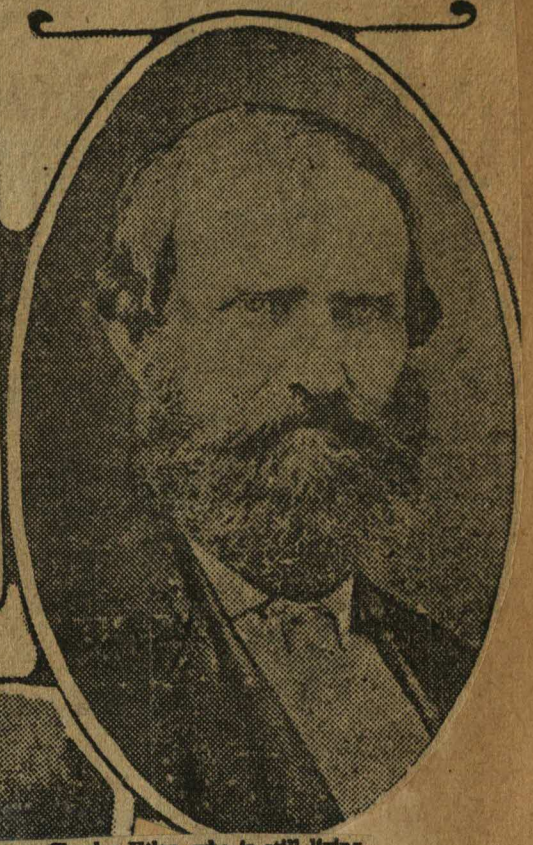


A. F. LEONARD, PIONEER, ARRIVED IN COUNTY 81 YEARS AGO TODAY

ARCHIBALD FRANKLIN LEONARD, famous pioneer of the northeastern part of Tarrant County, who arrived here 81 years ago, had much to do with the upbuilding of his community, which is now known as Grapevine. Here is pictured Leonard, the old Randal mill, nine miles east of Fort Worth, and the waterfall of the old mill, which was built again in the early fifties after being burned.



Editor's Note—This is another of a series of stories of Tarrant's First Hundred Families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

ARCHIBALD FRANKLIN LEONARD and family made the journey from near Jefferson City, Mo., to Texas in an ox wagon, arriving on Dec. 23, 1845, the day after Christmas. They located in the northeastern part of Tarrant County, near what is now Grapevine.

Christmas, as celebrated by this family and the early settlers of that time, was a very different thing from that which is observed by their descendants and others of this day and age.

A. F. Leonard, son of William and Mary Leonard, early settlers on Chesapeake Bay, was born in Lycoming County, Pa., June 19, 1816. When a young man he moved to the State of Missouri, where he met and married Mary A. Foster on Feb. 23, 1839. To this union were born six daughters, as follows: Selete Caroline, Margaret L., Mary Melissa, Texana Bell, Martha and Josephine. Of these, the first three were born in Missouri, the last three in Texas.

The first little pioneer home, 12x12 feet, was built of logs with hewn slabs for the floor, and strange as it may seem now, the family cooked, ate, slept and often entertained strangers and their friends as well, in this one-room frontier home.

That A. F. Leonard entered actively into the business of developing this country, and took part in its general activities, is evidenced by the fact that he was the first postmaster at Grapevine, and thereafter was justice of the peace, clerk of the first court in Tarrant County, and represented the county in the Twelfth Texas Legislature. While acting in the capacity of Representative, he journeyed on horseback to Austin to attend the sessions of the Legislature.

When Fort Worth was first established as an army post, A. F. Leonard and Henry Daggett formed a partnership and operated a dry goods store in the place. In addition, they furnished the soldiers with much, if not all, of their beef supply.

So great was the demand for food and lodging at that time, and so scarce the accommodations, that Mary Leonard, wife of A. F. Leonard, undertook to provide for the settlers, as well as take care of all the hired help whenever illness or other misfortune overtook them. Thus it was that she became a real mother to the entire community.

THE duties thus assumed by her, however, were quite heavy and taxed her strength to the limit. In fact her health failed under these heavy burdens, and the Leonards sold out their interests and moved back to their old home where he again engaged in general merchandising.

The settlement at this place was known as Leonardville. A while later Leonard again sold his interests to John A. Dunn, whose descendants still live in that community. At this time the settlement had so increased in population that a little town had been established which was called

Dunnville. Later on the name was changed, and the thriving town in the northeastern part of Tarrant County is now, officially, Grapevine.

At this period of Tarrant County's development, A. F. Leonard conceived the idea of building a grist mill for the convenience of the settlers in that community. He therefore selected a site on the Trinity River about eight miles east of Fort Worth, and built thereon a grist mill propelled by a water turbine. The mill was known at that time as "Leonard's Mill." It was burned at the beginning of the Civil War, but was rebuilt and afterward sold to a man by the name of Alverson. It is now known as the old "Randol Mill."

In 1861, A. F. Leonard moved near Birdville. Being past 45 years of age, he did not enlist in the army, but remained at home as a guard. It was his duty to look after the women and children left behind by the patriots who answered their country's call to do battle in a cause which, in their hearts, they felt to be just.

During the memorable days of the Civil War, Mary A. Leonard, who had had much experience in the art of weaving and in manipulating the old spinning wheel, taught the neighbors thereabout how to weave and spin the cloth into what was familiarly known in those days as "jeans." Under her direction the white and negro women alike spun and wove many yards of cloth for the soldiers, as well as for their own children and members of the family left behind.

In that, like in every other worthy endeavor, a spirit of rivalry ensued, and these women vied with each other as to who could make the neatest and best work, and produce with their own hands the prettiest home spun dress.

Mrs. Susan Foster, the mother of Mary A. Leonard, then somewhat advanced in years, who came to Tarrant County along with the others, joined in to do her bit in those strenuous days. She was an adept in the art of knitting socks, mittens and gloves for the soldiers, as well as for the home folk, and she produced innumerable of these articles, often knitting far into the night. She was known to her friends as "Anne Sukie Foster."

SELETE CAROLINE, the eldest daughter of A. F. Leonard and wife, Mary A. Leonard, married Hiram Crowley, the Crowley's being another of Tarrant County's pioneer families. Hiram Crowley assisted in the erection and operation of "Leonard's Mill" but at the outbreak of the war between the States, he organized a company of volunteers, enlisted in the army, and marched to the front to do battle in the cause of the Confederacy. He served through the war, and was killed in Louisiana in 1865 in the battle of "Yellow Bayou," the last battle in which his company was engaged.

To Selete Caroline Crowley and Hiram Crowley were born three children: Dizzania Ann, who died in infancy; Archibald Franklin, and Hiram Edwin.

Frank Crowley married Annie Lee Cowden, (the Cowdens being also a pioneer family) and is in the livestock commission business at Fort Worth, having been so established and engaged since the opening of the Fort Worth livestock markets. He resides at 1616 Westmoreland Place, Fort Worth. To this union were born the following children: Robert E., Selete, Archie Edna, Allen F., George T., Blanche and one son, Charles, who died when a young boy.

The other son, Hiram Edwin Crowley, married Mary Kate Moore in 1888. To this union were born four children: Hiram Franklin, Mackie Ruth, Henry Grady and Irene. Ed Crowley is an attorney-at-law with offices in the Bur's Burnett building, Fort Worth. He has served in official capacities as justice of the peace, as county attorney, and as a member of the Twenty-fifth Texas Legislature.

Margaret J. Leonard married William L. Boyd, corporal in the first military company to leave Tarrant County for the Civil War. He never returned. He left one son who bore his name, but he was accidentally killed at 17 years of age. Margaret (Leonard) Boyd was married a second time to Thomas Utley, and they had four children—three daughters, all of whom died years ago, and one

son, Charles Utley, who is still living.

Mary Melissa Leonard married James Murphy Popplewell, an early settler of Tarrant County also, on Aug. 5, 1874. To them were born 12 children—seven daughters and five sons as follows: Addie Bell, Texarkana; Elizabeth, Mary Josephine, Leonora, James Murphy, Archibald Leonard, Thomas, Edwin, Allen Fenton—three daughters and one son died in childhood.

ADDIE BELL POPPLEWELL married R. A. Autrey. They have three daughters—Florence, Texana and Ruth, and three sons, Robert Wayne, Leonard Edwin and Archie Allen. They reside at Birdville.

Texana Elizabeth Popplewell married George Whyte. To them were born three children: one daughter, Beatrice, who married Aubrey Carroll, and two sons, George Murphy Whyte—now in the Marines—and Howard Whyte. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte live near Atoka, Okla.

Miss Mary Jo Popplewell is head of the High School, Department of Education, Austin, Texas.

Leonora Popplewell married David E. Plattner, and resides at 2800 East Fourth Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

James M. Popplewell married Ruth Rowland, whose father, William H. Rowland, was an early settler in Texas. They have five children, three girls, Bernice, Lyn Ruth and Mary Beth, and two boys, J. Murphy and William Rowland Popplewell. They reside near Irving, Texas.

Archie Leonard Popplewell, M. D., married Birdie Huffines of Richardson, Texas. To them were born two children, Dorothy Louise and Archie Leonard Jr. Dr. A. L. Popplewell is a practicing physician, and resides at 515 Sylvania Avenue, Fort Worth, with offices at 111 W. Broadway, this city.

Thomas E. Popplewell married Jesse Janet Handy, and they reside at 1319 Madelin Place, this city. He is secretary of the Fort Worth Sand and Gravel Company, with offices at 103 1/2 East Seventh Street, Fort Worth.

Allan F. Popplewell married Juanita Welch of Roswell, N. M. He is with the McLellan Company in Fort Worth and lives at Birdville, Texas.

Martha Leonard married Robert D. Zinn, son of Rev. Albert Zinn. To them were born four sons, Walter M., Leonard L., Robert A. and James L. All live in California except Walter, who lives in Archer City, Texas. Martha (Leonard) Zinn was married the second time to A. Price, and to them was born one daughter, Mary Peugh, who lives in Fort Worth.

Josephine P. Leonard married Franklin P. Boles. To them were born three sons, Claude C., John A. and Orion. All live near Gordon, Texas.

Abram Leonard, brother of Archibald Franklin Leonard, came with his family to Tarrant County in the late fifties from Pennsylvania. He ran the "Leonard Mill" until it burned, then returned to Pennsylvania, but his son, Levi, remained and enlisted in the army.

Archibald and Mary Leonard were fine types of the early Texas pioneer. The moral and religious development of the community in which they lived challenged and received their ardent support, and they were known in all good works. It was their delight to entertain, in this sparsely settled region, the stranger and the wayfarer, who changed to come this way. The home established in this county in 1845 by this worthy couple has through succeeding years been true to the spirit that has spread the fame of Texas far and wide as the birthplace of

DEVELOPMENT OF FORT WORTH THEATERS BEGAN 50 YEARS AGO WITH ERECTION OF EVANS HALL

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Fort Worth's first playhouse was erected in 1876 on the northwest corner of Houston and First Streets. It was built by B. C. Evans and known as Evans Hall, the upper floor being used for amateur productions, and for the few artists who came this way. Balls and parties also were held here, the place being a sort of social center of the community in that early day.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Feild, General and Mrs. Byrne, Major Fairfax, who was one of England's noblemen in direct line for the position of lord; Bob McCart, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Charles Scheuber, then a small child, and a few others had banded themselves together for the promotion of art and culture.

They presented such plays as "Pinafore" and "The Lady of Lyons." One can see in this something of the Little Theater movement of recent years, although it was not so spoken of in those days.

Among the early artists to appear in this house was a very gifted and talented musician, Miss Amalia Reitz—now Mrs. Von Bandelin—who is a cousin of the late Mrs. Zane-Cetti Sr. She now is in her seventy-eighth year and resides in Weisbaden, Germany. Her impressions of this first visit to the then remote West would make an interesting story, from all accounts.

"East Lynne" Presented.

Howard Peak calls to mind one of the first actresses who ever came to Fort Worth—Fay Timpleton—playing in "East Lynne" in Evans Hall.

The first variety theater was built and operated by Capt. George Bird Holland at Second and Main Streets and was known as "My Theater." The following classified ad appeared in a New York paper Sept. 10, 1881, announcing the opening:

"The company engaged for the Fall opening, Oct. 3, 1881, includes Wentworth and Lorain, Dolan Brothers, the Leclans, Darley Sisters, Ida Bart, Lizzie Haywood, Annie Petrie, Sadie Hasson and Kittie Whitland.

"Wanted—First class male song and dance team, one female impersonator, one dramatic star and six specialty ladies. First class artists apply at once. The largest and finest hall in the South. Address, George B. Holland, manager."

Most of the plays showing here were variety and novelty acts, although there were a number of stock companies that played also. The variety show of that day was a forerunner of the present day refined vaudeville.

In Galveston, 1867, Henry and Morris Greenwall opened the old Market (upstairs) Theater on Tremont Street, where the Cohen department store is now located. This was the beginning of the Greenwall theatrical circuit in Texas.

Opera House Is Built.

In 1883, Walter Huffman, Captain Lloyd and others formed a syndicate, and built at Third and Rusk Streets (now Commerce) what was afterward known as the Greenwall Opera House. Later Huffman bought out syndicate interests and leased to a Mrs. Benton. After a time Dashwood & Elliott came into possession of it.

The house was opened with the Chicago Opera Company in "Chicago Ideals." Some of the attractions that played here during these years were Lilly Langtry in "As in a Looking Glass," Emma Abbott, Clara Morris and Katie Putnam.

Lotta Crabtree, who died recently leaving an estate of over \$1,000,000 to charities in New York and other places, also played here.

The stars disliked making one night stands through Texas, preferring to end their tour in New Orleans. Due to the fact that a circuit had been formed, the Greenwall theatrical circuit, which included all the large opera houses in the leading cities over the country, they were forced into Texas in that day.

September, 1900, saw the opening of the Greenwall Opera House in Fort Worth with William A. Brady's "After Dark." This play necessitated the entrance of a train on a dark stage, and was a very realistic production. This called forth most enthusiastic applause from the "gallery gods," who could scarce heed the admonition of Manager Greenwall that that sort of thing would not be tolerated.

Stars Are Seen Here.

A few of the stars appearing there in the early 90's were: Francis Wilson in comic opera; Blanche Hall, Frank Daniels in "Little Puck," James O'Neill in his famous "Count of Monte Christo," Fanny Davenport, Sarah Bernhardt, Harrison Gray Fiske, Milton and Dolly Nobles in melodramatic productions, Nat Goodwin, whose great love for liquor, race horses and poker often sent him to the bottom of the ladder, and Sol Smith Russell in "His Poor Relations."

The Shakespearean dramas were here with Thomas Keene, Louis James, Kathryn Kidder and Frederick Warde. Melbourne McDowell, the husband of Fanny Davenport, also appeared. After Fannie's death, McDowell became infatuated with Blanche Walsh, and they starred together five seasons.

Others were: Alexander Salvini in "The Three Guardsmen," Robert Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers," Tim Murphy in "The Texas Steer," Madam Yvette Guilbert, Mary Manning, Rose Coghlan, Kate Scanlan, Stuart Robson in "Bertie the Lamb," Theodore Roberts, Maclyn Arbuckle, a Dallas product and an attorney, who turned to the work of the stage and starred in "A Gentleman From Mississippi;" Minnie Maddern Fiske in "The Liar," Max Figman in "The Man on the Box," Otis Harlan in Hoyt's "Black Sheep," Madam Ellen Beach Yaw, "high C" artist, in concert; the Savage Grand Opera Company in "Madam Butterfly," and others.

Lillian Russell Liked.

Lillian Russell was perhaps one of the most appreciated of the actresses who used to play the Greenwall Theater. She always was considerate, thoughtful and of fine spirit. Frequently she would present the stage crew with delectable food, or an extra bit of money after an unusually hard day. This fact, added to her ability as an actress, made her coming always looked forward to as a rare treat.

On the occasion of one of Sol Smith Russell's visits to this city, a heavy snowstorm fell throughout the entire evening performance.

Easily the most eccentric of all the stars who ever came to this city was Richard Mansfield. Most everybody who has seen him play knows what a man of moods he was, but not everyone knows the real reason for an 11:30 curtain on one of his performances in this city.

Always careful of details, he would call off an entire play over one small thing not coming up to his plans. On this particular night he was to play "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the house was packed to the doors with about \$4,000 on hand for tickets.

The train, bearing seven cars of baggage, Pullmans, Mansfield and his fellow actors, pulled into the H. & T. C. depot about 7 o'clock on the night of the performance. For some reason, Mansfield refused to put on the show.

Suit Is Threatened.

When Manager Greenwall discovered the situation, it was almost time for the curtain to rise on the first act. He went down to the station, and after telling him of the prospects of a packed house, interest in the show, etc., insisted that Mansfield proceed with arrangements for the show.

Mansfield had always had his way, and was not to be outdone, Greenwall ordered Daniel Murphy of the Union Transfer Company to open the cars and haul the properties to the theater at once. Load after load rolled down the street, while Mansfield stood on the end of his private coach and threatened Greenwall with suit if he forced him to show that night.

Greenwall threatened a counter suit for all expenses of out-of-town patrons, money refunded to impatient audience, etc., and finally Mansfield managed to get as far as the opera house where he raved like a man gone mad, behind the scenes, still protesting that he would not appear on the stage.

Three hours of almost superhuman patience was displayed by the audience "waiting for a train that never would come."

Frequently Greenwall would come out in front, tell a joke, or give a train report and by this means at 11:30 the curtain went up to a packed house on the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac," with only \$125 refunded to impatient patrons. The play was given in full, for Mansfield perceived that Manager Greenwall's physique was not to be reckoned with.

First Majestic in 1905.

In 1905, the first Majestic Theater was built by W. J. Bailey where the Liberty Carage now is on Jennings Avenue. The Young Men's Business League promoted it. This house was to feature polite vaudeville, which was an innovation, and the opening was of unusual importance.

The Interstate Amusement Company had charge of the shows. Five dollars was the price of the seats for the opening night, and the house was packed. Five years later, about 1910, A. August built the present Majestic Theater building.

The first picture show opened in Fort Worth in 1905 and was known as the Imperial, located where the Hippodrome now stands. The late E. H. Phillips introduced the first "movie."

The Little Theater is the latest development of theatrical life in Fort Worth. Although this movement had gained considerable headway in many cities of the United States, no one had thought of promoting it here until the Fall of 1921. Amusements consisted of the Majestic and motion pictures, no spoken drama having been presented since the traveling companies had been prohibited by wartime prices. The field was open.

To Lotta Carter Gardner and her two children, Hunter E. and Rosalind, now Mrs. Shelly, Fort Worth is indebted for establishment of its Little Theater, no longer an experiment.

'Silver in the Sun' by Dallas Woman Is Inspiring Volume

Grace Noll Crowell's Poems of Simple Things of Life Bring Her Success and Popularity.

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake). "The day will bring some lovely thing."

I say it over each new dawn: "Some gay, adventurous thing to hold Against my heart when it is gone."

And so it was when Grace Noll Crowell of Dallas gave to her readers her latest book of poems, Silver in the Sun. Among other inspiring things which have come to us this radiant Springtime season none are more welcome than this delightful little volume. Arrayed in a gay dress of mottled blue and gold, with apron of flaming apricot, it tempts one with a desire to know more of the book.

Those who are familiar with Mrs. Crowell's work need no introduction to her new contribution. She has won a distinctive place in the hearts of her readers. Her first published book of poems, White Fire, met with remarkable success. A new printing of this volume, attractively bound and jacketed, will be forthcoming soon to supply an increasing demand for it. Silver in the Sun bids fair to outrival its worthy predecessor, with poems which have appeared in many of the leading periodicals of the United States—among them, The Delineator, Good Housekeeping, Century, Scribner's, Outlook, Munsey's and others. Mrs. Crowell's ability as a poet is not confined to the United States alone. Her excellent work, beautiful in phraseology and inspiring with deep spirituality, calls forth praise from a recognized London publisher, who says: "There is no American poet who goes so well as Grace Noll Crowell on this side with magazines, and we always are so pleased when we place them; as we have the pleasure of knowing we have arranged for the circulation of something really good and helpful."

Writer of Simple Things.

The secret of Mrs. Crowell's popularity is largely due to the fact that she writes of the simple, commonplace things of life—of nature and of things that concern the average man, woman and child in a work-a-day world. It is a sad day for any people when their art becomes a thing apart from the main current of their life. Mrs. Crowell sings of Nature because Nature impresses her directly. The same is true of her everyday life. She lives in her lovely little Lowell Street (I wonder if there is anything in a name) cottage home with her husband, her three sons, much as any wife and mother might do, but she also finds time to express, in words of simple loveliness, art and life correlated. The foreword in the opening page of Silver in the Sun is indicative of Mrs. Crowell's optimistic philosophy of life:

"Thank God that we so soon forget The pain and tears But hold the high-lights of a life Throughout the years."

After all, an artist does not really create. He merely interprets. Each in his own way endeavors to give to the world something of what he has seen, heard or felt—something of his own experience in life. Mrs. Crowell, looking upon an external, is able to project herself into its workings in a most unusual way. The children playing on her street touch the well-springs of her poetic soul; a field of

Texas bluebonnets, or of "clinging cotton," call forth sweetest songs; "Young Love walks the countryside, and she is there; a spider weaves a spangled web across a leaf," and she paints a beautiful picture: "Red Chimneys," "An Old Song on the Air," "Lights," featuring Texas; "A Winter Evening in the Barn," "A Texas Autumn," "Stars," "Purple Grapes"—all of these have been the inspiration for her beautiful poems. . . . Her own words:

"O, singer of all loveliness—remember— The unsung splendor of each barren thing.

So long as hearts need comfort—there is beauty— There will be songs—while there is need to sing."

Resplendent Jewel.

More than half a hundred poems compose the collection of "Silver in the Sun," any one of which is a resplendent jewel artistically embedded in an exquisite setting. To select any one poem as being more delightful than another would, indeed, be a difficult task. It all depends on what one likes—and the mood. "Misty Moonlight," one of the loveliest of the entire collection, could not fail to awaken the imagination of even the most prosaic:

"The angels walk the floor of Heaven tonight— Their garments trailing splendor as they pass;

A rapture tips the thin green leaves with light, A showers quivering gold upon the grass;

The slender poplars shake their silver lace Against the trembling glory of the stars;

The old earth is a feathered thing of grace, Unmindful of a million ancient scars."

Lest any from the pessimistic school of life feel that Mrs. Crowell's work is not for him, let him read "The Game." No critical expounder of the stoical philosophy has interpreted the stoical temper to better advantage than has Mrs. Crowell in the following stirring lines:

"I shall play a game with Life. As one plays a game of chess— Shall Life win—or I— Who can guess?

The days—the weeks—the months— Are moving at my command, Short hours strut the boards Under my hand.

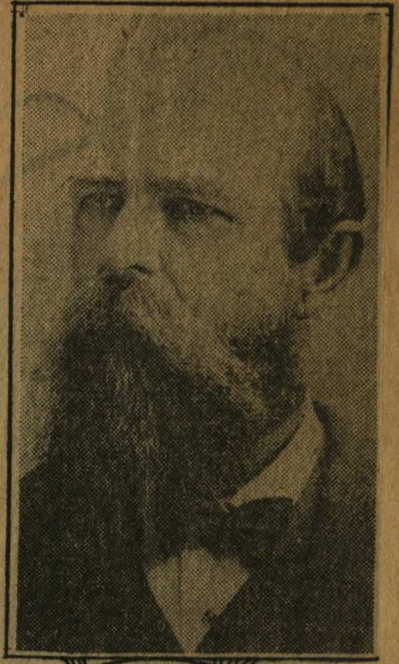
As Life sits grimly by This moment is mine to play, Swiftly I move—and Life— Takes it away.

He has taken all my years— He plays the old game well— Yet I may win in the end; Who can tell?

I shall play the game with joy— And laugh at the willing strife— Whether I win or lose— Your move, Life!"

SILVER IN THE SUN, by Grace Noll Crowell. Published by P. L. Turner, Dallas, Texas; \$1.50.

TARRANT pioneers will enjoy seeing these pictures, some of them taken two score or more years ago. The big picture at the top is the old Ellis hotel, northeast corner of Third and Throckmorton. The oval at the top is Mrs. Ruth Brown, mother of Mrs. Creswell and Mrs. Loving. At the top, right, is James F. Ellis, owner of the hotel. In the oval at the right is Merida G. Ellis. Below, left to right, Mrs. Samuel P. Loving, Mrs. Cyrene Creswell, John S. Loving.



Loving, Brown, Holloway and Ellis Houses Outstanding Four Families Had Much to do With Rise of County

Note: This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's first hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

IT HAS been said that happiness consists of being able to live in harmony with one's environment. In view of the marvelous changes that have taken place in Tarrant County in the last three-quarters of a century, one can but wonder how the pioneers living here at that time knew what their environment was.

Trying to study the geography and topography of a country from the window of a "mile a minute" express train as it flies through space would be a close parallel. And yet Merida Ellis, Fort Worth's oldest living pioneer citizen, and other early settlers of this county, have had this unique experience.

The Loving family, to which Merida Ellis belonged, came here when this was a vast wilderness. Ruth (Smith) Brown, the maternal grandmother of M. G. Ellis, with her husband, Henry Brown, and others of her family went from Tennessee to Missouri in the late "thirties," when those States still were unsettled and undeveloped.

The members of this family were typical frontiersmen, and, as Mrs. Brown once said, "always lived ahead of civilization." The hardships and struggles of that day were trying indeed to the pioneer wife and mother. The crude dwellings did not afford ample protection from the Indians and wild beasts, who were the custodians of the land and the dread of all newcomers. Because of this it was often necessary for the women and children to accompany the husband and father on his hunting trips and to his daily labors in forest and field.

Ruth (Smith) Brown was born in Tennessee Sept. 22, 1791. She grew up a womanhood there and became the wife of Henry Brown in that State.

To them was born the following children: Artimisia, born 1809; Henry, born 1810, died, unmarried; Elizabeth, born 1812; Mary,

born 1815, died when a young girl; Belinda, born 1816; Edney, born 1818, died 1840, unmarried; Cyrena Brown, born 1824.

Henry Brown died in Missouri many years ago and is buried there. His wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, came to Texas with her children and their families in 1846 and made her home with the family of Samuel P. Loving for many years. They first stopped in Denton County and located on Cooper's Creek, where they lived for a time.

ARTIMISIA BROWN, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Joshua Newton Ellis, a native of Tennessee. The Ellis family came from Tennessee to Missouri also, and on to Texas in 1846, when Ruth (Smith) Brown, the Lovings and others of her family came. Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis lived only about a year after coming to Texas. They are both buried in a private burying ground a few miles east of Denton. They left a large family of children, all of whom are now deceased except Merida G. Ellis. Their children were: Smith E., James Franklin, several who died in infancy, Hulda Merrill, who died in New Orleans of yellow fever during the Civil War, and Josephine.

Smith E. Ellis, eldest son of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, married Julia Howard. They went to Menard many years ago and reared a large family there, the descendants of whom are living in West Texas, Montana and other parts of the United States. Smith Ellis and wife are both buried at Menard. They had the following children: John, Mary, William B., Julia, Frank, May, Ruth, Merida and Smith. A granddaughter, Mrs. Webb, lives in Fort Worth.

James Franklin Ellis, son of Joshua Newton Ellis and Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, was born in Mexico, Mo., April 28, 1838. He came to Texas with his parents in 1846. The following year he came to Fort Worth, and he had the honor of being one of the very first citizens of this city. In 1860 he was married to Delilah Jane Asbury, the daughter of Jeremiah Asbury, who had a farm on what is now the southern outskirts of Fort Worth.

To this union five children were born: William Jasper, deceased; Jerry Merrill, who died in infancy; Henry Franklin, who married Anna Tidball, daughter of Thomas A. Tidball and wife, prominent early citizens of Fort Worth, Mr. Tidball being one of this city's pioneer bankers; James Merida, and Fannie Alta, who married L. H. DuBose and resides at 520 Henderson Street, this city. Jerry F. Ellis died in Fort Worth several years ago.

James M. Ellis is a prominent real estate man of this city and resides with his family at 1852 Glen Garden Drive. He married Birdie King, daughter of William B. King Sr. and wife of Fort Worth. They have one son, Merida.

James Franklin Ellis enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 8, 1862, and served to the end of the war. He entered the service in Company H, Seventeenth Regiment, Texas Cavalry.



He was discharged at Galveston, May 24, 1865, and returned to Fort Worth, where he became engaged in the general merchandise business with William J. Boaz, under the firm name of Boaz and Ellis.

THEY closed out their business in 1875, and engaged in the lumber trade. They later purchased the M. B. Loyd interests in the California and Texas Bank. When this institution merged with the City National Bank, they both retired. James Franklin Ellis also built and owned the famous Ellis Hotel of "Ye Olden Time" in this city. He died in Fort Worth Jan. 23, 1899, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. His wife, Jane (Asbury) Ellis, is also buried there.

Merida Green Ellis was born in Denton County in 1847. His parents died a few months after his birth, and his uncle and aunt, Samuel and Elizabeth Loving, assumed the care of him. He came with them to Fort Worth in the Fall of 1849. In February, 1862, when not yet 15 years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served till the close of the war in 1865.

He was first enrolled in Captain Peak's company, but soon afterward was assigned to duty with the company under command of Capt. Jack Brinson, and continued in the army east of the Mississippi River until 1863, when he was discharged at Tupelo, Miss.; on account of ill health. However, he soon re-enlisted at Fort Worth and became a member of Capt. Archie Hart's Company, Martin's Regiment, with which he served throughout the remainder of the war, in the Trans-Mississippi department, mostly doing duty in Texas, and receiving his discharge at Richmond, this State.

Opportunities for an education in that day were very limited, and, when at the age of 18 years, M. G. Ellis started out in the world for himself, it was without educational advantages. His first employment, for which he received \$15 per month, was on the ranch of William Moseley. He saved his wages and at the end of six months applied them on an education. For a time he clerked for

Boaz, and Ellis and later bought out their business. Some time afterwards he moved to Wise County, but returned to Fort Worth in 1875, and engaged in the agricultural and implement business. He started out with six plows on hand to be sold on commission, but in the following Spring he sold a carload of plows to Lieutenant Governor Pendleton. By December of the same year he had sold six carloads of plows.

In the Spring of 1877 he formed a partnership with W. A. Huffman which they conducted for four years. He was one of the promoters and founders of the original Stockyards at North Fort Worth, beginning this enterprise about the time that he retired from mercantile life. Confident of Fort Worth's future, he bought 1,500 acres of land where North Fort Worth is now situated, for which he paid from \$1 to \$4.80 per acre. He built a residence on a portion of this land, fenced it, and stocked it with cattle and horses. He also established a number of dairies on this property, which proved a very successful venture. This land, now known as the M. G. Ellis Addition, was laid out in town lots in 1891. M. G. Ellis and others built the first school house of any consequence in North Fort Worth, the M. G. Ellis School, now located on North Main Street.

MERIDA ELLIS was married in 1868 to Jenkie Darter, daughter of Francis and Mary Darter, who with their children came to Fort Worth in 1859 from Linesville, Ala. Darter was a geologist of considerable repute in those days. He was en route to California where he expected to permanently locate, but being attracted to the beauty of the surrounding country here, he purchased a farm 25 miles north of Fort Worth and became a prominent citizen of this community.

Mrs. Ellis, who with Mr. Ellis resides at 2800 Travis Avenue, this city, in speaking of her marriage says, "Well I remember that time. Merida rode out in the forenoon with Bud Eddleman of Weatherford, who was to be best man, and Squire James Allen, who in the absence of an ordained minister, performed the marriage ceremony. I wore my simple

STORY OF OLD TEXAN HIDDEN IN FORSAKEN MAUSOLEUM

BY WALTER R. HUMPHREY.

"I want to rest in peace."

Forty-four years ago, William McKee, cattleman and breeder of fine horses, gave instructions to his wife that he should be buried away from the noise of civilization. He had chosen the spot, three miles straight north of the Tarrant County courthouse, in an unmolested point on his own ranch.

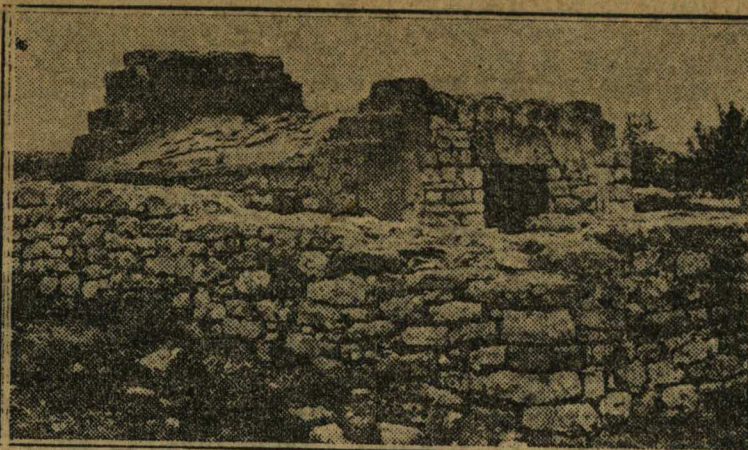
Life had been too noisy. McKee wanted death, at least, to bring him solitude, uninterrupted quiet.

The widow respected the wish of her dying husband and built for him there a mausoleum. October 9, 1882, William McKee was interred in the stone sepulcher. In 1895 his wife was put beside him.

Civilization has little respect for the dead. Within stone's throw of the tomb of the William McKees, three decades found an oil refinery and a flying field. Two railroads traverse the ground. Fort Worth has advanced almost to the door of the vault.

The burial place is directly in the line of North Main Street, and long since has been huddled in the gaze of thousands of eyes it would have avoided.

It was all just a little too much; so, a few years ago, the bones of man and wife were ex-



The Mausoleum, where William McKee was buried so he could "rest in peace," is about a hundred feet from the Decatur Road, this side of the municipal flying field. It is built of native stone.

humed and placed in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

But the mausoleum of William McKee did not surrender everything when it handed over its dead.

In the crumbled and sunken walls of the old relic of the past century, there is a story of immeasurably greater value to man than the account of two deaths.

It is a story of Texas, when Texas was still a republic. It is a story of a feud, between two opposing groups, each organized to

maintain order. It is a tale of lawlessness and bloodshed, of a fighter who was a woman.

For three-quarters of a century history has been noticeably lacking in the details of the story. The participants carried it to their deaths.

The years 1842-46 mark the Regulator-Moderator War in Shelby, Panola and Harrison Counties. Shelbyville was the seat of activity.

The Regulators was a self-organized police force. Fighting of

transportation of negro slaves and the issuance of fraudulent land certificates was the motive behind its inception. One story, only partially credited, tells of its capturing a gang of horse thieves and hanging them. For a year the Regulators ruled the country.

But the people were dissatisfied, and those who didn't wish to be ruled by the Regulators organized the Moderators. Unprincipled desperados became members of each force, and a bloody feud that smoldered for four years resulted.

The Regulators were commanded by Colonel Watt Moorman, who was assassinated shortly after the war had concluded, the Moderators by Colonel James J. Cravans.

Each pursued relentless activity against the other and many pitched battles were staged between the two forces.

During the feud, which approached in its fierceness the border feuds of Scotland, there were several women who became famous for their part. Mrs. M. T. Johnson, wife of Colonel Johnson, for whom Johnson Station, near Arlington, was named, and Mrs. Watt Moorman, (Helen Daggett), wife of the Regulator commander, were conspicuous.

Mrs. Moorman, who later married William McKee, led one of the Regulator bands. A battle-ground, "Helen's Defeat," tells of her last stand.

She was leading a charge against a church, in which the enemy was barricaded. Many of her men had been killed. In desperation, she had made an improvised cannon, which was a sweet gum log, bored out and mounted on wooden wheels. A mixture of powder, lead and iron was her ammunition.

Texas Rangers, at the command of General Sam Houston, arrived in time to put down the feud and avert the wiping out of Helen Moorman's small band of Regulators.

July 24, 1844, a treaty was signed, and ostensibly the two groups of law enforcers were at peace.

Hatred and bloodshed continued intermittently for several years; in 1850, Colonel Moorman was assassinated.

Helen Moorman became a sort of legendary heroine. An old novel, "The Rangers and Regulators of the Tanaha," by Captain Mayne Reid, makes her its heroine.

The story comes from the mausoleum where the same heroine was buried.

Something more than a mere tale of two deaths in the overgrown and fallen rock of the vault that was meant to be quiet and imposing.

Devastating Grass Fires Easy to Start In Winds

They Quickly Spread, Wiping Out Trees, Shrubs and Animal Life; Care Needed

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The penetrating stillness of a recent Sunday morning was disturbed by shouts of "Fire! Fire! Call the fire department quick!" A stretch of hillside on Grand Avenue, one of Fort Worth's attractive suburban streets, was a vertical sheet of flame. With a strong south wind blowing a near-gale, this conflagration soon took on the proportions of a miniature holocaust.

Someone had not reckoned with the dry condition of the tall weeds and grass which had carelessly been allowed to grow undisturbed, and had either purposely or by accident set fire to the grass.

Tell of Bigger Fires.

It was about 10:45 when the first alarm was turned in, and most folks were either in Sunday school or on their way to church. Because of this, the fire had gained considerable headway before it was discovered.

In a few moments the news of it had spread, carried by word of mouth and by the dense black smoke which rose higher and higher, being visible to many parts of the city, until hundreds had gathered to witness the fight.

Old-timers stood by and related tales of other days when extensive prairie fires had made barren hundreds and thousands of acres of Texas plains, while men and boys worked heroically to check the flames here.

Two companies of firemen struggled against odds, running uphill and down and laying long lines of hose, in an effort to outwit the fire demon.

This particular Sunday morning was unusually dry and hot and enough to try the patience of an ordinary mortal under normal circumstances. The intensity of the flames added to the discomfort of the firemen almost to the point of exhaustion.

Human Life Endangered.

Not only was bird and animal life destroyed and vegetation laid waste, for many had vegetable producing gardens, but human life

was actually endangered. Numbers of domesticated fowls were either burned or suffocated from the heat and smoke.

Telephone poles were burned, garages and outhouses were damaged or destroyed, acres of lovely honey locust, soap berry, hackberry and other native trees were sacrificed, to say nothing of a score or more of bearing fruit and nut trees which were in the wake of the fire.

What of the aftermath? A few hours later, a tramp thru the burned and charred district revealed tragedy upon tragedy. While man was rejoicing that conditions were no worse, another element, the bird world, was suffering intensely.

Flocks of mocking birds hovered frantically above the remains of scorched fruit trees, calling plaintively, pitifully crying, if you will, to their young in nests which the parent birds had been forced to desert.

Bob White Calls.

Blue, white and gray pigeons which had lately nested in shed and garage soared aimlessly, hopelessly about in search of the home that had so recently sheltered them.

The call of "Bob White! Bob White!" came appealingly and almost continuously from the hillside for several days following the fire. A search disclosed, caught in the thorns of a locust tree in an old can on the ground, a nest of 17 eggs which the mother quail had brooded over so tenderly, and to the loss of which she could not become reconciled.

These are a few pathetic stories, and there are many others when a man heedlessly strikes a fire. If "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," what is to be said of his carelessness?

A. J. M. Sunday News

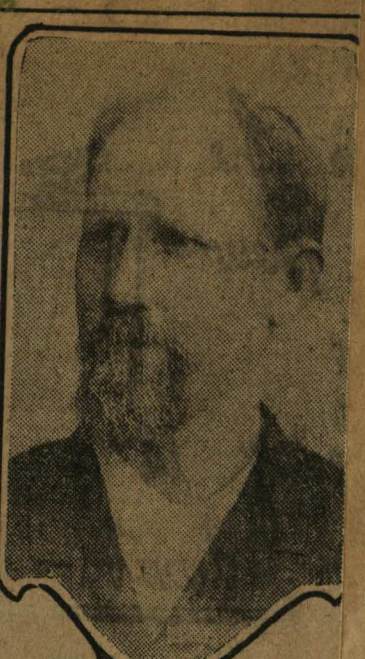
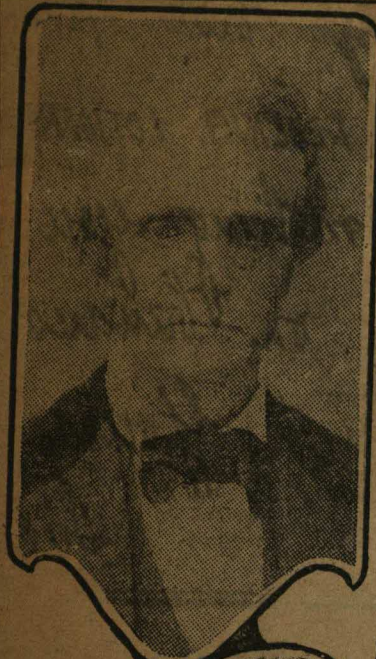
Friday, February 2, 1934.

Passing of One of Tarrant County's Old Landmarks

This week will see the passing of one of Tarrant County's most historic landmarks, the old rock vault near the Airport on Decatur Road, due to road improvement and to the proposed use of the site for commercial purposes. About fifty years ago, William McKee, who owned a farm in that section requested that when he should die he be buried on the place, far from the noise and confusion of city life. His wife carried out his wishes. Later when Mrs. McKee died she was buried beside her husband. Today progress and the growth of a city have come to the vault's very threshold, and a modern paved highway, two railroads and an airport all throw their traffic past the spot. Several years ago the relatives of Mrs. McKee who was a member of the pioneer Daggett family, moved the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. McKee, the only persons who were ever buried there, to Mount Olivet Cemetery, the site of the Daggett family's first location in Tarrant County in 1854. Mrs. McKee was Helen Daggett, a sister of Captain E. M. Daggett, known as the "Father of Fort Worth", Henry and Charles Daggett, the latter being the one who located the present site of Mount Olivet Cemetery. Few persons today are aware that Helen Daggett McKee is one of Texas' most important historic charac-

ters. The Daggett family, who were originally from England, located in Canada, and from there came to Indiana and on to Texas in 1838. They settled near old Shelbyville, then the county seat of Shelby County. Helen Daggett first married Colonel Watt Moorman, Chieftain of the Regulators, one of the factions that made history in the so-called Regulator-Moderator War of 1842-45 in East Texas. Border feuds were the order of the day in that "No Man's Land," and women, as well as men, took sides. Helen Daggett aided her husband's cause by dressing in man's attire and acting as a spy in one of the encounters. Today, at Cedar Yard School and Church about midway between Center and Tenaha in Shelby County on Daggett Creek, there is a spot known as "Helen's Defeat," that is pointed out to visitors as one of the historic places in that section.

LINKS and facts about prominent Tarrant County pioneer families who took a leading part in the progress of Central West Texas. Top row, reading from left to right, William C. "Bill" Henderson, M. Henderson and Prof. William Hudson, distinguished Englishman and early Tarrant County educator; bottom row, Mrs. J. Wendling, only living child of James and Julia (Kelly) Hardisty; the old Joe Henderson home, one and one half miles north of Birdville, now owned by G. W. Haltom of Fort Worth.



This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's first hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

WHEN Professor William Hudson used to flog the young Satterwhite boys (and others) at the old Birdville School, way back in the 60s, he little knew that he was disciplining a future candidate for Governor of one of the Nation's leading States, and an Attorney General as well, which these Satterwhite boys later became.

There are many living in Tarrant County today who well remember Professor William Hudson. He was a distinguished Englishman and early educator of this county, and was said to have been in direct line for a lordship in England had he returned to claim it.

There was quite a romance connected with the history of this interesting young Englishman, who was related to the Hudsons of the Hudson Bay Company. Early in life he had married a charming young Englishwoman, but her death occurred a few months afterward. He came to America to try to forget his grief.

Being a very highly educated man, he was soon much in demand in this frontier as a teacher. He first taught at Birdville, where he met and married Elizabeth "Betty" Hardisty, daughter of James Hardisty, a pioneer citizen of that place. Accommodations were scarce, and Professor Hudson and wife boarded a number of the Fort Worth boys and girls who went there to receive their education under him. Among these were Sue Huffman and Ruth Loyd.

He also taught at Weatherford for a time, where he was assisted by Mollie Dyer, later the wife of Col. Charles Goodnight. Children from this county attended his classes there. He was afterward a member of the faculty of old Tehuacana University for 20 years, where he was instructor in a number of different subjects, penmanship being his specialty. The following Fort Worth citizens are among those who were former pupils of Professor Hudson: J. C. Foster, Lon M. Barkley, Mrs. G. N. Putman and Mrs. James Hardisty.

The last years of Professor Hudson's life were devoted to the ministry. Both he and his wife are buried near Altus, Okla., where they lived at the time of his death. The old Hudson home place there was indeed an interesting one. Chests, boxes and drawers in the old house contained many writings, manuscripts and books of which Professor Hudson was the author. Textbooks otherwise were difficult to obtain and he made most all of these himself.

William Hudson and wife, Betty (Hardisty) Hudson, had the following children: Ralph, now living at Altus; Walter, Flora, later Mrs. Tanner; Allan, now Mrs. Osborn of Altus; and one who married T. W. Baker and lived in California, and Willie,

BACK in Kentucky, James Hardisty, the pioneer Tarrant County ancestor of this family, had married Julia Kelly, the daughter of Frederick Kelly, merchant and hotel man, large plantation and slave owner and prominent politician and Universalist of that State.

Nancy (Hanks) Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, and Mrs. James Hardisty were neighbors and close personal friends, and they spent many happy hours together in their "old Kentucky home." Young Abe Lincoln was chief log-splitter in those days for the elder Hardisty on his plantation. Mrs. J. Wendling, the only living child of James and Julia Hardisty, residing at 1001 East Tucker Street, this city, relates many interesting anecdotes in connection with the life of Abraham Lincoln, whom her father's family knew and loved as their own.

James Hardisty and wife came with their family to Texas in 1854 and purchased a headright from A. G. Walker near Birdville. Here they built their home and reared their family. Theirs was the typical frontier home of that time. For diversion there was hunting, fishing, dancing, candy pulls, quilting parties, corn shuckings and the occasional "sociable." Other things failing there was always to be seen the wagons which passed and repassed on the road to Birdville. Sometimes, to be sure, the men looked on with jealous eye as these vehicles rumbled on toward the far away army post, Fort Worth.

James Hardisty died in 1875 and his wife in 1879, and both are buried in the Birdville Cemetery. They left the following children: Henry, Susan, English, Charles, James, John, Elizabeth, Sarah Ellen and Thomas. Henry Hardisty married and became a resident of Jack County, and had one son, Thomas. He and his wife and son are all buried near Bridgeport. Susan Hardisty married David Thomas of Arlington. A son, now deceased, of Susan and David Thomas was a farmer in Ellis County. Another son, Milt Thomas, is a merchant in Grand Prairie. He has a family and one of his daughters married Jess Trigg of Tarrant County. Both Susan and David Thomas are buried at Arlington. English Hardisty died in Louisiana during the Civil War while in service.

Charles Hardisty was born in Henderson County, Kentucky, in 1836. He grew up on a farm in his native State, being employed much of the time in a tobacco patch. He came to Texas with his father and spent his young manhood on the farm near Birdville. He was married in 1861 in this county to Nancy Calloway, daughter of Shade and Catherine (Baker) Calloway of North Carolina. The Calloways came to Texas in 1859 and settled a few miles east of Birdville. Shade Calloway died in 1862 and his wife in 1888 and both are buried at Birdville.

CHARLES HARDISTY bought a portion of his father's farm near Birdville and developed it into valuable property upon which his children still live. In 1855, the year following his arrival in Texas, he assisted in surveying this county, his part of the work being to dig the holes and plant the stakes.

Charles Hardisty and wife, Nancy (Calloway) Hardisty, had nine children, as follows: Georgianna, who died at 16 years of age; Mary E., Laura, Henry, Shade, Joseph Lee, who died in 1891; Maybelle, who lives at the old home near Birdville; Thomas and Katherine.

Mary Ellen Hardisty married Charles Ryan, whose sister, Sallie Ryan, became the wife of Charles B. Daggett, son of Henry C. Daggett of Birdville. The children of Charles and Mary Ellen (Hardisty) Ryan were Nell, who married T. M. Bailey; Jessie, who married Jack Anderson, and with their three children live on Galveston Avenue, and Fay, who lives with her mother at 202 West Daggett Avenue. After the death of Charles Ryan, Mrs. Ryan married William Austin of this city, who is now deceased.

Laura Hardisty married Lon Barkley, son of Dr. B. F. Barkley, among Birdville's earliest settlers and a most influential citizen of the county. Lon Barkley and wife have two children, Juliette, who married Dr. L. C. Crabb, and Burk Burnett Barkley, who is married and living in New Orleans. Lon Barkley and wife reside at 1700 Evans Avenue, Fort Worth. A sister of Lon Barkley, Mrs. Alice Wright, now living in Dallas, was Tarrant County's first postmistress, holding this appointment at 16 years of age.

Henry "Hench" Hardisty married Lela Burrell. They live on Diamond Hill and have three children. Shade Hardisty, brother of Henry, married Laura Allen of this city and they have one daughter, Nanette. Thomas Hardisty, another brother, married Belle Thornton of Mansfield, Texas, and they have one daughter, Fay, who married Harold Johnson. Katherine "Kate" Hardisty married T. H. Berge and they live at the old Charles Hardisty home place. One of the landmarks of this county near Birdville, Charles Hardisty and wife, Nancy (Calloway) Hardisty are both buried at Birdville.

James Hardisty, son of James and Julia (Kelly) Hardisty, married Sarah Cyrena Henderson, a sister of Joe and Bill Henderson, pioneer settlers of Tarrant County. The Henderson family came to this county in the early fifties and located in the vicinity of Birdville. William Conway Henderson and Cyrena (Weir) Henderson were natives of, respectively, Virginia and Tennessee. The father was a slave holder and farmer and died in Missouri in 1846. The mother afterward married and her second husband died on his way to California in 1849. In 1851 the Henderson family, with their mother and some friends, moved to Tarrant County, Tex. A

320-acre tract of land was purchased near Birdville, where the children were reared. Her death occurred in 1880.

THE widow of John Weir, the father of Cyrena (Weir) Hardisty, was also a pioneer settler in Tarrant County. She came here in 1851 with her family and the Hendersons. She died in 1863, leaving a son and four daughters, as follows: Margaret, Samuel, Mary, Nancy and Cyrena. Descendants of these are living in various parts of the United States, some in Tarrant County. Margaret, "Peggy," married William Walker, Wylie Potts, prominent Tarrant County farmer, is her grandson, through his mother, Margaret Walker. Samuel Weir had a daughter, Malita, who married Chris Knox. There were several Knox children, one of whom, James Knox, is president of a Jacksboro bank. Mary "Polly" Weir married Joe Hood and there were children by this union. Nancy Weir married John Armstrong and moved north to educate her children. Mrs. John Weir, the pioneer ancestor, is buried in the Birdville cemetery—that sanctuary of Tarrant County's pioneer dead.

William Conway Henderson and wife, Cyrena (Weir) Henderson had six children: John Elvin, who was killed at the battle of Mansfield, La., and is buried at the Confederate cemetery there; Joseph M., Mary Jane, who died at the age of 18; Emily A., Sarah Cyrena and William Conway Jr. Joe M. Henderson was born in Bradley County, Tennessee, in 1841, but moved to Missouri with his father's family in 1845. In 1851 he came with his widowed mother, others of his family and friends to Tarrant County. He resided here from that time till the time of his death, which occurred about 20 years ago. During the years he developed a fine farm, which he purchased from the heirs of the old homestead. He was also a Shorthorn breeder of note and made a specialty of grading both cattle and horses.

In 1876 he was nominated by the Democratic party, of which he was an enthusiastic member, for sheriff of the county. He was duly elected and served two terms, his second term expiring in 1880. He was also tax collector of the county for four years. In July, 1862, he enlisted in Green's Brigade, Waller's Battalion, which was consigned to the Transmississippi Department, in which he continued until the close of the war.

He was in some hotly contested battles and did a large amount of skirmishing. Among the engagements in which he participated were the Banks raid up the Red River and the last battle of Yellow Bayou. At the latter place he was wounded in the mouth by a minnie ball, which knocked out five of his teeth and broke his jaw bone. Thus disabled, he returned home on furlough and remained two months, at the end of which time he went back to his command. He was on the lower Brazos when Lee surrendered, his command being disbanded there.

Joe Henderson was married in 1888 to Ishie Jewell, daughter of H. C. Jewell, prominent real estate man of Fort Worth. They had two children, Modenia and Robert. Modenia married Charles Clarkson, now deceased. There are two Clarkson children, Joseph and Charles, who live at 913 Southland Avenue with their mother. Bob Henderson resides with his mother on the Henderson farm northwest of Birdville.

EMILY A. HENDERSON, daughter of William Conway Henderson Jr., and wife, Cyrena (Weir) Henderson, married Jack Akers of Birdville. They had three children—Marion, George and Mary Jane. Marion Akers married Margaret White and lives in Duncan, Okla. They have one child, Fay. George Akers married Katherine Knight, daughter of T. G. Knight and wife of Fort Worth. They had four children, Sue, Emily, Marian and George, all of whom are married except George. George Akers Sr. died several years ago. Mrs. George Akers later married Frederick Austin of Portland, Ore. Mary Jane Akers, sister of George Akers Jr., married Frank McCord. They had two children, John and Frank, and reside on a farm near Watauga.

Sarah Cyrena Henderson married James Hardisty, the son of James and Julia (Kelley) Hardisty, of this county. Their children were Leona, Emily and Cyrena. Leona Hardisty married H. F. Gaul and lives in El Paso. They have two children, Emily Hardesty married W. H. Tighe and they live at 1308 Virginia Place, this city. They have three children—William R. Tighe, who married May Carter and lives at 404 Grainger Street; Mary Frances Tighe, who married M. A. Tooke and lives in Dallas, and Katherine Tighe, who lives at home.

Cyrena Hardisty married S. F. Martin, who is now deceased. Mrs. Martin lives in Denison, Texas. They had three children—Katherine, who married Floyd White, has three children, and lives on the Fort Worth-Dallas Interurban. Sarah, who married Judge R. M. Finley of Sherman, and Clarice, who married Paul Zurn, and lives in Glendale, Cal. Mrs. James Hardisty, strong and well at the age of 83 years, lives at 1701 Galveston Avenue. Her husband died in 1919 and is buried at Birdville. After the death of William C. Henderson Sr., Mrs. Henderson married N. A.

white dress, the one I had for graduation from the Fort Worth High School in 1866. I carried a lovely bouquet of native flowers, and was the happiest girl in the world as Squire Allen pronounced the words that made me the wife of the man of my choice. My mother, brothers and sisters were the only witnesses to the ceremony, but we have been quite as happy as if the occasion had been a more pretentious affair."

Mrs. Ellis recalls many interesting events connected with their honeymoon, spent on the Texas frontier. When ready to start on their westward journey, they discovered that the Indians had stolen their horses. They searched for them two days but in vain. Finally they made their departure, not in a Pullman drawing room, however, but in a condemned Government wagon drawn by five head of oxen. This was a rather crude bridal coach, but was a safe mode of travel in those days. The Indians were afraid to attack these vehicles, thinking they contained armed troops.

Merida G. Ellis and wife had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Minnie, Rose, Bess and M. G. Jr. Minnie Ellis married J. W. Lynch, who died about eight years ago, with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Mrs. Lynch, wife, lives on a ranch near Snyder, Texas, with their son and only child, Joseph Wilson Lynch, who married Ethel Cockrell of Fairview, N. C.

Rose Ellis married H. C. McCart, and they have one son, Homer C. McCart. Mr. and Mrs. McCart reside at 918 Eighth Avenue, this city. Bess Ellis married H. K. McCollum and they live at 1411 Summit Avenue, this city. M. G. Ellis Jr. married Aline Black of California. They reside at 2258 Hemphill Street, this city.

JOSEPHINE ELLIS, daughter of Joshua N. Ellis and Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, married W. R. Sawyer of this city. They had one daughter, Beall, who became the wife of Matt S. Blanton of Fort Worth. Mrs. Blanton's death occurred about 10 years ago. Mr. Blanton resides at 1212 Sixth Avenue, this city, with his six children—Alta Beall, Stewart M., Matthew S., Mary Elizabeth, Josephine and Leonard R.

Hulda Ellis, daughter of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, became the wife of Louis Wetmore. A sketch of her life was given in a former article of this series.

Elizabeth Brown, second daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Samuel P. Loving, who with his wife and children and others of his family moved to Denton County in 1846 from Missouri. Ed F. Bates, in his "History of Denton County," gives a letter written from Jesse Loving to Mr. Bates, which tells something of Samuel Loving's early life in Denton County. This letter had to do with their trip to Texas with "Uncle Sam Loving's" as their destination. A portion of the letter follows:

"We passed on and camped on the east side of Little Elm at the Widow King's place. That night it rained heavily and we were water bound for two days. It was here that I had the pleasure of seeing my first alligator. We finally forded Little Elm, making our way westward, crossing the main Trinity (Big Elm) at the Dickson Crossing. We passed on west, making for Uncle Sam Loving's place, on Cooper Creek, about four miles northeast of the present county seat of Denton County. A severe norther came up just before we arrived at Uncle Sam's.

"At our arrival Uncle Sam came out and said: 'Jesse, you go in to the fire and I will unharness and feed your team.' I went in, and there was a fine fire in a stick and dirt chimney. After some little time I heard a mill grinding away outside, and it continued so long that I made the remark to Aunt Betsy, 'that they would grind enough coffee to last a month.' She said 'Bless your soul, they are grinding meal for your supper.' As cold as it was, I went out to investigate this new way of making meal. This was the first steel mill that I had seen, and you can feel assured that I became very familiar with this new kind of machinery in the next 12 months. After supper, they commenced talking about lariat-mustangs, about centipedes, tarantulas, etc., that was all a mystery to me. . . . Uncle Sam and Uncle Ransom Loving moved to Texas in 1846, settling on Cooper's Creek, in Denton County."

THOSE were trying days, filled with harrowing experiences for many Tarrant County pioneers. At times, when they went to mill, they took care to pad the horses feet lest the Indian, with his ear to the ground, might hear the clatter of the horses hoof. Indeed, one never knew "what might be just around the corner," to use a philosophical expression of today.

In the Fall of 1849 the family of Samuel Loving came to Tarrant County and located on a farm on Sycamore Creek about four miles southeast of the present Courthouse. They had one child, Margaret Ann, born in Missouri Oct. 12, 1837. They came to Texas in a prairie schooner, and they were nearly two months making the trip from that State to Red River.

They arrived in Fort Worth in December following the Spring in which the soldiers were stationed here. Two companies of infantry and one of cavalry were under the command of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold, U. S. A. At that time there were only about half a dozen log cabins here besides the soldiers quarters. A few families lived in what is now called the White Settlement. Grass and weeds were waist high where Fort Worth now stands. Major Arnold's children and Margaret Ann Loving often played together, but they were never allowed to cross the parade grounds of the fort. Margaret Ann Loving married Henry C. Holloway in 1860.

Colonel Holloway was born near Edgefield, S. C., March 28, 1838. He moved to Tarrant County in 1858, and lived here all his life with the exception of the years he served in the Civil War. He was a member of General Gano's brigade, and his war record is a succession of daring military feats. Colonel Holloway was primarily a farmer and stock raiser, but he found time for other activities as well. He was one of Fort Worth's most progressive citizens, and was very active in helping to secure the railroads of the city. At the time of his death he was one of the directors of the Fort Worth and Rio Grande Railroad. He owned a farm of several hundred acres located near the packing houses, and was the first man in the county to grow alfalfa.

Colonel Holloway was one of the fathers of the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Fort Worth Stock Yards. He had the honor of felling the first tree to make way for the present stockyards, Jan. 10, 1902. His death occurred in this city with burial in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

COL. H. C. Holloway and wife, Margaret (Loving) Holloway, had one child, Pink, who became the wife of A. S. Dingee, prominent Fort Worth grocer of today. Mr. and Mrs. Dingee had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Anne, Mary, Henry and George. Anne married Jere Van Zandt, son of Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Van Zandt of this city. By this union they had one son, Jere D. Van Zandt. Mr. Van Zandt's death occurred several years ago in this city and Mrs. Van Zandt later married Dana L. Cox by whom she had one son, Louis Cox. Mrs. Cox and sons reside at 1105 Poindexter Street, this city.

Mary Dingee married Will B. King Jr., and has three children, Mary Elizabeth, Billy and Beverly, and they live at 1005 Poindexter Street, this city. Henry Dingee married Ethel Thomas. They have two children, Henry and George, and reside at 1009 Poindexter Street. George F. Dingee married Elizabeth Hull and they live at 1606 Mistletoe Boulevard.

Belinda Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Ransom Loving, a brother of Samuel P. Loving. This family came from Missouri to Texas with the family of Samuel Loving, and settled on a farm in Denton County, where they lived for a while before coming to Fort Worth. They located here on a tract of land near the old McClure survey, southeast of Fort Worth. Both are buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Ransom Loving and wife, Belinda (Brown) Loving had the following children: William R., Joe, John S., Cyrena, Bettie and Mary Ruth. William R. Loving married in Tennessee, served in the Civil War from that State, and reared a large family, the descendants of whom live mostly in Tennessee. Joe Loving died unmarried, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

John S. Loving married Linnie E. Stewart. They had two children, John Stewart Loving, who died about two years ago, and Henry C. Loving, who married Miss Bess Haslet, and resides at 814 West Belknap Street, this city. Mrs. Linnie Loving, widow of John S. Loving, also lives at this address.

John S. Loving, Fort Worth's first city treasurer, was in the hardware and implement business with L. B. Criswell, at Second and Throckmorton Streets in the early "eighties." He served through the Civil War, enlisting in Company S, Fifth Texas Cavalry. His discharge was at Richmond, Texas, in 1865. His death occurred in this city in 1899 and he was buried in East Oakwood Cemetery.

CYRENA LOVING died unmarried and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Bettie Elizabeth Loving married Jeff G. Pollard. They had nine children, three of whom died in infancy. The others were: Annabel, who is now Mrs. Howard, resides in California with her family; Mamie, who died in Fort Worth in 1901; George, who is married and has two children, lives with his family in Seattle, Wash.; Linnie Loving Pollard, who married John Compton, has four children and lives in Seattle, Wash.; Theodore, married and lives in Seattle with his family; Esther, who married G. W. Roberts, has one child and lives in Bellingham, Wash. Bettie (Loving) Pollard died in 1902, and is buried in East Oakwood Cemetery. Jeff Pollard died a short time ago in Seattle, Wash., and is buried there.

Mary Ruth Loving married T. J. Jackson, and they had five children, as follows: Will Jackson, who married Mollie Peoples and lives at 1208 Lee Avenue, this city; a child who died in infancy; Frankie Jackson, who married Lowry George, and resides at 310 North Burnett Street; Ruth Jackson, who married Roy Bowman, lives in Dallas, and Nick Jackson, who married Myrtle Thompson, and lives at 1027 Arlington Street, this city. T. J. Jackson and wife are both dead, the former buried in East Oakwood Cemetery and the latter in Pioneer Rest.

Cyrena Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married L. B. Cresswell, who was born Jan. 27, 1816. They spent their lives in Fort Worth, the present First Baptist Church being on property they formerly owned and made their home on. At Mrs. Cresswell's death, Mrs. Samuel Loving came into possession of the property, and at Mrs. Loving's death it came into possession of Mrs. Henry Holloway, who in turn sold it—100x100 feet—to the First Baptist Church for \$25,000. L. B. Cresswell and wife, although having no children of their own, were real parents to the children of Joshua N. Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis. James F. Ellis being one of these who made his home with them for a number of years.

Ruth (Smith) Brown, "the mother of them all," lived with her children in Fort Worth for many years. At one time there were representatives of five generations living together in one family here—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Samuel Loving, Mrs. H. C. Holloway, Mrs. A. S. Dingee and Mrs. Dingee's eldest child, Anne, now Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Ruth (Smith) Brown died Dec. 31, 1883, and is buried in Pioneer Rest cemetery.

The present home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Dingee, 1008 Prosser Street, this city, is located on one of the most historic, as well as one of the most picturesque, spots in this city. At the foot of Samuels Avenue, within a stone's throw of the entrance to this home, is an old spring which has been running ever since the oldest settler in these parts can remember. In fact it was a favorite haunt of the Indians long before the coming of the white man. It was here that the soldiers—that little group of five, Maj. Ripley Arnold, Col. M. T. Johnson, Dr. Echols, Charles Turner and Simon B. Farrar—spent the night the day before selecting the site of the army post—Fort Worth. Simon Farrar, in writing of the occurrence many years later, said: "In the Spring of 1849 about 2 or 3 o'clock in the evening, we halted in the valley east of Fort Worth and killed a deer for supper. Though we might have killed many more, we did not wish to be encumbered with them. We passed this first night near Terry's spring."

IN THE rear of the Dingee yard is a massive oak, which is possibly several hundred years old. Under this historic old tree the first election in Tarrant County was held. It was also near by that Henry Daggett had the first store in 1849, which was little more than a trading post for Indians and the few white settlers.

The following lines are a tribute from Rose (Ellis) McCart, wife of Henry C. McCart, to the pioneers of this distinguished family:

"In this day of easy living,
With all comforts at command.
Let us pause for just a moment,
To reflect and understand.
"How in the Spring of '47
Came a band of pioneers,
Seeking joy and gladness;
Brave hearts, they had no fears.
"They were seeking home and fireside,
In this new and untried land;
Their journey had been a struggle,
But hope held this little band.
"As one family they lived together,
In their home—a wagon train;
Days and months they had traveled
Ere they reached the Texas plain.
"Struggles, trials, joys and sorrows
Came to them as come to all;
Fearless, dauntless, ever ready—
Thus they answered Life's last call."

Samuels Avenue Oak Could Tell Real Love Story

Churchhill. They had one child, N. C. Jr.

William Conway "Bill" Henderson married Dona Snipes of Atlanta, Texas. They had two children, Mary and Con. Con Henderson died about six years ago. Mary Henderson married John C. Day of Hasket, by whom she had one daughter, Johnie, now in school in New York City. After the death of John Day, Mrs. Day married Lon C. Day. They have a son, Billie, and live at 2201 Hemphill Street, this city.

The Day family were pioneer land holders of Tarrant and Denton Counties. John Day married Mary Douglass, the daughter of a wealthy planter of Tennessee. They came to Texas in 1858, bringing with them a large number of slaves and settled in Denton County on the Tarrant County line. After a time they moved to Hood County near Comanche Peak, where they lived for a while, then back to Elizabeth Creek in Denton County. The Indians were very active in that community, however, and they moved to Lewisville from Elizabeth Creek.

Upon entering Texas, as they were passing through Birdville they encountered a severe snow storm, and experienced their first "blue norther." They were compelled to take refuge and spent the night with the Gregory family there. John Day, Jim Day, Mrs. B. C. Rhome, Mrs. James Mullins and Mrs. Frank Mullins of this county were children of John Day and Mary (Douglass) Day.

WILLIAM C. HENDERSON, familiarly known as "Bill" Henderson, was a prosperous farmer of the Birdville community and a prominent citizen of this County. He was not old enough to serve in the Civil War, as did his brother, Joe, but near its close, he did home guard duty. His death occurred about eight years ago and he is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

John Hardisty, the son of James Hardisty and wife, Julia (Kelly) Hardisty, was born in Henderson County, Ky., in 1840. He grew up in his native State, but came to Texas with his parents in 1854. He went to Louisiana in 1859 with a herd of horses and remained there until the Civil War broke out. He then enlisted in the Eighth Louisiana Infantry, and was consigned to the Army of Virginia.

He was in the first battle of Manassas and in all the prominent battles in Virginia and Maryland, including Gettysburg. He served under Hayes, Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson and was in the war during the whole of it. He was never wounded, although often in the thickest of the fight. At Rappahannock Station he was captured and was carried from there to Washington and then to Point Lookout, Maryland, where he was held a prisoner for four months.

At the expiration of that time, he was taken with others to Richmond for exchange, but terms were not agreed upon. The Confederate soldiers were paroled for 30 days, or until an exchange could be arranged. Young Hardisty ran the blockade of the Mississippi River and came home at this time, but returned to Virginia. He afterwards joined his command and continued on active duty until the war was over.

He was engaged in farming in Louisiana at the time he enlisted in the Confederate service, and upon his return from the army he resumed farming there. A year later he came to Texas bringing with him his wife, formerly Mary E. Best, a native of Louisiana, whom he had married in 1865. His material possessions at this time consisted of a wagon, a yoke of oxen, and \$15 in money. He later came to be one of the county's largest land holders.

John Hardisty and wife, Mary (Best) Hardisty, had the following children: Ida Augusta, Lawrence Edwin, Christopher Columbus, Clarence, John Hollis, Cora Belle, Gertrude, Alice, Clements, Albert C., Frank and two children who died in infancy.

Ida married Jessie Rhodes and they had one son, Elbert, who is married and living at present in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Rhodes married later W. L. Davie, who died last November. Mrs. Davie resides in Los Angeles. Lawrence Edwin married Lou Ella Woods. They had three children, one of whom, Clyde, died in infancy. The other two, Gladys and Carl, are both married and live in Los Angeles.

C. C. HARDISTY lives in Los Angeles with his wife who was Clara Wood, a sister of Lou Ella (Wood) Hardisty. They have five children—Fred, now married and living in Los Angeles; Irene, who married Fred Curry and has one child, and Lloyd, Leroy and Dorothy, who are still at home. Clarence, a brother of C. C. Hardisty, is in the Marine service in Australia.

John Hollis Hardisty married Lizzie Latham and they have three children, Anna Lee, who married A. P. Sprinkle of North Fort Worth, and has

four children; Sam, who married Estelle Duke of Riverside, and Claude, who is married and living in the Panhandle. Cora Belle Hardisty married J. I. Sandberry, and lives in Los Angeles. Their four children are—Gordon, who is married and lives in Los Angeles; Roy, who lives in Los Angeles with his mother; Olene, who married Wayland Taliferro, and lives in Riverside, and Mary, who is in California with her mother.

Gertrude Hardisty married J. W. Naylor of Birdville, where they lived and reared their family. Their children are—Edith, who married Priest T. Lipscomb of Grapevine, and has one child; Bertha, who married Bryan Flippo of Riverside and has one child; and Edna, who married Beryl Prince of Smithfield, and now live in Fort Worth.

Alice Hardisty married Herman Dumke and they live in this city. Their four children are, Irene, Mildred, Ernest, and Olive. Clements Hardisty lives in Los Angeles. Albert C. Hardisty married Mary Tucker of Birdville and a son of theirs, Frank, married Frankie Isles and lives in Fort Worth. Their other children are Robert, J. T., Vera May, Frances and Kenneth. Frank Hardisty married Ruth Way and lives at Handley. They have two small sons.

Mary (Best) Hardisty died in 1889. Two years later John Hardisty married Annie Wilson, the daughter of Isaac Wilson, a native of Michigan, who emigrated to Texas about 1885 and with his family located on a farm about five miles north of Fort Worth. There were six children born of this union, as follows: Thomas Wilson, who is an instructor in an electrical school in the navy; Lois, now Mrs. Crow, lives in Waco; Julia, who married Louis Brown, is dead; Nell married Will Mackey and lives at Birdville; Ethel, now Mrs. Morehead, lives in South Dakota, and George, who died in infancy. Both John Hardisty and wife, Annie (Wilson) Hardisty, are buried in Birdville.

Elizabeth "Betty" Hardisty, daughter of James and Julia (Kelly) Hardisty, married Professor William Hudson, spoken of in the beginning of this article.

Sarah Ellen "Sis" Hardisty, the only living child of James and Julia (Kelly) Hardisty, married Jasper Thomas, by whom she had the following children: Pate, Charles, Flora, Nettie, Annie and Lillie. Pate died when a young man. Charles married Maude Vaughn; they live at Riverside and have three children. Flora married Henry Barnes; they have two boys and two girls, and live in Glenwood. Nettie married J. H. Hicks and resides at 1001 East Tucker Street, and has four children, as follows: Ethel, who married Frank Burnside, lives in Los Angeles; Marshall, who married Corinne Griffith, lives in Polytechnic, and has two children; Robertis married and lives on Eighth Avenue, this city, and Collin Hicks. Annie Thomas married Robert Thompson and they have three children as follows—Mrs. Manson Williams, who lives at Riverside, Raymond Thompson, who married a Louisiana girl, and lives in Fort Worth, and a son who died about 10 years of age, Lillie Thomas, now Mrs. Lasley, lives in Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomas Hardisty, son of James and Julia (Kelly) Hardisty, merchant and cattleman, married Nannie Neel, daughter of Charles J. and Sarah (Kennedy) Neal, who came to Texas from Giles County, Tennessee, in the Spring of 1857 and settled in the Birdville neighborhood. To Thomas Hardisty and wife was born one child, Lillian, who married Fred G. Putman of Weatherford. Mr. and Mrs. Putman reside in Altus, Okla., and have one son, Bryan.

After the death of Thomas Hardisty Mrs. Hardisty married Joseph Worth Putman. Putman was city editor of the old Fort Worth Democrat and was also with the old Gazette for a time. He wrote under the pen name of "Slade" and there are many who will recall with interest his clever sketches. Joseph Worth Putman and wife have five children—Glenn, Stella, Lon Neal, Herbert and Jo.

Glenn Putman married Ida Lou Maupin, and lives in Altus, Okla., where he is with Anderson, Clayton & Co., cotton buyers. Stella Putman married R. A. Brown, and lives with her mother at 118 West Leuda Street. Lon Neal Putman married Myrtle Tennyson of Sulphur Springs and resides in Altus, Okla., where he is engaged in the cotton business. Herbert Putman married Belle Gideon of Fort Worth. He is a contractor and builder and lives in Dallas. Jo Putman married John O. McNeely, and they live in Dallas.

BY HOWARD W. PEAK.

SOME 20 or more years ago in traversing Samuels Avenue to the city, one might have observed on the right-hand side and just opposite the Pioneer Cemetery, a lone grave enclosed in a dilapidated paling fence, beneath a stately oak tree. There was no stone, with name to mark it, and many wondered who was buried there. Since the time spoken of, the body has been transferred to the burial ground across the street, the fence removed and the tree cut down to make way for a building.

The following story will explain the circumstances relating to the grave, and give the name of the person who was buried there:

Just before the Civil War, Capt. Jackson M. Durrett and family came to Fort Worth and built a home on the bluff just north of the Courthouse Square. Being a man of kind disposition and an expert handler of the violin, and an ardent lover of amusements, the Captain soon became ingratiated into the hearts of the community and was sought to make music for dances and other local entertainments. Indeed, he became in time,

so endeared to all that he was familiarly called "Uncle Jack," which title he bore throughout his life.

"Aunt Fanny," his wife, was a dear old soul, and neighborly to a fault. Her only daughter, Mollie, who was just emerging in her teens when the family moved here, was a beautiful girl with long black hair that hung in curls over her shoulders, deep brown eyes, a sweet moulded face, and a stately figure which easily won for her the sobriquet "belle of the town."

Capt. Ed Terrell, the first white man to place his foot on the ground that Fort Worth now occupies, was at the time a resident, he having a large family, the elder of which was a son named David. This lad was in every respect manly and kind-hearted. He and Miss Mollie, being associated together, attending dances and occupying adjoining seats in school classes, became exceedingly fond of each other, a fondness which soon bloomed into love. As time went by their love grew stronger and stronger.

JUST northeast, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Pioneers Cemetery, situated near the west bank of the Trinity, there was a natural spring of gushing water, which, from its temperature was called the "Cold Springs." This spot was well-known to the Indians, who used it as a camping ground in the long ago. And it was from these springs that the garrison, during its occupancy of Fort Worth, got their Summer's supply of drinking water. And, for many years, water was hauled in barrels to the earlier residents of the town. And it is a mystery to the writer, who when a boy, has visited this refreshing spring often, as to what has become of it, for it was ever known to have continuous flow.

Near by this spring was a large grove of pecan trees, over which crept an umbrageous arbor of mustang grape vines, and this place, for the comfort furnished by shade and water, was pre-empted on occasions for holding camp meetings and holiday events by the populace.

On a Fourth of July in the early 70s, a grand celebration was staged to take place at the cold springs. This event contemplated a barbecue, horse racing, tournaments, etc. It being election year invitations were extended all candidates in the county and district to be in attendance and a general welcome was given to all.

Among the attendants from town were David Terrell and Miss Mollie Durrett, both neatly clad in their very best, both looking charming indeed. The festivities, while pleasing to all in general, held but little charm for this enamored couple, they preferring each other's company to that of the maddening crowd, and so they retired to some sequestered retreat, there to more enjoy their own company and indulge in the fancies of their loving hearts.

WHEN the day's entertainment was over the crowd dispersed homeward bound, some riding in wagons, others in vehicles and horseback, but our entranced couple chose to meander home alone and afoot, that they might have greater opportunity to pursue their hearts' promptings.

Their pathway led across the intervening meadow and through the little cemetery wherein lay all of Fort Worth's dead, they sauntered for a while, and then trailed the fringes of the Trinity's bluff homeward bound.

Spying a stately oak by the road side, they paused beneath its boughs and there, as the shadows of approaching night gathered, they pledged their lasting fealty.

A few months intervened, when this betrothed pair consummated their union in a quiet home wedding and set out on life's highway with the well wishes of the entire community.

But alas, the irony of fate. Scarcely had their honeymoon ended, when the happy bride, through an imprudent venture, was subjected to an exposure in a chilling storm and stricken with a fatal malady, lingered but a few days. David was constantly by her side, affording a sweet solace to her fast fleeting hours, and just before final dissolution, Mollie drew him close to her and whispered her dying request, that she be buried beneath the stately oak tree that witnessed their betrothal but a few months previously.

Her request was carried out. And but a short time after laying away his young bride, David left his home for the West and never was heard from again.

Tarrant's First Hundred Families

By Mary Daggett Lake

Editor's Note—This is another of a series of stories dealing with Tarrant County's first hundred families.

"—and they named it Fort Worth."

This abbreviated phrase tells a story. From a little army post founded in 1849 a great city grew.

A little army post—a cow town—a modern city.

To dig back into Tarrant County history here are a few facts worth your attention:

In 1848 or 1849 Dr. J. M. Standifer, United States post surgeon, was stationed near Waco. At Maj. Ripley Arnold's request, he, accompanied by seven other officers and soldiers, came to Tarrant County to select a more healthful location for the soldiers. The little party stopped near a spring the first night they were in this vicinity and were delighted with the conditions. The next morning they decided on the bluff site just south of the forks of the Trinity River as the most logical point for a new post, and named it Fort Worth in honor of Maj. William Jenkins Worth, their gallant commander in the Mexican War.

A recent communication from Mrs. Julia (Standifer) Walker, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Flora Hatchett of Eolian, Stephens County, has brought to light these interesting facts concerning Tarrant County.

After the soldiers came to this new location Dr. Standifer was still retained as United States post surgeon with Dr. Young as his assistant. Dr. Standifer did not move his family, which consisted of his wife and three small daughters, to the new fort, but took them instead to Johnson Station and left them in the home of Col. M. T. Johnson for three months or more, while the home of Dr. Standifer was being built near the home of Colonel Johnson. Upon the completion of this home, Dr. Standifer left his family in charge of four negro servants and returned to the post at Fort Worth, spending Saturdays and Sundays with them at Johnson Station.

Colonel Johnson's family were close friends of the Standifers. Mrs. Walker and her two sisters and the Johnson children often played under the large oak tree near the Johnson home. Some 15 or 20 years ago Mrs. Emma (Johnson) Field wrote from California

for a piece of the bark from this same tree to be sent her as a souvenir. On one occasion in 1849 a large number of people gathered in front of Colonel Johnson's home when the gold seekers, later known as the "Forty-niners from Texas," started to California. Of those who went Mrs. Walker remembers only three: Tom C. Edwards, Joe Biddix and a Mr. Flinger.

DR. JESSE MARSHALL STANDIFER was born at Edenton, Ga., and educated in Lexington, Ky. When a young man he emigrated to Shelbyville, Texas, where he practiced medicine. He was married to Eliza Edwards, daughter of Dr. John Edwards, in Shelby County.

After the death of Dr. Standifer's wife, which occurred in January, 1851, he resigned his post at Fort Worth and removed his three little daughters, Castera, Eliza and Julia (now Mrs. Walker) to the home of their grandfather, Dr. John Edwards of Shelby County.

Mrs. Walker remembers well when Capt. Eph Daggett and Mr. Tucker returned from the Mexican war, bringing with them certain trophies—silver spoons, a silver gold-lined cup, two parrots, Santa Anna's royal purple velvet coat (outer wrap) trimmed with broad bands of gold braid and lined with pink silk embroidered with green vines. Mr. Tucker divided the gold banding with Mrs. Walker's grandmother, Mrs. Edwards.

Often, when a child, Mrs. Walker visited in the home of Captain Daggett and she recalls that one of his stepsons was Bunk Adams and that they called Mrs. Daggett "Aunt Caroline." When the Daggetts moved to Fort Worth from Shelby County Dr. Edwards' wife sent gifts by Captain Daggett's family to Mrs. Standifer and the children. Mrs. Walker, with her father and stepmother, who were then living near Decatur, went to the Daggett home for the packages. While there she saw a bunch of geese and turkeys that Captain Daggett's servants had driven the entire way from East Texas.

As a child, Mrs. Walker vividly remembers visiting the old post. All the officers' houses were two-room log affairs with a wide hall between. There was the commissary—the flag pole—and children were never allowed to go near the parade grounds. Dr. Standifer's family often came here

with him and remained for days at a time, and the children played with Major Arnold's and Major Starr's children, whose names were respectively, Flo, Kittie, Sophie, Kate and Annie.

Some time after the death of Dr. Standifer's first wife he married Caroline Edwards, both his wives being sisters of Congressman Lilburn W. Edwards, who was the first Congressman from Texas after the annexation and was the youngest member of Congress at that time. Edwards made the return trip from Washington on horseback and died a few weeks later from exposure on the trip.

Dr. Standifer later moved to Dallas County with his family, where he practiced medicine for a few years. He then moved to Fort Belknap in Young County, where he and his family were living when Cynthia Ann Parker was taken from the Indians and brought there. She was kept near the home of Dr. Standifer several days and the family saw much of her. She seemed very dissatisfied and wanted to return to the Indians. Mrs. Walker attended the ball given in honor of Col. L. S. Ross at the home of Bill Mosely at Fort Belknap.

DR. STANDIFER and his family were living in Wise County near Garvin, where he died in 1881. His wife, Caroline Mildred (Edwards) Standifer died in 1892 and is buried beside her husband at Garvin. Eliza (Edwards) Standifer, first wife of Dr. Standifer, is buried at Johnson Station.

The history of Tarrant County is so interwoven with that of adjacent counties that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends. Cliff Cates in his "Pioneer History of Wise County," in speaking of the early settlers of that county, says: "Heading the column in the Deep Creek community were the families of James Brooks and Dr. J. M. Standifer, who settled on Walnut Creek as the first neighbors of Sam Woody, who built the first house in Wise County."

The families of Dr. Standifer and James Brooks were among the most prominent of the early Wise County educators. Sand Hill Church and camp ground, a few miles south of Decatur, has been a center of religious and educational activity since the beginning of Wise County. In the Summer of 1854 the following persons met at the home of James Brooks and or-

ganized this county's first church, known as Sand Hill. Rev. W. H. H. Bradford, Jim Brooks, Tom Cogsdell, Charles Browder, Benjamin Monroe, Dr. J. M. Standifer, Lemuel Cartwright and Rev. John Roe.

Dr. Standifer retired from active medical practice upon coming to Wise County, but he gave much aid to the sick of his community, which ministrations constituted him the first physician of the county.

On a day prior to Christmas in 1854, a child was born in the Brooks family—young James Brooks Jr., who was thought at the time Cates wrote his history, to be the first child born in Wise County. It later developed, however, that there was perhaps another family—the Tom McCarrrolls—to whom this honor went, as they had a son and daughter born there the same year.

The children of Dr. J. M. Standifer and wife, Eliza (Edwards) Standifer were, Castera, Eliza P., and Julia Caroline.

Castera Standifer married James G. Brooks of Wise County and they had the following children: (1) James Standifer Brooks, who married Emma Jane Holmes, lives in Alamogordo, N. M., and whose children are Dr. Barney Brooks of St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Brooks, deceased, and Miss Jimmie Brooks, of Alamogordo. (2) Eliza Brooks, who married Louis Chesser, lives at Truscott, and has three children, Evelyn, Annie and Brooks. (3) Benjamin Brooks, deceased.

Eliza P. Standifer second child of Dr. J. M. Standifer and wife, Eliza (Edwards) Standifer, married H. H. Bradford of Wise County and they had four children, Castera C., Em J., Jesse M. and Ripley H. (1) Castera Bradford married George Brown and lives in Lankersham, Cal. They have three children, Bradford, Vivian, and Isyl. (2) Em J. Bradford married J. C. Fisher, and they had the following children: Henrietta, who married Andrew Johnston, has two children and lives in Van Narv's Cal.; Jessie C. Fisher, who has been a missionary to India, since 1909 resides in Rajnandgaon, C. P. India Raymond Fisher resides in Lankersham, Cal.; Sibyl Fisher lives in McAlister, Okla.; Lem Fisher resides in Lankersham, Cal.; Henry Fisher, deceased, is buried at Wayside; Winnifred Fisher of Lankersham, Cal. (3) Jesse M. Bradford married Lillian Forec of Dallas. (4)

Ripley H. Bradford married Allie McSpadden of Amarillo. They have one child.

JULIA CAROLINE STANDIFER, third child of Dr. J. M. Standifer and wife, Eliza (Edwards) Standifer, married Prof. R. R. Walker, a pioneer educator of Wise County. He was a graduate of Emory and Henry College in Virginia and began teaching within three months after arriving in Wise County, where he taught for 18 years. In 1885 he moved to Stephens County, where he continued to teach. His death occurred there in 1908. They had the following children: Lucy E. Walker, deceased, buried at Fort Worth; Alexander Echols Walker, deceased, buried at Eolian; Flora Virginia Walker, who married Byron Hatchett of Eolian, with whom Mrs. Julia Caroline Walker makes her home; Clara Julia Walker of Eolian; Leah B. Walker, who married W. M. Beverly and resides at Tucson, Ariz., had one child; and Nora Bob Walker, who married Gerald T. Cowan to whom was born a daughter, Beverly May Cowan; Edward R. Walker, deceased, buried near Garvin, Wise County; John Vivian Walker of Breckenridge, who married Bess L. Carr and has three children, Ray, L. V. and Bertagene; Ada Walker, deceased, buried near Farmer, and Jesse Walker who married Myrtle Locke, resides at Canyon.

Dr. Jesse Marshall Standifer and second wife, Caroline (Edwards) Standifer, had seven children, as follows: Ripley Arnold, Elizabeth Pauline (Bettie), Sarah Elvira, Isabelle (Belle), Tom Edwards, John Echols, and Em Ruth.

(1) Ripley Arnold Standifer married Sarah Jane Killough. Both are buried near Garvin. They left two children, Bessie Standifer, who married a Mr. Greenhaugh, and is buried in Oklahoma, and John Standifer, who at present lives in Oklahoma.

(2) Elizabeth Pauline (Bettie) Standifer, married Daniel M. Patteson. She is buried at Ireland, Texas. They had the following children: Ripley Patteson, deceased; Buford Patteson, who married Stella Perkins, resides at Pidoce; Callie Patteson, who married Leonard Hartin, deceased; Rev. O. P. Patteson, who married Etta May Coston and resides at Ireland; Laura Patteson, who married Carroll M. Bouchelle, resides at Kempner; Ada Patteson, who married Sanders

Walker, resides at Gatesville; Nelson Patteson, deceased; Tom Alfred Patteson, address unknown; Myrtle Patteson, who married Grover C. Voss, resides at Gatesville; D. Fletcher Patteson, who married Vennie Hoard, resides at Ireland; and Lois Patteson, who married Rex Humphries, resides at Ireland.

The following are grandchildren of Elizabeth and Daniel Patteson: Joe Leonard Hartin, Luttie, Okla.; Ripley Patteson, deceased; Rankin W. Patteson, deceased; Donleeta Patteson; Lyndell Patteson Oma May Patteson; Myrtle Ray Bouchelle, Elizabeth, Donald, Doris Bouchelle; Imogene Walker married Belvin Hardcastle, resides at Colorado, Texas, and has one child, Belvogene; Ruth Walker married Otis Chambers and lives at Gatesville; Lois Walker married Clifford Clemmons and resides at Gatesville; Lorene Walker, Mildred Walker, La Juna Walker, Arnold Walker, Dooland Walker, Pauline and Sophia Walker (twins), Daniel Patteson, Kennard and Yvonne Humphries.

Sarah Elvira Standifer married Frank Bates and is buried at Cheyenne, Okla.

(4) Isabelle (Belle) Standifer married Fletcher Fields of Cheyenne, Okla. They had the following children: Ruth Fields, now deceased, who married Billie Bonner and to whom were born four children, Tom, Roy, Hodges, Billie Jr., and John Ted; Ray Fields, who married Ben Duke Cooksey and who with their two children, Donalita and Ray, reside at Seagraves; Carey Fields, who married Leo Beatty, with their two children, L. D. and Albert, reside at Cheyenne, Okla.; Fletcher Fields Jr. deceased; Buford Fields, deceased; Bonaparte Fields, who lives near Panhandle; Isabelle Fields, who married Clyde Quinn, resides Davenport, Okla.

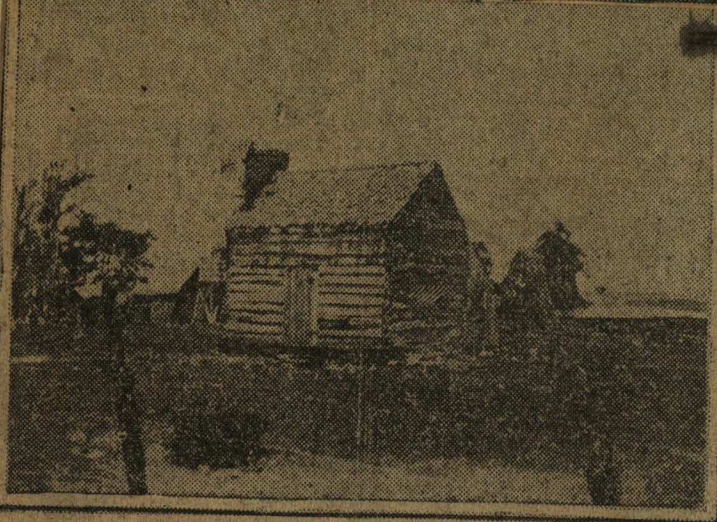
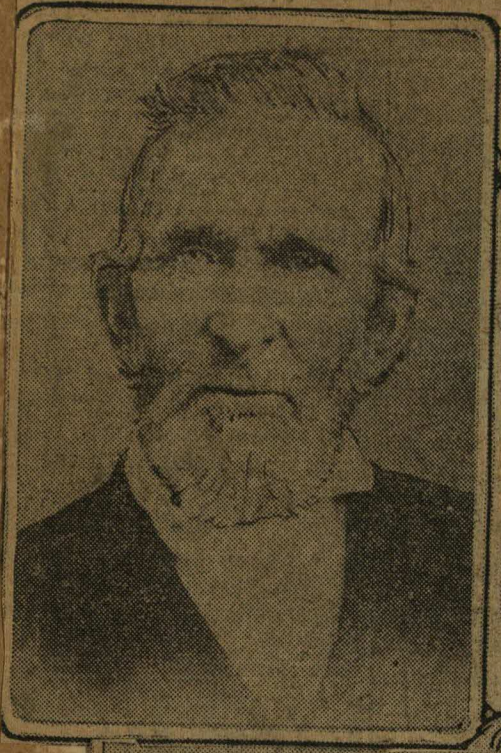
(5) Dr. Tom Edwards Standifer married Birdie Caylor and resides at Lamesa. Their children are Ima Standifer, deceased; Robbie Standifer, who married Mr. Marchbanks and resides at Lamesa; Donleeta Standifer, who married Randolph Bolthis and resides in West Virginia; Dr. Lilburn C. Standifer of Lamesa.

(6) Dr. John Echols Standifer married Blanche Brown and they reside at Elk City, Okla. Their children are: Iris M. Standifer, who married Virgil T. Hill and by whom she had two children, Mary Ruth and Virgil Jr., resides at Elk City; Dr. Orion C. Standifer, who married Genevieve Witty, has one child, Dorothy Belle, and resides at Elk City; Tommie Standifer, deceased, and Dorothy Blanche Standifer of Elk City.

(7) Em Ruth Standifer, deceased, is buried at Garvin.

ALLEN FAMILY AMONG FIRST TARRANT SETTLERS

Two Early Settlers and a Pioneer Home *Continuation*



Above, left, James K. Allen Sr., Mrs. Mollie King of 901 Bennett. Pioneer home of William Terry Allen, six miles west of Fort Worth on White Settlement road.

(Editor's Note—This is another in a series of stories on Tarrant County's first settlers. Others will follow until all of the first 100 families are told.)

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

In 1854, 10 wagon trains of Kentuckians set out from Todd County on a westward march, with Texas as their destination. This party came in the regulation covered wagon and two-seated hack, drawn by two horses each. They started in November, 1854, and arrived in Tarrant County Dec. 12, 1854. The trip was made in less than a month, and was uneventful as far as Indian attacks were concerned.

Those coming at this time were the families of Hagood, Allen, King, Terry, Grant, Boyd, Wims, Coleman and others, who later entered the community now known as the White Settlement in the western part of Tarrant County. The party came by way of Clarksville and Memphis, Tenn., and crossed the Mississippi on a large steambot. That they were optimistic, light hearted pioneers is evidenced by the fact that as the vessel pulled away from shore they sang happily and cheerfully bade good-bye to the friends and families left behind. Some among them tell of seeing a jail for the first time as they came through Paris, Texas, and of the curiosity which it aroused, especially among the young folks.

New West Hospitality.
En route to Fort Worth, they passed through Johnson Station, and Col. M. T. Johnson prepared a big supper and had the entire party his guests for the night. Such was the hospitality of the New West. It was at this time that Tom Johnson, son of Colonel Johnson, met Helen Coleman, whose people were among those coming from Kentucky to Tarrant County. She later became his wife.

The next day the travelers came on to the old fort, arriving shortly after the soldiers had departed. They were met by a friend of the Allen family, Alfred Johnson, grandfather of Americus Johnson of this city, who had preceded them to Texas by a year, and who was largely responsible for the Allens coming to Fort Worth. Johnson piloted them to the present site of the cotton compress, northeast of Pioneer Rest Cemetery, where they camped for the second night of their stay in Tarrant County. Johnson was expecting the party and had cooked a big pot of deer meat for their enjoyment. He was domiciled in a double log house and was able to make the newcomers very comfortable. Later in the evening he went up to the fort site and got Mrs. Peak and six other women to greet the women of the newly arrived party.

Story of Corn Gathering.
These 10 families who came to Tarrant County at that time, and their descendants, have had a large part

in the development of the county throughout the years.

James Kennedy Allen, the first of this branch of the Allen family in America, came to this country when a lad of 14, with his uncle, one Kennedy, for whom he was named. Allen was of Irish descent, as also was his wife, who was, before her marriage, Miss Hagood, a relative of the Hagoods who pioneered in Tarrant County.

The story is told that Allen was sent to the field shortly after his arrival in this country to gather some corn, and, supposing it grew like Irish potatoes, came in empty handed after having uprooted many stalks of corn in his search for the underground variety.

James K. Allen, the senior pioneer ancestor of the Allen family in this county, was a son of the aforementioned James K. Allen. He married Miss Sallie M. Terry, sister of "Uncle" Stephen Terry, another of the older of this county's early settlers. They were married in Todd County, Kentucky, and to them were born four children: William Terry, Mary Ann or "Mollie," James K. III and Sarah Katherine or "Katie."

Stephen Terry, were both men of affluence and large slave owners, but this did not assure them the comforts of home that men enjoy today, for accommodations were not to be had.

First Winter Trying One.
Their first winter in Tarrant County was indeed a trying one. The Allen and Terry families occupied a one-room log house, with only one bedstead. This the men made from the forks of trees set up for posts, and the trunks of smaller ones were used for slats. The walls of the cabin were fitted with port holes through which to shoot when Indians were attacking.

Strange times these, but they produced a sturdy type of citizenship that Tarrant County is today proud to honor.

Old House Still Stands.

William Terry Allen married first Miss Fannie Grant, daughter of George Grant, pioneer White Settlement citizen, and they built a substantial home of the log cabin variety—the only kind possible at that time. This old house was built in 1864 and is still standing about six miles west of Fort Worth on the White Settlement road—a silent reminder of the crudeness of pioneer life.

After the death of Mrs. Fannie Allen, William Terry Allen married a sister of his first wife, Miss Theodosia Grant, and to them the following children were born: Robert, G. Terry Allen and Fannie.

Robert married Miss Eva Byers of the White Settlement, and lives there on the old home place. They have six children, all of whom are at home except Eva, who married Theodore Randle and lives at 1417 Clinton Avenue, Fort Worth.

G. Terry Allen, real estate dealer of Fort Worth, married Miss Mattie Farmer, daughter of Joe Farmer of White Settlement, and lives at 2248 Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Allen Still Practices.

Fannie Allen, daughter of William Terry Allen and wife, Theodosia (Grant) Allen, married L. D. Farmer, a brother of Mattie (Farmer) Allen, wife of G. Terry Allen. Farmer is a livestock dealer and farmer and is well known throughout the county, belonging to the pioneer Farmer family. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer having the following children: Bessie, wife of George Deering of White Settlement, who with her husband lives with Mr. and Mrs. Farmer; Elsie, wife of Porter Tannahill, livestock dealer living near the Tarrant-Parker County line, and Miss Joe Farmer.

James K. Allen Jr. married first Miss Eliza Pruitt. They lived at Blue Mound, this county, and to them two children were born—Walter and Mollie.

Walter Allen married Miss Daisy Emery. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allen were graduates of the old Fort Worth Medical College and were practicing physicians of this city. Walter Allen died about 10 years ago and Mrs. Allen continues her medical practice, with offices in the Fort Worth National Bank Building. In addition, Mrs. Allen is a business woman of ability. She has two daughters, Misses Frances Marion and Sheila Allen.

Mollie Allen married Jesse Farrar Minden, La., at which place they now live. They have one daughter, Mrs. Valerie (Allen) Smiles, who with her husband also lives in Minden.

James K. Allen Jr. Lives Here.

James K. Allen Jr., after the death of his first wife, married Theodosia (Grant) Allen, widow of his brother, William Terry Allen. They are living on Vickery Boulevard, this city.

Sarah Katherine Allen, daughter of James K. Allen Sr. and wife, Sallie (Terry) Allen, married Gobrias Terry of the White Settlement. Of three children born of this union, only one is living—James Logan Terry, an oil operator. He and his wife, who was Lizzie Storey of Dallas, and four of their children, live with their aunt, Mrs. Mollie King of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Terry have one married daughter, Mrs. James Jasper, also living in Fort Worth.

Gobrias Terry died about 40 years ago of measles contracted while working on the Cas Edwards ranch in Montague County. He is buried in the old Thompson family burying ground in White Settlement, beside his wife, William Terry Allen and others of his family.

Aunt Mollie King.

Mrs. Mary Ann (Allen) King, known to her friends as Aunt Mollie King, is the eldest child of James K. Allen Sr., and also among the oldest of Tarrant County's living pioneers. She has lived at the old King home, 901 Bennett Street, this city, for the past 43 years. She was born in Todd County, Kentucky, May 17, 1844, and came to Tarrant County with her father's family at 10.

With the Allens and others, came also the Kings. Cupid, sly little god of love, knows no age nor generation,

and plied his trade promiscuously. Thus the boy and girl friendship of Mollie Allen and young "Dick" King ripened into love, and they were married in the Allen home Feb. 23, 1860. They lived in White Settlement until the Civil War, when Richard King, James K. Allen, and others of the community answered the call and marched away to serve a cause they felt was just. During the absence of

Mrs. King's husband, father and brothers, she lived at home with her mother in White Settlement.

At the close of the war, the men of these families returned to Texas, and the threads of everyday living again were caught up. About the year 1869, Mr. and Mrs. King moved to Fort Worth, and lived for many years on the southwest corner of the block where the Walter Huffman school is now located.

First Blacksmith in City.

Richard King—"Uncle Dick," as he was called—had the first blacksmith shop in Fort Worth, and was an artist in his line. In that time the village smithy was indeed "a mighty man," and a very necessary person in the community. The King blacksmith shop was located on the northeast corner of Wetherford and what was then known as Rusk Street. Not only were horses and vehicles ministered unto, but such commodities as nails and other metals also were made.

Mrs. King was present at the burial of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. It will be remembered that Major Arnold was killed in West Texas several years before and the body brought here for burial. Tom Hagood, another of Tarrant County's pioneer citizens, had a carpenter and cabinet shop in connection with the Richard King blacksmith shop, and he and King made the coffin that Major Arnold was buried in here.

Blushes at Flapper Styles.

Richard King died in 1908 and sleeps beside his friends and companions of other years, in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

The Kings had no children of their own, but there was never a time when there was not one or more dependent on them, and to whom they ministered as parents. Mrs. King is very fond of young people and throughout the years has had numbers of them about her, yet she is not quite comfortable over present day styles and conduct. When asked about this, she quaintly blushed and said, "I just can't see how any young man can sit in the church-house with a present day flapper, and have prayer meeting thoughts."

Mrs. King has a vivid recollection of the capture of the Indians of Cynthia Ann Parker. During her stay in Fort Worth, daguerreotype pictures of her were made, and Mrs. King and a friend went to the studio to see her. Mrs. King relates that Cynthia Ann was very shrinking and sensitive, and seemed much afraid of everyone.

Mrs. King's father's home was a popular stopping place with the visiting preachers, and it was known far and wide for its hospitality. In that day the occasional itinerant preacher afforded diversion as well as strengthened the religious life of the people.

Dancing Popular.

And then there were the dances. Most all the young folks danced. Mrs. John A. Mitchell was much in demand as a dancing chaperon in those days, for no self-respecting girl went unchaperoned to a dance. The coming of Eli Rummy meant much to Tarrant County's socially elite. Not alone did he give dancing instructions, but he taught the young folks "manners" and "good form."

In reminiscent mood, Mrs. King calls to mind many stirring times in old Fort Worth. Her husband's family had some horses stolen by the Indians on the first night of their arrival in Tarrant County. This afforded plenty of excitement for the new comers.

Mrs. King's father and her uncle

Rich Story of Texas Is Made Vivid

Stories From Texas History
for Children and Grownups

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

DURING the holiday rush there came to my desk an interesting looking little blue volume by W. Frances Scarborough entitled, "Stories From the History of Texas." Entertaining as it looked, it had to be laid aside for a more convenient reading season. I have just finished the book with a greater appreciation of Texas and its noble history.

Do you find history dull, or difficult of understanding? And would you like to know more of the high lights in Texas' past? Would you like a volume that would give the story in such a simple, human way that you could teach it to your children? Then it may be that "Stories From the History of Texas" is just what you have been looking for. V. M. Hillyer, headmaster of the Calvert School in Baltimore, says: "If a book is a good child's book, adults also like it." This contribution should meet happy response in all Texans who are young in spirit.

The volume, which is well illustrated, is published by the P. L. Turner Company of Dallas, and is gotten out in textbook form. The author has written it with regard to word testing, according to the methods of Dr. Thorndike. Included is a word list and a pronouncing vocabulary of Spanish and Indian names, together with maps of the world and of the United States and Mexico, showing routes of early explorers. The chapters deal with such subjects as The Claims and Occupations of the Spanish and French, The Adventures of Cabeza de Vaca, Texas Indian Customs, The Beautiful Indian Legend, Cisca of Cutifachiqui, LaSalle's Last Voyage, Life in a Spanish Mission, Jean LaFitte, Life in the Austin Colony, The Fall of the Alamo, The Massacre at Goliad, Texas Gains Her Independence, Something of the Old Presidios and Spanish Trails and the Founding of Old San Antonio.

The story of the founding of San Antonio, a city which all Texas should know and of which all should be proud, is simply and pleasingly told. "Oh, well," you say, "I know San Antonio." But do you? I'll wager you'll know it better and feel a keener interest in the place after you read this book. Do you know how the principal streets got their names? What of Cameron? Of Laredo—the longest and most crooked street in San Antonio? There's Flores, and Lo-soya, and Navarro—what do you know about these, the most historic streets in Texas? And Aecquia, now Main Street, what of it? Did you know that Main Plaza was formerly Plaza de las Islas? From whence "de las Islas?"

Did you know that old San Antonio was formerly built around two centers—the Presidio, San Antonio de Bexar, and the mission, or cathedral, San Fernando de Bexar? Well, neither did I until I read the book, and I've been going to San Antonio for years. To quote from the author: "The little valley of the springs on the Camino Real was chosen as the best location for the garrison. Stone masons, carpenters and blacksmiths were sent there . . . to build first a permanent fort and then a mission. The Presidio, or garrison, is supposed to have included the old mission, the famous Alamo."

Next, the Governor marked the site for a church, a priest's house and a public hall. Using as a center the spot where the door of the church would be, he marked off blocks of land around the plaza, placing stakes at each corner. Until this day, the doorstep of San Fernando Cathedral marks the geographical center of the city of San Antonio. . . . The church standing today with dignity among tall buildings of modern construction, bears the name of the little town it originally served. The iron tongues of its bells have told more of the history of San Antonio than will ever be written. They have rung warning of Indian attack, joyful news of baptisms, marriages and victories, as well as sad news of deaths and defeats.

"The settlement around the presidio of San Antonio de Bexar and the village of San Fernando grew in time until their borders touched and they became one town under the name of San Antonio. . . . The city of San Antonio is in Bexar County, and one of the most beautiful of its historic buildings is old San Fernando Cathedral, which is really just the little parish church of long ago grown larger and more beautiful."

ELIZABETH CROCKETT STATUE MEMORIAL TO PIONEER WOMEN

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Though many pioneer mothers who blazed the trail into the Southwest and shared every hardship with their courageous husbands rest in unmarked graves, the State of Texas paid a signal honor to all such women when it placed at the grave of Elizabeth Crockett a magnificent monument, topped by a life-size statue.

Such is the belief of members of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, who began a two-day annual session in Fort Worth Friday.

Mrs. Crockett lived in the old Crockett home, given her by the State for distinguished services rendered by her husband. The site was 35 miles west of Fort Worth in Hood County, now marked by a crumbled chimney which once was a part of the old cabin.

Settled in Ellis County.

The pioneer woman came to Texas in 1854 with her son, Robert, making the trip in covered wagons. They settled first in Ellis County and two years later moved to the Hood County location, where the monument now stands.

Elizabeth Crockett had formed the habit of taking a walk each morning. On the morning of Jan. 31, 1860, she arose and went for her customary stroll. Upon her return she became suddenly ill and died shortly afterward. She was buried at the old Acton Cemetery, about five miles south of her home place. A large sandstone slab was used to mark the grave upon which her little grandson carved her name a few years later. This stone remained until 1913, when it was replaced by a beautiful granite slab placed immediately over her grave with the monument at the east end. The present monument is one of the most beautiful in the State and its story is an interesting one.

New Monument Bought.

B. P. Ward of Cleburne, when an orphan lad in school at Granbury, determined he would one day help to honor the pioneer mothers of the land in some fitting way. When the chance came to erect a monument at Elizabeth Crockett's grave, he was able to realize his ambition. In fact, it was he who put the motion before the Legislature at Austin, while Senator, for an appropriation for the monument. The bill for \$2,000 was passed unanimously. An equal amount was raised by the citizens of Hood County, and three designs were made and presented to the Crockett family for their approval. They all agreed upon the design made by Ward, and the beautiful and pathetic statue of this pioneer woman, in characteristic pose of Elizabeth Crockett peering out to the West for David Crockett's return, is the result.

The upper section of the monument bears a single palm branch on the face side. The lower section has the simple words—"Wife of David Crockett." On either side of the monument is a large star representing the Republic. The base section bears the word "Crockett." On the gray granite slab which covers the grave appears the following: "Mrs. Elizabeth Crockett, wife of David Crockett; Born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 22, 1788;

Crockett Grave



The grave and monument of Elizabeth Crockett, pioneer Texas woman, in the Alcon cemetery near Granbury.

Married to David Crockett in Lawrence County, Tenn., 1815; Died in Johnson County, now Hood County, Jan. 31, 1860. Age 82."

Thousands at Unveiling.

The monument was unveiled at Acton, Hood County, in 1913, before thousands of spectators. Senator Ward gave a splendid address, followed by a beautiful eulogy given by Randolph Clark.

Tourists, wishing to visit the grave of Elizabeth Crockett, will find it but a short three-hour trip, there and back, from Fort Worth. About five miles west of Cresson on the main Granbury Highway, there is a small concrete culvert on a road leading off over a hill to the south. This road goes straightway into Acton, a distance of about three miles. Someone has said of the trip:

"Do not fret if you strike a little sand and your car wheels sing a bit; remember that Elizabeth Crockett rode over that road many times to prayer meeting in the old days."

I dare say after you finish reading this book you will want (just as I did) to jump in your car and run back down to San Antonio and view again this historic old town, which you thought you knew, but didn't. Once there, it is certain you will go again to the Alamo and see for another time the walls that protected, even though it were in air, that gallant band—Travis, Crockett, Bowie and the rest—who died like men, and whose deeds were the very backbone of the independence which Texas today enjoys. Read "Stories From the History of Texas" for a quickened pulsebeat. You will be grateful for its simplicity, and will be glad that it was written for children.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY
OF TEXAS—By W. Frances Scarborough; P. L. Turner Company,
Dallas; \$1.

THE FAMILY OF P. A. WATSON ARE COMMUNITY BUILDERS AND PIONEERS



the old Watson home,

P. A. WATSON, famous Tarrant County pioneer, who settled four miles northeast of Arlington in what is now known as the Watson community, oldest in Tarrant County.

This is another of a series of articles on Tarrant County's first hundred families.

In the extreme eastern part of Tarrant County, four miles northeast of Arlington, is the Watson Community, one of the oldest settlements in the county.

This land, consisting of several hundred acres, is largely owned by the children and other descendants of Patrick Alfred Watson, one of Tarrant County's earliest settlers.

The Watson family originated in Scotland, three brothers of which emigrated to the United States. Two of these settled in Virginia and the third in North Carolina.

Patrick Alfred Watson, grandson of the brother who settled in North Carolina, was born Oct. 13, 1810, in North Carolina and grew to manhood there. He married Margaret Armstrong, a native of Tennessee, and they moved to the Cherokee Purchase in Alabama in 1836, where they improved a farm and lived for a number of years.

In 1852, the family came to Honey Grove, Texas, and in February, 1854, they located in Tarrant County on the land his descendants still own. Here he built a home which is still standing. It is one of the landmarks of the county. Watson engaged in stock raising, and developed a large farm where he spent his life.

In the year 1846, Mrs. Micajah Goodwin was buried on the land Watson later owned. When he came into possession of it he donated a strip where her grave was, and this plot of ground has since been known as the P. A. Watson Cemetery. It contains the oldest grave in Tarrant County—that of Mrs. Goodwin.

Watson was a zealous churchman, and was among the first to agitate schools and churches in the pioneer community to which he had come. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian and donated the land and helped to build the church for this denomination, which was the first of this faith in Tarrant County.

His death occurred Feb. 12, 1894, and he was buried in the cemetery which he donated to the community, within a stone's throw of his old home place. An arched gateway over the main entrance to this cemetery bears the inscription, "In Memory of P. A. Watson."

PATRICK A. WATSON was married twice. His first wife, Margaret (Armstrong) Watson, died in December, 1850, only a year before their removal to Texas. Their children were Jane Safronia, John, James, Elizabeth, Mary and Evaline, none of whom are living.

After the death of Margaret (Armstrong) Watson, P. A. Watson married Mary Jane Donaldson, to which union six children were born: Eleanor, now Mrs. A. H. Copeland of the Watson community; Sarah A., now Mrs. John S. Fort of Arlington; Martha Ann, now Mrs. W. R. Stovall of Dallas; Patrick Alfred Jr. of Sayre, Okla.; Eliza, who died in youth, and Minnie Lou, now Mrs. D. M. Miller of the Watson community.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Copeland had seven children, as follows: Sallie, Mary, Mattie, Helen, Alpha, Hugh and Ruth.

Sallie Copeland married W. K. Reynolds of Dallas, who was sheriff of Dallas County for two terms. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are both dead. They left one son, Horace Reynolds, who resides with his aunt, Mrs. Connelly, of Dallas.

Mary Copeland married James E. Richards of Fort Worth. Mr. and Mrs. Richards live at 1909 Wallace Street, this city, and have two children, Eleanor and James.

Mattie Copeland married J. F. Connelly of Dallas. They reside at 3227 McKinney Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

Helen Copeland married George H. Wessler of Arlington. They have three children, Caroline, George and Jack.

Alpha Copeland married J. E. Bailey of Hamlin, Texas. They have five children, James, Frances Ruth, Martha Jo, Mary Lou and Dorothy Jane.

Hugh Copeland is single and lives in Dallas.

Ruth Copeland married Aylmer B. Post of Fort Worth. Mr. and Mrs. Post live at 2801 Avenue I, this city, and have one son, Aylmer B. Jr.

Sarah A. Watson, daughter of P. A. Watson and wife, Mary Jane (Donaldson) Watson, married John S. Fort of Arlington. John S. Fort is in his ninety-third year, hale and hearty, and is one of the oldest men in Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Fort had two children, John S. Jr. and Mary Eleanor.

BOTH children met tragic deaths, the girl being fatally burned and the lad drowning a few months later when an ice pond on which he was skating broke through. Mr. and Mrs. Fort have an endowment fund in Trinity University, Waxahachie, which helps to educate young men for the ministry. This is known as the John and Mary Eleanor Fort Endowment Fund, in honor of their son and daughter.

Martha Ann Watson, daughter of P. A. Watson and wife, Mary Jane (Donaldson) Watson, married Dr. W. R. Stovall of Dallas. Dr. and Mrs. Stovall reside at 809 West Ninth Street, Dallas, and have two children, Walter, who married Katherine Seal of San Antonio and lives in Amarillo, and Mary Stovall, who lives with her parents in Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Alfred Watson Jr. reside at Sayre, Okla. They had five children, Pat J., John, who died several years ago; Nell, Wayne and Helen Marie.

Minnie Lou Watson, daughter of P. A. Watson and wife, Mary Jane (Donaldson) Watson, married David M. Miller of Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Miller reside in the Watson community and have the following children: Mary, wife of Grover Jackson, lives at Grand Prairie; Ella, who married Ernest Smith, resides at Grand Prairie; Hardie, wife of Furman Shelton, is buried in the Watson cemetery, and is survived by her husband and two children; Verna Louise and Rose Mary; David, at home with his parents, and Sallie P., who also resides at home.

