

# FATHER AND SON WHOM VERMONTERS DELIGHT TO HONOR.

It is not often that a state selects one member of a family to represent her in the United States Senate and another member of the same family to be her chief executive at home, but Vermont has done just that thing. Redfield Proctor has been United States Senator from Vermont since 1891, and will remain so until 1911, when his present term expires, while his son, Fletcher D. Proctor, was elected Governor of that State the other day. Proctor, the home of Fletcher D. was the banner town in that contest. There he received 454 votes to 25 for the fusionist candidate, himself a resident of the same county. On election night all Proctor was a blaze of light, while from the mountains to the east and to the west giant bonfires conveyed to the surrounding country the satisfaction the people felt with the choice of the president of the Vermont Marble Company to be their Governor. Practically every person in the town was out to pay tribute, and hundreds came from the surrounding towns to join in the celebration. The Governor-elect made no speech, but he walked among the people, speaking to every one. He apparently knew them all, calling his employes by their Christian names and having a pleasant word for the women and a gentle pat for the children. He missed a face or two, and asked for them. In speaking of that fact one woman said: "I believe Mr. Proctor knows every child in this town. If one of them goes away he is sure to notice the fact and inquire about it."

It is this same simplicity in his everyday life that has endeared the Governor-elect to his townpeople, most of whom are also his employes, and has made him so popular throughout the state. In addition to his duties as head of the great marble corporation founded by his father, the Senator, Governor-elect Proctor has found time to take an active part in politics. Not yet forty-six years old, he has held the principal offices in his town; been secretary of civil and military affairs; been a State Senator from Rutland County; been three times a member of the Vermont House of Representatives, and once its Speaker.

In 1870 the value of Vermont's output of marble was \$120,000. In 1906 the Vermont Marble Company will receive more than \$3,000,000 for its finished products. In building up this immense business employes and employes have worked hand in hand. The corporation looks out for the mental, moral, physical and financial interests of its employes, and the three thousand workmen in Proctor, Centre Rutland and West Rutland are spurred to give the best that is in them by way of return. Some years ago a free public library was built in Proctor by the company and amply equipped and endowed, and Senator Proctor, who no longer has any official connection with the company, still duplicates every year the town's appropriation for new volumes. Among the latest gifts of the company for the welfare of its men were the equipment of an Industrial Young Men's Christian Association and yearly provision for its management by trained officers. A fine building, with a good gymnasium, stands next to the library in the public square. It offers educational advantages to those ignorant of the English language, and there are many such when they begin their service for the company, and affords opportunity for many kinds of healthful sport.

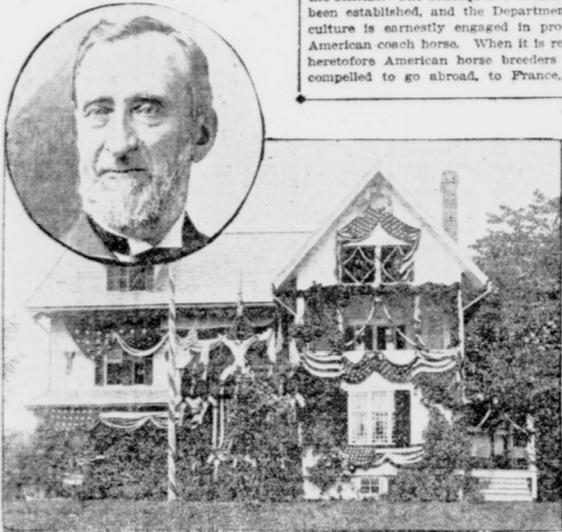
Governor-elect Proctor takes an active interest in both of these institutions, but he admits that his particular hobby is the hospital. It has long been the custom of the company to provide free nursing in the homes of its workmen, and several years ago it fitted up one of the houses in the village as a hospital. About two years ago the company erected and presented to the town a \$20,000 hospital building, equipped as perfectly as money can purchase, and this is practically free to all employes and their families, the maximum charge to those who are able to pay anything being limited to \$1 a week. The hospital has already acquired such an excellent reputation that it draws patients from other places and maintains a training school for nurses.

