



### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

At the congregational meeting, held here last week, it was unanimously decided to ask Rev. A. E. Foote of Altamont, N. Y., to supply our Presbyterian pulpit for five months, beginning Nov. 1st. This is the only time he is available, and it is hoped and expected he will accept.

Doctor Craven, with the Presbyterian choir, went to the Almshouse at Yaphank last Sunday afternoon and conducted a praise service for the inmates, who were wonderfully delighted with it. "Inasmuch."

Gustave Beyer is building a house for his own occupancy on the Ellsworth Tutbill Road.

Sam Northridge is building a cottage for W. Schindler of New York on Youngs Point.

Miss Betty Baylis is visiting relatives at Huntington.

Mrs. Cornelia Aldrich of Liberty, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fannie R. Gildersleeve.

The Misses Edna Magaw, Matilda Smith, Clara German, Cornelia Wyckoff, Peggy Cavelle and Mrs. Robert German, of Brooklyn, have rented John Husing's bungalow for September and are having a wonderful time.

Miss Hannah Mulford of Tuthilltown had an operation for appendicitis at the Greenport Hospital last Saturday, and at last reports is convalescing nicely.

The 500 Club held a merry picnic at Fleet's Neck Monday afternoon of this week, and report a glorious time.

Charles V. Brown, who has been ticket seller at Arverne this summer, is working for the L. I. R. R. at Yaphank this week.

At the annual meeting of our Public Free Library Monday night, Charles Gildersleeve and Ida Bergen Terry were elected trustees, and a committee was appointed to canvas Laurel, Oregon and Mattituck for funds, as the Library is in need of money to buy new books, etc. We ought to give liberally for this wonderfully beneficial object.

SUMMUM BONUM

Cards, flowers and wedding cake ushered in the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Reeve on Halloween, 1918. "Last but not least" came a congratulatory letter from Portland, Oregon, and the 16 cent stamp (postage) was a puzzle till, upon reading, it was found an aeroplane had conveyed it over the thousands of miles, and the dear woman who wrote it believes that her Long Island friends will soon visit her "on the wings of the wind" more safely than they can walk the streets of N. Y. City. Mr. and Mrs. Joel Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Reeve and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Tutbill are of similar age and are residents of Mattituck for over half a century—three score and three years number this wedding anniversary. Who can say that this old town is not conducive to good health and long life?

In connection with the marriage celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Reeve, mentioned at length in these columns recently, a friend reminds us of two poems written in connection with another marriage anniversary of this worthy couple 13 years ago. These poems were printed in the Traveler at that time, and are here reprinted. The first, "Hail to the Bride," was written by the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Craven, and the second is a product from the pen of the then Miss Belle C. Lupton of Mattituck, now Mrs. Otis G. Pike of Riverhead.

#### HAIL TO THE BRIDE

Hail to the bride! hail to the groom!  
Greet them with cheer and with song glad and gay!  
Lay care aside, banish all gloom,  
Golden and bright be their glad wedding day!

Happy the hearts united in love,  
Lightened with mercies sent from above;  
Happy to walk through the years side by side,  
Thro' fifty years a groom and a bride;  
Lighter their griefs, united to bear,  
Brighter the joys together they share.

Hail to the bride! hail to the groom!  
Greet them with cheer and with song glad and gay!  
Lay care aside, banish all gloom,  
Golden and bright be their glad wedding day!

God bless the bride! God bless the groom!  
Thou, in whose favor their life was begun;  
Thy presence guide, Thy light illumine,  
Thy hand uphold till their journey is done.  
Thou who didst join them husband and wife,  
Thou who has blest their long wedded life,  
Sending them children to gladden their youth,  
Children of children their old age to soothe;  
Blessing their basket, increasing their store,  
Still be their stay, as Thou hast been of yore.

God bless the bride! God bless the groom!  
Thou, in whose favor their life was begun,  
Thy presence guide, Thy light illumine,  
Thy hand uphold till their journey is done.

#### TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE B. REEVE, ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

'Tis The Kalends of November  
Come to whisper of the winter,  
Come to hint of snow and hoar-frost  
And of blasts blown swift and keen,  
While the leaves yet flutter softly,  
Gently fall in all their glory,  
While still summer smiles—tho' wanly,  
Comes the spirit Hallowe'en.

Of the summer sun his smile is,  
Of the snow drift is his hair,  
In his eyes dance lights and shadows,  
Left by April's glancing there;  
And his step is just the rustle  
Of the fern that he has seen—  
And his garments are dull golden  
Like the newly garnered sheaves.  
The epitome of seasons  
Is the spirit Hallowe'en.

O'er the frolics of the winter  
And the autumn's merry-making  
He has long been lord and master;  
And the fun that he has seen—  
From barn-dances, bees and huskies  
To the litt'lest jack-a-lantern—  
All are brimming full of kindness,  
Kindly spirit Hallowe'en.

On the last day of October,  
Eighteen fifty-five the year,  
He was busy painting apples—  
When—some music caught his ear;  
Beamed his summer smile in pleasure,  
And he tossed his wintry hair,  
Catching up his jack-a-lantern—  
"Wedding bells, I do declare!  
I must see who trusts the guidance  
Of the spirit Hallowe'en."

Stepping lightly as his custom,  
That bright festal room he entered,  
Where the wedding guests were gathered,  
And his presence was not seen;  
But a sense of joy and gladness,  
And a sense of peace and calmness,  
And a blessing seemed to enter  
With the spirit Hallowe'en.

Miss Letitia Young—the bride was,  
And his name was Reeve—George B.,  
And they tried to hide their glances,  
But—well—every one could see!  
And our merry hearted spirit  
Laughed and chuckled in his sleeve,  
"Here's Letitia—tho' still Young—  
She's changed her name to Reeve."

And he laughed in guileless joking,  
Jolly spirit Hallowe'en.

Then his eyes grew kind and tender  
And he thought of years of promise,  
And he thought of days of sorrow,  
When life's edge is bitter keen;  
And to help them in the future,  
In their hearts a flame he kindled—  
Kindled from his own great nature,  
Gracious spirit Hallowe'en.

'Twas the flame of youth he gave them,  
Flamed it there with love's own breath,  
Willing it to outlive sorrow,  
Willing it to outlive death;  
And for fifty years he kept it,  
And he comes again tonight,  
To renew the flame he gave them  
And to keep it burning bright,  
For a flame must never flicker  
Kept by spirit Hallowe'en.

Through long years, thro' generations,  
He has watched the glowing altar,  
And now fifty years are ended—  
Still watch on—oh Hallowe'en!  
Guard that flame of youth, oh spirit,  
For the kinsfolk who so love them,  
For the friends who so respect them,  
Guard them still, oh Hallowe'en.

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Library Hall needs a benefit very badly, and Rev. Willard P. Harmon has been engaged by its management to give his famous illustrated lecture, "With Our Boys in France," next Monday night, August 12th, at 8:30 sharp. The pictures are said to be wonderful, and we all know Mr. Harmon's ability as a lecturer. The hall needs this benefit and deserved a rousing one. Turn out and help support it. Tickets now on sale at Laby's drug store, 35 and 25 cents.

The entertainment given by Camp Upton talent last week was first-class in every way, and the vast audience applauded till the hall fairly rocked. They were a fine, clean set of young men and, as they told us, were so delighted with the good time old Mattituck gave them they want to come again. The ladies of the Presbyterian church gave them a dandy supper—steamed clams, chicken pot pie, hot rolls, salads, jellies, home-made cake, pie and coffee, with a box of cigarettes a piece to top off with. Nothing too good for the soldier boys. The receipts were \$240 at the door. Druggist Laby gave the entire receipts of his soda fountain, \$34, and Harry De Petris ditto, so we believe the total amount was around \$275 for the Red Cross.

A. C. Penny, the Riverhead News correspondent, is visiting his son Alexis at Hartford, Conn.

James H. Rambo is traveling in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Mrs. John Ward and daughter Edna of Newark, N. J., are guests of Mrs. Morrison G. Wines this week.

Miss Marion Aird of Newark is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve.

The redoubtable "Johnie" Van Wagner of Brooklyn, sole owner of "Wagner's bloom of youth," is at Ingleside for his forty-second Mattituck summer.

Merwin O'Neill, our popular drug clerk, started for Pelham Bay on Monday, followed by the good wishes of everybody. A purse was made up to buy him a wrist watch, but his employer, Mr. Laby, forestalled the movement by giving him a very handsome and expensive watch, so the

## MATTITUCK

George H. Fischer is visiting relatives in Scranton, Pa., this week.

Mrs. J. M. Reeve and daughter, Doris, are visiting relatives in Westbrook, Conn.

Miss Esther Gildersleeve spent last week in Southold visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mattie Phillips.

Joseph Rafford of North Haven, Conn., is spending a week's vacation with relatives in Mattituck.

Vote for George L. Penny for County Committeeman in the 14th district.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Kenneth Fischer and children of Brooklyn are at Fischer's bungalow at the bay for a few weeks.

Mrs. Carleton Wickham and daughter of Montclair, N. J., are visiting Mrs. Wickham's father, A. C. Penny, this week.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Aug. 13. Hours 9 to 2.

The early services at the Church of the Redeemer at 8.30 were enjoyed by those present. Next Sunday the hour will be 3 P. M. Dr. Ryerson will preach on the subject, "My Rose Colored Glasses."

Our silent cop, whose fixed beat is on the post office corner, sure does have his troubles. Tuesday night he was elevated to a higher position, being hung up on a rope across the street, possibly to regulate the traffic for any passing airplanes or dirigibles that might pass in the night.

Thomas M. Bergen, one of our returned soliders, has purchased George Riley's livery and trucking business, and is prepared to do any sort of work in that line. Mr. Riley will continue the management of the Mattituck House, where he is having a big season.

Mattituck welcomed one more candidate—this one a Democrat—into the political arena last week, when Robert A. Hughes, the popular principal of Mattituck High School, announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Assemblyman for this district.

Mrs. Catherine Phillips and Mrs. Robert A. Hughes gave a jolly time to about twenty-five young ladies Saturday night. They were taken to the pond on a straw-ride, where they enjoyed a big beach fire, with roasted frankfurters and bacon, coffee and rolls, followed by a dip into the cool water, and fancy dancing on the shore.

Two fine tennis courts back of Duryee's store are nearly completed, and will soon be in use by members of the Mattituck Tennis Club, a new organization under the management of several leading business men and tennis enthusiasts. Those desiring membership in the club should apply to Curtis Bergen. We understand that the membership is to be of gentlemen only, but arrangements will be made to let ladies have the use of the courts.