James A. Watson, second son of P. A. Watson and wife, Margaret (Armstrong) Watson, was born June 1, 1840, in Alabama. He came to Tarrant County with his parents in 1854 and grew up on the farm. In 1861 he with his brother John, enlisted in Capt. M. J. Brinson's company, the Ninth Texas Cavalry, Trans-Missis-

sippi Division, and served through four years of the war. He was never wounded or captured, and his first furlough was near the close of the war. He was enjoying this privilege at home when General Lee surrendered.

JAMES WATSON was married three times—first to Sarah Elliott; second to Louisa Bryan, and third to Mrs. Mary (Crisman) Wright. Of the several children born of these unions, only one grew to manhood, James B. Watson, now living at his father's old home in the Watson community. He married Ophelia Coker of Arlington. They have four children: Mattie, who married Marshall James of Arlington, and lives in Waco; Anna, now Mrs. Robinson, who resides in Dallas; Kate, who married Thomas Cobb of Arlington, now living in the Watson community, and Bryan, who, with his family, resides in Dallas.

Mrs. Sarah (Elliott) Watson is buried at Johnson Station. Mrs. Louisa (Bryan) Watson, Mrs. Mary (Wright) Watson, and James A. Watson are buried in the Watson cemetery.

John Hugh Watson, eldest son of P. A. Watson and wife Mary (Armstrong) Watson, was born near Gunterville, Ala., Dec. 6, 1838. He came to Tarrant County with his parents in 1854 and lived here continuously from that time until his death, which occurred two weeks ago at his home in Arlington.

In 1855 he joined the Presbyterian church at old Johnson Station, about two miles northeast of Arlington on the Watson road. From 1858 to 1859 he served the Sunday school as secretary and was librarian from 1859 to 1860, when the church was disorganized because of the war.

The first two companies in Tarrant County to go to the Civil War were Company A, organized by Col. A. M. Quayle of Grapevine, and Company D, organized by Capt. M. J. Brinson of Arlington, this company being a part of the Ninth Texas Cavalry, Sul Ross Brigade. It was in the latter company that John and James Watson enlisted in 1861, fighting Indians through the Indian Territory into Kansas and Northern Arkansas.

This command was disbanded in the Spring of '62 on the White River in Arkansas. They were then taken to Corinth, Miss., where they served as infantry eight or nine months. After the battle of Corinth and Iuka, in which they participated, they were remounted and continued in the cavalry service until the close of the war. During the war John Watson was at home only once, having been sent there to bring back horses.

While in service he received two wounds, one through the left lung and the other in the left leg when his horse was shot from under him. The first was at Murfreesboro where he was thought dead by his comrades and left on the battlefield. The Federals took him to a hospital where he recovered. A month later he and another Confederate caught the guards asleep and overpowered them, making their escape barefooted over the ice covered ground. While wading across Stone River his companion almost froze to death before they could find dry leaves in a small cave nearby and thaw him out. They were 12 days slipping through the Yankee lines back to their commands in the Confederacy. At the close of the war he returned to the old home in the Watson community to begin anew with those who came back.

The little Johnson Station church and schoolhouse was reestablished. In June 1871, the membership was divided, some going to the new Johnson Station three miles south of the present site of Arlington, and others organizing at West Fork which was given the name of "Good Hope" by the new pastor, Rev. A. S. Hayter.

John Watson transferred his ownership to the Good Hope church.

On Dec. 2, 1878, John Watson was married to Mrs. Margaret Rebecca (Hutcheson) Sigler, whose two daughters by a former marriage reside in Arlington—Mrs. Mattie Rankin and Mrs. Emma McAskill.

John H. Watson and wife, Margaret (Sigler) Watson, had four children: Katie May, who died in 1896; Marie Aileen (Mrs. Jesse McKinley), Arlington; Frances (Mrs. H. V. Copeland of Grand Prairie), and Harold Watson of Arlington. Dr. and Mrs. Copeland have two children, Frances Hortense and Victor Jr.

John H. Watson was buried in the Watson cemetery. Mrs. Watson resides at the Watson home in Arlington.

Possibly no other man in Tarrant County knew the Arlington country as well as he. He carried in his mind a mental photograph of every tract. He remembered well the dates and circumstances of events occurring throughout his life and held in store many experiences of Civil War days. He was orderly sergeant and it was his duty to call the roll of his company and the following names and accompanying details were given by him from memory a short time before his death.

(NOTE—The following is the muster role of the second company which left Tarrant County for the Civil War in 1861, soon after Col. Quayle's Company left.)

- Roll of Company D, Ninth Texas Cavalry, Ross Brigade.
1. Antoine, Mexican who went through the war.
 2. Bunk Adams.
 3. Dock Andrews. Slight wounds.
 4. Carter Allen. Drew out at the end of 12 months.
 5. Dart Anderson. Drew out, over age, at end of 12 months.
 6. Burt Anderson. Drew out, under age, at end of 12 months.
 7. Capt. M. J. Brinson. Drew out, over age, at end of 12 months.
 8. Fred Brinson. Died at Corinth, Miss., 1862.
 9. Leroy Beavers.
 10. Jim Bailey.
 11. Bowlin. Lost in battle at Corinth, Miss., 1862.

12. T. S. Coleman. Wounded at Vicksburg, Miss., 1863.
13. Avery Creech. Killed in 1864.
14. Joe Boggs Crow. Killed. Indian Territory, 1861.
15. Lieut. J. W. Ditta.
16. Tom Dalton. Died at Corinth, Miss., 1862.
17. Jasper Dalton. Died at Clarville, Ark., 1862.
18. Joe Dalton. Died at Corinth, Miss., 1862.
19. Estia. Died at Headquarters, 1861.
20. Merideth Estia. Quit in a short time.
21. Louis Finger. Quit at the end of the year.
22. Jasper Fletcher. Quit.
23. Lieut. George Grissom.
24. Charley Goodwin. Died at Corinth, Miss., 1862.
25. Will Goodwin. Killed at Jonesburgh, August, 1864.

26. Will Goin. Wagoner.
27. Jerry Galther.
28. Will Gilliam.
29. Lieut. Wilson P. Hicks. Killed at Thompson Station, Tenn., 1862.
30. Tom Hagood.
31. Ben Hagood.
32. Rev. T. A. Ish. Quit at the end of the year. Over age.
33. Irishman. Quit in 1862.
34. Lieut. and Capt. Jim Kelly. Killed at Corinth, Miss., 1862.
35. Kirkwood. Quit.
36. Kirkwood. Quit.
37. Henry Kemble. Lost at Corinth, Miss. Died 1862.
38. Kemble. Lost at Corinth, Miss. Died, 1862.
39. John Kiser. Wagoner.
40. Capt. Bill McLemora. Slight wounds.
41. John T. McLemora.
42. Manning. Lost at Corinth, Miss. Died 1862.
43. Manning. Lost at Corinth, Miss. Died 1862.
44. J. H. Martin.
45. Henry Myers. Quit in 1863.
46. John McInnis.
47. Jim O'Neal. Killed in North Mississippi, 1863.
48. A. M. Perkins. Slight wound. Came home.
49. Tom Perkins. Slight wound. Came home.
50. Lee Perkins. Slight wound. Came home.
51. Green Perry. Wounded at Corinth, Miss. Came home.
52. Sam Petty.
53. Dan Parker. Quit at end of year. Over age.
54. Pickens. Quit at end of year. Over age.
55. Bill Reese. Slight wound. Came home.
56. Lieut. Jim Smith.
57. Solee.
58. Joe Tolliver.
59. Jim Turner. Slight wound. Came home.
60. Hugh Taylor.
61. Tom Taylor. Died at Vicksburg, 1863.
62. Lieut. Tom Utley. Quit at end of the year.
63. Albert Wright.
64. Dick Wright.
65. Jim Wright.
66. J. A. Watson.
67. J. H. Watson. Wounded twice. Came home.
68. Harrison Weaver. Wounded at Corinth, Miss. Came home.
69. James Wilson. Wounded at Elk Horn. Came home.
70. John Witherington. Transferred to another company.

reading of useful books and the storing of his mind with the facts of life gleaned from reflection and observation, he learned the rudiments upon which he afterward built.

At the age of 19 he resolved to become a physician, and began reading medicine with Dr. A. B. Chambers of Warsaw. In the years 1849-51 he received two courses of lectures at the Louisville Medical Institute, from which he graduated when it was under Professors Yandell, Cobb, Gross, Drake, Miller, Rogers and the celebrated Benjamin Spillman, all of whose names appear upon his diploma.

Although Dr. Peak's duties as a physician were arduous and tiresome, he found time for continuous interest in the educational work of the county, which cause throughout his residence in this city championed his best efforts. The first school building in Fort Worth which was used exclusively for school work was built by Dr. Peak, Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, Milt Robinson and a Mr. Wilwee, who with others were responsible for the present public school system. Their efforts to further the cause of education in this county culminated in the foundation and beginning of this work, which they considered of paramount importance.

There are those living today who well remember Dr. Peak riding his iron gray horse in front of the old courthouse in 1861, drilling a company of volunteers which he helped to organize for Confederate service. He was unable, however, to go to the front with his company on account of an accident. Just prior to the company's leaving for the war, his horse fell with him and he was badly injured. For some time, though partially incapacitated, he ministered to those at home in many ways, and later served in the Confederate ranks in Louisiana and in other parts of the country. He was also in Ranger service on the Texas frontier for a number of years.

Dr. Peak was instrumental in bringing the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth, and he and his family, owing to the nearness of their residence in the old post, were eye-witnesses to the scene. Many a bonfire burned that night in honor of the occasion.

Dr. Peak was greatly interested in all the town's activities and a stockholder in many of its concerns. He was a contributor to the first and other railroads of the town, a member of the city council in 1877-8, represented the city and county in the

national railroad convention in St. Louis in November, 1875, also represented the city and county in the national and international convention which assembled in New Orleans in 1878, was a member of the National Democratic convention held at Cincinnati in June, 1880, and was a director in the New Orleans Exposition in 1885. His death occurred in Fort Worth Feb 27, 1885.

DR. CARROLL MARION PEAK and wife, Florence (Chalfant) Peak, had six children: Clara, Howard, Carroll M. Jr. and Everard Trent (both of whom died in infancy), Lily and Olive.

Clara Peak, following in her father's footsteps, became one of the city's outstanding educators. In her youth she was tutored by Col. John Peter Smith, who made his home with the Peak family for the first eight years of his life in Fort Worth, and by Capt. John Hanna as well. She acquired much of her education in the early schools of Fort Worth, where she became proficient in Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics.

She became the wife of LeGrande Walden, and to them were born two children, both of whom died in infancy. Mrs. Walden was principal of the first girls' high school in this city and also principal of the Second Ward School at one time. She taught school in this city for many years, where she was a leading spirit in both public and private schools, to which she devoted her life.

Cecil J. Walden, an adopted son, was reared in this city by Mrs. Walden, and became a successful business man. He married Lucile Griffin of Phoenix, Ariz., and resides in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Clara (Peak) Walden met a tragic death in Fort Worth several years ago and is buried in Pioneer Rest cemetery.

Howard Peak, one of the best known men in Texas, was born June 14, 1850, in the surgeon's quarters of the old garrison established here in the Spring of 1849, and claims the distinction of being the first boy born in the army post. He attended the local schools and the University at Lexington, Ky., in 1872-3. He returned to Fort Worth and entered into commercial life in 1876. In 1902 he was elected national president of the Travelers' Protective Association of America, which office he held for several terms.

He is much interested in Tarrant County history, has done a great deal to preserve the traditions of his native county, and to create interest in things of a historic nature. At present he is engaged in writing a history of old Fort Worth and Tarrant County and is president of the Tarrant County Historical Association. He resides at 1209 Elizabeth Boulevard, this city.

In 1884 he married Miss Alice Burke of Galveston and they had four children, one of whom is dead. The living are: Carroll Lloyd, who married Miss Matille Martin of St. Louis, and who have three children and live in Los Angeles; Howard W. who married Miss Nita Hill, has

four children and also lives in California, and Florence, who married Daniel L. Hill of Georgetown, and has one child.

Miss Lily Peak married W. S. Jones of Louisville, Ky. Their only child, Florence Peak Jones, married Frank D. Kent of Clinton, Mo. They have one child and live in Clinton. Mrs. Lily (Peak) Jones also resides in Clinton.

Miss Olive Peak is living at present with Mrs. Elmo Sledd at 2604 Fifth Avenue, this city. Mrs. Sledd, formerly Miss Lyde Graham, having lost her mother at an early age, became a beloved daughter of the Peak household and was reared by Mrs. Peak and Mrs. Walden.

It has been said that the home, the church and the school are civilization's handmaidens. The Peak family made valuable contributions toward all three of these institutions, and because of this have established for themselves a lofty place in the annals of Tarrant County's history.

BY HOWARD W. PEAK.

COL. M. T. JOHNSON, born in South Carolina about 1802, emigrated to Shelby County, Texas, while the State was yet a republic, and being a man of patriotism and activity, took a leading part in behalf of his adopted State in becoming annexed to the American Union.

He took an active part in the war with Mexico in 1846 and 1847, gaining notoriety as a gallant officer under General Taylor.

At the conclusion of the war he migrated to what is now Tarrant County, settling at Mary le Bone Springs, about three miles south of the present town of Arlington. Subsequently the name of his location was changed to Johnson's Station, and comprised a small principality of itself.

Being a large land holder his estate was provided with everything needed to make him independent in carrying on the development of his thousands of acres of cultivated land and pasturage; and his many slaves rendered all of the labor needed for every department of his vast inheritance.

Being a pioneer in the erection of a grist mill, blacksmith shop, sorghum mill, merchandise store, and other necessary conveniences for himself and nearby settlers, his locality soon became the headquarters for all West-erners, and his home being situated on the main roadway leading from Dallas to the West, became the stopping place for all travelers. With a large house and ample stables and feedstuff, and plenty of servants to do their bidding, the weary sojourner ever found a hearty welcome, and freely bestowed, by Colonel Johnson and his family, a hospitality that became proverbial throughout the north-west section of the State.

COLONEL JOHNSON was six feet in stature, of florid complexion, weighed 225 pounds, as straight as an Indian and as strong as an ox. Being of bright mind and fearless, he was a natural leader of men, and one especially adapted to the condition of the country and the time in which he lived. Being a great admirer of Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston, both of whom he knew personally, he recognized the powerful personalities of both, and imitated their virtues in his political and social minglings among his fellow man.

His was a large family, consisting of wife, five daughters. Mrs. Louisa Brinson. Mrs. Lizzie McLemore, Mrs. Rhoda Record, Mrs. Sallie J. Field and Mrs. Vienna Field. His sons were Capt. Thomas J. Johnson, Capt. Ben H. Johnson and M. T. Johnson Jr.

Their home at Johnson's Station was the social as well as the trading center of the country west of Dallas,

Fort Worth, at the time of which we speak, not having been located. It was in this hospitable home that such

notables as Sam Houston, Hardin, R. Runnels, James W. Throckmorton, John H. Reagan, Oran M. Roberts, and many other men whose names are a part of Texas history, were entertained, and with the able host discussed, and mapped the destiny of this great western country.

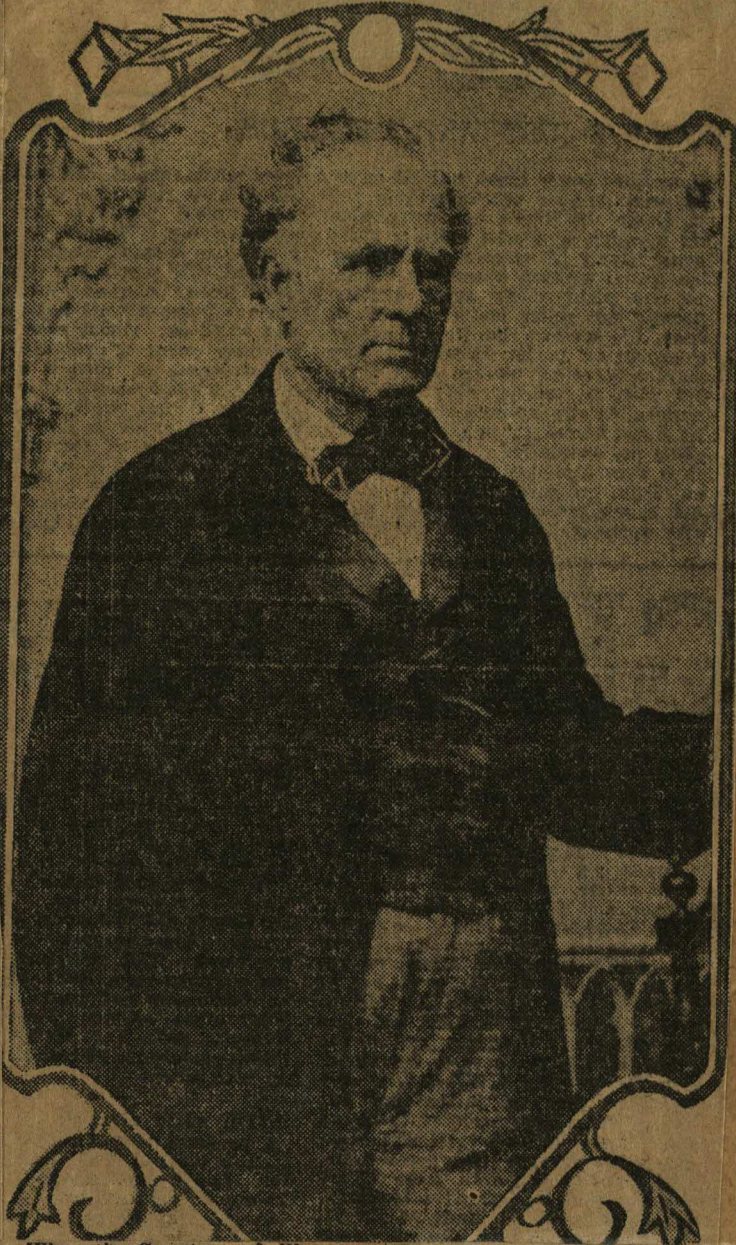
It was in the confines of this sheltering roof that the most noted social gatherings of those early Texas days were staged, the Colonel, his wife and cultured sons and beautiful and attractive daughters supplying the music, and joining in the old fashioned dances of the time.

Johnson's Station was also the military headquarters for the Northwest, the Colonel being in command of the Texas Rangers for this section. There being no other organized soldiery, it was to these rangers that the new settlers had to depend on against the Indians that infested the Northwest. And it was at this post that all provisions were maintained, and orders given to carry on this protective system.

At the close of the Mexican war, Colonel Johnson returned to his Texas home, and being commissioned by the Governor of the recently admitted State, he organized the Texas Rangers for the protection of the western frontier, with headquarters at Johnson's Station.

Col. M. T. Johnson Was Political and Social Leader

COL. M. T. JOHNSON, Tarrant County pioneer, one of the first commanders of Fort Worth when the garrison was first located here. He first located at Johnson Station, three miles south of Arlington.



When the Secretary of War was ordered to establish a cordon of military posts to protect the western frontier against hostile Indians and bands of Mexicans on the border, he instructed Maj. Gen. William Jenkins Worth, then stationed at San Antonio, to locate a post somewhere in the neighborhood of the conjunction of the Clear and West Forks of the Trinity River. General Worth in turn commissioned Maj. Ripley A. Arnold of the Second Dragoons, U. S. A. to proceed at once to carry out the mandate of the Government. Having been a comrade of Colonel Johnson in the struggle with Mexico, General Worth proceeded to give Major Arnold a letter to his old comrade, which was delivered in due time.

Having acquired the land grants that now comprise the city of Fort Worth, and realizing the strategic location for an army post, Colonel Johnson accompanied Major Arnold to this point, and in June, 1849, Fort Worth was established. The land on which the garrison was built was turned over to the Government to be used as long as deemed wise and on relinquishment of the fort the property was to be reverted to Johnson and his partner in the survey, Archibald Robinson.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, Colonel Johnson, with his rangers as a nucleus, organized the First Texas Brigade of Cavalry, which ultimately became Hood's Texas Brigade of the Southern Confederacy. Colonel Johnson never commanded this brigade, he having been commissioned by

the Richmond Government to supervise the blockade running, so necessary to the life of both the soldiers and citizenry of the State. This duty he carried out with great credit, maintaining communication with Liverpool through Mexico and Cuba.

OF THE three sons, two of them, Capts. T. J. and B. H., led companies into the war, both gaining notoriety as commanders on the battlefield. The former was killed while leading a charge in the terrific fight at Black River, Ark.; the latter having contracted consumption by exposure, returned home, where he soon died. M. T. Junior was killed in an unfortunate broil in the late seventies.

Colonel Johnson took an active part in politics of the day, being a very popular man in Northwest Texas particularly. He was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in 1857, but was defeated by Hardin R. Runnels. He was a member of the State Democratic convention that convened in Austin in 1866, and was active in furthering the needs of Government in his adopted State. It was while in attendance at this convention that he was stricken down by apoplexy, thus ending his life in the midst of his great accomplishments.

Along with Sam Houston he opposed secession, but when his State opposed his views by an overwhelming majority he joined the cause and gave his best for his loved Southland.

Of the family of this beloved man, all have gone to their eternal rest. Several of his grandchildren remain, being scattered from Texas to California. The remains of this once proud and powerful family lie in the burial ground on their former possessions at Johnson's Station, and the memory of those pioneers who took the advance in the development of Tarrant County and Fort Worth is now but a tradition.

First Tarrant Settlement at Bird's Fort Is Recalled, Scene of Deaths

BY MARY DAGETT LAKE.

The first settlement in Tarrant County was Bird's Fort, on the northeast of what now is Calloway's Lake. It was made by William Byrd, a settler from Alabama who later changed his name to Bird. He came to Texas in 1842 with his family under the Peters Colony contract and built the blockhouse which bore his name.

Four years later John A. Hust, familiarly known as "Uncle Johnnie," came to Tarrant County with his family in the regulation ox-team prairie schooner from Council Bluffs, Iowa. He headrighted on a tract of land about nine miles east of Fort Worth on the Trinity River, near a body of water that now is known as Hust Lake and is owned by R. F. (Bob) Milam. Almost from the beginning the lake was popular with pleasure seekers, fishermen and hunters.

Jim Ned, an Indian scout, whom the government had commissioned to help rid this country of ferocious wild beasts, and Jim Ned's son, who was in charge of the scouting expeditions part of the time, often camped for days on the shores of this friendly little lake. Hust and Jim Ned became fast friends, and the old Indian made many visits to the Hust home. The men in the Hust family and Jim Ned and his Indians had many fine, bear hunts together in those early days.

First Old Home Near Lake.

The first old Hust home occupied a site about a quarter of a mile northwest of the lake, where the family lived for many years. Hust later built a few hundred yards northeast of the lake, and this old house is still standing in a very good state of preservation. The original Hust home was just across the Trinity, less than half a mile from the site of the old Leonard mill, now known as the Randol mill.

This old mill on the Trinity was the industrial center of the county in the "fifties." Customers came there from Parker, Wise, Denton, Hood, Van Zandt and other counties. According to Mrs. M. Popplewell of Birdville, daughter of Arch Leonard, this mill was first built by her father in 1856. It was destroyed by fire in 1862, and was later owned respectively by one Alverson, John Wheeler and R. A. Randol. This was the only mill in this section during the Civil War, and it prospered and became one of the landmarks of the county. Farmers came for miles to have their grain ground, giving the miller a share for the grinding, and incidentally to get the news of the day. "It took days for some of them to make the trip, but there was no particular hurry, as people were not in such a rush in those days," to quote one of these old millers.

Many Events Happen.

Many interesting things have happened in and around the old mill. At least six men have met accidental deaths there. An old oak tree just outside the mill has a record for lynchings. At one time two men, charged with stealing horses, were "strung up" here, and it is known that several negroes were hung on this tree.

In these days of steam and electrically operated machinery the fact that water was once—and not so long ago, at that—about the only motor power available, is considered rather strange by the average citizen of today. In days prior to the use of machinery mills were constructed on the banks of swift streams. A dam was built and a paddle wheel placed at the foot of it. Thus the turning wheel furnished power for it at a very little cost.

The old Randol mill, now many years discarded, was in operation in 1916. In those days instead of a paddle wheel a turbine was used, which was attached to a shaft, running 12 feet to the top of the bank and connecting with a horizontal shaft which in turn set the machinery in motion. At that time the mill had a capacity of 50 barrels of roller pressed flour per day. In addition to them all, a cotton gin and circular saw also were in use.

Three Killed by Indians.

William Byrd, a daughter, and a man named Cartright, a sojourner with the family, were killed by the Indians just outside their stockade while returning with water from Calloway's Lake. It was their purpose to get water by less exposed methods than having to go to the lake for it. Accordingly, a well had been started inside the fort, but they had gotten only about eight feet down with it when this tragedy occurred. Young John Byrd, the youngest of the Byrd sons, perished with 64 heroes on the field of Shiloh, when Johnson fell, April, 1862. It seems that when Byrd and his party arrived in Tarrant County they were surprised to find that the Indians had burned off all the grass from the surrounding country, and there was no kind of game to be found. In order to meet the demand for food Wade Hampton Rattan and two others went to hunt for game, when they were killed at the

hands of Indians. Their bodies were brought back to the fort and buried, the grave of Rattan being the first one known in this county. This tragedy occurred but a short time before the death of the Byrds. On account of Indian depredations the fort was abandoned the following Spring. Tarrant County should mark the spot of old Byrd's Fort with a fitting memorial, designating the county's first settlement, and thereby honoring its first heroes also.

Hust First Tax Assessor.

John A. Hust was Tarrant County's first tax assessor and collector, elected in November, 1850. According to the reminiscences of the late Mrs. John A. Hust, there were at that time but 23 families in the county. Hust attended to his business in those days on horseback and upon visiting a family he would make his assessments and collections at the same time. At that time "a man's word was," indeed, "as good as his bond." If one who happened to be called on for taxes didn't have the amount, he merely promised to bring it to headquarters at a certain time, and he always was there at the appointed time. Neighborliness and friendship counted for a great deal with the early settlers. It was important that a man pay his taxes, and if he didn't have the money some friend advanced it for him, with only the man's word for security. Which is to say that men valued honor very highly in the old days.

The Hust grandchildren, now grandparents themselves, recall seeing their grandmother, Mrs. John A. Hust, sitting on the porch of their old home on Hust Lake, as was her usual custom, smoking her old clay pipe while she told them stories of pioneer life in this county — how the Indians made bottles of bear skin, how they bottled bear oil, etc.

Born in 1811.

John A. Hust was born in Iowa, May 2, 1811, and died at the old home place here in September, 1868. His wife, Christina (Elkins) Hust, born Sept. 15, 1815. Her death occurred Aug. 27, 1882. Both are buried in the Birdville Cemetery. They had the following children: A daughter, who married a Mr. Holland; Mary Ann, Abigail E., William N., James J. and Hamilton.

The eldest daughter of John A. Hust and wife, Mrs. Holland, moved to Limestone County, where she died a short time afterward, leaving a son, W. R. D. E. Holland. Grandmother Hust rode horseback down there and brought the child, an infant, back to her home in this county, where she reared him as one of her own.

Mary Ann Hust married, first, William Leonard, son of Arch Leonard, Tarrant County pioneer. William Leonard entered the Civil War near its beginning and was killed in the service.

William Leonard and wife had one child, Maggie Leonard, who became the wife of Cicero Isham. Maggie died and Isham married again and lives in Oklahoma. Mary Ann Hust married, second, J. W. Morrow, a native of Missouri, who came to Tarrant County when a young man. They had two children, John Thomas Morrow and J. M. E. Morrow.

John T. Morrow married Josephine Parker of this county. They have the following children: Grace Jane, Spencer, Mary, Byrdeen, Fay, John Robert, Doris and Ellen Josephine. Grace Jane Morrow married Owen Finlan, and they have two children, Mary Frances and Owen Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Finlan reside in Denton, Texas. Mary Morrow married P. W. Shelton; they have two children, Newton Horner and Mary Virginia, and live in China Springs, Texas. Fay Morrow married D. C. Beddoe. J. T. Morrow and family reside at 5128 Birchman Street, Arlington Heights, this city.

Morrows Live in Arkansas.

J. M. E. Morrow married Nannie Bonte of the Randol Mill community. They have two children, Venita and Emory. Venita married Robert

Stokes. They have two sons and live in Arkansas. Emory is married and resides with his family in Mexia. J. M. E. Morrow died several years ago and is buried in Birdville. His wife lives in Arkansas.

Abigail E. Hust, daughter of John A. Hust and wife, married A. B. Clark of this county. They had four children, J. H., J. L., A. Maud, and a child, who died in infancy. J. H. married Addie Turner and they live at Clarendon. J. L. married Nannie Randol, daughter of the late E. C. Randol, owner of the old Randol Mill. They had one child, Broy. Mrs. Clark lives at Arlington. A. Maud Clark married Dan C. McVean, once district clerk of Tarrant County. McVean died several years ago. His wife resides in Donley County.

William N. Hust and James J. Hust, sons of John A. Hust and wife, married and moved to Missouri many years ago.

1, 1923

Telephone

Election of 1855 Is Only Forerunner of Big Fight

County Seat of Tarrant Is Changed From Birdville to Fort Worth.

THE election in 1855 which changed the Tarrant county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth was merely a forerunner of the fight which ensued over the matter. The important phases of the county seat fight which extended over a period of five years are described in the following quotation from the Reminiscences of Capt. J. C. Terrell:

"We (Peter Smith and J. C. Terrell) were in Austin when the Fort Worth and Birdville county seat question, thought to be settled, was again sprung by Col. A. J. Walker, senator from Tarrant county. Walker was a client of mine, a native of Virginia, and came to Peters Colony from Kentucky; had been a teacher and district surveyor; a good citizen, though pertinacious even to stubbornness; he never surrendered or yielded a point. Dr. J. W. Throckmorton of Collin county, afterward governor, was Fort Worth's leading friend in the house.

COST SEVERAL LIVES.

"This question had cost the life of more than one good man, and the state in legislation \$30,000. When the question was sprung I was booked for a masquerade ball. But hearing from Peter that the county seat question was to be heard that night by the joint committee, the ball as to me was relegated, and Peter and myself delved into a cart full of legislative papers from this county and held up the hands of our noble leader, M. T. Johnson, against Walker and Dr. B. F. Barclay.

"M. T. Johnson was the father of Tarrant county, as E. M. Daggett was the father of Fort Worth, his face being on our city seal. Johnson was physically the strongest man I ever knew. Neither of them was exemplary or saintly, yet both of them were to us old settlers veritable heroes."

By the time the election referred

Fort Worth had increased in population to the extent where it could back up her claim to the proper place for the court house by sufficient number of votes.

RESULTS PRINTED.

The Dallas Herald of April 18, 1860, thus states the results of the election: "Three cheers for Fort Worth! The long-mooted question of county seat in Tarrant county has at last been settled and Fort Worth is definitely determined upon."

As written by the late Capt. B. B. Paddock in his "History of North and West Texas," the contest was not between Birdville and Fort Worth, but between the latter town and a point at the exact center of the county. Following are the election returns, which, with thirteen votes not counted, makes upon full return a majority for Fort Worth of 256:

	Ft. W.	Center	B'ville
Fort Worth.....	316	1	
(Note) Birdville	6	116	3
Grapevine	3	111	1
Hutton's	1	10	
Leonard's Mills..	19	34	
Walnut Creek...	29	14	
Gipson's	16	1	
Deer Creek	32		
Hanley's	32	2	
McCracken	12		
Young's	36	9	
Johnson Station .	46	3	

548 301 4

In the next article of this series on the early history of Fort Worth and Tarrant county, The Record will tell of the building of the court house, the county "square" and the early days preceding the opening of the war between the states.

Founding of Fort Worth - Part Played

by Taylor and Johnson Families

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

It is fitting that the body of Maj. Ripley Arnold the founder of Fort Worth and that of Alfred Johnson, one of Tarrant County's most prominent pioneers, should lie side by side in their last resting place. In life they were friends with like interests, and in death they are not apart.

Soon after the founding of the old army post, Fort Worth, settlers began to arrive here. Among those who came in the year 1853 were the families of "Uncle" Jack Durrett and Alfred Johnson. Durrett and Johnson had married sisters, the Misses Fortson, back in Tennessee, and together the two families came in the regulation covered wagon to Texas to make their fortune.

"Uncle" Jack chose to locate east of the post in the valley of the Trinity, while Johnson came closer in. The old Johnson home was a very substantial log house and was located where the Cotton Compress now is on the Cold Springs road, east of Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Here the family lived for a number of years. Their home was a gathering place for early settlers, and its hospitality was generously dispensed to all new-comers.

Mrs. Richard King, familiarly known to her friends as "Aunt Mollie," now in her eighty-fourth year and living in this city on Bennett Street, where she has made her home for the past 50 years, says that it was due to the influence of their friends, the Alfred Johnsons, that her people, the Allens and Terrys, came to Tarrant County from Tennessee. "Aunt Mollie" is not sure whether it was a desire to participate in the pleasures and adventures of this frontier, or a feeling of sympathy for their friends in the new land, which induced her family to make the change,

but certainly the Johnsons were the cause of it. When Mrs. Johnson heard that her Tennessee friends were indeed coming to Texas she began writing them to bring all manner of luxuries and conveniences, such as were transportable dishes, cooking utensils, mirrors, clocks, bedding, clothes, etc.

And so they came—10 families of them. Upon their arrival in Fort Worth, Alfred Johnson played host to the entire party. Dinner was served in his home and his guests were made comfortable for the night. Mrs. King remembers hearing her father tell of the variety of good food, fresh meat and other appetizing things which they had to eat. However, at the time, the Johnson family was short on sugar, and the newcomers supplied this commodity, having brought a goodly supply with them from Tennessee.

Alfred Johnson and his wife spent the remaining years of their lives here and they were buried on the home place. Later, when Pioneer Rest was set aside as a cemetery, their bodies were removed to the family lot there. They left the following children: Louisa, Americas, Harrison, Coleman, Mary, Conner, Lucy, William and Henry Clay (Tobe).

LOUISA married Judge Lee of this county, and they had one child, Lucy, who became the wife of Dr. Dodson of Vernon. Both Dr. and Mrs. Dodson are deceased, but a son, Dr. Ewing Dodson, survives them. He resides with his family in New Mexico. Judge Lee surveyed the land between Tarrant and Denton Counties in 1856 and Tarrant added to her land quota by the transaction. Judge and Mrs. Lee are buried in Pioneer Rest.

Americas Johnson, second child of Alfred Johnson and wife, died when a young man. He is buried beside his parents. Harrison Johnson, third child, was killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., during the Civil War. Coleman Johnson, another son, married America Wade. After her death he married her sister. There were no children. He is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Mary Johnson married, first, Jack Collier. They had one son, Alfred, now deceased. Mrs. Alfred Collier and children live in Canyon City. Mary Johnson married, second, Dr. Ewing of this city, and they had two daughters, Lucy and Coley. Lucy married Frank Cates of Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. Cates now reside in Dallas with their family. Coley married Arthur Soward, son of Judge Soward of Decatur, neither of whom is living. Mrs. Ewing is buried in Pioneer Rest.

Conner Johnson married John Wims, a prominent horseman, pioneer livestock dealer and farmer of this community. Both are buried at Pioneer Rest. Lucy Johnson and William Johnson died unmarried and are also buried at Pioneer Rest. Henry Clay (Tobe) Johnson married Virginia Gardner, daughter of Margaret (Edmondson) Gardner of Glade Springs, Va., and Jeremiah Gardner, born in England.

Tobe Johnson and Virginia (Gardner) Johnson had seven children, as follows: Margaret, who died when a child; Americas G., Cornelia, who died when 13 years of age; Henry, Burtis, Tobe, who died in infancy, and Louise Virginia.

Americas G. Johnson, this city, has the distinction of being the first child born in Granbury, 1839. His father furnished the lumber for the first house built in that town.

Henry Clay Johnson married Mary Walley of Granbury. They have two children, H. Clay Jr., and Flora Virginia, who reside in Granbury.

Burtis Johnson married Ella Dabney. They have one daughter, Americas, and live in Granbury.

Louise Virginia Johnson married Raleigh ("Rollie") M. Whitehead, a farmer and stockman of Hood County. They have two boys, Robert Lee and Clay Johnson, and live near Granbury on the farm. Mrs. Tobe Johnson, now in her eighty-sixth year, is spending the evening time of her life near her children in Granbury.

The Tobe Johnson family moved from Fort Worth to Stockton, near the present town of Granbury, just after the close of the Civil War. They remained there for several years and again returned to Fort Worth, some time prior to 1875. The hospitable old Johnson home stood on the corner of Fourth and Throckmorton Streets, and was a rendezvous for early Texas politicians, Governors Throckmorton and Lanham spending much time there during their campaigns. Tobe Johnson took a great deal of interest in the political affairs of the State. He joined the Confederate Army and was badly wounded when a horse fell from under him in the service. He was a second lieutenant in Capt. Joe Terrell's company—part of Stone's Brigade.

THE first livery stable in Fort Worth was owned and operated by Tobe Johnson and his brother-in-law, John Wims, in the early '70's. It was known as the Wims & Johnson stable and was located north of the courthouse. Those were the days when horse racing flourished in Texas. These old stables housed many a thoroughbred animal, cattle as well as horses.

The Johnson family have in their possession a photograph of the first registered Durham cattle ever brought to Texas. They were cared for in these quarters while being exhibited in Fort Worth.

Tobe Johnson came with his father's family from Tennessee to Texas, Dec. 23, 1853, and returned to his native land for his first visit 10 years later, on Dec. 23, 1863. He liked the old home place so much that he purchased it, his father having sold it many years before when the family came to Texas. He again came back to Fort Worth but remained only a short time. Upon his return to the old home at Hampton Station, Tenn., his death occurred and he was buried in the family burial plot there, set aside by his father before coming to Texas.

Early in 1800 Col. James Tracy Morehead, father of Judge Jacob Morehead of 1811 Hurley Avenue, this city, and Jeremiah Gardner, the father of Mrs. Tobe Johnson, were partners in a salt works in Saltville, Va. Gardner came to Texas in 1852 and located near what is now Paris, Texas. He later moved to Tarrant County and settled east of Fort Worth where he reared his family. It was at the old Gardner home here that Alfred Johnson married Virginia Gardner in 1865. The children of Jeremiah Gardner and wife, Margaret (Edmondson) Gardner, were: Mary, Thomas, Jane, Sally, Susan, Graham, India, Virginia and Walter.

Mary Gardner married Charles Coleman. They had five children and lived in Richmond, Va. Thomas Gardner married Ellen Landsdowne, of the famous Landsdowne family of Virginia. They had five children, some of whom are at present living in Seattle, Wash. Thomas Gardner was a chaplain in the Confederate Army.

He was wounded during the war, and died from the effects of the wound. Jane Gardner married William Blessing. Both are buried in Virginia.

Sallie Gardner married Alex McCamant, a pioneer settler of Hood County. McCamant established a tannery in his settlement about four miles above Barnard's Mill, now Glen Rose, in 1862 or '63 where he used the new process of tanning with cedar leaves. Alex McCamant and his brother, William, were both men of considerable influence in Hood and Somerville Counties. They came from Virginia to Hunt County, Texas, as early as 1852 and 1854, and both were practical surveyors. The McCamants were also engaged in stockraising and farming, and suffered many losses in common with others from Indian depredations.

Alex McCamant served as a Confederate soldier in one of the commands assigned to protection of the frontier against Indians. He moved to Granbury about the time the county was organized and served as its first clerk. He became one of the most active spirits in the settlement of the county, and many of the land titles within that territory bear the impress of his characteristic hand. He was shrewd and potent in the great influence exerted by him in the local politics of his time, and his good nature and generous disposition won many friends for him among all classes. He died at an advanced age in Jones County, where he went from Hood in 1877.

Susan Gardner married William G. McCamant of Glen Rose. William McCamant, like his brother, Alex, served his community in an official capacity. He was county surveyor of Hood County several times during his

residence near Granbury. He subsequently returned to Paluxy Creek, where he died about 1885. His wife is also buried there. William McCamant and wife had three children—Margie, Ola and Tom. Margie, now Mrs. Robinson, lives at Glen Rose. Ola, now deceased, married Judge Thompson of Bosque County and Tom is a practicing physician in El Paso. Dr. Tom McCamant is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and was a major in the recent World War. He enlisted out of El Paso and was in training at Camp Bowie. He is married and has one child.

Graham Gardner is now deceased. His wife lives on a farm eight miles from Granbury with her daughter, Mrs. A. Donathan. India Gardner married John McCamant. They had three children—Hattie, who married Edwin Day of Fort Worth, and now lives in Ballinger; Hood, now deceased, and Lizzie, who married James Carter, a Methodist minister of Teague, Texas. Rev. and Mrs. Teague have one son, Virginia Gardner became the wife of Henry Clay (Tobe) Johnson, before mentioned.

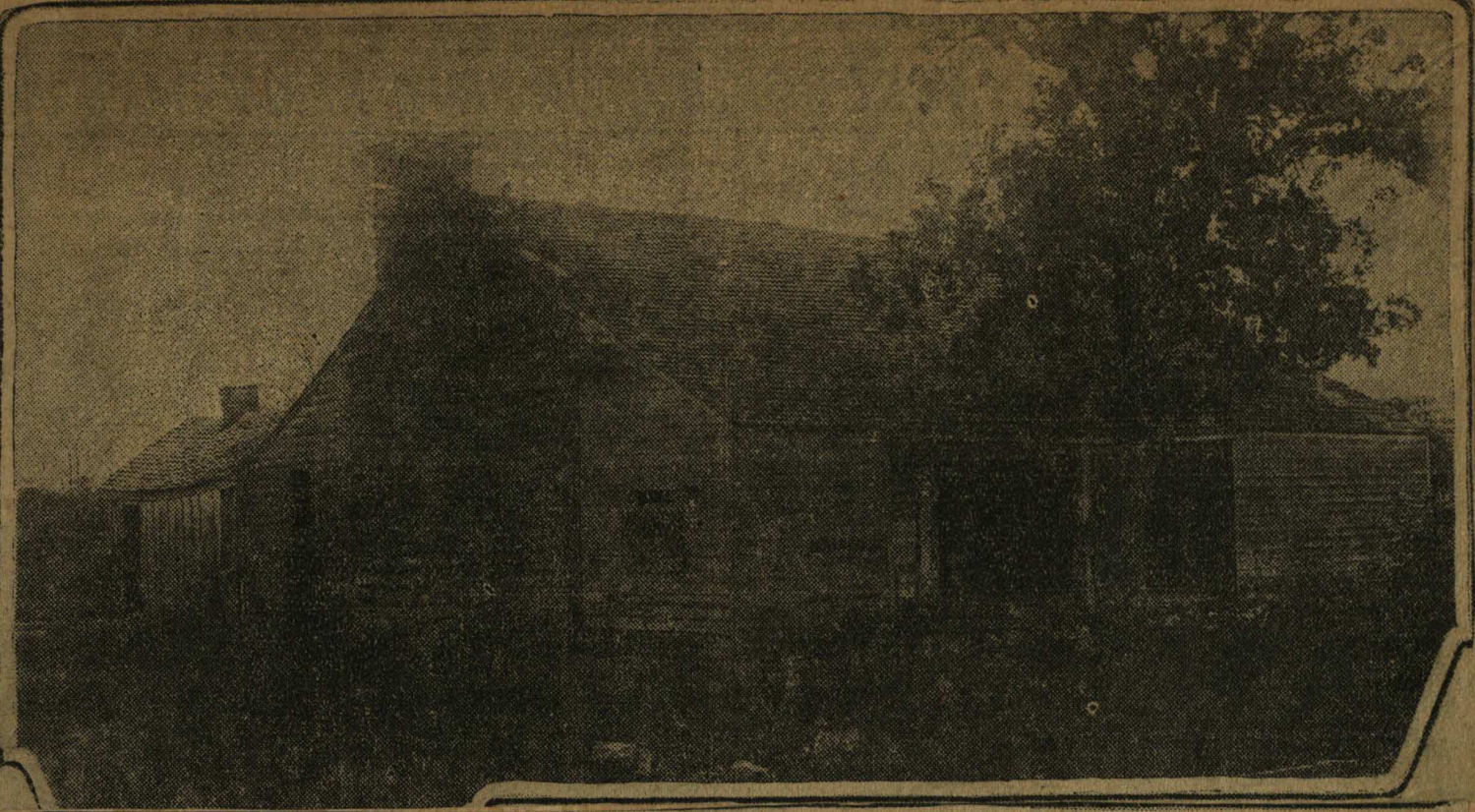
AMONG other historical relics pertaining to the early settlement of Fort Worth which the Johnson family possesses is a photograph of the temporary courthouse that was built here after the one destroyed by fire in March, 1876. The picture, which was made during a snowstorm that lasted several days, also shows a sleigh made by Capt. G. H. Day, mayor of Fort Worth at that time, and Lep Turk, a pioneer clothier of this city, both of whom were seated in the vehicle. Lem Day of this city, then a small boy—

son of Captain Day—is sitting at the feet of the two men in the picture. This sleigh was fashioned from a dry goods box and the runners were made of saplings brought from the Trinity hillsides.

This old photograph calls to mind former Tarrant County courthouses. In 1847, soon after the close of the Mexican War, a Ranger station was established about 13 miles southeast of here by Col. M. T. Johnson, commander of the Ranger force. A "writ of election" was issued at this place in 1850 calling for an election to decide on the county seat. It was accordingly held at the foot of Samuels Avenue under a large oak tree, still standing in the rear yard of the A. S. Dingle home. Birdville won, and for several years this hamlet was the envy of those citizens who happened to reside nearer the post. In 1856 another election was held and this time Fort Worth won. The county seat was transferred to the discarded post and Fort Worth's career began.

The first real courthouse in this city was donated by Capt. E. M. Daggett. It was a small three-room brick structure. C. B. Daggett, A. L. Harris and Luntz Joplin hauled the lumber for this building from the "Rough and Ready Mills" in Cherokee county. This served until a few years later, when the citizens undertook to build a larger one with brick. This was never completed on account of a shortage of material. Later, however, an adequate stone structure was erected which was used until it was destroyed by fire in March, 1876. The temporary wooden building shown in the aforementioned photograph was used until the completion of the one just prior to that in use now.

Construction was begun on the present courthouse Oct. 24, 1893. Bonds were issued for it to the amount of \$375,000, which sum would scarcely be ample at this time to build one wing of it. The cornerstone of the building was laid by the Masonic Lodge No. 148 on March 17, 1894, and the work was completed in 1895. It is today one of the finest courthouses in the State.



Pioneer homes in Fort Worth vicinity. Above, the early home of C. B. Daggett, father of E. M. Daggett, known as "Father of Fort Worth." This old house, now torn down, was located on the site of Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Lower left, the home of William Allen, early settler, on the White Settlement road. Lower right, the I. J. Parker home, one mile from Birdville.

SETTLERS OF TARRANT COUNTY MEN OF STERLING QUALITIES; EARLY STRUGGLES RECALLED

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

A survey of Tarrant County in 1855, revealed the fact that there were 280 men eligible for jury duty. Most of these were pre-emptors of land, and their names are preserved on the early maps of the county. Twenty-five years later, in 1880, there were 6,000 eligible for jury service here.

It is interesting to know how and where these early settlers lived 50 years, and more, ago. A number of them were very old with their heads silvered from the frosts of many Winters, and had retired from the busy scenes of an active life, while others were at the height of their career.

Dr. Carroll M. Peak was perhaps the most necessary of all the early citizens, being the first physician in the post. He was always up and going, and his ministrations were much appreciated. He was a member of the city council in 1877-78, and represented the city and county in the National Railway Convention in St. Louis in Nov. 1875, in the international convention that assembled in New Orleans in 1878, and was a member of the Texas delegation to the National Democratic Convention held at Cincinnati in June 1880.

"Bony" Tucker Arrives.

W. B. (Bony) Tucker located in Tarrant County, about four miles north of the court house in 1852. He platted 170 acres of land south of the Texas and Pacific Railroad in 1867, which later came to be known as Tucker's Hill. During the early "eighties," it rapidly built up. He erected his home on an elevation of this land just south of the old Texas and Pacific depot. This was the first residence south of the railroad.

A. G. Walker Sr., was a deputy land surveyor of the Denton land district, his name appearing on nearly all the old 320-acre pre-emptions. As a surveyor, his work was very correct, it is said. He was county clerk for one or two terms, and in the Legislature several times.

Charles Biggers Daggett, brother of Capt. E. M. Daggett of Fort Worth, and Henry Daggett of Birdville, lived on the land which he headrighted where Mount Olivet Cemetery is now located. He was known as a very quiet man and had accumulated a fortune by knowing when to talk and when to keep still. A son, John Purvis Daggett, is buried in Mount Olivet on the exact spot of his birth.

Abraham Anderson, brother-in-law of W. B. Tucker, was a neighbor of the C. B. Daggett family in an early day. He lived three miles north of the little village of Fort Worth. The old house which they first built is still standing, well enough to be habitable today.

R. J. Tandy was living four miles east of Fort Worth, and had two sons who were thrifty farmers and good citizens. A brother, W. L. Tandy, who was an expert wild turkey hunter, lived with him. The small body of water, known today as Tandy's Lake, is on this place.

Boone Family Represented.

John Boone, a descendant of Daniel Boone of Kentucky, lived on Little Fossil Creek, near Birdville. He was

an energetic, hustling man, full of vigor and life even in his old age.

James H. Ayres came to Johnson Station in an early day with a company of Texas Rangers, from which place he enlisted for service in the Mexican War. He later settled on a farm three miles east of Fort Worth, had a large family of children, and was a prosperous citizen.

Lewis J. Tinsley lived with his son-in-law, Dick Boaz, near Birdville. A son, "Uncle Lem" Tinsley, as he is called, is at present living on May Street, this city. He tells a tale on Captain Daggett which those who knew Captain Daggett will appreciate. An Indian, Jim Ned by name, who frequented these parts was introduced to Captain Daggett, who was of massive frame. The Indian eyed him from head to foot and grunted: "Umph, too big for a man, and not quite big enough for a horse."

Robert Cross, who lived near Birdville, was said to have lived and talked incessantly for more than 80 years. He had the reputation of being able to tell more in a shorter length of time than any man in the county. He had a fine memory for names, dates and circumstances, was a great lover of company, and had more friends than anybody.

I. D. Parker was the owner of a fine farm in the river valley below Birdville. He was a son of Isaac Parker for whom Parker County was named, and was known to be a man of "strong, hard, horse sense." He was also a staunch adherent of the Baptist faith.

M. J. Brinson was one of the earliest settlers of the county, and lived at Arlington. He was interested in the Fort Worth-Birdville controversy of an early day, and in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the county.

P. A. Watson, one of the first settlers in the Arlington community, located about four miles northeast of the present town of Arlington. He was said to be a man of sterling worth, and left to his family the splendid heritage of a good name.

Lewis Finger lived in the edge of what is known as the "Cross Timbers" on the land he headrighted near Arlington. He was the father of several children, among them George Finger, an attorney, and the wife of Commissioner Harrison.

Col. Abe Harris, Mexican War veteran of note, lived in Arlington in an early day. He was a soldier in the United States Army when the post was established here and helped to build the double log cabin where Major Arnold had his quarters. The cedar planks used in that first house were brought from Dallas.

B. F. Crowley lived at Grapevine Prairie. He had acquired a nice competency from his farm and stock. He also had a large family of children, all native Texans.

E. N. Hudgens, known as "the Parson," lived at Grapevine and is said to have owned and laid out the town. He had a large family and was a most exemplary character; also a great churchman.

Press Farmer struck his camp in

the valley of the Clear Fork about two miles above Fort Worth, in the earliest settlement of this country, when the Indians were thick. He later resided six miles south of Fort Worth. He was one of the prosperous farmers of the country.

William Lowe had a fine farm east

of Mansfield, as did also Jacob Beck. T. J. Ragland was another of the Mansfield settlers. Ragland was very fond of Andrew Jackson and liked to make speeches about him to the boys at Mansfield. These men all acquired nice fortunes.

James Ventioner lived three miles

west of Fort Worth on the river. He is said to have been one Texas farmer who was never affected by drouths. During the trying years when the question was asked, "Where can I get a little corn for bread?" the answer was "At Jim Ventioner's."

Dr. M. L. Woods, who formerly

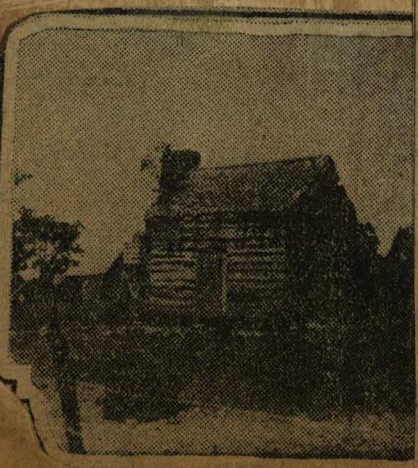
lived at White Settlement, brought to this county the first reaper, the first thrasher and the first gang plow. He was a ruling elder for 50 years in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, lived at Thorp Springs the latter years of his life, and was buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

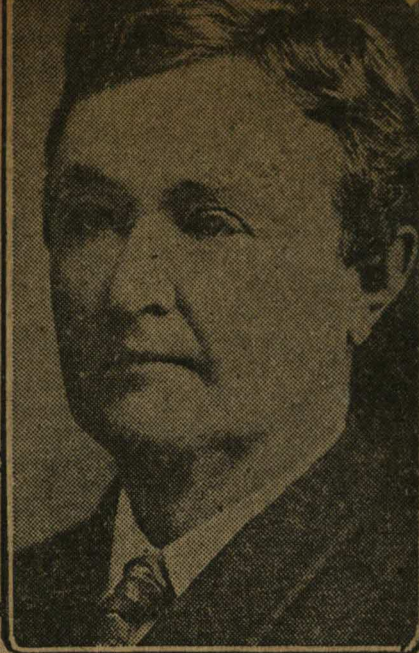
Jud Rowland lived where he first located in White Settlement. A number of the Rowland families lived in this community. They were all prosperous farmers and firm Baptists.

James K. Allen was also a resident of White Settlement. He was a faithful member of the Christian Church and an elder. He was honored with a seat in the Legislature and with several county offices.

John M. Durrett ("Uncle Jack"), one of Tarrant County's "sweet singers," was always happy if he could "fiddle the time away." He was a great lover of music and was much in demand as a fiddler and caller for the dances of an early day. He first located just east of the timber on Sycamore Creek, but later built on the bluff north of the present courthouse.

There were many others that appeared on the tax role for 1854, which was signed by William Quayle, district clerk; B. P. Ayers, county clerk, and L. P. Wilson, justice of the peace.





PROMINENT members of the Hovenkamp family, pioneers in the cattle industry and breeders of fine cattle. Reading left to right are Jim Hovenkamp, Mark Hovenkamp, Dick Hovenkamp, Judge Edward H. Hovenkamp, first of the family to come into Texas; Ed H. Hovenkamp and J. F. Hovenkamp.

Note — This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's First Hundred Families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THE history of a country is what that country's people make it, and the success of any industry rests in the hands of its founders. From the days when Philip Nolan made the first recorded requisition upon the native herds of the Texas prairies to the present, the stockman has had a place in the march of civilization in Texas, blazing difficult paths along which men of other crafts have followed.

It is safe to say Tarrant County has been foremost in developing the cattle business of the great Southwest, and has produced some of the most distinguished leaders in this industry. Among these the family of Hovenkamp has been an outstanding one.

Each succeeding Fat Stock Show calls to mind the name of Hovenkamp. Perhaps no one pioneer family in this county has done more than they to promote this institution which has grown to such proportions. The seeds of great events lie not in dusty files and records, but in the hearts and memories of the people.

Edward Hovenkamp, the pioneer Tarrant County ancestor was of Dutch parentage. He was born in New Jersey in 1824, and was reared on a farm in that State. In 1850 he moved to Kentucky and was admitted to the bar and practiced law in Mason and Fleming Counties. He also taught school for a time in Kentucky.

Hearing of the wonderful possibilities in Texas, he came to this State on a prospecting tour. He arrived in Tarrant County in 1853 and purchased a tract of several hundred acres of land near Birdville. He then returned to Mason County, Ky., for his wife and small son, James, and together they came in the regulation covered wagon of that time, December, 1854, to the home awaiting them here.

Mrs. Hovenkamp's brother, Mark Arthur, came with them and settled in the community now known as Bedford. He married Fanny Arnold, daughter of a Methodist minister. They later moved to Matagorda Bay, but after a flood there they returned to the old homestead in this county, where he lived until his death a few years ago.

JUDGE HOVENKAMP practiced law for 32 years in Fort Worth, where he was prominent in his profession. He possessed unusual strength in working up cases and wise and discriminating judgment in selecting jurors—two factors which made his counsel much in demand. When this district was comprised of seven counties, he was district judge. During the Civil War he was district attorney and was later connected with the law firms of Hovenkamp, Holland and Blair, and Hovenkamp, Holland and Cummings.

He was married in Mason County, Ky., to Belle Arthur, the daughter of James Arthur, well-to-do farmer of Indiana. Judge Hovenkamp's death occurred in this county, May 10, 1888, and that of his wife, March 20, 1890. Both are buried in the old Birdville Cemetery. Judge Edward Hovenkamp and wife, Belle (Arthur) Hovenkamp, had the following children: James Arthur, John Franklin, Thomas Dick, Mark William, Edward Jr., and Harvey G., who died Nov. 20, 1888.

Judge Hovenkamp's sons were all prominent farmers and stock raisers of this county. The eldest, James Arthur, lived near Keller for a number of years. He married Effie Wallace of Birdville, and to them were born the following children: Walter, Homer and Edna. Walter married Clara Merritt and they had four children, J. W. Lawrence, Effie Marie and Walter Jr. Walter died about five years ago and Mrs. Hovenkamp lives in California with their two youngest children. The two oldest boys are living in Fort Worth. Homer married Margaret Smith and they had two children, Belle and Homer Jr., who died recently. Homer died in Amarillo and his wife lives at Leonard. Their daughter, Belle, is married and also lives in Leonard. Edna married

Alonzo Harris. They had one son, Homer, and are living on Galveston Avenue, this city. James Arthur Hovenkamp is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery and his wife, who died recently, is buried beside him.

John Franklin Hovenkamp, the second son of Judge Edward Hovenkamp and wife, Belle (Arthur) Hovenkamp, was born in 1858 in Birdville, the first county seat of this county. He was married in 1885 to Mildred Wallace, daughter of Dr. J. R. Wallace of Keller.

Dr. Wallace was a native of Fauquier County, Va., and came to Texas in 1849, settling in San Augustine County and afterward in Tarrant in 1853. Dr. Wallace was a graduate of a Philadelphia medical college and was one of Tarrant County's earliest practicing physicians. He was engaged in merchandising in Jefferson, Texas, for a number of years as a member of the firm of Waterhouse, Wallace and Company. He moved back to Tarrant County in 1860. He married Elizabeth Satterwhite, a member of another pioneer family who lived near Birdville.

MRS. WALLACE'S brothers were John W. Satterwhite, a prominent attorney who represented San Bernardino County, Cal., in the Legislature for 10 years, being State Senator at the time of his death, and Thomas D. Satterwhite who was probate judge at Tucson, Ariz., territorial judge of that territory, and later attorney general. The Satterwhite men received their early education at Birdville under Prof. William Hudson, a distinguished Englishman and early educator of this county.

Dr. J. R. Wallace and wife, Elizabeth (Satterwhite) Wallace, had five children—Mildred, John H., Mary W., Virginia and Daisy.

John Franklin Hovenkamp and wife, Mildred (Wallace) Hovenkamp, had three children—Elizabeth, wife of Junius Yates, now living at the Hovenkamp home on Penn Street, Maude and Robert, who reside with their mother at the Hovenkamp farm on the White Settlement Road.

For many years J. F. Hovenkamp specialized in registered Shorthorn Durham cattle in this county and at one time owned a 900-acre farm near Blue Mound, later transferring his in-

terests to a place on Mary's Creek near Benbrook. He and his brother, Mark, were always enthusiastic supporters of the cattle industry and were among the chief promoters of the Fat Stock Show, their exhibits being a center of interest. Besides his livestock activities, Frank Hovenkamp served this county as tax collector for several years. He died in 1915 and is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Thomas Dick Hovenkamp, son of Judge Edward Hovenkamp and wife, Belle (Arthur) Hovenkamp, was reared at Birdville and located his home in that community, where he engaged in farming and stock raising for the greater part of his life time. He married Minnie Boaz, daughter of Richard and Lucy (Tinsley) Boaz. They have four children, all of whom live at Birdville, as follows: Edward, who married Estelle Grant, had three children, Edward Jr.,

T. D., and Louise; Arthur Tinsley, who married Elsie McElroy; Bena, who married John Brooks, and has two children, Helen Ruth, and Boaz; and Mary, who lives at the old home with her mother. Dick Hovenkamp died in 1916 and is buried at Birdville.

Mark William Hovenkamp married Dora Belle Elliott, daughter of Benton Elliott, prominent citizen of this county. They have the following children: Grace, Mabel, Lucien, Mamie, Mark W., and Halcie. Grace married R. Mays and they had four children as follows: Grace, Belle, Margaret and Roy Marcus. Mrs. Mays lives at 2725 Travis Avenue, this city. Mabel married Prof. W. E. King and their children are Guy, Lawrence and Roger. They live at Italy. Lucien married Christine Carroll and they reside on the Fort Worth-Dallas Inter-

urban. Mamie married Joe B. Strong and they live at Denton and have the following children: Joe Jr., Dorothy Belle and Richard Wallace. Mark W. Jr., married Gertrude Arthur and their children are: Dorothy Belle, Mark III, Russell and Mabel Ann. They live at Keller. Halcie lives with her sister, Mrs. Mays, on Travis Avenue. Mrs. Benton Elliott lives in Arlington Heights with her daughter, Mrs. Bredow.

MARK HOVENKAMP, the only surviving son of Judge Edward Hovenkamp, introduced the registered polled Hereford cattle into this State. He has been a breeder and exhibitor for the past 35 years. His stock farm is located near Keller. Mrs. Dora Belle (Elliott) Hovenkamp is buried at Keller. Mark Hovenkamp married (second) Mrs. Lillie (Burgess) Smith, daughter of John W. Burgess, prominent breeder of registered stock in this county. Mark Hovenkamp and wife reside in Arlington Heights.

Edward Hovenkamp, son of Judge Edward Hovenkamp and wife, Belle (Arthur) Hovenkamp, married Tennie Elliston, daughter of Frank and Sarah (Boaz) Elliston of Birdville. They lived on the Grapevine road between Birdville and Grapevine for many years where they reared their family.

In addition to his agricultural interests, Edward Hovenkamp served his county in an official capacity. He was elected tax assessor the first year after the present Tarrant County courthouse was built, but died only a short time after his election. His brother, Dick, was appointed to fill his unexpired term and was re-elected to the office.

Edward Hovenkamp and wife, Tennie (Elliston) Hovenkamp, had four children—Bena, Belle, Bessie and Ethel. Bena married E. E. Hoskins. They have two children, E. E. Jr. and Boaz, and live on Pruitt Street. Belle married R. E. Hutchinson and with their son, R. E. Jr., live in Denison. Bessie married Chester Ogden. They have one son, George Chester, and reside on Louisiana Avenue. Ethel lives at the Hovenkamp home on Louisiana Avenue with her mother. Edward Hovenkamp died in 1897 and is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

Colorful Account of Tarrant County Town Builders Given by Writer

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

About the year 1870 Rev. Andrew Hayter, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, came to what is now the Arlington community and purchased the land known today as the Dave Martin farm.

To the south a few miles was Johnson Station, established for the purpose of protecting the settlers from the Indians, and named for Col. M. T. Johnson.

Hayter saw the need of a postoffice for his community, Johnson Station being too far away in that early day, and so he petitioned the Postmaster General for one, to be established in the store of James Ditto Sr. His request was granted, and the name Hayterville given the postoffice.

In appreciation of the services of Hayter, who helped to survey the land for the T. & P. Railroad, the engineers wanted to name the new and present station for him, but he objected. He was then given the privilege of selecting its name, and he called it Arlington, in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee's home.

The first regular church of any denomination was established by Rev. Hayter in the Watson community. The building, in which the early services were held, burned the latter part of 1924.

Incorporated in 1876.

Arlington was incorporated as a town in 1876. When the railroad came through, the place was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, which was cleared at that time.

The old road, which ran between Dallas and Fort Worth, was a big factor in helping to develop the town. The former pike that ran through Arlington, known as Abram Street, was named for a pioneer employe of the T. & P. Railroad. The new Bankhead Highway was completed in 1923 and greatly relieved congested traffic in Arlington. The interurban lines came in 1901.

The Masons have done much toward the development of the town. Two splendid institutions—the Masonic Home, built in 1910, and the Eastern Star Home, completed in 1925—are outstanding monuments to the cause of Masonry in Texas.

Arlington's first fire department dates back to 1896, being of the volunteer variety. In 1920 the late mayor, W. H. Rose, established the first fire department operated under city government.

The schools of Arlington have held a prominent place in her history from the earliest. The principal educational institution is Grubbs Vocational College, a branch of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, established by an act of the Legislature in 1917. It was formerly the Carlyle Military Academy, which had its beginning in 1900. The public school system has kept step with the other developments of the town.

The present population of Arlington is well over 5,000. It numbers among its citizens many of the pioneer settlers of the county. Among them the families of Watson, McKnight, Moore, Sublett, Elliott, Brinson, Copeland, Fort and Ramsey.

History of Grapevine.

Grapevine was formerly known as Leonardsville, named for A. F. Leonard, father of Mrs. J. M. Poppellwell of Birdville.

This settlement was laid off on the Leonard survey, owned partly by Henry Suggs. There was some controversy as to whether the place should be called Suggsville or Leonardsville. Judge James T. Moorehead, an early settler in that community and judge of the county in 1854, suggested that they call it Grapevine Springs—by reason of a large grapevine, which had entwined itself over an oak tree at a nearby spring, about 200 yards east of where the filling station at Coppell now stands.

Indians found this spring a convenient resort, and held a treaty there in 1838, with John H. Reagan, a company of Rangers, and other prominent Texans present. A peace agreement was signed, but both the white man and the Indian forgot, as the fight on Village Creek—a short distance below the present town of Handley—took place not long afterwards. In this, John B. Denton and other pioneers lost their lives, to say nothing of three entire Indian villages which were completely wiped out in a few hours.

Later, as the Grapevine settlement moved westward a bit, to distinguish it, the new location was spoken of as Grapevine Prairie. Soon it came to be known only as Grapevine. Among those who pioneered in this community were the Mooreheads, Jenkins, Estills, Dunns, Simpsons, Walls, Stewarts, Lipscombs, Hendersons, and others.

Some of the very old landmarks in the county are located in Grapevine. A number of the first houses are still standing and occupied—among them the A. F. Leonard place built in 1854.

First Sunday School.

The first Sunday school was held

in a log house, surrounded by trees, near where Zeb Jenkins now lives. E. M. Jenkins, father of Zeb Jenkins, owned the first store, and hauled his merchandise from Jefferson in 1857. Jem Yates, a son-in-law, now has a store on the same spot. During the war the supplies got so low that the Jenkins home was used to accommodate the family, the store, and the postoffice as well.

Some of the men who were beyond the age limit for active service in the Civil War, banded themselves together to get food and supplies, and look after the general welfare of the women and children whose husbands and fathers had gone. Judge Moorehead (father of Mrs. Amos Quayle of 2804 Vickery Boulevard), John C. Dunn, Jall Simpson and E. M. Jenkins organized what was called "A Beef Club," which supplied one beef a week from each of them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moorehead of 1811 Hurley Avenue were among the pioneer settlers of the Grapevine community. Mr. Moorehead is 82 and likes to talk of "the good old days." He says pioneering developed unusual character in the settlers; that hotels were scarce, but citizenship was liberal; accommodations were always to be had in emergencies; that the men paid taxes for each other in time of adversity, and such a thing as a paper or a note was unheard of—a man's word, which never failed, being as good as his bond.

Mrs. M. A. Beall, 1811 Sixth Avenue, was another of the early residents of Grapevine. She says her family was never actually troubled by Indians, but they lived always in dreadful fear of them, spending much time in watching the trails, etc. As children, they went to bed many nights with visions of fresh smoke and signs of an approaching raid on their minds, so that the days and nights were filled with horror.

Mansfield Is Settled.

Capt. Julian Feild came to Fort Worth in the early fifties. He purchased a log cabin from one of the army officers stationed here at that time. It was located on a corner of what is now Belknap and Throckmorton Streets.

For several years he had a merchandise store in this city, but later traded it for several thousand acres of land in the extreme southeastern portion of the county. Here he erected a small lumber mill. The first stores and homes built in the little settlement were constructed of logs that had gone through this mill.

The town that today is known as Mansfield owes its life in large part to the benefactions of two of its first citizens, Capt. Julian Feild and R. S. Mann. The place was named for these two men.

Captain Feild had the first general merchandise store there. He hauled his goods from Harrisburg with ox teams and wagons. Feild and Mann built and operated the first steam flour mill in this part of the State. This had a large patronage from all sections of the country.

Mexican ox team trains of eight or 10 yoke of oxen to the wagon came all the way from the San Antonio country and beyond—the oxen pushing the wagons by means of wooden bars strapped in front of their heads, instead of pulling the load by yoke. This mill also had a Government contract to furnish flour and meal to the outlying posts.

On one occasion, when a wagon train was en route to Fort Belknap with supplies, the whole crew was ambushed and massacred by Indians, the wagons burned and the mules taken. This took place in Loving County, near the Young and Jack County line.

Captain Feild gave the land for the Mansfield College, established by the Rev. John Collier in 1869. A number of prominent citizens received their education here, among them B.

E. Cook, County Attorney of Erath County, living at Stephenville; Leon Fox, Congressman from Mississippi, and Mrs. F. H. Speer, Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Hon. O. W. Gillespie, Rev. W. A. Patterson and Judge Ocie Speer, of Fort Worth, and Judge William Poindexter and J. H. Stephens, neither of whom are living.

A Memorial Hall has been erected on the site of the old mill to the memory of Mansfield's soldiers and sailors of the World War.

Founding of Azle.

Seventy years ago a German by the name of Rumfeldt purchased from the State the land on which Azle, formerly known as Obar, now stands. Meredith Fowler, father of Mrs. W. H. Rowland of 1920 Henderson Street, Fort Worth, bought a farm adjoining the Rumfeldt place in an early day. Dr. James Azle Steward, for whom Azle was named, married one of Fowler's daughters, and purchased the Rumfeldt farm.

The doctor rode horseback, or rather muleback—for it was a mule he rode instead of a horse—and did all the practice of the country, even as far as Decatur. He gave the land for different places of business, schools and churches and was a great benefactor of that town.

The first store, 12 by 14 feet in size, was built on land donated by Dr. Steward and stocked with goods by two men of a mercantile mind who in a short time sold out to Henry Miller and Dan Woods. Joe Fowler later bought the store and ran it for more than 30 years. Will McDonald is now in business at the same place.

The first schoolhouse in that community was made of logs, standing on end, picket style. Now there is an up to date school building with modern facilities. There are three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Christian—all neat, substantial buildings; also one general store, two grocery stores, a restaurant, garage, three filling stations and two blacksmith shops. Jim Walker runs the drug store.

Landmarks of the place consist of the old homes of J. J. Jarvis, John Reynolds, "Parson" Rowland, as he was familiarly called; J. A. Ross, M. Fowler, John and W. M. Walker. Near the Parker County line stands one of the oldest houses in this part of the country. It was built by John Reynolds in 1840. The lumber was

hauled overland by ox teams from Shreveport. It is built old style with a native stone chimney at each end and a wide hall. The original log house stands at the back and is in good repair.

Azle claims to have sent out more school teachers than any other town of its size in the country. Within the last few years it has turned out 24—19 girls and five boys. Eight doctors, four lawyers and three civil engineers hail from the place.

James Rowland, assistant postmaster of Fort Worth; R. M. (Rob) Rowland, Fort Worth lawyer, and Ben Rowland, a missionary in China, at present on a furlough in Hong-Kong, are also sons of Azle.

The place was well represented in the World War and in its cemetery lie two who made the supreme sacrifice. Four brothers of the late John

Peter Smith of Fort Worth, Dr. Steward, Rev. W. H. Rowland, Meredith Fowler and a number of other pioneer settlers in that community, are buried there.

LOUIS WETMORE, IMMIGRANT, FOUND ESCAPE FROM MILITARISM ON BROAD TEXAS PLAINS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Editor's Note—This is another in the series of articles, which Mrs. Lake is writing on the first Tarrant County settlers.

TARRANT COUNTY'S first "hundred families" came from far and near—from all States of the Union and from across the waters. Many nationalities brought both New and Old World civilization to the frontier of Texas. Among the number was Louis Wetmore, young German soldier of fortune, and father of Mrs. A. E. McKee of 511 East Third Street, this city. The career of young Wetmore was indeed romantic. He was born in Rodenburg, Germany, April 2, 1828, and grew to young manhood in the place of his nativity.

William Wetmore, the father of Louis Wetmore, was a very highly educated man, and was mayor of Rodenburg for 14 years. The Wetmores, for generations, were educated, professional people, and it is said by those who knew him here, that Louis Wetmore quite upheld the traditions of his family, being himself a fluent linguist, and possessing many cultural attainments, and a strong, magnetic personality.

The laws of Germany required that every citizen should serve a certain number of years in the regular army, and at the expiration of their term of service they must serve two years in the reserve. Young Louis Wetmore served five years in the regular army and during that time saw much arduous service.

Wishing to escape further military duty, and to gain for himself a fuller freedom than he had been enjoying, he emigrated to America and landed in New York City about 1845. He decided to locate there, and accordingly established himself in business in that city soon after his arrival.

In a short time, however, the war between the United States and Mexico began, and when the call for volunteers came, Wetmore enlisted in a New York regiment for service in Mexico. The command to which he belonged served under Gen. Winfield Scott, who landed near Vera Cruz and marched to the capitol, thus practically bringing the war to a close. Wetmore was in all the battles of this war and came through unscathed.

The company to which he belonged was attached to the command of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold. Wetmore, who had been made a sergeant in his company, came to the site of Fort Worth with Major Arnold and continued to serve with the garrison until the expiration of his enlistment. When that time came he had determined to remain in Tarrant County.

WHILE en route to Fort Worth, Major Arnold's command camped for a short time on the edge of a stream near Fort Worth, where it was necessary to do a great deal of work before the stream could be crossed, and the camp at that place was named Camp Wetmore. Many years later, when the Texas and Pacific Railroad was built through that section a station was established near this camp, which was also named Wetmore.

Certainly Texas in general had charms for Louis Wetmore, but there was also another interest of importance which engaged his attention. One of the State's fairest daughters, Miss Hulda Ellis, sister of James and Merida Ellis, pioneer residents of Tarrant County, claimed his interest and affection. On the 8th day of January, 1853, they were married and another home loomed on the horizon of this county.

Soon after the close of the Mexican War, Wetmore located a tract of land in what is now the southern portion of Fort Worth, then about seven miles from the old fort site. There has never been but one deed of transfer made for this land, which was originally patented to Louis Wetmore. This was made several years ago to David Bedell of Iola, Kan., agent for a cement company which at that time bought the land.

At this place Louis Wetmore and wife, Hulda (Ellis) Wetmore, lived for a number of years and reared their family, some of whom, with their descendants, are living in Fort Worth. Wetmore was engaged in farming and stock raising, and had well established himself in the county

when the war cloud of 1861 began to lower.

When Texas adopted the ordinance of secession he was among the first to answer the call to arms and enlisted in a company which later became a part of the Seventh Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade. He also went through the long and arduous New Mexico campaign and was never sick, never missed a roll call and took part in every fight in which his command was engaged.

After the return of Sibley's Brigade from New Mexico, the command was ordered to Louisiana. Before going to Louisiana, however, the old brigade had taken part in the recapture of Galveston, Jan. 1, 1861. Some time in 1864 Sibley's Brigade, which later became known as Green's Brigade, took part in an attack on Fort Butler at the mouth of the Lafourche River, and in that attack Louis Wetmore lost his life while gallantly moving to the charge on the enemy's position.

The spirit of the man who had faced death on a hundred battlefields, some of which are separated by thousands of miles, winged its flight to the Great Unknown, and Tarrant County lost one of its noblest citizens. He sleeps in an honored grave in the Confederate Cemetery at Donaldsonville, La., near where he fell.

When Louis Wetmore emigrated from Germany to this country, his family possessed a considerable estate.

This the German government confiscated because the young man left the country without having served two years in the reserve force as required by law. Wetmore instituted legal proceedings for the recovery of the estate. The case slowly dragged through the courts for many years. After his death, the heirs received quite a snug sum from this source, however.

Louis Wetmore and wife, Hulda (Ellis) Wetmore, had the following children: John N. Wetmore, who died when a very small child; Louise C. Wetmore, who married E. B. Haywood of this county; Augusta Elizabeth, or "Bettie," Wetmore, who married K. C. McKee of this city; and Hulda Ann Wetmore, who married Noah P. Whitesides of Rutherford, N. C.

E. B. HAYWOOD and wife, Louise (Wetmore) Haywood, have the following three children: Roy Haywood, who married Miss Lena Milner of Mineral Wells and resides at 1615 Homan Avenue, this city; Ruby Haywood, who married W. I. Mays and lives at 5303 Oleander Avenue, Dallas, and Laura Haywood, who married Oscar Brown of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. and Mrs. Brown live at 1817 Homan Avenue, this city, and have one son, Charlton Brown. Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Mays have six children, one of whom is the wife of Cecil McBride, also living in Dallas. Mrs. Louise (Wetmore) Haywood died in 1892, and her husband, E. B. Haywood, died in this city about three weeks ago. Both are buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Mrs. A. E. (Bettie) McKee has resided at her East First Street home continuously for almost half a century. She is much interested in Tarrant County history, and has done a great deal to preserve the traditions of her native county. She has valuable scrapbooks containing news clippings and other interesting historical data. Blessed with a good memory and herself a pioneer, naturally she knows much of the county's early history at first hand.

One of the city's most prominent landmarks, an old road drag, situated in Hyde Park across from the Carnegie Library, is the result of her years of watchful care and preservation. This was the property of Mrs. McKee's father, Louis Wetmore, and was used by him on the farm. It was discarded about 1853, and left at the end of the road where it lay for many years. Mrs. McKee presented this stone to the Fort Worth Chapter, D. A. R. who in turn had it mounted, suitably marked with a bronze plate, and given its present place of honor.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. McKee are: Nora McKee, who married George C. John, and resides in New York City; Pauline McKee, who married J. G. Deters, and is living in Houston; Herman McKee, who married Miss Mae Margaret Shubert, and makes his home in Chicago; Virginia

Emma McKee, wife of Ted Robinson of the Mistletoe Creamery Company, and living at 1413 Eighth Avenue, this city; Kendrick McKee, who married Miss Edith Anderton, lives in Riverside, and they have six children; James Ellis McKee, who is living with his mother, and Frances Loving McKee, who married O. O. Spencer of Monroe, La. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer reside on Pulaski Street, this city.

Hulda Ann Wetmore, the youngest child of Louis Wetmore and wife, Hulda (Ellis) Wetmore was only about three days old when her mother died, and Mrs. W. P. Burts (whose name she bears), wife of Dr. W. P. Burts, Fort Worth's first mayor, helped to rear the child to young womanhood. As before stated, she became the wife of Noah P. Whitesides, and they are at present living in Seattle, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Whitesides have four children as follows: Louis Whitesides, who married Miss Stella Bowen of New York; Miss Lula Whitesides, a professional nurse in the State of Georgia; Howard Whitesides, and Harvey Whitesides of Los Angeles.

Hulda (Ellis) Wetmore died June 25, 1860, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Louis Wetmore, after the death of his first wife, married Elizabeth Teague of this county. They had one child, Mary Olive Wetmore, who married John F. Cox of Agra, Okla. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox are buried at Agra, Okla.

Mrs. Eliza (Teague) Wetmore is buried at Red Bluff, Cal.

The Lone Star Flag

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

"REMEMBER the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"—the spur which surmounted every obstacle and crushed the army of Santa Anna. On that ever memorable day on the banks of the San Jacinto was born the young giant, which bore the name "The Lone Star Republic."

When the Texas Revolution began in June, 1835, the little town of Harrisburg was in a state of patriotic fervor. A few months later it fairly bristled with military preparations. The women busied themselves in making knapsacks for the company so soon to march westward. But there was no flag! Mrs. Sarah Rudolph Dodson, the ingenious wife of Lieutenant Dodson of the company, designed and fashioned one of calico, however. It was different from any flag that had ever floated over an army. The three colors, red, white and blue, were cut in equal sizes and were square in shape. The blue square was fastened next to the flagstaff, and a five-pointed star, copied from an old military button was placed in the center of the blue square, the white square next, and then the red. It was an attractive flag, which, being but little altered, later became the flag of the Republic.

This flag was presented to the company in 1835. The officers of this company were: Andrew Robinson, captain; A. P. Dodson, first lieutenant; and James Ferguson, second lieutenant.

The flag was carried by this

company thru the campaign which resulted in the capture of San Antonio.

THE shape of the flag was similar to that of Mexico, and the single star was designed to show that for Texas alone of all the Mexican states, the star of liberty was rising. Each company of men who helped in the Texas Revolution had its own colors always presented to them by women of their home towns. Thus were they inspired in those grieved times. It is now generally conceded that the above was the first flag of Texas.

It was once believed in Georgia that the first Lone Star flag was the workmanship of a Miss Troutman, daughter of Colonel A. C. Troutman of Knoxville, Tenn.; that she made it and sent it by mail coach to Columbus, Ga., from whence Lieutenant-Colonel Ward's Battalion carried it into Texas, reaching Velasco the latter part of December, 1835. Miss Troutman's flag was of plain white silk, bearing an azure star of five points on either side. On one side was the inscription "Liberty or Death," and on the other side an appropriate Latin motto.

The first Lone Star flag bearing governmental sanction was that adopted by President Burnet at Harrisburg, April 9th, 1836, for the use of the Navy. In January, 1839, a national flag was adopted for the Texas Republic. The flag used at present for the state of Texas is the same as that used in the days of the Republic.

Tarrant's First Girl

Mrs. Charles Mitchell of Haslet is Tarrant County's oldest born citizen. Family of John Adams Mitchell, prominent in county's growth.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THE little village of Haslet, this county, a few miles north of Fort Worth, has the distinction of being the home of the first girl born in Tarrant County—Martha Ellen Gilmore, for many years Mrs. Charles Ellis Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1922, surrounded by a large number of children and grandchildren.

In the late forties several courageous pioneer families ventured into Tarrant County from Illinois and Missouri, among them being the families of John B. York and Seaborn Gilmore. York was a son-in-law of Gilmore. They formed a little settlement on the hill directly north of the Trinity River, about three miles from the present courthouse. Those were the days of real pioneering—days that tested the mettle of the man. Days when "the first 40 years were" indeed "the hardest." The two above-mentioned families built a small log cabin and began life in the wilderness. One thing—they had affairs pretty much to themselves, and were not concerned with having to consult their neighbors as to whether "they could or they couldn't."

Late in the Summer of 1849 Martha Ellen Gilmore was born in the crude little log cabin home. After weathering the trials and hardships of pioneering, the storm and stress of on-coming civilization and having lived through four wars, she is today well and happy and feels that "the last of life is that for which the first was made."

Mrs. Mitchell, in reminiscing, said: "Why, in those days we had to card the wool for our dresses. And the men? What would they have done without us girls? We even wove the cloth to make their garments. Needless to say there was not such a variety of clothing for either men or women as is common today."

"I think I attended the first school in this county. It was in the early fifties and was located about a half mile west of the old Charley Daggett place on a hill now known as 'Diamond Hill.' The house was made of logs and it had no floor—just a dirt floor. Seats were puncheons. 'What are puncheons?' Well, they were big, long logs split in half and smoothed down so that they would be comfortable to sit on. The windows were just openings in the wall. Don't think that we children didn't have good times in those days. We did. There was the liveliest bunch of boys in that neighborhood, and what they didn't think of! There were the Daggetts, the Yorks, the Gilmores, the Andersons, the Mitchells, the Robinsons, and a few others."

"One of our first teachers was an old, old man. He smoked a corn cob pipe constantly, was very absent minded, and talked to himself all the time. We girls, especially Medora Robinson and myself, used to follow him around to see if we could find out what he said. Frequently when smoking the old man would thoughtlessly stick his lighted pipe back into his coat pocket and often set fire to his clothing by so doing. One time young Bud Daggett, the school 'cut-up,' decided to play a trick on the professor. Accordingly he secured some punk—now punk, you must know, is decayed and rotted wood which burns very slowly when ignited—took it into the school with him, and as the old man passed by he slipped a lighted piece into his pocket. By and by the professor found himself on fire, and became much excited in extinguishing the blaze. Bud did this three times in

one day I remember, and the old man never did catch on to the trick. He severely blamed himself each time for his carelessness, thinking he had put the lighted pipe into his own pocket as usual."

BACK in Danville, Va., in the year 1847, John Adams Mitchell had married Mary (Jordan) Neal. Texas attracted their attention and they started with their little family for the West. They stopped in Arkansas for a few months, then came on to Texas, arriving in Tarrant County in May, 1856. Mrs. Mitchell was a talented pianist and brought her piano—one of the first in the county—with her on the long overland journey which was made with ox teams. The family came by boat part of the way, the piano being landed at Shreveport. The trip from Shreveport to this country took three months and was made by wagon. Upon arriving here the Mitchell family lived for a time, when her son, Charles, was a baby, in the old barracks which the soldiers had deserted. Mrs. Mitchell and her piano were very popular in those days. She was the first music teacher in the county.

Mrs. Mitchell also taught the first girls' school in the county about 1857 or 1858, here in Fort Worth. Later the family moved to what is now White Settlement where she again engaged in teaching. At the close of the school session there Mrs. Mitchell gave a May Festival. The girls were all garlanded in native white flowers picked from the nearby prairies. Capt. Joe Terrell, who was among those present, was much impressed with the affair and wrote of the occasion for the Dallas News. He referred to the lovely white costumes which the girls wore and mentioned the fact that the place should be called White Settlement. So the story goes.

John A. Mitchell and wife are both buried in East Oakwood cemetery. They had 10 children, as follows: Charles Ellis, Joseph Elliott, who died in 1882; William Littleton, Lucy Lattimer, Richard (Dick), Mollie or Mary Elizabeth, Benjamin Calhoun and Virginia Malone, besides a child who died in infancy.

Charles Ellis Mitchell, born June 18, 1850, was named for his great uncle, Richard Ellis, an early Texas statesman. In 1872 Charles Mitchell married Martha Ellen Gilmore. In speaking of the occasion, Mr. Mitchell said: "It was no trouble to secure a license to wed in those days, but it was quite another thing to find a minister. However, we were married, and, like the ending of the old time fairy tale, 'lived happily ever afterward.'" Charles Mitchell is himself in the pioneer class, by right of birth and occupation, and recalls many interesting and amusing incidents connected with the early history of Fort Worth.

"In those days," he says, "the men had difficulty in finding enough work to keep them busy, so occasionally they indulged in a friendly game of poker. One of the principal meeting places of this 'leisure class' was an old ramshackle house of one room which stood at an angle on the hillside of the bluff near where the Criminal Courts Building now stands. The women, even then, had some idea of 'women's rights,' and it is said that on one occasion when an interesting game was in session, they, growing tired of belated meals, secured the help of a man friend or two and had the shack pushed off down the hill, contents and all. For a time meals came up on time with 'the head of the house' in his accustomed place at the table."

Charles E. Mitchell and wife had four children: (1) Jessie, (2) Nettie B., (3) John Seaborn, who died when a young man, (4) Russell.

(1) Jessie Mitchell married Francis Leroy Green, son of W. P. Green, a Denton pioneer. Mr. and Mrs. Green reside at 1503 Denver Avenue and have five children, as follows: Charles W. Green, who married Nannie Canoutson of Morgan, has one son, Charles Junior, and resides on Galveston Avenue; J. Paul Green, who married Josie Pittman and lives at Rising Star; Anna Belle Green, who married F. C. Brouer, has one daughter, Martha Ann, and lives at 1505 Denver Avenue; Martha Jane Green, who is teaching in the Denver Avenue School, and Frances Joe Green, now teaching in Jacksboro.

(2) Nettie B. Mitchell married M. F. Quayle of Grapevine. They have the following five children: Ruth, Thelma and a son, none of whom are living; Louise, who married Bernie Brown, a son of Louis Brown of Smithfield, and who now reside on East Weatherford Street, and Mattie Beall, at home with her parents.

(4) Russell Mitchell married Nora Appleton of Arlington. Russell died about 15 years ago, and his wife and daughter, Russell, live in Arlington.

(5) William Littleton (Bill) Mitchell, son of John A. Mitchell and wife, resides at 2412 Clinton Avenue, this city. Mrs. Mitchell was Nettie Purdy, a native of New York, but who came to Tarrant County with her family from Iowa many years ago. Her death occurred about five years ago in this city. She is buried in West Oakwood cemetery. William Mitchell and wife have three children, Maud, Essie and Van Zandt.

Maud Mitchell married Jean De Merio, now deceased. Mrs. De Merio is living in Lot Springs, Ark. Essie Mitchell married B. B. Baxter of this city. They have five children, Jeanette, who married J. H. Ellis and lives in Arlington Heights; Bennie, Robert, Billie and Thomas D. Van Zandt Mitchell married Grace Horn, now deceased. They had three children, Barbara, Susanna and Virginia Maud, who live in Fort Smith, Ark., with their father.

William Mitchell tells of a narrow escape he and his brother, Lucy, had from the Indians. The lads had gone to the north side of the West Fork of the Trinity at the mouth of Silver Creek. Lucy, glancing up, saw a band of eleven Indians near by. He gave a scream. William, sensing danger, quickly shoved him down in the tall grass and smothered his cries to keep him quiet. The Indians passed within 200 yards of the boys without seeing them. A few moments later they ran for their wagon and set out for home. After crossing the river, they met some men who were scouting the Indians. These were John A. Mitchell, the father of the boys; Will Allen, brother of "Aunt Mollie" King, "Uncle George" Grant, Paul Isbell, father of Rufe and Milt Isbell; Paul Tyler, Tom, Bob and Jim Hagood, Charles Mitchell, and Joe and Lige Farmer. These men chased the Indians into Parker County where another group of men took up the chase and ran them into a canyon where they were lost.

Lucy L. Mitchell, son of John A. Mitchell and wife, married Carrie Hall, daughter of "Uncle Bob" Hall of the White Settlement community. They have one daughter, Myrtle, who is the wife of George Franklin. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell reside in Seymour, Texas.

Richard (Dick) Mitchell, son of John A. Mitchell and wife, married Lula Carpenter of Bowie. They are both dead. They left two children, Bessie and Hattie. Bessie married Vilas Dragoo. She and her husband are both in educational work in Honolulu. Hattie married Clyde Irby and lives in Grand Prairie. Mrs. Irby has two children, Polly and Geraldine Stokes.

Mollie Mitchell, now deceased, daughter of John A. Mitchell and wife, married Charles Groves, who lives near Seymour. Ben C. Mitchell, son of John A. Mitchell and wife, died when a young man. Jennie Mitchell, now deceased, daughter of John A. Mitchell and wife, married John Groves, a brother of Charles Groves. They had two children, Buddie, who lives in Polytechnic with his father, and Bertha, who married Percy Barre.

Part Played by Sam Houston in Founding of Grapevine

Family of William Giddens Pioneers of Tarrant County

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

"MY wigwam is yours, my home is yours, my people shall be your people"—a pastoral equal to that of Ruth and Naomi. And Texas history in which Tarrant County plays a part. Going back: Sam Houston as a youth had left his people and had gone to his former god-father, the Indian Cherokee, Oo-loot-eka, in the Hiwassee country. Here he lived for a long time under the protection of the old chieftain.

He later returned to his own people, and came to be a great white chief—Congressman and Governor of Tennessee. However, disappointment, coupled with a liking for the great open spaces and an unfettered life, caused him to turn again to the red men.

It is said that the old Indian chief was rich in cattle and horses and the things which pleased the heart of an Indian—no matter the color of his skin—and that foremost among his treasures was his daughter, Tab-halina, a beautiful Indian princess.

It was night. The old boat had landed, and as Sam Houston stepped from it into the dim glare of a waning moon he was clasped to the heart of the old Indian, who with his family had come to greet him as "Colonel, the Wanderer," or "Rover"—the same name (pilgrim) which Jacob, the patriarch, gave to Pharaoh as his own when in Egypt making his abode under the guidance of the Great Spirit.

Here follows the beautiful pastoral: "My son, 11 Winters have passed since we met. My heart has wondered where you were. I heard you were a great chief among your people. Since we parted by the falls and you went up the river, I heard that a dark cloud had fallen upon the white path you were walking, and now when it fell on your way, you have turned your thoughts to my wigwam."

Follow Houston making peace and saving the State from the Indian ravages on the north, where Tarrant County now lies, and the surrounding country, as well as from the fierce hate of the baffled Mexicans on the west.

Again the Indian "We are in trouble and the Great Spirit has sent you to us. I know you will be our friend for our hearts are near to you, and you will take our sorrows to the great father, General Jackson. My wigwam is yours, my home is yours, my people yours. Rest with us."

Houston remained with him and his people until called to the command on his forty-second birthday, March 2, 1836. In six weeks Texas was free. Then came the tremendous task of reconciling 10,000 wild men on the north where we now dwell in peace.

UNDER the date of May 30, 1843, Sam Houston sends greetings to the chiefs of the Wichitas, Ionies, Iowa-Ashes, Tahuokanies, Cadoes, Comanches and other tribes:

"My brothers, I send my war counselor (General Rusk) to invite the chiefs of our red brothers in Texas and on the borders to meet in council at Bird's Fort on the Trinity at the full of the moon in August. The chiefs of the white and red men will sit there around the same fire and smoke the pipe of peace. When the pipe of peace is smoked you may come to see me and none will do you harm. The white and the red man will meet as brothers. The Comanches once made peace with me. We smoked together and they returned in safety to their people. But a bad chief came in my place and bad traders went among them and carried trouble with them. At a council in San Antonio many Comanche chiefs were killed by bad men. I was far away and did not hear of it until it was over. I was filled with sorrow.

"Your brother,
"SAM HOUSTON."

The treaty was not held at Bird's Fort as was intended, but at Grapevine Springs, for which Grapevine was named. The change in the place of council from Bird's Fort to Grapevine Springs was probably due to the fact that the Indian slaughter on Village Creek had taken place only a short time before. The above incidents are brought to light in Crane's Life of Houston.

A recent issue of the Dallas News gives an interesting account of this old Grapevine Springs treaty, taken from the diary of E. Parkinson, an early Texan. To quote from this: "President Houston in July, 1843, appointed commissioners to treat with the Indians and accompanied them through what was later to become Dallas County to Grapevine Springs, just north and west of the present

city of Dallas.

"Gen. E. H. Tarrant and Attorney General W. Terrell were the commissioners; Col. Thomas L. Smith commanded the military escort, and John H. Reagan, later to be Postmaster General of the Confederacy, United States Senator from Texas and first chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, was the pilot of the party.

"The journal then continues the story of the attempted meeting with the Indians at Bird's Fort, some 20 miles westward on the West or Main Fork of the Trinity. For some reason the Indians failed to show up after General Houston and his party waited patiently for several days and at last a Colonel Eldredge came in to say that they would meet the great white father from Austin 'in the dark of the coming moon.' According to this and other histories, General Houston at last grew impatient and returned to the seat of government, leaving to Commissioners Tarrant and Terrell the actual treaty, which was concluded Sept. 29, 1843, at Johnson Station."

Further notes were made by Parkinson concerning the flora and fauna of the then wilderness of the Grapevine region. "He had learned not only how the buffalo was killed, but that the hump over the shoulder was the most tender portion for eating; that the bois d'arc trees which filled the bottom lands got their name from the fact that the Indians used the seemingly dry and dead branches for bows; that much of the rolling, undulating prairie country reminded him of Surrey back in England; that timber bottoms were rich in species of wild rye grasses; that the creek banks were clothed with an indigo, and that stranger still, he saw 'splendid specimens near White Rock of a beautiful purple thistle.' And thus the bluebonnet first came into literature by way of Mr. Parkinson."

Into this romantic "land of beginning," though it was anything but romantic to the pioneers of that day, came the earliest of Tarrant County's settlers. The family of William M. Giddens of Georgia was among the number. All newcomers located in the edge of the cross timbers, as this afforded a certain protection from the elements and the natives. Some, however, later ventured out on the prairie. Of these were the Giddens, who emigrated to America in an early day from Ireland.

H. C. Giddens, the father of William Giddens, was born in Georgia in 1800. He married Esther Morgan and they lived and reared a family near Macon. William Giddens left the old Georgia home in company with his wife, who was Rachel E. Thornton of that State, and two small children, and came to Texas in 1851. They made the trip in a two-horse covered wagon and were en route to this State two months.

They first stopped at Tyler, where they remained for a year. In 1852 they came to Birdville, settling a few months later near Grapevine where the family lived for many years. Their first home was of the customary log cabin variety. Soon they built a more commodious structure which is still standing, one of the landmarks of the community. The lumber for this building was hauled from the pine mills of East Texas with ox and horse teams, over a period of three years on return trips when the men would go for provisions.

William Giddens served through all four years of the Civil War. He was in field service until about the end of the first year when his health failed and he was then transferred to the munitions plant where he worked during the remaining three years of the war.

He was a charter member of the Baptist Church and of the Masque Lodge in the Grapevine community. Both he and his wife are buried at Grapevine, as is also his father, H. C. Giddens, who spent the latter years of his life with this family here, having lived to be 85 years of age.

William Giddens and wife, Rachel (Thornton) Giddens, had six children as follows: Earl G., William A., Zambry, George W., Mary and Mattie.

1. Earl G. Giddens, the eldest son, born in Georgia, married Emma Ferguson. To them were born the following children: Kate, Mabel, Willie, Mary, Mattie, Visa and Zelma.

(a) Kate married Dr. N. H. Lindsey of Birmingham, Ala. They have three children—Beatrice, who is married, has two children, and lives in Pauls Valley, Okla.; Paul and Roy, both of whom live at Pauls Valley.

(b) Mabel married Sam Gunter, a farmer and stockman of Sivell's Bend, Cooke County. They had two children

—William, who is married, has one child and lives in Cooke County, and Addison, also of Cooke County.

(c) Willie married C. W. Cunningham. They have two children and live at Valley View.

(d) Mary married T. H. Jackson of Waco. They have one son and reside in Waco.

(e) Mattie married J. O. Whaley of Gainesville. They have five children.

(f) Visa married Dr. N. L. Hale, a dentist of Davis, Okla. They have two children.

(g) Zelma married J. W. Polly, a commercial traveler of Waco. They have two children and live in Waco.

Earl G. Giddens is buried at Grapevine. His wife resides in Waco.

(2) William A. Giddens, the second child of William Giddens and wife, Rachel (Thornton) Giddens, died when a child.

(3) Zambry Giddens married Alice M. Pybas of Dallas. He is buried in Dallas. His wife resides in that city. They had the following children: (a) Maud, now Mrs. Bedell, lives in Dallas and has one child; (b) Bonnie, who married Stephen M. Bourne of Dallas, and has one daughter; (c) Roy, married, and lives in Dallas, and (d) Zambry, who is married and resides in Chicago, Ill.

(4) George W. Giddens died when about 30 years of age, unmarried. He is buried in Wynnewood, Okla.

(5) Mary (Mollie) Giddens married W. T. Greene and lives on a farm near Quanah. They had five children: (a) Beulah E., who married H. A. Chapin of Petrolia, has three children, and lives in Corpus Christi; (b) Blanche, who married R. E. Hancock, resides at 2917 May Street, this city; (c) John Carl, who married Rosetta Hall of Odell; (d) Will T., who married Myrtle Lance of Chillicothe, and lives at Quanah, and (e) Earl G., residing at Quanah.

Mrs. William Giddens, the mother of Mrs. Greene, made her home for the last 26 years of her life with the Greene family in Quanah.

(6) Mattie Giddens married W. R. Stewart of Grapevine. They had six children: (a) Clara, who married W. F. Watson, and lives in Dallas; (b) Lella, who married R. E. Newark, has two children, and lives in Los Angeles, Cal.; (c) Russell, who lives in Harlingen, Texas; (d) Wilbur K., who married Clara Morse of Grapevine, and has two children; (e) Clarence E., who lives at Grapevine, and (f) Edward Morgan, who married Verdie Lipscomb of Grapevine, and has one child.

The following interesting data concerning the early settlement of Grapevine is from Mrs. W. R. Stewart's historical notes: "In 1854 a meeting was called to select a name for this place in order to establish a post-office. After some discussion Judge Morehead suggested that it be called Grapevine, in honor of Grapevine Spring, a place of historic interest. This was agreed to and Grapevine was placed on the map, and the post-office secured.

"As with all pioneers, the school and church were near to the heart of the fathers and mothers. The first schoolhouse was built in the early fifties north of Grapevine and was used as a church when any traveling minister passed through. Usually services were held in Birdville. It was the custom to ride horseback or go in wagons to these places of worship.

"Later a Methodist Church was organized at Minsters Chapel and Baptist churches were established at Lone some Dove and Bear Creek. In 1866 the Masonic lodge was organized and in 1868 this organization built the schoolhouse in town and assumed the management of it.

"The Baptist Church was built in Grapevine in 1872 or 1873, and the Methodist Church about the same time. The Methodist Church was organized in 1866, but all services, preaching, prayer meeting and Sunday school, were held in the residence of Rev. E. N. Hudgens until the church was built.

"The Indians were moved from this country to Fort Belknap in 1896. Buffalo hunting was an interesting sport of those early days. A herd of these animals would be located in the tall grass by the Indians, and one Indian after another would fasten a stick of burning wood to a long rope, and then tying the rope to the tail of his horse would gallop around the herd, setting fire to the grass. An opening untouched by the fire would be left, and when the buffaloes rushed through this the Indians stationed there would kill as many as they wanted—usually four or five at a time.

"Buffaloes, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and other wild game were plentiful"

The Family of Wright Conner Among The Earliest in the County

Note—This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's First Hundred Families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

IT HAS been said that a reverence for the past and a desire to maintain every sort of connection with it is a strong and growing force among an educated people. Certainly one should consider it a privilege to have descended from sturdy and virile ancestors who had devoted some portion of their time and energy to the upbuilding of such a community as Tarrant County has become.

The earliest of the pioneers who settled this county, headrighted land grants which they pre-empted from the Government. A bit of early Texas history will not be amiss as a preface to this sketch of the Conner family, who were among Tarrant's First Hundred.

In August, 1841, W. S. Peters of Louisville, Ky., with his associates, contracted with the Republic of Texas to introduce a number of colonists into certain sections within its boundaries. There was need of active men to occupy her vacant lands and stand guard against Mexican invasion on the west and Indian depredations everywhere. In defense of her frontier settlements an end was sought to enlist capitalists in introducing and settling up her vacant lands with families and single men from other lands.

The area thus affected began with the junction of Big Mineral with Red River, thence south 60 miles, then west 22 miles, then north to Red River, then southeast with this stream to the beginning. By subsequent contracts the boundary was extended to embrace an area of more than 100 miles, taking in parts of the whole of Dallas, Ellis, Johnson, Tarrant, Denton, Cooke, Montague, Parker, Hood, Erath, Palo Pinto, Jack, Clay, Wichita, Archer, Young, Stephens, Wise and Eastland Counties.

The settlers who came in under these contracts were chiefly from Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and Tennessee, and were given 640 acres for heads of families and 320 for single men. The settlers in the eastern counties progressed more rapidly than those in the West because less disturbed by Indian raids.

MANY difficulties as to titles occurred between the first settlers and the squatters and much trouble ensued for a time. About the date of Fort Worth's establishment as an Army post, however, title troubles began to wane. The Texas Legislature appointed commissioners to settle the conflicting claims. The map of Tarrant County shows nearly 150 headrights for 320-acre and 640-acre tracts.

These land grants marked the beginning of many of Tarrant County's most distinguished families, some of the descendants of whom reside in Fort Worth and other parts of the county, where they have become prominent in business and social life of the community.

Among those claiming this privilege was the family of Joseph Wright Conner, who emigrated from Tennessee to Texas in 1847. They made the trip in the regulation ox-drawn covered wagon, stopping for a short time at Farmer's Branch in Dallas County. In 1849 they moved to Tarrant County and located about two and one-half miles west of the old Army post on the Clear Fork of the Trinity where they headrighted 640 acres of land.

This land extended from the waters of the Trinity west to what later became the Stove Foundry Addition, Camp Bowie and the Bailey property, including Greenwood Cemetery. The Conner family was well established here when the Peaks, Terry and Allens came to Tarrant County. Stephen Terry and James K. Allen, the father of Mrs. Mollie King of this city, bought some of this land and Charles Turner bought part of it also.

The Conner family were comfortably domiciled in their log house when the aforementioned families came. When Terry and Allen purchased the land from Conner, Conner moved his family into one room of the house and shared the other room with the Terry and Allen families. These three families lived together under this one roof for about a year until the completion of a new home which the Conners built about a mile south of where they first lived. Such was the spirit of hospitality and accommodation of that day.

These families were good friends throughout the years. It was through the influence of Stephen Terry, James Allen and the Peaks that Mrs. Conner joined the First Christian Church. She became one of the earliest adherents of this faith in the county, and often met with that little band who organized the First Christian Church in Fort Worth at the home of Mrs. Peak.

JOSEPH WRIGHT CONNER married Lucinda Wakefield in Tennessee, and they had the following

children: William D., John W., who died in the Civil War; Margaret, who became the wife of Col. Abraham Harris, a sketch of whom was given in a former article; Joseph Conner, who also died in the Civil War, and Jess Conner, who married Mattie ("Nug") Nance, daughter of Gideon Nance, one of Tarrant County's early pioneers.

Both Jess Conner and his father-in-law were interesting characters in their day. Nance was one of the most successful politicians the county ever had, and was possessed of a keen wit which won many friends for him. Jess Conner was an Indian interpreter and could talk to the Indians in their own language. He also was an expert interpreter of the Indian dances and did them quite well.

Mrs. Lucinda (Wakefield) Conner, wife of J. W. Conner, after the death of her husband, went to live with the family of Dr. C. M. Peak. The Peaks were devoted to her and made the remaining years of her life comfortable and happy. She died at the home of Dr. Peak in 1863 and was buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery beside the grave of her husband. "Aunt" Mollie (Allen) King and "Uncle" Stephen Terry sat up with Mrs. Conner during her last illness, as was the custom in that day when there was illness in a friend's family, and they were present when she died. Rev. Allison Clark preached her funeral service.

William D. Conner, eldest child of Joseph Wright Conner and wife, Lucinda (Wakefield) Conner, married Nancy Fykes of Farmers Branch, Dallas County, in 1849. They moved at once to Tarrant County and settled on the 480-acre grant of land adjoining his father's place. In 1875 they sold their Tarrant County interests and moved to San Saba County where they spent the remaining years of their life.

W. D. Conner served in the Civil War and received a severe wound in the left shoulder, being shot at the Battle of Chickamauga. He was sent home on a furlough because of this about the time the war closed. W. D. Conner and wife, Nancy (Fykes) Conner, had the following five children: A. H., Christian, Lucinda, Frank and Josephine.

A. H. Conner was born in 1850. He married, first, Minnie Addington, daughter of "Parson" Addington of Dallas and sister of Sidney Willburn's wife. They moved to Brady in May, 1876, and reared a family there. Their children were: Carrie, the oldest, who married Jeff D. Benson, ranchman, farmer and stock-raiser; lives with her family about nine miles north of Brady; John, who was born in Tarrant County, lives in Kemble County with his family; Allie, who married Busie Sharp, an animal inspector, lives in Eldorado; Lela, who married Henry Blasdel, a farmer and stockraiser, lives about 12 miles south of Brady; Lizzie, who married James Harkrider, a ranchman and farmer, lives near Brady; one son who met a tragic death a few years ago when he was killed between freight trains, and a child who died in infancy.

MRS. MINNIE ADDINGTON CONNER died in 1883 and is buried at Brady. A. H. Conner married, second, Mrs. Alzenith Bowers and they have two children, Emma and Addie. Emma Conner married G. C. Kirk, a merchant in Brady; they have no children. Addie Conner married Fred A. Ellis, a ranchman and livestock dealer of Menard, Texas; they have three children.

A. H. Conner lives in Brady— hale and hearty in his 77th year — and while in reminiscent mood recently said:

"It seems like I should be older than I am, for I remember quite distinctly when the county seat was at Birdville and the fight that was made to bring it to Fort Worth. The issue was decided by an election and whisky and sugar were set out in front of the two stores that were there. An Irishman went from one to the other and would yell out, 'Fort Worth water tastes like whisky. Fort Worth salt tastes like sugar. Hurrah for Fort Worth!' I followed him around from place to place to hear his next 'get off.' Then he would catch me and make me drink. Soon I was in the same fix the Irishman was."

"Also I can remember clearly the Tonkawa Indians that were camped about our place. Our log cabin was fenced about with poles and we had old-fashioned stile blocks to go over instead of a gate. The Indians would never come over the blocks, but would jump the fence. I frequently drove sharp stobs for them to jump on, but they would always miss them."

Christian Conner, daughter of William D. Conner and wife, Nancy (Fykes) Conner, married a Mr. Holman of San Saba. They had one child. Lucinda Conner, daughter of William D. Conner and wife, married Ky Majors of Fort Worth; they have no children. Frank Conner, son of William D. Conner and wife, died in Oklahoma, unmarried. Josephine

Conner, daughter of William D. Conner and wife, died unmarried in Denton County.

William D. Conner, father of A. H. Conner, died at the age of 87 years and is buried in the Brady Cemetery, as is also Mrs. William D. Conner.

IN THIS connection, a list of early settlers who pre-empted land in Tarrant County will prove a valuable reference in tracing families of the present and future generations. Thomas William Ward was appointed commissioner to issue headright certificates to settlers, and the following were listed within the limits of Tarrant County:

Cornelius Connolly, 640 acres; Isaac Schoonover, 320; J. W. Conner, 640; Pete Schoonover, 320; J. S. Ellis, 320; W. D. Conner, 320; J. P. Lusk, 320; Thomas White, 320; A. B. Conner, 320; L. J. Edwards, 640; A. Gauhenaut, 320; T. McCann, 320; W. H. Hudson, 320; R. Crowley, 320; Isham Crowley, 320; John Baugh, 320; Michael Baugh, 320; A. A. Robinson (three), 160, 160 and 320; Felix Mulligan, 640; William J. Little, 320; John Little, 320; S. K. Smith, 320; Isaac Thomas, 640; Edward Little, 640; John Bursey, 320; S. Gilmore, 640; J. B. York, 640; Joel Walker, 640.

L. J. Tinsley, 640; Sanders Elliott, 640; John Akers, 320; T. Akers, 640; S. Akers, 320; W. Morris, 640; W. C. Trimble, 640; H. Bennett, 640; S. Pendleton, 320; A. S. Trimble, 640; J. W. Elliston, 640; M. Elliston, 640; W. Seruggs, 320; H. F. Sargent, 640; Mahulda Lynch (widow), 640; A. G. Walker, 640; S. Hayworth, 640; W. A. Trimble, 320; S. Sanger, 320; John Condra, 640; E. S. Carter, 320; L. C. Walker, 640; Pamela Allen (widow), 640; R. F. Allen, 640; R. Baker, 640; J. A. Dunham, 640; A. Barnes, 640; Charles Medlin (part in Denton), 640; H. Medlin, 640; W. W. Hall, 640; T. Mahon, 640; Francis Thorpe, 640; A. Foster, 640; D. Tannahill, 640; James Cate, 640.

Charles Baker, 640; H. Suggs, 320; William Bradford, 640; V. J. Hutton, 640; J. J. Goodwin, 640; J. B. Barnett, 320; George Burgoon, 320; J. P. Alford, 640; A. J. Huit, 320; J. J. Winfield, 640; W. R. Loving, 640; Ruth Brown (widow), 640; Larkin Barnes, 640; W. Underwood, 640; J. J. Goodwin, 320; M. K. Selvidge, 320; J. R. Parker, 320; John Brown, 640; J. R. Baugh, 320; M. Goodwin, 640; David Bradshaw, 640; M. Goodwin, 320; William O'Neil, 640; Mahulda Harris, 640; J. Blackwell, 640;

H. Blackwell (son), 320; Solomon Davis, 640; C. C. Carter, 320; L. Finger, 640; J. Huit, 640; O. Medlin, 640; J. Stephens, 640; J. M. Stephens, 640; E. M. Daggett, 640; M. J. Brinson, 630; J. Hyden, 640; J. Degman, 320; E. L. Harris, 320; Hiram Blackwell, 640; Anderson Newton (F), 640; W. Mack, 640; J. W. Lane, 640; C. T. Lane, 320; S. S. Lane, 320; A. J. Stephens, 320; A. Stephens, 320; J. L. Newton, 320; H. G. Lynch, 320; E. S. Terrell, 320; D. C. Manning, 320; Samuel Needham, 640; Daniel Barcroft, 640; I. Neace, 640; Jesse Gallen, 640; Jesse Gibson, 640; T. M. Hood, 640; J. A. Freeman, 640; R. Eads, 320; S. Freeman, 320; Thomas Easten, 640; A. F. Leonard, 640; M. Head, 220.

BIRDVILLE FURNISHED NATION FIRST WOMAN POSTMASTER IN GIRL ONLY 15 YEARS OLD

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

In the trying days that followed the close of the Civil War—the reconstruction period—history was being made in Tarrant County.

By an act of the Legislature, December, 1849, Birdville was named the county seat of Tarrant County. Settlers coming to this new country worked together for the common good. However, before the war, along in the early "fifties," some decided the forks of the Trinity a more convenient place for the business of the county to be transacted. Thus began the fight to move the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth.

Fort Worth was the aggressor in this case, holding to the age-old law of growth by struggle. Birdville believed in clinging to her rights even if she had to fight for them. And so the trouble began.

Youngsters who had heretofore gone peacefully to the same schools, now began to wage war against one another, and juvenile feuds were the order of the day. Many a fist fight resulted among the freckled-faced, red-headed boys who met on the common stamping ground, and several killings were the outcome of the controversy among the men.

Removal Recorded.

An early newspaper, in speaking of Tarrant County's biggest moving day, says: "The Birdville populace gathered solemnly and watched the farmhands carry out their precious books of record, antique desk, cane-bottom chairs and yellow law books, load them in farm wagons and rumble down the dusty road to Fort Worth. The poor, empty, little, frame courthouse stood as a pathetic reminder of the outrage Fort Worth had perpetrated at their expense."

The bitterness grew as Birdville decayed and its stores wanted for business. "Court Monday" was no longer a busy day in Birdville. The people thought of the buggies, wagons and bespectacled lawyers standing around the new courthouse at Fort Worth, and quit trading with the rival village. It made their blood boil to visit Fort Worth and see the courthouse that should have been theirs. Birdville charged Fort Worth with deliberately "stealing the county seat—because the old fort had been abandoned and Fort Worth just had to have some sort of attraction to counteract the lure of Birdville with its frame courthouse. In turn the people of Fort Worth considered the Birdville citizens weaklings, incapable of "holding their own."