Company stores, conducted on a different basis from those in many places, are maintained in Proctor, Centre Rutland and West Rutland. The corporation furnishes the capital and exercises full supervision of its use. It takes back 4 per cent interest each year upon the amount invested. No one is under the slightest obligation to trade at these stores, but because of the quality of the goods carried and the low prices at which they are sold the yearly revenues are swelled not a little by the purchases of those not connected with the company. At the end

of each year the profits, after meeting the fixed charges of interest, are divided among the employes who have traded at the stores, according to the amount of their purchases. Last year the Centre Rutland store declared a dividend of 8 per cent, West Rutland 10 per cent and Proctor 11 per cent. At its own expense the company insures against death and casualty every employe, in the former case giving a benefit of \$500, and in the latter one-half of the weekly wages for a full year, if needed. At Centre Rutland and West Rutland, where there are fewer employes than at Proctor, recreation buildings, with reading rooms attached, are maintained by the company.

If any one wishes to see the president of the Vermont Marble Company he will have no difficulty in doing so. Mr. Proctor has a small and almost scantily furnished room in the company's office building, and there he is accessible to every one. His position has always been that any man in the company's employ is at perfect liberty to come directly to him with any complaint or request; but he will not tolerate any outside interference with the business. Two years ago a stranger appeared one day and temporarily demanded that every department of the concern be unionized. At that time about one-fifth of the employes happened to be union men, but the question of the open or closed shop had never before arisen, and all employes were treated alike. Mr. Proctor refused the walking delegate's demand, and his workmen were speedily ordered to leave him until the union should be recognized. About 7 per cent

REDFIELD PROCTOR.  
Senior Senator from Vermont.



SENATOR PROCTOR'S HOME, AT PROCTOR, VT.

obeyed the summons. A few left town, while others remained, some of them in the houses owned by the company. They were not disturbed in the occupancy of their homes, and before long all were back at work, since which time no outsider has tried to open any negotiations on behalf of the workmen.

But it is in his modest home on the top of a little hill in Proctor that the man whom the freemen of Vermont have selected for their Governor finds his real enjoyment in life. His family consists of his wife, whom he met while she was teaching school in Proctor, and two daughters and a son. Mrs. Proctor was Minnie Robinson, the daughter of a Westford farmer.

The success of the son of Senator Proctor in the election just held will not surprise the colleagues of the Senator, who has long enjoyed the reputation of getting what he goes after. Senator Proctor is a forceful speaker, and possesses a powerful voice, which is the envy of many a young man in Congress. The senior Senator from Vermont does not often address the Senate, but when he does it is because he has some-

## Characteristics of Redfield Proctor Who has Represented That Commonwealth in the U. S. Senate for Years, and of Fletcher D., the Green Mountain State's Governor-Elect.

thing to say, and he delivers his views in simple language, but with a resonance of tone which of itself goes a long way toward carrying conviction. For a number of years he has been chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, and both on the floor of the Senate and in conference committee he has been peculiarly successful in preserving the Agricultural Appropriation bill from changes not in consonance with his views. When, as is sometimes the case, some lightweight member of the Senate avails himself of the agricultural bill to voice captious criticism or present pettifogging objections the Senator from Vermont calmly waits until his opponent has concluded and then goes after him in tones which are likely to strike terror to the heart of the objector. The performance reminds one of a great Newfoundland shaking with his teeth some obstreperous terrier, and the legislative terriers seldom come up for more.

