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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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FROM PLOW TO THE SENATE

Martin N. Johnson Discusses His Life on the North Dakota Prairies with Refreshing Frankness.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

A strange and rude little scene, pictured without the consciousness of being pious or dramatic, was vivid in my memory when the interview closed.

"I believed," Martin N. Johnson, the new Senator from North Dakota, had said, with the vere of the winds which have tanned his dark and eager face, "that I was permanently out of politics and public office. The county seat was sixteen miles distant, but during the four years of my residence in that part of the country I had not been there once, not even to pay my taxes. I stayed on my land and worked.

"A local newspaper came to my sod-covered house every week. One evening I read that a lawyer from somewhere purposed to move into Nelson County and run for district, or prosecuting, attorney. I was apathetic and immediately forgot the item. The week following I read that the lawyer had found a house and was living at Lakota, the county seat. Still I was indifferent.

"But the next morning I plowed in the tall, harsh grass, turning the earth up in long, unbroken furrows, as is usual on the prairies. Like Enoch, I was walking with God, and not running after the devil, as is done on Broadway. I was barefoot and wore a straw hat, a hickory shirt and overalls, but nothing else.

Time for Contemplation.

"The mind of the man at the plow travels far and fast, and sometimes it is revolutionary, if he has any mind at all. Many a boy has plotted treason against the home and the old folks out there in the fields among the johnny-jump-ups, the wild strawberries, and other plants and flowers. By 9 o'clock I had concluded that Nelson County, when the unknown and presumptuous lawyer moved in, had suffered an unnecessary insult. Before it was time for dinner I had determined to be a candidate myself.

"Under our Territorial form of government carpet-baggers had done many evil things. Bonds had been put out and they were mortgages on our unfenced and half-broken farms. A vigorous and courageous prosecutor was badly needed. My brief note of announcement greatly amused the straggling bar and laity of Lakota when it was published. A Norwegian whom nobody had ever heard of wanted to be district attorney. It was altogether probable that he could not speak the English language. An ox driver from the wilds was trying to break into public office. Perhaps he wore a sheep pelt in lieu of breeches. It was well that they laughed when they had the opportunity.

"I had a spring wagon twenty-two years old, and more or less crazy, but no light harness. My lines were made of binding twine—tolerably safe but rather woolly. The surcingle was rope principally. Collar and tugs were big enough for a Norman stallion, even though the weather-beaten animal I drove was sarcely more than a pony. I lacked speed and had to proceed carefully, but I visited all the Norwegians in the county. It is natural for a foreigner to believe that no man would be so heartless or dishonest as to lie to him in his own language. The Norwegians looked at my tumble-down wagon, at my long-haired horse, and at my ridiculous harness, and on hearing my argument promised to vote for me. I also called on a good many Americans.

Really Enters Politics.

"A week before the convention I was sure of the nomination. I had learned politics in Iowa from James W. Grimes, who destroyed himself politically by voting against the conviction of Andrew Johnson in the United States Senate; from John Henry Gear, William B. Allison, and poor old 'Dave' Henderson. They played the game with consummate skill, but they played it fairly. Well, I was nominated and elected, and renominated and again elected. Since then I have mixed politics with farming pretty continuously.

"Three years after I emerged from the tall grass in Nelson County—a barbaric Norseman, as I had been described, with a gibberish of broken English, although, as a matter of fact, I was a native of Wisconsin and had been graduated from a university in Iowa—I sat well to the front in the convention which wrote a constitution for the new State of North Dakota. I was chairman of the committee on corporations. The following year I took my place in the American House of Representatives, serving through four Congresses, and being a member of the Ways and Means Committee which drafted the tariff bill that was named after Nelson Dingley. Yet if I had done something else on that spring morning of 1886, other than plowing in a straw hat, hickory shirt and overalls, an automatic task that requires no particular mental effort, but gives the mind liberty to think of war and government, as did Cincinnatus, or to write poetry as did Robert Burns, I might have failed to realize the insult that a presumptuous and peripatetic lawyer had offered Nelson County. In which event I wouldn't be here."

His Trying Experiences.

"Tell me," I asked, "about your first experiences in North Dakota."

