as it may, probably he had no-one, young or old, to annoy him as I did. You see he had a favorite pupil and little Josephine thought it was her duty to do something about it. First I read my lesson in a very low voice (Children learned <u>how</u> to read in every grade from the first to the twelfth in those days; today they are never taught anything except to comprehend the printed page. The shades of meaning, the happy voice or the sad, gentle or warlike, are all the same to them). Well, as I said, I read so quietly that one could scarcely hear me. Mr. Wyers ordered me to speak louder. "What's the use? " I said, "M. C. does not read above a whisper and she gets the same mark as I do and everyone can hear me."

His rejoinder was quite to the point, "Self praise is no recommendation," which is very true, but he knew I was on the war-path and could not have been surprised when later I told him, "We could all get one hundred in spelling if you corrected our words before marking the papers as you do those of M. C." On that occasion he was so angry he made me cry. It was Friday afternoon and Miss Starkweather, seeing the tears as I came into the main room, put her arms around me and said, "Never mind. Go home now and when you come back on Monday, morning you will feel better." There was no talk of psychology in 1870 but Miss Starkweather was a born psychologist.

Though we did not have any refrigerators in West Chester in 1880, we did have ice. There was alarge pond on the outskirts of town from which Ice was cut and put in ice houses for servicing the town in summer. When we lived in the country where I was born we had a springhouse. The cold runnigg spring water kept the milk, cream, and butter sweet.

The springhouse was a delightful place. As we entered it looked like a floor af water with wide wooden planks like little bridges to walk to the snelves where the pans of milk were kept. The water flowed constantly with an outlet in a little stream which found its way to the pond from which the ice was taken to fill the ice house.

The ice house was excavated and filled with straw. It had two doors locked with a padlock at night. There were two icecream parlors in West Chester, Johnny Pyle's on Gay Street and Roecker's on Market Street . One was certain to see one's friends at an icecream parlor on hot summer nights. At two o'clockevery summer afternooh, Benny Biddle, an old colored man, drove slowly down the streets ringing a bell to let us know that he was coming. His icecream was especially good.

My cousin Bertie told us that she bought Darlington's "Philadelphia Icecream" in Paris in 1865. It made her homesick to read the sign.

In the Miner Street house there was a vault in the cellar, a small square room about twelve feet below the ground level. It had an air vent in the ceiling to keep the place sweet. We used to keep in this vault the food which is now kept in the refrigerator. In the dining room there was a metal water cooler with aspigot at the base. It was filled with ice every morning.

At last the wedding day! Since the Count was a Roman Catholic there had to be a civil as well as a religious wedding service. Our parlor was large enough for the Religious ceremony held by the Reverend Mr. Bolton of the Episcopal Church, and the invited guests. The bride and groom stood between the two front windows and I was bridesmaid! Bertie looked lovely and, to me, the Count was the handsomest man I had ever seen, tall and fair and dear. Bertie was a blonde too with a charming face, sweet and gentle, perhaps her love for me was a most important influence in this formative period of my life. Up to the time of her marriage she was more to me than anyone else, except my mother. Only once did I see her after her wedding day. She sailed immediately to Italy where she lived in Florence, and died in 1875.

Life was rather tame after all these excitements but school was a constant joy. Teachers like Miss Delia Meader and Miss Hattie Sailor kept me on the jump until high school. I loved them all, Miss Starkweather in particular. Even Miss Ellie Whitford, though I was a dreadful scourge to her, I did not want to harass her, but when a classmate pulls your sleeve and whispers, "Tell me, Jo," What's a girl to do? Miss Ellie gave me twenty demerits in one month for prompting, and twenty demerits on my report card meant, minus 100 in conduct. What a saint I must have been in all other respects! But I never was a saint in any respect so perhaps the other teachers just gave Miss Ellie full swing.

Chapter IV

A few years after we returned to West Chester from our winter in Iowa, I was invited to spend my Christmas holidays in Philadelphia with the daughter of Bishop Warren of the Broad and Arch Street Methodist Church. His daughter, Nellie, was about twelve years old. He had a son Henry too, a few years older.

There was a connection by marriage through the Kilgores, but I had not known any of the family very long. One Saturday night Nellie had been invited to supper by her Sunday School Teacher who had invited the whole class. Nellie took me with her. After supper we all sat in the living room and the teacher asked the children to tell of anything they had done for Jesus, during the week.

Most of the girls were of my age, some younger but even the youngest had some little action to relate of what she had done "for Jesus' sake." As I listened to the stories I was more and more ashamed that I had nothing to say, and I began to cry. Miss Smith put her arm around me and said, "Why are you crying, dear?"

I said, "I have never done anything for Jesus in my life. I have tried to do things for my mother and my teachers and even for my friends, but I never did anything for Him."

She told me that it was not too late to start and urged me to begin from that moment to do something for Jesus every day, and to do nothing that would be unpleasing to Him on any day. And then I made up my mind to do what she suggested. When I went home I told my mother about it. Mr. Harris, the minister, questioned me and some of the deacons talked to me too, and I was baptized, immersed, in the First Baptist Church in West Chester when I was twelve years old. Since then with frequent stumbling on my part I have been held by the love of Christ. I did not feel a great burden of sin. The guilt I felt was for what I had not done, rather than what I had done, although I knew I was a sinner. But I did realize that God and Jesus Christ, His son, were worthy of a love which I had not given them before. Truly, "Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God, He, to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood."

That was the most wonderful and most important step I had

ever taken.

Probably as I continue to write I shall use many adjectives in speaking of my mother, but it will be impossible to find any that would adequately express her. It was not only Mary, Annie and I who admired and loved her, but all of our friends and companions felt the same. It made no difference whether we were home when they came to see us, both boys and girls would stay and talk with her. In the evenings, after our lessons had been studied, she used to read to a group of girls such books as The Schoneberg Cotta Family, The Prince of the House of David. Though I do not remember ever to have heard her laugh aloud, she never put a damper on us. I was always very full of fun but I never felt repressed. No-one seemed to wish that she would leave us alone, and she never did. We played games, "Authors," "Anagrams," and "Ring Toss," wrote and solved enigmas. There was never any altercation; her executive ability was such that we did not realize we were being trained to be polite and considerate of others. No bad losers were in evidence under her influence. All the games we played taught us to grin and bear it. We never teased her the way my mother-in-law was teased by her loving children; the more they loved her the more fun they had with her. Indeed, I learned early in life that we do not tease anyone we do not like, but we loved her. Mary adored and admired her and bossed her as far as she could, especially in the matter of clothes. I remember how Mary insisted on a knot of blue velvet in the front of her black velvet bonnet. She declared it was too young for her (She was then about forty years old). A lovely chantilly lace shawl worn over her white dress in summer was much too gay. She yielded in both instances. She cared so little about clothes or society that it was not worth a struggle. She lived only to learn something or do something to help others. She was one to whom men, women, and children came with their troubles and their confessions.

She never repeated their confidences, ~~troubles and their confessions~~. She nor did she gossip with or about anyone. She had a lot of trouble with me because I was inclined to repeat everything I heard, no matter where or when. Sometimes it was most embarrassing to the older people. When she reproved me I said, "Don't you want me to tell the truth?"

"Yes, but not all the truth,;not everything you know or hear."

I think my motto must have been "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It was actually painful for me to keep anything back, and one of my great faults was correcting the statements of other people, young or old. I have been well punished for this throughout my life. My youngest daughter would interrupt me when I was teaching a Sunday School class to say, "It was not last week; it was the week before," unimportant details like that. Needless to say, I put her into another class. And, even now, I am associated with one who is likely to correct me on all occasions. Now, however, I don't say a word. I check up on it and if I find I was right I hug it to my breast. To know you are right is sufficient. Very few others care about it one way or the other. Don't try to justify yourself. It does not pay.

To Annie, her mother was a saint. Annie was never in good health, but nothing was too much trouble for her mother to do to make her more comfortable. Ann developed into a person just like her mother, unself, gentle, and always finding something to do for others, but she was very jolly and full of bright thoughts, shy and sweet. She never complained. She locked all her troubles in her own bosom. My children loved her as much as they did me.

To me, my mother was my life. My only regret is that I did not reveal to her my innermost feelings. It was very hard for her

to leave me when I was only eighteen without any older person to guide me. Mary was twenty-six at the time and I had no brother or uncle to look after me. If I had only let her know how well she had provided me with the power to take care of myself, under the protection of my Heavenly Father; no wealth, no older person, nothing could have been so worthwhile as the complete faith in God that she had taught me. Day after day, and night after night I thank Him for my mother.

One pleasant summer evening a group of boys and girls were sitting on our front steps, white marble steps wide enough to hold four or five, there were four steps and I sat on the top step. My sister Mary was with us. There were ~~then~~ also several school girl friends, Debbie Kinnard and Della Heed, and others. There were two boys sitting one on each side of me. We all went to school together, but these two boys Harry and Bill were older and in a higher grade. They knew me very well and were not at all interested in me, nor I in them, but they were curious to know how I should react if they tried to hold my hand. They had not made any plan. It came to each of them unexpectedly.

Harry, on my right, took my right hand in his and I let it stay there. I had heard older girls talk of the thrill they got from holding hands so I waited for a thrill. Bill on the other side took hold of my left hand and I let him keep it too. I began to wonder how people who held hands knew when to let go. However, the clock struck ten and they all jumped up to go home. Harry and Bill left together. They had not gone far when Harry said, "Bill, Jo let me hold her hand tonight. I did not think she would."

And Bill said, "So she did me. I was surprised too." Comparing notes they found that they were both holding my hands at the same time and they laughed all the way home.

The next time this crowd assembled, Harry and Bill told them all about it and we all had a good laugh together. I had had my thrill

(which it was not) and no-one ever tried to hold my hand again. Debbie and Dell, who lived near us were our constant companions. Zuie Wollerton too had been my chum for a long time.

Our croquet ground was in constant use all summer and Zuie used to come over nearly every afternoon to play. I went to Mrs. Wollerton's in the evenings to play Crokinole, squails, authors, great events, and other instructive games. I still remember the dates of the great fire and plague in London, of the Fall of Rome, from playing these games. One day Zuie and I had a quarrel over our croquet game and she went home angry. She did not speak to me for days, but my mother said, "Josie, Zuie's mother is very sick, cut some flowers and leave them at their house on the way to school." When Zuie answered the bell she threw her arms around me and said, "Oh, Jo, my mother has just died." We never had a real quarrel again.

In the evenings as we grew older, and after Mrs. Wollerton had died, instead of the old games, we began to play whist with Mr. Wollerton,- real whist, not bridge. He was the best father I ever knew. He seemed to want to be father and mother both to his children. His eldest daughter, too, devoted herself to the four younger children. She was a lovely woman.

Mr. Wollerton ~~taught~~ taught us to play, praised us when we deserved it, and never allowed us to suspect that he did not get as much fun out of the game as we did. Almost everyone called him "Judge" but I do not think he was a lawyer. He was president of a bank when I was at the house so much of the time. I realize that there is good training in card playing, but there are few card players who get more benefit than harm from it.

If I had my life to live over I would try to interest my children in games of skill rather than games of chance. People did not

spend so much time in card playing then as they do now. The habit kept no hold on me, but it might have. I don't like to take a chance and I would rather buy a thing for a fair price, than get it for almost nothing by buying a chance.

My mother watched us play whist, but her influence was used to make us interested in increasing our knowledge. We were sent to the encyclopedia to discover the facts on any subject that came up for discussion, a habit that keeps one young and well-informed.

At the West Chester High School we had an unusual curriculum, but added to that, every Friday night during the winter I was taken, very willingly to lectures by such speakers as Dr. Lord, on History, Dr. Henry Warren on Astronomy, Mary Livermore on Woman's Rights, Mrs. Webster on Chemistry including experiments. We also heard explorers who had been to the North Pole. In fact we went to hear every lecturer who came to town.

When I was examined at Brooke Hall, to which I went in September 1874, finding me well-grounded in Mathematics they omitted it from my program for this year. It was a disappointment to me because I enjoyed it more than anything else, but there was plenty of work that I needed to do. They also decided that I had had enough Latin, German and French in High School.

History was the most imperative thing for me to study. In that year I completed the histories of England, France, Germany, Rome, Greece and General History. We had had Astronomy, Botany and Natural Philosophy, which is now called "Physics", in West Chester. In their place they gave me Natural History, Physiology and Geology - this I liked best of all. In the last chapter of Dana's Geology a comparison was made of the Biblical account of creation, as given in Genesis, with the facts

discovered by excavations in the earth's surface showing that they agreed in every particular, thus proving not only that the Bible was correct, but that it was inspired by God, since no man could have known in 4004 B.C., the process of creation unless he was inspired by God.

We had a very pleasant summer. We took drives, went to picnics, straw-rides, and played outdoor games. I always attended church, sunday school, the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and the sunday school teachers' study class on Friday night. Often some of the girls and boys went to church and prayer meeting with us. We had a very fine preacher, Alfred Harris, and many people, members of other churches, came to listen to him tell about the second coming of Christ. It was news to most of them.

Several years before this, in West Chester, there had been a group of Christains, many of them prominent people, who had gathered together and, dressed in ascension robes which they had made themselves, assembled on the roof of a building and waited there to be taken up to Heaven on a day, which they themselves had set. This episode had had an unfortunate influence on the community and, for a long time, this important event was not spoken about except in ridicule.

Now Mr. Harris emphasized the fact that when he was on earth, Christ had told his disciples that of that coming no man would know the day nor the hour, but had bidden them to be always waiting and hoping for His blessed appearance. Now many were ready to listen to this good news.

Chapter V

When Brooke Hall opened in the Fall, I was one of the new ~~people~~-pupils. There were three other girls from West Chester, Annie Chamberlain and Annie and Mary Worrall, her cousins. Mrs. Worrall, who was a widow, also boarded at the school while her daughters were there. This year the attendance waslarger than usual, and, after a few weeks,

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Ancient Media Landmark to Disappear July '59

The 103-year-old Brooke Hall Apartment House on Lemon st. near Baltimore pike will be torn down to make way for a large, garden-type apartment development. The building, which contains 30 apartments, was built in 1856 by H. Jones Brooke as a seminary for girls. It became a hotel in 1914.

they put a small table in the dining room, back of the long table at which Miss Eastman sat.

The West Chester group and their friends, numbering ten, sat at this table with Mrs. Worrall as chaperone. There were ten teachers beside Miss Eastman and Miss Hattie Gault, the Vice-Principal. They were placed at two long tables at proper intervals to supervise the pupils. Miss Eastman sat at the head of one of these tables and kept her eye on each pupil. At first I sat at her table, on her left-hand, only a few chairs away. On my right was Miss Underwood, a new teacher and just as inexperienced as I was.

There was a rule that no-one might speak to anyone across the table. I had known this ever since the days when I ~~sued~~ used to visit Bertie and Mary there, but in the excitement of my first day at boarding school I did not remember it. A girl, Bertha Lee, who sat across the table from me(she had been there the year before and I think she was trying to make me feel at home) asked me a question to which I answered "yes."

At Miss Eastman's right sat her sister-inlaw who knew me very well. It was fully a minute after I said "Yes," that Miss Eastman said, "Josie, did I see you speak across the table?"

"No, Miss Eastman."

"Didn't you speak to Bertha Lee?"

"O, yes."

"You may have silence for the rest of the meal."

This seems like a trivial occurrence but it was not trivial to me. I thought "all the girls will think I was lying" and I could not bear it; and then Mrs. Eastman said, "Poor Josie is going to cry." Miss Eastman said, "If she is such a little fool, let her," and then my heart did break. I was being introduced to my classmates as a liar and a fool!

Then the flood gates opened. I sobbed and sobbed and I said to Miss Underwood, "May I leave the table?" Naturally she said "Yes," and, covering my face with my arm I started for the door, so blind that I could not see where I was going. When I passed behind her chair Miss Eastman did not say a word but when I had reached the door, she spoke, "Now, Josie, you may come back and finish your dinner." That I might refuse to obey did not enter my mind, but I cannot describe my walk back to the table. I suppose not one of those girls ever saw anyone cry so hard. I had been practicing for many years. Miss Starkweather had helped to teach me to control myself, but there was no control now. At last I filled my mouth so full of mashed potatoes that I would choke if I sobbed and gradually I stopped crying.

Miss Eastman called me to her room that afternoon and explained that what she had done was for my sake. She had known that I was given to tears and she had made up her mind to break me of such a silly habit and she nearly did. We were under constant supervision; the rising bell rang at six o'clock. At quarter before seven we had to be in the schoolroom for morning prayers. We could come in with our shoes unbuttoned, dresses were long enough to hide them, with our garments fastened on the way downstairs, but we had to be there on time. Breakfast was at seven and we had a few minutes between prayers and breakfast to finish our toilets.

We went to our rooms after breakfast, but we were not expected to make our beds or put our rooms in order. This my roommate and I preferred to do so that we could know just where our things were. Annie Chamberlain was my roommate, a wonderful help for me because she was neat and capable. Henriette Brinton was one of the girls who sat at our little table and she was our very dear friend. Her home was in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

At eight o'clock we heard the bell that called us to our desks and our recitations. Miss Ketchum was the teacher in charge. Miss Eastman came in if she had any information to give us, or if there were any infractions of rules that must be stopped; otherwise she went to her sitting room just off her bedroom. Miss Ketchum sent her classes to her. Then she sent the pupils who studied the piano or who took singing lessons to their teachers or to their practice rooms. The French class went to Mademoiselle in a room to the left of the school room.

Miss Hattie Gault taught Mathematics, Latin, and Rhetoric, which was the only thing I studied under her. In the little reception room by the front door there was a teacher of voice culture (elocution). She helped me a lot. My voice was uncertain and unpleasant. Some of the younger teachers taught the youngest pupils; at ten o'clock we walked on the porch. Yes, walked, unless it was unusually warm we were not permitted to sit down. There were always two or three teachers to keep us going. We did not object. We loved them. They were not much older than the oldest schoolgirls.

At quarter before eleven we could go to our rooms. The bell rang at eleven for more recitations and study in the schoolroom. We were there until nearly one o'clock, just had time to wash our hands for dinner at one.

To go back an hour or two,- at ten-thirty, Paris, the head waiter, came up from the kitchen with a large tray piled high with unbuttered rolls. If anyone was hungry she could eat all she wished. I was never hungry enough for that; bread was not one of my favorite foods, but I never noticed that anyone else refused the nice fresh rolls.

Dinner was served at one o'clock. It was good, better than some of the pupils had had at their homes, better than is often served in boarding schools. Miss Eastman bought the supplies herself. She took me with her sometimes. The storekeepers brought the food to

the carriage for her to see and taste. She always tasted the butter. It had to be above suspicion. We had dessert every day except Saturday, when we had apples or oranges which we were allowed to take from the table, probably to get us out of the dining room a little earlier in order that the maids could give it a good cleaning.

I have given our hours and our occupations so fully because I think it would be a great thing for our young people if they could have the advantage of a regimen like this.

Please forgive me if I go on with the daily program. Our spelling lessons consisted of one page of a small dictionary every day. We spelled, pronounced, and defined each word as given to us. There was no written spelling lesson, and our spelling recitation was held immediately after dinner, in the school room. We took our books to the dinner table and studied between bites. One day Miss Ketchum gave a girl "acephalous" to spell. She said "a - c - e - p - h" pronounced it, and then defined it, " a louse without a head." It was hard not to laugh.

We stayed in the schoolroom until four o'clock and then we walked on the porch again for three quarters of an hour. There was a fifteen-minute rest in our rooms and then came at five o'clock the most wonderful hour of the day,- study hour.

Every girl in her seat at her desk, no talking by either teacher or pupil; complete silence for one hour. I never learned so much in an hour before. We all looked forward to study hour. At six o'clock we had supper, delicious and nutritious. After supper we went to the school room or the playroom, no-one was allowed to study. In the playroom we danced or played games. We could have all the fun we wanted if we did not make enough noise to disturb Miss Eastman.

Evening prayers were held at eight o'clock after which we went and kissed Miss Eastman good night. If there happened to be

scarlet fever, measles, or a prevalent sore throat in Media, we were given Homeopathic preventive pills. I knew Brooke Hall for many years but there was never an epidemic there.

The program as given was for every day except Wednesday and Saturday. Wednesdays were used for outside teachers in dancing and painting and we all wrote compositions on that day. Saturdays we sat in the schoolroom to write letters in the morning and were expected to do our mending in the afternoon. By asking permission a small group could gather in one room, but there was no running from room to room.

After our letters were written we sealed them, addressed them and took them to the mail box on the desk. Letters to boys were forbidden. Chapter V

I have said that Miss Eastman nearly cured me of crying. There came a day when she completed the cure. This was during the last half of the year. I had spent the week-end in West Chester. As soon as I arrived at school the class in Mental Science was called. The exact words of every paragraph were required when a question was asked.

We were sitting in a half circle. I was the last girl on the far end. During the recitations I was amusing myself watching a lady bug as it meandered in the braided trimming on the front of my dress. Just before it was my turn to recite, a girl leaned over and said, "That's a bed bug." Then I was called on to recite. I grasped the beast in my handkerchief, recited the paragraph and burst out crying.

Miss Eastman said, "All the class may be excused except Josie." At the door closed behind them (She was a large woman and she sat in a wide chair with her arms spread out) "Now," she said, "Will you please tell me why you are crying?"

"There's a bed bug on me."

She laughed until she shook. "You poor child. Are you going through life crying every time you see a bed bug? You may go to your room, get undressed and take a bath. Hunt for that bed bug until you find it."

It was my first meeting with one, but not my last. I discovered that the cars in which I had been riding were infested with them. One day when I had just arrived at Lenni Station I sat down in a carriage which had been sent to meet me. I looked down in my lap (I had on a clean stiff white linen dress) and there was one crawling in my lap. I said to the driver,"That's a bed bug."

He said, "Yes those cars are full of them." I often come home from the City late at night and they are crawling over everything."

That was the last time I cried at Brooke Hall, and I thank Miss Eastman for laughing at me. When I was in High School Miss Starkweather had loved me and comforted me. At Brooke Hall Miss Eastman laughed at me. Both treatments were suitable for each occasion and to both of them I owe a great debt.

My cousin Bertie came to visit me that Fall. She was far from well, had come home thinking the trip and being in America would or might cure her; she was beautiful and beautifully dressed. She wore a black velvet cloak which covered her from neck to heels. It was lined with sable. Her visit added greatly to my importance. School girls appreciate these things.

No honors were awarded at the graduation exercises. Each member of the class was presented with a gold medal with a small chain attached. We treasured them. And there was a fine collation for both the pupils and the invited guests and a beautiful program of singing and piano playing, as well as a chorus by the whole school.

During this year, one of the Philadelphia papers

printed this paragraph in its society column,

"Young gentlemen from Philadelphia
go out to Media every Sunday morning to
watch the Brooke Hall girls go to Church."

These youths were brothers, cousins and old playmates of the Philadelphia pupils. We walked two by two with a teacher to every six girls. There were sixty of us. Miss Eastman rode slowly beside us in her barouche, driven by a coachman. She watched us with an Eagle eye, and one Sunday everyone of those boys came into Church and took the seats across the aisle from us. We were all in a flutter. Mr. Byllesby, the Rector, was pleased, and so was Miss Eastman; though we girls did not know it then, later we felt that it was good advertising for the School.

It is not my purpose to make this a love story or to give a list of admirers (if any) that I might have had, but there is one incident that had a potent influence on my life, which I must mention here.

While I was a student at Brooke Hall Female Seminary in Media, a man much older than I asked my mother for permission to propose to me. I was but sixteen and she made him promise to wait until I had been graduated. It worried her and she was glad when Miss Eastman wrote and told her that friends from St. Louis wanted to employ one of the graduates as a governess, one who must be young and a pleasant companion for two girls, twelve and fourteen years old, as well as capable of teaching them, and preparing them for High School. They had never gone to school. Their former teacher was a middle-aged man who had made his home with them for several years. They lived outside of the City on a large estate adjacent to that of a relative, middle-aged too, They wanted someone who would cheer them all up. Miss Eastman, knowing that I was full of fun, thought of me.

It was a way out for my mother. If this man who wanted to marry me did not come to West Chester before I was safe in Missouri, it

might be that he had changed his mind. Mama did not want to offend him because he was a friend of the family; also she did not want me to marry him. I knew none of this until later.

I was always ready for an adventure and was pleased with the prospect, but my sister Mary was determined to keep me home. She said to me, "It will be a difficult role for you. You will be a sort of an upper-class servant. You will have no-one of your age to visit. You will not be able to stand it." However, I persisted in my desire and I knew or felt sure that my mother wanted me to go. Finally, Mary said, "Let her go. It will teach her not to cry for everything she wants."

Annie was very sorry. She had been devoted to me since I was a baby, absolutely unselfish, thinking of my pleasure before her own. I prayed about it and felt sure that God was leading me.

This trip to the Mississippi River was far different from the one I had taken nine years before. The bridge at St. Louis had just been completed. This time I rode in a sleeping car and rode away from the station in a street car instead of a platform wagon. I had made friends with a woman on the train who was returning from New York where she had undergone an operation. She was very frail and had to change cars at St. Louis to take another train going farther west.

When the train stopped I inquired where her train would be, hunted up her baggage and had it transferred. When she was comfortably settled I went back to the street car in front of the station. All this took about ten minutes. I had been told what car to look for and when I found it, I said "Will this car take me to eleven hundred Washington Avenue?" and then a young gentleman came toward me, saying "Are you Miss Kellerman So-and-So?" When I said "Yes," he asked where I had been. He said he had looked at every passenger who got off the train. When I explained he said, "It is plain to be seen that you can take care of yourself." He was Theodore Gowan, the older brother of the girls I had

come to teach.

I had not known that they had a brother. He took me to his uncle's house in the City where I waited until it was time for him and his father to go home and take me with them. We went on a little narrow gauge railroad that ran out to their station, Ingleside. When I arrived, Mrs. Gowan took me in her arms and kissed me, making me feel that I had found a new mother; instead of feeling that I was an upper-class servant, as Mary had predicted.

Mr. Gowan was very kind and fatherly, and the little girls, Anita and Susie, were shy and pleasant, even the servants who had been their slaves before, made me welcome. There was a little brother five years old who became my very best friend.

Frequently when I think of this child I wonder why it never occurred to Mrs. Gowan or to me that I might teach him too. I had had no experience with children but I feel sure that I could have done it, the Lord helping me.

The Gowan estate was large. The house large too and all of the rooms had open fireplaces in which they burned bituminous coal. Maria, the nurse, saw that my room was warm each night and when we were better acquainted, she tucked me in bed. All of the downstairs windows had bars across them. The long bar for the front door was so heavy I could not lift it. They were placed there during the Civil War, which was still fresh in the minds of the people of Missouri. The Lord blessed my sojourn in St. Louis. Every Sunday morning we had services in the little Chapel between the two estates. Mr. Gowan was the lay reader and his sister led the singing and played the piano. On Sunday afternoons Ted took me out to teach me how to drive a horse. The gardener made me a corsage to waar to Church, made up of lemon verbena, heliotrope, mignonette, and either a rose or a camelia from the greenhouse.

The Countess Dzieduszycka, my cousin Bertie, died in November at her home in Florence. The Count sent her clothes to us and

and some jewelry. Mary sent some dresses and a cross and earrings to me. They were set with turquoise and pearls, very pretty and becoming. The dresses fitted me nicely and were not too old for me. Mrs. Gowan thought them quite suitable since she treated me as one of the family and thought it nice for me to be well-dressed. I was queer about clothes, wearing whatever Mary told me to, and thinking no more about it.

Life with the Gowan family was like a fairy tale. They were all so good to me and how I loved them! There was no friction either in the family or among the servants, whose quarters were at the back of the house. Maria had a room on the third floor; mine was there too, adjoining the school room. The gardener and his family had a cottage near the garden and the greenhouse. All these people seemed to have but one ambition,- to do their best to serve the Gowan family faithfully. They accepted me as if I were one of the family.

In the schoolroom there was no need for discipline. I was there to teach and they wanted to learn. Ted and I were like brother and sister. He was six years older and admonished me sometimes, saying, "Now, do be dignified." He brought young gentlemen out to stay over the week-end and I had to help entertain them. The same ones came time after time. I had not been there very long when he persuaded me to wear a ring that had belonged to his mother. It was not a valuable ring. I did not want to wear it, and, after keeping my left hand in my lap for several days so that no-one should see it, I told him to take it back because it annoyed me so. To tell the truth, rings and bracelets were always irksome to me, so much so that when I wore my class ring to bed one night I arose in my sleep and hid it under the bed-spring; at least that is how we explained it when it was found there later.

Saturday afternoons Anita, Susie and I went to a dancing class in St. Louis. The teacher was an elderly man, a Russian named Xaupi, who played a violin and while correcting one of his pupils he

sang to the tune he was playing, "Corinne, my dear, turn out your toes and keep them on the point." He also played while he was showing the class the different steps to be used.

The popular dance was the Polka which was easy to teach. I had learned to dance when I was at Brooke Hall, from the other girls, but I did not know what a regular teacher would think of it, so, when he urged me to stand up with the class I said, "I don't dance very well, I was never taught." He asked me to try in spite of it. He seemed to think I was helpful, someone to take the lead when he gave the directions.

Mr. Gowan's father celebrated his ninetieth birthday in the winter. When he was a young man starting in business he used to ride horseback to New York from St. Louis, there being no other way of going East. In the early days of St. Louis much of their business was transacted by means of the boats on the Mississippi River, going to New Orleans, or even to Cuba. They had a wholesale business dealing in sugar, coffee and other goods of that class. His sons and grandsons were now conducting the same business. Sometimes we went down to the place of business to collect Mr. Gowan and Ted.

None of this family was addicted to drink, but they did serve wine in which to drink the old gentleman's health. I was the only outsider among the forty guests, and when I refused wine, a nephew refused too. I think he did it to keep me from being embarrassed, one of the kind things this family was doing all the time. He was seated at my left at the supper table.

Let me tell you now about the little schoolroom at Ingleside. It was a real schoolroom as ithad been used by the Dominee, Mr. Cobourn, before my advent.

Anita and Susie were very different in temperament. Susie took her books and began to study her lessons at once, but Anita wanted to talk about things past, present, and future. It was evident

that she had no~~thes~~ immediate interest in studying.

Since Susie was no problem at all my greatest work must be to awaken in Anita an interest in the books before us. In order to arouse her interest I left my own desk and, ~~sat down beside her;~~ taking the U. S. History we sat down, side by side, reading the lesson by turns; then I closed the book and discussed what we had read, opening the book from time to time to verify our opinions; thus we studied the lesson together, discovering the vital fact in each paragraph, and becoming interested in all; after this fashion we learned the printed page. In Mathematics she had been well taught by the Dominee. We were able to become enthusiastic in Geography because in that I, myself, was an enthusiast. Devoting the morning to study we continued our education by recitations in the afternoon. We could not forget so soon the conversations of the morning.

Anita had a good memory and a good mind, but did not want to apply herself to these things. It was not long before she was as much devoted to her studies as Susie was. The fact that we grew fond of each other made it easier. Both girls had the malaria germ in her blood and we had to watch for a chill, every seventh day. They grew better as the weeks went by and missed very few days from school.

Fortunately there were no moving pictures to teach them many undesirable things and thus interfere with the good things they absorbed from their own happy environment.

There was no radio either to break in upon their studious moments. Perhaps both of these inventions have their good influence; however, this influence is not needed for young people who have so much of real life to learn while their minds and hearts are unspoiled.

Ted often read aloud in the evenings, novels by Charles Dickens and Bulwer Lytton, which were not only educational but diverting. The whole family sat quietly listening. I thank God that the un-

pleasant, impossible sex stories were not on the market in 1876. It may be that the world would be better today if such novels had never been printed.

Maria, their old nurse, had taught the girls to sew. It would have been a pleasure to me to do it, but Maria would have been hurt had I taken it over. I had learned to knit and I could have taught them to crochet, but they did not care to learn. At Christmas the presents were very simple; a box of lead pencils or drawing paper, a book, a small vial of perfume, or ribbons. They gave me blue ribbons to tie up my bonnie brown hair, they said.

Ladies bought their own lingerie; stockings were things of necessity, not beauty. Mary had outfitted me as if I were going on a honeymoon. Like everyone else I wore long-legged and long-sleeved underwear, woolen. I used to be very much embarrassed when I saw them blowing on the line on wash day. They looked just as if I were in them.

Mr. Gowan raised everything that belonged on a farm, especially his own turkeys. We always had roast turkey for dinner on Sundays and holidays, also hot beaten biscuit for breakfast every day. We had whipped cream desserts very often and Mr. Gowan would give Anita a dime for every glass of cream she would drink.

The day came when Mr. X whom I had been sent to St. Louis to avoid, returned to West Chester. He asked my mother where I was and she gave him my address. Very soon I received his letter asking me to marry him. When the letter came I read it to Mrs. Gowan. She questioned me wisely and I told her that nothing could persuade me to marry him, in spite of his handsome face, his wealth and his position I would never marry him willingly. She said, "Write and tell him so."

I gave her my letter to read before I mailed it. She saw tears in my eyes and said, "Why do you cry? Do you regret having refused him?"

"Oh No, I just am sorry for him."

"Don't cry over him; he will soon find someone else." That may, or may not, have been wise advice to a girl of seventeen.

I had not thought of going home for Christmas, but letters came telling me that my mother had suffered a severe heart attack and we considered it seriously, and then another letter came saying that she had rallied and would probably live at least a year longer so I didn't go home at that time.

In the spring I took a cold which developed into a very sore throat. Mrs. Gowan gave me proper doses of homeopathic medicine and Maria took care of me. They kept me in bed until I recovered and I was very lonesome. The girls were not allowed to come near me.

After my recovery I prepared the girls for Confirmation. It was a serious pleasant job. They were good girls, anxious to be confirmed and become members of the Church. The confirmation took place in one of the large Episcopal Churches in St. Louis. About this time Mr. Cobourn, their former teacher, came to pay a visit and while he was at the house he conducted the services in the family chapel. Anyone in the vicinity was at liberty to attend these services, but the two families, those of Mr. Gowan and Mr. Jeffreys, were the only ones in constant attendance. Chapter VII

~~Not very long after my coming to Inglesides, Ted~~
As the time approached for the summer vacation I told Mr. and Mrs. Gowan that it was time their daughters were sent to a regular school, where they would mingle with girls of their own age, strangers who would make them acquainted with the outside world.

I could have taught on through High School studies and I hated to leave them, but I wanted to go home to my mother who had not long to live. I felt that the girls would be better off without me. They agreed with me and this lovely year drew to its close. When Ted

heard this news he wanted to give me a ring "to remember him by." I said "I don't need anything to remember you by. I shall never forget you, nor how kind you have been to me." And there we left it.

It was Ted who saw me off when I left St. Louis. He brought me a book, Romola, to read on the way home. The trip required two days and a night, (I had a seat in a sleeping car) leaving at noon on Tuesday I would be at home in time for dinner on Wednesday evening. After we had said goodbye and he had left, a young man came and sat on the seat next to me. He said, "I am a friend of Ted Gowan's. I saw him put you on the train. I hope I may be able to help you while away the time."

There seemed to be nothing for me to say, except, "Thank you." He tried to be entertaining but I wanted to read my book and I like to ride in a car and look out the window.

A few weeks later Ted Gowan came to West Chester to see me. I shall always be mortified when I remember how I treated him. I was young and scared. My mother was near death. Annie and Mary were with her. I did not welcome him at all. I talked to him ~~the~~ in the parlor and did not offer him even a drink of water. After all his kindness to me when I was in his home I acted as if I did not want to see him.

It is beyond my comprehension when I look back on it, for I did like Ted Gowan and I would not have hurt him for the world. After Ted reached home from this visit his mother said to him, "Well Ted did you have time to visit West Chester?"

"Yes. I finished my business in New York before noon and took the train for Philadelphia at once. I ate my dinner there and took the train for West Chester. It is a pretty little town and I had no difficulty in finding Miss Jo's home, which was the nicest on the block. A maid answered the bell and showed me into the parlor and presently a girl came into the room, but it was not our Miss Jo. I felt as

if I had never seen this girl before. She looked frightened and unhappy. You remember that the Miss Jo we knew had a sweet smile for everyone but this girl looked as if she had forgotten how to smile. She acted as if she wished I had not come and that I would go away soon. I feel as if our Miss Jo were dead."

"I am very sorry, Ted. There is a disturbing influence in that house. I am just as sorry for her as I am for you. She is as dear to me as my own daughters. She had the sweetest smile I ever saw and she was as sweet as her smile. She must be sailing in a heavy sea. I think she was scared because she was afraid that someone might come in and be rude to you."

"That may be true, Mother, but she is dead to me now."

"Yes, that is the best way for you to think of her, but to me she is the same girl I loved and mothered for almost a year. I observed her carefully and I never saw her do an unkind thing or never heard her say an unkind word; her charm was felt by the whole household. Maria, who is old and wise, adored her. I can see her now with her rosy cheeks and her deep blue eyes. I cannot forget how she brightened up this old house. I remember to have heard you say when Ferdie Risque and Ray Davis were coming out to spend the week-end, "Now do be dignified.'"

"Her eyes sparkled, but there was an amused look upon her face as she attired herself in dignity. She never disappointed us and all of your friends found her charming, whether as a mischievous child or a dignified young lady."

Of all the Gowan family, Susie was the only one who did not always approve of me. She preferred to postpone her decision. She was polite and obedient but she did not seek my society out of school hours. For one thing, she thought I was too young to be anyone's gover-

ness. I had her respect and admiration but I was too happy to act as if I were grown up all the time; all the rest liked to see me ~~fill~~ full of fun. I never was childish in the schoolroom. I was too much interested in the work to be anything but dignified there.