If the plans of the Secretary of Agriculture achieve success—and they usually do—Senator Proctor will go down to posterity as the father of the American coach horse. He it was who conceived the idea of founding an American breed of coach horse which should embody the best of the Morgan and the Hambletonian blood, and so earnestly and eloquently did he advocate the proposition that Secretary Wilson was converted to the practicability and advisability of the scheme. The consequence is that a stud has been established, and the Department of Agriculture is earnestly engaged in producing the American coach horse. When it is recalled that heretofore American horse breeders have been compelled to go abroad, to France, Germany,

which he has rendered to his country and his state, to say nothing of his quarries, there is probably no achievement in his long service in the Senate which afforded him so much genuine enjoyment as a swap of committee rooms which he effected with Senators Warren and Scott last year, in which these two "tenderfeet" learned a few things about the dangers of swapping with a Yankee. When the reorganization of the Senate committees required by the elevation of Mr. Fairbanks to the Vice-Presidency and a few other changes became necessary Senator Proctor found himself entitled by right of seniority to the chairmanship of the Committee on Military Affairs. Now, Senator Warren, the next ranking member, was extremely anxious for this chairmanship, and the promotion of Senator Warren would send the chairmanship of Public Buildings and Grounds to Senator Scott.

It should be here inserted that the committee rooms in the Capitol go with the committees, and that the one desirable committee room of the three mentioned was that of Public Buildings and Grounds. Senator Proctor quietly bartered with both Senators for some time. He led Warren to believe that he was going to accept Military Affairs, but might be induced to relinquish his claim if he could get the committee room of Public Buildings for his own Committee on Agriculture. Senator Warren jumped at this chance and gladly offered to make the exchange. Then Mr. Proctor led Mr. Scott to believe that nothing would induce him to abandon Military Affairs except an agreement on Mr. Scott's part to take care of two Vermont men who were on the Proctor payroll.

wager was laid between the distinguished statesmen. "I will bet you a bottle of wine that we reach the Willard by 6 o'clock," said the Pennsylvanian. Senator Proctor took out his watch, noted that it was almost 6 o'clock then, and carefully calculated the distance. Finally he said, "I think I'll take that bet."

Precisely at 6 o'clock the automobile drew up at the Willard and Mr. Penrose jumped out, remarking that he had a thirst as long as the moral law. The two proceeded to Senator Penrose's apartment, a bellboy was called and Senator Penrose gave his order. "Bring me a pint of Rulmar," he said, "and be sure it's cold." "What is your order?" inquired the boy of the thrifty Senator from Vermont. "Just bring me a glass and I'll drink half of Penrose's bottle," replied Mr. Proctor; "and boy, bring me the check; I'm paying for this drink."

### TROUBLES OF CHURCHES.

#### Some Pessimistic Outgivings by Bay State Congregationalists.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 22 (Special).—That this city is over-church'd, that public missions are established unwisely and private missions are not all they should be, that the country towns are in danger from the cityites, were the conclusions reached by the Hampden County conference of Congregational churches at a pessimistic annual meeting this week. Pessimism was the keynote. The Rev. Newton M. Hall, pastor of the North Congregational Church, started things going

FLETCHER D. PROCTOR.  
Governor-elect of Vermont.



FLETCHER D. PROCTOR'S HOME, AT PROCTOR, VT.

Belgium and even to Russia to procure coach horse sires, the advantages likely to ensue are obvious, especially as the American breed will doubtless prove better adapted to American needs than any of the imported stock.

Senator Proctor is a good natured statesman, and it is well that he is, as few men in public life have had to stand a greater amount of banter, for the venerable Senator is proud of his marble, and has not been slow in expatiating on the merits which it really possesses. As a consequence, a considerable percentage of the monuments in Arlington, the national cemetery, are constructed of material from the Proctor quarries. In the Spanish war, and later, in the Filipino insurrection, this led to a standing joke. Whenever Senator Proctor appeared at the War Department it was remarked in tones which he could not but hear that there must have been another skirmish in the field and that the Senator from Vermont had come up to take orders for a few more tombstones.

Despite the notable character of Senator Proctor's work in Congress, and the valuable services

The result was that after all shifts were concluded Senators Warren and Scott found that each had paid Senator Proctor for doing precisely what he had intended to do from the first, namely, retain the chairmanship of Agriculture, Warren's price having been the beautiful committee room of Public Buildings and Scott's the employment of two Vermonters for two sessions of Congress. Now every time Senator Warren goes down to the basement to his committee room he is heard to mutter uncomplimentary things about "Yankee shrewdness," and every time Senator Scott thinks how well certain West Virginia names would go on that payroll he is said to make comments on his Vermont colleague which would not look well in print.