Valentine Flash, a former resident of this place, who when a boy lived on the farm of George C. Cooper, made a visit here last week, renewing old acquaintances. During the latter part of his residence here he was engaged in the menhaden fishing business, making his home at the Eureka House in the winter. Since then he has been captain of an oyster dredge from Providence but is now in the employ of the Cunard Line at their piers in Jersey City, and during the war was gangway watchman, the man one had to show credentials in order to obtain admittance on board the great sea-going ships.

attended the Literary Tuesday night to enjoy the fine program arranged by Mrs. Grace Duryee. Milton Hallock sang two splendid baritone solos, the Misses May Reeve and Benjamin played a piano duet, Mrs. Harry DePetris sang two soprano solos, Miss Marguerite Reeve, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Reeve, played a violin solo, Mrs. Housner of Riverhead sang two soprano solos. An amusing charade, "Childhood," was given in two syllables, acted by the Misses Madelyn Hettiger and Dorothy Brown, and Lloyd Hamilton and Sidney Olmstead, and the whole word given in pantomime by a number of children. The Misses Loraine Hasslinger, Ruth, Marion and Lois Gildersleeve, Angie Duryee, Viola Hallock, Belle Duryee, Elizabeth Duryee and Amelia Bond took part in a song dialogue and dance. A one-act farce, "Bills," a play having to do with the troubles of a couple badly in debt and a stuttering lawyer, concluded the program. Frank McMillen took the stuttering part very capably and Donald Gildersleeve and Evelyn Kirkup took the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davis. A four-piece orchestra furnished the dance music, and Laddie, the dog, who stayed till the lights went out, said it was one of the best times he ever had, except that the fleas did bite terribly.

Much interest is manifested in the Mattituck Yacht Club this year, as is usually the case with this lively organization. Officers were recently elected as follows: Commodore, LeRoy S. Reeve; vice commodore, J. Wickham Reeve; secretary, Harold R. Reeve; treasurer, Fred Satterly; fleet captain, W. V. Duryee; surgeon, Dr. E. K. Morton; steward, H. W. Klein. These are the directors chosen: LeRoy S. Reeve, J. Wickham Reeve, Fred Satterly, P. H. Duryee, Harold R. Reeve, Dr. Morton, H. W. Klein, Walter L. Robinson, Louis Gildersleeve, Donald Gildersleeve, John Duryee. Aug. 28 is the date appointed for the season's big event—the annual regatta and dance. Arrangements are being made for tub races, swimming, canoe, motor, sail and row-boat contests at the regatta, together with fancy swimming and other attractions. King's Orchestra of five pieces will supply the music for the dance, the admission rate to be one dollar per couple.

## Too Bad He Couldn't March

United States Senator Howard Sutherland, of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting office in the Senator's State for the purpose of enlisting in the regular army. The examining physician found the young man as sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to one hundred and fifteen miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

## MATTITUCK

LeRoy Reeve, George G. Tuthill, Merwin O'Neil and Cornelius Nine were home over Sunday from Pelham Bay.

The Rev. Mr. Davis preached in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday as a candidate for the pulpit. Terry W. Tuthill sang a solo at the offertory.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Nov. 27. Hours 9 to 2.

The Mattituck Literary Society will hold a peace celebration, with appropriate music, etc., on Thanksgiving night.

John Knotoff, who has purchased a farm, and will move away, announces an auction to be conducted by Auctioneer Jesse W. Tuthill on Nov. 26.

Mattituck's generosity was abundantly shown in the great War Fund drive. Its quota was \$3,900, and Chairman Charles Gildersleeve tells us that they expect to turn in \$5,000.

A recent issue of the Brooklyn Eagle contained the pictures of Joseph, Minot and Charles Rafford, sons of Mrs. Thomas Rafford, a widow, of this place, all of whom are in the service. Their grandfather, the late Joseph Rafford, was a veteran of the Civil War.

Mrs. Joshua W. Terry of Mattituck, who is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Williamson of Riverhead, reached her 90th birthday on Nov. 18. The day was passed quietly, but was enlivened by the many congratulatory cards and letters received from friends in this village and in other places.

The sale of course tickets for the Mattituck Lecture Association was not as large as usual last Saturday but it is thought that a number of tickets will be purchased later. The first number of the course will be a lecture this week Friday evening, when Arthur W. Evans, the Welsh orator, will speak on "What America Means to Me."

George W. Benjamin died suddenly at the home of his nephew, Postmaster Wickham R. Gildersleeve, some time during Sunday night. Mr. Gildersleeve found him dead in bed Monday morning. Apparently he had suffered no pain; the cause of death was said to be heart disease. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Gildersleeve; the interment was at Laurel. He was about 70 years old.

On Thanksgiving Day services will be held in the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Craven has an address that is suitable to the present time as well as to Thanksgiving, and it will, no doubt, be worthy of a large audience. Our people at this time have special reason to assemble at their house of worship and give thanks. W. V. Duryee has promised a good program of special music for the occasion.

## OUR BOYS "OVER THERE"

Our boys are fighting "over there"  
From East to the torrid South—  
Yours, with the glint in his eye,  
And mine, with the laughing mouth.

I see their sunny faces smile,  
'Midst the awful din of war;  
I know that their faith is strong,  
And hearts e'er brave to the core.  
I hear their cheery voices call  
To their wounded comrades near,  
Whilst they salute the flag they love  
Our chaste Stars and Stripes so dear.  
For they'll fight with grim resolve—  
Their cause, both just and grand,  
To free a suffering race  
On a far, far distant land.

Then let's toil for those we love,  
Our dear boys so far from home.  
May God speed their safe return—  
Our heroes brave—Uncle Sam's own.

Then onward, onward,  
Dear boys in thy might,  
God will defend thee,  
Thy cause it is right.

NELLIE EUGENIA LORIGAN,  
Mattituck, N. Y.

## Mattituck

HENRY F. TUTHILL IS THE TRAVELER'S  
BUSINESS AGENT AT MATTITUCK

Don't forget that the sale of tickets for our Lecture Course will be held in Library Hall, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 1 o'clock, and that the course is to be the finest thing of its kind on Long Island, opening Nov. 22d with Arthur H. Evans, the celebrated Welsh orator, on "What America Means to Me." Tickets only \$1.75 for the eight entertainments. It cannot be equalled for the money.

Lyndon G. Downs, who entered Camp Upton as a Private, has been advanced to Corporal, and is now Sergeant and seeing a lot of hard fighting on the fields of Sunny France.

Farrington "Muff" Wickham and Wallace Downs, two perfect specimens of husky hustling young American manhood, enlisted in "the tanks" and left here on Monday morning for Raleigh, N. J., to join their company. It's said to be the hardest part of field service, and their superb physiques secured them the coveted position.

Election Day passed off very serenely. The only "kick" in Dist. No. 14, over Gildersleeve Bros.' store was that all the men wanted to vote in Jesse Warren Tuthill's Dist. No. 13, over the engine house, where four pretty poll and ballot clerks, Mary Wines, Mary Mapee, Isabelle Conkling and Gertrude Reeve, were in charge. No vile smoking, hats doffed politely, flowers on the voting table, and an air of charm pervading the entire room. We never expected to live to see the day when women had full suffrage, but have always believed in it and rejoice in its accomplishment.

Rev. A. E. Foote of Altamont, N. Y., has been engaged by the Session of the Presbyterian church to supply it for the months of December, January and February, and with his wife and youngest daughter will spend these months at Mrs. Tuthill's. He is not a candidate and will not interfere at any time with arrangements to be made to hear other preachers. He comes of a wonderful family of gifted ministers and musicians, and Mattituck is lucky to have his ministrations even for this short time.

Mrs. Lizbeth Hamilton and Mr. John Bergen, the popular cashier of the Sayville Bank, were last week-end guests of Mrs. Nat. S. Tuthill.

Private James M. Craven, U. S. A., is doing clerical work for Local Board Division Three at Riverhead.

Our highly esteemed fruit and vegetable merchant, Harry De Petris, remained over on Monday that his mother

BY SALVATION ARMY  
800 WOMEN NEEDED

It's All for the Boys at  
the Front

CHAS. GILDERSLEEVE, Mattituck  
LINNÆUS ALLEN, Cutchogue  
FRED K. TERRY, Southold  
FRED B. COREY, Greenvort  
HARRY TERRY, Orient

LOCAL CHAIRMEN

March 22 1918

Miss Isabelle Conklin spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hallock have returned home after having had a pleasant vacation in Florida.

Miss Lillian Tuthill Loper of Shelter Island visited relatives and friends here this week.

The West Mattituck Larkenites held another jolly session last Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson.

George Gerard Tuthill and Harold Hudson, who had enlisted in the Naval Reserves, were called to duty and left here Monday morning.

The big time of the season will be the annual banquet and dance, and entertainment of Mattituck Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., this week Friday evening. A large crowd is expected.

Miss Ruth Jackson, daughter of Fred Jackson of Tarrytown, N. Y., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Otis Jackson, in West Mattituck.

Dayton Bros. are being kept busy with their motor trucks carting seed corn for the Seed Corn Association. The corn is shelled and bagged at Kirkup Bros.' place, agents for the association.

The deed for the sale of the handsome property here owned by Mrs. Annie E. Lupton Prince to James Norris of Evanston, Ill., has been recorded at Riverhead. The war tax stamps on the deed indicate that Mr. Norris paid \$45,000 for the property.

There was considerable excitement here Monday when it was learned that the motor from Miss Dolly Bell's famous "Red Ant" roadster had been stolen. Later it was located on a wheel barrow covered up with old bags and leaves in the woods near the railroad tracks just west of the west crossing. It is believed the act was perpetrated by mischievous boys who didn't realize the seriousness of what they were doing.

Two of our popular young men, George Gerard Tuthill, alias "George Ike," and Harold Hudson, alias "Bummie," enlisted in the navy last week and left here Monday morning for Pelham Bay Naval Reserve Training School. Their young chums presented them with fine wrist watches last Saturday.

William M. Hudson and Henry R. Gildersleeve are in Syracuse, N. Y., this week, attending the big registered cattle sale at that place.

Our Ladies' Missionary Society met all their apportionments for last year in full. Their report also shows they raised \$171.56 in cash, besides sending big boxes and barrels of fine, useful clothing to France and Mrs. Jones' School at McConnellsville, valued very conservatively at \$167, a total of \$338.56. The officers this year are: President, Mrs. Charles E. Craven; Treasurer, Mrs. B. S. Conkling, and Secretary, Mrs. William H. Tuthill.