Angeline had impressed upon her daughters the knowledge of the power and love of God. We were never allowed to forget that "God has established his throne in the Heavens. His kingdom ruleth over all."

She was not a talkative woman, nor a gossip. When we heard a bit of scandal she would say, "Why repeat it? Ask yourselves, 'Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?' And then pray for the people involved." She gave to Jo, who was easily frightened, a Bible verse: "At what time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." This sustained her in all the terrifying expeniences of her after life. When I remember how our mother brought up the three of us and see so many delinquent young people, children, who, like Topsy, just grew, I am not surprised, but sorry that there are few mothers like ours left to guide them.

And yet, there were many well-trained children in that day; many mothers who taught their children to be charitable, decent, and respectable. Mary was capable and outspoken, like her father. Annie, the middle one, was shy and quiet, unselfish too, like her mother; while Jo was healthy and gay and had a welcoming smile for everyone. Her mother wondered how she would react to the knocks she certainly would get as she grew up. In her desire to please, she might be led away from the path in which she prayed this, her youngest child, might walk. She had provided her with proverbs for many temptations that might lie in her path, and had taught her that one could only be happy by believing that God loved her and that He was taking care of her.

Mama lived until fall. We spent the last months of her life in her room which was very large and cheerful, and cool too. We

three girls stayed in her room most of the time. Debbie Kinnard and Della Heed came nearly every day and Hattie Wollertonccame every night to help Mary minister to mother. She did not want us to leave her, knowing that she would be leaving us soon. Annie and I went to our own room at night. During the day Mary had to look after the maids and to sleep a few hours so that she would be able to keep awake all night.

One afternoon, when we were all together in herroom, I was reading aloud a letter I had just received from Anita Gowan. Mary began to speak disparagingly of the Gowan family. I could only explain her attitude by thinking that she was hurt by the very evident love I had for them, a little jealous perhaps. But it was more than I could stand and I interrupted her saying,"The Gowans are lovely people and I loved them. They were very good to me and I wish I had never come home," andthen slowly, as I realized that the others were listening, "except for Mama and Annie - and Deb and Dell," and ran from the room in tears.

In my own room I knelt by my bed asking God to help me. I began to see how what I had said would affect them all. I thought of the future which would be spent in West Chester and not in St. Louis and that there would soon be no mother to whom I could go for comfort and advice, and then I thought, "It is this same dear mother who now needs comfort from you. How can you give it to her?"

At this moment it came to me that God was asking me the questions which I was obliged to answer, and as I answered the questions my duty became quite plain and I was ready to do my duty as it was revealed to me. When I became calm I considered what I had done. Mama was my first thought,"You have broken your Mother's heart. She is troubled at leaving you, even when she thinks that Mary will take her place, and you have practically told Mary that you don't want to see her ever again. Now you must go and make it ~~xx~~ right for all of us."

This was perhaps one of the hardest things I ever tried to do, and yet when my resolve was taken, it did not seem so hard after all. I went back to Mama's room. They were all there as they were when I left. Going straight to Mary I said, "Mary, I am glad I came back to see you." She nodded but made no other expression of her feelings; but from that day on she made no more criticism of the Gowan family.

My mother was very much relieved. She now felt that she could leave us in the hands of God, and die in peace. How we hoped that something might happen to give her a longer time to live! But the hazardous life of her early years in California had made it's mark upon her heart, which was too tired to carry on.

It was only a few days later that she fell asleep in Jesus and found rest at last. She did not say goodbye to any of us. As Mary raised her up to give her a pill in the early morning, she fainted and never regained consciousness. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

There is comfort only in the knowledge that the spirits of our loved ones are safe in Paradise, awaiting the second coming of Jesus Christ; to think not of what is left here, the body only, but of the soul which has belonged to God and trusted him for many years; to remember the many mansions that Jesus promised to all who love Him and the reward reserved for the righteous, the crown of rejoicing, the living waters flowing down the golden streets, and the tree of life.

We must think of the ransomed saints who shall "stand upon that shore where neither sorrow, sin, nordeath shall ever enter more." And above all we must remember that our loved ones are ministering spirits waiting to welcome their loved ones home. The sting of death was removed by the death of Christ on the cross; but what of those who refuse to believe in Jesus? To them the sting of death is very real. May God help them!

Chapter VII

After Mama's funeral, Mary, Annie and I went to board at Mr. Frank Graef's farm on the Brandywine Creek, below Lenape.

One day there were a half dozen of us down at the creek. I hadbeen rowing a boat. The two little Graef boys were fishing and two othe girls and I were now sitting in the low branches of a tree which spread out over the water. It was nearly noon. Mr. Graef, who had been busy nearby, stopped to talk to us. We had all been watching a bull fight on high ground the other side of thea creek. Mr. Graef said that one of the bulls belonged to Mr. White who had been warned by his neighbors that if he did not keep the vicious animal penned up anyone of them would feel free to kill it if it appeared on their property.

The two bulls fought to the top of the little hill and rolled down into the water where they resumed hostilities. Before Mr. Graef left we asked him what we should do if they came up on our side of the creek. "Well," he said, "as long as you stay in that tree you are perfectly safe. Of course he could give you a good scare; but his only weapon is his head with its horns and he can't use his horns without lowering his head. You are safe as long as you are above him. There is no refuge anywhere between here and our house,- no trees and no fence."

Soon after his father had gone, one of the little fellows said, "I'm hungry. Let's go home." We descended from the tree and were walking leisurely toward the highway when we looked back and there was that bull coming after us, fast! We ran as fast as we could and I think he ran as fast as he could. We didn't spend any time looking back but we could hear him getting a little nearer all the time. As we approached the house Mr. Graef came to the gate of the barnyard and, as he threw it open he said, "Run straight into

the yard. We won't let him hurt you." There were ~~two~~ three farm hands beside Mr. Graef. Two of them held pitch forks and another had a rope ready to throw; he lassoed the bull and we went into the house. Mr. Graef went to see Mr. White and said, "I have your bull penned up in my barn. He chased my children all the way from the creek. Come and get him; or do you want me to kill him?"

Mary and Annie had watched the chase and were almost as much frightened as we were; this was just one more instanee of the Lord's gracious care of his children....one instance of which we were aware, but how often He had taken care of us when we, ourselves, did not know we were in danger? We went home soon. Mr. and Mrs. Graef did everything they could to make us comfortable and happy. XXXXXX

In November of 1876 we made our last visit to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, which was only an hour's ride from West Chester. The station was at Thirty-second and Market Streets. We went from there in horse-drawn street cars to Fairmount Park. The day was Election Day and all the exhibitors were giving special attention to the ladies. All the men were supposed to be at the polls. Nature was very gracious to us that year, the summer having lasted far into Fall.

The group was composed of the young people of whom I have spoken so much often during my high school days. Mary chaperoned us. There was a booth at which women could cast a fake ballot. Probably every woman there dropped one into a fake ballot box. Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican nominee for President and Mr. Tilden was the one at the head of the Democratic ticket.

Having spent the previous year in St. Louis, and also having heard Mr. Gowan express his opinion about the virtues of the Democratic party and its nominee, to say nothing of the ~~vices~~ unfitness of its opponent, I was determined to vote Democratic. Of course, you remember, that it was years after this that women were given the privilege of voting. In both Philadelphia and West Chester there were very few people who belonged to

the Democratic party. There was only one in our group who cast her vote for Tilden, while her companions looked on with disgust.

At the booth an attendant held two piles of ballots and the voter asked, in the hearing of by-standers, for whichever ballot she desired. The women lined up and asked for "Republican," "Republican," "Republican" ballots. When my turn came the attendant thought that that would be my choice and gave me a Republican ballot. I handed it back saying,"I want to vote for Mr. Tilden." There was a gasp of horror and I was so embarrassed that I took two instead of one. Mary, to the delight of all, said, "That is the way in which Tilden will get most of his votes, two at a time and under age."

I always had the courage of my convictions and this was no exception. I still vote the Democratic ticket. The election that year was given by fraud to Hayes, 'though Tilden received the majority vote. This isa matter of history, not conjecture.

Many of the buildings still standing in Fairmount Park were built for this exhibition. There were contributions from a great many foreign countries, all extremely interesting and many very beautiful.

During the winter, Charlie married a West Chester girl. She was about seventeen years old and he was very much in love with her.

Mary, Annie and I moved across the street to board with Miss Lizzie Kerk. Miss Lizzie had a hotel at Asbury Park every summer, but we enjoyed living with her in the winter. She was very wise and gave me excellent advice; gave it so sensibly and affectionately that I was glad to take it.

Leonard Hartman was a boy who had been my friend for more than eight years, the boy whose letters from GermanY I received when I was a student at Brooke Hall. Because pupils were not allowed

to correspond with boys, I had mailed my letters to him, to my mother and she had put them in an envelope addressed to him and mailed them. He was studying medicine in Germany.

His letters came to me direct. His handwriting was small and Miss Eastman, who inspected all the mail, noticing the foreign stamp, thought they were from my cousin Bertie and handed them to me without a question. I never told the other girls that I was writing to a boy. We were just like brother and sister. There was no word of affection in any of those letters. We had been good friends for a long time, went to Church together when he was in West Chester, took buggy rides when we wished, exchanged Xmas gifts, and attended children's parties and picnics. I was nine years old.

We met first at one of these parties, It was the first time he was invited. I had been to several and knew all the other children. These children were rude to him because he was a stranger and I told them what I thought of them. Probably that made him notice me; at any rate, he asked if he could "see me home." My sister Annie was at the party too, and we three walked home together. When we reached the house I ran in without saying good night or thank you, leaving all that for Annie to do.

After my year at Brooke Hall and my winter in St. Louis I felt a little more independent than I had when I was sixteen. Len felt the same, but he tried to pick up our companionship as it had been two years before and often came out of the City to take me to Church on Sunday nights, his mother lived in West Chester, but he was studying at Hahnemann and boarding in the city. Then one night, when Annie was starting to go to Church I said, "Wait a minute and I will go with you. I suppose Len is not coming out tonight." When we came back he was waiting there for me and he scolded me for not waiting for him. I said, "I did not feel that I was under any obligation to wait for you."

"Oh! I thought you were."

"Why did you think that?"

"Well, aren't we engaged?"

"I never knew it. Do you mean engaged to be married?"

"Yes."

"You never asked me to marry you, Len. There is such a word as love, but neither of us ever mentioned it and you never even tried to kiss me."

"But you must remember that I have known you a long time and I noticed that you would not play the kissing games the other children play, and I was afraid."

"And I am just like I always was. I do not like kissing. I am not old enough to think of marriage. While you were noticing, didn't you notice that I was always gay and happy, making other people have a good time too? You must have thought sometimes that you wished I would begin to grow up."

"No. I did not expect to be married immediately. I thought that you would settle down when the time came. Have you never thought that you would like to get married some day?"

"I think not. I think I should like to be an unmarried school teacher to influence boys and girls and be of some use in the world; sometimes I have thought that if I had to get married I should choose a minister, but I have never met any unmarried ministers."

"Wouldn't a doctor do as well? A doctor's wife has great opportunities for doing good/"

"No. My mind is made up. I hope you will still come out now and then and go to Church with me, but in the meantime, if you eet a nice sensible and capable girl, cultivate her acquaintance and when you think you have learned to love her, tell her so and ask her to marry you; if she sayd 'Yes,' kiss her."

"Did you know, Jo, that your mother thought we were engaged and gave us her approval?"

"That explains something that has puzzled me for a long time. I could never understand why she connived at my correspondence with you while you were in Germany, knowing, as she did, that it was against the rules. It explains too something my Cousin Charlie said to me one day just after you had left the house after spending an evening here. He must have been in on the secret too. It seems everyone knew but me."

"Charlie said after you had gone, 'You don't have a very ardent lover, Josie.' Evidently he missed in you what I never suspected and cannot believe. Did my mother know that you had never spoken to me of love?"

"I suppose she took it for granted, but I told her how I felt and I thought you knew."

"It seems that everyone took me for granted. You should have discovered before this that I cannot be taken for granted, so very seldom I do the obvious thing. I can understand how happy it made Mama to think that my future was so nicely planned. I am sure she thought I had been asked."

"By the way, Jo, don't you think you might let me kiss you goodbye? It might change things."

I had to laugh. "I don't want to be kissed, and I don't want to change things. I don't want to say goodbye. Let's go on from here, each of us free and both of us happy and, I hope, always the best of friends."

And that is how it ended. I shall always remember Leonard fondly as one of my best childhood friends. It was too bad I could not believe that he was in love with me, and I know I was not in love with him. I was not old enough to think of love and marriage; about

two years later he married a charming Philadelphia girl who made him a good and loving wife.

And, 'though ultimately I did get married, I never carried my heart on my sleeve and I was not capable of the kind of love which makes a girl say, "I must have that man. I will die if I can't." This seems silly to me.

It has been my practice to give up my desire for anything that was out of my reach. Really, I triedto be content with such things as I had. I never tried "to keep up with the Joneses."

The summer after I came back from St. Louis many things happened. Among others, I began to teach a class of boys in Sunday School. This class sat right across the aisle from Miss Lizzie's class and I had watched them Sunday after Sunday. All the teachers who had tried to teach them, chiefly young men, had given them up one after the other.

And, as I watched, I kept thinking "How I wish I could take charge of that class; at any rate I should like to try and see if I really could manage them." I am afraid that I was always willing to try to do the hardest job I could find. When I asked Professor George M. Phillips, (who was at that time superintendent of the Sunday School, as well as president of the new State Normal School in West Chester,) to let me try my hand at teaching that class he was inclined to say, "Yes." But Mr. Emmor Griffith, the assistant superintendent, overheard my request and said, "O, No, Miss Josie it would spoil your Sundays; make them days of labor insteadof days of rest."

However, when I insisted that they let me try, they consented. I kept that class forfour years, with some intermissions, but I always came back to them, and my Sundays were days of delight. The boys were from eleven to fourteen yearsold and not bad, just mischievious; there were, among them, some quiet, serious little fellows. From time to

time new boys, older boys, joined the class and of course, I grew older too, but we became well acquainted. They were all my good friends. They bought me presents that they themselves had made, and grew interested in the lessons.

At first they pinned papers on my back with writing on them and once they tied my hat ribbons to the arm of the bench, but I only smiled. I was young enough to sympathize with them. They could not hurt my dignity, because what dignity I had was assumed, not inherent; also I knew all their tricks for I had sat across from those boys for a long time and had watched them closely.

Many boys need men teachers and a man who knows boys is a better teacher than a young girl, but a settled woman teacher is good too. The only reason I succeeded was that the Lord helped me. This class taught me a lot too. I always remember that fine rule in Physics: "Action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction." That is as true in human relations as it is in physical relations.

In some way they learned that I could dance. The only kind of dancing that was familiar to them was the dancing held in public places where there was drinking and the mingling of people who were strangers to each other. They asked me if I ever went to a public dance. When I said "No," they were satisfied. I could dance but I seldom did.

In the High School in West Chester sometimes, on a stormy day, some of us took our lunches to school with us. Miss Starkweather took her lunch too and she would allow us to play the piano and we danced in the back part of the large room where there were no desks. There was only one boy in our class and he never stayed. It was good exercise for us, which we needed, because we had not walked to and from school as usual. at noon

Not one of these boys in my Sunday School class ever

became delinquent. Some became deacons in the church, and all of them became good citizens. While I was away in St. Louis the class was taught by Miss Ida Halderman, a young sister of the famous Baptist minister Isaac M. Halderman. . . (his mother had been my teacher until her health failed and Miss Lizzie took us over). Ida succeeded as well as I did but was willingto give them back to me when I returned.

We had a Christian Endeavor Society which met every Thursday night. Many of my boys belonged to it and boys and girls from other of the classes in Sunday School; I was the president. The minister came from time to time to give us encouragement.

Many years later my little daughter and I were riding in a hack in West Chester. A lady passenger began to talk with her. Presently my little daughter announced, "My mother goes to the Shrieking Endeavor." Mrs. Brown laughed and said, "That is what it often is."

One of the funniest and most humiliating things that ever happened to me occurred at this time. My class had arrived at that stage when their voices change. I had no brothers and I did not know anything about it. My class was called upon to take part in the Anniversary exercises. I decided to have them sing a song. I could play the piano but I could not carry a tune. The piano was the only thing that was in tune when those boys began to sing. At once people began to look at each other and smile. I had supposed that everyone (except myself) could sing, but I soon found out that something was wrong, and when the refrain was sung, "Wide awake, wide awake," there was a good natured laugh from the audience. I arose from the piano and gathered my brood under my wings. That was the meanest thing I ever did to anyone, even though it was unintentional. I was simply attempting to do something that I should have known was beyond my ability. I was very ignorant. The class did not care as much as I did, I am glad to say.

As the months and the years passed by I continued to teach my Sunday School Class. From time to time I was away from town for a few months at a time, but there was another young woman who was glad to substitute for me. It happened that when I was busy in places near West Chester I could get home to spend Sunday. They were a problem no longer. They had too much self respect to want to show off in Sunday School now.

I had thought, with all reverence, of calling this story, "The Superlative Lover." But I decided against it, asking myself, "How many would know, at a glance, what or who is meant?" Love is a word of wide use and wider meaning. Today it is regarded as the mutual attraction of men and women, leading to marriage. Unfortunately the Bible term "Abundant life," has come to mean to non Christians a life of indulgence in all worldly activities, in the gratification of all human desires, like children who say, "Because I want to, I will."

There is a beautiful love story in the Bible about Isaac, a prince in Israel and Rebecca, chosen by a family servant because of her beauty and grace when he asked God's help in his mission. She was accepted and loved by her father-in-law, Abraham, who was the friend of God. She became the wife of Isaac who inherited his father's wealth and prestige. Abraham was the man, chosen by God, to reveal to mankind the power and love of the living God, the <u>one</u> God. Recently a young sailor was walking on the streets of New York City; a young girl joined him and began a friendly conversation. He saw no harm in that and there may have been none, but presently she said, "Let's go get married." He was only twenty, but he said, "I have no desire for marriage" and left her standing there; that is often called "love."

There is a Teaching about love in the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians:

If every married couple followed the advice given there, there would be no divorces. Of course that chapter was meant for the world in general but it would work well if married people studied and followed its teaching.

Chapter XLVI XLVII became engaged to

In 1879 my sister Annie married a man from Canada who was visiting in West Chester. I had seen him on the street but did not like his looks, though he made many fine friends in the town. I do not believe that we should be influenced by intuition, especially to the extent of prejudice against a man of whom we have heard no evil, but who can say that there are not times when God protects his loved ones in this way? This feeling was so strong that I had refused an older woman's request to bring him to call upon me.

was

My Cousin Charlie married his wife he tried to persuade her to go abroad with him. It had been his habit to go to Europe at least once a year. She refused to go unless I should accompany them. Mary did not want me to go, just as she had not wanted me to go to St. Louis, and again I went against her will. And, as before, I have never regretted it.

I shall call the visitor, of whom I have just written, Mr. Canadian, since it was from Canada that he came. On the night that I set sail for England Mr. Canadian called at our home. He made a good impression on Mary and on Annie, having good looks and good manners, and certainly a great desire to please. Our ship made the trip across the ocean in eleven days. A severe storm followed us all the way over.

Having heard tales of dreadful storms on the ocean from people who had survived them, I did not realize that there was any cause for fear. It happened that I was the only woman in the first class who had a room to herself, so the stewardess came to me saying, "Well, Miss, are you frightened?" I said, "Is there anything to be frightened

about?" She put a rack in my berth to keep me from falling out when the ship rolled, talked a moment and left.

My time, of which there was plenty, was spent in reading my Bible. I read it through, reading it a book at a time; though I had read it through once before, this was the first time I noticed the difference in the length of the different books; for instance, the book of Jonah, about which there has been so much discussion, has only two pages, with four chapters.

In London we stayed at theLangham Hotel until we found a suitable apartment. The most important thing we found there were letters from home. While we were on the ocean Mr. Canadian had found plenty of sunshine in which to make hay. He worked so faithfully that he had already asked Annie to marry him, and she had said yes. I was very much upset and I could do nothing about it, but later when I learned about the English laws I tried to do something about it, with not too much success.

Many of the women I met were suffragettes. They were much interested in America and Americans. I did not quite come up to their expectations I am afraid. I had not been trained in politics and that was their chief interest. However, they were extremely nice to me.

They invited me to an afternoon tea at the home of Miss Ada Heather-Bigg. She was one of the most highly educated girls I had ever met and a year after I came home there was a paragraph in a Philadelphia newspaper saying that "Miss Ada Heather-Bigg had been admitted to one of the male colleges in England, the first female so honored." It seemed incredible that I should have happened to meet her.

Miss Heather-Bigg lived on Portman Square, not far from the Langham. Her father was a prominent man. We entered the house through

a door on the street, but not into an entry; passing through a large room, probably an office, we mounted a stairway, leading to the drawing room which was beautifully furnished and very large.

We were served with tea and sandwiches made of thinly sliced white bread spread with a nice paste and rolled into a stick, some cookies and, the thing I liked best of all, white fruit cake not iced.

The conversation was brilliant; all the guests were informed politically. They talked about Russia as if they had all been there. The British were very much interested in Russian affairs at that time. They also talked about votes for women, which they succeeded in securing not so long afterwards.

It was not possible for me to contribute anything to this conversation. I knew mothing about Russia, except where it was, and I did not care whether women ever got the vote or not, but I learned a lot. I felt then and I feel now, that the women's vote is neither influential nor helpful since most of us vote as our parents voted, or as our husbands now vote, and women are not certain to vote for the right just because they are women.

I went to the meeting of a Shakespeare Club in Kensington. I had to take a bus. It was raining hard when we arrived at our destination. An attractive young lady stepped off thebus directly in front of me and a fine looking old gentleman came forward and offered her his hand to help her step down. She opened her umbrella in his face and walked away from him. I looked on in amazement as well as gratitude. Being an American, it would have seemed all right to me to have let him help me down, but this English girl knew his kind, which was very evident from his guilty look as he walked away. Suppose I had been the first one to step off!!

The party this time was for the reading of "The Mer-

chant of Venice." Each member assumed the role of one of the actors and kept that role to the end of the reading. They had studied their parts. It was most entertaining. It was suggested that I take a part but I refused. My American accent and voice, also my pronunciation would have annoyed some and puzzled others.

Charles' wife could not understand the English girls in the shops. They might well have been speaking French. She always turned to me to translate them, One day she asked what was the flavor of a cake she was buying. The sales person said "Almond" with a broad A. At the same moment I said it with the flat "A". It sounded so unpleasant that it hurt my own ears. I have said "Ahmond" ever since.

On another occasion, seeing in a store window, the price of an article I wanted to buy, I asked for it, mentioning the price, which was 6¼ pence. That is what I said. Theclerk corrected me, "You mean 'six-pence farthing.'" Once more I said to an Englishman something about "Trafalgar Square." He repeated it but pronounced it "Trafalgar" which is much more euphonious.

After living in London six months my language improved. And I mean Improved since it is theEnglish language we speak. The English people know how to speak their own language, except those who have trouble with their "h's".

Charlie and Annie did not arise until noon but I was up before eight o'clock and roamed all over that part of London which was near the apartment in Sackville Street off Picadilly, to which we moved from the Langham. It was called the Sackville Apartment Hotel.

Sackville Street, like so many streets in London, was not longer than two of our city blocks. They told me that there is not one street with the same name for more than one mile, though the street runs perhaps sixty miles without a break. This comes from the fact that London is a group of hundreds of villages which have grown together and

retained their old street names. It makes it hard for people to find their way. Vigo Street, at the upper end of Sackville, is not half a block long.

I would go out in any direction I wished and make a note of the names of the streets I used, so that I could return the way I had come but no matter where I walked I would come to either the Oxford or Regent Circle, or Trafalgar Square, and then I knew my way home. Charlie took us in cabs to places of interest so that I learned to know that part of the City very well. I saw my first electric light in a store window on Regent Street. The life-sized dummies in store windows were a surprise and pleasure to me. I stopped in front of a shop on Oxford Street to look at the dresses displayed there. The window was built out beyond the store wall. I took it for granted that the side of the window was made of glass like the front of it. I looked up and saw a girl looking through the side window. I thought "That girl has a hat exactly like mine." Looking again I saw the dress was like mine too and then I knew that I was looking into a mirror and not through a window. It was the first time I knew exactly how I looked to others, and I knew that the dresses that Mary had made for me in little old West Chester did not look out of place in the City of London.

During this time I learned to know that a girl in London could wander at will in the mornings while the predatory males were asleep; but once I went to a book store at the corner of Sackville and Picadilly at four o'clock in the afternoon. I asked the proprietor for a Fasquelles French Grammar. When he said he had never heard of such a grammar I said, "I am an American and that isthe one I used there." Then he gave me a lecture, saying "Don't you know that young ladies do not appear on Picadilly after four o'clock without a chaperone?" I bought a French Grammar, an English edition, and walked home very quietly

after my reproof.

Charlie, Annie and I often walked in the Burlington Arcade in the afternoons. Charlie said, "Josie do you notice how people stare at your feet?" Then I did notice it. He said they were looking at my American shoes. The English shoes were very ugly. I had to buy one pair which I never wore after my return to America.

It was strange that my shoes should attract attention, for my dresses were as near the ground as they could be without touching it. Sometimes I walked to the Thames River to stand on the bridge and look at the houses of Parliament, a beautiful sight! Also I went to Westminster Abbey without a chaperone, and every Sunday I attended the morning service at Mary-le-bone, across Picadilly from Sackville Street. A woman wiped the street in front of my feet as I crossed. At the curb I gave her a penny (two cents).

St. Paul's was so large that they couldnhold services in more than one place at a time without interference. When I managed to get to Spurgeon's Church I was amazed at the simplicity of the service. There was no musical instrument, no choir; the song leader stood by the pulpit, a tuning fork in his hand. The minister read the first verse of the hymn, which was sung, and then he read the second verse which they sang, and so on to the end of the hymn. Mr. Spurgeon's text was "Benaiah slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day." I remember it still, but not well enough to do it justice here.

Charlie took us to the theatre sometimes and to all of the London Ballad Concerts. Here we heard Sims Reeves sing. He was the most noted tenor in the world at that time. He never came to America, fearing that the change of climate might injure his voice.

Our evenings were usually spent at the Hotel which gave me an opportunity to continue studying my Bible. My letters to Mary

After I received Annie's letter announcing her engagement to Mr. Canadian and saying that they would be married in June, I could not be happy in England; my letters to her were blistered with tears because I was obsessed with the idea that he was an untrustworthy man and both my sisters were just as sure that he was all he claimed to be.

I wanted to get home in time to do something about it. Mama had left us about thirty thousand dollars, ten thousand apiece. Kept in one sum it made a very nice income for the three of us; I kept account of all that I spent and of my share of the housekeeping expense. Mary was my guardian and handled the total amount. My Cousin Charlie paid the servants, the coal and gas bills and the food bill too when he was home; he wanted the house to be ready for him at all times.

When I was in St. Louis my mother was living and my salary was sufficient for all my needs, three hundred dollars for the school term and all expenses paid. While travelling with Charlie and his wife there was nothing for me to buy except carfare if I went out alone and money for church or charity. Charlie never offered me any money; he was amazed that I could understand the English money and keep my accounts. Mary sent me money to buy things to bring home with me for all of us. But I did buy something for myself, the price of which shocked even me. It was a beautiful hat imported from Paris to London, for five guineas. I do hope you don't know how much a guinea is. I knew, but it did not deter me. It was made on a wire frame covered entirely with heliotrope and roses and lace. The roses had rhinestones to look like drops of dew on their petals. They were pale pink with deep pink centers; it seemed to me that I had earned it.

I did not care much for clothes, but hats were like paintings to me, I wish you could have seen it.

(End of Chapter)

Charlie's little daughter was named Charlotte Fredrika for her father. She was born at the Sackville Hotel; a nurse came a few days previously; she had to have my room because it was a part of the apartment and adjoined Annie's room; for a short time I had a room on an upper floor. Since Annie nowhad a companion my presence was no longer needed. She hated to see me go but I was very homesick. My slight knowledge of French might have been helpful to her but Charlie could speak French as well as English and I could not stay forever; the party would be quite large for travelling; they were taking the nurse with them. I was not disappointed, seeing Europe was nothing compared with seeing America again.

West Chester friends said, "How could you come back without seeing Paris?" Probably Annie Jones was afraid to cross the ocean again. She stayed on the Continent for two years and then came back to the dear house on Miner Street which had been my home for seventeen happy years. She was very much changed, being very tall when married she had now developed into a large capable looking woman, able to take care of herself, 'though she called upon us quite often, especially on Mary, for advice.

Charlie and Annie said goodbye to me in London early in April; arrangements had been made for my trip home. I was put in the care of the conductor of the train and left in a vacant compartment which was to remain so, except for me, until we reached Southhampton on the English Channel where the ship would be waiting to take on passengers from London.

Other people did enter the compartment. It did not bother me, we ignored each other. I was happily occupied by my first

Southampton

view of the English countryside. It was very beautiful, there were no fences. The fields were separated by well-kept hedges and looked like rich green velvet carpets. It was only forty miles from London and I enjoyed every foot of it.

The railroad and the steamship companies had agreed to take care of me and I did not have to pay my expenses but it happened that I had to look out for myself for several hours;when I alighted from the train I looked around for the man who was supposed to meet me. There was no-one but I saw my trunk on a push cart with a man standing by. I said, "That is my trunk; where are you taking it?" He said, "Just follow me, Miss, and I will take you and your trunk to the North German Lloyd headquarters."

I followed along shabby streets pretty well filled with sea-faring men who paid scant attention to me. The headquarters which I had supposed would have some appearance of importance wasjust a small building on the edge of the ocean. My guide left me in the care of the proprietor; there was only one large room on the first floor, of which the front part was a waiting room, the back part a dining room.

They informed me that the ship would not arrive from Germany until three o'clock and showed me to a small room at the top of a short flight of steps. I sat there, wrote some letters and went out to seek a post office and to look over the town. I found nothing to amuse me and when I came back to the "hotel," they said it would be six o'clock before the ship would arrive. Asking if I wanted my dinner, they prepared a table in the dining room and called me to dinner.

While I was eating, a man came in and sat down in the front of the room. When my meal was finished they re-set the table and called him to dinner and presently we heard that the ship would be in at ten P. M. So this man and I sat in the same room for hours, completely ignoring each other, which was all right except that when the boat finally arrived the proprietor quietly put me in his care, saying "Mr. Mahler will see you to the ship. I have to take your trunk."

We walked along the edge of the water and I could not help thinking how easily I could have been pushed in and left to drown. But I was not frightened, except when I was really on board in pitch darkness and, catching my foot on a loose board, fell flat. An Englishman standing by said, "Awkward!" He did not have to tell me that. I knew it already. I learned afterward that because we came on the boat together, those of the passengers who were awake, decided we were man and wife and when I appeared at the table alone for several days, they were still deceived (he was very sea sick).

There was one part of the arrangement which had been made, that was fulfilled. I was put in the care of the Captain and seated at his right hand at meals. I was surrounded by officers, the purser, the doctor and all the rest. It being a rough voyage I was the only woman at meals for days, but, when one lady appeared we were introduced. When I told Mrs. Clark that I was travelling with my cousin, Mr. Charles F. Jones, she took me right under her wing. She knew Charlie very well. They had crossed the ocean several times on the same boat. She was on her way home to Cincinnati.

The sea was rough but there was no storm and we were allowed on deck all the time. The officers and male passengers played shuffleboard and the Captain asked Mrs. Clark and me to join them. Mrs. Clark said that she did not feel like it but told me to play if I thought it would be a pleasure. Of course I played, and when I pushed the puck into the square which counted most I was very glad. Once when I did this I jumped up and clapped my hands. When I looked down for the deck I could see only the ocean and some ropes beneath me. While I was jumping the ship had moved down and to the right. I came down just inside the rail.

It was so rough that one night the apricots in a saucer across the table from me jumped across the table and landed in my soup. That night everything on the table had to be tightly secured. There were only five passengers in the first class. Mrs. Clark and I were the only women. The Captain filled my tumbler with Rhine wine every night but I did not drink it, except once when the soup was so hot it burned my mouth. Forgetting it was not water I took a big swallow. I don't know how I kept it down, nor do I understand how anyone can drink it and like it.

All the ship's officers, including Captain Villegorod, were Germans. The doctor was very young; this was his first trip and I was the first American girl he had ever seen. He was bewildered. Girls in Germany were more dignified and less friendly. Mrs. Clark explained foreign customs and chaperoned me. It was hard for me to be cool and quiet. I was coming home!

Immediately after my arrival, our time was taken up by

preparations for the wedding. Mary, Annie, and Mr. Canadian came over to New York to meet me. I did not like him any better than I had six months before; he had no intimate friends but the boys who had known me from childhood were kind and helpful to him; it was impossible to resist the joyful atmosphere. I tried to believe that everything would come out satisfactorily. Annie and Mary could see no fault in him, what was the matter with me?

Miss Lizzie entered into our plans and was quite excited. Charlie wrote to Mary to open up our old home for a reception which he wanted to give Annie for a wedding present. She was so pretty and so happy, I wonder if that happiness did not compensate to a small degree for her later troubles.

Mr. Canadian was admired by many. He was a perfect contrast to Annie who was a blonde with gray eyes and lovely regular features; his hair and eyes were as black as black could be. I confess that he looked to be all that he should have been. How I wish that I could say that he was!

Chapter IX

Annie's Wedding

This was the most elaborate wedding in the history of the First Baptist Church. They had chosen Mr.Fairlamb,my old Latin teacher,to be my groomsman;he was older than the other groomsmen and I was younger than the other bridesmaids. The girls all wore veils over our faces,a style I had heard about in London;it was intended to accentuate the fact that we were maidens,while Annie,whose veil was lifted after the ceremony was now no longer a maiden.

This group was together from morning to night,day after day,sitting on Miss Lizzie's porch,getting our pictures taken in a group and toward the last,practicing our way of walking up and down the aisle at Church. Mary was always with us and she was just as gay as the others,her witty criticisms kept us all laughing. Probably there was never a gayer or happier crowd. I could not help having a good time in spite of my disapprobation of Mr.Canadian;we all thought of Mary as old,as she was twenty-eight,five years older than Annie and eight years older than I.

Miss Lizzie spent many hours with us,she too seemed young and gay;it must have been a sight for the neighbors to see,such a large group of people who were together so constantly with never a cross word or an unhappy moment;our wedding garments were made and fitted in spare moments-we did eat and sleep-but hardly realized it. Debbie Kinnard,one of the bridesmaids,lived across the street and Della Keed, also a bridesmaid,lived a few blocks to the west. How wonderful to be at home with old friends! How wonderful to be so happy.

It was June,we only knew that the sun was bright and the sky was blue-we separated at ten o'clock and slept well. Probably Mary took many a stitch for us later,and in his great goodness-the Lord

remembered that we were "but dust"-flowers of the field over which the wind would blow full soon. He knew our frame and like a father, he pitied us.

Mr.Canadian sensed my lack of faith in him and tried in every way to appease me and that annoyed me. Annie Rockwell was visiting us and one of the boys was so much attracted to her that his mother invited us to dinner. Annie seemed to make a good impression but nothing came of it-she said-"I could not marry a man named Bull, Mrs.Bull,think of it". She was a bridesmaid too and he,her groomsman. We went to Church and Sunday school,often in a group,but we behaved ourselves.

From all indications no one criticized us,all were glad to see us so happy. Mr.Canadian had already begun his peculations. I wonder how he felt. Perhaps he thought-"I am just anticipating,Annie's money will soon be mine and I need it now."

Did we take any time out to pray? Yes,we went to bed early and we did not talk after we went to our rooms-we were so happy that our prayers were mostly thanksgivings. Of course,though I did not know at this time,the faults of Mr.Canadian,I could not accept him as the others did,I had no excuse for my antipathy-and I prayed hard for all of us. If our (or my) prayers were not answered as I may have expected them to be,God gave Annie a few years of happiness and her little family to love; she,unlike so many of us-blamed her misfortune upon herself-there had been letters of warning written to her-she thought best to ignore them and even joke about them to her husband.

In the early mornings-we tidied our rooms,tried on our wedding dresses which Mary was making,with our help. All of Annie's trousseau had been made during the winter except the wedding dress-

they waited for the material I had bought in London, to make it- a light weight ivory brocade- they bought the wax orange blossoms and other accessories in Philadelphia. The youths of the party had affairs of their own to be done and did not come around until after nine o'clock. A.M.

None of the group stayed to meals as Miss Lizzie had quite enough to do without that. And we did not spend any time in the house- but lived on the porch most of the time.

End of chapter.

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I learned in London that an Englishman had absolute control of his wife's estate, down to three hundred dollars that she could call her own. In the United States she could be protected by having a trustee appointed by the court, whose duty it would be to keep her ten thousand dollars intact.

I wrote this to my sister Mary and they appointed her as trustee, thus defeating all my plans. It was easy for Annie to persuade Mary to give it to Mr Hayden to invest in a coal basines It would have been a good investment if Mr. Hayden had been an honest man. He spent money freely, as fast as it came in, not putting anything back with which to buy fresh supplies. After four years Mary heard that he was planning to fail with the yards full of coal which had not been paid for. She wrote to the owners of the coal to come and take it back. This was honest and honorable but it was a complete loss of Annie's money.

Mr Hayden was told to find some way of making a living or he could not stay with us. When he was unsuccessful in finding work, Mary said, "If he comes into this house,I go out of it" We never saw him again.

They had had three children. The first baby died of cholera infantum when he was about a year old. Rose was a precocious little girl and we all loved her. Her aunt Mary dressed her in beautiful dress and cute little sun bonnets. She had long golden hair which they curled. They did it so well it looked natural The youngest child, Henry used to point her out to his playmates saying,"See that girl with yellow curls; that's my sister."