Senator Proctor is often declared by his intimates to combine the thriftiness of the New Englander with the frugality of the Puritan. Some time ago the senior Senator from Vermont and the junior Senator from Pennsylvania (Senator Quay was then alive) took an extended automobile ride over the dusty roads of Virginia, in the course of which a small

by a sly discourse in which he stated that churches have yet to learn the first principles of business sense. "The trust may have evil features," he said, "but the efficiency of their great principles of concentration of efforts through the consolidation of plants and the reduction of administration expenses is a lesson which business men will never forget. In one part of our city forever limited in extent by geographical conditions and amply served by two existing churches, three other denominations are preparing to plant banners. It simply means that twenty-five or thirty children are shifted from one Sunday school to another. In another crowded district one church announced a red and blue contest. The pastor of a neighboring church happened by as the embattled hosts were being mustered for the final round-up and saw a godly number of his lambs in the flock. They explained that they had only changed temporarily to please a friend and would be back in their old places as soon as the wind-up supper was served."

Mr. Hall also said that the city mission work

was confronted by denominational jealousies, and that no sooner did the Congregationalists establish an Italian mission, than the Baptists and Methodists rushed to do the same thing in the same district. He also made the startling statement that an investigation of the independent missions showed that the leader of one was languishing in jail, the promoter of another was wanted by the police, and the finances of some would have been seeking foreign lands had they been bank cashiers.

"The cityite who comes out in his automobile and fishes on Sunday is one of our biggest problems," reported the Rev. Henry A. Coolidge of Tolland. "He hires the youth to work for him his teaching is that if you get money you don't need to be a Christian."

"The people get together once a year and discuss the failings of the minister, to see whether they will hire him for another year," was the complaint from one country minister.

Another reported: "The country people had little and have nothing to make them forget their private wrongs and troubles. The country store is another problem. Men and boys gather there and hear all kinds of vulgarity and un-talk."

Dr. Philip Moxom, pastor of the South Congregational Church, of this city, declared that "Congregationalists were so confoundedly independent that it was not easy for them to see what was best for them." And Dr. E. A. Reed, pastor of the Holyoke Congregational Church, spoke in the same vein, saying that Congregational ministers were so made that he could not conceive of five or six of them working in harmony.

"The pessimism of the reports from the country churches may be seen from the following statements taken from them:

"The tendency on the part of the community to get along without the church is conspicuous. The summer business knocks the spiritual activities of the church leader than a doorman."

"The summer boarding business is steadily on the increase, but a very small number of the summer people show any favorable disposition toward the church."

"One year is much like another in Longmeadow."

"The Y. P. S. C. E. had spring fever, but is believed to be recovering."

"The church has held its own, but has not progressed."

"General indifference to missionary enterprises."

"The young people's society had to be repaired."

"A general failure on the part of the members to take part in the prayer meeting."

"Our Sunday school is looking up, the Y. P. S. C. E. is looking down."

"There are no dissensions in the church but there are a large number of families who have not discovered what churchgoing means."

"The only striking event was when the steeple was struck by lightning."

"The ground was full of large white worms at least five inches in length. It was to get these worms that the skunks were digging the potatoes. They were mostly in the hills, and in order to get them it was necessary to dig the potatoes, and this they did as a rule, and as thoroughly as a man could do with a hoe."

After the work was made the owners would go to the field each morning and pick up the potatoes that had been dug the previous night. Usually the skunks were about the hills, and the Cobbs would thus be relieved of a great deal of hard labor."

The skunk story is vouchsafed for by Mr. Shalton and by the Cobbs boys. It is the oddest skunk story that ever came out of Maine.

### SKUNKS DIG POTATOES.

#### Strange Story Told by Maine Farmers of Work Done for Them.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 22 (Special).—The oddest skunk story of the season comes from Haris Hill. The Cobb brothers are the owners of a fine farm, and they carry on operations on a large scale. Among other crops they raise a large quantity of potatoes, and this year they have had an unexpected quarter digging them. One large field of this crop was some distance from the house and often visited.

