THE POTTER JOURNAL
AND
NEWS ITEM.

Jno. S. Mann, *Proprietor.* — S. F. Hamilton, *Publisher.*

VOLUME XXIV, NO. 25. — COUDERSPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1873. — $1.75 A YEAR

Poetry.

Mud Pies.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her brown apron and bright drooping head,
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels, or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir,
While she is busy, are busy with her;
Cheeks rosy, glowing, and bright sparkling eyes
Bring they to Fanny, while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day,
Under the blue of these sweet summer skies,
Nothing's so pleasant as making mud pies.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look
"Making believe" she's a true pastry-cook:
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play,
Clean soap and water will soon wash away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise,
Leaves darker traces Than Fanny's mud pies.
—*Petersburg* (Va.) *Index.*

[HERE is an old poem, as good as it is old—We find it now in the *Independent Republican*, but remember it in an almanac nearly fifty years ago. Can any one tell the author?]—ED.

Meditations of an Old Man.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigor is gone:
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.]

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you shall fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight:
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God!

Miscellany.

Our State Dinner.

The picture of Eve "on hospitable thoughts intent" is quoted to the eye of faith in season and out of season. Men delight in the vision; women take it as example of their highest duty. To be sure there was Martha "cumbered with much serving," and not especially commended on that account, but I suppose at that late period the world had been promoted to the dignity of servants and dish-washing. Doesn't the serving grow more cumbersome and tiresome every year?

We were in our little sitting-room one morning, its lovely bay-window full of sunshine and flowers, and three landscape chromos bright as the seasons they represented. There were some pictures besides, a bird's nest done in colored crayon with "L. S." in the corner, a girl with a basket of fruit and a playful dog jumping up to catch the fragmentary ends, with "G. S," by which you may know we had artists in the family.

We were very plain people, nevertheless. Papa was foreman in the cutting-department of a shoe manufactory, and had fifteen hundred dollars a year. When grandfather left him two thousand dollars he had bought an acre of ground on the outskirts of the city, and with what money he had built a small house, which had received additions since, according to our prosperity. But some whim or or other had, in the last five or six years, sent many others out, the city shook hands cordially with us, gave us horse-cars water and gas, and by way of being distinguished from any other suburb we were called Roselle.

That is how we came to belong to the aristocracy. Perhaps otherwise we might have missed our state dinner.

There were a great many people at Roselle very much richer than we erew. Merchants, real estate dealers, two lawyers, a congressman and a number of widows in easy circumstances. Many of them kept carriages. They were very nice pleasant people, with a generous mingling of the social element.

Now and then some one said to papa: "I'd sell such a valuable piece of ground if I were you and buy elsewhere;" but having had it in the rough we wanted it it in the smooth as well. We did our own work, gardened and raised lovely flowers and fruit.

Joe, our eldest hopeful, was married and lived down town. I came next—twenty-two, if you want to know—Gertie was nearly twenty, Fannie seventeen and Robert fourteen. I helped to keep the house and do the sewing. Gertie was a fine musician and had several pupils. Fannie was just through with school.

We had been discussing a case of misfortune in the neighborhood. A Mr. Austen, a carpenter, had fallen some weeks before this and broken his leg. His wife was in very delicate health, worn out by poverty, hard work and sickness. Emma, the oldest daughter, was a hopeless invalid, and seldom went out of the house. She crocheted babies' sacks, hoods, cloaks and shawls for a store. Nellie did dress-making, and there was a boy of thirteen. They were very nice everyday people, just on a par with their position.

Nellie had been making a cheap, showy dress for some young woman down town. The color was a very brilliant blue with a peculiar odor. Before she had finished it her hands began to itch and turn red, and show every symptom of erysipelas. In a week or ten days the doctor decided that it was poison from the material and a very severe case. A month or six weeks would be the shortest period of its duration.

I had been in to see them every few days, taken them books, jellies, winter fruits and did what I could toward comforting them. They were poor people with no special claim to sympathy. The girls were not beautiful nor particularly refined, so the neighborhood interest soon died away.