"Another Iowa man and myself went there to examine the country to find land on which to settle. We traveled in the spring wagon, of which I have spoken, carrying plenty of oats for our horses, eating prairie chickens, which we cooked on an alcohol stove, and sleeping on the prairie. We picked up another man and took him along. After looking at the country for several hundred miles, we settled on some government land in the northeast part of the Territory. A homesteader, under the law, had to provide himself with a habitation. We hauled 1,000 feet of lumber from Larimore, the nearest railroad station, twenty-two miles away, and built three houses, each of which was seven feet wide and nine feet long.

"The next spring I returned to my land, accompanied by my wife and children, several relatives, and their hired men. There were eleven men, women, and children in my family. Mrs. Johnson was a graduate from my old university in Iowa, and could read Greek and Latin, but she could bake and cook and do everything else that was practical and womanly. I contrived a shelf, like the upper berth in a Pullman car, and there Mrs. Johnson and the children slept at night. The rest of us went to bed on the floor. At first we had no door, and wild animals gophers, and so on, came and went just about as they pleased. One night a cow got into the house and frightened the children. After that I tied a piece of carpet across the opening we called a door.

Lived on Frugal Fare.

"Two empty nail kegs were used for chairs—one for Mrs. Johnson and the other for her grandmother, who had come all the way from Massachusetts with her aged husband that they also might get a free farm from the government. We lived on side-meat, black coffee, and cornmeal. Mrs. Johnson would make sandwiches of pork and corn cakes, cooking the meal and meat on an oil stove, and the men would eat them on the prairies, because there wasn't room enough in the house.

"Once when Mrs. Johnson was ill and craved butter I walked three miles to a settler who had a cow. He asked 60 cents a pound for his butter and as I had no money I borrowed a pan of frozen milk and took it home. Whether she meant it or not, Mrs. Johnson said that milk, after all, was exactly what she wanted. We were poor, but we didn't suffer. Moreover, we were young and strong and didn't need a doctor. By and by I bought more lumber and enlarged my house, making it eighteen feet wide and twenty-three feet long, and covering it on the roof and at the sides with sod to make it warm.

"Right here let me tell you the story of a young man who had come with us from our former home in Iowa. He entered a quarter section of public land not far from where I lived. The law required him to provide a habitation, but it didn't specify the kind, the size, the shape, or the cost—all of these matters depended on the means, the skill, and the strength of the settler. A habitation simply meant, in a loose sense, a place in which to live. I gave the young man a piece of board seven feet long and sixteen inches wide, a spade, and an armful of hay. He dug a shallow trench in the prairie and lined it with the hay. That was his habitation. At night he would lie down in the hole and pull the board over him. From that humble beginning, made in honesty, but without a penny, came a prosperous citizen and a man of family.

Railroad Followed Them.

"At first," Senator Johnson said, in continuing his personal narrative, "we were twenty-two miles from a railroad. Within six months the tracks of a new line were so near to my front door that I had to move my house. One winter a passenger train with thirty-five men and one woman ran into a snow bank and stalled right on the edge of my farm. Mrs. Johnson, with the help of the woman, cooked for the men—fed them on pork and corn meal sandwiches three times a day and read them classical literature in the evening. Pioneers must be resourceful, self-reliant, and generous toward one another. If something breaks they should know how to mend it, even though they have only a hatchet or a hammer.

"I remember that I had a car load of household furniture and grain coming from Iowa. The nearest station was many miles distant, which meant a long, slow haul with a yoke of oxen. I used oxen altogether in those early days. Indeed, I was an ox driver when elected to Congress, being one of the last men in my region to depend entirely on mules or horses. Near a corner of my farm there was a prairie slough, out of which freight engines took water with a siphon. When my car of furniture and grain stopped on its way to a station a long distance off we ripped open both doors and unloaded it in twenty minutes. After the tank of the engine was full of water the train went on. I speak of that incident simply to show that the pioneer soon learns to watch for opportunities and instantly to recognize them when he sees them. He battles with nature all the time, and there is a lack of everything that he really needs in his work or business. Why, I hadn't money for my taxes and the authorities went through the customary form of auctioning off my land to the highest bidder."

Never Lost a Day.

"And now," I said, "after twenty-seven years, how are you situated?"