The local Red Cross is shipping new and used garments for women, men and children to France and Belgium. Clothing in first-class condition may be left at the Red Cross rooms, Friday, March 22, from 1 to 5, and on Saturday, March 23, from 9 till 11. Please remember this very worthy cause.

Our school is doing a fine business in Thrift Stamps. Last week sales of \$199.25 were reached, Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve's room leading with \$123.78 to its credit.

Camp Shelby, Miss. Feb. 26, 1918

Dear Friends of the Mattituck Church:

It is with great joy that I write you from the Southland—Camp Shelby—in the State of Mississippi. With joy because I feel, as your pastor and representative, I am being enabled to "do my bit," and serve the Master in a large and substantial way, by serving the soldier boys of our nation in this day of the nation's crisis.

I wish I might express to you and make you fully understand what a privilege and opportunity is being presented to me in these three months of absence, granted by the Session, to make my life count in a very large measure for God and country, and, as your representative, he'll win the war for righteousness, freedom and democracy.

My heart is full—too full to put on paper what I feel—the joy, the privilege, the opportunity.

When I reported at Atlanta, as ordered, the War Council assigned me as Religious Work Director to Camp Shelby, near the Gulf of Mexico, in the State of Mississippi, and here I am—about as busy and as happy as it is possible for a man to be. And every moment filled with service and joy.

The camp is about the best located of any of the many in the country, and said to be very healthful. I am quickly getting down to work, and enjoying every moment. I cannot, on account of space and time, go into detail at all, so must content myself by emphasizing a few things.

We have 20,000 National Guardsmen from Kentucky, Indiana and West Virginia. The building in which I have charge of the religious work, is one of six in the camp. Is about five times as large as the Mattituck church, and a busy spot it is, with something doing nearly all the time. "Stunts," movies, lectures, concerts, boxing matches, religious services, etc., all presenting, as it were, a "panorama" of service for the building up of a strong morale among the soldiers. I almost wept with joy the first time I faced the audience of several hundred men, and thought of the blessed privilege offered me, as I looked into their faces. What an inspiration; what an opportunity! Serious I was, but, oh, so glad that I had come. I wish you could hear these men sing; it would lift you off your feet. And then all the eager faces, ready for the preacher's message. And such attention as the message is delivered—no better attention ever given. And at every service decisions made for God and Christian lives. If a man cannot preach under these conditions there is something wrong with him and his message.

How I wish you could all sit in the building on some average evening. Think, if you can, of a platform on which there is taking place, perhaps, a boxing match or a wrestling match, or a concert, or a lecture, then, possibly a religious song-service, and a sermon. This is the atmosphere in which I am so thankfully laboring. Besides this we have Sunday school, night Bible classes, etc., and I also take my turn with the other five men, representatives of other phases of the work, in serving at the desk, selling stamps, answering questions, helping the boys over difficulties, etc., perhaps writing to some boy's mother, or a loved one at home.

This afternoon I did the best sort of "pastoral" work, in visiting four infirmaries, regimental adjuncts of the base hospital, trying to meet the needs of the sick men. And I never felt more satisfied with an afternoon's work than when I returned from this round of my "parish"; and tears filled my eyes as I sat in my room and thought of how God was permitting me

to serve Him and my country. And I said "thank God that I am here; it's worth all the sacrifice made, and the far distance from home and loved ones."

So far, I am keeping in the best of health, eating three square meals each day, and sleeping finely. I mess with a set of officers from West Virginia—royal good fellows. The army food is good, and there is plenty. I fare better than when at home, so don't worry about our boys not getting enough to eat. Our government is a good provider.

But I must stop. There is much I could write about, but time will not permit. God bless you all and keep us all in His love.

My hearty thanks again to the many who gave my good wife and myself such a royal "send off" at the train, and to those who have, by a splendid gift, made it possible for me to enjoy some luxuries. A part of the gift has made possible a splendid wrist watch, a very serviceable memento of your loving kindness. Again I thank you.

A. LINCOLN SHEAR

March 15 1918

Russell Lupton and Gilson W. Penny, two fine young men well known here, are spending a few months at Asheville, N. C., for their health.

Dr. Craven preached a wonderful sermon last Sunday morning upon "The Walls of Jericho." We hope to induce the good Doctor to preach soon upon that subject agitating the world so much at present, i. e., "The Second Coming of Christ." If he does, it will be well worth hearing.

A piece of legislation we most heartily commend is that enacted by the Senate March 11th, to sell our enemies' property, and if any compensation is paid, foe must first pay for U. S. ships they have sunk. Thank God for such a very sensible act. It's about time. Traitors in our midst have the tables turned. We have no sympathy for a class coming here to escape their native land's tyrannical laws, getting rich here and then doing and saying everything they can to injure the people whose laws have protected them. They ought to be dealt with severely, and this righteous law is the first step in the right direction.

Tuesday was Surprise Party Day in Mattituck. Mrs. Fred Satterly gave her husband a very genuine surprise party, which was heartily enjoyed by her guests. Mrs. Louis Gildersleeve had a very jolly birthday surprise party, too, by the young matrons and maidens of Mattituck, and the always popular Mrs. Ray S. Fanning, who expects to move to Laurel April 1st, was genuinely surprised by a large company of ladies who "took off their things" and stayed to dinner, which they furnished in royal style.

SUMMUM BONUM

SET CLOCKS AHEAD

Daylight-Saving Law in Effect 2 A. M. March 31 1918

If you expect to catch a train at any time after 2 A. M. on Mar. 31, or if you expect to get to the Easter services on time, be sure to push your clock ahead one hour before you retire Saturday night, Mar. 30, for the proposed daylight-saving law goes into effect at 2 A. M. on Mar. 31.

If you fail to push the clock ahead you may be quite behind the procession of world affairs. Actually you will be rising an hour earlier than now, but the clock being an hour faster you will never notice the difference, for the chances are, too, that you will go to bed an hour earlier at night. Where you will notice the difference will be in the evening, for if you have your supper at say 6 o'clock you will have about three hours of daylight after supper instead of the customary two hours—in fact for a time it will seem a little queer to find that it is still daylight at 9 o'clock at night. You may reach the conclusion, in fact, that this old world is surely topsy-turvy.

But by getting up with the sun and going to bed shortly after it gets real dark it is figured that the country will save a lot of artificial light, and that will mean the saving of a lot of fuel that produces the light.

When it comes to the last Saturday in October simply turn the hands of the clock back an hour before you retire and the country will be back on the same schedule it now is.

W. S. S.

THE CAMOUFLAGED CLOCK.

You seem very innocent when, from your shelf.

You tell me 'tis time to retire. You're not in the slightest ashamed of yourself.

Though, really, you know, you're a liar.

It lacks sixty minutes of all that you say—

With your fraudulent hands o'er your face—

But as we need light to prepare for The Day

I will pardon your fib with good grace.

'Tis true you cast off, now, the time of the night,

And you probably piffer some fun.

But you wake us, you bet, by the "dawn's early light"

For a new strangle-hold on the Hun.

So, camouflaged clock, here's more speed to your works.

The Judgment Day comes for the Kaiser—

For the Austrians, Bulgars, and likewise the Turks.

Are sensibly sadder—and wiser!

O. C. A. CHILD.

"PUTTING ONE OVER"

ON HER HUSBAND

The most novel case that has come before the Gallatin County (Montana) Exemption board is that of a married man of draft age, who couldn't read and who asked his wife to write a note to the board stating that his family was dependent upon him. Here is the note that the wife wrote and the husband presented to the board:

"Dear United States Army—My husband ast me to write you a recommendation that he supports his family. He cannot read so don't tell him. Jus take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothin' but drink lemmer essence and play a fiddle since I married him eight years ago and I gotta feed seven kids of hisn. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. Hes good on squirrels and eatin'. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this but take him."



If you happen to visit the pretty village of Mattituck, Long Island, this summer, you will probably see on every fair day a tall, fine-looking man with gray hair and beard, pedaling a bicycle on his way to the Post Office. You would probably be surprised to learn that the rider who sits so straight and firm is 90 years old. He is Silas M. Hallock, and the good people of Mattituck, where he has lived for years, declare he is the youngest old man they ever knew. Mr. Hallock has followed various vocations—school teaching, farming and carpentry. Fond of reading and cards he keeps well posted on all current topics, and is always ready for a game of whist or pedro. He reads fine print without glasses. He learned to ride a wheel ten years ago, and has been a devotee of the sport ever since. He led the Mattituck Fife and Drum Corps for many years. Fifty years ago his wife died and his devoted daughter, Miss Lida, keeps house for him in a pretty cottage on Mattituck's main thoroughfare. He has another daughter, Mrs. P. Harry Dwyer, and three sons, Charles L. of Mattituck; Arthur C. and Dr. Luther R. Hallock, of New York.

## Freemen, Arouse!

Freemen, arouse ye!—prepare for the fight!  
 Fair Liberty calls: arouse, all in your might!  
 Treason, unblushing, stalks bold through the land;  
 Bare ye each battle blade; bare ye each brand;  
 Come from the city forth; come from the plain;  
 Come from the forest, the river, the main;  
 Come from the mountain's top, come from the dell;  
 Strike for your country, strike bravely and well!

Four fathers, entombed, from their graves raise the cry.  
 While their patriot spirits applaud from on high—  
 Haste! gird on your armor; do battle to save  
 The Country—the Flag, which our sufferings gave,  
 And answering back, from each heartstone and home,  
 A voice is uplifted—our loved ones, they come,  
 Bedewed with our tears, bearing blessings and prayer;  
 They come, in the struggle for freedom to share!

God's benison on ye, ye noble, ye brave;  
 His invincible arm is extended to save.  
 Go forth in your might on the land and on sea—  
 They strive not for naught who strive to be free.  
 Go from the city, then; go from the plain;  
 Go from the palace, the cottage, the fane;  
 Go from the mountain's top, go from the dell,  
 And, for your country, strike bravely and well.

New York, April 23, 1861.

G. H. M.

### A SHEPHERD LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Thy Father watches the sheep,  
 Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
 And down falls a little dream on thee.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 The huge stars are the sheep,  
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess.  
 The fair moon is the shepherdess.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Our Savior loves his sheep;  
 He is the lamb of God on high,  
 Who for our sakes came down to die.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 I'll buy for thee a sheep  
 With a golden bell so fine to see,  
 And it shall frisk and play with thee.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 And cry not like a sheep;  
 Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,  
 And bite this naughty child of mine.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!  
 Away and tend the sheep;  
 Away then, black dog, fierce and wild,  
 And do not wake my little child.  
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

—From the German.