Rose was three years old and Henry was a baby when Mr Hayden left them. Mary kept them all until these children were married.

My Cup Runneth Over

Mr.F-

As I have already remarked, the dwellers in small towns have a real interest in their townsfolk; this might be charged to a love of gossip but it is more than that; they like to see their neighbors prosper, rejoicing with the happy and trying to help those who are sad; by some, this interest is resented, but to me, when I returned from my six months in London, it was an unexpected welcome by the town.

Old people who had never crossed the ocean, stopped me on the street to ask me about my trip, some of whom I had only known by sight, were respected and honorable citizens; from childhood I had loved and admired them, their questions were kind and touching; but when the young people began to make bets as to whether one of the young men was going to marry me or another girl, I decided to put a stop to it.

The situation was peculiar, the gentleman was Mr. Fairlamb, who had been my Latin teacher when I was twelve years old. After my graduation from High School, four years later, I had been out of town a long time, first at Brooke Hall until I graduated, next, teaching in St. Louis, the third, in England and when I came back I found Mr. Fairlamb hand in glove with the group of young people who had been my friends, since childhood. There were two sisters, whose parents were dead, living in West Chester at this time, I only knew them by sight and knew nothing about them except that they were older than I and that the older sister had married a young lawyer who was Mr. F-'s business partner; because they continued to live in the old home, Miriam, the younger was thrown with Mr. F- constantly as he consulted his partner after hours.

Possibly she began to love him then, never doubting that he loved her; when I came home to be a bridesmaid at Annie's wedding, plans had a lready been made for him to be a groomsman and stand with me.

I thought that would be fun; I enjoyed being escorted by a bright young lawyer, enough older to have my respect; he treated me as if I were a young lady, calling me "Miss Josie" not "Jo" as the others did, I did not know that Miriam thought he belonged to her and was unhappy.

I never want to hurt any one, but not knowing all this I was pleased when he began to take me out. If he came to call on Sunday evening I asked him to come to Church with me, all the other boys knew that if they came on Sunday, they were obliged either to go to Church, or go home, this, to me, seemed to be my Christian duty.

Then added to all the other facts, I had learned; there was a statement from one of our neighbors who lived across the street, that Miriam went there and watched our house to see if he came to call, so I decided to explain to Mr. F- the next time he came; a day or two later he came in the afternoon. Annie let him in and I made her stay in the room; but she had to go out and asked me to come with her. She said "Mr. F- has something he wants to say to you and you will have to let him say it."

When I came back, I said to him, "Annie says there is something you want to say to me, but will you permit me to say something first?" His consent given, I said, "Some silly people are making bets about you and Miriam and me; it is very mortifying and must be stopped. You and she have been close friends for years, unless you count the days when you were my teacher in High School; you have known her longer than you have known me; things have come to my knowledge that convince me that she is in love with you, you should be proud to have such a faithful friend.

Your casual attentions to me have been pleasing and flattering and much appreciated; it seems to me that our attitude has been that of teacher and pupil, possibly you have been interested in

watching that tempestuous child grow up; you have been a great help- your criticisms have done me good and opened my eyes to many of my faults;we are the only ones who know that no words of love have been spoken between us"__"Stop! Dont try to prove yourself blameless,if you don't know what you have done,it is time you were told that a welcoming smile and a loving glance mean more to a man than any number of words."

"Very well,have it your way. I am sorry, but I am sure that it is best for all of us that you and I should say goodbye and since you have listened to me so patiently,it is time for you to speak."

"You have said it all,thank you,it is better that you should have been the one to say it." Then I said,"We did have a good time while it lasted,didn't we?" He began to laugh and I joined him,this our parting moment was spent in an unchecked gale of merriment.

End of episode

In August, after all the excitement was over I went to visit Annie Rockwell in Dryden, N. Y. and decided to go back to Brookehall as a postgraduate in September, hoping to learn to sing. It would have been better for me if I had not been so determined to learn to sing but the things I did learn were of great value to me later, Miss Ketchum asked me to room with her. What she had in mind I have no way of knowing, but it was an excellent idea. It was not long before I was teaching and she could have me at her beck and call both day and night

It was a hard year for Miss Ketchum. Miss Eastman's health was failing. She was planning to sell the school and Miss Ketchum could but wonder what would happen to her if the school were either closed or sold. She did all in her power to relieve Miss Eastman of work or worry. Miss Hattie Gault was getting older too but she was able to do her part as housekeeper as well as teacher and very good at both, but many important things which Miss Eastman had always done had to be left to others (the only available other being me). I did not rebel because I loved them all and wanted to help 'though I knew I would not be paid for my work. Some of Miss Eastman's work was given elsewhere as well. These hands seemed to be mine and I did not rebel because I loved to teach and I liked responsibility too. I soon had all that I could handle. I seldom had an idle moment. Before long I was given the duty of ringing the bell for silence after the pupils had had time to get into bed. It was I who went into each room, kissed the girls good night and put out their lights.

Presently I was given the privilege of saying whether they could go into the playroom and how long they could stay there. I also had to stand in the hall in the morning as they came from the porch into the schoolroom. They were not permitted to talk after they entered the door and then, the most important post of all, I had to keep study hour. I have told you about that study hour, - complete quiet for one

hour, a teacher at the desk to enforce it.

One of the seniors, Alice Baldy, an exceptional girl and a leader, talked in study hour while I was at the desk. I saw her and I said, "Alice you may go to Miss Eastman."

She said, "What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her that 'I thought' I saw you talking."

She went to Miss Eastman's room and said "I talked in study hour and Miss Kellerman sent me to you." That was a wonderful thing for me. The girls reasoned,"If Miss Kellerman is not afraid to send Alice Baldy from the room, she would not be afraid to send me."

One night when I was with the girls in the playroom they simply could not settle down to a nice quiet time, laughing and talking all they pleased, but not boisterous. After warning them several times I went to the chandelier to put out the lights. Tears were running down my cheeks, I was only a girl myself and I hated to spoil their fun. Minnie Sellers ran up and wiped my eyes, then all the girls came and put their arms aroundme saying, "We'll be good." I was ashamed and it still trubles me that the tears came so easily.

Minnie Sellers told me this: "When I am sent to bed for being bad I don't mind it very much, butI can't stand it when Miss Eastman comes in to talk to me, so I wet the soap and rub it on the seats of both the chairs. She puts her hand on the seat before she sits down and when she feels the soap she goes to the other chair, but it is soapy too, so she has to go away without trying to make a better girl out of me."

The day the school opened the girls who had been there the previous year were so glad to get together again that they ran around calling out different names. It was easy to distinguish names likeMinnie, Katie, Marie and Jennie, but when I heard "Sless" on all sides I wondered what sort of name that was and who she was. She was not hard to find, a

large handsome girl evidently a great favorite. I fell in love with her myself and then I learned that "Sless" meant "Celeste." Perhaps Celeste Belfield, afterward Celeste Lewars, was more prominent in Brooke Hall history than any other girl of my acquaintance.

There were many pupils of the 1860 to 1870 years who were well known in the United States. For instance, Myra Dock who was appointed head of the Pennsylvania Forestry Division by Governor Pinchot. She was graduated in the class with Bertie. One of the girls who was graduated in Mary's class became wife of the American Governor of Cuba after the Spanish war. I have already told you about Mrs. McKinley and our invitation to the White House while she was first lady!

Now I must return to the month I spent in DRYDEN before I went to Brooke Hall the second time.

There was a youth also visiting his relatives there who was related to the Rockwells by marriage (The eldest Rockwell son had married his cousin). This boy, Will Brown, had no home; his Mother died when he was quite young and his Father just the previous winter. He had been graduated from Cornell as a civil engineer and was taking a course in law at Columbia, N Y.

Before nine o'clock a. m. he, Annie and I would jump into a buggy and drive to the Dryden Springs Hotel, natural springs of sulphur and iron water. The sulphur water was hard to swallow, the iron water was supposed to make you strong, and it was very invigorating. It is a wonder Mrs.Rockwell did not get tired of seeing him around but she liked him and was sorry for him perhaps.

We were very congenial. He was all right according to my standards and when he asked me to marry him, I agreed. I had no idea whether he was in a position to keep a wife, but neither of us was practical enough to give that a thought. I was making plans to go home and I think the coming break in our constant companionship made us somewhat sentimental. He gave me

his father's Odd Fellow's jewelled pin which he valued very highly, as a pledge between us. He did mention "love" which seemed very natural, and a must in my opinion.

I went home an engaged girl, but I did not tell Annie Rockwell and her mother, nor did I tell Annie and Mary when I saw them. That fall I went back to Brooke Hall as a post graduate to study singing and painting. That is what I went for, but what I did was to become an out-and-out teacher. This just happened. There was friction and illness among the teachers who had been engaged for the school term and Miss Eastman took sick and I had to teach her classes too, sometimes.

There was one other young teacher, Quindaro McQuade. We divided the supervision of the girls at exercise, between us. Quin left most of it to me. She said, "I know Jo that I am being mean, but you will do the work so I don't have to," and I worked almost beyond my strength, but I took my singing lessons and practiced the required number of hours a day, in spite of everything.

Professor Schelling did everything he could to teach me to sing. Once he said, "Let me teach you to play the piano. I can do that, but I can never teach you to sing. You have every requisite for a singer, except the voice. You have no voice!!" He even consulted a doctor about it. He was convinced that I did not have proper vocal chords. I longed so much to be able to sing that I would not give up, and at the end of the school year he told me, "I believe that if you studied five years as you have studied this year you might be able to sign a few contralto notes. If any other girl in this school had studied and practiced as you have, she would have become a singer."

Miss Eastman gave me tasks that had been given only to older teachers, but she had no-one except me to fall back upon, my board and my singing lessons were my recompense. Miss Winston, an elderly woman, was teaching there with the intention of buying the school and she asked me how

much salary I received. I said, "My board and my singing lessons."

She said, "It is out of such fools as you that Miss Eastman has made her money." However, I loved Miss Eastman and I lovedthe work.

Will Brown and I corresponded all that winter and I behaved very nicely - by this I mean to say that when I saw a roving masculine eye light upon me and linger - swiftly I lost myself in a crowd. My engagement continued to be a secret. In the meantime, Miss Lizzie had leasedher house on Miner Street and rented a store on Gay Street where we continued to board with her. She kept a trimming store and we all lived either above or back of the store, the parlor was a large pleasant room. Here we entertained our friends. Mary, Annie and I had the third floor apartment. Many of the salesmen from whom Miss Lizzie bought her goods were her friends and spent evenings with us. Annie Rockwell also spent a few weeks there. She was a good singer and Mr. Hall sang well too. Mr. Young could also sing and we had a fine, musical time.

As time passed I seldom gave a thought to Will Brown. At last I wrote as follows, "Probably you have forgotten me as I have forgotten you. We should have known that a lasting love cannot result from a few weeks of companionship. I do not want to get married to anyone."

Being a gentleman, he answered this letter, not denying that he too was tired, nor yet saying that he was so sorry that his expression of grief might have made me change my mind. Being a lawyer he knew just where to draw the line.

I did have quite a long letter from him, after Annie Rockwell told him that I was going to be married, a few years later. Such a diplomat he turned out to be, pretending that the only reason he had acquiesced in my suggestion as to breaking our engagement was because he really believed me when I said I did not want to get married.

I have heard that he is a very successful lawyer. I feel sure this is true, but I still cannot remember what he looked like.

One of the earlier pupils was Annie Dale who was a missionary to China for a long time. Mrs. Richard Peters held the Alumnae together for many years, and Mrs. Edward Worth became the real head of all Brooke Hall interests after the death of Miss Katharine It was she who took over the supervision after Miss Hattie Gault's years began to tell on her. There are so many I remember lovingly that it would be impossible to mention all.

During this last year of my connection with this school I made one dear friend, Ethel Sylvester. I shall tell her love story here because it is a true story of a love that I have never been able to comprehend. Ethel was a pupil during my first year. We were ~~never~~ friends at that time She thought of me as Miss Eastman had introduced me - "A little fool." She was older than I and able to control herself, especially in public.

She was a fine pianist and did not try to make friends, nor did she ever graduate. If she had been graduated she would have been part of a group that clung together for years. She was older and she was engaged to be married to George Barnard. They were both citizens of a small city in Ohio and had been friends since childhood. After constant devotion they had a serious quarrel and the engagement was broken. Then they both began to "go into a decline," as it was described at that time. Ethel lost weight and had no interest in living.

It was the same with George. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester sent their daughter back to Brooke Hall to renew her study of the piano. George's family began to plead with him to try to make friends with Ethel again. Between the two families a meeting was arranged at a hotel in Philadelphia. Miss Hattie Gault chaperoned Ethel and had a talk with George before they met. The plan worked to perfection and they decided to be married in the following summer. All of this seemed quite normal.

But they really enjoyed themselves when they were ~~never~~ arguing. Two people who were dying of grief because they were parted could not stop ~~arguing~~ agree after they were reunited. The only kind of love I can understand is the kind that "suffereth long and is kind." They were not aware of this sort of love. They never had a divorce, just ~~fought~~ argued it out to the end. They were both to blame and both were satisfied. How can that be love?

Ethel was a most capable housekeeper. George a very successful business man. They had children whom they brought up well. It could not fail to be a happy home under two such capable managers. I went to Ohio for the wedding in the late summer. At Mrs. Sylvester's urgent request I remained there for months. Ethel was the only daughter but she had five brothers and her mother was lonesome, the only woman in a house full of males. The youngest son was not more than sixteen and was just beginning to want to stay out at night. His mother was afraid he might get into bad company and learn bad habits. He had been her helper in the house while Ethel was away, but now he wanted to do as he pleased.

It helped Mrs. Sylvester to have my companionship and it helped Johnny to have a girl as young as I (about twenty-one) to talk to and to teach to cook. I had never been allowed to try my hand at cooking while I went to school. My mother died when I was eighteen and we went to board with Miss Lizzie. From nineteen to twenty, I was in England. ~~the next~~ The next year I was teaching at Broke Hall. At this time Mrs. Sylvester would go out to spend the day leaving Johnny and me to keep house.

I made many mistakes, but Johnny was there to snatch the pots and pans off the stove if they began to burn and he cleaned them if the food stuck to them, which was the hardest job for a novice. Once I put a cup full of rice on to boil with just enough water to cover it. Once I turned a lemon [illegible] over on the floor, as I tried to take it

out of the oven; Johnny scooped it up quickly with the fire shovel and wiped up the floor. When he had to go to school Mrs. Sylvester took me in hand and I did really learn a little about cooking, all I ever learned before I had a home of my own.

Johnny and I kept on working together for I helped him with high school work. There was no more wanting to go out at night. Of the four other brothers, the two oldest were married; the next two lived at home but they had places to go and things to do nearly every night and we, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester and Johnny and I, had the house to ourselves except when some of Ethel's friends would come to call to cheer me up, not that I needed any attention. I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

In the house there was a parlor and a large comfortable living room. It was here that Johnny and I studied our lessons. When callers did come I entertained them in the parlor, all except one man, I could not sit in a room alone with him. Mrs. Sylvester said, "Why don't you entertain John Jones in the parlor as you do anyone else who calls?" I answered honestly, "I don't know Mrs. Sylvester. I just can't sit alone in a room with him."

Later I heard that he was sent to a sanitorium for a mental ailment. Was my intuition at work again? Or was my Heavenly Father taking care of me? As the hours flew by the Christmas holidays drew near. Mrs. Sylvester had asked me if I would not let them adopt me. They needed someone to take Ethel's place, but there were ties that bound me to West Chester and Mary had rented a house on High Street, counting on me to come back, and getting it ready for Annie and her husband who were coming home immediately. Therefore I said I could not leave my sisters, and as the holidays were near I wanted to go home.

Mrs. Sylvester said, "It is going to be as hard to part with you as it was to part with Ethel and if you must go I won't try to keep you." It was as hard to go away from Mrs. Sylvester as it had been to leave Mrs. Gowan. I was very happy to have such wonderful women as good friends. It was hard to leave Johnny too, but he had become so interested in his high school work that he did not need me as he had needed me when he was younger. His future looked rosy. Mr. Sylvester had a prosperous business in which there would be a place for him. His older brothers were influential business men. His future would depend entirely on himself and God. I felt that he could be trusted to follow the straight and narrow path and I knew that God would direct his feet.

Not so long after Annie came back from Prince Edward Island she had a little son. We loved him"most to death." And life took on a new order for all of us. We did not live far from the church and there were many calls on a young woman who was available for church work. There was a convocational meeting at the church. Many plans had been made for welcoming the visitors from neighboring parishes, but no woman had been appointed to be at the church to greet them.

The janitor came hurrying to our house and Annie and Mary sent me there. I found a party awaiting me from Coatesville. In my haste and enthusiasm I greeted them so warmly that one of the women said, "Have I ever met you before?" This winter they bought six hundred new books for the Sunday School library. I read every one to decide if they were suitable, and catalogued them too.

When I was not doing church work, I was painting in oil, chiefly flowers, and some figures. I did not do any landscapes until later and my flower pieces were copies of the work of famous artists. I painted a large canvas of Lambdin's roses, and several panels of lilacs, azaleas, and one of iris. Some of these panels I

placed in Mr. Evans' drug store window with the price attached, fifteen dollars each. I gave the money to thefund for purchasing the library books.

Every copy I made taught me a lesson. Miss Nagel at Brooke Hall had said, "Paint what you see, not what you know to be there," and "Take care of the lights and the shadows will care of themselves." It was plainly seen in the work which I copied, that the artists had followed this advice. When nothing interfered, I painted all day long, putting the canvas on the mantel where I could study it while I ate my dinner.

Mary helped me make my dresses. She did not think very highly of my ability but sometimes she let me follow my own idea about the style I wanted. I delighted in full ungored skirts, shirred around the top. That first summer at home I wore nothing but white. I found in a trunk some white embroidered ruffling eight inches wide which we made into a four-tiered skirt. Mary used to say, "I'll make it any way you want it, if you have the nerve to wear it I certainly have the nerve to make it."

Not following the fashion might have made me self-conscious, but I truly forgot what I had on after I was dressed. No-one wore a dress more than three or four inches above the grand and many wore dresses that had to be held up for walking. Short dresses such as we wear today are better for walking and working, but they donot keep one's ankles warm. The high shoes that we used to wear supported our ankles and helped to keep us warm.

We speak of improvements that come as the age draws on. I suspect they are all innovations, rather than improvements.

One of the most important results of my last year at Brooke Hall was the friendship of a Delaware County family named Rulon. Two sisters, Annie and Jennie Rulon, became my friends, and

West Chester being only eleven miles from their home, we kept in touch long after Brooke Hall had been converted into a rooming house.

In 1881, my second year at Brooke Hall I was invited to their home frequently, and soon it became a regular thing for me to get a telegram reading, "Will meet you at Lennie at four o'clock," or any other time they wanted me. Usually I went. It was a lovely place to visit.

Jennie was the one of the family who was most insistent about my visits. There were four Rulon brothers, but the only one at home this summer was the youngest one. They all could sing. Jennie had a marvelous voice. Every Sunday afternoon and on into the evening Mr. and Mrs. Rulon and all of the family who were at home, and their visitors (there were many visitors besides me) would join in. We sang all the good old-fashioned hymns that we used to sing at prayers at school, and Methodist hymns, and old English hymns that Mrs. Rulon had learned as a girl in England.

In August of that year I decided to go to work again and had made all arrangements to take a very lucrative position as governess to three motherless girls in Kentucky. I was twenty-three (22) years old and I should have known that it was no place for me, and things transpired that prevented my keeping the engagement. I have always felt that I was being guided by my Lord, for the outcome was such that my future life was determined by this decision. It is only after the effects of certain influences in our lives have been observed that we are aware that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." But it is wonderful to believe before we know what is happening, that "He leadeth me."

Someone has said "It is better to walk in the dark with God than to go alone in the light." How true this has been proved in my life!

During the hot summer we used to take trips to Cape

During the hot summer we used to take trips to Cape May Point by the steam boat "Republic" on the Delaware River. They were very popular. A former friend ten years older than I, was visiting at Surrey (the home of the Rulons) and a trip was arranged for her entertainment.

We left home early in the morning, driving to Chester in two carriages (Chester was the first stopping place after the Republic left Philadelphia). Annie Rulon and her brother Dick were in a two-wheeled cart and were driving a young horse named Virginia. She was a little skittish, but Annie was a wizard with horses and was capable of handling her, though it was Dick who was driving.

In the other carriage were Jennie and Miss Harris on the front seat. Mrs. Rulon was on the back seat with me. Jennie was driving and I sat directly behind her. Kate, the horse, was a large handsome animal, strong and well-trained, but both horses were unused to city lights and city traffic. They were put in a livery stable for the day.

Meals were served on the boat so we had no other problems than getting on and off and finding comfortable places to sit on one or the other of the two decks. The boat was not overloaded and every group could follow its own pleasure. After a happy day we went to the stable and taking our places in the carriages as before, drove home, six miles. Dick andAnnie were in front of us and their mother watched the flightiness of Virginia with apprehension. While we were still in the outskirts of the city, a wheel came off the cart, leaving Dick and Annie in a precarious position. Jennie had been using all her strength to hold Kate in and we were very close to them. In order to avoid running into them Kate reared up on her hind legs. The sudden loosening of the reins caused Jennie to fall out into the gutter beside the road. She took the lines with her. Neither Miss Harris nor Mrs. Rulon could dr[illegible], but thanks to Ted Gowan, I could. I reached

over the seat and took the lines in my hand. Kate swerved around Annie and Dick and we went a quarter of a mile before I could get complete control. All the time Miss Harris was holding Mrs. Rulon in the carriage. She kept saying, "My children are lying dead in the road. Let me out. Let me out."

If it had not been for Miss Harris she would have been lying in the road too. Things calmed down, as they always do. Dick walked Virginia home and Annie took charge of the carriage in which I was driving, Kate. Jennie declared she was not hurt, but she had landed in a sitting position on a hard road, with great force. Annie accused her of dropping the lines in her fright, but she did not drop them, she took them with her. I know, because I had to reach down outside the carriage to get them. Chapter XII

Going home the next day, I found my sister Annie ~~ill~~ worse, so ill that the doctor had ordered Mary to take her to the seashore for a few days. We had a very excellent colored maid, Lizzie. She took care of the little baby until I reached home.

I loved the little child and he was used to me, so I was not disturbed by the situation. Every day I heard news from Surrey. Jennie seemed to be in fair condition. The doctor said there was nothing much the matter, but advised keeping her in bed for a few days.

But as the days passed the news became not so good and before the week was gone they telegraphed that Jennie had died and that Annie needed me. Then I was in a dilemma. I hated to leave the baby, but Lizzie said she would take good care of him. I hurried to pack a bag and start for the train. I ran most of the way. It was a hot summer day and I ran into the train shed just as the train pulled out. I ~~was~~ stood there and screamed. Old Mr. Miller who knew all his passengers very well, and who had known Mr. and Mrs. Rulon ever since he had been a conductor, heard me scream and backed the train up for me also was aware of my friendship with the family

to get on. That was an advantage of living in a little town where everyone knew everyone else.

Because Mr. and Mrs. Rulon were afraid that Annie could not stand being left without a sister, they persuaded me to break the engagement I had made to go down to Kentucky as governess to the three motherless little girls and I went instead, as a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Rulon, to go with Annie wherever she went and to be her constant companion day and night.

Three of the brothers came home from the West to attend Jennie's funeral. Charles, the oldest, returned to his ranch in a short time. John went back later, but Alfred, thenext to Charles in age, never did go back. It made their mother very happy to have Alfred back again. They were very dear to each other.

We were happy in a quiet way. Mr. Rulon broke and Mrs. Rulon, Annie took me for a visit to Washington. It was my first visit, but by no means my last. It seemed to be my lot at this time to receive visitors and to make them feel at home. Having been in the same position at home for many years I found it no hardship. After my mother's death, Annie and Mary had made me entertain all the older friends who called. They used to stand outside the back window in the parlor and listen to the conversations which were very amusing to them....and when Mr. Harris called and told me about the invention of the telephone and the phonograph I said, "Incomprehensible! Unbelievable!" They never stopped using those two words to express wonder as long as they lived. After this Mr. Harris went to another city and we had to get a new minister.

I think that someone should have explained to this new minister a few particulars concerning his new parishioners. Evidently no-one had told him about our family, for when he was making his first call, and, when I was acting as the lady of the house, he said, "I have seen your two sisters and you at church and Sunday School, but where are your parents?

During these years when there was so much talk of weddings and marriage in the air and quite a little gossip about my affairs, two different mothers had warned their sons, "Miss Jo will never marry you." They were right. Sometimes it amazes that I fought it off so long. Somehow a resistance had been built up, so one day I said to Miss Lizzie,"What is the matter with me? Why am I not like other girls? It worries me to be asked to marry a man and have to tell him 'No'. It makes me ashamed to be called a 'flirt'."

"The trouble is thee makes them think thee likes them."

"But Ido like them."

"Yes I can see thee does; that is what puzzles them. When a man who is looking for a wife finds a friendly, healthy, cheerful girl, he thinks 'perhaps she is the one'. Let me ask thee to consider some of the advantages of marriage and to promise me that thee will accept the next man who asks thee to marry him and to make an honest effort to increase thy liking to love."

And so I promised.

It was not my intention to make this a love story. How did I hope to escape ? The normal story of a normal girl in a normal environment has to include a love story. That is the way God intended it to be and I did not hesitate to seek his guidance when I surmised that Alfred intended to ask me to marry him . I made up my mind that I should answer "Yes".

Heame unexpectedly to call on me in West Chester. He said,"I suppose you know why I have come."

"Perhaps I do but I want to hear you say it."

"Very well, I love you very dearly."

"I was hoping that you did."

He dropped to his knees saying, "Will you marry me?"

I put my hand in his and pulled him to his feet and said, "Yes, Alfred."

He took m e in his arms and held me tight. When he had kissed me to his hearts content, we sat down and began to talk about our future. The kissing was resumed at intervals. As I became more used to it I became less reluctant. I was amazed to find that it was not as hard to take as I had anticipated.

If Miss Lizzie had been there she would have been pleased with my cooperation and my evident determination to keep the promise I had given her.

He filled all my preconceived notions of a good husband. He was an active church member and did not drink. He was gentle and kind to every one and very fond of children. His mother told me he ought to make a good husband. He was devoted to her as long as she lived and she was devoted to him. She was always kind to me. The last place she visited before her death was our home in Philadelphia.

He had one of the best voices I had ever heard except in opera singers. It was a great pleasure to hear him sing when he thought no one was listening. His mother's voice was sweet and clear until she was past seventy.

as well as Madame du Chegary were pleased to know that I was engaged and I was free to entertain him in the parlor, and once when I persuaded him to sing for them they were very glad to see him.

Julia Palmore and I divided our duties by each choosing the studies she liked best to teach. I had been graduated from the public high school and from Brooke Hall. Julia had been graduated from Swarthmore College, but my public school training had taught me how to make working programs and before a week had passed I took over the school room, giving her a class room. Then I sent her classes to her at the appointed hour. When we tried having first one in the school room and then the other (on our days on and off duty) there was only chaos. Also I had been teaching at Brooke Hall a short time before, while this was her first position.

Of course mine was the more important position, but since we were getting the same salary and I chose the hardest job, no-one could complain. If any of her classes were absent it gave her an extra half hour now and then but that meant nothing to me. All I wanted was to see the school run smoothly. Madame D'Hervilly saw what was going on and gave it her approval.

I was very happy. Madame du Chegary said to me one day, "Comme la bonheur vous embelli". I suppose she meant that I was happy because I was engaged, and of course I was, but the knowledge of a good piece of work well done helped a lot.

Julia taught all the English classes. This included Rhetoric, Literature, Composition, Grammar, Spelling, and History. I took Mathematics from the beginning to the end. There was not a great number of pupils but there were girls of all ages from eleven to nineteen. I also taught Geography and Civil Government and Latin if anyone wished to study it; and painting, which was very popular with all.

Every night the pupils with their two American teachers had the advantage of hearing Madame lecture on good behavior and ladylike manners; after the lecture we formed in line and passed her chair to say good night. We had to curtsy as we walked, but must not stop. It was a little hard to "saluè" as she called it. To make a curtsy is one thing but to bend your knee while continuing to walk is another. She said that we must curtsy when we spoke to people on the street. I have never been able to do that. Not only had we to curtsy and walk on, but to look our friend straight in the eye. "It is very bad manners to acknowledge the bow of a friend with just a nod of the head while you look beyond, below, or above him."

It was amazing to see how quickly the children learned to speak French. Once I stayed in the class to watch the lesson. I have tried to write a description of her method. It is impossible to write it. It was done more by gesticulating and facial actions than one can put on paper. She did not speak a word of English and there were no French books at hand.

Julia and I had charge of the boarding pupils during the evening. Each who was on duty in the morning had to remain on duty

until the girls were in their beds.

There was no playroom as there had been at Brooke Hall. They could occupy themselves as they pleased until nine o'clock in their rooms after they had said good night to Madame. The older girls were lovely, more like friends than pupils. They helped us a lot with their ease in speaking French. You may remember that I spoke of three French women but only two of us junior teachers. Not a word of English was allowed at meals and both Julia and I, as well as the pupils, had to give an item of news from the "Evening Bulletin" in French every night at supper.

At the first interview I had with Madame, she asked me to speak French, and after I said a few things she said, "Votre pronunciation est execrable." But when later she asked me to read to her letters which came from relatives in France she seemed able to put up with it. Of course I improved for she could not refrain from correcting me when it was too bad. She was nearly blind and someone was obliged to read them to her. Because I could not pronounce them, she thought I could not interpret them and I was glad to let her think so. I have never repeated one of her family secrets. It was to me just as if I did not know them.

Every morning, after breakfast, we took the girls out for a walk, usually East on Spruce Street or Walnut Street. In the spring we walked in the uncharted woods West of Forty-second Street where there was a little stream on whose banks violets and Quaker ladies grew.

Philadelphia was not built up beyond Forty-second Street in 1883. There was an alley back of the house and the maids in the kitchen were frightened by a man who was acting in a very peculiar manner; not wishing to disturb Madame they came to me and I walked all the way down to Police Headquarters to ask them to send a policeman out

to arrest him. We all thought he was crazy and I was just as frighte as the maids were, but I did not allow them to suspect it.

Both Julia and I were engaged to be married. It was nice for me to be in Philadelphia where Alfred could come and get me to go to some musical entertainment down town. Business took him to the city at least once a week and we could have the afternoon together. I was careful to let him know which days I would be free. Julia's fiance' lived in the West, but she had intimate friends at Forty-second and Locust Streets and spent many hours there.

Judge Arnold's daughters were day scholars. One night I was invited to spend the evening there. It was not very far from the school, but I had to come home alone at ten o'clock. There was a street car running on Market Street so I took it to ride back. It was very very dark and lonesome when I left the car at Forty-second Street. However, I felt that I was protected by a young gentleman who lived directly across the street from the school, at 4112. He stayed behind me all the way and, after he reached his own front door, he waited there to watch me safely across the street and up the front steps to the door. I felt that I should call "Thank you" but I was too circumspect to do it.

Whether Julia or I was on duty, it was from early morning to late at night. The youngest pupils were three little girls who shared the same room, two sisters named Blanche and Beckie, aged thirteen and eleven, and another little girl named Blanche not more than ten years old. Most of the discipline we needed to exert was required by these three, but one night we heard a great racket in their room. It was after they were supposed to be asleep. I jumped up to go and investigate, but the older girls who were with me persuaded me not to go, saying, "It is time for a showdown. It is not fair for you to be on duty all the time. Miss Passmore has no right to go out when she ought to be on duty."

I felt guilty but I knew they were right. I knew that

when I took her duties on my own shoulders I was not being fair either to her or to myself and I was beginning to feel the strain. The next morning at breakfast Madame began to tell us in French what had happened in that room the night before. She always spoke of these children as "Blanche et Beckie et Blanche" They had had a great romp and during the fracas a wash bowl and pitcher were broken. Of course the price would be charged on their bill. Madame was in no position to pay even so small an item out of her limited income, and I wished I had gone into their room and quieted them.

After the tale was told she turned to me and said, "And where were you Miss Kellerman?" Before I could answer Elinor Reed spoke saying, "Miss Kellerman was not on duty last night. It was Miss Passmore's night, and she was out." Madame never spoke to me about it, but from then on she consulted me about the work instead of Julia.

That was the last year for Chegary Institute. There were not enough pupils to enable her to pay expenses. She was very old and too poor to pay for advertising. It was a good school and the girls learned to speak French fluently and were trained to be at home in good society. Madame Vaillant was married but not old. She used to spend much time out of working hours in our room. I learned a lot of colloquialisms from her. She talked French with us all the time and helped me to keep my morale, though I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when the school closed.

Before I began to teach at Chegary I went one day to the city to do some shopping, but missed the five o'clock train back to West Chester. Leaving the city at six o'clock I would reach West Chester at a little after seven. It would not be dark before eight or after. The car was not crowded and I had a seat to myself. Behind me there was a young quaker farmer named Jared Cope. He served us with fresh vegetables during the summer and always bowed to him if we met on the street.

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Across the aisle was a youth of large means and good family, to whom I had been introduced, but of whom I did not approve. And, at this time, he was slightly under the influence of liquor. As we approached the town he stepped across the aisle and sat down beside me, saying "The coachman will be at the station to meet me and I am going to drive you home." I was determined not to go with him and so politely but firmly refused. As he persisted, Mr. Cope rising up behind me, said "My carriage is waiting for me and I am going to take Miss Kellerman home." Adam Hart, looking him over, decided that it was best to withdraw and said, "Oh I did not understand." I appreciated Mr. Cope's gallant offer more than I can say and enjoyed the short ride from the station to West Miner Street.

He was driving a little bay mare and the carriage was a phaeton, much used at that time and very comfortable. Annie looked out of the window and said, "Jo has a new beau," which was a gross misstatement. That was one of the kindest things that was ever done for me. We talked on the way home and he used the plain language, and when I had left the carriage I said,"I don't know how to tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for me, thank thee." A few days later Jared Cope's sister said to him,"Jared I hear thee was driving a young lady along Miner Street a few days ago."

"Yes. Who told thee?"

"Lydia."

"Was she annoyed?"

"No. Only surprised. She wondered how it happened."

"Well, we came out from the city on the same train. I was sitting directly behind her. A young rake who had been drinking was insisting that she let him drive her home. She was about ready to cry so I told him I was going to drive her home. He looked me over and decided

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that discretion was the better part of valour and drove off in his own wagon."

"Did thee know her?"

"Yes, in a business way. I sell vegetables to her twice a week."

"How old is she?"

"Not very old; just a nice young girl."

"Yes I have heard that she is a nice girl and popular. What did thee find to talk about?"

"Well, I talked about the weather and the crops. She was quite talkative, mostly about my bay mare, as well as about other horses she has driven. She likes horses."

"Does thee ever expect to take her out again?"

"No. I have no such desire, but under the same circumstances I should do the same thing again. It would not matter to me whether she be young or old, sensible or silly, but I am glad she was not silly."

My sister Mary had rented a cottage at Asbury Park for the summer. I went directly from Chegay Institute to be there with Annie and Mary. We had many visitors, but no paying guests. Della Heed came down for a week and Annie Rockwell came for as long as she cared to stay. My visits to her had always been several weeks or a month. It did not take me long to recover from my strenuous winter. Alfred came down whenever he could be spared and boarded at Miss Lizzie's hotel, the Curlew. She invited us over every evening and we were well entertained.

Miss Lizzie's aim was to make her guests contented and they became almost like one happy family. She discovered whatever talent was there and arranged programs of vocal and instrumental music, and when she found an elocutionist that was a joy to see. A beautiful poem well delivered is as enjoyable as any other form of entertainment.

Asbury Park N.J.

We packed our trunks, sent them to the station and said goodbye to Madame du Chegary and Madame D'Herville and took one last look at the School. There is always a pang at parting from those whose companions we have been for such a long time. There was awaiting me a visit to the dentist; fortunately I did not know what was in store for me there.

Dr. Pike began operations at once, not explaining what or why he was doing it; for more than an hour I sat in the chair enduring great pain while he cut deep into my lower jaw and began to scrape the bone. There was no tooth there but there was an infection which he continued to remove until it was all removed. There was nothing he could do at that time to ease the pain. At the completion of his task he complimented me on my fortitude and I began to cry ; if he had ignored it I would not have lost my self-control.

Leaving me for a moment he went across the street to Wyeth's drug store and brought me a glass of medicine, saying, "Drink this, and ask no questions." As I became calm he went on to say, "You are in a very serious state, you need complete rest." I said, "I am going from here to Asbury Park for the summer." "That 's fine, you should recover immediately." He wisely made no further reference to my bravery.

Taking a cottage at Asbury was not an extravagance for us. They rented for two hundred dollars for the season. We had many visitors, but no paying guests, and food was not so very expensive in those days. Annie's two children became strong and well and the change of scene was good for all of us.

No-one had to overwork; washing, which was the most important task, was simple; the hot sunshine dried the clothes quickly and kept them white as snow. All table ware and cooking utensils were provided. We took our own silver and some extra blankets; also tablecloths and napkins. We spent several hours every day in the ocean. Also, we were near to the Auditorium in Ocean Grove.

During the camp meeting we could go and hear wonderful sermons every day. Annie Rockwell came down from Lupton and Deb and Bell came from West Chester, and best of all Alfred came down to stay at the Curlew (Miss Lizzie's hotel) as often as he could be spared. Since Miss Lizzie was already there we had no home in West Chester.