"I have 1,200 acres of good land, 500 acres under the plow and 700 acres in meadow and prairie for pasture. My house contains thirteen rooms, and there are stalls in my barn for 125 horses and cattle. I have a herd of Jersey cows and a number of Percheron horses, but I have never been a stock breeder. Some years ago I built a grain elevator for my own crops. After I voluntarily left Congress, in 1899, I added the buying of wheat to my regular occupation as a farmer. I never lost a single day in all of the eighteen seasons I was engaged in the business."

"How would you explain your success as a money maker?" I asked.

"I cannot say that I have been either a successful farmer or a man of business. At college I was an average student. I have never supposed I was any more than an average farmer. At no time in my life have I considered that making money was the object of my existence."

"Do you believe that a millionaire is an undesirable citizen?"

"I am entirely without prejudice against the man who has achieved his ambition honestly. Two boys start in life, one hoping for riches and the other for something else. Neither is to be condemned for his choice. The first boy becomes a millionaire, and the second boy a great physician or an eminent lawer. Each is entitled to that for which he has toiled and made many personal sacrifices. I have obtained about all I ever wanted. It does not lie in my mouth, therefore, to censure the man who has wanted riches or fame and has honorably fulfilled his own ambition."

"Your parents," I said, "were Norwegians?"

"My father, as a peasant boy in the mountains, far away from the ocean, happened to get a copy of Weems' 'Life of George Washington,' which had been translated into Norwegian. After reading it he longed to live in a free country. Some persons whom he knew were to emigrate to America. Among them was a well-to-do man with a large family. My father went to him and made a bargain. The man was to pay my father's way to Wisconsin—ship money and railroad tickets amounted to $55—and my father was to help take care of the children on the journey and pay the man $110 after reaching this country and getting work. My father never complained of the terms. He paid a high premium, but it was either that or Norway forever.

"It is not generally known, even to the denomination, but my father, a farmer living in a one-room log cabin, introduced active Methodism among the Norwegians of the Northwest. He was brought up, of course, in the Lutheran Church. There were no Lutherans in Wisconsin, and so he turned Methodist. At his suggestion a missionary by the name of O. P. Peterson was sent from New York to work among the Scandinavians. My father built Peterson a two-room cabin, and gave him some land for a garden. When Peterson returned to Europe he requested my father to take his place and be a local, or substitute, Methodist preacher, a position he occupied with considerable energy, but no pay, for a quarter of a century.

Attended College in Iowa.

"The year I was born, 1850, my parents moved to Iowa, going in a covered wagon drawn by oxen. My father had been in this country eleven years, and had money and property to the value of $1,000. For a settler, he was in easy circumstances. I grew up in Iowa, not far from the city of Dubuque. While working on the farm for nine months each year I prepared for college at the district school and an academy. I was graduated from the Iowa State University at the age of twenty-three. While I could speak English and Norwegian and had studied Greek, Latin, French, and German, I knew nothing about human life under modern conditions. I had never seen a street car, nor had I worn a night shirt.

"So I went to Milwaukee to get a close view of the world at large. Boarding a street car one day, and finding I was going in the wrong direction, I made a flying leap for a car that was passing on the next track. The conductor excitedly told me I was a fool, and spluttered around more than I thought was necessary. However, I had learned something. Thence I journeyed to Chicago, where I attended a Norwegian picnic and delivered a speech, taken largely from my graduating essay, that reeked with classic illustrations and immature philosophy. Still, it was a good speech, and was generally applauded.

"I thought I would try California simply for the experience. A Norwegian clergyman in San Francisco asked what I wanted to do. 'Anything,' I replied, 'that's honest. I'll drive a wagon, clean a livery stable, but I won't work in a saloon.' The preacher found me a place in a parochial school, where I taught German to children in the primary grades for $60 a month. I like English best, Norwegian next, and then German, and can make political speeches in all three languages. Soon I went to the California Military Academy at Oakland as an instructor in Latin. I was paid $80 a month in gold and given my board.

Goes to State Convention.