First Woman Postmaster.

What Birdville lacked in numbers, she has made up for in the character of the sons and daughters she has sent out. Probably the first postmistress in the United States, certainly the first in Texas, was a Birdville girl. She is now Mrs. W. H. Wright of 1330 Newman Avenue, Dallas, and a sister of Lon Barkley, former postmaster of Fort Worth. As Alice Barkley, she was made postmistress, at the age of 15, in 1866 at Birdville. At that time almost every man in the Birdville community, of the entire South, in fact, had aided the Confederacy, and so were not eligible to hold office under the federal regime.

This bobbed-haired girl—the bob for women was quite the vogue in that day—was a fiery little rebel when a principle was involved.

In order for her to receive this commission, she had to take the oath that she had not in any way aided the Confederacy. When questioned by federal authorities, she bravely replied: "Yes, sir; I spun and wove the cloth to make a pair of pants for Capt. Joe Terrell, and I have knitted dozens of pairs of socks for the soldiers." However, this was of small import compared to the act of "shouldering arms" which the male population had so generously done.

Oath Is "Construed."

It was necessary for the authorities to "construe" the oath in order to bestow the commission, but this was a small matter, so the carefree girl became at once the dignified, qualified Birdville postmistress.

One of Mrs. Wright's most treasured possessions today is the document which legalized her as postmistress, signed by Alexander W. Randall, who was Postmaster General. During President Taft's Administration, when the postmasters' convention met in Dallas, she was sent as one of a committee from the Texas Woman's Press Association, which was in session at that time, to greet the postmasters. She carried along this paper as a sort of passport.

At the conclusion of her address, this body adjourned to pay homage to the first postmistress in the United States, the youngest on record of either sex and to view the trophy of her former conquest.

Was Big Responsibility.

Sixty years ago, woman's place in public life was not what it is today. Certainly this job of running the Birdville postoffice during those trying times was a great responsibility for one so young and inexperienced. It weighed heavily on her young shoulders, for those were bitter years in the Southland, and many important messages came through her hands. Four years of war had touched the hearts and homes of almost everyone, and her courage and womanly intuition made her work very important.

Birdville was the distributing point for mail to Fort Worth, Denton, Jacksboro and other towns. It was brought to Birdville by wagon, and later carried to other places on horseback. Sometimes the work was unusually heavy on account of delayed mail, due to Indian raids, heavy rains and accompanying bad roads. It was not at all unusual for an accumulation of several weeks to be unloaded on her at one time. The late Capt. W. H. Lemmon, a prominent citizen of Dallas, who taught school in Birdville at the time Mrs. Wright was postmistress, often assisted her in sorting the mail and getting it off in time for the last leg of its journey.

One of Earliest Families.

Judge Edward Hovenkamp moved to Birdville from Kentucky in 1854. The following year he returned to his home State and told such a glowing story of the bright future of this Texas land that Dr. B. F. Barkley, father of Mrs. Wright, returned with him. The Barkley family was one of the earliest in the Birdville community, arriving on the first day of December, 1855.

Dr. Barkley was a practicing physician, a friend and counselor to all, and especially to those bereft during the war. He helped obtain supplies for those less fortunate, ministered to the sick and was the beloved and trusted head of the community in the absence of the men in the army. He had served the Confederacy as postmaster in Birdville, thus rendering himself ineligible for federal service, although he and Judge Hovenkamp were about the only secessionists in the place. Judge Hovenkamp was district attorney under reconstruction rule.

Mrs. Wright now is past 75, interesting and interested in life. As one looks back into her girlhood, one might have known what to predict for her future. Early in life she married W. H. Wright of Kentucky, also one of the early settlers in Birdville. He taught school there and later he and Mrs. Wright taught in Bedford. The late Dr. Trimble, Jesse M. Brown, Prof. M. H. Moore, Mrs. Frank Edelbrock, Mrs. Walter Logan, Professor Hammond and a number of other residents of this city were pupils of the Wrights in that early day. Wright was, for a number of years, a Christian minister, but retired from active service several years ago.

Always Prohibitionist.

Mrs. Wright is a lifelong prohibitionist, a suffragist of note, member of the Dallas Pen Women and Texas Press Association. She also is among those in the "Who's Who of the Womanhood of Texas."

She was chaperon of Hamilton College at Lexington, Ky., at one time, and always has been an active W. C. T. U. worker. Aside from her public duties, she has reared a family, having at present three generations to her credit, thereby proving, even in the early years of pioneering in Texas, that some women can have at one and the same time a career and a family.

Eye-Witness Story of an Early Texas 'War'

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THERE has recently been published a reprint pamphlet of the 80s—History of the Regulators and Moderators and the Shelby County War in 1841-1842 in the Republic of Texas by John W. Middleton who was an active participant in this war. The pamphlet is a copy of the original in Texas State Library at Austin, and the only one known to be in existence.

This document is the most comprehensive view available on the subject. It also deals with facts and incidents in the early history of the Republic and State from 1837 to the annexation, together with incidents of frontier life and Indian troubles, and the war on the Reserve in Young County in 1857.

A distinguished foreigner, visiting in the United States, says that we of the Middle West, Far West and South have no romantic background of tradition and history to give color to our dull scenes and make our poetry.

The difficulty is that in point of time, we are not yet far enough removed from the seat of action. We fail to get a perspective. This will come, but in the meantime valuable material is going to waste, because a careless public fails to sense the importance of preserving the historical traditions of its people.

Fact and fiction historians have made much of the trivial feuds of Scotland, while our own pioneer activities, Indian depredations, border wars and eastern and western feuds—quite as colorful—have practically gone unnoticed.

The Robin Hoods and such like, were not one whit more depraved than our stage robbers and bandits, and our slave and horse thieves, gamblers and others of their ilk, were quite as atrocious as their prototypes of the Scottish Highlands.

It has been said, perhaps to our shame, that Europe has produced no villains that have not been matched or magnified by American rascals. The same may be said of heroes. It is a fact that human nature changes little throughout the ages.

The conquest of the savage—both man and beast—of this continent, by pioneer settlers and adventurers, fairly teems with romance, and excels any considerable history of any people in the same length of time.

In the eastern part of Texas in the early forties, the hydra-headed monster, Ignorance, and its Amazonian hand-maiden, Crime, stalked abroad. Because of this, there has been handed down to history a disturbance known as the Regulator-Moderator War, which had to do with the stealing and reselling of negro slaves, highwaymen, bushwhackers, brigands, gamblers, adventurers, both male and female, women spies and pioneers of every sort.

In order to understand this exaggerated feud, for such it really was, one must know something of the early history of that locality. Besides a large number of reputable citizens who occupied the neutral ground of Shelby County and adjacent counties of Texas and Louisiana, there were many refugees from the United States who had been driven there by the bankrupt law of 1841, and other circumstances incident to previous presidential elections.

In addition to these, there were many of the lawless element who sought shelter here. This made a desirable abode for desperate characters. It was a comparatively easy thing to ply a nefarious trade in Arkansas or Louisiana, and flee to the neutral ground across the Sabine. Then, too, the accessibility to Mexican traders of Texas was an added attraction.

Certain law-abiding citizens deemed it necessary to bind themselves together to put in check the infamous. This group who had taken upon themselves the responsibility of regulating the existing evils had not sufficiently reckoned with the counter forces.

Many of the lawless, in one way or another, also came to be members of this organization. It was an easy matter thus to wreak personal vengeance, and in many instances gross injustice was the order of the day. In a short while, conditions became unbearable, and men followed with impunity their natural bent.

To counteract the operations of the Regulators, as they were known, a company of Moderators, so-called, was organized. They were men of splendid character, but soon such desperadoes as had not joined the Regulators, fell into the Moderator ranks. Such a thing as remaining neutral was an impossibility. One had to arraign one's self on either one side or the other, for self-preservation if nothing else.

Yoakum in his early history of Texas says: "In a short time Shelby County and adjacent counties, together with a part of Louisiana, were arrayed against each other. The strife had gradually become more extreme for four years, when in the Summer and Fall of 1844, it became necessary for the Governor to interpose to prevent civil war. President Houston accordingly ordered General Smith to raise a portion of the militia and repair to the scene of anarchy. Some 500 of the government forces assembled there, and by a prudent and firm course of conduct, the belligerents were induced to lay down their arms and submit to the laws.

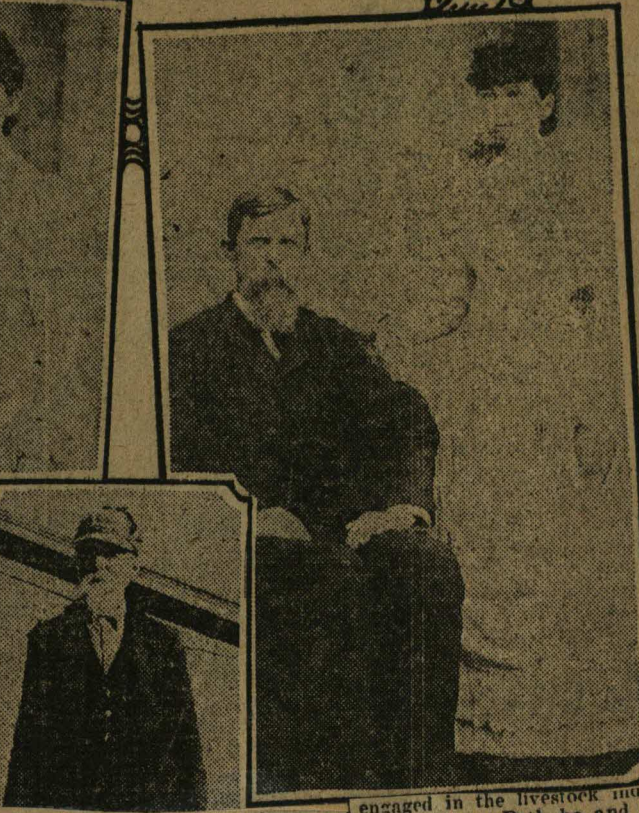
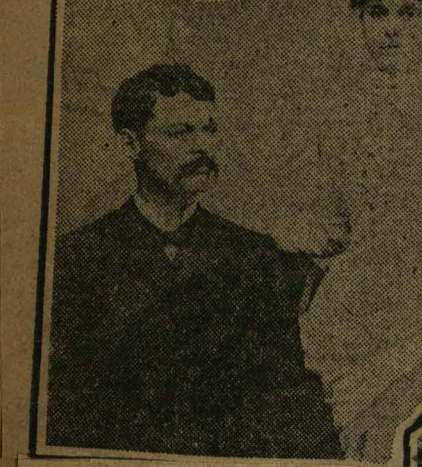
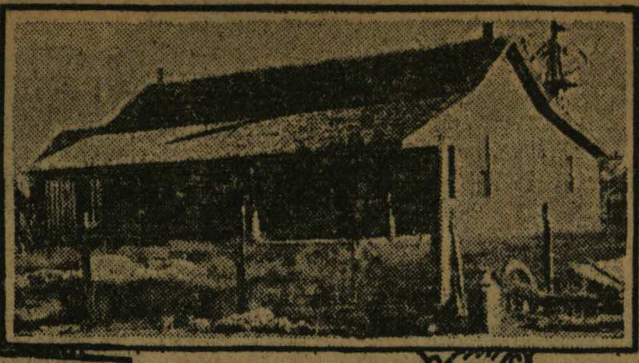
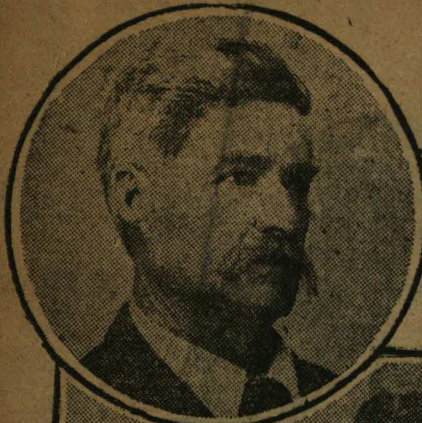
"The fires of dissension only smoldered, however, for here and there the flames of anger and revenge which had been engendered would burst forth anew, and as before others were made 'to bite the dust.'"

Shortly afterward the Mexican War broke out, and these two factions went forth as one in a common cause. It is to these "fighting men of the Sabine," who took out their grudge on Mexico, that Texas owes her independence today.

These border counties of Texas and Louisiana were known as "The Slaughter Pens," and students of Texas history will do well to familiarize themselves with the forces in operation there in that day.

The Pamphlet is published by the Personal Service Book Shop at Austin.

TS about the noted Willburn family pioneers of the Benbrook community, some of whom are now scattered throughout the United States, are: Aaron O. Willburn of Gardner, Colo., son of Edward Willburn, at top left; home of E. C. D. Willburn near Benbrook, top center; late Dr. E. W. Snyder and wife, who was Ida Benbrook; Mrs. Snyder is now living in Brownwood; Mr. and Mrs. Miller C. Miles of Benbrook; Mrs. Miles was formerly Minnie Snyder; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. D. Willburn and wife, who married at Benbrook Christmas night, 1885, and who now reside at Benbrook; E. C. D. Willburn at his home near Benbrook as he looks today.



Editor's note: More about the first 100 who settled Tarrant County and reclaimed it from the wilds of the frontier.

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THIRTY years ago the descendants of Edward and Nancy Willburn, Tarrant County pioneers, numbered between five and six hundred. Today there are more than a thousand scattered throughout the United States, and a large majority of whom still live in Tarrant County.

Edward Willburn and wife, Nancy (Overton) Willburn, were both natives of Missouri and were married there. In company with several families of relatives, they came to Texas in 1843 and located in Dallas County.

In 1854 he moved with his family to Tarrant County and he, and some of his brothers-in-law, secured large tracts of land extending from Fort Worth to Bear Creek. All developed fine farms, and several of his sons engaged extensively in raising livestock.

When Fort Worth began to grow and good schools were established, Willburn built a residence in town and moved in to educate his children. Later he returned to the farm, still later came back to town, and finally moved to California, where he died in 1882. His wife survived him until 1887. Her death also occurred in California, and both are buried there. Nancy (Overton) Willburn was the daughter of Perry Overton, a native of Kentucky, who went from there to Missouri, and eventually to Texas. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and enterprise. He built the first mill in Howard County, Missouri, also he first mill in Jackson County, that state, and while there determined to come to Texas and engage in the same industry.

Accordingly, he made a prospecting trip to this state and chose his future location in what is now Dallas County. He returned to Missouri and completed a mill, which he brought back with ox teams. The buhrs for this mill weighed over six hundred pounds, and it was no small undertaking, with the poor accommodations of that time, to make the trip. This was said to be the first mill, with the exception of those drawn by horses, in Dallas County.

Inside of a year the mill was well established and in operation. Overton then brought his family, including his sons-in-law and their families, together with all their possessions, to Dallas County. Perry Overton has many descendants, who point with pride to the achievements of their noble ancestor.

Edward Willburn and wife, Nancy (Overton) Willburn, had 11 children, as follows: James, a child who died in infancy; Sarah A., Marinda, William Perry Barnett, Francis Marion (Frank), Sidney, Martha M., E. C. D. (Church), Aaron O., and David.

JAMES WILLBURN, eldest son of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, was a real frontiersman. He spent much time with the Indians, and engaged in hunting and trapping, which vocation he followed for many years. In 1849 he went to the Pacific Coast with a band of Indians, and on this trip had a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly bear, which he killed with his knife. In this episode he lost the use of a hand and a leg for life.

He was married three times and has a large number of descendants living in California, where he died several years ago.

Sarah Willburn, daughter of Edward and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, married J. W. Smith of Brownwood, where they lived for many years. They had several children, among whom were John Francis Smith, Robert A. Smith, and Jefferson Davis Smith. J. W. Smith and Mrs. Sarah (Willburn) Smith are both buried in Brownwood.

Marinda Willburn, daughter of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, married John Snyder of Brownwood. They had five children: Edward ("Ned"), Elizabeth ("Betty"), Nannie, John William and Annie.

Edward Willburn ("Ned") Snyder was a physician in Brownwood and married Ida Benbrook of this county, daughter of Colonel Benbrook, for whom the town of Benbrook was named. To them were born the following children: Edward J. ("Ned") Snyder, at present a practicing physician in Brownwood; John Snyder, a dentist in Brownwood; Frances, who married Fred Henniger and lives in Houston; Edith, who lives with her mother in Brownwood, and Beth, who married Roland McClellan of Dallas. Dr. Edward Willburn Snyder died several years ago and is buried in Brownwood. Mrs. Ida (Benbrook) Snyder resides in Brownwood.

Betty Snyder married Tom Pierce, and they had seven children, as follows: Florence, who died several years ago; Frances, who lives with her mother; Augusta, who is teaching in the public schools of Dallas; Tom Pierce; Forter, also teaching in Dallas; Claudia, who is teaching in Bowie, and Lovie, who married Clyde Chitum and lives in Oklahoma. Tom Pierce Sr. died several years ago and Mrs. Betty (Snyder) Pierce resides in Bowie.

Nannie Snyder married Miles C. Wells and they live at Benbrook. They have four children: Miles Jr., who lives at Paducah, Texas; Tullis, residing in Fort Worth; Ada, who is teaching in Bowie, and Frankie, who died several years ago.

John William Snyder married Mrs. Alice Holt and lives in Childress, Texas. They have no children.

Annie Snyder married James Johnson and lives near Brownwood. They have six children: Marinda, Elsie, Willie, Edward, Dorothy and John Calvin.

John Snyder is said to have built the first house in Parker County in the early fifties. Mrs. Marinda (Willburn) Snyder gave the land for the first school, church and cemetery at Benbrook. The school was known for many years as the Marinda School, in honor of the donor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Snyder are dead.

William Perry Barnett Willburn, son of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, married Cassandra Williams of this county. He served through the Civil War, and at its close went to Mexico where he was

engaged in the livestock industry for many years. Both he and his wife are dead. They were the parents of 18 children, and have numerous descendants in every part of the United States.

Francis Marion (Frank) Willburn, son of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, served through the Civil War, and died in this county in 1882. He is buried in the Willburn Cemetery at Benbrook.

Sidney Willburn, son of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, was also a veteran of the Civil War. He married Texanna ("Tex") Addington of Benbrook and they had the following children: Elizabeth, Frank, Mattie, Helen, Ned, Walter, Sidney Rennie, Tennie, Dave, and George.

Elizabeth Willburn died when a very young child. Frank Willburn married Kate Jordan and lives at 2019 Sixth Avenue this city. Mattie Willburn married Henry Tidwell and lives near Benbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Tidwell have several children. Helen Willburn married Hugh Johnson. They live at Cedar Hill and have two children. Ned Willburn married Nettie Borden of Benbrook. They have two children and live in the State of Washington. Walter Willburn married Lillie James. They have several children and live in Tacoma, Wash. Sidney Willburn is married and lives in California. Marinda ("Rennie") Willburn married Chene Dunlap and lives in Boyd, Okla. They have several children. Tennie Willburn married Scott Seacord. They have four children and live at Spearman, Texas. Dave Willburn married Lou Ward, has five children and lives at Spearman.

Sidney Willburn and wife, Texanna (Addington) Willburn lived for many years near Benbrook and reared their family there. They are both buried in the old Willburn Cemetery at Benbrook.

Martha M. Willburn, daughter of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, married William Cox and they had two children. Mrs. Cox died many years ago while the family were enroute to California. E. C. D. Willburn better known as "Uncle Church" Willburn, resides at the old Willburn home near Benbrook, which he built in the early seventies. Mr. Willburn is one of the oldest and most active of Tarrant County's pioneers. He was born in Dallas County in 1847 and came to Tarrant County when six years of age.

When he was about 14 years old, he went West to his father's ranch, where he spent a number of years as a cowboy. Willburn, in speaking of his cowboy activities, says that he and Colonel Charles Goodnight are two of the oldest real cowboys living in Texas today.

IN THE early sixties Willburn went to the Jim Ned Creek ranch owned by John Snyder, Burke, and Willburn. Here he began the trail drives. He made his first drive to San An

tonio in 1864; took two droves to Shreveport in 1865, and one in 1866, went over the Pecos Trail, and up the Concho and Pecos Rivers in 1866, and to what is now Roswell, N. Mex., where in 1867, he built the first house in the town. At one time he took a large drove of horses from Texas to New Mexico, accompanied by 13 well-armed men, and made the trip without molestation.

In those days, the "six shooter" was the law of the land. Woe be un to him who dared trifle with the law. Indians were also causing a great deal of trouble throughout the West—not only in warring against the "whites" but in tribal warfare as well. They would frequently solicit the aid and interest of the friendly "pale face" to help them battle against their own race. During Willburn's stay at Fort Concho, a band of 80 Tonkaway's came to the fort seeking protection from warring tribes. The cowboys of that day, and certain Indians of the Concho and Pecos region were friendly toward each other, often exchanging buffalo, deer, antelope, turkeys, etc., but the Apache's were a deadly foe to all of them.

The Guadalupe Mountains in Southeastern New Mexico, with their several hundred caves and canyons, afforded excellent places for their rendezvous. Today, these same mountains remain practically unexplored and undeveloped. Carlsbad Cavern, largest and most magnificent of all the explored caverns of the world, has only been known to the public a few short years. Relics of prehistoric civilization await the pioneer of today who will interest himself in this virgin land of America.

According to Willburn, the Indians were more or less active in Tarrant County also, when he first came here. The Indians had a burying ground, which they used at that time on a hill between the present site of T. C. U. and the Burke Family Cemetery to the west.

It is said Indians killed a man in the valley between the Willburn place and Fort Worth shortly after the Willburns came here. Soldiers from the fort quickly dispatched them. All hills to the west of Fort Worth in the early fifties were smoking with the Indian camp fires and could be plainly seen in the night from the old Lemuel Edwards place.

Willburn says that upon an occasion "Bony" Tucker another of the county's early settlers, came to Edward Willburn's place and reported a number of his horses, stolen by the Indians. Members of the Willburn family joined Tucker in his hunt for the Indians, and together they located and recovered the stolen horses.

Willburn disposed of his stock interests in the West and returned to Tarrant County in 1870 and he has resided here continuously since that time. He was married first in 1874 to Mrs. Eliza Porter, daughter of Michael Williams, who came from Tennessee to Texas about 1856. By the Porter marriage Mrs. Eliza (Porter) Willburn had six children, all of whom were reared by Willburn. They had two children of their own, Martha M. and Eliza. Martha M. Willburn married Tom Armstrong, and they, with their four children, reside on Jennings Avenue, this city. Eliza Willburn married Robert L. White, Mr. and Mrs. White had three children, one of whom died several years ago. They live on Tremont Street, Arlington Heights.

IN 1885, Church Willburn, married Peace Barnett, a native of Collin County, Texas, and daughter of Frank Barnett, who lived on his farm in Tarrant County the year previous. This wedding created more than the

usual interest for it was a triple wedding, and the first of the few triple weddings ever held in this county. A niece and nephew of Willburn's, Nannie Snyder and her brother, Dr. E. W. Snyder, married respectively. Miles C. Wells and Ida Benbrook. The event took place at the old Marinda school and church at Benbrook on Christmas night, 1885.

E. C. D. Willburn and wife, Peace (Barnett) Willburn, had the following children: Frank, Church, Jessie, Ira, Reuben, Annie and Florence.

Frank Willburn married Georgia Farris of Denton, and they live at Handley. Church Willburn married Cans McConnell. They have four boys and reside on James Street, this city. Jessie Willburn married Ben Murray, and they, with their four children, live in Trinidad, Colo. Ira Willburn married Myrtle Mumford of Bedford. They reside in the Stove Foundry Addition and have two children. Reuben Willburn is unmarried and lives with his parents at the old Willburn home near Benbrook. Annie Willburn married Ernest Ritz. They have two children, and live in Tulsa, Okla. Florence Willburn married Ransom Kennedy. They have one child and live on a farm near Benbrook.

Aaron O. Willburn, son of Edward Willburn and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, married Alice Quillian, sister of Mrs. W. Erskine Williams, of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Willburn reside in Gardner, Colo. They have eight children, as follows: Edward, who with his family, lives at Gardner, Okla.; Overton ("Ovie"), now Mrs. Le May of Olds, Alberta, Canada; Sidney has a family and lives in Walsenberg, Colo.; Agnes lives in Olds, Canada; James with his family lives in Gardner, Colo.; Robert and Nancy both reside in Veta, Colo., and Charles lives in Le Veta, Colo.

David Willburn, youngest child of Edward and Nancy (Overton) Willburn, is married and lives in Ruth, Cal. He has a large family, most of whom reside in that State.

RICH HISTORICAL MATERIAL ABOUNDS IN TARRANT COUNTY; OLD LANDMARKS DESIGNATED

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Tarrant County is rich in historical material, and steps have been taken to preserve its traditions and places of historic interest. During Fort Worth's Diamond Jubilee in 1923, the historical committee placed concrete and metal markers to designate the particular places of interest.

At the west end of Summit Avenue, just back of the old S. B. Burnett home, is the site of a stand made by Indians in 1849, from which they planned to attack Fort Worth. At the spot of a six-pound Howitzer, fired by the United States troops under Maj. Ripley A. Arnold, they fled over the bluff.

Six years before, in 1843, Capt. Ed Terrell spent the winter in Tarrant County, trading with the Indians. He camped in a live oak grove, at which is now the southeast corner of Eleventh Avenue and Cooper Street.

First Merchandise Store.

The first general merchandise store in Fort Worth was run by Henry Daggett in 1849. It was a small log cabin located in a grove of live oaks at the foot of Samuels Avenue. The Government would not permit aspiring merchants to sell goods within a mile of the post. When the old fort was abandoned and the last of the troops had departed, Daggett moved his small stock of goods to the Government reserve, and located near the present courthouse.

In an early day William Parks, grandfather of Mrs. W. K. Rose of 2340 Lipscomb Street, also had a general merchandise store where the Criminal Court Building now stands. He hauled his wares in an ox wagon from Jefferson, Texas. Indian women came often with their beautiful baskets made of reeds and willows from the Trinity bottoms to trade for a measure of meal or other staples. For years these baskets were interesting relics of the Parks family.

The Square Deal Store, Belknap and Houston Streets, marks the spot of Fort Worth's first school, taught by Col. John Peter Smith in 1853.

Among his early pupils were James and M. G. Ellis and Tobe Johnson. Colonel Smith was a most generous, public spirited man, and became an outstanding character in this city, being one of Fort Worth's benefactors.

Location of First Well.

The first well dug by United States troops when the post was established was located on Houston Street on the Criminal Courts grounds. Other wells were dug in this vicinity in an early day, one of which is still visible. The rock hood erected over it and a part of the crumbling wall may be seen today at West Bluff and Taylor Streets.

The first artesian well in the city was drilled by J. J. Peters, just south of 815 North Henderson Street, in 1878.

In 1855, the Masonic Hall was erected on the northeast corner of Belknap and Jones Streets. Julian Feild was Worshipful Master, and John Peter Smith, secretary. This building served as church and school, and was the communal and social center of the village.

Brinson and Slaughter erected the first brick store in 1856 on the southwest corner of Weatherford and Houston Streets.

Probably the oldest house in Fort Worth is at 616 North Hampton Street. It is made partially from logs used in the houses of the old fort, built by the United States troops in 1849.

Early Courthouse.

In 1856, soon after the removal of the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth, the first temporary courthouse was erected, west of the present courthouse near the curb. The first courthouse, a stone building, was commenced in 1860, construction suspended during the Civil War, and completed in 1866. This building, which was situated near the main entrance to the present courthouse, was destroyed by fire, March 29, 1875, and many valuable records were burned.

The southeast corner of Belknap and Jones Streets marks the site of the first jail in the county. It was erected in 1856, while John York was Sheriff. York was the second Sheriff

of the county, Francis Jordan being the first.

The first public school in the county was located at 620 Macon Street. The old Arnold Institute merged into the public school system in 1882, and the late Mrs. Clara Peak Walden, sister of Howard Peak of this city, became principal.

The Collier Academy, established in 1879, with John Collier as principal, was the first secondary school in the city. It was located on Jennings Avenue, on the present postoffice grounds, south of the main entrance.

Started High School 1884.

The first high school was established in 1884 on the present City Hall grounds, corner Jennings Avenue and Ninth Street, with Percival White as principal.

The main Cannon Avenue entrance to Central High School marks the first college, known as Wesleyan College. It was established in 1882, and A. A. Johnson was the president.

The first orphans' home, known as the Fort Worth Benevolent Home—now Tarrant County Orphans' Home—was established in 1886, by Mrs. Belle M. Burchill and Mrs. Delia Collins. It was located in Arnold Park, on the Cold Springs road, at the head of Garvey Street. The first board of trustees for this institution was W. J. Boaz, K. M. Van Zandt, J. C.

Scott, Mrs. Burchill and Mrs. Collins. Mr. and Mrs. Burchill were instrumental in getting Fort Worth's Government building.

Julian Feild established the first flour mill in 1856, at the extreme end of Mill Street on the river bank.

The first railroad station—the Texas and Pacific—was erected in 1876, near the Front Street entrance of the present T. & P. Depot.

In 1856 Lawrence W. Steele built the first hotel, in which was also the first stage coach office. This was at Belknap and Houston Street.

Church Erected 1872.

The first church was erected in 1872-3 on the east side of Houston Street, between Fourth and Fifth Street. This was the First Christian Church, and Rev. H. D. Banton was the pastor.

The site of the first bank was at 109 Main Street. It was established in 1873 and was known as the Tidball & Wilson Bank. It was said that this was truly a "labor and capital" bank, Thos. A. Tidball furnishing the labor and John F. Wilson the capital. George B. Hendricks was the sole employe of the bank, and he and Tidball constituted the entire force. This bank became the Fort Worth National of today.

A few years ago, the Fort Worth Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, presented the city with an historic relic of pioneer life, an old rock road drag in use for many years in this county but which was discarded in 1853. This primitive road grader was the property of Lewis Wetmore, Tarrant County pioneer, and father of Mrs. A. E. McKee of 511 East Third Street, who realizing its value from an historic standpoint, had preserved it throughout the years. The stone is located in Hyde Park, which bears the name of one of Fort Worth's foremost early citizens, the late Hyde Jennings.

Granite Marks Post Site.

On the northwest corner of Belknap and Houston Street, alongside and to the front of the Criminal Courts Building, stands a large Texas granite marker with bronze plates, front and back. The front plate bears this inscription: "This stone marks the site of Camp Worth, a United States military post, named in honor of General William J. Worth and commanded by Major Ripley A. Arnold." On the back plate is the following: "Erected by Mary Isham Keith Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1921." The front tablet has carved upon it a typical Western frontier scene, with Indians, cowboys and prairie schooners. The work on the tablet was done by Joseph H. Lore, a Fort Worth sculptor.

A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS FOR NORTH FORT WORTH

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Another Christmas season is rapidly approaching, and as usual many plans are being made for the happy occasion. In fight giving there is always a demand for the "something different" idea, and North Fort Worth will, soon have the opportunity to display a most unique and distinctive novelty in the celebration of Christmas.

The Fort Worth Garden Club, recently organized in this city, has a plan under way to secure the cooperation in Fort Worth of as many as will, in planting a living tree this coming Christmas, to be decorated and lighted at night throughout the Christmas season—a tree that can be utilized on future similar occasions.

The idea has been very successfully carried out in other cities and commends itself to the citizenship of Fort Worth. It has been suggested, by residents of this section of the city, that North Fort Worth take the lead in this interesting project.

Large numbers of people, living in the county and other sections of the city, drive over North Fort Worth's splendid residence districts from time to time, and enjoy the beautiful scenery and well paved streets, and these thoroughfares would lend themselves beautifully to such a decorative scheme.

Certain sections of North Fort Worth are particularly fitted for such a display. Marine Park, all residence sections, West Twentieth Street past the High School, continuing on the well lighted and beautifully parked Park Street to Grand Avenue, West Fifteenth Street, Belmont, Clinton and Central Avenues,

could be made at this Christmas season a vision of loveliness never to be forgotten with a little time and forethought given to it, and at comparatively small expense.

This is also the time of year when plans are being made for the planting of shrubs and trees. What could be more pleasing to one's self, family and friends, than to plant a real live Christmas tree somewhere in one's garden or on the lawn where it would be easily accessible for service on this particular occasion? How intimate a part of one's life such a tree becomes! What sacred memories cluster round the Christmas tree, and how one hates to discard it when the festivities of the day are ended!

In this mild climate there are many winters quite warm enough to allow for the outdoor Christmas celebration, and with any one of a number of lovely evergreens available from Fort Worth nurserymen, there should be no difficulty in making a satisfactory selection. The spruce, pine, juniper, any one of the many varieties of cedar—all will grow here if properly planted and cared for, thus proving a joy throughout the years. There is a wide variety to select from and the price is nominal. In our plans for this year's planting, let's include one or more of such trees, and help to make all Fort Worth—especially our own section—a really, truly Christmas fairyland.

In Santa Rosa, Cal., in his home gardens, Luther Burbank sleeps beneath a massive tree—a last request being that he be laid beneath the sheltering arms of this tree that he had planted, nurtured, and watched over for many years. His own words were—"I should like to feel that my strength is going into the strength of a tree." Thus in death he ministers unto life.

Shall we not catch something of the same spirit that actuated these motives and give of our time and strength while yet living to the planting of, and caring for, a tree—why not a Christmas tree—that coming generations may likewise enjoy?

This would be one way to help put a stop to the ruthless slaughter at Christmas time of billions of young trees all over the world. Foresters are everywhere sounding the warning that America is fast becoming that appalling spectacle—a treeless land.

Let's not fail to plan for the living Christmas tree this year. Hundreds of such trees—living, lighted—all over North Fort Worth would bring good tidings of great joy to little folk who may chance to pass this way, and would help to celebrate the birthday of Him whom we would honor, in a most fitting way. And who can tell the cheer, hope, and courage which those no longer young, might draw from the spectacle?

Concerted effort can make Christmas, 1926, a memorable one in North Fort Worth.

MEMBERS of two prominent Tarrant County pioneer families. Seaton Magers, left, and Cass O. Edwards.



NOTE—This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's First Hundred Families.

About two miles directly west of Texas Christian University there is an old family burying ground known as the Burke Cemetery, in which are the graves of some of Tarrant County's earliest settlers. It was set apart for this purpose many years ago—in 1867, to be exact.

Two members of the Burke family, Mary (Overton) Burke, the wife of Evan H. Burke, and her mother, Rachel (Cameron) Overton, the wife of Aaron Overton, were both buried there within a short time of each other. Mary Burke died Dec. 30, 1867, and was the first person buried in this cemetery.

This land, prior to the coming of the Burke family, was a favorite haunt of the Indians. Across, on an opposite hill, is an old Indian burying ground. Arrow heads, broken pieces of pottery, and other Indian relics have been found in this vicinity.

Aaron Overton, a native of North Carolina, moved to Tennessee and from there to Howard County, Mo., in 1817. Here he cleared and improved a farm, built the first mills in Howard and Jackson Counties, conducted a distillery, and was a large salt manufacturer. He was the pioneer miller in North Texas, having hauled the machinery for his mills from Missouri with ox teams. His mill, the first to be run by machinery in Dallas County, was located in what is now Oak Cliff, in 1844.

AARON OVERTON married Rachel Cameron, also a native of North Carolina, who with her family joined him in Texas in 1847. He spent the remainder of his life in Dallas County, died there in 1860, and is buried in that county. His wife, Rachel (Cameron) Overton, died at the home of her daughter, Elizabeth (Overton) Edwards, in 1867, and is buried in the Burke Cemetery, being the second person to be buried on that plot of ground, as before stated.

Aaron Overton and wife, Rachel (Cameron) Overton, had 12 children—eight boys and four girls—among whom were the following: Elizabeth (Mrs. Edwards), Mary (Mrs. Burke), Nancy (Mrs. Willburn), Perry, Cass, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Loveless and Mrs. John Robinson. Many of the Overton descendants live in Dallas County, Tarrant County and in various parts of the United States.

Elizabeth Overton, the eldest child of Aaron Overton and wife, Rachel (Cameron) Overton, married Lemuel J. Edwards of North Carolina. In an early day Edwards moved to Jackson County, Mo., and married there in 1832. His old home was located near Independence, where he followed carpentering and milling.

Lemuel Edwards came to Texas in 1848 with his family. However, he left his wife and others of the family in Grayson County, until he could erect a cabin for them in Tarrant County. He located on a place adjoining the present Cass Edwards property in the Spring of 1849, the year the army post was established here. While the house he built has long ceased to exist, its old rock chimney still stands a silent reminder of the hardships of pioneering.

From time to time he added to his original purchase of land until he had accumulated several thousand acres in the valley of the Clear Fork. During his early life in Tarrant County, he built boats in which to cross swollen streams as necessity demanded. He got his start in the livestock business from Nick Byers, having purchased large numbers of cattle from

him. In the Fall of 1860 he moved his herd of between 5,000 and 6,000 head of cattle further west, but during the years of 1865-1867 the Indians and white cattle thieves practically put him out of business. He then returned home and started over again with the result that by 1869 he had regained his former loss.

THE death of Lemuel J. Edwards occurred in 1869, with interment in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. His wife, Elizabeth (Overton) Edwards, died in 1897, and is buried in the Burke Cemetery. They had the following children: Thomas, Richard (Dick), Sarah J., Martha A., Cass O., Matilda Ann, Cynthia and James Lemuel (George).

(1) Thomas Edwards died from a disease in the Civil War.

(2) Richard Edwards also died from an illness contracted while in service.

(3) Sarah J. Edwards never married and died in 1887. She is buried in the Burke Cemetery and her grave, inclosed inside an iron fence, bears the following unique inscription on its marker:

"All ye that pass by—
I once was as you are now,
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death, and follow me."

This strange epitaph is found on many tombstones in various Tarrant County cemeteries, and seems to have been the prevailing inscription of that period.

(4) Martha A. Edwards married Ambrose Creswell, a Tarrant County farmer. They left two children, Lemuel Creswell, who is married, has several children, and lives at Paint Rock, Coleman County, and Lizzie Creswell, who married Witt Gatlin, and had several children.

(5) Cass Overton Edwards, who was named for an uncle, Cass Overton—killed by Indians in California many years ago—was born Jan. 29, 1851.

The date of his birth calls to mind the question, "whose was the first recorded birth in Tarrant County?"

There were settlers in the eastern part of this country in the early forties, and a settlement as early as 1846 in the community now known as Grapevine. However, if there were children born to any of these families prior to 1849, nothing definite is known of it. The following names, with the year in which they were born, may help to keep the record straight:

Sue Farmer, 1849; Will York, 1849; Martha Ellen Gilmore, 1849; Cass Edwards, 1851; Charles B. Daggett, 1852; Matthew Brinson, 1853; Clara Peak, 1854; Jake Farmer, 1854; Tom Daggett, 1855; Rowan Tucker, 1855, and Howard Peak, 1856.

Cass Edwards, the son of Lemuel J. Edwards and wife, Elizabeth (Overton) Edwards, was born on his father's farm, which joined the one he now owns. He grew up in this county and recalls many happy experiences of his boyhood days. In speaking recently of his early childhood, he said: "I suppose I would have made a good Indian, for I always liked them and my best chums were the Indian boys who used to haunt these hills. I spoke the Indian language, that is, I spoke a language which they understood, which is but another way of saying the same thing, and they were always very friendly toward me and my family here."

CASS EDWARDS has been looking after stock ever since he was big enough to ride a horse, and took over the management of the farm and stock after his father's death. He later purchased his mother's interest in the estate, which now consists of about 4,000 acres of farming and grazing land in the valley of the Clear Fork. He owns the best timber land on the river, some of the trees on his

place measuring three and four feet in diameter.

In addition to the above mentioned property, Cass Edwards owns considerable Fort Worth real estate and over a hundred sections of Lynn County farming and ranch land—a part of which is now being divided and sold. The remainder is stocked with several thousand head of cattle. He has lived in Tarrant County all his life and vividly recalls having seen as many as 300,000 or 400,000 head of cattle pass over the old trails here in a single season.

Cass Edwards married Mrs. Sally Weddington, daughter of John F. Petty, a native of Kentucky, and prominent tobacco raiser of that State. Petty died in Kentucky and his widow came to Tarrant County in 1857 and located in the White Settlement Community. Crawford Edwards, only child of Cass Edwards and wife, Sally Edwards, married Willymae Smith Ulan and they reside on the Cass Edwards farm and have one son, C. O. III. Mrs. Sally (Weddington) Edwards had a son, John Weddington, who married Mattie Martin. They reside in Southwest Fort Worth and have two sons, Austin and Crawford Weddington, who also live in this city.

Mrs. Sally Edwards died in 1908 and is buried in Mount Olivet cemetery. Cass Edwards II married Mollie Childers, daughter of James Childers, prominent land owner and farmer of the Benbrook community. Cass Edwards and wife reside in this city, corner of Pennsylvania and Summit Avenues.

(6) Matilda Edwards married John W. Burford, whose death occurred several years ago at Alpine. They had seven children, as follows: Pearl, who married Charles Carter and died many years ago in the Philippines; John W., who died when a youth; one child that died in infancy; Stella, who married Harry Orlopp, has one child, Mary Martha, and lives in Dallas; C. O. Burford, who married Rena Smith, has one child, and lives on Wabash Avenue, T. C. U. Addition; William, who married Mrs. Dory, and lives in Dallas, and Mattie, who married Raymond Hind, and has three children—Frances Love, now Mrs. Rone of 1700 Hurley Avenue; Billy and Cynthia Ann. Mrs. Matilda Burford resides in South Fort Worth with her daughter, Mrs. Hind.

(7) Cynthia C. Edwards married W. W. Burford, by whom she had three children—Lela May, Minnie and Beulah. Lela, now deceased, married R. R. Darrah, by whom she had two children—Willie May, who married Dr. R. B. Hodges, has a young daughter, Dorothy May, and lives on Edwin Street; and Elizabeth, now a student at T. C. U. Minnie Burford married Dr. J. W. Head and died several years ago. Beulah, the only living child, married J. E. Pulliam, has two children, Edwin and Elizabeth, and lives on Ninth Avenue. Mrs. Burford married M. B. Sisk after the death of her first husband. Sisk, by a former marriage, had two children—Nora and Florence. Nora married H. L. Agee of the Agee Screen Company. They reside at 2132 Park Place, this city, and have two children—H. L. Jr. and Aileen. Florence married George M. Gross and they live in Dallas. Mrs. Cynthia (Edwards) Burford lives with her granddaughter, Mrs. Hodges.

(8) Lemuel Jones (George) Edwards married Mollie Tackett, daughter of Jim Tackett, an early Indian fighter of West Texas, and lives at Alpine. They have two girls dead and two sons living. The sons are Cass Edwards, who married Lucile Young and lives at Alpine, and Lemuel J. Jr. (Jack), of Alpine, both automobile

MARY OVERTON married Evan H. Burke, a native of North Carolina, but at the time of their marriage a prosperous farmer of Missouri. In 1846 Burke brought a herd of stock to Texas and expected to locate in this state. He returned to Missouri with the intention of bringing his family back. However, about this time he was afflicted with a malignant disease, and went to Memphis, Tenn., for treatment. While en route home on the Missouri River, he was drowned. His widow later carried out his plans and brought the family to Texas. She died in this county in 1867 and is buried in the Burke Cemetery, her grave, as before stated, being the first in this cemetery. They had six children, as follows: William E., Matilda, Aaron, Frank M., James W. and Evan H. Jr.

(1) William E. Burke married Lucie Murrell. Both are buried in the Burke Cemetery. They left six children: Mollie, Ann, Lucy, Joe, Willie and Rhoda. Mollie married Joe McQuirter, and died several years ago in New Mexico. They had two children, both of whom died in childhood. Ann, now Mrs. Wilbur, lives in Colorado. Lucy married William Larsen and has several children. They live at Smithfield. Joe Burke married Josie Larsen. They have three children and live in Brooklyn Heights. Willie is married, has three children and lives in Brooklyn Heights. Rhoda Burke is married and lives in Canada.

(2) Matilda Ann Burke married Seaton Magers, a pioneer Tarrant County settler, born at Rocky Hill Station, Ky., in 1828. His parents were James and Malinda (Hamilton) Magers, natives of Kentucky. Seaton Magers had several brothers and sisters—among them: Elizabeth, who became the wife of Milton Magers; William Magers, a resident of Kentucky, and Mary, wife of Erwin Hawkins, also of Kentucky.

Seaton Magers was left an orphan early in life, but was reared by a kind-hearted Scotch-Irishman, Adly Neagle. At the age of 20 he came to Texas with a man by the name of Kidd, by whom he had been employed. They first stopped in Kentuckytown, Grayson County, where he did farm work and ran a mill for two years at \$10 per month.

In 1855 he came to Tarrant County where he was employed by John Robinson as general roustabout, which included helping to build a mill and the operating of a saw mill at \$15 per month. This lasted from January until July, at which time he was married. He then bought a tract of land in Parker County and moved there in August following, where he resided until 1863.

War had been declared in the meantime and he rushed to his country's defense, enlisting as a member of Col. Lincoln's Company and McCord's Regiment. At the end of 13 months, he was discharged on account of ill health. Returning to his Parker County home, he sold out and moved to the Clear Fork Valley, where he farmed and handled stock extensively.

The old Magers home which he built at that time is still standing a short distance west of T. C. U. The lumber for this house was hauled from Calvert and, although it is time worn—being more than 50 years old—and shows its age, it was a model of architecture for this part of the country at that time.

Mrs. Matilda Ann (Burke) Magers died in 1892 and is buried in the Burke Cemetery. Seaton Magers died in 1908 and is buried beside his wife. Their children are: Mary, Lee, Frank, William, Belle, Martha, Jane, John

(Jack), Annie, Sallie, Alice and two who died in infancy.

Mary Magers married Hezekiah Stephens. They live on Dutch Branch west of Fort Worth, and have one child dead and two living. The living are: John, who married Lou Bradbury, and lives on a farm adjoining his parents, and Lee, who married Claude Rogers and lives near Benbrook. They have three children—one of whom, Lois, is married and also lives at Benbrook.

LEE MAGERS married Edward F. McTyer of Parker County. They have two children, Annie May (Polly) and Carrie. Annie May married Paul Neisler and they have one son, Paul Jr., who is married and lives with his parents at 1211 East Weatherford Street. Carrie McTyer married W. J. Crawford. They have two children, Mack and Maggie, and reside at 1508 East Belknap Street. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. McTyer also live at this address.

Frank Magers married Monroe Martin of Tarrant County. They are now dead, but they left three children, Paul, now living in West Texas, Berdena, a student at T. W. C., and Willie, who married Edgar T. Hart and lives on Lipscomb Street. There are three Hart children, E. T. Jr., Dollmay and Bill Joe.

Williams Magers, now deceased, married Mattie Pettigrew, and they had the following children: Clara, Clarence, Crawford, Clyde, Clifford and Clifton. Clara died in infancy and Clifton, also. Clarence is living at home with his mother at 3608 Lovell Street. Clyde married Lela Herring and they have two children, Minta Maye and Billie Joe. They live at Lubbock. Crawford married Bertha Seay, and they have a small daughter, Judith Martha. They reside at 3608 Lovell. Clifton married Louise McAfee. They have one son, Clifton Jr., and live at 3000 Lovell Street.

Martha Magers died when a child and Belle Magers died in young womanhood. Jane Magers married A. B. Cade and they have six children, as follows: Velma, Hugh, Marie, Thelma, Clara, and Frank. Velma Cade married Dr. Cleveland of Hamilton and they have one child, Eugene. Marie Cade is married and lives in Nebraska. Thelma Cade married Bryan Hodges, now deceased, and she lives with her parents. Clara, now Mrs. Hargraves, has one child and lives with her parents, also. Frank is unmarried and lives at home.

John (Jack) Magers married Ella Dunlap. They live in Brooklyn Heights and have five children, Nellie, Seaton, Adelaide, Billie and Johnnie. Annie Magers married Will E. Trueman. They live on Elmwood Street, this city, and have two children, Ernest and Clifton. Sallie Magers married Louis Tribble. They live on Brooklyn Heights, and have a daughter, Beulah, who married Newt Redford. There are two Redford children, Louis and Madeline.

ALICE MAGERS married Robert Jewell, who died in 1926. They lived in Brooklyn Heights. They had five children, Horace, Loyd, May, Velma and Mabel. May married Will Beggs. They live in Brooklyn Heights and have two children, Willie May and R. H. Mable married Rea Hagan. They live in Brooklyn Heights, also. Loyd married Ava Vaughn, and they reside on Texas Street. Horace and Velma live with their mother.

(3) Aaron Burke, son of Evan H.

and Mary (Overton) Burke, died in prison in Rock Island, Ill., during the Civil War.

(4) Frank M. Burke, who died a year ago last October, was an Indian fighter, scout, and old trail driver, and was well known among the early cattlemen of the State. He was born in Missouri in 1842, but spent the greater part of his life in Texas. He came to Dallas County with his widowed mother and her family at 6 years of age. They remained here until 1851, when his mother secured a large tract of land on the Clear Fork and moved her family to Tarrant County.

They were the outside family in the frontier settlement, and it was two years before there were any settlers west of them. When the Civil War came on, the Burke's had a large herd of cattle, which they moved west to a larger range. During the war many of their cattle were killed and stolen, and at its close they gathered what was left and sold out. From that time on they gave more attention to the cultivation of their land.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Frank Burke enlisted in a company of rangers and was soon mustered into the regular army, in which he continued until the conflict was over—most of the time being in coast service. Among the engagements in which he participated were those of Galveston and Lafourche. He entered the army as a private and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Four brothers of the Burke family were in the Confederate ranks, including himself, and all reached home safely except the aforementioned Aaron.

Shortly after the war Frank Burke and his cousins, the Willburns, took some stock to New Mexico and Colorado, where they sold out, and for some time thereafter he led a sort of rambling life. In 1883 he married Etta Kimmins, daughter of William R. and Mary J. Kimmins, whose children were, Evan, who died in 1890, Zona, Etta (Mrs. Burke), Matilda, who married T. D. Williams of Bonham, John and Charles. The children of Frank and Etta Burke are, who is married, lives on the North Side, and has one daughter, and Frankie, who married Fred Shirley and lives in North Fort Worth. Mrs. Frank Burke also lives in North Fort Worth.

(5) James W. Burke married Sallie Linticum. They had three children, Lula, Eddie and Hugh. Lula married Henry Smith and lives seven miles west of Fort Worth on the Benbrook Road. They had several children. Eddie married Jim Whitlow, and both are dead. Hugh Burke moved to New Mexico, married, and had three children. He is also dead.

Evan H. Burke Jr., youngest child of Evan and Mary (Overton) Burke, married Bettie Robbins. They had three children, Charlie, Joe and Porter. Charlie, now deceased, married and left two children. Joe is married, lives in Abilene, and has one child. Porter died unmarried. Evan Burke Jr. is dead and his wife lives in West Texas.

Nancy Overton, daughter of Aaron Overton and wife, Rachel (Cameron) Overton, married Edward Willburn, a sketch of whom has been given in a former article of this series.

COLONEL ABE HARRIS, MEXICAN WAR HERO,

WAS CITY, COUNTY PIONEER

Editor's Note—Here's another story in the series on Tarrant's first hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

HISTORY tells us that in May, 1846 when Congress made a declaration of war against Mexico asking for 50,000 volunteers for service, over 300,000 rushed forward to enter the ranks.

The United States soldiers, who fought in the war between Texas and Mexico, conquered a nation without losing a single battle. Storming the heights of Monterey, hurling back the enemy with tremendous odds against them at Vera Cruz, carrying the citadel at Chapultepec, and marching the long distance to the City of Mexico was no easy task.

These men were real defenders of Texas and the founders of a great country. There are thousands of their descendants in Texas, and it is a proud boast to trace the family tree back to some sturdy patriot who fought in this war.

One of the most valiant of these "soldiers of '46" was Col. Abe Harris, also one of the first to pioneer in Tarrant County. For many years he was life-president of the Texas Mexican War Veterans Association.

Colonel Harris' military experience covered a period of more than nine years, five of which were spent in the Regular Army of the United States. He served in the Mexican War from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico with Gen. Winfield Scott.

At the close of this war he was sent to Texas and served as sergeant-major under Maj. Ripley A. Arnold at the old army post, Fort Worth. He was mustered out of service in the Regular Army in December, 1851, in this city

PROBABLY the first old tinfole photographs ever taken in Tarrant County were the products of Colonel Harris' work while in Georgia during the Civil War he learned the photograph trade and carried the work on after returning to Texas. He was also an expert at making laths, and some of his work is still preserved in Fort Worth.

and his home was almost continuously in Tarrant County from that time on.

When the Civil War began Colonel Harris was commissioned by Governor Ed Clark to be colonel of the Tarrant County militia. In the meantime, Colonel Harris had been instrumental in influencing numbers of his young friends in this county to join him in enlisting in the service. For this reason he felt that he could not accept the commission sent by Governor Clark and accordingly declined the appointment.

In speaking of this, Colonel Harris once said, "I then paid \$40 for a double-barreled shotgun and entered as a 'high private' in Col. M. T. Johnson's First Cavalry Regiment at Johnson Station. We were dismounted at Little Rock, Ark. At the reorganization of the regiment I was elected lieutenant colonel and served as such to the end of the war."

Colonel Harris had command of the regiment at Spanish Fort, opposite Mobile near the close of the war and surrendered his men at Meridian, Miss.—237 laying down their arms out of 887 who went from Texas.

Abe Harris, the youngest in a family of eight children, was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1829 and came to America at 5 years of age with his father. The family first located in Amsterdam, N. Y.

He joined the army when a very young man and subsequently found himself in Fort Worth at its beginning. He helped cut and haul the logs that went into the houses of the old fort and helped build the houses as well. He also dug the hole for the flag pole and assisted in hoisting the pole and flag.

Shortly thereafter, he went into the business of lathe turning and became an expert cabinet maker. It is quite likely some of his handiwork is still preserved in this county. For many years Capt. J. C. Terrell's law office contained pieces of furniture which he had made, among other things, a bookcase and a walnut table.

Harris would explore the valley of the Trinity for choice black walnut trees, which were plentiful at that time, saw them into planks, and make them into furniture. All his work was hand finished and denoted skill and artistic ability.

Upon deciding to settle in this county, Harris chanced to select a section of land near the home site of John Conner, who place was located where Camp Bowie was later built. Young Harris spent much time with this family and married Margaret Conner. To them were born several children, some of whom died in infancy.

Harris built a cabinet shop on East

them, and they came to Tarrant County in the year 1872.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris made the trip in the regulation covered wagon, drawn by mules. Upon their arrival here, Colonel Harris rented the old W. J. Boaz place, in which they lived for some time.

While in Georgia, Colonel Harris studied the art of photography, and upon his return to this county, he began his business ventures as a photographer. It is quite probable he was the first person in the county to make the old-fashioned tin-type photograph.

Colonel Harris had a number of friends whom he often visited in the vicinity of Johnson Station, and he was persuaded by them to locate there with his family. He built the first schoolhouse in that locality, which also was used for church services. He organized the first Union Sunday School

COLONEL ABE HARRIS was born in England, but came to America at an early age, settling in New York. He joined the United States Army and was sent to Texas in the war with Mexico, and that is how he came to settle in Tarrant County. Later he joined the Confederate Army and fought in Georgia, where he lived for awhile with his second wife before returning to Texas.



COLONEL ABE HARRIS.

Belknap Street, where the interurban car barns are now located. There he and his wife lived, occupying the rear end for their home. He is said to have planted the first garden in Fort Worth. This was located on the present site of the city hall.

Mrs. Margaret (Conner) Harris died about the time the Civil War began, and Harris enlisted in the army soon afterward. Three children were left in the care of their grandmother and grew to maturity. Some of their descendants are living in distant States.

DURING the war, while the company to which Colonel Harris belonged was stationed at Rome, Ga., he met Miss Sallie Logan. They were married. Harris continued in the service until the close of the war.

He had planned to return at once to Texas, but Mrs. Harris disliked the idea of going so far away from her people and persuaded him to remain in Georgia. However, after a time, the call of Texas was too strong for

in that community about the years 1873 or 1874.

The three children of Colonel Harris by his first wife, Margaret (Conner) Harris, were Inez, Elizabeth Ann and William Ezra.

Inez Harris married Anderson Webb, and they had two children. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are both dead, and their descendants live in Idaho.

Elizabeth Harris married Dan McCormick of Denton County, where they later made their home. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick had one child, Lela, now Mrs. Antone, of Fulbright, Texas. Mrs. Antone has one child, Virginia.

William Ezra Harris is unmarried and resides in Alpine.

Colonel Harris and wife, Sallie (Logan) Harris, had only one child, Jessie Verena Harris, who married James T. McKinley of Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley had two children, Ray and Flora. James T.

McKinley a number of years ago and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Ray McKinley married Miss Flora Newell of St. Louis. They have two children, Raymond and Hilda, and reside on Peering Avenue, this city.

Flora McKinley married Frank E. Ligon, and they have two children, Frank and Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Ligon reside at 1205 Fifth Avenue, this city. Mrs. Jessie (Harris) McKinley also resides at the above address.

Col. Abe Harris, Mrs. Margaret (Conner) Harris and Mrs. Sallie (Logan) Harris are buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

HUNTS, DANCES WERE FEATURES OF CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN TARRANT COUNTY 50 YEARS AGO

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Christmas celebration 50 years ago in Tarrant County as recalled by pioneers was different from the modern. There were no Christmas trees. Hunting parties were the rage and the voices of barking dogs could be heard far into the night chasing the possum and the coon.

Dancing was the amusement that kept crowds lively far into the morning, oftentimes all night. Those were the days of the "caller" who was the most popular person in the country singing out his calls to the fiddler's tune, "Swing your partner, forward and back again, four hands round and first gent swing lady on his right."

Euchre parties were in favor instead of the modern bridge.

Old Dances Described.

There are a number of survivors of those halcyon dancing days in Tarrant County. The old-time dance depended largely on the fiddler and the "caller." E. M. (Bud) Daggett was a famous "caller" of that early day, and throughout his lifetime nothing delighted him more than to tell of the good old days "when dancin' was dancin' and not wrastlin'." He has painted a word picture of the old-time dance. Let us roll back the curtain of life 50 or 60 years, and look in on them.

Certain it is that we would see "Uncle" Bunk Adams and his brother Frank, Tom Moody, Jess Ferguson, L. Taylor, John Lane and "Uncle" Jack Durrett. My father—hear him: "Fifty years and more ago, dances in Tarrant County were things of beauty. The steps demanded grace; the ladies and gents bowed without hunching their shoulders; the lady bent her head and courted to the floor, while the gent put his right hand over his heart, drew back one foot and bowed gracefully. Then there were steps. Why, I've seen a gent go that high in the air (illustrated by holding his hand three feet off the floor), and come down as light as a feather. No noise at all. Not even his spurs jingled. Put these modern dancers through the same paces and they'd make more noise than a bunch of stamped cattle. I don't believe the young couple who dance these new-fangled dances would know what to do if I started calling figures. Not that they don't know how to dance. I'm not saying that. All I know about them is just what I have seen. But I will say that I don't like this grapevine twisting.

Old Folks Hold Parties.

"Every now and then we old folks have a little party and dance some of the old-time steps, and I can't help but compare them. What do you suppose one of these modern couples would do if I'd step out into the middle of the floor and say 'First lady and gent forward and back again. Four hands round and first gent swing the lady on his right. Forward and back again. Honor your partners. Balance and swing and promenade outside the ring? Huh?' Daggett stopped short and waited for an answer. The young man addressed kicked at a bale of hay on a division platform at the stockyards and looked hopefully down the runway for another drove of steers to give him inspiration. "I'll tell you," answered Daggett. "They'd hesitate." Then he chuckled appreciatively at his own little joke.

Euchre Was Popular Game.

Parties of various kinds were indulged in by the early settlers, euchre being the most popular of the card games. Dominoes, candy pulls, corn poppings, play parties, as they were called, and dancing furnished the principal amusements. Long before Tarrant County became thickly settled and the cowboy grew in numbers, dancing was in vogue. I remember hearing my father say that as a boy he watched his elders with envy as they went through the figures of the stately minuet, the quadrille, the Virginia reel and the cotillon march. Dancing in those days was a fine art, and a greater pleasure. Eli Rumby, a French dancing master and fiddler, was the peer of pioneer players and "callers." The fellow with the best voice and the most graceful manners was usually selected as "caller." Lon Barkley, later postmaster in Fort Worth, became justly celebrated as a "caller" and his gracefulness and mannerisms were widely copied.

Sentiment Against Dancing.

Most of Tarrant County danced for diversion, especially at Christmas, but some of it did not. Mrs. John S. Fort of Arlington says that dancing was very little indulged in at any time in her community. The settlers were, for the most part, religiously inclined, and sentiment was against dancing. She tells of stopping to look in on a dance upon returning home from some occasion and very much incurred her mother's displeasure by so doing. However, Col. M. T. Johnson's family, the Burfords and a few others in that community danced.

Dancing in those days differed in kind and degree as it does today. There was the conventional dance, with its ease and grace, which my father described. Then there was the cowboy dance, which was of a different kind. The increase of the cattle industry in this county brought the cowboy, and with his coming conventionalities were more or less laid aside. Their favorite square dance was characterized as "a cross-timber hoe-down." They disdained to swap their boots for dancing pumps. Some of them neglected to remove their pistols or spurs, and chaps were as good form as a swallow tailed coat, a white shirt and a high collar are today.

Fun Was Order of Day.

Good natured horseplay was the rule, rather than the exception. Occasionally the fire in a fair damsel's eyes would kindle the spirit of warfare in the hearts of rival cowpunchers, and trouble would be the result. These battles were "go-as-you-please" affairs, and the epitaph of more than one gay Lotbario of the Plains was "He died with his boots on because the other fellow drew first."

Whenever a ranchman wished to give a dance, he started the boys out on horseback, and invitations were delivered by word of mouth. The news always got around. Girls, as well as the boys, would ride horseback to the dances, often coming from 20 miles away. The early arrivals would help to clear the furniture out of a couple of rooms. Boxes and planks were arranged along the walls

Always at Christmas time, the kitchen table was piled high with all kinds of game, such fruits and nuts as were available, cakes and pies, and a big pot of steaming coffee.

The warped boards of the floors were scrubbed to a glistening white, and to add smoothness cornmeal was scattered over the surface. Very often the men would arrange a couple of poker games in some outhouse, and there was always a jug. Christmas in those days wasn't Christmas without eggnog, and in the majority of homes this was bountifully dispensed. By nightfall the fiddlers were tuning up, and the dance was on. As the evening wore, the dancing got livelier. Occasionally a "dram" was slipped to the fiddlers to keep up their spirits. New "callers" were supplied as their voices wore out, and the girls never wearied of the strenuous exercise.

To such tunes as "Billy in the Low Grounds," "Money Musk," "Sally Gooden" and "The Campbells Are Coming," the dancers tripped the night away. Morning found the "callers" hoarse, and the music and dancers tired. Slowly, by twos or in bunches, the crowd rode away across the prairie toward home.

Dr. Field Famous Fiddler.

Dances at Dallas, Decatur, Weatherford and Denton drew large crowds from around Fort Worth. In later days the dances here were held in the courtroom of a former Tarrant County courthouse. Dr. J. T. Field says he has played for many dances there. In his day he never had a superior as a fiddler.

"Pop, Goes the Weasel" was one of his favorite pieces, and there are many living in the county today who have danced to this sprightly tune played by him.

Apart and far removed from the innocent joy and fun of the refined were the revelries of the "punchers" held in various places along the "beef trail" of South and West Texas. Many pioneers will recall Pecan Grove, just northeast of Fort Worth, where cowpunchers of the roughest type gathered. Frequently, they "shot up the shack" just for the fun of the thing, and rendered the nights hideous.

Hunts Highly Popular.

The holiday hunt was looked forward to with almost as much pleasure as a dance by the men in the family. Deer, antelope, squirrel, wild turkey and prairie chickens were here in abundance. The moonlight coon and possum hunt was very popular. These animals were very plentiful, and coon and other skins would command a high price when of good quality. A good coon dog was also a prized possession. Certain portions of Marine and Sycamore Creeks sheltered numerous wild turkey roosts, and the holiday turkey "shoots" were great occasions.

Several very sad accidents occurred however during these hunts, when other hunters, moving about in the darkness before dawn or after dark, were mistaken for game and shot.

John Watson of Arlington, a pioneer in Tarrant County, has the following to say concerning the early Christmas:

"Christmas in those early days was not celebrated very extensively in our part of the country, only one day, Dec. 25, being given to it. Presents were not exchanged, as now, among the adults. However, the children hung up their stockings, and Santa Claus brought them nuts and apples. The principal event was an unusually good dinner.

"We had no tame turkeys, and usually hunted wild turkeys, deer, rabbits, squirrels and other game. The women folk stayed around the house and prepared the dinner, while the men went hunting for wild game or a bee tree. We had no church or Christmas tree to go to in those days. For fireworks, we would bore a hole in a log, pour it full of powder, and with the aid of our pocket knives, and a piece of punk, touch it off."

Dr. Field tells of the boys in the Mansfield community slipping out their mother's carpet rags which were rolled in balls, soaking them in oil, lighting them and tossing them up for fireworks. Fireworks are significant of the Fourth of July in the North, but from the earliest we find them adding to the gaiety of the Christmas season in the South.

Silver Creek in the western part of the county was the scene of many a fine hunt in those early days. It is

said old "Uncle" Paul Tyler always had a pack of hounds, and was a great hunter and fisherman. The Woods, Grants, Allens, Rowlands, Farmers, Hagoods and others can testify to "the good old days" at Christmas in that vicinity.

The John A. Mitchells had one of the first pianos in the country and this, coupled with the fact that Mrs. Mitchell was a talented pianist of that day, added to the charm of this hospitable home, which was the scene of many Christmas festivities.

The Leonards, Dunns, Jenkins, Mooreheads and others of that early days saw to it that the community, now known as Grapevine, had its share of good times. A number of the men would get together and go down to Marshall, or Houston, and a little later on to Dallas, as the case might be, and bring back quantities of coffee, sugar, and other commodities which are necessities with us today; but with those early pioneers, they were rare luxuries. These freight-trip trips bespoke an unusually good Christmas if the men got back in time.

Mrs. Ryan Tells of Holidays.

Mrs. Josephine Ryan of 2505 Sixth Avenue, a daughter of Charles Turner who was one of the men selected to locate the site of the army post, tells of Christmas festivities in their home which consisted of some 600 acres where the Bailey farm and Greenwood Cemetery are now located.

Turner would promise to give the negro bringing in the largest log a holiday lasting as long as the log would burn. Of course they would vie with each other to see which could bring into the house the largest. Frequently it would take several to bring in one log. The negro quarters were always eagerly astir at Christmas, for the master would remember each of them in some manner. Mrs. Ryan says she can remember the boys and girls, and even the older ones slipping in on Christmas morning and shouting, "Christmas Gift! Mars' Charles, Christmas Gift!"

Old Fort Worth Finds Itself in a Book

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake)

"THE KEEN DESIRE," written by Frank Elser, formerly of Fort Worth, has to do with the philosophy of a young man's mind. Whatever else it purports to be, it is distinctly the revelation of a soul, and of that soul's sincere desire to in turn reveal itself to the soul of the world. That it is the definite virtuosity of an artist whose technique is superb, goes without saying.

Elser's style is satisfyingly simple, and he tells his story in a thoughtful manner, showing much originality as regards plot, style, etc. He says what he wants to say in a most compelling way, and one's interest is held at white heat to the end. There is a solidity and a glow about it which entertains, absorbs and at times provokes,

ad nauseum, the imagination of the reader.

In speaking of his book, the author says he put every ounce of energy he had into the work, and has reason to believe that it is a thing of sincerity. This is most apparent.

Good if You Like It.

Every man has his bias, and one involuntarily places emphasis on the side of life one likes or knows best. Occasionally only, it is a premeditation.

A story is told of Abraham Lincoln concerning an indorsement he once gave of a certain book. With his keen sense of humor he wrote: "Anyone who likes this kind of book, will find it just the kind of book they like."

By many, "The Keen Desire" will be highly esteemed, while others will regard it as "literary wild oats."

Although the book is pure fiction, it is a powerful story of the days when Carrollton, in reality Fort Worth, was dominated by the spirit of the uncultivated "West."

It is said that when Jack Crawford's "I Walked in Arden," which is based on the facts and folks of Erie, appeared a few years ago, half the town betook themselves to Europe for an extended visit.

This will not be necessary in the case of the residents of Fort Worth where Elser lays his scenes. However, the lines are very clearly cut, and those who know Elser's associates in the time of which he wrote, can not fail to see that he has drawn heavily from the lives of his friends and companions for the characters in his book. A few will recognize themselves under a thin disguise.

There are two outstanding peaks in the book. One is where he revels in a bit of psychogenesis, fancying himself impaneled on the iron picket fence in front of his adored one's homes. "He would say nothing, then . . . twist a little possibly, letting the barb which was caught in his intestines work all the way through, and then he would say faintly . . . 'Why hello, Madeline; this is Martin. I just came to say goodby . . . and I guess I slipped. . . . You see I'm always slipping on something.'" The two or three pages which follow are indeed "massed diamonds in a woman's dinner ring."

At another time he meditates on his mother, her death and that which follows. Here again he shows his literary ability to a marked degree.

There is a tendency to disdainfully pass by the writers who portray the "Wild West," but their work is literature already.

Elser has combined the soul of romance, and the substance of life, not as it should be, perhaps, but, as it is, in "The Keen Desire." He has made a contribution to the literature of the Southwest, and has established for himself a place in the field of American literature as well.

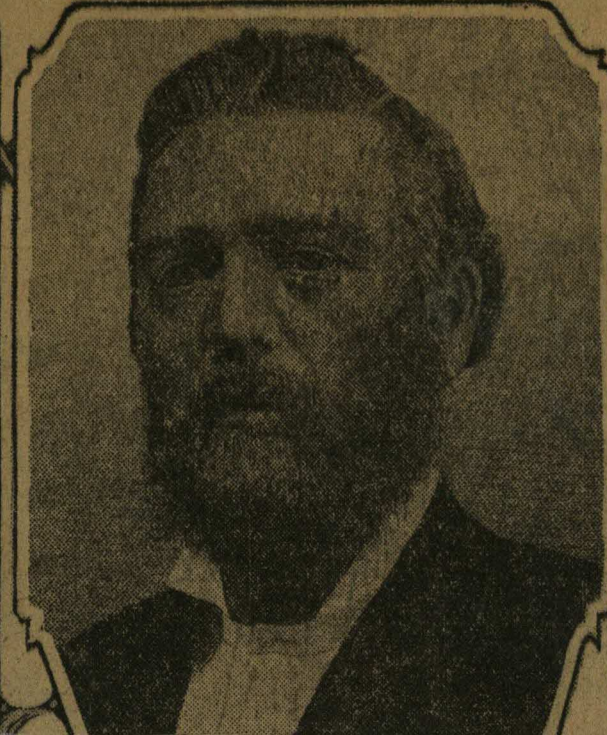
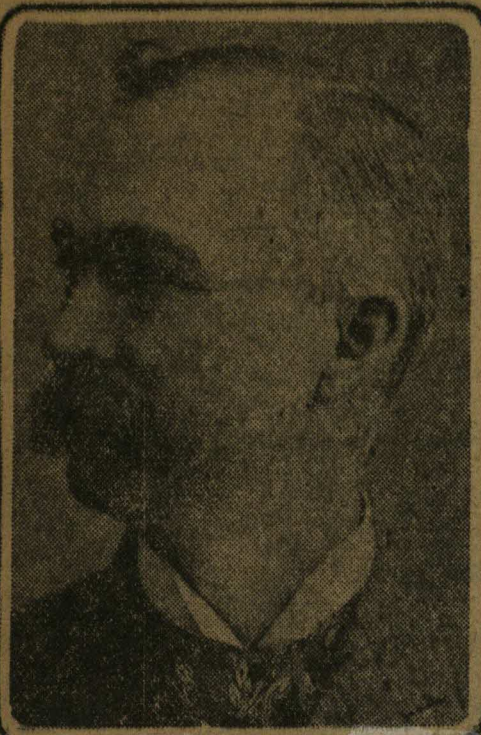
It is to be hoped he will further use his ability as a novelist to deal with a more savory side of life, which he knows equally well.

THE KEEN DESIRE, by Frank Elser, Boni & Liveright, New York, \$2.00.

FAMILY OF DR. C. M. PEAK WERE RELIGIOUS

CIVIC WORKERS

HOWARD W. PEAK, left, a member of the famous family of Tarrant County pioneers, and Dr. C. M. Peak, right, who was the first of the family to come to Texas. Dr. Peak was the first doctor ever to settle in Fort Worth, and was one of the first of his profession in Texas. He came to Fort Worth from Kentucky before the Civil War.



This is another of a series of articles on Tarrant County's first 100 families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THE records of the Peak family are filled with stirring incidents more fascinating than the most thrilling novel because they teem with romance and adventure of a real people.

The history of this family in America dates back to Colonial days when majestic plantations swarmed with loyal servants, and baronial mansions were graced with ladies of high degree and courtiers from the English capital.

Jesse Peak, an extensive planter, owning a large estate in land and slaves, came to Kentucky from Culpeper County, Virginia, and settled on the Ohio River, where he spent his life.

A son, Gregg Peak, also engaged in farming on the Ohio River in Kentucky. The second son, Willis Peak, was a prosperous merchant and tobacco trader. He married Francis Briers of Warsaw, Ky., and died in 1802 at his home in Warsaw. Jefferson Peak, the third son of Jesse, became a merchant in Warsaw. There was also a daughter, Caroline, who became the wife of Elder John Lucas of the Primitive Baptist Church in Georgetown, Ky.

Jefferson Peak, the father of Dr. Carroll Marion Peak of Fort Worth, was a man of unconquerable spirit. During the financial struggle which swept the West in 1837-8 his fortune was completely wrecked. The indomitable energy of the man prevailed, however, and he was enabled to rear and educate his large family as thoroughly as the limited facilities of that day would permit.

He was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky in 1838, and afterward prominently advocated the annexation of Texas. He served in the Mexican War and commanded a company in Col. Humphrey Marshall's cavalry regiment of Kentucky at the Battle of Buena Vista under Gen. Winfield Scott, Feb. 21-22, 1847. At the close of the war he returned to Kentucky, but to shortly come again to Texas.

While in the Mexican War Captain Peak heard such glowing accounts of the Republic that he determined to investigate for himself. Accordingly, in 1852 he came to Dallas, accompanied by his eldest son, Dr. Carroll M. Peak, who had just finished his course in the Louisville Medical Institute.

Soon Jefferson Peak returned to Kentucky for his family, young Carroll remaining in Dallas. They located in Dallas in 1855, where all except Dr. Carroll M. Peak spent their lives.

IN 1826 Jefferson Peak married Melvina Resor, daughter of William Resor of Scott County, Ky., a man of sterling worth who at one time possessed a large fortune. Resor died in 1853, leaving the following children: Napoleon, who died on board ship near the Island of St. Thomas; Leonidas, an engineer, who died of yellow fever in New Orleans in 1854; Melvina, mother of Carroll, and Helen, who became the wife of A. W. Baker, a merchant of Warsaw, Ky.

Jefferson Peak made many trips to New Orleans when a young man, often on the primitive flatboat, taking the products of his plantation to sell in that prosperous mart. On one occasion he walked back to Louisville, the number of steamboats plying between the two places being very limited and the fare exorbitant.

Later in life, he was frequently accompanied on these trips by his charming daughters, who were Kentucky belles. All the splendor, wealth, and affluence of the old South centered itself in the magnificent steamboats which sailed back and forth on the Mississippi, and the social life of that time has never been surpassed in America.

Jefferson Peak and wife, Malvina (Resor) Peak, had the following children: Carroll M., Fort Worth's first physician; William Wallace, who married Frances Smith of Dallas, was from 1854 to 1857 county clerk of Dallas County, and served as major in the Eighteenth Texas Cavalry throughout the Civil War; Jefferson Jr., who married Fannie Mott of Baltimore, and died in the Confederate service in 1863; Junius, who early in 1861 at 16 years of age, enlisted in Cooper's command in the Confederate army, was with John Morgan's famous brigade and saw much service in the Indian Nation and in Indiana and Ohio, was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, and served till the close of the war, was captain of a Texas Ranger company, and married Henrietta Ball; George Victor married Lisette Ball and lives in Dallas; Worth married May Fox and lives in Dallas; as does Capt. June Peak; Mathias, who was a member of Capt. June Peak's Ranger company on the frontier, never married, and died in Mexico; Sarah Ann married Capt. Alexander Harwood, one of Dallas' greatest benefactors and a pioneer of that community; Juliette married A. Y. Fowler of South Carolina, a promising young lawyer and the first law partner of Col. John Peter Smith of Fort Worth; and Florence, who became the wife of Capt. Thomas Field, prominent citizen of Dallas.

Capt. Jefferson Peak died in Dallas in 1887 and his wife died there some time afterward. Both are buried in Dallas.

The Peak men were all highly educated in their chosen professions, and became leading citizens of Dallas, where they located and spent their lives. They were among the earliest practitioners of the medical and dental profession, and prominent streets and institutions of that city today bear their names. Probably no one pioneer family has meant more to the combined development of Fort Worth and Dallas than the Peak family.

Not alone were Capt. Jefferson Peak's sons distinguished citizens, but his daughters as well. At the end of Columbia Avenue, on Junius Heights, Dallas, stand two large, beautifully situated buildings—The Juliette Fowler Home for Orphans and the Aged, and Sarah Harwood Hall. These institutions, established by the women whose names they bear, are affiliated with the National Benevolent Association of the Christian Church, and are two of the most splendid homes of the kind in the United States—fitting monuments to the memory of Jefferson Peak's daughters.

Shortly after Capt. Jefferson Peak and Dr. Carroll M. Peak arrived in Dallas on their first prospecting trip to Texas, Capt. Julian Feild, then living in one of the officers' houses of the old army post, became very sick. There being at that time no physician in Fort Worth, the family sent to Dallas for Dr. C. M. Peak. Dr. Peak thereafter became a frequent visitor to this place, in fact, he liked the people, surrounding country and general atmosphere of Fort Worth so well that he decided to locate here.

With this in mind, he returned to Kentucky for a short time, and on April 26, 1853, he was married to Florence Chalfant, fifth of seven daughters of Francis Chalfant of Pendleton, Ky., the wedding taking place at the home of Mrs. Peak's sister in Madison, Ind. Mrs. Peak was a granddaughter of Mordecai Chalfant, who served in the Revolutionary War from Pennsylvania.

Dr. Carroll M. Peak and wife spent their honeymoon en route to Texas on board one of the palatial steamers of the Old South, which plied the waters of the Mississippi, between Louisville, where they embarked and New Orleans, the mecca of the well-to-do from the Northern States.

It was Springtime in New Orleans when they arrived there. They stopped at the old St. Charles Hotel, and Mrs. Peak, in speaking in after years of the trip, said it seemed strange to see the women of the hotel in Summer attire, using fans, as they went about the parlors and on the verandas. Kentucky, from whence they had so recently come, was enveloped in snow and ice.

From New Orleans, the Peaks came by steamer to Shreveport, and from there to Dallas, where they stayed for a time at the old Crutchfield House, probably the first hotel of any consequence in Dallas. This overland trip from Shreveport was made in a private conveyance—a sort of two-horse-drawn buggy or hack, the best mode of travel in that day.

They arrived in Fort Worth just after the abandonment of the post, and occupied the house vacated by Lieutenant Holliday, one of the officers of the post. This house was situated on the southwest corner of what is now Belknap and Houston Streets, where Leonard Brothers' store is now located. The next house west, formerly occupied by Maj. Ripley Arnold, was being used by the Brinson family, while the third and last house in the row, was occupied by the Julian Feilds.

NEIGHBORLINESS and a friendly spirit, which the early pioneer possessed, went a long way toward making life bearable for the newcomer on the frontier. Mrs. Peak often spoke of the kindnesses shown her by these neighbors in the old fort, especially that of Mrs. Julian Feild, who used to cure the meats for Mrs. Peak, gave her much valuable advice concerning the care of her first children, and assisted her in many ways.

Mrs. Peak was the mother of the first children born in the army post—Clare, in 1854, and Howard, in 1856. When Howard was a baby, an interesting episode occurred, which Mrs. Peak often related. A number of Indians in regulation costume, paint, feathers and all, came in one day from a northwestern trail, bringing their venison hams, etc., to exchange for other commodities, and stopped at

Mrs. Peak's back door. Mrs. Peak came to the door with the plump, little, red-haired baby in her arms. The Indians, believing there is magic in, and supernatural power given to, one blessed with red hair, fairly snatched the baby from her arms, and passed him from one to another of their number to admire. Mrs. Peak, not understanding their enthusiasm, was, of course, badly frightened. Dr. Peak shortly appeared on the scene, however, and assured her they were friendly Indians, and meant no harm to the child, but were honoring him, instead.

In 1856 the Peaks bought a tract of land from Col. M. T. Johnson, a short distance south of the site they first occupied. This was listed in the deed as "a parcel of land, being situated on the Dallas road," later Houston Street. A portion of this site, where the Peaks built their home, is bounded by Houston, Weatherford, First and Throckmorton Streets. The family lived at this place for 20 years.

With the coming of the railroad, the town began to grow and business houses appeared. The Peaks then moved their house further west to a location on Third Street. A part of this old house is still standing, remodeled and built onto, on the corner of West Third Street and Florence Street—the last named street being so named in honor of Mrs. Peak and Florence Smith, now Mrs. O. K. Bell, daughter of Col. John Peter Smith.

When Dr. and Mrs. Peak came to Fort Worth, there were no gardens, few trees, and no cultivated flowers, but Mrs. Peak, being a true homemaker, soon added these things. She had water hauled from the river year after year in order to keep the trees growing. Naturally, when these trees had to be cut to make way for progress and downtown business houses, Mrs. Peak was much distressed.

Mrs. Peak brought the first myrtle to Fort Worth from Dallas, some of which she planted on a son's grave in

Pioneer Rest cemetery. The Peaks also had the first cedar tree in the town, and for years it furnished the Masons with a token for funeral services, and sprigs broken from it adorned many wedding cakes of that day.

FLORENCE (CHALFANT) PEAK

She was born in Pendleton County, Kentucky, in 1832, and was Fort Worth's "first lady" in point of service and usefulness to the community. As the wife of a pioneer physician and the mother of a pioneer family, she witnessed the beginning of Fort Worth and was an intimate part of its life. She lived here practically 70 years and saw the place grow from a mere army post consisting of less than a dozen houses to one of the leading cities of the Southwest.

Dr. Peak was the only physician in the community and his field of practice was described by a radius of many miles over cross country with no roads. There were no bridges or water crossings in those days and stream and river had to be forded.

In all of Dr. Peak's work Mrs. Peak was his helper and able assistant. She frequently nursed the sick of the community and otherwise ministered to their needs, thereby making a notable contribution to the frontier life of that day.

She was also an enthusiastic church woman. The first union Sunday school in Fort Worth was organized in her home in 1855, likewise the first Christian Church. In the Summer of that year 10 persons met in a little double log house—the home of Dr. and Mrs. Peak—and thus began the present First Christian Church of this city. Those in attendance at this meeting were Benjamin P. Ayres and wife, James K. Allen and wife, William A. Sanderson and wife, Mrs. Carroll Peak, Mrs. Francis M. Durrett, Mrs. Alfred Johnson and Stephen Terry.

From that early day until her death, Mrs. Peak was untiring in her efforts for this church and in all good works. She taught in the Sunday school continuously for 45 years and considered

this one of the outstanding privileges of her life.

Mrs. Peak was ever a friend to the helpless and numbered among her friends also many of the colored population of the town. Many slaves who were scheduled for a whipping escaped punishment because of Mrs. Peak's intercessions in their behalf. Numbers of girl babies, both white and colored, were named "Florence" as a tribute to this worthy woman—their friend.

Mrs. Peak never really grew old, although she was almost 90 years of age when she died. Young in heart and spirit, she kept well abreast of the times. When almost 60 years of age, she conceived the idea of building a home where she and her children could spend their days in comfort. She accordingly built the large home on West Fifth Street, where she lived for 22 years and at which place she died on July 14, 1922. She was buried in Pioneer Rest cemetery beside her husband.

Her death marked the passing of a pioneer wife, mother and friend of the church and community—a woman who faced frontier conditions by her husband's side and who was a great factor in laying the foundation of the present city of Fort Worth.

DR. CARROLL M. PEAK

born in Warsaw, Gallatin County, Kentucky, Nov. 13, 1828. He was Scotch-Irish on his father's side and German on his mother's. He attended school in his native town when a boy and was always studious. With the somewhat scanty opportunities offered by the schools of that day, the

ELLISTONS TOOK PROMINENT PART IN UP BUILDING OF CITY AND COUNTY

THE ELLISTONS "hit the trail for Texas" in the early fifties, leaving a large Kentucky plantation behind them for the wide open spaces of Texas. They had wealth and culture back in Kentucky, but the appeal of Texas was too great. Around Birdville they helped to build the history of Tarrant County.

Editor's Note—Here's another story in the series on Tarrant's first hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

"ALL that's goin' to Texas, climb in." With these words, John Wesley Elliston began his long trek from Kentucky to Texas in 1849. For many months he had been interested in the western frontier and planned to locate permanently in this State.

His wife, however, did not possess a pioneering spirit, and protested against making the change. In fact, she insisted that she was "not going to Texas."

In the meantime, her husband continued preparations for the departure. Twenty-five head of choice blooded horses and a number of fine cattle, which were among the Elliston's possessions, were rounded up and the wagons were loaded—Mrs. Elliston continuing her protestations.

When the appointed hour for leaving arrived, this "lord and master" climbed upon the seat of one of the two-horse wagons and exclaimed, "All that's goin' to Texas, climb in."

"Well, Grandmother, what did you do?" asked a grandchild of Mrs. Elliston, to whom she was telling the story of their start to Texas. "Why, I just crawled in, that's all," she replied.

Amos Elliston, the father of John Wesley Elliston, came to Kentucky from Virginia when a very small lad, reared a family and was buried there.

The trip to Texas was greatly saddened by the death of John Wesley Elliston Jr., infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Elliston. It became ill en route and died on the ferry boat while crossing the Mississippi. Upon landing on this side of the river they buried the child and continued their journey.

They arrived in the Spring of 1849 and located about a mile west of Birdville, near Little Fossil Creek. The season had been an unusually rainy one and all Tarrant County streams were bank full, grass was in abundance, and every prospect was pleasing. They made their home in that community for many years, where Mr. Elliston was engaged in farming and blacksmithing. He was also justice of the peace at one time and a prominent settler in his community.

The original log house which John Wesley Elliston built and occupied with his family in that early day is still standing and in a very good state of preservation. It was built in the early 50s and the rock chimney was laid by "Uncle Benny" Andrews. In later years there was an addition to the front of the cabin.

JOHN WESLEY ELLISTON liked Texas better than he had even anticipated, and wrote many letters to friends in the old States trying to induce them to locate here also. He lived only eight years after coming to

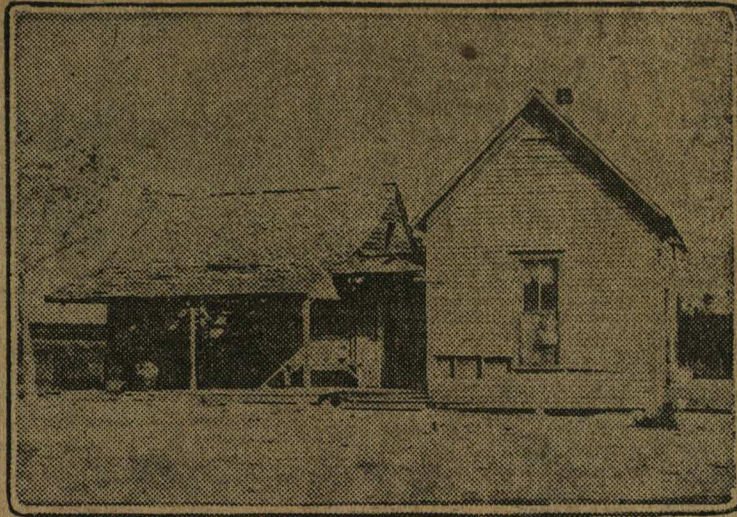
Texas, however. His death occurred in 1857 and he is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

His wife survived him for 35 years, and had to endure many hardships in the rearing of her family without the

aid of husband and father. Mrs. Elliston died in 1892 and is buried beside her husband.

John Wesley Elliston and wife, Elizabeth (Johnson) Elliston, had four children, Frank, Garelda, or "Dollie," as she was called; Mark and Mary Ellen.

Frank Elliston, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Elliston, was born in Lincoln County Kentucky, in 1840. He grew to manhood on his father's farm and attained his majority about the time the great war came on between the North and the South.



OLD log house and addition built by John Wesley Elliston in the early "fifties," one mile west of Birdville. Below, Mark Elliston, who was known as "Mack," on right, and Frank Elliston of Birdville, who served for two terms as tax collector of Tarrant County.

He entered the Confederate ranks as a member of Waller's regiment and Green's brigade, and was consigned to the Trans-Mississippi department. He was in the "A" and Pleasant Hill fights and the Banks' raid on Red River.

At Camp Bisland, La., he received a gunshot wound in the right wrist and was taken prisoner. He later was paroled and returned home in 1863, at which time he married Miss Sarah (Sallie) Boaz, daughter of Samuel Boaz, Tarrant County pioneer.

Soon afterward he returned to his command and remained in active service until the close of the war. He then bought a farm at Birdville and began life anew. For 10 years he followed freighting. He also served the county in various official positions, being at one time sheriff and at another tax collector. Farming, however, was his chief occupation.

Mrs. Sallie (Boaz) Elliston was born in Fulton County Kentucky, in 1845. She was one of nine children. Five of her brothers served in the Civil War from Tarrant County and one died in the service.

Mrs. Elliston's daughter, Mrs. O. F. Carlson of this city, has an old autograph album that belonged to her mother, and was a most treasured possession. It was presented to Mrs. Elliston by her brother, David ("Tuck") Boaz, on the eve of his departure for the Civil War, and contains the following interesting letter:

A Brother's Address to His Sister.
My very dear sister:

This address to you needs no apology, because I am about to leave you in order to fight manfully against the great enemies of my country.

I know that you are a good girl and a very kind and affectionate sister, and I have taken the fond liberty of presenting this album for your acceptance, as a token of my highest fraternal regards.

This may be the last small present which you will ever receive from me. I am going into the midst of great exposure and danger, and I may lose my life in the cause of liberty for which my beloved country is now contending.

Be assured, my dear sister, that when I am far away upon the battlefield, I shall often think of your sisterly love, as well as the transcendent affection of my ever to be loved mother and dear father. This will be a sweet and potent reflection which will prompt me to endure hardships with fortitude, and to perform deeds of valor with great determination and delight.

I hope that the beneficent Providence of God will protect me and enable me to return to you and all the endearments of my sweet home, but should it be ordered otherwise, and I should die on the battlefield or in a hospital, my last wish will be for your prosperous welfare and that of my dear brothers and parents at home.

It pains my poor heart to leave you and the other loved ones in my father's house. The prospect of dying in the midst of carnage and blood, or among strangers, without the kind aid of a loving sister and the caressing tenderness and attentions of an affectionate mother is rather gloomy; but the love of my glorious country, as well as my bounden duty to defend you and all whom I love at home, stirs me up and nerves me to be truly brave in the defense of right, my country, and my home. Farewell, my very dear sister, and if I never return, may I meet you and my parents and all my friends in that eternal home of blessedness where we shall never part again.

I remain, your deeply affectionate brother,
DAVID BOAZ.

Aug. 24, 1861.
Frank Elliston and wife, Sallie (Boaz) Elliston, had five children—Hugh, Tennie, Alice, Addison Clark and Sam.

Hugh Elliston married Miss Maggie Potts of this county. They have four children and are living on Daggett Avenue.

Tennie Elliston married Ed Hovencamp, son of Judge Hovencamp, also one of Tarrant County's pioneers, who lived at Birdville. They have four children—Bena, Belle, Bessie and Ethel.

Bena Hovencamp married Edwin Hoskins. They have two sons and reside at 1435 Pruitt Street, this city. Belle Hovencamp married Richard Hutchinson and lives in Gainesville. They have one son. Bessie Hovencamp married G. A. Ogden, has one son and lives in Dallas. Ethel Hovencamp is unmarried and lives with her mother at the old home, 502 Louisiana Avenue.

ALICE ELLISTON, familiarly called "Allie" by her friends, married Dr. O. F. Carlson of this city. Mrs. Carlson has been prominent in educational activities of the county for many years, and only recently resigned from the school board on account of ill health. Dr. and Mrs. Carlson reside at 752 Eighth Avenue, and have two children—Dagmar, who married Eugene Leggett of Detroit, Mich., and has one child, Eugene Jr., and Olaf Guy Carlson, who is a student at Texas A. & M. College.

Addison Clark Elliston died many years ago and is buried at Birdville.

Sam Elliston is married and lives on a farm near Birdville. A daughter, Burness Elliston, now Mrs. J. Alan Wilson, lives at 2237 Irwin Street, this city. Sam Elliston Jr. lives with his parents on the farm.

Mrs. Sallie (Boaz) Elliston died several years ago and is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

"Dollie" Elliston, second child of Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Elliston, married Willis Lavender. Lavender served in the Civil War and died while at the front.

Mr. and Mrs. Lavender had one daughter, Lou Ellen, who married Robert L. Boaz. Mr. and Mrs. Boaz had four children—Robert Boaz, who is married, has one son, and lives in California; Willis Boaz, who is married, and has one child; Grover Cleveland Boaz, who died at 3 years of age in California, and Obadiah Boaz, who is also married and lives in California. Mrs. Lou Ellen (Lavender) Boaz is buried at Birdville.

Mrs. Dollie (Elliston) Lavender married T. B. James, pioneer Tarrant County citizen, who once served as sheriff of the county. They had one son, Tom James, at present on the city detective force. Tom James married Miss Annie Wiggins, and they have one son, Tom James Jr. Mr. and Mrs. James reside at 1600 Lagonda Street, this city.

Mrs. Dollie (Lavender) James died many years ago and is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

Mark Elliston, better known as "Mack" Elliston, third child of Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Elliston, was most venturesome as a youth. He joined the army at 16 years of age, much against the wishes of his mother and others of his family, and served through the war.

AT its close, he returned home and married Miss Martha Ann Marsh of Farmers Branch, Dallas County. They had the following four children: Lula, Hardy, Wesley and Marsh.

Lula Elliston married Oscar Thomas and lives in Abilene. They have several children. Hardy Elliston married a Miss Sexton of this county. Mr. Elliston died a number of years ago and is buried Dallas County. Their only child, a daughter, died soon after the death of her father. John Wesley Elliston has one son, John Wesley Jr., and lives in Oak Cliff with his family. Marsh Elliston is married and lives in Dallas.

Mary Ellen Elliston, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Elliston, married Hardy Saunders Holman of Richmond, Mo. To them were born three children—Frank, Elizabeth and Mark Andy.

Frankie Holman married George W. Norton of this city. Mrs. Norton died a short time ago, and Mr. Norton is at present living in Atlanta, Ga.

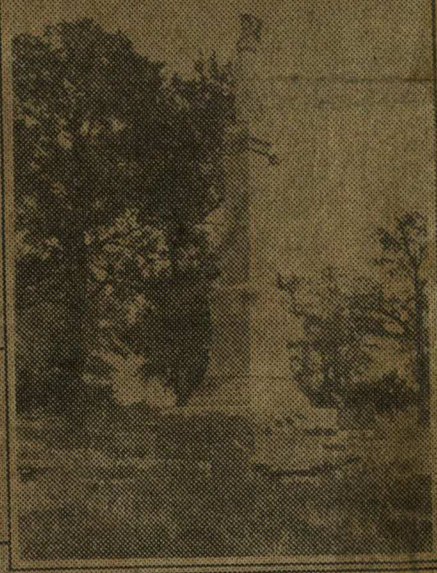
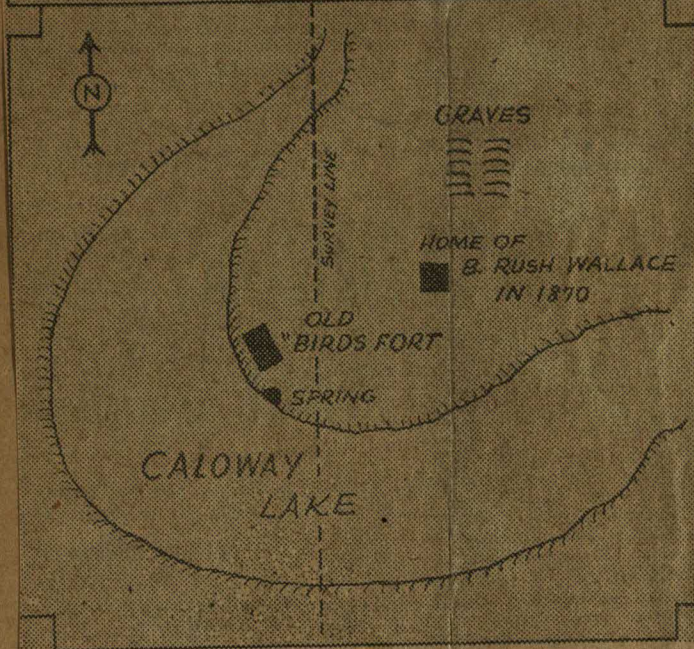
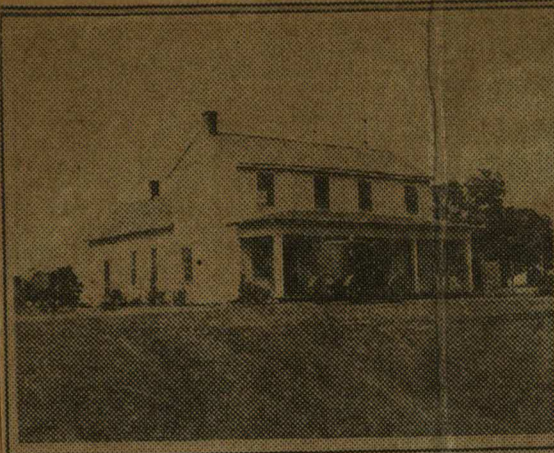
Elizabeth Holman married Dr. R. D. Talbot of this city and they live at 915 Samuels Avenue. Dr. and Mrs. Talbot have one child, Frankie, who married Louis D. Wall. Mr. and Mrs. Wall have one child and reside in Fort Worth.

Mrs. Talbot recalls stories told by her mother of the trials and hardships of Civil War days. Mrs. Holman, as a young girl, used to ride horseback to the Blue Mound vicinity where their horses and other stock had wandered on open range, and drive them back to their home in Birdville for salt.

Mark Andy Holman married Miss Mida Belle Chestnut of this city. They had one daughter, Georgia, who married Harold Jensen of Muskegon, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Jensen reside in Muskegon. Mr. Mark Holman lives in this city. Mrs. Mark Andy Holman died several years ago and is buried in the Birdville Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Saunders Holman died about 10 years ago, within a few months of each other. They are both buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

These Points Are Significant in Texas History



others who were among the first to pioneer in that section, are buried at the old Johnson Cemetery about a mile and a half south of Johnson Station, and not, as many suppose, in the cemetery at Johnson Station beside the red brick school.

About five miles below Cresson on Granbury Road at a concrete culvert, there is an interesting crossroads. There is also a filling station, known as the "Midway Station," owned and managed by a great-great grandson of David Crockett. One road leads north to the old home of Elizabeth Crockett, second and last wife of the famous hero, and the other goes south over the hill to Acton where in 1860 Elizabeth Crockett was buried, with a crude sandstone marker at her grave. In 1913 the State of Texas and the citizens of Hood County erected there a handsome gray granite monument, costing \$3,000—a shrine that thousands visit from all parts of the United States. Ashley Crockett of Granbury, editor of the Hood County Tablet, is the only living grandson of Elizabeth and David Crockett, and Mrs. T. H. Hiner, also of Granbury, is the youngest granddaughter of the couple.

Three historic sites near Fort Worth which await marking are the old inn and stage coach stop at Johnson Station (upper left photo), the location of the old Bird's Fort (upper right), and the crossroads near the grave

of Elizabeth Crockett, wife of David Crockett, in Acton Cemetery, Hood County (lower right). The inside walls of the two front rooms of the old inn are parts of the original building. A pavilion and a concrete swimming pool now mark the site of the old fort (diagramed in lower left corner). The crossroads from which the grave of the Alamo hero's wife is approached is near Cresson.

MARKING OF 3 HISTORIC SITES IN FT. WORTH VICINITY URGED

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Residents of this section of the State could raise no more fitting monument to the approaching Texas Centennial than to mark three historic sites in the vicinity of Fort Worth—that of Bird's Fort in the northeastern part of Tarrant County, the old stage coach station at Johnson Station south of Arlington and the intersection on the Granbury Road that leads to the grave of Elizabeth Crockett, wife of the Alamo hero, in Acton Cemetery, near Hood County.

The late Governor Throckmorton left a sketch of Bird's Fort in which he claimed that it was the first settlement on the upper Trinity, and that John Neely Bryan about that time, 1841, was bivouacking at the crossing of the Trinity where Dallas now it located. Throckmorton married a sister of Wade Hampton Rattan, who, it is claimed, was the second white man known to have been buried in this county. The first was John B. Denton, for whom Denton County was named. Denton's death occurred in the Village Creek fight of 1840, near the present town of Handley. Mrs. George Ann (Rattan) Moore, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. E. V. Herold, 1611 Lagonda Avenue, is a niece of Rattan.

First Tarrant Burying Ground.

In 1841 Bird's Fort, for which Birdville was named—and, by the way, Birdville should not lose its name and identity through the growth and development of the community—was built at what is now known as Caloway's Lake, about 18 miles east and a little north of Fort Worth, near the Trinity River.

Maj. Jonathan Bird, a native of Alabama, and a number of settlers, women and children among them, came to this place, but after a hard winter of Indian raids, much sickness and many deaths, they abandoned the fort. The first man of Bird's force killed by the Indians was Rattan and he, with several others who met a similar fate or died from other causes soon afterward, was buried a few hundred yards northeast of the blockhouse at Bird's Fort. This plot of graves likely constitutes the first burying ground in the county.

A letter written from San Angelo in 1926 by J. J. Goodfellow, formerly Tarrant County surveyor, bears convincing evidence as to the exact spot of the old fortress. The letter, in part, follows:

"My first visit to the graves was in 1866, at which time Col. B. Rush Wallace was the owner of the property covering most of Caloway's Lake and the ground upon which the old blockhouse and the graves were located. The remains of the house were then plainly visible. They stood on the northeast bank of the lake at a point where a country club later built a swimming pool. The outer walls were constructed in picket form, logs set on ends, with deep intrenchments all around the building. These trenches were plainly in evidence up to the time the Caloway Lake Club constructed a swimming pool on the ground and destroyed most of the signs of these trenches. From this blockhouse a path led in a northeasterly direction, probably 250 or 300 yards through timber to the graves."

The late Judge C. C. Cummings was with Goodfellow, on at least two surveying trips to Bird's Fort, and he likewise verified the site.

A Church at Lonesome Dove.

"The next settled in the county was Ed Terrill, who built a cabin at Live Oak Grove in 1843, about one and one-half miles southwest of the present courthouse.

Then in 1845 came the Missouri Colony, following the lead of Stephen Austin. This colony was led by Rev. John A. Freeman, a Baptist minister. With the party came the Fosters, the Leonards, Crowleys and others. The late Jarrett Foster claimed that this group constituted the first permanent settlers in the county, except a man named Bennett on Bear Creek, south of them, and Nathan Hust. John Morrow of Birchman Avenue is a grandson of Nathan Hust, and he recalls his grandfather's friendship with Jim Ned, the Indian. The Freeman colony established the first church in the county at Lonesome Dove, as they

called the place on Grapevine Prairie near the line of Denton County.

Closely following the Freemans, there came into the confines of the present county other settlers, among whom were some who located in the eastern part of what is now Tarrant County. The following letter from Charlie Robertson, dated Grand Prairie, Oct. 18, 1925, gives some interesting information concerning another early grave in what is now the Watson Cemetery north of the Arlington Downs.

Indians Were Very Bad.

"Mr. and Mrs. Micajah Goodwin came to Texas in February, 1846. Mrs. Goodwin, my grandmother, died a few months later and they buried her near their home. Her grave is in the southeast corner of the Watson Cemetery, marked by a native stone. The grave of my mother, Mrs. Eliza Robertson, is near that of my grandmother. The wagon bed that they moved to this county in was used to make my grandmother's coffin. At that time the Indians were very bad here. They had a curiosity to know what the white people were doing. Mrs. Goodwin's son stood guard at a distance when they buried her to be sure that the Indians did not see them. Then her grave was smoothed down and a brush pile burned on it to hide all evidences. My grandfather's and grandmother's home was a log hut

with a board roof, and as they did not have any nails the boards had to be weighted down with heavy logs. The family came here from Georgia. My grandfather was one of the commissioners that organized Dallas County, but when the county was surveyed, his place was in Tarrant."

In the late forties Colonel Middleton Tate Johnson, for whom Johnson Station was named, located about three miles south of the present town of Arlington. It was here on the old wagon route to the West, prior to the coming of the railroads, that Colonel Johnson and his hospitable family entertained the travelers and passersby. Groups of oak trees still standing there are of such size that they must have witnessed many stirring events in those early times—once, when Lewis Finger and others joined a party of forty-niners en route to California.

Gallant Tree Worth Saving.

On the grounds of the red brick school at Johnson Station there stands a tree of unusual size and proportions. Its great lower limbs droop as if in silent sorrow, and the main upper trunk is damaged, having been hit by lightning and torn by the elements through the years. It is a gallant tree and worthy of attention and preservation. No doubt it could tell many a fine tale of adventure and history. Situated, as it is, on the school grounds, it could be marked and cared for indefinitely, that future generations might know its grandeur and translate its history and that for which it stands.

Colonel Johnson and others of his family, together with a number of

Minor Prophecies of Blake Given New Clarity

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

That William Blake is one of the most astonishing figures in all literature goes without saying. He was of that scintillating group of Georgians—Shelley, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth and others—yet he remained practically unknown as a force for knowledge and beauty even for many years after his death. When the Victorian tradition began to crumble, his genius came to be recognized, and today we acclaim this mystic artist as one of the greatest of the major poets of English lyricism. His fierce simplicity and sheer fire; his libertarian ideas; to which he gave expression in unique accents, place Blake as a modern of the moderns, and present day scholars are finding fresh interest in the man and his work.

The initial chapters in the book deal with Blake's first period, the struggle of his genius, the symbolism in his songs, certain illuminations and great crises in his life, and these first periods are followed by Miss Hamblen's translations and elucidations of several of his minor poems and prophecies. The heroic interlude in Blake's life, according to the author, was when he married Catherine Bloucher to assuage sufferings due to his rejection by a young woman of a spirit as highly enkindled as his own. Just here Miss Hamblen has uttered a dire heresy—"even a fearful heresy," in her own words. What infamy, this! with almost all true Blakeans believing that Blake's union with Catherine stands heavenly, complete. This pretty tale has reflected itself in the great mirror of the "Prophetic Books." "Pity is ever the essential thing in a woman's soul," says William Butler Yeates in his Blake exposition.

As Miss Hamblen takes her character along through life, one follows eagerly. The boy in his rural walks met only with love the natural objects which he found in his path—the insects and "the small beasties;" how he soared in spirit on the wings of the bird; with what passionate wonder he beheld the unfolding of the flower, and how he reacted organically to the forces which draw the contours of the hills and the sweep of the valleys! Undoubtedly, the soul of this young genius was identified with the folk-soul of his people, for he was one with the group in its community and its national consciousness.

"If nothing of Blake remained to us but his early poetry and painting," says the author, "we should greatly regard these from the point of view of their remarkable artistry. . . but what a figure rises before us as we contemplate this great induction of a spirit into the sanctuaries of poetry, painting, architecture and prophecy; emerging out of the modest personality of an obscure engraver, known only to fellow-artists who still had their own reputations to make. But Blake never underestimated his own powers in comparison with other men. He was humble only before the splendor and the terror of the universe and before the greatness of his conceived task. . . . But how intensely Blake needed to unburden his soul of the moral virtues and their sterilizing demands. The Everlasting Gospel is the good word that has application to all men in all ages; because humanity is fundamentally the same and the human spirit is the enduring principle of the universe."

ON THE MINOR PROPHECIES OF WILLIAM BLAKE, by Emily S. Hamblen; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$5.

Dobie in Guild Choice Tells of Southwest's Treasures

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

J. Frank Dobie's latest book, "Coronado's Children," which has to do with the lost mines and buried treasure of the Southwest, has been chosen by the Literature Guild of America as its selection for February. The volume is the most considerable literary contribution that has yet come from the Southwest. The author is to be congratulated on having produced a thoroughly entertaining book that will help to make a particular literature in a new field, and on a brilliant exercise in the modest art of selection and compression, as well.

The scene of "Coronado's Children" is laid in the Southwest where folks are a mixture of red blood of Indian, Spanish, French, English, German, Polish, Mexican, just plain old Texas and what-you-will, and where the language is also a blend of the nationalities, a sort of hybrid patois. . . . Lest you object you are not of this ilk; you belong to the "blue-bloods" and are a one-hundred-per-cent-American; it even may be that you are a descendant of the families who came over in the Ark and the Dove; or in the Mayflower, or you may be of the first families of Boston.

"Boston, the home of the baked beans and cod.

Where the Cabots speak only to the Calverts

And the Calverts speak only to God."

But whoever you are, being human, you will be curious and you will read "Coronado's Children."

One need not review this very important book with the purpose in mind of making a sale for the author and the publisher or for the book-dealer, because the volume will be universally read. You will read it. . . . again and again, each time with fresh interest, for in the reading you will live over your own pot-of-gold-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow days.

Other Treasure Hunts.

And because you will read this particular Guild book, I shall purposely leave the contents in their entirety for you to enjoy. A queer way to review a book, is it not? Instead of drawing from the book, I shall tell you something of others of "Coronado's Children" that are close at hand, illegitimate, maybe; at least, they are not recognized in the volume, for no one book could house all such progeny; one might suspect them of being begotten, but perhaps they are not less worthy than other children for whom Coronado is responsible. . . . And I shall give you a few sidelights on the author and his work.

When I was a child my family owned and lived on a wooded tract of land about three miles north of the site of the present Tarrant County Court House on the first hill South of Mount Olivet Cemetery, overlooking the Trinity Valley—a tract known then as Sylvania. My father spent a great deal of time in those days trying to unravel what was to the family a mystery. Ever so often he found freshly turned earth and holes dug to great depths, but he was unable to discover who did the digging. Since then the excavating has continued, and many strange marks have been found on trees and rocks in that section—all of which points to the fact that there has been legendary interest in the place.

"Devil's Den."

If you are treasure hunting minded—and you will be after you finish the Dobie book—you may be interested in the "Santa Anna Half-Moon Mine," better known as the Curtis Mine of Weatherford. Many loads of Spanish gold are said to have been buried in this old mine, supposedly a silver mine. There are to be seen the tunnels with their strange markings on the walls; there are the Indian hieroglyphics, etc., and modern pieces of machinery that lead one to believe that several races have participated in the hunt for treasure there.

"Devil's Den" in Jack County is another treasure trove, according to tradition. Indian symbols, serpents on trees and other very old markings of different character indicate that men have long been interested in the great adventure in that particular canyon. Incidentally, "Devil's Den" is of no small concern from several standpoints. Unique native specimens of plant, animal and bird life are to be found there, to say nothing of the rocks and other important geological formations, and in addition, the picturesque scenery.

At Rockwall, the little city to the east of Dallas, there is also an entertaining phenomenon. Geologists are differing as to the cause of the exact and precise buried rock wall that traverses and surrounds the town. Many Indian and Spanish relics have been discovered in that section, and those persons interested in excavating there have found unmistakable evidence that treasure hunters have "left no stone unturned."

Indian Treasures.

And recently, while sojourning in the Panhandle, I chanced to find an Indian lope on the hills of Mendota. The little object is inscribed with Indian hieroglyphics, and the "old timers" there, cowboys and ranchmen, told me that it was undoubtedly a treasure magnet that had been used by the Indians in their search for buried hoard or for lost mines. . . . After that I spent days and days tramping over the hills, trying it out, to no avail. . . . Likely enough, Jesus Ramon Grachias, the Mexican in Dobie's book who played such a part in the chapter on "The Mystery of Palo Duro," had he been alive, could have led me to a "pot of gold."

And now for the man, Dobie! . . . Certainly J. Frank Dobie needs no introduction to a Southwestern audience. Nor, indeed, at all. However, he should be pensioned for life by the various chambers of commerce throughout the Southwest, and he and Mrs. Dobie—it is likely "Coronado's Children" would not have been but for Mrs. Dobie's valuable assistance—given periodical trips to Europe and the Orient, thrown in for good measure (and I can imagine nothing worse could come to "Vaquerro" Dobie than for him to be forced to take "periodical" trips to Europe); all because "Coronado's Children" will bring an unprecedented influx to the Southwest, maybe as great as the California gold rush of '49 or the Cripple Creek frenzy of more recent years. . . . Further, this book will solve the unemployment problem indefinitely for this section.

Artist Comments.

While talking with Alexander Hogue in Dallas a few days ago—Hogue is doing a portrait of Dobie for the Guild—I asked him what he thought of Dobie as an artist. "An artist?" he replied. . . . "There is no mistaking that he is an artist in his line. . . . but he is more than that. . . . He has temperament, to be sure, but he is as thoughtful as a woman. . . . and as gentle. . . ."

While I was in his home in Austin doing his portrait, he would arise very early in the morning—a throw-back to his ranching days, I suppose—make the fires in his wife's room and in other parts of the house and have it all ready by the time I awakened, without disturbing the sleeping household. . . . I was amazed at his gentleness and at his ability to concentrate on the thing at hand. Many times while I was at work he would pose, immobile, for an unbelievable period."

Incidentally, "Wings," the official publication of the Literary Guild for February, is carrying one of Hogue's scenes, "In the Southwest Hill Country."

Ben Carlton Mead, a young Texas artist living in San Antonio, did the illustrations for "Coronado's Children." In order that the detail work of the pictures might be as accurate as possible, it was necessary for Mr. Mead to travel many hundreds of miles to do his work. Examples of his care of detail are shown especially in the ox-cart, the locomotive and the saddle in the ghost pictures in the book. He is now doing a series of paintings for the Witte Memorial Museum in San Antonio.

Promise of Southwest.

Due credit must also be given the Southwest Press, Dallas, the publisher of this distinguished book.

A recent communication from the Literary Guild, apropos of "Coronado's Children" says "that it is the first book that any book club has ever chosen from a publisher outside of New York and Boston." Another outstanding fact is that this is the first time a book has been taken from a Texas author and the first time that the Southwest has ever been the subject of a book club selection.