Servants were inexpensive, but we did not need any. Mary did take her sewing machine; it did not get any rest. This was the year that President Grant was very ill in Long Branch, only a few miles north of us. He suffered terribly. It must have been cancer, though that disease was very rare in 1883, either rare or unfamiliar. There was total abstinence in Ocean Grove and very little intemperance in Asbury. It is very distressing to see and hear so much about liquor as we do now, owing greatly to the radio, if a young person has it called so frequently to his attention, it interests him and makes him wish to try it.

None of us could swim; it was a pleasure to have a man to go into the ocean with us. Alfred was not an expert swimmer but he could swim. Bathing at Asbury Park is very different from Atlantic City or Ocean City, but there is an exhilaration about the Asbury coast which makes it more enjoyable though not so safe. At Ocean Grove as well as Asbury they have ropes to assist you and you can bathe in deep water instead of lying in the sand.

I enjoyed going by means of the rope out to the farthest post where my feet could not touch bottom. The water just after low tide was about fifteen feet deep at the last post. Annie and Mary never went out that far; it was never crowded that far out. I felt as if I were "monarch of all I surveyed."

However, once when I was out as far as I could go, I was a terrific wave approaching me and I called to a man who was swimming nearby, "If you miss me after this wave has passed, will you look for me?" He said, "Can't you swim?"

"No."

"How did you get out here?"

"On the rope."

"How are you going back?"

"On the rope."

"You had better take my advice and start back at once, the tide is coming in high, fast and rough."

Letting the wave carry me in, my hands sliding on the rope, I arrived safely at my starting point. We went to the Curlew for a short time each night to say hello to Miss Lizzie. When Alfred was staying there she persuaded him to sing for her quite often; she did not have many talented people and her guests appreciated my young man.

One afternoon our next door neighbor came down the boardwalk and saw me in my bathing suit. I was just going to the bathhouse to get dressed. The water was rough and there was no-one on the beach except the life guards. Our neighbor said, "I came down too late and I hate to go in the water alone, will you go in with me?"

"All right, come along" and I dashed in ahead of her. The pavilion was full of people watching the tide come in. I passed the first post and was well on toward the second, she was directly behind me, and then I saw a wave coming that looked about twenty feet high. I braced myself for the blow loosening my hold upon the rope to a sliding position, hoping that it would carry me in. She had just passed the first post. The fury of the tide threw me against her on her right side and threw her against the post she had just passed on the left side. The guards pulled her out and led her to safety while I walked leisurely in.

At this moment, Mary in the pavilion, called out, "Look out, Jo here comes another." There was barely time for me to grasp the rope with one hand; nature and habit caused me to hold my breath. I began to think,

"I can't hold it any longer," but the tide receded leaving me on the other side of the rope with all my hard-earned ornaments gone and my long hair down my back; it was a wonder my bathing suit was still in place.

People crowded to the pavilion railing expecting to see me half dead, but I came up laughing. This was because I had been training myself to smile when anything went wrong and I was thankful to God for pulling the water back while I still had strength to smile.

While Annie Rockwell was with us we took constant trips to New York City to buy my wedding dress and things for my hope chest. It was interesting to compare New York stores with those in Philadelphia, or in London. I liked Altman's best. It was very hot so we dressed accordingly. I bought an imported grey silk dress, having decided ~~xxxxxx~~ that I would not have anything in my wedding to remind people of Annie's wedding which had ended so disastrously. It cost seventy-five dollars.

The saleslady and the fitter were surprised to see that it was becoming in spite of my heavy coat of tan; the material was light weight brocade, grey ground with black figures and black trimming cords and tassels. Mary made me lovely underwear, but the things I had to buy cost about six hundred dollars. My nightgowns were high necked and long sleeved; the petticoats were very wide, very many, and very elaborate, with tucks and hamburg edging galore.

And my hat! a close-fitting grey felt with black velvet trimming and a large white dove immediately in front. Having been used to such quantity and quality it is no wonder that I am distressed at the scanty attire of the girls of 1947. It is not any cooler to go around in shorts. How can they do it?

Mary made dresses for me too. The profusion was very satisfactory, I was glad to go to my husband so well equipped. They were not enjoyed in the wearing any more than they are now in the memory of them. It was

long before there came a time in which I had to ask Alfred for money for me or for the house. He never gave me any money but I could goto Wanamaker's and buy what I pleased and he paid the bills.

When I wanted to buy an Alaskan Seal skin coat I used my own money. A daughter-in-law said to me "How can you speak of 'your' money? Don't you think it should always be 'our' money?" It was 'our' money to me, but how many wives look upon it so, if they happen to have an inherited income? There came a time when I gave Alfred five hundred dollars to buy a horse (he did not ask for it). Sometimes I wonder if Father Fulon was puzzled by the things we bought and how we paid for them, though Ann and I were together a lot and she knew.

Horses and carriages were Alfred's one extravagance and I enjoyed them as much as he did. They also contributed greatly to the health and happiness of our children.

A Mr. Twaddell from Philadelphia was one of Miss Lizzie's guests. Several times he asked me to take a walk on the boardwalk; once we attended a Salvation Army service. The Salvation Army at that time was not so well known nor so highly esteemed as it is today, and, though I enjoyed the meeting, I little thought that it would attain the prominence or the respect of the whole world as it now has done.

Miss Lizzie could not always find real talent by which to entertain her guests and was obliged to fall back on some old friend who claimed no ability.

When it happened to fall to my lot, I repeated a narrative poem which had been learned at Brooke Hall, Having done this to please Miss Lizzie, I was a little discomfitted when one of her young guests said to me, "I had supposed that you could do better than that."

The poems we had learned were good and I had thought it was a story that was interesting, not the one who recited it; however, there is

often more acting than reciting. With my temperament there is no willingness to show emotion in public. I cannot 'let myself go' and I don't want to. It may be that is one reason that I am unable to sing. Professor Schelling said, "You have no voice" but I can talk.

While we were making all these plans for our wedding, my Cousin Charlie wrote from France suggesting that we have a reception at his house and offering to pay all expenses as he had done for Annie. He always seemed to feel like an older brother; but I refused because I knew that he would order wine with the wedding supper and I was determined that there should be no intoxicating drinks at my wedding.

There was no reception at all. Alfred and I arranged to go directly from the church to the train after the ceremony. Our bags were packed and we had left a trunk in Philadelphia which we intended to pick up on our way to New York. It had been a rainy day but it cleared up before we drove to the church, and did not begin again until we were in the train.

{ For better, for worse
" richer or poorer
In sickness & health
Till death do us part }

My sisters became much better acquainted with Alfred while we were in Asbury Park. He spent all of his time with us while he was boarding at "The Curlew" except at mealtime and bedtime. Naturally, he often stayed with us for dinner; it was pleasant to have a man to accompany us when bathing. I was not an expert swimmer but I could not swim at all.

Mary noticed his reactions and observed his attitude toward me and then one day she said, "Do you know that you will be obliged to do exactly what Alfred Dalton tells you to do after you are married?"

"Yes, I know and I am determindd to do just that. There is a verse in the New Testament which says, 'The man is the head of the woman, even as Christ is the head of the Church,' and that is the way I want it to be."

"Well, I thought that possibly you did not know, it will be very hard for you sometimes. You have been doing pretty much as you pleased for the last six years."

"It is true that I have made my own decisions for the last six years, but during four of them while teaching I had to take orders as well as to give them. Domination by a higher authority has never irked me. Alfred is one who needs to have his ego built up; also if we are to have children, they must learn that their father is the head of the house."

"That sets my fears at rest. Under these rules your marriage cannot fail to be a success."

The date for our wedding was set at October second and we did not come back to West Chester until the night before. Miss Lizzie was still at the Curlew so we had to stay with Mrs. Kinnard, Debbie's mother, that night and the next day, and so many old friends

came to see me that I did not have time to rearrange my hair, going to the church just as I had fixed it in the morning. It did not matter because I was wearing a veil, and being so deeply sun burned it would have been impossible for me to have been a "beautiful bride!"

Things might have been different if I could have worn my lovely gray silk dress, but Alfred's mother, when told of my intention, said, "Alfred, tell Miss Jo that, since she is the first bride in this family, I will be very much disappointed if she doesn't wear a white dress and a veil." Therefore we bought yards of lace and retrimmed Annie's wedding dress and I wore her veil.

The Baptist Church was suitably decorated and very well filled with the friends who had known me all my life, as well as a large group of friends of the Rulons. Mr. Trapp, the minister, paused a moment before saying, "obey" and smiled at me. I had told him not to omit it, as some did, because it was foreordained that obedience would be demanded and willingly given. I kept this vow with the amazing result - He made me ruler over his house (:comment in 1945:)

The ushers were Alfred's brothers and cousins as well as a few of my own old friends. There were no bridesmaids or groomsmen. We did not want to remind the guests of Annie's lovely wedding which had ended so ~~disastrously~~ unhappily.

We left West Chester immediately after the wedding, but Mr. Rulon invited the whole group from Delaware County to a dinner at one of the hotels (sort of playing Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.) My cousin Charlie had offered to give me a reception such as he had given Annie, but I refused because he would have served wine and I was determined that there should be no wine at my wedding.

It was unusually warm for October and, though it was raining, my brown tricot traveling dress was uncomfortable. Carrying a

heavy coat on my arm was an added discomfort. We stopped at the Hotel Windsor in New York, and started the next day, for Niagara Falls. Fortunately it cooled off before we arrived and we had a fire in our room at the hotel. We stayed there three days and did everything that visitors were expected to do. though going down under and back of the Falls on the American side terrified me so that I refused to do it again on the Canadian side.

The weather continued warm the whole two weeks we were away. My clothes were too heavy for comfort and we were glad to get back to Pennsylvania. Alfred's father promised to build a home for us. In the meantime we lived at "Surrey" with them. It was a little hard, especially because he was an arbitrary man and, knowing him so well, I dreaded the unpleasantnessthat might arise. To make my fears worse, as we neared home, Alfred said, "I don't want you to show the slightest affection for me in the presence of the family, such as laying your hand on my shoulder or your head on my arm, and I want you to remember that, first of all, you are my wife, before you are Father's daughter." I was broken-hearted at first, but I followed his directions and though it was six months before our house was ready for us, I obeyed his commands to the letter. At first this meant a mistake but it made life easier from all of us. and it made the Rulers think that I did not love him at all.

It is to be remembered that I was neverin the habit of showing affection, even to my mother,- a quality that I have often regretted. In that six months I learned to be cold and self-contained to such an extent that some later, Alfred's sister said to me once, "You never did love Alfred." I said, "It depends upon what you mean by love. I married him because I wanted to make him happy, and I have." I did not want to hurt him and as we grew older I tried to make up for my coldness, but it was hard.

Before I became engaged I was offered a free choice of four different destinies. I always prayed for God's approval and I felt that I was being guided by my Heavenly Father.

The first choise came from a man I had never met. He lived in the west, was a professor in a popular college and proposed by letter: "Mrs Smith has shown me your photograph and talked so much about you that I feel that I must ask you to be my wife. I have a beautiful home and a private income besides my salary. I need a wife to grace my home. She will not have to do any work. I am well supplied with servants, and if you will come you may spend your spare time painting or in any other activity you desire. I will do everything in my power to make you happy." This sounded too good to be true but I could not accept.

The second choice was to become principal of a grammer school in a small Eastern city.

The third was a proposal of marriage from Alfred, which I accepted.

The fourth was the offer of a position as teacher in Chegary Institute at 4112 Spruce Street in Philadelphia, which I accepted also.

The language of the school is French. There were some boarding scholars as well as day scholars.

1, At Surrey after marriage.

While I was living at Surrey as companion to Anne Rulon, Mary Leiper was a frequent visitor. All the family loved her and one morning Dick said,"Mother,Mary and I have just agreed that if neither of us gets engaged to some one else before this year is over,we will marry each other." Mrs. Rulon said,"That's fine,Alfred, I wish you and Miss Jo would make some such arrangement." Jokingly he replied,"I'll see Miss Jo about that in private."

There was no reason to think he meant it,it was all just talk,but I am fully convinced that she meant it and have never had any reason to doubt it. Sometimes a young bride feels like an interloper, in this case however,we knew each other so completely that there was no friction,no need to make an effort to please,I could never complain of any one or any thing.

Now & then ~~Sometimes~~ I was allowed to make muffins for the evening meal. I had received "Mrs.Lincoln's Boston Cook Book as a wedding present and every recipe was perfect;all I had to do was to follow directions;how they enjoyed them! For the first time in my life there were young cousins who called me "Cousin Josephine".There were many, like Fannie Cullingworth,who already knew me,so well,that my name was "Jo" to her, as it was to all the old Brooke Hall girls who visited us. There were a great many Cullingworth cousins,Claire and Mabel and some boys too- all descendants of Uncle William and Aunt Mary Cullingworth,whose maiden name was Mary Rulon. She was Father Rulon's aunt-they had a very large family. Aunt Mary was a frequent visitor at Surrey;long before I was married she had watched me trying to teach Annie's little pug dogs to be clean about the house. After the very long time that intervened before my first baby was born,watching me take care of him,she said,"I am so relieved to see you interested and capable

with the baby, it used to worry me when I saw you taking care of dogs."

There were Rulon cousins living in Media, who were very friendly and some other first cousins who lived in Aston Mills, whom I loved very dearly. Alfred's younger brother Dick married a young lady from Chester, five years younger than I, but we were good friends. Mary Leiper married a man from Pittsburgh.

While we were still waiting for our house to be built, Annie Rulon suffered an attack of pneumonia; usually they kept two maids, but it happened that while she was very ill, they had only one.

It was now that I first knew Doctor Cramford; there were no trained nurses to be had and I took over under his directions; he ordered special foods for her which I had to prepare, as the maid had all she could do in her regular duties and Mother Rulon said, "I am no good in a sick room." The doctor ordered raw beef scraped to a pulp and covered with brandy and other things that I had to cook in the kitchen.

Hannah, the maid, complained about the mess I made in the kitchen for her to clean up-probably I could have been more careful but there was a lot of responsibility on my shoulders and I had never had any experience with sickness. Father Rulon fancied himself a doctor and always carried a piece of blue moss with him; when any of the boys complained, he would cut a piece off and they had to take it. Once he gave me a piece to give to Annie; of course I did not give it until the doctor came. He took it from me and said, "If you had given her that, in connection with the medicine I am giving her, it would have killed her, the chemical action would have created corrosive sublimate in her stomach."

I learned to never refer to any little discomfort I might have; if he knew any one was sick he compelled them to take any medicine

he thought they needed.he had what we used to call a "doctor book". Once, when Annie was at the worst,I was about to prepare some food for her, studying the recipe in the cook-book. I looked up and said to Mother, "I can see the words but I don't know what they mean." The doctor was still in the house,she called him and how he scolded me. "Nature never fails like this without giving some warning." He put me to bed for a day and I resumed my duties but rested more and she began to get better

It is possible that I may have told you what Della Keed said to my sister Annie,after her first meeting with Alfred Rulon-she had said to me after he had gone,"What a pity Jo,that Mr.Rulon stutters". I was surprised and said "stutters?"CO yes". When Della told Annie this she said."I have heard that love is often blind-but I never knew that it was deaf." However in this case,I was deaf to any fault in his speech because his voice was so beautiful.

When I had scarlet fever before my Father died,it left me with the tendons of my left eye so weakened that I had no control over it. Often when I was engrossed in thought,it wandered at will. My schoolmates used to have great fun teasing me about it-and Henry Lovett, a cousin in Lowell,wrote me when I was graduated that he would picture me at that time with my right eye regarding the audience and my left eye ne the ceiling;this was a little cruel and made me self conscious,but age has corrected it,as well as my big mouth-which children said was so big they had to move my ears "back to make room for it."

I learned to take their teasing gracefully and soon stopped caring and I supposed that Alfred had become used to the crowd of visitors at Surrey making fun of my eye. He said "Don't mind them Josie, your left eye is just as blue as the other; if it goes off on a journey of its own,it is only an added attraction."

Because I was accustomed to these tactics-I was surprised when Alfred was very much upset by what they were doing to him-and especially ashamed because I had joined them saying- "You ought to hear him say Kellermon."

There is no excuse for me,the more I knew about it,the less excuse. I did not realize how he felt ~~about it~~, but,looking up to smile at him(he had never forbidden me to smile at him in public) I saw his face and ran up to him and said "O,Alfred,forgive us,we did not know you cared, we are sorry!"

Putting my hand on his arm,we walked into the house,I led the way to the piano;at first he began to improvise softly and plaintively but gradually louder and triumphantly-ending with " My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." the stirring notes brought the whole group in to stand around the piano.

That was one of the songs he used to sing when he was seven years old,at public gatherings where they were recruiting men for the Union Army in Eighteen hundred sixty-two . To this old hymn the crowd added their voices and it was wonderful to hear them;presently he began to play "Hark,hark my soul,angelic songs are swelling"- this was one of our favorites at Brooke Hall and most of our guests were old Brooke Hall girls-. When Father and Mother Rulon joined them it was magnificent! And we were all very happy,with no resentments. This hymn is so beautiful that I have copied it for you.to enjoy. Hymn 472 Hymnal

There was not one in that group who would not have been thankful to have had his slight fault,if,with it,they could have had his beautiful voice- the wonderful thing was,that there was never any hesitation in his singing- It happened once when there was a social at the Church of the Redemption ~~when~~ he was singing an old English ballad, ~~that~~ he stopped at the end of one of the very many verses-and I in the audience near the piano, ~~gave~~ gave him the first line of the next verse

Surrey was about five miles from Chester and our house was on the farm beyond the factory village, six miles from Chester. There was a valley between the two farms through which the west branch of Chester Creek flowed. Situated on the side of a hill we had a beautiful view of ~~the Creek across the road, and~~ across the road in front of the house. and the creek! two green fields in front of the house.

The house should have been ready for us by the first of May. My first view of it was at that time but there was a delay because it had been built without a kitchen. All my life had been spent in large houses with spacious rooms. This is what I found here:

Two hundred acred were available without extra work or expense, but it was built on a hillside; built three stories high and fifteen feet deep with a frontage of about ~~forty~~ 38-eight feet, divided into two rooms and an entry, a goodlooking double door in the front with a portico. These rooms were twelve by fifteen feet in size, the entry ten feet with the only stairway rising to the ~~two~~ third second-story two bedrooms and the bathroom on the second floor which was over the pantry. There were windows everywhere; one in front of each first floor room facing the highway, two on each side and one in the pantry.

There was a mansard roof with little windows that opened out like shutters, and over the bathroom was a tiny little room which we used for storage. As we looked through this house I held my tongue and my temper, at last saying, "Alfred where is the kitchen?"

"There isn't any," he said.

"Aren't we supposed to eat? And how can we eat without a cook stove?"

"I'll talk to Father about it."

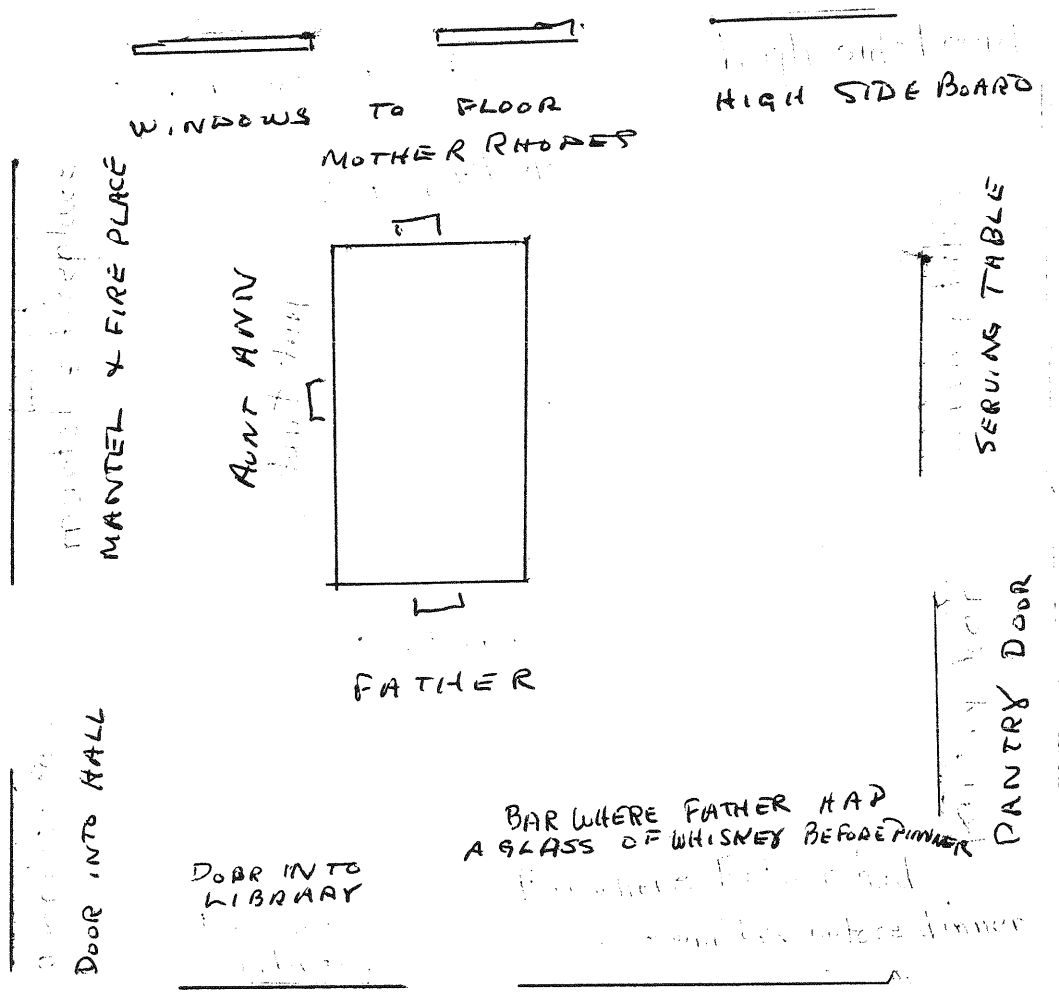
After waiting until an ell had been built at the back, we moved in on June 1st. 1883 The ell consisted of a dining room and kitchen with two rooms above and a stairway leading to the bedroom over the kitchen.

Believe it or not, I never made an unkind remark to

Alfred's mother had a black satin tea cozy embroided in gold. She sat at the foot of the table in state. When discussing strong and weak tea she said pompously:

"When I make tea, I make tea and when I make water, I make water!"

PLAN OF SURREY DINING ROOM



Page 89 insert cover as lot about the Rulon family - which skips at bottom of this Page 12 Cape map

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I was [illegible] was twenty years old Annie was married almost immediately after my return. I did not know the Rulons or Ethel Sylvester until B. H. U.

After Brooks Hall

Alfred about this house. He felt sufficiently unhappy without my telling him how I felt. It made me wonder then and it is still a puzzle to me how Mr. Rulon could have done a thing like this, living in a mansion as he did. We hear now, as we did then that young people should not expect to beging housekeeping where their parents left off, but why go to the trouble to enforce this rule when there is no lack of resources?

The new dining room was fourteen by sixteen feet, the largest room in the house. They had broken out the back wall of the room in front and left an archway between the two rooms. Between it and the kitchen was a large cupboard with a cupboard connecting with another to in the kitchen. Here In the kitchen was a fine built-in iron range with a water back and boiler attached; also a beautiful little brass pump drawing water from a well which was dug for us. We did not drink the water from the tank which was on the hill many feet above us.

This tank had been built many years previously when they installed a fire control system in the factory. The water was pumped up by the engine in the mill and kept at a level of many thousands of gallons. It answered very well for the bathroom, but we kept a tea kettle on the back of the stove for use when cooking.

Father Rulon paid weekly visits to the little brass pump to see whether I was keeping it bright and shining. He never had to make a criticism. I loved it. The water was so pure, cold and invigorating. Let me say here that while I have seemed critical of the house and its furniture it was as good as that of my sisters and some friends. Two weeks before we moved in I went to the City to buy our furniture. Father told me to buy whatever I wanted and to send the bill to him. That was like him; that is what puzzled me when he was so different in building the house. He was really a very generous man. He told me to go to Wanamaker's. There was no limit put upon the amount I might spend.

The things I bought were appropriate to the house.

Alfred bought this own musical instrument, which was an especially fine organ. It was as large as a piano but in a more graceful shape, made of highly polished oak. I should have liked a piano better but I was not a musician and I was convinced that the prgan was better suited for playing accompaniments than a piano would be. That organ was our greatest joy during the many years of our sojourn in that house.

Alfred had the carpenter from the factory , make him an oak shelf with little compartments, with doors at each end, to hold his sheet music. This was installed above the organ. He not only played from printed sheets but sat there sometimes at night, improvising.

He used to take the baby and put him on the organ above the keyboard and play and sing nursery rhymes to him. He played the cornet as well. When he stood on the porch facing the creekand played there would be an echo. The music filled the valley. The children coming home from school would say, "That's Father playing"Annie Laurie"or"Bonnie Sweet Bessie."

Alfred liked the furniture I selected and Fathermade no criticism. The lace window curtains were bought because Alfred had said, "A house without white window curtains looks like a woman without a collar." Instead of a piano, he bought a wonderful organ, as big as a piano and as expensive. He was the musician and it was right for him to buy what he wanted. It was the most important thing in the house, a pleasure to all.

We employed a maid from the first and gave the Sundays off to those who desired it; one Sunday before it was time to go to Church I saw Alfred go into the kitchen. Curious, I followed him. He opened every drawer in the cupboard; from there he went to the dining room and then to every drawer upstairs. It amused me, evidently he wanted to learn what manner of wifehe had married. I said, "You found them all in perfect order; you won't always find them so. I put every drawer in this house in order yesterday, not because they might be inspected, but because that is the way I like to keep them and I notice that you keep yours in order too."

He made no answer, but I never saw him examine them again. I will say for him that all his own belongings were well kept, which made it nice for me. Living in the country, as we did, it was hard to keep a maid. We were two miles from everything; six miles from the City of Chester, seventeen from Philadelphia and the maids were lonesome. There was one girl who would have liked to stay for years, but she had tuberculosis and coughed all night long. I was sorry to dismiss her; she had come to the country hoping to get well; but she was beyond help when she came andshe would have fared better if she had gone to a hilltop rather than to a valley.

Sundays, and days between the going of one maid and the coming of another, were my days for experimenting with the cook book. Mrs. Price had given me a remarkably good one for a wedding present. Mrs. Sylvester had taught me a few fundamentalsbut I did not feel at all capable. Alfred asked me to cook some dried peaches. I had never eaten them, nor even seen them.

them. The book said to soak them until the skins could be removed without breaking the fruit and then boil them slowly with a little water and sugar to taste, keeping them as whole as possible. After doing all this I was surprised and happy, they looked fine and tasted good.

Proudly I put them on the table but they did not suit my husband. "Oh," he said, "these are not right, they ought to be mashed together; ask Aunt Lydia, she will show you how to do them."

Aunt Lydia lived quite near and I went and asked her how she cooked dried peaches, giving her a sample of what I had done.

"These are better than mine," she said. "I don't go to so much trouble. I don't peel them. I just mash them through the colander, skins and all." I am a little like a bull dog, I hate to give up, so I made them Aunt Lydia's way, but Alfred said, "Don't bother to try anymore, you won't be able to make them right."

I took a bowl full of this last attempt to Aunt Lydia. She said, "They are just like mine. I'll keep these, and give you some I have just made in their place."

The next day when Alfred tasted them, he said, "Why do you keep on trying? You can't do them the way Aunt Lydia does." But I had an answer ready: "These are Aunt Lydia's, she gave me a bowl full this morning."

By this means one bridge was crossed but there were many more. He was suspicious of my coffee; one reason was that I had never swallowed a cup of coffee myself.

But the time came when he was convinced that I could cook, even to the making of good coffee; and there was a time as we were getting old when he said, "I do like these concoctions you make for lunch, they taste so good;" (left-overs warmed up with celery salt added, or a teaspoonful of A-1 sauce I acquired a great reputation as the maker of superior crullers, and flaky pie crust. My angel cake was much in demand at Church suppers and social affairs.

We had been married on October 2, 1884 and had gone to housekeeping in June 1885; our first child was born December 22, 1885. This was the happiest day of my life. I had prayed for this child. If any doubts or fears assailed me this thought came to me, "Every baby came into the world in the same way, there are millions of babies, why should I fear to experience what other women have gone through?" And then the little verse so often my helper, "At what time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee" came into my mind!

And when my darling son was put in my arms I felt only joy that a man was born into the world and he belonged to me! People had not yet formed the habit of going to hospitals for childbirth, but it was always my desire, as my family grew, to remain in my own home, with my own people around me, and I have never had any reason to regret this decision. My nurse was experienced but not very capable, telling me tales of the foolish things other women of her acquaintance had done at such a time as this.

John was all Rulon in appearance. His disposition was more like mine; he was so full of fun; he looked like his grandfather and from close association with him he acquired many of his characteristics. It is strange that we mothers do our utmost to train our babies to become men. It would be better I think if we kept them young as long as possible. Theyneed to be loved so well and so long that they can never forget. Even after my John was five years old he used to put aside his playthings to come and stand at my side with his head against my arm for a little mothering. Emily Young, one of my many helpers, used to say, "Now he is going to get a little love."

There is nothing in the world so wonderful as the love of our own children. When I was young and foolish I said, "I hope I may have sixteen children." How I overrated my abilities! How could I believe that I would be capable of raising so many?

that I was capable of guiding any child? What success I may have had was only by the grace of God. No-one could be happier than I was with my dear family; perhaps happier than I have ever been since, every year brings it's own blessings. Fortunately God looks upon us with compassion. May he give me strength and knowledge to do His will, "He remembereth that we are but dust."

My second child was named Alfred Lee, for his Father. No two babies could have been less alike except for their strong Rulon resemblance. Both were good but Alfred has some peculiarities which have been evident all his life. He did not like to be babied. One dayhis grandmother said, "Josie, what's the matter with this child, he is crying but there is nothing the matter with him. He has had his bath and his clothes are clean and comfortable. He has just been nursed and there is no pin sticking into him?"

"He is crying to be put down," I said.

"Well, this is the first time I ever heard ofa child that cried to be put down." But after she put him on the bed he stopped crying.

Babies wore a lot of clothes, long and heavy; all had double thickness linen waists which were put on tightly and pinned with small safety pins; when they were firm and snug the baby was easier to handle. He was as compact as if he had a corset on. The only garment that went on over his shoulders was his dress; when I picked Alfred up his dress was all that came with him, the little bands with petticoats attached were lying on the bed where he had wriggled out of them, and it irks him still to be touched or to have any tight clothes.

His disposition was like my mother's; as a child he scorned to deceive. As he grew older he would not say he was sorry for anything he had done because he had not done anything that he thought was wrong. He was a severe judge of himself and others. I shall have a lot to say of him later.

My nurse when John was born was an old lady from the Baptist Church in West Chester. She had known me since I was three years old . She was called a "practical nurse"; her ability compared to that of trained nurse was slight. However, Dr. Crawford came everyday and kept careful watch. She would tell me the exploits of former patients and encouraged me to do things that were beyond my strength, so much so that it took me several weeks to fully recover. When Annie Hayden came to visit I said,"Isn't it wonderful how strong I'm getting? I made a big batch of bread yesterday." "No" she said ,"You are trying to do too much." I began to cry and said,"I know, I feel weak and sick." She put me to bed and stayed until I was strong again.

After this I kept my nurses until the babies were a month old. They liked to be where there was all the milk, cream, and chickens they could use. One said, "My next case will not need me for a week or two. If you wish I will stay without pay and you can have a good rest, go to the city, or visit your friends." They were very good to me; loved to dress me up, rearrange my hair, and try to make me look like a girl again.

Alfred's mother never failed me and I was a comfort to her when she needed a confidant because I did not repeat or make light of the things that troubled her. I did not always agree with her but I let her talk and that helped. As we get older there is a great yearning to talk about one's troubles when we know it will be forgotten by the hearer.

She came to our house every Tuesday to help with the mending . Children wore long stockings then and there was always a hole in the knee. Panty waists were in style with dozens of buttons to be sewed on.

Father and Mother Rulon adored their first grandson, and Annie wanted me to leave him with her at Surrey as long as I would and as often as I would as soon as he was able to leave me. I nursed him until he was nine months old.

There was much talk about his name,- Mother wanted him named William Warren for her father, but I wanted him named John Barclay for his grandfather. For the whole month in which he was nameless I called him "Don". It sounded like John and I was living in hope. I said little. My constant reaction to such a situation was "Wait and see!"

And then on January 29th Alfred's brother Charlie came home to his father's birthday dinner. Naturally we showed our treasure the very first thing. Charlie said, "What have you named the baby Al?" Alfred answered, "We can't decide whether to call him "John B. Second" or "William Warren". Father said, "I would be willing to stand aside for William Warren but not for any other name."

Quick as a flash, Alfred said, "His name is John B. Rhodes, Second." It made me very happy, but his grandfather wasoverjoyed. He used to hold him in his arms and croon, "My name's John," by the hour.

This is out of place — it comes four years too soon

Soon we all began to call Miss Heed, "Aunt Dell". We were very happy and the school room was one of the happiest places in the house. Aunt Dell did not go home over the week-ends, going to Calvary Church, Rockdale, with the rest of us.

The boys amazed us by the way they progressed; little Al could read before he was four years old. Both boys were at home with figures, an inheritance from both of us. When John was only two years old, gathering up chestnuts, he came to me saying, "If I had two chestnuts and you gave me two more, that would make four wouldn't it?" And that same fall he used to haul a fat little girl of the same age around in an

express wagon, it seemed too much for him to do, but he was none the worse for it and two years after that he found fault with me for wearing a pin' gingham dress on the train to West Chester; he said, "You ought to wear a black dress when you ride on a train."

We drove to West Chester often, it was fourteen miles away by the highway; sometimes I drove a pair of horses and sometimes only one. One Saturday in October I was driving a pair, with only John, Alfred and Mary, there was not enough weight to give the horses any work; driving home near suppertime when we were about five miles from Aston Mills, we were passed by a large noisy steam roller. The horses thought they would have a little race at my expense. They began to run, the traces hung loose and I was pulling the whole weight by the reins in my hands. The only way in which to rest my arms was to drive to a fence by the roadside and keep their heads across the fence, but they soon became restless and I was obliged to turn them back to the center of the road and holdthem in again. As we made the right angle turn at Chester Heights, it seemed as if the carriage would upset, but the horses were not naughty, only anxious to get home, they were not "running away" but running home, and slackened of their own will when we made the abrupt turn into our driveway and stopped.

I was completely tired out and Alfred sent for Dr. Crawford. He ordered me to bed and the next day I was none the worse for the experience. We now had a stable and two horses of our own as well as the use of good old Kate whenever I wanted her.

John's hair was so light it looked like silver in the sunlight. It was naturally curly and went into curls the size of my little finger. It was parted when he was born and looked as if it was marcelled each side of the part; when he and Al were playing in the yard the mule drivers used to speak to them as they passed the house on their way to and from the barn where the mules were kept.

The barn was farther up the hill on the other side of the highway.

The mules were used to haul the material made in the factory to the railway freight station two miles away. The drivers worked all day every week day. They loved to tease John about his hair, calling him a girl. Sometimes he would pull it out by the roots. I told Alfred to take him to the barber and get it cut. John's hair was my pride and delight but I loved him too well to have him so tormented. Of course Alfred could have told the men that they must stop teasing him, but that would make them think of the child as a cry-baby and so we did not consider doing it.

But his father told the barber to shave his head, it would be so much cooler; neither he nor the barber realized how it would alter John's appearance. John had the dead white skin that belonged to very many Rulons. He had been playing in the sun for a month or more and his face was tanned. He was a peculiar looking object when the job was done.

When they told him to look in the glass, thinking he would be pleased because all his curls were gone, he was shocked, hid his head under his father's coat and said, "My mother won't love me anymore." How little he knew the depth of my love! He came home and lifted the skirt of my Mother Hubbard wrapper and stayed there for an hour following me wherever I went.

Fortunately children get over their troubles quickly and John was remarkable for the way he yielded to the inevitable when very young; when I look back I feel that he was allowed to grow up and use his self control too soon. Why, Oh Why can't we let them grow quietly and enjoy the love we can give them and the love they give us in return?

My fourth child was a boy, dark as an Italian, good as gold, brown eyes like John's and Al's, who had learned so fast under Aunt Dell's teaching that we thought it was time for them to go to school where they would learn to associate with other children. The primary teacher said, "Oh, Mrs. Rulon, I hate to see this dear little fellow (meaning Al) mix in with some of the children who are very rough." They were very happy in school and loved their teachers. John soon made friends,

especially with Tommy Marshall. Al held his own without any trouble. His teacher was Miss Nan Ackley, Afterwards Mrs, John Larkin. John's teacher was on older girl named Larkin. She was already a fine teacher and soon made a fine reputation for herself. She and I became great friends. It was nice for me and nice for her to have someone near her own age for a friend.

Uncle Will, Father's younger brother, died suddenly the day Al was born. His wife, Aunt Lydia, was like a mother to me and her daughter, Nan Turner, was always ready to help me. A daughter-in- law, Maggie Carson Rhodes, was wonderful to me too. Her first baby, Natalie, was six months older than John. Her second child, Carson was born just before Merritt. I loved this family with my whole heart.

There were many visitors to our home, but I did not make apologies to any of them. There is more to a home than its furnishings. Our friends, rich and poor seemed unaware of any lack.

After Somers was married, his wife said, "I will never allow Father Rhodes to build a house like this for us". Their house was beautiful and expensive inside and out. Alfred and I were not jealous. We were satisfied. One of our helpers said of our parlor, "That is the prettiest room I ever saw." One of my boys grown to manhood said," When we lived in Aston Mills I thought our house was a mansion." "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it."