"In the meantime I was studying law. After two years in California, I returned to Iowa. At that time most railways ran east and west, and it was difficult to travel north and south. I let it be known that I would gladly go to the Republican State convention as a delegate and pay my own expenses. I was chosen, and went to Des Moines, the capital of the State, by way of Galesburg, in Illinois, the home of Miss Stella White, whom I afterward married. I reached Des Moines on time, traveling west, but the eighteen other delegates from Winneshiek County, going on a north and south road, were wrecked or sidetracked on the prairie. When they got in motion again, the convention had adjourned. Under the rules, I had nineteen votes, and I stood up and proudly cast them for John H. Gear, candidate for governor. My peculiar good fortune at the convention gave me some prestige at home.

"Next, I took my father's Durham bull to the county fair, walked him up and down the track, spoke of his fine points to the farmers—all of which was effective personal advertising—and was awarded first premium by the judges. That fall, 1875, I was elected to the legislature. At the close of the session I entered the law school of the Iowa State University.

"When I went to the State convention the following year as a delegate, some friends started the report that I would not decline to be one of Iowa's Presidential electors. And they were right about it. I was a Norwegian in blood, and a young Republican, and the interests of several party leaders would be helped by my selection. So I was nominated. In those days Presidential electors went on the stump. They ought to do it now. I felt that I was unfit and that I needed preparation.

Speaks in Public Schools.

"Coming to Washington, I heard Oliver P. Morton, Roscoe Conkling, and John A. Logan speak in the Senate on appropriations for the army. I gathered data and documents, and then proceeded to Albany, N. Y., where Samuel J. Tilden, Democratic candidate for President, was serving as governor. I talked to his political enemies for a week and returned to Iowa. I wrote my speech under the trees at home and then committed it to memory. Those were the days when my head was full of Thermopylae and when I could quote whole pages from Horace and Virgil. I started in country schoolhouses and wound up in Dubuque. I did pretty well. A person of fifty-nine may be indulged for looking back to his youth with some feeling of satisfaction.

"I was now deep in politics for a young man. Moreover, I am willing to admit that I viewed my short career with a good deal of complacency. Then I went to the State senate and served four years. In Des Moines I saw gray-faced and red-faced lobbyists who had once been respectable legislators. I saw drunkards, threadbare paupers, who had been able lawyers and conspicuous in politics. I had joined the Methodist Church at the age of seventeen. I make no claim to saintship, but up to date I have never been tried on charges and can get a letter any time I feel inclined to change preachers.

"Well, I was conscientious and reflective, and the future worried me. Politically, I had lived rather rapidly. I had married my sweetheart several days after her graduation from the university. We had children, but had saved very little money. I decided to return to the land and live like my father. In the years to come my family and myself would be safe, anyway.

"I arranged my slender affairs, and in a little while I was on the firing line in the Territory of Dakota, fighting for a homestead, eating prairie chickens, and sleeping on the ground under my one-horse wagon."

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SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

HON. MARTIN N. JOHNSON.

THE BUTLER'S STORY.

By One Slight Stroke He Wins a Long Sought Raise of Wages.

"It certainly is singular," the butler said to the Boston Herald's sympathetic reporter, "how it pays to look out for little things.

"I had been trying for six months to get a raise from my employer, but nothing doing. I worked and served faithfully always and with discretion and good judgment, if I do say it, but no raise. And then came along a little bit of an incident that got me the lift of wages I wanted right away.

"I have always been accustomed to pay attention to the little personal peculiarities of my employer's guests so that I could show at the table or away from it attention to their fancies or their real wants, and this I know entitled me to higher recognition in the way of pay, for all this course was for my employer's benefit and good. But I couldn't tell him all these things. I had to rely on the general character of my service. There came an opportunity at last in which my careful attention to little things won out for me.

"We had among our guests at dinner one night a gentleman upon whom, as I chanced to know, my employer was particularly desirous of making a favorable impression, and from the moment that gentleman came into the house I had, as you might say, my eye on him. I was studying him, and well was my study rewarded, for presently I discovered about him a peculiarity my knowledge of which I knew at the proper time would save him from great discomfort.

"When in due time the guests were seated at the table and I had come to wait on them I served them, to be sure, with such dishes as they were to take a portion from, each with the dish at his left side so that the person served could reach it most conveniently; but when I came to the gentleman of whom I have spoken I did not pass around him to pass the dish at his left side; no I simply moved the dish from the left side of the gentleman I had just previously served across the interval to this gentleman's right side, and I continued to serve him at his right side throughout the dinner despite the scowls which my master repeatedly directed at me for so doing—and I knew what was coming to me later. And then when the guests had all gone he said to me:

"'James how could you have made such a frightful mistake as you did all through the evening in serving Mr. Dickerson at his right side?'