The signs portend mighty things ahead for the Southwest in literature. An English reviewer, Edward J. O'Brien, in his introduction to "The Best Short Stories of 1930," makes the following prediction: "Whoever seeks to discover what the significant note of the new generation is like will do well to turn his attention to three particular periodicals of small circulation published in the Middle West, wherein first appear most of the significant new American prose writers. . . . Two generations ago the literary heart of America was in Boston, one generation ago it was in New York and today it is in Iowa City, Iowa."

It is a safe bet that the next generation will find the literary center of America in the Southwest, presumably in Texas, and it is an obvious vaticination that J. Frank Dobie and the Southwest Press will have had no small part in bringing this to pass.

CORONADO'S CHILDREN, by J. Frank Dobie; The Southwest Press, Dallas; \$3.

Adams Family One First to Settle in Tarrant County

Editor's Note—Tarrant County had its first 100 families—the first to enter the wilderness and begin the reclamation and development. This is the first story of a series on these families by Mary Daggett Lake. Others will follow in order.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Early colonial records show the Adams family well represented in America's colonization, from which they branched to all parts of the country.

William Francis Adams, better known by his friends as "Frank Adams," was among the first of Tarrant County's pioneers. The colonial ancestors from which this particular family is descended were among the Huguenots who were responsible for the establishment of Charleston, S. C. About the year 1685 a large number of Protestant refugees from France made themselves a part of the colony that settled at this place.

Of these, one George Adams emigrated from South Carolina to Mississippi in the early part of the last century. He lived to rear a large family and died in Mississippi. A son, Lemuel Adams, later moved with his family to Northwestern Louisiana, near the Texas line, and became the father of Frank Adams, who introduced the family of Adams to Tarrant County.

The wealthy plantation owner and master of many slaves, Lemuel Adams, married Miss Caroline Matilda Nored of Charleston, S. C. Three children were born of this union: Amanda, or "Mandy," who became the wife of Charles Turner Sr., first of the Turners in Tarrant County; Lemuel Jr., familiarly known as "Bunk," (in later life "Uncle Bunk"), and William Francis. Mrs. Josephine (Hirschfeld) Ryan of this city is the daughter of Charles and Amanda Turner, and resides at 2502 Sixth Avenue, with her daughter, Mrs. I. A. Withers.

In the early fifties, when others of East Texas were again turning their eyes westward, he became interested in Tarrant County, which was at that time but newly organized, and came here with a view of permanently locating. After several years' sojourn in this county, he embraced the idea that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Accordingly, he returned to Rusk County, East Texas, long enough to bring back a wife, Miss Mary (Mollie) Richardson, charming daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. T. Richardson, of Glen Fawn, that county.

The Richardsons were elegant professional men, and wealthy Southern planters, who came from Georgia to Alabama and then to Texas. They were large ship owners, as well, and were responsible for a number of steamboats which sailed the waters of the Atlantic between the United States and England.

Joins Rose Family.

Mrs. P. T. Richardson, mother of Mary (Richardson) Adams, before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Rose of Washington, D. C. The Rose family were of English descent and were people of affluence, and socially prominent in Washington. Miss Elizabeth Rose and her sister were honor guests at General Lafayette's reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams had 10 children: Caroline Elizabeth Adams, now Mrs. C. E. Nanney of 1110 South Jennings Avenue, has one son, Dr. Feild Farrar (named for Dr. J. T. Feild, pioneer physician of this city). Mrs. Nanney's first husband was John C. Farrar, son of Franklin Farrar of

Ellis County, Texas, who belonged to the well-known East Texas family of Farrars of an early day.

Served in Civil War.

Lemuel C. ("Bunk") Adams served

through the four years of the Civil War, and saw active service most of that time, principally in Mississippi. Some time during his activities there, he married Miss Drunette Halford of that State. "Bunk" Adams was considered a violinist of ability in that early time, and there are Fort Worth citizens today who recall with pleasure his old time dance calls to the accompaniment of his beloved fiddle. He spent the latter years of his life in the Confederate Home at Austin, at which place he died March 5, 1923. His body lies in the Confederate plot in an Austin cemetery.

After the death of Lemuel Adams, Capt. Ephraim Merrill Daggett, prominent early Fort Worth citizen, who was living in Shelby County at the same time the Lemuel Adams family lived in Louisiana, began paying his attentions to this interesting widow, who had been the wife of his friend, with the result that Daggett and Mrs. Adams were married.

Ignored Hardships.

Captain Daggett, with his wife and others of his family, came to Tarrant County in 1854. Mrs. Daggett is said to have been a fine type of pioneer womanhood, combining in her nature the virtues so necessary to combat the trials and hardships incident to pioneering. She was firm, determined, courageous, farseeing and unafraid, but with it all, gentle, unassuming and sweet-spirited. She died in this city Nov. 13, 1871, at 62 years of age, and is buried in the center of Pioneer Rest Cemetery, near the main driveway, this city. Over her grave rests the typical pioneer marker, a large slab of native limestone, capping a built-up grave.

William Francis (Frank) Adams

came from Louisiana to Texas when a young man, and located in Shelby County, near the present town of Center. That he was no tenderfoot was shown by the fact that he deliberately cast his lot with a people torn with the fires of discord, as East Texas was at that time a veritable "No Man's Land."

Edith Louise Adams married Ben S. Brooks of Tyler, Texas. The Brooks family were prominent Virginians. To this couple five children were born: Carrie Noyes Brooks, wife of K. Hallsell of Bryan, Texas; Fannie Brooks, wife of Mont Campbell, banker and cattleman of Chickasha, Okla.; Willie Brooks, Chickasha, Okla.; Ben S. Brooks Jr., California; Lillie Brooks, wife of Tom E. Miller, formerly of Fort Worth, but now living in Chickasha, Okla. Mrs. Miller and her mother, Mrs. Brooks, died several years ago and are buried in Chickasha.

Sallie Bell and Josie Adams, children of Frank and Mary (Richardson) Adams, both died in early youth.

Jefferson Davis Adams is at present residing in Fort Worth.

Is Named for Editor.

Mark Pomeroy Adams was named for the editor of the Chicago (Pomeroy) Democrat, of whom Frank Adams, the father, was a great admirer.

Frances Florence Adams married Frank McKnight of Fort Worth, and is at present living with her brother, Jeff, on the old Adams place, about a mile and a half east of the courthouse, between the Dallas-Fort Worth Interurban and the Rock Island Railroad. Many years ago Frank Adams cleared this timbered valley section for his farm. He also built a commodious house on the place at that time, which is now being occupied by the above-mentioned son and daughter.

Emma Adams married Bernard Helman, a brother of the late Mrs. Oscar Seligman of this city. Mrs. Helman died in 1900. Leo Helman, a son and only child, lives at present in Superior, Ariz.

Two other children, Daggett and Barney, were also born to Mr. and Mrs. Adams, but died when quite young.

Frank Adams owned extensive land interests throughout Tarrant County. Among them a beautiful section on Sycamore Creek, a stock farm on Blue Mound near Capt. M. B. Loyd's place, and a large ranch in the Panhandle. He was a real frontiersman, and wore the characteristic garb of his day—the fringed coonskin cap, coat and trousers.

He once ran for county clerk on the Greenback ticket against his successful opponent, John F. Swayne of this city. He also operated a large brick manufacturing establishment in Sylvania, now Riverside. For many years

he did freighting of importance for the Government, as well as for himself and others, to West Texas and the then Indian Territory, and had many thrilling experiences with Indians and outlaws of the frontier. He served for a time in the Civil War, but was stricken with illness at Arkadelphia, Ark., and was sent home on a stretcher. This incapacitated him for further service.

He died in 1881 and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. His wife, Mary (Richardson) Adams, died in February, 1917, and is buried in West Oakwood Cemetery, this city, beside her daughter, Mrs. Helman.



Left: Grave of Mrs. Caroline M. (Adams) Daggett, wife of E. M. Daggett, in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Right: The man in the coonskin coat is William Francis (Frank) Adams, father of Mrs. Nanny, Mrs. Fannie McKnight and Jeff Adams, Fort Worth.



FAMILIES OF ANDERSON, TUCKER HAD PART

IN COUNTY PROGRESS

Note—This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's First Hundred families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

THE families of Anderson and Tucker were early American pioneers, and throughout the years their descendants have been closely associated.

Dandridge Tucker, an early settler in Casey County Ky., reared his family near the head of the Cumberland River. His neighbor, John Anderson, was likewise engaged. In course of time—in the year 1837, to be exact—Catherine Tucker became the wife of Abraham Anderson, and they came to Texas in 1852.

The family of William Bonaparte Tucker also came at the same time, and the two brothers-in-law pre-empted land in Tarrant County where Major J. J. Jarvis later built his home, four miles north of the present courthouse.

William Tucker, grandfather of William Bonaparte Tucker and Catherine (Tucker) Anderson, was a Revolutionary soldier and patriot, and a distinguished citizen of his day. His son, Dandridge Tucker, was born in Bedford County, Va., Nov. 12, 1780. He married a Miss Suttles who was also born there. She was the daughter of Newman Suttles, a well-to-do planter and prominent citizen of that county.

The Tucker family contained the best elements of the old Southern aristocracy. Dandridge Tucker was a farmer and large plantation owner. He had accumulated considerable property, and was highly esteemed for his sterling character.

He and his wife were the parents of 11 children: Matilda, Lee, Francis, Newman, Spottswood D., Nancy, Caroline, Dabney, Catherine ("Kitty Ann"), Theresa, and William Bonaparte.

William B. ("Bony") Tucker grew to manhood on his father's farm in Kentucky, and was married there, Sept. 7, 1848 to Mahala Ann Myers, daughter of Jacob and Nancy (Cathlin) Myers—the former of German descent and the latter Irish.

This couple came to Tarrant County in 1852 and located on their pre-emption of 320 acres of land about four miles north of the military post, when the entire region was the frontier—there being but one house between Fort Worth and Weatherford. He won hosts of friends by his many excellent qualities, and in

1856 he was elected to the office of sheriff of the county. Shortly afterward the county seat, which was at that time at Birdville, was moved to Fort Worth. Tucker secured the material from the Birdville courthouse and built his home with it where the old Greenwall Opera House later stood at Third and Commerce Streets.

TUCKER held the position of sheriff for two years, and at the end of that time declined a reelection. He was then made district clerk, which office he held four years. In 1862 he was promoted to county judge. In 1865 "reconstruction" policies were put into effect wherever possible, and Tucker along with other county officials, resigned by request.

Judge Tucker then turned his attention to industrial pursuits and built a mill on what is now Jennings Avenue, this city. In 1867 he platted 170 acres of land south of where the Texas and Pacific depot is now located. He also built a home on this land, which was known as Tucker's Hill. This house was the first residence south of the railroad in old Fort Worth.

Judge Tucker served several times in the city council, and was a man whose opinions commanded respect among his associates. His death occurred in 1900 and that of his wife, Mahala Ann (Myers) Tucker in 1887. Their children were: Pocahontas, who died when very young; Anntisha, Donzella, Rowan H., Cornelia B., Florence Peak, and William B.

Anntisha Tucker married J. J. Walker of Austin, and died in 1876. Donzella Tucker (Miss Don) is living at 455 Bryan Avenue, this city. Rowan H. Tucker married Lou Archer, and had two children, Rowan H. Jr., who is living in Jackson, Miss., and Fay, now Mrs. Palmer of Topeka, Kans. Mrs. Rowan H. Tucker Sr. resides in Topeka with her daughter, Mrs. Palmer.

Cornelia (Tucker) Read married B. F. Read, and they had six children as follows: Ben F. Read Jr., Hazel Read, Olive Read, Ione Read, Irma Read, and Cornelia Read.

Ben F. Read Jr. lives at Gorman, with his family.

Miss Hazel Read lives in Washington, D. C.

Olive Read, now Mrs. Nixon, resides at 202 East Courtland Place, San Antonio. Mr. and Mrs. Nixon

have the following children: Pat Nixon Jr., Box Nixon, Ben Nixon and Thomas Nixon.

Ione Read, now Mrs. Cumley, lives at 2517 Reagan Street, Dallas. They have one child, Theodore Read Cumley.

Irma Read, now Mrs. Falkner, resides at 514 West Fourteenth Street, Austin. They have one son, James Falkner Jr.

Cornelia Read, now Mrs. Randolph, lives at France Field, Panama, C. Z. They have three children, Helene Randolph, William Read Randolph and Benjamin Davis Randolph.

Florence Peak Tucker married General R. P. Smyth. Her death occurred in Plainview, April 13, 1894.

William B. Tucker Jr. died Nov. 8, 1887.

In June, 1892, William B. Tucker Sr. married Mrs. Rebecca (Cravens) Poindexter.

ROWAN H. TUCKER, son of William B. Tucker Sr., was a native Tarrant County pioneer. He was born on the old Tucker home place north of Fort Worth in 1855. The family later moved into town and young Rowan was reared in the city which he had seen develop from a typical frontier settlement into a flourishing city.

He received his education in the schools of Fort Worth and at Mansfield College. For a time he was cattle inspector for Tarrant County. In 1878 he became deputy sheriff under Sheriff Henderson, and in 1880 he was made chief deputy under Walter Maddox whom he served six years. He was also deputy sheriff under B. H. Shipp two years.

In 1888 he began his service with the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad as special agent. In 1894 he was made general claim agent, and continued his connection with that company for many years, being one of the oldest officials of the road.

He was a member of the Fort Worth City Council four terms, as representative of the Fifth Ward, his last official term ending in 1902. While alderman he was chairman of the police board committee, chairman of the claims committee and a member of the fire and purchasing committees.

Rowan H. Tucker Sr., his parents, William B. Tucker and Mrs. Mahala Ann (Myers) Tucker, are all three buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Mrs. Jane (Poindexter) Tucker is buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

John Anderson, the staunch old Scotchman, neighbor of the Tucker family in Casey County, Ky., was, as before stated, the father of Abraham Anderson, who married Catherine Tucker, daughter of Dandridge Tucker. John Anderson's children were: John, Abraham, James, William, Nancy (who died years ago) and Polly who married Ben Snigget.

Abraham Anderson was the pioneer ancestor of the Anderson family in Tarrant County. He was born in 1812, and his wife, Catherine (Tucker) Anderson, in 1819. They settled in this county in 1852, where they lived for 30 years.

The old Abraham Anderson home is still standing on Jarvis Heights, while nearby and running into the Trinity River just east of the Samuels Avenue Bridge, flows a small stream that is known as the Anderson Branch. This old home, though bleak and bare today, is a silent reminder to many yet living, of the warm hospitality they once enjoyed within its walls. The house was one of the most pretentious of its day, and for 30 years was a sort of social center of the community round about.

In 1882 the Anderson family moved to Jack County, near the present town of Vineyard, and here again was established another home that was a source of enjoyment to their friends. The Andersons acquired several hundred acres of land in Jack County and many of their descendants reside there today.

The children of Abraham Anderson and Catherine ("Kitty Ann") Tucker Anderson were: Dandridge, who was killed in the Battle of Chickamauga, while in the Confederate service; William, who also died while in the war; Thomas M., Nancy, Paulina and Donzella.

THOMAS MITCHELL ANDERSON was born in Casey County, Ky., in 1844. His education was acquired in the frontier schools of Tarrant County, and on his father's farm where he grew to manhood. The second year of the Civil War at the age of 18, he enlisted in Company F, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Burford's Regiment, Parson's Brigade of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He fought at Helena, Cape Girardo and Jackson, and was with General Price during a portion of his service. His company was disbanded at Hempstead at the end of the war.

He returned to the farm when he resumed civil life. He shortly afterward bought an ox team on a credit and began freighting from Jefferson, Pine Mills and Houston to the western frontier. He also engaged in the cattle industry and soon was established as a cattle raiser and agriculturist.

His first wife was Charles Anna Daggett, daughter of his friend and neighbor, Charles B. Daggett. She died soon after they were married and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. In 1871 he married Mary Paschal of this county. She was the daughter of Stanley Paschal who came to Texas from Tennessee and settled in Van Zandt County, where she was born in 1853.

Thomas Mitchell Anderson and wife, Mary (Paschal) Anderson, had the following children: Dolly, Abraham, Fanny, Lily and William T.

Dolly Anderson married Lee Caldwell and they live at Menard. Their children are Ethel, who married W. L. Jackson, lives at Mangum, Okla., and they have one child; Tom lives in Kansas City; Claud lives at Breckenridge; Mary, who married H. T. McDonald, lives at Epcinal, and they have four children; Lillie, who died in Phoenix, Ariz., and Bryan, who married Marcella Cummings and resides in Phoenix.

Abraham Anderson married Beulah McDonald. They live at Bowie, and have four children, Eula, John, Abraham Jr. and Archie.

Fanny Anderson married Thomas Cannon. They had one son, Clarence. Mrs. Fannie (Anderson) Cannon died at Shamrock in 1910 and is buried at Boyd.

Lily Anderson married James Cannon and they reside in Menard. They have four children as follows: Willie, who lives at Robstown, married Miss Carman of Stockton, and they have one child; Georganna, who married Grover Landers, lives at Menard, and Ralph and Katherine are at home.

William T. Anderson married Georgia Stanley, sister of Mrs. A. J. Myers of Jack County, and they have three children—Thomas Wilburn, Stanley, and Mary Ellen. They live at San Angelo.

Thomas Mitchell Anderson lived for many years at Vineyard. He died at Taylor in 1911 and is buried at Boyd.

Mrs. Mary (Paschal) Anderson makes her home with her children in Menard.

Nancy Anderson, daughter of Abraham Anderson and wife, Mrs. Catherine (Tucker) Anderson, married Frank Gilmore, son of Sebourne Gilmore, Tarrant County pioneer. They had the following children: Tom, Frank, Gertrude, Katherine, Rowan (Bud), Sam, Clint and Virgil.

TOM GILMORE married Lucy Myers, sister of Andy J. Myers of Vineyard and Jacksboro. They had

six children as follows: Velma, now Mrs. Haley, and has three children; Edna, now Mrs. Long, who lives at McMan, Okla.; Frank, who with his wife and child lives in Oklahoma; Homer, a Baptist minister, who with his wife and child lives in West Texas; Arthur and Horton live at Healdton, Okla. Tom Gilmore is living at present at Healdton, Okla. His wife Lucy (Myers) Gilmore died in 1925 and is buried at Vineyard.

Frank Gilmore Jr. married Vina Williams. They have two sons and two daughters and live at Markley, Young County.

Clint Gilmore is the postmaster at Markley and is unmarried.

Sam Gilmore married Vick Montgomery. They have several children and live at Shawnee, Okla.

Rowan (Bud) Gilmore married Frances Worthington of Vineyard; they have several children and live in West Texas.

Virgil Gilmore married Pearl Brumitt and lives at Glen Rose.

Gertrude Gilmore married George King. They are both buried at Vineyard.

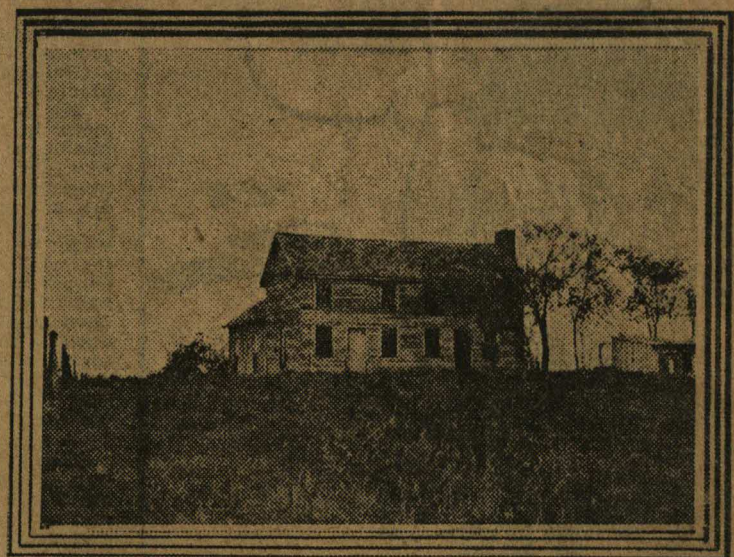
Katherine (Kitty) Gilmore married Ben Stevens. They have four children and live at Jacksboro.

Frank Gilmore Sr. and wife, Mrs. Nancy (Anderson) Gilmore are both buried at Vineyard.

Paulina (Miss Lina) Anderson, daughter of Abraham Anderson and wife, Catherine (Tucker) Anderson, is living with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Caldwell of Menard.

Donzella Anderson, daughter of Abraham Anderson and wife, Catherine (Tucker) Anderson, married Jonathan H. Leach of this county, Aug. 22, 1883. Jonathan Leach was born in Canada in 1838 and settled in Fort Worth in 1870. He and his brother bought half of the Ellis survey, now well in the city of Fort Worth, but then far out in the country, paying the small sum of \$350 for it. The same property today is valued at thousands of dollars. Prior to coming to Fort Worth Leach taught school in Missouri for five years. Mr. and Mrs. Leach had the following children: William Wallace, Robert Bruce and Leland Roy.

William Wallace Leach married May Hager. They have one son, William Wallace Jr., and live at 2423 College Avenue, this city. Robert Bruce Leach resides with his mother at the old Leach home, 2500 Lipscomb Street. Leland Roy Leach married Inez Vaughn. They have one child, Leland Jr., and live at 3028 Stanley Avenue, this city.



Pioneer home of Abraham Anderson, still standing four miles north of the present courthouse, in Jarvis Heights. It is one of the landmarks of Tarrant County.

William Parks Was Among the Earliest of Tarrant County's Settlers

Note: This is another of a series of stories on Tarrant County's first 100 families.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

REASONS for coming to a new land may be many or few. William Parks' reason was one—the girl he loved had left him behind. Whatever else may have brought other early settlers to Texas, this young man came out of devotion to the sweetheart of his boyhood days.

In the year 1841 Thomas Malcolm Bengé, with his wife, three sons, two daughters, and a number of slaves, started for the wilds of Texas. Hopes of a restoration to health for his invalid wife prompted this wealthy merchant of McKenzie, Tenn., to undertake the perilous journey.

There was a train of 10 covered wagons, one well equipped as a hospital for the invalid wife and mother, who was a life long sufferer from asthma. Another of the wagons was completely furnished for the two daughters, Martha and Elizabeth, and their maid, Hannah.

After a month's journeying, with all the trials and hardships incident to such a trip, they landed in what is now New Boston, in Bowie County. Here grants of land were secured and the once prosperous Tennessee merchant became an early Texas planter and stock raiser.

When this family came from Tennessee, they left behind a heartbroken young man. His adored one had gone to a far away land to make her home, and the future looked dark indeed for him. Young William Parks, around whose life this bit of early Fort Worth history is written, soon found that he could not live without Elizabeth Bengé. Accordingly, he decided to take the unknown trail for Texas.

Supplying himself with a splendid horse, and all the necessities for such a trip, he started on his journey some months after the Bengé family had departed. He endured many hardships, not the least of which were the dangers attendant upon crossing swollen streams and much high water.

"Many times he thought of turning his horse homeward, but then there would come his 'vision of love'—this elusive quest eternal—and he, being refreshed with courage born of desire, would journey on. Finally he reached his destination and there was great rejoicing.

SOON after his arrival wedding bells began to ring, and Elizabeth Bengé became Elizabeth Parks. All the pomp and ceremony that could be displayed under pioneer conditions was attendant upon this wedding.

Happiness reigned supreme, but only for a short time. Soon the call came for volunteers in the Mexican War, and young William left his bride of only a few months for service to his country. He remained in the war until its close, only one message ever being received concerning him, and that was that he had been killed. The grief stricken girl-wife went into mourning and bowed to the inevitable. She continued to grieve for him throughout the weeks and months that followed—to such an extent, in fact, that her family were much concerned over her condition.

On a certain fine Spring day, after her maid had given her a shampoo, and while she was drying her hair in the bright warm sunshine, she became aware of some one entering

the gate of the spacious lawn. Upon discovering that it was her husband, she fell into his arms and fainted, as young women of that time were wont to do under trying or exciting circumstances. As was usual in such cases, Miss Elizabeth soon "came to," and in a short time "the house of mourning was turned into a house of gladness."

Shortly after this, another covered wagon train was on its way from Tennessee to Texas. This time it was the family of William Parks. The elder Parks secured a grant of land in Red River County, near what is now Detroit, and erected his home on the old stage line route between Jefferson and the West.

Soon after the close of the Mexican War, William and Elizabeth Parks, with their infant son, Thomas, came to what is now the City of Fort Worth. They brought with them two of the family slaves, one of whom,

Frances Parks, the faithful old family cook, is now living near Clarksville, at the age of 108 years. She is, in all probability, Tarrant County's oldest living woman slave.

William Parks built a rude home on the spot where the Criminal Court building now stands. Not far away he erected another building in which he began a general merchandise store. His commodities were brought from Jefferson, Texas, in an ox wagon. His driver was Sam Parks, the other slave which they brought with them to Fort Worth.

MANY are the tales that "Uncle Sam" used to tell the grandchildren of this family—of his narrow escapes from Indians; how he gave them merchandise as a peace offering; how the wolves would break into his camp at night, and how he would throw them pieces of meat to keep them off.

While "Uncle Sam" would have one group of children on the rear west porch on moonlit evenings, "Aunt Frances" would have another group on the rear east porch, telling them of her experiences in old Fort Worth—how the Indians would visit them in their gay costumes of feathers and paint; how they would try to steal fresh meat, chickens, provisions or anything they could find.

One day an old squaw slipped away with the baby, young Thomas Parks, and was rapidly making headway over the bluff of the Trinity when Mrs. Parks discovered his absence. Securing a large carving knife, and calling to "Aunt Frances" to follow her, Mrs. Parks, who was quickly joined by the faithful servant, hastened after the woman and rescued the child. The baby was none the worse from the experience.

The more civilized Indians brought all kinds of baskets which they had made from willows and reeds and gave them in exchange for the measure full of meal, sugar, flour, coffee or whatever they might need. These baskets were real works of art, many of them being beautifully colored with dyes made from herbs and from trees which they found in the river bottoms and on the prairies. Some of these baskets are still preserved and in the possession of members of this family.

These Indians also made beautiful bead work of artistic design. An unusually attractive piece was a belt with a pocket suspended from one side and a strap that went over the shoulder. This was given in exchange for a small bill of groceries. Venison and various kinds of fresh

meat and wild fowl were also exchanged for store merchandise.

A gun was kept on a rack just above the door of the Park's store. Whenever an Indian made his way to the front, this protector was taken down, whereupon the intruder would quickly flee, being much afraid always of an American's "fire and thunder," as he called it.

The grandchildren of William Parks relate many interesting experiences which they had heard their grandfather tell of his early life in Tarrant County. At that time deer, squirrels, prairie chickens, wild turkeys and other game were to be had for the killing. Wolves, bears, panthers and an occasional catamount appeared on the scene.

WILLIAM PARKS made his home in this county only two years, having been called back to Red River County by the death of his father. He lived there in charge of the estate during the remainder of his lifetime. His death occurred in 1870 at the old home there, and he was buried near Detroit, Texas, in the family burying ground. His wife survived him 36 years, her death occurring in 1906. She is buried beside her husband in the cemetery in Red River County.

William Parks and wife, Elizabeth (Benge) Parks, had five children—one son and four daughters, as follows: Thomas Fearing, Mary Holmes, Anna Maria, Katherine Belle and Martha Susan, none of whom are now living, and all of who are buried in the family cemetery near Detroit.

Thomas Fearing Parks, only son and eldest child of William Parks and wife, Elizabeth (Benge) Parks, married Hattie Johnson and they had the following 10 children: William, John, Schadrack, Edward, Dudley, Malcolm, Lucy, Nellie, Henrietta and Moody, the last two dying in infancy. The rest are all living with their families in Lamar and Red River Counties, not far from where their grandfather became one of the earliest settlers in Texas.

Mary Holmes Parks, eldest daughter of William Parks and wife, Elizabeth (Benge) Parks, married G. B. Dean, a member of another of Texas' pioneer families. Their children are; Minnie Lee Dean, who became the wife of W. A. Dean of Kentucky, now a prominent educator of Tulsa, Okla., and they have twin sons, Paul and David, who are geologists in Texas and Oklahoma oil fields; George Edward Dean, now a prominent banker, merchant and planter of Idabel, Okla., who married Mary Joplin, and they have two children, Hugh and Dorothy, who are both in school; James William Dean, who is a prominent lawyer of Ada, Okla., and has a son, Stanley, and a daughter, Mildred, both students; Elizabeth Dean, who married G. O. Cherry, a planter of Detroit, Texas, and has no children, and Ella May Dean, who married H. J. Easley, a merchant, banker and planter, also of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Easley have four children: Robert Hugh, Katherine, Edwin and Martha Jones.

Anna Maria Parks, daughter of William Parks and wife, Elizabeth (Benge) Parks, married John Milton Bourne of Clarksville, Tenn. Young Bourne was educated for a physician, but when he came to Texas for a location, the fertile lands furnished such splendid opportunities that he chose

planting and stock raising for his life's work. To this union were born seven children: Mary Lou, Caroline Whitfield, Joseph Thomas, Charles Dudley, Louis Milton (who died at the age of 6), Loyd and Dick.

MARY LULA BOURNE married W. K. Rose, the son of a prominent Tennessee educator. Rose is a minister in charge of the Highland Park Church of Christ of this city, and also is engaged in the insurance business. Mrs. Rose spends much of her time in parent-teacher work, and is now president of the First District Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association of Texas. Rev. and Mrs. Rose have one daughter, Katherine, and reside at 2340 Lipscomb Street, this city.

Caroline Whitfield Bourne married R. M. Lamb of Kentucky, now a prominent banker and planter of Detroit, Texas. They have two children, Ella Tom and David. Ella Tom married Kirk Beard, a young minister of the M. E. Church, and they have two children, Tommie and Robert. David Lamb is an artist in the Cincinnati School of Art.

Joseph Thomas Bourne, a planter and stock raiser, married Della Arwood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Arwood. Mr. and Mrs. Bourne have four children—Ruby Louise, teacher of note; Herbert, Arwood and Virginia Rose.

Charles Dudley Bourne, merchant and planter of Detroit, Texas, married Emma Guest, a member of another of Texas' pioneer families. They have three children—Nannie, who married James Ladd of Texarkana; Charles Jr., a young lawyer, and Anna Elizabeth, who is in school.

Loyd Bourne is a planter of Detroit, Texas. Dick Bourne married Alice Ewell, and they have three children—William, Joe Burnett and Lois Fern.

Katherine Belle Parks, daughter of William Parks and wife, Elizabeth (Benge) Parks married J. A. Martin of Atlanta, Ga. They had one son, Clark Martin.

Martha Susan Parks, daughter of William Parks and Elizabeth (Benge) Parks, married J. E. Townes. They had five children as follows: William,

Mack, George, Bessie and Martha. All of these live in Oklahoma.

The Parks family numbered among its members, some of the earliest educators of Texas. One of these, Prof. John McKenzie, was the founder and president of McKenzie College of Clarksville, this being one of Texas' earliest colleges. Parks Academy at Woodland, in Red River County, was also conducted by members of this family. Both of these were schools of renown in their day, and were attended by students from all over the State.

A SKETCH of this family would not be complete without a tribute to the old ex-slaves, some few of whom are still living in various parts of the United States.

There was a sympathy and an understanding between many a master and servant that has proved a strong bond throughout the years. What tender feeling often existed between them! Many Southern institutions for the negro have been established and endowed by white persons as memorials to their loyal and devoted slaves and to their posterity for all time.

One such institution as this, Jarvis Christian Institute, in Hawkins County, was erected by the late Maj. J. J. Jarvis and wife, Ida (Van Zandt) Jarvis of this city. It is a splendid tribute to all old time negro "mammys" and to the old story-telling "uncles" of former days.

Seven miles northwest of Jefferson, Texas, is situated another and slightly different memorial to the old-time slave. This is a home for ex-slaves, established in 1915, under charter of the State of Texas, and maintained through charitable contributions. Its purpose is to provide shelter, food, clothing and care to those same old "darkies"—then slaves—who during the dark, dreadful days of the war, remained true and faithful to the old South, guarding the home and tilling the fields, looking after the wife and children of their master while he was away, and ready to die if need be, for the safety of those whom they would protect.

The above are only two examples of many, which attest to the loyalty and gratitude that the people of the old South felt for those who had given their all to their masters.

One such is old "Aunt Frances" Parks, for many years the devoted slave of the William Parks family. Her "white folks" often visit her, to her great delight. Mrs. W. K. Rose of this city recently made a trip to see her, and found her well and happy despite the more-than-a-century that had passed over her head, now snowy white as the cotton she picked in days ago.

She has retained her faculties to a remarkable degree, and can see to read and to thread a fine needle without glasses. Her reminiscences of life in the old army post are indeed interesting. Members of the Parks family say that she has never associated

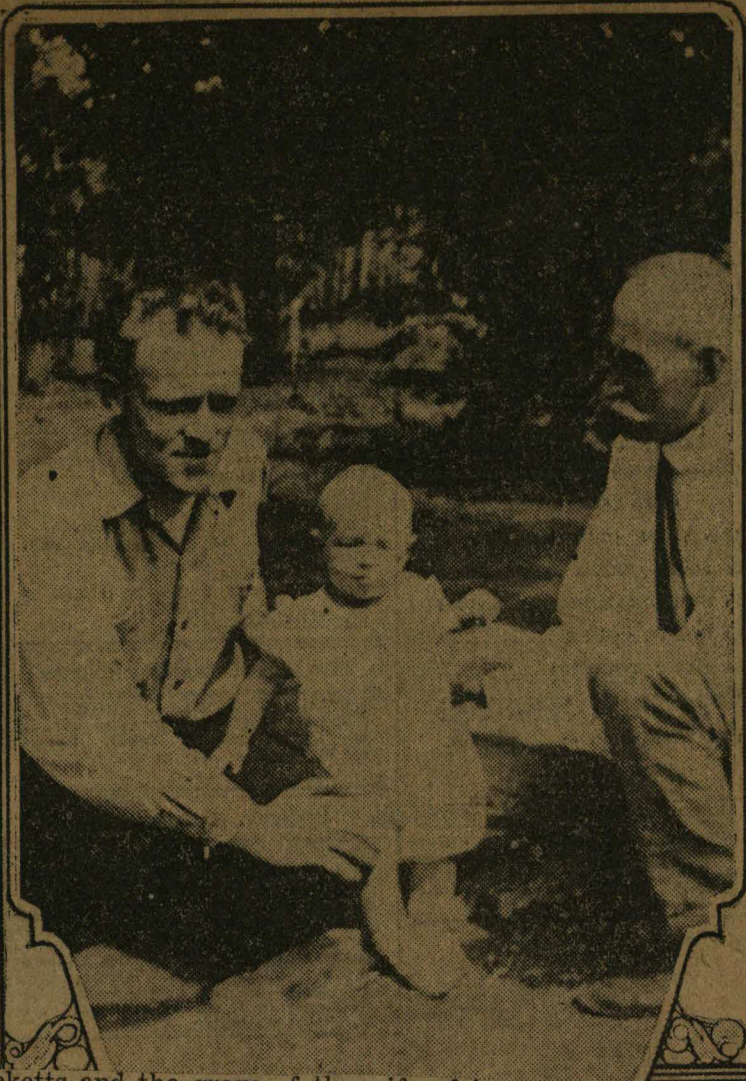
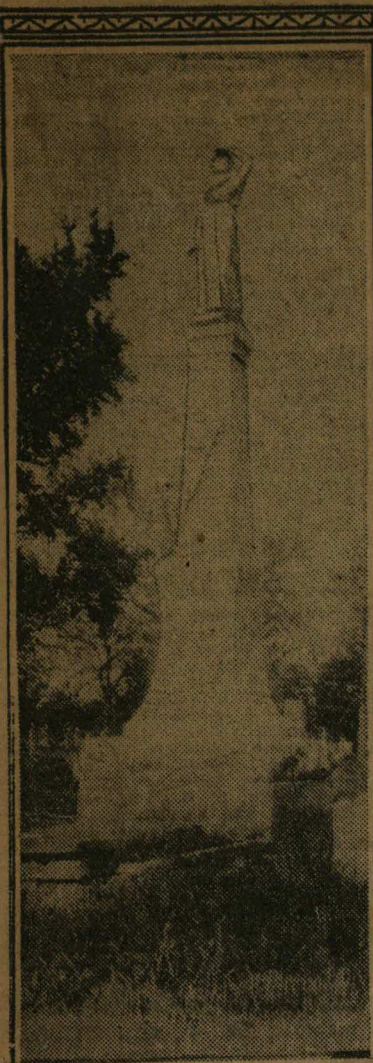
with colored people and that her pride may be classed with that of any Southern aristocrat.

The faithfulness of the ex-slaves who remained true, has reacted not only to the benefit of their immediate masters and their families, but to all these sturdy men and women—our pioneers—who gave us the Texas of today. We do honor these—the living and the dead—when we remember their faithful servants.

**FRANCES PARKS, 108,
slave of William Parks,
Tarrant County pioneer.
Frances now lives at
Clarksville, Texas.**



Descendants of Crockett Buried in Hood County



Three generations of Crocketts and the grave of the wife of immortal David Crockett in Acton Cemetery in Hood County. On the right is Ashley Crockett of Granbury, grandson of the hero of the Alamo. On the left is David Crockett II of Fort Worth, great-grandson of the pioneer, and in the center is his son, David Crockett III, the great-great-grandson of the Alamo defender. This picture was taken at the Ashley Crockett home in Granbury recently.

AUTO DRIVE FROM FORT WORTH TO HISTORIC ACTON CEMETERY MOST BEAUTIFUL IN TEXAS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

A pleasant Sunday afternoon drive from Fort Worth will bring one to a most interesting Texas shrine—historic old Acton Cemetery in which lie the remains of Elizabeth Crockett, wife of the illustrious David Crockett.

If one is seeking only scenic beauty, the country between Acton and Granbury (named for Gen. H. B. Granbury, pioneer settler of the community) is quite all one could desire.

That part of Texas is especially favored, for the picturesque Brazos winds through in an unending stream and nestles at the foot of Comanche Peak, majestic sentinel of the Davis Mountains.

Here the Cross Timbers struggle between valley and mountain for room, and rock-crested cliffs and silvery winding streams vie with each other in the production of scenic beauty.

Long before the "Pale Faces" began their Westward march, the Indian had basked upon the banks of Hood County's streams, rested from the Summer sun beneath gloriously spreading live oaks, and nourished his family on the beans of the mesquite and native grasses. In addition, massive cliffs and limestone boulders tower to precipitate heights, and lend shade and shadow to the picturesque scene.

Romance Abounds.

If one is interested in the romantic life that abounded in Texas in its early settlement, one can find no more interesting spot in all the State.

As early as 1855, a considerable community had established itself at Acton, formerly Comanche Peak Post Office. Acton marks the oldest settlement of any consequence in Hood County, and was singularly safe from Indian depredations, due perhaps to the strong and compact settlement.

This community embraced a distance of several miles, from down Walnut Creek to the Brazos, to Long Creek on the north, and to Fall Creek east. Several Christian denominations united and built the first church in the community, near Walnut Creek.

Old Buchanan, former county seat of Johnson County, 15 miles away, was a settlement also of stalwart pioneers of rugged faith. These two communities meant much to each other in those early days of scattered settlements.

It is true that no history can trace man's footsteps, without the death record. And so here, too, in time there was need for a cemetery. One was laid out near old Union Church to care for the first death and burial—that of Mrs. Wash Hutchinson.

First Mill in 1855.

Aaron Farris settled in the Fall of 1855 about a mile below the church, and erected a mill the following Winter and Spring, which was said to be the first in Hood County. The timbers with which the mill was built were brought from the west bank of the Brazos across the river on ice, the Brazos at that time being solidly frozen over for a period of six weeks at a time.

Farris, aside from his mill enterprise, also was a successful farmer, and planted grains and a tobacco field. This made a good crop and was much in demand in those then remote parts. This Farris mill was a great resort for the community, for in addition to getting grain ground here, securing tobacco and other merchandise, one could quench his thirst as enterprising citizens had erected a still. This drew many of the neighboring settlers west of the Brazos.

The good Mrs. Farris, whose culinary art was known far and wide, was a devout Presbyterian, and quite prided herself on the delightful meals which she served to visiting preachers. Upon an occasion, after revenue laws became more strict, it happened that unknown to Mrs. Farris, one of the preachers attendant was also a revenue officer.

Chicken Wins Out.

The age old adage, "The way to a man's heart, etc." was to win again. After Mrs. Farris became aware of the situation, she prepared another of the sumptuous "fried chicken dinner affairs" for which she was famous and placed it at the officer-preacher's disposal. When he had finished the feast, Mrs. Farris told him of the still and that she was responsible. It was suggested by him in a most diplomatic fashion that the still be done away with, and it was. It is said that Mrs. Farris' ingenuity won the heart of the minister, disarmed the Jaw, and abated whatever of devilry was incident to the still.

In the early fifties, pioneer settlers began to come in the valleys of Fall, Walnut, Rucker and Long Creeks, east of the Brazos. Among these were Robert Crockett and Elizabeth Crockett, son and widow of David Crockett.

In 1835, David Crockett started for Texas, carrying his favorite rifle, "Betsy," and wearing a homespun suit. He then little dreamed of the fate that awaited him here.

His wife, Elizabeth, received only a few letters from him, but one told of the naming of Honey Grove, Texas, by him, because of the large number of bee trees nearby. Another had to do with his refusal to sign the papers declaring Texas' independence at Nacogdoches, unless the word "republican" was placed in front of "the form of government," declaring that Texas was destined to be the greatest republic on earth.

Widow Receives Land Grant.

After the death of Crockett, magnificent hero that he was, the government of Texas gave to Elizabeth Crockett a grant of land for the services her husband had rendered to the State. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Crockett, her son, Robert, and other children, began making preparations to come to Texas.

Their trip was made in covered wagons and required several weeks to complete. They arrived in Ellis County in 1854, and remained there about two years before taking up their grant on Rucker's Creek in Hood County.

The old Crockett home was located about six miles north of Acton, at which place Mrs. Crockett often attended church services. Crumbling rocks from an old chimney are all that remain today to mark the spot of this once interesting home.

In the early morning of Jan. 31, 1860, Elizabeth Crockett passed away, and all that was mortal of this pioneer wife and mother was laid to rest in the cemetery at historic old Acton. For many years a simple limestone slab, with her name carved on by her grandson, was the grave's only marker, but in 1913 this was replaced by a pretentious monument, the gift of the State of Texas and patriotic citizens of Hood County.

One Living Grandson.

This monument was the suggestion of P. B. Ward of Cleburne, who made the unveiling address May 30, 1913. Elder Randolph Clark, patron saint of education in Texas, also gave a beautiful eulogy.

Tourists wishing to visit Elizabeth Crockett's grave may do so by following the main Granbury highway. About five miles beyond Cresson, there is a concrete culvert leading over a hill to the south. This road goes directly into Acton.

Ashley Crockett of Granbury, editor of the Hood County Tablet, is the only living grandson of Elizabeth and David Crockett. Mrs. T. H. Hiner of Granbury, formerly Miss Ollie Crockett, is the youngest grandchild. Ashley Crockett and Mrs. Hiner have another

sister, Mrs. Dollie Goodell of Danville, Ill., who shares a like honor with them.

Mrs. Ashley Crockett of Granbury is a relative of General Sam Houston. Recently an interesting reunion of these two illustrious families was held at the Crockett home in Granbury, when Temple Morrow Houston, Dallas, grandson of General Sam Houston, stopped by to pay his respects to Ashley Crockett, the grandson of David Crockett.

Three great-grandchildren of David and Elizabeth Crockett live in Fort Worth. They are David Crockett II, son of Ashley Crockett, with the North Texas Traction Company; his sister, Mrs. Garland Deering of 945 East Jessamine Street; and Mrs. Freda Jones, daughter of Mrs. Hiner of Granbury, who lives at 3504 Avenue G.

GRAVE OF MAJOR RIPLEY ARNOLD



The grave of Maj. Ripley Arnold in Pioneers Rest Cemetery here. Major Arnold was in command of the garrison at Fort Worth and is credited with having founded the town. The old fort was located on the Trinity River bluffs not far from where the courthouse now stands.

RUGGED FRONTIERSMEN BURIED IN TARRANT COUNTY GRAVES WITHOUT IDENTIFYING MARKS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Unmarked graves hold the bodies of the rugged frontiersmen who gave their lives to Tarrant County.

Killed by Indians in 1840, John B. Denton, was the first white man to be buried in this county and Wade Hampton Rattan was the second. Their two graves with several others mark the site of Tarrant County's first cemetery, a few hundred feet northeast of Bird's Fort, for which Birdville was named. The original fort was built at Callaway's Lake 15 miles east of Fort Worth and north of Trinity River.

Major Jonathan Bird, native of Alabama, came from Collin County and established Bird's Fort. Women and children accompanying his expedition died of disease or were killed by Indians. The fort was abandoned and the remaining settlers returned to Collin County. Rattan and Denton were members of this group of pioneers. Denton County is named for John B. Denton.

Another cemetery of the early days is in the edge of Grapevine near the home of Zeb Jenkins. Inscriptions on the crumbling markers are not legible and the information relies on the memory of Jenkins. He recalls that General Gano settled in that community and that several members of his family are interred in the small plot. There are also some very old graves in the Grapevine Cemetery, one mile north of Grapevine and in the Lonesome Dove Cemetery.

Settle in Lonesome Dove.

In 1845, a colony from Missouri settled in Lonesome Dove. Rev. John A. Freeman, Foster, Leonard, Crowley are names of those among this band of pioneers who are supposed to have been the first settlers in this section. Nathan Hust and a man named Bennett may have been previous settlers at Bear Creek. John Morrow, grandson of Hust is now living at Callaway's Lake.

The Watson cemetery, four miles northeast of Arlington bears this inscription over the arched gate: "P. A. Watson, 1846-1914." The grave of Mrs. Micajah Goodwin was the first in this cemetery. It is marked by a pile of rock covered with woodbine, wild honeysuckle and surrounded by bushes of scrub oak. The coffin concealed beneath this tangled mass was made from the wooden bed of a farm wagon. Charles Robertson, Grand Prairie tells the story of his grandmother's funeral.

Wagon Bed for Coffin.

In the early forties, Micajah Goodwin came with his family to Texas. They came to Tarrant County in February, 1846 below what was later the P. A. Watson place. Soon after their arrival Mrs. Goodwin died. There was no hewn lumber so the husband took the wagon bed and constructed a coffin for his wife's body.

Indians were dangerous, showing curiosity at everything the newcomers did. Goodwin's son stood guard while the mother was being buried. Then the grave was leveled and a brush burned over the spot to hide all

evidence. Mrs. Eliza Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Micajah Goodwin, is buried beside her mother.

A monument to the memory of Rev. Andrew Hayter, Cumberland Presbyterian minister, stands near the center of the Watson cemetery. It was erected by his friends who said of him, "First in Masonry, first in education and first in righteousness."

Niles Spot Historic.

A few hundred feet north of the Fort Worth Cotton Oil Company in Niles is another of the first cemeteries in the county.

In June of 1848, John B. York moved with his family from Missouri, and settled three miles north of the present courthouse. Six months later a son died and was buried. A number of the early settlers were buried there, among them Sheriff J. B. York who was killed Aug. 21, 1861, by a man named Fowler. This tragedy was the outcome of feeling which arose over the moving of the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth. Members of "Squire" Musick's family, "Old Man Abe" Anderson, as he was familiarly known, and Seborn Gilmore, who was Tarrant County's first chief justice, are also buried here.

In the fifties, many settlers were coming into the county, and both public and private burying grounds were rapidly filling. It is highly probable no cemetery in Tarrant County is as interesting to the general public as the old Isaac Parker family burying ground situated about a mile and a half east of Birdville. Many have thought this the place where Cynthia Ann Parker, who was captured by the Indians when a child, was buried. Every town in Texas knows the story of her life, and numerous pilgrimages have been made to this cemetery in the interest of viewing her grave.

Monument Is Provided.

Cynthia Ann Parker, daughter of Silas Parker and niece of Isaac Parker, died in 1870, and was buried in the old Fosterville Cemetery, on the line of Henderson and Anderson Counties, according to J. E. Taulman, historian of the Parker family, who is a resident of Fort Worth. Later her body was moved to the Indian Cemetery on the ranch of Quannah Parker, five miles northwest of Cache, Okla., at the foot of the Wichita Mountains. The Federal Congress, through the efforts of Quannah Parker, made an appropriation of \$200 for the removal of her body from where it was first interred. One thousand dollars was also given for a suitable monument.

In the extreme southeastern portion of the Pioneer Rest Cemetery, skirting the main driveway, may be seen an old grave built up with rock and capped with a sandstone slab, bearing the date, 1850. This marks the grave of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold's two children, Major Arnold placed this substantial structure over these graves, and time has made no inroads against this tribute of his love. Alongside, and to the north, is Major Arnold's grave, which bears a simple and unpretentious marker.

Bluebonnet Legend Is Highly Recommended

"The Legend of the Bluebonnet," by Mary Daggett Lake, local writer, who is receiving state-wide recognition, has been recommended to fill a long felt need as a souvenir booklet of Texas, and since it is dedicated to our state flower, it is taking its place among the foremost works of its kind. Those who have not yet had the pleasure of reading the delightful booklet, may obtain "The Legend of the Bluebonnet" at any of our leading book stores.

Mrs. Lake is the daughter of pioneer Fort Worth citizens, for whom Daggett Avenue on the South Side is named; her mother is Mrs. E. M. Daggett of Summit Avenue. She is now at work on a romantic history of Tarrant County, the publication of which is looked forward to with anticipation, by the native Texans.

The June issue of "The International Book Review" carries Mrs. Lake's own review of "The Keen Desire," by Frank B. Elser, formerly of Fort Worth, and has created very favorable comment.

MAY 29, 1926

"BLUEBONNET LEGENDS" IS TITLE ROLE OF BOOK BY TALENTED LOCAL WRITER

"Bluebonnet Legends" is the title of an attractive little book which will be ready for distribution early next week. It is the work of Mrs. W. F. Lake of 1415 Grand avenue. The book which would make a splendid graduation gift, is especially appropriate at this season of the year, following closely the blossoming time of the Bluebonnets. It is very cleverly written and in addition to the very interesting subject matter carries a number of charming pictures of Bluebonnet fields near the Lake and in other sections of Tarrant county.

Mrs. Lake now is at work on a "History of Tarrant County," and also is showing marked ability as a feature writer. North Fort Worth indeed is proud of this talented writer's literary accomplishments.

"Bluebonnet Legends" is for sale at Twentieth Street Drug Store and Renfro's Exchange Pharmacy in North Fort Worth and all of the book departments of the leading stores of Fort Worth.

But there is one person, whom I want to tell you about this morning, who is filled with lovely new ideas which she puts into expression. And this very worth-while person is Mrs. Will Lake (Mary Daggett Lake), whom I heard so many lovely things about on yesterday.

On this occasion, diary, I am going to slip into your pages an expression of another's admiration, rather than my own. And here's what my friend, whom I shall call "Mrs. Fair Praise," said about Mrs. Lake:

"She has written a beautiful story called 'The Legend of the Bluebonnet.'"

"The State Parent-Teacher Association is trying to get copies of the book put in all of the State libraries, since the author in such charming way successfully tells a legend of our bluebonnets, which are the pride of every Texan."

"The first nine copies will be sent to Fort Worth boys graduating from A&M College by the local A&M Mothers' Club, as a tribute to the literary and patriotic efforts of the writer."

"Mrs. Lake also has written a criticism of 'The Keen Desire,' by Frank B. Elser, which has recently been published in The Bookman. Our distinctive local writer is now at work on a History of Tarrant County, for which she is gathering data from old citizens of the county."

Now, diary, I shall briefly express myself before closing. Mrs. Lake is a member of one of Fort Worth's pioneer families, and one of the city's best-loved women.

JENNY LOU.

COLONEL WILLIAM QUAYLE LED TARRANT COUNTY

CONFEDERATE FORCES IN CIVIL WAR

Among Early Settlers of County



MR. AND MRS. JACOB MOREHEAD, early settlers, taken many years ago.

Editor's Note—This is the continuation of a series of stories on the first 100 families to settle in Tarrant County. In this particular article is printed the names of the first soldiers to leave the county for the Civil War. The roster is an official one still retained here.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

War days found members of the first Tarrant County families shouldering their muskets and marching away to join the Confederate forces. The roster of these first soldiers is still retained here by relatives of the commander, Col. William Quayle. And on the roster are representatives of most all the early families. Descendants of these first soldiers—and a few of the soldiers themselves—still are living.

In order to trace the history of this company, it is necessary to return to the original hundred families. Besides those already mentioned in previous articles, we have the Moreheads, Quayles and Dunns.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lyon Morehead are still living in Fort Worth—their home is 1811 Hurley Avenue. The husband is 83. The wife is slightly younger.

Mrs. Amos Quayle of 2804 Vickery Boulevard, who is a sister of Morehead, is another delightful type of pioneer womanhood. Although nearing her eighty-sixth birthday, she still is very active. Only a couple of weeks ago, she quilted a large bed spread, using many intricate and beautiful stitches in the work.

Came Here in 1852.

She was born Jan. 27, 1841, and came to Texas with her father, James Tracy Morehead, in 1852. Her husband, Amos Quayle, was one of Tarrant County's leading early settlers. He was the fourth child of Charles and Jane (King) Quayle, and was born in Ontario County, New York, July 15, 1830.

Charles Quayle and his wife were natives of the Isle of Man, where they lived until after two of their children were born, and from whence, about 1820, they emigrated to America, settling in Ontario County, New York. Charles Quayle was born in 1800, and his wife in 1796, and they died in 1848 and 1854, respectively.

Amos Quayle spent the first 27 years of his life in his native State, but his ambitious spirit tired him with a curiosity to see the West, and accordingly he went to Mexico. Upon his return to New York, he stopped off in Texas to visit an elder brother and decided to remain. In 1857 he bought land near the present town of Grapevine and lived there until the Civil War. He enlisted in 1862 in John Morgan's Army, Third Kentucky Cavalry, and served until the conflict was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Quayle were married Nov. 29, 1860, and lived for many years about two miles northeast of Grapevine. Mrs. Quayle has been living in her present home in Fort Worth about 20 years.

Amos Quayle's brother, Col. William Quayle organized the first company to leave Fort Worth for the Civil War. It was known as Quayle's Company of Mounted Riflemen, State Volunteers. They left Fort Worth, Aug. 20, 1861, and were to be in service in the Confederate Army for twelve months, unless sooner discharged.

Colonel Quayle was a sea captain for many years, and was well up on discipline and giving orders. Because of this, it is said he made an excellent record as a leader in the war.

Formerly Sea Captain.

His first marriage was to a Miss Sarah Henderson of this county, and they had several children, one of whom, a son, is at present living in Hillsboro. After the death of Sarah (Henderson) Quayle, Colonel Quayle married Miss Mary Terrell, while home from the war on a furlough. Two daughters of this union are living in California.

James Tracy Morehead, the father of Mrs. Quayle and Jacob Lyon Morehead, was born in Rockbridge County, Va., March 27th, 1800. He was the son of John Morehead, also of Virginia, who was probably the first of this branch of the Morehead family to pioneer in America.

Judge Morehead, as he was later called, was married three times. His first wife was Christine (Jackson)

Morehead of Virginia. She died a few years after her marriage and is buried in Virginia. There were no children from this union. The second wife, Susanna (Lyon) Morehead was also a Virginian, and is buried in Virginia beside the first wife, Sallie (Shannon) Morehead was Judge Morehead's third wife. They had no children. Both Judge Morehead and Mrs. Sallie (Shannon) Morehead have been dead for a number of years and are buried in the Grapevine Cemetery.

Elected County Judge.

In 1854, Judge Morehead was elected county judge of this county, being its second county judge. In his canvass he found only five voters in Parker County. In 1856 the number had increased to 1,600. It is said Judge Morehead was largely responsible for the organization of Parker County in 1856.

Judge James Tracy Morehead and wife Susanna (Lyon) Morehead had three children, as follows: Mary, who married Philip D. Hudgins, an early settler of this county; Martha, who became the wife of Amos Quayle, and Jacob Lyon Morehead of this city.

Philip D. Hudgins and wife, Mary (Morehead) Hudgins had ten children, several of whom are dead. Those living are, Eugene Hudgins of New Mexico; Brinkley Hudgins, who married a Miss Saunders of Louisiana, and Jess Hudgins, who married a Mrs. Shaw, is living in McLean, Texas. A grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Hudgins, H. Paul Hudgins, is married and lives with his family at 3304 Thannisch Avenue, this city.

Philip Hudgins and wife lived in the Grapevine community for several years, and reared their family there. They spent the latter years of their life in Clarendon, Texas, and they are both buried there.

Amos Quayle and wife, Martha (Morehead) Quayle, had the following children: Sue, Christine Louise, Charles, Tracy B., John, Macon F. and Frances.

Wed Pioneer's Daughter.

Miss Sue Quayle resides with her mother on Vickery Boulevard, as does Mrs. Kane, and her two children, Daphne and Emmett. Mrs. Kane was Christine Louise Quayle before her marriage to A. D. Kane of Grapevine.

Mr. Kane died about twenty years ago and is buried in the Grapevine Cemetery.

Charles Quayle married first Jennie West, daughter of a Tarrant County pioneer, "Uncle Jimmy" West, who was living in this county when the Moreheads came in 1852. The Wests resided in the Dove neighborhood, near Grapevine. After the death of Jennie (West) Quayle, Charles Quayle married Mrs. McCormack, and they are at present living near the Masonic Home, south of Fort Worth.

Charles Quayle and wife, Jennie (West) Quayle, had two children, as follows: Ione, who married Charles Ray Scott and lives in Arlington Heights, and Charles W. Quayle with the Magnolia Petroleum Company, this city.

Tracy B. Quayle married Irene Far-

ley and they are living at 1305 Boulevard Street, this city.

John Quayle died in 1919, and left a wife who was a sister of his brother Charles' first wife. They had two children—Vadis, now Mrs. Burke, and Harold Quayle—both of whom live in Houston.

Macon F. Quayle married Mittie Mitchell, daughter of two of Tarrant County's oldest pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mitchell of Haslet. Mr. and Mrs. Quayle live at Smithfield and have two children, Louise, who married Berney Brown and lives at 616 East Weatherford Street, this city, and Mattie Belle, who lives with her parents.

Early Grapevine Settlers.

Frances Quayle married Gillum Woods and lives on Fly Street, this city.

Jacob Lyon Morehead married Eliza Harriet Jenkins, whose father

was Eli M. Jenkins and whose mother was Charlotte Dunn—both among the earliest of Grapevine's settlers. Mr. and Mrs. Morehead have just celebrated their fifty-ninth wedding anniversary and have had 13 children, several of whom are dead. Their six living children are as follows: Ellen, Maude, J. Tracy, Hetta, Clara and Frances.

Ellen Morehead married E. S. Henley of Grapevine. He has retired from active life and resides with his family at 1415 South Lake Street. Their four children are Morehead Henley, who has been connected with the Harry Adams Grocery Company for the past 16 years; Eli, who married a Mrs. Atkinson, and resides with his wife and their two children in Granbury; L. Rowe Henley, teller in the First National Bank of this city, and Nola, who married Roy Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Fox are living with Mr. and Mrs. Henley.

Maude Morehead married W. Eugene Yancey, auditor of Tarrant County. Mr. and Mrs. Yancey live at 2941 South Jennings Avenue and have the following children: Charlotte Yancey, wife of Otto Triplett; Paul Yancey, who married Wills Marie Park of Denton, and has one child, Paul Jenkins Yancey; and Ralph Yancey, still at home with his parents.

Jenkins Tracy Morehead married Julia Proctor of Fort Worth. They have three children, Martha Pauline, Jacob Lyon and Margaret Julia.

Hetta Morehead married Clarence Pendery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt C. Pendery of 501 East Belknap Street. Mr. and Mrs. Pendery live at 2737 South Adams Street and have two children—Maurice, who married Alleen Bowdre and lives in the T. C. U. Addition, and Eloise Pendery, living at home with her parents.

Clara Morehead married T. G. Shultz. Mr. Shultz is connected with the Renfro Drug Company and resides with his family at 2111 College Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Shultz have one daughter, Frances Virginia Shultz.

Frances Morehead married C. J. Ashley and they live at 913 South Adams Street, Dallas, Texas. They have the following three children: David J. Ashley, Charles D. Ashley and Helen Frances Ashley.

Muster Roll of the First Company to Leave Fort Worth During the Civil War

OFFICERS.		PRIVATES.	
Capt. William Quayle.	Lieut. Robert E. Hunt.	Lieut. Joseph Calloway.	Lieut. A. B. Gant.
Sgt. Thomas Berry.	Sgt. James E. Moore.	Sgt. Thomas Purcals.	Sgt. Joe H. Simmons.
Sgt. Isaac J. Curry.	Corp. William R. Allen.	Corp. William L. Boyd.	Corp. David Masun.
Corp. Lorenzo Newton.	Eckardt, Ed. L.	Ellis, G. F.	Friend, John
Fisher, W. H.	Fisher, Robt. W.	Froggs, James M.	Greenup, William
Greenup, Phillip	Gray, W. S.	Grimes, John	Hightower, A. M.
Henry, Joe D.	Homan, Hardy S.	Harrison, R. W.	Hudgens, John
Hayworth, Richard	Hutton, J. W.	Hutton, V. J.	Jones, Walter L.
King, John	King, S. D.	King, Edmond	Lavender, Willis
Leonard, Levi	Lanham, Robt.	Leake, Walter N.	Laney, Robert
Lewis, Francis M.	Lafon, John	Dean, Ransom L.	Elliston, Mark
Estill, John S.	Cox, William	McDaniel, James	McDaniel, W. D.
McDaniel, M.	Morehead, J. L.	Nell	Patton, Thos.
Pearson, G. C.	Pointer, G. W.	Pennington, L. H.	Parish, John M.
Perry, Addison	Phillips, J. J.	Rogers, Reuben E.	Roach, George
Richardson, E. F.	Record, Sylvester	Rogers, Jessie	Russell, Ransom
Robinson, Wm. M.	Sloan, J. B.	Shultz, E. A.	Shaw, J. R.
Steverson, Alonzo	Syfort, Ed	Tinsley, John L.	Trice, W. R.
Turner, James	Thomas, James	Tannahill, Wm.	Tandy, Wm. L.
Tolle, N. W.	Tinsley, J. H.	Woodcox, Terrell	Whita, Alexander

Friday, June 15, 1934.

Lets Go!!

Baton Rouge, the capitol of Louisiana, gave us another view of the mighty river and a chance to see her modernistic State House—also numerous examples of Hughey Long's handiwork. As we went south from Natchez we were greatly impressed with the scenery. It seemed to us a veritable tropical Eden, almost every conceivable variety of palm, tree, vine and shrub being in evidence. And the old trail, known to the ancients, and later called the "Natchez Trace"—the horseback trail from Nashville to Natchez—is worn down to almost a tunnel, now a modern highway. Enroute to New Orleans we saw many splendid old plantations. Here, one naturally glorifies "the cabin in the cotton," for these characteristic abodes (the necessary adjuncts to the "big houses") are "just everywhere."

New Orleans was a disappointment to me, on this, my first visit to the city. Whether it was because we had so recently seen so much of the Old South and of the French and Spanish influence along the route or whether it is because the place has become so Americanized and commercialized, I cannot say. To be sure, some of the former features are still there—the Cabildo, in which place was enacted the scene of the actual transfer of Louisiana when 14 of the United States were formed by representatives of Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson; the St. Louis Cathedral, present building dedicated in 1789, and one of the best known churches in the nation; the above ground cemeteries—crypts in marble walls, one above the other, and the French Quarter with its iron grill and flower vendors.

Today the latter is inhabited by such persons as one might find in any tenement district in any American city. Antique shops—and O, Lady, beware!—are seen on every hand. The Audubon oaks, several thousand years old, we were told, are worth going far to see. The day tourist-trip includes a ride past the homes of Marguerite Clark and Dorothy Dix (page Hollywood!) and at night they take you to the night clubs and the wide-open gambling resorts, all very modern and just what one might see in one's own city. We saw a thing which impressed us very much, though: An antiquated horse-drawn barouche in which were seated an old-timey looking negro servant who was driving from his elevated front seat (and we fancied him a relic of slavery days) and two demure, quaintly dressed little old women embedded in the rear end of the vehicle, fairly smothered in the blossoms which they held in their laps. The women owned a sugar plantation and maintained it in the olden manner.

We crossed the Mississippi again by ferry at New Orleans as we began our trip homeward, via the Acadian country of Louisiana. Everywhere in Mississippi and Louisiana one sees many flowering shrubs, great masses of color, the azalea and camellia being the favorites. The former is a lovely thing of an incomparable purplish-red shade. All gardens feature the azalea and the wistaria in great profusion. The trip through Morgan City and New Iberia was especially lovely. Along the bayous that skirted the highways for miles we saw many varieties of native water lilies and irises yea, "irises" is the plural for "iris" now), a beautiful flaming red iris and some blue and white ones, together with a white spider lily—all of which made us fairly catch our breath in passing, but we suppressed the desire to "gather them to us" by remembering the fate of our own precious Texas bluebell, our choice and now-rare gentian which has literally been "loved to death" by an admiring public, so we "stepped on the gas," the better to withstand the temptation, and hurried in.

In the current (May) issue of "The American Home," there is a fascinating frontispiece of native Louisiana irises, done in natural color by Caroline Dorman, who talked on native Louisiana flowers at the Shreveport Garden meeting. The magazine also carries Miss Dorman's story of the native irises of that section. Her book, "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States," is now in the hands of the publishers and should be of inestimable value to Texans also, as many of the flowers featured are also indigenous to our state. Miss Dorman is a charming story teller, and she knows all the little secrets of the flowers, as well as their up-and-doing ways. "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States" will be a welcome and valuable addition to the garden literature of the nation.

On Avery Island for a few minutes at sundown we beheld a sight that will linger as long as memory lasts—perhaps the highlight of our whole trip. But I haven't words to describe it. Thousands of white and blue herons, a type of bird from which we get the exquisite aigrette, were feeding in their sanctuary at even-time. Growing in the bayou were water grasses, trees and other vegetation and here among these, perching in the brush, hovering over the water or sitting on nests were these fairy-like creatures with their beautiful head dress. And as the descending sun played about the waters with sprightly shadows, there came from the birds a unified brooding, humming, crooning sort of sound—an indescribable, haunting, subdued melody, truly "eerie warblings," as Tennyson would say. For those persons who are looking for a sensation in life that offers something unique and different, I would

suggest a visit to the bird sanctuary on Avery Island.

The egret, or heron, from which the aigrettes are taken is rapidly becoming extinct, due to the fact that their plumage has had such commercial value. The aigrettes grow only during the breeding season, so that in obtaining them, not only the parent birds killed, but the young are left to starve. However, Mr. McIlhenny, maker of the famous tobacco sauce, started a few years ago with one pair of herons who were feeding on his estate on the island nearby, and today there are thousands, perhaps millions of these birds who make their home in the sanctuary. The McIlhenny tobacco sauce factory and the fields where the peppers grow are only a short distance from the home and gardens of the philanthropist. Here on the island are also to be found vast salt mines, said to be among the largest in the world.

In St. Martinsville we visited the grave of Evangeline whom Longfellow immortalized with his famous poem. A little iron fence surrounds the plot wherein the grave is located beside a two-century-old church. We also saw the large oak under which Evangeline is said to have waited so often for her lover. A park has been set aside which encloses the tree. Lafayette, in the heart of the "Cajun" country, is a picturesque town, and offers much to the tourist who likes to revel in romance and history. Lake Charles is an interesting town whose fine old homes border the water front, with only a highway between. We crossed the Sabine at Orange and

were once again in our native la. Funny, isn't it, what a thrill gets from setting foot again, er a journey, on native soil. "There must be something in name"

May 4, 1934 Miss. & La. Trip
Early in May 1934.

Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Today I shall take you on a trip through a glorious land which we saw recently en route to, and returning from, Natchez, Mississippi, whither we had gone on an "old home and garden pilgrimage." The scenery throughout eastern Texas was particularly lovely, especially so near Tyler and as we came into the pine lands. The Spanish buckeye, red-haw, redbud, several kinds of dogwood—the large white flowered variety and a pink one—wild azaleas, commonly called wild honeysuckles, and other native blossoming shrubs and trees were all in full bloom. The new lacy, green foliage of the deciduous trees against the heavier background of the dark green of the pines and other evergreens, all fresh after spring rains, made an indescribably lovely picture as the sun tossed flickering shadows on the landscape under an azure sky.

We crossed the Sabine River which forms the boundary line between Louisiana and Texas, at Logansport. At Mansfield, La., we caught sight of some very interesting looking old homes as we traversed the town. Here also was

to be seen the historic Mansfield battleground, prominent in the Civil War, now a state park. Natchatochas, La., on romantic Cane River, an abandoned bed of Red River—is the twin sister city to Nacagdoches, Texas, both being about equidistant on either side of the Sabine. Here we visited some really lovely old homes, one in particular, the residence of Dr. W. T. Williams, was most unusual, having been built in 1780. It is the quaint old Spanish type, with low ceilings, floors flush with the ground and wide veranda running the full length of the front of house which is of considerable length. Natchatoches is a picturesque old town which still retains the old world atmosphere—buildings of Spanish and French types of architecture, spiral staircases, wrought iron balustrades, adobe houses and walled gardens. Here also are to be seen the earthworks of Fort Jean Baptiste, 1721, in the American Cemetery; the Natchatoches Art Colony, the only one of its kind in the South; the grave of St. Denis, founder of Natchatoches, 1718; Bayou Amulet, rendezvous of French and Spanish traders two centuries ago; the remains of Camp Salubrity, occupied by Grant during the Mexican War and by Confederate troops under Count de Polignac during the Red River campaign of the Civil War; a bronze statue of an old-time slave negro and many other interesting places.

From Natchatoches we drove over a glassy pavement alongside Red River, past a number of fine old plantations, to Shreveport, where we attended the meeting of the South Central States Region of the National Council of Garden Clubs. A beautifully appointed luncheon, featuring an Italian garden for table decorations, given by the Shreveport Garden Club and the Women's Council at the Shreveport Woman's Club, a most artistic formal dinner in the evening at the Washington-Youree

Hotel and a garden pilgrimage to the lovely homes and estates thereabout were each a part of the entertainment Shreveport provided for her visitors.

On our way to Natchez, we drove in the rain for a long distance after leaving Shreveport, and the great oaks, moss hung, lichen-covered and rain-drenched, were indelibly impressed pictures. And on this gray day, every house we passed had a flowering wistaria bower! Throughout Louisiana and Mississippi one sees many flowering wistarias this time of year. Each home features them, and the garishness of new paint would be sacrilege in this mellow land. Some way, one wishes both states could have the wistaria for a state flower, rather than the magnolia, although the latter is a thing of great beauty with its glossy, dark green foliage and velvety white flowers.

At Natchez we crossed the Mississippi by ferry, that "awful deep and wide" river. Natchez, a choice morsel for the French and Spanish to squabble over in the early period of American history, and later one of the principal objectives during the Civil War, is a beautiful old place situated on the high bluffs of the river, and its history is glamorous beyond words. Palatial old homes, estates and plantations, many still in a good state of repair, so well were they constructed in the beginning, and handsomely furnished throughout with antiques, are still in the hands of the families of the builders and original owners. It staggers the imagination to know that much of the material which went into these splendid old buildings and a great deal of the furnishings were brought from Europe for these ante-bellum homes, whole ships being chartered in some cases, in a day when ocean trans-

portation was at best very uncertain. But—they play golf there! The Chamber of Commerce should suppress that. You resent any encroachment of modernity in Natchez, so charming it is in its antiquity.

Spring - 1931

A PRIZE FOR COLLECTORS

* * * * *

Been Beautifully Colored by the Sun After Lying Many Years in Peaceful Obscurity. Sometimes, Has Been Used in the Early Days of Texas.

WAGGETT LAKE

Sunday, May 31, 1931



Left: Salvaged from trash heaps and found in odd and neglected spots, these glass objects have been exposed to the sun's rays for so many years that they have attained an unusual coloring. They are part of a collection of 500 pieces.

Right: The "what-nots" of 40 years ago contained many curious, small objects, as many persons of middle age can clearly remember, but nothing like this. A part of this collection of sun-glow glass was exhibited at the spring flower show of the Fort Worth Woman's Club, where it attracted considerable attention.

erty, perhaps, of some Cinderella-loving child, crystal clear and colorless then, but today, after many years under the sun's heat, a deep violet; there, a sandwich glass pitcher, strawberry pattern, with the base gone, but otherwise intact, and a thing of beauty; a broken replica of the battleship Maine—a trophy which likely brought its owner keen pleasure, and which harks back 30 years and more to the Spanish-American war; small salt and pepper castors, minus the shakers, but useful still as they reveal even and livid magenta shades; types of toilet water, perfume and barber's lotion bottles, and innumerable flasks, which, after being emptied of their contents, were thrown away, but which, after they've been "kissed by the sun," show amazing loveliness; an old glass hen sits on a small bowl, "just her size," for a period of perhaps two score years, and she blushes a becoming pink, because, forsooth, someone has discovered beauty and charm in the broken dish of which she is a part and upon which she sits; a cream pitcher with a design of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf fascinates with its imaginative motif. Many other quaint and novel patterns have a story they might tell.

In Arizona and in California, the land of associations and clubs and joiners, there is said to be an organization known as "The Bottle Finders," whose sole business it is to bring light bottles of all kinds that have been discarded. The principal destination of this group is always some deserted village or the desert, where such things are best found.

Western Sun Works Wonders.

The prospectors of '49 left in the remains of the camps empty containers of all sorts, pickle and sauce bottles, jelly glasses and preserve jars and no end of other bits of broken wares. Over these silent reminders of other days the winds have blown an accumulation of sand and soil, and the elements have uncovered them—not once, but many times—and the result in the color of the objects so treated is astounding.

A story is told of a young woman who discovered a very beautiful piece of sunglow glass, and the "how" of it, a good many years ago, and she conceived the idea of purchasing certain sets of glassware and of placing them in a secluded section of the desert, where the sun is very hot and where they might lie for years undisturbed; and at the end of that time, she figured, her small daughter would be quite grown up, and the sunglow glass would be a part of the daughter's dowry—like a French girl's row of trees.

This particular kind of glass has been given many names—sun-kissed, sunnet, suntinted and desert-glow—but the cognomen that seems most likely to endure is sunglow glass.

And now poems are being written and songs are being sung to the novelty; paintings are being put on canvas and etchings are being made as expressions of appreciation; collectors are browsing about in a glorious amethystine paradise, and the work of treasure hunting goes merrily on in Texas, for there is "something new under the sun."

sport of sun-glow glass hunting is the study of the kinds of early glass in use in Texas. In casting about for sun-glow specimens, one

discovers many attractive patterns, most all defective, in some manner, to be sure, else they would not have been relegated to the discard,

but interesting, nevertheless, and one likes to surmise as to their former uses. Here is to be found a small glass slipper, once the prop-

Mrs. Lake was the first Texas and S. W. writer to feature sun glow glass in literature - In fact she introduced the subject with the S. W. and called attention to the matter.

A Texas Poet 'Collected'

SINGLE VOLUME GATHERS SIGNIFICANT POEMS OF
KARLE WILSON BAKER.

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

Comes a new book of verse from the Southwest Press, Dreamers on Horseback, by Karle Wilson Baker. The collection embraces an array of noble riders, and they carry themselves well, though they be dreamers. Four groups of poems are included, "Blue Smoke" (1919), "Burning Bush" (1922), "Dreamers on Horseback" (1929) and "Beauty's Hands Are Cool" (1931). Each group contains a large variety of subjects, and it would be difficult to pick a winner from among the lot.

With training, with education, with a conscious knowledge of what she is about, and with a definite objective, Mrs. Baker has attained a positive place alongside trained lyricists of other countries. Discriminating critics have long followed her work with interest, and they are saying of her that she possesses a superior lyric gift, and that she has a fine flair for words, phrases and pauses. However, a certain modesty and innate refinement—which characteristics, by the way, are most refreshing in this sophisticated, materialistic age—have kept the author from pushing herself into the limelight, and because of this many persons have yet to enjoy her.

Karle Wilson Baker was born in Little Rock, Ark., and received her education in the public and private schools of that city and at the University of Chicago. While in the latter city she studied English under Rolart Herrick, the novelist, and William Vaughn Moody, the poet. She taught for a few years at Bristol, Va., and in the Little Rock High School. In the meantime her family had moved to Texas, and she joined them in 1901. In 1907 she became the wife of Thomas Ellis Baker of Nacogdoches.

Mrs. Baker made her first literary appearance with a poem in Harper's Magazine in 1903 under the pen-name "Charlotte Wilson"—a name she continued to use until after her marriage. She has contributed numerous stories and poems to national magazines. In the Fall of 1930, the Southwest Press issued "Birds of Tanglewood," an informal record of her first hand observations of bird life over a number of years. In 1924 she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Southern Methodist University at Dallas—the first woman to be so honored by that school. In 1925 she was awarded the Southern prize offered by the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and in 1929 she was elected to an honorary membership in Phi Beta Kappa. She resided for a number of years in California, but she lives at present in Nacogdoches, where she is serving as acting professor of English in the Stephen F. Austin Teacher's College.

Some one has said that the present age is starving for romance, and that nine out of ten persons never meet it during their lives; that 10 out of 12 are afraid of it when it comes, and that 12 out of 20 wouldn't know it if they stumbled upon it on a moonlight night. And the same critic says

this condition is brought about because we do not read poetry.

The wealth of poetic lore with which Mrs. Baker has imbued her poems lends to them a glamour that is quite irresistible. Her subjects have been given excellent literary treatment, and she has kept a historical background for them. Thus they contribute with reality to our distinctive Southwestern literature. The songs which she has grouped in "Dreamers on Horseback" are characteristic: "Song of the Forerunner," the men who made Texas; "Within the Alamo," a charming descriptive poem; "Some Towns of Texas," in which she features San Antonio, Nacogdoches, Austin, Dallas and Houston, and "A Texas Cowboy,"—"a flashing bronze against a burning sky."

In "Blue Smoke" we have, among others,

The flame of my life burns low
Under the cluttered days,
Like a fire of leaves,
But always a little blue, sweet-smelling smoke
Goes up to God.

The elements, certain occasions, and colorful persons and things—all life—are the keynotes of Mrs. Baker's songs. When doves swoop and scramble for food in the street, she sings; when children play, she sings; when women peer through half-opened doors from lonely shanties as the Pullman flies by, she sings; and she even builds a song upon the screen characters at the picture show—"word paintings for all the world to see."

Philosophy intrigues her—
He whom the trees accept,
He to whom the great clouds bow
in passing,
He to whom the bluebirds bring
the backdoor gossip of heaven—
He can not be agnostic.
Soon or late, he must say, "I love":
Who loves, knows.

And when Memory turns back the
pages and halts at the picture of a
little boy or girl, she croons another
song of Life—

My little daughter is a tea-rose,
Satin to the touch,
Wine to the lips,
And a faint, delirious perfume.

But my little son
Is a June apple,
Firm and cool,
And scornful of too much sweetness.

But full of tang and flavor
And better than bread to the
hungry.

O wild winds and clumsy, pilfering
bees,
With the whole world to be wan-
ton in,
Will you not spare my little tea-
rose?

And O ruthless blind creatures,
Who lay eggs of evil at the core
of life,
Pass by my one red apple,
That is so firm and sound.

DREAMERS ON HORSEBACK, by Karle Wilson Baker. Pub. by The Southwest Press, Dallas; \$2.

RICH HISTORICAL MATERIAL ABOUNDS IN TARRANT COUNTY; OLD LANDMARKS DESIGNATED

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Tarrant County is rich in historical material, and steps have been taken to preserve its traditions and places of historic interest. During Fort Worth's Diamond Jubilee in 1923, the historical committee placed concrete and metal markers to designate the particular places of interest.

At the west end of Summit Avenue, just back of the old S. B. Burnett home, is the site of a stand made by Indians in 1849, from which they planned to attack Fort Worth. At the shot of a six-pound Howitzer, fired by the United States troops under Maj. Ripley A. Arnold, they fled over the bluff.

Six years before, in 1843, Capt. Ed Terrell spent the winter in Tarrant County, trading with the Indians. He camped in a live oak grove, at which is now the southeast corner of Eleventh Avenue and Cooper Street.

First Merchandise Store.

The first general merchandise store in Fort Worth was run by Henry Daggett in 1849. It was a small log cabin located in a grove of live oaks at the foot of Samuels Avenue. The Government would not permit aspiring merchants to sell goods within a mile of the post. When the old fort was abandoned and the last of the troops had departed, Daggett moved his small stock of goods to the Government reserve, and located near the present courthouse.

In an early day William Parks, grandfather of Mrs. W. K. Rose of 2340 Lipscomb Street, also had a general merchandise store where the Criminal Court Building now stands. He hauled his wares in an ox wagon from Jefferson, Texas. Indian women came often with their beautiful baskets made of reeds and willows from the Trinity bottoms to trade for a measure of meal or other staples. For years these baskets were interesting relics of the Parks family.

The Square Deal Store, Belknap and Houston Streets, marks the spot of Fort Worth's first school, taught by Col. John Peter Smith in 1853. Among his early pupils were James and M. G. Ellis and Tobe Johnson. Colonel Smith was a most generous, public spirited man, and became an outstanding character in this city, being one of Fort Worth's benefactors.

Location of First Well.

The first well dug by United States troops when the post was established was located on Houston Street on the Criminal Courts grounds. Other wells were dug in this vicinity in an early day, one of which is still visible. The rock hood erected over it and a part of the crumbling wall may be seen today at West Bluff and Taylor Streets.

The first artesian well in the city was drilled by J. J. Peters, just south of 815 North Henderson Street, in 1878.

In 1855, the Masonic Hall was erected on the northeast corner of Belknap and Jones Streets. Julian Feild was Worshipful Master, and John Peter Smith, secretary. This building served as church and school, and was the communal and social center of the village.

Brinson and Slaughter erected the first brick store in 1856 on the southwest corner of Weatherford and Houston Streets.

Probably the oldest house in Fort Worth is at 616 North Hampton Street. It is made partially from logs used in the houses of the old fort, built by the United States troops in 1849.

Early Courthouse.

In 1856, soon after the removal of the county seat from Birdville to Fort Worth, the first temporary courthouse was erected, west of the present courthouse near the curb. The first courthouse, a stone building, was commenced in 1860, construction suspended during the Civil War, and completed in 1866. This building, which was situated near the main entrance to the present courthouse, was destroyed by fire, March 29, 1875, and many valuable records were burned.

The southeast corner of Belknap and Jones Streets marks the site of the first jail in the county. It was erected in 1856, while John York was Sheriff. York was the second Sheriff of the county, Francis Jordan being the first.

The first public school in the county was located at 620 Macon Street. The old Arnold Institute merged into the public school system in 1882, and the late Mrs. Clara Peak Walden, sister of Howard Peak of this city, became principal.

The Collier Academy, established in 1870, with John Collier as principal, was the first secondary school in the city. It was located on Jennings Avenue, on the present postoffice grounds, south of the main entrance.

Started High School 1884.

The first high school was established in 1884 on the present City Hall grounds, corner Jennings Avenue and Ninth Street, with Percival White as principal.

The main Cannon Avenue entrance to Central High School marks the first college, known as Wesleyan College. It was established in 1882, and A. A. Johnson was the president.

The first orphans' home, known as the Fort Worth Benevolent Home—now Tarrant County Orphans' Home—was established in 1886, by Mrs. Belle M. Burchill and Mrs. Delia Collins. It was located in Arnold Park, on the Cold Springs road, at the head of Garvey Street. The first board of trustees for this institution was W. T. Boaz, K. M. Van Zandt, J. C.

Scott, Mrs. Burchill and Mrs. Collins. Mr. and Mrs. Burchill were instrumental in getting Fort Worth's Government building.

Julian Feild established the first flour mill in 1856, at the extreme end of Mill Street on the river bank.

The first railroad station—the Texas and Pacific—was erected in 1870, near the Front Street entrance of the present T. & P. Depot.

In 1856 Lawrence W. Steele built the first hotel, in which was also the first stage coach office. This was at Belknap and Houston Street.

Church Erected 1872.

The first church was erected in 1872-3 on the east side of Houston Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. This was the First Christian Church, and Rev. H. D. Banton was the pastor.

The site of the first bank was at 109 Main Street. It was established in 1873 and was known as the Tidball & Wilson Bank. It was said that this was truly a "labor and capital" bank, Thos. A. Tidball furnishing the labor and John F. Wilson the capital. George B. Hendricks was the sole employe of the bank, and he and Tidball constituted the entire force. This bank became the Fort Worth National of today.

A few years ago, the Fort Worth Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, presented the city with an historic relic of pioneer life, an old rock road drag in use for many years in this county but which was discarded in 1853. This primitive road grader was the property of Lewis Wetmore, Tarrant County pioneer, and father of Mrs. A. E. McKee of 511 East Third Street, who realizing its value from an historic standpoint, had preserved it throughout the years. The stone is located in Hyde Park, which bears the name of one of Fort Worth's foremost early citizens, the late Hyde Jennings.

Granite Marks Post Site.

On the northwest corner of Belknap and Houston Street, alongside and to the front of the Criminal Courts Building, stands a large Texas granite marker with bronze plates, front and back. The front plate bears this inscription: "This stone marks the site of Camp Worth, a United States military post, named in honor of General William J. Worth and commanded by Major Ripley A. Arnold." On the back plate is the following: "Erected by Mary Isham Keith Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1921." The front tablet has carved upon it a typical Western frontier scene, with Indians, cowboys and prairie schooners. The work on the tablet was done by Joseph H. Lore, a Fort Worth sculptor.

This stone is also, indirectly, a monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Louis J. Wortham, whose work

along historical lines in Texas is well known. She was chairman of a committee of women who worked untiringly for this cause, which was her suggestion. The stone was dedicated Dec. 28, 1921, with Mrs. Wortham present. Her death occurred four months later.

H. N. Sunday - Seligman.
March 21, 1926.

FORT WORTH 8

SUN-KISSED GLASS IS NOW

Texas Trash Heaps Are Yielding Bottles, Kerosene Lamp Bases and What Not, Which Have
Too, the Search Discloses Specimens

BY MARY D.

IF YOU chance to find your best friend wandering in an alleyway, or if she is discovered in some remote lane with a basket, containing broken bits of purple glass, on her arm and a curious look on her face, do not be too critical or waste your sympathy, but give her a chance to explain. It is likely she has been searching for sun-glow glass.

Treasure hunting is no novelty in Texas and the Southwest. It has been a popular pastime in this section since the first man came. However, the seekers and the objects sought are continually changing. Today a new hobby is being indulged in throughout tropical countries and in lands where the sun's heat is extreme—the quest of sun-glow glass.

Formerly the ashheap and the trash pile did not move in polite society; they were only the haunts of rag and bone pickers, and of such animals and insects as found pleasure therein. Today these ugly places are being glorified as they reveal rare specimens of glassware that had ceased to be of value.

When you were a child it is likely you and the other youngsters in your neighborhood played "merchant" out under the big oak near the barn, and it is a safe bet that you had on the shelves of that store certain broken pieces of colored glass that intrigued your interest and pleased your eye. The lilac and plum shades were probably sun-glow glass, whatever the remainder may have been.

What Sun-Glow Glass Is.

Lest you do not know, sun-glow glass is glassware of any type or pattern that has lain out under the heat rays of the sun until it has become colored to varying shades and degrees of lavender and purple. The tinting, or glowing, begins with a flesh-pink color and goes from that to lavender, to orchid and the various tones of purple, to deep—almost black—purple, and all according to the length of time it has been exposed, and with regard to the kind of glass.

It is explained that certain necessary properties used in the manufacture of crystal are responsible for the unique condition. Silicious sand, quartz, potash, saltpetre and manganese are the commonest substances to be found in glass, and the sun's heat affects these elements so that the objects assume many colors.

It is difficult to find a whole specimen of sun-glow glass for several reasons. An article of a shape to hold water, such as a bottle, bowl or vase, bursts after the first freeze following a rain. And then there is the usual wear and tear incidental to weather conditions, the likelihood of destruction under foot or being buried from view by an accumulation of debris. It is no wonder, then, that collectors are valuing their "finds" beyond the bounds of seeming reason.

A "Find" in a Trash Pile.

One of the first pieces I found thrilled me. It is a deep purple specimen, which was discovered quite by accident when I had gone to the country to study the asters, which plants were so unusual last season. While walking later among the flowers and tall grasses I came upon an abandoned trash pile, probably a family dumping ground, for there was a deserted old house nearby. In this place I found five other pieces of sun-glow glass—an old pickle jar, a small camphor vial, a large family-size salt cellar, a lid to a preserve dish and the glass handle of an umbrella. All were deeply colored and in good condition except the salt cellar, which had a small crack across one corner. To be sure, the articles were covered with dirt and with the soil accumulation of years, but the deep damson hue was discernible even at a glance.



an insignificant street light globe. I was compelled to pay a ridiculous price, many times the original cost. It was the first globe I had

seen so colored, although I have observed many since. It was worth the time and money spent on it, for it was a lovely soft heliotrope. And what a day that was! I had found my first specimens and those quite by chance. As I stood there among the flowers with their purple colorings and gazed at the mauve glow on distant tree-clad hills—a glow which extended into the sky with its Indian summer haze—these treasures of the years lay at my feet. I had never seen anything so glorious, so beautiful, as that picture of an amethystine paradise.

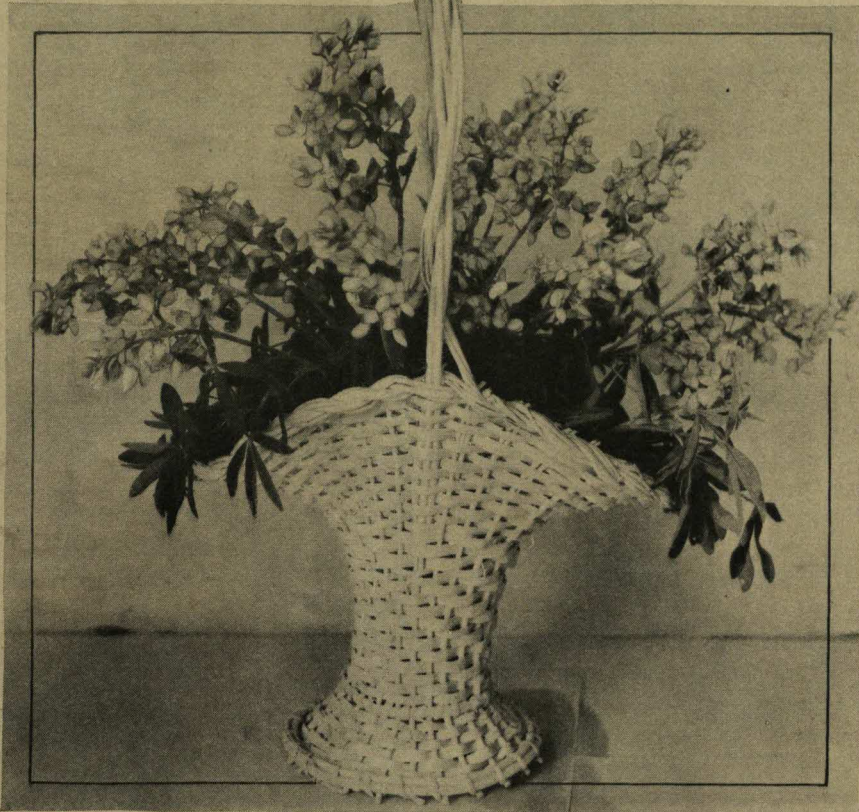
Finds Prize After 40 Years.

At another time I found an old kerosene lamp base in the yard of a pioneer negro family who lived in a remote section. As I entered the gate I saw the purple object almost buried in the soil under a tree. I asked permission of the woman who lived there to unearth the lamp, and I also inquired of her if it had always been purple, and she exclaimed: "Lawd, no! Honey, the weather done that to it!" She further explained that it had originally been transparent, clear and colorless, and that her father had thrown the base into the yard about 40 years ago and that it had remained there ever since

One of the most interesting experiences that has come to me in collecting sun-glow glass was the result of my desire to possess a large light globe that graced a filling station on one of North Texas' leading highways. There are those persons who, upon finding that they have something that another wishes, concludes it is of more worth to themselves, whether they cared for it before or not. The person with whom I had to cope was like that. I had noticed the globe on several occasions. One day I stopped and talked with the manager about selling it to me. He asked, of course, just why I wanted that particular globe, and referred me to a retailer of such wares. It became necessary for me to tell the man why I preferred that special globe, and when I told him, he immediately decided that he possessed an object of value and refused to sell. I, equally interested, tried to persuade. It took me exactly two hours to complete the deal for what seemed to be

color and it showed what 15 years of Texas sunshine would do for a piece of milk glass.

Another fascinating angle of the



EMBLEM OF
THE LONE
STAR STATE

THE DAINTY
BLUEBONNET
ON PARADE

BLUEBONNETS—THEY'RE TEXAS!

All Love the Flowers That Carpet the Fields

by Mary Dagget Lake

A CANOPY of blue sky, a velvety carpet of bluebonnets, myriads of bluebirds, and bracing "blue northers" thrown in for good measure—that's Texas! Blue, the universal symbol of happiness, is the predominating color of the state. In keeping with this idea the bluebonnet was selected as the state flower of Texas more than a quarter of a century ago.

Not only has the bluebonnet been a favorite of the native Texan, but the Indian, the Spaniard and the Mexican have admired it from the earliest. It has no parallel in the world of massed blue flowers. The nearest approach is the blue cornflower of Europe. Upon close examination the flower petals will be found to have a blood red splotch on each tiny heart. Because of this the plant has been termed *Lupinus subcarnosus*. The myth that the bluebonnet sprang up where drops of human blood fell is associated with the old Greek legends of the hyacinth and the narcissus.

The blossom of the bluebonnet is composed of many small flowers clinging snugly to the parent stem, each

shaped like a tiny bonnet,—hence the name. Botanists classify it as belonging to the order Leguminosae. It is a lupine, although many have mistaken it for a *Trifolium* or clover. The early settlers called it buffalo clover. However, the true buffalo clover, botanically known as *Trifolium reflexum*, is a distinctly different plant.

The bluebonnet is an annual and develops its seed in pods formed from the flowers. The seeds live for years, all not germinating in the season following their growth. They are very exacting and develop only under favorable circumstances. It is generally thought that the plant dies after making its seed, although some authorities claim that certain varieties are perennial and renew themselves from the root. This impression probably came from the fact that seedlings are continually coming up where they fall, in the immediate vicinity of the parent plant. No special means of dispersal is provided for the seeds. The ordinary movement of wind and dust carries them from place to place.

The plant is somewhat similar in structure to the

purple or woolly loco weed, *Astragalus molissimus*. Many leguminous plants found in the West closely resemble each other, and there is an unfortunate tendency to class as harmful many plants which furnish good forage. At the present time the United States Department of Agriculture has only three plants definitely known to be locoes. Animals eat the bluebonnet to their advantage. In some communities it is cut and baled into hay for the winter supply of stock food. It flourishes on barren soil quite as well as on richer ground. In fact it seems rather to prefer an alkaline soil. The early settlers thought it contributed to infertility, and because of this they very unjustly called it "wolf flower". It is now known to be a soil builder. Waste places on which bluebonnets have grown for successive years will later raise other crops profitably.

There are over seventy species of the bluebonnet in America, mostly in the West. They grow as far north as the Arctic Ocean and west to the Pacific coast. However, outside of Texas the coloring is sometimes less brilliant. In certain localities the flower is pale and insignificant looking. In Mexico it is called *el conejo* (cottontail rabbit). *Lupinus texensis*, the Texas

variety, is said to be a great home lover, and some authorities even venture to claim that it never crosses the border. Even so, it still would have a marvelous range, considering the size of the state.

Many are the legends that have collected around the bluebonnet. The Mexicans say that the flower first came from Jerusalem hillsides to the ancient missions, but the old Aztec tale, rescued from obscurity by J. Frank Dobie, and placed in the book of Texas folk-lore, *Legends of Texas*, gives a different origin. At one time pestilence mowed down the people as the revenge of a jealous god for misdoings. The god demanded a sinless human offering as atonement, and the fairest and purest maid-

en of the tribe went forth to die for her race. As she approached the altar, her bonnet of blue slipped unnoticed from her head, and fell to the ground. The next morning there lay around the altar a soft carpet of blue flowers, each splotched with the hue of her spilt blood.

The ravages of time have failed to diminish the charm of this subtle sweet flower which comes with increasing loveliness each new spring, though the ravages of those who pull up by the roots of a Sunday have somewhat diminished the size of Texas' blue carpet.

Very dramatic and Texas-like was the fight that made the bluebonnet state flower in 1901. The Colonial Dames led the forces in favor of it, but in the House of Representatives supporters of the cactus and the cotton boll, "the white rose of commerce", fought the proposed state flower bill. Finally a picture of the bluebonnet was brought in the chamber, and amid great applause, the whole house swung to its color. The flower is now a candidate for national honors in the American Nature Association National Flower Poll.

FIELD AFTER FIELD

*A canopy of blue sky, a velvety carpet of bluebonnets, myriads of bluebirds
—that's Texas!*



House Work Doesn't Keep Her From Writing

Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake
Turns Out Music and
Stories at Home

BY JACK GORDON.

PASSING motorists, Lake Worth bound, look up at her stone and cactus terrace and wonder who lives in "the big house up there."

The terrace begins with a flagstone walk and fish pond at the back door of the home of Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake at 1415 Grand Avenue and drops nearly 100 feet in a thorny slope to the new Northwest Highway.

Mrs. Lake's heart is in that terrace garden. As conservation chairman of the National Council of State Garden Club Federations, she is known from coast to coast as not only a lover of all plant life but as their defender.

JUST now, the conservation efforts of the federation are being centered on ridding highways of billboards and flanking them

instead with native trees and plants.

Mrs. Lake, a genial woman in rimless spectacles, looks down from the breeze-swept crown of her garden upon the two slim white bands that curve thru the valley below. The bands are the dual traffic lanes of the new highway to the lake.

"Isn't it an inspiring sight?" she beams. "Look at the fine trees along the road. But already the first billboards are beginning to appear." Mrs. Lake loses her cheerfulness. "Isn't it a shame?"

A WOMAN of multiple talents, she runs her spacious home, directs the busiest arm of the federation, writes six hours a day, plays the piano and now and then turns out a song.

She has written a few short stories but prefers nature studies, history and philosophy. She has had stories on Texas history in almost every Sunday newspaper supplement in Texas and any number of contributions in Nature, magazine of national circulation.

She loves flowers and trees, and as conservation chairman of the National Council of State Garden Club Federations is leading a nationwide fight for their preservation on highways.

Equally talented as a writer or musician, she has contributed to national magazines and wrote the words and music for a song.

She is a member of the city park board, the State Folklore Society and four historical organizations, to Lake Worth.

She is Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, descendant of pioneer Texas stock.

Also Finds Time to Serve
on Boards of Several
Organizations

Last Spring, one of her travel articles which had appeared in the Texas Outlook was picked up by the Review of Reviews and included in their list of the five best travelogs published during the year.

Companion articles were culled from Asia, the New Republic and National Geographic.

Her booklet, The Legend of the Bluebonnet, a gem of poetical prose, is in its third edition.

A DESCENDANT of rugged Texas as pioneer stock—her great uncle was Capt. E. M. Daggett, better known as the "Father of Fort Worth"—she poured her heart into a song two years ago. The song was Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring? Both words and music were the work of Mrs. Lake. The song is the official anthem of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Texas.

Another of her songs, Pioneer Mothers, is the official memorial song of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

Both numbers, she says, were written to awaken Texans to the beauty of their state.

"You can sing interest in a subject as well as you can write it," she explains.

HOW even an indefatigable worker like Mrs. Lake can find the time puzzles friends, but Mrs. Lake manages it—

She is a member of the city park board, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the State Folklore Society, the Texas State Historical Society, the Fort Worth Historical Society—and of course her national office in the Garden Club Federation.

In her "spare time," she collects old furniture pieces and glassware.

"But my first interest"—Mrs. Lake is firm on that—"is my home."

"You must come back some time when Mary isn't at school." Mary, 12, is her youngest daughter.

She has a grown son and married daughter.

And—don't forget Mrs. Lake's plants—250 varieties of cacti on the terrace!

She is the wife of Will F. Lake, North Side live stock commission dealer.

Sunday Star-Telegram
June 19, 1932
PAGE SIX

Texas Writer Has Pioneer Background

(This is the third of the series of biographical sketches of Texas women writers arranged by the Texas Library committee of the Fort Worth Woman's Club.)

When the Creative Work Department of the Woman's Club planned the Texas Library as its contribution to the club, the choice of a chairman for the library committee was based on several qualifications, the combination of which was found in Mrs. Will F. Lake, known professionally as Mary Daggett Lake.

First of all, perhaps, in importance, was Mrs. Lake's qualification as a writer on Texas subjects. Necessarily she has been for years a student of Texas history and legend, and the lore of plant and animal life peculiar to her native State. Her background fitted her for her research and writing, for she comes of rugged Texas pioneer stock, which helped make Texas history before statehood.

The Daggetts located in Shelby County in 1838, and came to Tarrant County in 1854, headrighting on land northeast of the present courthouse site. Capt. E. M. Daggett, known as "The Father of Fort Worth," was a great uncle. Mrs. Lake's father, the late E. M. (Bud) Daggett, was one of Texas' pioneer cattlemen, and did much to establish Fort Worth as the cattle market of the Southwest.

Stories of early days in Texas heard from her father and other relatives gave Mary Daggett Lake her love for the historic, and provided a store of information, to which she has added avidly in the years since her childhood in a pioneer Fort Worth home.

Years ago she began writing, her work to the present having been principally features for magazines and newspapers of wide circulation. Also she has been a collector of Texas items, books, furniture, glass and many other articles that have had a part in the life of the people of Texas. Her collection of sun-glow glass is particularly interesting.

Gardening is another hobby that Mrs. Lake's overwhelming enthusiasm has turned into a near-vocation. Her activity with the local garden clubs brought her into demand for state garden federation work, which in turn led to broader recognition. She currently is chairman of conservation for the National Council of State Garden Club Federations. Her song, "Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring?" is the official song of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, and has received many other unusual honors. Another song, "Pioneer Mother," is the official memorial song of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

Mrs. Lake has published two brochures, "The Legend of the Bluebonnet" and "Cotton Superstitions." Her historical work, "Among Tarrant County's First Hundred Families," which appeared serially several years ago in The Star-Telegram, now is being prepared for publication in book form.

Feature articles and book reviews by Mrs. Lake have appeared in leading Texas newspapers and periodicals, and she also has written many articles for magazines of national circulation, including The Editor, International Book Review, the Nature Magazine and Horticulture. She also has made contributions to the publications of the Texas Folklore Society, to the Tennessee Historical Quarterly, The Texas Weekly and The Texas Outlook, publication of the Texas State Teachers Association.

Mrs. Lake is the wife of a Fort Worth stockman, also of a pioneer Texas family. Their spacious home on Grand Avenue has more than strictly local fame for its cactus terrace gardens, and its collections of glass, china, old books and furniture. They have three children, Mrs. French Arrington, Canadian; C. T. Lake, San Angelo, and Mary, 13. There are three grandchildren, Ross and Tom Lake and Ann Arrington.

Mrs. Lake is a member of the Woman's Club of Fort Worth, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Texas Folklore Society, the Texas State Historical Society, secretary of the Fort Worth Historical Society and of the Fort Worth Park Commission. Her national affiliations include the chairmanship of conservation for the National Garden Clubs Council and membership in the New England Historical and Genealogical Society.



*The Fort Worth Press
November 6, 1931.*

Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring?

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

THERE'S a land I know where bluebonnets grow,
And the sun shines all the while—
Where the cowboys play till night turns to day,
And Nature seems to smile;
Where the mocking bird is forever heard,
And the red-wing sends her call—
Where the soft winds croon to the silver moon,
As shades of evening fall.

Refrain—

HAVE you ever been to Texas in the spring,
When the breezes blow and birds are on the wing;
Where bluebonnets wave in air,
And there's friendship everywhere,
Have you ever been to Texas in the spring?
Have you walked on velvet carpets in the spring,
Made of flow'rs whose subtle odors mem'ries bring;
Have you seen those sunsets gay,
As they glorify the day,
Have you ever been to Texas in the spring?

IN this land so true under Heav'n's own blue,
Grow the orange and the rose—
And the cactus strange, dots the distant range,
Where the Rio Grande flows,
When the last trail winds o'er a plain that binds
Into an enchantment grand—
Let me rest secure with things that endure
In my own Texas land.

The above is the Official Song for the
1928 Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show

Rodeo Thousands Hear Exposition's Song, Written by Resident of City

Thousands who are attending the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show are hearing at each performance, "Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring?" the fox trot written by Mary Daggett Lake, Fort Worth, which has been adopted as the 1928 Exposition official song. Both words and music were composed by her.

The Rodeo Band plays the number at each matinee and night show. Also, it is being played by the Texas Christian University, which gives two concerts daily on the Exposition Grounds.

One verse of the song follows: "There's a land that I know, where bluebonnets grow, And the sun shines all the while— Where cowboys play till night turns to day And nature seems to smile; Where the mocking bird is forever heard. And the red-wing sends her call— Where the soft winds croon to the silver moon, As shades of evening fall."

VENTH WRITES MUSIC FOR MEMORIAL SONG

"Pioneer Mothers" To Be Sung by Mrs. Lindsay

Carl Venth, dean of the fine arts department of Texas Woman's College, and Ellen Jane Lindsay, of the voice department, will participate in a program at the state meeting of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas at 2 p. m. Saturday, March 3, at the Texas Hotel.

Mrs. Lindsay will sing "Pioneer Mothers," written by Mary Daggett Lake.

Four Reappointed For City Boards

Reappointments of members of the Park, Recreation, Civic Service and Art Commissions whose terms expire this month were made by the City Council yesterday.

They are: Glen Walker, recreation; Mrs. Will F. Lake, park; E. E. Bewley, civil service, and Mrs. H. O. Ledgerwood, art. All were for five-year periods, except Bewley, who was appointed for a three-year term.

WBAP NUMBERS FROM 'FAUST' ON BILL

Mary Daggett Lake, chairman of the conservation committee of the National Federation of Garden Clubs, will be the speaker on the Woman's Hour program, to be broadcast between 9:15 and 9:30 o'clock this morning over WBAP, The Star-Telegram and Record-Telegram broadcasting station. Her subject will be "Beautification and Conservation of Gardens."

Writers to Be Honored by Dallas Woman's Club



STANLEY E. BABB.



NORMA PATTERSON.



JOHN A. LOMAX.

Here are some of the writers who will be honored at a tea which will be given by the library committee of the Dallas Woman's Club Friday, complimenting Mrs. Frederick Edey of New York, author, official in the League of American Pen Women, and president of the Girl Scouts.

The library committee of which Mrs. Marion Church is chairman, has arranged the tea for the second day of the annual book exhibit which will open Thursday in connection with the first club luncheon of the season, this in charge of the library committee. Many of the books by Southwestern authors will be seen in the displays

which will make up the annual exhibit.

Among the authors who have been invited to attend are the following:

Karle Wilson Baker and daughter, Charlotte Baker, Nacogdoches; Lexie Dean Robertson, Rising Star; Mrs. Ben G. O'Neal, Wichita Falls; Miss Frances Scarborough, San Antonio; Prof. Ruth Mays, Nacogdoches; Dr. Eugene C. Barker, Austin; Dr. W. C. Holden, Lubbock; Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, Fort Worth; Donald Joseph, Austin; Stanley E. Babb, Galveston; Rebecca Smith, Fort Worth; Mrs. Bernie Babcock, Little Rock, Ark.; Berta Hart Nance, Albany; J. O. Connor, Alpine; Mable Majors, Fort Worth; J.

Frank Dobie, Austin, and the following of Dallas:

Hilton Ross Greer
Jan Isbell Fortune
Violet Short
Guy F. Cahoon
Irene Freeman
Mary Innes
Jack Patton
John Rosenfield
Whitney Montgomery
Vaida Stewart Montgomery
Kate Hassell
Bertha Raub
Norma Patterson
Grace Nell Crowell
Norman H. Crowell
Kathleen Witherspoon
Arthur L. Kramer
Dr. Umphrey Lea
Vivian Richardson

Horace McCoy
Olive McClintock Johnson
Henry Exall
Harry Benge Crozier
Alice Bennett
Oliver Hinsdell
Sam Acheson
Westmoreland Gray
Eugene E. DeBogory
Martha Stipe
Clara Hood Ruzel
A. W. Somerville
John H. McGinnis
John E. Rosser
John Lomax
Col. C. C. Walsh
Henry Smith
John O. Beatty
E. E. Leisy

Growth of the Garden Consciousness in Texas

A Resume of Gardening and of Garden Literature
Apropos of the Houston Garden Book

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE

There is a growing garden consciousness in Texas today, if one reads aright the signs. Within the past two years there have been unmistakable evidences that interest in the art of gardening is on the upgrade in this State. For example, two years ago the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs was organized in Dallas with Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs of that city as president, and within the last year the Houston Forum of Civics, an organization designed to stimulate civic pride and to combine many and varied forces for the betterment and beautification of city and country, has published an attractive and helpful volume, "A Garden Book for Houston."

Houston and South Texas garden lovers grew tired waiting for some one to produce a garden book that would serve the purposes of that city and the Gulf Coast country. To meet their needs the Forum sponsored the Houston Garden Book, which, although it was published primarily for Houston and Harris County distribution, will prove serviceable and interesting to garden lovers throughout the State.

The book is dedicated to the Garden Clubs of Houston and "to those who sense the mystery of Death that brings forth Life—who know the love of Gardens can calm and still all strife."

The contents consist of The Circle of the Year—a planting and culture calendar; Making and Maintaining a Garden; Special Gardens, which include Color in the Garden; a White Garden, a Green Garden, the Fragrant Garden, the Children's Garden, Rock Gardens, Water Gardens, the Early vs. the Late Spring Garden, the Kitchen Garden, the Cutting Garden, and the Vegetable Planting Chart; Plants Requiring Special Culture; Topics of Interest; Suggestions; Planting Charts and Lists, and the Bibliography.

Garden Literature for the most part has not dealt with Texas problems. However, certain of the early English historians, Kennedy and others, made profuse comment on the native flora and on the natural beauty of the State. The first systematic work upon the flora of North America appeared in 1803, from the pen of Andre Michaux, under the title of Flora Boreali-Americana. Partial floras had been previously published by Walter, Clayton, Gronivius, and others; but the most extensive appeared in 1816, by F. Pursh, a Prussian botanist who spent nearly 12 years in American research, and in the management of two botanic gardens. The first gardens Pursh saw were the old established gardens of M. Marshall, author of a small treatise on the forest trees of North America. The botanic garden of J. and W. Bartram, on the banks of the Delaware near Philadelphia (later Carr's Nursery), was founded by their father under the patronage of Dr. Fothergill. The garden of the American patriot, Hamilton, was, in his time, one of the richest in plants in America. Those of Dr. Hosack, the Pratt's, the Fox's, the Oemler's, the Young's, Dr. Wray and M. Le Conte are also celebrated for their botanical riches. And there were a number of others that were outstanding in this regard.

American literary garden contributions are not numerous. The earliest work on practical gardening, so far as has been ascertained, is McMahan's "American Gardener's Calendar," published about the end of the Eighteenth Century. McMahan was a Philadelphia seedsman, who in addition to his seed trade, maintained a botanical, agricultural and horticultural book store. His work included every department to be found in calendars. A few other authors are found under the department of statistics, but most of the early American garden books are chiefly reprints from those of Europe. . . An interesting item, taken from one of these old English garden books, published in 1834, says: "Market gardens are not yet established in America on a large scale, but there are numerous small ones." "The trees and shrubs of

North America," says this same book, "are unquestionably the most splendid and beautiful vegetable productions of the temperate climates of the globe. Without the American magnolias, tulip trees, rhododendrons, azaleas, kalmias, vacciniums and romedas and other genera of these orders, not to mention numerous others, where indeed would be the beauty of European pleasure grounds? North America has supplied more materials for ornamental gardening than all the rest of the world put together." These tributes are rather surprising, and at the same time encouraging, when we consider how recently America was discovered.

The history of gardens and of gardening has been an intriguing one from time immemorial. Before man was, gardens were. . . . Josephus, quoting Moses, says: "God planted a paradise in the East, flourishing with all sorts of trees. . . . and that when He brought Adam and his wife into this garden, He commanded them to take care of the plants." The same story, according to Genesis, is: "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed." . . . And men, ever since that good time, has been planting his footsteps in his own gardens and in those of his neighbor, in inherent appreciation.

Chronologically, the history of gardening may be divided into three periods: the ages of antiquity, commencing with the earliest accounts and terminating with the foundation of the Roman Empire; the Middle Ages, including the rise and fall of the Roman Empire; and the modern times, continued from that epoch to the present day. It seems a far cry from a garden of antiquity in Eden to a modern Texas garden, but the difference is not so great, after all. The urge, complex, inhibitory, or what-will-you, to make a garden is instinctive, universal and age-old, and must be satisfied.

Apropos of Texas pioneer gardens, it is said that every woman that came to the Southwestern frontier, in an oxen-drawn wagon, or other vehicle, brought with her packets of seeds or tiny plants from "the garden she left behind," and that these treasures were carefully nurtured in the new home. Further, that the first work, after a Texas settlement was started, consisted in planting flower and vegetable gardens by the women and peach orchards by the men—incidentally, the latter came in handy for the small boys who became unruly when "hickories" were too far removed.

From the earliest Texas notes we find gardens, both flower and vegetable, thriving in this State. The southern portions being the first to settle, it is there that the oldest gardens are to be found—those of Galveston and Houston, Nacogdoches and San Augustine, Gonzales and Columbia, Brazoria and Washington, San Antonio and Fredericksburg and others having long been noted for their charm. Many of these old gardens were replicas of notable foreign estates—their owners having had them landscaped and cared for by the leading architects and gardeners of Europe. Much of this Old World garden grandeur that flourished prior to and during the days of the republic has long since passed away, but descendants of these pioneers, having heard of this beauty and splendor from their ancestors, are restoring some of these gardens to their former glory.

If dreams are realized—and trips through modern Texas gardens give assurance that they are coming true—this State may again acquire its early magnificence. . . . And if one is interested in gardens in general, Texas gardens in particular, or in the beautification of one's own back yard, the "Houston Garden Book," handsomely illustrated, will prove a happy boon, and at the same time it will bring in pictures, song and story the quaint charm of a day that is no more.

A GARDEN BOOK FOR HOUSTON, the Houston Forum of Civics; the Rein Company, Houston; \$2.