John was very precocious; he walked beforehe was one year old, began to talk at eighteen months, not baby talk, wanted a hammer and nails at two; to be happy he had to be busy. He used togo down to the factory to accompany his grandfather on his tours of inspection. He imitated his little mannerisms and when his baby brother, Alfred, came along he was as happy as a king. I often called him "King Cole," he was such a jolly old soul.

Hearing some movement on the stairs, I went to look. John was sitting at the top step with the baby on his lap, Al's long dress covering his feet. He said, "Brother was crying so I am bringing him down to you." How thankful I was that he had not tried to carry him in his arms! Alfred was a remarkably good child, but once his father thought he needed to be punished. John, looking on, said, "Don't whip Alfie, Papa, he is too little to be whipped. Whip me!"

We had only coal oil for lighting the house. There were stationary lamps in some of the rooms but I always placed a small glass hand lamp on the hat rack in the hall for Alfred to carry upstairs when he came home to supper. I had just put it down and gone to the kitchen to speak to Emily, the maid, when I heard a terrified little whimper. I also saw a sort of flame from the hall. Seeing that John was safe I went into the hall. He had lifted the lamp from the table and laid it on the floor. The fringe of the rug was burning and the oil was running out; pulling the whole rug over the flame I patted it out with my hands. We did not think of punishing him. He was so frightened he was not likely to do it again.

The Rulon family believed in corporal punishment and I did too, but not in cruelty. Once when John had been naughty, Alfred started to whip him. That, I thought, was the thing to do; but Alfred seemed to forget himself and hurt the child too much; he went out on the porch and John climbed up into my lap saying, "Mama, I wish you would kill him."

I said, "Kill the Papa who buys your shoes, takes you out driving and sings to you and loves you, kill him?"

He slipped from my knee, ranout on the porch, clasped his father around the knees and said, "I love you Papa, I love you when you whip me the hardest." Alfred came in with tears running down his face, "Mother don't ever let me whip him again; you do the punishing after this." It is the children we love who teach us to be good parents.

Mary, my first daughter, was my third child. I loved the two boys so much that I could not believe my sister when she said, "You would not be satisfied with boys if you knew how much nicer girls are." I understood her when Mary came. They are so different even when they are babies. She was so like a fairy. I wished to name her Annie but it would have been too confusing there were so many of that name in the immediate families.

My sister Mary was much pleased to have a namesake. She loved her better thany any of my children. My sister Annie loved all children, especially all of mine - and how they adored her! Perhaps if it had been anyone else I might have been jealous. Their Aunt Annie Rulon was like a mother to some of them. They were lucky to have so many to fill my place when I was ill in hospitals.

Mary was thefist baby with blue eyes. Her hair was yellow, not so light as John's, nor so curly, but curly enough to be graceful. When Mother Rulon first saw her she said, "What a pity her eyes are blue, none of the Rulons have blue eyes." When Al was a baby she said, "Oh, he looks like Miss Mary; never mind, he'll change!"

Remarks of this nature made me quite resentful at the time, but now I know that she did not mean to be unkind. She loved Mary in spite of her blue eyes, and she loved Al, 'though she thought he resembled my family; he not only looked like them but he inherited my mother's honesty and fearlessness as well as her love of freedom.

When John and Al began to need teaching we decided to secure a governess for them. We furnished the cutest little schoolroom in one of the third story rooms. Della Heed came to live with us and teach the two little boys. Later on there was a desk for Mary where Miss Heed kept her busy with kindergarten work.

How we allenjoyed ourselves at this time! Della was an agreeable addition to the family. In order not to exceed our budget we let our maid go and hired a sixteen year old girl to wash dishes and set the table.We fed and clothed her and gave her fifty cents a week for spending money. Her father , a good man, had married a second time but Emma amd her step-mother were not congenial so she was happy to live with us. She could save most of her weekly pay because there was nothing to buy in Aston Mills. When we went for a ride we took her with us in the carriage. While Mary was too young to go to the schoolroom Emma took care of her and I did all the cooking. We had a washerwoman (a dollar a day and what a wash) Mrs Ward came on Fridays to clean or for special duties when needed.

The little schoolroom now buzzed with activity. John and Al were learning ,not only to read and write, but Miss Heed was training their characters as well. She said, "Two it takes to make a quarrel, one can always end it." She taught them self respect and fortitude. How fortunate I was to have her!

After a while we let Emma Baldwin go home and Annie Ryan came to work for us. She was a fine cook and housekeeper coming to the country to hide from her husband who drank. She brought her little daughter with her. She abductedthe child while the father was in a saloon. His companions helped her by keeping him busy until she was out of sight. They lived with us until little Annie was six years old. Annie was always devoted to me especially when I hurt my knee.

This was a very peculiar accident. Stepping down from the buggy, I said, "Oh I have hurt my knee." Trying to walk up the two flights of steps to the porch the pain was so severe I had to call for help. Annie Ryan and Mrs Ward came running. They helped me into the house and sent for the doctor. He said, "The tendons in her knee are broken. She must stay in bed for two weeks". Having three small children that seemed to be impossible. I did not know the agony that would ensue if I failed to obey him. At the end of two weeks I began to limp around and go down the hill to see Aunt Lydia. She ran to meet me saying, "What has happened? You are as white as a sheet". I told her that my knee was very painful. The next day I attempted a trip to my dentist in Phila. At Lenni station the conductor and brakeman, seeing my helplessness, stepped down and lifted me up by my elbows.

This was one time in which the dentist did not hurt me. My knee was so very vocal that it obliterated all else. Dr. Pike called a hansom to take me to Broad Street station when his work was done. There was an elevator to carry me up to the train shed. The horse was hitched to the rail at Lenni station but there was no one to help me into the carriage. Driving myself home was very painful. Every loose stone in the road gave me an extra twinge. Tears were running down my cheeks all the time.

At home, after they had helped me into the house, they sent for Dr. Crawford. He ignored my remark that there was nothing to be seen; it just hurt. Annie told me that my leg was black from knee to ankle but as white as snow at the knee. Later the doctor told me that he was afraid my leg would have to be amputated. Just as he has always done, the dear Lord blessed the care that was given me and I still have two legs that can work [illegible] no very [illegible].

I had to use crutches for six months. Then my sister Mary took me to the University Hospital where they bound my whole leg into a gutter. That taught me what crutches really could do. Gradually they were discarded. Each leg had to undergo this. I went to my sisters in West Chester and stayed in bed for two weeks. One might think, reading of all my accidents , that I was an invalid but if asked about my general health my answer would be, "Oh, I have always been extremely healthy."and that would be my honest conviction.

In the 103rd psalm ,which was one of the chapters Miss Lizzie asked us to learn in Sunday School, we find these words,"Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name, who healeth all thy diseases,". This is not a promise that we shall have no diseases, but a promise of healing. For this we must surely bless the Lord who "Redeemeth thy life from destructiom and crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies, who satisfied thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." My life has been renewed like the eagle's and I do bless the LOrd. How can we thank him for gifts like these and all the others we may forget to mention?

Some of my helpers in these first years of my married life were like mothers to me. Not that I was so young but I was so inexperienced, though willinggto learn. One of these was Annie Ryan . Nothing was too much trouble for her to do for me. Another was an older woman named Katherine. She was not willing to let me stepout of the house until she saw that I had on my overshoes and a warm coat. Eliza though a year younger than I, was always looking out for my welfare.

Many mothers-in-law feel as Mrs. Rulon did; many of us think that our families are the best; young mothers often boast of the excellence of their own ancestors and claim that their children have inherited their virtues, such as they may have, from their side of the family. Dr. Drawford said, "It is possible for a child to inherit every characteristic of both parents, those they develop are the result of environment, physical as well as mental."

A mother can only try to encourage in her children the love of God and the love of all mankind and teach them to think only of pure, holy and beautiful things. God provided so much beauty just for our happiness.

At this time my sole interest was in my dear little sons and daughters. I was so proud of them, so happy in their love, they showed it in such gentle ways; there was no jealousy among the first four. They loved each other so dearly that they liked to see me devote myself to the newcomers or to anyone of them who was sick, and that is what I did. I left all the housekeeping to the fine helpers I had and these helpers were almost as devoted to the little ones as I was. They each had their especial interests; John with his grandfather at the factory or in the carpenter shop making boats; Al with his dog and his fishing apparatus and his delight in exploring the woods; Mary in being allowed to learn to be a housewife watching us all to see if she could discover any way in which to help us. John had pigeons as his outside interest. All the boys liked to play football, and they liked to study too. Alfred senior used to read aloud to them nearly every afternoon, books like Ben Hur which he read through three times, and St. Nicholas which was so gladly welcomed. The Mowgli stories by Rudyard Kipling in the St. Nicholas are most clearly remembered. Merritt's chief delight was taking anything he felt he could spare up to the Murphys', about a block away. He never asked for anything, but if he saw anything they needed he gave it away (to them somewhat like his mother when she was little).

RHODES BROTHERS,
LIMITED,
COTTON AND WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS,
And Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandize,
P. O. Address, Aston Mills, Del. Co., Pa.
SHIPPING ADDRESS, PARKMOUNT, PA., BALT. CEN'L R. R.
EXPRESS OFFICE, LENNI, PA.

Aston Mills, Pa. Dec 21 1893.

DING CHIMES IN TOWN AND COUNTY

Brilliant Reception Held at Surrey, Near Village Green.

MARRIED BY THE BISHOP

Miss Annie L. Rhodes, Daughter of the Manufacturer, and Harry W. Rhodes of Media, are Wedded--Miss Etta L. James and Walter H. Craig are Married at the Bride's Home.

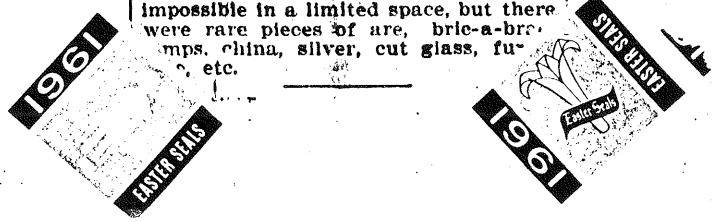
The wedding reception at "Surry," the handsome country home of John B. Rhodes, following the marriage of his daughter, Miss Annie L. Rhodes, to Harry W. Rhodes, was largely attended last evening by guests from all parts of Delaware county and other points.

The spacious residence and lawn was resplendent with flowers and decorations, which were made under the supervision of Batties, a noted Philadelphia florist and decorator. Two orchestras were stationed in different sections of the house and furnished music for the assemblage. Calvin Morrison served a collation that was enjoyed by everyone.

The marriage vows were taken at the residence of Bishop Coleman, Wilmington, Del., the Bishop officiating, and in the same house were married the father and mother of the bride.

The bride is the only daughter of John B. Rhodes, the well-known Aston manufacturer, and has a large acquaintance in this city and county. The groom resides at Chester Heights and is secretary and treasurer of the Media Title and Trust Company.

The wedding gifts were numerous and very handsome. A description is impossible in a limited space, but there were rare pieces of are, bric-a-brac, lamps, china, silver, cut glass, furs, etc.



Mr. and Mrs. John B. Rhodes
request the honour of your presence
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Annie Llewellyn,
and
Mr. Harry W. Rhodes,
on Thursday evening, June the fifth,
nineteen hundred and two,
from six until nine,
Surrey,
Aston Mills, Pennsylvania.

Marriage certificate
in big bible

The other day I chanced to pass
Through the village of Aston Mills.
When I think of its former greatness
I am touched with memory's thrills.
A happy and prosperous town this was
In years that are now gone past,
Now all the buildings are deserted,
The prosperity could not last.
You remember the place in its golden days,
With its drum corps, band and choirs,
With its Poor Man's park and Towser Park,
And the smithshop's flaming fires.
The mills had the name of LLewellyn,
Some called the place Turkey Hill
Some spoke of the town as China
Some "Rhodeses" (they call it that-still)
Methinks as I pass down the hillside
Past the village schoolhouse of brick
I can see Harry Nodes with truck wagon
Handing out eats"on tick".
In my fancy I dream 'tis a week day
I hear the glad hum of the mills
Housewives are preparing a welcome meal
Ere the whistle the busy work stills.
As down toward the"Bank"I meander
I can see Joe Bloom hauling out goods,
And three double teams drawing up "Yander"
From the station down past the woods.

The Rhodes ~~Ruion~~ Mills were in a valley between two long steep hills on the road to Chester Heights. The west branch of Chester Creek divided them; there was a race parallel with the creek; an old-fashioned covered bridge spanned the creek.

The village was built on the hillside to the right of the creek as it flowed. The first important building was the Company store. It was the gathering place of the men in the evenings. Alfred's busiest hours were at that time since he was manager of the store. Going straight up the hill from the store were one hundred houses occupied by the employees; some were built of brick; others, larger, were frame and very attractive, nicely painted and kept in perfect repair. The brick houses, having only four rooms each, rented for five dollars a month; the others with seven rooms and a basement kitchen were eight dollars a month.

There were no modern conveniences, but there were pumps at intervals on each side of the road from which they could get their water. Water was carried from the pumps to the houses by the tenants. There were fireplaces for cooking built in all of the brick and stone houses; each of which ~~XXXX~~ ~~were~~ built into the hillside which was excavated to make room for the back part of it. These fireplaces were absolutely safe; they had only one opening to the air, a chimney. The oven door was made of iron as were all the parts inside it. The walls of course being the hill itself. It was five or six feet wide and at least three feet deep, the fire box not more than eighteen inches square. They did burn coal but it was satisfactory to burn wood as well; one could cook over the open fire just as well as in any stove but there were metal shelves on each side for baking bread, roasting chickens, or baking pork and beans; it was especially good for things that needed to be cooked a long time.

The only part of this oven that was visible from the room was the iron door; the whole arrangement saved fuel, saved buying a cook

stove, saved extra fuel for heating the house in winter, and also kept the house cool in summer. If it was desired to warm the room the oven door was left open. In summer time they could cook without making the room hot. So many people came to Aston Mills from England, bringing nothing with them except their intelligence, willingness to work, and fidelity to their employers. They were fine people.

There were gardens at the back of each house. Mr. Rulon had milk sold to them at six cents a quart. Childrenwwere permitted to come and gather the apples which fell in the orchard at Surrey. Wages were low; some men got only eight dollars a week, but children were allowed to go to work when they were ten years old; however they were not deficient, growing up to be thoughtful, capable men; they had a better vocabulary than some of the Americans who had had greater opportunities.

My sister Mary in West Chester, suggested that some of the people who came to Ladies' Aid for assistance try to get work in Aston Mills. They told her, "The people in Aston Mills are too stuck-up. They all have carpets on their floors and organs in their sitting-rooms." One of the young married women said to me, "When Norman brings his pay home we divide it into three piles, one for rent, one for food and the other for Church and extra expenses."

When I went to Aston Mills to live I was amazed to find a social attitude making each one of the whole community feel a responsibility for his neighbor. To myself I said, "These are the best Christians I have ever met." Since many of them were ~~Being~~ English people, it was not surprising that an Englishman visiting us said, "This is more like an English village than anything I have seen in America." Both Mr. and Mrs. Rulon were English.

Like the early church established by Peter, James, and John, they had everything in common; in one family the Mother became very ill, the oldest child, a girl of nine, was housekeeper, but the neighbors

planned the work; one came on Monday to wash, another on Tuesday to iron, a third on Wednesday to bake, on Thursday to clean and give especial care to the sick woman and Saturday to bake again. There were no bakeries serving the small towns in those days.

An opportunity was given me to help just a little, when Dick Rulon came to me saying, "Josephine, if you will cook it for them, I will buy a slice of ham for this family."(I was a little shy about offering to help). In spite of their need these people were proud. There were potatoes but no bread. Janey said, "I will make hot cakes; how do you make them?"

"Flour and water witha pinch of salt."

"Where is the butter?"

"We use lard, but we have lots of preserves to put on the hotcakes." She then produced one jar of peaches. When a child in the village died every worker gave either a quarter or a half dollar toward funeral expenses. A group of these women came to our house to sew for this family, making complete outfits. They cut out and did hand sewing and I sat at my machine for hours, trying to keep up with the others. It was a day to be remembered all my life.

When we first left Surrey to go to live on the hillside across from the village, Alfred said, "You must speak to every woman you see as you drive through the village; they expect it from the family; speak to the men you know, but be sure to speak to the women whether you know them or not."

It was because he gave me this advice that they learned to love me, so he should have the credit.

All my children during the first seventeen yearsof my married life went sooner or later to the village school. I dressed the first two boys in Little Lord Fauntleroy style, with wide lace collars

a large silk bow in front. Our little Alfred, good little democrat that he was, said, "I don't like my clothes; I want to dress like the other fellows, only no patches."

However, much water ran under the bridge, before he began to go to the village school.

The first summer that we lived in Aston Mills a charming family came to board in Village Green just beyond Surrey. They asked Mrs. Jones, wife of the Baptist minister, if she cald tell them of anyone in Aston Mills who might be able to help them get in touch with the people and interest them in doing some evangelical work during the summer. She gave them my name, much to my delight, securing permission to start a Sunday School in the schoolhouse. We soon began to have preachers every night in the week. Mrs. Mulford brought a Presbyterian evangelist from New York State to help us. When he told us that he was born in West Chester we soon discovered that when we were about five years old we had attended the same infant Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church. His name was Fithian. Alfred liked him so much that he invited him to stay at our house as long as he remained in Aston Mills. He was a slender, fair-haired man; men, women and children loved him; his voice was sweet, strong and sympathetic.

We called it the Union Sunday School. All the protestants belonged. The superintendent was Mr. Megraw, bookkeeper at the factory. Mrs. Jones, wife of the Baptist minister, taught the senior Bible Class. Frank Hopkins, assistant superintendent, was a member of Mount Hope Methodist Church. I, an Episcopalian, had a class of boys. Frank Hopkins' daughter played the organ. Katie Young had a class too.

Many of the village people were English and belonged to either the Episcopal or Methodist Church. We never seemed to think of our denominations, we were just a lot of Christians working together.

It becomes obvious as I write, that every good thing I do is pointed out to me by others. (OVER

(1948)

It must be stated that the Catholic families were as kind and neighborly as the protestants the whole village was a group of kindred souls.

It has happened several times to some of my children that they have met unexpectedly with people who were born in Aston Mills fifty years ago so, at a Red Cross supper, found herself sitting by a stranger. He said. "Are you a native of Pennsylvania?"

"Yes, I was born in Delaware County."

"So was I, where were you born?"

"O, you never heard of it, just a small village."

"But what was its name?"

"Aston Mills."

"That's where I, also, was born. There are no villages like that nowadays."

(1893) And, also, at the Philadelphia National Bank, had the same experience.

Young and old came to the evening meetings. One of my class said, "It is easy to be good when we have Church every night," and one who had been something of a problem was converted and later joined the U. S. Army and was sent to the Philippines.

Major Price, who was stationed in the same group, told me that he, Teddy Ashworth, was doing a wonderful work in the Army. It happened that no chaplain had been appointed to that group of soldiers, but Teddy went to anyone who was in trouble or sickness; he prayed with the dying and officiated at their funerals.

There were other active workers among the older members of the Sunday School, - Katie Young, Jacob Wilson, John Knous, Job Baldwin and some whose names I have forgotten. Alfred brought his cornet and helped with the singing. People who passed along the highway on Sunday afternoons were surprised at the beautiful singing that came from the school house. After this, Mr. Fithian's first visit, he came many times to keep us in the way, always staying with us.

Mrs. Mulford and her sisters worked with us as long as they stayed in Village Green. Mr. and Mrs. Megraw also were active helpers; he was the man in charge of the office at the factory. The Lord blessed us and many of the members joined one or another of the three churches in the vicinity and helped them. Mr. Walker, Rector of the Calvary Church in Rockdale, preached often from the prophetic books in the Bible, bringing back to my mind Mr. Harris of the West Chester Baptist Church and his wonderful teaching. I came across a beautiful poem whihh I will copy here. The name of the author was not given. I hope you will like it as much as I do.

Through storm and sun the age draws on
When Heaven and earth shall meet
For the Lord hath said thatglorious shall be
The place where He sets His feet.
And the grass may die on the summer hill
And the flowers fade by the river
But our Lord is the same through endless years
And His word shall stand forever.
"What of the night, Oh watchman set to mark the
dawn of day?"
"The wind blows far from the Northern star and
the shadows flee away
"Dark is the vale but the mountains glow
"As the light it's splendor flings
"And the Sun of Righteousness comes up with healing
in His wings."
Shine on! Shine on! Oh blessed sun
Through all the round of Heaven
'Till the darkest vale and the farthest isle
Full to Thy light are given.
'Till the desert and the wilderness
As Sharon's plain shall be
And the love of the Lord shall cover the earth
As the waters cover the sea!

1889 Two students from Crozier Seminary had been invited to come up and help us, Mr. Fleming, whose home was in Chester and Mr. Hughes, a Welshman, who lived at the Seminary. Also, I had let the older maid go and was doing the cooking myself, having a schoolmate, Miss Head, as governess and a young girl, Emma Baldwin, to take care of Mary.

The school house was not very comfortable for the Sunday School teachers and other adults, but there was always a full attendance. Everyone was interested and helped in all possible ways and when there was a death among this group, these young men came to conduct the funeral services. Alfred invited Mr. Hughes, a student at the Crozier Seminary in Upland, to spend his Christmas vacation with us.

Emma Baldwin was the only maid we had at this time. Miss Heed had gone home for the holidays; but Mr. Hughes made himself very useful, attending fires, shoveling snow and sometimes he pared the potatoes. He was very nice to the children who also had the vacation; they became very much attached to him.

My life was a very busy one, making beautiful little suits for John and Al with real pockets, such as tailors make, and such as little boys delight in. They each had a velvet suit, knee breeches and jackets bound with silk braid. Al's was crimson and John's was blue. There was very little social life and having Dell with me most of the time, we did not need to call on Annie Canadian so often.

Mr. Walker, Rector of Calvary Church in Rockdale, was killed in a railroad accident. As he rode to Philadelphia the train from West Chester in which he was sitting, was struck by a train from Washington at South Street and he was killed instantly, very few of the passengers escaped. Alfred had arranged to meet him at Lenni Station and to go to the City with him to buy music for the choir, of which Alfred was the leader, but that day Alfred missed the train by one minute,- the only time he ever missed a train. He used to say, "You will never miss a train if you start in time."

We lived too far away to walk to the station and were oblige to depend upon our horses, allowing extra time to cross the track before the train reached the station. We could have gone by another road which

would have taken us to the other side of the track, but we seldom used it; Wawa, the last station before Lenni as we came from West Chester, was not quite a mile from Lenni, but the West Chester train always stopped here and and slowed up for the stop, but it was a very dangerous situation which no-one seemed to resent.

Lenni is built on a hillside;the whole area seems like miniature mountains and the West branch of the Chester Creek is like a river. This part of Delaware County is very beautiful with hills and valleys, rocks and wild flowers. The dogwoods grow very tall, the wild rhododendren, called "honeysuckle," grows in large bushes. There is laurel in the woods and quantities of arbutus. I have seen a wild coral honeysuckle vine growing by the roadside; recently I have seen pure white violets with blue centers growing in a meadow; they have no odor however.

We were greatly distressed by Mr. Walker's death. He was one of the few Episcopal ministers whom I have heard preach at length on the second coming of Christ. The Rev. E. Frank Salmon, to whom I listen every Sunday by radio, said this in one of his sermons, "I am not quoting his exact words) "Christ is coming again, as he promised. Because irresponsible people are making this one of their chief topics, Christians sometimes ignore it, but it is true and it is the blessed hope of the Church."

It was a long time before we called another minister. In the meantime the pulpit was filled by the Rev. Fleming James, Sr. from the Philadelphia Divinity School. He was so wonderful that we wanted to keep him as long as he was willing to stay. Finally he became aware that the Church would never call anyone else as long as he would stay so he set a day and gave us his resignation.

His family lived in Philadelphia but he was obliged to spend every Sunday in Rockdate. It is likely that every member of the

Church would have been glad to entertain him, but Alfred was a vestryman and when he told him he wanted to take him home with us every Sunday they thought it was a good plan and thus it was arranged. Most of the members lived near the Church and did not come in a carriage, as we did. We lived two miles from Calvary Church; it was a beautiful drive along the creek and through the woods. It was very wonderful for the children to have the advantage of close association with a man of his attainments. He seemed to love them and they loved him. Such contacts have a lasting influence on the young, they may forget all about it when they are older, but the impression remains, just as bad influences do evil for many years. We have so much to be thankful for because, in the late eighteen hundreds, living in the country, there was nothing in our lives to make evil interesting or desirable.

My father-in-law had two farms each having about two hundred acres. On one he had his own home, a large palatial building. About a mile away, on the other farm he built a home for us. It was on the side of a sunny hill with a fine outlook. Across the road was a field for horses and a meadow through which the west branch of Chester creek flowed.

The long high hills with green valleys between made the locality a thing of beauty and a joy forever. There was a cloudburst near here in 1943 which made a flash flood. Several people and some cattle were drowned. Alfred's great grandfather was drowned. A four year old boy was rescued from the debris that lodged at a bridge in Chester. I have often talked with him when he was an old man.

Living in the country we were obliged to have horses and carriages. After we bought a cow we needed a hired man. We had several different ones but Jacob was the best remembered. The first year in our new house we wanted a garden. There was no reason why we should have one because Jacob used to take a platform wagon and go to Surrey and bring home quantities of vegetables and fruits. Rather than waste any of it we often had as many as six vegetables at one meal.

I heard my father-in-law say to the man he had sent to dig and plant the garden, "She only wants it for a plaything." He was a kind mind, glad to provide playthings for his women folk, if not too much trouble.

Our house was especilly adapted to the raising of a large family- twelve small rooms to accommodate us all. Jacob had a bedroom next to the harness room in the stable.

When we discovered him he was hostler at a hotelowned by his brother. He was called deficient but he was not stupid or debased. His life with us was one of faithful service. He now had a steady income. Though not large, it gave him self-respect. Until he came to us his earnings consisted of tips. Besides the stable work he helped around the house. Our children did not annoy him. His face was radiant when little Jo looked at him with a happy smile and spoke her first word,"Jaytee" He had been in the habit of pushing her up and down the porch in her coach whenever he had a spare moment.

Nothing was too much trouble for him to do for us. Alfred seldom spoke a critical word to him. He did not drink or smoke or swear though he used to kick the kitchen door if his coat pocket caught on the door knob. He would drive to Wilmington to market for fruits for preserving and we could trust him to bring back the correct change.

Once he drove us to the station when Alfred and I were going to spend the weekend in Atlantic City . As we were leaving he said, "If thee thinks thee might be a little short I can lend thee some money." He had saved all the money we had paid him and he must have had quite a little in his pocket. Helpers like Jacob and Eliza made us well pleased with our lot,

We had no radio, movies, nor even a telephone. We found ourselves happy in our love for each other and our children as well as our animals. We enjoyed the beauties of nature, breathing the fresh country air and raising our family in innocence and peace, free from the evil effects of night clubs and the continual use of cocktails and other destroyers of the moraks of our present civilization.

It was strange that I had not thought of my mother's plain garments, except as an amusing idiosyncrasy. Strange that I never followed her example in that as I did in spiritual things. Perhaps it was because she dressed me very prettily when I was a tiny tot; Miss Lizzie told me that I wore low-necked puff-sleeved dresses while others in the vicinity were less attractively arrayed. My Cousin Bertie may have requested it too, because she loved me so, but they taught me that clothes were of little importance. It is what you are that counts, not what you wear.

I tried to be brave because my Mother was brave; To tell the truth because she was truthful; to be kind because she was kind; to be gay and happy because she wanted me to be. It was a long hard task to learn to keep my temper, but I succeeded as she guided me. Years later a woman said to me, "I have been waiting for you to have an explosion." I said, "I have no language for explosions." Sometimes I have wondered if I might have been a better mother had I learned the power of explosions. As time wore on my little Mary was very sweet with her brothers. She loved and mothered them and how they continued to love her. My little daughter! She was real little hostess. When she heard a carriage coming up the hill she waited to see if it might be a family friend. She would run to the maid and say, "Will you please make some tea, put some cookies on a plate and I will get out the cups and saucers." Then she would fly upstairs and put a clean dress on the baby.

Thus, we were always ready to entertain visitors as if they were invited guests. Dr. Crawford said, "I have never seen children kept as clean as you keep yours." It was owing not always to Mary, she had been kept just as clean as the others and so had been John and Al. As many as nineteen dresses were in the wash for John for one week; that was because he regurgitated after eating, however.

over

1948

Looking over some family pictures I found one of my Mother, it did not look so plain as you might expect. Evidently she had permitted Mary to adorn her a little, her hair was naturally curly.

It must be remembered that it was impossible to get paper on which to write this manuscript - I used every scrap I could find, I have copied some since the supply was resumed

J. K. R

1948 & 95

The World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 appealed so strongly to both of us that we decided to go. We went about the 1st of July not being willing to be away later in the year when Father and Mother Rulon planned to attend it. We left Merritt with my sisters in West Chester with Mary to help look after him. John and Al went to Surrey where they were always welcome. We stayed away one month, going from Chicago to Bowdle, South Dakota, to visit Alfred's brother John and his little family.

It surprises me to have to report that in spite of all the beautiful exhibits at the Fair at which we spent all day long every day except Sunday, the thing that I remember best is the service at an Episcopal Church in the City. The preacher took his text from Hebrews 1: 1-2,

> "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath, in these last days, spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he hade the worlds."

You may remember how often and how long I studied the Bible when I was a girl in London, but this preacher brought out this wonderful truth in such a way that it has never left me. One reason that Christians should attend church every Sunday is because the taking of a text and opening it up for us to see it's many angles is of greater value than what we get from our own interpretation; not because the preacher is a better Christian, which he probably is, but because he has studied the Bible for years and has books of reference, written by the best commentators in the world.

For one thing, the phrase, "in these last days" leaves no doubt in our minds that, as we were then, so we still are in the last days of this dispensation. The days at whose end we shall see "This same Jesus, so come, in like manner, as ye have seen him go into Heaven."

It was at this service that I first heard the hymn, "Breast the Wave Christian," a hymn which has comforted me greatly, especially

We were in Chicago and Dakota a month and could hardly wait for our return trip. The children were well and happy. I re-organized the house, Lydia Bolden had everything in readiness for us. I had joined with a lot of Chester friends in the forming of a New Century Club there and began attending the meetings again. It was just after Christmas when Mother Rulon had given me a home-made half-baked fruit cake which I put on the top shelf of the pantry cupboard and now and then I ate some of it. That is the only thing upon which to lay the blame for the illness that overtook me at the Club. I swelled to such an extent that I could not eat and, as soon as supper was over, I went to bed and suffered great pain. Will was about two months old and very good so I needed to do nothing for him except to lay him in his crib with a nice warm bottle. I suffered with nausea and also a pain in my right side. Miss Buslar, the first trained nurse I had ever had, nursed me when Will was born. It was a great pleasure to hear her tell of her experiences in hospitals; when she told about appendicitis I said, "I would rather die than have an operation," but my questions never stopped, and having learned so much it seemed to me that that pain in my right side was serious.

Alfred's brother John, who lived in Dakota, had brought his little family to visit his Father and Mother. Their first-born son, Charlie, was very ill. Dr. Crawford had been away from home and another doctor had been called in, but this night the child seemed near death so they decided to get Dr. Crawford if he had returned, and phoned Alfred at ten o'clock to drive up to Chester Heights for him and take hime down to Surrey. When Alfred told me this and took the buggy out to get the doctor, it did not seem fair for me to tell him about the pain in my side.

It grew worse and worse as the hours passed and it was midnight before I heard our horse come across the bridge at the foot

of the hill bringing Alfred and the doctor back. My efforts to reach the window and call to them as they passed the house were futile and when Alfred came back alone we decided we could wait until morning because it would be hard for the doctor to come after all he had been trying to do, for our nephew, little Charlie, had died.

The Doctor came early the next morning. The spot on my right side was easily located. I said, "What's there, Doctor?"

Gravely he said, "The appendix is there." John's little son had died the night before so we sent word to Surrey to bring the nurse up to me at once. Her name was Miss Burton. Under her care and the remedies the doctor gave, the pain abated.

But Miss Buslar who had taken care of me when Will was born had warned me "If you ever get appendicitis you will have to have an operation or die." Miss Burton said the same. However my faith in Dr. Crawford was strong. No-one agreed with the nurses except Annie Rulon. Even my own sisters thought he was doing the right thing. So I put my faith in God as was my habit and followed my own little maxim, "Wait and see." Being sure that God could and would do what was best for me and my six little children, I was not afraid to die nor was I afraid to trust Him. The many blessed promises that had comforted me for years were my greatest help now. I could almost see written on the wall "When thou passeth through the deep waters I will be with thee." Father Rulon said, "She had a foolish nurse who made her believe that an operation was imperative." Alfred wanted me to have the treatment that might save my life, but he also wished to believe the doctor and his father (the doctor was having the nurse put fly blisters on my side!)

My own sisters also would not believe that an operation was necessary, so there I lay and put my trust in my only helper, and He helped. One Friday night, after a week of this misery, I became

violently ill vomiting and weak, any experienced nurse knows that this is often fatal under such circumstances. Miss Burton sent to the store for Alfred. When he came I said, "Will you please 'phone to Dr. Dunn in West Chester and ask him to come to see me tonight. It is customary when one is as ill as this to have another doctor in consultation. You can get Dr. Crawford here to talk things over with Dr. Dunn."

Alfred said, "It is very late, he could not get back to West Chester until after midnight, perhaps he won't come."

"He will come to me I know," and the arrangements being made Dr. Dunn came and brought his instruments with him, prepared to operate at once, but Dr. Crawford did not agree, and my morale was so improved by the knowledge that something was about to be started, that I went to sleep in peace. Dr. Crawford persuaded Dr. Dunn to wait a little longer. He said, "I have it under control, just give me a few more days." However, after Dr. Crawford had gone, Dr. Dunn came back to my room to say, "You must be very quiet, if you make any sudden movement, it will kill you."

To my great relief the date was set for the appendectomy. Will was about two months old. Possibly I had taken cold after his birth. We never arrived at a satisfactory decision of the cause of my trouble, though I had taken one of the little black pills prescribed for constipation. Modern doctors warn us not to take such remedies if there be any symptoms of appendicitis. We have learned a lot in the interim.

They did not operate until the next Tuesday. By that time Dr. Crawford was convinced. They feared to drive me the six miles to the Chester Hospital. Three nurses came from West Chester by train with Dr. Dunn and three, including Miss Burton, from Chester. Also there were three doctors: Dr. Thos. S. K. Morton from Philadelphia and Dunn and Crawford. Dr. Dunn made the incision, Crawford gave the ether,

and Dr. Morton searched for the appendix, which they could not find, deciding it had gone away with the pus; there was a lot of infected tissue to be taken away.

My sisters came down from West Chester accompanied by the Baptist minister and while the doctors and nurses were preparing the room for the operation, they and Lydia went to work on the room in which I was lying, it had to be cleaned and made sterile for me to be brought back. It happened that I had just finished making a whole piece of sheeting into sheets. They must be sterilized as also a dozen large turkish towels and other small pieces of bed linen.

From the store they brought two wooden tubs and two kitchen tables to be placed end to end as an operating table; both rooms were stripped of carpets, curtains and all needless pieces of furniture, the floors were scrubbed with bichloride; the workers in the factory stopped working until they were told that it was all over. An Armenian pedler who has been permitted to sleep in our barn now and then, told me the first time he saw me after this, "I have prayed for you by the hairs of my head."

Dr. Morton came to speak to me just before I was etherized. He felt my pulse and said, "Never have I felt so quiet a pulse in any former patient." And that is how my Father led me through the deep waters. While the doctors and nurses were making a hospital out of my spare room, Mary, Annie and Lydia were waiting for me to be etherized and carried across the hall by the doctors; that accomplished, they began on my room which had to be cleaned and sterilized ready for my return.

They threw the carpet out of the window; the workers in the factory had refused to work until they were told if I were living.

Nan Turner took little Will home and kept him for two weeks. John, Mary and Merritt were taken to Surrey. Angie went to West Chester

to stay with my sisters. Alfred was always so good and quiet that he was allowed to stay at home. As I began to improve, Miss Burton asked to have the baby brought home, he was so sweet and loving that I heard her say, "You're a little soft cake," and when there seemed to be no reason for fear, Alfred called up while the doctor was dressing the cut and said, "Doctor, may I play and sing now?"

The doctor said, "What to you say, Mrs. Rulon?" My answer was "That is what I have been longing for." Dr. Crawford and Miss Burton were good singers and after that if Alfred was home during the doctor's visit they always gave me a concert.

The wound stayed open for six months, so they took me down to the Chester Hospital where I had a number of other operations. Dr. Forwood said, "I have added ten years to your life." Perhaps it is those ten years that I am now using. Finally the cut closed up, but I was too weak to walk downstairs. They carried me downstairs and put me in the carriage; they thought the coming home and having my family around me would do me more good than medicine. Miss Maurer, who was on duty at night during that month, would slip in while I was crying with homesickness and help me to behave myself. She was very kind to me.

Dr. Forwood gave me a diet to follow and said, "You must go down to the shore immediately." We went to Ocean City. Alfred took us down and Annie Canadian, with her two children, went along because Alfred could not be spared from the store, and someone had to supervise that raft of children. Ernest Herman was good but he was only a boy himself. I did take a maid but she could not accustom herself to such primitive surroundings.

We rented two small cottages near the beach Life-Saving Station which extended out over the ocean then, but now is a block away because the ocean has receded.