We had been wondering if it would not be possible to make them a "donation party." They must certainly be in great need. Emma's three or four dollars a week was not much to take care of a family of five and cover the incidentals necessary to sickness. Nellie's hands were beginning to mend, and Mr. Austen could go about on crutches.

Gertrude called the donation one of my wild schemes and thought it would not answer.

"I don't see why it isn't as good or praiseworthy as giving a minister a donation-party," I said, stoutly.

"But, you see, very few would care to go. It would be wanting in the social element."

"That is not to say it must be wanting in the charitable element," I replied.

"And maybe they might not like it. If we were poor and unfortunate—"

"I think we should be very grateful for a delicately-managed gift. I do not see the great difference between it and Mrs. Carlyle's wooden wedding. She was not affronted because Mr. Giles sent her a barrel of flour."

"But that was so funny, and just in his line."

"She did not disdain any of her gifts."

"But it was the occasion that lent it a grace."

"I don't see why some one cannot lend this occasion a grace. It would be a splendid neighborly charity, say what you will."

"Laura, you are very obtuse upon some points," and Gertrude shook out her bronze-brown curles. "Still, if you do accomplish anything I'll add a maiden's mite—a dollar."

"Thank you," I returned.

Mamma approved of my plan. Thus armed, I went to call on Miss Colby, an "old maid," truly, for she was nearly sixty. She kept house herself in the small part of her brother's house, and had the cunningest nest you ever saw. Everybody liked her. She could play all the old-fashioned dancing music, painted some in oils, made wonderful picture scrap-books and all kinds of fancy work, and was invaluable at fairs.

"A splendid thing!" she said, after listening to my plan. "The Austens don't complain—I like them for that; but I doubt if they know where they will get their meals from to-morrow. Now I'll take right hold of it, for I know some people that you couldn't ask. Money and provisions. And when will the 'visit' come off?"

"Could we not have it Saturday evening?"

"I think so—the sooner the better. We'll ask all we can to give, but we will only invite those to go with whom the Austens would feel at home?"

We made out our list. After fortifying myself with some lunch, I set out—down town first. I called on some friends, business gentlemen, who I dare say were tired of hearing my stories about a poor woman, an orphan, the church debt, or a new carpet. If I were a rich woman I would not beg, but give. Then I visited some benevolent ladies; our groceryman, who promised something; our butcher; and even persuaded Mr. Giles to contribute a quarter of flour.

I had fifteen dollars in money and a number of articles promised. Miss Colby had twelve.

The next day I made my Roselle calls. I asked six people to come; two declined, three accepted, and one said faintly that she would if she could. Then I asked several for gifts. Some thought "the Austens always seemed to get along very well," others expressed a great deal of sympathy, "but they had so many calls."

Then I dropped in at Mrs. Mason's. Mr. Mason was a lawyer, a very nice, grave, gentlemanly sort of person. She was some ten years younger than her husband, quite stylish, and very cordial. They kept a horse and light two-seat wagon, besides her pony phæton, two servants; and their house and grounds, though not at all extravagant, were prettily kept. An invalid sister lived with her, but there were no children.

"My dear Miss Sherman!" and Mrs. Mason swept into the room in an elegant cashmere wrapper trimmed with bands of silk, bronze slippers daintily rosetted, coral jewelry, linen Valenciennes lace collar and cuffs, and thread lace barbe in her hair. Everything about the room was in keeping.

I went about my business at once.

"Why I thought Miss Austen was quite well by this time. Are they so *very* poor? She dresses prettily, I am sure. I wonder if people of that class are not given to prodigality when they have anything?"

"Being a dressmaker, I suppose she knows how to put everything to the best use," I said. "She always makes and trims her own hats; and her sister is very ingenious. But Mr. Austen has done nothing for seven weeks; and now Nellie has lost four weeks."

"They must make considerable when they are all well, though. I should not think they would need to be so *very* poor."

"Mr. Austen gets eighteen dollars a week, and, from not being very strong, loses a good deal of time. Emma averages about three dollars a week the year round, while Nellie makes from six to eight."

"But dressmakers charge fearfully, my dear. I pay Miss McNair two dollars and a half a day, and she seldom gets here until almost nine, always leaves at six. Then she doesn't hurt herself sewing, either; but she *is* stylish."