## Daylight Saving

Almanacs, tide-tables and astronomical tables already printed for the year 1918 will become obsolete when the daylight saving law goes into effect, March 31, at 2 o'clock in the morning, for at that time 2 o'clock will suddenly become 3 o'clock, and the tide will be an hour late in arriving at the flood. By setting the clock ahead, we will be able to open offices, churches and factories an hour earlier. But the moon, the tide and the sun will persist in following their original schedules.

The trains will run on their present time-table schedule, but they will really run one hour earlier by the sun.

Two hundred and ten hours of daylight will be saved by the plan, one hour each day between March 30 and October 27.

### Thoughts by the Wayside

Editor News:—It was 70 years ago this month, yes, I think 'twas in September of 1847, that the incident narrated below occurred. The date is readily recalled, for I remember that as a boy I was very much interested in reading of the battles being fought by Generals Scott and Taylor in Mexico, with whom we were then at war.

The Sag Harbor Corvator was out weekly paper, and though but ten years old I could hardly wait for the paper's appearance, so anxious was I for an account of some great victory—some Vera Cruz or Monterey.

It was in that year and that month that I had my first and only stage ride in company with our great statesman, the noted Daniel Webster, who at that time was at his zenith.

Mr. Webster was in the habit of going over each fall to Quogue and West Hampton to engage in snipe shooting, and he sent many a bag of the yellow legs from those points to his friends. As there was no railroad in those days on Long Island except the Main Line he came out on that to Riverhead, where he stopped with the late John Corwin at the Suffolk Hotel, the trip to Quogue being made from the county seat by stage. At Quogue he stopped at the Hallock House, a large summer boarding house.

I was about 10 years old, and knew Mr. Webster well by sight and reputation. As a lad I would hang about the hotel until the stage, driven by Silas Vail or John Martin, would start on its journey. Usually the stage was well filled with passengers, but occasionally the load was light, and then the driver would ask me to jump aboard. I liked the ride and would crawl in beside the driver, who wanted me for company on his way back, as it was rather lonesome through the woods.

At the time of which I am writing Mr. Webster had a couple of friends out shooting with him, and among the stage passengers was an old colored man named Paul (always called Paulus) who was returning from Riverhead, where he had been sent on an errand by his employer, Orlando Hallock of the Hallock House at Quogue. Paulus was a character, known to everybody.

As we were slowly driving along we met an old man and an aged woman in a rickety wagon, and as we drew nigh them Paulus exclaimed:

"If there ain't Uncle Bill and his old squaw." Then, turning to Mr. Webster, he continued, "Them's Shinnecock Indians."

After looking at them Mr. Webster inquired of Paulus:

"Are those Indians civilized?"

I can see Paulus now as he turned in his seat to face Mr. Webster and solemnly observed:

"Why, Mr. Webster, them Injuns knows just as much as me and you does."

Well, the stage shook with roars of laughter. Webster's friends slapped him on the back and shoulders and it seemed as if they would never let up on him. Mr. Webster sat there seemingly enjoyed it as much as did his friends, and finally remarked that he hoped all of his friends in passing judgment on him would be as honest

and conscientious in expressing their opinions as his old friend Paulus had been, and this appeared to tickle the darkey wonderfully.

At the time I did not fully appreciate the joke, but since I have often smiled in recalling the incident.

Ira W. Moore.

### SONG OF THE KNITTER.

Casting the same old stitches,  
 Off in the same old way,  
 Shaping the ugly garments,  
 Out of the Khaki and Gray.  
 Sometimes getting discouraged,  
 Sometimes decidedly cross,  
 Hating the task of unraveling  
 In search of the stitches I've lost.  
 Weaving a prayer with the sweater,  
 For your honor and safety too,  
 Wishing 'twere knit a lot better,  
 But proud that the wearer 's—you!  
 —EVANGELINE THATCHER.

### ALL LONG ISLANDERS SAVED

As soon as the ill-fated Tuscania, bearing American soldiers, was sunk Representative Hicks of this district made a most successful effort to ascertain the names of all Long Islanders on the vessel. Writing to the News this week he says that he has the pleasure to report that all of the Long Islanders were reported to him as being saved.

Among the Long Islanders were the following from Suffolk County: Edward C. Barker, Raymond L. Davis, Roscoe R. Loper, Luther D. Smith, Port Jefferson; DeWitt J. Cohen and Joseph F. Mayer, Patchogue; Alfred M. Davis, Millers Place; Lawrence R. Negrette, Lindenhurst; Howard R. Winterbottom, Smithtown Branch; and Arthur L. Stansbrugh, Huntington. Feb 1916

### Salt Lake City Uplifting Boston.

Owing to the war a distinguished Boston man, deprived of his Summer trip to Europe, went to the Panama-Pacific in its stead. Stopping off at Salt Lake City, he strolled about the city and made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl.  
 "I'm from Boston," he said to her. "I suppose you do not know where Boston is?"  
 "Oh, yes, I do," answered the little girl eagerly. "Our Sunday school has a missionary there." —Western Christian Advocate.

**Our Flag**

Your flag and my flag  
 And how it floats to-day  
 O'er your land and my land  
 And half the world away

Blood-red and rose red,  
 Its stripes forever gleam;  
 Snow-white and soul-white,  
 The good forefathers dream.

Sky blue and true blue,  
 With stars that beam aright;  
 A gloried guide of the day,  
 A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag—  
 O, how much it holds!  
 Your heart and my heart  
 Secure within its folds.

Your heart and my heart  
 Beat quicker at the sight;  
 Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,  
 The red and blue and white.

The one flag! the great flag!  
 The flag for me and you!  
 Glorified, all else betide,  
 The red and white and blue.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!  
 Uncover the youngster's head!  
 Teach him to hold it holy and high,  
 For the sake of its sacred dead.



The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without amor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free people, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

**IF GOD INTENDS.**

If God intends that man should reel  
 Into the beast again—success  
 Must greet the Teuton fire and steel!  
 If God intends that man's distress  
 Should go unanswered, all his tears  
 And blood go unrequited, then  
 A madman's lust shall scourge the years  
 To come for all the sons of men.

If God intends that night should reign  
 Where once we had the light of day—  
 Then Teuton fury, turned insane,  
 Must win and grinning Death hold  
 sway.  
 Then what we once held dear must go  
 The way of things outworn, and all  
 We left behind as vile must know  
 A renaissance that will appall.

But if the good in man still gropes  
 For something better than before,  
 And if our dreams, desires, and hopes  
 In spite of death still upward soar  
 Because God wills that we be strong  
 Before the braggart hosts of Sin,  
 Then—darkness shall not try us long,  
 The Beast must lose and Right must  
 win.  
 ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

**ALL IN THE BOND.**

Wings for the airplanes, steam for the  
 ships,  
 Powder and lead for the guns,  
 Wool for the soldiers exposed to the  
 cold,  
 Steel for the throats of the Huns,  
 Harness and fodder for horses and  
 mules  
 At the battlefield over the pond,  
 "Gas" for the motor trucks carrying  
 food—  
 All in a Liberty bond.

Shells for the batteries, wires well-  
 barbed,  
 Webs for the Teutons to spin,  
 Tickets for every Yankee in France  
 Over the Rhine to Berlin,  
 Victory sure for the banner we love,  
 Gallantly waving beyond  
 Billows of ocean in billows of smoke—  
 All in a Liberty bond.  
 MINNA IRVING.

**UNITED THEY STAND—FOR ONCE**

We've fought each other, tooth and  
 nail,  
 For many a generation;  
 We've argued loud, and long, and late—  
 A much divided nation.

But now, thanks be, we've come to  
 terms;  
 Each Irishman's a brother,  
 Whether he names himself Sinn Fein  
 Or answers to some other.

We won't be drafted! There, that's  
 flat!  
 On this there's no disputing;  
 And rather than be killed in war  
 We'll die in revolting!  
 FLORENCE VAN CLEVE.

**THE FRENCH LEADER  
 MOST FEARED BY HUNS**



French Official Photograph.  
**GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH.**

This is one of the best photographs of the famous General recently made Marshal of France. Study the picture and you'll see why the Huns fear this splendid tactician and military master. You cannot hesitate to contribute your money to Liberty Bond purchases that will make his fight a glorious success.

**FOCH.**

Grave-eyed he looks at us from printed  
 page.  
 His face lean, worn and lined, intent,  
 grim, sage,  
 Most soldierly yet with the thinker's  
 brow—  
 Soldier of France and our great leader  
 now!

Not with the Prussian War-Lord's bris-  
 tling mien,  
 No air of pomp or of prestige; serene  
 Unchanging confidence is his whose  
 might  
 Springs from the sacred sense of being  
 right!

No flow of windy words, no pagantry  
 Of arrogance and pride; the dignity  
 Of one whose plans spell victory, yet  
 know  
 A code of honor to a perjured foe!

The son of a Republic, born to be  
 its saving, selfless "man of Destiny";  
 Strong in retreat, yet stronger in ad-  
 vance,  
 The brain, the hope, the driving Will of  
 France!

Grave-eyed and sad he looks, as one  
 whose part  
 To wear the scars of battle o'er his  
 heart.  
 The wounds of France are his—her grief  
 sublime  
 And her untarnished glory for All Time!  
 ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN.

**THE MARSEILLAISE**

By ROUGET DE L'ISLE

**YE** sons of Freedom, wake to glory!  
 Hark! hark! What myriads bid you rise—  
 Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,  
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
 Affright and desolate the land,  
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
 To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
 The avenging sword unsheath:  
 March on! March on! All hearts resolved  
 On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise;  
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze;  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
 Spreads desolation far and wide,  
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
 To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
 The avenging sword unsheath:  
 March on! March on! All hearts resolved  
 On victory or death.