"'Sir,' I said, 'Mr. Dickerson is left-handed!'

"It never did need a beetle and wedge to get an idea into my master's head, and at that he said, with his face all a-beaming:

"'James, you are a great man,' and he raised my wages on the spot.

"My son," the butler concluded, "never neglect the big things, always watch out for them, but keep an eye always, too, on the little things. Many a fortune has turned on a needle's point."

THE ENGLISH THANK YOU.

Some Times an Apology—Not Spoken with Our Inflection.

The expression "thank you" is much more current in England than in America. It is also used with much wider significance; often as the equivalent of "I beg your pardon." For instance, says the Travel Magazine, an English person passing before another or perhaps jostling one, or even treading on his foot, will say in apology, "Thank you."

The phrase is heard constantly. If a salesman in a shop or a newsboy on the street solicits your custom and you refuse it he will say "thank you" quite as cheerfully as if you made a purchase.

There is a difference in the utterance, too. The English emphasize the second word very strongly and finish with a rising inflection, as if asking a question. An American is recognized at once by his accenting the word "thank" and closing with the falling inflection.

CHAMPLAIN'S DEEDS WILL BE RECALLED

President and Ambassadors to Do Him Honor.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, TOO

New York Has Appropriated $150,000 for Tercentenary Celebration Next Week—Mrs. Pell Reconstructing Fort Ticonderoga—Researches Reveal What Ethan Allen Said.

Burlington, Vt., June 26.—It would be hard to conceive a more historic setting for a great celebration than that which is provided for the coming observance during the week of July 4 of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain.

This is the country where Ethan Allen made his famous capture of Fort Ticonderoga; where Amherst, having driven the French from Champlain Valley, set about the erection of a fort which was never completed; where Champlain gave the lake which bears his name its first baptism of blood at the hands of the white man. Here, too, Benedict Arnold, before he attempted to sell his country, fought valiantly in her cause, and gallant Macdonough silenced the British guns and won the naval battle of Cumberland Bay. Were all the anniversaries to be celebrated in such a region as this there would be small need of text-books of United States history.

There is a peculiar fitness in the fact that representatives of England and France are to be present, for in the history of these other nations, quite as much as in the history of the United States, Lake Champlain plays an important part. France, once the proud possessor of all that region of which Champlain is the center, and the mother country of Samuel de Champlain, the discoverer, will be represented by Ambassador Jusserand; and, England, successor to France in its control, will be officially represented by Ambassador Bryce. Canada, whose history is so inseparably associated with the name of Champlain, and whose interests have been more or less closely allied with those of the Champlain region, will be represented by Earl Grey, the govenor general. Rodolph Lemieuz, postmaster general of Canada, will represent the premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is unable to be present. The Hon. Jeremie de Carie, minister of agriculture of the province of Quebec, will attend.

Taft, Hughes, and Root to Attend.

With President Taft will come Vice President Sherman and several members of the Cabinet. Speaker Cannon, Senator Elihu Root, Gov. Hughes, Gov. George H. Prouty, of Vermont, and others are on the list of distinguished men who will take part.

In the special religious exercises commemorative of Champlain which are to occupy Sunday, July 4, many church officials of high standing, including Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, of the Catholic Church; Bishop Nelson, and others of equal rank from the Protestant churches, will participate. Especial interest in the preparations for these religious services has been manifested by the management of the Catholic Summer School of America, and Cardinal Gibbons has consented to preach the sermon at a service under the direction of that institution, to be held in Plattsburg.

An open-air service will be held here at Burlington, in Battery Park, under the Catholic clergy of this city. Both Plattsburg and Burlington will maintain celebrations of their own extending throughout the week, but so arranged as not to conflict with the official programme. On Monday, July 5, Crown Point will have a celebration. Near by are the ruins of historic old Fort St. Frederic, which was built by the French and destroyed by them when they were forced to evacuate by the English under Amherst. He at once set to work upon the construction of another fort, which is said to have cost the British government £2,000,000, but was never completed. The ruins of this structure, which bears the name of Fort Amherst, are now standing a little way from the site of old Fort St. Frederic.