"Miss Austen works for a dollar a day; fifty cents more when she has her machine, and her home charges are very moderate."

"Of course. I suppose she has had no fashionable experience. But with all that, my dear, they must have quite a thousand dollars a year, leaving out the losses."

"But I do not believe one could pay rent, take care of a family of five and save much money on it," I said, grimly.

"Oh, their tastes are not at all like ours," she returned, with an indescribable air. "I am sorry, but I really cannot give you anything this week. I sent five dollars to my little nieces for their fair, and the gentlemen are going to make Mr. Browne"—he was our minister—"a present of a set of books, and Mr. Mason subscribed five dollars toward that, so I feel quite poor," and she gave a gay little laugh. "But I tell you what I will do. Sister Mary has a host of old dresses to be made over into wrappers, and when Miss Austen gets better I will have her come and do it, for it seems so extravagant to pay a first-class dressmaker for such dawdling work. And now we will not talk any more about her, for I have something else on my mind. First, have you and Miss Gerty any particular engagement for next Wednesday evening?"

I colored a little and said: "I did not think we had."

"Mr. Mason and I were coming over this evening to see. We are going to have a little informal dinner, just asking in a few neighbors. My friend, Mrs. Wyllis, is to be here."

We had seen Mrs. Percy Wyllis one Sunday at church. She was tall and elegant, wrote poems for "our first magazines," and read them beautifully. Both Gertie and I had a penchant for literary people.

"She has lost her mother-in-law lately, so it would be in bad taste to give her a regular party. I am only going to ask Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. James, and two friends of Mr. Mason's are coming up. I want you and Miss Gertrude and Mr. Keith. Mrs. Wyllis is extravagantly fond of music. Now don't refuse me."

"I will see," I said, gravely.

"Oh, you must come. I will change it to Tuesday or Thursday if either will suit you better. Let me see—you will know by Monday, won't you? I'll be over in the morning and see."

As there was no possibility of getting anything, I rose to go, feeling a little disappointed. Mrs. Mason was always spoken of as being so charitable and so sympathetic. The idea of taking in Nelly Austen because she could get her at a lower rate than usual!

I stopped to compare with Miss Colby. I had twenty dollars, she eighteen; and together a good stock of provisions.

Rob took ours over Saturday evening on a wheel-barrow. The flour, some bread, biscuit and cake, tea, coffee, sugar, a ham, a pair of chickens and ten fresh eggs, besides some delicacies.

I don't know as I can do justice to the visiting part of it. Papa and mamma went—there were about twenty people in all. Miss Colby headed the procession—she had collected a goodly store as well—and she introduced everybody, wheel-barrows and all.

Mrs. Austin sat down and cried, and somehow I felt mightily like it myself. But Miss Colby began with a funny speech, and we all laughed. Nelly's color came and went and she looked really pretty. We had some hot coffee and cake, we said all the gay things we could think of, Gertie and Mr. Keith sang—Mr. Keith was Gertie's "young man," clerk in a bank, and organist of one of our city churches.

I believe I never felt so well repaid for anything in my life. Emma drew me over the arm of her sofa, and confessed that they had used their last money for rent, and had barely enough food to last over Sunday.

"And work at the store stopped on Thursday. There will not be any for two or three weeks. It does seem as if the Lord sent you. I wouldn't say this to another person, but I want *you* to know what cause we have for gratitude."

After all, it was only a pleasant neighborly charity. Why not do as much for the needy as for amusement, "tin" or "silver" weddings, or those who are in no need, no want?

Mrs. Mason dropped in Monday morning. We had about half decided to go, and her coaxing did the rest.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," she said, laughingly. "It will be a plain dinner among friends. Be sure to come at six, and get a little acquainted with Mrs. Wyllis."

That was the way our state dinner came about. We really had no idea of grandeur or gorging. We supposed we would sit down to the table about seven and leave it about eight, having a nice time afterward with music and reading.