**6**  
**March Mattituck 1918**  
 Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S  
 business agent at Mattituck

The banquet of Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., last Friday night, was as usual the crowning social event of the year. About 400 were present, many handsome new gowns being in evidence. King's Orchestra furnished excellent dance music, the grand march being led by Jesse Warren Tutbill and Mrs. William H. Wickham in fine style. The program consisted of three sparkling, bright selections by the West Mattituck Orchestra. A clear statement of our duty regarding the War Savings Stamps was given by Otis G. Pike of Riverhead which we think will help their sale here very much. Miss Imogene Beebe sang two contralto songs in exquisite voice. Mrs. Belle Lupton Pike recited with wonderful power and feeling a fine Red Cross poem and an exquisite Darkey encore. Her Red Cross story we wish she had time to recite in every village on Long Island. It was magnificently given by this talented daughter of Mattituck. Mrs. Byron Grathwohl also contributed two delightful solos in her silvery, flexible soprano. "Our own" Terry W. Tutbill sang two splendid baritone solos with great expression and in lovely voice. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Adams of Greenport, who are prime favorites in Mattituck, gave sketches in costume from "Jack o' Lantern" and "Sinbad," the latest New York hits. They were applauded to the echo. That sterling accompanist, Miss Evie Wells, and Raymond Chute were at the piano. The ladies of the Presbyterian church dined over 200 and had to turn a good many away for lack of room. The night for the first time we think in the history of these banquets was clear and delightful, and everybody seemed to have a happy, enjoyable night of it.

Mrs. George H. Fischer, whose beautiful voice is heard only too seldom, sang "The Palms" last Sunday morning, with an obligato by the choir. Next Sunday morning Conductor Mac Craven will give us a splendid Easter anthem.

Mrs. Mattie Phillips of Southold is spending this week with her niece, Mrs. James A. Gildersleeve.

This week the third quarterly tests are being held. Next week is the Easter vacation. Our teachers are planning to spend their holidays in the following places: Principal Hughes, East Hampton; Miss Armstrong, Wallingford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., visiting college friends; Miss Wight, Brooklyn and Andes; Miss Butterfield, Kingston-on-the-Hudson; Miss Horton, Manorville; Miss Cornell and Mrs. Gildersleeve, Newburgh; Miss Geehrens, Richmond Hill; Mrs. Kirkup and Miss Schaumburg, at home.

The third thrift stamp drive is on. The first two have resulted in the purchase of over \$350 worth of stamps. The school has set as its goal an excess of \$1,000.

The Athletic Association will present the play, "Dodging an Heiress," by Bell Elliott Palmer. The caste is hard at work preparing to present this comedy during the third week in April in Library Hall. Dancing will follow the play. As the entire proceeds are to be given to the Red Cross, we hope to have a large advance sale of tickets. More definite announcement will be made next week.

**April Mattituck 1918**  
 Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S  
 business agent at Mattituck

Rev. George R. Garretson, that fine, cultured preacher, gave us a magnificent sermon upon "The Resurrection" last Sunday morning. The organ solos by Miss Gildersleeve, the anthem and hymns conducted by James M. Craven, were wonderfully inspiring, and by request will be repeated next Sunday morning, when Dr. Craven will preach surely worthy of a crowded church.

Miss Blanche Parsons of East Hampton was last week's-end visitor at Mrs. R. A. Hugh's.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Craven are spending this week at Downingtown and Philadelphia, Penn. On their return they expect to move to the Geo. B. Reeve homestead, "back of the pond," which is being plumbed and refitted for them.

Robert M. Lupton and his attractive family, who have boarded at Mrs. Geo. H. Fischer's this winter, will move to "Sunrise Manor Hill" next week to keep house there till their new house on the middle road is finished.

Mrs. Betty Baylis is spending Easter week with friends at Huntington and Brooklyn.

Herbert Young, one of the best clerks Gildersleeve Bros.' ever had, has enlisted in the navy and left here Monday for Pelham Bay.

Are you reading the many excerpts from continental journals of the vision soldiers in the trenches are having, of the crucified Christ appearing to them? Some of them are wonderful, and while by no means a Doubting Thomas, we cannot understand the mystery of it all. Dr. Craven, whose clear, logical and keen intellect enables him to look at such matters intelligently, has kindly consented to preach upon "The Second Coming of Christ," a subject full of world-wide interest more than ever before, and the date will be Sunday evening, April 14th, at 7:30, in the Presbyterian church. We hope all will keep the date in mind and, if possible, make an effort to be present. It will be worth while.

SUMMUM BONUM

**WEARING MIXED UNIFORM**

Some of the Long Island boys who were on the torpedoed Tuscania are now looking at the tragedy as a joke treating their thrilling experience lightly as becomes brave boys. Edward Barker, writing to Port Jefferson friends, looks upon the ludicrous side of his experience in this way:

"At present we are like a one-night stand circus. Since we have landed here we have been in five different towns and are still going, as the saying goes: 'We are on our way, but we don't know where.' You should see my uniform. I am wearing a civilian cap, U. S. soldier's overcoat and blouse, a British sailor's pants and Irish leggins and shoes. I am some sight, but nevertheless, with all this toggery I am feeling fine; haven't even had a headache. When the ship went down I lost everything except what was actually on my person. This includes my razor and shaving outfit which must immediately be replaced. I was wearing the sweater that Maude made me and it certainly did come in handy."

W. S. S.

Uncle Sam is not too busy to forget his coming manhood. He wants a more prosperous and independent people—hence War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps. Buy them to show your appreciation.

**FRENCH FLINGS AT ENEMY**

A. D. W. sends us a clipping from Le Mercure de France, which we think might interest American readers. Translated, it goes thus:

The scene takes place at a meeting of the council of revision at Berlin. A recruit enters. The president of the commission says:

"What the deuce do you pretend is the matter with you? Asthma? Why, Hindenburg has asthma. Fit for service! March!"

A second recruit enters. The president says:

"Why do you hold your arm so? Lift it up, species of pig! Paralyzed? Impossible to lift it? And you think you are incapable of service? Why, our emperor has a paralyzed arm. Fit for service! March!"

A third recruit enters. The president is about to question him, but the corporal makes a significant gesture. The president says:

"What's the matter here, corporal? The man's an idiot? Incapable of sewing? Ridiculous! Why, Got in Hindenburg, our crown prince is in the same condition! Fit for service! March!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

[From New York Mirror, Sept. 6, 1823.]  
**SETAUKET.**

BY MRS. C. M. THAYER.  
 Setauket; o'er thy valleys green,  
 When summer spreads her leafy vest,  
 I came amid the tranquil scene  
 To find a temporary rest.

And here, while care has slept awhile,  
 Among thy sylvan bowers I've roved,  
 And revelled in the joyous smile  
 Of kindred dear, and friends beloved.

I have seen the glorious orb of day  
 Rise from the east in liquid fire,  
 And marked his mild receding ray  
 Reflected on the village spire.

I have watched at eve the vesper star  
 As twilight lingered in the west,  
 While clouds of amber, streaming far,  
 Seemed the bright heralds of the east.

And every star that lit the sky,  
 As slow advanced the shades of even,  
 Was like a beacon set on high  
 To lure my wandering heart to heaven.

And then, to mark the waning moon  
 Rise from the broad, capacious bay,  
 And, climbing to her highest noon  
 Upon its silver waters play.

And o'er those waters dark and blue,  
 With snowy sail, or dashing oar,  
 The bounding barque, or light canoe  
 Glide with the breeze from shore to shore.

Oh, 'tis a scene to feeling dear,  
 Where memory long shall love to dwell,  
 And friendship's warm, unbidden tear  
 Shall consecrate the sad farewell.

**ALL IDLING HERE  
 MUST END JUNE 1**

**Governor Gives Loafers Till  
 Then to Get Jobs.**  
 1918

**Purchase of Coal**

**TO THE SOUTHOLD TRAVELER:**

I wish to call the attention of the public to some of the rules and regulations recently adopted by the Fuel Administration.

No person can receive coal without filling out a written application as prescribed by the Fuel Administrator. Blank applications can be obtained from all coal dealers.

No consumer can obtain directly or indirectly more coal than his actual necessary requirements for the year ending March 31, 1919, but you are not allowed to receive more than two thirds of such amount until other people in your community have been served up to a similar amount.

All coal dealers are prohibited from delivering more than that amount of coal.

Any person breaking these rules violates the Lever Act and is subject to severe penalties—consumer as well as dealer.

Riverhead, N. Y., April 15, 1918.  
 WM. F. FLANAGAN,  
 Local Administrator

**Poor Mr. McAdoo**

*P*oor Mr. McAdoo!  
 Think of the jobs he's hitched up to—

The Treasury, the railroad crew,  
 The income tax, and then a few.  
 Each week they hand him something new

To tax his time and temper, too.  
 He has to know when loans are due,  
 What source to get his billions through,

What fund to pass each dollar to.  
 Which tax is what, and who is who;  
 What bonds to sell and what renew,  
 Which "trust" to coax and which to sue,

He stretches out each day to two  
 To do the things he has to do.  
 The job would flounder me or you,  
 But it's a cinch for McAdoo!

(This is credited to "a Philadelphia newspaper," and was quoted in the House by Mr. Treadway. "The Record" marks laughter after it, in the usual brackets.)

**All Old-Time Romance.**

Right here in this venerable oak tree's shade  
 My grandmother's mother sat one day  
 In solemn state and in still reverend  
 Awaiting her lover, a knight they say.  
 Down yonder hillside with flashing spur  
 He came like a vision o'er field and fen,  
 In his suit-of-breeches and gold-laced coat,  
 And a queer old dresser he must have been.

I do not think I could have fancied him so.  
 In his wedding plumes and his bouquet gay—  
 And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,  
 Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.  
 By his side, o'er the stony way her picture-bones,  
 A dainty lady, so proud and prim,  
 That more than half my wayward blood  
 It is very plain must have come from him.

Here is a letter a century old:  
 For true knightly sentiment very well,  
 And a dashing hand, but it must be said  
 That my charming great-grandpapa could not spell:

"Honored madam and dear, though mine eyes  
 here be  
 May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,  
 Still the promise of love to my poor heart is left,  
 "And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there."

I should like to know if at eve he came—  
 Why, of course he did, for am I not here?  
 Proudly bearing his ancient name  
 With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear."  
 And if on that sofa they sat asunder  
 Fully two feet, as was proper and right,  
 Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,  
 Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though mimet and sphenet,  
 And courtly manners in grand array,  
 Tell on, old story, there's something in it  
 That reaches the heart just the same to-day.  
 And I wonder when my little day is over,  
 And my grandchildren fit, mean this old  
 tree's shade,  
 If they'll say: "She had just such a noble  
 lover,  
 And as true and tender a wife she made."  
 —Indianapolis Journal.

Christmas exercises in the Presbyterian Church Monday night followed the Community exercises. The church was filled to its capacity to see and hear over fifty of Mattituck's cutest and happiest "kids" in songs and recitations, under the able direction of the Misses Gertrude Reeve, Evelyn Kirkup and Lois Fischer. "The best ever" said many.

The next Lecture Course number will be given on January 7th, by Davis, master magician in a program of modern magic. He is said to be the most accomplished and versatile magician of today. It is several years since we have had an entertainment of this kind, and the prospects are good for a big attendance.