Record - Nov. 15, 1930 Mrs. E. P. Van Zandt Becomes President of the Garden Club

Formal accession of the new president, Mrs. E. P. Van Zandt, the official visit of the president of the State Federation of Garden Clubs, Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs, Dallas, and the announcement of winners and awarding of prizes for the 1930 Garden Competition, with other features, made the November meeting of the Fort Worth Garden Club yesterday at the Woman's Club an unusually important event in the organization's calendar. The business meeting in the morning was followed by a luncheon in Anna Shelton Hall, which resembled a flower show, with the wealth of Fall flowers used in table decorations, augmented by vases of roses, sent to the Garden Club by East Texas rose growers.

Mrs. Henry B. Trigg, retiring president, who presided at the luncheon, was given a life membership in the Garden Club. Presentation was made by Mrs. Charles Scheuber.

Mrs. Van Zandt, introduced by Mrs. Trigg, gave a short outline of the work planned for the coming year.

Club Is Praised.

Miss Anna Shelton, president of the Woman's Club, expressed appreciation for the Garden Club's activity in beautifying the grounds of the Woman's Club and called attention that the Garden Club is accounted a part of the Woman's Club.

The Fort Worth Garden Club was declared by Mrs. Scruggs to be the inspiration of the state federation and a model for garden clubs in its civic activities and achievements. She mentioned Mrs. Will F. Lake and Mrs. Garfield Crawford, in addition to Trigg, for their special services to the state federation. Mrs. Scruggs also urged the club to make a study of plants, trees and flowers grown most successfully locally and to give practical information on planting and planning to the public.

Announcement of an appropriation of \$500 by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce to be used by the Garden Club's highway beautification committee for the work to be undertaken next year in Tarrant County, was made by Jewel P. Lightfoot,

chairman of the Chamber of Commerce's highway committee, and president of the Broadway of America Association. Lightfoot told of ways in which the local and state garden clubs could lead the movement for highway beautification.

The announcement of citywide prize winners in the annual garden competition was reserved for the close of the program. Mrs. Frank S. Naugle announced the winners and the orders for prizes, which were given by Fort Worth florists and nurserymen, were presented the winners by Mrs. Leslie Spoons, general chairman of the competition.

Winners Announced.

The Jewel P. Lightfoot home, 1916 Hill Crest, won the first honors for the city in the "without help" classification for the second successive year. Second prize was won by the home grounds of Mrs. Felix Gaither, 2233 Windsor Place; third by Mrs. J. R. McNeil, 1105 Eagle Drive, and fourth by Mrs. A. Leonard Johnson, 2804 Avenue M. First prize for grounds cultivated by full time gardeners went to Mrs. Willard Burton, 1102 Penn Street, and second to Mrs. Cass O. Edwards, Pennsylvania and Summit Avenues.

Winners in the 12 districts into which Fort Worth is divided have been previously announced.

Officers of the Garden Club and the state president were presented with arm bouquets of roses as the gift of W. F. Watkins, rose grower of Tyler. The roses were presented by Mrs. Grace Davidson, member of the arrangements committee for the luncheon.

Table decorations were arranged by Mrs. B. C. Rhome. Others of the luncheon committee were: Mrs. M. A. Benton, Mrs. Naugle and Miss Shelton.

Mrs. C. F. Whiteside, president of the Sylvania Garden Club; Mrs. Elam Henderson, president of the newly organized Polytechnic Garden Club, and Mrs. W. T. Taylor and Mrs. Oscar Barthold of the Weatherford Garden Club were given special recognition during the program.

F

Fall Flowers Add Charm to Texas' Roads

Writer Describes Four
Types of Blossoms
Seen on Highways.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Chairman of Conservation and Beautification of Highways for the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs.

Texas highways offer rare charm in adjacent scenic beauty throughout the entire year. The spectacle of loveliness that they present in spring-time is world famous. To each season its own allurements. But the unusual blossoming of the present time is of peculiar interest, in view of the fact that the last winter and summer were trying in the extreme to the plant world of Texas.

Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs, president of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, who resides in Dallas and who has recently returned from a sojourn in New Mexico, finds the Broadway of America and Bankhead highway particularly entrancing just now. She reports choice native flowers in bloom along the entire route from El Paso to Dallas. The fact that nurserymen and seedmen throughout the United States are advertising in their catalogues as rare and costly plants the indigenous Texas varieties, is reason enough, thinks Mrs. Scruggs, for Texas to awaken to an appreciation of what the State has in this regard.

Optimists Among Plants.

Although many delightful and beautiful flowers that bloom in the spring and summer are still blooming along the highways, Mrs. Scruggs calls particular attention to a group of four that are blossoming now and that are deserving of special mention—the purple thistle, the blue thistle, the Maximilian sunflower and the Texas blazing star. The above-mentioned flowers are among the true optimists of the Texas plant world. With smiling faces they come forth in all their graciousness and beauty, never minding the weather, and this credential, Mrs. Scruggs believes, entitles them to "a place in the sun" in Texas gardens.

The purple thistle (*Centaurea Americana*), commonly called powder puff, star thistle and basket flower, with its white to lavender thistle-like blossoms, but lacking the prickly characteristics of the true thistle, is one of the most profuse and longest blooming plants, and it is to be found in all parts of the State. It starts blossoming in late spring and continues intermittently until frost. It likes a dry soil and often grows in large patches along roadsides and in pastures. Ellen G. Schulz, in her "Texas Wild Flowers," states that the star thistle is related to the popular corn flower (*Centaurea ajanus*), and that the genus derives its name from Chiron, the centaur, and from the legend that Chiron used this plant to heal the wounds of Hercules. The purple thistle easily lends itself to cultivation, and it is one of the annuals that the nursery catalogues widely advertise. The flowers are

very fragrant and make excellent bouquets, while the artistic buds add much to their beauty. Plants that grow in red sand regions bear deeper purple flowers and much more richly colored than those growing in black lands.

Thistlelike Carrot.

The blue thistle (*Eryngium leavenworthii*) looks like a thistle and acts like a thistle, but it is not a true thistle. It differs from the true thistle in the construction of its flowers. The gay deceiver that graces the fall season with its showy blue and purple beauty belongs to the carrot family. The upper stems, leaves and flowers are bluish purple in color, and the dried plants make attractive winter decorations. Varieties of the *Eryngium*, like the *Centaurea*, are native to all parts of Texas, and artists find them intriguing.

The Maximilian sunflower (*Helianthus maximiliani*) is a tall leafy plant

Camp Fire Group Hears Mrs. Lake

Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake last night spoke on "Legends Connected With the Cotton Plant," at the last meeting until October of the guardians of the Fort Worth Camp Fire girls. The meeting was held at the First Christian Church Friday night.

Plans were made to send delegates to the Camp Fire camp at Corsicana, May 30-June 6. It was announced that swimming lessons for guardians under Miss Dorothy Stow's direction for guardians will start May 19. The lessons will be given at the First Christian Church on Tuesdays from 3 till 4 o'clock.

with composite flowers about two and one-half inches across, which blossoms like the cultivated hollyhock on the upper half or third of the tall swaying stems. This sunflower, like the goldenrod, is often planted for ornament. Although it lends itself to arid conditions, it attains unusual proportions, both in the stature of the plant and in the quality of bloom when properly planted in rich soil and well watered. The sunflower is known as a trail blazer. The story is told that the early pioneers brought the seeds from the Old World and that, as members of the family came to the West, they scattered sunflower seeds en route so that others coming later might be guided by the flowers. And what can be lovelier than our Texas sunflower trails?

The last of the group, Texas blazing star (*Liatris punctata*), has several common names. The fact that the roots have been used medicinally for sore throats and as a cure for rattlesnake bite by the natives, accounts for the rural name, Rattlesnake Master, or button snake root. The stems arise from thick onion-shaped tubers close to the surface of the ground, and the spiked flowers have a fringed appearance. The blossoms come in late summer and early fall, and the plant is common to all parts of Texas, although it occurs most frequently where little other vegetation exists. The *liatris* is extensively used in the North and East as a border plant and for cut flowers. The bulbs are easily transplanted. The purplish-rose spikes turn a deep shade when dried and retain their color a long time, making them desirable material for winter bouquets.

The conservation committee of the garden clubs of Texas urges the public to an appreciation of the above-mentioned indigenous flowers, and recommends that seeds be gathered at the time of ripening and sowed in home gardens, but the organization

also asks that discretion be used in the gathering, that seeds may be left for next year's plants. The organization further requests that plants blossoming on roadsides and on highways be not molested. Mrs. Scruggs, the president of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, asks the full co-operation of the entire State in helping to keep Texas the show place of the world by centennial time in 1936. This can easily be accomplished, Mrs. Scruggs feels, through preservation of the State's natural beauty and by adding thereto for the intervening years.

REAL FIRST SETTLERS CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY

Mrs. R. Cox Was Born Here 80
Years Ago.

One of the first white children born in Tarrant County is now 80 years old.

Mrs. R. Cox, who celebrated her birthday Tuesday, and her husband, who will be 80 in April, were the honor guests Tuesday at a luncheon given by their son, Walter Cox, and his wife, at their home on the Benbrook Road.

Memories of early days in Tarrant County were recalled as several old friends gathered around the luncheon table. Mrs. Cox is the former Antonio York, the daughter of John B. York, who was Tarrant County's first appointed sheriff.

The other son, Guy, was unable to attend, but his wife was present. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell, of Haslet, who are past 82, were also present. Mrs. Mitchell is an aunt of Mrs. Cox, and is the former Mattie Gilmore, daughter of Seburn Gilmore, the first judge of Tarrant County.

Others present were old friends: Mrs. F. D. Smyth, Mrs. J. T. Field, Mrs. E. M. Daggett, Mrs. Will Lake, and the honor guests.

Mrs. Lake read a newspaper clipping of a picnic held in Keller 37 years ago.

Credit for securing the Ruth collection for Fort Worth in the face of bids from museums of other cities is given by Mrs. Van Zandt to Mrs. Will F. Lake and Mrs. Charles Scheuber. Mrs. Lake is one of the leaders in the work of conserving Texas native floral resources and through her interest in wild flowers and native trees and shrubs has been familiar with the work of Ruth for many years. Mrs. Scheuber, librarian of Carnegie Public Library, also has been active in the movement to secure the Ruth collection and is treasurer of the Garden Club's committee, which will be the purchase.

GROUP TO BE ORGANIZED HERE FRIDAY

Society Plans to Work for
Development of Park Zoo;
Others Show Interest.

The Lions Club yesterday indorsed organization of a Fort Worth Zoological Society to sponsor development of Forest Park Zoo and appointed three envoys to an organization meeting to be held in The Star-Telegram Club Room at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

The committee of three includes Homer Fowler, Dr. Albert H. Edens and Cecil Coombs.

At the same time J. J. Hurley, president of the Riverside Civic League, announced that he would represent his organization at the meeting, and a number of other citizens expressed their interest in the society. The Chamber of Commerce will be represented by Charles G. Cotten, trade extension manager.

Each of the other luncheon clubs and civic organizations of the city is expected to appoint delegates to the meeting Friday afternoon and to name persons who will be most interested in sponsoring the zoo as an educational and entertainment attraction in Fort Worth.

The entire zoo committee of the Board of Park Commissioners is expected to be present. H. D. Vinnege, chairman of the committee, will preside pending organization. Other members of the committee are Mrs. Will F. Lake and Ed K. Collett.

Mrs. Lake yesterday expressed her hope that a sufficient number of Fort Worth men and women will be interested in developing the zoo and fostering zoological education and research to make the society one of the most effective organizations of its kind in the Southwest.

Mrs. Lake last year visited the major zoos of Texas with the view of determining whether zoos have been found to be necessary and worthwhile adjuncts of park systems.

"I find everywhere that the well kept zoo is the one feature of any park system that attracts most attention and most comment," she declared. "Everywhere persons are interested in wild animal life, the only real view of which they can obtain in public zoos. School children can obtain their most interesting lessons in natural history and zoology through visits to the zoo."

Leaders of the movement to organize a zoological society here hope that a large number of men and women interested in the study of wild animals and in maintaining a large and complete zoo in Fort Worth will be at the meeting Friday. It was explained yesterday that persons whose special interest is birds, snakes or even aquatic life should be anxious to affiliate themselves with such a society in the hope that the zoo may be enlarged to include a more representative collection of birds and collections of reptilian and aquatic animals not now found in the park.

First Garden Club Spring Show to Open Today

The Garden Club's first annual Spring Flower Show will open at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Anna Shelton Hall with a musical program as a feature. Today's show will close at 6 o'clock and the exhibition will be open all day Monday, according to Mrs. E. P. Van Zandt, president. Amateur gardeners are participating in the exhibition which is open to non-members as well. The public is urged to attend. Only a small admission will be charged.

The musical programs for both days will be arranged by Mrs. Ellison Harding. The show's general committee is composed of Meses. Lloyd H. McKee, John P. King, Charles Scheuber, Garfield Crawford, James T. Taylor, Frank S. Naugle and Van Zandt. Mrs. Edwin T. Phillips is chairman of the decorations committee and Mrs. T. B. Yarbrough is chairman of the arrangements committee.

An elaborate decorative arrangement has been worked out, the exhibits to be placed along the sides of Anna Shelton Hall, with shelves used in the long French windows.

A feature of the exhibition is the collection of sun-glow glass belonging to Mrs. Will F. Lake, believed to be the first shown in Texas. Sun-glow glass ranges in coloring from faint orchid to deepest purple, the color having come from years of exposure to the sun and the elements. The collecting of old glass bottles and broken bits that had taken on the purple coloring from the sun originated in California, Arizona and Nevada in the old deserted mining towns, where the glass objects had been outdoors for from 25 to 50 years. Reading of the desert glass finds, Mrs. Lake began to look about on her travels in Texas. In a few months' time she has accumulated more than 500 pieces, each with its interesting story of discovery. The best examples of the different stages of coloring, and types of glass will be used for the Flower Show exhibit, which will be given the place of honor in the central window of the north wall of the hall.

A wildflower exhibit will be arranged on either side of the glass collection.

Another feature of the show will be

the flower decorated tables for luncheon, tea and dinner, which will be arranged by study clubs belonging to the Woman's Club. Mrs. H. C. Meacham is chairman of the tables exhibit.

Writer, Sister of Odessan, Receives Wide Recognition

The March issue of the Review of Reviews lists an article, "Know'st Thou the Land" by Mary Daggett Lake, in the January Texas Outlook as one of the five outstanding travel articles of the month appearing in publications of universal prominence. The reviews mentioned, one each, together with Mrs. Lake's Texas Outlook story, were from the Japan magazine, the New Republic, the National Geographic and Asia.

Mrs. Lake's article had to do with picturesque Texas and it featured especially the four major park projects in which all Texans are at present interested — Palo Duro Canyon, the Guadalupe Mts., the Davis Mts. and Caddo Lake. The following excerpt is from the Review of Reviews: "Even the native Texan needs to be reminded of the glories of his own state now and again. Mrs. Lake briefly describes the variety in scenery, climate and natural phenomena of Texas."

Mrs. Lake, who is a well-known writer on Texas subjects and the wife of Will F. Lake of Ft. Worth, is the sister of Mrs. Glenn Allen, formerly of Odessa but now living on the Allen-Yarbrough ranch.

Jenny Lou

THIS THE busiest persons who can always find time for another hobby. So it is with



Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake.

In addition to finding the time to write, to compose songs, to cultivate a cactus garden, to serve on the Park Board, to gather historical data, to collect rare old bottles, to study Texas wildflowers and become an authority on them, Mrs. Lake has found time the past year for another hobby. And this, her newest hobby, is the collecting of sun-glow glass.

Until I visited Mrs. Lake in her home at 1415 Grand Avenue Wednesday afternoon, I'll confess I knew comparatively nothing about sun-glow glass.

It was after Mrs. Lake had invited me into her dining room, where there were several cabinets filled with glass, that I began to learn about this new-old glass.

Some of the pieces, I noticed as Mrs. Lake began to show them to me before the bright light of a window, were pale orchid. Others were in deeper shades of lavender, violet mauve and purple. The deeper shades were especially lovely, they were so rich in their tones.

AT ONE time, Mrs. Lake told me, each piece had been clear and transparent. After having lain in the sun for years, most likely in a trash pile or in some out-of-the-way place, the glass had taken on these hues of orchid and purple. That's how it derives its name, sun-glow glass.

Chemists say that it is the reaction of the steady rays of desert sun upon the impure chemicals in the glass. The iron, manganese and other impurities oxidize when exposed to these sun rays.

The longer the glass lies in the sun, the deeper its color becomes. Pieces which have lain for perhaps five years develop a soft orchid color, and pieces which have lain for perhaps 50 years or longer become deep purple.

The pioneers of the gold rush days left behind them bottles and glass jars which have lain in trash heaps for these many years. It is these very old pieces about which there is a particular fascination.

Mrs. Lake has collected her glass in out-of-the-way places in this section of the state, and in the Panhandle. Friends also have sent her pieces from Arizona and New Mexico. Of

course sun-glow glass is only found in the warmer states. Mrs. Lake explained to me, as she showed me her treasures.

FOR ONE who has an aversion to looking thru dirty trash piles, sun-glow glass collecting will not prove interesting," Mrs. Lake told me. But if one delights in old things and likes to rummage in out-of-the-way places, there is no hobby which will prove so fascinating.

And according to authorities—Mrs. Lake showed me articles on sun-glow glass collecting which have appeared in magazines and newspapers—sun-glow glass is considered quite valuable. It is becoming rarer all the time.

Very few pieces are found intact. However, Mrs. Lake has many perfect pieces... an old coal oil lamp stand, several pitchers, glasses and many other odds and ends. All together, she has catalogued 500 pieces.

HENDERSON TOKEN FOR SPAN URGED

Resident Asks Memento of First Governor's Home Be Enshrined in Bridge Here.

A memento from the homestead of James Pinckney Henderson at Nacogdoches should be obtained and enshrined on the Clear Fork Bridge, which is a link in the \$1,000,000 Henderson Street arterial thoroughfare project, Mrs. Will F. Lake, 1415 Grand Avenue, declared yesterday in expressing the belief that Col. Thomas J. Jennings named Henderson Street in memory of the first Governor of Texas.

Mrs. Lake has visited the Henderson homestead and is confident that a suitable memento could be secured which would blend with the design of the new reinforced concrete bridge.

Jennings also named Hemphill, Lipscomb and Wheeler Streets, the latter now College Avenue, after the first judges of the Texas Supreme Court, according to Mrs. Lake, who regrets that Wheeler Street was changed to College Avenue, especially since the Wesleyan College which was located on the thoroughfare no longer exists.

City's Only Memorial to First Governor Improved.

In developing the \$1,000,000 Henderson Street arterial thoroughfare project, Fort Worth also has improved its only memorial to James Pinckney Henderson, first Governor of Texas and leader of the Commonwealth's forces in the Mexican War.

When the City Plan Commission recommended Henderson Street as the route for a north-south traffic artery and the City Council designated the street, both bodies had in mind only the possibilities afforded by the street for the development of a cross-town traffic artery.

The street was named by Col. Thomas J. Jennings during the early seventies in memory of Henderson, who died while a United States Senator from Texas in Washington, D. C., on June 4, 1858. His body was returned to Texas only a few months ago and now is interred at Austin.

What the City Plan Commission and the City Council were seeking was the street running most continuous in a north and south line, one which would permit the building of a suitable grade separation at the Texas and Pacific and Frisco Railways and which could be extended to the North Side.

Just when Henderson Street was named can not definitely be determined. If a record showing when it was platted ever was filed, it was before the courthouse burned in March, 1876. The oldest map on file at the City Hall is dated 1877 and shows Henderson Street as a thoroughfare running from the Texas and Pacific Railway right-of-way south to what was Mimosa Street, now West Baltimore Avenue. The same map shows that the section of the present thoroughfare between West Fifth and North Streets, the latter now West Lancaster Avenue, was named Huffman Street, and the section between the Clear Fork and West Third Street was named Royal Street.

Later maps show that the section of Henderson Street south of West Baltimore Avenue and extending to Lilac Street formerly was named Fort Street.

Henderson was born March 31, 1809, in Lincoln County, North Carolina, and was the grandson of Richard Henderson, also of North Carolina, who purchased by a treaty with the Indians the land that now comprises the State of Kentucky.

Henderson became a lawyer and served as a brigadier general in the Texas revolution of 1836. He was Secretary of State of the Republic of Texas from 1837 to 1839, during which time he went to England to secure recognition of the independence of the Texas Republic. Henderson was named minister extraordinary to the United States in 1844 and was elected first Governor of Texas in 1845. He resigned after serving about a year to become a major general in command of Texas forces in the United States Army in the Mexican War. He was elected United States Senator in 1857, but died after serving only a short time.

Colonel Jennings served as the State's first Attorney General under Governor Henderson.

Mrs. Lake's collection finds especially interesting at this time, as it will provide one of the chief attractions of this year's Garden Club Flower Show. The show opens Sunday in Anna Shelton Hall of the Woman's Club. Before a large window in that hall, the Lake collection will be displayed on white-painted shelves, on either side of which will be wildflower exhibits shown in antique bottles.

For one who loves old things especially something decidedly "new" in antiques, the sun-glow glass collection will prove especially interesting.

JENNY LOU.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1931

Garden Clubs Get Suggestions for Conservation

(Continued From Page 1, Society Section.)

could be grown from New York to California.

"This introduces the thought of a great system of parkways, state and national, connecting all the parks, and even including, on opportunity, local parks of area and quality. One need hardly elaborate the possibilities of the suggestion. Considered only from an economic standpoint such a program would prove invaluable to America."

First on the program suggested to the state chairmen is the matter of co-operation between cities and the rural districts, especially to protect the natural beauty of the highways. Outline of Mrs. Lake's general program follows:

"Work especially for greater co-operation between town and country, between cities and the rural district.

"Have a well organized committee, which should arrange with the local garden clubs, civic clubs, church societies or whatever organization is available in each community to visit each person who owns property adjacent to the highways in each locality and ask their co-operation in a campaign of cleanup, fix-up and general beautification. Filling stations should be asked especially to co-operate. All localities should select an official tree, plant or shrubs with which to beautify. The committee should seek the co-operation of county demonstration agents, visit homes with the agents, tell what is being done in other communities and offer suggestions. The committee should communicate with all property owners, asking them to join in the campaign against despoilers of natural beauty, and urging them to refuse to allow signs or billboards to be placed on their property. In this way the owner is interested in the aspect, and all passersby will realize that here is something worth preserving and protecting and that the community possesses beauty consciousness.

"Try to acquaint all sections with the aims and the needs of the various individual localities through publicity. The press and the radio are the biggest aids.

"All States should work constantly on the highway beautification programs. This is of universal appeal. Keep in close touch with the billboard chairmen. Their cause is also ours.

"Stress particularly losses by fire. Forest and prairie fires cost billions of dollars annually, all largely due to carelessness.

"Sponsor a move to locate, protect and preserve all historic and old trees in each community.

"Birds are the living ornaments of the garden and they are likewise important agencies in flower fertilization. Encourage them in every way. Appoint a special chairman for a state bird department and urge bird committees in every garden club.

"Next year, 1932, will be the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. It is hoped that

America will plant in observance of this anniversary 1,000,000 trees. Now is the time to begin this program.

"Disseminate information about your state flower. Its story should be known to every resident of the State. Protect the flower in every way.

"Urge the establishment of local, state, national and private parks, forests and wild life preserves. Suggest that local garden clubs assist in working out 'nature trails,' which would be interesting ventures for school children, Boy and Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and other similar organizations. The Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C., will be glad to furnish instruction concerning this.

"Hold regular meetings for the study of local conservation problems. Have informal talks, using colored slides wherever possible, and invite the public to these programs, especially teachers and group leaders.

"If local highways or woodlands are being cleared, ask permission to remove the rarer plants, trees shrubs, etc., to where they will be protected. When there is a removal of plants from one section to another, call an inspector to see that no diseases are scattered in the plant world.

"Try to interest all local garden clubs in subscribing for the Wildflower Magazine, published in Washington, D. C., by the National Wildflower Preservation Society. Also write this organization for conservation literature, which is free for the asking, and contains much inspiration and information.

"Try at all times to interest each community in organizing a garden club. Your work can be most effective through such organizations.

"It is most important that all state chairmen send regular reports to the national chairmen on what is being done by the various conservation committees in the States. This information will be passed on to other sections."

Mrs. Lake has made a special appeal for immediate action on funds for the purchase of the remaining redwood forests in California. Contributions from other States to the purchase of the national redwood park will be matched dollar for dollar by the State of California and by John D. Rockefeller Jr., the latter having also given \$1,000,000 to the redwood purchase fund. The project has received the indorsement of the General Council of State Garden Club Federation.

March 31 - 1931

Tarrant County's First Children Match Memories at Luncheon Honoring Mr., Mrs. R. Cox's 80th Birthday

BY BESS STEPHENSON.

A little group of Tarrant County's first children matched memories, rich with anecdote and legend, at a luncheon yesterday at the rural home of Walter Cox, honoring his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cox, who have their eightieth birthdays this month.

They spent hours in conversation generously sprinkled with "do you remember" touching with the light fingers of humor incidents of the county's history for three-quarters of a century.

Sharing age honors with the octogenarians were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell of Haslet (past 82). Mrs. Mitchell, an aunt of Mrs. R. Cox, was the first white girl born in Tarrant County. She was Mattie Gilmore, daughter of the first judge of Tarrant County, Seburn Gilmore.

Younger Group Present.

Mrs. Cox was Antonio York before her marriage, the daughter of John B. York, who was Tarrant County's first sheriff.

Mrs. F. D. Smyth and Mrs. J. T. Field, daughters, and Mrs. E. M. Daggett, daughter-in-law of the late Charles B. Daggett, were other guests, representing first families of the county.

In the younger group of guests were Mrs. Mamie Daggett Lake, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Daggett, Mrs. Guy Cox, daughter-in-law of the honorees, and W. H. Barre.

Brief snatches of their reminiscing as they sat around the luncheon table sounded something like this:

"Do you remember the old log school, the first one north of the River? . . . Those benches were the

hardest seats ever made . . . nothing but sycamore logs split in two and smoothed off a little . . . Who had the first bathtub in Tarrant County? . . . Bathtubs are too recent for old timers to remember . . . we can remember things that happened 50 years ago, but can't remember whether we left the fire burning when we left home this morning . . . our parents saw off the top of a barrel to make bathtubs and for Saturday night use they were all right."

Had Weather Forecaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell live in sight of what to old timers is a landmark of Tarrant County—Blue Mound. It was to Blue Mound they looked in the old days, that handfull of families who were first to settle on farms in Northern Tarrant County, for weather forecasts. If there was an ominous aura of smoky blue hovering around the

mound, a blizzard was the prospect, they knew.

"We don't have the old northers we used to have," the conversation went on, "You never see Blue Mound looking black and stormy any more. Do you remember the time a buffalo gored a man on Blue Mound and some of his companions, farmers and cowboys, performed an operation on him in a wagon and saved his life?"

"They don't have dances like we used to, either. Do you remember when they finished the Anderson home (one of less than half a dozen north of the river at that time) and we called it the dance hall because the parlor was so good for swinging your partner right and left. Mrs. Anderson used to keep her big egg box in that room and would move it into the corner when folks came in to dance. Somebody took a bunch of them out of the box and put them in the ashes

to bake one night, and she took them out of the room when dances were on after that. Folks came to dances in those days in boots and spurs. They laid their guns out on a table before they began waltzing around."

Mrs. Lake toasted the pioneers at the luncheon and read two newspaper accounts of olden day picnics. An account of a temperance picnic at Keller July 8, 1884, made the eyes of the little group grow misty with memory. It was filled with names they remembered.

Broomstick for Badge.

"It is funny," someone remarked, "that so many more boys of our day than girls are dead now."

Another answered with a chuckle: "Well, there weren't any divorcees back in our days. Women had to put their men under the sod before they could be widows."

The names of marshals at the Keller picnic were mentioned in the old clipping (Dr. S. M. Wilson and Frank Hovencamp) and the title "marshal" brought hilarious memories to some of the men.

"Do you remember that first marshal elected in Fort Worth in 1873? He walked up and down the street with a broomstick as a badge of his authority. The cowboys took his broomstick away from him, made a stickhorse out of it and locked the marshal up in a storeroom."

Later . . .

"Do you remember old Press Farmer who used to come into the general merchandise store and look around at the goods? When the clerk would ask him if he wanted something he'd say 'no sir, I buy things for their durability not their flashalarty.'"

Article by Local Woman Praised

"Know'st Thou the Land," an article on Texas by Mary Daggett Lake, 1415 Grand Avenue, was listed by the March issue of the Review of Reviews as one of the five outstanding travel articles of the month. The article appeared in the January issue of Texas Outlook.

Mrs. Lake's story concerned picturesque Texas, featuring the four major park projects—Palo Duro Canyon, the Davis Mountains, the Guadalupe Mountains and Caddo Lake.

Commenting on the article the magazine said: "Even the native Texan needs to be reminded now and again of the glories of his own State. Mrs. Lake briefly describes the variety in scenery, climate and natural phenomena of Texas."

Mrs. Lake has previously been recognized as a writer on Texas subjects. She is a member of the Fort Worth Park Commission and a member of the executive board of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs.

Canterbury Bells
on a Texas hillside



What the First Comers Found in Texas

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

FROM the beginning vegetation has been a determining factor in the progress of all nations, and the history of Texas has proven this state to be no exception to the rule. Early journalists and historians stressed particularly the plant life and the agricultural opportunities which they found here.

Let us go back a hundred years or more to the days of the Republic, and let us travel over the hills and prairies and through the valleys and woodlands of Texas with those persons who came at that time. It will prove highly entertaining to take a look at the native flora, the embroidery of the landscape, which the first comers found.

We are told that the boundless flower-bespangled prairies were fairly moving with honey bees, and there is an old woodsmen's legend that these busy little insects are always forerunners of civilization, and, furthermore, that they are never found in an utterly wild country. . . . Such was the belief of the Indians, who, upon seeing the great swarms of insects, exclaimed, "The Pale Faces come." . . . Certainly the bees have had as large a part as anything else in making of Texas, "the world's greatest natural flower garden."

In 1842, one Kennedy, an Englishman, published a history of Texas in which he called attention to certain outstanding features of the state, among these, to quote from the book, "the sweet southwestern breeze, the cool springs, translucent streams, wooded bottoms, islands of timber and vast flower-covered prairies which have given to Texas the name, 'The Italy of America'."

The author of a document entitled, "The Emigrant's Guide to Texas," mentions especially "the perfect freshness and greenness of the grass on the third of January, 1840, which wore more the appearance of a flowering spring than the rigors of mid-winter."

Another early traveler pictures Texas "a fruitful field for the botanist." And continues, "The multitudinous array of plants and flowers would seem to defy calculation and arrangement. Many of the northern garden flowers and hothouse exotics bloom spontaneously on the prairies. . . . The dahlia, a native of Mexico, the trumpet flower, geraniums, salvias, clovers, heartsease, thistles, several varieties of lilies and digitalis, lady's-slipper, anemone, jessamine, goldenrod, lobelia—all grow in great profusion. . . . Of the rose, there are numerous

indigenous varieties, including monthly, perpetual, and multiflora, and all yield their sweetness without exacting any care from man in return. . . . Primroses, violets, and the delicate flower of the groundapple, are common embellishments of the soil. The slopes ascending from the water courses are often entirely overrun with the elastic and delicate mimosa plant, *mimosa sensitiva*, which shrinks and contracts its leaves to the distance of many feet in advance of the approaching wayfarer, while the plains fairly dazzle the beholder with their masses of blue lupines."

From Mrs. Holly's diary: "It is impossible to imagine the beauty of a Texas prairie, when in the vernal season its rich, luxuriant herbage, adorned with its thousands of flowers of every size and hue, seems to realize the vision of a terrestrial paradise. . . . None but those who have seen it can form an idea of its surpassing loveliness. The delicate, the gay, the gaudy, are all intermingled with delightful confusion, and those fanciful bouquets of fairy Nature borrow tenfold charms from the smooth carpet of modest green which mantles them around."

(Continued on page 60)

In a very old register, *The Statistics of the West*, we read, "The attraction of the Texas prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. . . . If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely. . . . In the autumn season the timberland is robed in most attractive dress. The rich undergrowth is in full fruit, while leaf and bower exhibit glorious coloring. There is the redbud, the dogwood, the native *Euonymus*, the crabapple, the hawthorn, the wild plum, the cherry, the persimmon, the holly, and numerous others, including many varieties of grapes which are loaded with luscious fruit; and added to all this are nut trees of every description."

A European visitor to Texas stated that the groves and clumps of trees on the prairies appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and that the scene is comparable to the extensive old-world parks of noblemen; that the lawn and the avenue, the grove and the copse, which are produced there by art are here in Texas the work of Nature, and that Americans in general, and Texans in particular, fail to appreciate the gift.

Mrs. Will F. Lake Broadcasts.
Mrs. Will F. Lake discussed "Cotton Lore" over Radio Station KFJZ Monday at 11:30 a. m. at the Woman's Club Radio Hour. Mrs. Edna Kirkpatrick Mott played. Wednesday at the same hour Mrs. Bob Barker will discuss "Legislation," and Miss Esther McDonald will play. Mrs. I. E. Horwitz will talk on "Child Psychology" Friday and Miss Margaret Caldwell, accompanied by Mrs. George Conner, will sing.

The foregoing sketches are sufficient to give us an idea of what the first comers found in Texas. The thought brings to mind the question of what those who come after us will find here. Many plants and flowers that flourished in that early day have in part, or wholly, disappeared from the landscape. And many more will go, naturally, unless we awaken to a full appreciation of their worth and beauty.

The general rains of the season just passed brought out an unusual array of asters, *Liatris*—better known as "Texas blazing star"—coneflowers of various descriptions, goldenrods, ironweeds, Joe-Pye weeds, mallows, sunflowers, ageratumns, cat-tails, pickle-weeds, water hyacinths and other aquatics, and in addition, many of the composites for which the fall season seemed to be made especially.

Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs, president of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, is asking the cooperation of the entire state in order that the present natural beauty of Texas may be conserved. Mrs. Scruggs also urges that native Christmas greens be used sparingly and that care be exercised in securing indigenous decoratives. She recommends, further, that the native flower pioneers have no equals as rock garden plants, and that they be given a place in cultivated home gardens, but she insists that such plants as are growing on highways and in public places be not disturbed; rather that they be taken from the more isolated sections.

Julien C. Hyer's 'Wild Women' Is Satire

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

Many wild books have been written about women; not a few on the subject of "wild women," but it has remained for Julien C. Hyer, a Fort Worth man, to satirize Homer's character, Odysseus, in a recent volume, "Wild Women of the Odyssey."

From time to time we mindless, soulless beings, without character, will, interest or morals—in other words, the women—have been the inspiration for strong-armed attempts to put us down in our proper place.

In the clever foreword to "Wild Women of the Odyssey," the author offers his alibi and dedicates the book. In part, he says: "No generation has written of its own 'wild women.' It has either been too galling, too self-preserving or else too unknowing. It has been left to some reminiscent dreamer, born, alas . . . a century or so too late, to picture a purple-sailed boat, with golden oars, barging a-down a tropic river bathed in exotic moonlight, to sing an immortal song of a ship-launching face, or to adorn a voluptuous form in revealing veils.

"The Wild Women, undefinable, unattested and unclassified, yet the constant concern and study of the saint and the sapient, the dotard and the dolt. Heralded and advertised by sermon and by circular, she sinuously winds her nonchalant way, a manikin gorgeously adorned by Man's fancy, through the throngs that line her path . . . throngs that seek her glances, deny with curses her acquaintance, cherish her memories and miser her favors like casketed jewels."

Unfortunately there will be women who will not read this book—and some men. But even so, it will doubtless prove successful. It is significant that the subject has been handled by men, both in the original and in the present "revised version." Some day a clever woman will tell the story—a woman's spirit is not limited to space or time—and will she master effects!

The volume is cleverly illustrated by H. E. Lake. If you can bear to see your heroes travestied, you may find this book to your liking.

WILD WOMEN OF THE ODYSSEY, by Julien Hyer. Pub.: The Joli Press, Kansas City, Mo., \$1.75.

Unusual Floral Beauty Found Along Texas Highways This Fall

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE,
Chairman of Conservation and Beautification of Highways for the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs.

Texas highways offer rare charm in adjacent scenic beauty throughout the entire year. The spectacle of loveliness that they present in Spring-time is world-famous. To each season its own allurements. But the unusual blossoming of the present time is of peculiar interest, in view of the fact that the past Winter and Summer were trying in the extreme to the plant world of Texas.

Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs, president of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, who resides in Dallas, and who has recently returned from a sojourn in New Mexico, finds the Broadway of America and Bankhead Highway particularly entrancing just now. She reports choice native flowers in bloom along the entire route from El Paso to Dallas. The fact that nurserymen and seedmen throughout the United States are advertising in their catalogs as rare and costly plants the indigenous Texas varieties, is reason enough, thinks Mrs. Scruggs, for Texas to awaken to an appreciation of what the State has in this regard.

Four Noteworthy Flowers.
Although many delightful and beautiful flowers that bloom in the Spring and Summer are still blooming along the highways, Mrs. Scruggs calls particular attention to a group of four that are blossoming now and that are deserving of special mention—the Purple Thistle, the Blue Thistle, the Maximilian Sunflower and the Texas Blazing Star. The above mentioned flowers are among the true optimists of the Texas plant world. With smiling faces they come forth in all their graciousness and beauty, never minding the weather, and this credential, Mrs. Scruggs believes, entitles them to "a place in the sun" in Texas gardens.

The Purple Thistle (*Centaurea Americana*), commonly called Powder Puff, Star Thistle and Basket Flower, with its white to lavender thistle-like blossoms, but lacking the prickly characteristics of the true thistle, is one of the most profuse and longest blooming plants, and it is to be found in all parts of the State. It starts blossoming in late Spring and continues intermittently until frost. It likes a dry soil and often grows in large patches along roadsides and in pastures. Ellen G. Schulz, in her "Texas Wild Flowers," states that the Star Thistle is related to the popular Cornflower (*Centaurea ajanus*), and that the genus derives its name from Chiron, the centaur and from the legend that Chiron used this plant to heal the wounds of Hercules. The Purple Thistle easily lends itself to cultivation and it is one of the annuals that the nursery catalog widely advertises. The flowers are very fragrant and make excellent bouquets, while the artistic buds add much to their beauty. Plants that grow in red sand regions bear deeper purple flowers and are much more richly colored than those growing in black lands.

Blue Thistle.

The Blue Thistle (*Eryngium leavenworthii*), looks like a thistle and acts like a thistle, but it is not a true thistle. It differs from the true thistle in the construction of its flow-

ers. The gay deceiver that graces the Fall season with its showy blue and purple beauty belongs to the carrot family. The upper stems, leaves and flowers are bluish purple in color, and the dried plants make attractive Winter decoratives. Varieties of the *Eryngium*, like the *Centaurea*, are native to all parts of Texas, and artists find them intriguing.

The Maximilian Sunflower (*Helianthus maximiliani*), known as Golden Glow, is a tall, leafy plant with composite flowers about two and one-half inches across, which blossoms like the cultivated hollyhock on the upper half or third of the tall swaying stems. This Sunflower, like the Goldenrod, is often planted for ornament. Although it lends itself to arid conditions, it attains unusual proportions, both in the stature of the plant and in the quality of bloom, when properly planted in rich soil and well watered. The Sunflower is known as a trail-blazer. The story is told that the early pioneers brought the seeds from the Old World and that, as members of the family came to the West, they scattered Sunflower seeds en route so that others coming later might be guided by the flowers. And what can be lovelier than our Texas Sunflower Trails?

Texas Blazing Star.

The last of the group, Texas Blazing Star (*Liatris punctata*), has several names. The fact that the roots have been used medicinally for sore throats and as a cure for rattlesnake bite by the natives, accounts for the rural name, Rattlesnake Master, or Button Snake Root. The stems arise from thick onion shaped tubers close to the surface of the ground, and the spiked flowers have a fringed appearance. The blossoms come in late Summer and early Fall, and the plant is common to all parts of Texas, although it occurs most frequently where little other vegetation exists. The *Liatris* is extensively used in the North and East as a border plant and for cut flowers. The bulbs are easily transplanted. The purplish-rose spikes turn a deep shade when dried and retain their color a long time, making them desirable material for Winter bouquets.

The conservation committee of the Garden Clubs of Texas urges the public to an appreciation of the above mentioned indigenous flowers, and recommends that seeds be gathered at the time of ripening and sowed in home gardens, but the organization also asks that discretion be used in the gathering, that seeds may be left for next year's plants. The organization further requests that plants blooming on roadsides and on highways be not molested. Mrs. Scruggs, asks the full co-operation of the entire State in helping to make of Texas the showplace of the world by Centennial time six years hence. This can easily be accomplished, Mrs. Scruggs feels, through preservation of the State's natural beauty and by adding thereto for the intervening years.

FORT WORTH'S REDBUD.

THE FORT WORTH GARDEN CLUB announces that it expects to have this city lead the procession in the campaign recently launched by the state organization for the planting of redbud trees. It will be somewhat strange if this expectation is not realized, since the redbud is the "official" flower of Fort Worth, having attained this designation in a "referendum" sponsored by the club last Spring. If Fort Worth has not already planted more redbuds than any other city is likely to plant during the campaign, it has been sadly remiss in its allegiance to its own favorite.

There were many good reasons for congratulating the discretion of the public which brought about the selection of the redbud as the city's favored bloom. The flower is native, it is beautiful, it is distinctive. The same praises may be heaped upon the tree itself. It provides an abundant foliage which retains its verdant sheen all through the hot months. In the winter its richly colored stems add piquancy to the outdoor scene, giving relief from the sober grays and somber browns provided by the run of trees and shrubs.

The case for the redbud could hardly be stated with more effectiveness than in the words of Mrs. Will F. Lake. Mrs. Lake, member of a pioneer family, is an authority on Texas flowers and plants, and is chairman of the conservation department of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs. She says:

"Few flowering shrubs can compete with this ruby of the woodlands. In early Spring the twigs and smaller branches are covered with massed clusters of enduring red blossoms, before the leaves appear. The unusual color, so abundant where little redbuds form thickets on the outskirts of a woodland, leads to a very general recognition of this tree. It vies with the white veil of the wild plum in doing honor to the Springtime. Later the broad, heart-shaped leaves cover and adorn the tree, concealing the dainty

tapering pods that turn to purple as the polished leaf blades, unmarred by insect or wind, change from green to clear yellow before falling.

"Because of its beauty the redbud stands in great need of protection. People visiting the woods, charmed by its color, tear off great branches to take home with them. Let us plant more, instead of destroying what Nature has given so liberally.

"A clump of redbuds is more effective than a single bush, but one is better than none at all. The planting along the highways must be done on adjacent property, and not on the highway proper. Property owners are requested to plant where the blooms will be visible to the passersby. This same plan should be followed in planting redbuds in city and town yards. Plant them where the beautiful mass of blooms, which herald the immediate approach of Spring, may give pleasure to all who come this way."

**'REDBUD DRIVE'
PLAN GAINING
RECRUITS**

A Springtime redbud drive through North and Northwest Texas that will equal in beauty the famed roads of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas, when the dogwood and rhododendron are in bloom, is promised within the next few years through the interest and co-operation of women's organizations and county officials, according to reports that are being received by the redbud planting campaign committee of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs.

All counties in the State traversed by the Bankhead and Broadway-of-America Highways have been requested to join in the planting of redbuds along the highways, according to Mrs. Will F. Lake, who is state chairman of redbud planting for the garden federation, as well as head of the state committee on conservation.

The campaign is receiving the co-operation of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, the beautification of highways of the State being one of the principal objectives of the administration of the new president, Mrs. R. F. Lindsay, Mount Pleasant.

Fort Worth residents also are requested to concentrate on planting of the city's "official flower" during the next two weeks. Mrs. Lake is serving as chairman of redbud planting for the Fort Worth Garden Club, in addition to her state chairmanship.

Local florists and nurserymen have secured an adequate supply of redbuds of all sizes at moderate prices for this Spring's planting to assist the Garden Club in the campaign, the chairman said.

**Garden Club Officers
See West Texas Beauty**

Programs and Progress Are Marked on
Automobile Trip to San Angelo.

(This is written by Mrs. Will Lake, chairman of conservation for the National Council of State Garden Club Federations.—Editor's Note).

The president of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, Mrs. Henry B. Trigg, and the writer of this article started for San Angelo on Monday morning, Jan. 4, at 7 o'clock—a prosaic enough announcement. We left before day—and there was nothing strange or unusual about that fact. But this is the interesting part of the story—it was raining in torrents when we started, the rain continuing the entire distance of almost 300 miles, and because of this we were afforded some unusual vistas, panoramas and scenic effects; in addition, we gave the highways a good test as to serviceability. However, the highlights of the trip were the receptions we received and the inspiration we gained from seeing the beautification programs in process of development.

Our first stop was at Weatherford, where we talked with Mrs. H. H. Chambers, publicity chairman for the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs and president of the Weatherford Garden Club, as well as Mrs. Chambers reported unusual activity in her group and expressed the opinion that the women were very much interested in beautifying Weatherford, especially so because of its relation to the Broadway of America Highway.

A Beautiful Drive.

The drive between Fort Worth and Mineral Wells affords distinct charm at any season, but we thought, as we drove through the cedar-clad hills on this early morning, with the rain drenching everything with its soft grey color, that it could never have appeared more beautiful. Here and there on the hills we caught glimpses of sumac and full-fruited swamp holly trees that had been overlooked by Christmas decorators during the recent holidays—and what a pleasing sight they were! And then we came to the enchanting hills near Mineral Wells. At this particular time the rocks and boulders, the mesquite and oak trees and even the soil on the slopes, were unusually pictureque, due to a lavish covering of moss and lichen, so fresh and green in the contrasting grey of the rain and mist.

At Mineral Wells we interviewed Mrs. Cranford, the president of the Garden Club there. She outlined plans for the work in that section. East Mountain and Revelation Point, she stated will be the main objectives. The mountain will be planted with arid trees, shrubs and other indigenous growth—yuccas, cacti, evergreens, Palo Pinto pinions, etc.—and every effort will be made to preserve the native vegetation that now adorns the hillside. Mrs. J. L. Young of Mineral Wells, whose past work with beautification projects in that section is well known, reported the organization of several new garden clubs, one of which she recently organized in Jacksboro, with Mrs. Gillum as the president.

Savior of Trees.

We stopped for a short visit with Mr. John Z. Martin of the Chamber of Commerce at Breckenridge. Mr. Martin, it will be remembered, is the man who saved the old courthouse arch from oblivion. The arch now stands on a corner of the administration grounds surrounded by lily pools, stately poplars and other planting. Mrs. Veal, one of Breckenridge's best known civic workers, with whom we visited, stated that Breckenridge had had the advantage of a generous water supply and that the city had put on an extensive experimentation program that had proven most satisfactory.

The route from Breckenridge to Albany, and from Albany to Abilene, traverses some of the best known ranch and grazing land of Texas. The Matthews, Reynolds, Nails, Webbs and others had their holdings in this section, many still retaining them in whole or in part. At Albany we had a few short minutes with Mrs. William Nail, who promised to organize a garden club there. To her credit it may be said that the garden club since has been organized.

At the Abilene Chamber of Commerce we talked with Mr. T. N. Carswell, the secretary and manager, and with Mr. W. R. Ely, chairman of the Texas State Highway Commission. Mr. Ely is the man to whom lovers of Texas trees owe a vast debt. He it who was delivered the ultimatum on the unnecessary cutting of trees along the highway right of way. Weary travelers are grateful indeed for the big trees with the built-on seats, painted white, that one sees here and there along the West Texas routes. Mr. Carswell stated that Abilene is sponsoring the planting of memorial trees on the highway from Abilene to the aviation field, which will be known as "Memory Lane" in honor of the World War dead. Mrs. Harry Tom King, a prominent club woman and civic worker of Abilene, was also visited.

through pasture lands dotted with white-faced cattle and through mesquite thickets therein that ought to entrance the most ambitious brush or pen artist, we arrived at San Angelo, a city laid out according to a city plan, which reminds one somewhat of Washington, with its broad thoroughfares and imposing public structures. Although it was dark when we drove into the town, it was easy to see that the civic interests of the place were alert.

The next afternoon several hundred women, members of the San Angelo Garden Clubs, of which the town has five, and other club women and civic workers, met in the ballroom of the new Hilton Hotel, where a reception was held in our honor. The program was opened with the president of the Major Garden Club, Mrs. John Howse, presiding, and with the singing of the federation's official song, "Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring?" Corsages were presented to the honorees, the gifts of the Kate Veck Garden Club. Mrs. Trigg extended an invitation to the garden clubs to join the federation.

Many Important Relics.

At the conclusion of the reception we were taken for a drive about town and to the Museum, which is housed in one of the buildings at old Fort Concho. The garden clubs of San Angelo have undertaken to beautify the grounds of the Museum, and the building accommodates many important relics and curios—branding irons from some of the State's famous ranches, a 200-year-old English ironstone dish, an army officer's bed and baton, a key to the old Fort Hospital, an original plat of Tom Green County from which 12 counties were later made, prison irons, army equipment of the fort officers, uniforms of the officers and the dresses of their wives, a collection of lariats, buckskin hats, moccasins and Indian relics and curios. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit is one of several hundred stuffed birds that have been killed in the vicinity of Tom Green County, and a close second to the bird exhibit is a native setting of wild life which has an entire wing to itself. It is in the form of a landscape and shows infinite varieties of plant, bird and animal life indigenous to that locality. Mrs. Carson of San Angelo, from a standpoint of loyalty and patriotism, is giving her time and services to building up the Museum and to creating interest in the fort's permanent preservation.

Program Commendable.

The program that Houston Harte, president of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, who resides in San Angelo, is putting on for West Texas is most commendable, and it bids fair to make of that section a land of unsurpassed beauty. Roses and pecans are bought of local growers in great carlots and distributed through the chambers of commerce at a minimum price.

En route home we visited the Chambers of Commerce at Ballinger, Cisco, Eastland and Ranger, and found well-laid beautification plans in process of development in each community, all of which will stir to activity other well meaning but less interested localities.

**PLAN FOR FOLK
LORE PROGRAM
ANNOUNCED**

The program of the fifteenth annual session of the Texas Folk Lore Society, to be held at Texas Christian University Friday night and Saturday afternoon, will be open to the public, according to announcement Saturday by Prof. Newton Gaines of T. C. U., president of the society. Anyone interested in the legendary history of Texas, or of particular sections of Texas, is cordially invited to attend, and also to make reservations for the subscription dinner to be held in the university cafeteria Friday night, starting at 7 o'clock.

The program will open at 8:15 in the auditorium, with the president's annual address. Professor Gaines has announced his subject as "Folk Epigrams." The complete program for Friday night follows:

"Legend and Song of the Texas-Mexican Folk," Miss Jovita Gonzales, St. Mary's College, San Antonio, accompanied by Miss Argentine Blanco, San Antonio.

"The Onza of the Sierra Madre," J. Frank Dobie, University of Texas, secretary and editor of the Texas Folk-Lore Society.

"The Texas Folk-Lore Society," Dr. L. W. Payne, University of Texas.

The second and closing program of the annual meeting will open at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. It follows:

"Horse and Human Remedies of the Old-Time Texas Ranches," Frost Woodhull, San Antonio.

"Ancient Choctaw Beliefs Concerning Twins," Mrs. Lillian T. Shaver, Dallas.

"The Lost Honey Mines of Texas," H. B. Parks, State Agricultural Research Laboratory, San Antonio.

"Uncle Ned Milam," Mrs. Seb. F. Caldwell, Mount Pleasant.

"The Legend of Old Fort Phantom Hill," Mrs. Mamie Wynne Cox, Dallas.

"Myths in Oil Finding," David Donoghue, Fort Worth.

"Finding Folk-Lorists," Miss Rebecca Smith, Texas Christian University, assisted by some of the folklorists she found, including Frances Caldwell, Margaret Carpenter, Frances Dacus, Crystal Daly, Vista Jackson, Moselle Johnson, Virginia Knox, Dorrit Moses, Georgia Pruitt, Josephine Smith, Lena Stephens and Gladys Van Horn.

"A Texas John Wilkes Booth," Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, Fort Worth.

"A Study in Folk-Words," Mrs. Artemisia Bryson, T. C. U.

"A Texas Version of Lord Thomas and Fair Elinoor," Lowell Bodiford, Texas Christian University.

Officers of the Texas Folk-Lore Society in addition to Gaines and Dobie, are: Vice presidents, John K. Strecker, Baylor University, Waco; Miss Gonzales, San Antonio, and B. O. Baker, Dallas; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Miss Fannie Ratchford, University of Texas; coun-

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Red Bud Campaign Due to Succeed in Ft. Worth

(Continued from Page One, Society Section.)

where the blooms will be visible to the passersby. This same plan should be followed in planting red buds in city and town yards. Plant them where the beautiful mass of blooms, which herald the immediate approach of Spring, may give pleasure to all who come this way."

Mrs. Lake also suggested that the red bud may be used with splendid results in mass groups with wild plums, or with other wild or cultivated shrubs, which give a beautiful color contrast.

Mrs. Lake called attention to characteristics of the Fort Worth "official flower."

"Few flowering shrubs can compete with this ruby of the woodlands. In early Spring the twigs and smaller branches are covered with massed clusters of enduring red blossoms, before the leaves appear. The unusual color, so abundant where little red buds form thickets on the outskirts of a woodland, leads to a very general recognition of this tree. It vies with the white veil of the wild plum in doing honor to the Springtime. Later the broad, heart-shaped leaves cover and adorn the tree, concealing the dainty tapering pods that turn to purple as the polished leaf blades, unmarred by insect or wind, change from green to clear yellow before falling."

"Because of its beauty the red bud stands in great need of protection. People visiting the woods, charmed by its color, tear off great branches to take home with them. Let us plant more, instead of destroying what nature has given so liberally."

The garden clubs of Texas will have a strong ally for their statewide beautification program in the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, according to the program of the new president, Mrs. R. F. Lindsay, Mount Pleasant, announced at the time of her election in November, 1929. Definite plans for the federated clubs' activities probably will be ready for announcement at the first meeting of the board, set for Jan. 29 in Dallas.

Mrs. Lindsay already has placed emphasis on a concerted plan of city, town and county beautification, mentioning specifically in her pre-election platform the beautification of the highways that link all sections. Co-operation with existing organizations and agencies will be stressed, according to this same platform announcement.

State Redbud Campaign Is Due to Succeed in Fort Worth

BY PAULINE NAYLOR.

STATEWIDE campaign for the planting of the red bud sponsored by the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, which opens this week, is due to see its greatest success in Fort

Parties Given for Visitor

MRS. ROY DUNLAP of Detroit, who is the guest of her mother, Mrs. G. L. Blythe, West Terrell Avenue, has been honored with several parties since her arrival.

Mrs. T. W. Roper entertained for her with a bridge party Wednesday at her home on University Drive. The home was attractively decorated with cut flowers and pot plants.

In bridge Mrs. J. W. Ridings won high score, table prizes going to Meses. F. L. Pelton, George Haynes, R. L. Riggs and C. B. Lynes. Mrs. Dunlap was presented with a Madeira luncheon set.

Others present were Mrs. Herschel Roper, V. E. Kauffman, Fred Roper, G. L. Blythe, M. Fleming, Joe Hardie, Leslie Frankrich, R. L. Bowen, H. V. McCorkey and George Haynes.

Mrs. R. L. Riggs also entertained last week for Mrs. Dunlap. Mrs. Dunlap won high score prize, Mrs. J. Sears the second high.

Luncheon was served to Meses. Lyne, Blythe, Sears, T. W. Roper, Leslie Frankrich, H. Roper, Hardie, Frank Ostermueller, Homer Lyne of Dallas.

Bridge Luncheon Given By Mrs. Van Haltern

Mrs. G. W. Van Haltern, 5137 Bryce Avenue, entertained with a 1 o'clock bridge luncheon Friday at her home.

Covers were laid at the attractively appointed tables for Meses. W. B. Daniel, L. H. Murray, L. A. Harris, Hugo Mueller, M. P. Brown, L. Z. Hamm, J. W. Sears, Howard Babcock, Jim McMurray, H. B. Holderby, H. W. Whitson and L. K. Laney and Misses Margaret Zeloski, Olive Hatcher and Irene Smith.

Worth, according to the plans of the local Garden Club, which sponsored the popular ballot last Spring, which resulted in the selection of the red bud as this city's "official flower."

The state campaign is under the direction of Mrs. Will F. Lake, Fort Worth club woman and authority on Texas flora, whose interest in conservation of the natural beauty of Texas goes far beyond a hobby or enthusiasm. Mrs. Lake is chairman of conservation for the State Garden Club Federation, and also for the local club. The campaign in Fort Worth and Tarrant County is to be supported actively by the garden club organization, and by the civic committee of the Fort Worth Federation of Women's Clubs.

Florists and nurserymen of the city have co-operated, according to Mrs. Henry B. Trigg, president of the Garden Club, and there will be available approximately 30,000 red bud shrubs, at prices cheaper than persons could go into the woods and secure bushes.

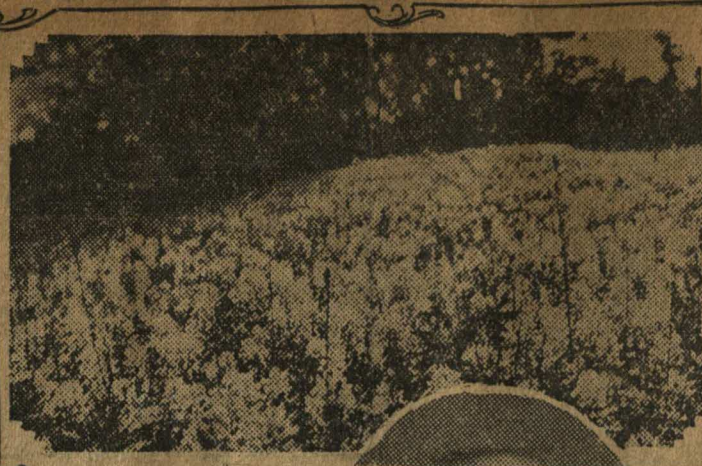
"We hope to have at least one red bud in every yard in Fort Worth," Mrs. Trigg said. "And we do hope that no one will despoil the natural beauty of the highways and woods in securing their red bud. Beautification and conservation must go together."

Tarrant County property owners on the Bankhead and Broadway of America Highways will be asked to join in the red bud planting in order that these highways be lined with the flowering bushes for an early Spring spectacle. This year will mark the opening of the six-year program of highway beautification in which a number of organizations will join, with the purpose of having the highways of the State beautified in time for the Texas Centennial, according to Mrs. Lake. Each section is asked to use native shrubs, flowers and plants that are best suited, and the red bud will be used for the Fort Worth section, since Nature already has planted it liberally along the highways.

"A clump of red buds is more effective than a single bush, but one is better than none at all," Mrs. Lake said. "The planting along the highways must be done on adjacent property, and not on the highway proper. Property owners are requested to plant

(Continued on Page Two, Society Section)





Bluebonnets Said to Face Extinction Unless Texans Take Hand in Preservation

In Fort Worth, the campaign to protect wild flowers has proved more vigorous, and efficacious. A drive around Lake Worth reveals scores of signs which warn those who would pick bluebonnets that they are subject to a salutary fine for such offenses. Out of Fort Worth, too, has come an interesting publication, "The Legend of the Bluebonnet," by a Fort Worth writer, Mary Daggett Lake, which voices a plea for their growth and preservation.

Mrs. Lake has chosen to bind her book in bluebonnet blue, and to illustrate it with photographs taken by her when the bluebonnets are at their best. Her history of recording the bluebonnet as the State flower by legislative enactment gives the credit for introducing the measure to Lieut. Gov. Barry Miller, the Representative from Dallas County in 1901 in the Senate, where the bill met with instant favor. After much debate in the House, the measure which, sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution, was also approved by every woman's and historical association, passed. Among those who were its champions were John M. Green, Cuero; Phil Clement, Mills, and others.

Bluebonnet Picture Applauded.
"John Garner of Uvalde moved the adoption of the cactus," writes Mrs. Lake. Each Representative, in turn, presented his favorite in such attractive manner that the proponents feared for their choice. They were surprised to find that many did not know the bluebonnet by name. Accordingly, a bluebonnet picture was sent for, and one painted by Miss Mode Waller of Austin was submitted for approval. Deep silence reigned for an instant. Then deafening applause fairly shook the old walls."

Classified by botanists as a lupin, the bluebonnet was called by early settlers "buffalo clover." The Mexicans called it "el conejo" (the cotton-tail rabbit) since outside of Texas the blue-bonnet takes on a listless, faded hue.

But bluebonnets, which have inspired Texas poets, painters and authors, glow within our borders with a deep rich hue that satisfies the emotions of the most ardent beauty lover. It flouts the rich "black land," preferring a sandy, chalky soil, and renews itself in fine profusion, if unmolested by greedy hands. And about it cluster not only many tender sentiments on the part of native and adopted Texans, but many naive and entertaining legends.

Dobie's "Legends of Texas" contains the root version of its creation from which has spread numerous nature-lore stories. Mrs. Bruce Reid gives the credit for this account to Mrs. Mattie Austin Hatcher of the University of Texas, who received it from Mrs. Lida Lea of that city. The legend is as follows:

"When the first Spanish missionaries came to the Southwest, they brought with them the seeds of a blue flower which grew originally on the hillsides of Jerusalem. They planted the seeds first within the walls of the mission gardens; they sprouted, and, though the soil was alien, the flowers grew and bloomed and spread far beyond the gardens."

A Mexican rendition concerns a terrible pestilence in the land of the Aztecs. The prayers of the priests and pleadings of the people had brought no relief. At length, the voice of the god to whom they prayed proclaimed that a living sacrifice of some sinless human being must atone for their wickedness. An Aztec maiden offered herself as sacrifice. When she approached the altar, her little bonnet dropped from her head without being noticed, and the next morning the ground around the altar was covered with flowers in the pattern and color of her bonnet, each spotted with the hue of her spilt blood. The pestilence passed.

Flowers Stained With Blood.

Legends appeal to the romantic fancy, but it is fact that bluebonnets flinging themselves riotously over Texas soil, were in many battles, stained with the blood of men who died to make Texas a free State. Artists, striving to reproduce their delicate and elusive coloring, find themselves using all the resources of color in the process.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that Julian Onderdonk, adopted painter son of Texas, achieved enduring fame for his bluebonnet canvases. While addressing an Eastern audience he is said to have uttered a gentle protest against being known to fame "simply as a painter of the bluebonnet." But, with art connoisseurs in all parts of the country vying with each other for canvases depicting his bluebonnets with unapproachable charm, the fame of this great artist may fittingly be memorialized in this delicate flower.

Home-sickness for Texas and a deeply-embedded affection for "bluebonnets," led a number of invalided veterans of the World War in a hospital thousands of miles from the Lone Star State to write to the American Legion Auxiliary of the Dallas Legion post to "please send us a few bluebonnet plants, that we may plant them in pots and grow them in our windows to remind us of home. We find ourselves longing for a sight of this familiar flower more than anything in the world, and we believe that you will be good enough to grant this request from your far-away sick buddies." The plants were sent. Visitors to Texas in the spring feast their eyes upon fields of bluebonnets as gratefully as did those who viewed the glorious fields of Ardath, of Old Testament reference. Local hospitality and decoration committees are to be pardoned for using the natural bluebonnets as material for beautifying tables and rooms, but rather to be encouraged in favoring suggestions of these in semblance.

During the convention of the Advertising Associations of the World in Dallas several years ago, Mrs. Ursula Lauderdale, Dallas painter, reproduced 300 individual bluebonnets to serve as favors at a party for the wives of the delegates. When the executive board of the National Business and Professional Women's Association met here two years ago, the Dallas Federation of Women's Clubs presented each guest at a dinner for 500 persons with a little bluebonnet, cleverly fashioned along the lines of that supposed to have been worn by the Aztec maiden who gave her life to save her people.

Bluebonnets lift their dainty heads around Dallas, certain of a royal welcome. But, if they could think, and feel, and speak, theirs would be a prayer for a gentle

greeting, a plea against the pain of being torn and trampled to death, and a warning that they, too, like other things dear to the covetous, may become but a memory.



(1) Little Mary Daggett Lake of Fort Worth, wondering whether she can get away with bluebonnet booty taken near Lake Worth.
(2) Bluebonnets have taken this farm area, but the ground will be all the richer for their presence.
(3) Fields of bluebonnets near Fort Worth which grow unmolested along a "short cut" road.
(4) Lieutenant Governor Miller, patron saint of Texas wild flowers, who fostered a bill to make the bluebonnet the State flower.

Manual for Garden Club Work Prepared by National Officer

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

Perhaps the most rapidly growing movement in America today is that of the Garden Club. The MacMillan Company has just released a timely volume, "The Garden Club Manual," by Edith R. Fisher, formerly chairman of the conservation committee of the National Council of State Garden Club Federations. The book deals with the problems of organization of garden clubs, financing and naming the clubs, programs, flower shows, etc., and it will fill a need in the work. Mrs. Fisher's affiliations definitely fit her to speak with authority on the subject.

In a foreword, James G. Moore of the University of Wisconsin, says: "Garden clubs have attracted the interest of more persons during the past decade than any other single phase of horticulture. . . . If the Garden Club movement is to live and grow and not become merely another fad, it must serve its adherents by making a real contribution to their garden knowledge. . . . Let all of your excellently organized work lead further than it now seems to do. Search for the deeper meaning of gardening, the more serious study of plant life. It is plain to many of us that unless an applied study of horticulture, in its varied and more scientific aspects, is undertaken, interest in what we do now must wane. After all, plant material is our garden. Shall we remain in ignorance of what we are growing; or, shall we not resolve upon some program of study, of application of experiment, of a widening of knowledge which shall give to our gardening a rich foundation of information and of understanding?"

Cornelia Kellogg, universal authority on garden clubs and the president of the National Council of State Garden Club Federations, in an introductory paragraph to the book, states that "one of the most interesting and important developments of the last decade has been the realization in the

thoughts of thousands of men and women . . . of the great value of the garden movement in promoting the creation, not only of more gardens, but of more beautiful houses, roadsides, towns and cities throughout the length and width of our country. . . . Hand in hand with these ideas has gone the conviction in the hearts of our people that the way in which to accomplish these desirable ends is not merely that individuals should unite their thoughts and energies, in local garden clubs, but that these clubs should extend to state and national organizations." It is at this point that Mrs. Fisher's admirable book comes to be of service," thinks Mrs. Kellogg.

Mrs. Fisher not only outlines the practical side of belonging to a garden club, but she goes somewhat into its spiritual importance. "Each member who takes any kind of a job in the club," says Mrs. Fisher, "should feel that she is working for the good of the entire organization. . . . A humble task well and cheerfully executed receives the thanks of everyone. It is true of club work as it is true of life, that if we can be cheerful and agreeable while we work, we will find problems easier to solve. A smile is always met with a smile and a friendly greeting leaves pleasant memories in its wake. . . . We are all traveling a garden path, and our life and our work will take new meaning if we remember the words of the poet: 'Who gives himself with his gift feeds three: himself, his hungry neighbor and me.'"

Every phase of the garden club is given adequate treatment in this handy little manual, and those persons interested in organizing or in maintaining a garden club will do well to take it into account for its timely and valuable suggestions.

THE GARDEN CLUB MANUAL, by Edith R. Fisher; The MacMillan Company, New York; \$2.

When Tarrant County's Old Courthouse Burned

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

FIFTY-ONE years ago on the twenty-ninth of last March, a small boy celebrated his ninth birthday by watching the burning of the old Tarrant County courthouse from a hillside east of Fort Worth. In speaking of the occasion recently he said: "I was born on March 29. You see this fire made a birthday bonfire for me. I got a whipping that day. I had a fight at school. I got the whipping after I reached home, which made an impression. The courthouse burned about sunset. We lived in the big Post Oak Grove just east of town across Sycamore."

This from Jefferson Davis Ayres, prominent lawyer of Floydada, and member of a pioneer Tarrant County family.

Nine Ayres brothers, Scotch-Irish, emigrated to America during Colonial times. They were engaged in boat building and in trading on the rivers. From one of these descended the Ayres family of Tarrant County.

Benjamin Patton Ayres, a wealthy planter of Shelby County, Tenn., with his wife, Emily (Cozart) Ayres, and their three young children, came to Shelby County, Texas, in 1837. Here they remained through 10 trying years—years when tragedy stalked abroad throughout the land while Texas heroes fought for freedom. In 1847 the family moved to Tarrant County and located in the Birdville community. Benjamin P. Ayres served as clerk of Tarrant County when Birdville was the county seat. At least one volume of the Commissioners' Court records did not burn when the courthouse was destroyed in '76. In consulting this old record one finds that the first tax levy ever made by Tarrant County commissioners was signed, "B. P. Ayres, County Clerk."

The mother of Benjamin P. Ayres was a sister of Benjamin Patton, a Revolutionary member of the Virginia Assembly. The Ayres family have a \$40 bill—Continental currency—which came to the family through Benjamin Patton, among other relics in their possession.

After living at Birdville for a time Benjamin P. Ayres preempted grants, purchased additional land, and built a home three miles east of Fort Worth where he located permanently. His death occurred there in 1861 and that of his wife two years later. They are both buried in the Ayres' private cemetery—a plot reserved on the home grounds when the place was sold.

THE children of Benjamin P. Ayres and wife, Emily (Cozart) Ayres, were: (1) Frances L., (2) Mary, (3) Emily, (4) J. P., the youngest, and (5) James.

(1) Frances Isabella Ayres was married to William Alfred Sanderson in Shelby County. They came with the Ayres family to Tarrant County and located two miles east of the courthouse on property known later as Glenwood Addition, where they lived for many years. Both are buried in the Ayres burial plot.

James William (Bud) Sanderson, born 1851, married Callie Gavin of Fort Worth. They had four children—George Brown, who died in infancy, Nellie Rose, Hugh, who died when a child, and Thomas Karl.

Nellie Sanderson married F. C. Irons at Vernon, Texas. Their children are Loye L., Isabel Ione and Margaret Elizabeth. Loye L. Irons married Mary Jo Derryberry. They have three sons, J. Deau, David D., and Chester A., and reside at Fort Smith, Ark. Isabel Ione Irons married Neal T. Scott and they live at Ladonia, Texas. Margaret Elizabeth Irons married Piner L. Cates, of the

pioneer Cates family of Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. Cates have a small son, Piner Lynn, and reside at 2005 East Terrell Avenue, Fort Worth.

Thomas Karl Sanderson married Lukye Teel at Vernon. They have two children—Teel Kermit Sanderson and Evelyn Jean Sanderson. Thomas Karl Sanderson was burned to death in Vernon eight years ago. His widow and children live at Electra.

(2) Mary J. Ayres was born in Shelby County, Republic of Texas. She came to Tarrant County with her parents when quite small. She married J. Chambers of near Bryan, Texas, but her husband died a few years later. Her death occurred at Phoenix, Ariz., in 1922. A daughter, Mrs. Ada McKnight, lives in Dallas.

(3) Emily Ayres was also born in Shelby County, and in 1871 was married to Henry Baker. Two children, a son and daughter, were born to them, both of whom are married and now living in Wilbarger County. Mrs. Baker married second, E. A. Yarbrough, by whom she had two daughters, both married and living in Wilbarger County also. She died in Wilbarger County in 1923.

(4) J. P. Ayres, youngest son of Benjamin P. Ayres and Emily (Cozart) Ayres, was born at Birdville, Tarrant County, about 1850. At the death of his parents he went to live with the family of his older brother, James, where he made his home until he reached manhood. In 1891 he located in Wilbarger County, where he is at present living.

(5) James H. Ayres, eldest son of Benjamin P. Ayres and wife, Emily (Cozart) Ayres, was born in Tennessee in 1892. He came with his parents to Texas in 1837 and to this county in 1847. When 13 years of age, James left the old home in Shelby County, fell in with a company of Texas Rangers, and with them came to Johnson's Station, Tarrant County. When the Mexican War broke out he enlisted in Col. M. T. Johnson's Company of Texas volunteers. He also served in the Civil War. At the close of the war he settled east of Fort Worth where he engaged in farming and stock raising. In 1857 he married Louisa Baer, a native of Zurich, Switzerland. Her father, Jacob Baer, came to Texas in 1854, but in 1859 moved to Highland, Madison County, Ill., where he died in 1867.

The following letter was written by a brother of William A. Sanderson to the parents back in England trying to induce them to come to the States:

"Courtland, Lawrence
County, Ala.,
August, 1823.

Dear Father and Mother:

I keep writing every opportunity that offers. I like this country better and better. Will see great crops of cotton, corn and everything. My only wish is that you all were over safe. I think we could do very well if you were here. . . . Mechanics can make a fortune here with industry. Shoemakers and tailors are two of the best trades. . . . This country looks to me quite wild. I have traveled 200 miles and have seen hardly a house. . . . You may think how it feels in a strange country. If some of you do not come shortly I shall not stop long. I feel mighty lonesome. . . . Clothing is very dear here. I have just paid \$40 for six new shirts, making, etc. A woman charges \$2.50 for making a shirt. Anybody expecting to come here had better lay in a supply of such things and bring them a good wife, too. This is a great thing in this country, for wives are very scarce here. . . .

I am your true and faithful son,
GEORGE GROWN SANDERSON."

Some came. However, some did not come. Mary (Robinson) Sanderson,

the wife of James Sanderson and the mother of his 14 children, died in England. Her husband and others in the family came to America shortly afterward.

William Alfred Sanderson, one of the sons, first located in Mobile, Ala., with his father in the late twenties. He came into Texas some 10 years later, when he met and married Frances Isabella Ayres, daughter of Benjamin P. Ayres and wife, Emily (Cozart) Ayres. They had five children, three of whom died when very young. The other two, Mary and James William (Bud) reared families in Tarrant County and have numerous descendants here.

Mary Sanderson, born 1856, married William Ryon Keim. They lived for many years on the Sanderson farm east of Fort Worth. Their children were: Samuel Keim, Frank C. Keim and William Ryon Keim. William R. Keim Sr. met a tragic death and his widow married Felix Webb. They had one son, Clarence Norman Webb. Samuel Keim died in infancy. Frank C. Keim is married and lives in Indiana. They have five daughters—Harriet, Julia, Gladys, Ruth and Marjorie. William Ryon Keim married Dollis (Dot) Johnson of Electra. They had three children—William Ryon Keim, who lives at the Hickman Apartments, Fort Worth; Emma Keim, a professional nurse at All Saints' Hospital, this city, and Blanche Keim, who married Marshall Tracey, has one daughter, Blanche Clodell, and lives at Corona, N. M. Clarence Norman Webb is married, has three daughters, and lives in Fort Worth. Mrs. Mary (Sanderson) Keim died in 1918 and is buried in East Oakwood cemetery, this city.

LATER, James Ayres and wife bought the old Benjamin P. Ayres homestead. Here they reared a large family of children, four sons and four daughters, as follows: Ben P., John B., Pauline L., James H., Emily Alice, Jefferson Davis, Ida F., and Mary E.

Ben P. Ayres, eldest son of James H. and Louisa (Baer) Ayres, was born on his father's farm two miles east of Fort Worth. He first attended a country school taught by Billie Hall, and later went to school to Peter Smith when he taught in the old Masonic Hall on East Bluff Street, and to the Clark brothers, Addison and Randolph. He also attended Add-Ran College at Thorp Spring. He completed his schooling in 1878 and entered the law office of Hanna & Hogsett in Fort Worth where he studied law. He was admitted to the bar when about 21 years of age, served as county attorney and district attorney, and was an active member of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Legislatures. Previous to 1892 he was for a time engaged in practice with Judge Stedman and with N. H. Lassiter. In 1902 he married Bessie Tumlin, daughter of Rev. Mr. Tumlin of Fort Worth, and they had one child, Alice Louise. His death occurred at his home January, 1911. His wife and daughter reside in Dallas.

John B. Ayres, born 1860, also went to school to Peter Smith, the Clarks and to Add-Ran College. In 1901 he removed to Sterling County, Texas, where he and his brother were engaged in the cattle industry. He served four years as sheriff and tax collector of that county. He was elected county judge of Gray County in 1920, to which he had moved in 1917, and was re-elected two years later. In 1903 he was married to Julia B. Davis. They reside at present in Pampa, Gray County, Texas.

Pauline L. Ayres was educated in the private schools of Fort Worth and married Clinton Barr of this city in 1883. They had five children—Louise, Ida, Ben C., Oscar L. and James H. Louise Barr married Theodore G. Hollingsworth and they, with

their two children, Pauline and Theodore Gilbert, live at 2508 Rogers Street, this city. Ida Barr married Charles D. Jackson, and they live at 3030 South Adams Street, Fort Worth. There are two Jackson children, Louise and Charles Jr. One son, Ben C. Barr, who married Lila Talley of Pampa, Texas, died in 1919. His wife and only child, Dorothy Talley Barr, live in Fort Worth. Oscar L. Barr, an overseas veteran of the World War, resides in Fort Worth. James H. Barr married Mary Sue Allison, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Allison of Henrietta, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. James Barr and Mrs. Clinton Barr live in Fort Worth at 1204 Bewick Street. Clinton Barr's death occurred in this city about two months ago.

James H. (Hink) Ayres was born

in 1863 and he attended the Fort Worth schools. For a number of years he was in the grain business with Clint Barr & Co. He located in Sterling County in 1901, where he successfully engaged in cattle raising. In 1905 he married Alva Davis and later moved his family to Gray County, where they reside at present. Mr. and Mrs. Ayres have three sons.

Emily Alice Ayres was born at the old Ayres home east of Fort Worth and was educated in the schools of this city. She became the wife of H. J. Lippold of the Panhandle. They moved to Pampa, Gray County, where they continued farming and in the livestock business and where they still reside. Three children were born to them, two sons, H. J. and Ben Ayres, and a daughter, the latter dying in infancy. The eldest son, H. J. Lippold Jr., married Geneva Thompson, and is engaged in the automobile business at Lamesa. They have two children, Alice Geneva and H. J. Jr. Ben Ayres Lippold is a cattleman of Gray County. He is married and has one child, Alice Louise.

Jeff D. Ayres, youngest son of James H. and Louisa (Baer) Ayres, was born in Fort Worth and received his education here. He also attended Add-Ran College. He studied law in the office of his brother, Ben P. Ayres, and was admitted to practice in the '90s. He spent a year in Germany, where he was employed by the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company. In 1905 he resumed the practice of law at Sterling City and a year later was married to Maizie Gillies at Colorado. They have four children, Jean, Darnell, Ben and Hugh Jeff, and reside at present in Floydada, where Ayres is engaged in the practice of law.

Ida F. Ayres was born in Fort Worth and attended the schools here. She and her sister, Mary (Ayres) Cushman, live near Texas Woman's College on a part of the land included in the old Ayres homestead.

Mary E. Ayres, youngest daughter of James H. and Louisa (Baer) Ayres, received her education in Fort Worth and has taught here in the public schools for a number of years. She was married to John R. Cushman of San Antonio in 1902. Her husband died a few months after their marriage, and she returned to Fort Worth and resumed teaching.

COURAGE AND FAITH BUILT UP TEXAS MISSIONS

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FREEDOM OF WORSHIP WON WITH FISTS AND GUNS

WRITER FINDS ROMANCE IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of stories on early Texas history, prepared by Mary Daggett Lake in preparation for the state convention here, March 2 and 3, of the Daughters of the Texas Republic.

Contemporaneous with the founding of Philadelphia by William Penn and his Quakers, priests of New Spain laid the foundation for missions in Texas. These old missions erected by religious orders and dotting the State throughout the South and West, were forerunners of our present day civilization. The adventurers who first visited this part of the country had a twofold object in mind, namely, acquisition of new dominions and extension of the Christian religion.

Although not so well known as the missions of California, the Texas missions are monuments to the history of this illustrious State and are quite as interesting and unique as any. Wigwags of warring and hostile savages dotted the wide stretching plains of Texas and missionaries who went among them did so at their peril. For this reason, it was necessary to erect the missions in Texas close together, thereby affording a fortress or means of protection. The California missions are separated by a day's journey, bespeaking for the aborigines of that section a more docile turn.

Settled in 1691.

An old writer says: "In 1691 the province of Asia, or Texas, as it was called by the Spaniards, was settled by some emigrants and visited by 14 Spanish monks, who were anxious to devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians, and a garrison and a mission were at that time established." The location of this mission can not now be positively determined, however. Knowledge of the first of the old Spanish missions is extremely meager. Troublesome Indians required frequent removal of the missions and a permanent establishment was a hard task.

The Christianization of the Texas natives was a vastly different thing from that of the more passive race west of the Rio Grande. According to his own report, a single priest baptized 5,000 natives in one day. Another wrote, "an ordinary day's work is from 10,000 to 20,000 souls." Of course, these new converts were very immature Christians, but the faithful, earnest work of the priests among a pliant and receptive people helped much in the civilization of the natives.

Found San Saba.

In 1757, on the San Saba River, in what is now Menard County, the Mission of San Saba was founded by a company of missionaries from Santa Fe. Although missions were built throughout East Texas, those of the South and West alone remain, with the exception of the old stone fort at Nacogdoches, razed and later rebuilt. This is probably due to the fact that in the West stone and other enduring building materials were plentiful, while that further east was more perishable. Most of the Texas missions were built and made a part of the established church from 1690 to 1719—the Alamo being the most noted.

In November, 1820, Moses Austin, then living in Missouri, set out for Bexar, Texas, on horseback, with \$50 in cash and accompanied by his faithful negro servant on a mule. He is reported to have been, on Nov. 27, "at McGuffin's," a noted landmark about midway between Natchitoches and the Sabine." Barker, in his "Life of Stephen F. Austin," says: "He reached Bexar on Dec. 23 in company with his servant, Richmond, and two companions whom he had encountered near Natchitoches. . . . He declared he was 53 years old, a Catholic and a former subject of the King of Spain . . . that with his family he wished to settle in Texas and cultivate cotton, sugar and corn."

Death of Austin.

Moses Austin returned to Missouri, but died shortly afterward due to exposure on his trip, leaving an injunction that his son, Stephen F. Austin, then a young man, carry out his plans. This was done. At the close of 1821 Stephen Austin, at the head of a small body of immigrants, entered the country overland, while others, under his leadership, came on vessels from New Orleans. Among these were Texas' first Protestant pilgrims.

To the Baptists probably belongs the honor of establishing the first Protestant church in Texas. There are indications of an organized church of the Primitive Baptist faith on the Colorado River near Bastrop at a very early date, the pastor of which was Abner Smith. Rev. Z. N. Morrell, in his "Flowers and Fruits," an enumeration of Baptists in Texas in 1837, refers to what was probably the first Protestant church of any importance in the State. It was located near

Elkhart, Anderson County. Bancroft, in his "North Mexican States and Texas," attributes to Morrell the statement that in 1837 began the existence of the first church in Texas organized on "strictly gospel principles," and adds that he meant the first "Missionary" Baptist church. Morrell evidently intended to exclude the Pilgrim church.

History of Parkers.

Interesting data on this early church is the property of Joseph E. Taulman of Fort Worth, historian and genealogist of the pioneer Parker family, famous in Texas history.

Daniel Parker, who organized the first Baptist church and whose name appears so frequently in the record of its proceedings, was a native of Culpepper County, Va. When a small child his father moved to Franklin County, Ga., and there Daniel grew to manhood. In 1802 he joined the Baptist church and was ordained to preach in 1803. The year he united with the church he married Patsey Dickerson and moved a year later to Dixon County, Tenn. Palestine, Texas, is said to have been named by John Parker, the son of Daniel Parker, for the Illinois town of Palestine, Crawford County, near which the Parker family once lived. During Daniel Parker's residence in Illinois he published a work on the "Two Seed" doctrine, and edited two volumes of his church paper. He was elected to the State Senate of Illinois for two terms.

Law Forbade Church.

According to the construction of the Mexican law, the organization of a Protestant Church in Texas was forbidden, but it failed to consider the possibility of the immigration of such a church already organized. The Pilgrim Church in Illinois moved to Texas with its members in 1832. Daniel Parker, pioneer leader of this

movement in Texas, was no less interested in the politics and government of his country. He was a prominent member of the consultation and of the council of the provisional government. He was elected to the Congress of the Republic in 1839, but the Constitution made ministers of the Gospel ineligible, and he was, therefore, refused his seat. He died Dec. 3, 1833.

Shipman Tells Story.

Moses Shipman, a native of the Carolinas, great-great-grandfather of Frank and David Nelson of West Seventh Street, Fort Worth, came to Texas with the Austin party from Missouri. Daniel Shipman, son of Moses, left a private history in which he described the scenes of their early environment. The houses was "the most pretentious in the colony at that time, having two rooms, a lean-to and floors." This family also had its own private rain barrel, according to the records, which was quite a possession in those days. The Shipman family had known a Baptist preacher in Missouri named Bayes. As soon as they were established in Texas Bayes came to visit them. He gathered people from all about and preached in the Shipman home, what is supposed to have been, the first Protestant sermon in Texas.

Methodists Arrive.

Although in Texas Roman Catholicism was the established faith by law, the borderlands afforded freedom of worship. As early as 1818 and 1819, Red River territory was visited by Methodists. Thrall, in his History of Methodism, says: "Among these preachers were Henry Stevenson and twin brothers, named Washington and Green Orr. William was the acknowledged leader of this pioneer band. Stevenson preached on the Texas side of Red River as early as 1815 at the home of a man named Wright, who had recently moved from Smith County, Tenn. In 1818 a camp meeting was held a few miles above this point, when a church was organized. At old Jonesboro on Red River, Tidwell led a class in 1817. This was unquestionably the first Methodist organization in Texas."

John B. Denton, for whom the town of Denton is named, was said to have preached the first sermon in Denton County. He entered the Missouri conference in 1836 and a short time later was sent to Texas. On his way he fell in company with Rev. Littleton Fowler, just appointed to the Texas mission, and the two crossed Red River together. Fowler preached his first sermon in Texas at the house of Rev. William Duke.

Alford Spurns Threat.

In the Spring of 1832 Needham J. Alford, a Methodist preacher, and Sumner Bacon, a Cumberland Presbyterian, held a two-day meeting in Sabine County, near where the town of Milam now stands. Mexican officials had forbidden the meeting, and there was other opposition. The preachers were planning to fill their appointment. Just before the hour a person appeared on the ground, declaring he would horsewhip the first preacher who entered the stand. Alford arrived and someone repeated this threat to him. "Well," said he, "I am as able to take a whipping as

any man on this ground." Alford was a muscular, strongly built man, a stranger to fear, who had gone by the name of the "Bulldog Preacher" in Louisiana. The antagonist looked for a moment at the brawny arm of the preacher stretched out at full length over the buck-board, and quietly retired.

Presbyterians Come.

Among the earliest to establish the Presbyterian faith in Texas was Rev. John May Becton, grandfather of the late Mrs. Louis J. Wortham and Mrs. Jesse J. Nunnally, president of the Frances Cooke Van Zandt Chapter, Daughters of the Republic of Texas, of Fort Worth. Rev. Becton was reared a "hard-shell" Baptist, professed religion at a Methodist camp meeting, and during the year joined the Old School Presbyterian Church. He was licensed to preach in 1835 and ordained in 1841. In November of that year he came to Texas and located in San Augustine, where he preached and taught school. In 1844 he moved to Nacogdoches County. He died at Church Hill, nine miles east of Henderson, Rusk County, July 14, 1853. He was one of the earliest and most active of the Texas pioneer clergymen of his denomination, and it is believed he organized more churches than any other man of his faith in Texas. Among those accredited to him is the church at Douglas, Nacogdoches County, 1844; one in Henderson, Rusk County, 1845, and one at Rusk, Cherokee County, 1849. He and Rev. Daniel Baker organized the Presbyterian Church at Palestine, the one at Gum Springs, Rusk County, in 1851, and the one at Church Hill in 1852, at which place he died.

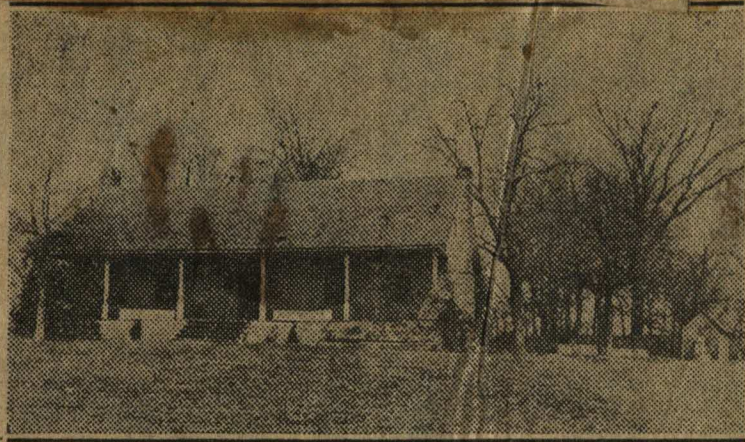
Rev. Becton was a fluent writer and an eloquent speaker. He was liberal and broad in his views, and being a leader in church affairs in those days, he drew about him a large following and a wide circle of friends and supporters. He was associated in his work with such well known pioneer clergymen as Rev. Baker, Rev. Hugh Wilson, Rev. Peter Fullinwider, Rev. P. M. Warren, and others who blazed the way for Presbyterianism in Texas.

Interested In Education.

He was interested in the educational developments of his State, and was one of the founders of Daniel Baker College and the Stephen F. Austin College. His son, Dr. E. P. Becton, was selected to deliver the semicentennial address at Austin College in 1900. Dr. S. E. Chandler, now president of Austin College, is a grandson by marriage of Rev. John May Becton.

The late Rev. John McLean, prominent early Methodist, in his "Reminiscences," said: "Not until the achievements of Texas independence in 1836 by Houston and his compatriots, was Texas opened to the establishment of Protestant churches. But after this great change from domination to democracy and the influx of the population from the States, the various denominations were established as fast as savagery gave way to civilization."

They Helped to Locate Fort Worth



These pictures recall the locating of Fort Worth in the Spring of 1849 by a band of Rangers, who were led by Col. Middleton Tate Johnson (upper left). Johnson Station was named for him. Upper right picture is the home, still standing, of Simon Bowdon Farrar, one of the four Rangers. The house is situated between Palmer and Rockett in Ellis County. Lower left is Farrar. Lower right is a group of graves in Birdville cemetery. The second monument from the left is over the grave of Henry Clay Daggett, one of the four Rangers.

Fort Worth Will Celebrate 86th Birthday This Spring

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Fort Worth will celebrate its eighty-sixth birthday this Spring.

It is well that we sometimes think of the development of this great Southwestern city; that we now and then recall the founders as well as the builders; that we pay tribute to General Tarrant for whom the county was named, to Maj. Ripley Arnold who gave the city its cognomen and to General Worth for whom Fort Worth is called, and that we think, as well, of those five men who selected the site of the little army post that was erected on the bluffs of the Trinity something less than nine decades ago.

The city had its beginning on a bright Spring day in 1849, when an advance guard of Texas Rangers selected a spot near the present courthouse as the site for one of a cordon of army outposts that the Government was seeking to establish on the Western frontier. This first detachment of soldiers came on horseback from Johnson Station, 16 miles away, where they were stationed. They were to seek the place for the post "somewhere near the confluence of the Clear and West forks of the Trinity River." Major Arnold, so the records say, was not with this group, but came some time afterward and helped to erect the post buildings.

In Charge of Group.

Col. Middleton Tate Johnson, for whom Johnson Station was named, was in charge of the small group composed of Simon Bowdon Farrar, Henry Clark Daggett, Charles Turner and William B. Echols, who camped all night at Cold Springs, about two and a half miles northeast of the present courthouse. Early the next morning the men rode over on what is now the Samuels Avenue bluffs and decided on the site across the hill where later the post buildings were erected. All of these five men formerly were residents of Shelby County in East Texas, and they had fought alongside each other in the Mexican War.

Colonel Johnson was born in South Carolina about 1802. He migrated to Shelby County while the State was yet a Republic, and took a leading part in the affairs of his community. He was active in the War with Mexico in 1846 and 1847, gaining note as a gallant officer under General Taylor. At the close of the war he came to Maryle Bone Springs, later Johnson Station, about three miles south of what is now Arlington. Here he found Indians operating a grist mill and trading post. Later Colonel Johnson put in a grist and sorghum mill, a blacksmith shop and general merchandise store in connection with his commodious home which offered hospitality to all who came that way.

Notables Entertained.

Many notables of the day were entertained in Colonel Johnson's home, among them Sam Houston, Governor Throckmorton, Hardin R. Runnels, John H. Reagan and Oran Roberts. During a State Democratic Convention in Austin in 1866, Colonel Johnson was stricken with a malady that caused his death. His

body was returned to this county, where it now lies in an unmarked grave in the family burying ground at Johnson Station. He was survived by his wife, five daughters and three sons, all of whom are now deceased. Several grandchildren survive, but they are scattered from Texas to California.

Simon Bowdon Farrar was born in South Carolina in 1827. He was the youngest son of James and Jane (Bowdon) Farrar, natives respectively of Kentucky and South Carolina. Farrar came to Texas with his family in 1840 and he settled near Shelbyville. He participated in the Regulator-Moderator War in East Texas and served in the Mexican War with Colonel Wood's regiment. He also saw service in the Confederate Army. Until 1855 he traveled about over Texas, but in that year he settled on Red Oak Creek, in Ellis County. His first wife was Sarah Daggett, a sister of Capt. E. M. Daggett, known as "The Father of Fort Worth," and a sister also of Henry Clay Daggett, one of the locators of the post.

Widow Is Living.

W. H. (Buck) Farrar of Ellis County was a son of this union and his widow lives with their children near Rockett in Ellis County. After the death of Sarah Daggett Farrar, Simon Farrar married Leila Smith, the daughter of Hans and Nancy Owens Smith. Their children were F. F. Farrar, James Hans Farrar, Mary Helen, or Mollie, S. B. Jr. (Bowd), John Sydney and Nancy. Most of their descendants now are living in Ellis County. Sarah Daggett Farrar is buried at Hines Chapel near Ennis. Simon Farrar and his wife, Leila (Smith) Farrar are buried in the Smith Cemetery, near Rockett, Ellis County, Farrar dying Oct. 17, 1897.

Henry Clay Daggett, born in 1820, in Lewiston, N. Y., was the son of Eleazer Daggett and Elizabeth (Cronk) Daggett. Henry C. Daggett came with his family into East Texas in 1838, and during his residence there he was active in the political life of the State. In 1849 he came to Tarrant County and was one of the men sent to help locate the fort site. He was married to Sarah Ellen Marsh in Dallas, Texas, in 1851. The couple settled near Birdville and to them two children were born, Charles Biggers Daggett and Thomas Harrison Daggett. Charles Biggers and Thomas Daggett are both dead, but the former is survived by his widow and two sons, Charles and Henry Daggett, who reside in California. Henry Daggett and his wife are buried in the Birdville Cemetery, as are their two children.

Son of Judge.

Charles Turner, the son of Judge Robert Turner and Nancy Hamas, was born March 15, 1822, and died Oct. 31, 1873. Shortly after he had helped to establish the site of the post, he located with his family on the land a part of which is now Greenwood Cemetery. Charles Turner was considered well-to-do and he owned many slaves. The Turner home was a hospitable one and was known far and wide for its social life. The large oak tree that still stands in the center of Greenwood Cemetery was greatly admired by Charles Turner. He always said he wished to be buried under that tree which he once owned. Although his remains lie in the family burial plot in Pioneer Rest Cemetery, there are many others who lie near the sheltering arms of the splendid oak.

Charles Turner married Amanda Adams, daughter of Lemuel Adams and Caroline (Nored) Adams, and of their large family one daughter, Mrs. E. H. Keller of this city, survives, together with a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the pioneer, one of the founders of the city's site.

Dr. William Echols, of Shelby County, was another of the Ranger Company who helped to select the site of the post. However, he did not stay in Tarrant County, as did most of the others of this little group, but resided most of his life in Shelby County, where he is buried.

HIGH LIGHTS IN EAST TEXAS HISTORY RELATED

NACOGDOCHES AND NATCHITOCHESES LEGEND TOLD

SITES OF BATTLES AND ROMANCE WELL-MARKED

Editor's Note.—This is the first of a series of three stories, setting forth briefly the history of various sections of Texas. The stories are written preliminary to the annual state convention in Fort Worth of the Daughters of the Texas Republic, March 2 and 3.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

An Indian chieftain, living on the banks of the Sabine River in the remote past, called his two sons to him and commanded them to found new tribes. Each was to walk in an opposite direction—one to the east and one to the west—continuing from sunup of a certain day until sundown of another, at which time they were to cease their journeying and establish themselves. In time these two points, almost equidistant east and west of the Sabine River, became Nacogdoches, Texas, and Natchitoches, La. So the story goes.

A trip through East Texas today reveals many interesting places sacred to the heart of every native Texan. There are fascinating legends connected with almost all the historic spots, and most of these places have been well marked and preserved through the years.

Place of Much Size.

Henderson was described in 1856 as "a place of much size and note, having many fine brick buildings, schoolhouses, churches and other public edifices." Carthage, Tyler, Tenaha and Center are thriving towns of importance, each having many landmarks to sustain their claim to historical recognition.

Going east on the main highway from Tenaha to Center on a hillside on the Flat Fork of the Tenaha River one passes Cedar Yard Church and School. It was on this site that Regulators and Moderators had one of their decisive battles in the early forties. In the old cemetery a short distance west of the present church structure some of Texas' early heroes are buried. On a gigantic oak tree at this place can still be seen the marks of gunfire to which the tree was subjected when it was used as a breastwork in skirmish.

Old "Neutral Ground."

Shelby County was one of the original counties of Texas and was a municipality during the Mexican regime, being organized with a county government under the republic. The old San Antonio Road lay close to its southern boundary, and with the Sabine River on the east its situation made it attractive to early settlers. It was a part of the old "neutral ground" between the chief Spanish outpost of Nacogdoches and the French and American settlement in Louisiana. It became the rendezvous for border characters that comprised a large part of the population of that district. The county was organized in 1837 with Shelbyville as the county seat.

Center, the present county seat of Shelby County, contains some very old homes, one being of special interest. This house was originally built on the Flat Fork of the Tenaha River by the late Capt. James Truitt, prominent East Texas legislator, but it was later moved to Center and remodeled. Many of Texas' most distinguished early citizens were guests in this home for days at a time, among them Sam Houston, Thomas Rusk, Isaac Van Zandt and Governor O. B. Roberts.

Site of Famous Battle.

A few miles south of Center is Shelbyville, the oldest town in the county and one of the most historic places in East Texas. The old Regulators and Moderators held their councils in the rude little courthouse and many an offender had justice (?) meted to him there. The town today is little more than a wide place in the road, having lost its prestige with the removal of the county seat to Center in '76. About halfway between Shelbyville and Center just off the main highway is to be seen a small creek and lake, a pleasure resort of the community. This marks the site of one of the famous battles between the Regulators and Moderators, known as "Beauchamps."

Journeying southwest from Center a few miles one comes to Nacogdoches, perhaps the most interesting place in East Texas. Here in 1716 one of a group of missions was established by the Spaniards. Attractive opportunities for trade intercourse opened with the French of Louisiana, but this was rigidly forbidden by the Spanish authorities.

By 1770 there were many French, Spaniards and Indians settled about Nacogdoches. It was decided to abandon former missions and settlements and a move was made to San Antonio. Some, however, chose to remain behind and under the leadership of Gil Y'Barbo a settlement was made at Nacogdoches in 1779 which marked the beginning of the present town.

Made Military Post.

In 1803 after the United States came into possession of Louisiana territory, and as a result of innumerable revolutionary and filibustering expeditions, which had for their purpose the conquering of Texas, Nacogdoches was made a frontier military post and for a number of years a Spanish garrison was maintained there. When Stephen Austin passed through the place in 1821, the town was in ruins. Only the church and seven houses, including the historic Stone House, were left. During the twenties Nacogdoches was the only place of any importance north and east of San Antonio.

In 1836 David Crockett came through Nacogdoches over the old San Antonio road "to give the Texans a helping hand on the high road to freedom." To quote from his autobiography, "As we approached Nacogdoches, the first object that struck our view was a flag flying from the top of a high liberty pole. Drums were beating and fifes playing, giving an indication not to be misunderstood, of the spirit that had been awakened in a comparative desert. . . . It is a flourishing town containing about a thousand actual citizens, although it generally presents twice that number on account of its extensive military trade."

Old "Stone House" Built.

In 1900 the old Stone House, built in Nacogdoches by Y'Barbo, was sacrificed to make way for modern progress. Its historic old stones were placed on a vacant lot. Later club women of the town had the old house rebuilt stone for stone on the northwest corner of the high school grounds. It is now used as a museum. Indian mounds scattered about Nacogdoches call to mind scenes of war paint, camp fires and peace pipes. Nacogdoches today, with its narrow, winding streets, is quite characteristic of old Spain. Many of the houses built long years ago, after the Spanish style of architecture, are still standing. In Oak Grove Cemetery are buried some of Texas' most distinguished men, among them Thomas J. Rusk, at whose grave the State has erected a handsome monument.

San Augustine County, with the town of San Augustine as its county seat, is one of the oldest of the American settlements in Texas. The King's Highway, that famous old San Antonio Road, crosses the northern portion of San Augustine County. This way came the Spanish colonists and soldiers from Old Mexico to the country about Nacogdoches. San Augustine, long known as "The Gateway to Texas," was laid out and established in 1831. Because of the cultural atmosphere and the educational advantages to be had there, it was known as the "Athens" of the State, boasting a three-story university and a two-story college building. The old San Augustine courthouse still stands and contains many relics and records of bygone days, among them, caught up in attic space, is an old rawhide trunk which belonged to General Houston.

"Father of Methodism."

The present Masonic temple in San Augustine is built on the site of the old frame church at which Col. Watt Moorman, leader of the Regulators, killed John Bradley, the Moderator chieftain, in the early forties. About a mile northwest of the town in an obscure grave in a grove of cedars lies the body of Sam Williams, called "The Father of Methodism" in Texas. Williams preached a Protestant gospel in Texas in spite of the stronghold of the Spanish missions. In addition the lawless element of the community was a disturbing factor. However, with a Bible in his hand, the love of God in his heart and a gun on his hip, he preached.

San Augustine was the home of some of Texas' most distinguished citizens who opened their hospitable quarters to many men of affairs. Some of these fine old Southern houses are still standing, the property of the descendants of those who established them. Among these are the homes of Col. S. W. Blount, one of the signers of Texas independence; Matthew Cartwright, F. B. Sexton, member of the Confederate Congress (this property later was owned by the Crockett family); J. Pinckney Henderson, Judge Broocks, and that of Governor O. M. Roberts, a few miles north of town.

First Port in Ruins.

A short distance east of Hemphill, on the west bank of the Sabine River, is the ruins of Texas' first port of entry, old Sabinetown. Today it is difficult to locate the spot of this one

time thriving town of several thousand inhabitants. As originally laid off it consisted of one square mile which was cut into lots. Washington Street was the main thoroughfare. D. S. Kaufman, first Congressman from the Hemphill district, built the first house in the town in 1833. For many years this town contained the customs house and operated the ferry. It was the head of navigation on the Sabine River, and as such was the distributing point to many places. The fortifications were on the bluff and were thrown up during the Civil War to prevent possible invasion of Texas, either by river or over the highway which crossed the river at this place. These fortifications are yet to be seen, but vegetation, underbrush and trees, some of which are several feet in diameter, have practically grown over the rock foundation.

Sabinetown's position on the King's Highway, leading from Natchitoches to San Antonio, also gave it special advantages.

Public Square Donated.

In Marshall, Jefferson and Scottville, together with other towns farther west, one finds evidence of early happenings of importance. The community adjacent to Caddo Lake is particularly interesting to the folklore lover. The original townsite of Marshall was located on a league of land patented to Peter Whetstone. Whetstone donated the public square for a temple of justice, the streets to the town of Marshall, and 10 acres of ground on a beautiful eminence as a site for the Marshall University. He also donated other property to the town, including that used by the Masons for the Institute, one of the first schools for women in Texas, at which many daughters of Dixie received their education. Marshall also was the home and burial place of Isaac Van Zandt, one of Texas' most distinguished early citizens, and ambassador from the Republic of Texas to the United States. The streets of Marshall have important historic significance—those running north and south bearing the names of persons nationally and internationally famous, and those running east and west having been named for Texas patriots.

Scene of Romance.

Harrison and Panola Counties were much affected by the border feuds, and some of this State's most historic characters lived in this section. Dickens in his American Notes mentioned the Rose-Potter feud. Both Potter and Rose, leaders of opposing factions, are buried near Marshall—Rose in the beautiful and historic old cemetery at Scottville and Potter in an unmarked grave at Caddo Lake.

The old Holcombe house, still standing in Marshall, was the scene of an interesting romance. Lucy Holcombe, the beautiful and attractive daughter of the Holcombe family, grew up there. Her father often took her with him on business and pleasure trips to New Orleans and up and down the Mississippi River on the palatial old boats. On an occasion she met Francis Pickens, later Governor of South Carolina. He became much infatuated with her charms and they were married, spending their honeymoon in the courts of Russia where he served as minister from the United States to

that country, 1857-60. A daughter was born to them while in Russia and the Czarina, who greatly admired the little bride, asked the privilege of naming the baby, which was of course granted. Francis W. Pickens became Governor of South Carolina upon the expiration of his services as ambassador to Russia, and as such had important connection with the early secession movements of his State.

Genealogy of the Family of a Texas Hero

Imagined Obscurity of 'Davy' Crockett's Birth Is Dissipated.

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

DAVID CROCKETT, writing of himself, once said, "Like all historians and biographers, I should inform the public that I was born as well as other folks—it might be inferred from my appearance and size that I was pretty well born." This of course, was spoken in jest. Had it been possible for David Crockett to have read his family history as given in the recent publication, "The Crockett Family and Connecting Lines," Vol. V of "Notable Southern Families," by Janie Preston Collup French (Mrs. J. Stewart French) and Zella Armstrong, he would have concluded that he was in reality "well born."

The general opinion has held throughout the years that David Crockett—quaint, rugged and rough—was an uneducated backwoodsman and of lowly birth. As a matter of fact he probably knew very little of his birth and ancestry. It is learned from this Crockett history that the grandfather of "Davy" Crockett, himself bearing the name David Crockett, with his family was massacred by Indians on the site of the present town of Rogersville, Tenn. The name of the elder Crockett's wife is not known, but it is a matter of record that she met death heroically with her husband and some of her children. Several sons of David Crockett—Robert, William, John, James and Joseph—survived the slaughter, but it is quite probable that daughters and the younger and more helpless children of this large family were also victims. Robert, William and John Crockett, all grown, were absent from their father's home at the time of the massacre. John was married and living in his own home.

Nine years after the death of David Crockett and his family, John Crockett and wife, Rebeckah Hawkins Crockett, named their new-born son for the pioneer who built his house in the wilderness and gave up his life in defense of his family. Doubtless much of David Crockett's inborn courage and dauntless bravery was due to the stories told him in his youth of the heroism of his people.

After the marriage of John Crockett to Rebeckah Hawkins—Rebeckah was a sister of Sarah Hawkins, the first wife of Governor John Sevier—they built their home at Limestone, Greene County, Tenn. It was there that David was born, Aug. 17, 1780. Six sons and three daughters had John Crockett and his wife, "Davy" being the fifth son. In speaking of this David said, "What a pity I had not been the seventh!"

The history of the life of David Crockett is familiar to every Texan, but it is interesting to know his background, as given in this recent genealogy. The family dates back to Normandy in 1180. The opening chapter gives the origin of the name, its variations, and the significance of each, prefaced by cuts of the coat-of-arms with a sketch of the different ones. Although some insist that the Crockett name is of Scottish extraction, no mention of it is found in Scotland until long after the Norman Conquest. "The Norman People," by Henry S. King of London, mentions Rudolphus and Rainald Crockett in Normandy in 1180.

This Crockett genealogy starts with the French Huguenot, Antoine Desasure (or Dessausure) Perronette de Crocketagne. According to the book he was the son of Gabriel Gustave de Crocketagne and was born in the southern part of France, July 10, 1643. He was reputed to have been unusually handsome, an excellent horseman, and devoted to his interests. Because of his fine personal appearance and attention to duty Louis IV was attracted to him. He was placed second in command of the household guards. When he was 21, in 1664, he was given a special commission in the household troops. While there he met many of the nobility, among them the beautiful Louise de Saix who became his wife in 1669. Through this marriage the Crockett family are related to Marquis de Lafayette, his mother having been a Miss De Saix, a cousin of Louise.

In 1672 the Bishop of Lyons, through the King, issued an edict ordering all heretics (Huguenots) to leave the south of France within 20 days. Antoine, with his wife and infant son, Gabriel Gustave de Crocketagne II, their first born, fled across the English Channel (old Solon Channel) and remained in England for a short time. As the hatred for the Huguenots grew stronger they fled to Ireland and changed their name to Crockett, hoping thereby to lose their identity.

Antoine and Louise de Crocketagne had seven children, one of whom, Joseph Louis, became the ancestor of David Crockett of Alamo fame, as well as the forbear of Mrs. French, co-editor of this history. He married Sarah Stewart of Donegal, Ireland, a relative of William Stewart, who married Catherine Elliott, and emigrated to America when their son, Rev. George Stewart, was a young child. Joseph Louis Crockett came to America between the years 1715-1717 and settled first in Pennsylvania, going later to Virginia. His son, Joseph Louis Jr., who married Jeanne de Vigne, a French lady of distinction, lived for a time near Fort Chiswell, Va., but later settled on the Roanoke River, near Shawsville, Va., where he died and is buried. His son Robert was killed by Indians in Tennessee while on an exploring expedition. Others of his sons, Colonels Hugh, Walter, Joseph and Major Samuel—were prominent in the Revolution.

The Crocketts have intermarried with some of the most prominent families of the United States. Mary, a granddaughter of one Samuel Crockett, married James McGavock Jr. Anne Agnes Crockett, Samuel's daughter, married Capt. John Montgomery. It was through this line that Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was connected with the family. Joseph Louis Crockett who was born in Ireland Jan. 9, 1676, and emigrated to America, as did his nephew Samuel, and was the ancestor of many illustrious families. Jacob Kent married one of his daughters, Mary Crockett, noted for her great beauty and literary attainments. By this union came the distinguished Kent line of Virginia. From Robert Crockett are descended many prominent Tennessee families—the McPhut-

ters, Sanders, Rutledges, Keyes and Carmacks. A chapter is devoted to the New England Crocketts, and several chapters to the various miscellaneous branches that could not be classified in any of the main lines.

It is impossible to mention but a very few of the interesting families and individuals listed in the book, but the Crocketts from Scotland, especially represented by Rev. William Shillinglaw Crockett, noted minister, writer, educator and lecturer, offer much by way of entertainment. Other distinguished persons who are connected, either directly or collaterally, with the Crockett family are Maj. Cary Ingram Crockett, former military attaché of Venezuela; the late Col. Bennett H. Young of Louisville, the late Dr. Sidney Seales Crockett, Rev. M. W. Doggett, D., and numerous others whose names appear in America's Who's Who.

The authors state that after the Crockett history was on the press they received additional important data concerning the descendants of David Crockett's sisters. No mention is made in the book of his sisters, as nothing was known at the time.

The volume devotes more than 100 pages in small type to original documents—wills, abstracts, deeds, letters, etc.—from court records. This supporting proof will be invaluable in years to come to the genealogist and historian. The index is very comprehensive and contains more than 2,000 references. The book is printed on antique deckle-edge paper and bound in blue silk vellum, with the title attractively stamped in gold on the backbone and front cover. Its valuable content makes it a notable historical contribution.

The coauthors, Mrs. French and Miss Armstrong, are both gifted writers and have produced a work that will set a standard for genealogical research. Mrs. French is a descendant of Col. Hugh Crockett and is thoroughly familiar with the history and traditions of the family for many generations. Her mother was Mary Elizabeth Crockett. Mrs. French personally examined all the Crockett records in the Congressional Library and the state archives of Virginia and Tennessee, besides examining court records and thousands of letters from all over the world.

Miss Zella Armstrong is the editor and publisher of the Lookout Magazine and is a well known author and historian. She is the compiler and publisher of "Notable Southern Families," of which the Crockett family is the fifth volume. Both Mrs. French and Miss Armstrong are identified in their own families with the best and oldest histories and traditions of the South.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY AND CONNECTING LINES (Volume V Notable Southern Families); King Printing Company, Bristol, Tenn.; \$6.

History and Genealogy The Family

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.
"FROM thence I went to the City Hall, and was introduced to the mayor of the city and several of the aldermen. The mayor is a plain, common sense-looking man. I was told he had been a tanner; that pleased me, for I thought both him and me had clum up a long way from where we started, and it is truly said, 'Honor and fame from no condition rise.' It's the grit of a fellow that makes the man." The foregoing from the Autobiography of David Crockett gives an interesting bit of Crockett's philosophy.

There are those who claim that one might be indebted to one's ancestors for something, as well. There has just been published a most comprehensive and valuable book, "The Crockett Family and Connecting Lines," Vol. V, of the series, "Notable Southern Families," by Janie Preston Collup French (Mrs. J. Stewart French) and Zella Armstrong.

The history relates that the grandfather of the immortal "Davy," also bearing the name, David Crockett, with his wife and several of his children, met death at the hands of Indians on the site of the present town of Rogersville, Tenn. The authors of this book promoted and erected a monument to mark this spot, as the bodies were buried nearby, and thus it was that the family of David Crockett not only owned all the land where Rogersville now stands, but their graves started the first cemetery there, in the summer of 1777.

Nine years after the death of the elder David Crockett, John Crockett (one of David's sons, who was absent from home at the time his parents were killed), and wife, Rebeckah Hawkins Crockett, named their new-born son for the pioneer who built his house in the wilderness and who gave up his life in defense of his family. Doubtless much of "Davy" Crockett's inborn courage and dauntless bravery was due to the stories told him in his youth of the heroism of his people.

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Of Huguenot Descent.

The Crockett genealogy starts with the French Huguenot, Antoine Desasure (or Dessausure) Perronette de Crocketagne. He was the son of Gabriel Gustave de Crocketagne and was born in the southern part of France, July 10, 1643. He was reputed to have been unusually handsome, an excellent horseman and devoted to his interests. Because of his good qualities, King Louis XIV was attracted to him. He was placed second in command of the household guards. When he was 21, in 1664, he was given a special commission in the household troops. While there, he met many of the nobility, among them the beautiful Louise de Saix, who became his wife in 1669. Through this marriage the Crockett family are related to Marquis de Lafayette, his mother having been a Miss de Saix, a cousin of Louise.

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In Prominent Families.

Joseph Louis Crockett came to America between the years 1715-1717 and settled first in Pennsylvania, going later to Virginia. His son, Joseph Louis Jr., who married Jeanne de Vigne, a French lady of distinction, lived for a time near Fort Chiswell, Va., but later settled on the Roanoke River, near Shawsville, Va., where he died and is buried. His son, Robert, was killed by Indians in Tennessee while on an exploring expedition. Others of his sons, Colonels Hugh, Walter, Joseph and Major Samuel were prominent in the revolution.