One day Flavus Shalton was passing the hill and told the Cobb boys that a large lot of potatoes were lying on the ground. He hoped who had dug them, and was told that no one had been in the field for several days. They immediately went to the field, and to his astonishment found that a large patch had been dug out and many bushels were scattered all over the ground so that the sun had discolored them. He and his brother, H. L. Cobb, set themselves to work, and in a short time had gathered up many bushels. The next morning they again went to the field, and lo! at least eight bushels more had been dug. These were gathered up, and then every morning in succession they went to the field and found from six to ten bushels of potatoes dug and lying on the ground.

"The curiosity of the owners was now thoroughly aroused, and a night watch was set. The first evening of the watch was rewarded by the discovery that a family of skunks was doing all this work, and further observation showed the motive of the animals."

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# A GREAT FUTURE IS PREDICTED FOR THE REBATE COUPON.

Under the walls of ancient Tyre a swarthy, keen-faced man, squatting on his haunches, juggled three acorns on a board and cried lustily:

"Now you see 'em, and now you don't. Find the sphinx under the acorn, gent, and double your money."

Business was slow. The pretended winnings of an accomplice deceived nobody.

"It's a skin game," muttered the spectators in dialects of Babylonian Sanscrit.

"I admit it, gent," exclaimed the Tyrian sharper, struck with a sudden inspiration. The accomplice gasped; the spectators, at first astonished, began to murmur threateningly. "Yes, gent; but from this moment I'm going to make the game worth something to one and all. Every player who risks his money gets a rebate check. Sixteen hundred and ninety-four checks will entitle the holder to 1 per cent dividends on any sure thing winnings. You can't lose any more than I can. Abdallah, give up my green turban with your yataghan and pass out the pieces to the gent for checks."

The scheme proved a marvellous success—so much so that the Tyrian police, who came to quell the riot, grafted a thousand checks apiece and demanded 80 per cent of the total winnings. Thus, says Herodotus in a papyrus newly discovered in a Staten Island rock tomb, originated the rebate system, which bids fair to extend over the civilized world. A later historian tells us that the Roman shopkeepers issued checks that called for chariots, which spread the fame of Rome as a commercial centre; and, the checks being of the size and weight of bricks, few chariots had actually to be given away. The refinement of issuing numerous but comparatively worthless coupons became possible only with the invention of paper and the printing press. However, Julius Caesar gave rebates to the Gauls in the shape of I O U's inscribed on lemon peel. Nero sometimes returned an alabaster vase of ashes with his compliments to the family of his victim, and at a later period the Medice rewarded friendship with a poisonous pill discreetly slipped in a cup of wine.

It will be seen that there is nothing new in profit sharing, trading stamps, clear coupons, soap wrappers and the like. Merely the applications have been extended and become wondrous universal. The palm for recent ingenuity must go

to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. This corporation, giving 5-cent checks whose value is contingent on sixty-five demurrers, forty-eight court appeals, seventy-two changes of venue and other processes calculated to last for the next half century, is affording much satisfaction to the public at little risk to its treasury. The checks are already discounted in exchange for glasses of beer, frankfurters and newspapers, and the prospects are bright for listing them on the curb market along with mining securities.

The gas officials, it is said, are sorry that they did not pacify the public with coupons on the 50-cent squabble. A promise even of hot air printed in three colors on cardboard would have been gratefully received by many. The company might have promised to fill all customers' balloons in the coming day of airships.