Basket ball will be the attraction in Fischer's Hall this Saturday night, when a team made up of former Mattituck stars will tackle the husky first team of the Sound Avenue A. A. and Mattituck High School first team plays the Sound Avenue seconds. Dancing follows.

Robt. M. Lupton's fine home on the Oregon road was totally destroyed by fire last Saturday morning about half past ten. The fire started in an upstairs room near the chimney, but it is not known how it started. It was discovered by Mrs. Lupton, who was out doors at the time. She immediately took her five little children from the house. When help came, it was too late to save the house, but most of the furniture and carpet downstairs were saved. The loss is estimated at nearly \$10,000, which we understand is partly covered by \$6,000 insurance. Mr. Lupton, a son of former Assemblyman John M. Lupton, is a traveling salesman, and was in Maryland at the time of the fire. He came to Mattituck Sunday and stayed over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Wayland of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nat S. Tuthill this week.

Literary will be held on New Year's night. Miss Ellie Tuthill will present a one act comedy for the program.

Cedric Wickham started cutting ice Wednesday to fill his ice house on Marratooka Lake. The ice is about eight and a half inches thick.

Mrs. Morrison G. Wines is spending Christmas week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward of Newark, N. J.

The Suffolk County Seed Corn Association formed at Mattituck last week with the following officers: W. C. Jackson of Mattituck, President; Geo. B. Woodhull of Laurel, Vice President; Chas. J. McNulty of Laurel, Sec'y and Treas. These officers, with H. R. Talmadge and F. H. Wells of Riverhead, make up the board of directors. The object of the association is to sell seed corn known as Luce's variety. The variety is in demand among the up-state dairy men. Practically all of this variety raised the last season on Long Island has been declared by the Agricultural College experts to be fit to be certified for seed.

### THE SAFETY VALVE

(This column is designed to give our readers opportunity to express long confined aspirations and emotions. Contributed articles must be accompanied by the names of writers, not necessarily for publication, but that responsibility may be accurately placed.)

The following from the pen of a lad 12½ years old breathes the true spirit of independence and sacrifice—a pair of virtues that must be continually in evidence if America is to triumph in the great task to which she has addressed herself. We commend the lines to the attention of all, with the hope that the lesson they inculcate will not fall upon deaf ears.—Ed. News.

There is war among the nations,  
And of some foods we are short,  
We must go short of rations  
If our battles are to be fought.  
There is no sense of stuffing  
With candies, pies and pies,  
For our soldiers need the suvar,  
So we've got to Hooverize.  
Food is what makes the fighting men,  
Beside their training and guns,  
So we've got to save the sugar for them  
If we're going to beat the Hun.  
When you come to think of it  
It will open up your eyes  
To the fact that it's not only men we need,  
But food, so Hooverize.  
Our Allies all are suffering,  
Mostly for want of food,  
But we'll beat the Kaiser yet, sir,  
And we'll beat him Oh, so good,  
We'll punish him for his cruelty  
And we'll punish him for his lies,  
If you will try to help us  
By learning to Hooverize.  
So if you do as Hoover bids you  
Some day you'll see unfurled  
Old Glory with flags of its Allies  
On the Kaiser's part of the world.

NATHANIEL S. TUTHILL, JR.  
Jan. 24, 1918. Mattituck, N. Y.

W. S. S.

### MATTITUCK

Miss Gladys Johnson of Middlebury, Vt., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clifford Hallock.

The rain of Sunday night and Monday froze as soon as it struck the ground, and left the streets in such a slippery condition that very few dared venture out with automobile or horse and wagon, and those who attempted to walk staggered around as if they had discovered an oasis in a dry town. Skating was better in the street than on the ponds, and quite a number took advantage of it.

In spite of the weather conditions there was a good attendance at the Lecture Course entertainment by Davis, who gave a skillful exhibition of modern magic which pleased everyone and kept the audience laughing from start to finish. His young assistants, selected from the audience, furnished considerable amusement. The next number is a concert by the Hawkeye Glee Club, a company of talented young men, on Saturday night, Jan. 19th.

Raymond Hudson, who is in the mechanics division of the Signal Corps at Camp Gordon, writes that the Sunny South isn't always as pleasant as it's cracked up to be. During the recent cold spell he says that water in his tent was covered with a half inch of ice that froze over night.

Mrs. Ruhama Hazard, widow of the late Sylvester Hazard, died of apoplexy at the Eastern L. I. Hospital at Greenport last Friday, aged 77 years, 2 months and 16 days. She was born at Wakefield, R. I., in 1841. She was a very capable school teacher for several years, and has always been regarded as a smart business woman, being the owner of valuable property here and in Rhode Island. Funeral services were held at the Church of the Redeemer Sunday af-

Garrett H. Duryee, son of Phillip H. Duryee, Sr., of this place, died of apoplexy last Saturday at Floral Park, where he was assistant postmaster. Mr. Duryee had made his home in Floral Park, but he was very well known in Mattituck and highly respected by all who knew him. He leaves one child, a son, George, a lovable young lad of fifteen, and is also survived by his father, a brother, Phillip H. Duryee, Jr., and two sisters, Henrietta Duryee, and Mrs. Angie Robinson. His body was brought here for burial in the Bethany Cemetery. Funeral services were conducted Wednesday afternoon.

Lawrence H. Penny, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Penny, passed away last Saturday afternoon at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. His death was due to pneumonia, which set in after he had had the measles. When the war broke out, "Laurie" was one of the first to enlist, offering his services in the Cavalry, but was at first rejected on account of defective eyesight. A few months ago he was recalled and placed in the Ambulance Corps. He was stationed at Fort Slocum for a while, and went South shortly after Christmas when he spent his last visit to his home. In Laurie, or Bill, as his hosts of friends knew him, Mattituck loses one of her finest and most popular young men, one who was always held in high esteem by old and young, and whose genial disposition and upright character won him a warm place in all our hearts. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and recently a president of the Christian Endeavor Society, in which he took great interest. His body was brought here for burial Wednesday night, and funeral services were to be conducted Thursday afternoon by the Jr. O. U. A. M., of which he was an active member. Though he never saw service on the battle field, we honor him as our first hero in the present war, for his willingness and eagerness to do his bit, stamped him as one. Mr. and Mrs. Penny and family have the deep sympathy of all in the sad bereavement of their manly nineteen year old son.

Victor Robinson, one of Gildersleeve Bros.' popular clerks, has been reported very sick. Herman Dittman is taking his place in the store.

Mud puddles, like horses, are vain things for safety. Some youngsters playing on a newly formed pond at the foot of Conklin's hill, fell through the ice Wednesday and found the water was up to their heads. The timely appearance of an older person passing by, is said to have saved the children from drowning.

Owing to trouble with the heater at school, due to the cold weather of last week, school was postponed until Thursday.

Suffolk Co. Dinner Feb. 16

The following articles were forwarded from the Mattituck Red Cross Branch on January 25th: 34 sweaters, 21 mufflers, 22 helmets, 29 pair wristlets, 14 pair socks, 11 pair pajamas, 25 convalescent robes, 640

### MATTITUCK

Miss Helen Binns of New Suffolk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Binns of that place, was married to Silas Clark Tuthill of Mattituck, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tuthill, in the rectory of the Sacred Heart Church of Cutchogue last Saturday, January 26th, by the Rev. J. R. McCoy. Miss Flora Binns, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and the best man was William Mason of New Suffolk. They went on a brief honeymoon, as the groom is a soldier at Camp Upton and has but a short leave of absence.

Miss Esther Bauer of Peconic and Louis Dohm, Jr., of Mattituck, were married here Sunday by Dr. Chas. E. Craven. The bride was attended by Miss Annie Gildersleeve and the best man was Donald Gildersleeve. The bride is well known in Mattituck, where for a few years she has been stenographer for Silkworth & Grabie, and F. C. Barker. The groom is a popular young plumber, who has a good business here. They will make their home in Mattituck.

Miss Gertrude Reeve entertained a party of young ladies at a knitting bee Tuesday night.

On account of the coal shortage, (none has arrived here since the Garfield order,) Library Hall has been able to supply heat to only the drug store and bank, and it has become necessary to close the Library until further notice, except for a period of one hour, each afternoon, from three o'clock until four, when it will be open to permit people to exchange books.

Literary was again postponed Tuesday night for the third successive time.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Shear, who have been visiting at the parsonage, have returned to Asbury Park, N. J. Mrs. Nat S. Tuthill entertained the Dinner Club Tuesday afternoon.

Twice a week the girls of the village will crowd  
To another girl's house, where  
they'll knit out loud  
And this is their motto—"No men  
are allowed."

Guess nit!  
There is little amusement for men  
these days.

No Literary, parties, or dances or  
plays,  
There's nothing, unless they take  
up the new craze,  
And knit.

We hope this condition is not uni-  
versal  
If it is, lets us pray for quick re-  
versal  
Or there'll be nothing to go to but  
choir rehearsal.

Thats it!  
P. S. There are no movies in this  
town.

Rev. A. L. Shear, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, has been accepted by the Y. M. C. A. for service in one of the branches in a cantonment at Atlanta, Ga., and announces that he will leave for that place about the 15th. Next Sunday he will appear in his pulpit in uniform and preach a farewell sermon. During his absence the pulpit will be filled by Dr. Charles E. Craven of

W. S. S. NIGHT

N. C. Bergen as agent for western parties has been raising seed corn here and shipping it to the west for use in the coming spring.

George Gildersleeve, who is working in the plumbing business in the city, was home over Sunday. He reports particularly busy times in the city with freeze-ups.

We hear that arrangements are being made to have a female minstrel show given here in aid of the Red Cross work. Lively interest attends the announcement of the purpose, coupled with the hope that the weather will be just a little bit milder, so that all can turn out and enjoy the program with some degree of comfort.

The Rev. A. L. Shear of the Presbyterian Church announced to his congregation last Sunday that on the following Sabbath he would preach his farewell sermon. He has secured a position with the Y. M. C. A. and will go to Atlanta, Ga. He resigned his pastorate here some time ago and the resignation was formally accepted by the Session of the church.

W. V. Duryee, who had a large quantity of seed corn stored at the Hudson cannery building, has been shelling and shipping the stock to parties in the west. Cobs in large supply have resulted, and there has been no trouble to dispose of them, as they make excellent kindling "wood." Indeed a sufficient quantity of them would make an acceptable substitute for coal, as they make a good hot fire.