Tuesday at Fort Ticonderoga.

One of the most interesting days of the whole week's celebration will be that set for Tuesday, July 6, at Fort Ticonderoga, which is being restored to its original apperance by Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, of New York, at a cost of $500,000. At this old fort President Taft will be formally received in the very building in which on May 10, 1775, Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of the fort of Capt. De La Place, the English commandant, in the "name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The big day of the week on the New York side, however, will be on Wednesday, July 7, at Plattsburg. Senator Root will be the orator of the day, and the President and the Ambassadors of England and France will also be among the speakers. That evening there will be a great banquet in Hotel Champlain, on Bluff Point, a few miles south of the city of Plattsburg, and at this Gov. Hughes will preside, the speakers including the President, Vice President, and other distinguished guests.

That the proper entertainment of its guests may be assured, the State of New York has hired 400 rooms in this big hotel for their accommodation, and the States of New York and Vermont jointly have chartered the big steamer Ticonderoga for the use of invited guests in going from point to point about the lake. This steamer will be used to convey the official party across to Burlington, where exercises are to be held on Thursday, July 8, and to Isle La Motte, where they are scheduled for Friday, July 9.

Navy Department to Aid.

Every branch of the Federal government has shown a disposition to aid in making a complete success of the coming celebration. The Navy Department has granted the use of the Manley, the baby torpedo boat of the navy, which is the only one small enough to get into the lake through the locks at the Champlain Canal. Several steam launches are to be sent along to accompany her, however, and the whole will not make such a bad showing. The Canadian government has also expressed a willingness to allow the use of several government vessels which can be gotten through the locks of the Chambly Canal in the Richelieu River and thus into the lake.

The War Department of the United States has extended every possible courtesy, and there will be a fine showing of regular infantry and cavalry commands in attendance at the exercises at the different points about the lake. Gen. Leonard Wood, who commands the Department of the East, has promised to be present, and many other officers of high rank will be there. A cavalry command from Fort Ethan Allen, on the Vermont side of the lake, is to make the long march from Burlington around to Ticonderoga and Plattsburg, arriving at the latter place in season for the exercises on Wednesday, July 7. The use of one of the dirigible war balloons at Fort Myer, Va., has also been granted for the week of the celebration, and ascensions are to be made at Burlington. Following the exercises in this city on Thursday, July 8, there will be a great banquet in the gymnasium of the University of Vermont.

Poems commemorative of the great deeds of long ago are to be a feature of the exercises at several of the points about the lake. A poem has been written by Clinton Scollard, of Clinton, N. Y., for the exercises at Crown Point and for the exercises at Ticonderoga, where, in addition to the historical paper to be read by Hamilton Mabie, short addresses will be made by President Taft, Gov. Hughes, and others. A poem has been prepared by Percy MacKaye; Daniel Cady, of New York, has written one for the exercises at Plattsburg, and Bliss Carmen one to be read in connection with the exercises in Burlington.

Restoration of Fort Ticonderoga.

Incident to the celebration many matters of real historic interest have arisen, but of these none rank in importance with the work now going forward at old Fort Ticonderoga, where, at the direction of Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, the entire fort is being restored. It is estimated that the work will occupy a period of ten years and that it will cost about $500,000. For months representatives of Mrs. Pell, who is the daughter of Col. Robert Thompson, of New York, have been going over the old records in England and France relating to Fort Ticonderoga. From these Alfred C. Bossom, an architect of New York, who is in charge of the work for Mrs. Pell, has evolved the plan for the restoration of the fort. The authorities of the British Museum have given much valuable assistance, and Mr. Bossom, who has personally devoted much time to the research, is confident that the fort is being rebuilt on lines historically correct.

Mr. Bossom says that the fort itself has proved a very reliable guide in the work of reconstruction thus far, for as the debris has been cleared away the parts of old doors and fixtures have been found where they dropped when the place fell to ruin, and these, turned over to skillful metal workers, have served as guides in the production of replicas which have gone into the new work. The attention of the workers has been concentrated upon that portion of the fort known as the West Barracks, with a view to having this in readiness for the coming celebration. The work is progressing so well that the President of the United States will, on July 6, be entertained in the building in which Ethan Allen made his famous demand for the surrender of the fort. On the ground floor of this building was the old messroom, and the searchers have found there many pieces of pottery, relics of the British occupation of the fort. A complete set of dishes used at table by the British officers and soldiers has been found. Upon the bottom of one big punch bowl was found the inscription, "Success to Gen. Amherst," and this piece has been identified as one given the British commander by friends in New York before he came north. Other relics which have been brought to light include many knives and forks, bar shot, cannister shot, cannon balls, pieces of guns, and mortar shells.