Annie took one of the two cottages. It was used for sleeping

The other cottage was used as diming room and kitchen for all. There were two rooms on the second floor. I had one with Willie in a crib. Annie Hayden and Ernest Hernan did the cooking and dish washing. Alfred had a table large enough to seat us all built into the dining room. There was only wa lking room on each side. I had to make my way to the head of the table before any one else was seated. Annie sat at the other end to be near the kitchen. Ernest waited on the children. We all seemed to enjoy this picnic style of living. Very excellent meat. fruit, and vegetables were available and fortunately Annie could cook. Clams and fish were abundant and ther were bakeries nearby. It was important to have nourishing food for me and the children. I had lost twenty pounds. An acqaintance, who happened to see me at the station when we took the train, went to West Chester and said, " I saw Jo in the station. She is a wreck . She will never get well."

Lydia Bolden, a maid who had often worked for us. had the house in perfect order when we returned. Oh it was so wonderful to be back again. The trees were so tall and beautiful: the grass was so green. No wonder Alfred sat right down at the organ and began to sing. The children had enjoyed the seashore but they were happy to find the vines at the back of the house full of grapes and we were all delighted to sit at our own table and realize that we were home. The horses were in the stable the chickens in their coop. Our dog, Speed, went from one to another to show his joy. How happy we allwere to be together. There is nothing in life so delightful as a family.

My nurse, Miss Burton, was with me for ten weeks. She could not be blamed for growing weary. There was so little in Aston Mills to amuse her. My satisfaction and absorption in my family may have irked her and prompted her to say. "Do you think you are sanctified?" I answered,"The Bible says, ' This is the will of God.even your sanctification.' and we pray.'Thy will be done'. Manyof us hope to live until Christ comes down from Heaven just as the disciples saw him go and as he promised. We believe that when we meet Him in the air we shall all be changed and it is at that time we become sanctified when this mortal puts on immortality. Christ did not pray that we should be taken out of the world. but that we might be kept from the evil that is in the world."

"To answer you more fully. I know ,to my sorrow, that I am still a sinner,but we have a high Priest who stands at God's right hand making intercesssion for His erring children. Jesus left no doubt in the minds of His apostles that we are saved by grace, not of works, lest any man should boast. We work because we are saved - not in order to be saved."

"There is a green hill. far away outside the city wall, where the dear Lord was crucified who died to save us all".

Atthe beginning of my married life it was wonderful for me to have a doctor like Dr. Crawford. He was so capable and so kind. Once he said."You are stealing all my thunder." meaning that he was teaching me all that he could to help me take care of my husband abd my babies. Situated as it was in a deep valley, our house was very damp. Dr. Crawford said, "I would not live in this house for a million dollars."

The older children had croup, sore throats, and pneumonia. Time after time the doctor had to come in the middle of the night to ease Alfred's asthmatic attacks. Time after time I had to work over my husband following the doctor's instructions. I had been used to allopathic treatments and their medicines do seem to work faster than the homeopathic remedies but I like the gentler treatment better. For many years I kept a box of sugar pills and a little book of directions. I saw Miss Eastman keep her pupils free from epidemics by their use. I saw Mrs Glasgow keep her family well by their use and now that I am older I have a wonderful homeopathic doctor who helps me over the hard places. One must give him credit for prolonging my life until I am ninety years old. This is not due to heredity. Both my parents died of heart trouble before they were fifty.

In 1921 there was a rupture in the cut of my appendectomy because of which Dr. LIda Stewart Cogill opened it up for repairs at the Woman's Medical hospital. She found the appendix still in place, removed it and put it in a bottle of alcohol for me to see. After seventeen days it changed its appearance from that of long black twine to a three inch length of flesh color and plumpness. She said that its nonremoval did not indicate any fault by Dr. Morton: judging from the surrounding tissues it was possible that I could not have survived a longer time under ether. Dr. Crawford, who was the anesthetist, gave it to me so sparingly that I heard Dr. Morton say,"Dr.Dunn, you take her feet, Iwill take her head and Crawford will take her buttocks."

Afterthe operation the doctor sent for a relative to come and speak to me. She came and said,"Aunt Josephine."

I thought, "Natalie is calling me back." I did not want to come back because I felt so quiet and peaceful. There is no doubt in my mind that I was about to die at that moment. It was Natalie, Maggie Carson Rhodes' daughter who came and spoke to me. Among all the Rhodes relatives, there was not one who was more faithful or more helpful to me than Maggie. We were about the same age and Natalie and John were babies together. Her son ,Carson and my Merritt were great friends and are so to this day.

There is a strong affinity among the Rhodes. They love to get together at least once a year. They have adopted me so completely that one said," Aunt Josephine has the Rhodes clannishness." I have certainly learned to love them all and to be very thankful that they love me. Alfred's youngest brother Somers had but one child,named Warren . He wasunable to come to my last birthday party,(the ninetieth). I was so sorry.

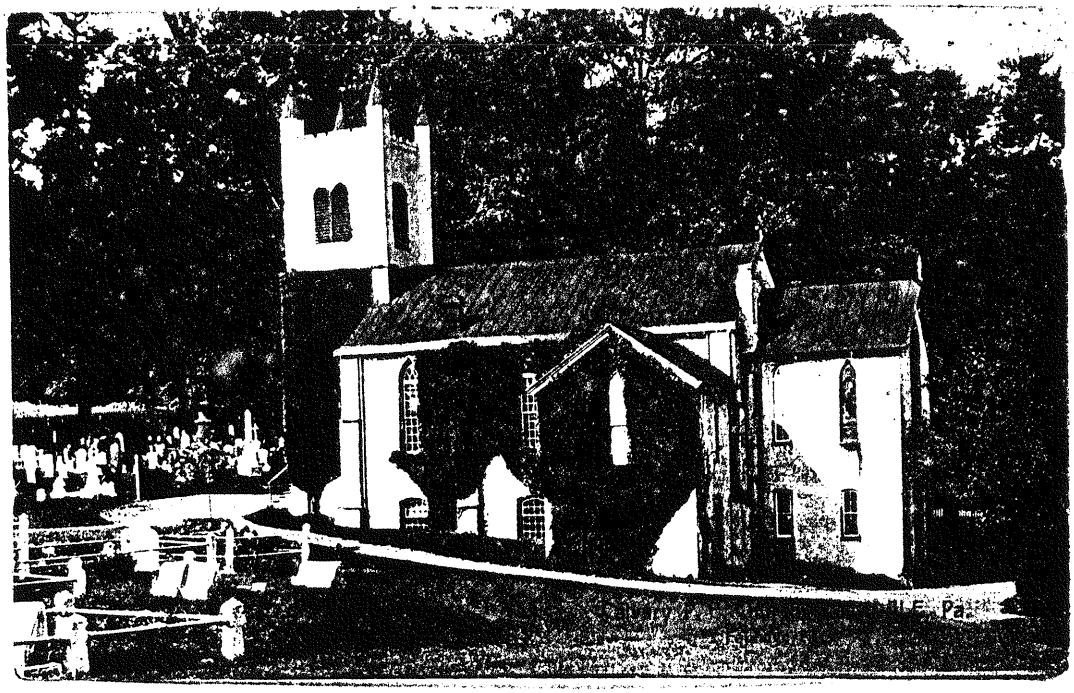
Alfred's cousin Frank and his children have never ceased to be cordial and kind and all the other descebndants of Uncle Sam, Father's brother, were our dear friends. Father's Aunt Mary Cullingworth had a very large family but we did not know them all because they lived in another state. Her great granddaughter, Grace Myers, has moved to this vicinity. I have spread my wings wide to cover her and her husband. I feel very sad if they don't pay me a visit every week. How can an antique like me expect so much consideration from people so young and charming?

Lydia Emma Turner looked so much like me that one of the women stopped me, as I drove up the hill, to ask me how my mother was, meaning Nan. Nan Turner, Alfred's first cousin, was only four years older than I. Perhaps that woman was like the verger at Calvary Church. When my mother-in-law heard him compliment me on the good behavoir of my children she said,"Don't be too pleased about that. Mr Crozier is deaf and can't see very well."

Nan Turner had a lovely face and a kind disposition but she never cared about fashionable attire or a becoming "hair do". While my clothes were quite as youthful as they had been before I was married, I never used rouge or powder, though a natural high color made me look as if I did. At about this time I was wearing a wide-brimmed hat. It was grass green decorated with rosebuds and black velvet streamers at my back. When my little Al saw this hat he said "Mammma , you look like an old lady with a girl's hat on." Taking it off, I presented it to my niece , Rose Hayden.

John contributed an unfavorable comment on the way home from church when I criticized a gir'ls appearance. He said "You always say something like that on the way home from church. The surprising thing was that in spite of my shortcomings they loved and respected m e. Alfred always treated me as if I could do no wrong. What a blessed situation it is for children when their parents do not quarrel!

We did not correct the children before others and we did not nag them. If I had to scold, I tried to say all there was to be said at one sitting, after which the subject w as closed. Living in the dountry helped us very much. We all depended upon each other for entertainment and there were no unsympathetic on-lookers to interfere with our happiness.



In October, when Merritt was three years old, Angeline was born. She was totally unlike the first four. She had miserable health from the beginning, weighing only ten pounds when she was a year old. She was two before she walked. She cried continuously. Dr. Crawford toldme to put rock salt in her bath and to rub her with cod liver oil afterwards. How her nice soft flannels turned brown and how they smelled! He told me she was not getting enough to eat from breast feedimgso we bought a cow. It was amusingto observe her reaction to cow's milk. She handed her bottle back to me unless it had very fresh milk in it. We had to get a cradle for her and put her in aroom by herself. In order to keep her warm we had a new heating system put in the house. Of course we all enjoyed the heat, the milk, and especially the cream. She did not show affection for any of us except Willie who was born fourteen months later. Our care finally resulted in a well and strong child by the time she was two years old.

We took allthe children to church every Sunday(except the baby). Alfred sang in the choir and we always sat in the same pew. The children were not always as good as we hoped they would be. Therewere times when I had to take one of them out among the gravestones and switch him across his legs until he promised to be good. Then he was brought in again, for to have allowedhim to stay out and play would only have encouraged him to do it again.

When John was very young he used to listen and comprehend the lessons from the old testament. When the story was about Joseph in the pit, he whispered, 2"Mamma, did he ever see his mother again?" It would have broken his heart and made him cry out loud if I had said "No", so I answered "I will tellyou on the way home."

When we bought a cow for Angie, we bought a "creamery" in which to keep the milk. The cow was a Jersey cow who gave so much milk that we could not use it all despite our growing family. This creamery was about five feet high, Five feet wide, and eighteen inches deep. The top lifted up. Inside there were three stationary metal cohtainers for the milk. There were spigots at the base by means of which we could get the milk and leave the cream in the can. We kept quantities of broken ice packed around the cans on every side. We kept the butter here as we had no other refrigerator.

There was no such thing as a soft drink in those days. We made root beer and raspberry vinegar. The most common drink in our house was lemonade. When Alfred came home he would ask Mary to make him a pitcher of lemonade. As we had ice cold water in our brass pump in the kitchen, she could make it very quickly.

In the spring thaw, the meadow across the road from us was full of ice. That was the signal for us to get out the ice cream freezer. It took a very strong arm to turn it when it was nearly ready to eat.The children enjoyed licking the"dasher" when it was taken out and a blanket was placedover all to keep it for supper.

Father had a large wagon made to order for our large family. We called it the yellow wagon. We always used two horses to draw it. On hot summer nights we went in the yellow wagon to Media, five miles away, to get icecream in the icecream parlor.

The field adjoining our house needed a new fence. Alfred asked me to keep an eye on the horses grazing there. He didn't want them to get out on the highway. I was sitting at the sewing machine by a window which gave me a view of the field. I asked Angie to look benind the barn and tell me if the horses were there. She and Willie went out on the road and up the hill. It was avery hot day and I was not dressed suitably to leave the house. Soon I saw coming down the hill the two horses walking side by side as if there were a carriage behind them.

The children thought they were bringing them, but the horses thought they were bringing the children home. These horses loved all the family and thought it their duty to take care of them. I never knew until I lived in ASton Mills that our horses had a strong sense of responsibility and I feel sure that they can think and know what to do in an emergency. Angie was four years old- Willie fifteen months younger.

The horses seemed to enjoy the joke as much as I did. It was a comical sight. We loved our horses and they loved us. I miss them more than any part of our life in the country. We also had a cow, but she was just a useful animal to me. It may be that cows are loving too tothse who milk them and take care of them. I never tried to do that .

Chickens are sociable and talkative especially after laying an egg. That is all of their language that I can understand. I learned to imatate their little "chucka, chucka, chucka," so well that they would look around for another chicken. I wonder what I was saying. Chickens thrive better when you take your knitting and sit down among them. We bought ten rose comb brown leghorns and we always found nine eggs in their nests every day.

The progress of Merritt, Angie, and Will at the village school was very inferior to that of the first three children under Aunt Dell's teaching. She had left us to take a position in a fashionable girls' school in New York. With the foundation she had given them the first three were progressing quite well, but Angie could not read or spell. Her trouble seemed like perversity. When she spelled "horse" K-a-t-e, I knew she was playing a joke on me.

Eventually she did learn to read. After reading a primer in Physiology, she said,"This book does not tell the truth. It says that drinking and smoking will kill you; if that were true there would not be a man alive." When Merritt had been taught the same thing he asked me for a drink of alcohol to see what it would do to him. Such teaching does more harm than good, at least for my children. Angie was too observant and Merritt had too much curiosity.

The years we spent in Aston Mills were the happiest of my life. We were so glad to be together. Al said to me after he had grown up, "Life, when I was a boy was so peaceful and busy with the things I liked to do. Imagine a boy of twelve being allowed to wander over the hills and fields of his grandfather's farms with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels; or imagine him riding or driving a horse at pleasure."

The McKee family lived a short distance above us on the highway. When their baby was sick Eliza and I brought it down to our house at their doctor's request, and bathed, fed, and put it to sleep in our coach until, as the doctor said,"its life was saved." That little fellow is a respected farmer on his own land in Concord now.

Later the house in which he was born was rented to a couple from Scotland. Alfred asked me to visit them to make them feel at home in America. I liked Mrs MacLaren very much and when her baby was born I went up to be with her. The doctor and I were the only ones there. Feeling my ignorance, I kept wishing Eliza were there to help us. The house was old, dark, and dismal, but happy too, after the little daughter was born. When the practical nurse came she found the mother verysick. A week later when I called I found the patient very much excited and angry, upbraiding the doctor saying," Why don't you do Something? I know this is death. Give me a tonic, barrels of tonic." Her voice was strong and harsh; she was in a frenzy. Taking her hand, I knelt by the bed saying, "Think only of God and how he loves you. He will help you." She smiled and said, "O"so gently," I know he loves me." and closed her eyes in death.

There was a feeling of thankfulness combined with my grief and sympathy for her in having to leave her baby and her husband, and for him because he was so devoted to her. It sustains me to know how the mere mention of God's love can cause a Christian to die happily and at peace under such very distressing circumstances. May God be with us all when "our feet are slipping o'er the bri nk, for it may be that we are nearer home, nearer now than we think." If anyone who does not know and love God should be reading this,let him remember that we have the promise, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Morgan

Josephine

We lived in Aston Mills seventeen years . The first eight children were born there. After Will, came Josephine. Mary now nine years old, watched me making baby clothes for her. She asked if the Lord was going to send us another baby and how soon. I told her two weeks. She said, "Oh I can hardly wait." Allthe childreh seemed to feel the same, they delighted in having another child to love and cherish. When Angie and Will were put to bed Al used to go into the room, lie down on Willis bed and sing them to sleep.

When Mary learned that the baby was a sister she jumped for joy. The baby was often called "Joy" in later years . The baby weighed only five pounds so I let Mary play with her to her heart's content. Little Jo looked like my mother except that her eyes were brown, instead of blue.

Two years later on the fourth of July, Al was helping the farmers pitch hay. They brought him home fainting, saying he had had a sunstroke. He had been vaccinated a week before. Dr. Crawford was away. The other doctor diagnosed it as Cerobro Spinal Meningitis. He was very ill but Dr. Crawford came home and cured him. This was the summer Morgan was born on July 19th. We named him Morgan for one of my revolutionary ancestors, one of my mother's grandfathers. He was very beautiful with golden hair and blue eyes. There were three with blue eyes, five with brown but they all looked so much alike that the photographer saidit was not worth while to take their pictures as they all looked the same.

There was no favorite in my nice big family. Sometimes foolish grownups asked them which one Mother loved best. In turn they each answered,"Me". If anyone were ill I devoted myself exclusively to that one.

self

When I told Alfred that I wanted to go and live in West Chester, there was no objection made. It was enough for him to know that I had set my heart on doing so . We bought a large comfortable house on Walnut Street. We spent a lot on papering and painting and other repairs to make it more comfortable and and more saleable when we left it three years later. We moved there in October when Morgan was sixteen months old. There were many fruit trees in the large yord. We enjoyed delicious pears as soon as we got there.

My sister Mary lived in the southwestern part of town. Della Heed lived on West Miner Street. Our old home on Miner Street was still occupied by the Hon. Thomas Butler, who bought it from my cousin Charlie, who had bought it from my mother. His mother had left it to my mother in her will requesting that he buy it when he was older.

Among some of the young married people with whom I met so often, were Mary Evans Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parke, and Josie Roberts, who was an alumnae of Brooke Hall. Alfred sang in the Episcopal choir and was also a member of a group of singers headed by William M. Thunder, brother of Henry Gorden Thunder. Words fail me to tell what those three years in my old home town did for me. It was wonderful to have a group of young people who loved me and to see my children making friends.

When I found that there would soon be another baby, it was evident that all my friends were delighted. They made lovely knitted things for it and even praised me for doing my duty. To one of these friends I said, "There is only one way that God has ordained for populating the world. Who am I to say I won't do my part?"

In 1905 Father Rhodes failed in business. We could no longer afford to live in West Chester so we moved back to Delaware County to Village Green, not far from Surrey. We rented a big bric house with a cupola,and a little fireplace in every room . This house was on a farm and we all liked watching the workers and feeding the pigs with our table scraps.

Alfred opened a store on Aston Ridge where he hoped to serve the families in Aston Mills which had been bought by the May Manufacturing Company. We still had Two horses and a carriage. He drove to and from the store nearly a mile away.

Father Rhodes had taken out a tontine life insurance, soon after his marriage; The plan was to pay large yearly premiums The insurance was to mature after a certain number of years on a set date. His wife was the beneficiary. When the time was up the fifty thousand dollars was paid to her. Just before this Father put his property into the hands of a receiver, intending to give up everything and retire with Mother to live on the money which was now due.

Both Alfred and Somers had moved from their homes in Aston Mills to go to the towns where their wives had lived before marriage. Father believed that they should be punished for not appreciating what he had done for them so he planned to rob them of any part of his estate. He was seventy-four years old, erect, and strong; quite able to carry on for several years.

An old friend, Mr. Shaw, had a factory in Chester, where they made the yarn used in the Aston Mills plant. He offered to lend Father $200,000 to tide him aver the predicament in which he found himself. Father was bent on punishment. He told me, "I did not have to fail."

Lorena Matlack, our neighbor on the left, was a member of the group of women who made my social life so delightf Dr. and Mrs Scattergood were members of this group also. The doctor attended the children through whooping cough and tonsilit and was with me when little Charlie was born, my ninth and last child, a blue -eyed golden haired treasure.

Katherine, the older woman, who had lived with me in Aston Mills happened to learn that I was in townand I was very glad to hire her again. Ihad a nice young nurse from the hospital but the baby and I were so very well that she had hardly enough to do to keep her busy.

Eliza, who had been with me for five years, stayed in Aston Mills with her sister, Mrs Dolan. Francis, her son was working in the factory. Later she married Samuel Catlow. They rented a brick house on the west side of the hill. Eliza dropped her h's and we were amused to hear Angie aged3 singing ahymn the way Eliza sang it"Goneto be han hangel, appy hever more."

When we moved to West Chester, the wife of the Baptist minister came to help me get settled. When she put the china I had painted on the shelf she said: "It is a joy to handle such beautiful dishes.

The excellence of the West Chester schools was a vital reason for going there to live. Wewere not far from the State Normal School. Angie, Will, and Jo attended the model school there. Merrittand Mary started in the grammar school; Al in the High School.

The final outcome was a very unhappy one for Father. The insurance money was paid to Mother. Alfred's sister Annie had married Harry Rhodes, her first cousin, He was a very fine man, admired by all and the president of a bank in Media. Annie and he convinced Mother that it was her duty to keep the insurance money. Father was kept in spending money and board and clothes. It was a bitter pill for him to swallow. That Mother, to whom his word had beennlaw, should turn against him was beyond his comprehension. No one can know how he suffered from giving up his beautiful home and his prestige.

The people in Aston Mills were and stillare devoted to his memory. When any of the families who lived there meet my children, they tell of his generosity to them, his fair treatmety and the happy lives they had before the failyre.

When he owned Aston Mills he allowed the workers to buy on credit; the amoumt of their bills was subtracted from their wages. This helped both the firm and the employees, operated as it was by the Rhodeses. It saved the trouble of getting a large quantity of cash on hand for payday and it gave the customers better goods at lower prices.

Alfred was the manager of this store which sold everything from parlor organs, furniture, and carpets, and dry goods to notions and candy. There was also a drug department and a post office. At the drug department they filled prescriptions and sold many patent medicines. Those with large alcohol content were much in demand as there was no saloon in Aston Mills.

One prescription called for a quart bottle of soap and water to be colored with cochineal. Directions:- "to be applied three times a day." The doctor said to charge a dollar for this medicine or they would think it was no good. The patient was covered with ugly scabs.

When the Rhodes Brothers firm failed, it was taken over by the May Manufacturing Company. One of the farms, the whole village of Aston Mills, and even the house built for us went with the factory. Mr Robert Wetherill had a claim against the property which included Surrey and another farm so that was not sold at this time. From Village Green, we moved to the farm house on this farm. Opposite this very old stone house with its wide window sills and many little fireplaces, was the elaborate house that had been built for Somers Rhodes. Mr. Forstburg, of Chester, bought it and lived there while we operated the store on the opposite corner, now called "Fisher's Corner".

Surrey Was surrounded by a beautiful, landscaped lawn. It was sold to Mr Clayton Erbe, who died there. Later it was burned to the ground. Later still the property was bought by Mr. Forstburg, who built upon it.

We were compelled to make many alterations in the old farmhouse to fit it for a store as well as a home. We hoped that the people who had remainedin Aston Mills to work for the new owners of the mill, those who had been our former customers, might give us their trade since there was no other store in the vicinity. Many of them were glad to do so.

The first floor was altered into a store; the second floor into a home. A large landing platform was built across the front. The porch was enclosed, equipped with shelves and counters. Here we sold drygoods. In the original living room They kept sugar, corn meal, candy, cookies, crackers, cigaretts, cigars, and tobacco. In the former dining room there were hams, bacon, cheese, and salt mackerel. Sometimes we sold fresh pork and sausage bought from our neighbor, Mr. TRYENS

In the old kitchen there were the smelly things, kerosene, gasoline and sauerkraut. How I did hate that smell! One of the second floor rooms was used for a living room, another as a dining room. Alfred and I and the baby had the other room. There was a kitchen back of the diningroom and a bath room with a tub and running water but no window. In the boys' room on the third floor there were two double beds. The girls also had rooms on that floor.

In allthe rooms there were openings in the walls large enough to permit the entrance of a rifle. These had been used by the early settlers for protection from the Indians and later fro m enemy attacks duringthe Revolution. We were not far from the Delaware river which we could see from the upstairs windows. Just a few miles away was the meadow on which the battle of Brandywine was fought. This beautiful historic country would richly repay a visit from a tourist.

The large yard seemed an ideal place for the baby to play. It was surrounded by a high stone wall and I could see him from the house but there was a grape arbor there and he ate some of the green grapes which ultimately caused his death. Dr Kalbach, who took care of us after Dr. Crawford died understood my reactions and that I would reproach myself. He said, "Mrs. Rhodes, you must be assured that you have done everything for this child that anyone could have done." However my feeling of guilt did not leave me for years. Looking back at the wars, the sin and suffering that have afflicted this old world, I realize that little Charlie has been better off than many who survived. I am now fully convinced that, "all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to his purpose." Now as my days stretch on so far beyond the three score years and ten it seems to me that it can't be long before I shall see him again.

There is no doubt that my cup has been running over most of the time but there was one failure that was really rather comical. While it had no serious consequences, it was a disapointment and showed that one must take the evil with the good. Our nearest neighbor, the Methodist minister, had a large flock of beautiful chickens. I borrowed a small incubator from a friend and bought some eggs from the minister and thought I would have beautiful chickens like his.

The hours I spent attending to my incubator! At the proper day there was no sign of life. It was plain to be seen that not one egg had a chicken in it. When I told the minister about it he said,"My eggs are all infertile. They are sent to hospitals at a special price for that reason." I had never heard of infertile eggs but the word explained itself.

Annie Rhodes hated to see me tied down, not only to my large gamily but to the store. There were times when Alfred and both the clerks were obliged to leave me there alone. Once a man came in and asked me if there was any place where he could buy some lunch. I offered to make him a sandwich and a cup of coffee. It was Monday so there was plenty of cold chicken left from Sunday dinner. The washerwoman, upstairs made the coffee and brought it down with some sliced chicken. The bread and butter were right there in the store. He was very thankful and paid at the price he would have had to pay in a lunch room. One other time I made a similar customer a bowl of oyster soup. Annie may have thought it was beneath my dignity to cook for strangers, or she may have been actuated by her affection for me. She and her father talked over the situation and persuaded Alfred to give up the store and move to Chester.

THis was very unfair to Alfred because the few thousand dollars he received from the sale of our house in West Chester was all invested in the store . He sold out at a great loss. We moved to Chester ,staying there almost a year. That was the least happy year of my life. So often people with the kindest motives, interfere in the lives of others to the ill-fortune of the ones they seek to help. The longer I live the more I am convinced that we ought not to interfere in the lives of others.

In 1908 when I was fifty ye.rs old we moved from Chester to 5538 Chester Avenue in Philadelphia. This was Mary's last year at the West Chester State Normal School. She boarded at the school. Itwas the happiest year of her life. John had graduated from the Naval Academy in the class of 1907, number 2 in his class. Now he was on a ship in China. Will was living at a hotel in Media with his grandfather.

Since Alfred could not find a position, I accepted an offer to teach at fifty dollars a month at Rutledge, Delaware County. Angie was fourteen years old, Jo,nine. With Alfred's help they tried to keep house.The shopping had to be done in the evenings and on Saturdays. Idid not mind getting dinner at night. It was hard for the two little girls who had never been obliged to do housework but I was shocked when Angie said,"You and Father had no right to start anything you could not finish." I picked up a wooden potato masher and hit her on the head. It was not a very hard blow and raised no lump but I was very much ashamed of myself. It was not my habit to strike a blow. Father Rhodes said, "Josie says,'John, John,' and other severe things." but I was not quite that gentle.

At the Rutledge High School at this time there was only one other teacher and myself. We had about forty pupils. I had no trouble in the way of discipline. Those boys and girls are dear memories to me. The younger ones became truly interested in their work especially in Geography, which I loved so much.

After a year and ahalf it was decided that they did not need two teachers and I was let go. It did not matter as I had applied at the Kedron School and been appointed for the Fall term at sixty dollars a month. They called me Principal. This was like a joke for the other teacher was a girl of seventeen, just out of High School. I enjoyed my work at Kedron . I was having the time of my life. One of the mothers said to me, "You are the best teacher we ever had." The whole school seemed ready to do its utmost and so did the teacher. The school directors gave me everything I asked for and we were all happy but when the heavy snows and intense cold of winter came I had to resign because of the long walk from the trolley to the school.

When I went to teach the eighth grade at LLanerch I had a very distressing time The class always sang well and willingly. That was the only thing they did that was kind and friendly. The boys seemed glad to cooperate but the girls seemed to hate me. I was suffering from gall stones at this time so I did not go back to Llanerch, though I was requested to stay.

After this unhappy experience I restricted my work to substituting in Philadelphia. I was very much in demand and principals and teachers welcomed me. The pupils were polite and well behaved. When The doctor discovered the gall stones he put me on a diet and gave me medicine to ease the pain.

Arriving at a new school, my first duty was to write my name on the board and give the pupils a happy greeting. Then I said , "I am going to tell you a funny story. You may laugh if you like but not loud enough to disturb the other rooms." These stories, not always funny, were gleaned from the most popular authors of the day. After reading them several times I could tell them simply and smoothly.

The tale that was most appealing was from a Dumas novel about a soldier of the French Legion, stationed in Africa lost in the desert. One boy gave a deep sigh as I finished. He said, "That was the best story I ever heard."

The superintendent of Delaware County called me one morning to ask me to come out to Primos to take charge of a school whose teacher was suddenly called away by a death in the family. Hurrying from the trolley, I was met at the lane by the whole school, boys and girls of all ages.

Two girls put their arms around me . The rest followed closely. One would have supposed I was an honored guest. It spoke volumes for the hospitality of their farm homes as wellas of the influence of a very fine teacher. I taught there for two weeks which passed like a pleasant dream. Never have I seen such systematic training. I have often wished that I could see Miss Kirk and tell her what a wonderful work she was doing. I did write to the superintendent and tell him.

I read the usual chapter in the Bible and then they sang. Immediately after the singing Isaw eight boys and girls rise up at the back of the room. I was about to reprove them but I thought, "Wait and see." They marched to the front of the room. The first pupil put a book in my hand and showed me where the lesson was, then they sat down on the front benches. After the recitation they went back to their desks.

Every class did the same thing and it was evident that their lessons had beem well prepared. As they were going out to eat lunch in the schoolyard, I said, "I don't see a bell anywhere. How do you know when to come in?" "Oh, we come and look at the clock." They answered. There never was any disorder or any mischief. Whether they had been told at home that they must obey the teacher, whether they were afraid that their brothers and sisters would report any misdoings, or whether Miss Kirk had trained them to be always polite and kind, I shall never know. I think that it was a combination of all three and that this school was typical of the true American character, especially its rural character.

I am convinced that better men and women are trained in the rural schools than in any other, given the same caliber of teacher. Take a teacher like Dr. Francis Green, who has been teaching for about fifty years. Some of his boys have turned out to be judges and leaders of young men in many cities. He was never my teacher but I have learned a lot from his lectures. I remember an incident that occurred when he was Mary's English teacher in Normal School. He asked each pupil to write four lines of verse. To some this was easy but not for Mary. This is what she wrote,- "I had to write four lines of verse,

I tried and tried and tried,
And as it grew from bad to worse
I cried and cried and cried."

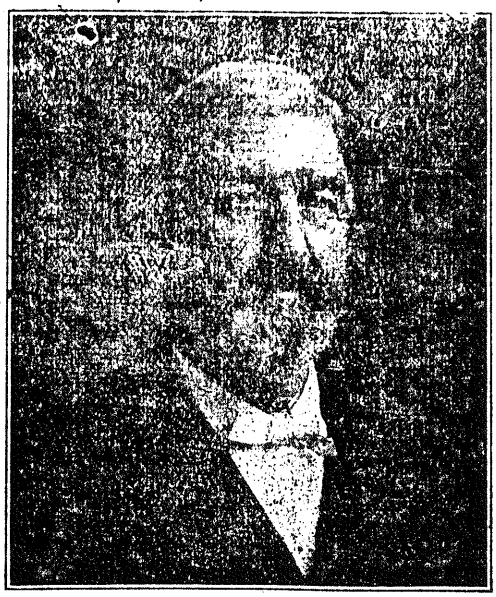
Each of my children was at the point of death at one time or another during their early years. One night Morgan awakened me by saying, "Mamma, I think I am going to die." He was as cold as ice and I too thought he was dying. I phoned for the doctor who gave him an emetic which helped immediately. The doctor asked, "What have you been eating that was black?" He had eaten half of a shoestring candy that a boy had given him at school. The doctor said it was a coal tar product and would have killed him if he had eaten a whole one.

That was not the only time that we almost him. When he was only a few months old I heard his labored breathing in the night. I knew by his appearance that it was something very serious. We had no phone so Alfred went for the doctor. We filled the tub with very hot waterand put the baby in up to his neck for what seemed a long time. Then we rolled him in a blanket and lay him in his crib. The doctor stayed until morning giving him aromatic ammonia in water every ten minutes.

When I was suffering from gall stones after we moved to Philadelphia, Dr, Pease came to see me while I was eating breakfast. He looked at my tray and said, "How can any one as sick as you are, eat a breakfast like that?" Mary said, She does not eat anything at all usually. When she said she was hungry I tried to get something to satisfy her." He asked why I didn't eat. I said it was because I didn't like the food we were able to afford for a family of ten. He told me to order lamb chops and things I liked just for myself.

DEATH OF JOHN B. RHODES.

May 10, 1911



John B. Rhodes, a prominent citizen of Delaware County for half a century, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry W. Rhodes, Moylan, Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness. Mr. Rhodes spent the winter at the Charter House, Media, and contracted the grip, from the effects of which he never quite recovered. He rallied sufficiently to walk about his room, but was so enfeebled by advanced years and the rigors of illness that he succumbed Wednesday morning.

John B. Rhodes was the best known and most prominent citizen of this community for three-quarters of a century. He was a grandson of John Rhodes, who emigrated from Yorkshire, England, in 1827, and subsequently acquired a large amount of property in Rockdale. This property was destroyed by the great deluge of 1843, and the owner, with some of his relatives was drowned in the great flood. His son William was one of the early pioneers in textile manufacturing, and William's son, John B., was born in one of the houses now familiarly known as "The Yellow Row," in Rockdale, on January 27, 1829. He went to work in the mill adjoining, now called the Burnt Mill, at the age of six years, before there were any public schools. Although he acquired a good education, most of his knowledge was gleaned at night schools and by his inherent quick powers of observation.

He was the only surviving scholar who was present at the formation of the Calvary Sunday School, which began in the old mill, now the Penn Tapestry mill, in 1831. As he grew up he developed into a strong character, destined for great things. He was blessed with a rugged physique, gigantic in strength, also with a resolute will and indomitable courage and pluck, and was an exceptionally vigorous, hard worker The textile industry proved to be his long suit, and he remained in the mills as employe and forman until 1850, when he was married to Miss Ann L. Warren, of Glen Riddle, and embarked in the general store business, in the building now occupied by Charles P. Griffith, on Crozerville Hill. In 1864 he accumulated sufficient money in the mercantile business to enable him to start manufacturing cotton goods in the mills owned by Elwood Tyson, now owned by the May Manufacturing Co., entering into partnership with his brother, the late Samuel Rhodes. In 1884 Samuel withdrew from the firm. In 1866 they they acquired the Knowlton mills, which they operated successfully until 1882, when the machinery at Knowlton was moved to the Aston Mills plant, which Mr. Rhodes had named "Llewellyn," in honor of his wife, Ann Llewellyn Rhodes.

At the time that Mr. Rhodes acquired the mills at that place there were no buildings there except an old grist mill and three houses, but by his exceptional hustling and progressive energy he added building after building and house after house until it became one of the largest manufacturing villiages in this part of the State. The entire village came into being through Mr. Rhodes' efforts, and it cost a million and a half dollars to establish it. In 1882 the firm purchased the West Branch mills and operated them in conjunction with the Llewellyn Mills until they retired in 1902.

Mr. Rhodes was for many years active in the various churches, and was always a public spirited citizen. During the Civil War he was untiring in his efforts to care for the families of those who had gone to the front, collecting and contributing money and supplies to destitute families.

He was a charter member of the People's Literary Association, which organized in Rockdale in 1856, and he was a leading factor in the founding and building of Rockdale Hall, in 1871, being a director of the said hall for many years. He was a prominent member of Benevolent Lodge of Odd Fellows for sixty-one years, and was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency.

Few persons in this part of the country have ever accomplished so much as he for the benefit of the community, and everywhere there are monuments to his progressive spirit and keen foresight. After over seventy years of spectacular activity in the business world spent in this community, Mr. Rhodes moved from Aston to Media eight years ago, where he spent the closing years of his busy life in retirement, daily greeting his army of friends, old and young, and enjoying the fruits of his many years of diligent toil and labor.

Deceased is survived by five children: Charles, Alfred, John and R. Somers Rhodes, and Mrs. Harry W. Rhodes.

Mr Rhodes was an ardent "Rockdale Boy," and always took an active part in the Rockdale Boys' reunions. All his life he was much admired for his jovial personality and whole-souled wit.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2.30. There will be services in Calvary Church, of which Mr. Rhodes was for many years an active member, and the interment will be in Calvary cemetery.

The remains can be viewed by the public in the Sunday School room.

self

When I took the municipal civil service examination I was quite well informed on the required subjects because of my teaching experiences. On the way down town in the El I read the Constitution of the United States to refresh my memory for the test in Civil Government. The evening before I studied Ancient Geography. I really enjoyed that examination.

It seemed a long time before the results were published. One morning when he was reading the Record, my husband said,"Listen, some one by the name of Josephine Rhodes has passed the civil service examination, number one. It isn't you is it?" Happily I said, "Yes." As a result I was given a position in the law department in City Hall, in the office of Michael J. Ryan, City Solicitor at a salary of $1000 a year. I have earned more and have had more that i did not earn but never before had I felt so rich. My friends were amazed that I a democrat, had secured a position in City Hall.

Mr. was a fine man, a wonderful employer. One day he was excited by the chicanery of a man who wanted a bond for a contract of some city work and used some profane words. When he saw me he blushed like a schoolboy and begged my pardon for swearing.

Sam Fisher, a very kind and capable man, was chief clerk in this office. Mr. Hopple,assistant City Solicitor, was in charge of Bonds and Contracts. He was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew. He had a friend who came to me after World War I and asked me to translate a letter from Clemenceau which was to be placed with the historical society. Though my French was quite rusty I could translate all but one word, "Soviet". I put it in as used in the letter which is of course, the way it is used today.