The Stockholm Concert Company that was billed to appear here in our lecture course on Friday evening failed to keep the date, and since that time no word has been received from the company or from the bureau from whom they were engaged in explanation of the failure to appear. When we think of the coal that was needlessly used to heat the hall on Friday we feel like getting the fuel administrator after the delinquents with a sharp stick.

We hear a good deal about robins being seen on Long Island this winter, but their presence with us at this season is not unusual. They are frequently seen in the north during the winter season, making a brave stay of it near privet hedges or other sheltered spots. A robin has been seen near the home of the writer throughout the present winter of unprecedented severity, but because of his cheering presence we have not thought of putting our overcoat away, and neither have we neglected any one of the infrequent opportunities offered to buy a half-ton of coal.

We read with much interest the account of Liverman Wells' horse at Sayville that went alone to meet the mail train at the station on a Monday when the time of the mail train had been changed, without notice to the horse. Here's another, a much older story, well authenticated and of even more value as indicating the larger contract undertaken by an enterprising and faithful equine. Years ago the late Jeremiah G. Tuthill of New Suffolk had a horse that through many winters and summers had drawn the family carriage to the Presbyterian Church at Cutchogue. As time passed along the horse grew very old and really outlived his usefulness, so Mr. Tuthill decided to pension him and had him turned out to pasture on Robbin's Island, then owned in the Tuthill family. On the Sabbath following the placing of the horse on the island the first church bell rang as usual. Pricking up his ears at the familiar sound the horse swam across the north race between the island the main land and trotted sedately up to the church door, just in time to meet Mr. Tuthill and family at the ringing of the second bell, they having made the trip with a successor to the faithful servant of many years.

W. S. S. NIGHT

The lectures of the Triangle Club will be held in the Presbyterian Chapel. The first one was given on Wednesday night by Wm. Orr, Educational Director of the International Y. M. C. A. The next will be by Rev. Paul E. Edwards of Riverhead, Tuesday night, March 12. His subject will be "The Boy's Spiritual Life." Tickets may be secured from members of the M. H. S. Triangle Club.

The Red Cross Society has received a donation of \$100 from Mrs. W. D. Breaker of Brooklyn, one of our summer residents. Also \$50 from Mrs. E. K. Morton, and \$30 from friends of Mrs. Morton.

The Ladies' Minstrel Show was a great success in every way. There are but few times when Library Hall cannot seat all who go there for entertainment, but Tuesday night was one of those occasions. The crowd broke all records, and so did the receipts, \$260 being received from admissions, and the sale of home-made candy netted \$35. Contributions will bring the sum to \$300, of which nearly \$275 will be cleared for the Red Cross Society. Miss Elma Rae Tuthill was interloctor, and the endmen were the Misses Mary Ethel Wight, Lois Fischer and Evelyn Kirkup, and Mrs. Robert Leidlich. They seemed perfectly at home in full dress suits. Their jokes were catchy and antics amusing. Miss Wight scored the big hit of the evening in her original darkey dance. The following solos were given: "The Wild, Wild Women," Mrs. Robert Leidlich; "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," Mrs. W. Raynor Wickham; "We're Going to Hang the Kaiser," Miss Wight; Saxophone selection, Miss Alice Silkworth; "When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais," Miss Kirkup; "Hush-a-Bye, Baby," Miss Caroline Howell; "Lonzo-boy," Miss Fischer. Mrs. Neiderstein and Mrs. Michael sang "Melody Land," and gave a skillful exhibition of buck and wing dancing. "Homeward Bound" and "The Star Spangled Banner" were rendered by the ends and chorus of ten. During the intermission Mrs. Catherine Phillips conducted the candy sale, selling out the stock in short order. The second part consisted of a duet, "The Little Soldier and the Red Cross Maid," by Alice Fischer and Nathaniel Tuthill, jr.; Conversation and Song by Miss Lois Fischer; Boy Scout Song and Drill by the Misses Hope Duryea, Lois Morrell, Adalaid Satterly and Betty Baylis; Sketch (written by Mrs. M. G. Wines) by Donald Gildersleeve and Evelyn Kirkup; Song and Tableau, "There's a Service Flag at Our House," by the company. Dancing until one o'clock followed. The entire program was under the direction of Mrs. Morrison G. Wines, to whom great credit is due to the success of the entertainment. A minstrel show is no easy undertaking, but Mrs. Wines and those who took part worked hard and faithfully and produced the show in three weeks. The management wishes to thank all who so cheerfully and willingly assisted in various ways.

Watchman Mar 2, 1918

Traveler Apr 19

MATTITUCK

Miss Dorothy Myrus was given a surprise party by some of her young school friends Wednesday afternoon.

The Lecture Course entertainment by S. P. Jones, was one of the best events of the winter. He kept his audience in laughter from start to finish. The next number is a lecture by J. Franklin Babb, on Thursday evening, March 7. Mr. Babb's lectures are the kind that 'one remembers.

Elwood Reeve, who is now serving in the Marine Corps, stationed at Quantico, Va., was home to visit his parents last Friday and Saturday. "E" looks as if he might hit a baseball harder than ever.

Frank MacMillan, the last soldier to go to Camp Upton from Mattituck, will probably be the first from here to "go across."

Watchman Apr 20, 1918

MATTITUCK

Harold Hudson and Geo. Tuthill, of the Naval Reserves, spent Sunday in Mattituck.

James Cumiskey, the chauffeur-humorist, recently enlisted in the Aviation Corps, and is now stationed at Charleston, S. C. Someone asked Jim what he would do if he was flying in his airplane and his engine stopped running? "Why," said Jim, "I'd just light on the nearest cloud, get out, and crank her up again."

Frank MacMillan, the first of our boys to reach France, writes that he had a safe and pleasant voyage across, enjoying fine weather and no U-boats. He says he is being treated finely and has nothing at all to complain of but wishes he had a few boxes of candy now and then.

Sunday night in the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Charles E. Craven preached a very interesting sermon on "The Second Coming of Christ."

Miss Clara Duryee spent a few days in Brooklyn last week with her sister, Vivien Duryee.

Miss Ruth D. Davis of Easthampton, one of our former school teachers, spent part of her Easter vacation with friends in Mattituck.

A Christian Endeavor Social was held at the home of Chas. Gildersleeve Wednesday evening. An amusing sketch was presented by members of the Mattituck Grange.

The Liberty Bond committee is hustling this week and expect to place a Liberty Bond in every home. Last year Mattituck's allotment was \$58,000 and we raised \$94,000. We hope we can make as good showing this time.

All roads led to Greenport Tuesday night, when the spectacular motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation" was shown. The string of autos from here looked like a midnight

Mattituck

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Dr. Craven's sermon last Sunday night on the "Second Coming of Christ" was one of the finest discourses ever heard here, given with great earnestness and power. Miss Carolyn Howell sang with her usual beautiful tone and enunciation. Miss Gildersleeve played the "Dies Irae," and Mac Craven's young choir were heard in antiphonal selections. Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Sharp of Southold were present, Mr. Sharp making the prayer.

Charles Shirley of Duxbury, Mass., is the guest of his cousin, Bryant S. Conklin.

Our sailor boys, George Gerard Tuthill and Harold Hudson, both had "shore leave" last week's end, and looked dandy in their navy blues.

Mrs. Xesia Forman is in Boston, Mass., spending a month with Mrs. Purdy, a well-known society lady of that seat of American "kultur," not the Kaiser's kind, thank God.

Mrs. Howard G. Tuthill entertains the Mattituck 500 Club at her New Suffolk home this afternoon, Thursday.

Miss Edna Magen of Flatbush, L. I. was the guest of Mrs. James A. Torry last week.

Don't forget that Third Liberty Loan drive. The committee is doing its best to see you all, but it's busy times and they are all busy men, too. Talk to your Polish friends and neighbors. Tell them this loan is going to make their ultimate fortunes secure, and hustle your subscriptions into the bank. Ernest or Terry will welcome you gladly and make out your blank for you.

Our noble Red Cross women are working like Trojans and using a pile of material. They need funds and will keep on needing them, we fear. They will hold a cooked food sale every Monday and Friday afternoon till further notice, to swell their coffers, so give them a call and help along the good cause. This does not mean that Mattituck hasn't failed to do more than her share, but she wants to still keep on doing more. We must win the war.

Our competent Postmaster, Wick Gildersleeve, and his sterling assistant, Lizzie May Tuthill, are busy people, but have found time, up to last Saturday night, to sell \$4200 in War Saving Stamps, and are still driving on at the

At the Grange Tuesday evening, the orchestra—Miss Butterfield, piano; Mrs. Frank Fleet and Mrs. Charles I. Wells, violins; P. Harvey Duryee, cornet, and Charles I. Wells, cello—played three charming selections: "Sweet Hope Waltz" and "Graduation Waltz," by Beyer, and "Apple Blossoms," by Kathleen Roberts; and a very funny play, "The Real Thing," was given by the following cast:

Mrs. Maginniss Mrs. Robert Bergen Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins Mrs. H. J. Reeve Mrs. Delancy Pell Miss Eloise Butterfield Mrs. Browning Mrs. Frank Fleet Mrs. Hawkins Miss Jennie McGowan Mrs. Bridget O'Hara Miss M. McNulty Katie Miss Ruth Tuthill Mrs. Jones Mrs. Catherine Phillips

Everybody did splendid in their parts, and Miss Marie McNulty was a perfect little star. Simple refreshments were served. The entire company had delightful evening.



## East Marion Boy Helped Rescue Americans on the Powder-Laden Florence H.

Archie King, one of the East Marion boys now in the war—he is on board the ship Christobel—has written a vivid description of the wreck of the powder-laden ship Florence H. A part of his letter, printed in the Greenport Times, is as follows:

On our last trip South we had several American ships and after we had anchored for the night, we were all called on deck. All we could see was one big blaze. For miles and miles it was lighter than day. One of the ships (the Florence H.), loaded with powder, valued at six million dollars, was all afire. It started without any warning at all, so we didn't think any of the crew could have escaped, but we didn't lose any time in lowering our motor boat and getting over to her. I never saw such a bunch of wreckage. I guess it covered four or five acres. Burning life-boats, wreckage and cases of powder exploding all around. But worst of all was to hear the cries of the men and to see heads sticking out of the wreckage. We saved all that were able to get off the ship and those that didn't get off must have been cremated, for her hull was red hot, even her masts to the very top were red hot. Her sides melted and she went down, leaving about ten feet of her masts out of water. There were about seventy-five in her crew. We saved forty, but one died and there are five more in the hospital very low. They don't think they will live. One poor fellow had a case of powder under each arm. We got him into the boat and when about ten feet away from us the powder exploded. The heat was so great that we had to cover our faces.