What Ethan Allen Really Said.

The researches of Mrs. Pell's representatives are calculated to throw a different light upon some portions of Lake Champlain's history. For instance, Mr. Bossom, who has gone into the matter in great detail and obtained the testimony of descendants of the men who were with Ethan Allen when he entered the fort, avers that Ethan Allen did not couch his demand for surrender of the fort in the eminently respectable terms with which history has credited him. According to Mrs. Pell's representative, Allen, after entering the fort on that memorable night of May 10, 1775, divided his small command of men into two companies, stationing one at either end of the parade ground. He than ran up the stairs to the second floor of the West Barracks, and, stopping before the last door at the southern end, beat upon it with the hilt of his sword. "What he really said," declared Mr. Bossom the other day, "was, 'Surrender in the name of the Continental Congress, and if you don't, by God, I'll make you.'"

Since the work of the restoration of the fort was begun there has been a persistent report that somewhere would be found, buried beneath the ruins, five kegs of British gold, which were said to have been hidden in an old well by a paymaster of Burgoyne's army when that general took his command south and met defeat at Saratoga. Searches have been made for this by parties from Cleveland, Ohio, who came armed with a time-worn map, and searches have been made by the workers on the reconstruction, but without success.

Another interesting piece of work which is going forward is the restoration of the old Pell homestead, on the lake shore just below the ruins of the fort. This old house, the second erected on the site, is known as "The Pavilion," and was built by William Pell, great-grandfather of Stephen H. P. Pell. William Pell, who was a royalist, went to Canada at the outbreak of the Revolution, and on his way back at the close of the war selected the vicinity of Ticonderoga as the place for his home, and from Kings or Columbia College and Union College, to which institutions the ownership had passed, purchased a great tract of land, including the site of the fort and the present site of the mansion. The first house he erected there was destroyed by fire in 1825, and the present one was erected the year following. It is a rambling old affair in colonial style, having about fifty rooms. These have all been put in good order and will be placed at the disposal of distinguished guests attending the tercentenary exercises. Mr. Pell has placed the entire mansion at the disposal of the New York-Lake Champlain tercentenary commission.

REIGN OF TALL GIRLS

At Its Height Now, but the Small Girl's Turn Is Coming.

Brigades of exceptionally tall girls practically rule hospitality all over the country, declares the English Lady's Pictorial. They need not be pretty or intelligent, for they are expected to do nothing except be tall.

A tall girl season now means that every hostess must endeavor to produce a predominating impression of tallness at her parties. Tall dinners and tall dances become a social ambition; small men find themselves suddenly useful as an effective means of creating a contrast when semi-Amazons must be entertained.

There is no limit which can be regarded as reasonable when once the craze for tallness commences, yet at the moment when with that mysterious facility of the feminine nature tall girls seem to be looming up in all directions the edict goes forth that her reign is over and the little woman is in the ascendant.

Men would seem to have rather ingeniously guarded against fashions in height by becoming almost uniformly of medium stature. The present prediction of smaller men need not be taken seriously; from every point of view moderation in inches has been found satisfactory, now that we never know from one year to another whether women are going to be ridiculously small or absurdly tall.

ANCESTOR FOUGHT WITH JOAN OF ARC

Mgr. Seton Attends Beatification of Maid at Rome.

STATUE TO FATHER YOUNG

Former Professor at Georgetown First Conceived Idea of Literary Congress Among Debating Societies—Notre Dame G. A. R. Post Composed of Catholic Priests.

New York, June 26.—The presence of Mgr. Seton, of New York, at the beatification of Joan of Arc in Rome recently was peculiarly appropriate, since he is a descendant of Sir Thomas Seton, who, as captain of Charles VII's Scottish Guard in France, fought beside the Maid at Orleans and at Patay, and was with her at the crowning of Charles afterward in the Cathedral of Rheims.