We dressed ourselves in our best. Mine was a bright brown silk, wonderfully becoming, with illusion pleating at the throat and wrists, and blue ribbon in my hair. Gertie had a lovely wine-colored empress cloth, and actual bona fide point lace. But then she was earning money of her own, and could squander it as she liked.

Charley Keith was rather late—so it was half-past six when we reached the house. We beautified ourselves a little in the state-chamber, went down with beating hearts and met Mrs. Wyllis, in very elegant faint mourning and pearls. Mrs. Deane, sister of our hostess, was there also.

Mr. Mason brought in Mr. Gifford, the Henrys came, and we sat in fragmentary conversation for ten or fifteen minutes. By seven Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. James made their appearance. Every new comer discussed the weather, the kind of winter it had been, and hoped now we had come to something pleasant. Mrs. Wyllis put in bright, chatty little sentences. I think we all had a fancy that the dinner was coming so soon it would be no use to serve up anything beyond fragments of talk.

Mrs. Mason fluttered in, rosy and smiling.

"Mr. Keith," she said, "can we not have some music?"

"It is a momentous question. Can we?" and he looked up laughingly.

"I mean—will you not favor us?"

"I think I ought to give place to the ladies, piano not being my forte."

It was unintentional, but they all laughed.

"But you, having more courage, must set them an example," she said, with winsome grace.

"As you please."

He played something brilliant. Mrs. Wyllis seemed to listen attentively, and presently whispered that he fingered beautifully. Then he took up one of Beethoven's Minor Symphonies, which Mrs. Wyllis pronounced "lovely beyond description."

Between while there was a little commonplace talking.

I began to feel most unromantically hungry. I had eaten nothing since one, and it was almost eight. A general uneasiness pervaded the company, I thought, and the gentlemen appeared to be on the alert.

Mr. James asked Gertie to sing, which she did, and Mrs. Wyllis commended her enthusiastically. If some one only would ask *her* to read! Then there was a lull. Mr. Mason and Mr. Henry talked politics. Mrs. Mason fluttered into the room again, spoke to this one and that one, and presently a bell rang and we were marshalled out to dinner, Mr. Gifford attending me, Mr. Palmer was on the other side, Mr. Keith had Mrs. Wyllis on one side and Gertie on the other.

A quiet little dinner! The room was in a blaze of light—that, I believe, is proper. The table was covered with a snowy cloth, a handsome *epergne* in the centre, tastefully arranged with delicate fruit, purple and white grapes, and a trailing vine with green leaves and white blossoms. Two very full and compact hot-house bouquets were on either hand—flowers enough, indeed, to ornament the room and give each guest a dainty nosegay. Some mounds of jellies, pale-pink, crimson, golden and dull orange; silver salt-cellers and golden butter-plates containing a little flowered pat; cut-glass and silver in abundance, and a square piece of snowy bread laid carefully on each one's napkin.

After we were seated and a little familiar with our neighbors, soup came in. As a general thing, I detest it, but it was half-past eight and I was hungry, so I crumbed in my bread and ate it with a relish. There was not much talking—indeed, I have a suspicion that every one else was hungry as well.

Mrs. Mason had a regular waiter, who was very expert. The soup-plates were removed, and the meats came on—roast turkey, boiled chicken with oyster sauce, and boiled ham with sauce. Mr. Mason at one end and Mr. Henry at the other began the carving, while the rest of us blossomed into a sort of weak gossip. Mr. Browne's gift was discussed. Mr. Palmer said there was always something on foot. Charley Keith made some mention of Booth, and Mrs. Wyllis delivered a rather bookish criticism, while Mr. Gifford told me an anecdote that was worth it all. Then commenced the grand business. Who would have turkey, who would have chicken? Light or dark meat? Oyster sauce, of course. Ham, certainly. You did not know what you had asked for, nor what you were going to get. But some way it all came. Then there were vegetables, cranberry sauce, jelly, condiments of various kinds. What a mess it was when you had it all there! The turkey was elegant, but you wanted to taste of the chicken and the oyster sauce. Mr. Palmer had been ill with the dyspepsia not a month ago, I knew. Mrs. Henry was not very strong either—in the doctor's hands half the time. But everybody had to eat, or to taste, for it could not be much more than that. It was growing very warm in the room, and I was glad to get hold of some refreshing celery.