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The co-authors of this outstanding contribution to America's Life and Letters are both gifted writers and this work which they have produced will set a standard for genealogical research.

Mrs. French is a descendant of Colonel Hugh Crockett, and she is thoroughly familiar with the family history and traditions for many generations. She personally examined all the Crockett records in the Congressional Library and in the State archives of Virginia and Tennessee, besides going through the court records in practically every county. In addition the work required the writing of hundreds of letters—"thousands of them," she says, in speaking of her task, "as well as connecting all the lines."

Miss Armstrong is the editor and publisher of the Lookout Magazine and is a well-known author and historian. She is the compiler and publisher of "Notable Southern Families," of which this volume is the fifth. Both Mrs. French and Miss Armstrong come from old Virginia and Tennessee families, both families being identified with the oldest and best histories and traditions of the South. The Crockett family and connecting Lines, Vol. V, Notable Southern Families. Published by the King Printing Company, Bristol, Tenn. Price \$6.00.

FADED JOURNAL OF 1879 TELLS OF FT. WORTH

From It One May Learn of
City's Early History and
Customs of Its Citizens

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

A part of a page from the Evening Journal, published in Fort Worth Feb. 14, 1879, has recently been brought to light. It is only a scrap of paper—a torn, worn, faded little fragment, but it reveals an astonishing amount of the small town's news. From it one may learn of the city's early history—its prominent citizens and their vocations and avocations, the manners and customs of its people, current events both local and general, and something of the thought of the day.

The sheet is torn lengthwise and it is only about half the size of its original proportions (a page 12x18 inches), and, in bold print on one side it announces itself: "A local paper devoted to the interests of Fort Worth, Texas. The Journal is the official paper of the city. It furnishes its readers with more of the local doings than any other published in the county. Subscription price, only 15 cents per week. Office upstairs over Colter & Crozier's, Corner Main Street and Public Square."

An adjoining column carries an advertisement by the enterprising "Mr. M. P. Knowles": "My fine carriage will stand hereafter in front of the Cattle Exchange, when not engaged, from 3 o'clock p. m. until 11 at night, where I will be pleased to wait on you as cheap as any hack in the city. Nothing divulged as I know how to keep my tongue."

From the next add in the same column, although torn too badly to reveal all the names, one reads the announcement of the City National Bank, and the following names: John Nichols, president; S. W. Lomax, cashier, and in addition to these two, who are also listed as directors, occur the names of J. Marklee and W. J. Boaz. The bank assumes to transact all types of legitimate banking business and offers to issue sight drafts on England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Austria, Denmark, Norway and some other countries whose names were torn off.

Following the bank notice: "Apollo Beer Restaurant. An Elegant Resort for Ladies and Gentlemen. Houston Street. The finest of Wines and Liquors. The Coolest of Beer and Iced Drinks. The Best of Attention."

Occupying the lower half of the column, the Texas and Pacific Railway Company announces its connections and lists itself as "the quickest and most direct route, etc. . . ." The name of George Noble appears as general passenger agent.

Ordinance Ordinance.

B. L. Orrick's Meat Market, "Dealer in All Kinds of Game, Meat, Poultry, etc.," urges a continuance of patronage from "my old customers and hope others will give me a trial." "East Side Public Square, at Gus Canto's Old Stand."

Dodd & Co., "Dealers in Stoves and

Tinware," operated the Red Front Store on Houston Street, and "The Battle House, Headquarters for Square Meals and Head Center for Tip Top Beds. Located on the South Side of the Square, Corner Weatherford and Rusk Streets," offered "the best breakfast, dinner or supper in the city for 25 cents."

An Ordinance of the City Council, No. 185, relating to misdemeanors such as the shooting of firearms within the city limits, etc., was signed by C. McDougall, City Secretary, and R. E. Beckham, Mayor.

Another column leads off with the following from the Houston and Texas Central Railway Company: "This is the only line running through the central and best portions of Texas," and it lists "over 5,000,000 acres of land for sale in Texas at from \$1.50 to \$10 per acre," and concludes with "special inducements to immigrants and people desiring to settle in the State."

Two Citations.

Sanger Bros. (in big headlines), occupied "the Peak Block on the west side of Houston Street" and they offered "every variety of useful, seasonable and valuable articles, such as shirts, underwear, suspenders, gloves, ladies and children's wear, heavy cotton, woolen and silk half hose, boots and shoes, neckties and scarfs, silk and linen handkerchiefs, etc."

Two citations—one for Stephen Terry, administrator for the estate of J. H. Jeter and signed by J. P. Woods, County Clerk, and the other summoning D. C. Hackney, by G. C. Nunnally, to appear on a certain date in

Down Main Street in 1879



Arlington, signed by M. J. Brimm, Justice of the Peace, No. 2, were followed by two adds: "R. L. Boaz (reference Boaz & Ellis), General Transfer, a Full Line of Floats," and the "George Wheeler Restaurant on Houston Street, Next Door to the Cattle Exchange."

A notice of a meeting to be held by the Knights of Honor at the B. B. Hall over the Postoffice was signed by H. B. Pitts, Reporter, and K. W. Shedd, Dictator. The I. O. O. F. also listed its meeting to be held over the City National Bank. The latter bore the names of Thomas Aston and J. J. Miller.

Personals.

Travel is very good now by rail and stage.

Quite a number of our citizens are suffering with chills.

Milton Nobles Company tonight at Evans Hall.

Apply at Henry Byrne's new saloon, The Council Room, when in

need of a first class drink or smoke.

Go to Forney D. Smyth for cheap groceries, west side Square.

When you have jewelry that you want repaired take it to John Howard's in the rear of Daggett & Hatcher's.

First class horse board for two dollars per week at the El Paso Stable, Fourth and Main.

They called the doctor in to staunch

The blood that flowed like rain;

An artery he tried awhile,

Then said that it was vein.

Zack Gilmore is still suffering with

neuralgia in one of his eyes.

Moek, the Photographer, over

Want's on Houston Street, is with-

out a doubt the best workman that

ever did work in Fort Worth.

The Moffett Bell Punch Bill will

probably pass the House today, and

become a law on the first day of

October.

We had the pleasure today of meet-

ing Rev. H. D. Renfro of Johnson

County, who officiated at a marriage

ceremony in Fort Worth last night.

Miss Sara Jewett is the most beau-

tiful woman on the New York Stage.

Quiet Place to Board.

A number of new guests are reg-

istered at the Transcontinental.

Mrs. E. A. Walton on Rusk Street,

between Second and Third, is now

ready to receive boarders by the day

or week. Those wishing a nice quiet

place to board should remember her.

Teller's Tales in South Carolina

were called warmed up dishes of hor-

ror.

Governor Foote, superintendent of

the mint, looks upon the Crescent

City as a good place to make money.

Michou, the restaurant man on

Houston Street, desires to dispose of

his business, as he intends to leave

the city early.

Jim Loving of Jack County, a

brother-in-law of our fellow citizen,

Jack Flint, who has been under a

doctor at Louisville, Ky., for the past

year, returned last night, having fully

recovered.

The Ten Pin Alley at the Cotton

Exchange in the third ward, we learn

is just becoming, or is now, one of

the most popular resorts for pleasure

and pastime in the city. The place is

No. 196 Houston Street.

By the request of many friends,

and a desire to occupy the office for

another term, Mr. Henry Feilds an-

ounces himself this evening as a

candidate for re-election to the office

of city attorney.

Thanks Energetic Policeman.

Thanks are due Policeman Thomas,

whose energy saved the Green Drug

Store, owned and operated by Brooks

& Earl, from a conflagration this eve-

ning. Bully, Tom.

Messrs. Pullen & Merrick have re-

ceived a lot of fine roses, shrubbery,

fruit trees, etc., which they are sell-

ing low for cash. Call and see them,

southwest corner Square, next to Pen-

dery's. Ho! for the beautiful!

Looking south on Main Street from the courthouse in 1879. The picture was taken from a page of the Evening Journal, published here Feb. 14 of that year.

Deodorized Gasoline, Headlight Oil, New York Creamery Butter, and a full line of staple and fancy groceries at William Brown's, the Retail Grocer, Corner Houston and First Streets.

We are requested to say to the old patrons of Mrs. Ziegler that her cigar stand will be at the barber shop of her husband, next door to the Merchant's Exchange, where her fine 5-cent cigars can be found. As soon as we can procure another place we will let you know. (This last sentence leaves the reader a little in the dark as to the editor's meaning, but we will give Mrs. Ziegler the benefit of the doubt.)

Didn't Know It.

The following local appeared in this morning's Democrat:

"A Day-Breaking Fire."

"The residence of Captain Lyles on Burnet Street was discovered to be on fire by one of the Democrat circulators about daybreak yesterday morning. The flames were leaping from the top of one of the chimneys, and for several minutes threatened destruction to the house. He gave the alarm at once but before water could be taken to the roof the blaze subsided and the fire gradually went out."

Captain Lyles says if he knows himself, and he thinks he does, that nothing of the kind occurred. If it did, being at the house at the time, he thinks that he would have found it out prior to the publication of this morning's paper. If there was anything of the above, no one, he says, knew it except the author of the above article.

There are those who will long for a return of "the good old days" upon reading Joe F. Hays' add: "The Occidental, or at least what was left of it after the fire, is now established at No. 15 Weatherford Street, in the brick building formerly occupied by William Bros. & Barnes. Mr. Hays was fortunate to save out of his immense stock enough of his goods to open up again with a first-class stock, and good assortment of liquors, wines and cigars, which they are selling at reduced prices. His stock of whiskies consists of some of the best brands that are to be had in the United States, which he sells in bottles, by the pint or quart, or gallon. He has a good assortment of chewing and smoking tobacco."

And they had poetry then, too! Witness the following, unsigned, but carrying a distinctly modern note:

Tell Me.

Is they blush which roses mocks
Bought at three and six per box,
And those lips I seem to taste,
Are they pink with cherry paste?
Gladly I'd the notion scout,
Answer me, is't so or not?
Maid of Gotham, come, no larks,
For thy shoulders leave white marks!
Tell me quickly, tell to me,
What is really real in thee?

Perhaps the question is the eternal one that man asks of woman.

But for sheer courage, and for a flair for news, present day reporters will have to give the laurels to an ambitious Journal scout. The records show that the young man was not hindered in his work by any sort of Paritanical conscience—and that in a day when one might have expected such a thing. (Tabloid editors, please take notice!)

"A Novel Marriage."

This morning about 9 o'clock, as our reporter was making one of his many daily trips to the courthouse, a small body of men were marching in solid phalanx, and seemed somewhat to be led by an old gentleman of about 60 years of age, gray, yet stout and vigorous in appearance. His main supporter was a young man about 18 or 20 years old, dressed in a long Yankee-blue overcoat; pants in his somewhat rusty boots, cheeks all aglow with joyous excitement.

GOOD WHISKIES, 5-CENT CIGARS BOOSTED IN AD

Deodorized Gasoline, Head-
light Oil Offered for Sale;
Captain Denies Blaze.

The center of attraction in this moving group was Justice McClung, supported by Constable Maben. The curiosity of this reporter was somewhat aroused and he followed the group to the center of the cotton grounds immediately in front of Daggett & Hatcher and Havens & Cowen; there we saw a wagon with somewhat ancient covering, and on the spring seat were two females. On our arrival, one of the two, a stout buxom woman, with a home spun dress, which came about two inches above her shoe tops, arose, and jumping from the wagon, exclaimed: "This is business." On the seat there, still remained another, dressed somewhat in the same manner as the female who had left the seat. The aforesaid young man with the blue overcoat, mounted the wagon and took his seat by the remaining female, who had her lap covered with a quilt—we suppose to keep out the cold—her bonnet hid her face, which was somewhat freckled; her hair was rather dark, etc. The justice had his say, and Mr. —and Miss—(correct names were given in the original Journal story) were made one. We understand the young man was forced to marry, and from our own observation, we are under the same impression. The young lady was in a delicate condition. Such is life, and such is honor redeemed." It is likely the Democrat's story of the Lyles fire was the spur that prompted the Journal's "A Novel Marriage." Whatever the cause, the tale furnishes good reading. And another "scrap of paper" makes history!

Notable Collection of Short Stories by Southwesterners

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

Hilton Ross Greer has added another star to his literary crown by collecting and editing the second series of Best Short Stories From the Southwest, a companion volume to the pioneer anthology of the same name which made its appearance two years ago. The book is published by the Southwest Press, a firm that is doing much to establish a distinctive regional literature for this section.

The collection is a notable one, both from the viewpoint of technique and because of the subject interest. While some of the stories first appeared in national publications, a number of them made their initial bow in Southwestern magazines, and though the types are varied, the tales are part and parcel of the soil without being provincial, and their authors belong to the Southwest.

Stanley Vestal and Paul Eldridge have pictured the Indian, and their interpretations are different, Vestal's story having to do with the primitive life of one Watonga, an Arapaho, and the Eldridge tale featuring Rosie Brown, a Cherokee Indian woman, and her son, Willy, who captured an enemy creek and a wood" in the recent World War. And there are intriguing plots revealed by Margaret Bell Houston, Karle Wilson Baker, Ted Dealey, Norma Patterson, Paul Everman, Isabel Campbell, the wife of Stanley Vestal, and others.

The negro and the Mexican play a part in the stories, and the following titles, taken at random, are significant: "It Is Morning," "The Porch Swing," "Rain Preacher," "Elsie's Boy," "Street Keeper," "Listeners-Under-the-Ground," "Trinkets," "The Poor Lame Hoof of Pedro," "The Return of Cal Clawson, B. M.," "O' Roany Ranahan," "The Hand of the Master," "The Jade Piece," "Half a Dog," "The Wooing of Peg-Leg's Daughters" and "Cock-a-Doodle Doo."

MEXICAN WAR WITHOUT DEFEAT FOR AMERICA

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DETAIL OF TRIALS DESCRIBED IN SOLDIER'S LETTER

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TAYLOR'S CAPTURE OF CAPITAL WAS BIG CLIMAX

(Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories on early Texas history, published by The Star-Telegram preliminary to the annual convention in Fort Worth of the Daughters of the Texas Republic.)

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

"O Lord, we are about to join battle with vastly superior numbers of the enemy, and Heavenly Father, we would mightily like for You to be on our side and help us; but if You can't do it . . . don't go over to the Mexicans, but just lie low and keep dark, and You will see one of the d—dest fights You ever saw in all your born days."

All the gallant heroes of the Mexican War are long since dead. Only their records survive. History has preserved this unusual prayer, uttered by one of these, Capt. J. B. McCown, just before the storming of Monterey and Buena Vista, the last of Taylor's great battles.

On March 2, 1836, the people of Texas published to the world their Declaration of Independence from Mexican oppression and rule. At that time the immortal 185 under Travis, Crockett, Bowie and Bonham were holding at bay Santa Anna and his 8,000 troops who were fiercely besieging the Alamo. On the last and fatal assault, March 6, every defender died at his post.

Fires Again Break Out.

After Texas was annexed to the United States, Dec. 29, 1845, smoldering fires again were rekindled and Mexico placed her army on Texas soil. Gen. Zachary Taylor, learning that the Mexicans had crossed to the Texas side of the Rio Grande, moved his army, in the Spring of 1846, to a point where Brownsville now stands, opposite Matamoras. There he left the Seventh Infantry, Lord's Company and an 18-pounder battery, with orders to erect earthworks and hold the fort, and on the afternoon of May 1, 1846, moved back to Point Isabel, the base of supplies. Before daylight on the morning of May 3 the enemy opened fire on the earthworks, afterward known as Fort Brown, and that fire was kept up for six days and nights, but not a man left his post. Arista, with the flower of the Mexican army, was on the Texas side of the river. On April 25 Thornton, with a squadron of dragoons, had been ambushed and captured on our own soil. On May 8, 1846, at noon, the first real battle of the war occurred at Palo Alto.

Not a Single Retreat.

During the entire war, after Thornton's capture, there never was a defeat, there never was a retreat, and the crowning and last victory, in which Scott with less than 10,000 men conquered Santa Anna with 30,000 and captured the capital city of 200,000 souls, was the fitting finish of a gloriously conducted war.

Interesting details of this war are disclosed in an old faded letter, time-worn and yellow with age, mounted in a glass case in the home of Marvin E. Singleton in St. Louis. The document, which is prized highly, was written by J. H. Singleton, father of Marvin Singleton and Mrs. J. K. Erwin and J. W. Singleton of Waxahachie, to his mother. This letter, written more than four score years ago from the seat of action, and now given to the public for the first time, follows:

"Tampico, Mexico.
"Feb. 16, 1847.

"Dear Mother:

I embrace this opportunity of writing you to inform you of my whereabouts, knowing you feel great uneasiness of mind from my being exposed to the dangers incident to a soldier's life, and my perils since my last have been great, both by sea and by land. When last I wrote to you I was at Fort Jackson on the Mississippi on the eve of embarking on the treacherous deep.

Storm at Sea Described.

We left the mouth of the river on the 21st of January, with sealed orders bound for the seat of war. We opened our orders when 20 leagues from land and found those orders to convey up to Brazos Stage; thence to receive our orders from General Scott. We had fine weather and the time passed pleasantly with the exception of a little seasickness. We lost one man, who died on the second day after we left the mouth of the river. We committed him unto the deep, to be devoured by the sharks, then I thought how short and uncertain was man's sojourn on this earth. But enough, we reached Brazos Stage in five days from our sailing from the mouth and cast anchor. The pilot boat came off from the island with orders from General Scott for our regiment to repair to the Island

of Lobos on the Mexican coast, about 40 miles from Vera Cruz. We set sail the next morning with a favorable wind for our destination, but alas, how short are our pleasures in this life. We sailed with a fair wind that day and that night and the next morning at 20 minutes to 6 o'clock the lookout sung out we were going on shore.

The sailors rushed on deck. Then commenced confusion such as I have never witnessed, and pray God I may never again. I have thought that charging on the mouth of a cannon would not be anything to compare to it. Here death stared us in the face without any hope of escaping a watery grave, and to see 400 men and six women go into eternity who had been sleeping in perfect security only one short hour before, is horrible in the extreme.

I got on deck in a moment and saw this fine ship, that but the day before rode on the breast of the

mighty ocean in all her majesty and pomp, seeming to defy old ocean and her power, rushing headlong to certain destruction. Then my thoughts flew back to the hours I had spent in my youth around that fireside that the soldier pines for when he lies down on the cold ground at night. The efforts of the captain and sailors were of no avail. On she went. They let go both of her anchors in order to stop her onward progress and as they took hold this noble ship struck on the breakers and seemed as if the sea would lift her up and she would come down on the breakers and that her tall masts would jump out of her and crush every living soul on board. Then you might have seen men who would have laughed death to scorn in fighting the enemies of our country, made as weak and as timid as a girl 12 years old; then I heard men invoking the Almighty to spare them from a watery grave.

At that moment the mate sung out in a voice of thunder to let go both anchors and let her go on shore. They let go and she still hung on to the breakers. He then told them to cut away the masts; at the same time told the soldiers to go down into the hold of the ship to prevent their being killed by the falling spars. They obeyed him; instantly the sailors then cut away those tall masts, the pride of a seaman, and they came down with a tremendous crash in the sea; that lightened her so she got off the breakers and drifted some 200 yards nearer shore. We then stuck again to stay for good. In a few minutes the water came rushing into her hold and she settled down in the sand. We were now some 400 yards from shore with a tremendous sea breaking over us. We made a raft with some spars and two men went on shore with a rope. We then stretched the rope. Dark then coming on the balance had to remain until next morning. In the morning we launched the big boat of the ship which would carry 20 men at a time and, incredible to relate, landed every soul on board. We succeeded in getting one of our guns and provisions and water enough for eight or 10 days, pitching our tents and slept sound from the fatigues of our wreck in the morning.

I awoke greatly refreshed from the toil I had undergone and took a stroll on the beach. The beach is a beautiful sand bar looking very much like the one at the mouth of our tail race. Back some 60 yards from the water rises hills of loose sand to the height of 40 or 50 feet, covered with an underbrush called in this country chaparral. I saw in the background an eminence some hundred feet above the level of the sea and after some difficulty I succeeded in getting on it, and from thence I could see we were on a promontory or tongue of land, for immediately in front of me were lagoons of water and chaparral so thick a rabbit could go in 10 steps. I went up and down for miles seeking some road leading to some habitation, but found none, and returned to camp to report. We found plenty of wolves and some cow tracks in the sand which convinced us there were natives not far off, and how they would receive us we knew not, but we expected not to be treated very hospitably if they could overpower us. We saw nobody that day, so at sundown I told Captain Dope I would go with an escort to Tampico for assistance. He spoke to Colonel De-Russy and he accepted my services. Captain Lewis, myself, Corporal Westcott and a Mr. Gow left camp about dark armed with one double barrel shotgun. I had two pistols and a butcher knife; the other two had pistols with a sword apiece.

Salt Water in Desert.

We traveled all night without resting along the beach. When day broke we were out of water and no prospect for many miles, then I thought of Riley's Narrative of Travels in Africa and this looked very much as he described his desert. At 10 o'clock my thirst became intolerable. I frequently saw poles stuck up on the hills. I took Captain Lewis' gun on my shoulder and started to go into the interior

until I found a human habitation or some fresh water.

Oh, you that have never known what it was to pine for some of those big cool springs in Kentucky, imagine my thoughts on this occasion. I traveled about one mile and got on a knob and behold, in the distance I espied a large lake looking in the distance like the sea I had just left. I pressed on and reached it in a few minutes. I then found to my astonishment that it was almost as salty as the ocean. I found, however, some holes that had been dug by fishermen hardby. A hog in Kentucky would hardly wallow in it, but it was not salt and therefore I took it as a godsend. I filled my canteens with this that was worth more than all this war will cost, and retraced my steps to my almost famished companions, and joy beamed in their eyes as I hove in sight assuring them I had found good water.

We took up the line of march and traveled until dark. Then we laid down with no other covering but the canopy of heaven and slept until 10 o'clock that night. We then resumed our march and at sunset the next evening we got to this place, worn out and our feet blistered all over. When I got here I had about \$500. I got a good supper and a good warm bath and soon forgot the trials and fatigues of a long march. The general in command sent 40 regulars to the assistance of our men with 80 pack mules; but on the day after I left the wreck, two Mexicans came and proffered great friendship, also to assist our sick with mules to get to Tampico. They were spies. They stayed all night and left in the morning, having ascertained our condition. In the evening of the same day they sent a letter to Colonel De Russey ordering him to surrender or send his women out of camp to a place of security and he would commence the fight. The colonel became panic-stricken and sent a flag of truce to General Coys craving until next morning to consider. As soon as dark came he lighted his camp fires and commenced retreating in double quick time, and the most disgraceful of all, he packed his sick six miles and then laid them down to perish at the hands of the enemy, or be devoured by wolves, or die for want of water or attention. Such is the fate of war. Here were seven human beings who had shouldered their muskets and responded to the call of their country left to perish in a foreign land, far from their friends and relatives. One of them got up. One of the others stayed until he saw all of his companions perish one at a time, and he buried them all by scratching a hole in the sand and covering them.

I have now written the longest letter I have ever written in my life,

and it may be my last to you. You see how uncertain the life of a soldier is. Rumor says were are to take Vera Cruz. If such is the case we will leave many a poor soul in this foreign land, perhaps myself, but God's will be done; I will submit, and if fate decrees I should die in a foreign grave, I will not disgrace the family I sprung from, but will fill a soldier's grave.

Send your letters Headquarters Army of Occupation, Mexico, First Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, Company II.

Your affectionate son,

J. H. SINGLETON.

COURAGE AND FAITH BUILT UP TEXAS MISSIONS

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP WON WITH FISTS AND GUNS

WRITER FINDS ROMANCE IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of stories on early Texas history, prepared by Mary Daggett Lake in preparation for the state convention here, March 2 and 3, of the Daughters of the Texas Republic.

Contemporaneous with the founding of Philadelphia by William Penn and his Quakers, priests of New Spain laid the foundation for missions in Texas. These old missions erected by religious orders and dotting the State throughout the South and West, were forerunners of our present day civilization. The adventurers who first visited this part of the country had a twofold object in mind, namely, acquisition of new dominions and extension of the Christian religion.

Although not so well known as the missions of California, the Texas missions are monuments to the history of this illustrious State and are quite as interesting and unique as any. Wigwams of warring and hostile savages dotted the wide stretching plains of Texas and missionaries who went among them did so at their peril. For this reason, it was necessary to erect the missions in Texas close together, thereby affording a fortress or means of protection. The California missions are separated by a day's journey, bespeaking for the aborigines of that section a more docile turn.

Settled in 1691.

An old writer says: "In 1691 the province of Asia, or Texas, as it was called by the Spaniards, was settled by some emigrants and visited by 14 Spanish monks, who were anxious to devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians, and a garrison and a mission were at that time established." The location of this mission can not now be positively determined, however. Knowledge of the first of the old Spanish missions is extremely meager. Troublesome Indians required frequent removal of the missions and a permanent establishment was a hard task.

The Christianization of the Texas natives was a vastly different thing from that of the more passive race west of the Rio Grande. According to his own report, a single priest baptized 5,000 natives in one day. Another wrote, "an ordinary day's work is from 10,000 to 20,000 souls." Of course, these new converts were very immature Christians, but the faithful, earnest work of the priests among a pliant and receptive people helped much in the civilization of the natives.

Found San Saba.

In 1757, on the San Saba River, in what is now Menard County, the Mission of San Saba was founded by a company of missionaries from Santa Fe. Although missions were built throughout East Texas, those of the South and West alone remain, with the exception of the old stone fort at Nacogdoches, razed and later rebuilt. This is probably due to the fact that in the West stone and other enduring building materials were plentiful, while that further east was more perishable. Most of the Texas missions were built and made a part of the established church from 1690 to 1719—the Alamo being the most noted.

In November, 1820, Moses Austin, then living in Missouri, set out for Bexar, Texas, on horseback, with \$50 in cash and accompanied by his faithful negro servant on a mule. He is reported to have been, on Nov. 27, "at McGuffin's," a noted landmark about midway between Natchitoches and the Sabine." Barker, in his "Life of Stephen F. Austin," says: "He reached Bexar on Dec. 23 in company with his servant, Richmond, and two companions whom he had encountered near Natchitoches. . . . He declared he was 53 years old, a Catholic and a former subject of the King of Spain. . . . that with his family he wished to settle in Texas and cultivate cotton, sugar and corn."

Death of Austin.

Moses Austin returned to Missouri, but died shortly afterward due to exposure on his trip, leaving an injunction that his son, Stephen F. Austin, then a young man, carry out his plans. This was done. At the close of 1821 Stephen Austin, at the head of a small body of immigrants, entered the country overland, while others, under his leadership, came on vessels from New Orleans. Among these were Texas' first Protestant pilgrims.

To the Baptists probably belongs the honor of establishing the first Protestant church in Texas. There are indications of an organized church of the Primitive Baptist faith on the Colorado River near Bastrop at a very early date, the pastor of which was Abner Smith. Rev. Z. N. Morrell, in his "Flowers and Fruits," an enumeration of Baptists in Texas in 1837, refers to what was probably the first Protestant church of any importance in the State. It was located near Elkhart, Anderson County. Bancroft, in his "North Mexican States and Tex-

as," attributes to Morrell the statement that in 1837 began the existence of the first church in Texas organized on "strictly gospel principles," and adds that he meant the first "Missionary" Baptist church. Morrell evidently intended to exclude the Pilgrim church.

History of Parkers.

Interesting data on this early church is the property of Joseph E. Taulman of Fort Worth, historian and genealogist of the pioneer Parker family, famous in Texas history.

Daniel Parker, who organized this first Baptist church and whose name appears so frequently in the record of its proceedings, was a native of Culpepper County, Va. When a small child his father moved to Franklin County, Ga., and there Daniel grew to manhood. In 1802 he joined the Baptist church and was ordained to preach in 1803. The year he united with the church he married Patsey Dickerson and moved a year later to Dixon County, Tenn. Palestine, Texas, is said to have been named by John Parker, the son of Daniel Parker, for the Illinois town of Palestine, Crawford County, near which the Parker family once lived. During Daniel Parker's residence in Illinois he published a work on the "Two Seed" doctrine, and edited two volumes of his church paper. He was elected to the State Senate of Illinois for two terms.

Law Forbade Church.

According to the construction of the Mexican law, the organization of a Protestant Church in Texas was forbidden, but it failed to consider the possibility of the immigration of such a church already organized. The Pilgrim Church in Illinois moved to Texas with its members in 1832. Daniel Parker, pioneer leader of this

movement in Texas, was no less interested in the politics and government of his country. He was a prominent member of the consultation and of the council of the provisional government. He was elected to the Congress of the Republic in 1839, but the Constitution made ministers of the Gospel ineligible, and he was, therefore, refused his seat. He died Dec. 3, 1833.

Shipman Tells Story.

Moses Shipman, a native of the Carolinas, great-great-grandfather of Frank and David Nelson of West Seventh Street, Fort Worth, came to Texas with the Austin party from Missouri. Daniel Shipman, son of Moses, left a private history in which he described the scenes of their early environment. The houses were "the most pretentious in the colony at that time, having two rooms, a lean-to and floors." This family also had its own private rain barrel, according to the records, which was quite a possession in those days. The Shipman family had known a Baptist preacher in Missouri named Bayes. As soon as they were established in Texas Bayes came to visit them. He gathered people from all about and preached in the Shipman home, what is supposed to have been, the first Protestant sermon in Texas.

Methodists Arrive.

Although in Texas Roman Catholicism was the established faith by law, the borderlands afforded freedom of worship. As early as 1818 and 1819, Red River territory was visited by Methodists. Thrall, in his History of Methodism, says: "Among these preachers were Henry Stevenson and twin brothers, named Washington and Green Orr. William was the acknowledged leader of this pioneer band. Stevenson preached on the Texas side of Red River as early as 1815 at the home of a man named Wright, who had recently moved from Smith County, Tenn. In 1818 a camp meeting was held a few miles above this point, when a church was organized. At old Jonesboro on Red River, Tidwell led a class in 1817. This was unquestionably the first Methodist organization in Texas."

John B. Denton, for whom the town of Denton is named, was said to have preached the first sermon in Denton County. He entered the Missouri conference in 1836 and a short time later was sent to Texas. On his way he fell in company with Rev. Littleton Fowler, just appointed to the Texas mission, and the two crossed Red River together. Fowler preached his first sermon in Texas at the house of Rev. William Duke.

Alford Spurns Threat.

In the Spring of 1832 Needham J. Alford, a Methodist preacher, and Sumner Bacon, a Cumberland Presbyterian, held a two-day meeting in Sabine County, near where the town of Milam now stands. Mexican officials had forbidden the meeting, and there was other opposition. The preachers were planning to fill their appointment. Just before the hour a person appeared on the ground, declaring he would horsewhip the first preacher who entered the stand. Alford arrived and someone repeated this threat to him. "Well," said he, "I am as able to take a whipping as

any man on this ground." Alford was a muscular, strongly built man, a stranger to fear, who had gone by the name of the "Bulldog Preacher" in Louisiana. The antagonist looked for a moment at the brawny arm of the preacher stretched out at full length over the buck-board, and quietly retired.

Presbyterians Come.

Among the earliest to establish the Presbyterian faith in Texas was Rev. John May Becton, grandfather of the late Mrs. Louis J. Wortham and Mrs. Jesse J. Nunnally, president of the Frances Cooke Van Zandt Chapter, Daughters of the Republic of Texas, of Fort Worth. Rev. Becton was reared a "hard-shell" Baptist, professed religion at a Methodist camp meeting, and during the year joined the Old School Presbyterian Church. He was licensed to preach in 1835 and ordained in 1841. In November of that year he came to Texas and located in San Augustine, where he preached and taught school. In 1844 he moved to Nacogdoches County. He died at Church Hill, nine miles east of Henderson, Rusk County, July 14, 1853. He was one of the earliest and most active of the Texas pioneer clergymen of his denomination, and it is believed he organized more churches than any other man of his faith in Texas. Among those accredited to him is the church at Douglas, Nacogdoches County, 1844; one in Henderson, Rusk County, 1845, and one at Rusk, Cherokee County, 1849. He and Rev. Daniel Baker organized the Presbyterian Church at Palestine, the one at Gum Springs, Rusk County, in 1851, and the one at Church Hill in 1852, at which place he died.

Rev. Becton was a fluent writer and an eloquent speaker. He was liberal and broad in his views, and being a leader in church affairs in those days, he drew about him a large following and a wide circle of friends and supporters. He was associated in his work with such well known pioneer clergymen as Rev. Baker, Rev. Hugh Wilson, Rev. Peter Fullinwider, Rev. P. M. Warren, and others who blazed the way for Presbyterianism in Texas.

Interested In Education.

He was interested in the educational developments of his State, and was one of the founders of Daniel Baker College and the Stephen F. Austin College. His son, Dr. E. P. Becton, was selected to deliver the semicentennial address at Austin College in 1900. Dr. S. E. Chandler, now president of Austin College, is a grandson by marriage of Rev. John May Becton.

The late Rev. John McLean, prominent early Methodist, in his "Reminiscences," said: "Not until the achievements of Texas independence in 1836 by Houston and his compatriots, was Texas opened to the establishment of Protestant churches. But after this great change from domination to democracy and the influx of the population from the States, the various denominations were established as fast as savagery gave way to civilization."

A Pilgrimage to the Heart of Old Louisiana

Natchitoches, Evangeline Country Reward Visitors

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

ON a day prior to the Civil War two women and a man came by boat to Natchitoches, La. They were interested in the plantations of the South. Upon inquiry they decided that the home of Dr. S. O. Scruggs of Clouterville, La., would be their destination. Accordingly they were driven to this place about 25 miles south of Natchitoches.

Dr. Scruggs was seated on the large veranda of his picturesque plantation home overlooking Red River, upon which the big boats sailed on their way to Natchitoches and Shreveport. The trio dismissed the carriage which brought them out and approached Dr. Scruggs. They stated that they were interested in getting material for a story dealing with life on a Southern plantation.

Accommodation, other than that extended by the owner, was not to be had. Being generous of spirit, Dr. Scruggs invited the newcomers to be his guests for as long as they liked, and dispensed the usual hospitality during their stay. They remained for a period of 10 days or more, and departed without going further into detail as to their mission. Sometime afterward a book came through the mail for Dr. Scruggs. Written on the flyleaf were these words: "Do you recognize this? H. B. S." The book was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

This interesting story was told our party recently at Clouterville, La., by Dr. S. H. Scruggs, the present owner of this distinguished plantation home, and the son of the hospitably inclined old gentleman. Time has made few changes in the place, I should say; however, today there is a modern home where once stood its stately predecessor. Dr. Scruggs relates that this was all his father ever heard from his mysterious guests. But was it not enough? What a story! And yet Louisiana fairly sparkles with similar tales of history and romance.

Old Natchitoches.

Natchitoches, quaint little French city, the third oldest town in the United States, and a charming replica of old New Orleans, is the childhood home of Ada Jack Carver (Mrs. J. B. Snell of Minden, La.), whose interpretation of "Cajun" and Creole life delights the readers of Harper's Magazine. An engaging hour here with the charming mother of Mrs. Snell, herself bearing the name "Ada Jack Carver," and like her daughter interested also in writing, revealed the fact that Mrs. Snell had been writing since a child; that she knew the life of the Acadian and was able to interpret it in a way that few writers, except Longfellow, have done. Mrs. Carver related many interesting experiences connected with the Little Theater production of "The Cajun," which her daughter wrote for the Shreveport Little Theater's New York tournament, and which won both fame and fortune for that organization.

Traveling south from Natchitoches one encounters the heart of the plantation district of Louisiana. Great fields of cotton, corn and sugar cane, and further south the beautiful water-soaked rice lands. We saw hundreds of blue and white herons in this section, who, disturbed by our passing, lifted themselves and soared gracefully out of sight against a cloudless sky. It would be difficult to imagine a country more picturesque. As one drives along the innumerable lagoons and bayous, one is impressed with the tropical forests of palmetto and tall trees, whose massive drooping branches are festooned with gray Spanish moss, the dense tangled vines and shrubs, and lavender lace-veiled pools of water hyacinths. Small wonder that artists are drawn to this section from near and far.

All through the heart of Louisiana and on south are "the big houses," silent and deserted. Once they resounded to young voices and gay laughter, when Southern chivalry and beauty danced and sang beneath their hospitable roofs. If you've never seen an old plantation, you can't imagine what it's like. And many of them are still being operated in all their glory. One such is located about 14 miles south of Natchitoches at Melrose—the estate of the late J. H. Henry, owned and managed by Mrs. Henry.

In Louisiana one is encountered on all sides with "Of course you will stop at the Henry plantation?" and of course we did. Mrs. Henry, although kept busy looking after details attendant upon the regular duties of her large plantation, has found time to develop her cultural and esthetic taste.

The buildings on the place are veritable museums and the gardens remind one of Gene Stratton Porter's "Lumberlost." More than two acres of choice tropical plants surround the house, which, together with the residence of her married son, sits well back from the main highway, almost hidden from view by the luxuriant growth. *A. L. H. - See picture facing p. 10*
A Plantation Museum.

Mrs. Henry showed us through her private residence, well filled with interesting curios, heirlooms and antiques. A stencil which hung above the living room door especially negated our attention. It bore the marking, "R. McAlpin, No. 1." This, Mrs. Henry considers her most valuable relic. It is the original Robert McAlpin stencil, McAlpin being the character from which Harriet Beecher Stowe drew her "Simon Legree" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A Benjamin Franklin stove, itself an antique, with bright and shining andirons and an exact duplicate of the one used by Franklin, was doing service in Mrs. Henry's bedroom.

Behind "the big house" was the old slave hospital, in a good state of preservation. Here, too, were numerous relics of a day gone by, including the antique rocking chair used by the Shreveport Little Theater in their New York production of "The Cajun." The walls of the place were adorned with various decorations, the work of modern artists who have from time to time visited "the Quarters." On the door panels of an old wardrobe, a descendant of Whistler had done a bizarre interpretation of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, a far cry from the work of her illustrious relative. Another with a modern trend

had decorated the mantel with a plantation scene, depicting negroes in a cotton field. It seemed that all with a flair for originality who had entered the place in recent years had chosen to leave some visible manifestation of their visit to this popular plantation.

The Evangeline Country.

And then our destination, the "Evangeline Country"—Opelousas, Lafayette, St. Martinville, and New Iberia! If one is a romanticist, his esthetic taste will be well satisfied here. Even the heart of a Mencksen would revel in this fantastic setting. In Lafayette we found the little village greatly excited over the first release of an initial "Cajun" record, made in New Orleans recently by Joseph F. Falcon, an Acadian residing near Lafayette. It is a vocal French folksong, double record, one side of which is entitled "Allon a Lafatette" ("Come to Lafayette.") At St. Martinville one may visit the grave of Evangeline, "the Evangeline Oak" (renowned as the meeting place of Evangeline and Gabriel), enjoy famous Creole viands and dishes, and view never-to-be-forgotten scenes.

The heart rending story of the simple folk whom England thrust with ruthless hand from their far off home in Nova Scotia, one gets in "Evangeline." Longfellow had never been to the "Teche Country," as the Acadian settlement along Bayou Teche is called. He learned of its people, their ways and customs, and the pathetic story of Evangeline's love for Gabriel, from one of them, the late Judge Felix Voorhies of St. Martinville, who when a young man went to school to Longfellow in the North. Many who have made chapters in Louisiana's history proudly trace back their ancestry to the exiled farmers of Grand Pre. The "Cajuns," as they have come to be known, present an interesting angle of life to the student of literature, for "they live, move, and have their being," much as did their Acadian ancestors, even to speaking the language.

Joe Jefferson loved these people and made his home among them for many years. His beautiful old colonial home, "Bob Acres," located on Jefferson Island near New Iberia, is approached by a rose bordered drive of a mile or more in length. If one is fortunate enough to visit this place when the Cherokee roses bloom, a delightful experience will be theirs. Here on this island is also a salt mine of importance, one of the three largest pure rock salt deposits in the world, the other two being on close-by islands. In the city limits of New Iberia stands a stately mansion, "Shadows on the Teche," built in 1830. This place was the setting for the D. W. Griffith film, "White Rose."

*and pink as red
dog head in background
in the middle
and will be happy to
entertai you please
to sign up / week*

Dorothy Scarborough Pictures, Texas Farmers

Review by Mary Daggett Lake

"Can't get a red-bird, blue-bird'll do;
Can't get a red-bird, blue-bird'll do;
Can't get a red-bird, blue-bird'll do;
Skip to my Lulu, my darling!"

"Can't Get a Redbird," a line from an old folk-dance, supplies the title for Dorothy Scarborough's latest literary venture—a book as virile, firm, and rich as the black lands of Texas with which it has to do. Poignant living conditions on the tenant farms of the author's native state compelled her interest, and doubtless inspired the novel. And there will be many who will read into it their own observations, tragic experiences, and compensative joys and pleasures. Others, less fortunate, may miss the high privilege of living alongside the book's characters; nevertheless, they will be entertained and enlightened.

Fine phrases, such as ornament the reviews of professionals, in order to sell books that will not sell themselves, would be very much out of place in a criticism of this volume, which is a notable contribution to the Texas saga. Pictures of wholesome family relationships and of unique rural situations; the author's artistic interpretation of sounds, colors, and odors; engaging negro dialect; slang, colloquialisms, and vivid old-time words and phrases; numerous folk-songs and folk-lore, and a fascinating romance constitute the content.

The scene is laid ten miles north of Dallas. The theme is the old, old one of a man's and a woman's love for each other, and of their struggle to establish themselves in life. Names assigned the various characters, while having no connection in any true sense, are familiar ones in the state's commercial and economic history. The age-long passion, sacrifice, and service are the fundamentals which the author has woven into her story—a story based on a love, to quote from John Carr, the book's hero, "as clean as a cotton field white in the sunlight . . . happy as a mocking bird . . . steadfast as a liveoak." In this connection, one may safely venture that the novel will prove to present day publishers that it is not necessary to saturate a book with sex in order to insure it an audience, certain literary propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding.

Honey Carr, the heroine, is not so strong in the part she plays as her flat-chested contemporary, Phrony Duggins, who lived in a three-room house on a tenant farm with her snuff-dipping, tobacco-chewing husband and nine children, while the wolves of poverty forever nibbled at their heels. Attired in a faded black calico dress, her calloused feet sticking through her worn shoes, and with slat sunbonnet pulled well over her face, she is a picture as she dares to dictate to her lord and master, Bill Duggins: "We ain't got nothin' at our house but young-uns."

Says Bill: "Well, takes a passel of children to git the cotton chopped an' picked. Landlords always say, 'How many children ye got ye can take to the field with ye?' So I say . . . ef we're goin' to raise cotton, we got to raise kids."

Rebellion and despair, in the person of Phrony who shambled out, prompted: "You got more children under yore roof than bales o' cotton in yore patch. Nothin' to feed 'em on but corn bread and 'lasses. Seem to me like I ain't done nothin' all my married days, but drag around havin' babies, an' weanin' 'em, an' startin' 'em to the cotton patch. Seems to me like I'd bust wide open with puore joy ef I could have one more night of gal sleep, one more care-free day!"

"Hesh, woman! 'Taint Christian to complain o' yore lot. Looks like criticizin' the Almighty fer what He sends."

From under the flat sunbonnet came a flash of fire. "Mebbe there's others has a hand in it 'sides the Almighty!"

"Shet yore mouth, woman! Don't the Scripters say, 'Blessed is the meek, for they shall inherit the yearth?'"

"Tain't so! They don't inherit it, they jest farm it! . . . Pears to me folks ain't got no call to born young-uns 'less'n they can take keer of 'em. . . . Seems to me sometimes like children would have a right to rise up an' curse us for bringin' 'em into a world that ain't got nothing' in it fer 'em but work an' misery. . . . Here I be, just

thirty-one year old. I look like a snaggle-tooth hag, a hun'ered year old. An' feel like I was a thousan'! Chillun an' cotton! Ef there's goin' to be ary birthin' or cotton patches in Heaven, I ain't a goin' there!"

One is loathe to leave Phrony for less interesting characters. The concluding pages of the book find John Carr battling alone for the rights of his fellow man—with only memories of Honey, her faith, and a convincing philosophy to help him carry on. He reviews his life, and in homely fashion reasons:

"A man's wife can pump him chuck full of energy and ambition and ideals, or she can drain him like a vampire bat. . . . Young fellers just look for pretty faces, and then whimper about their hard luck. . . . The trouble with a heap of these kickers and whiners today is that they don't see anything to believe in but their doubts. . . . The chap that misses love goes through life like a broken-legged man with a glass eye. And the fellow that hasn't got a work he loves and is willing to sweat his heart out over, ain't worth a shuck in this world. . . . Don't care whether they're men or women. Everybody in this world ought to work at something. If they don't they miss a heap of fun."

Although it has much to its credit, the book reveals glaring inefficiency as to craftsmanship. This is, at once, surprising and to be regretted. The public, however, probably will not greatly concern itself with this defect. But for the author's sake, and for the glory of Texas as well, it is too bad that Miss Scarborough failed to measure up to a sublime opportunity with this novel. "The Wind," a former contribution, although lacking in finesse, was loftier, more compelling.

Faulty technique; an indefinite title, which excites one's curiosity as to its fitness; repetition of words and phrases; long passages of essay-like material, used to bolster weak conversation, and a too generous treatment of the social and economic problems are some of the factors that will keep "Can't Get a Redbird" from swinging into a place otherwise deserves.

one always does atp. chur.

Story of Parker Family, Famous in Early

COLORFUL CLAN TOOK PART IN INDIAN WARS

(Editor's Note—This story, detailing one of the most romantic events in early Texas history, is the concluding chapter in a series by Mary Daggett Lake, preliminary to the holding of the annual State convention here by the Daughters of the Texas Republic. This convention will be held March 2 and 3).

In the Autumn of 1859, Peta Nocona, dashing and fearless young Indian, the husband of Cynthia Ann Parker, led a raiding party of Comanches through Parker County, named for his wife's people, committing depredations as he passed through. The venerable Isaac Parker, who was at that time living near Birdville, little imagined the leader of these ruthless savages was the husband of his long lost niece; that the blood of his murdered relatives and that of the atrocious Comanches were commingled in the veins of a second generation, and that the son of Peta Nocona and Cynthia Ann Parker would become the chief of the proud Comanches, who boasted their government was the purest democracy in the world.

Old Story Retold.

The story of the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker by Indians and of her recapture nearly 25 years later is familiar to every native Texan. It was the Old World story repeated in the New—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Cynthia Ann's devotion to those with whom she had spent her life was peculiarly sad and touching. This young woman, a stranger to every word of her mother tongue save her own name, performed, for her imperious lord, Peta Nocona, all the slavish offices which savagery and Indian custom assigned as the duty of a wife. She loved him with tender devotion, we are told, and bore him children.

At one time an Indian scout visited the camp where Cynthia Ann Parker was living. He recognized the young wife and mother as being the same little captive girl. He tried to engage her in conversation and asked her if she would not like to return to civilization and the people of her own flesh and blood. She shook her head sorrowfully as she pointed to the little naked barbarians sporting at her feet. This, so far as is known, was the only time she was ever seen, to be recognized, until her capture at the Battle of Peace River by Capt. Sul L. Ross.

Settled in 1853.

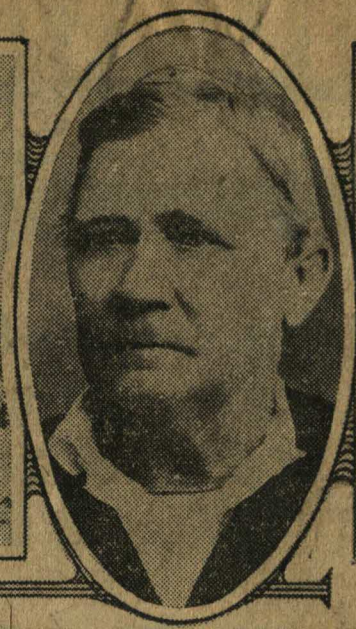
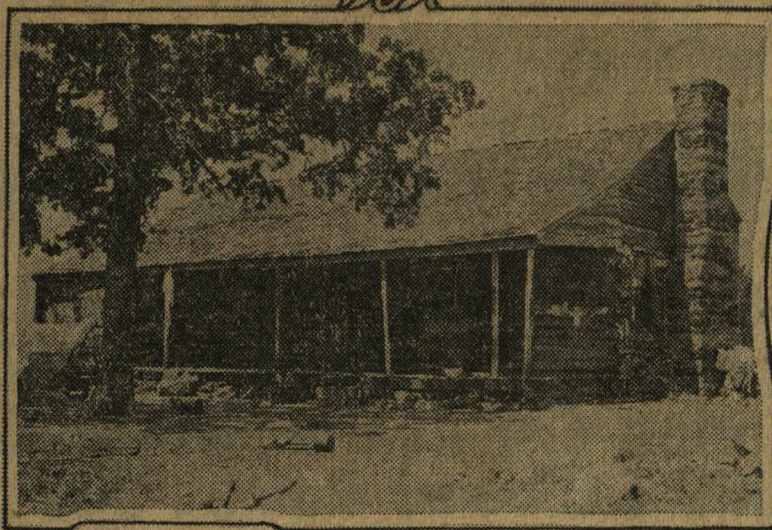
Two and one-half miles east of Birdville is the old Parker farm. This is a recognized beauty spot to the motorist of today, but the pioneer settlers of this section saw in the place much more. About it is woven some notable incidents of early Texas history. The organization and development of Tarrant and Parker Counties can be traced back to this farm, for it was here that Isaac Parker, prominent in early Texas political life, settled in 1853.

An old tree on this farm marks the spot where Cynthia Ann Parker went daily to offer the sacrifices of her broken heart after she was brought back to her relatives here, the family of Isaac Parker. Mrs. Mollie King, pioneer of Tarrant County, now living on Greer Street, remembers seeing Cynthia Ann after her return to this county. According to Mrs. King "she was as shy and timid as a young doe and grieved for her Indian associations." Apparently she had forgotten her own people. She was accustomed to the wild life and had no desire to make a change.

Moved County Seat.

Isaac Parker bought his Tarrant County farm from Hiram Bennett, the pastor of a small Christian church at Birdville, then the county seat of Tarrant County. It was Isaac Parker who introduced the bill into the Legislature giving to counties the right to relocate their county seats by a majority vote instead of a two-thirds vote. Out of this vote the memorable political fight grew which made Fort

Historic Texas Cabin and Builders



Log cabin on old Isaac Parker farm near Birdville and now at Shady Oaks farm, Lake Worth. Top right, Isaac Duke Parker; lower, Isaac Parker.

Worth the home of the county government.

Served State and County.

Isaac Parker was a peaceable farmer and statesman, a home and community builder, but when the call came to serve his country in time of war he courageously set aside his plow for the gun. He served in the Civil War with the Texas brigade and with Jackson in the Creek War. When Texas was a struggling Republic trying to free itself from the oppression heaped upon it by Mexican rule, Isaac Parker was a member of the Legislature and when Texas became a State and was part of the United States Parker continued in this capacity. His services as a member of the Legislature began in 1837 and continued, with the exception of two years, over a period of 20 years. It was during his last term of office that Parker County was named for him.

Friend of Houston.

Before the fireplace in the old log house east of Birdville Isaac Parker laid many plans for a constructive government in Texas. His life, although marked by much success, was naturally enough filled with many hardships. He was born in Georgia in 1793, just a month and five days after the birth of Gen. Sam Houston, who in after years became his close personal friend and advisor. In his young manhood Parker drifted into the wilds of Illinois, where he married and served as one of the early officers of that State. He came to Texas in 1833.

The Parker family were peculiarly a frontier people. They were descended from Elder John Parker of Maryland and his wife, Sally, daughter of Benjamin White, a native of Virginia. Elder Parker was a Primitive, or Old School, Baptist preacher. With his wife and several children he moved to Georgia from Maryland and later to Tennessee, where other children were born. His children were Daniel, Polly, Sara (or Sally), John, Benjamin, Phoebe, Isaac, Joseph N., James W. (the father of Rachel Plummer, also captured by Indians), Nathaniel, Silas M. (the father of Cynthia Ann), Rachel and Susannah. All of these lived to raise families and their descendants, numbering several hundred, reside in different parts of the United States, the majority of them in Texas.

32 Came to Texas.

In 1817 Elder John Parker moved with his family to Crawford County, Illinois, where for a time they lived in a fort. Several of John Parker's children remained in Illinois while others came to Texas in wagons, a

train of 32 being in the party. Nathaniel was among those who remained in Illinois. He was frequently a member of the Legislature of that State and died there. One of his daughters became the wife of Hon. John P. St. John, one-time Governor of Kansas. Rev. Daniel Parker, another son of Elder John Parker, became the founder of the first Baptist church in Texas, the Pilgrim Church at Elkhart, in Anderson County, still in existence and holding regular meetings.

The colony of Parkers who came into Texas in 1833 located in a beautiful region of the Navasota, a small tributary of the Brazos. It was there they built their stockade, known as Parker's Fort, at which one of the bloodiest Indian massacres in Texas took place. In this colony were some eight or nine families — Elder John Parker, the patriarch, and his wife; their son, James W. Parker, and his wife and four children; a daughter, Mrs. Rachel Plummer; her husband, L. M. S. Plummer, and an infant son; Mrs. Sarah Nixon, another daughter, and her husband, L. D. Nixon; Silas M. Parker, his wife and four children, one of whom was the unfortunate Cynthia Ann; Benjamin F. Parker, an unmarried son, and several other families.

Battle of Parker Fort.

Young Benjamin Parker ventured outside the fort to have a talk with the leaders of several hundred Indians who had surrounded the place. He returned to tell the inmates of the fort the Indians were hostile and intended to fight. Later he again went to the redmen to try to prevail upon them to turn away from their purpose.

He was immediately killed and the entire band of Indians fell upon the fort. The result follows: Killed — Elder John Parker, aged 79; Silas M. and Benjamin F. Parker; Samuel Frost and his son, Robert. Dangerously wounded—Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Duty. Captured—Mrs. Rachel Plummer, daughter of James W. Parker, and her infant son; Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg; Cynthia Ann Parker, then 9 years old, and her 6-year-old brother, John.

Comes to Tarrant County.

Isaac Parker was the father of two families. The first family of eight children all died in early life with the exception of a son, Isaac Duke Parker, who served through the Civil War and later was elected to the Texas Legislature. He became the owner of his father's farm, a large part of which is still in the possession of the Parker family. He was born in Crawford County, Illinois, in 1821, and was only 12 years old when he came to Texas with his father's family. Much of his early boyhood was spent alone on the farm in Grimes County with his mother. The old Parker home there was one of the few stopping places on the immigrant route between San Antonio and Nacogdoches. Shelter and food for man and beast were furnished for all who went that way. He and his family came to Tarrant County with his father. His first wife and family of several children died and he married again. Of this last union there remain three sons and one daughter — Robert L. Parker, the eldest son, and Eldridge, the youngest, live in Fort Worth and have families. The second son, Duke, and the daughter, Mrs. Josie Thomas, live at 1012 West Weatherford Street. Isaac Duke Parker died Oct. 23, 1902, and was buried, as are his wives, at the Parker family burying ground east of Birdville.

Isaac Parker, the father, was born April 7, 1793, and died on his Parker County farm April 14, 1883. He is buried near Weatherford. His daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Rawlins, of Weatherford survives him.

Texas History, Is Retold

Son Buries Cynthia.

Just a few feet from the four-strand wire fence that skirts the old Parker farm east of Birdville is a little spot of ground well covered with marble slabs. The plot is almost hidden from the traveler's eye but the world has beaten a path to this sacred place, thinking the immortalized "Cynthia Ann" was buried there. Members of the Parker family and other relatives are buried there, however. Cynthia Ann Parker remained with the family of her uncle, Isaac Parker, only a short time. She was taken to visit other relatives in the eastern part of the State in the hope that memories could awaken in her an appreciation of her own family, but she was never able to relinquish her desire to remain with her Indian children and in their native haunts. She died in East Texas and was buried in the old Fosterville burying ground on the line between Henderson and Anderson Counties. Later, however, Chief Quanah Parker, her son, had the body removed to his Indian reservation near Cache, Okla., at the foot of the Wichitas, where the United States Government and her relatives erected a splendid monument to her memory.

Log House Moved.

Recently Amon G. Carter purchased the original old log house, built by Isaac Parker on the old Parker home place more than three-quarters of a century ago, still in a splendid state of preservation, and had it razed and moved to "Shady Oak" Farm, near Lake Worth, where it was rebuilt, log for log, each piece having been numbered when torn down. The old cabin is quaintly typical of the day in which it was built and at that time it was the pride of the Birdville community.

An Eyewitness Account of the Texas Pioneer Days; Howard Peak Combines Legend, Anecdote and History

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

WHILE walking along the streets of Fort Worth not long ago a certain sophisticated young miss narrowly escaped being run down by a man driving a ramshackle old one-horse buggy. (Just how such a thing could be is a question for speculation. But that is another story.) "The very idea!" the girl exclaimed. "The idea of allowing a beast on the street! . . . How stupid that any one should go about in such an equipage! . . . Times have certainly changed!"

What would this person think if she should read Howard Peak's recent book, "A Ranger of Commerce, or, Fifty-two Years on the Road!" Times have changed, indeed. And Mr. Peak has chronicled events of other days in such a way as to invite the attention of all who would get an accurate picture of the trials and hardships, joys and pleasures of pioneer life in Texas.

It is an old truth that literature is the fruit of the soil on which it is grown. A writer, like a tree, imbibes the sap which feeds and shapes him, and the author of this contribution to the Texas legend has proven the worth of this statement.

Mr. Peak has dedicated the book to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Peak—among the very earliest of Tarrant County's first 100 families—neither of whom is now living. The work is a fitting tribute to this distinguished couple who came to Fort Worth to live when the place was nothing but a fort. Dr. Peak's parents, who also were among the early pioneers of Texas, located in Dallas. The Peak family have made notable contributions to the various activities of the State throughout the years, having helped to make history in a very definite way, as they lived.

In a crude log cabin—formerly one of the officer's houses—within the walls of the old army post, Howard Peak was born. He has first-hand information concerning the subjects he has chosen to write about. The events which shaped the destiny of Texas were current discussions at his family's fireside, and it was possible for him to incorporate the element of fact—a rare thing in most histories—into his sketches.

An episode connected with Mr. Peak's birth is given in an opening chapter of his book, and is characteristic of the pleasing style in which the entire book is written. To quote from this:

"On the afternoon of June 14, 1856, a stranger rode into the village of Fort Worth and stopped at the blacksmith shop to have a horseshoe replaced. Exchanging banalities with the smith, the visitor inquired as to the number of inhabitants of the village. 'Sixty-seven,' the smith replied, whereupon a lad, who was engaged as a helper in the shop, interposed pertly, 'They's sixty-eight, mister.'"

"This contradiction aroused the ire of the questioned one, who promptly addressed the lad in a reprimanding tone, 'Now you jes' keep your mouth shet; I reckon I know what I'm talking about.'"

"There followed a dialogue between smithy and helper, resulting in a wager of a 'quarter' on proof of the point in question. This resulted in an enumeration of the population on which the stranger kept tab with a pencil and a memorandum book. At the conclusion of the count, which totaled to exactly 67, he turned to the complacent lad with the remark: 'Now then!' . . . 'Yes,' replied the lad, 'but you left out Doc Peak's boy what was borned last night.'"

"The lad won the 'quarter,' and the writer, who became the sixty-eighth inhabitant of Fort Worth, is here to tell the story as related to him many years afterward by the late Col. James Baker, a former mayor of Waco."

The stories given in "A Ranger of Commerce" are in reality pages from the history of Mr. Peak's life. The book is in a manner biographical, and is, as he says, but "a frame for all pioneer life in America. . . . As with the history of the Peaks in Texas, so also may it be with the chronicles of traveling in early days." Mr. Peak goes on to say, "this narrative describes simply a cross-section of the opening of commerce in all of these, our United States. Men rode horses and packed six-guns over uncharted trails to take food, clothing and hardware to pioneer settlements all



HOWARD PEAK, author of "A Ranger of Commerce." The photographs was made at the start of the recent "aerocade" which traversed by air much of the region Mr. Peak formerly traveled by trail.

over the country. In spirit, therefore, these sketches, ranging backward more than half a century, and dealing with commerce and transportation from the horse to the airplane, tell the story of all pioneer endeavor."

"It is a far cry from those days of simple living," says Mr. Peak, "to this swiftly moving age. The wife runs to the beauty parlors, the daughters dance to radio music being produced thousands of miles away, sons practice the fine art of salesmanship according to the latest improved methods of applied psychology, while father sails away high overhead in an airplane."

Howard Peak was born a long time ago, which means that his observations and experiences cover a vast period of time. However, he is by no means an old man. He is still actively engaged in his business—that of a traveling salesman, which he has followed all his life—and he is very familiar with its various phases, having been accorded in recent years the honor of the national presidency of the Travelers Protective Association of America, the highest office possible in the organization. Not so long ago he was a member of the first aerocade party that toured West Texas and the Panhandle—a feat in which many younger and less courageous men would have feared to indulge.

There is not a dull line in "A Ranger of Commerce." From the clever introductory remarks of Kitty Barry Crawford through the conclusion which has to do with the origin and activities of the Travelers Protective Association of America, one's interest is held. Many jokes and anecdotes, apropos of the "knight of the grip," recall a time before the days of College Humor, when these valiant souls provided the mirth and fun of life. Much of the fervor and spirit of these old time "drummer's tales" is pre-

served in the original.

Howard Peak knows life from the days of merino and sprigged muslins to the present time, and he has told his story in simple, straight-forward, unpretentious fashion—the telling retaining a refreshing way the flavor and fragrance of a day that is gone. After reading his quaint stories, one feels that one has somehow journeyed along with the author into this land of "Used-to-Be."

Staid parties that ended at 10 o'clock, where scrupulous flirtations were conducted upon horsehair sofas, while some "lady" or "gentleman" "obliged" with such popular melodies as "Are We Almost There, Said the Dying Girl?" and "Father, O Father, Come Home With Me Now;" candy pulls, quilting bees; blind man's buff and other games; lectures and brush-armor meetings; no card or dancing ever, by "the better class," though, and on Sundays, church—these diversions were indulged in with great zest, and are interestingly revived by Mr. Peak in his book.

Among the titles to chapters, which intrigue by their very names, are: My Black Mammy, Old Fort Worth, Embalming as It Was Practiced in the 70's, The Texas Cowboy, Sam Bass, the Bandit; The Old Time Christmas, Hell in Texas, Origin of the Drummer, My First Visit to Mexico City, Senor Yturria's Story, The Battle of the Bar, From Horseocade to Aerocade, and many others. And then, in addition to the prose sketches, there are a number of expressive poems, for Mr. Peak has indulged himself in the writing of poetry when business was dull on the road. Ode to an Old Grip Sack, The Bells of Ojinaga, The Lights of Jacksboro and The Smile That You Gave to Me—this last being inspired by and dedicated to the author's little granddaughter, Mary Hill—being the best of his poems.

Many an old timer will live again "the good old days" as he wanders in fancy with "A Ranger of Commerce" to guide him through the Mahnete House—that rendezvous of early Texans, which stood on the site of the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio, and in which such celebrities as Generals Sherman, Worth, Grant, Lee, Twiggs, Thomas and Van Dorn of the United States Army spent many pleasant hours.

After reading this book, one comes to know one's friends better. For example, the late Rev. Homer T. Wilson, Wiley Blair and Hubb Diggs, among others, come in for a share of praise and of the jokes told. Diggs, enterprising local citizen, has a chapter, "Out of Season," devoted to him. Such a title in this connection seems rather an anomaly. One can't imagine this pastmaster in the art of salesmanship ever being "out of season," but Howard Peak takes a liking at him and tells some interesting things not generally known (Incidentally Amarillo gets a "cold" deal, too). The story follows:

"Hubb Diggs, of 'Tin Lizzie' auto fame, who now resides in Fort Worth, in former days traveled for the Stetson Hat Company. He was making a trip through the Panhandle when that section commenced to develop commercially, and had reached Amarillo on his rounds.

"Now you know that this town bears the reputation of being at times one of the coldest places on the globe. It is said that when Commodore Perry reached the North Pole and stepped out of his ship, he drew his parka closely around his throat and remarked, 'Gee, but I bet it is cold in Amarillo today.'"

"Well, on the occasion of Hubb's visit to Amarillo, he stepped out on the street after breakfast and started to call on his customers. The wind was blowing, the snow falling and it was cold, indeed. Turning a corner he espied a man leaning up against a house corner to protect himself against the pending blizzard, and sensing him to be a fellow traveler, accosted him in a brotherly way, asking what he was doing there. 'Doing . . . Hell, brother, I'm—'"

Now if you are interested in what happened to Hubb Diggs and his friend, you'll read "A Ranger of Commerce," for it is too sad a story with which to close this sprightly review.

A RANGER OF COMMERCE, OR 52 YEARS ON THE ROAD, by Howard W. Peak; Naylor Printing Company, San Antonio; de luxe edition, \$5; cloth, \$3.

A New Dobie Addition to West's Tale

Texas Folklore Authority
Makes Entry Into
Fiction Field

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

"COWBOY" DOBIE, riding a fresh mount, "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," has galloped right into the heart of the literary camp—boots, spurs, leather pants and all. As the author rides through his audience, the cowboy yells and loud yippi-yips, made manifest in the volume, will cause many a spectator to be rounded up and roped into the rider's corral.

J. Frank Dobie, president of the Texas Folklore Society, and a nationally recognized authority concerning the cowboy and the brush country of Texas, holds a unique place among Texas writers. His interest in the above mentioned subjects is the heritage of his birth and rearing. He was born on a Texas ranch and, during the years which have elapsed he has been a cowboy, a ranch boss, a professor of English in the State University, a trailer of folk lore and an editor. Now he comes along with a crackling good piece of creative writing—for "A Vaquero of the Brush Country" is an excellent example of original work.

The prevailing idea of the fraternity that creative writing must be confined to the producers of fiction, poetry, etc., is, to quote a universal critic, "the purest whim." . . . Dobie has proven himself to be a faithful and honest craftsman. True, his accomplishments will never be meteoric, but he is a careful tiller of the soil, a constant herdsman, a discriminating artisan, and whatever he chooses to do will be well done. His present book was begun in the Summer of 1925, and it is the evolution of his observations and experiences.

He has been a frequent contributor to leading American magazines—the Country Gentleman, the American Mercury, the Yale Review, the Southwest Review, Holland's and others—and in addition he has edited and published a number of books dealing with the folklore of the State. "A Vaquero" is his first trade volume. "It is not a work of fiction," to quote the author, "but a combination of biography and history—a kind of realization of range lore and the range background, the seat of the cowboy's individuality."

In addition to its vastly fascinating subject matter the general appearance of the book intrigues one's interest. The clever illustrations done by Justin C. Gruelle are especially praiseworthy and show a rare understanding and an artistic appreciation of the author's concept. These illustrations consist of a sketch at the end of each chapter and a map of "the Vaquero's" itinerary as end papers. The publishers have added to the book's attractiveness by the use of a unique binding—an imitation of the skin of a rattlesnake.

The volume is felicitously dedicated as follows:

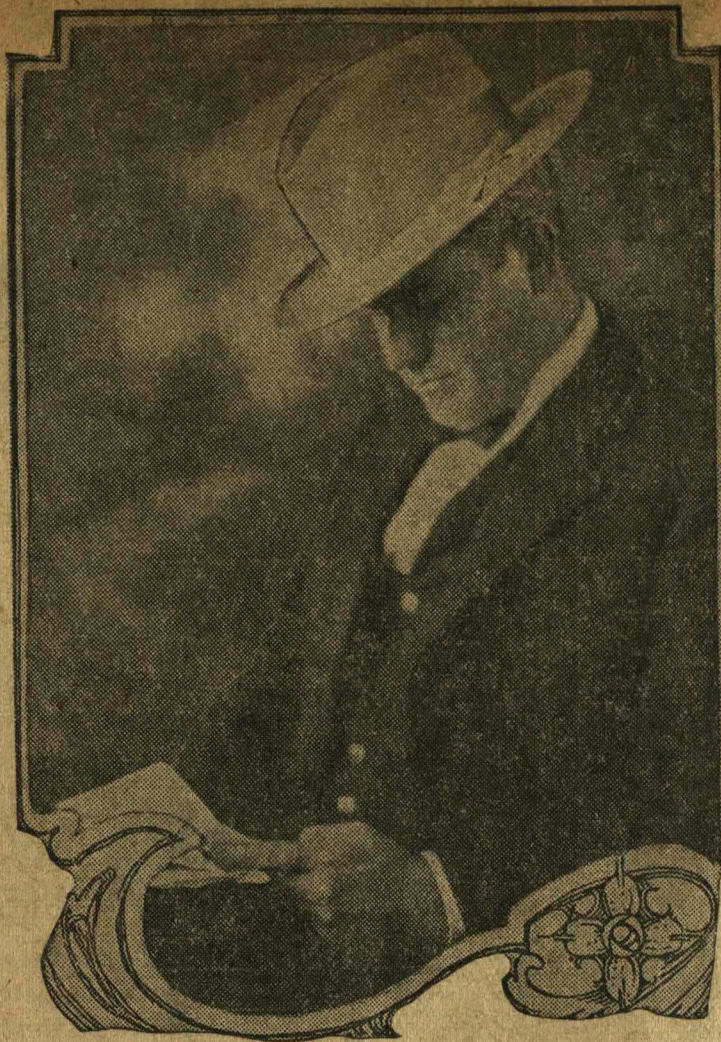
"To George W. Saunders, friend of John Young for a lifetime, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association, gatherer of material for the monumental work entitled the Trail Drivers of Texas; and

"To the memory of my uncle, James M. (Jim) Dobie, a cowman out of the old rock, whom most of the other cowmen and vaqueros of Southwest Texas knew and yet remember to admire."

"A Necessary Explanation," the foreword, is all that its name implies—and more. From it one learns much interesting history and romance—far beyond that which one generally gets from an entire volume devoted to such subjects. John Young, "the vaquero," is the book's narrator, and he tells his story through the senses of J. Frank Dobie. . . . If Young dreams, Dobie has also dreamt. If this veteran of the range has a train of fancies, his interpreter is happily able to relate it.

"The trail will stretch to the Platte," says Young, "circle around Dodge City, and prong out across the Plains into the Rockies. It will meander all up and down the Nueces, Pecos and Devil's Rivers. It will

COWBOY ON A FRESH MOUNT



J. FRANK DOBIE, chronicler of frontier lore, whose new book, "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," is published by the Southwest Press, Dallas.

often cut the sign of bandidos from the Rio Grande, and it will follow the tracks of cow thieves, horse thieves and Billy the Kid. This trail of mine will lead into immense boneyards . . . into the Big Steal, into mustangs, rattlesnakes, bob-wire and a lot of other things." And so it does!

The author has pictured range life as it is—as all life is. There are times when it is cruel, heartless, unthinking and unthinkable, cold, calculating, sordid. And again, it is happy, carefree, light, spontaneous, sympathetic, careful, tender and full of joy. . . . And we learn of what courage and true hospitality consist, and of life's proportions and its fundamentals, as we eagerly read through the book's pages. . . . People, hogs, horses, cattle—even the grass of the prairie—each is a distinct personality, and all are tossed about by the winds of fate.

There was Young himself, who, according to George W. Saunders, "would charge hell with a bucket of water." . . . And there were the pipeliners, who like their mythological hero, Paul Bunyon, thought not that time meant anything to a hog—with the hog the measure of duration was not an especial commodity. The story goes that an Eastern tenderfoot had recently arrived in South Texas and had become very much interested in the native hogs. After hearing from the settlers of the time it took to catch a razorback, he exclaimed:

"All this must take an awful lot of trouble and time!"

"Yes," was the reply, "it does take time, but hell, what's time to a derved hawg!"

We learn with the vaqueros, that kerosene will knock ticks, and with them we watch the blazing filly as she broke into the manada "like a streak of greased lightning," after having been oiled and set on fire, quite by accident, with a branding iron. . . .

And then the cattle—"the colder and wetter the northerners of Winter, the more they drifted. In bad years they banked up along bayous and creeks and milled over the prairies. What grass they did not trample down, they grazed off. Then they bogged and died, until in some places a man might have walked for miles without stepping off their carcasses. Those that did not bog down grew thin; then if on the tail of Winter a hard spell came, they dotted the whole range with their bones." Now who, I ask you, but one having first hand knowledge of the condition described above, could portray such a picture?

In conclusion, one will meditate long on the stern, but mellow words of "the vaquero:" "I have made my last move and I want to be buried in a plot of ground west of the Pecos, and I want my grave to be marked by a slab out of the marble mountain that I own an interest in. . . . I used to think that I might some day be able to erect . . . a hotel of marble devoted to the use of trail drivers and other cowmen. . . . I guess now that the cowman's hotel of marble will never be, but just the same the old trail drivers deserve marble halls with tiled floors and frescoed walls. Yet, deserving or undeserving, I and they were but creatures of circum-

stances—the circumstance of an unfenced world. I salute them all. Vaqueros, amigos, pasen buenas noches!"

And as a postscript to this review: Nothing would make friend husband, if he happens to be a native Texan—or any other friend from no matter where, who chances to like a well-told tale of adventure—a more appreciated gift for Christmas, 1929, than "A Vaquero of the Brush Country."

Venth-Lake Song Adopted for Texas

Telegrams were received yesterday by Dean Carl Venth of Texas Woman's College and Mrs. Will F. Lake, 1415 Grand Avenue, from the state convention of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, which met yesterday and Tuesday in Waco, to the effect that they had passed unanimously a resolution to adopt "Pioneer Women" as an official mothers' memorial song. The music of the song was composed by Dean Venth and Mrs. Lake wrote the words.

The telegram was signed by Mrs. J. L. Burgess and Mrs. J. L. Mims, who were attending the sessions of the group in Waco.

The telegram further expressed the organization's hope that the song will be published soon, and wished the collaborators success.

"Pioneer Women" was written especially for the state meeting of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas here several years ago.

MRS. WILL F. LAKE TO MAKE RADIO TALK

"Beauty and Romance Tread History's Paths in Texas," will be the subject of a radio talk by Mrs. Will F. Lake, state chairman of conservation for the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs, to be given over WBAP Saturday morning at 9:45 o'clock. Mrs. Lake will speak at 11:10 a. m. over Station KFJZ on "Some Important Plant Personalities."

These talks are a series sponsored by the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs in behalf of the wild flower and conservation program of the state organization. Others will be given by Mrs. Lake from WBAP and KFJZ over a period of several weeks.

A Distinguished Texas Volume of Verse

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

"Terrible beauty running wild" is the theme which winds itself through Grace Noll Crowell's attractive new volume of poems published by the Southwest Press of Dallas. "Summer Wind," the opening poem in the book, tells of the author's love for, and appreciation of, the beauty that lies all about her, and it is, as well, a sort of introduction to the other sonnets in the book. . . . Would you be carried into Mrs. Crowell's land of romance and beauty? Then allow yourself to be wafted by "Summer Wind:"

"The poetry of earth runs through this wind
Like green-gold ribbons, and like scarlet flame:
The upper boughs are tossing, greenly thinned,
Upon a blue too crystal-clear to name.
And every swaying tree is filled with song,
And every leaf a lyric in the sun:
There where the undulating grass is long,
The stately measures of great sonnets run.

I read it, and it takes my breath away;
I listen, and am shaken to swift tears—
There is more poetry in this brief day
Than men have written through the countless years:
More poetry of music and of light
Than any pen on earth shall ever write."

Beauty is the rose-colored glass through which this popular author sees all life—beauty in mining towns; in fishing ports; in old-fashioned paths that lead from yard to yard and from door to door; in hoarded sunshine in late gardens; in the checkered shade of purple, pink, and white petunia beds; in old linens "with the smell of cedar clinging to it and the look of age upon it;" in the dinginess of weathered boards on any house "where Lean Poverty walks, if there be a tiny plot of grass;" in river dusk, red earth, Summer nights in Texas, old mothers piecing quilts, and in the simple homely things of a work-a-day world.

In addition to her achievement as a writer of notable verse, Mrs. Crowell is a successful wife, mother and home-maker, and the inspiration for much of her writing has come from contacts with her home and family. One of the poems, entitled "Sons," in her recent book came into being through meditation on her three boys, now well grown up. Her husband, Norman H. Crowell, is likewise a writer and a well known newspaperman, and it is due in part to his appreciation and understanding that Mrs. Crowell has attained her present literary heights. The family live in a modest cottage home in Dallas on Lowell Street—one wonders in this connection "what's in a name?"—and it is there that Mrs. Crowell does her writing.

"Flame in the Wind" is the fourth book of Mrs. Crowell's published poems, former contributions being "White Fire," "Silver in the Sun" and "Miss Humpety Comes to Tea"—all a compilation of verses that have appeared from time to time in leading universal publications during recent months. Mrs. Crowell has become a prominent factor in the literary life of the Nation, and Texas is justly proud to acclaim her.

FLAME IN THE WIND, by Grace Noll Crowell; The Southwest Press, Dallas; \$1.50.

Books and Branding Irons

Edited by REBECCA W. SMITH

Dobie's Great Yarn of Brush Country Vaquero

Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake

"I HAVE been snagged by the stubble brush of Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado—and that brush is bad. I have dodged through the splintering cedar brakes of the Llano hills—and that brush is bad, too. I made what I consider my record ride after a stampeding herd of five hundred wild horses through a great black-jack thicket east of the San Antonio River—and that brush is worse. I am acquainted with the *tornillo* tangles on the upper Rio Grande. I worked for years in the *mogotes* of huisache and mesquite down the Nueces . . . and that brush is so bad that it could hardly be worse. Nevertheless . . . the worst brush in the United States of America . . . is what the Mexicans used to call the *Brashada* between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande."

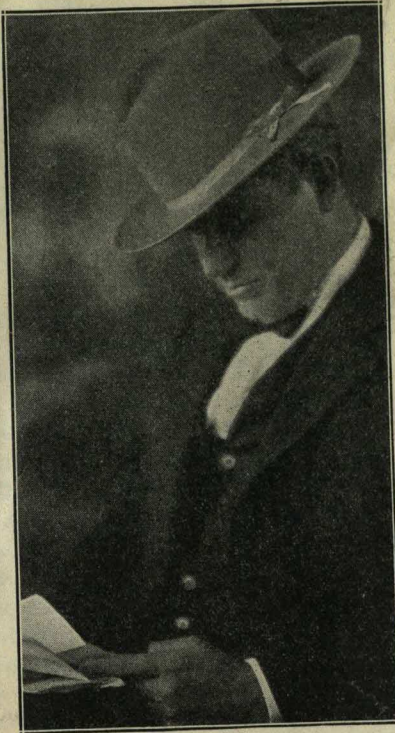
The above description of the Texas *Brashada* is from "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," by J. Frank Dobie. The book is a biographical and historical interpretation of range life and range background, and in addition, it is a story of the cowboy's conquest of brush. Much fresh material has gone into the book, appearing within its pages for the first time, such as the trailing of turkeys, mustangs, burros and razor-backs. It is not generally known that a very considerable industry was carried on along the coast below San Antonio, but ports, which ships have not entered for fifty years, threw with the exports of hides, horns, barrels of tallow, and hogsheds of pickled beef, and tens of thousands of cattle were driven along the coast trails destined for New Orleans and Cuba—all of which, each with its attendant romance, has been dealt with at length in this volume.

John Young, "The Vaquero," who is a very real and estimable person, one of the old guard of Texas ranchmen, living within the shadows of the marble mountain—four hundred solid marble acres in West Texas—in which he owns a controlling interest, has told his story through the senses of his friend, the author. In the book's foreword, Mr. Dobie says: "The common object of both Mr. Young and myself has been to place in a clear light certain characteristics of ranch people that, on account of sensation-mongers and sentimentalists, require stressing."

The author's familiarity with the customs and manners of the people and times of his

native state and his rare appreciation and understanding of them, years of faithful and efficient service as the editor of the Texas Folklore Society, his honest craftsmanship, an easy intimacy with the Spanish language, in addition to his early training on a Texas ranch, and as an English instructor in the State University, are some of the things that have enabled him to make this comprehensive and distinctive contribution.

The book runs the gamut of cowboy experiences, serious and tragic episodes being interspersed with light and humorous



J. Frank Dobie

incidents. There is the deacon, a vigilante, who pulled a tidy rope out of his pocket at a prayer meeting in San Antonio, when what he meant to pull out was a bandana handkerchief. . . . Likewise, Joe Murchison, who couldn't swim but who was not afraid to brave the swollen waters of the Cimarron, clad in the customary cowboy ralia, hardware and all, because, even though he couldn't swim, his incumbrances would hold him to the bottom of the stream so he could walk across. It would be difficult to classify these two incidents—whether they are comedy or tragedy.

Within its pages will be found the story of cowboys and of brush; of cattle and of Comanches; of horses and of hogs; of turkeys and mustangs; of prairie dogs and rattlesnakes; of old trails and water holes;

of tough-fibred oxen-hearted men, who lived hard and died sitting in the saddle of service; of nature lore, animals, trees, grass, the weather, the stars, the moon; battles with mosquitoes and with screw-worms; of fat years and lean; of guardian angels and of tortuous demons; of havens of happiness and of horrors of hell—the whole a vast part of a very real Texas.

The painter, the photographer, and the author have permanently preserved, in glamorous fashion, the charm of other cowboy figures, but the *vaquero* who works the *Brashada* and who faces more daring and more dangerous perils, alone and unseen, than his contemporary has even dreamed of, has heretofore been unappreciated. "His race is with thorns for handicaps, and every step a hurdle," to quote the author. . . . Sometimes he pays for his adventure with his life, but what of that! . . . His emblem, the red bandana, is often found dangling on shrub and spine—a mark of his trail and the badge of his courage and conquest.

There is so much of interest and charm in "A Vaquero of the Brush Country" that one cannot choose a paragraph here and there, as is customary in an ordinary criticism, with which to intrigue a reader's fancy. One would not care to omit a line of this fascinating story. It is romance. It is poetry. It is history. It is the lore and legend of a peculiar people. And above all, it is a pleasing and well-told tale.

The book is dedicated to George W. Saunders, who, like the author, needs no introduction to Texas, and to the author's uncle, the late Jim Dobie, who was a well known and much appreciated cattleman of the Southwest. Not alone should credit be given to J. Frank Dobie for this meritorious volume, but to the illustrator, Justin C. Gruelle, who has finely executed appropriate sketches which conclude each chapter, and to the publishers, the Southwest Press, who deserve much praise for the book's clever manner. An outside dress of imitation rattlesnake skin is a unique innovation, and the end papers are adorned with the *vaquero's* itinerary.

An Arizonan's Venture Into the Poetry Magazine Field

(By Mary Daggett Lake)

Not content with giving to the literary world "The Golden Stallion," an anthology of Southwestern poems, D. Maitland Bushby of Scottsdale and Flagstaff, Ariz., works away at editing and publishing a unique magazine of poetry, "Tom-Tom," a nifty little quarterly that wears a flaming coat of Indian red with trimmings of characteristic American aborigine symbols.

The magazine maintains a high standard of excellence, and aims to interest the better poets of California, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Texas and to give them a hearing as well. Its editor feels that many good poets in the Southwest would forever remain unheard of but for the sectional magazines.

Although "Tom-Tom" caters especially to Southwestern poets, it devotes one page in each issue to some outstanding non-resident poet. This courtesy includes a biographical sketch and one or more of that particular poet's verses.

And "Tom-Tom" will soon be having a birthday. The next issue will see the close of its first year. To date the magazine has published the work of sixty Southwestern poets. For its festive issue, which will be forthcoming in the near future, it will include a verse from each poet whose work has heretofore appeared in the magazine, and it will also publish the contributions of certain new poets.

If you are interested in the distinctive atmosphere of the literary Southwest you will enjoy "Tom-Tom." And if you are a poet you will aspire to have your work appear within the magazine's pages. Its capable editor and publisher, D. Maitland Bushby, was born in Pueblo, Colo., in 1900, and is at present principal of the Scottsdale, Arizona schools. He attended the Universities of Columbia and Arizona, New Mexico Military Institute and is a graduate of Arizona State Teacher's College. He holds an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

For five years, during and after the World War, Bushby saw military service, being a member of the famous Second Division, U. S. Army (Texas)

in the rank of first lieutenant. He also spent three years on Border Patrol in Texas, riding horseback the entire time from El Paso to San Antonio and then to Brownsville.

In addition to being editor and owner of "Tom-Tom," he is a contributing editor of "Scepter to Star-Dust" and of "Poetry Quarterly," and he was formerly co-editor of "Palo Verde." Among his books are: "Mesquite Smoke," 1926; "Ocotilla Blossoms," 1927; "Don Felipe," 1929 and "Purple Sage," 1930. His poems have appeared in the leading poetry journals and anthologies of America and Europe, and he is included in "Contemporary Poets" and in the "History of Arizona." He is also a member of the League of Western Writers and is known as "The Desert Poet."

Famous Volume Recounting Life as a Texas Ranger in the Nineties Is Republished

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

It is but fair to admit that I was prejudiced against "A Texas Ranger" the moment I read its title—but I began to weaken when I saw the name Dobie stamped on the outside of the book along with the name of the author. (I belong to that large and rapidly growing group of readers who are J. Frank Dobie fans) . . . Was not the commonplace title of the book enough to justify one in taking this position?

Texas has many engaging angles which should prove entertaining to literary aspirants and their audiences other than those having to do with cowboys, rangers, border-riders, feudists, outlaws, brigands and what not—all well enough in their place in literature, I grant you. . . . But, is it not true that there has been a dearth of well-told tales of hard-riding, straight-shooting pioneers of the open range?

A resume of Texas' literary output shows a decided predominance of the above mentioned types for subject matter. To be sure, one occasionally enjoys a good adventure story built around some character of the above groups, but is that any particular reason why there should be so little attention paid to other phases of Texas' greatness and glory?

For example—there is the State's indescribable natural beauty; its vast prairies of floral tapestry; its many and gorgeously-colored birds; its Indians and their story; its ancestral homes and gardens; its unique architecture, together with early foreign influences; its indigenous music; its early educators; its noble statesmen; its religious ambassadors; its ingenious and versatile women, who, by the way, were not less brave than their husbands and fathers; its seamen and desert dwellers whose faith was as a beacon light for all the world to see; its woodsmen, with their valiant heroism; its romantic and peculiar history, and its wealth of folklore and legend—none of which has been scarcely touched upon, save the folklore. . . . And yet, with all these elements and influences our Texas literature is overwhelmingly tough-fibred, to date.

Certainly I, for one, have had enough of that sort of thing. And I had thought I should not welcome soon another volume of the type, but there I am, giving with sheer joy, a friendly and favorable criticism to an avowed antipathy. . . . So much for prejudice!

Napoleon Augustus Jennings, the author of "A Texas Ranger," was "a writing man," to use his own words. And, like most of the profession, he needed money. He began to cast about in his mental recesses for a story . . . and found that he had a tale to tell. He has told it in this book, published by the Southwest Press of Dallas. And what a story!

With such a name, Napoleon Augustus Jennings should have given something to the world. . . . Of one thing, the public may be certain—his parents were ambitious. It is likely the son's daring and thrilling experiences were the result of prenatal

influences. At any rate, his adventures made excellent copy.

The book's foreword was written by J. Frank Dobie, that incomparable critic of this particular variety of Texana. It is, at once, a sort of introduction to the book's contents and a biography of its author, and it constitutes a very important part of the volume.

"A Texas Ranger" was first published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1899, and the present contribution is a reprint. One can but wonder, after reading it, why the book was ever allowed to run out of print. Recently first editions of the volume have been bringing \$25 and \$30 a copy, and the public is indebted to Mr. Dobie and to the publishers for this new printing.

Jennings toured Europe and the United States during the first decade of the present century as press agent and manager for his wife, Mme. Edith Helena, operatic and vaudeville singer. The Madero revolution offered unusual attractions to his adventure loving spirit, and in 1910 he went to Mexico City as a member of the Herald staff. During the World War he was a correspondent for various newspapers and magazines. His death occurred in New York City Dec. 15, 1919. For the lengthy biographical sketch of the author, Mr. Dobie acknowledges his indebtedness to the author's widow, Mme. Helena, Purdy Station, N. Y.

To quote from the foreword, "Jennings belonged to the age of Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis. Although he did not attain to the eminence of either of those two life-loving celebrities, it is hardly too much to say that the Strenuous One never wrote a history nor the great war correspondent a romance surpassing in readability 'A Texas Ranger' . . . I defy anyone to read it without being engaged by its brightness and ranger-swift directness."

The book concerns itself for the most part with the adventures and experiences of the author while he was a member of McNelly's Texas Rangers during the 70s. One can not read the book without an appreciation of the writer's regard for sincerity and truth. . . . And certainly one can not stop reading it after one has once begun it—unless one has spiritual and mental anemia.

Mr. Dobie relates that he asked a former Texas Ranger, S. N. Hardy of Austin, who served along with Jennings, if Jennings exaggerated the lawless conditions on the border. The reply was: "No, it would be impossible to exaggerate the conditions. . . . Why," he continued, "when Dimmitt County—a part of the region where King Fisher's outlaws operated—was organized in 1880, only one man among the first set of county officials had not killed a man. . . . That, though, does not mean they were bad men."

"Then the veteran went on to relate an incident connected with Jesus Sandoval, the singular Mexican Ranger whom Jennings describes so graphically in Chapter 10. 'One night while we were camped on the Rio Grande,' Ranger Hardy relates, 'I was in charge of the guard. Sandoval was keeping watch, and along about midnight I heard him cursing a blue streak in both Mexican and English. I went down to see what the trouble was. When I got near the river I saw an empty skiff, which had come over from the Mexican side. Also I saw Sandoval on his horse riding against a taut rope that was hitched to his saddle horn. The other end of the rope was tied to the neck of a Mexican. The Mexican's feet were tied to a mesquite bush. After Sandoval got through pulling, he dismounted and showed me another Mexican whose throat had been cut to the neck bone. He then explained that these two victims were the last of the gang who had burned his home and ruined his wife and daughter. I did not say anything to Captain McNelly until months later. . . . Lots of things happened on the Rio Grande that never got into the Ranger reports.'"

It would be difficult to select any one particular passage in "A Texas Ranger" with which to intrigue the reader's interest in a review of it. The subject holds one intent, and the author's pleasingly simple, straightforward narrative style adds to the charm of the book. In the concluding comments of the foreword, one agrees that "it is a matter for genuine congratulation that Jennings' 'A Texas Ranger' is now available for boys and men and women who like a brave, clean-cut narrative, simply and honestly told, about those brave and clean-cut frontiersmen, the Texas Rangers."

A TEXAS RANGER, by N. A. Jennings; the Southwest Press, Dallas; \$5.

New Volume of Verse by Texan

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

While scanning a recent accumulation of publisher's catalogs I came across a small inconspicuous pamphlet announcing a new book of verse. Since many such reach me, I find it quite impossible to read them all carefully . . . yet this persistent little shell-white paper, modest as it was, would not admit of neglect. Much of the present day so-called poetry is extremely nugatory, and when one catches a suggestion of something other than "windy sunshine," "frolicking lambs" and "dancing meadows" one becomes hopeful—almost optimistic.

On an artistic and shimmering dust cover of silver gray is the title, "Wings Against the Wind," by Virginia Spates, published by the Bozart Press of Atlanta, Ga.

As soon as I could leave that which had intrigued the eye alone for that for which the book was made, its contents, I opened the volume at random, and was greeted by the following:

TOUCHED WITH SPLENDOR,
O luminous earth,
To other worlds a bright
Familiar star—
As Venus is to us—or Jupiter—
Flaming through cold immensity
Around the dazzling speedway of the
sun;
As you consume the shining hours,
There drifts across your breast
A speck of dust,
Designed by some mysterious law
As your interpreter.

While reading Virginia Spates' collection of excellent verse, I felt that there was something strangely significant in the particular poem, "Touched With Splendor;" that the author had perhaps been induced by "the mysterious law" of which she had written, to challenge me—her unknown critic.

Dr. Spates, who, by the way, is a doctor of osteopathy, is known to all Southwestern readers of verse. It is likely no poet of this section is more consistently progressive in the passion for the poetry than she. Her interpretations reveal artistic and poetic intensity. Coming into direct contact with the eternal problems through her profession she has brought to her poems a straight-forward appraisal of life—life seen through the eyes of a woman experienced in spiritual matters.

"Wings Against the Wind," one of the collection of poems in the book, and that from which the title is drawn, suggests the mood of militant song. . . . Her lyrics possess spirit and grace, and her quatrains and sonnets are distinctive. In addition, her verses have the admirable and rare virtue of condensation. The following poems are typical of brevity:

The dead return. "Impossible!" you cry?
No stranger thought than this: the living die.

Life preens bright pinions in the sun of May.
A fleshless hand despoils them day by day.

All white is white and black is black,
you say?
No, my dear sir, a thousand times not so.

For white is often but a dingy gray,
And black is sometimes shot with crimson glow.

Dr. Spates was born in Virginia, but she now resides in Sherman, Texas. She is a member of the National League of American Pen Women; a member of the League of Western Writers and of the Poetry Society of Texas. She is on the staff of "Tom-Tom," D. Maitland Bushby, editor, and also an "Alouette," C. A. A. Parker, editor. And from a biographical sketch of her which appears in Bushby's anthology of Southwestern verse, "The Golden Stallion," in which her poems appear, one learns that she is a past president of the Eva Foeller Art League; recent president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, Sherman, Texas; past chairman of Texas Artists, past chairman of Texas Artists for the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs; contributor to many poetry magazines and included in 22 anthologies—among them Braithwaite's, Stratford's, JAPM and others.

WINGS AGAINST THE WIND, by Virginia Spates; \$1.50; published by Ernest Hattsock, the Bozart Press, Atlanta.

Texas Poet's New Volume

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

The soul of a real poet is always imbued with poetry. That soul is never off guard. Art, in its various forms, emanates unconsciously—subconsciously, if you will—from every act of such a one. It must be true that "poets are born, not made."

In looking over Grace Noll Crowell's new volume of verse, "Songs for Courage," one finds that even the titles of the poems there, as consecutively given by Mrs. Crowell but with a slightly different arrangement, fall into line like animated soldiers and march to the author's music. See these little figures on parade in the following verses and you will agree that Grace Noll Crowell is always the poet—consciously or subconsciously:

Because Some One Has Faith in Me
I Think That God Is Proud . . .
Pilgrimage . . .
I Shall Lay This Grief Aside.

Who Has Not Suffered . . .
A Song on a Broken Bough . . .
My Creed . . .
Prayer After Pain.

Fellowships . . . Sparrows . . . Griefs.
The Day . . . Walking Softly . . .
A Song From Sorrow . . . Answered.
Solitude . . . A Prayer for Courage.

Fallow Fields . . . The Miracle . . .
Sympathy.
A Prayer . . . Faith . . . Stars . . .
Night . . . They Shall Be Comforted.
By the Light of the Years.

It is quite unnecessary to introduce Grace Noll Crowell to a Southwestern audience. It is enough to say that she has a new book out. "Songs for Courage," comprising more than two dozen poems, has just been released by the Southwest Press of Dallas and the volume is in keeping with the high standard of excellence which the publishing house has established. Dressed in gift attire of blue and gold and coming just at the holiday season, as it does, the book will give pleasure and comfort to thousands.

It is not difficult to analyze the success that has come to Mrs. Crowell in the past few years. Rare personality, deep spirituality, ambition and a willingness to work are the elements that have distinguished this popular author. Song writers and other artists are drawing from Mrs. Crowell's poems for their own work. A certain well known Texas composer has recently set to music, "A Prayer for Courage," one of the poems in the new book, and which is as follows:

God make me brave for life,
Oh, braver than this!
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after the rain
Shining and lovely again.

God make me brave for life,
Much braver than this!
As the blown grass lifts let me rise
From sorrow with quiet eyes
Knowing Thy way is wise.

God make me brave—life brings
Such blinding things,
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aright
That out of the dark—comes light.

It is safe to predict that the new volume will prove to be a very popular number, because of its appeal to high sentiment and to the human emotions. The rather general range of the poems will also add to interest in the books. "Solitude," another verse in "Songs for Courage," is typical.

I used to seek a crowd to find delight,
And this they gave me—laughter and
brief song,
Bright powdered wings that dusted off
in flight,
And bubbled beauty, nothing lasting
long,
But once I found a pathway down my
heart,
A dim untraversed way I had not
known,
I walked it timidly, a think apart,
Bewildered that I found myself alone.

But now I seek that beautiful retreat,
And find such cool, deep peace, such
sheer delight,
Cold springs of water welling at my
feet,
White flowers by day, white guiding
stars by night—
The old crowd's laughter falls upon
my ear,
I am exploring and I do not hear.

SONGS FOR COURAGE, by Grace Noll Crowell; the Southwest Press, Dallas; 50 cents.

A Perfectly Disgraceful Thing to Do

Violet Short Digs Up Juicy Morsels for the Gossips

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

"Tintype Types" is the title of a perfectly shocking and disgraceful book, written by Violet Short and published by the Southwest Press of Dallas. The book really should be suppressed. But I suppose it will not be. . . . You know how the public is—so nose, and all that.

What will all the folks think when they see this book? It's pretty enough to look at with its silver cover and light blue edges—done, I suppose, to snare the reader—but it's what's inside a book that counts. . . . Violet Short should have known better than to tell all she knew. She was raised different to that. Besides there are some things about her that she might not want told. You know she took up writing for a living because she thought it looked easy. When she discovered it wasn't, another installment was due on her typewriter, and she couldn't quit. . . . And the idea of her using such vulgar words as "belly-ache" and "it" in the book! Folks that didn't know might think Violet was just downright common. Well-brought-up people find more polite ways of expressing themselves than that.

It is true that Violet was born on a ranch up at Decatur, near the community known as Lizard Lope, but her folks were tolerably well educated. Her great-grandfather came to Texas as a Methodist circuit rider and another of her forebears fought at San Jacinto. The late Gen. George W. Short, her grandfather, was the first merchant at old Elizabethtown in Denton County, a pioneer settlement that fell into ruins a half century ago.

How Cousin Mattie will resent Violet's comments on her! She never could stand to be talked about. And she certainly wouldn't want everybody to know she married Caleb Crabtree to reform him. . . . Then there's that affair about Sally Polly Ann and Newton. That should never have been brought to light again. Polly Ann and Newt married later, and the disgrace had almost been forgotten. . . . And just why anyone should want to dwell on the condition of poor Kissie Seltzer's health is more than I can see. Was it not enough that she had "endured" what the Lord had sent? . . . Little Chrysanthemum Simmons—"Santhy," for short—couldn't help how she looked either, and it was all right for her to have her picture made with that horse. That horse gave her more comfort and pleasure than most anything she ever had. The fact that "Santhy" eloped with the Indian Chief of a medicine show one night while her third husband was walking the floor with the baby was none of the public's business. And anyway, it was her father's money that paid for her husbands.

I am going to tell you outright what Violet said in that book about some of the respectable folks in the community. And she has even published the folks pictures. There they are, right there for all to see. It's just terrible, really! There is no mistaking who the people are either, for the pictures look just like them.

"There's poor Aunt Jane! She used to call us children to her and quote that tender little poem,

"Oh, wad some pow'r the gift to gie us,

To see oursel' as ithers see us."

And to think that Violet would be so shameless as to write her up! Aunt Jane would turn over in her grave if she knew about this. And Violet even published that naked picture of her, sitting in the wash bowl, taken when she was a baby. I can scarcely bear to look at that, knowing how Aunt Jane always felt about such matters.

Aunt Anastasia little dreamed that the fight she had with Geranium Hill over Uncle Elijah would one day be public gossip. Here is what Violet wrote about that unfortunate circumstance: "When Aunt Anastasia married Elijah Smith—this picture shows them in their wedding clothes—she was a happy contented woman. She might have known though what she was in for, because every one warned her that those fiddling Smiths weren't family men. But at first Lige made a real good husband, as husbands go.

"However after Geranium Hill inherited her father's farm, Elijah spent most all of his time looking after her farm instead of his own. When Geranium was young she had been in love with Lige, but he just couldn't see her. But as she had never married, she said she had just to come to Lige—or some other great big strong man—for advice about running that big old farm all by her little self.

"After awhile everyone (of Anastasia caught on at last) that Lige and Geranium were in with each other, and Lige said o. . . . ly that if he had had any sense when he was a young man he would have married her instead of his wife.

"Aunt Anastasia (called Nasty for short) was not as dumb as she looks in this picture. One day she hitched up the wagon and drove over to see Geranium. Geranium was scared half to death when she saw her coming, but she knew it wouldn't do any good to run. Nasty tied her mules to the fence and walked right up to her rival.

"You stole my husband, you horse thief," she said, "and I've come to settle with you for it."

"When Anastasia came home that night she had sold Lige to Geranium for a dozen frying chickens, a good hen coop, a sack of salt, a jug of molasses, and the making of a batch of lie soap. The very next morning she took her children—all eight of them—and went to her sister in Jack County. . . ."

Now you know such a thing as that story about Aunt Anastasia would be humiliating to any self-respecting woman. . . . What Violet wrote about Horatio—Horatio McSapp—is not so bad, except that it will put into everybody's minds again about Hugh Sampson, who never married, being "The Father of Texas."

How could an old bachelor be the father of Texas anyhow?

You get the book, "Tintype Types," and see for yourself what Violet Short has written about these people you have always known. It's done now and I suppose the less said about it, the better, but take my advice and hide your old slush albums and lock tight your closets where the family's skeletons are kept. The author of this shameful book has a flair for airing folks' private affairs. She has always

been like that, and she will get you if you don't watch out.

TINTYPE TYPES, by Violet Short. The Southwest Press, Dallas; \$1.50.

The Making of West Texas Described

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

William Curry Holden, Ph. D., professor of history at Lubbock, is the author of a new book, "Alkali Trails," published by the Southwest Press. The volume deals with the social and economic problems and movements of West Texas between 1846 and 1900. The chapters, while not bound together in any kind of organized sequence, have geographical unity and they are important descriptive studies for the student of Texas history or for anyone interested in the development of the State's economic and social life.

In the book's preface the author calls attention to the fact that the various subjects are more or less incomplete, necessarily so, and that the point of view of the people is what he has endeavored to give. To begin with, the book's preface acquaints one with many interesting facts. For the first time, that elusive term, West Texas, has been anchored to a geographical section, and one finds, further, a distinctive reason for certain of the State's limitations and for its several conditions.

Chapter headings, significant of the contents, include: "The Nordics Come," "The Buffalo Slaughter," "The Cattle Kingdom," "Immigration and Settlement," "Frontier Journalism," and "Drouths," the last named recounting an epic of a heroic people and at the same time recording some of the best of the "weather windies" and other weather lore.

The last paragraph in "Alkali Trails" sums the story of West Texas thus: "The settlers who migrated to West Texas during the period when agriculture was replacing cattle raising as the leading industry witnessed an exciting, colorful, picturesque and, in earlier times, dangerous period of history. They saw the Indian sullenly retiring to his reservation, and the cattleman doggedly retreating to the arid region of extreme Southwest Texas and New Mexico. They watched the last cattle drives go up the trail and endured with dull fortitude the blighting effects of the West Texas drouths. They awaited the coming of the railroads with fervent expectancy and enthusiastically talked about imaginary mineral deposits. They danced, ran horse races, drank strong liquor, went to camp meetings, got religion, became prohibitionists and were content with their home-made amusements. Meanwhile agriculture was slowly becoming supreme." — Mary Daggett Lake.

ALKALI TRAILS, by William Curry Holden; Southwest Press, Dallas; \$3.

Mrs. Baker Writes of Birds

Review by Mary Daggett Lake.

Birds, like all forms of life, have their seasons. They also have peculiarities of living that incite interesting speculation, if one is inclined to meditate. Lately, while sojourning in the Panhandle, I have found pleasant diversion in watching the native birds of this section.

The sparrows, in early morning, cut queer capers about the big lilac bushes outside my bedroom windows. Sparrows are an abomination in city door-yards, but out here on the ranch, when the stock are far afield, anything that moves attracts the attention and helps to break the monotony of great distances. Thus, even a sparrow, as of old, becomes of value.

By day, immense flocks of black-birds, thousands together, lift themselves from the ground and from feed stacks, like a great ebony sheet, and swirl away in the gray December sky until they can be seen no longer. Suddenly, they reappear, tiny specks at first, but growing larger and larger as they come nearer. And then they alight again, like a black coverlet settling. Such symmetry! Such poetry! Such beauty! Such nigrescence!

In the evening hours on warm sunshiny days I am charmed and enthralled by the low sweet song of the meadowlark—that alluring bird that we children and the "darkies" on the farm used to call "feelark"—and I listen eagerly for something more from its golden throat than I shall ever hear, or hearing, could ever interpret.

Recently while I was engaged in studying the birds here in North Texas, as if by coincidence, there came to me from the Southwest Press of Dallas an entertaining looking book, "The Birds of Tanglewood," a story of Texas birds, written by Karle Wilson Baker and quaintly and cleverly illustrated by Charlotte Baker. Whether it was that I was just in the mood to appreciate such a book, or whether the author has done an unusual story, the public will judge. Few books that I have read of late have given me the keen pleasure that I found in "The Birds of Tanglewood."

Karle Wilson Baker is well known in the literary world. This latest contribution is a simple little book concerning the birds that the author had known and loved at her early home, "Tanglewood," and later at "West Windows," where she lived more recently. The author has dedicated the volume to her father and mother, in her own words, "the builders of the vanished Tanglewood." It is likely when she wrote this book Mrs. Baker had in mind only the preservation of the pleasure she found in her bird observations. However, written the little story charmingly, and she has also woven into it much beautiful and inspiring philosophy that will appeal for sheer grace alone.

The first chapter, "The Birds of Tanglewood" deals with the little feathered friends that frequented the

author's early home. The names and characteristics of the birds are given in detail. There are to be found the wild ducks that "came down for water and rest on their long flight to the Gulf in November;" the thrushes, the author's "first loves," that were in that particular locality when "it belonged to France, Spain, to one Sam Houston, and to the Fredonian Republic;" the mocking bird, "that worldling among birds;" the insolent and swagger cardinal; the bluebird, "the finest poet of all," and numerous others, such as the chickadees, wrens, grackles, bluejays, waxwings, flycatchers, nuthatches, orioles, vireos, cuckoos and many others native to and migratory in Texas.

The second chapter is entitled "Window Lore." It tells of two lunch counters—window ledges, outside the author's room where she was compelled to spend much time and from which she was enabled to make a close study of the birds. In this chapter the author takes the reader with her on tour and allows the use of her field glasses. She shows the heels and knees of certain birds; their eyes, and the color of them, and even the bird's eyebrows come in for consideration. Upon an occasion she reveals "the needle point of daylight through one little fellow's nostrils" as he stood silhouetted against the sky on the window shelf. At another time she relates the story of the three crippled visitors that came regularly to eat at her table. One hero, a bluejay, whom she named "The Colonel," had lost a foot in some disastrous engagement, and the other two unfortunates were established in her consciousness because of a misfortune or defect.

"An Aerial Harvest," the third chapter, is a perfect little jewel, rarely beautiful in thought and word. It deals with a memorable storm, on an April morning, in which many birds were killed or maimed in the vicinity of the author's home and of the author's experiences and observations at that time. Mrs. Baker has worked into this chapter some choice bits of philosophy—philosophy that brings us very close to those old Romans who "divined the wills of the gods from the flight of birds."

The fourth and concluding chapter, "Domesticity—With Wings," is not far behind the preceding chapter in point of interest and beauty. It reveals and unfolds many excellent thoughts, words and phrases. The author's reverie, at hearing a whip-poor-will call, back in her childhood days, says for the rest of us what we also heard and felt but knew not how to express as we, too, listened to the whip-poor-will's call when we were children. In conclusion, one reads that "for every problem solved, the winged world supplies a new one;" that, "that is one of its abiding charms."

After finishing "The Birds of Tanglewood" one has a finer appreciation and a better understanding of the wise travelers that we know as the birds. One quite agrees with the author that it is a pity so many of these "little ones" come to grief against the man-made arc lights and lighthouses of superficiality—the result of man's immature knowledge of the primal mysteries and of his ignorance which he invariably brands with his trademark, "cocksureness." . . . After all, were not the birds finding their way about the world long before the advent of man?

THE BIRDS OF TANGLEWOOD, by Karle Wilson Baker; the Southwest Press, Dallas; \$1.75.

LEGEND OF A DEAD MAN WHO LIVED IN TEXAS IS REVIVED

Story That John Wilkes Booth, Slayer of Abraham Lincoln, Was Not Shot and Killed but Once Was a Resident of Both Granbury and Glen Rose Is Retold by Mrs. W. F. Lake of Fort Worth. According to This Account, He Escaped, Lived in Texas and Died by His Own Hand in Oklahoma.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE

April of this year marked the sixty-fifth anniversary of the supposed death of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, in the Garrett barn in Virginia, according to history. But there are many versions of the death and burial of Booth, each convincingly substantiated. All of which proves—exactly nothing.

To Col. William P. Wood is accredited the story that Booth's body was secretly buried on an island near Washington. Gen. Lew Wallace is authority for the statement that the body lies under a brick pavement in a room of the old penitentiary building in Washington. From Capt. E. W. Hillard it is learned that it was carried on a gunboat about 10 miles down the Potomac and then sunk in the river. In 1898 Gen. David Dana identified a photograph, taken but a short time before, as being that of John Wilkes Booth, when he had formerly declared that he believed Booth was buried near an old jail, and that a battery of artillery, which was placed over the grave, had obliterated all trace of it.

Declares Booth Not Killed.

Following these declarations, the late Judge Finis L. Bates, a one-time resident of Granbury, Texas, published a book in 1907, entitled, "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth." Judge Bates spared neither time nor expense in the preparation of this book, taking great care to verify his statements. In the concluding chapter, he says: "By the authority of the identifications of tintype pictures made by Junius Brutus Booth and the late Joseph Jefferson, supplemented with the evidence contained in my book, I announce it as a physical fact that John Wilkes Booth was not killed on the 26th day of April, 1865, at the Garrett home in Virginia, as given in history, but that he escaped, spent a roving life in exile, principally in the western part of the United States of America, and died by his own hand, a suicide, at Enid, Okla., on the morning of the 14th day of January, 1903, at the hour of 6:30 o'clock."

History discloses that none of the money offered by individuals, or by the United States government as a reward for the capture of Booth, either dead or alive, was ever paid. Judge Bates endeavored in every possible way to interest the government in his findings, to no avail. Further, positive identification should have been easy with thousands living in Washington, New York and elsewhere, who knew Booth personally and who were familiar with his appearance on the stage.

With the evidence at hand, one can but draw one's own conclusions as to what to believe in this regard. With the many versions extant, and without any likelihood of any further positive proof being brought to bear, it remains that whatever one may have to say in this connection will be but legendary.

Declared Himself to Be Booth.

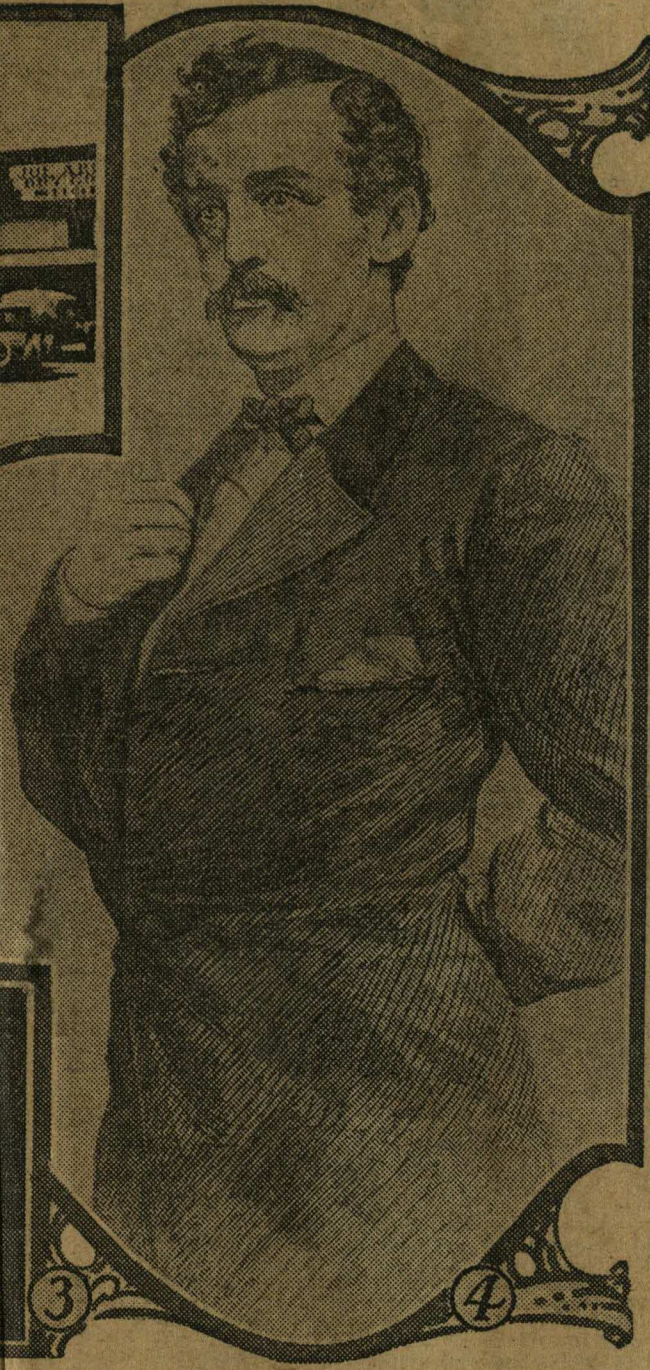
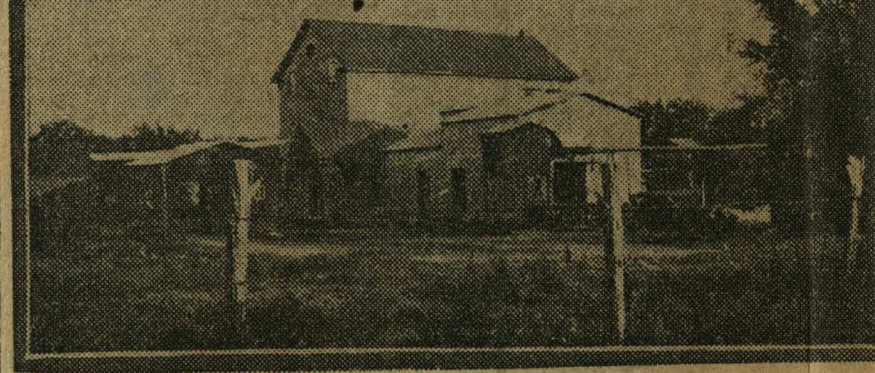
Bernie Babcock in her recent book, "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln," has woven a pretty story

One gets from the closing chapters of this book a fairly accurate picture of the death of the man, who, at least three times, when critically ill, declared himself to be John Wilkes Booth. According to Mrs. Babcock and Judge Bates, David E. George, who took his life at the Grand Avenue Hotel in Enid, Okla., in 1903, was none other than Booth. That this man who died in Enid had a past was certain. That he was an emotional type and of a romantic turn was equally certain. When the clerk from the hotel came into the room where the man lay dying, he was quickly conscious of the odor of lilac perfume, said to have been a favorite with John Wilkes Booth, and reminiscent of an early love affair. It was mid-winter and blossom time had not yet come. There were no flowers about the room. On a table beside the bed was an empty gold-banded bottle on which were the words, "White Lilac." The pillow under the unfortunate man's head was saturated with the essence which the bottle had contained. A physician, the hotel clerk and the proprietor of the hotel heard the feeble words which fell brokenly from the lips of the dying man: "I am—am—John Wilkes—Booth. I killed—killed—Abraham—Lincoln—the best—best— A paroxysm of pain stopped the words. But presently, he continued, "Two others know—Mrs. Harper—Bates—they know—"

The press from all sections of the United States gave lengthy reports of the death of David E. George, taking the stand in most cases that George and Booth were one and the same. The following data from the Enid Wave of January 17, 1903, is typical of other reports: "David E. George, a wealthy resident of the Territory, who committed suicide here, on his death bed announced himself to be John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. He stated that he had successfully eluded the officers after shooting Lincoln and since had remained incognito. His statement caused an investigation. Surgeons examined the body and stated the man to be of the age Booth would be at this time, and that his leg was broken in the same place and in the same manner as that of Booth after jumping from the president's box at Ford's Theatre following the assassination. All the time George has received money regularly from unknown sources. He had previously attempted suicide at El Reno. It was at El Reno that Mrs. Harper, who was mentioned in George's dying statement, had befriended him and had listened to a similar supposed death bed confession. No reason for the suicide is known. George maintained to the last to his attendants that he was John Wilkes Booth, and his general appearance closely resembles that of Booth."