Mgr. Seton, on account of his Scottish lineage, was admitted to the Academia Ecclesiastica of Rome, for which noble birth is a requisite, and he is the only American priest who has ever graduated from that famous institution.

Another member of the American branch of the historic Seton family was Mother Seton, founder of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, whose cause is now under consideration in Rome, and who, it is hoped, will one day be placed among the canonized saints of the Catholic Church.

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Father Edmund P. Young, S. J., to whose memory a statue was recently unveiled at Santa Clara College, in California, had been, before his arrival at that place, a professor in Georgetown University. It was while at the latter place that he first conceived his idea of a literary congress among debating societies, an idea which has revolutionized the management of debating societies throughout the country. Harvard University was the first to copy Father Young's plan, and Yale soon followed suit.

At Santa Clara the Philalethic Society formed the upper house, or senate, and the Philistorian Society formed the lower branch, or house, of the new organization.

In this literary congress of Santa Clara, under the guidance of Father Young, such men as Gov. Gen. Smith, of the Philipppines; D. M. Delmas, Stephen M. White, Thomas I. Bergin, John J. Barrett, John O'Gara, and a host of other men now prominent in the affairs of California and of the country at large received their youthful training.

Father Young was a typical American Jesuit. He was a great big, loving-hearted man, ever zealous for the welfare of his charges, always desirous of pushing them to the fore, but always keeping himself in the background. The cross and the flag were his only standards, and around these he would rally his boys. His aim was to turn out good Christians and patriotic citizens. No American ever cherished the traditions of the country or honored her institutions more reverently. The three words, "Love one another," formed the motives which guided his every act.

Delphine M. Delmas thus voices the sentiments of the old students toward their never-forgotten teacher:

"Father Young was indeed a most finished and elegant scholar. But he was more. He was the highest type of a gentleman—a gentleman in the broadest, most generous, and most Christian conception of the term; a gentleman such as is pictured in Cardinal Newman's matchless description. I never think of him without emotion. He was the most lovable and, in his day, among those with whom he had his being the most beloved of men."

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Notre Dame Post, No. 569, of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Notre Dame, Ind., is unique in that it is composed entirely of Catholic priests and brothers of the Order of the Holy Cross who served throughout the civil war.

ARTIST'S LUCKY NUMBER.

Also a Lucky Interview Which Brought Orders by the Dozen.

Alma-Tadema confesses to a superstition concerning the number seventeen. "My wife was seventeen when I first met her," he says in the Strand, "and the number of the house to which I took her when we were married was seventeen. My present house did bear the same number, and the first spade was put to the work of building it on August 17. This was in 1885.

"I had then been in possession of the place for three years, during that time designing and making plans and sketches for the house. On November 17, 1886, we took up our residence there."

The artist says that in 1864 he received a visit from the English picture dealer Gambart—il principe Gambarti, as they used to call him in Italy. He was the leading picture dealer of his day and was held in great respect by artists.

"I remember him on that first visit to me," the artist goes on, "standing before my easel, on which I had posed my 'Coming Out of Church,' and saying: 'Did you paint that picture for the Vanderdonkts?'

"I assured him of the fact. He asked me if they had seen it, and what was the price. I told him that they had not seen it as yet.

"'Well, then,' said Gambart, 'I'll take it; and let me have a couple of dozen of that kind at progressive prices each half dozen.' It was really as if he had been buying bales of cotton.

"Four years did it take me to carry out Gambart's first commission, and the day arrived when Gambart again paid me a visit.

"'I want you,' he said, 'to paint me another four dozen pictures on the same condition of rising value.'

"I consented, and I did my best not to disappoint him. 'The Vintage' was painted as one of them, and when the dealer saw it, perceiving that it was a far more important canvas than any of its predecessors—a work too that had cost me far more time and labor—he at once insisted upon paying for it the figure which was to have been given for the last half dozen."

At the Right Counter.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The old lady with the pale blue umbrella had been standing at the stationery counter for ten minutes.

"I want to be waited on," she snapped impatiently.

"Certainly, madam," hastened the tall floorwalker. Do you wish a stationery clerk?"

"Stationery clerk? Gracious! They all seem stationary. They don't want to move."