That the American people have an incurable taste for rebates, or, in the classic phrase of the late P. T. Barnum, love to be humbugged, is shown in the persistence of the trading stamp after the hostile efforts of legislatures in many states to suppress it. The farmer's wife and the metropolitan shopper continue to collect the blue and yellow and red and purple stamps, although in accordance with law they are inscribed with the infinitesimal cash value. If the promoters of the trading stamp feared that the obligatory statement of a mill or two of value in place of the flamboyant amount of purchase would hurt their business, they were glad to learn of their mistake. It would appear that the shadow of a rebate is almost as seductive as the substance. If we cannot induce the reformed railroads and insurance companies to return a percentage of our cash, we accumulate soap wrappers, whiskey labels and breakfast food coupons. Those who do not collect for themselves do it for their sweethearts, wives, children or maiden aunts. A popular young woman whose word is law with many suitors might well acquire enough coupons to furnish her boudoir with a red plush rocker, a silver button hook, three bottles of cologne, a footstool, five imitations of the masters, Tennyson's poems and a box of cold cream. A positive flirt could perhaps become the possessor of a talking machine, duchesse lace curtains, a writing desk and the foundation of a season's wardrobe.

"The theory of the rebate check is very fine," said a business man the other day. "It's a legit-

## It Is Even Suggested That Theatrical Managers Hand Them Out if the Play Does Not "Make Good" What the Posters Promised.

imate advertisement, and the faithful customer is believed to get something for his loyalty to one establishment. But my own experience shows it's a degrading, costly habit. I began to collect tobacco coupons. At first they had a considerable cash value, in order to introduce the business. Then they became almost worthless. Still I collected. The hope of a petty gain caused me to lose time in looking for the particular tobacco stores; shamefacedly I lifted the coupons from the counter; I took them home and frequently counted them over, losing more time and dignity. I studied the premium list. The other day I exchanged the accumulations of six months for a solid silver bracelet for my kid. Yes, it was solid, but hollow, and worth perhaps 45 cents at retail. I trust that I shall have the moral courage to quit."

One may imagine the non-transferable feature of rebates amended so that the little checks and coupons may be included in legacies. The last will and testament of John Jones will bequeath to his beloved heirs 5,000 pink stamps, 2,205 brown coupons, 967 olive checks and a lesser assortment to complete the kaleidoscope. The dower rights of widows in whiskey labels will be discussed by learned counsel. Wills may be attacked on the ground of an inequitable distribution of colors. Executors may be charged with embezzling the trading stamps of their sacred trust. The tombstone inscription may contain a touching reference to the large and choice number of coupons left by the dead man to his children. "He was a hard drinker, but he always thought of his family and saved the labels." "She was an extravagant housekeeper, but her memory is kept green by her trading stamps."

Impresarios would do well to issue rebate-contingent on their songsters reaching high C as advertised, while theatrical managers, once embarked on the current, could never stop. The public is always skeptical about the lithographed bloodhounds and cakes of ice in an "Uncle

Tom's Cabin" show, the great Chinatown dope scene, the sawmill and express train features in melodramas. It would be easy to issue checks guaranteeing these things as depicted; and if the bloodhounds turned out to be dachshunds, and the dope scene looked like a smoker of the Tom Foley Association, and the sawmill and the express train were operated by hand, nobody would care very much. A rebate is not really expected to rebate.

The languishing state of literature might be revived by a system of coupons promising readers of "the greatest novel of the decade" a handshake with the author, a page of his original manuscript, or a lock of his hair. A pound of tainted meat might be distributed with an exposé of the Beef Trust, a lump of anthracite with a story of the mines, and a piece of counterfeit money with a thrilling detective tale. A full quart of kerosene should accompany a romance of oil, while an exposure of political corruption should be made in conjunction with a small check in facsimile of the lobbyist's offering. Fertilizers of the impressively romantic fiction would find it profitable to send out personally conducted tours of coupon holders to Castle Limburger, where the lovely princess leaped the chasm on her white palfrey, and if the castle proved to be the fifth floor of a Harlem bathhouse and the chasm a space for clothes lines nobody would have just cause of complaint. There are always fault-finders, and the rebate readers of a realistic novel, when introduced to the characters in life, might say that the author had not made good use of his material.

The lobster palaces of Broadway may be expected to increase their popularity by giving away pepita tablets with every after theatre supper. Steady customers might be favored with coupons good for a doctor's bill. The doctor, in turn, performing a dangerous operation, might console his patient with a rebate check good at any first class undertaking estab-

lishment. The undertaker again might give a tombstone coupon to the heirs.