My sister, Annie Hayden, came to keep house for us while I was working at City Hall. We were living at 5734 Walnut Street, a three story house with eight bedrooms and two baths.

There were many amusing incidents as the days wore on. Once I heard a man say to Mr. Fisher, "That girl out there told me to come in." Mr. Fisher thought it was a joke for any one to call me a girl. I was fifty-six at the time. Once I had the temerity to suggest to Mr. Fisher a new way to use ink eradicator. He said,"I have been using it for many years and you never saw it until you came into this office. Do you think you can tell me anything about ink eradicator? Is there anything you don't think you can do?" My answer was, "Where would I be if there had been?"

There may be drones in City Hall but I never saw any. The employees under Mr. Ryan and under his successor Mr. Connelly, were faithful, capable men and women.

At this time World War One was in the offing The Federal Government was advertising for clerks to fill the need caused by the war. I asked for time off to take the examination. I passed and was appointed to the Naval Aircraft Factory at the Navy Yard. Mr. Hopple said to me when I was leaving, "If any one wants to know about your qualifications there is no good thing that I won't say about you." Mr. Connelly wrote me a very nice note that was highly appreciated because he had not given me my position, only kept me on after Mr. Ryan left. Many times after I left I went back to see my old friends in the Law Department. I had a more strenuous time at the Aircraft Factory but I was not any happier.

When the children started school in Philadelphia Morgan said, "Isn't it queer, wherever I go I am put in the first grade." In Chester I had gone to observe. He worked along with the others. She said that was the first work he had ever done. I asked him why. He said he had no pencil. The boys always took the pencils I gave him every week. After that the teacher kept watch and there was no further trouble.

In Philadelphia the principal sent me word that he seemed to be deficient. I went to the school and said that I thought he was extra bright ,reading very well, and having unusual mathematical ability. After giving him an examination, which I watched with delight, the principal said, "It could not have been this child the teacher complained about. He is ready for the next higher grade." So at last he was out of the first grade.

When he was in the seventh grade everything seemed to go wrong. I had to leave for the office a short time before he left for school. He was always clean in the morning but I feel sure he was often untidy when he went back in the afternoon.

He had received "Ivanhoe" for Christmas. I was proud of his ability to read and his desire for a book like that so I let him take it to school to read on the day when the girls had sewing and the boys were allowed to read. At the close of the period the teacher said, "Close all books." Morgan took a last look. She told him to bring the book to her to punish him for not giving prompt obedience. When school was over he waited until she had left. He went to the desk and took his book. The janitor would not let him have it and they had a tussle. The next morning I received a very disturbing note about his untidy appearance and that he had struck his teacher.

I called on the principal who said, "I was mistaken when I said he struck his teacher. He struggled with the janitor, however." Then she went on to say nice things about the boy. I had nothing to say then but that night I wrote a concise account of all my complaints against that school.I asked to have Morgan transferred to the Barry School. I wrote this letter to the District Superintendent, and I hope that my letter put a stop to some of the worst practices in his district. The worst one from my point of view, was punishing him by making him sit on a bench in the corridor, with nothing to do and for a long time.

One evening before he was transferred, I heard him recite his History lesson to me perfectly. The next day I asked him if he got a perfect mark. He said that he had gotten a zero in it two weeks ago. Then he explained, "The teachers do not like to give bad marks in conduct because it makes them look as if they can not keep order, so they give us bad marks in our lessons. They think we care more about lesson marks than conduct marks."

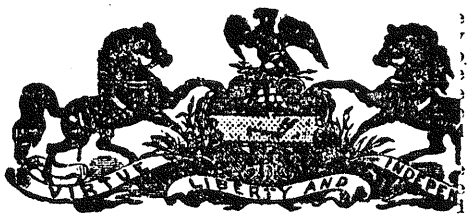
Mr. Hopple gave me the afternoon off to attend Morgan's graduation from the eighth grade at the Barry School. That morning I wrote a note to the barber asking him to cut and comb the boy's hair because he was to be Valedictorian and to see that his hands and face were clean. He had a new suit and I was proud pf him. Miss Packer had put a carnation in his buttonhole and trained him to do his part well.

Miss Packer seemed neither young nor old. Her face was strong and sweet, her manner, affectionate. When I thanked her for all she had done for Morgan she said, "But Mrs Rhodes, I love your boy." When he was about to enter High School in the Fall I told him I hoped he would do his best. He said that it would not be fair to Miss Packer if he didnt. He said this knowing that she had been killed by a truck that passed a trolley while she was getting off.

When I went to work at the Aircraft Factory I was assigned to the Employment division. My Civil Service rating set the salary I was to receive which was more than I had been getting. The workers were sent to me to get their numbers and to be registered. They came in droves. One girl given a position as clerk at fifteen dollars a week said,"How will I ever spend it?"

It was my duty to put all the information about each worker on a card and file it. I also kept portfolios containing information relative to the employee. Every afternoon I had to send to Captain Cobourn a full report of all that had been accomplished that day. There was quite a little figuring to be done on this sheet which was about 36 by 18 inches. I was amazed to find after a few weeks that I knew all the names upon the roll. When Commander Howard asked for the record of a man whose first name was Vincent I said, "There are only two Vincents." Then I told him where to find them. This impressed him so much that he used to say, "Here is the lady who can tell me everything I want to know."

I was much older than the other clerks but the young girls were very nice to me They would join me at lunch in the cafeteria. Sometimes we took our lunch out on the lawn beside the river. Captain Cobourne was the manager of the factory.When a plane was ready for a try-out we were told that we might have the privilege of going up if we went and stood where they were about to take off. Several of the women went up but it was the one new thing I did not care to try.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1911—E

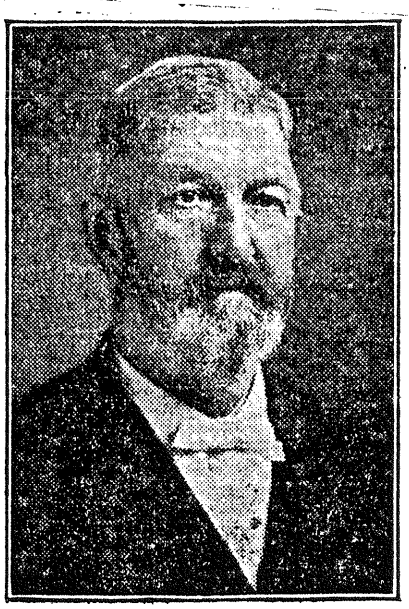
JOHN B. RHODES DIES AT MOYLAN

Retired Textile Manufacturer And Well Known Writer Passes Away At Daughter's Home.

LONG AND USEFUL LIFE ENDS

For Many Years the Deceased Operated Large Mills in Aston and Middletown Townships, Giving Employment to Hundreds of Happy and Contented People.—Selkirk Letters Widely Read.

John B. Rhodes, one of the best known residents of Delaware county, who in later years gained wide repute in this section by his timely articles under the nom de plume of "Alexander Selkirk," which appeared at frequent intervals in the Chester Times, died about ten minutes of seven o'clock this morning at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W Rhodes, at Moylan, after



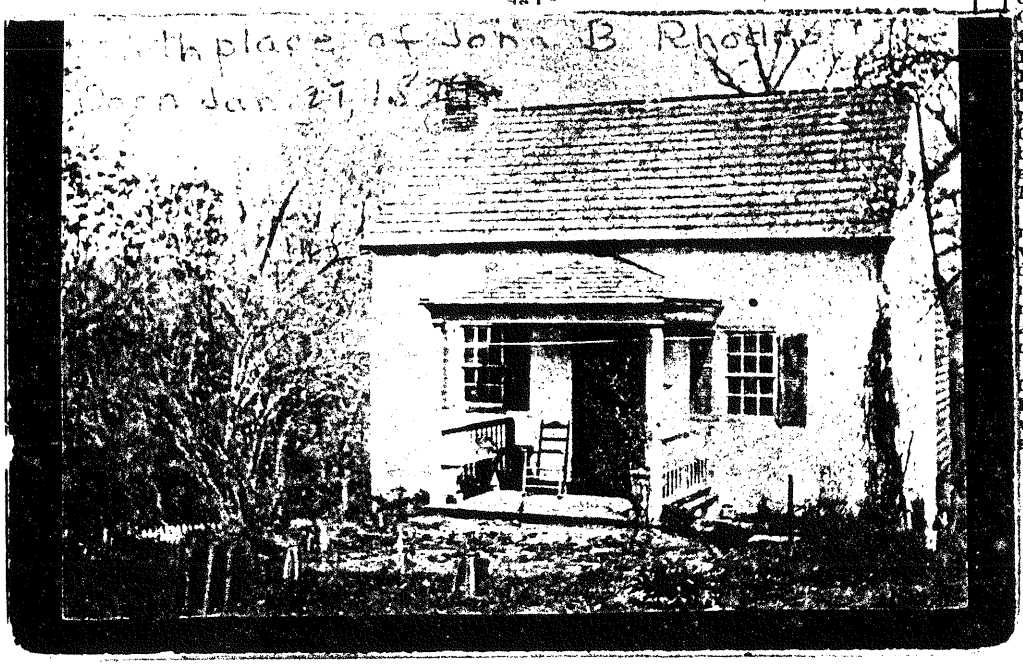
JOHN B. RHODES.
Retired Manufacturer and Prominent Resident of the County, Who Died To-day.

a serious illness of three months' duration. His demise was due to heart trouble, which developed from the infirmities of old age. He was eighty-two years of age on January 27 of this year, and until he became afflicted with the illness that resulted in his death he enjoyed remarkable health and was as active as the average man twenty years his junior.

Mr. Rhodes was a man of wonderful physique and commanding presence. He possessed a genial disposition which won for him a legion of friends. At social gatherings he was noted for his humorous stories, and his witty recitals were generally of an original character.

Mr. Rhodes was generally a guest at the campfires given by Wilde Post, No. 25, Grand Army of the Republic, and his characteristic joviality will be greatly missed by the old soldiers.

About ten years ago Mr. Rhodes retired from the textile manufacturing business. For many years he operated the Knowlton Mills in Middletown township and the West Branch Mills in Aston township. The industry as it developed necessarily built up a large village and for the convenience of the operatives a store was established at Llewellyn in the summer of 1877, and in 1880 it was made a postal station, John B. Rhodes being appointed postmaster.



JOHN B. RHODES DIES AT MOYLAN

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Began at Six Years.

At the age of six years Mr. Rhodes entered a cotton factory with the view of becoming proficient in that branch of industry. He was employed in the different departments of a weaving mill, and ultimately acquired a practical knowledge of all branches of the business. His education was meanwhile gained at the sessions of a night school, the public school system not yet having been introduced in this part of the State. He remained an employe at the factory until he attained his majority and was then married to Miss Annie L. Warren, of Middletown township, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Alfred Lee. On his marriage Mr. Rhodes embarked in the store-keeping business at Crozerville, where he conducted a successful trade until 1864. He then purchased from Elwood Tyson, Esq., what is known as the Aston Mills property and engaged in the manufacture of doeskins, jeans and dress goods. His marked success prompted him, in 1866, to rent the Knowlton Mills, at Knowlton. To this already extensive manufacturing venture was added, in 1882, the purchase of the West Branch Mills. Both plants were operated to their full capacity for many years.

In the management of these extensive interests Mr. Rhodes' energy and business tact have been exceptional, contributing essentially to the success of every enterprise in which he was engaged. From humble beginning he rose by inherent force and strong purpose to be an influential factor in the industries of the county.

Although a Democrat in politics Mr. Rhodes during the later years of his life became more liberal in his views. He was a great admirer of President Roosevelt and favored his policies. In 1876 Mr. Rhodes was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at St Louis which nominated Tilden and Hendricks.

Prominent Odd Fellow.

Mr. Rhodes was a prominent Odd Fellow, representing Benevolent Lodge, No. 40, of Aston, in the Grand Councils for a number of years. He was a regular attendant at the services of the Methodist Episcopal church, though educated in the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal faith.

Mr. Rhodes is survived by the following children: Charles Rhodes, of Denver, Colo.; John Rhodes, of South Dakota; Alfred Rhodes, of Philadelphia; R. Somers Rhodes, of Chester, and Mrs. Annie L. Rhodes, of Moylan, wife of Harry W. Rhodes, a nephew of the deceased, who is president of the Media Title and Trust Company. The deceased was bereaved by the death of his wife about three years ago. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. Thomas Lees, of this city.

Since the death of his wife, Mr. Rhodes resided in Media until he was taken ill, when he was removed to the home of his daughter where he passed away. Arrangements for the funeral are now being made and will be announced to-morrow. A. J. Quinby and Son, of Media, have charge of the obsequies.

Mr. Rhodes was a member of the Chester Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was interested in all public and humane subjects.

William K. Rhodes, of Moylan, wounded in France, is twenty-three years of age, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Rhodes, of Moylan, Delaware county. He was wounded July 17, losing his right arm. Despite this his parents received a most cheerful letter, written left-handed, from him August 16. He said he was happy and receiving excellent care at Base Hospital No. 36 and that by Christmas he may be sent home. He attended Media High school and for two years the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. In June, 1917, he enlisted from 5734 Walnut street, Philadelphia, joining Company B, Pennsylvania Engineers. He was soon made a corporal.

Corp. Wm. K. Rhodes
Wounded

While I was working here My son Will went overseas with the 28th division of the Engineers . When I read in the paper that they were building a bridge over the Marne and were under enemy fire my heart began to tremble. A few days later a telegram came to me at the factory saying that he had been injured and his right arm had been amputated. Itook the news quietly. It was such a comfort to know that he had not been killed.

I do not remember seeing Captain Cobourn at the factory. I did see him when he and my son John were students at the Naval Acedemy. He was an upper classman when John was a plebe. I was visiting John when he came across the hall to John's room. He was in his shirt sleeves and quite embarrassed when he saw me.

I have no reason to believe that either he or Commander Howard knew that John was head of theOrdinance plant at Charleston, West Virginia, at this time. I did not expect or receive any extra consideration on that account. I wished to stand on my Civil Service rating and my conscientious service.

Now and then Commander Howard came to me at closing time and said, "Mrs Rhodes, get your girls together. An empty car is going up to Broad Street Station. We will take you all up in it." During the first few months before the trolley service was extended to the factory, we had to walk almost a mile from the gate.

One morning when I started to work I found the steps covered with deep snow. We were in the middle of a solid block of houses sol jumped over every railing between the porches until I reached the corner where the steps and pavement had been cleaned. My daughters were shocked when they saw me jumping but that was nothing compared to what happened at the Navy Yard. It continued to snow . The nearer I got to the factory the fewer landmarks I could see. I stepped into a hole that had been dug for a telegraph pole. I tried over and over again to climb out. At last I threw myself forward and crawled through the deep snow. Iwas very late to work but no one reproved me. Possibly they agreed with me that I should have been commended for the effort I had made to get there at all.

It was months before we saw Will. They kept him at the Walter Reed hospital in Washington for a long time. They were fitting him with an artificial arm and training him to use his left hand. When he was hit by the shrapnel, the main artery was cut. He would have bled to death except that he had the type of blood that coagulates quickly. After he had his arm bandaged he told the doctor he ha d no feelin in his right arm. They took him to the operating room and cut off his arm. When he came out of the ether the nurse was regarding him anxiously. He felt over with his left hand. Finding the right one gone, he smiled and said, "You put one over on me , didn't you?"

He never would allow usto sympathize with him. One day he heard his father speak of him as a cripple. He said, "You don't call me a cripple, do you?" Once I put my finger on the toast he was trying to butter, to keep it from slipping. He whispered, "Don't do that , Mother,don't ever do anything for me you would not do if I had two hands."

The government sent him to the University of Pennsylvania until he graduatedfrom Law School. We lived near enough for him to come home for lunch every day. He spent all his spare time playing the piano. Miss Julia Schelling sent him music written especially for the left hand. We listened entranced. Alfred said,"If he can do that with one hand , what couldn't he do with two?"

Soon he began to play tehnis and to drive a car. Once when we were driving to Washington We came to a car that had been in a collision with another car, which drove off without trying to help. We stopped to see if we could do anything. An officer appearedand thinking Will had caused the accident told him he was not permitted to drive in the District of Columbia because he had only one arm. When he learned that Will was not the offender, he gave him an examination and allowed him to proceed.

When we lived at 5734 Walnut Street we all belonged to the Church of the Redemption where Mr. Clay was rector. His wifewas a remarkable woman , a little older than her husband who was an Englishman. He had been a musical student in a cathedral before becoming a priest. She was an American widow with quite a little means.

Her executive ability was great. Her appearance was prepossessing and she feared no one. She was also an artist and painted an immense oil painting in which she used some of the young people of the church as models. She started the collection of gifts for the beautiful window back of the altar She was president of the Woman's Auxiliary. That and the whole church grew and prospered while Mr. Clay was rector.

Mrs Clay had two married daughters. One was the wife of the head of a military academy at Cornwall on the Hudson This was before the first world war. Will was a member of a Bible class taught by Mr. Orton. Mrs Clay used her influence to get Will into this Military Academy. This pleased me very much for I believe that military training builds up the health and character of those who are anle to obtain it.

Mrs Clay told me of an interesting episode which was very valuable to me later. " While I was living near Wilmington, Delaware, I became very ill with neuritis. I decided to go to Europe to consultthe best doctors and drink the waters at Baden Baden and other famous spas. Neither the doctors nor the waters helped me . Finally one doctor said, 'The finest specialist in this field is an American, living in Wilmington, Delaware.' I hurried back home and it was not long before I was completely cured."

Later I had an attack of neuritis myself. My hand swelled and became useless and I couldnot sleep. There came a time when I could stand it no longer. I went to see Mrs Clay and asked her for the name and address of the doctor who cured her neuritis. This she did and I went to Wilmington. Dr. Mullen was an elderly man. When I told him that I was from West Chester originally he said he remembered me. We were in the sixth grade together and had Miss Ellie Moore for a teacher. That was a happy co-incidence but the happiest part was my cure.

He gave me enough medicine to last two weeks and told me to take a hot water bottle to bed with me. Iwent back at the end of two weeks. Idid not need to go again and I have never had a recurrence of this malady. Mr. and Mrs. Clay have all"passed over", but like the brook, I seem to be going on forever.

After Armistice Day we were told that we could be transferred to other positions in the Navy Yard if we wished. I was put in charge of the perpetual inventory stock file in another department. I missed my old friends but the work was new and engrossing. Information of the number of small items was brought to me every morning. I had a record of the quantity on hand. One day amessenger came and said, "there are no turnbuckles to be found." Consulting my files, I said, "you should have 200, 000 in stock." I was able to locate them in the suppl department.

Mr. Willets came to me one day and said, "Mrs Rhod I want to talk to Washington about the present state of employment here. I have to have a graph to hold in my hand while I am talking. Can you make one with this information on it? " I said "I'll try."

I had never made a graph but Iwas familiar with those made by others so I went to work. Mr. Willets took it and used it to his satisfaction. I felt that I had learned another new thing. My next move was to the accounting department in the cost division. There I helped three young yeomanettes file punched cards. It became my duty to send a report to the supervisor every Monday morning. It was a full report of all the work done in the yard for the previous week and its cost. I had to compute this from the punched cards. Ilearned to punch the cards, to run the machines whish tabulated the results and to operate the sorter. I never tired of this work.

Once when I had been loaned to another departme I went back to my own desk after all the other clerks had gone and found it absolutely empty, not even a paper clip left in it. The next day I put on my hat and started toward the door intending to go to the Navy Yard as usual. It was then that my mind began to work. "Since they have destroyed all your memoranda how are you going to make yo ur report? What reason can I give that will not involve Mr. Burke or Mr. Royer?" Poor Mr. Burke, the report he sent in was returned with this comment, "I want this report made out as Mrs. Rhodes made it." Therefore I made out my resignation and stayed at home.

Being sixty-four years old at this time I should have retired anyway but I did not want to. I loved my work. Mr. Burke needed the extra pay he would get and there was no need for me to earn money.

Now I was free to take automobile trips which I enjoyed immensely. With several of my children owning cars, Iwent from New York to Florida and across Georgia and Alabama many times. Merritt's business took him to small, out of the way places. Louise, his wife, and I accompanied him whenever possible. I had an excellent housekeeper and my sister-in-law, Annie Rhodes boarded with us.

Alfred was working in a Media bank and did not object to these trips which I took. Annie's husband Harry died shortly after I went to work at the Aircraft Factory. She sold her home and came to live with us on Forty-second Street. Our family was large and congenial. Will and Morgan roomed together in the third floor back. Morgan was devoted to Will and helped him over all the hard places.

Representing Philadelphia at Conference of Democratic Women

... the third half years ... membership of ... standing, Mrs. Ella E. Porter, Mrs. Mc

Mary and Josephine had the third floor front. Annie had the second floor front. There was a bathroom on each upstairs floor plus a lavatory at the top of the back stairway. Alfred and I had apleasant room over the kitchen. It had a bay window facing west. The parlor was thirteen by twenty-five feet. It had a large open fireplace. All the ceilings were very high.

Having been elected Democratic Committee Woman for our division, I had meetings in this parlor about once a month. After a while I was appointed Secretary. Several times I went to other cities as a delegate to convehtions. These were memorable trips. We went in private cars and stayed in fine hotels. Allthis was very interesting and enjoyable but it seemed to me that there were other things that I could be doing that would be more worth while.

It may be that if some of us had given more though to religion at that time things would be very different at this time.The lack of interest in things of the spirit has become a sad hindrance to our civilization. We must get back to the"faith of our fathers" if we hope to survive. Today our lives are watched and known of all men. Men everywhere Are demanding more money, which is the ruination of a man, the doom of a nation. May God bring us to our senses before it is too late. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

In 1924 Jo and Roy were married at the Church of the Redemption. They had a beautiful big reception at our large home on 42nd Street .The bride was breath-takingly beautiful as she had her picture taken by the mantel in the parlor. They lived in Baltimore two years and then came back to live with us. They had alittle daughter, Mary , who has been especially dear to me.

My sister Mary diedin 1925. John's wife once said to me, "You and your sister Mary were never very close, were you?" I don't think she liked me. She tried so hard to make me a brilliant success. Nothing I did satisfied her. Even my marriage did not please her. She liked Alfred but she wanted me to marry some one who was world renowned. She thought I lowered myself by going to St Louis as a governess. She would do anything in the world for me but she did not love me as my sister Annie loved me.

Annie died in 1922. She had never been strong and was in a hospital when she died. Poor Annie, so kind, so loving, and so self-sacrificing and we could do so littke for her. She always kept her troubles to herself. Fortunately she had her knowledge of God's love to sustain her. Her whole life was spent in doing for others who were not with her when she died. Rewards are promised to Christians who have worked for the coming of the kingdom and to those who have suffered long and been kind. She is now awaiting the reward which"the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give her at that day."

The greatest joy of my life was the birth and development of my children. When John was about ten days old my sister Mary , observing Alfred's intense interest in the baby said, "Wait until he is a month old, he'll be much more interesting." Alfred said, "He couldn't be more interesting than he is now." It was the same with me. How I loved to hold two little feet in one hand! "My baby's feet, like seashells pink,

Might tempt sho uld Heaven deem mete
An angel's lips to kiss, we think.
Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink,
Their ten soft buds that part and meet- My baby's feet!"
Browning

LATE 1920s - 1930s:

Now I gave up all work either as a Business Woman or A Political worker I had no outside interests except the church. Mr.Clay left the church of the Redemption to take charge of a church in California. When Mrs Clay was leaving she told the women to elect me as president. This was most embarrassing I was forced upon them. I did my best to be a good president. The time limit for this office is supposed to be two years but I stayed for fourteen years.

I was elected to the Womens Aid to the Convocation of West Philadelphia . We met about four times a year . Different churches invited us to come to them for the meeting and provided a fine supper . Mr. Taitt, bishop at that time, was such a superior speaker that the meetings were very enjoyable. The dean introduced me and made an amusing reference to a cross-word puzzle that I had made for the Public Ledger. He was disgusted because he could not solve it.

It was my habit to make puzzles to rest myself at the end of the day.I had received five dollars for this puzzle Making puzzles gave me a very large vocabulary and kept me from forgetting how to spell. I had letters from a man in Scranton and from a womam in Ohio asking for the answer. The Scranton man's letter was very amusing. It began, "Josephine, how could you? Josephine, why did you?"

When our church had to entertain the convocation I had to supervise the making of the supper. The rector, Mr. Mc Fetridge said, "Do have something different. We get tired of chicken croquettes and peas." Therefore I had scalloped oysters, potato chips, cabbage and celery salad, and hot biscuit. I forget the dessert but the meal was a success.

Our Sunday School picnics were usually held in Fairmount Park. Onthe day of one of the picnics as I was leaving to go to the Navy Yard I said,"The dinner is all prepared. Don't eat all the devilled eggs before you start. Don't wait for me. I will get there as soon as I can." Upon my arrival, late, I looked around for the family. Alfred was standing with a group of members of the choir. His back was toward me and a nice young woman was making eyes at him.(How could I blame her?) When he saw me his face lighted up with pleasure. There is something very delightful in learning without words that people are happy to see you.

After Mr. McFetridge died, the Rev . Frank Cox became our rector. He was a fine man and A fine preacher and his wife was a wonderful help to the parish. At Mr. Cox 's request, we agreed to provide 25¢ lunches on Tuesdays during Lent before the noonday service. One of the choir men helped direct the Sunday School girls who waited on table. Our customers weremostly people who worked in offices nearby.

Sometimes we had ham but roast lamb was most popular. One day I made six apple pies, myself. Sometimes we had rice pudding or brown Betty . We served Broccoli, which was new at that time . We always had our famous Cole Slaw. We usually had from one hundred to one hundred fifty guests. After lunch we had service with good singing and a ten minute talk. Some of the women stayed to help us clean up. It was a good idea for united church service.

Mr. McFetridge asked me to act as receptionist at a meeting after each Sunday evening service, to be held in the parish building. There would be an excellent speaker, some recitations by the Sunday School pupils and hymn after hymn would be sung. Sandwiches and coffee would be served. There was a moveable blackboard , on which my son Al drew a huge crossword puzzle. I had made up one of Biblical people and places for the occasion. One of the men of the choir filled in the spaces as the Audience gave the answers. One word was hard for everyone "Cis" the father-in-law of Saul.

We can try many different ways of luring people to church but there is nothing like the gospel of the Kingdom to draw them in., and keep them interested. Lately it has come to my mind that the command "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." is not an arbitrary rule but a statement of fact. One who does not believe that Jesus is the son of God could not believe that he had the power of giving salvation or any other power.

It is only when we are sure that He rose from the dead and that we too shall rise that we begin to be filled with love and thankfulness. When we hear that devils believe and tremble we see that their belief increases their terror , while our belief overwhelms us with wonder and love.

There is a beautiful hymn which says,"He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own." The voice of God has been heard by many men. In reading the 103rd psalm "He filleth thy mouth with good things and thy youth is renewed like the Eagle's,2"I feel that that was written just for me.

I knew the words of everything my husband sang and always sang with him in my heart. Miss Cheney said, "I love to see you and Mr. Rhodes together." Later the same reaction was noticeable in other friends in the church. The organist and his wife were very nice to us. When he was about to play "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," he would always look down at me and smile because he knew how it appealled to me.

Because I was deaf, I had to take a front seat When I was near Miss Cheney or Mrs Cox we would reach out and clasp hands at the words, "Brother clasps the hand of brother stepping fearless through the night."

Our dear Miss Cheyney left us when she was eighty-five years old. She was the darling of every member of the church of the REdemption for many years.

We joined this church after we moved to 5734 Walnut Street in 1910. Alfred and Jo sang in the choir. Mary and I taught Sunday School. Merritt and Louise were married there, also Jo and Roy.

There is no doubt that Jesus taught us the fact of eternal punishment. He spoke of it chiefly as the result of unbelief. Over and over again He said to a sinner, "Go and sin no more.""He that believeth on me shall never die." In God's sight death means separation from God. Sinners as well as saints are raised from the dead to receive rewards or punishments as the case may be .There are degrees of both.

We who believe that we are saved do not believe that our salvation rests on anything that we have done but upon the love of our Father who gave his son that we might live . Let us make our light so shine that others may see how happy we are trusting everything to Him. "The love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind and the heart of the eternal is most wonderfully kind."

Though I loved the boys I taught in Sunday School, and still do love them no matter what lesson I taught my final message was, "Never forget that God loves you. YOU may forget Him but He will never forget you."

When Mary was a counselor at a girl's camp in the POconos we often drove up to visit her. She was a riding Counselor. She enjoyed riding above all things. One Saturday my husband started to go to camp with us. It was such a hot day that he decided to go back home on the trolley before we were out of the city limits. We felt that the cool breezes at the camp were full payment for suffering in the hot car. We enjoyed watching the children as they learned to swim. Bea Clark and Dottie Chamberlain were counselors and friends of the family. Mary was a counselor there for ten years until she was forty-six. She gave up then. Camp life seems like play but it was a twenty-four hour a day job and really was work.

We left the house at 216 South 42nd Street in 1931. I had begun to love it as I did our home in West Chester. As long as I had a home all my children came home to live and how happy it made me but John said it was too much for me to handle. Alfred and I went to live in Media, where he was employed in a bank. The children scattered. Ann Rhodes had an apartment in Media and we enjoyed being near her.

We found a fine boarding house kept by Miss Eliot. She served delicious meals. It was a wonderful rest for me and we enjoyed the friendship of the other boarders especially that of Mrs Alice Parker. She came to Manoa to see me more than once. It is a delight to recall the happy hours we spent together with Mrs Parker at the piano and Alfred singing. His voice remained strong and good, even after he was eighty.

Mrs Parker went to the Lenten services at the Episcopal Church, which I had attended when at Brooke Hall. On Sunday evenings we went to the Presbyterian Church with Miss Braden. On Sunday mornings I went back to the city to the Church of the Redemption. Since I was president of the Woman's Auxiliary, I never missed a Tuesday.

I have a mental list when I pray for Mary I ask a blessing for her friends, Jennie, Ruth, Dottie, and any of her teacher friends who may be ill. They are all so kind to me. Old people are so often ignored but these girls seem to like to talk to me.

My youngest son Morgan, is in the Merchant Marine. His twelve year old daughter was telling about the wonderful plans he had made for buying a farm when he came home. One boy said, "Suppoée he does not come home. He may be killed, you know." Peggy said, "He won't be killed. We're praying for him." God be thanked for the faith of little children. All my children have been aware of some of my answered prayers. They remember the time when John was so very ill in Cuba just after he graduated from the Naval Academy. They realize that only God could have helped the doctor give him the remedies that saved him that hot summer when we were living on Aston Ridge.

When we moved from 216 South 42nd Street, Merritt and Louise rented a home in Cynwyd. Will and Peggy Preston had married and were living in Moylan- Rose Valley, near Media, where Will was practicing law in his cousin, Frank Rhodes' office. He had graduated in law from the University of Pennsylvania. Frank said to him when he came to work there, "You must remember that this is no pink tea'." After he had been there a few months Alfred asked Frank how Will was getting along. Frank said "He is a fiend for work. The only fault I can find is that he does not charge enough for his services." It pleased me to know that he was like that.

When Frank died he left all his business to Will. I pray that he may become an honored citizen, a friend to God and man.

Mary was the only one who preferred a life of single blessedness, fortunately for us. When we were considering sending her to Teachers' College, she said, "Do I have to be a teacher? Won't you always need me at home?" And how we have needed her!

Angie married Edgar Grow, a Street Preacher. They had one son, Daniel. They devoted their lives to mission work. Her husband died when Dan was nine years old. She kept on with the mission work . These missions are under police protection and inspection. When they need to take care of a woman, not a criminal, they take her to a mission over night. To cover the expensethe city gives them part of the welfare fund. Many churches give them clean, wearable clothes.

The needlework guild sends a number of infants' outfits to missions every year. Milk dealers donate milk. Bakeries donate day-old bread to them. Produce dealers on Front Street give them fresh vegetables which look the worse for handling.

The home to which Angie was attached had about fifty employees who worked without pay, working for the Lord. Angie kept the accounts, which had to be well kept because they were inspected by civic authorities. The clothes which are donated are sorted and the best ones are sold to poor people for a very small price. The proceeds go for supplies which are not donated. The fact that a woman may be stranded in Philadelphia with very little money and no place to spend the night may have a bed and breakfast without charge at a mission impressed me very much.

Angie usedto play the piano at the evening meetings. Often she led the service. At times she went out and persuaded derelicts to come in. She often goes to Tennesee teaching Bible Schools ih the summer. While she was in Tennesee her son Dan came to live with Al and Katherine next door to us.

At the same time Mary Sawyer, Jo's daughter, came to live with us. It was very pleasant for both houses to have a young relative to watch over and love. Both went to Haverford High School. Dan did not stay to graduate, enlisting in the Navy on his seventeenth birthday. Mary Sawyer did graduate with high honors. Merritt's son , John Bacon graduated from LowereMerion and went on to Dartmouth. These three of my grandchildren are great chums, all good looking and well mannered.

In 1936 when we were living in an apartment on Locust Street, I had apainful accident. It was a second floor apartment with no push button to control the light at the foot of the stairs. One evening I went down to answer the doorbell and when I was near the bottom I missed astep and fell on my outstretched right arm. It was Al Jr. He came in and carried me upstairs. The doctor came immediately and they took me to the Osteopathic Hospital. My shoulder was broken in such a way that it could not be set. After two weeks in the hospital Al took me to his home in Manoa. My arm was still in a sling. I was there for Thanksgiving Dinner. Mary and Alfred moved the following New Years Day, next door to Al, and here we remain.

After Roy's death Jo married Stanley Cooper of Conshohocken. They have two little daughters who are very dear to me. Al's daughter, Katherine, married Theodore Moore. She is a lovely girl, happy and trying to make others happy. She and her husband have been entertaining service men from nearby hospitals.

Bill and Peggy also have a son who is a great comfort to them. He is big and strong and very attentive to me when I visit them.He sees that I have awrap and a comfortable chair. He supports my weight when I try to walk.

After I broke my shoulder there were many things I could not do. I was obliged to give up making my own dresses. That was something that I had been doing for a long time. I had to have a nurse for a while after we came tp Manoa. However my shoulder pained lessand less until I did not mind it so much.

I was able to keep up with my Sunday School work and the Auxiliary. Alfred was very lonesome while I was away. When we served the luncheons at church he would come and eat with us. One woman asked me, "Aren't you afraid to let Mr Rhodes go up and down the elevated steps alone?" I hadn't realized how feeble he was beginning to look.

He said,"You may go to church on Sundays and to the auxiliary on Tuesdays but you cannot go away at any other tome." Al and Mary both had cars and often took us both for rides. Mary never drove fast enough to suit her father. Both of us longed for our old horses and carriages.

When Alfred's sister Ann, died in 1935 she left Mary enough money to buy two houses, twins. We live in one and Al and his wife in another. That made it nice for me. I was not so lonesome as I would have been with strangers for neighbors.

Once when I had to have a bleeding wart removed, Merritt sent his car and chauffeur to take me to the Hahnemann hospital. I was there only one night and day. I did not have to take ether. The wart was removed with an electric needle All the expense and trouble was really unnecessary because there was no sign of cancer revealed. Bleeding warts are dangerous and it does not pay to take chances.

Alfred's birthday, February 22nd, and mine, May 30th, are legal holidays. Will entertains the whole family on Alfred's birthday. Merritt does the same thing on my birthday. In May we have the party outdoors on Merritt's lawn.

When Alfred was eighty-five in 1940 at his birthday party, we asked him to sing for us. Will played his accompaniments at first but presently he sat at the piano alone. As I watched him I saw his fece grow pale and his hands begin to tremble. I said,"Your father is tired, don't ask him to sing any more. They pleaded for"Danny Deaver" and I yielded. That night we had to call Dr Gates who helped him. Dr. Gates said, "He will not always rally." Thus I had my warning.

The following Easter Sunday morning when we were all dressed for church, he began to have a great deal of pain. Wewere standing together at the top of the stairs wnen he said,"You won't go to church and leave me this morning , will you?" "No indeed," I said. At that moment it seemed as if a sword went through his heart and he dropped dead at my feet. He had prayed for God to take him. I was glad for him that the struggle was over. He wanted to go and he had expected tp go exactly in the manner that he did go.

Our close association before his deatn was a happy time. Often when he was lying on the couch he would say, "Mother, come and hold my hand." Perhaps he received a little strength from me that he needed just then. He said repeatedly, "You have been so good to me." leaving me words to comfort me when he should be gone. It is strange that I have not felt alone since his passing. Sometimes I am surprised when I look up from my work to see a vacant chair where I had felt his presence t
It is not weird, it is comforting.

During the years preceding his death we were alone in the house all day long. It was almost like our first years in our own home in Aston Mills. Now he did not have to go to work. It was a joy to me when he would go to the piano and play and sing until he was tired. After little Jamie Burns was born next door he would call the mother to know if he could come over to see the baby. Jamie began to look for his visits . He was nearly three when Alfred died. He called me , "Mopop" and Alfred,"Bopop" One day he asked where Bopop was. His Mother said,"I think he is in heaven." Jamie went to his toy phone and called heaven saying, "I want to talk to Bopop." He said as he put down his phone, "I am going up to heaven to see Bopop and if I like it I'll stay." For a moment his mother's heart stood still.

We have fine neighbors in Manoa. The Rennards were Alfred's special friends. Mr, Rennard used to pitch quoits with him. Mrs. Rennard would way-lay him on the way out to get him to sing for them. He sang many old English Ballads as well as hymns.

When the usual group gathered at the funeral parlor the evening before his funeral I was amazed to see how many people came to do him honor. Men and women with whom I was not acquainted told me that they knew him from stopping on the street for a little chat while he was taking his daily walks. I thought , "How surprised he would have been, had he been able to see and hear them." He was such a modest man.