Say Booth Lived in Texas.

If traditions are to be relied upon, Booth spent a number of his fugitive years in Texas. Many older citizens of Glen Rose and Granbury recall with interest, one John St. Helen (the man later known as David E. George), who lived in and about the two towns for several years. From the facts and developments in St. Helen's life in this



1. Scene on the public square at Granbury as it is today.
2. Corner at Granbury, where the "Black Hawk" saloon was operated in the early '70s by John St. Helen, who, it was conjectured, was none other than John Wilkes Booth, slayer of Abraham Lincoln.

3. Old mill in Glen Rose, in Somervell County. John, it is said, spent much of his time as an exile in this Texas village.

4. John Wilkes Booth, as he appeared in 1865.

community, all who knew him seem convinced that he undoubtedly was John Wilkes Booth. Judge Bates, who perhaps knew more of St. Helen than any other person, and whose investigations of the man's life and death led to his book, first became acquainted with St. Helen in 1872 through certain court proceedings in which St. Helen was indirectly connected during his sojourn at Glen Rose. The two men became fast friends and remained so throughout the years.

On the Paluxy River, which winds itself about the feet of picturesque hills, was located Glenrose Mills, at present the town of Glen Rose in Somervell County. On the bank of the river were two or three small log houses and a mill run by water power. One of these log houses was used by St. Helen as a store house for his wares—tobacco, whiskey and general merchandise—the usual small town accommodations of that day. The back end of the dwelling furnished living quarters for St. Helen and

a negro servant, or porter, St. Helen having no intimate friends or family.

On the southwest corner of "the square" in Granbury stands an old building, now occupied by Bowden's drug store and confectionery. This is the building, according to the "old timers" of Granbury, in which St. Helen operated a saloon. "The Black Hawk," a title given to the resort by St. Helen, was very popular and was operated in keeping with his fastidious taste. This strange man's business

seemed not to be a matter of necessity with him. It appears that at all times he had more money than his stock in trade warranted, and he apparently took little interest in his vocation. His affairs were left entirely to Mexican or negro porters, always of the efficient variety. St. Helen, who was suave, affable and cultivated to a degree—although it was said of him that he was none too well educated—was a distinctly different type to the "average up-and-ready Texan" of that day. Nevertheless, he was well thought

of. His favorite occupation was that of reciting Shakespeare, not from a book, but from memory. Richard II, so the story goes, was his special preference and he had a way of transposing the introduction. Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" was another of his favorites, and upon an occasion when he gave this as a reading it left an impression upon those who heard it that the years have not effaced.

More Proof From Doctor Gay.

The man supposed to have been Booth was seen by others before he settled at Glenrose Mills. Dr. H. W. Gay, in writing of the man, once said: "I knew John Wilkes Booth first in 1857. . . . Later, while I was a prisoner of war at Fort Donaldson, the news was flashed over the world that President Lincoln had been slain by John Wilkes Booth. . . . I read of Booth's capture and death, never doubting until the year 1869. I was then living in what is now Tate County, Mississippi. One evening about dusk a man came to my house, claiming that he was one of the Ku Klux Klan run out of Arkansas by Clayton's militia. I soon recognized him. . . . He told me that John Wilkes Booth was not killed, but made his escape and spent a short while in Mexico with Maximilian's army, but got into trouble; that his life was saved by reason of the fact that he was Catholic. He stated that Booth had posed for a time in Mexico as an itinerant Catholic priest. He also spoke of how Booth had escaped after the assassination. It corresponded exactly with the story told to Judge Bates by St. Helen, even to the crossing of the Mississippi at Catfish Point, going up the Arkansas River to the Indian Territory, and of John Wilkes meeting with Junius Brutus Booth and his mother in San Francisco in 1866.

Once Lived in Kentucky.

Later this same man was heard of in Lexington, Ky., where he went by the name of J. J. Marr. Col. Edward Levin roomed with him there for a year in 1868 or 1869. One day Colonel Levin openly declared to the man that he believed him to be John Wilkes Booth. Marr did not deny the allegation, but shortly thereafter left Lexington. In a statement, Levin declared that he afterward heard that Marr had settled at Village Mills, Texas, and that from there he went to Glenrose Mills, where he appeared in 1872.

The man is said to have had property holdings in Dallas, Fort Worth and other Texas towns. An incident is told in connection with his having been seen upon an occasion in Fort Worth. Col. M. W. Connolly, a former newspaper man of that city, one-time editor of the old Gazette under Walter L. Malone, and a man of integrity, published the following: "One night I was in the Pickwick Hotel bar-room talking to Gen. Albert Pike, who had come down from Washington on legal business. . . . Captain Day of Day & Maas, proprietors, was behind the bar. That was in 1884 or 1885. We were unconventional then. Tom Powell, mayor of Fort Worth, joined us, and Temple Houston, son of Gen. Sam Houston, was there. I was about to leave when my Village Mills friend came

in with Long Scurllock, who used to edit the Cleburne Chronicle. Captain Day turned to make change. I started to bid General Pike good-night when suddenly he threw up his hands, his face as white as his hair and beard, and exclaimed, "My God! John Wilkes Booth!" He was much excited, trembled like an aspen, and at my suggestion went to his room. He seemed quite weak from the shock, the occasion of which I did not realize for the moment. When he climbed the stairs I turned to look for my friend, but he was nowhere to be seen. While talking to Temple Houston next morning I saw the man on the street. General Pike appeared about the same time on the opposite side of the street, and started over to him with the suggestion to Houston that he look up our friend and get a story. I took no further interest in the matter, but later learned that the person had moved to the Territory. I have never seen John Wilkes Booth to know him positively, but I am strongly of the opinion that the man who died at Enid as David E. George was Booth."

Dropped from Sight.

For a number of years Booth was not heard of again, but it seems from the best obtainable information that he drifted into the vicinity of Guthrie, Okla., after leaving Fort Worth. He located at Hennessy, Okla., in 1890, where he played the role of a gentleman of leisure under the name of George D. Ryan. From there he went to El Reno in 1899. On moving to El Reno he made deposits of money accounts at the state bank of that place under the name of David E. George. While there he assumed the role of a painter, advertising himself as such in the Daily Democrat of that place. He secured work and painted a small cottage for the proprietor of the Arnstett Hotel. After that George did no further business in El Reno. From El Reno he drifted to Enid, where the end came.

No matter whether this man was Booth or another, his activities were strangely akin to what one might have expected of Booth under similar circumstances. If he was obsessed with this idea to the extent that he fancied himself Booth, or for some reason wished to delude the public, he deserves recognition for his cleverness.

Through swamps, ever ahead of the bloodhounds, "the living dead man" went. Over the mountains to the West. To Mexico. Tradition has it that he even went to China and the South Seas, forever driven on by the danger of recognition.

The mummified body of David E. George was last reported on exhibition as that of John Wilkes Booth at carnivals and side shows throughout the United States. Thus, it was that he who had known no rest in life knew none in death.

FENDERS OUTLINE BUSES.

Fenders that show the driver the clearance of his vehicle are being installed on buses of Berlin, Germany. They are in the form of frames which are clearly visible to the driver so that he may judge distances in narrow lanes of traffic in crowded streets.

From Sunday Chronicle, June 29, 1930.

Wild Flowers Border Rivers Of Oklahoma

Beauty of Our Valleys In
Early Summer Described
After 500-Mile Jaunt.

"Scouting Through Oklahoma" is the title given this piece by the author, Mary Daggett Lake of Fort Worth, who has just completed a 500-mile tour of the state, studying flowers and wild life. Mrs. Lake is chairman of the garden literature department of the national council of state garden club federations, for south central states.

SCOUTING, through Oklahoma, today is done largely on foot and in autos, and the adventurer's goal may be a perfectly harmless and pleasurable pastime, whereas formerly it was done mostly on horseback and consisted of scalp-hunting by both the white and the red man. It was revealed further, to two erstwhile "joy-hunters" who lately made a trip of about 500 miles through the state, only one person that could be positively identified at a glance as belonging to the tradition and race of the land. A few paint ponies, grazing on the hillsides, seem to be the last remnant of the famous frontier.

The story of the rivers of the middle-west alone would make several volumes. What tales these winding streams could tell—of love and romance, of buried treasure, of flower secrets, of adventure and intrigue, of the tragedy of warfare and of the destruction wrought by their own waters!

Then, too, there could be another feature which would have to do with the development of the land—this semi-arid western country—through its natural water system. Nothing offers a more definite example of the combined elements of good and evil as they emulate from the same source, than our rivers. Some day an ambitious person will write the saga of America's winding waters, the great liquid serpents, that are, at once, a blessing and a curse.

TWO of the most entertaining rivers of this section are the Washita and the Canadian, both of which are second to none, as regards history, traditions and wealth of native growth that follows their courses through Oklahoma. Because we were interested especially in these subjects, we began our trip at the head-waters of the Washita on a stock ranch in the Texas panhandle.

A sort of arroyo spreads itself into a sandy bed, and the waters appear in broken and disconnected little pools here and there, with larger and deeper-appearing holes as the stream winds on into Oklahoma.

The cottonwood tree has sprung up along the route—and, indeed, it appears in all the river-beds of the middle-west—and it is truly a benefaction and a tree which justifies its existence. How grateful the western settler and traveler is for the cottonwood!

Here, where the Washita has its beginning, Gen. Nelson A. Miles camped on its banks during his occupation of the section. Old Fort Elliott, later Mobeetie, was not far away, and evidences of the embankments which were thrown up by the soldiers at that time are still to be seen.

Unusual flowers line the sandy river banks and offer the botanist a treat. And the vines! Such vines! There are endless varieties—grapes, trumpet vine, woodbine, honeysuckle, trailing milkweed, Dutchman's pipe, sarsaparilla, clematis, smilax and others. They make the most pleasing bowers!

As we followed the turns of the Washita into Oklahoma we noticed many interesting flowers. In early summer an innumerable horde vie with each other in loveliness. One can imagine that their seed pods and fruits, in season, would prove equally engaging. White Mexican poppies; the pink, or purple daisy—a brown-centered cone-flower known as brauneria; broom-weeds of several varieties, yellow and white daisies, galliardias or Indian blankets, trailing wine cups, the wild hollyhock, buttercups and snuggling little primroses, yuccas, larkspurs, geraniums, yarrows and horse mint, all were in their gayest attire.

A LOVELY baptisia seemed to lift its showy cobalt big blue cluster, by way of greeting, as we passed. This plant is a relative of the true indigo-bearer of Asia, which once grew abundantly in the southern states. It is said the baptisia produces a medicine which is used in the treatment of malarial fevers. The plant turns black when dried. It is related to the Texas bluebonnet (*lupinus texensis*); both are legumes.

Oklahoma might be Ireland for all the green it wears. It seemed to us we had never seen so many varying shades of emerald as were in the wooded sections. Perhaps the contrast of the red hills accented the color. In the Washita valley, near Cheyenne, we noticed the feathery salt cedar, tamarisk. This much-branched shrub, or tree, was covered with spikes of pinkish lavender flowers. It seemed to grow all along the roadside too, and was particularly abundant in salty marshes. This tree is exceedingly drouth-resistant and it will indurate an alkaline soil. In the arid sections it is bluish or grayish-green; in moist lands it becomes a bright emerald. Although the salt cedar is known as a native, it was probably introduced as an escape from cultivation. Another green shrub that attracted our attention as it skirted all the roadsides, was a variety of amorpha. Its sage-like foliage and fragrance and the form of the blossoms, which was lavender to purple, reminded us of our cultivated vitex. Scrub oaks, buckthorns, also called Indian tea or redroot, together with a yellow buckthorn (*ceonathus*), sumachs, flowering elders, ash trees, Indian currants (*symphoricarpus*) and a kind of sophora, Eve's necklace, were among the shrubs that add-

ed to the beauty of the green tapestry.

WE found a number of interesting, but rather inconspicuous-looking flowers on the hills at the Custer battleground, but there the history of the place engaged our attention, to the exclusion of the flowers.

Cottonwoods again designated the Canadian river which we crossed just after we left Bridgeport. The sunflower, "King of Western Blossoms," was much in evidence along the highways. A pretty story is told of the introduction of this plant into the west. It is said that when the first settlers came they scattered sunflower seeds along their route, that those following might be directed to the abode of those who had preceded them, and that ever since that time the flower family of *helianthus* has been listed among the pioneers, too.

MEMBERS of the mimosa family, which is a large and varied one, from the characterful mesquite tree and the acacias, on down to the trailing little sensitive plant with its dainty, feathery foliage and pink flower-puffs, and yellow, are everywhere in evidence in Oklahoma. Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, April 4, 1835, contained an unusually entertaining story concerning the sensitive plant—the same which is today found in Oklahoma, Texas and other parts of the southwest. The writer of this story, who was traveling in Texas at that time, was describing the prairie flowers, most of which were, and are today, indigenous to Oklahoma also. "It was singular," he relates, "that patches were here and there overspread with mimosas, which, as our horses passed through them, drew up their leaves and dropped their branches whenever they were brushed by their feet, thus making a withered trace on the surface, which was but gradually obliterated as these timid plants regained their courage, raised their stems again and expanded their withered leaves. . . . There was a phenomenon connected with this striking appearance, which I was, at the time, unable to account for, and could hardly credit. That was the shrinking of the delicate plants a little in advance of us, before we had quite reached them. A friend who had witnessed the same thing accounted for it by supposing that they received a shock through the long horizontal roots which connect them." Some claim now that this peculiarity is due to vibration. However it is, the little mimosas are among the unique of plants.

NEAR Davis, the Arbuckle mountains, through which flows the Washita, present a distinctive indigenous growth, and they also offer fascinating scenic effects. A number of varieties of cacti grace the slopes, and we listed many shrubs and trees. We passed several automobiles that were loaded with cacti that had been taken from the mountains. It would be a pity, indeed, if, in a few years, the land which produces them should know them no more.

In 1936, Texas will celebrate its centennial—100 years of freedom from Mexican rule. At that time thousands of tourists will visit that state from all parts of the globe, and the greater number of these persons will pass through Oklahoma. Therefore, Texas and Oklahoma should begin now to unify their beautification interests and to join hands to "dress up." What a shame it is that neither of these states has, in the past, been farsighted enough to preserve the native growth along the highways.

Hopeful signs are visible now, as the present administration of both states, sets about the task of growing trees again in certain spots along the roadsides, by replanting and by encouraging the roots to come from the stumps. Possibly some of these fine old trees may reinstate themselves and be replaced by others in the course of a few hundred years. At least, tree-loving visitors, and those who enjoy a beautiful landscape, can see, three years hence, if present plans progress, that we are endeavoring to rectify our mistakes.

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Last week we went to the Panhandle—that neck of Texas upon which the remainder of the Nation rests. It just occurred to me as I wrote the above statement that Texas is truly the great body, or main trunk, of the United States and the Panhandle is the neck, and that geographically speaking, or in terms of maps, it bears the weight of the other States. That brings a further trend of thought: That Texas could adequately care for untold thousands from the overpopulated regions of the country, should they desire to come here—granting, of course, that they would do their part toward the development of their own interests. . . . Many will come as visitors two years hence when this Commonwealth celebrates its centennial—100 years of freedom from Mexican rule—and it's a safe wager most of those who come will remain, or will return later to take up a permanent abode.

But this article has to do with a trip to the Panhandle. So to the subject! This section is particularly entertaining at any time of the year. Its fertile sandy lands, its genial climate and the picturesque, rugged scenery offers allurements at all seasons. It is especially interesting just now with green second crops in the making, with firstlings in the shock and with vast fields white with cotton. (By the way, it will interest you to compare the changing map of Texas' cotton centers. And they say, too, that Panhandle cotton is not subject to the boll weevil.) Especially lovely now are the native fall flowers—asters of many varieties and colors, tall blue salvias, sunflowers of innumerable kinds and vari-hued grasses—and trees (although as you travel northward, leaving the cross-timbers behind, trees are scarce) which are beginning to put on their gay first fall dresses. Most specimens of the vegetable world bedeck themselves for spring, but the trees love the fall.

One would have to journey far to find a more engaging scene than that which can be viewed from the highway for miles beyond Rhome, looking west into the Trinity Valley. When the blue-gray haze hangs heavily over it and sifts down into it, as we saw it recently, in early hours, it is most alluring. Get up ahead of time some crisp fall morning soon and drive up to Rhome—just to view the valley. You'll double your business output that day!

This road, known as the Colorado-to-Gulf Highway, which traverses the north and western part of Texas, runs through a very historic section. While the known history of this region is not as remote as that of certain other localities in the State, it is nevertheless filled with a particular romance and legend, and it has a lure all its own. Indians, bad men and outlaws, the struggles of the early cowman, old Army posts and frontier forts, all are grist for the mills of history and romance.

Wise County, with Decatur sitting squarely in the middle of her back, looking for all the world like an oldtime cowman astride his favorite cow pony (so well has the town held to its traditions—and hats off to it for that!) and Montague County, in which Bowie is located, both have published their histories in book form. Henrietta; Wichita Falls; Iowa Park (the two latter names call to mind at once the vast 6666 holdings and the late S. B. Burnett and his ranching interests); Electra, of oil fame and bearing the name of one of W. T. Waggoner's daughters, now deceased; Vernon and Quanah are all rich in lore and legend and all are reminiscent of the splendor that once was the flourishing cattle industry, when free range was to be had for the using and when a man made the most of it.

A few miles north of Vernon on Red River is Doan's Crossing, the place where the old cattle trail met the river on the trip to points north, and which was given prominence some months ago when the organization, the Old Trail Drivers, of which the late George W. Saunders was president, fittingly marked the spot with due ceremonies. The highway from Fort Worth lies along one of the main old cattle trails that led north through Decatur and on to Doan's Crossing. Trail Driver Park on Anderson's Branch in Niles City, North Fort Worth, took its name from the fact that the old cattle trail passed the site. Cynthia Ann Parker was recaptured from the Indians by the Sul Ross party several miles west of the present town of Vernon on the Pease River.

Quanah was named for Quanah Parker, an Indian chieftain and the son of Cynthia Ann Parker. The tragic life history of this unfortunate girl who was stolen by the Indians when just a mere child constitutes one of the State's most dramatic incidents. Her grave is alongside that of her illustrious son and others of her family at Cache, Okla., at the foot of the Wichita Mountains. The old cabin to which she was taken

when she was captured by the whites is now the property of Amon Carter at Shady Oak Farm. Formerly it was the pioneer home of the Parker family east of Birdville. Because of its historic interest, Mr. Carter moved it to its present site and reclaimed it.

Quanah calls to mind the careers of the early Panhandle editors and their difficulties. These men were truly romantic characters, courageous and fearless. "There was, for example, Wilson Edgell," according to the present editor of the Quanah Tribune-Chief, "one of the brightest of the frontier lights." Edgell took an active part in the fights between cowmen and nestors and incidentally got shot a few times himself, but this did not affect the vigorous policy of his paper. C. F. Rudolph was the versatile editor of the paper at Tascosa, and by changing the heading he made it the official sheet of half a dozen surrounding counties. He was likewise the paper's society editor, and upon an occasion, with great solemnity, he assured his readers that "Mrs. Rudolph was the best dressed woman at the party."

H. H. Brooks of the old Amarillo Champion was a virulent writer, and he had several shooting scrapes with persons whom he had ridiculed. Brookes' daughter, Mary Kounselor Brookes, was also a newspaper woman of note. In 1886 the Quanah paper started in a dugout and was known as the Advance. The person who shipped it in had to collect several subscriptions (ahead of the sheet's delivery) before he could raise enough money to pay the freight. However, the people were anxious for a news medium and everybody subscribed or took subscriptions out in ads. The Quanah Chief was established in the early '90s by B. F. Coulthar, who moved several years ago to Pendleton, Ore. Coulthar was considered a great editor by his contemporaries, but too convivial for his own good. He was sent to jail one night to interview a murderer. The jailer, seeing Coulthar's condition, locked him up with the man. The next morning Coulthar turned over \$1.50 to the editor, and reported that he persuaded the murderer to subscribe for the paper and saw to it that he paid for it. It is said that never did one have poorer material to work on than Coulthar, but he was a good solicitor and time and again he would bring in orders from men who could neither read nor write. The Quanah paper was alternately changed to the agle and to the Quirt before it became the Tribune-Chief, its present name.

Chillicothe, Wellington, Wheeler, and Mobeetie—the latter, formerly old Fort Elliott, one of the last of the Texas forts to be established and a frontier buffalo mart and Indian trading post—were all good sized towns through which we traveled en route to Canadian via Childress. The broad, but shallow, red quicksand river beds of the Pease, Red and Canadian Rivers afforded unusual scenery and were reminiscent of many tales we had heard always concerning the treacherous sands. Wellington and Shamrock each bear names of English origin. The land upon which they are now situated was once a part of a large syndicate, British owned.

Near Canadian we discovered two wild flowers that were entirely new to us—a large double cream-colored poppy (*Argemone mexicana*) and a profuse flowering variety of yellow dandelion. Both were unusual and would make outstanding contributions to a rock garden.

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Back in the gracious "nineties" we played a ragtime piece entitled "The Ninth Street Rag," the number being the result of a Harlem inspiration. . . . A trip over Fort Worth's East Ninth Street recently recalled the old drag and revealed some interesting sights.

Here one sees in early morning groups of negro boys and girls going to school. Danger hazards are great as they cross innumerable railroad tracks to reach their destination. One notices, too, their cheerful manner, their quiet behavior and their clean and tidy appearance—with the odds against them. The Southern negro, being used to ill-winds, has so ordered his life that his spirit is undaunted, no matter the economic conditions or the elements that beat about him.

And there are pictures for artists in this section. The scenes are often reminiscent of the Old South. . . . A buxom negro woman, returning from market, balanced on her head, "a la Creole," a well-arranged basket of tomatoes, spinach, carrots, apples, oranges and other colorful fruits and vegetables. The arrangement of the basket's contents and her haughty swagger were true to the traditions of the past.

If you like smoke curls and whorls, drive over to the Ninth Street railroad yards and watch the engines puff as they switch on a frosty winter morning. Incidentally, you will enjoy seeing the vast number of pigeons that feed between the tracks over which grain and other food cars have passed.

Beauty has a multitude of followers. They are to be found in every walk and station of life. A flagman on this street entertains himself between trains by ministering to a small flower garden—a little oasis of loveliness in a grimy, dusty spot.

Some three-quarters of a century ago two men came upon the historic Texas arena, made their contributions to Fort Worth and Tarrant County, and passed on. Today their ashes mingle in nearby graves in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. It warms the heart to see that there is now a neat marker at General Tarrant's grave—a tribute of appreciation from the Frances Brewer Chapter, Daughters of 1812. General Edward H. Tarrant, for whom this county is named, was a participant in the Texas Revolution and a leader of the Republic's forces against the Indians. The other man who sleeps by his side is Major Ripley Arnold. It was he who chose the site of Fort Worth and bestowed upon it its name.

Don't miss a drive to the country this coming Sunday. The landscape is gorgeous beyond description out of Fort Wrth will reveal a panorama of indescribable beauty. The Randol Mill road east of town, the Cross Timber section to the northeast, Lake Worth and the highways to Azle and Springtown,

the north roads to Weatherford, or even the beaten path over the main highway to the Parker County seat, to Arlington and Mansfield, or to the Southwest country via Cresson and Granbury—any of these routes will open your eyes in wonderment. But for a real and incomparable treat, leave early and go to Breckenridge via Palo Pinto and Caddo. The hills beyond Mineral Wells are truly Nature's palette. Every color is painted on the landscape, and the reds of sumachs, oaks, plums, persimmons and others fairly shout with gaiety at the varying shades of emerald in the evergreens, cedars, eunoymous, etc. Klondike and Glenrose beyond Cleburne offer particular charm just now. Whatever you do, don't miss a day in the woods soon.

Let's Go!

While en route this past week to Justin, a Denton County village twenty-five miles north-east of Fort Worth, we stopped for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mitchell of Haslet. Although both are advanced octogenarians, they are virile, wide-awake and active citizens of their community. Mrs. Mitchell, who is the first white girl to have been born in Tarrant County (1849), is the daughter of the late Seborn Gilmore, Tarrant County's first judge. She is also the mother of Mrs. Roy Green of Denver Avenue, North Fort Worth. Mr. Mitchell is an avid reader, is active in his farm life, and drives his own car frequently to this city. Mrs. Mitchell attends to all of her home duties, and pieces modern quilt patters to the tune of a radio.

Skirting the southwestern part of Denton County, we came to old Elizabeth Town. This village and a creek nearby were named for one of John B. Denton's daughters. In the fall of 1847 Louis and Charles Medlin, their sons and others of a considerable party, came into this section from Missouri. They "rubbed out the moccasin tracks" from what was then known as Grand Prairie, and erected log and rock houses on their claims which they had secured through the Peters Colony. A trading house erected on Elizabeth Creek was the beginning of the old town that once numbered several hundred inhabitants, today there are only a few homes there.

Justin, a few miles north of Elizabeth, is a thriving little town of 500 or more inhabitants, located on the Santa Fe Railroad. The place was named for Walter Justin Sherman, formerly Chief Engineer of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe. A recent letter from Sherman who now resides in Toledo, O., to J. E. Bradley, a Justin merchant, and who is the son of James Bradley, also of Justin, who went with the Santa Fe as section foreman upon the advent of the railroad in that place, relates that the first Santa Fe surveys were made to the north of Fort Worth in the spring of 1886, and that all trains were in operation over that line by April 1887. The letter also states that other towns on that route, Valley View, Marietta, Ardmore, Overbrook, Berwyn, Wynnewood, Wayne and Paoli, were all named for Pennsylvania towns, being given the designations by surveyors on the line.

The elder James Bradley, now retired, tells of an unusual incident that occurred while he was in the employ of the railroad. On a certain foggy morning in the late 80's or early 90's the end car from a north-bound train of box cars became uncoupled and jumped the track. The loss was not discovered until the crew were checking over the train when they reached Gainesville. This was considered a subject for a "believe it or not" column, although that type of thing was not being done those days. However, the incident was written up in the Santa Fe journal at the time.

Another old timer of Justin, William ("Whig") Harris, who was born on Denton Creek below the present town of Justin in 1857 related many interesting tales of Indian raids, and of early day hardships. He was married in 1881 to a daughter of Sam Runnels, another Denton County pioneer. William Harris' father, O. Wiley Harris, died during the Civil War from injuries received in service, and the son, "Whig", so

nicknamed by the father's friends who wanted to tease the father who was anything but a "Whig" sympathizer was "bond out" at the age of seven to his cousin, Mollie (Leonard) Mugg and her husband, John Mugg, who had a horse ranch just east of Speer's Grove near Keller. The Harris family contributed much to the history of Denton County.

Denton, Wise, Jack and Montague Counties are rich in lore and legend. It is said that one of the main old cattle trails out of Fort Worth went via old Aurora in Wise County, on through Bolivar where once, on the Waide farm, was interred the body of John B. Denton, for whom the neighboring county on the north is named, and on to old Spanish Town on Red River where are to be found to this day, the remains of the old Spanish settlement which flourished there long before the days of the Republic.

Apr. 20 1934 Let's Go! H. D. M. # Recard

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

For a rendezvous with other years there's nothing like a visit to an antique shop. This week we went to the very interesting home of Mrs. W. P. Littlejohn, 1208 Belle Place, Arlington Heights. Mrs. Littlejohn, herself a member of a pioneer East Texas family, has her shop in her home—in fact the home is the shop. What an idea! And what convenience it offers, to have the home and one's business interest in combination! Instead of the set and stiff arrangement that greets one in the shop which is just a store only, here in the shop-home one sees a real home with perfect taste, good in appointment, and with the contents at the disposal of the purchaser—but presented in a natural and pleasing manner. So much for the woman in business!

The Littlejohn mantle alone is worth a trip to the place. The plain old brick structure, which may have been an impossibility formerly, has been painted a Colonial white by the present owner—the better to display the beautiful objects which adorn it. A pair of candelabra, with standards of brass and with crystal prisms, and most unique and quaint in design, catches the eye of the visitor upon entering the living room. These were used in some splendid old American homes about the close of the 18th century, or maybe at the beginning of 1800. And, perkily modern in their attitude toward their elders, or so they looked, two exquisite white jade-glass dolphin candle-sticks with opaque blue-glass tops, sit primly beside their forbears, the candelabra. If the candle-sticks had been boxed on the ears, judging from their air, one would not be surprised. And yet, there was something triumphant in the manner of those dolphin sticks! Something that made you wonder, as you examined the purity of the glass—Sandwich, of the early manufacture; perhaps about 1830!

It was hard to leave the mantle. But a peep into the bedroom was reconciling. A period bed, with other pieces of furniture to match—an old bureau, several quaint chairs, a "High-Dandy," and the pictures on the walls, all were reminiscent of beautiful living in other years, as well. The old quilt on the bed, with its fine stitches as if made by fairy fingers, and

beautiful mellow colors, makes one wish women today could find the time for this beautiful art. That "High-Dandy!" What a picture it is of the fine old gentleman—a type—who used it in the long ago! The piece is a tall chest of drawers. It is neither a "High-Boy" that rests on a "Low-Boy," nor distinctively a "Low-Boy" that rests on a frame. It is, like its human counterpart, of another day and generation—just itself! On the bedroom wall were two delightful Currier & Ives prints framed in rough walnut frames with the crossed, leaf-be-decked corners, frames popular 50 years ago. The brightly colored prints were bouquets of flowers in artistic arrangement.

In the living room was a lovely old desk—perhaps the oldest piece Mrs. Littlejohn has. There is also a melodeon, a kind of small reed organ—a portable form of the seraphine. It is an American invention and employs a suction bellows, worked by treadles and drawing the air inward through the reeds. The ends are in the shape of a lyre which is a much better collectors item than those having legs. In this room we saw a novel thing—that is, it is new to this generation, but something that the 70's knew—a doctor's leathern pill case, for use on the saddle when he visited his patients horseback as the early Texas doctor did. Due to not only bad and impassable roads for vehicles, but also to the fact that roads of any kind were not numerous in those early times, the doctor of the day just got there the best way he could—and if—he could.

The dining room contained unusual antique pieces of furniture and rare pieces of glass and china—relics of the past. Old bottles, jugs and mugs, and glass plates of special design were seen. Three bread plates, with pictures on, especially interested us—one was a Sandwich piece that featured a freight train, one of the very first and oldest of this pattern; another had a sheaf of wheat for the central figure and the words, "Give us this day our daily bread" worked into the outer design, and the third tray pictured "Rock of Ages," with a cross and a maiden clinging to it. This latter piece also carried the above inscription. Beautiful old pitchers, lamps, bowls, and other objects in all colors were very attractive. One could spend hours at the Littlejohn Shop!

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Now that Christmas, 1933, has turned his footsteps down the highway of time and that jolly little red-cheeked youngster, the New Year 1934, teasingly pelts us with the snowballs of a fresh January, what have we to say? There is something sad about the departing year. We hate to see it go—in a way. Then again, we are glad. And we bid it Godspeed. It brought us joys, just as the year ahead will bring. It vouchsafed to us new friendships, and a challenge to keep them. Some we have kept. Some we have lost. It brought us hardships and trials—suffering and sickness—accidents and hazards. And to some it gave even death! But with it all—and of more worth to us than all—it brought us the will to do—and gave us the courage to carry on amid the strange vicissitudes which have confronted us.

The new year brings us a clean page in the diary of life. What have we to do with former years? Slowly, we look back over the entries. Here and there are disclosed the blotches and blurs of our mistakes. In a place the ink of desire was thin. In another, the light of joy was dim. Still other marks revealed the chilled fires of love—the smudge from the dead ashes of selfishness. All are symbolic of our efforts to make our subjects and titles clear. . . . We will waste time trying to decipher the past. It is enough that the page on which we would write today is white, clear and beautiful—unspotted and unspoiled.

And now the time for resolutions is upon us—for good deeds to ourselves and to our fellow man. The weighing of our vices and virtues. And the cost of our weakness! What is worth while, anyhow? How can we get the most from life? And the eternal problem—what is life and what is death? . . . Likely we shall not answer very many of our questions. It is best that we can not.

Charles J. Finger, "The Squire of the Ozarks," and one of the most beloved of Southwestern writers, in his journal, "All's Well," for December drinks a toast, not only to the Christmas season, but to the rebirth of man. It is a beautiful sermon, without the element of preaching. It is a soul-stirring, heart-warming, courage-building message—one that will bear repeating again and again. Hear it!

"Here's to men! Here's to the clean man who contracts no friendships with the hope of gain! Here's to the good citizen, the man who brings order to the State by creating order about him, and who creates order about him by cultivating sincerity, and who cultivates sincerity by thinking straight! . . . Here's to the hearty hater of poverty, and of greed, and of selfishness, and of privilege, and to the man who sees betterment of life as progress! . . . Here's to the man who grows by overcoming and by self-conquest, and who scorns money and position, and who is against that which enfeebles and corrupts!

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Jump out of the summer slump. Put on your autumn dress. Wipe the haze of Indian summer from your eyes. Fall is in the air. Adventure is in the blood. Fill up the tank. And let's go! . . . Where? . . . It matters not, so long as you're in Texas! In the language of the lover describing his "sweetie," Texas "just has EVERYTHING." Atmosphere, climate, scenery, color, fragrance, sound, flavor—and beer! We're off!

Last Sunday we went to Paradise. Now that's a gallant adventure that everybody hopes to take some day. Why postpone it? If you go now you will have the added glamor of seeing the kidnaper's house. (And wasn't Urschel a peach? It's not so far to Paradise. An early afternoon start will bring you home before dark. Take the kids and drive up there. They'll get the thrill of their lives. Romance is lurking everywhere—behind lone chimneys, sentinels of farm houses now gone; between the shocks of cane and corn; from mesquite groves and peeping through the cracks of abandoned homes. There's the deserted looking house where Urschel was kept . . . roads well worn by travel in recent weeks . . . marked posts. A neighbor of the Shannon family told us somebody had been trying to buy the house. They were going to take it to the Dallas Fair and exhibit it. And wouldn't they have coined the money! Remember Barnum. So much for our curiosity. . . . Urschel ought to buy that house and use it for his watch charm. It's a cinch he could adjust himself to it. . . . Neighbors also told us of the thrilling and mad drive of the officers when they came for Bailey. . . . A trail of red dust obscured the four cars, each filled with men and guns, as they speedily passed. There was no sneaking up on the place. It was a bold, determined dash . . . with blood in the eye . . . and courage in the offing!

We went first to Boyd, via Azle, over the Northwest Highway. It was the church hour in this little town, and we stopped to worship with the Baptists. Giant oaks looked in at the windows of the simple little frame church, painted white, with one steeple, and thoughts crowded fast: how long religion has ministered to mankind—its roots have grown deep into the soil of the human race, like the roots of the oak into the earth; how beautiful the fellowship of kindred minds—whether it be in a remote section of the land, or on a city street; how quiet and restful such a place as this can be, and how we need occasionally "the quiet place" in our lives.

After church we drove on to Paradise. With eyes for the provincial in the history and romance of the land, we spied a bell tower, worn and used in looks, with a big metal bell at its top. This was standing beside the telephone office. In other days, we were told, before phones were installed in private residences and in stores, this bell was used to call persons to the phone. When one had a call from a distance, his number was rung. . . . And then the two miles to the southwest, where the kidnaping tragedy took place.

After dinner at Bridgeport we drove to the dam, four miles up the river. What a "slaughter of the innocents" will take place when acre upon acre of Nature's wildlings—the trees, shrubs and flowers—draw their last breath, under water! When this vast reservoir program gets under way, however, there is no telling what this section will become. . . . It is ever the survival of the fittest.

From Bridgeport we drove out to near-by Cactus Hill, once the cultural center of North Texas. Here on an elevation near Hunt's Creek, once stood the picturesque and hospitable home of Col. William Hudson Hunt, Wise County pioneer, who located at this place about 1855. For several years his home was the abode of the socially and intellectually elite of the community. A book, "The Pioneer History of Wise County," gives a lengthy description of Cactus Hill and its owners, and makes one want to know more of its people, all of whom are now deceased. Colonel Hunt, his wife, one of his daughters, Belle—who later became Mrs. Shortridge, a distinguished poet and literary light of her day—and others of his family were buried at the private burying ground on Cactus Hill. Later, when danger from the encroaching flood waters of the Trinity, due to the carrying out of the water conservation program, threatened a menace, the bodies were removed to the East Bridgeport Cemetery. It is said that once, when the late Dan Waggoner, the Sage of Decatur and the forbear of the noted Waggoner family, who liked horses, wanting to say something nice to Belle upon her return home from boarding school, said, "I'll swear, Mug, you're as purty as a two-year-old." The girl, knowing how pretty a two-year-old was to Mr. Waggoner, measured the compliment accordingly.

Oct. 20 '33 #

NORTH FORT WORTH RECORD

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Last Sunday afternoon several thousand people gathered at Rock Springs in the west end of Trinity Park to witness the dedication of the Municipal Rose Garden, the second unit of the Fort Worth 15-acre Arboretum. Rich and poor, old and young, and persons from far and near worshipped at the new shrine of Queen Rose, where, beginning this winter, will be planted fifteen thousand choice specimens. The Tarrant County Rose Society, Mrs. Ireland Hampton, president, will plant the garden which was built by the Park Department with R. F. C. labor.

Seats had been provided for the large crowd, and the setting was picturesque and most unique. Dr. J. Horace McFarland delivered the dedicatory address, other talks were made and the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra gave several musical selections.

Friday the thirteenth wasn't so bad, was it? Eighty-six years ago last Friday a certain family in the East were rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter in the home, little Cynthia Jane Smith. Anyhow this family counted it a lucky day, "come Friday," or not. In Monroeville, Ohio, in 1871, this child, having grown up, was married to the late Albert Ruth, Fort Worth's esteemed citizen and botanist of note. Mrs. Ruth spent her birthday this year enumerating all the changes that have come into the world during her lifetime. She recalled with interest the various stages of artificial light—first the candles, then oil lamps, gas, electricity—and each were welcomed with enthusiasm. Other inventions which Mrs. Ruth has seen installed dare automobiles, sewing machines, the phonograph, the telephone and the radio. Mrs. Ruth is especially happy that her husband's work of a lifetime, the herbarium of over 8,000 specimens is now the property of the City of Fort Worth, being at present at the Carnegie Library.

Have you ever been on Burleson Street—that short little stretch of road that connects Camp Bowie Boulevard with North Fort Worth? In springtime it is a veritable bower, green and flower-bordered. Two years ago more than 200 varieties of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers graced the route. There are fewer today, due to road-widening—"a sign of progress" . . . Drive over the three new river drives that skirt the West Fork and enjoy the myriads of asters now in full bloom . . . The tombstones in Evans Park east of Greenwood Cemetery mark the graves of Captain Tom Evans, a Tarrant County pioneer, and his family. Captain Evans' early farm included this section . . . And then there is the picturesque concrete arched-bridge across the Trinity, the Purvis Bridge—named for another pioneer Fort Worth family.

Did you know that the little white church on the corner of Park and Gould Streets is the only church of the kind in the world? It was so featured in a publication of National prominence a few years ago. It is operated for, and solely by, mutes. Rev. J. W. Michael is the pastor.

A lone rock hooded-well stands at the corner of Bluff and Taylor Streets, and is reminiscent of early Fort Worth life. The old rocks are still intact, just as they were when the well was in active use in the family of Captain Ed Terrell, the first white man to set foot in Tarrant County, as far as is definitely known. . . . Captain Terrell built his home on the site where it is located, the land extending to the Trinity on the north. The history of the old well is rather unauthenticated. From the best information obtainable it was built in 1857, but it was never used by the city as a source of water supply, although it is understood that Captain Terrell allowed many families to draw water from the well . . . A local patriotic society recently marked the spot. Do you know of other old wells in Fort Worth that have a history? This paper would be glad to hear of them.

Robert Anderson, colored, for twenty years janitor of the Fort Worth Club, is now an artist's model; that is to say, he has posed for portraits for several different painters in recent months. Perhaps no person in Fort Worth is more familiar with the affairs of the city's socially elite of thirty and forty years ago than Robert. Before the days when telephones were the custom as now, he used to carry notes from the boys at the club to their best girls, and he laughingly says he has made many a match in this old town.

Lets Go!!

Baton Rouge, the capitol of Louisiana, gave us another view of the mighty river and a chance to see her modernistic State House—also numerous examples of Hughey Long's handiwork. As we went south from Natchez we were greatly impressed with the scenery. It seemed to us a veritable tropical Eden, almost every conceivable variety of palm, tree, vine and shrub being in evidence. And the old trail, known to the ancients, and later called the "Natchez Trace"—the horseback trail from Nashville to Natchez—is worn down to almost a tunnel, now a modern highway. Enroute to New Orleans we saw many splendid old plantations. Here, one naturally glorifies "the cabin in the cotton," for these characteristic abodes (the necessary adjuncts to the "big houses") are "just everywhere."

New Orleans was a disappointment to me, on this, my first visit to the city. Whether it was because we had so recently seen so much of the Old South and of the French and Spanish influence along the route or whether it is because the place has become so Americanized and commercialized, I cannot say. To be sure, some of the former features are still there—the Cabildo, in which place was enacted the scene of the actual transfer of Louisiana when 14 of the United States were formed by representatives of Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson; the St. Louis Cathedral, present building dedicated in 1789, and one of the best known churches in the nation; the above ground cemeteries—crypts in marble walls, one above the other, and the French Quarter, with its iron grill and flower vendors.

Today the latter is inhabited by such persons as one might find in any tenement district in any American city. Antique shops—and O, Lady, beware!—are seen on every hand. The Audubon oaks, several thousand years old, we were told, are worth going far to see. The day tourist-trip includes a ride past the homes of Marguerite Clark and Dorothy Dix (page Hollywood!) and at night they take you to the night clubs and the wide-open gambling resorts, all very modern and just what one might see in one's own city. We saw a thing which impressed us very much, though: An antiquated horse-drawn barouche in which were seated an old-timey looking negro servant who was driving from his elevated front seat (and we fancied him a relic of slavery days) and two demure, quaintly dressed little old women embedded in the rear end of the vehicle, fairly smothered in the blossoms which they held in their laps. The women owned a sugar plantation and maintained it in the olden manner.

We crossed the Mississippi again by ferry at New Orleans as we began our trip homeward, via the Acadian country of Louisiana. Everywhere in Mississippi and Louisiana one sees many flowering shrubs, great masses of color, the azalea and camellia being the favorites. The former is a lovely thing of an incomparable purplish-red shade. All gardens feature the azalea and the wistaria in great profusion. The trip through Morgan City and New Iberia was especially lovely. Along the bayous that skirted the highways for miles we saw many varieties of native water lilies and irises yea, "irises" is the plural for "iris" (now), a beautiful flaming red iris and some blue and white ones, together with a white spider lily—all of which made us fairly catch our breath in passing, but we suppressed the desire to "gather them to us" by remembering the fate of our own precious Texas bluebell, our choice and now-rare gentian which has literally been "loved to death" by an admiring public, so we "stepped on the gas," the better to withstand the temptatiin, and hurried in.

In the current (May) issue of "The American Home," there is a fascinating frontispiece of native Louisiana irises, done in natural color by Caroline Dorman, who talked on native Louisiana flowers at the Shreveport Garden meeting. The magazine also carries Miss Dorman's story of the native irises of that section. Her book, "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States," is now in the hands of the publishers and should be of inestimable value to Texans also, as many of the flowers featured are also indigenous to our state. Miss Dorman is a charming story teller, and she knows all the little secrets of the flowers, as well as their up-and-doing ways. "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States" will be a welcome and valuable addition to the garden literature of the nation.

On Avery Island for a few minutes at sundown we beheld a sight that will linger as long as memory lasts—perhaps the highlight of our whole trip. But I haven't words to describe it. Thousands of white and blue herons, a type of bird from which we get the exquisite aigrette, were feeding in their sanctuary at even-time. Growing in the bayou were water grasses, trees and other vegetation and here among these, perching in the brush, hovering over the water or sitting on nests were these fairy-like creatures with their beautiful head dress. And as the descending sun played about the waters with sprightly shadows, there came from the birds a unified brooding, humming, crooning sort of sound—an indescribable, haunting, subdued melody, truly "eerie warblings," as Tennyson would say. For those persons who are looking for a sensation in life that offers something unique and different, I would suggest a visit to the bird sanctuary on Avery Island.

The egret, or heron, from which the aigrettes are taken is rapidly becoming extinct, due to the fact that their plumage has had such commercial value. The aigrettes grow only during the breeding season, so that in obtaining them, not only the parent birds killed, but the young are left to starve. However, Mr. McIlhenny, maker of the famous tobasco sauce, started a few years ago with one pair of herons who were feeding on his estate on the island nearby, and today there are thousands, perhaps millions of these birds who make their home in the sanctuary. The McIlhenny tobasco sauce factory and the fields where the peppers grow are only a short distance from the home and gardens of the philanthropist. Here on the island are also to be found vast salt mines, said to be among the largest in the world.

In St. Martinsville we visited the grave of Evangeline whom Longfellow immortalized with his famous poem. A little iron fence surrounds the plot wherein the grave is located beside a two-century-old church. We also saw the large oak under which Evangeline is said to have waited so often for her lover. A park has been set aside which encloses the tree. Lafayette, in the heart of the "Cajun" country, is a picturesque town, and offers much to the tourist who likes to revel in romance and history. Lake Charles is an interesting town whose fine old homes border the water front, with only a highway between. We crossed the Sabine at Orange and

were once again in our native land. Funny, isn't it, what a thrill one gets from setting foot again, after a journey, on native soil. "Truly, here must be something in a name."

Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Today I shall take you on a trip through a glorious land which we saw recently en route to, and returning from, Natchez, Mississippi, whither we had gone on an "old home and garden pilgrimage." The scenery throughout eastern Texas was particularly lovely, especially so near Tyler and as we came into the pine lands. The Spanish buckeye, red-haw, redbud, several kinds of dogwood—the large white flowered variety and a pink one—wild azaleas, commonly called wild honeysuckles, and other native blossoming shrubs and trees were all in full bloom. The new lacy, green foliage of the deciduous trees against the heavier background of the dark green of the pines and other evergreens, all fresh after spring rains, made an indescribably lovely picture as the sun tossed flickering shadows on the landscape under an azure sky.

We crossed the Sabine River which forms the boundary line between Louisiana and Texas, at Logansport. At Mansfield, La., we caught sight of some very interesting looking old homes as we traversed the town. Here also was

to be seen the historic Mansfield battleground, prominent in the Civil War, now a state park. Natchatochas, La., on romantic Cane River, an abandoned bed of Red River—is the twin sister city to Nacagdoches, Texas, both being about equidistant on either side of the Sabine. Here we visited some really lovely old homes, one in particular, the residence of Dr. W. T. Williams, was most unusual, having been built in 1780. It is the quaint old Spanish type, with low ceilings, floors flush with the ground and wide veranda running the full length of the front of house which is of considerable length. Natchatoches is a picturesque old town which still retains the old world atmosphere—buildings of Spanish and French types of architecture, spiral staircases, wrought iron balustrades, adobe houses and walled gardens. Here also are to be seen the earthworks of Fort Jean Baptiste, 1721, in the American Cemetery; the Natchatoches Art Colony, the only one of its kind in the South; the grave of St. Denis, founder of Natchatoches, 1718; Bayou Amulet, rendezvous of French and Spanish traders two centuries ago; the remains of Camp Salubrity, occupied by Grant during the Mexican War and by Confederate troops under Count de Polignac during the Red River campaign of the Civil War; a bronbe statue of an old-time slave negro and many other interesting places.

From Natchatoches we drove over a glassy pavement alongside Red River, past a number of fine old plantations, to Shreveport, where we attended the meeting of the South Central States Region of the National Council of Garden Clubs. A beautifully appointed luncheon, featuring an Italian garden for table decorations, given by the Shreveport Garden Club and the Women's Council at the Shreveport Woman's Club, a most artistic formal dinner in the evening at the Washington-Youree

Hotel and a garden pilgrimage to the lovely homes and estates thereabout were each a part of the entertainment Shreveport provided for her visitors.

On our way to Natchez, we drove in the rain for a long distance after leaving Shreveport, and the great oaks, moss hung, lichen-covered and rain-drenched, were indelibly impressed pictures. And on this gray day, every house we passed had a flowering wistaria bower! Throughout Louisiana and Mississippi one sees many flowering wistarias this time of year. Each home features them, and the garishness of new paint would be sacrilege in this mellow land. Some way, one wishes both states could have the wistaria for a state flower, rather than the magnolia, although the latter is a thing of great beauty with its glossy, dark green foliage and velvety white flowers.

At Natchez we crossed the Mississippi by ferry, that "awful deep and wide" river. Natchez, a choice morsel for the French and Spanish to squabble over in the early period of American history, and later one of the principal objectives during the Civil War, is a beautiful old place situated on the high bluffs of the river, and its history is glamorous beyond words. Palatial old homes, estates and plantations, many still in a good state of repair, so well were they constructed in the beginning, and handsomely furnished throughout with antiques, are still in the hands of the families of the builders and original owners. It staggers the imagination to know that much of the material which went into these splendid old buildings and a great deal of the furnishings were brought from Europe for these ante-bellum homes, whole ships being chartered in some cases, in a day when ocean trans-

portation was at best very uncertain. But—they play golf there! The Chamber of Commerce should suppress that. You resent any encroachment of modernity in Natchez, so charming it is in its antiquity.

Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Old books have a fascination about them. There is in the nature of most persons something of the element of curiosity—we like to see how other folks live, what they wore, how they behaved, or misbehaved, as the case might have been, what remedies they used in the treatment of disease. In fact, we are just naturally curious. And because we are as we are so we like old books. And when we read old books we come across such things as the following:

"Spider's Web is given in the shape of pills. For this purpose it is collected from cellars, barns and stables, and it is rolled up into doses of from 10 to 20 grains. It is described as highly beneficial in cases of ague; acts as a sedative; allays irritability, and calms both body and mind, producing a calm and delightful feeling, succeeded by a disposition to sleep. . . . Edible bird's nests are considered quite a treat in certain sections. The glutinous compositions are formed in vast clusters by a kind of swallow, found in Java, Sumatra and the rocky inlets of the Indian Archipelago. In China this delicacy is so much esteemed at feasts that they sometimes sell for twice their weight in silver, where special honor is to be shown guests. . . . A well-known cure for cancer (used by the grandmothers and doctors of Michigan 75 years ago): Take a white oak and bore out the heart and burn the chips to get the ashes, 1-4 oz. lunar caustic 1-4 oz.; calomel, 1-4 oz.; salts of nitre (salt petre), 1-4 oz.; the body of a thousand-legged worm, dried and pulverized, all to be made fine and mixed with a 1-4 pound of lard."

And we read also that a ruby is a sapphire. "It is the name given to the sapphire when it occurs in a rich deep red, the difference between a real and an imitation ruby being that the former is excessively hard and offers unusual brilliancy. It belongs to the sapphire group." . . . Another fact (one which many people do not know) is that macaroni is made of wheat. Our lack of interest in the source proves that we are not particular, just so we find a food palatable.

Carpets, we find, originated in Asia before they were known in Europe, where they were first manufactured by the French, and were introduced for ornamenting the vicinity of altars in churches, for which purpose they were originally used in England; but they were common in superior English homes as early as 1300. Needles were first known in Spain, but the product has been manufactured always mostly in England. Pins are of English origin. Paper hangings, or papered walls, were first known and used in China, whence they were imported into England, and about the same time adopted into France and Spain where they were in use in 1555.

Lets Go!!

By Mary Daggett Lake

It is an amazing fact that the dump grounds and trash piles of the world have fed the mind and imagination, and even the bodies of men, always. What goes into the discard is an important factor in our economic situation. The Irishman said, so the story goes, that he got rich by doing without the things he was obliged to have. (We might as well pick on the Irish this time and give the poor Scotchman a rest). Although not many persons have acquired riches from trash piles, numbers have gained a livelihood for themselves and their families from such places.

In Dickens' time, as well as before and since, these places were the haunts of rag and bone pickers, the down and outers, hungry animals and fowls, insects and vermin, and such workers as were required to care for the refuse. Nowadays the socially elite are turning to the disposal plants in cities as a pastime and as an antidote for too much "love of living;" students of economics are finding herein the answer to their problems; archaeologists and chemists are speculating as to the action of a multiplicity of decayed objects, and the soil and the elements, on certain articles which have long lain in the discard, and collectors of antique objects are satisfying "that urge to find the distinctive and different."

A look at Fort Worth's Municipal dump ground, just off the Cold Spring's Road, will astonish even the natives who have not seen it in recent years. This stupendous junk heap, several miles in circumference, has been in use by the city of Fort Worth and environs for the past two-score years and more. Here one finds a veritable mountain of automobiles, tin cans, scrap iron, broken furniture, bottles, dough trays, odds and ends of glass and china, etc., fires which burn purposely and constantly over the premises get most of the perishable material—but much that is useful in one way or another to somebody. According to authorities, it is a problem to know just what to do with some of the material that finds its way to the plan. For example, more than eight truck loads of egg shells are dumped there daily. They do not burn easily, the lumpy mass is not readily handled, and in fact they do not fit well into the disposal plan.

One can read the story of a civilization by careful inspection of that civilization's disposal plant. Not alone are to be seen the articles of use, and the method of life, but the generation's economic story can be told in this manner. Many persons find certain objects and articles useful that have been discarded by another . . . Once the American housewife was herself almost an object ready for the discard because she endeavored so zealously to protect and preserve her household and contents from the trash heap. Not so today. Madam America betakes herself and her daughters to the beauty parlors and the movies . . . Her tin cans she sends to the ash heap.

Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Where will you spend your vacation? If you choose to remain in Fort Worth this year, there are many interesting experiences and adventures awaiting you—if you care to investigate. Fort Worth maintains 42 parks, located in the various sections of the city—"for your use and pleasure." It might interest you to spend your vacation in making a study of these beauty spots. Certain it is that you will enjoy the trees, flowers, insects, etc., which you will find if you wish to be really entertained. Outside of Lake Worth, the Fort Worth park system embraces 1740.68 acres, all usable. Lake Worth has within its confines 2779.25 acres of land and water, and here are to be found the most interesting specimens, both in kind and quantity, of native plant life.

A drive back into the deeper recesses of the newly completed river drives in Rockwood Park, or in the older sections of Forest and Trinity Park will afford particular pleasure to the nature lover. Here are to be found giant trees, cottonwoods, elms, walnuts and pecans that invite the imagination to conjecture as to the remote time of their inception. Twining about the trunks of some of these trees are vines that have known so many seasons of growth that they are beginning to assume gigantic proportions in their twisted trunks.

Recently on an excursion into Rockwood Park, we found the decayed wood of trees which have "passed this way" and have departed, once giants too. Now they are lying in a state of decomposition, but are useful still. Their elements are giving back to the soil essential of life, and mushrooms and toadstools are glorying in their decomposition. Thus the life principle is forever at work. Beautifully colored birds and those that thrill us with their song, gorgeous and gay flitting insects and certain animal inhabitants of the wooded and lowlands offer other features of entertainment, in addition to the thousands of specimens of unique wild flowers. It is safe to say that a trip to your Fort Worth parks—if the spirit of adventure is taken into consideration—will offer startling revelations. And you will want to visit the arboretum at Rock Springs in the west end of Trinity Park again and again.

In an old book this week I read the story of the "Barber Pole". Its origin is traced of the time when barbers were also surgeons, and practiced what was called phlebotomy, or bleeding. During the operation the patient was required to grasp a staff, and when not in use the staff was exhibited outside the shop, to show that the barber was not engaged. At length, instead of hanging out the identical staff, a pole was exhibited, which became universally customary. In later times when the profession of surgery gradually disengaged itself from the original barber's shop, a distinction was made. Barbers who were not surgeons exhibited poles painted with blue and white stripes, and to that the

surgeons added a gallipot and a red rag, appendages which the barbers were forbidden to display. An act of the English parliament, enforcing this distinction, remained in effect until 1797, when the Surgeon's Incorporation Bill inaugurated a new era.

While driving this past week on the old Decatur road leading north through the suburb of Niles, we saw a rather strange spectacle. Women were doing the family wash in a creek bed of running water, after the manner of former olden-time years, using the process of thrashing the clothes against the stones in the water to cleanse them.

LET'S GO!

By Mary Daggett Lake.

Home is the one subject of universal appeal that knows not age nor clime. From the time when primitive man huddled beneath the over-hanging shelter of the nearest rocky cliff to the present day, his most imperative thought has centered about his dwelling place.

... The homes of our children will unfold from our homes, just as the flower evolves from the bud. Someone has said that homes come forth from other homes in successive and undying efflorescence, just as cells send out innumerable and other cells, to be multiplied a million-fold in the centuries still unborn.

It is a big motive—this thing of home building. At least, it should be. . . . When we consider the homes of the past and compare them with those of the present, we wonder why we build with such insecurity today—with so little forethought.

There recently came to my desk a review copy of a new book, written by a resident of the Southwest for Southwestern people—"The Game of Planning a House," by Dan Scoates of the Engineering Department of Texas A. & M. College, and published by the Southwest Press of Dallas. As I read the book I thought what a help the volume would be to those who contemplate building a home, especially those who would not ordinarily plan to any considerable extent when they recet a dwelling, or who would not engage the services of an architect. It offers a solution to a very perplexing problem—that is, the designing of a house.

The book has been written primarily for the layman, and one can see that the home builder's limitations have been kept well in mind. According to the preface, the writer based his information on years of experience as a teacher in colleges and as a building engineer and designer. Now that the fall home building season is upon us again, the book should prove a source of help to those who contemplate the erection of a home, to students who wish to study house design, to lumbermen and to the building-material trade in general in assisting their customers.

The contents embrace charts, form arrangements for all types of homes and with regard for size of rooms and exteriors, visualizing the whole, and with broad information concerning well defined plans, etc. There are 53 good sized illustrations, in addition. If you contemplate erecting a home soon, you will want this book.

Apropos of homes—it is interesting to compare some of the old dwellings of early Fort Worth that are still standing with the ones that are being built today. . . . On North Hampton Street, there stands a small frame house whose foundation is made of the heavy beams that were used in the old fort that stood on the bluff where the Criminal Court building is now. This dwelling likely contains the oldest building material in the city—the fort was constructed in 1849.

On the south corners of Jones and East Weatherford Streets are two homes that were built more than 50 years ago. The one on the east corner is frame and was erected by W. T. Ferguson, the father of Dr. J. T. Feild's wife, Fort Worth's first druggist. The brick structure on the west side of Jones Street, now in use as a filling station, was the early home of one of the city's pioneer families, the Tackaberrys. Both these buildings are good examples of the architecture that was in vogue for homes at that time.

In a grove of large oak trees, Dr. J. T. Feild, a frontier physician, built his home at 706 West Belknap Street, a two-story brick with the conventional two rooms above and two below, with the hall and stairs through the center. This old structure, although remodeled and built on to several times, still stands as originally.

The home of Major K. M. Van Zandt, corner Penn and West Seventh Streets, is an example of the more pretentious type of city residence, and this place also has been remodeled and rebuilt several times, although the original walls are intact. Major Van Zandt's first Fort Worth home, the simple log cabin—a type so

popular and withal so homey in its simplicity—still stands in the west end of Trinity Park where it is a model for artists and for lovers of the picturesque, as it nestles hauntingly amidst giant oaks with far reaching branches.

Captain J. C. Terrell's old home still stands on Terrell Avenue, as do the old homes of Eugene Roach on Samuels Avenue and the Griffin home on Penn Street near Major Van Zandt's. The former was a show place in its day and the latter affords a good pattern of the early one-story brick residence. . . . Examples of first types for North Fort Worth are the old Ellis place on Ellis Avenue, the home of James D. Farmer on N. W. Twenty-fourth Street, the Wolf home on N. W. Twenty-fifth, the McCarthy residence on East Central and the John Lydon place on N. Commerce Street. With the exception of the old Ellis home, which is more than 50 years old, the above were erected in the early nineties.

It is a pity that more of Fort Worth's splendid old homes, with their attendant flower gardens, that graced the town in its early day could not have been preserved for posterity. We shall not see their like again.

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Writers Should Capitalize More on Colorful Events In State's Own History

Mrs. Lake Has Written Epic Based On
 Cynthia Ann Parker; San Jacinto Week
 Fitting Time to Encourage Others

By EDITH ALDERMAN GUEDRY
 Press Woman's Page Editor

NINETY-EIGHT years ago Saturday afternoon 740 Texans charged across a prairie near San Jacinto and surrounded Santa Anna's Mexican force of about 1400 men. The outcome of the battle was one of those unexplainable miracles in history. More than 1300 Mexicans were killed, captured or wounded but only two Texans were killed and 23 wounded.



Mrs. Guedry

A great many stories, dear to Texans, have been woven into history and fiction of the daring and hardy pioneers who penetrated the Mexican province of Texas before that time.

Among these was the Parker family, who immigrated from Cole County, Illinois, in the year 1833, and who settled on the west side of the Navasota River, near the site of the present town of Groesbeck, in Limestone County.

One of the prettiest bits of legends of old Texas has been compiled by Mary Gaggett Lake, Fort Worth writer. She calls it "Prairie Flower" and bases it on the life of Cynthia Ann Parker, American girl who was captured by the Indians and afterward married one of the Indian chieftains.

THERE are bits in this epic of the land of Tejas (Texas) that remind one of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." This, for example, in the opening episode, which Mrs. Lake has called a pastoral and tragedy:

"Here on this soil, long years ago,
 John and his sister, Cynthia Ann,
 Played about a rude log fort that
 Sheltered them and those they
 loved

From the ravages of the redmen—
 And of bad from other lands. . . .

"In and out among the cabins the
 Children played, watching the
 bees

And butterflies that sought alike
 Pink marsh lilies and blue lupins
 In happy glee. Boy and girl
 busied

Themselves with the task at
 hand—

Woman to the house and man to
 Field and wood, as ever had
 been."

There is more, of course, to this episode. It tells of the stealing of little Cynthia Ann by the Indians. In the second episode, a "Plea for Comfort and Peace," Cynthia Ann, now at home with the Indians, asks that her people may cease to grieve for her.

"I am not lonely,
 I am not sad;
 Freedom is my lot,
 My heart is glad!

"Nodding grasses,
 Budding flow'rs,
 Cheer me always
 Thru the hours!"

The third episode, which Mrs. Lake names "The Council Fires Burn," shows the young girl, now more Indian perhaps than white in thought and habit, as she intercedes with the Comanche Chieftain for her native race the White.

AND finally there is the fourth episode, a magnificent, which is supposed to take place a little

more than 20 years after the first. In this Cynthia Ann emerges triumphant, happy in the love of her child "Prairie Flower" ("Toupassanne").

Tho, as Mrs. Lake herself explains, the epic is not true to the facts in the life of Cynthia Ann Parker, it does present feelings and thoughts she might have experienced, and it presents them in a beautiful way.

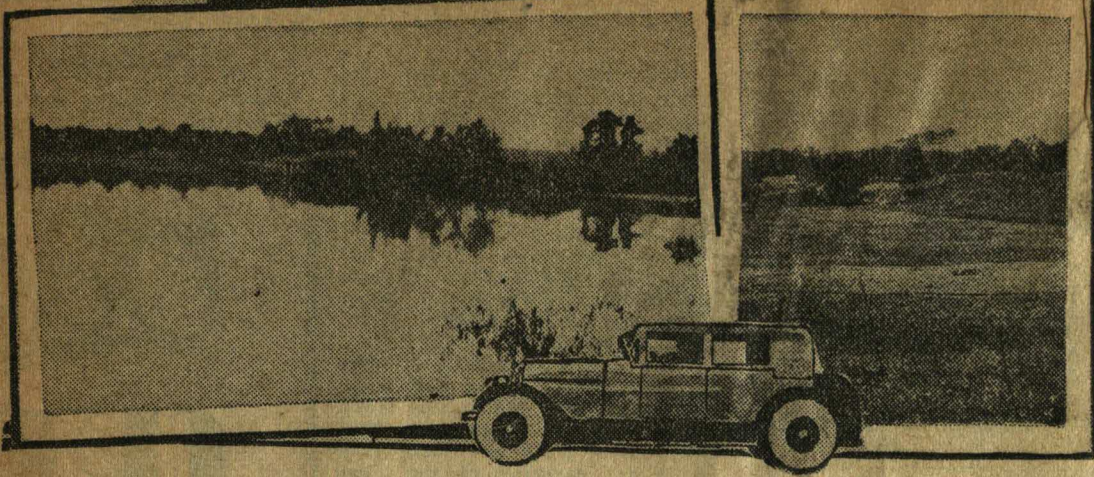
The epic has been read here on several occasions by Dorothy Compere, with musical accompaniments, including Indian and woodland scenes by MacDowell, played by May Belle Boaz. It would lend itself well to pageant or pantomime.

There is the last episode, for instance, which might have a drop curtain with rustic views characteristic of a Texas landscape in about 1857. The girl might be swinging a papoose from a crude swing caught in tree limbs.

Mrs. Lake's epic offers itself to many other program ideas. It is an outstanding example of how Texas writers are capitalizing on colorful episodes in Texas history. And now in San Jacinto week it seems we should encourage more of this.

John B. Denton and Historic Village Creek

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



Left, Lake Erie, near Handley; right, Turkey Knob, a hill just south of the present city of Handley.

At daybreak on a certain fine morning in the spring of 1841, three men on horseback slowly climbed to the top of Turkey Knob, that interesting looking prominence just south of Lake Erie at Handley.

Two of these men were the advance guard of a company of Texas militia who had been sent out to locate a village of hostile Indians that had been making great depredations among the white settlers of North Texas.

The third was an Indian scout who had been captured and forced to tell the location of the Indian village where his people lived.

What met the gaze of the Texans in the valley to the east beggars description. As far as the eye could see, there was a continuous Indian village, composed of many small lodges and separated only by the creek upon which it was situated.

Quickly the men made their way back to the camp, located a short distance north on the Trinity banks, and at once an attack on the Indians was planned. General Edward H. Tarrant, brigadier general of the 4th Brigade, Texas militia, was in charge of the small company of men—sixty-nine in all. They rode behind the hills and brush over to a point within three or four hundred yards of the village and took position. Every man was ordered to rid himself of all encumbrances, a line was formed, and the charge was about to be made.

The heavy thunder of horses hoofs, the deafening sound of firearms, and the shouts of the men, struck terror to the inhabitants of the village. The official report, on file among the army archives in the State Library at Austin, was, "the village was taken in an instant." The entire Indian settlement was wiped out. The Texans had two wounded and one killed, brave Captain John B. Denton losing his life in this fight.

The army report contains interesting facts concerning this battle on Village Creek, and is, in part, as follows:

"From the prisoners whom we had taken, we learned that at those villages there were upwards of one thousand warriors not more than half of whom were then at home. The other half were hunting buffalo and stealing on the frontier. Here was the depot for the stolen horses from our frontier, and the home of the horrible savages who had murdered our families."

After the fight the little company of men, having quickly accomplished what they set out to do, started back to headquarters on Red River near

the present city of Denison. They had with them the body of Captain Denton, which they buried next morning, May, 1841, in a lonely wilderness grave on Oliver Creek, twenty-five miles north of the scene of the battle.

The remains were disinterred in 1860 and later buried in the yard of John Chisum (pioneer cattleman of Bolivar, Denton County), the son of Clabe Chisum, who was with Denton in the Village Creek fight. In 1901 all that was mortal of John B. Denton was laid to rest for the third and last time on the southeast corner of the Denton courthouse lawn.

A suitable slab marks the grave of this man, one of Texas' bravest and noblest frontiersmen, while the county, the town, one of the largest of the county's streams, and an institution of learning all do him honor, bearing his name.

The Denton Normal and the College of Industrial Arts, both outstanding educational institutions, are located in the town of Denton, and are among other places of interest.

Few, of the many thousands who daily traverse the highway between Dallas and Fort Worth know that this Village Creek tragedy was enacted less than a hundred years ago in the valley just east of what is now Lake Erie at Handley within sight of the interurban tracks and the highway.

It would prove interesting to indulge a patriotic mood by going over this ground some day. Old Turkey Knob, so named because of the large number of wild turkeys which once roosted there, has stood throughout the years a silent sentinel at this historic spot on Village Creek which got its name from the Indian Village.

One might take the north road at Handley, intersect old Randol Mill road, turn east on this and drive up to Denton by way of Grapevine for unusual scenery, and visit the grave of John B. Denton, who gave his life for the cause of civilization in Texas.

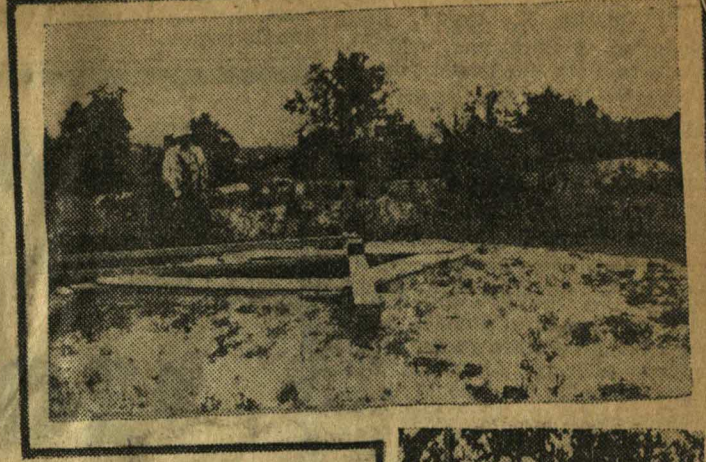
Returning to Fort Worth via Argyle, Roanoke and Keller one gets a splendid panorama of amazing distances, fine farms and ranching property while be-

yond the Fort Worth skyline is to be seen at a refreshing angle.

It would prove a fitting climax to such a trip to enter Fort Worth over old Samuels Avenue and stop at Pioneer Rest Cemetery to pay silent tribute for a moment at the graves of Major Ripley Arnold, the founder of Fort Worth and General Edward H. Tarrant, the distinguished commander of the forces at Village Creek and for whom this county is named.

Santa Anna's Mine at Weatherford

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



Top: Air shaft over Santa Anna's Half Moon Mine near Weatherford; below, another view of the mine entrance.

At the foot of a hill in the southeastern outskirts of Weatherford there is an old mine, known throughout the years as the Santa Anna Half Moon Mine. It is supposed to be one of a chain of Mexican mines once owned by the distinguished Mexican leader whose name it bears.

One may approach this strange underground passage by turning east off the main highway at the Sanitarium and following the road around a grassy knoll.

The road turns north again toward the town and leads through small, but thick tree growth to a bed of sand, a sort of surface-spread over hard, red clay.

At first one may feel that there is not much to be seen, but a close look down into the underground tunnels and into the eight or ten air shafts which cover the place soon convince one that here indeed may be unearthed some day a most interesting spectacle.

TRADITION has it that Santa Anna had mines in all parts of Texas. This was the belief of many of the older generations of Mexicans, and the younger ones tell today of having heard of these mines from their fathers and grandfathers back in Mexico.

It is said that two years before the annexation of Texas, Santa Anna ordered that every mine be closed, and so, hidden from the world.

The late Carl Curtis, whose family have always owned the property and who are the present owners of it, lived his entire lifetime on the place, and was tireless in his explorations. He worked the mine almost continuously, and it had revealed to him many interesting secrets.

Curious markings of Indian or Mexican design are to be found on the inner walls, as well as on trees outside and adjacent to it.

These signs are extremely puzzling to one not versed in such things, but Mr. Curtis was able through continued effort to unravel part of the hidden mystery.

Unaided, he did all of the explorations on the mine, and had many thrilling experiences while working at it. He had traced the tunnel for over six hundred feet, and accidentally

dug through a shallow place, at which time a great volume of water burst through and completely filled the tunnel. He came near losing his life, but by the greatest effort he was able to make his way out.

All indications point to this having been a gold or silver mine. Whether or not its treasure was ever removed may never be known. During heavy rainfall when the nearby creek is up, there is a mineral deposit on top of the water, and pieces of iron ore, with flecks of gold and silver embedded, are washed to the surface.

During Mr. Curtis' lifetime, he maintained a small office building near the entrance to the mine, in which place he kept curios, and various findings from the mine—gold and Mexican or Indian pottery, ar-silver nuggets, odd pieces of heads, ore, and horses, reptiles made of some position.

At one time Mr. Curtis unearthed in the mine a shoulder bone of a two-year-old buffalo. This bone had been sawed in half and it was embedded in the wall of a mine sixteen feet under ground.

This old mine is well worth a trip to Weatherford, but it will require only a part of a day to see it.

While in that section, drive on over to Mineral Wells and visit the various places of interest there. Many persons living in Fort Worth today are not aware that 150,000 visitors are attracted to this picturesque little resort annually from all parts of the country.

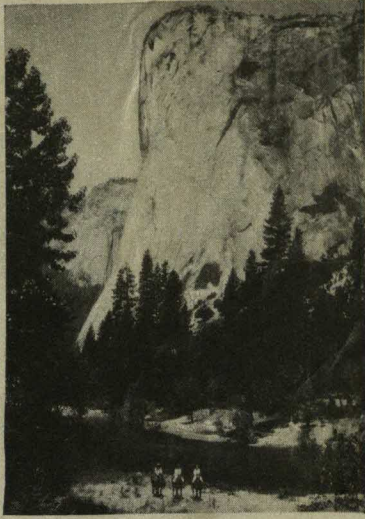
ALTHOUGH the medicinal properties of the water are heralded to the four quarters of the globe, not all who come to Mineral Wells come for their health. Horseback riding, motoring, golf, tennis, boating, and swimming are a few of the sports with which one may indulge ones self.

There are many inspiring vistas to delight the eye and give a thrill to the tourist. Among the most interesting of these is Inspiration Point, a few miles south of Mineral Wells. This is for its outlook the winding Brazos River valley and parts of several counties. There is an attractive park at this place where one can get picnic and camping accommodations.

A short distance west of Mineral Wells is Lover's Retreat with its engaging dells and to be found painted rocks and shadowy caves, and here one can understand something of the Indian interpretation, "Palo Pinto."

There are other interesting places to be found at Mineral Wells, among them Devil's Canyon on the shores of Lake Mineral Wells, Revelation Point (the peak in the heart of the little city), the Pinnacle, Jackson Park, Gibson Park, and Civic League Island.

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Travel

Travel Sidelights

THE TRAVEL ASSOCIATION of Great Britain and Ireland has published a million copies of the Annual Calendar of Events in Great Britain and Ireland. These pocket-sized booklets not only list the historic, social, and traditional events of 1931, but give detailed information for visitors on everything from ice-skating to flying.

• • AMONG THE NEW items this year is information for would-be campers. Visitors may become temporary members of the Camping Club, by the payment of \$1.25. This entitles them to the year book which lists and gives information about 1200 camping sites in Great Britain and Ireland, touring information and itineraries, and the use of the club's permanent sites.

• • THERE is also information about foreign study; getting into touch with clubs, organizations, and professional brotherhoods, and the aid at hand for tracing one's family ties in Great Britain.

Travel Articles

STARS AND DOUBLE STARS, by Henry Albert Phillips; *Japan*, February. In this day of superlatives it is difficult for the traveler to know what to see and what to pass by. The writer lists certain sights in Japan which should be double starred on everyone's itinerary.

SKYPATHS THROUGH LATIN AMERICA, by Frederick Simpich; *The National Geographic Magazine*, January. The writer started at Washington, flying south along the coast to Miami. From here the plane passed over the West Indies, thence to Trinidad, and on along the coast of South America to Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Flying west across the Andes it finally arrived at Santiago. Mr. Simpich gives a bird's-eye view of the route with pen and camera.

TWO AMERICAN BOYS IN THE U. S. S. R., by Robin and David Kinkead; *The New Republic*, January 28. This is the last of a series of six articles written by two Americans who are living in Moscow. After difficulties, one found employment as an English teacher, and the other as an assistant to a newspaper correspondent. Their comments and adventures as told in letters not written for publication, give a new picture of Russia.

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND, by Mary Daggett Lake, *The Texas Outlook*, January. Even the native Texan needs to be reminded of the glories of his own state now and again. Miss Lake briefly describes the variety in scenery, climate, and natural phenomena of Texas.

THE SANCTUARY OF ARCHAIC ANIMALS, by Ben Robertson, Jr.; *Asia*, February. See page 112.



Joseph H. Dodson

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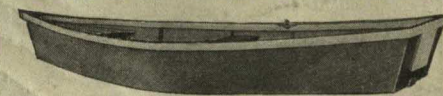
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See "Knowest Thou the Land" - 12 pages ahead

Romantic Hood County

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



Top: The old store in which "John St. Helen"—John Wilkes Booth—ran the Lady Gay Saloon in Granbury. Lower left: Logs from the old Elizabeth Crockett home on the Crissom farm east of Granbury. Lower right: Grave of Elizabeth Crockett, the wife of David Crockett, at Acton Cemetery, near Granbury.

"Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!"
—Goldsmith.

ONE need only visit Thorp Spring, four miles northwest of Granbury, to sense deeply the feeling which inspired "The Deserted Village." There indeed are "lovely bowers of innocence and ease," and the "seats of youth," but, as in the story, the fine old college buildings are vacant. The halls, which once rang with the reverberations of youth, are silent. . . . There is a feeling of sadness as one views the commodious empty buildings, apparently in a good state of preservation, which have meant so much to those who were educated there and to the cause of education in Texas generally. The tangled walks and ruined grounds, a few old, dilapidated houses, and gnarled and twisted dead oaks, add to the scene of desolation.

AMONG the earliest of the settlers in that community was P. Thorp, for whom Thorp Spring was named. Only about five families were to be found in the settlement at the time Thorp located there. Regularly, just before dark on moonlight evenings, the women and children of the neighborhood could be seen, carrying pillows and bedding, going to the Thorp home—it being the most central—to spend the night. . . . Thorp would take his place on the outskirts, where the horses were penned, to defend his property, while some of the other men of the community would stand guard over the women and children at the Thorp house.

A long time ago—back in the 70's, to be exact—Thorp Spring, long noted for its healthful waters, was being settled with a substantial and permanent class of citizens. In the fall of 1871, Captain Sam Milliken, a Johnson Coun-

ty pioneer, purchased the greater part of the Thorp property, including the sulphur spring, and at once set about improving it for a resort. Further, he opened his house for the reception of fashionable visitors from the cities, and built a commodious bath and spring house.

Altho more than 50 years have passed, portions of the old rock wall of the bath and spring house may still be seen near the present spring a short distance east of the school buildings. The sulphur spring there now is well equipped with a pump, an outdoor pavilion, and seats—all in good condition.

Captain Milliken and his accomplished wife became well known for their generous hospitality and soon the place was a popular summer resort. However, Milliken, being energetic, in time grew tired of this. He wished to engage in something which would keep him occupied for a larger part of the year. Later Thorp, Milliken and other colleagues hit upon the idea of making the place into an educational institution. The erected a commodious building on a prominent point northwest of the spring, and secured the services of Elder H. D. Bantau as president of the college.

Elder J. A. Clark, being attracted to the place by its many desirable advantages, took it over in 1873. After six years of active work with Add-Ran College, as it was then known, Clark gave the active management of it over to his sons, Addison and Randolph Clark, who, with a sister, had been teaching in the college. From that time on there were many changes in the school. Some of Texas' finest citizens received their education there.

IN 1890 the buildings and equipment were donated to the Christian Church of Texas. A new charter was secured and Add-Ran Christian University came into being. A board of directors was elected, with Major J. J. Jarvis of Fort Worth as president. Immedi-

ately he began the erection of a large four-story building financed almost entirely by himself. This was known as the "Jarvis building." From that time on Major Jarvis and his wife, Ida Van Zandt Jarvis, sponsored the school which evolved into the present Texas Christian University of Fort Worth.

The old buildings at Thorp Spring have been used by various organizations for educational purposes. Thorp Spring College, the last to occupy these quarters, used the buildings last year, but are beginning this year's work in Terrell, Texas.

On the southwest corner of the "Square" stands an old stone building, now occupied by Bowden's Drug Store and Confectionery. This is the building in which John Wilkes Booth, known in Texas as "John St. Helen," once operated a saloon. This resort, the "Lady Gay," a title given to it by Booth, was very popular in its day, and was operated in keeping with Booth's fastidious taste. There are several old settlers still living in Granbury who knew "St. Helen" when he resided in Granbury and Glen Rose.

One might go to Granbury by way of Weatherford and return to Fort Worth via Acton, formerly Comanche Peak P. O., the central point of the oldest settlement in Hood

County. Mrs. David Crockett (Elizabeth Patton Crockett), the wife of the Alamo hero, is buried in the Acton Cemetery, six miles southeast of Granbury, and only 45 miles from Fort Worth. Persons visit this shrine from all parts of the world. Every native Texan should know of the historic spot. The east road thru Cresson will bring one back to

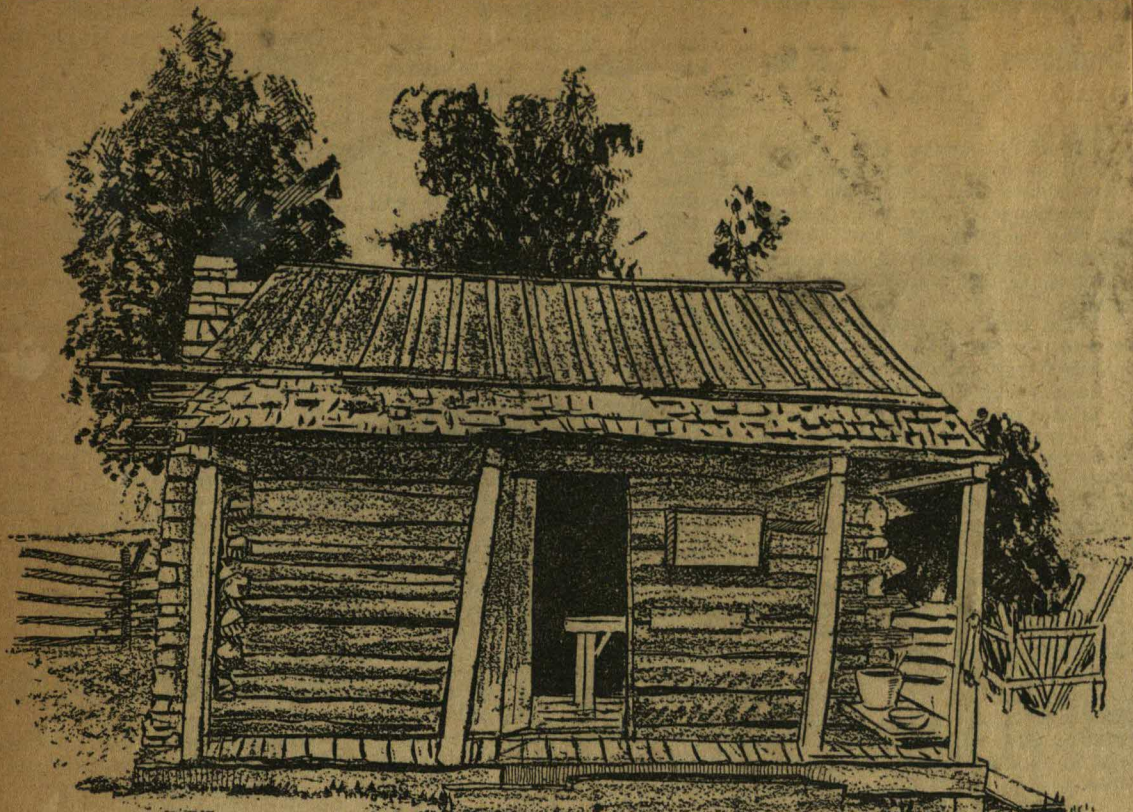
Fort Worth by way of "Scotland," and will afford choice scenery en route.

it is reported
St. Helen

near yellow house

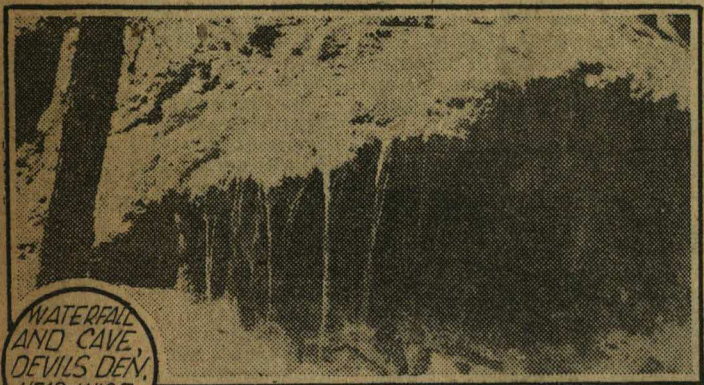
ONE DAY VACATIONS
HISTORIC WISE COUNTY

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



PLANG

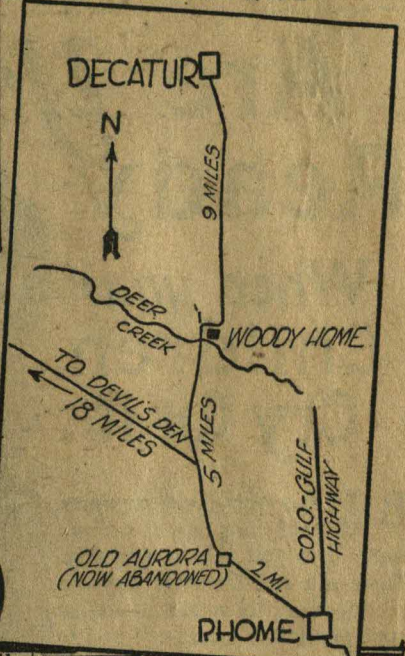
FIRST HOUSE IN WISE COUNTY,
 BUILT OF HEWED LOGS IN 1854 BY
 SAM WOODY ON DEER CREEK
 NINE MILES SOUTH OF DECATUR
 ON OLD FT. WORTH ROAD



WATERFALL
 AND CAVE,
 DEVIL'S DEN,
 NEAR WISE
 CO. LINE



CROSS-
 CANYON VIEW
 OF DEVIL'S DEN,
 JACK CO. NEAR
 WISE LINE



JUST seventy-five years ago this fall the first blue smoke from frontier camp fires curled upward in Wise County . . . The actors on the pioneer stage of this section will never return before the footlights of time, but their lives and deeds were of sufficient merit to call them to mind again and again.

In the autumn of 1853 three lonely individuals, Sam Woody, Jim Mann and Ben Crews, in search of adventure, approached the Trinity River at Fort Worth, followed its winding course up stream for a distance, and located themselves for a time in the southern part of Wise County. The spot where they camped was the site of the first real home, the first house, and the first farm in Wise County.

Back in Tennessee Fate had laid her hand upon a restless lad, one of the advance guard of civilization, who had grown tired of the mountains and valleys of his home land . . . At the age of twenty-one Sam Woody with his wife and meager effects, took passage on a Tennessee River raft, floated down to the Mississippi, and on to the Louisiana shores. Eventually they came to Shreveport, then to Fort Worth and finally to Wise County.

ON the banks of historic old Deep Creek in May, 1854, Woody erected his home, a lone habitation set in the wilds of a territory hundreds of miles square. This rude log cabin structure, the first house to be

built in Wise County, is still standing and in a good state of preservation, in Boyd's Valley just off the old Decatur road near Aurora. There is an old well on the place which furnishes refreshing drinking water today as in times past, drawn up by a rope with a bucket at each end. The property is now the pet pride of J. J. Woody of Fort Worth, a son of the pioneer who built it. It is one of the many interesting historical sites to be seen in Wise County.

Wise County, named for Henry A. Wise, statesman and orator, was the home of some of the most distinguished of the cattle barons of Texas, the Waggoners, the Halsells, the Hunts, the Greathouses and others. Some of these splendid old Western homes are still to be seen in the outskirts of Decatur.

The old town of Bridgeport, a few miles west of Decatur, had its beginning before the Civil War. On Feb. 11, 1860, interested citizens of Wise County secured a charter for the West Fork Bridge Company to bridge the west fork of the Trinity River at a point near the present town of Bridgeport. It was also agreed to put a bridge across Big Sandy Creek which would make transportation possible overland from Decatur to Jacksboro and old Fort Richardson . . . Logs resting on native stone boulders, with cross sections split and pegged for floors, formed the structure across Big Sandy. Cottonwood sleepers were used in the West Fork bridge. These sleepers soon sprung out of shape and fell into the river. A typical saloon, the Buckhorn, in a

small building flourished alongside a store in a similar shack . . . This was ante-bellum Bridgeport, and is the first chapter in the founding of that thriving little Wise County town.

THE main highway west from Decatur and Bridgeport leads to the famous Devil's Den, a picturesque gorge, located in Jack County north of Jim Ned Mountain near the west line of Wise County. Jim Ned, for whom the mountain was named, was the supreme commander of a tribe of peaceful Delaware Indians, whose last abode in Wise County was on and about the mountain. (Although friendly in their relations with the whites these aborigines were truly barbaric in their personal habits. As civilization encroached, United States soldiers from Fort Richardson transferred them to Fort Belknap.)

Devil's Den, which has engaged the attention of cattlemen and "the old timer" from the earliest, was used prior to the Civil War and during that time, as a rendezvous for outlaws. Later the Sam Bass gang and others of that ilk found shelter and hiding here. Wild animals, fowl, and reptiles of many varieties are to be found in abundance in this canyon, making it an interesting haven for the nature lover. True to form, as is the case with all such places, there is a "hidden treasure" within its confines.

Sixteen pack-mule loads of

money is supposed to have been buried here by Spaniards being pursued by Indians. Members of both these races, (and a few Nordics as well) have been searching for this for years . . . One enterprising old Mexican lived in the community for more than a quarter of a century and searched in vain.

He said he could have found it, but that some one stole his chart and papers. Death ended his quest . . . Old and recent excavations, and trees marked with Spanish designs and with Indian symbols, such as "the serpent's trail" and others, bear evidence that perhaps there was treasure buried . . . A certain prominent citizen of Jack County, before the era of oil in Texas, grew rich overnight in a most unaccountable way and it is said "the buried treasure" of Devil's Den is no longer buried. However, each returning season brings the annual pilgrimage of prospectors and adventurers to this romantic spot where they search in vain for they know not what.

Follow the valley of the West Fork of the Trinity back to Fort Worth by way of Paradise, Springtown, Azle, and Lake Worth, and see the natural basin which will make possible Tarrant County's future water conservation program. In addition, this section affords unusual scenery.

DATA SUPPORT ST. HELEN AND BOOTH STORY

Texas Haunts of John St. Helen

Regardless of the findings of scientists who tried to determine if John St. Helen and John Wilkes Booth were one and the same, or of the theory of accepted history that Booth was slain soon after his assassination of Lincoln, many persons in North Texas are convinced that St. Helen actually was Booth. The scientists themselves left the matter open to history.

After studying the mummified body of St. Helen for several days they reported Saturday that certain physical characteristics found on the mummy and known to exist on Booth were identical. Dr. Orlando Scott, who headed the group, even went so far as to say, "Personally, I am convinced we have found the body of the real Booth, but it is up to history to prove it."

On the other side the students of accepted history scoff at the linking of St. Helen and Booth as ridiculous. Their side was voiced by Lloyd Lewis, Chicago newspaperman and authority on Lincoln, who declared that St. Helen was a house painter, operator of a saloon in Granbury where he received a wound in the neck in a brawl, a drunkard who claimed he was Booth whenever in his cups, that Booth's body was identified definitely by a Washington surgeon, that Booth was known to have a tattoo and that no such tattoo was found on the mummy. Lewis added that Booth fractured his left leg in his leap from Ford's Theater, and that the right leg of the mummy showed a fracture.

The controversy probably will continue. Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, Fort Worth, has in her possession documents that give weight to the theory that St. Helen was Booth. She tells about them in an interesting story today.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The myth that is weaving itself about the life of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, bids fair to rival that of Paul Bunyon, Alkali Ike, Pecos Bill and others—if, indeed, it be a myth.

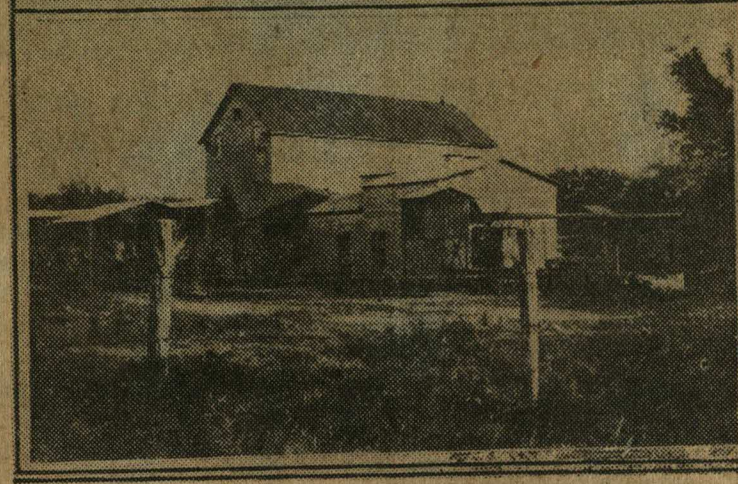
To date, the story has it that Booth is buried in the old Penitentiary Building in Washington; that he lies near the old jail there; that he was buried secretly on an island near the city; that his body was carried on a gun boat down the Potomac and interred in the river; that it lies in the Booth family lot in Baltimore, and there are other places also where he is supposed to have been buried. Truth to tell, like Moses of old, "no man knows his sepulchre."

While the rest of the Nation concerns itself with speculations as to whether or not Booth really met his death in the Garrett barn in Virginia April 26, 1865, certain citizens of Granbury, Glen Rose, Fort Worth and elsewhere are confident that Booth made his escape and that he spent his fugitive years in the then wilds of Texas and the Southwest, in China and the South Seas, in California and Mexico, and that he finally died, a suicide, in Enid, Okla., in 1903.

Whatever the fact may be, it is strange that a man, unique, furtive and restless, with the Booth features, dark eyes, olive skin and handsome dramatic face and manner, masqueraded for years in the above-mentioned sections, and if he were not Booth, he labored under that halucination. In Kentucky he was known as Mr. Marrs; in California as Mr. Smith; in Texas as John St. Helen, and in Oklahoma as George Ryan and David E. George.

Affidavits and certain letters in my possession throw further light on the subject and bear weight on the side of the case that Booth and the peculiar character with which the public is entertaining itself at present were one and the same. One of the most interesting of these documents is a letter written from Granbury Dec. 27, 1929, by Asaley Crockett, the grandson of the illustrious David Crockett:

"I was just a lad here in 1872, and there was a man, John St. Helen by name, who came to our town and opened a saloon in a little rock building on the corner where the Bowden confectionery now is, and he called it 'The Black Hawk Saloon.' This



Two Texas scenes that assume a glamorous air when the names of John St. Helen and John Wilkes Booth are linked as belonging to the same man. At the top is the building in Granbury where St. Helen had his saloon, "The Black Hawk," in the early seventies. The lower photo shows an old mill at Glen Rose, a favorite haunt of St. Helen more than half a century ago.

was along in the Winter before the Christmas holidays. The following Spring he went with some cattlemen and their cattle to Northern markets, probably Kansas City or Fort Dodge. Some time after that it developed that St. Helen claimed to be John Wilkes Booth, which fact he had confided to a young lawyer by the name of Finis L. Bates of this place.

"Many circumstances presented themselves which led me to my conclusions. I recall an incident when I was an apprentice in a printing shop in Granbury. One night some time after supper, St. Helen came into the office with a tray of liquors, and made the remark that here was a treat for the office force, and then, with graciousness and charm he bowed himself out. I was much impressed with his polished manner and cultivated bearing; so much so, that I have never forgotten the incident.

"Two men who claimed to be Government representatives called on me here in my office and wanted information in regard to the St. Helen-Booth story, trying to verify the opposite position of the Bates book. I gave them what knowledge I had. This was about four years ago. . . .

"After reading carefully Mr. Bates' book and other articles dealing with both sides of the controversy and taking into consideration my own observations of St. Helen here in Granbury, together with my appreciation of Mr. Bates' honesty and integrity, I am convinced that St. Helen and John Wilkes Booth were one and the same."

Affidavits from the Doyle twins of Confederate fame—W. E. of Teague, Texas, and J. H. of Granbury—are of interest.

From W. E. Doyle: "I am verily of the opinion; in fact, I am convinced, that the gentleman who lived here in Granbury in 1873 and 1874, known as John St. Helen, was John Wilkes Booth, known in history as the President's assassin."

And from the brother: "This is to certify that I personally knew John St. Helen during the time he lived in Granbury and Glen Rose. Having talked with him many times and having had occasion to observe his peculiar manner I am of the opinion that St. Helen was Booth. He had

rather long, wavy black hair and a black mustache and was impressive looking. He was pleasing and affable and often took pride in quoting Shakespeare. He was not inclined to talk much and he never made any reference to his past life. Nobody knew anything about his people or from whence he came."

A letter, dated Jan. 29, 1929, from James N. Wilkerson of Kansas City says: "The lady who formerly lived in Granbury and to whom I told you we were to go to Jones County to see, gives an affidavit that her father was John Wilkes Booth, brother of Junius Brutus Booth, the father of John Wilkes and Edwin, and that John Wilkes was a favorite nephew of her father because of his having been named for him; and that after John Wilkes was reputed to have been killed at the Garrett barn in Virginia, he stayed three weeks in their home, and that as long as her father lived he was in communication with John Wilkes. We also have definite information now that he spent some time with a relative in Bosque County before he was known in Granbury—so we are now in a position to prove the suspicions entertained in Granbury that St. Helen was Booth."

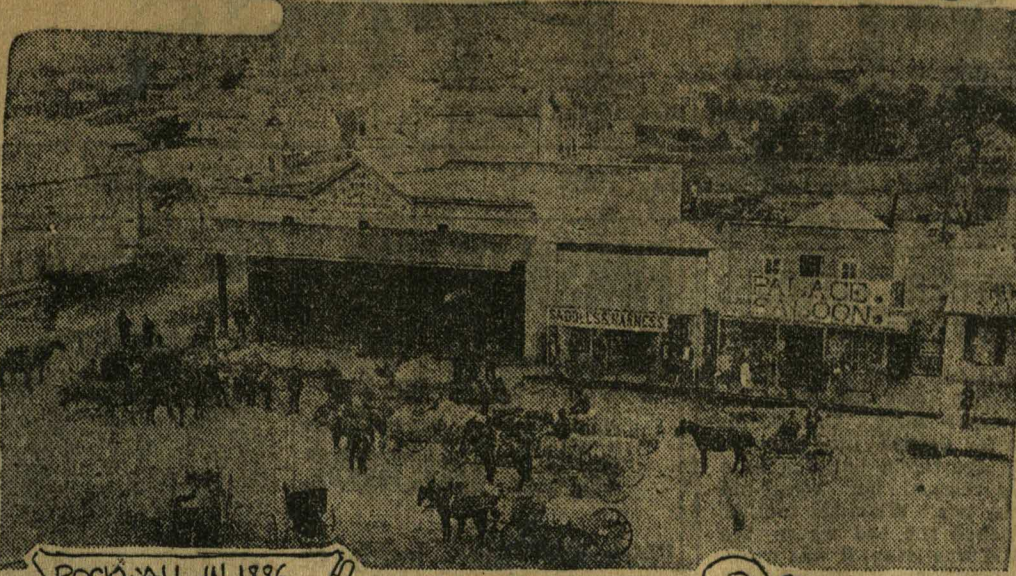
W. B. Evans of Declo, Idaho, who owned the mummified body of St. Helen, prior to its present holder, Mrs. Black of Chicago, has written the following letter, dated Dec. 9, 1929: "I have had the body x-rayed and have checked the physical identification marks. He has the broken leg, deformed thumb, arched eyebrow and ugly V-shaped scar on the back of his neck. We have the history of each identification mark. . . . I hold an affidavit from 'Blanche Booth,' his niece, still alive, that he visited her at the same hotel (where he committed suicide) three weeks before his death. . . . I hold a statement from a doctor in Texas, stating that he treated Booth's leg several years after he was supposed to have killed Lincoln."

There are numerous other stories, letters and papers that vouch for the authenticity of the fact that St. Helen and Booth were the same person. Time alone will tell—or, it may be that it can never be definitely known, but certain it is that "he who had known no rest in life knows none in death."

The Rockwall Phenomenon

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE

ROCKWALL IN 1886



ROCKWALL IN 1886

WOULD you like to witness a preview of what may prove to be one of the most interesting of the world's phenomena? Then drive over to Rockwall and see the unique formations which are to be found there and which have given the town and county that name.

Rockwall, only 12 miles square and adjoining Dallas County on the northeast, is the smallest county in the State. Excellent highways thru Dallas, past White Rock Lake, and Garland, add to the interest of the trip, which can be made in two and one-half hours.

The subterranean stone wall which crops out upon the surface in numerous localities in the northwestern and north central parts of the country, is believed by some to be artificial and of prehistoric origin. Others claim it to be sand dykes, cracks in the earth, probably caused by volcanic vibrations or earthquakes. Certain geologists explain that the formations have been made from sand and silica deposits which have hardened into stone during the progress of the ages. . . . If only a natural geological structure, it is a fascinating subject for observation and study.

Who knows but that in the morning twilight of the earth
"The immortal gods, that tread
the courts of heaven,
First made a golden race of
men"

and that their civilization may one day be unearthed at our very doors?

The first wall was discovered in 1852, according to Tom Canup, on whose place a portion of the wall may be seen. Since then at various times parts of it have been brought to the surface. It is a smoothly laid wall about four miles square, with no two walls or stones the same size, and rivals the best stone masonry today. Other walls, some semi-circular in shape, have also been found in nearby sections.

A strange feature is its smooth, perpendicular outer surface, and its sloping, rugged interior. Toward the top of the wall the stones are smaller, most of them being from six to eight inches thick, but of varying lengths and weights. A large stone taken from the wall at a depth of 20 feet weighed 1337 pounds.

Innumerable estimates have been made as to the age of the wall. A geologist of note who recently visited the place says that, if it is found that the wall is as much as 45 feet deep, it must be at least a million years old. So far excavations have been made only to a depth of

30 feet, and as yet the bottom of the wall has not been found. Each stone seems to have been laid with some sort of composition in between. . . . J. W. Reese, long-time resident of Rockwall, who made careful study of the strange formation, says that in a certain black land section there and with no rock in the soil, a similar wall has been found made of smooth, native, hard stone, and that this appears to have been put together with a red clay composition.

* * *

DO not be disappointed when you go there if you do not see a gigantic unearthed wall. At present, only small parts of it are visible. Consider that it will take a fortune to make the proper excavations, and that heretofore no individual or organization has been sufficiently interested to finance it. However, the Smithsonian Institution recently has made extensive investigations and they may be-

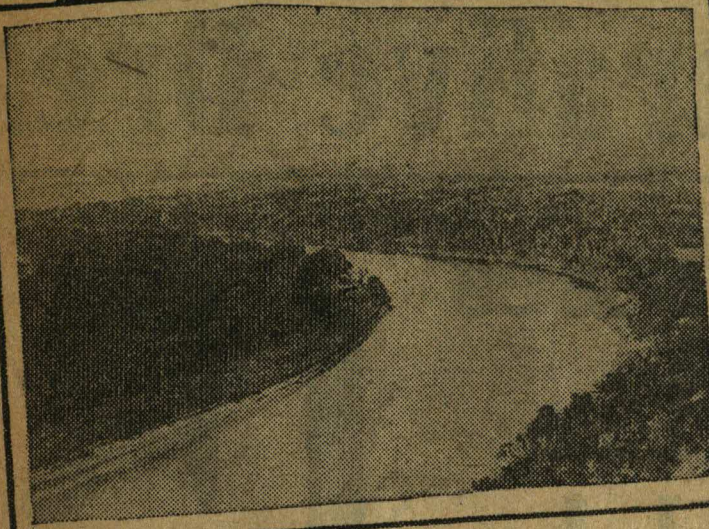
gin work on it at any time.

From the labyrinth of fanciful theories and the chaos of clashing opinions concerning the unusual phenomenon, something vastly important may evolve. At any rate one will find in the trip there a thing to speculate upon.

McKinney and Plano, enterprising northeast Texas towns, are but a short drive from Garland, and offer much of interest, historic and otherwise. The grave of Governor Throckmorton in Pecan Grove Cemetery, at McKinney, is a Texas shrine.

Wind your way back to Fort Worth via Richardson, Coppel, and Grapevine. Coppel, near the Elm Fork of the Trinity River, is the site of old Grapevine Springs (from which Grapevine got its name), where Sam Houston held his famous peace treaty with the Indians in 1843. This is one of the most important of North Texas' historical sites and one of the most neglected.

VACATIONS
KLONDIKE—DUDE RANCH DE LUXE



No more beautiful scenery can be found anywhere than that in and around the Klondike Ranch. The clubhouse, situated high on a hill, is surrounded by beautiful trees, as shown in the top picture. Below will be scene two scenes of the picturesque Brazos that flows close by.

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

ALREADY the poets have begun to sing of Klondike, the famous Johnson County Dude Ranch, 18 miles southwest of Cleburne. The place consists of several hundred acres of cedar-clad hills, thru which flows the picturesque Brazos River, and is unrivaled in Texas for scenic beauty. Here are to be found shady trees, pure water from deep flowing wells, a commodious lodge and club house, situated on top of a hill overlooking the river, and a lily-clad lake, a commissary, rent camp-houses, and other accommodations.

Sports dear to the heart of the vacationist, camping, fishing, bathing and horseback riding, have been provided by the owner and manager, D. Webster Bradt. Several years ago Dr. Bradt of Boston and his wife, who was Miss Flossie Thomas of this city, bought the place of Otho Houston, a former Fort Worth citizen, and for a time it was operated as a real Texas ranch. However, persistent nature lovers and vacationists gave Dr. Bradt the idea of converting it into a playground where all who will may enjoy it.

THERE are many interesting features at Klondike, one of which is a fern grotto. It is in reality a sort of cave with

real cavern formations—stalagmites, stalactites, etc. Along the walls grow different varieties of ferns, gracefully festooned, and there are mosses and other water growths. One approaches this embryo cavern by means of a ladder, which gives quite the thrill to be had in the larger caverns. Nature

lovers frequent Klondike and marvel at a large variety of interests to be found there. A casual observer noted in one week recently 31 species of birds, 21 different kinds of butterflies, 26 varieties of trees, and 55 specimens of wild flowers.

Klondike, because of its attractive geographical situation, has long been a favorite haunt of pleasure lovers. Before the coming of the "pale faces" the redman had found it to his liking. Interesting relics of Indian days have been discovered on the rocky cliffs, and there are engaging traditions connected with the place. One such story has to do with the Indian chief Santanta, and his marauding parties, which terrorized North Texas and the Indian Territory. It is said that he and his braves came into the region now known as Klondike and, meeting a friendly tribe, left with them much money and valuables. Later he and his band engaged in battle while endeavoring to reach their home north of the Red River, and the big chief was seriously wounded.

Government troops took charge of him upon his arrival at the reservation and he was turned over to civil authorities. His trial occurred and he was condemned to death, but died from his wounds before the law could execute its judgment.

The mountain cliffs overlooking the Brazos are capped with massive flat stones, upon which holes, appearing to be excavations, many feet in depth, are to be found. "Old timers" claim these are Indian burying grounds. Certain tribes buried their dead in perpendicular graves, just large enough to hold the body erect. Whether

fact or fancy, these strange-looking holes in Klondike's stone-capped peaks, offer the imagination something to conjure with.

In the deep hours of any moonlight night as you sleep on your camp bed on Klondike hills, you may be startled by the imposing specter of an old Indian chieftain standing erect on the edge of the highest rock and peering out into the thickness of the night, hand on brow. Of a sudden, his tall form bends and he lifts one foot, then another. Again he goes thru the motion. Yet again. Faintly you hear the far-off cry of a flute. You strain your ears to catch the echo. You look again at the scene before you . . . Come others of the redmen, by twos, by threes—always in single file—and they join their great chieftain in the dance.

Ancient tom-toms beat phantom tunes as loved ones walk along the spirit way. . . A hoot owl calls to its mate in a nearby tree, and you rouse, only to pull your blanket a bit closer about you, and settle again for the next reel of your mid-summer night's dream-movie.

ONE DAY VACATIONS
Romance and Beauty In Glen Rose
 BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



A RESTLESS man with troubled spirit walked the banks of old Paluxy Creek for years, at intervals. Back and forth with measured tread he went. Sometimes he walked just to be walking. More often a nearby mill was his destination. . . . He loved the old mill. By day its friendly walls offered him shade and hospitality. In the night time, when the brooding hours of silence added to his anxiety, he found comfort and solace in the shadows and in the sparkling waters falling about the mill wheels.

From whence had he come? Whither was he going? Not even the man himself could answer the last question. He was drifting. Drifting like the waters he had loved, onward toward the great unknown sea. . . . He asked not of the river that it give an account of its course. Neither did the waters demand of the man his past. And so he found a certain peace at the old mill.

"Where the water pushed hardest to bound over the edge, it flattened into a sheet which made a mirror framed in rainbow spray. Once on this opal-tinted mirror the man caught a glimpse of a beautiful woman with white lilacs all about her. . . . Then as though moving on a ray of light the vision was gone, the green of trees, the blue of sky mingling in many colored patches where it had been. This day he understood the language of the water as it flowed onward to the sea."

A ROMANTIC picture, this, taken from Bernie Babcock's story, "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln." But the man? What of him? He was none other than John Wilkes Booth, known in Texas as "John St. Helen." Booth lived for some time in Glen Rose, Granbury, and vicinity during his fugitive years. He was a frequent visitor at the old mill in Glen Rose.

The mill also had a history. Long before the coming of the white man, silvery-winding Paluxy Creek, with its rock-crested cliffs, was a favorite haunt of the red man. Among the first to pioneer in that section prior to the Civil War was Charles Barnard who built the mill which bore his name for many years. The little settlement here, that later came to be known as Glen Rose, was called Barnard's Mill.

In addition to the scenic beauty to be found at Glen Rose, there are a variety of other interests. Attractive parks, nine of them, with gay little flower beds; picnic and camp grounds; health-giving mineral waters; a unique "shaking" spring; dinosaur tracks in the rocks; good hotel accommodations; sanitariums for rest quiet nooks with charming vistas, and an interesting historical background—all these add to the pleasure of a trip to Glen Rose.

As well as contributing to



Larger picture: The old mill on the banks of Paluxy Creek in Glen Rose, formerly known as Bar Maid's Mill. Here John Wilkes Booth spent much of his time while a resident of Glen Rose. Smaller picture: Judge and Mrs. Olin E. Muse.

enjoyment of the place as a resort, the water at Glen Rose is the equal of any from a standpoint of its curative properties. The government report at Washington concerning this is: "For medicinal purposes these waters are valuable, and on analysis are found to be more nearly identical with the analysis of the waters of Carlsbad, Germany, than any other waters found in the United States."

IN Glenwood Park one finds the home of R. L. McAlester, owner and manager of the park. This distinctive and artistic residence, largely built by the labor of Mr. McAlester's own hands, is constructed entirely of petrified tree logs—a modern log cabin, if you please—taken from the "forest primeval" on hills of that locality. Persons living in Fort Worth would travel far to view a petrified forest. Somervell and Bosque counties offer the unusual spectacle for the short trip down.

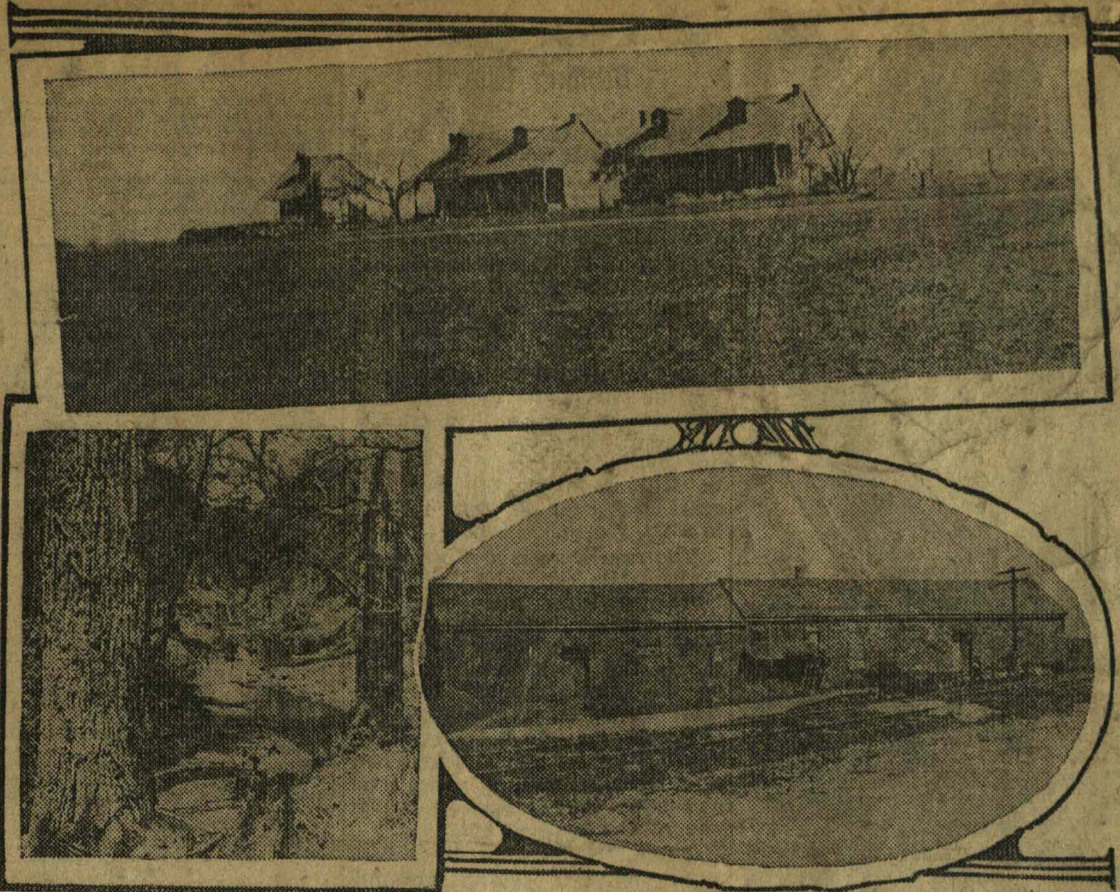
Four miles southwest of Glen Rose is the William E. Muse Lodge. Tucked away in a charming little nook in the neck of the woods, he and Mrs. Muse keep open house the year round to their friends and an interested public. Judge Muse and wife are devoted patrons of art and this lodge is their studio.