Mr. Gifford's plate was out, and the waiter carried it up for another helping.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Gifford.

"Yes," said Mr. Mason. "Another bit of this chicken. And you had no ham before; you *must* taste it. Those are Longworth's hams, Palmer, do you ever try them? Two cents more a pound; but they are just delicious. We never use any other. Now send up your plate."

"Just the merest slice; it is very fine."

Both plates came back nearly full. The gentlemen minced a little. Everybody was coaxed to take a trifle more; it was even urged upon those who had partially emptied their plates. There began to be some long-drawn sighs, and a tendency toward conversation. I think we should all have risen at that moment and returned to the drawing-room. It would have been healthier, wiser, more rational. We had eaten enough, surely. Or at the utmost one light dessert would have proved sufficient.

The plates were taken away again. While the table was being cleared the gentlemen told jokes in a mellow after-dinner mood. Gertie and Mrs. Wyllis began to discuss Parepa and music, and I wished I were beside them, for Mrs. Henry was not much of a talker, except upon two fruitful topics—dress and servants.

Then followed the next course. Snowy white stems of macaroni floating in cream gravy, oysters fried to the most delicious crisp and shade of brown, pressed beef in delicate slices and wine jelly. One and another declined; but Mr. Mason insisted, Mrs. Mason insisted, and the plates were passed. Everybody minced and dawdled, laughed, talked, made a pretence of eating, and presently these plates were sent away. I thought of the old injunction about "gathering up the fragments that nothing might be wasted." No well-bred servant condescends to fragments now-a-days. And all that delightful macaroni, those crisp, lovely oysters to be thrown out as waste, when hundreds of poor and sick were perishing for food, or getting barely enough to keep soul and body together. It frightened me.

Oranges sliced with a powdering of cocoanut and sugar, and canned pears, luscious, tempting. A beautiful pyramid of cream to be dished out in elegant china. Oh, how could we eat it all.

Of course we did not. We sipped a little of this and a little of that, spoiled the symmetry of the beautiful pear, played with the cream. Then the oranges and the jellies were whisked off, pretty colored napkins, fruit-knives and nut-picks brought on. Two lovely silver filagree baskets of nuts of various kinds were placed at either end of the table and dished out. Then the fruit was passed.

"Oh, you *must* try those grapes—preserved by a new process. And these figs are fresh, delightful. A cluster of raisins then—no? An apple then?—they are very small. Some of this preserved Italian fruit then?" and down something came on your plate.

I was dreadfully tired. I felt sure that Mr. Gifford was getting sleepy. Gertie looked as if she could drop down anywhere. Mrs. Wyllis seemed the brightest of all, I thought.

At length we rose and returned to the drawing-room. The cooler air felt very agreeable, but we were too much exhausted to talk brilliantly. We lounged and yawned a little, I am afraid. It was eleven, and our dinner had occupied two hours and a half.

Did we feel the better for the feasting? I am afraid not. I for one wished myself home and in bed, being convinced that I was not made for stylish living.

Mr. Keith played again, Gertie sang once, but her voice was no longer clear and fresh. Then everybody besieged Mrs. Wyllis to read.

"I really haven't any voice," she said, laughingly. "It is cruel to ask me."

"But I sang without any voice," returned Gertie.

After considerable coaxing she assented. The truth was, she had eaten altogether too much, and felt lazy and sleepy. What she might have been under other circumstances, I cannot tell, but this was no remarkable performance. She had a smooth, musical voice, but her manner was tame, and she did not appear interested in what she was doing.

Mrs. Palmer declared that they must go. It was getting late.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mason, with a pretty, imperious air. "Indeed you must not."

There was a gentle rustle in the hall. Plates again—I was beginning to hate the sight of them—napkins and cups of fragrant coffee. Then was passed around a basket of fancy cake, over which I shook my head disdainfully.

It was after twelve then, and we rose with one voice, insisting that we must go home. We went up-stairs and put on our wraps.

"It has been a delightful evening," said Mrs. Henry. "How charming Mrs. Wyllis is! Gertie, your singing was lovely!"