The following summer John's wife invited us to visit her in Connecticut, where she had rented the third oldest house in the state. John asked Mary to stop in Greenwich Village in New York City to pick him up to point out the way to Brookfield Center. Having never been through the Holland Tunnel, I found it extremely interesting. John had made a map so we had no difficulty in finding their apartment. Mary hesitated when the officer made her turn left on red. The drive up the Hudson and the Merritt Parkway was delightful. The extent of the city was almost unbelievable to one who had not been there for twenty- five years. It did not make me tired. There was so much to see and to enjoy.

In Brookfield Center there were many well known and cutured people. Their homes were lovely and interesting, their interests wide. They wore old-fashioned clothes with grace and dignity. My dresses were in the prevailing style but they were not in style in Brookfield Center. When we came home from a delightful afternoon tea John's wife said, "Your dress is entirely too short. You should put a band of black silk around the bottom of your skirt." I found another way of lengthening it. I felt very uncomfortablein it until it was longer. There is one complaint I have in common with other women. There are no clothes on sale for old women. Nor any hats for us either, My dear friend, Miss Cheney , bought her last hat in the children's department. It suited her very well. I liked to buy a sailor hat because it had a brim to protect the eyes and a crown to cover the head.

We were so well entertained by John and Katherin that we hated to leave but we had promised to go to Orr's Island on the coast of Maine to pick up Mary Sawyer and take her to Lake Skaneateles to join her family there. Katherine packed a delicious lunch for us to eat on our trip.

Mary Sawyer was spending a week on Orr's Island as the guest of Mr. Hamilton and his young granddaughters . The grandmother was not living but there was a capable housekeeper. We had spent the night at a tourist home near Portland and arrived at Mr'Hamilton's a little before noon. We were cordially received and Mr. Hamilton asked me if I liked fish. Isaid, "There is no kind of fish that I don't like." I thought he was having a lunch cooked for us but he put us all in his station wagon and told us he was taking us to a famous seafood restaurant.

When we arrived the children showed me the enclosure where the lobsters were kept alive in water,fresh for cooking. We were soon seated at a large table. When I opened the menu card Mr. Hamilton put his hand out and shut it saying, "You have to have the number one dinner." I did as I was told and Mr. Hamilton was convinced that I liked seafood.

First I ate Cream of lobster soup, then steamed clams and fried clams. Then came the whole lobster. I had never seen one before. Mr. Hamilton showed me how to eat it. When the waiter put icecream in front of me I ate that also. That night in the tourist home in Lebanon, New Hampshire, I reproached myself but I felt no ill effects at all.I am still fond of seafood. I was eighty-two years old.

Until we crossed Maine I had no idea of its beauty and prosperity. We crossed Vermont leisurely because it is Mary's favorite state. I was impressed by streets paved with marble and by the washings hanging on the front porches of handsome houses. We followed the beautiful Mohawk river when we reached New York State. We passed through Saratoga and Utica to Syracuse which is near the lodge on Skaneateles Lake.

This lodge is the summer home of the Coopers. Stanley is Mary Sawyer's step-father. We left Mary there and passed through Dryden on the way home. It was there I used to spend my summers before I was twenty. There was not a street or building that I could recognize. It was in Dryden that I promised to marry Will Brown but could not bring myself to keep my promise, not that he cared.

On our trip we stopped for a picnic in a state park in Massachusetts. I was surprised at the conveniences provided for us. There were comfortable benches and tables, bubbling springs, fire-places and firewood and a caretaker in uniform. He told us the best roads to take and warned us of speed traps.

There was one thing we found amusing. Franklin Roosevelt was coming up for re-election. This caretaker remarked, I graduated from the same college in the same classas Roosevelt. I hated him then and I hate him still." Poor man , he had never learned that hate harms only the hater. However, We appreciated all his kindness and agree that no one could have been a better or more agreeable caretaker.

The following summer Ruth Bowers and Mary decided to give their mothers a treat by taking us to Minnewaska for a week-end. We had communicating rooms with bath between. There were open fireplaces in each room and plenty of logs in receptacles in the halls. Being on a mountain it was cold in the mornings and evenings.

There was agame room but I spent my leisure moments in the reading room. There were long tables with every imaginable magazine and the daily New York papers. There were reference books atlases and a dic tionary whichwas a continual joy to me.There was a very large porch with a beautiful view and nice warm sun. The waitresses were college girls from Vassar, Poughkeepsie is the nearest city.

There was boating, bathing, tennis and riding but no liquor. The young people gave an amateur performance on Saturdays in the assembly where morning and evening prayers were held. It was here also that a minister held a service every Sunday morning. There were wheel chairs available and a trained nurse on hand if needed. We hired a large old carriage "with a fringe on top", drawn by a pair of big strong horses. It was a thrilling ride over mountain trails to a neighboring hotel where we were served tea. Our pictures were taken when we returned. It is put away with pictures taken as far back as 1879. These amuse our children as well as visitors who are chiefly interested in the old fashioned clothes. They do not look old fashioned to me. I ask, "What is there to laugh at in that picture?"

I like to remember the thousands of miles I have been driven over beautiful country. Pennsylvania is one of the most beautiful states. The Lehigh Valley and the road along the Susquehanna are especially lovely. In the Fall the royal garments of the trees impel us to try our hands at making poetry. Driving to Conshohocken, I found a piece of paper and a pencil in my bag and this is what I wrote,

"I know a bank where sumacs grow
And rows and rows of evergreen
With golden branches in between
And here and there a maple tall
Whose flaming beauty crowns them all. "

I was paid one dollar for this rhyme to be posted in a state park,-

"After you've eaten your excellent supper
Give a nice prize to the best cleaner upper."

While I was living in Philadelphia I met Mr. Baldwin who drove around in apassenger car selling groceries in order to make an opening for religious talk or to give away religious literature. His work was only an opening wedge. He carried on thing that we bought every time he came, "Raspberry Vinegar". I had not tasted it since I was a girl. My mother and my sister Mary used to make it every summer Along with the preserves.

I fully believe that God put it into Mr Baldwin's heart to stop at our house that day. The books he has loaned me and the pleasure I have had from knowing him is something to treasure. He told me of his work in the USO in TRenton With soldiers from Camp Dix. He plays the piano and leads the singing. A group of Young girls serves coffee, milk, and food. They also help with the singing and speak of the love of God and His goodness to men.

One boy, who had been drinking, put his arm around Mr. Baldwin's neck and began asking questions about God. He listened and believed and, completely sober, accepted Christ as his Saviour. All the helpers joined with the Angel hosts in rejoicing that Christ had found his lost sheep.

Another day a man crossing the street, put his hand into Mr. Baldwin's hand and said, "Which way are you going?" Mr. Baldwin answered, "I am on my way to heaven to see my saviour, Jesus Christ, and spend eternity there." The man said, "I wish you could take me with you. I have been a great sinner." Mr. Baldwin asked him to repeat these words:- "God be merciful to me a sinner." He repeated it and went on his way.

One Sunday in March 1942, Mary left me at church and went to Dr.Hitner for an osteopathic treatment. She told the doctor that I had a very sore left foot. Dr. Hitner said, "That indicates high blood pressure. She should see a doctor." When Mary told me I said,"It is only a very sore bunion and we did not call the doctor.

I had trouble walking all week . By Friday night Al had to help me upstairs at bedtime. I awakened the next morning with a numb feeling in my left side. I was able to dress and arrange my hair without help but my mouth was crooked and I could not walk. I had had a stroke. I had trained nurses and the doctor came every day. In June we rented a hospital bed. My grandchildren loved to wind it up and down. When school was over we let the nurse go and Mary took over. My left hand was very swollen. It had to be massaged and finally went back to normal in size but useless. I have never walked since.

I was allowed to sit at a card table during the day. Al helped get me back to bed at night. Once when I was sitting up I slid to the floor unconscious. The nurse was terrified. She thought I was dying. When I recovered consciousness, the doctor was telling me to take deep breaths. This nurse was obliged to go to another case. The second nurse expected me to die but I was sustained by these comforting words:- "Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage and He will strengthen thy heart."

Dr. Gates left some sleeping pills in case I needed them. My new nurse insisted that I take them so when she gave me two tiny white pills I held them under my tongue until she left the room. Then I wiped them on the sheet where they did not show,being white. The doctor told me to try to get around the room by pushing a chair. I tried this on the nurse's day off and did so well that I couldn't wait to tell her. She was afraid that I would fall and break my hip so she scolded me until I cried.

Marywas glad to get rid of that nurse at the end of June. She took care of me all summer and in the Fall Mrs Harbord came. She was seventy-five but active and capable. She was trained in hospitals in London. She is also a masseuse which helps a lot in paralytic cases. She stayed until the following June and often came to visit us afterward. We moved the hospital bed down stairs to the dining room where I have lived ever since.

I can push a card table into the front room when I want to lie on the couch for a change. I sit in a big chair by the window for hours.Mary leaves my lunch on a table near the chair. It consists of tea in a thermos bottle, a sandwich, salad and fruit or pudding.

All my children have been kind and thoughtful. So many old folks are somewhat ignored. Their children look upon them as burdens. Even when I spill a bottle of ink into my lap they do not scold me. This is just one of the many blessings to be remembered When I start counting them.

Dr Gates said:-"Reach just a little farther than you can." This advice has worked so well that it as possible for me to move all around the room by means of the furniture in it. It is four months since I have seen the doctor but I am following his directions and taking his medicine every day with satisfactory results and God's blessing. God be thanked that Alfred was not obliged to see my helplessness or my pain. He suffered too much when I broke my shoulder.

Though I am not a Presbyterian, the pastor of t this church in Manoa called on me. He is hoping to build a new church in the woods near by. Speaking of where to get the money he said:"My Father is rich in houses and lands. He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands. Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold. His coffers are fulll. He has riches untold."I am the child of a King."

We had a delightful hour of Christian fellowship. He spoke of salvation as due only to Christ and I said, "There is only one name" He completed it, "under Heaven or given among men whereby we must be saved." He asked me if I was sure I was saved. I answered, "I have confessed Jesus before men and I believe in my heart that God has raised him from the dead, therefore I am saved."

This reminded me of what Dr. Salmon said in a sermon heard ober the radio. When asked if he was saved he said, "Yes I was saved a little less than two thousand years ago on the first Good Friday."

An exchange of Christian greetings is almost as good as hymn singing. When my Sunday School Times comes it is as heartening as a prayer meeting. There is nothing that helps me more "when the night's longest" than saying the hymns and psalms that I have learned.

Every Sunday I listen on the radio to the Rev. E. Frank Salmon at the church of the Holy Trinity. Being unable to get to church has been hard to bear but to be able to listen to the service at Holy Trinity has helped me more than I can express. The rector from the Episcopal church in Broomal has been bringing me communion. I appreciate it but wish I could go to the church of the Redemption on Communion. Sunday.

I am ashamed that we never had family prayers in our home. The morning and evening prayers at Brooke Hall were a joy to me, I can see tha t it would have been very hard for us to have them. Alfred, good as he was, would have been unwilling to take the lead and he would have had to do that or lose his influence as head of the house. The children knew that I prayed for them and for others ,which is very different from praying with them.

My children were taken to church and Sunday School. John did listen to the sermons and the prayers and remember what was said. When he was nine he heard the preacher say ,"We all must die." He whispered, "Not if we live until Christ comes." After an accident he said,"I was not frightened because I knew my mother was praying for me."

Praying together prevents the shyness that makes it hard to talk about God, even to one's mother. When Carrie,the colored maid who comes once a week to clean brings me my lunch I say Grace aloud. She bows her head, standing quietly, and it is good for both of us.

When we have a family party, they expect me to pray before we eat. On my last birthday I was too ill with a cold to sit up. I asked Will to go to the piano and start them all singing the Doxology. There were about thirty- five people here, my own children, their cousins, and a few old friends.

Now in October 1946, I have a vase full of roses before me. The vase was a wedding present from the Glasgows. The roses are from a bush Which my son John telegraphed to me from Los Angeles several years ago. It is a monthly rose with small pink blossoms.

When the bush arrived it was about two feet high. Now it is double that. I wonder how tall it willbe when I have come to the "longed -for home coming and my Father's welcome smile". They took me out into the garden twice this summer. I had the pleasure of seeing it in all its beauty. Such little things to give such joy! Especially to a shut-in.

The reaction of little children who come to see me since I had a stroke is very sweet. They try to help me when I start to rise from my chair. I have the habit of keeping my paralyzed left hand covered. Little Eddie Burns, three years old, came over and removing the cover, kissed my hand. Jo's little Ann with whom I was playing tit-tat-toe, beat me every time. She said, "Let's play another game so that you can beat me." It makes me very happy to observe traits that indicate a character that may develope into a fine man or woman.

Sometimes Peggy, Morgan's oldest child, comes over on Saturdays. She is a very capable and agreeable little girl

I wish heredity were a natural law. It would have a great influence on our characters. In my experience, environment and propinquity are stronger. Ann Rhodes said to me, "I look at you and Alfred and I wonder where Mary came from." I might well have said, "She is a gift from God."

Alfred's brothers wife Mary heard me say that I wished I could take the children to live on a ranch in the west. She said,"I dont think thee is the stuff of which pioneers are made." This did not offend me. However I never tackled anything I did not conquer. By this I do not mean that I have always been successful , but that I have kept on trying in spite of all hindrances. If one can inherit anything from his forbears, certainly my parents were pioneers in a difficult time and place. There is an inheritance we have as a nation from our forefathers, a love of freedom and of fairplay. There is also a latent love of God and faith in His power and protection.

Just before I started to write this story, Iwas compiling a story for children. It was a make believe trip in Galilee when Christ was there. I called it ,"Come with me to Galilee". It was alittle more difficult to write because I had to verify every word. The doing of it was a wonderful joy.

LastChristmas they took me over to Merritt's for dinner. This is how they got me in the car:- Al drove up to the edge of the front porch. Ted got into the car and holding my hands, pulled me while Al lifted me abd put my feet on the step.I could manage the right foot but Al had to put the left one beside the other. With Ted pulling and Al pushing I managed to sit down. With aman on each side I was able to get into the house. When Mary had taken off my coat I put my hands on the card table and pushed my way to my special chair and sat down. Ted stared in amazement saying , "Can she walk?" We all laughed.

"It is better to laugh than to cry." I have never cried because I cannot walk. I have beautiful dreams in which I walk when and where I please. When I Remember the number of miles I have travelled, the varied and beautiful scenes that have unrolled before my eyes I should feel reproached for my greediness if I permitted myself the merest feeling of disappointment. I have a very happy gift in that I can remember and visualize many of the beautiful places I have seen. It is imperative here that I offer a word of thanks to God for the care He gave me as I was driven hither and yon in my native kand and with never a hint of danger of which I was cognizant.

I was anxious to be driven once more to my [illegible] old home ,West Chester. Al took me to see my old friend ,Della Reed. It was a happy day for both of us. She died suddenly early this month aged 93. It can't be long before we meet again.(May 1948) I told her that I was writing the story of my life. She said, "That ought to be spectacular." She left me one hundred dollars in her will, to help me have the story published.

302 Lincoln Avenue
Manoa, Pa.

Dearest Mother

Your patient endurance of affliction and your ability to surmount it, prove again what we have always known, that we have a continuing gift from you that can never be reciprocated, for we can never be your mother.

Thank you for this blessing

Merry Christmas

M.

day, December 8, 1949

Mrs. Josephine Rhodes, 91, Dies

Manoa Widow Dies Of Heart Attack At Daughter's Home

After an illness of two days, Mrs sephine K. Rhodes, 91, widow o fred L. Rhodes, died of a hear tack last Thursday at the hom her daughter, Miss Mary Rhodes 2 Lincoln Ave., Manoa.

Born in West Chester, she resid in Philadelphia prior to movin Manoa 13 years ago. She was ember of the Episcopal Church o e Redemption, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rhodes was a semi-invalid e result of a paralytic stroke sev years ago, but she remained ert and keen of mind and devoted r time to reading and writing.

Besides Miss Rhodes, she is sur ved by two other daughters, Mrs geline Dickson of Bellair, N. J. d Mrs. Stanley Cooper of Con ohocken, and four sons, Alfred L of Manoa; Merritt T. of Cyn d; William H. of Rose Valley d R. Morgan Rhodes of Ridley rk. A son, John B. Rhodes, com ander, USN, died in 1947.

There are 13 grandchildren an great grandchild.

Services were Monday, from lvary P. E. Church, Rockdale th interment in the Calvar urch Cemetery.

Mrs. Alfred L. Rhodes Died In Haverford

Mrs. Josephine K. Rhodes, 92, of 302 Lincoln avenue, Manoa, mother of attorney William K. Rhodes, died Thursday at her home after a long illness.

Mrs. Rhodes was the widow of Alfred L. Rhodes, one time employee of the old Media-69th Street Bank, and for years took an active interest in the affairs of Calvary P. E. Church. For a number of years she served as president of the church's women's auxiliary.

She was forced to relinquish those activites some years ago when she suffered a stroke.

Survivors include the following children, William K., the attorney, of Rose Valley. Merritt T., of Cynwyd, who conducts a mill supply business at 2nd and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; Alfred L., of Manoa, associated with the Philadelphia National Bank; Morgan, of Prospect Park, who holds first mate's papers in the merchant marine; Mrs. Josephine Cooper, of Conshohocken; Mrs. Angeline Dickson, of Philadelphia, and Mary K. Rhodes, at home. Another son, John, graduate at Annapolis, was a retired commander in the U. S. Navy when he died two years ago.

Fourteen grandchildren and one great grand-son also survive. Funeral services were held Monday at Calvary P. E. Church, Rockdale, with burial in Calvary Cemetery.

Rockdale Herald Dec. 1, 1949

DAN GROW JR

Marshall, WEST CHESTER, PA.

As the *News* Sai? It Just 50 Yea; Ago

OCTOBER 3.

Thursday evening the First Baptist Church of West Chester was the scene of a quiet wedding, the happy couple being Alfred L. Rhodes, of Aston Mills, Delaware county, and Miss Josie Kettleman, of West Chester. Rev. G. H. Trapp, pastor, tied the silken knot. There were no attendants on the bride or groom. The former was attired in a cream colored satin dress, en train, and wore the customary bridal veil. R. S. Rhodes, brother, and H. W. Rhodes, cousin of the groom; George Heed and V. W. Bull, of West Chester, were the ushers. At 6 o'clock the immediate relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes to the number of thirty-one, partook of a dinner prepared for them in grand style at the Turk's Head Hotel.

PHILADELPHIA RECORD

BROAD AND WOOD STREETS

PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.

Editorial Room,
Oct. 2nd, 1944

Dear Mrs. Rhodes:

I'm a little late thanking you for your Grade-A cross-word puzzle. I wanted to do it first to see what kind of puzzle maker you are. It turns out that you're a better maker than I am a solver.

You got me on six definitions. (I don't use a dictionary when doing puzzles, I ought to explain in self defense, or I might have smoked 'em out). If you're interested, the five were:

23 down---Amazon lizard (Arrau).
37 down---Shirr (I'm ashamed of myself there).
43 down---African bushman (Saan).
36 across---(Us)
42 across---The Latin historical society abreviation.
46 across---Having no limbs (Amelia).

It was really a swell puzzle, interesting and intelligent---which so few of the new ones are---and not too full of obsolete or scientific words.

I've never been able to make a puzzle myself, so I appreciate the achievement doubly and am doubly flattered that you sent it on to me. If you make others, you ought to try and sell them---just for fun, if not for money. I don't know much about that sort of thing, but here are three syndicates that buy them:

McClure Syndicate, 75 West st., New York City.
McNaught Syndicate, 60 E. 42nd st., New York City
Public Ledger Syndicate, 207 S. Juniper st., Philadelphia.

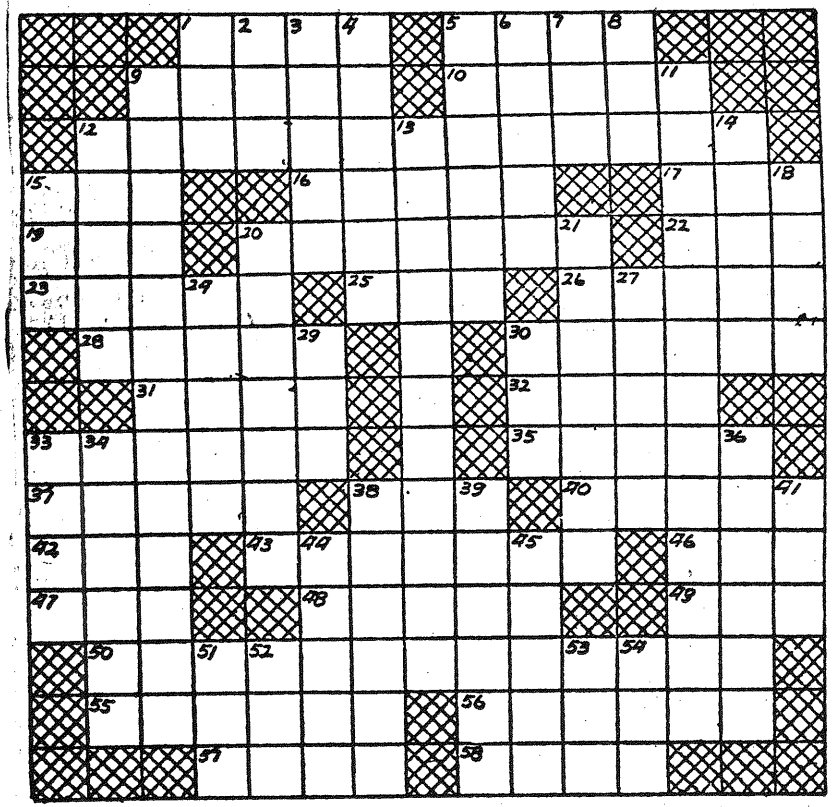
The only thing to remember is that commercial puzzles all seem to have a regular pattern of blank spaces. I've heard that the syndicates have a hard time getting good ones, so it might give you a little something to help pass the time.

I hope your illness won't be too long-continued, and I want to thank you again for the puzzle. It was a very kindly thought, sending it to me. And I hope very much that you recover soon.

Very sincerely,
Charles Dietz

(I'm returning your puzzle, in case you want a sample and didn't keep a copy).
C.F.

The "Record's" Original Cross-Word Puzzle



By Josephine K. Rhodes

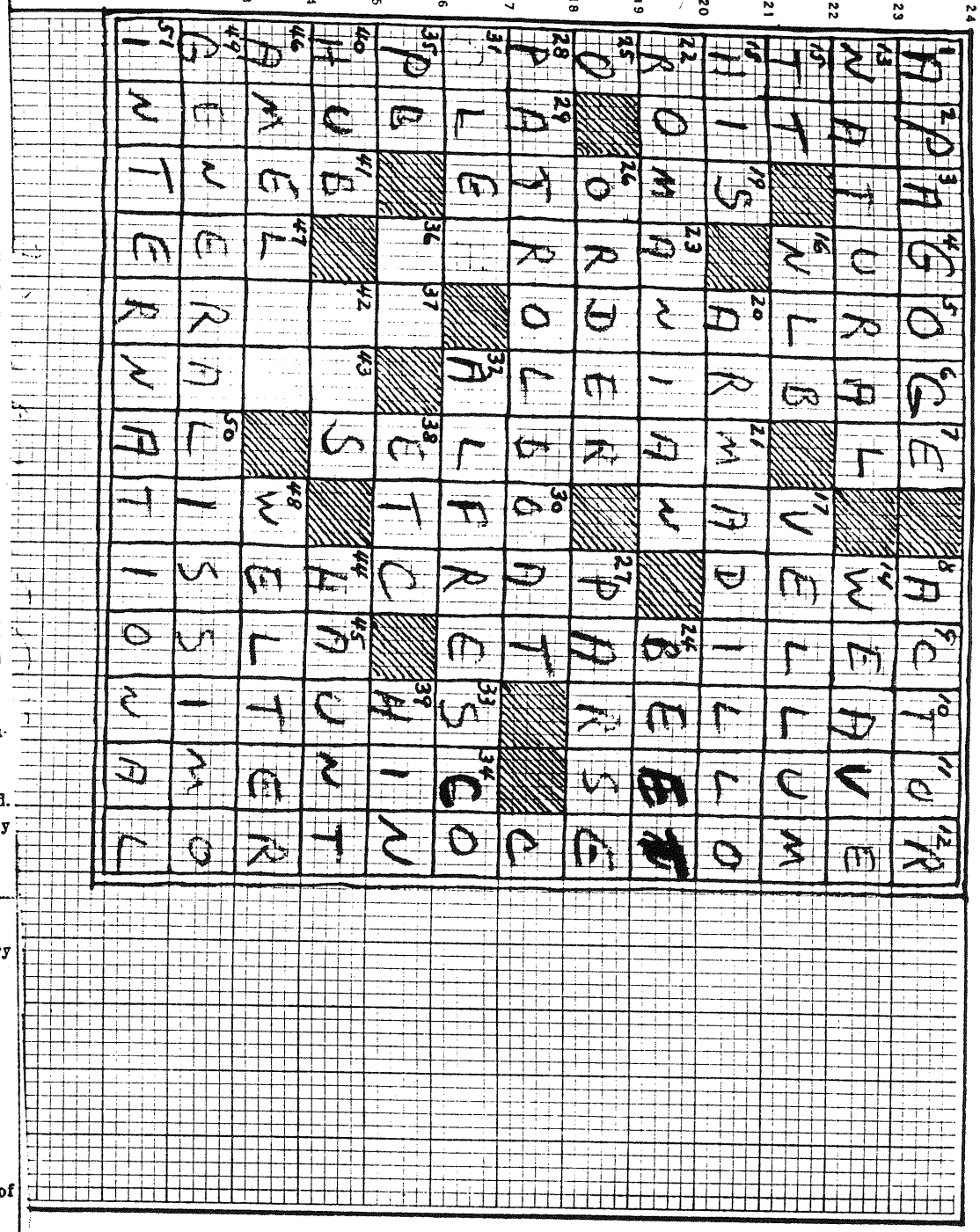
Aug '22

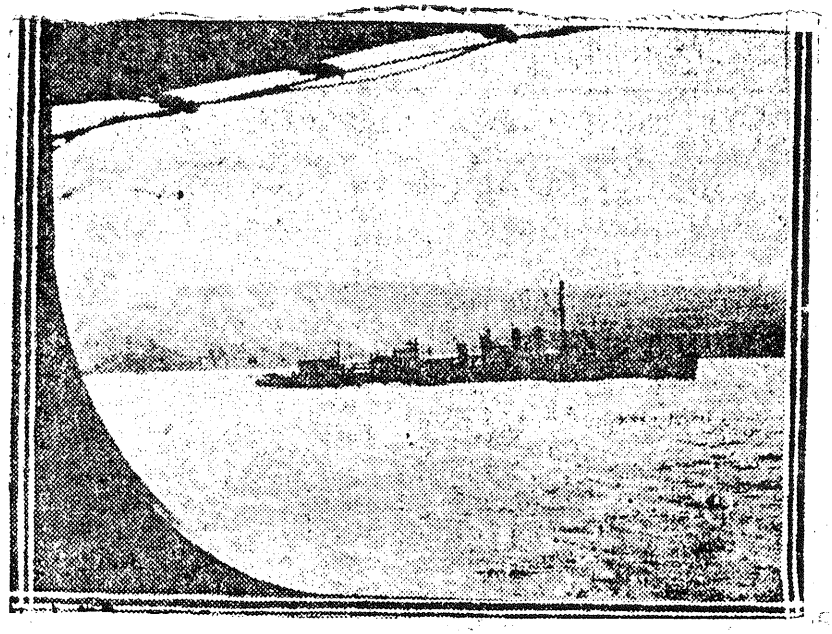
HORIZONTAL.

1. Moon.
5. Mountain in Greece (myth.).
9. Evil being.
10. Rascal.
12. Culture of Western peoples.
15. Exclamation.
16. Prep amid (obsolete).
17. First of German numerals.
19. Greek letter.
20. Muscle of upper arm.
22. One (Latin).
23. Sharp instrument.
25. Air (Latin).
26. Abode of the wicked.
28. Filipinos.
30. Hook (botany).
31. An aromatic spice.
32. A cheese.
33. Lovely maiden (soul).
35. Motive power.
37. Turkish coin.
38. Old-time social (abbr.).
40. Telegraphed.
42. Poet. spelling of grow.
43. Thin.
46. To use diligently.
47. Goddess of dawn.
48. Letters 1, 2, 3 spell a covering for the head, 4 is "i," 5 is "a."
49. Have (Scotch).
50. Having a small brain.
55. To remove.
56. Woman's name.
57. Measure of land.
58. Past tense of smite (obsolete).

VERTICAL.

1. A resinous substance.
2. As (Latin).
3. The lowest point.
4. A disease.
5. A stableman.
6. Outside the skull.
7. Salt.
8. Friend (Fr.).
9. Disease caused by bacteria.
11. Of a deceptive form.
12. Ancient British alphabet.
13. To compel.
14. Where silver is found.
15. Union Pacific Railway (abbr.).
18. On the face.
20. Medicinal tablet.
21. Vague.
24. A kind of herb.
27. A sixteenth century violin.
29. To understand.
30. To surround.
33. Leaf.
34. Framework of a cell.
36. To lace again.
38. A wise answer.
39. Pump-handles.
41. Coloring.
44. Group of singers.
45. Man's name.
51. Confederate States of America (abbr.).
52. Mythical bird.
53. A kind of blackbird.
54. Illuminated.





SPEEDING U. S. RELIEF TO SMYRNA
First picture of U. S. destroyer Litchfield steaming into Sansoun with Near East Relief workers for Smyrna.

J. Rhodes Dies in Manoa; Retired Naval Commander

Commander John B. Rhodes, USN, Retired, of 302 Lincoln Ave., Manoa, was buried Friday afternoon with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery, Fort Myer, Va.

He died in his sleep last Tuesday at the age of 61.

He was born in Media, and graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1907. He was in charge of erecting and operating a projectile plant at Charleston, W. Va., in World War I and, as commanding officer of the destroyer Litchfield in 1922, rescued 450 orphans from Smyrna when that city was destroyed in fighting with Turkey.

Commander Rhodes, who was retired in 1933, is survived by his wife, Katherine Stephen Rhodes; his mother, Josephine; a sister, Miss Mary Rhodes, and three brothers, Merritt, of Cynwyd, Alfred, of Manoa, and William, of Malvern.

COMMANDER RHODES
. . . as a young man

THUMB NAIL SKETCHES OF GOOD OLD TIMES

Be my guest at a picnic today,
The kind we had in the long ago;
Just in fancy I hear you say,
But it brings back thoughts we cherish so.

Now climb in the wagon, "giddap, hooray,"
And a rondelay we all will sing;
Happy, light-hearted and free from care,
What pleasure a picnic seems to bring.

It's sort of a pastime, when one is weary of walking, to sit on the front porch and watch the "movies" go by.

And so as a few days ago I took a seat in a comfortable rocker, it afforded me considerable pleasure in seeing some boys and girls on their way to spend the day in picnic style along the Brandywine.

Their merry faces took me back to the days some twenty-ve years ago when the business men of our town were in high glee over their annual picnic, and which I regret to say, has, along with many other things of that nature, gone into oblivion, and Lenape Park silently wonders why? The preparations made for such an event were of the highest order, and the West Chester Band was always on hand early to serenade the "picnickers" as they stepped off the Lenape trolley, another absentee, much to the sorrow of many.

In the years that have all too rapidly flown by, I see the different ones (in memory), some of whom have answered the last roll call, while those yet in our midst are as young and active as when arrang-

W. O. Lamson, T. Lin Lewis, C. O. Hoffman, Alger C. Whitcraft, Nathan R. Rambo, Joseph T. Harkness, Geo. D. Baldwin, J. Paul Macness, Elree, Esq., Havard Smedley and others gave of their time and energy to make the affair a success.

What generous servings of ice cream Herbert P. Worth, James Knox, J. Howard Lumis, Edward Brinton and Ed. Leedom dealt out, and well does the writer recall when it was discovered that some of the cooling refreshment was left over that Joseph T. Harkness telephoned to Steward Davis Garrett, of the County Home, asking if he could use and would accept a donation of the ice cream. "Sure," came back the answer, and in a short time 120 quarts were placed on a train on the Wilmington & Northern Railroad on its way to Embreeville.

Every one present had a good time at those picnics, and when I'm inclined to go for a day in the country, I long for the time when we looked anxiously for a clear day to accompany us on our trip.

But alas, gone are they, as are also the happy hours when Miss Josephine Kettleman used to escort the boys of her Sunday School class connected with the First Baptist Church, to Deborah's Rock, where a day in general picnic fashion was spent. The members would hire the large furniture wagon of the late Joseph B. Smith, and meeting at the church, would start on the journey at nine o'clock in the morning, the girls providing the dinner.

As I look back, how plainly does the picture appear, the fair damsels dressed in stiffly starched white dresses, spreading the snowy white table cloth on the grass, getting dinner for the hungry crowd.

Miss Kettleman was a most desirable chaperone, and much beloved by all who knew her. They fished and skipped stones, and one young girl made her first catch with an improvised fishing pole of a stout stick, cord and a pin.

It was only a minnow, but proud was she of her success, and it being her first catch, every one was "invited" to gaze upon it and compliments showered upon her.

Down by the fern-banked road they walked in groups to the spring nearby, and how refreshing was the cooling draught to the thirsty company.

A water snake was caught by one of the boys and as the hour for dinner approached, they retraced their footsteps and were prepared for the viands when the summons came.

It was pleasant to look at them and their faces seem, as it were, to appear before me, and I recognize Mary Campbell, Sallie Evans, Anna George, Katie Kane, Edith and Harriet Trappe, Jennie Kift, Bertie Davis, George Bovard, Harry Reed, Willie McLear, Harry Aitken, Joseph Baily, Frank Walter, Martin Hopewell and others.

Often do I question within myself where they now are, and if living whether this gathering of a long time ago ever returns to them?

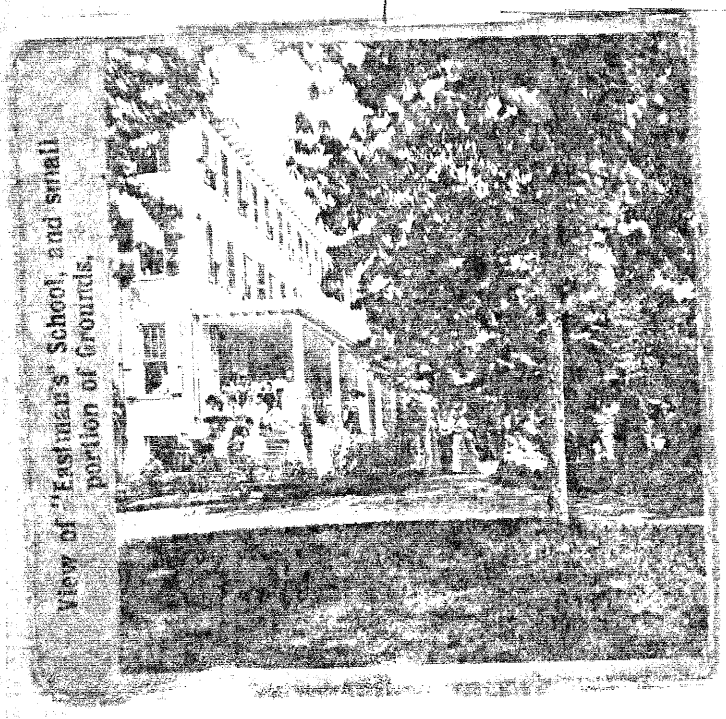
Another annual event was the picnic and hop given by the Reeves Pioneer Corps, of Phoenixville, which held such events in Walls' woods, near that place. The afternoon was devoted to picnicking and the evening to dancing.

As the time referred to, which was over the half-century mark, the West Chester Pioneer Corps participated largely in the latter, and they marched out to the grove, headed by the Weathley Cadet Drum Corps.

A number of West Chester folks went over to witness the affair, among them being W. W. Thomson, D. Smith Talbot, Esq., John G. Moses, Charles H. Pennypacker, Esq., and a few others who hired a conveyance from Gideon Matlack, and with their wagon and conveyance bedecked with red, white and blue bunting, and plumes of the national colors adorning the heads of the horses, they entered the Iron Town amidst the loudest of cheers.

When Sumner Shields' Drum Corps was in full sway in this borough, they, too, arranged to celebrate each year by holding a picnic in the fair grounds, south of the borough. Wood's orchestra furnished the music and a gala time was enjoyed by all present.

And so as the picnic season is on the wane, still do my thoughts travel to those events that both young and old enjoyed, and as the placid waters of the Brandywine flow peacefully on their way, feel that could they but speak, they would yearn for the merry voices and bright faces that was their annual custom of spending a day free from care and where nature accorded them a hearty welcome.



View of Fashmeads' School, and small portion of Grounds.


Self aged 18

Josephine Kettleman


Self


Self in 1877
Hat with red poppies

Mary Kettleman

Josephine's sister
Born in California, 1850
(gold fields)

Dressmaker's dummy in the study

Mrs Gladstone
called Catherine Glynne

Angeline Lovett Kettleman
Lovett maiden name. My Mother

Cousin Bertie.

Sarah Kettleman
My father's sister

↑

Angeline was born in Lowell, MA. She worked a bit in the textile mills there. She and her sister Catherine joined the Church of J.C. of Latter Day Saints when missionaries from New York came through. Catherine married one and emigrated to the west in a wagon train. Angeline boarded the ship Brooklyn 1st & headed for what was then Yerba Buena, Alta California, Mexico. They arrived on 7/31/46 & found it was in American hands. They were pioneers of San Francisco & then worked in the gold fields of Mormon Island, ~~Then~~ She married over →