Rebates have a successful field in love and matrimony. Widows and spinsters of uncertain age would receive many more proposals if they handed to suitors coupons guaranteeing no breach of promise actions. The return of presents and of letters might be covered by other checks. What woman could resist a man who gave her a rebate good for a new hat every time he stayed late at the club? Kisses could be discounted for gloves and veils. A coupon of bills for mother-in-law would insure lasting bliss in many households.

There are established religions that carry the rebate idea up to the pearly gates, making special rates for sinners at a specified time. The sandwich and cup of coffee is a form of rebate at mission meetings. Preachers who have trouble with drowsy congregations might find it pay to offer coupons for those who keep awake.

It may be assumed that political parties and candidates already issue varieties of trading stamps that are mostly worthless after election. Pledges and platforms glow with the fading iridescence of true rebates. A few coupons guaranteeing a pound of government seed, a front seat at an inaugural, the privilege of finding fault and voting on the other side next time, might heighten enthusiasm in a campaign.

### PAINTED FOR WEBSTER.

#### But Portrait of His Friend Was Never Claimed by Statesman.

Bangor, Sept. 22 (Special).—Upon the sitting room wall in the famous old Bruce farm mansion near Bangor hangs an oil painting, dimmed and mellowed by age, that recalls to some of the older residents of the region a story of Daniel Webster, his impulsiveness and his carelessness. This portrait is that of a hero of the American Revolution, Captain Luke Wilder, who was a boyhood friend of Webster's father and one of the closest friends of the great orator, and it was by Webster's order that the portrait was painted, but he never saw it. Captain Luke Wilder was born in Lancaster, Mass., and afterward moved to Salisbury, N. H., the home of the Websters, and where the statesman was born in 1757. He was a man of splendid

physique standing over six feet in height, and was famous for his strength and courage. In the Revolution he performed valiant services at the battle of Bennington. After the war Captain Wilder engaged in various business enterprises, and after a serious financial reverse he moved to Bangor where he died on November 24, 1838.

The friendship between Captain Wilder and the Websters was kept up through correspondence, and in 1824 Daniel came here to visit. At the time there were no bridges across the Kennebec stream, which divides the city into two parts, and Webster and his brother Ezekiel were obliged to make their way over the stream on a raft of logs.

As the fame of Webster grew, so also the little town of Bangor expanded, and when, in 1824, the statesman again came to visit his friend Captain Wilder, who was then eighty-three years of age, Webster was then incorporated into a city, and boasted one of the finest hotels in the city or New England.

The Bangor House, modelled somewhat after the famous old Tremont House in Boston. It was at the Bangor House on September 28, 1824, that a great banquet was given in honor of Daniel Webster, and among the guests was Captain Luke Wilder. Good cheer and good fellowship ruled at the banquet board, and many a brilliant speech was uttered. In the course of his remarks Webster referred to the presence at the board of his old friend, Captain Wilder, for whom he expressed the warmest affection and admiration.

"I should like to have his portrait as a remembrance," said Webster, "and if you have been in Bangor a good artist I will have him paint the portrait at my expense."

There was in Bangor at that time a portrait painter named Hoyt, and to him, through Jacob McClaw, Webster's commission was given to paint the picture of Captain Wilder.

In course of time the portrait was completed, and a fine one it was—and is to this day. The artist waited patiently for Webster to claim his picture and pay for it, but years went by and never a word from the great man. Finally, in conversation one day with the artist, McClaw declared:

"Well, Hoyt, I guess Dan has forgotten all about the picture, and I don't believe that he will ever take it."

The artist agreed with the lawyer, and the result of the talk was the purchase of the picture by McClaw, who kept it until his death. It is given to his years ago, when he directed that it be given to his niece, Mrs. Hazard, the granddaughter of Captain Wilder. The groundswork of the portrait is now dark with age, but the figure is distinctly luminous. The eyes yet clearly define and the features are so lifelike that it would appear to be a man in the prime of his life. He is in his eighty-fourth year when he sat for the portrait.