I suppose she thought she must say it. She looked utterly fagged out, and her eyes closed wearily.

We were glad to get in the open air.

"Oh, dear!" I said, taking Charley Keith's arm. "I feel as if I should not want another mouthful for a month."

He laughed.

"I suppose we were invited expressly to eat, and we have eaten," said Gertie, with a wailing sound in her voice. "But I can't help wishing it had been some other kind of entertainment. We spent two hours and a half stuffing ourselves, and shall feel uncomfortable for the next two hours and a half. And yet I tried to eat just as little as I could, consistently with politeness."

It was not at all intellectual," was my disappointed comment. "And in a poet's honor!"

"I liked Mrs. Wyllis a good deal. If the dinner had been an hour long, with about half as many varieties, and if we had talked on some entertaining topics, and there had been some more reading—"

Gertie ended with a fearful yawn. "Yet, as a dinner merely; it was a success," said Charley Keith. "In fact, there was little besides dinner."

"The silver, and glass, and flowers were beautiful, but we could have gone in and admired them without running the risk of indigestion. And then to think of the luxuries that must be wasted, thrown away! I could not help remembering the Austens and others, who could hardly get enough to eat."

"I thought of them too," said Gertie. "It seems a sin. And what useful, moral or intellectual purpose did it serve? Charley, I warn you beforehand that I shall never give a state dinner."

"I shall not ask you to until I am forty, and have both gout and dyspepsia."

Gertie laughed gaily, and said he should have them, then.

Is it true and elegant hospitality? Eating is very well in its way, and very necessary, but is it the great aim of our social life? Old-fashioned afternoon visiting has gone out of date, but are our evening dinners any improvement? Do they improve our intellects, clear our judgments and conduce to our interest in our neighbor? And because we cannot return in kind, we content ourselves with formal calls, thinking thereby we have done our duty by society; but is there not something better, lofter and wiser for the coming men and women?

The Vienna Exhibition.

In a letter to General Thomas B. Van Buren, United States Commissioner to the Vienna Exhibition, Mr. Jay, (American Minister at Vienna), makes the following suggestions:

"I had a long visit from the Baron Schwarz Senborn day before yesterday. He is delighted at the vigor with which you have pushed the school matter, and the prospect of a complete exposition of our system, and said that the publication of the particulars of the meeting at Washington had produced the happiest impression at Vienna, especially on the part of the government. There will be, he said, also, a complete exposition of the German school system. He is very anxious that there should be a full collection of our fruits and vegetables, and will even permit the vegetables to be raised here. He also wants some American pines, especially the Washington, to add to a group of American trees now growing here, which he proposes to transplant to the Pratel. My impression is that if we have such an exhibition in all respects as America ought to make, it will give a great impulse to emigration on the part of the better class—skilled workmen, small farmers with money, and gradually of men of culture and science. And there can be nothing more suggestive of a fertile soil and pleasant home than a generous supply of fruits and vegetables. The Baron hopes for rich assortments of ores from the different States, and as the time is so short for individual contribution, why should not each State and each city contribute something on its own account? A suggestion from you to this effect would probably secure a general acquiescence in the plan, especially if it were understood that the plan would be generally adopted. From the city of New York, for instance, what could be more appropriate than a raised plan of the Central Park, showing the bridges, statues, &c.? And the Baron said that the models of our great engineering works, and especially of our notable public buildings, would be most effective in adding interest to our department and educating the people in regard to America. He has just sent me some copies of the programmes, which I have addressed through the State Department to the governors of the States and Territories, and to the Mayors of twenty-five of our cities of the largest population as given in the last census. A model of the Capitol at Washington would be desirable.

Under group twenty we should certainly have a Western farm-house, and perhaps the log cabin first occupied by the new settler. A model of the new part of Chicago would be immensely interesting. Our machinists, especially the builders of boilers, engines, agricultural machines and others of all sorts, may expect to meet the most earnest competition from the large firms of England, France, Germany and Belgium, and on our success depends a vast deal in the future, particularly in view of the probability of a decline in the coal supply of England.