

# Who Will Pose for the Statue of Us? Are Dead and

PROBABLY our greatness will never be recognized until we are dead. Then, when it is too late for us to pose for our own statue, who, we wonder, will be paid to sit in front of a sculptor and look like us? Horace Greeley, at the top of his fame, received \$70 a week for editing the *New York Tribune*, and said that he would no more think of putting a college graduate into a newspaper office than of putting a bull into a china shop. He wrote such a terrible hand that one of his compositors came to him one day and said: "Mr. Greeley, I am going to enlist in the war." Greeley was flattered, thinking his editorials had stirred the man's patriotism. He congratulated him. "Oh, it isn't that," said the man, "but I'd rather be shot than have to read your handwriting." And when Horace was dead, George W. Winner sat for nine months and looked like him. Other statues of Mr. Winner in other cities are labeled President Arthur, Peter Stuyvesant, and George Washington.



Photograph by Gertrude A. Brugman.



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"FATHER, spare that che-ild," cried Mrs. John Rolfe (née Pocahontas). So her father spared John Smith, and as a result our city directories, instead of being little thin books, are big fat books, full of the names of his descendants. When Pocahontas was held captive by the white men, her father ransomed her with seven captives, three muskets, one saw, one ax, and one canoe-load of corn. The statue of Pocahontas, here shown, is in reality a statue of Miss Nora Gleason. We knew you would be glad to know this. Some day, if you keep reading this magazine, we will tell you who posed for the wooden Indian that stands in front of cigar stores.

POEM: "A great Congregational preacher said to a hen; 'You're a beautiful creature.' The hen, just for that, laid three eggs in his hat. And thus did the Hen Re-Ward Beecher." Another interesting fact about Mr. Beecher is that this statue was posed for by Edward Marshall Young, who, in addition to fathering it, also fathered Clara Kimball Young. Although he was America's greatest preacher, Mr. Beecher refused to accept the title of Doctor of Divinity. "If anybody sends me a D.D.," he said, "I'll send it back with a dash between the D's."

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