From the remote corners of the earth they have collected artistic and beautiful statuary, replicas of the world's masterpieces in sculpture. Here also are to be found relics and curios from every land. Judge and Mrs. Muse have traveled abroad extensively, touring the world several times, but they generally spend a portion of each summer in Glen Rose with their treasures. At stated times Judge Muse gives informal lectures at his lodge to the public, gratis, in the interest of this, his hobby, being anxious for those who will to share his pleasure. Judge and Mrs. Muse reside in Dallas on Edgefield Avenue.

It would prove interesting to spend a day in Glen Rose, going down by way of Granbury, taking the straight road west through Benbrook, and returning from Glen Rose via Cleburne. This route would afford excellent views of the picturesque Brazos River, both at Granbury and again, east of Glen Rose.

OLD FORT RICHARDSON IN JACK COUNTY

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE



Top: Officers' quarters of old Fort Richardson. Lower left: Trinity River winding thru avenue of stately trees. Lower right: What's left of

the commissary of old Fort Richardson at Jacksboro.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Within three hours' drive of Fort Worth, in almost any direction, there are scenes of historical and natural interest. Some of the most colorful events of Texas history were acted out within a radius of 50 miles of Fort Worth. This is one of a series of "One-Day Vacations"—little trips to these points of interest, written by Mary Daggett Lake. One will appear each week.

OLD Fort Richardson, with its colorful and erratic career! What memories cluster here! Later it was known as Mesquiteville. Now, Jacksboro. Each of these names calls to mind a different period of time—the military, the frontier, and the present.

During the days of the old fort a detachment of soldiers made a trip to Weatherford each week for the mail. When a postoffice was established there it was called Mesquiteville, a title characteristic of the beautiful mesquite trees which abound there.

Captain Jack of the Texas Rangers, having been especially active in breaking up organized bands of horse thieves in that section, was honored by having the county named for him upon its organization in 1857.

Fort Richardson was established as an army post in the 50's. Abandoned first in the spring of 1867, re-established the following fall, and finally discarded as a fort in May, 1878, it adds a halo of glory to the little city of Jacksboro. Supplies and equipment were freighted there from Austin and San Antonio at great expense.

Approximately a half million dollars was spent annually during the years 1868 to 1872 in maintaining the post, the scene of many Indian battles. Soldiers buried there were removed in 1883 to the National Cemetery in San Antonio.

Some of the old buildings at Fort Richardson have been reconditioned and are at present doing service for the 131st Field Artillery, Battery F, Texas National Guard. Among these are the hospital, the commissary, the powder house, the bakery, and three of the four original officers' houses.

This spectacular old fort was

the scene of many interesting episodes. In 1871 two chiefs of the Kiowas, Santanta and Big Tree, were tried there for the murder of eight teamsters west of Jacksboro on Salt Creek. This trial drew interested spectators from all over the country. Judge Charles Seward presided, and District Attorney S. W. T. Lanham, afterward Governor, prosecuted them. The death penalty was given, but this was commuted to life imprisonment. Later they were paroled.

On a drive thru this picturesque county one may find much of interest. Coal is mined in the northwestern part in small quantities. Oil is found in shallow wells in various sections. The only oil mine in the world has been successfully operated in shallow wells on the West Fork of the Trinity. Immense quantities of fine building stones are to be found here. Large amounts of crushed rock, blue limestone, sandstone, low-grade marble and granite are shipped to Fort Worth, Dallas and other places. Wizard Wells, a mineral water resort, is located in one of the oldest sections of the county, and ships its waters to market.

The geographical situation and diversity of soil of Jack County make it popular with the farmer and stockman. On every hand are to be seen fine fields of waving grain, corn, oats, wheat, barley, cotton and the different sorghums, being the most important. The poultry industry is fast becoming a real trade. Several large hatcheries find difficulty in supplying the demand of their own immediate vicinity. Most important is the cattle industry of this county, Jack being one of the first counties of the State to improve its hers by importing registered cattle from the North. Thousands of head of fine blooded stock are to be seen grazing peacefully on the hills and valleys which the several highways traverse.

Those interested in seeing what a real frontier fort looked like will do well to visit old Fort Richardson. Route your next "day's" vacation trip to Jacksboro, via Weatherford or Mineral Wells. If you are not in too big a hurry, you may return to Fort Worth over the new Jacksboro State highway which will be constructed this fall.

An Interview With Ed Howe

"I SHALL be at home all this week. If you come up Thursday morning, you will be welcome.

Respectfully,

ED HOWE.

"P. S.—In case you come to Atchison, the Globe office is in sight from the station. Walk over there and ask for Miss Webb. She will look after you."

This note, abruptly scrawled on a ragged piece of copy paper and delivered to our Kansas City apartment, came in reply to a letter I had written Mr. Howe asking for an interview. What could be more friendly or informal than this impromptu little document? It assured me that Mr. Howe was an approachable person.

My acquaintance with Ed Howe began many years ago when I was attending a Missouri college. At that time he was editor of the Atchison Globe and was making a name for himself in the newspaper field. My grandfather, with whom I frequently spent the week end, lived in a neighboring Missouri town, and was a great admirer of Mr. Howe's policies and aphorisms. I became interested also in his genial spirit and essentially American philosophy, and through the years have followed his literary career. Mr. Howe has been spoken of as "the Sage of the Middle West;" has been called "a National Institution," rather than a person; and a certain enthusiast, a member of the literati, acclaims him "the most intelligent man in the United States."

Early on the appointed "Thursday morning" I was on my way to interview this distinguished man. The route from Kansas City to Atchison lay along the big Missouri River, which winds itself in and out like a gigantic serpent, and is distinctly picturesque. At a small station a few miles this side of Atchison, travelers change from the train to an inconspicuous looking little trolley car, in which, due to nonreversible seats, one rides backwards into the town. This unusual condition, I later found, gave me something to philosophize about on my return trip.

Upon entering the general office of the Globe I was most cordially greeted by Miss Webb. She called Mr. Howe over the phone to say that I had arrived, and ordered a taxicab for me, according to Mr. Howe's instructions.

The Howe residence, a pretentious two-story, dark red brick, which looked as if it might have been a sort of castle or palace in its day (and I should judge "it's day" to have been in the early nineties, from the style of architecture), sits well back on broad lawns, surrounded by large, closely grouped shade trees. Somehow as I look back on it now, I seem to visualize about the spacious lawn, the flitting figure of little "Jacqueline," "Mr. and Mrs. Burrell," rheumatic and limping old "Simon," and in the rear, even the "old stables," where "Jacqueline" and her "grandmother" were wont to go. All of which Mateel Howe Farnham, Mr. Howe's only daughter, has so interestingly written in "Rebellion," her \$10,000 prize story of last year.

Before I had reached the top of the terraced steps which led up to the residence, the massive front door was flung wide, and Mr. Howe approached with outstretched hand. Although in his seventy-fifth year, he did not look his age. His greeting was decidedly informal, which made me feel quite comfortable.

Once in the large, old-fashioned living room I immediately, almost crudely, delved into the subjects about which I was eager to hear Mr. Howe express himself. He talks as he writes, wasting no words. He not only says what he thinks, but thinks what he says. We discussed certain contemporary writers, philosophy, women, Kansas, Nebraska and the late William Jennings Bryan (formerly his nearby-state neighbor and winter vacationist in Florida), art, "What is Truth?" the church and the future of religion, writing as a profession, and other phases of life.

I found that McCauley is Mr. Howe's favorite writer; that he is also an admirer of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, whose intellect and tough-minded philosophy he greatly appreciates, although his own life is lived in direct antithesis to their point of view. He told me of a lonely house which he passed daily in his walks. "In that house," said Mr. Howe, "there lives a woman martyr. An old wagon stands in her yard, but there are no horses in the stable. Everywhere are signs of neglect. And there is a simple minded boy who annoys the neighbors a great deal. Occasionally he has a fit in the yard, and a bedraggled, unhappy woman hurries out and takes him inside. The husband and father is gone most of the time looking for work, which he rarely finds. The mother lives on what the husband sends, and it is safe to say he doesn't send much. . . . I am not interested in doing anything for the heathen, but I would like to do something to help this poor mother,

and don't know how to go about it."

When asked about the writing profession, Mr. Howe replied: "There are many essentials necessary for success in writing, one of which is a fine enthusiasm for the game. One should strive to learn as well as possible the arts of it. . . . Study good writing, note its qualities and aim to imitate. At the same time strive to develop originality and an individual style. When I was actively engaged in writing I found association with bright people of the greatest use. Editors have certain rights which they will enforce. Grant these. They study the wants of their public. And, too, an aptitude for the art of writing always stands one in hand. I believe tremendously in hereditary influence. . . . It all amounts to this: Write as well and as interestingly as you can and good naturedly accept the result."

Mr. Howe spoke of the community in which he lives as "The Eden of the World." In return the people of Atchison admire him extravagantly and have shown their appreciation of him in various ways. They once gave him a solid silver water set—a big pitcher and six immense goblets, and a tray, according to a fellow townsman, "almost as big as the town itself." At another time they presented him with a silver loving cup; at another a handsome and unique watch.

Mr. Howe's autobiography, "Plain People," is now running as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post. He talked of this and said that it was the hardest thing that he had ever tried to write. . . . Some years ago Hamilton Holt explained that there were only two living Americans who had the courage, candor, and literary ability to write a supreme autobiography, and that Corra Harris was one of these and Ed Howe the other. Mr. Howe appreciates Corra Harris and the work she has done in this line and values her as a personal friend.

As I started to go, Mr. Howe insisted that I meet "Adelaide," his charming niece, who, since the death of Mr. Howe's wife, has made her home with, and a home for, her father's brother. He insisted on felling of her charms and accomplishments, to her evident embarrassment. As we entered the reception hall, Mr. Howe called special attention to several original etchings on the walls, the work of different artists, which had been used to illustrate his stories throughout the years. He seemed very proud of these.

On the way to the station I stopped at the Globe office to get a copy of "The Anthology of Another Town," which Mr. Howe had wished to give me. This book is a sort of sequel to "The Story of a Country Town," published in 1882, and which had much to do with bringing him into universal prominence as a writer and philosopher.

One o'clock found me seated again, this time face forward, inside the electric coach which had entered the town with its passengers in reversed seats—a symbol of the many who have gone to Atchison seeking help with their literary and intellectual problems, and who have come away with a forward look and with fresh courage.

CHARLES J. FINGER, "THE SQUIRE OF THE OZARKS" Tennessee Hills "Island" Supplies Material for Study; the Chronicle of a "Busy Love Life."

THROUGHOUT Arkansas one hears of "The Squire of the Ozarks." This familiar title is given to Charles J. Finger. Almost any time he is to be seen, with corn-cob pipe in his mouth and a red bandana about his neck, driving in his old-fashioned top buggy about the streets of Fayetteville, near which place he lives.

"Gayeta Lodge," the attractive home of the Fingers, nestling close at the foot of Mount Kessler, was easy to locate. At the cross roads three miles west of Fayetteville on the main highway to Muskogee, there was a rural letter box which bore the name. The house, a wooden structure and finished in true lodgestyle, was located about a mile from the highway, and was built largely by Mr. Finger and his sons. Several years ago Mr. Finger was surveying a railroad through the section in which he now lives and decided then to locate there. The present 110-acre farm was purchased six years ago, at which time the family moved down from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Finger extended cordial greetings and explained that Mr. Finger was in a distant city, where he had gone to receive a certain honor that was being paid him for an outstanding literary achievement. She expressed regret at his absence and took particular pains to offer hospitality and to tell the interesting details of her husband's life and work.

Before her marriage Mrs. Finger was Miss Nellie B. Ferguson, daughter of a West Texas ranchman. She appeared to be the typical wife and mother, preferring that her own life shine through the reflected glory of her husband and children. She was busily engaged in making a frock for her small daughter. Patterns and material were lying about the sewing machine, which had been moved to the open porch, and gave one a "homey" sort of feeling for the place.

Mr. Finger's virile personality was in evidence throughout the house and grounds. On leaving the city for the farm Mr. Finger took care to provide plenty of good books, musical instruments and other things that cultivated minds enjoy. He is a connoisseur of first editions and rare bindings, as well as a discriminating reader, and his library contains many interesting books. The book cases, which were plain open shelves occupied almost the entire wall space of the room. Across one end a spacious wood fireplace gave that unusual charm which nothing else can give. In this room also were to be found collections made by Mr. Finger—original manuscripts from the music masters of Germany, ivories from elephants hunted in Africa, gold nuggets extracted by him from the gold mines of Chile, strange tokens from Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Pampas, sea splendors taken from the depths, and innumerable curios, dear to his cowboy fancy, from the plains of Texas and Mexico. In addition the walls of an adjoining den were covered with trophies and souvenirs of other lands, illuminated parchments and splendid teal engravings, charcoal drawings and etchings by artist friends, and intimately inscribed photographs of Englishmen of letters. William Morris, Cunningsham Graham, W. H. Hudson, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells and other contemporaries, all old associates of Mr. Finger, were among those whose photographs appeared.

Mrs. Finger exhibited two excellent photographs of her husband which were made in New York City by Bob Davies for the department of "We Nominat for the Hall of Fame" in Vanity Fair. Kittle Finger, the eldest daughter, was cataloguing her father's library, while the younger one was engaged in setting to rights her own private establishment, the playhouse, a miniature replica of the Finger home, with a real fireplace, book cases filled with her own choice books, and a cupboard loaded with jellies and jams of her own making.

Margaret Germann, Mr. Finger's secretary, took us across the hill to Mr. Finger's study, a rustic cabin on a tree-clad hillside. This place was a veritable literary treasure house, with well filled book cases, work tables of varying sizes, typewriters, current books and magazines, and several windows, each of which framed a picture of scenic loveliness.

In an enclosed lot in sight of the residence stood an old barn, with Mr. Finger's buggy outside in the lot foreground. There were various domestic animals about—cows, horses, hogs, sheep, dogs, chickens, ducks, guineas, turkeys, etc. The Finger lads have taken prizes on their stock at the county fair, Barred Rock roosters, Pekin ducks, hogs, sheep, and a young Jersey bull having been the objects of their rewards. The boys had gained some fame in farming at East Tech before coming to Arkansas, and this

stood them in good stead. One of the younger sons brought in a large pail of dewberries which he had gathered from a hillside patch, and exhibited them with seeming pride, while another was engaged in driving the cows in from the pasture.

Charles Finger is a disciple of Thoreau, and he and Mrs. Finger are splendid exponents of the simple life. They are able to find glory in the commonplace for beauty lies all about them. There are five children in the family, three boys and two girls. These children have been allowed to develop their own individuality, and they are healthy, active, ruddy-skinned youngsters. Each have their several interests, such as horseback riding, football, outdoor dramatics, marionette shows, etc.

The Finger home is noted for its particular brand of hospitality, which has simplicity for the keynote. This family keep open house the year round for their friends, and the place has come to be a sort of rendezvous for musicians, artists and literary folk—Glenn Ward Dresbach, Carl Sandburg, Paul Honore, Stuart P. Sherman, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and many others having been entertained beneath its hospitable roof.

Mrs. Finger gave the following interesting facts concerning the life of her husband: He was born at Willesden, England in 1871, and came to the United States at an early age, but later returned to England to study at King's College. He also studied music at Frankfort-on-the-Main. From England he went to South America where he worked as a gold digger in Patagonia and in Tierra del Fuego. Incidentally, he was the first man to walk across Tierra del Fuego. He has also had numerous sea adventures, enduring all the hardships that go with such a life. Coming back to New York, he landed in 1896 with Bert Brennan. The year following he explored Canada and the Klondike, and 1898 found him in Old Mexico. He later went into the railroad business, becoming general manager of a group of Ohio railroads. During the war he bought a number of railroads and dismantled seven. Finally, he settled in his present abode to live the simple life—and to write.

According to Mrs. Finger Carl Sandburg first discovered Mr. Finger's ability as a writer, it being unknown even to Finger himself. His writing career started about eight years ago, his stories first appearing in the American Boy, Youth's Companion, and other magazines. Mr. Finger's strong naturalness and absolute sincerity marked him as utterly genuine, and made a great appeal to Sandburg. He is a man of most amazing versatility, being equally at home as a cowboy in the saddle, at the piano, as an active outdoor farmer, or in the role of a writer. It has been said of him that he is an eighteenth century man. One misses his wonderful personality if one doesn't get that viewpoint. He has the large, unassuming courtesy of that age, coupled with a wholesome love for all that is best in literature.

Mrs. Finger explained that her husband writes very slowly, but the fact remains that he has done a tremendous amount of work in the last six years. During that time he has written more than a dozen books, three score brochures for a pocket classic series, to say nothing of his short stories. Aside from his ability as a writer, he is an editor of note, being the editor and publisher of a delightful little journal, "All's Well," which is devoted to literary and cultural interests, and which has won high praise from a wide diversity of critics—Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Van Doren, H. G. Wells, Cunningsham Graham, and others. At present Mr. Fingers is engaged in writing an autobiographical novel and a boy's book.

Owen P. White: Writer of Readable History

WHETHER or not the day and age has anything to do with it is a matter for speculation, but today, history, to be read, must meet the popular demand. Van Loon, Erskine and others, having felt the public pulse, quickly sensed the situation, and in turn have been accorded an ovation in the literary world.

Less than three months after the first edition of Owen White's "Out of the Desert" came from the press, the public was ready for the second printing. And this a Texas history, El Paso, with which the book has to do, being not greatly concerned with introspection, was content to view itself through Owen White's mirror. What it saw, although not always pleasing, satisfied.

"Out of the Desert" had phenomenal success. What was the secret? Wherein was the book different to that on the average town or section? My interest in things historical, and a desire to help preserve the records of my State, caused me to want to know more of this popular book. After spending an evening in its engaging pages, I wrote Mr. White asking some questions regarding it. He sent me a copy of the book and told me something of its story.

About this time I had some correspondence pertaining to the writing of history with H. L. Mencken, that past master in present day literary arts. The following was a reply in part to one of my letters: "I believe that you should be able to get some good advice from Owen P. White of El Paso. He has printed several books of Texas history and knows the ropes very well. . . ."

Not long afterward I had occasion to be in El Paso. While there I availed myself of the opportunity to know more of Mr. White's methods in dealing with historical data, feeling that if he had the indorsement of Henry Mencken he must be doing very creditable work indeed.

Mr. White's office, or study, was located just over the McMath Publishing Company, and the windows overlooked the little town of Juarez and the Rio Grande River. Small wonder that his stories on Mexico and the Mexicans carry with them so much of universal interest. One sees at a glance from his windows a possible chance for inspiration for these stories.

I called to see Mr. White unannounced, and found him busily engaged in writing. He was just finishing a story for the American Mercury. We talked of Mencken and others of the Modern Radicals. I soon found that he was a realist and belonged to this same group, and that he agreed with their philosophies and literary policies. He spoke at length of different phases of historical writing—the romantic history, the historical novel, and other forms. He also talked of the West and its marvelous spirit, "without which," he said, "the Southwest would still be a wilderness." To quote further from his conversation: "In a comparatively few years we have accomplished in this part of the United States what it took the rest of the country a century and a half to do, and this in spite of the fact that the pioneers who trailed their way across sand and sage brush into these mountains had just as much to overcome and to endure as those who first settled along the Atlantic coast. . . ."

"They marked their own trail with their bones. They gave their lives, and no pointed stones rise up in the desert to say that here is the resting place of a Pioneer."

"I am convinced," he continued, "that the pioneers were not a romantic people leading hard lives, as most historians would have us believe, but they were a hard (meaning tough-fibered) people leading romantic lives without realization. Had they been otherwise, they would not have been interested in pioneering."

"We owe much to these hardy men and women for their achievements, but I would not insult them with idle flattery. That would be distasteful. I would accord them honest credit."

Speaking of himself, Mr. White said: "I was born in El Paso in 1879. At that time there were no railroads, and there were only seven American families living in the place. During the earlier years of my career I was indiscriminately carted about over Arizona, New Mexico and Western Texas, so that I naturally just grew up with the country. My parents were kept very busy running ahead of the friendly scalping knife. Naturally, when I

arrived at the age of literary discretion I was unable to appreciate references to 'the noble red man. . . . From my father and mother I acquired a taste for good reading, which has meant more to me than anything else in the world. I went through the high school at El Paso and then, except for a few months at the University of Texas, where I started to take a law course which I had to abandon because of my father's death. I didn't get any further schooling until after I was 33, when I went to New York and took two years of law. I have never had any classical education except at home. Although I studied law I never practiced to any extent. I have used my legal knowledge to help me along in other things, and have found it to be of immense value. . . . I have worked as a newspaper correspondent and writer of special articles for many years. During the first year of the World War I was with the Army and Navy Register. I gave that up to join the army as a private. I went to France, stayed there a year, came back, married, lived on a ranch for a year and a half, and came back to El Paso."

According to Mr. White, the effect of civilization on the Texas cowman is to be regretted. "Prior to prohibition," he said, "the Texas steer and the Texas cowman were in a class to themselves." Whether Mr. White blamed prohibition for the change in both he did not say. To further quote him: "Only a short time ago one wore horns with a five-foot sweep, and the other wore wicked spurs and high-heeled boots. Both were lithe, active and dangerous. Those old-timers used to come to town for a 'time,' and they had it. They played poker, monte and faro, with the high and beautiful North Star as the limit. They slept better on the ground than on a mattress, and carried Winchester rifles and six-shooters to keep from taking cold. They rolled their own and drank whisky out of tin dippers, but they held no enmity against any man except the cattle thief and the Apache."

"In their stead we have fat, complacent bank directors, who wear wrist watches, play golf and resent insults with foreclosure proceedings; who play bridge at a tenth of a cent, and poker at two bits; who bear sartorial resemblance to the advertising pages; who love nobody; sleep under eider-down quilts; have their nails manicured, and go to their ranches in Cadillacs, where they devilishly absorb home brew with a teaspoonful of tequila in it. . . . A far cry."

Mr. White lives at present in New York City, where he is engaged in short story writing and special feature work for the New York Times, the American Mercury, Colliers and other publications. His two most popular books, "Out of the Desert" and "Them Was the Days," both dealing with the history of El Paso and the West, were written in his characteristic style, and have proved to be more than "readable histories."

Autumn in the Native Flower World

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

If one has an eye for natural beauty a drive into the country, or a stroll through the fields and woods, at this season may become a remarkably broadening and interesting experience.

The prematurely yellowing leaves in the woods give one a fore-taste of the gorgeous tapestry that will shortly spread itself over the trees. The woods and fields are not yet bare. They seem bent upon making a final outburst of beauty before settling down to drab tints of gray and brown. Just now golden-rods and purple asters glow with levelness in a real harmony of contrasting colors. Brilliant brick-red spikes are displayed by the sumachs. Shrubs show red berries. Particularly lovely at this season is the color blending of the varying shades of purple. Acres of blazing star and purple thistles are to be seen in the fields and on the roadsides—an amazing spectacle. Seed pods of some of the trees and shrubs, and even the fruits, are especially attractive now.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the color schemes of fall are the changing leaves on the trees. "The oak and the sumach," some one has said, "they are not a flame, they are a conflagration." Wherever these two appear they paint with the splendor of the most gorgeous sunset. Some of our trees—the alder, the hawthorn, the Spanish Buckeye, the locust, the holly, the soap-berry, the button-wood, and others—have interesting fruits and seed pods which are very decorative. The swamp, or meadow, holly (*Ilex decidua*) grows abundantly all over North Texas. In the spring it has small white blossoms. Its bare branches are now covered with bright red berries. This holly is the finest of the fall decoratives, and it deserves a much wider popularity than it yet enjoys. In the eastern and southern part of Texas holly trees and native cedars and pines are in their glory, while throughout the entire state, wherever there are forest trees, the tops are clad with mistletoe. The sight of this festive greenery, amid surroundings of fallen leaves and barren trees, is inspiring. And there are always the

evergreens—as good and as beautiful one season as another, but more appreciated in the winter time.

The banks of our Texas streams afford excellent opportunity at this time to study some choice species of vines. Particularly lovely in foliage is the Virginia Creeper. Its deep cherry colored five pointed leaf intensively brightens the woods. But do not mistake for it its vicious cousin, the three leaved poison ivy. No festal board in the South is quite complete without the green-krier, or smilax, (*Smilax bonanox*) with its shiny bright green leaves and beautiful berries.

Nothing that autumn has to offer is more decorative than the grasses, the cat-tails, reeds, and rushes all coming under this head. Probably the Squirrel-tail grass, which is found in low marshy lands and along railroad tracks, is a close second to the cat-tail as a decorative. There are 126 varieties of native grasses in this section, many of them lending themselves to indoor use.

While all these "children of nature" graciously adorn the out of doors, they are no less lovely when used as interior decorations. Certain vases and bowls, when filled with the various combinations from field and woods, give a distinct charm to a room.

Nothing could be lovelier than a golden bowl of blazing star (*Liatris punctata*) combined with purple thistles (*Eryngium leavenworthii*). Although we call the *Eryngium* a thistle, it is in reality not a thistle. It belongs to the carrot family. A sprig or two of berry-covered holly, added to clusters of native soap-berry fruit, makes a most attractive grouping.

The French mulberry, (*Callicarpa americana*) a bushy shrub two to six feet high, and a native, with large opposite leaves and bearing small branched bunches of rose-pink or light phlox-purple flowers, is a very ornamental plant. Both the flower and fruit of this popular shrub is much admired, and when exhibited at fall Flower Shows, creates unusual interest. A branch from a persimmon tree, loaded with fruit, and interestingly arranged in a rustic basket, took a first prize in Fort

Worth's fall Flower Show last year.

For those city dwellers who do not find it easy to get to the country, there are always the city parks. Your parks are wonderfully interesting places if you will only investigate them. Take a walk through them in the morning, in the evening, or even at night, if you will, with a flash-light. Surprises await you at every turn. Each succeeding walk will reveal to you particular things. You may not find just what you are looking for, but you will be entertained. You will be sure to find something else just as interesting.

Grace Noll Crowell Interprets Life for Children With Volume of Verse

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

DEDICATED "to all children who love happy shining things," Grace Noll Crowell's third book, "Miss Humpety Comes to Town," bids fair to be her most popular volume. The book is a collection of verses admirably suited to children of all ages, and cleverly illustrated in black and white by Dorothy Hearon. Adults are only children grown tall, and there are many who will enjoy a trip to "the land of used-to-be" with "Miss Humpety" to guide them.

Mrs. Crowell has shown with this book that she has a fair mind for psychology as well as a flair for verse. And why shouldn't she know something of what a child would like? Herself the mother of three husky lads, she has had opportunity to study the mental development of the child and its intellectual needs and desires.

A certain critic of children's literature has said, "I would rather my child would read 'Mutt and Jeff' than 'Idylls of the King.'" One can understand this. And yet it is possible to appeal to the spirit of youth in such a way that it will respond favorably. A child should devise his own pattern of behavior—something which will stand him in good stead in life. He will, if given a chance. The actual child is a mystifying little being—not always easy to please. If one will but remember one's own juvenile tastes, one can not go wrong in selecting reading matter for children.

With Miss Humpety one goes back to childhood and mingles again with the friends of one's choice—The scissors grinder, "the fluffety hen and the hoppety toad," the gypsies—how they fascinate with their magical ways, the old gray gander, the hired man, the pigs, dear Miss Humpety and Charley Markee—

"He lived in the shabbiest part of the town,
In a shanty that sagged in the back.
He picked up the coal in the railroad yards,
And carried it home in a sack.

Charley Markee had crooked legs,
He walked with a cane and a crutch,
But he was so brave that he never would let
His crooked legs bother him much."

There is no fear in the mind of the author that Mary's or Johnnie's morals will become contaminated from associating with the underprivileged, or that pinnafores will be soiled by a romp with the pigs.

Mrs. Crowell's characters are the

real heroes of childhood. There are no Sir Galahads to be imitated—Sir Galahads are invented by tired old men who take to writing books—and no Lion-Hearted Richards for example. True, when faithfully portrayed, the latter is a fine hero for children. But Richard is always thoroughly slicked up—too much so. A child senses this. Adults are stupid. They do not see that he is too good to be true.

Within its pleasant pages this book leads through intriguing parkways where little children romp and play; in pasture lands on Summer nights where one can "watch for answers from the stars;" over the hills in Spring showers while "bands of sunlight and strands of gray" fight for the mastery; down little lanes at napping time where "the leaves are like a flame" and "the wind a silver voice that calls each child by its own name;" into clear clean water for a fishing jaunt; for a stroll through "Ugly Street" on a Spring morning, and after glowing fireflies.

Perhaps nothing in the way of childhood entertainment quite delights like "come-to-see," "mud pies" and "keeping house." Never a girl has reached womanhood without having spent innumerable hours at these games. That is why Miss Humpety Comes to Tea is going to meet with universal favor. Here lessons are learned that will not be forgotten—lessons of frugality, neatness, unselfishness, tolerance—and in ways that will help to make life happier, merrier and more free.

The crux of Mrs. Crowell's optimistic philosophy—which optimism, by the way, accounts in large measure for the popularity of all her poetry—is reached in "The Canary," one of the little gems in her latest book.

"Such a narrow little life
Our canary leads
With his cuttle-bone and perch,
Lettuce leaf and seeds,
Yet he hops and he swings
And he sings and sings and sings.

And his little golden cage
Never has known gloom,
And his little golden songs
Fill and light the room,
And he never questions why
He has wings and can not fly.

Singing out his golden songs
Gladly one by one,
While beyond the window pane
There are trees and sky and sun—
And beyond all cages' bars
There are stars and stars and stars.

Gene Stratton-Porter Was Lady of the Limberlost

Reviewed by
Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, author of "The Legend of the Bluebonnet" and "Visits With Contemporary Writers"

"I have a severe cold this morning, because I got my feet wet last night walking the trail with Freckles, but I am willing to risk pneumonia any time for another book

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like that." The foregoing is an excerpt from *The Lady of the Limberlost, the Life and Letters of Gene Stratton-Porter*, written by Mrs. Porter's daughter, Jeannette Porter Meehan. The book deals with intimate details in the life of Mrs. Porter, and is interspersed with entertaining letters from admirers, written during her journalistic years.

It is difficult to review *The Lady of the Limberlost* from the standpoint of a book, for it is so essentially something alive. It is the history of a vital woman and of her interesting contacts with life. It is an autobiographical biography, if you please. From "the little lady of happy memories" in the introduction of the book, through almost 400 pages, including Mrs. Porter's beautiful estimate of Walt Whitman, to the closing chapter telling of her tragic death and burial early in December, 1924, there is not an uninteresting line.

The public will learn with regret that the famous Limberlost, Mrs. Porter's Indiana home, and Bel Air, the California "dream house on the hill" are to pass from the hands of the family. A recent letter from Mrs. Meehan to this effect says: "I live in the house that mother was building at the time she was killed. But her plans were never carried out. . . . The place is now for sale, as is Limberlost. Both are enormous places with many acres of ground."

Many persons have found vivid enjoyment in the writings of Gene Stratton-Porter. She was able to take her audience with her where perfumed winds kissed skies of blue, through fields made bright with tapestries of flowers, into swamp lands for a unique plant, out on a dangerous limb for a photograph of a baby bird in a nest, and into the closest intimacies of the daily lives of those with whom she was associated.

Time has wrought great changes in the thought of the American people in recent years regarding nature study. Those who formerly looked at this subject with unseeing eyes are now straining every muscle to accumulate enough knowledge to send them in a friendly way out among the birds, trees, and flowers. It is true that the things that appeal to some are not interesting to others, but Gene Stratton-Porter had no mean following. Her work was constructive. She was a real conservationist—an innovator in her field.

Her writings have been assailed by literary critics, but the fruits of her labors bespeak her task. The unflinching test of Time will prove Mrs. Porter's works. As always, only that which is true and worthy will live. After all, it probably doesn't matter what a professional critic thinks of one's work. When boys, by the thousands, send word to a writer that the writer's book has helped them to face the issues of life more courageously and showed them how to die valorously; when girls write heaps of letters telling that life has been happier since they learned how one girl lived it; when cultivated people from India, China, South Africa, and Arabia, and educators from everywhere, find such books a blessing and a help to them in their work; when wealthy

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women of leisure spend hours in institutions telling these stories to little people who will never again see the light of day; when busy club women take the time to read these books to groups of tired women clerks while they lunch at their noon rest hour; when hospital nurses tell of the inspiration their nature-loving patients, hopelessly crippled by war, get from the field and swamp being brought to them; when reform schools state that hundreds of besmirched little souls, shut for punishment from natural woods and air, read to rags these books because they find comfort in them and scent freedom—it is safe to predict that the works of Gene Stratton-Porter will find a permanent place in the hearts of the American people.

The Lady of the Limberlost, the Life and Letters of Gene Stratton-Porter. By Jeannette Porter Meehan. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. \$2.50.

History Gains From Records of a Texas Ranch

Famous XIT Whose Pasture Covered 10 Counties Is Panorama Pioneer Days

(Reviewed by Mary Daggett Lake.)

A WEST WIND sent the spreading prairie fire racing toward the Spring Lake ranges. Like an Indian Summer haze the smoke had hung heavily over the Texas Plains for a week. Every night its red glow would rise and fall as if it were the distant aurora of the northern lights. . . . When the advance tongues of flame shot through, striking the Capitol Syndicate Ranch lands on a 20-mile front, Press Abbott, a Spring Lake cowboy, was hauling a load of pipe to a well driller's camp on Frio "Draw." Turning loose one of the mules he was driving, he jumped upon the other and rode bareback into the Running Water camp. Here he met Fred Finnicum, the camp man, and the two of them fought the fire all night. . . .

Before the last burning embers had ceased to glow in this, the worst prairie fire that ever swept New Mexico and the Panhandle, thousands of acres of land had been laid waste with the usual accompaniment of harrowing experiences and losses. A detailed and graphic description of this holocaust is to be found in the recent book, "The XIT Ranch of Texas," by J. Evetts Haley, field secretary of the Panhandle Plains Historical Society. This book, dedicated to "the old-time cowboy," has to do with the Capitol Reservation Lands of Texas. John V. Farwell, in his introduction to the volume, states that his uncle, Hon. Charles B. Farwell; his father, John V. Farwell, and their associates received the title in 1885-1888 to 3,000,000 acres of land in the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains of Texas, located on the New Mexico line in the western part of the Panhandle. In exchange for this they agreed to erect the Capitol Building of Texas. The property later became the XIT, or Capitol Syndicate, Ranch. John Farwell gave the ranch files to the Panhandle Plains Historical Society, and it was from these that the author drew heaviest for his interesting story.

The XIT Ranch, meaning "Ten Counties in Texas," was established during the middle eighties. It was the largest cattle ranch in the Southwest, and probably the largest fenced range in the world. Over 3,050,000 acres of land lay within the barbed wire inclosure. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty cowboys were required to ride the herd of approximately 150,000 cattle that wore the XIT brand.

One of the foremost of the early Texas trail drivers, Ab Blocker, conceived the XIT brand, and it was he who first placed it upon a steer of this ranch. The early cattle rustler of Texas possessed ingenuity and skill in the art of brand burning, and it was not easy to outwit him in the brand business. The XIT brand, which Blocker had invented, was a difficult one to change, and yet a story is given in the book of what happened to this one. Almost as far as brands are known, cowboys tell the tale of the Star Cross burn. Around their fires at night, or as they sit in the shade of a corral fence by day, someone will tell the story, and others, tracing the XIT in the sand between their bow legs, will attempt to convert it into a Texas star with a cross in the center. It is said that a jury once acquitted a rustler on the ground that it was impossible to change the XIT brand. Knowing that once acquitted by Texas laws, a man is free from indictment on the same charge, the culprit called for a piece of paper. Gathering the jury about him he demonstrated that the XIT brand makes a perfect Star Cross when skillfully done.

A glance at the table of contents in the "XIT Ranch of Texas" will insure to every native Texan and to every lover of adventure tales, fascinating entertainment. Early explorations in Texas, traces of Spanish life upon the plains, first cattle and first ranches of Texas, quicksand bogs and bog camps, Indian raids, lobo troubles, chuck wagon tales, logs of early trails, from longhorn to thoroughbred, old Tascosa, and many others are the subjects dealt with. The hardships and pleasures of the Texas cowboy are made very real in the book. The songs they sang, their customs, their philosophy, their mode of bathing and eating, all came in for a sketch. "They told the time by the sun and stars," it is said, "and pointed more than one greenhorn, as unversed in astronomy as in the pranks of the range, to the north star and told him to call the next guard when it 'went down'."

Quoting from the book: "When stormy nights brought on stampedes amid snows and rains, cowboys on guard made sincere vows never to drive again. . . . But the lotus was in their blood. When the green spears of the buffalo grass pushed up through the old, when, as the wrangler drove them in of a morning, the horses pitched and kicked and ran and rubbed off their dead winter hair against the 'snubbing' post in the center of the corral, when 'coosie' scrubbed up his chuck box with soap and hot water, when saddle riggings were being looked over and new stake

ropes bought, the lure of the open trail was upon them, and again they drove. And as they headed north, they sang:

"If I had a little stake, I soon would married be,
But another week and I must go,
The boss said so today.
My girl must cheer up courage
and choose some other one,
For I am bound to follow the
Lone Star Trail until my
race is run.

Ci yi yip yip pe ya."

Interesting incidents as to ranch management from time to time are given special attention in the book. One particularly good story tells of a cowboy, who being discharged at Spring Lake, refused to leave. Al G. Boyce, who was the manager at the time, happened by on one of his periodical ranch inspections. He asked the foreman why he did not require the cow puncher to saddle his horse and move on. The foreman replied that he was reasonably happy and not yet ready to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Early next morning, Boyce sat at the breakfast table ahead of the others, with his sixshooter in his lap. As the offender entered, Boyce said, "This ranch is not big enough for both of us. Immediately after breakfast one of us is going to leave, and it's not going to be me." And it wasn't.

In 1912 the remnant of the XIT herds was sold to Steve Trigg and John Shelton. Thirty-five hundred steers were turned over at the Mojares, and the final brandings done at Romero, Perico, Buffalo Springs and the Bull Pasture. The land has been subdivided and sold. Some of it is still being used as ranch land. Certain sections are being farmed, while others pile up oil royalties for owners, as little towns dot themselves like magic upon the plains.

When Texas legislators traded three million acres of land for a great building—the second largest in the United States and seventh among the world's greatest structures—they brought a tremendous institution to Texas, which offers in return cultural and educational advantages to thousands who reside within its confines where once roamed the buffalo, the mustang and the longhorn.

Gone are the old days of the Levi Strall overall, the California salmon-colored trousers, vari-hued flannel shirts, J. O. Bass and McKinney spurs, Myers and Walker saddles, and many other things familiar to the early Texas cattle industry, but Evetts Haley's book, "The XIT Ranch of Texas," has forever preserved these legends and traditions within its more than three hundred pages, sixty-four of which are illustrated.

The book is well gotten up, and according to J. Frank Dobie, past master critic of cowboy lore and ranch life, "it has set a standard for ranch histories that will probably never be reached by any other recorder in that particular field."

THE XIT RANCH OF TEXAS, by J. Evetts Haley. The Lakeside Press, Chicago, \$3.75.

RED DAISIES. PINK PRIMROSES MAKE GORGEOUS ARRAY ON HILLS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The gay daisy-like flowers of the Indian blanket (Gaillardia), have a wide range of coloring from brilliant yellow tops to flaming red centers. The plant is an annual and grows from the Dakotas south and westward, deriving its name from Gaillard de Merentonneau.

On account of a rather unattractive, scant leafage, it should always be placed in a setting of good foliage. Of the five varieties growing in this county, all love the sun and will do well in any soil. The seeds should be sown early in the season, allowing 10 or 12 inches between plants. Its exceedingly profuse bloom with fine long stem is especially attractive for interior decorating.

Pioneers Found Red Daisies.

The Indian blanket, or red daisy, was among the first to meet the eye of the pioneer settler, and our grandparents much appreciated its friendly ways. A dear old soul tells of looking through a Northern flower catalog many years ago and of finding advertised therein a rare and costly plant, some of whose seeds she ordered and painstakingly nourished in a special garden.

Imagine her disappointment to find, when they came up, they were but the native Indian blanket which had covered her hillsides, always.

"The common dandelion! 'Tis the Spring's largess,
Which she scatters now to rich and poor alike

With lavish hand; though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."

Difficult to Exterminate.

This small wayside plant, the dandelion, commonly called blow-ball, lion's tooth, peasant's clock, etc., and botanically known as taraxacum officinale, flowers every month in the year and has a world-wide distribution. Without armies and without navies it has managed to take possession of the earth. If any doubt its power, let him try to eradicate it from even one small lawn.

Cut off the upper portion with either a hoe or a knife and not one, but several plants sprout from what remains. Its fluffy vagabond seeds have been known to germinate after having lain in the salt water of mid-ocean for as long a period as a month.

This plant is known in different places by different names, all equivalent to dent de lion, lion's tooth, which the jagged-edge leaves suggest. There are several varieties of dandelion here, one of which is the false dandelion so very like its relative. One can see myriads of these small beauties in bloom now on Montgomery Ward's lawn and other places.

Many kinds of mallows and primroses flourish here. A large yellow evening primrose (hartmannia speciosa), also smaller varieties which are sometimes white, sometimes pink and very often pinkish-white, grow profusely on roadsides and in burnt-over districts. Clusters of the dainty smaller varieties are to be found blooming now on the west side of North Main Street, north of the Pad-dock Viaduct, and elsewhere in the county.

Primroses at Night.

In the Springtime and early Summer the evening primrose has a wilted, bedraggled appearance when we meet it on dusty roadsides, but at night it is a ballroom beauty, shedding its delightful fragrance which is by day but faintly perceptible. Toward the Summer's end, when the seeds have been set, it can then afford to be generous and distinctly changes its habit by keeping open all day.

A very common poppy-mallow (callirhoe digitata), sometimes called wine cup, purple poppy and hollyhock, grows profusely on the prairies here. Its spreading stems rise gracefully from basal clusters of geranium-like leaves and bear exquisite rose-purple flowers at their tip ends.

WILD BEAUTIES WILL BUD FOR READERS OF TELEGRAM

BY KITTY BARRY CRAWFORD.

Natural gayeties of the Spring season, in other words, Texas wild flowers, are due for minute consideration during the few weeks that intervene until Summer. Mary Daggett Lake, assisted by Prof. Albert Ruth, plant scientist, will write a series of studies about Tarrant County flora which will appear daily in The Star-Telegram.

Much time has been spent recently by Mrs. Lake and Prof. Ruth in roaming the hills and valleys about Fort Worth locating species and specimens, calculating blooming periods, staking out rare plants for close observation, and curing and mounting special treasures of the wood and field.

This information, and the specimens taken will be made available through The Star-Telegram and the Tarrant County collection for all lovers of plant life.

700 Different Species.

"More than 700 different species of Tarrant County flora have been collected by Professor Ruth during the few years just past," Mrs. Lake said Saturday, "and important contributions to plant knowledge have come from this work."

Professor Ruth's collections are in many prominent museums, including the Smithsonian at Washington.

Mrs. Lake has arranged the series so that it will be possible for the reader actually to study the infinite variety of Texas flora as the series progresses. She will write first of the products of Tarrant County. Later medicinal herbs and shrubs will receive her attention.

Native shrubs of interest in the cultivated garden will be an interesting feature of the series, as will the vines and running plants of Tarrant County.

For Home Gardens.

Home gardeners will like especially the studies by Mrs. Daggett and Professor Ruth of county plants suitable for rock gardens, and information about native ferns, of which there are exquisite types hereabouts. Native trees and poisonous herbs and shrubs will have a place in the series, and important wild flowers will be taken up individually.

"Often the simplest and commonest flowers have splendor and grace," Mrs. Lake says, "and all of them possess interesting characteristics sometimes not usually known."

"Few know how to distinguish between the coreopsis, our special outdoor glory just now, and its similar cousins of the plant world. Penstemon, another stately beauty of Tarrant County fields, is commonly mis-

named fox glove. Its correct name is penstemon, and common cognomen is beard's tongue.

"Loco Weed" Is Beauty.

"The hill east of the new W. C. Stripling High School in Arlington Heights is a wonderful place to see wild flowers now. It is not simply spotted with them, but presents one vast garden in which verbena, daisies, asters, wild phlox and wild honey-suckle carpet the slope. The wild hollyhock is there, both the purple and the white, but there are no bluebonnets to be found. Bluebonnets exist in profusion on the Benbrook Road and about Lake Worth.

"A special beauty among the wild things of this vicinity just now is loco weed. This is much like bluebonnet, but in color it is a flaming purple. Worlds of it riot over the margin of White Lake, east of Fort Worth, and on the Randall Mill Road."

Mrs. Lake is no doubt best known to the people of Texas and other States as a writer on historical and genealogical subjects. Many special

As chairman of the wild flower committee of the Fort Worth Garden Club Mrs. Lake is undertaking the presentation of this series as a courtesy to Garden Club members and all plant lovers and interested children who read The Star-Telegram.

articles from her pen have appeared in historical publications over the United States.

Prominent as Educator.

Her series, "Among Tarrant County's First 100 Families," is now appearing in the Sunday Star-Telegram and Record. Last week Mrs. Lake was a guest of honor at the annual luncheon to Texas authors in Dallas.

Professor Ruth, who is collaborating with Mrs. Lake, is a retired educator who spends his time now mainly in scientific plant collecting, arranging and classification. He was prominent for several decades as an educator in Ohio, Minnesota, California and Tennessee, coming to Fort Worth to reside in 1912. Since then he has been engaged in systematic botanical work in this vicinity.

BLUE IS ULTIMATE COLOR FLOWERS STRIVE TO ATTAIN

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Sir John Lubbock, after a prolonged study of floral evolution, came to the conclusion that not only is blue the favorite color in the insect world, but that it is the ultimate shade which the flowers strive to attain.

He proposed that all blue flowers have descended from green ancestors, or rather that the leaves surrounding the stamens and pistils were green. As they progressed they became white or yellow, then red, and finally they came around to blue.

Tarrant County has some of the choicest of this State's native blue flowers, upon which the traditions and folklore have based many of their best flower legends. By far the most popular of the blue flowers in the bluebonnet (*Lupinus texensis*), a variety of the lupin. It is well chosen as the state flower, and is a typical emblem of that which it represents.

Leaflets Like Stars.

With its red, white and blue coloring and its digitate leaves, generally composed of five leaflets each, which resemble the Texas star, it flings itself appreciatively over a land stained with the blood of heroes who died in freedom's cause.

A close second to the bluebonnet for decorative purposes is the blue silver sage (*Salvia farinacea*) which is now in bloom on the hills. Try this plant in your garden. It is one of the most desirable and attractive of the wild flowers. Start the seeds indoors early, plant outside the last of April, arranging plants a foot apart. It does its best growing in warm weather.

The Virginia, or common day flower (*Commelina communis*) whose lovely bright blue blossom quite rivals the sky, appears with the dawn, but rolls its petals soon after noon, never to

open again. It is very common in cemeteries and other secluded spots in this county. Linnaeus named this flower after three brothers, Commelyn, Dutch botanists, and friends of his. It is also familiarly known as wild "wandering Jew," and belongs to the spiderwort family.

Gentian Highly Prized.

The last of the blue flowers to bloom in this locality is the blue gentian. Because of its exquisite beauty and comparative rarity, it is one of the most highly prized of our wild flowers. There are several gentians to be found here, but this particular one (*Eustoma russellianum*) is the most attractive of them.

The simple slender stem is generally 6 to 15 inches in height and bears at the summit an erect bell-shaped flower of an ultramarine blue, deep and intense, more truly the color of male bluebird's back to which Thoreau likened the paler fringed gentian. The blossom is two or two and a half inches long; the linear leaves about the same.

There is something so classical about this erect, bright, solitary flower which comes with the melancholy days that portend the passing year. By all means try some gentians in your garden, but do not count too much on them. Plants may be set out early in the Spring, or they may be raised from the seed, but the latter is rather a slow process. Give them a well-drained, moist soil with plenty of light, minus the sun's hot rays.

It is a pity that this unusual plant, which we are so fortunate as to have growing here, can not be admired without having to be ruthlessly sacrificed. In times past it has grown profusely in swags and in moist lowlands of this country, but it is rapidly becoming very scarce.

THISTLES, SUNFLOWERS, INDIAN PAINT BRUSHES THRIVE HERE

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

When the Danes invaded Scotland, they stole a silent night march upon the Scottish camp by treading bare-foot; but a Dane inadvertently stepped on a thistle and his sudden sharp cry, which aroused the sleeping Scots, saved them and their country. Hence the Scottish emblem.

Is a land fulfilling the primal curse because it brings forth thistles? So thinks the farmer, no doubt, but not the goldfinches which daintily feed among the fluffy seeds, nor the bees, nor the "painted lady," which may be seen in all parts of the world where thistles grow, hovering above the beautiful rose-purple flowers.

This county has several very showy thistles, with the purple star thistle (*centaurea Americana*), a soft, delicately shaded bristled thing, easily the most popular. When is a thistle not a thistle? When it's a carrot—as is one very attractive thistle looking plant with gray-green foliage, which after a time shades into rich deep purple. It is botanically known as *eryngium leavenworthii*, and belongs to the carrot or parsley family.

Sunflower Plentiful.

The sunflower, which has been called the eagle of the floral world and which was selected by Kansas as its state flower, should certainly be included in any list of the better known native plants. The North American Indians and the Incas of Peru were using it as a cultivated crop when the first white men came.

When the Spanish first visited Peru they found the red man worshipping this plant. To them it was typical of the adoration they felt for the sun. The many intricate designs of this

flower which were wrought upon a base of pure gold proved too much for the conquistadors and spelled the downfall of the Incas.

There are about 40 species of the sunflower in North America, and this county has three kinds—the *helianthus petiolaris*, which is found plentifully at Lake Worth and elsewhere; *helianthus maximilianii*, a tall variety which is especially suitable for the back of a flower border, and the *helianthus hirsutus*, which is very large and grows abundantly west of T. C. U.

Paint Brush Here.

The Indian paint brush with its scarlet and purple tip ends, flourishes over whole mountainsides in the Rockies. Texas has several varieties and this county has one very beautiful one (*castilleja purpurea*). Small wonder that Wyoming chose this plant for her state flower.

The Indian paint brush, also known as painted cup, is said to be a sort of parasite. What a pity for anything so lovely! From the yellowish tone of its calices, stem and leaves, which lack good honest green, one would suspect as much. That it is guilty of only petty larceny is proven by the fact that it still retains its foliage.

We are told that the dodder, or love vine, lost both leaf and root, because it lived on the juices of its hard working host; that the Indian pipe's blanched face tells the story of guilt perpetrated under cover of darkness in the soil below; that the broomrape and beech-drops lost their color, and that the foxglove (*gerardia*) is headed on a downward course, which is as yet detectable only to the expert criminal botanist.

Among the choicest of our red flowers is the Indian plume, incorrectly called "standing red cypress," which belongs to the phlox family. This plant is a true Westerner, few ever venturing east of the Rockies. However, we have a very pretty variety here—*gilia rubra*—which does well in cultivated gardens. It grows plentifully this side of Aledo and near Benbrook in a rather alkaline soil.

TARRANT COUNTY BLANKETED WITH CHOICE WILD FLOWERS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

To attempt to tell in which particular localities one might find certain of the commoner choice varieties of native flora here, would be to set one's self a task indeed. Far easier would it be to tell where they might not be found.

Among the most numerous, and at the same time among the loveliest of our wild flowers now blooming, are the penstemon, commonly called foxglove, beard's tongue, and canterbury bell; the phlox, of which the wild sweet-william is a variety, and the vervain, or verbena.

The beard's tongue, of which we have two kinds, *Penstemon cobaea* and *Penstemon pallidus*, belong to the figwort family. Like most of this species there is a bearded yellow fifth stamen (pente—five; stemon—a stamen), which gives this flower its scientific interest and name, and its common name, beard's tongue.

Native of Mississippi.

It has a delicately tinted, slender, loose flower, generally about an inch long, of fox-glove-like inflorescence with colors ranging from dull violet, purple, orchid, and lilac to white. When the buds of this plant burst into bloom in Springtime they impart a peculiarly fascinating mauve glow to the landscape.

While essentially a Mississippi Valley resident, most of the species of this genus are Western plants, only three being found in the East. The Eastern foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), which is grown for its superb purple blossoms, as well as for its yield of digitalis, is a near relative of the penstemon.

If it is desired to grow this herb in cultivated gardens, sow the seeds indoors in February for outdoor May transplanting. Seedlings should be placed about 15 inches apart. The plant grows well in almost all soils.

This species must not be confused with the downy foxglove, (*Gerardia*) of which this county has two varieties, the large-flowered false foxglove (*Dasyostoma grandiflora*) being one of them. This grows profusely around the Boy Scout's Camp at Lake Worth, on other shore lines there, and elsewhere in the county.

Praised By Tourist.

Our prairies are worth traveling miles to see when the several varieties of phlox are in bloom. A North Dakota woman who passed through Fort Worth last week enroute home spent a day in sight seeing here. Today a letter came to The Star-Telegram from her making inquiries about the native flora of this vicinity. To quote her: "I have never seen anything so beautiful as the fields were down there last week, like one immense great flower bed."

Rocky places in Central Park, New York, are covered with the most gorgeous shades of phlox, and many persons come there to catch a glimpse of these delightful flowers in early May. Their flushed and smiling little faces are quite inspiring. It is said that, although Hawthorne's small red cottage at Lenox, Mass., lies in ruins, the white phlox planted there by his wife have not only survived, but have covered the nearby hillsides.

There are at least two kinds of phlox here, *Phlox pilosa*, which grows so abundantly over the county, and a lovely little plant, *Phlox tenuis*, which grows about two inches high, and is quite profuse at Lake Worth, Lake Erie, and other places. The name phlox, meaning flame, came from some of the earlier glittering magnificently-colored varieties of this flower.

Three Verbena Varieties.

Great smudges of purplish-pink and purplish-blue verbena, (vervain), whose gay colored heads remind one of phlox, are now to be seen on every hill and prairie. These sweet-scented old fashioned standbys, were for a time cast aside, but they are again coming into favor. Although not so attractive when planted with other flowers, they produce splendidly bold effects en masse.

There are three varieties of verbena in this locality, *Verbena bipinnatifida*, *Verbena ciliata*, and *Verbena officinalis*. This sturdy plant, although claiming to be rather clannish and a bit particular, has wandered far and wide, and is now extensively grown in cultivated gardens everywhere.

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Vaida Stewart Montgomery, Whitney Montgomery, Berta Hart Nance, Lexie Dean Robertson, Virginia Spates, and Kathleen Tankersly Young.

But there is real poetry in the volume to satisfy the most critical taste, and color and romance in abundance. Teachers will recognize in this volume a splendid book to put into the hands of the high school boy who has a resentful attitude toward poetry. If he doesn't respond to S. Omar Barker's ballads, especially "The Ballad of Stephen the Black," and the delightfully humorous "Cowboy Lou," mark him hopeless indeed!

Yet the *Golden Stallion* is not given entirely to romancing. Often a note of grim austerity is struck; of man's insignificance before the inevitable forces of nature. Such a poem is found in "Drouth" by Mary Austin, one of the outstanding poems in the entire collection. Not only has it beauty and color and stark reality, but it holds also the heart and the faith of a people.

One delights, too, in the splendid sonnets of John Knox, Norman McLeod's vivid desert glimpses with their occasional note of sophistication, in Dresbach's graceful lyrics, in the wistful "blues" of Whitney Montgomery's "Cotton Picker's Song," in the romance of Grace Noll Crowell's "Cavaliers" and Hilton Greer's "Road of Midnight Pageants."

Indeed, throughout the entire volume one feels the sincerity of the contributors. If glamour is there, it is because the subject has its own allurements. Perhaps the chief value of the book is its sincerity in depicting the Southwest. The *Golden Stallion* should merit a place as a reference in every Southwestern library.

This vivid bit by Walter R. Adams called "Mesquite in Springtime" lingers in the memory:

*A hardened cold woman
Holding a blossom-braided
Lace shawl
Over the grim thorns
Of a barren life.*

The Golden Stallion. Maitland Bushby. Southwest Press.

Texas Pioneer Tells Experiences of Early Days

Review by Mary Daggett Lake

As typically Texan as a prairie of coreopsis in springtime, and as sprightly as the book's gay yellow dress, is Howard W. Peak's recent contribution, *A Ranger of Commerce, or 52 Years on the Road*. The author, a thorough-going native son, who claims the distinction of being the first white boy born in the old army post of Fort Worth, has told his story with directness and with honest simplicity, adding a touch of humor for flavor.

Mr. Peak has dedicated the book to his deceased parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Peak, who were among the very earliest of Fort

PICTORIAL
GRAVURE
SECTION

Houston Post-Dispatch

SUNDAY
APRIL 24
1927

The State Flower of Texas - The Bluebonnet.



Texas Bluebonnet Peculiar To State

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

A canopy of blue sky, a velvety carpet of bluebonnets, myriads of bluebirds, and bracing "blue northerners" thrown in for good measure—that's Texas!

Blue, the universal symbol of happiness, is the predominating color of the state. In keeping with this idea, the bluebonnet was selected as the state flower more than a quarter of a century ago. Each successive spring finds it loyally reappearing in all its glory, as if consciously aware of its obligation and of the honor that has been conferred upon it.

Not only has the bluebonnet been a favorite of the native Texan, but the Indian, the Spaniard and the Mexican have admired it. Among all the Texas legends, there are none more quaintly fascinating than those which concern this lovely flower.

Adopted by State.

The National Society of Colonial Dames of Texas is responsible for the bluebonnet being the Texas state flower. It was officially so designated on March 5, 1901, after a heated though friendly debate.

The petition was presented by Mrs. Sawnie Robertson, Mrs. A. S. Burleson and Mrs. George Poindexter, who were assisted by Miss Hallie Bryan, Mrs. Z. T. Fulmore and Mrs. Cone Johnson, also enthusiastic workers for the bill. The resolution was introduced in the senate by Representative Barry Miller of Dallas, and it encountered no opposition there. However, after passage it was sent to the house February 28, where it met, for a time, what looked like insurmountable obstacles.

John Green of Yoakum made a speech in favor of the bluebonnet, but no sooner had he finished than Phil Clements of Goldthwaite, Mills county, jumped to his feet and proposed what he termed "the white rose of commerce"—the open cotton boll.

Garner for Cactus.

John Garner of Uvalde, who had been dreamily musing on the scenes of his hills and plains, felt it a duty to plead for his favorite, the cactus. And who can blame him? When one has lived in the great open spaces of the West and seen this gorgeous plant in blossom, one can understand his admiration. There is nothing quite like the western canyon with its hillsides fairly bristling cacti. Small wonder that artists come many miles to sketch the scene.

Other legislators paid tribute to their choices for state flower, and eventually confusion reigned. It being found that only a few present knew the bluebonnet by name, an oil painting of the flower was sent for. Mrs. Welch, the then regent of the Colonial Dames, procured a canvas of bluebonnets and wild roses from Mrs. John Bremond of Austin, the work of Miss Mode Walker, now Mrs. Eugene Rogers of that city.

When the picture was brought in, Judge Hendricks of Rusk secured it, and stepping to the front, held it aloft for all to see. Deep silence reigned for a moment. Then deafening applause fairly shook the old walls. John Kennedy of Houston at once arose and confusedly admitted he was in favor of any kind of a bonnet.

Then Phil Clements, who had made such a brave fight for the cotton boll, became inspired and gave to Texas its first bluebonnet poem—the following:

"Oh, list to my sonnet
Of the bonnie bluebonnet,
That grows to perfection in Mills.
With red, white and blue,
All mingled in hue,
It beautifies valley and hills.

When first song of bird
In springtime is heard,
We hail the sweet breath of the
flower:
Sweeter far than the rose,
Wherever it grows,
On hilltop, in valley or bower.

Sweet flower, now legal,
Though cotton's more regal—
I bow to the will of the many;
When lady and lover
Resolve for the clover.

I'll amend it again—not any."
The flower of the bluebonnet is composed of small small flowerlets, cling-

ing snugly to the parent stem, each shaped like a tiny bonnet, hence its name. Botanists classify it as belonging to the order leguminosae. It is a lupin, although many have mistaken it for a trifolium, or clover. The early settlers called it buffalo clover, however, the true buffalo clover, botanically known as trifolium reflexum, is a distinctly different plant from the bluebonnet. It has no parallel in all the world of massed blue flowers—the nearest approach being the blue corn flower of Europe.

Upon close examination, the flower petals of the bluebonnet will be found to have a blood red splotch on each tiny heart. Because of this, the plant has been called lupinus subcarneus. The legend of the springing of the bluebonnet from human blood is associated with the old Greek legends of the hyacinth and the narcissus, according to Legends of Texas, the state folklore publication.

There are over 70 species of the blue bonnet in America, mostly in the west. They grow as far north as the Canadian border and west to the Pacific coast. However, outside of Texas, the coloring is not nearly so brilliant, and in certain localities, the flower is pale and insignificant looking. In Mexico it is called el conejo (cottontail rabbit). Lupinus texensis, the Texas variety, is said to be a great home lover, some authorities claiming that it never crosses the border. Even so, it still has a marvelous range, considering the size of the state.

Plant an Annual.

The plant is an annual, and propagates its seeds from pods formed from the flowers. Its seeds live for years, all not germinating in the season following their growth. They are very exacting and develop only under favorable circumstances. It is generally thought that the plant dies after making its seed, although some authorities claim that certain varieties are perennial and renew themselves from the root. This impression probably came from the fact that seedlings are continually coming up where they fall in the immediate vicinity of the parent plant. No special means of dispersal is provided for the seeds, the ordinary movement of the wind and dust carrying them from place to place.

The bluebonnet is somewhat similar in structure to the purple, or woolly loco weed, astragalus mollissimus. Many leguminous plants found in the west closely resemble each other, and there is an unfortunate tendency to class as harmful many plants which furnish good forage. At the present time, the United States department of agriculture has only three plants definitely known to be locoes. Animals eat the bluebonnet to their advantage. In some communities it is cut and baled into hay for the winter supply of stock food.

It flourishes on barren soil quite as well as on richer ground. In fact it seems rather to prefer an alkaline soil. The early settlers thought it contributed to infertility, and because of this they very unjustly called it "wolf flower." It is now known to be a soil builder. Waste places on which blue-

bonnets have grown for successive years will later raise other crops profitably.

The ravages of time have failed to diminish the charm of this flower which comes with increasing loveliness each new spring. One needs but a glimpse of its royal beauty, or a whiff of its strange, evasive perfume to become at once its devoted admirer. Truly its initiators chose both wisely and well when they so signally honored it.

MANY VARIETIES OF TREES ARE FOUND AROUND FORT WORTH

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

One should know the trees of one's own county. Are you familiar with those of this locality? How many of them can you correctly identify? Of course you know the oak, the elm, the willow and the cottonwood. But do you?

Professor Albert Ruth says that only the trained eye of a botanist can differentiate between a cottonwood and an aspen, and that in all of his research in this county he has never found a real cottonwood.

Those splendid big trees with their fluttering leaves and gray-white bark on the banks of the Trinity, which every fisherman knows so well (or thinks he knows), are not cottonwoods at all, but aspens (Populus tremuloides), according to Professor Ruth.

In all the Spring landscape there is nothing lovelier than this tree. With a texture as delicate and soft as silken velvet, the catkins frolic and dance from every green twig. How the leaves sparkle and sport in the moonlight when all the world is still!

Varieties of Elms.

Several varieties of elm grow here. Among them the American elm (Ulmus Americana), the thick-leaved elm (Ulmus crassifolia), and the winked elm or wahoo (Ulmus fulva). Many of the native trees were named by the Indians, and some of these names, such as the hickory, catalpa, persimmon, and wahoo, have been rightly retained.

The American elm is one of the loveliest of the "leaf mosaic" trees. Its dense shade, due to the intense overlapping of the sprays, is especially noticeable on border woodlands. This hardy tree is itself a pioneer in Western North America, and reflects, perhaps, more than any other, the indomitable spirit of the early settler. Together, the two seized the land, and it yielded to them.

The Texas white ash (Fraxinus Texensis), is a graceful looking tree which grows abundantly on the hills of the new Oakhurst Addition, and in other parts of the county.

We have only two nut trees—the pecan (Hicoria pecan) and the black walnut (Juglans nigra), which, in the century just closed, was much used by the furniture makers in the manufacture of their more expensive lines.

Object of Worship.

Our sycamore, or buttonwood (Platanus occidentalis), is what is known in the Old World as the plane tree. It is quite common here. The mesquite (Prosopis juliflora), of the Acacia order, is almost an object of worship to desert dwellers, red men and white. It supplies both food and forage to man and beast.

The common hawthorn (Crataegus mollis), our red haw, which forms the hedgerows of English country gardens, is the base of many an Irish tale which the old crones tell. Poets also sing of its wondrous charm. One such offers aid to the homely lass—

"The fair maid who, the first of May
Goes to the fields at break of day
And washes in dew from the hawthorn
tree
Will ever after handsome be."

Other native trees of this county which deserve special mention are the Southern hackberry (Celtis mississippiensis), the white mulberry (Morus alba), the bois d'arc (Toxylon pomiferum), which was the name given to the Osage orange by the Acadian settlers of Louisiana, the woolly buckthorn (Ceanothus ovatus), the china-berry (Sapindus drummondii), the black or weeping willow (Salix nigra), and the oaks of which there are several varieties.

Some Old Oaks.

The Riverside Park, near the fire hall, has fine specimens of black jack (Quercus nigra) and post oak (Quercus minor). On the lawn of Father Nolan's home on Throckmorton Street, is a most beautiful bur oak which has been greatly admired by tree lovers. There is a very old oak in the 2000 block on Clinton Avenue, which James D. Farmer, W. L. Mitchell and other pioneer settlers played under when they were children.

In the heart of Greenwood Cemetery stands a magnificent old liveoak, which the management has attractively cared for in the arrangement of curb and drive.

Just north of the Criminal Courts Building in front of a frame hotel stands a cluster of liveoak landmarks, which the city is trying to preserve.

Groves of liveoak trees at the foot of Samuels Avenue also helped to make Tarrant County history. These are only a few of this county's interesting trees. It is to be hoped the years will give us more.

FEW POISONOUS HERBS, VINE AND SHRUBS IN TARRANT

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Many persons obtain their first intimate acquaintance with plant life by being painfully poisoned. Cases of poisoning are frequently reported as a result of chewing or eating wild or ornamental plants. This is, indeed, unfortunate, for there are comparatively few of the poisonous varieties.

The commonest of all to be found in this country is the Rhus radicans, or poison ivy. It is also known as poison creeper, climbing sumach, picry and mercury. Most all three leaved plants and those having white berries are dangerous.

It will be noticed that the American ivy, or Virginia creeper (Parthenocissus quinquefolia), bears five leaflets to a stalk. It climbs partly by aerial rootlets, like the poison ivy, has numerous tendrils like those of the grapevine, and has also a red stemmed blue fruit, each containing two or three seeds.

Poison Sumach.

Poison sumach is known as swamp sumach, poison elder, poison ash, poison dogwood, and thunderwood. It grows on yin swamps or in wet ground, but sometimes occurs in unsuspected places, along roadways, at the edges of swamps, or along low miry banks of streams.

The leaves of poison sumach are divided into 7 to 13 elongated oval shaped leaves, arranged in pairs opposite each other, with a single orange color when they first appear in the Spring, later becoming dark green or glossy on the upper surface, with prominent scarlet mid ribs and paler green underneath.

In early Autumn they turn to brilliant red, orange, and russet shades. The cream colored fruit of this shrub, resembling those of the poison ivy, but growing in looser clusters 5 to 8 inches long, remains through the Winter and makes recognition positive.

Almost everyone knows that mistletoe, which Oklahoma honored by making it her state flower, is a parasitic poisonous plant. Many varieties of nettles are also common cause of trouble. Exceptional cases of severe skin irritation have been caused by the common daisy.

Pollen, or the fine dust particles of certain flowers, often cause an irritation of the eyes, nose and throat, known as "hay fever." Some of the privets and ligustrums are poisonous.

The common garden night shade, or poke berry, is to be avoided at certain stages of its development. In some localities it is eaten as "greens," and the fruit used as a substitute for raisins and for dyeing clothing. Many cases are on record, however, showing this plant to be poisonous.

Balsam Apple Poisonous.

Balsam apple, a red, delicious looking fruit, which grows on our most common fence post vine, is poisonous, as is also the datura, or jimson weed, and the castor bean. While many vines of various shaped leaves and different colored berries are dangerous, there is a simple rule which if followed will save much discomfort and probable illness from contact with the poisonous varieties of shrubs.

"Leaves of three, quickly flee;

Berries white, take your flight."

Tarrant County has a variety of the poison loco weed (Aragallus lamber-tii), which has a lovely purple flower not unlike the flower of the bluebonnet in shape and form. This plant grows profusely in all parts of this county, but does not generally prove harmful to stock because there is sufficient forage without it. On account of its bitter taste cattle will not eat the loco weed unless driven to it by starvation.

We also have a variety of larkspur here, which if eaten by cattle, will prove injurious. In the ranges of the West, no other poisonous plants, with the exception of the loco, have caused such heavy losses to stockmen.



NATIVE FLOWERS AVAILABLE FOR MASSED COLOR GARDENS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The age of specialization has affected the floral world also, and the massed color garden is the vogue of American women of today.

It has been said that a woman's garden reveals her character in a most definite way. Certain it is that such a sanctuary has for her a spiritual import which she may be utterly unconscious of, but which is a most potent factor in her life, nevertheless.

In grouping for color there is a wide range to select from. The fields of native flora, if carefully studied, will give one suggestions as to how these may be arranged. Certain colors may be used for certain types of beds and definite shades could be used to advantage for different months of the year.

Phlox and Beard's Tongue.

If one has a penchant for orchid or lavender tones, there is phlox, beard's tongue or penstemon, purple asters of which there are so many in springtime, the hollyhock or winecup, the pinkish-purple verbena, which has so completely covered the hills this season, the purple thistle of late summer-time and the star thistle, which grows so profusely in Midsummer.

A blue garden should grow the blue lupines, one of which is the Texas state flower (and what could be prettier than a solid bed of these?) the lovely rich blue sage, blue asters, chickory, bluets, blue flax, the Virginia day-flower, which grows so abundantly and than which there is nothing lovelier on a May morning, skullcaps, blue violets and the beautiful blue gentian of Indian Summer.

When one likes pink, there are wonderful shades from magenta to flesh. Among them the clovers, the geranium or stork's bill, the gerardia or fox-glove, the cone-flower, primroses, phlox, the lupin, mimosa or sensitive plant, loco and the Indian paint brush, whose

"Scarlet tufts—

Are glowing in the greenlike flakes of fire;
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the 'painted cup'!"

All White Garden.

The all white garden may be planted in Queen Anne's lace, the carrot, valerianella, which is so conspicuous in early springtime, dogwood, Indian pipe, primrose, hawthorn, Dutchman's breeches, violet, aster, white poppy thistle, hymenopappus, Cherokee rose, the daisy and the lotus, the sacred rose lily of the Nile which grows in standing water, ponds and slow streams of this county.

With yellow and orange as the chief color schemes there is perhaps the largest variety from which to choose. Commonest among these are the tickseed, which looks so like the coreopsis and which has been a close rival of the engelmanna this year in blanketing the hills with gold, the aster, the daisy, gaillardia or firewheel, black-eyed Susans, buttercups, dandelions, an exquisite large evening primrose, golden-rods and the sunflower.

Among the red and indefinite colors, while not so large a variety, are some of the choicest shades. The shrubs and vines which bear red fruit and whose foliage turns red in the Fall, should be included in this list. The Indian blanket or red daisy, the Indian plume or standing cypress, cat-tails, Jack-in-the-pulpit, cardinal flower and the ground plum, could be used to advantage in a red garden.

Dispersal of seeds at the time of their natural broadcasting and the transplanting of the seedlings in early springtime, with proper attention will give satisfactory results in the personal garden.

NATIVE ROCK GARDEN PLANTS ABOUND IN TARRANT COUNTY

The authorities who were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Professor Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the seventh article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Bronx Park is one of the show places of the New York Botanical Gardens. Here rare flowers—the iris, the orchid, the edelweiss, flax, odd violets, and many others—which bloom only at this season of the year are beginning to exhibit their dazzling array of colors.

While the plants would necessarily be of a different type, we in this part of the country may have rock gardens quite as unusual and attractive as any.

Native plants used in such an arrangement might consist of the yuccas, various cacti, the night-blooming cereus, certain of the irises, spurges, and numerous others. C. E. Papworth of Riverside has a most unusual display of common and rare cacti, many of which are natives here.

Gorgeous Blossoms.

A cactus (*Oppuntia leptocaulis*), of which there are large specimens in this county, has a most beautiful velvet blossom of reddish purple hue which is blooming now. A very large specimen of this particular variety grows on the old Thompson place in the valley northwest of River Crest on the White Settlement Road.

The prickly pear (*Oppuntia macrorhiza*), very common in this part of the country, has a gorgeous yellow satiny blossom, which is much appreciated by the bees and other insects. There is also a red-flowered prickly pear (*Mamillaria similis*) in blossom now, which is quite attractive.

A new variety of prickly pear has been developed, and is proving a boon to the cattlemen of Texas and the Southwest. Various forms of this plant are scattered over most of the warmer countries of the globe, being most abundant in the Mediterranean regions, South Africa, Australia and South America.

Prickly Pear Candy.

The greatest prickly pear region in the world extends over the plateau and the Gulf coastal region of Mexico. There are no native prickly pears found outside of America. The rich red globular fruit, which the prickly pear produces, is being utilized to make a delicious candy that is much appreciated as a novelty.

We think of the cactus as unfriendly, yet the birds often find it a refuge. One species, the giant sahuaro, has been selected as the state flower of Arizona. The woodpeckers make holes in this for their nests, and other small birds—among them a tiny owl said to be the smallest of his tribe—move in when the first tenant vacates.

The cactus wren, a little songster with a spotted breast, is another who finds his home among the cacti of arid lands. He builds a large flask-shaped nest of grasses and twigs and covers it by a neck several inches long.

One Has Red Blossom.

Another species of cactus (*Echinocereus fendleri*), which looks like a cross between a pineapple, a cucumber and a green pepper, and has a brilliant red blossom, is the state flower of New Mexico.

Artists come from all over the world to paint the various forms of cacti, which, if the few species that originated in Africa be excepted, are limited to America. One could be sure of an attractive rock garden if it contained only varieties of cacti.

Another native Tarrant County plant, which could be utilized for rock gardens, is the Spanish dagger (*Yucca Arkansana*), a variety of bear grass. Strange to say, this stiff looking growth belongs to the lily family. It is very common in all arid or desert regions of the West and affects many fantastic shapes.

All of the plants given above and numerous others which might be mentioned would lend themselves admirably to a rock garden plan. Particular people who like variety are finding great pleasure in this sort of thing.

COUNTY PLANTS AVAILABLE FOR FINE AQUATIC GARDENS

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Moonlight in the garden! What soft radiance traces the mysterious carvings of deep purple shadows and gleaming silver high lights. The rock terrace with its cloud of scented sachet wafts an enchanting spell over the nearby lily pool whose creamy flowers lie softly sleeping.

Glossy leaves float lazily, dreamily, upon the water where a vain star seeks reflection. By day it is the favorite haunt of twittering splashing birds. At night the pool rests in the moonlight!

Is this your dream garden, or is it an actuality? Would you like to see water lilies growing in your neighbor's yard? They would enjoy them in yours. Why not a pool?

Aquatic Garden Fascinates.

Most people think of the aquatic garden as an indulgence of the idle rich, but in truth water gardening is a most fascinating hobby which can be made either simple or elaborate, as one may wish. Sunlight, water, soil, and a few flowers from some nearby swamp or water bog—what could be simpler?

The artificially constructed concrete pool—either large or small, regular or irregular—offers unlimited possibilities, but many find a wooden tub or half barrel very satisfactory and far less expensive.

If a tub is used it should be buried so that only the rim is exposed. This will throw the water level near the surface of the lawn, and plants about the edge will hide the container. A few gold fish will add to the novelty and destroy mosquitoes.

Many aquatics of this locality lend themselves most advantageously to the garden pool. Lake Como and Lake Erie both have a heart-shaped echinodorus (*echinodorus cordifolius*) and Lake Worth has the long-rooted trailer (*echinodorus radicans*).

Many Varieties Available.

Swampy places, field ponds and low lands along railroads grow the American pond-weed (*Potamogeton americanus*), the gentian, the iris, the grass leafed arrow-seed (*sagittaria graminea*), and the broadleaved arrow-weed (*sagittaria platyphylla*), whose dainty white flowers are not unlike the lily-of-the-valley.

Among other interesting aquatics are the cattails, of which we have two varieties—the *Typha latifolia*, which is very common in marshy places throughout the United States, and the *Typha angustifolia*, which is rare here—certain grasses and ferns, the water lilies, and the lotus, or chinkapin, all of which grow in profusion at Lake Worth and elsewhere in the county.

In an old swamp north of the Trinity River on the Bailey farm, which has recently been drained and put into cultivation, were to be found more than a dozen exquisite specimens of native water plants, including the rare blue-flowered small mud plantain (*heteranthera limosa*) and the much-admired lotus.

Lotus Thrives.

The American lotus (*nelumbo lutea*) thrives in rivers and lakes from Canada to Central America. Eastern florists market it from \$1.50 up, but it is to be had here for the gathering. It is perhaps the most strikingly beautiful plant in the aquatic realm, and is a close relative of the Hindu lotus.

From the center of this mystic blossom Buddha is supposed to have first appeared. To his followers it is a sacred emblem, typifying the soul of man. Resting always in calm, above the surging activities of life, existing

in the sunlight pure and undefiled, rooted in a world of experience, it makes a symbolic appeal.

Designs patterned after its flowers are found upon many Egyptian burial crypts and ceremonial instruments. These picture manuscripts show plainly that this lily was held to be possessed of mysterious power, or perhaps it was a symbol of the peace and beauty of a future life.

It is true that they have unnatural beauty, but is there any thing about them which savors of the supernatural, any form of coloring that is never found in other flowers? If you have Nelumbiums in your garden this year, you may be able to understand the suppliant attitude of the oriental toward this wonderful plant which has served to elevate the minds of men for thousands of years.

TARRANT COUNTY HAS LARGE VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL FERN

The authorities which were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Professor Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the third article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

There has been a remarkable awakening in nature study within the past few years, but interest in the fern is not yet what it should be. Emblematic of the forest and of its cool solitude, it would seem that many a tired city dweller would turn to them by way of contrast.

Beauty of leaf, grace and symmetry, and absolute perfection even to the smallest detail in regularity of form, are the characteristics of their infinite variety.

William R. Maxon, associate curator of the United States Herbarium, has made a most exhaustive study of the fern and its relation to plant life in general.

He says that many so-called ferns that one buys at the florists' are not ferns at all—for example, the asparagus fern (*Asparagus Plumosus*). This is a full brother to the vegetable of the same name and not more closely related to the fern than is the lily-of-the-valley.

That this is also true of the sweet-fern (*Comptonia Peregrina*), a flowering plant of the bayberry family, whose leaves are closely and deeply lobed, somewhat suggesting the pinnæ of the cinnamon fern (*Osmunda Cinnamomea*).

8,000 Fern Species.

The fern probably originated back in the Paleozoic era. It seems to have been among the first and simplest of the larger land plants. There are about 8,000 known species of ferns, which comprise 12 families and 175 genera. In North America, not including Mexico, there are more than 250 species, with the number steadily growing.

The ferns seem to favor the tropical regions, due perhaps to the heavy rainfall and the equable temperatures. Many tree-ferns are to be found there, which makes the task of hunting them in this region more or less difficult.

In all the tropics, there is nothing lovelier than the lacy beauty of the gossamer, or hay-scented fern (*Dennstedtia Punetifolula*). Although the southern plant is peculiarly lovely, the northern varieties are not less so. Their exclusiveness is their charm.

The winter woods would be bare indeed without the evergreen Christmas and marginal ferns. Since in most cases the plant likes shade and an abundance of moisture, it seems strange that it is also to be found in the Southwestern dry lands and even in the desert where drought is perennial and shade unknown.

Desert Ferns Contract.

The desert ferns are generally found in rocky crevices, where the soil draws and holds moisture. They wear a protecting coat of waxy, close-set hairs and over-lapping scales which enable them to retain their moisture. Most of these, in times of extreme drought, roll up their fronds till the rains come again. The shriveled blades then quickly expand and growth begins, much after the fashion of the "live-for-ever fern ball," or "resurrection plant."

Tarrant County has three known varieties of ferns which are each delicately beautiful. The Woodsia obtusa, to be found in woods and in rich soil, grows profusely on certain portions of the Meandering Road at Lake Worth. The Trinity River Valley in the eastern part of the county has some lovely specimens of this variety. In fact massed beds of them flourish in the lowlands of this section.

Another variety of fern found here is the cliff-brake fern, (*Pellaea Flexuosa*). It grows on the hills high up on the Meandering Road and in woody places. It is also found on the highlands near the Meadowbrook Club and on the sides of the Randol Mill Road. This particular fern is quite common and grows luxuriantly in many sections of the county.

May Be Transplanted.

By far the choicest of our ferns is the real maiden hair, (*Adiantum capillus veneris*). A beautiful and generous supply of this is to be found on the rocky banks of Silver and Ash Creek in the northwestern part of the county. They are plainly visible to the passerby from the main highway at the bridge crossing on Holmes Branch, a tributary of Silver Creek a few miles this side of Azle.

In the planning of an outdoor rockery or fern garden there is a chance to exercise much of ones ingenuity. Ferns may be transplanted at any season of the year, but they are more successfully moved during the late Summer after the growing season is ended.

They demand a moist, well drained soil—partially shady and with a north exposure if possible. Sandy leaf mold is the soil best suited to their development. A miniature cliff, placed against the north wall of a dwelling or stone fence, with well grouped irregular rocks for foundation and sides, makes an attractive setting for a fernery.

Fill with a moderately acid, moist soil, look well to the drainage, select some sturdy specimens of native plants available here, and you will find a new interest in the world of ferns.

VARIETY OF WILD FLOWERS ABOUND IN TARRANT COUNTY

The authorities which were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Prof. Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the first article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Each recurring springtime brings ever increasing joys to the lover of wild flowers in Texas. This State has been called "The Italy of America" on account of the large variety and brilliant coloring of its native flowers.

Tarrant County has a monopoly of both of these classes because of the diversity of its soil, and because of the geographic and climatic conditions. The display of native flora found here is most wonderful and can not be compared to the scattered flowers of some of the other counties in the State.

There are those who greatly enjoy strolling through the woods, in the parks or in outlying suburbs in search of wild flowers, but there would be many more thus engaged if they could only know the plants which they encounter.

March Is "The Wakening."

The Indian called the month of March "The Wakening," or "Crow Moon." At this time one may see here and there the very first Spring blossoms—the hepatica, which sounds the opening note of the floral symphony; the adder's tongue, which is also called trout lily and dog-tooth violet, and two species of the wood violet—the white and the yellow.

In this month we will also notice the swelling tree buds and the fuzzy green structures of chenille looking fringe dancing from every twig of the aspen as the catkins lengthen, while the flowering dogwood salutes the woods with its ivory loveliness.

April, "The Grass Moon," brings the delicate wind flower, the engelmannia, the hollyhock, the coreopsis, the blue sage, the mallows, the asters, the daisies, the lupines and innumerable others, which a drive over Tarrant County's splendid highways will reveal, if the spirit is in tune with the season.

May "Planting Moon."

May is known as "The Planting Moon," and the Spring symphony plays its loudest crescendo at this time. Hardwood trees, such as the oak and ash, are in full leaf and flower. This is also a good time to study the part the birds and bees play in nature's program.

When opportunity affords watch "the nettle butterfly" as it cavorts about the common thistle. The particular relationship which exists between the flower and the insect is an interesting study in itself. It would be a detective work which any nature lover would enjoy.

"The Rose Moon" is the month of June, which offers many fascinating hours to the wild flower lover. At this season it is not a question of searching for firstlings, but a choosing from pastures of massed blue, of glowing pinks, of gorgeous yellows and of the snowy white of the grasses and flowers.

This is the month when the Indian plume, the yellow or ox-eyed daisy, the buttercup, the primrose, the beard's tongue, the Indian blanket, the black-eyed Susans, the morning-glory and the day flower flourish best.

At Maturity in July.

July is the month of "The Thunder Moon." Grasses and plants will have reached their maturity and many of the flowers will be making their seeds. Those interested in next year's plants will do well to watch the scattering process, for all native seeds should be planted in the cultivated garden at broadcasting time, if best results are to be obtained for the next year's blooming.

August—and the Indian Summer begins! The floodtide of growth is past and the harvest season is on. The air is thick with the feathery seeds of the dandelion, milkweed and cat-tail. The goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace, the datura, the wild rose, the sunflower and the gentian have chosen this month in which to exhibit themselves.

September, "The Hunting Moon," is the beginning of the rest season in the world of nature. Prematurely yellow trees in the woods tell the story. Field and forest have been making their grand finale of colorful beauty before settling down to the dull neutral tints of a drab Winter season.

When one has enjoyed a Summer spent in close communion with Tarrant County's nature world, one can understand something of what this country meant to the care-stricken, heart-wearied homeseeker who came here in an early day.

The scenes which met his eye were tranquillizing and hope inspiring, and instill in those who are thus privileged a desire to know more of the limitless

MANY CHOICE VINES, INCLUDING GRAPE FOUND IN TARRANT AREA

The authorities which were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Professor Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the fifth article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Many choice native vines are found in Tarrant County. Foremost among these is the grape. We have only two varieties, however, the Mustang (*Vitis candicans*), which is very abundant and long lived, and the chicken or frost grape (*Vitis cordifolia*).

In olden times every home had a grape arbor which added to the rustic charm of the surroundings. The native grape has a very agreeable flavor and is much used in cooking and in the making of wine. The vines often reach a height of from 80 to 100 feet and twine themselves gracefully about housetops, trees, fences and even the staid old telephone posts.

In the selection of a close second to the grape, it would be hard to choose between the deciduous five-leaved false grape, commonly called American ivy or Virginia creeper (*Parthenocissus quinquefolia*) and the evergreen Bristol greenbrier, or smilax (*Smilax bonanox*) with its shiny, bright green leaves and lovely blue-black berries, and which is so extensively used for Christmas decoration.

Virginia Creeper Thrives.

Both of these vines grow abundantly throughout this county. The Virginia creeper, whose deep cherry colored leaves so brighten the Fall, must not be confused with its cousin, the three-leaved poison ivy, for which it is so often mistaken.

The banks of the Trinity afford excellent opportunity to study some very interesting species of vines. The woolly pipe vine (*Aristolochia tomentosa*) grows profusely on the Clear Fork west of T. C. U. Its relative, Dutchman's pipe (*Aristolochia macrophylla*) grows on the opposite bank of the same stream.

The last named is a very lovely thing with its tropical foliage, which looks not unlike that of the banyan tree. This vine bears abundant capsule fruit and propagates from both the fruit and the flower.

Honeysuckle Grows Here.

The white flowered honeysuckle (*Lonicera albiflora*), although very scraggly, is a good climber. Its evasive perfume fills the woods with fragrance in early springtime and reminds one of the odor of orange blossoms. The Cebatha caroliniana is another attractive vine which one finds in all the woodlands of this county.

The Indian current or coral berry (*Symphoricarpos*) is a good climber, as is also the balloon vine or heart-seed (*Cardiospermum halicacabum*), which belongs to the soapberry family.

There are many other climbing plants here which attract the eye of the wild flower lover. Among them are many heavy bind-weeds or convolvulus, which includes the morning-glory, the hermaphrodites, incanus, and the small bird-weed, or arvensis; the milk-pea (*Galatia volubilis*), a good strong vine with selfish characteristics, which quickly monopolizes every bit of available space, and the dodder, or love vine (*Cuscuta arvensis*), which twines its parasitic orange colored branches about the object of its interest with such tenacity that its golden thread-like stems will break rather than relinquish its hold when once it has established itself.

MANY MEDICINAL HERBS AND SHRUBS THRIVE IN TARRANT

The authorities which were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Professor Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the fourth article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Most of the world's superstitions are based on a grain of fact. The Mexican who sows fennel in his garden knows that "to sow fennel is to sow sorrow," but he offsets this by planting rosemary for happiness and the blue sage for long life.

It is said that Charlemagne forced his soldiers to carry houseleek on their person to insure them against ill luck. Where is the old-fashioned mother who strung a bit of asfoetida about her offspring's neck during periods of contagion?

Tarrant County has a large number of medicinal herbs and shrubs which have been in use by the natives for many generations. Naturally the superstitions and folk-lore concerning them have also been handed down.

Wormwood Grows Here.

The Mexican wormwood (*Artemisia Mexicana*) grows profusely here. It is from a species of *Artemisia* that the Frenchman gets his absinthe.

Delicious and refreshing tea is made from the blue sage (*Salvia farinacea*), which is now blooming so plentifully on the hills around Fort Worth.

Other herbs used for tea are the wormseed (*Chenopodium anthelminticum*), which has been naturalized from Europe, yarrow, or milfoil (*Achillea millefolium*), balsam groundsel (*Senecio balsamitae*), and the elder (*Sambucus canadensis*), from the berries of which a wine is made. The berries of the elder make an appetizing pie also.

The slippery-elm (*Ulmus fulva*), although rare, grows in this county. In some localities it grows very tall, but not here.

Ricinus communis (naturalized), commonly known as the castor bean, is the plant from which castor oil is obtained. Its beautiful, tropical looking, palmlike foliage, and the fact that it is commercially valuable, makes it much appreciated.

Mullein in Lowlands.

The giant velvet mullein (*Verbascum thapsus*) has very large grayish-green leaves, which mostly lie flat on the ground. The plant is generally found in the Trinity lowlands and in other woody places. The mucilaginous leaves are quite bitter and are used as emollient applications. These leaves are also the base of several popular remedies.

There is a wild lettuce in this county (*Lactuca canadensis*), but from whence it came no one knows. Nor do we know more of its near relative, the garden variety. Herodotus speaks of its being eaten as a salad in 550 B. C., and the old Roman served it at his table.

The milky juice of this plant has been used as an opium substitute by the medical profession. Caterpillars and other insects feast on this plant, but the animal world disdains to touch it. Verily, one man's meat is another man's poison.

Hoarhound Flourishes.

Hoarhound (*Marrubium vulgare*), Drummond's pennyroyal (*Hedeoma drummondii*), and the thorn apple, or jimson weed (*Datura stramonium*), all flourish in abundance in this county.

Narcotics to be found here are the purslane speedwell (*Veronica peregrina*), herb-of-the-cross (*Verbena officinalis*) and bitter corn-salad (*Valeriana amarella*).

CROSS TIMBERS BELIEVED TO BE WORK OF ANCIENT TRIBES

The authorities who were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Professor Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the sixth article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The Cross Timbers—that continuous series of small and large trees, which extends from the woody regions of the Trinity's sources northward across the prairies of Texas and the Ozarks, to the southern bank of the Arkansas River—is one of the country's natural resources, and has engaged the attention of the botanist, the geologist, the lover of folklore, and others throughout the years.

It varies in width from five to 50 miles, and traverses the eastern part of the county in distances of from five to nine miles across. On account of the remarkable uniformity, and certain other unusual characteristics which it possesses, some believe it to be a work of art, established by the unknown races who erected mounds and fortifications in the valley of the Mississippi.

Kennedy, in his history of Texas, says that "the Cross Timbers form the great landmark of the Western prairies; and the Indians and hunters, in describing their routes across the country in their various expeditions, refer to the Cross Timbers as the navigators of Europe refer to the meridian of Greenwich."

Aid in Direction.

If a sketch was wanted of the route taken in any expedition, a line was drawn representing the Cross Timber, and another representing the route taken, intersecting the former. Thus it was possible to designate directions.

This remarkable feature of Tarrant County's topography contains some of the South's choicest species of trees. Among them—the oak, ash, elm, soapberry, buckthorn, hackberry, hickory, pecan, mesquite, hawthorn, persimmon, aspen, bois d'arc, willow, and many others.

Perhaps the liveoak, the wood of which is used extensively in shipbuilding, is the most valuable of this county's larger trees, although it has been said that Tarrant County has no large or valuable trees.

If one is thinking of the majestic old liveoaks in the southern part of the state—a very massive one of which stood on Point Bolivar for many years, and measured 16 feet in circumference, or of those more ancient giants of the East Texas region, which attained a circumference of 23 feet, then the four and five-foot trees of Trinity Park and other places in the river valleys, would indeed seem small in comparison. But when one sees many of our single specimens apart, there is some appreciation of their grandeur.

Stately Oak Seen.

Just outside the fence of the old Ford Cemetery, in the extreme north-eastern part of the county, in the very heart of the Cross Timber section, is an old and stately oak. "This tree has been there—and just that size," according to the earliest settlers, "always."

Two magnificent burr oaks (*Quercus macrocarpa*) are to be found in Trinity Park near the main West Seventh Street entrance. The oak is of very slow growth—so slow in fact that one never sees it put on a new branch from year to year. Taking this into consideration, these two specimens must have had many seasons pass over their heads. What tales of pioneer struggle and endurance, and of encroaching civilization they would tell if they could speak!

Burleson Street, which connects West Seventh Street with the old White Settlement road, aside from its many other choice specimens of native vines, trees and shrubs, up until recently boasted two beautiful liveoaks (*Quercus virginiana*)—twin trees they were—which must have been here for several hundred years. Only one is now standing; the other, which was sawed off near the root, lies by the side of the road, discarded and unappropriated, a pitiful reminder of man's lack of appreciation.

YELLOW PREVAILING COLOR OF FLOWERED FIELDS NEAR HERE

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Yellow seems to be the prevailing color on the hills and fields around Fort Worth this season. Great waving masses of golden *engelmannia* nod and bow to their friends and neighbors, the glowing yellow tick-seed and the saucy black-eyed susans.

The *engelmannia* (*engelmannia pinatifida*) is one of the first to sound the yellow not of Spring. It is quite hardy and is the only plant of this particular variety known in the world. The tick-seed (*thelesperma trifidum*), which blooms from early Spring until frost, is easily grown in all soils.

The *coreopsis lanceolata* (generally listed in seed catalogs as *calliopsis*), which the tick-seed so much resembles, is cultivated extensively in gardens and gives brilliant blooms throughout the Summer season. Although the tick-seed and the *coreopsis* look very much alike to the casual observer, they are found to be really quite different upon close examination.

Variety of Coreopsis.

In the true *coreopsis* the outer brackets are broad; in the tick-seed they are narrower and linelike. The *coreopsis* generally has a brownish fleck at the base of the ray flower, while the other is only yellow.

There is a variety of *coreopsis* to be found here, but it is rare. Two varieties of tick-seed grow abundantly around Lake Worth and in other parts of the county—the *thelesperma grandiflora* and the *thelesperma drummondii*.

The black-eyed susan, attractive vagrant that she is, has fought her way across the American continent. She is at home wherever she finds herself and is a true liberal, neither the rivalries of the field nor the laws of man being able to hold her in check.

Plant Is Sturdy.

The plant blooms from May to September and is quite unconcerned

whether the country is "wet or dry." It has traveled from the West to the East with commerce, and is now cultivated in European gardens with much pride.

This sturdy plant is one of the most hospitable of the native flora. It invites the bees, wasps, flies, beetles and butterflies to gather at the festive board. Although it plays favorites, the nectar being accessible only to the insect with a long slender tongue, the pollen is for all.

Seedlings of most native plants can be easily transferred in season to a garden. The majority of them are very adaptable; while they like a rich, moist soil, they will grow equally well on a dry hillside. They should be staked and set where they are finally to stand, allowing a foot of space between each plant.

PLANTING OF NATIVE SHRUBS FOR YEAR 'ROUND BEAUTY IS URGED

The authorities which were consulted in the preparation of these articles on wild flowers are Prof. Albert Ruth of this city, Gray's Manual, Britton and Brown's Botany, the National Geographic Magazine, the Texas Christian University Bulletin on Natural History and the Little Nature Library. This is the second article of the series.—Editor's Note.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Whatever else may be the idea in developing a garden, shrubs are the best possibility. Once they start growing, one has only to sit by and enjoy them.

If it is desired to have a garden which will be a success the year round, then it is well to plant the native shrubs of one's own locality—soil and moisture being equally considered.

If one wishes to make provision for bird life, then it will be necessary to consider the fruit bearing shrubs. While Tarrant County is short on evergreens, it has an abundance of choice deciduous shrubs which in some respects are far superior to many of the aliens.

It is strange more do not take advantage of the native shrubs to develop and beautify their home grounds. These adapt themselves very satisfactorily and are easily obtainable.

On the shores and lowlands of Lake Worth, and on the banks of the Trinity, grow most all of this county's native shrubs. There are only a few that are rare and scarce. Most all are common and grow in profusion. Around the Baker camp across from the bathing beach are to be found more than a dozen varieties of excellent native shrubs, which would grace any cultivated garden.

Sumach Is Popular.

Although Dallas County abounds in cedars, Tarrant County can boast only one, and it is very scarce. The red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*) and the live oak are perhaps the only two shrubs which retain their foliage through the Winter months.

Probably the most popular of the shrubs is the sumach. There are at least six varieties in Tarrant County. The most common one of these is the *Rhus glabra*—quite a familiar roadside shrub as well. Its tropical foliage, flowers and fruit make it desirable for decorative planting.

This variety is also recommended for glorious autumnal effects, and especially for massed garden planting, as it never attains the stature of a tree. Others of the *Rhus* family to be found here are the ill-scented *trilobata*, *lanceolata* (much of which is to be found on the Meandering Road); *capallina* (also quite common), *rhomboida* and the *radicans*, which is none other than the poison oak.

The wild red, or yellow plum (*Prunus americana*), one of the most familiar of the native shrubs, and the *Prunus gracilis* of woodsland borders, are interesting specimens of Tarrant County shrub life. The *gracilis* does not grow to be over four feet high, but it is the best fruit bearer and is well worth cultivating.

Models for Artists.

In early Autumn when the Summer's work was done, the pioneer settler used to set aside a certain day in which to gather the wild plums of the community, and when sweets were scarce a spread of "plum butter" was a most delicious treat.

The flowering dogwood of this county is a slender-twigged tree of small size, although in the forests of Seattle a variety, the Western dogwood, often reaches a height of 100 feet. There are over 50 species in the Northern Hemisphere, with only one in Tarrant County.

Artists appreciate the careless arrangement of the dogwood blossoms and their changing green-to-white coloring, while the birds much prefer the crimson and scarlet berries which the Autumn brings to this deservedly popular shrub.

The *sambucus*, or common elder, is a quick growing shrub and a native of this county. It is accommodating enough under most conditions, but it can not withstand the strong winds which sometimes sweep over this part of the country. Its limbs break easily, which fact causes it to be unsightly in appearance. It is, therefore, recommended that it be given a place in the garden against stone walls or a house where it will be more or less protected, if one is choosing it for permanency.

There are two euonymus to be found here—the *Americana* and the *atropurpureus*. This is a beautiful shrub specimen and is better known as the strawberry, or burning bush.

A native buckthorn, with feathery white blossoms, the *ceanothus ovatus*, which has an attractive red root, grows on Lake Worth's rocky hills. It is in fruit now. There are several varieties of buckthorn in this county, among them the supple jack (*berchemia scandens*) and the Carolina buckthorn (*rhamnus caroliniana*).

The coral berry, or Indian currant (*symphoricarpos*), is a neat, low-growing shrub, not over two feet in height. Its fragrant blossoms in early Spring are followed by thousands of showy red berries. It makes an excellent shrub for a shady place and is very common in all parts of the county.

Spanish Buckeye.

We also have the Texas, or Spanish buckeye (*ungnadia speciosa*), whose flowers come before the leaves. This shrub belongs to the soapberry family, and is very common around Lake Worth and on the banks of the Trinity and other streams.

There are at least two blackberry bushes growing here—the highbush blackberry (*rubus villosus*) and the lowbush blackberry (*rubus trivialis*). Both belong to the order rosales, or rose.

When these shrubs are in blossom and fruit with their varying stages of green, red, black and white, all hanging on the same bush, few ornaments in nature's garden are more decorative.

How lovely it would be if our bird sanctuaries and cultivated gardens might be decked with these ornamental native plants!

Prof. H. Ness of the Texas A. & M. College has developed a cross between the red raspberry and our native dewberry, which promises to be to Texas what the loganberry is to the Northwest. This plant produces a very large and deliciously flavored dark red berry.

A variety of honeysuckle (*lonicera albiflora*), the only shrub honeysuckle to be found here, grows in great profusion. It is quite a satisfactory shrub and should be more generally planted.

The viburnum, or haw tree, is a most ornamental native shrub, which adapts itself well to a cultivated garden. Its showy green foliage, lovely flowers, which greatly resemble the old-fashioned snowball, and edible fruit justify its popularity in gardens and parks. In European gardens the black haw is known as the "stag-bush." Its fruit is a blue-black and is lustrous, thin-fleshed, sweet, and one-half inch long.

The redbud, or Judas tree (*ceris occidentalis*), is perhaps the favorite of all Tarrant County's native shrubs. Its delicately angled, thornless branches are almost hidden in early Springtime by a profusion of typically pealike, rosy purple blossoms, which appear before the coming of the leaves. This unique tree is a leguminosae and belongs to locust order.

It has been known to attain a height of 50 feet in some localities. Tradition has it that our variety is a cousin to the one on which Judas hung himself. What a pity to place such an ugly blot upon anything so lovely!

The swamp, or meadow, holly (*Ilex decidua*), grows abundantly in this county. It has small white blossoms which are in flower now. During the Winter season its bare branches are covered with bright red berries. Many varieties of holly are to be found in the cultivated gardens of Eastern cities. The Indian made his famous "black drink," which was used in the yearly ceremonials, from the leaves of the holly. Grown commercially, this holly is the finest of the Christmas decorations, and it deserves a much wider popularity than it yet enjoys.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Why Not Celebrate This Year With a Living Christmas Tree?

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Christmas is just around the corner. Of course we will celebrate the happy occasion. But why? With many it is a custom. With some it is a deeply religious ceremonial, celebrating, as it does, the birth of Christ. Others hold it a time for an exchange of gifts, a time of feasting, a time of merry-making, etc.

Christmas is celebrated on the 25th day of December in nearly every part of Christendom. The observance of this date is ascribed to Julius, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 337-352. The eastern church had previously observed the 6th of January in commemoration both of the baptism and the birth of Christ. Before the end of the fourth century the East and the West had exchanged festivals, the West adopting January 6th in commemoration of the Lord's baptism and the East adopting December 25th in commemoration of the Lord's birth.

The exact date of Christ's birth appears not to have been known to the early church, and cannot now be determined. Between the middle of December and the middle of February in Palestine there is usually an interval of comparatively dry weather, preceded and followed by rain. It was likely at this time that "the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Most heathen nations regard the winter solstice as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature. From the earliest the Romans,

Celts and Germans celebrated the season with great feasts. The Germans held their Yule feasts from the 25th of December to the 6th of January, believing that during these twelve nights they could trace the personal movements on earth of their great dieties.

Some of our present day Christmas customs are a pass over from heathenism to Christianity. The early church sought to banish the deep rooted heathen element by introducing its grand liturgy with dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of his life. From this we get our so-called "manger songs" and our Christmas carols—the word carol, signifying a song of joy. The practice of singing sacred songs in celebration of the nativity of Christ has existed since the second century. The oldest collection of printed carols bears the date 1851.

By the Puritan Parliament, Christmas was abolished altogether, and holly and ivy were made seditious badges. After the Restoration the Christmas carol again exhibited its ancient, hearty, jovial character. Those carols which are used to announce the dawn of Christmas in England are generally religious, though not universally so. The custom is by no means peculiarly English, being found in other countries of Europe. In the Roman church three Christmas masses are usually performed—one at midnight, one at daybreak, and one in the morning. The day is

also celebrated by the Anglo-Saxon churches. The Greek and Lutheran churches likewise observe Christmas. In fact, throughout Christendom the day is kept as a social holiday on which there is cessation from all business.

In recent years it has become a pretty custom to decorate the exterior of one's home and garden, one's place of business, the parks and public places in general, with symbols of the Yuletide season. In Fort Worth this year the Electrical Club, the Lion's Club, and many other clubs and public concerns, together with numerous private individuals, are planning to make Fort Worth a truly city beautiful throughout the holiday season. Shall we not join the triumphant throng and add our tribute to this day of all days by making some sort of symbolic contribution to it?

An interesting experiment would be to plant a living evergreen tree which could be utilized on each succeeding Christmas to carry out the Yuletide celebration. Thousands of young trees are sacrificed yearly to ruthless Christmas slaughter, being immediately relegated to the discard when the day is over.

What a picture the growing, glowing, lighted Christmas tree makes on the lawn on a wintry night! Decorated with Christmas favors, tinsel and vari-colored electric lights, its radiance cheers and inspires the passerby as nothing else can do. After the gifts are removed, when the lights, the tinsel and glittering are gone, one can still feel that there indeed is a living symbol of a happy time gone by—one that will grow more in favor with each succeeding year. By all means plant a living Christmas tree.

"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO TEXAS IN THE SPRING?"

The song, "Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring," written by Mary Daggett Lake of Fort Worth, has been accorded unusual honors since its publication less than a year ago.

It was first sung at the state meeting of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas in Fort Worth last year.

Adopted at the State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Texas as their State Conservation song at their meeting in Galveston last November.

Used by the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs on their conservation programs, and to create interest in the natural beauty of Texas.

Specially featured at the National Democratic Convention in Houston last June.

It has been sung and played by the orchestras on board several of the big ocean liners, and has been given on musical programs in several European capitols where there were Texas parties in attendance.

State Garden Club Song

MISTLETOE—AN EMBLEM OF THE YULETIDE

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Throughout the Southland are thousands of trees literally covered with mistletoe, as if Nature had thought to decorate for the holiday season. No representative in the galaxy of emblematic flowers has more of romance clinging to it than this—the State flower of Oklahoma.

Although parasitic in its habits the Oklahoman resents having the plant classed as a parasite, claiming for it rather the legitimate privilege of obtaining its nourishment as it does. The green leaves are the alibi, since the law of the plant world is that no plant may have green leaves without expending a certain amount of labor to earn "its board and keep." As long as man continues to tap the pine for turpentine, to extract the sap of the rubber tree, and to draw from the maple for sugar and syrup, just so long will Oklahoma defend her favorite, the mistletoe.

Perhaps the mistletoe is the most popular of the Christmas decorations in both England and America. This bit of green is supposed to have magic charm, and is considered an emblem of love. The old custom of kissing under the mistletoe is a relic of an old Norse legend. This story goes that Balder, the son of Odin and the husband of Nanna, was the darling of the gods. So fair was he that light streamed from him and he was likened to the fairest flower that grew. He once had a dream filled with fearful forebodings of great danger to himself. This caused his mother to cast a spell over all things so that her son be not harmed. However, she failed to include the mistletoe. One sad day, Loki, an enemy, induced Balder's brother to playfully shoot at Balder with an arrow of mistletoe. It took effect and Balder, the god of light, was killed, becoming thereby the emblem of purity and innocence. The mistletoe was then presented to the goddess of love as a gift. At the same time it was decreed that whoever passed under it should receive a kiss as a sign that the mistletoe was always to be indicative of friendliness and not of hate. The joke about "the pretty girl being kissed 'neath the mistletoe bough" is a slightly different version of this delightful old tale.

Mistletoe was held as sacred by the Druids and was used in their religious ceremonies. English gardeners today grow the plant as a standard in pots, engrafted upon

the hawthorn for Christmas oration. The apple tree, the hawthorn, the oak, ash, and holly berry seem to be especially susceptible to its wiles. The plant is grown extensively for commercial purposes for London markets in the north of France. The American mistletoe, or false, (*Phoradendron flavescens*), our substitute in this country, is not nearly so ornamental as the European plant. There are more than five hundred species of mistletoe, many of which are parasitic and many of them tropical.

The seeds of the mistletoe are cleverly covered with a gluey substance which causes them to easily attach themselves to the branches of trees when dropped by the birds. For commerce growing the seeds are planted every year, so that new bushes continually forming. Perhaps the plant has so few breathing pores in its leaves—only 200 to 300 per square inch—while the lilac has 200,000.

The almost nerveless, thick, fleshy leaves always turn toward the branch when the seeds push out roots.

Mistletoe, although among the earliest of all Christmas decorations, continues to lead in popularity, which is not to be wondered at, once one sees it gracefully festooned in branch and tree.

The parasite to a note on the use of home decoration

Garden Clubs

SPECIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Fort Worth, Tex.

THE Texas Federation of Garden Clubs has been organized only a few months, yet it is actively engaged in carrying out a comprehensive program. Mrs. Gross R. Scruggs of Dallas, who became the first president of the federation, and women from other sections of Texas who are interested in this State's natural beauty and in further beautification, met in Dallas last November and formed the organization.

The first state convention was held in Austin in April with the Violet Crown Garden Club of that city as hostess. Mrs. Clara Driscoll Sevier, the woman who saved the Alamo for Texas, is president of this club. The bluebonnets were at the height of their blooming season when the meeting was held.

The major aim of the Texas Federation of Garden Clubs is fourfold: The encouragement of the small home garden, the stimulation of civic beautification, the improvement and beautification of highways, and the conservation of natural beauty.

Plant testing—that is, what will do well in the different climatic and soil areas of the State—is being done in connection with the home gardens. The federation stands behind the development of the Texas Botanical Gardens at Austin, a part of the University of Texas, for which a supporting society is now planned. There are various test gardens in different parts of the State. Dallas now has two under way—a municipal rose garden and an iris garden, donated by a business enterprise. Both are being sponsored by the Dallas Garden Club.

Tyler, Tex., is known as a rose-growing center. Seventy-five carloads of rose plants, numbering 25,000 roses to the car, were shipped from Tyler during the present season to various parts of the United States.

Many private gardeners are interested in test gardens. Mrs. Ireland Hampton of Fort Worth, a district chairman of the American Rose Society, has more than 600 varieties of roses in her home gardens. She is a popular exhibitor at southwestern flower shows, and has won many prizes with her favorites.

Jay F. Willis of Fort Worth has a large investment in dahlias. From several hundred varieties he has selected 25 or 30 which have proved highly adaptable to Texas. The best show type dahlias have been developed from a variety discovered near Jaurez, Mexico, just across the border from El Paso.

In Dallas Mrs. W. R. Hughes has an experimental wild flower garden which ranks high in variety and rarity of plant life. Mrs. Hughes is an

enthusiastic collector. In order to acquire those plants which are now well established in her garden, she has traveled far and wide. Numerous localities in the Southwest have yielded treasures that contribute to the beauty, usefulness and value of her home grounds.

Vast experiments are being conducted in bulb culture in East Texas. Tons of good American bulbs are being grown of varieties formerly exported. Since the law forbids the importation of many foreign bulbs, this work looms in increasing importance. A strip of land several miles wide and 30 to 40 miles long about Black Bayou in East Texas, near Marshall, has been found a perfect habitat of bulbs. The land is full of all kinds of native bulbous growth, which springs up wild every year. Plans to test all types of bulbs in this soil—many having already been successfully tried—are under way.

Civic beautification is being stimulated by the work of the garden clubs in many Texas cities. Garden contests with prizes are being held over the State. In Austin and Houston garden clubs have been organized in the schools. Sixty thousand shrubs were distributed through the schools in Houston last year. School garden clubs in Austin do home planting and study conservation.

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planting
A. R.
State and the
major member of the committee
on conservation and thrift of the
national society, according to the
annual report presented to the
Continental Congress by Mrs.
Maurice C. Turner of Dallas, na-
tional chairman of the committee.
Mrs. Turner's report concluded her
three years' service as chairman
and her work received the hearty
indorsement of the national offi-
cers and delegates attending the
convention.

The report covered a resume of
the activities of all D. A. R. State
societies in tree planting and
pointed out that Texas ranks
among the honor States in the
State forest idea. This park con-
servation program included pres-
ervation of wild flowers as well
as the living Christmas tree idea,
which has become popular in re-
cent years. Mrs. Turner was the
author of the living tree plan.

Praises Dallas Club.

High praise to the effective work
done by the Garden Club of Dal-
las was given in the report. Mrs.
Turner pointed out that the Dal-
las club was organized by Mrs.
Gross R. Scruggs, a former con-
servation chairman of the local D.
A. R. chapter. Mrs. Scruggs is a
pioneer in experimenting with wild
flowers and budded stock. She or-
ganized the State Federation of
Garden Clubs and is a member of
the by-law committee of the pro-
posed national federation.

"Mrs. Will Lake, conservation
chairman of the Mary Isham Keith
Chapter at Fort Worth," Mrs. Tur-
ner said, "is the State chairman
of conservation for the State Fed-
eration of Garden Clubs. She is
author of a fine brochure on 'Blue-
bonnets' and of our State conserva-
tion song and a member of the
city's park commission."

10,338 Trees Planted.

Texas is on the roll of honor for
the year with a record of 10,338
trees planted. Mrs. Turner re-
ported that Texas joined the
movement "A Forest for Every
State," sponsored by the State of-
ficers. A donation of 100 acres of
cut-over land in Eastern Texas by
Mrs. W. McFadden, State chair-
man, and Mr. McFadden. The
land is already forested with long
leaf pines but is to be completed in
trees. The donors also are pre-
sents a fence for the tract with
gate and marker, designating the
gift in honor of Mrs. Rountree,
State representative, and Mrs. Turner as
national chairman of conservation.

The report shows that the Texas
society is the only one thus far to
own
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sitions
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