After we had been all through the wreckage several times to see that there was no one left, we had to take our doctor around to a ship that didn't have a physician. A big sea was running and we were in a thirty-foot boat. We were about all in. It happened about ten thirty and when I turned in it was 4 A. M. The same morning we got under way about five and sailed about an hour, when we got a message from headquarters to leave our motor boat at the wreck to see if there were any bodies coming up. So myself and one of the other fellows were left to do the duty. We stayed out there all day and tossed around in the high sea and came in at night. The French people took care of us in fine shape. We stayed that night. The next day the wind blew so hard that the Fr. captain wouldn't let us go out to the wreck. They entertained us all the next day.

Our ship called that night about ten o'clock. I just begin to realize the danger we were in. But I thank God we could do something for the poor fellows. The American Admiral was well pleased with our work and wanted our names sent to him.

### To Mend Broken China.

Tie the broken parts of china together with stout string, being sure that the edges meet evenly; then completely submerge the dish in a pan of skim milk and place on back of stove to gently simmer all day. Do not remove from the milk until thoroughly cold and even then don't cut the string for 24 hours. Hot water will not cause the cups to come apart again.

## Mattituck

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Miss Edna Howard, daughter of Louis I. Howard of Brooklyn, has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. O. C. Corwin, for the past two weeks.

Miss Margaret Macaulay, a very experienced trained nurse, well known to many of our young folks from frequent visits at Downs Manor, sailed from New York Wednesday for France with a Red Cross unit.

Frank Seaman of Glen Cove, with his friend, Franklin Simonson, spent last week-end at Mrs. William M. Hudson's. Young Simonson attended the Presbyterian Sunday school here, as he has over seven years' perfect record for attendance at Sunday school, a record any young chap can be proud to own.

Owing to school meetings, the singing school, which was to be held this week at the Grange, has been postponed until next Tuesday evening.

Creditable eye witnesses inform us that our own George Gerard Tutbill, now a sailor-boy at Pelham Bay, is a perfectly ravishing beauty in "Biff Bang," playing at the Century Theater, N. Y. He holds the stage as one of the two ladies in black, and Mattituck girls who have seen him say he manages his long train "too sweet for anything." Despite his peachy complexion and honny blue eyes, there's nothing sissy about "George Ike," and he will help kill the German beast just as readily as he twirls his shapely figure in "Biff Bang."

Our young friend, Walter M. Silkworth, writes us he arrived "Somewhere in France" May 9th. He had the good luck to find Frank MacMillan and Charlie Reeve almost immediately upon his arrival. Charlie Reeve writes it certainly was good to get some firsthand news from old Mattituck. God bless the boys. Let's keep on writing to them all and let them know we "stay-at-homes" are backing them up to the best of our ability.

Mrs. William H. Reeve gave a very pleasant little card party last Thursday night to celebrate the birthdays of her husband and nephew, Morris G. Wines, having for her guest of honor Miss Cogan of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Tyson L. Hamilton has bought of Mrs. I. Atmore Young her cosy cottage on the Westphalia road, and will move there soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dohm, Jr., have rented the Eldredge cottage at Kenlo Park.

Mrs. Louis C. Gildersleeve entertained the Belgian Knitting Club Wednesday of last week.

Don't forget to buy your tickets early and often for the great Red Cross benefit in Library Hall Friday evening of this week, June 7th, when Greenport young folks will present "Claims Allowed," which created such a furore in Greenport. Dancing will follow the play. Music by King's Orchestra. Be sure to be present and help the Red Cross.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

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Shirley G. Cox and D. T. Holmes, in company with their wives, are on a long auto trip through upper New York State and Canada, buying hay for a large feed firm. Mrs. Morris H. Wells is keeping house for Mrs. Cox and has our thanks for a box of delicious cookies, just the kind "mother used to make," you know.

"Sunny Jim" Rambo is in Maine and western New York on a two weeks' trip, looking up fields of good potatoes for seed purposes next year.

We would like to correct the statement that our popular young druggist, Merwin O'Neill, was drafted. He enlisted in the navy last spring and is expecting to be called any day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon Hazard returned home from Chelsea Naval Hospital, Massachusetts, Monday of this week. Their son, Vere, has been and is still very critically ill there and it is feared that he will have to undergo a severe operation near his throat before any improvement can be expected.

Harry T. Jackson and wife are enjoying a fine auto trip to Buffalo with friends this week.

Previous to the abundant rain of Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, farm crops were suffering badly. Potatoes were about dead; cabbage, sprouts and cauliflower were drying up. Beans were looking fairly well, and pasture land better than could be expected, but all other crops were hard hit by the drought. How vegetation is looking up now!

SUMMUM BONUM

Mrs. W. H. Aldrich of Port Jefferson is visiting her sister, Mrs. James A. Gildersleeve.

Miss Jennie Wells Tutbill gave the guests of Ingleside Cottage a fine treat Friday evening of last week in the form of a musicale. In addition to many choruses there were duets by Clare and Hope Duryee, solo by Alice Silkworth; vocal trio; piano for six hands; recitation by Mr. Haines; solo by Mr. Mitchell; solo by Miss Tutbill, with obligato accompaniment by Miss Gildersleeve, piano; Hope Duryee, mandolin, and Russell Groeves, cornet. It was a very delightful program, and Miss Tutbill deserves great credit for its arrangement.

Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Pike, Jr., have gone to Detroit for a short business trip.

Tickets are selling well for the Camp Upton dance and entertainment to-night, Aug. 1st. It's going to be a stunner. Don't miss it.

George Schenck Duryee celebrated his fifteenth birthday last Saturday by giving a bungalow party to about sixteen young ladies and gentlemen at the Sound.

## Mattituck

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Hon. John M. Lupton is visiting his son Russel at Asheville, N. C., this week.

Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve is spending the month of July at Newburgh.

Lester Davis of Bayport, Allie K. and Charles R. Brown of Valley Falls, R. I., are all guests at A. K. Brown's. Mrs. Ethel Hodgson of Atlanta, Ga., has rented C. H. Wickham's bungalow for the summer.

A very finely appointed "surprise party" was tendered Allie K. Brown at the home of his parents on Love Lane Tuesday evening of this week. He will go in the training camp next week. Cards, dominoes and o'her games entertained the large company until delicious salads, sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee were served, followed by a splendid farewell address by Mac Craven, and the presentation by Charles Gildersleeve of a purse of money to buy a wrist watch, etc., from Allie's many friends. Lovely roses from J. Victor Wilson's gardens at Aquebogue decorated the rooms. It was certainly a very pleasant affair, and Allie will have many pleasant recollections of it to take to France.

Don't forget the Red Cross dance in Library Hall to-night, Thursday, July 18. The R. C. needs the money; attend and help them out.

At the annual meeting of our Free Library Association, Monday night of this week, B. C. Kirkup was re-elected president; Nat S. Tutbill, vice president, and Mrs. E. K. Morton, secretary and treasurer. As the hall's fund has been cut in half and the high school contributed nothing to its support last year, Misses Elma R. Tutbill, Marjorie Penny, Gertrude Reeve and Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions for the deficit. It was also voted to change the opening and closing hours to 1 till 9 p. m. until school opens this fall. We all want to keep this Library open and trust there will be a ready response to these solicitors. It's impossible to buy books and pay the librarian unless we have financial aid.

A very interesting letter from our young friend, Walter M. Silkworth, informs us that he is now a first-class bugler in France and enjoying himself fine, meeting Charles Reeve, Lynwood Downs and other Mattituck boys occasionally.

### New York Is Oldest City.

The oldest incorporated city in the United States is New York, incorporated in 1653. Boston, although settled in 1630, was not incorporated till 1822, having passed through the Revolutionary war and a long interval besides without a city charter. Other American cities were incorporated as follows: Philadelphia, in 1701; Baltimore, in 1786; Pittsburgh, in 1810; Cincinnati, in 1819; St. Louis, in 1822; New Orleans, in 1805; Detroit, in 1824; Indianapolis, in 1831.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Last Sunday morning, in the Presbyterian church, Dr. Craven, in his usual impressive manner, full of fine feeling, received the following young people into full communion: Betty Baylis, Hazel Tuthill, Clara and Hope Duryee, Mary Olmstead, Lois Fischer and John Barker. Dr. Craven gave each of the new communicants a Scripture text for his or her own particular use.

In the evening Rev. F. G. Beebe of Cutchogue preached a magnificent sermon to the graduating class of our High School from the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The play, "Mr. Loring's Aunts," given by Mrs. Charles Percy Hawkins and her admirable Cutchogue and New Suffolk company in Library Hall last Saturday, was delightful and pleased the audience highly.

Mrs. Whitson Wheeler and Miss Julia Hawkins of Norwalk, Conn., are visiting their niece, Mrs. Nat. S. Tutbill.

Mrs. John S. Nicholls of Hempstead, who as May Brill was a famous Mattituck belle thirty years ago, spent last week-end with her girlhood friend, Mrs. Herbert R. Conkling.

Mrs. David T. Young has rented her bungalow to Ernest W. Uhleman of New York.

Dr. W. G. Reynolds of Brooklyn has rented Mrs. A. K. Brown's fine Bay cottage, making the fourth Brooklyn doctor having a cottage at Wasson Park this summer.

George G. Tutbill, Harold Hudson, and W. Raynor Wickham, U. S. N., all spent last week-end with their families here.

A letter from Charlie Reeve, just received from France, speaks highly of the morale of our Army there and the fine care our officers take of their men. They ought to have it, too, even if we buy Liberty Bonds and W. S. Stamps till our wallets fairly ache from fatness.

A really wonderful musical service will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, June 23d, at 7.30. It will be a patriotic service, and Dr. Craven, who cannot be excelled on such occasions, has promised a short sermon on the subject of "A Letter from Home to Your Boy in Camp or on the Sea," and every parent should be out to hear it. He has a very interesting letter to read, that is nearly nineteen hundred years old, from an old soldier to his younger comrade in arms. Will V. Duryee and Terry W. Tutbill have solos. The choir has a great anthem and quartette, and the splendid Grange Orchestra, assisted by Will Holmes, solo cellist, of Brooklyn, will play four selections. The silver collection is for the old free Burying Ground. You want to come and hear Dr. Craven and know what to write your boy, and enjoy the good music also.

J. Norris of Chicago, who purchased Mo-no-weta, is now installed there for the summer with his son and retinue of servants.

SUMMUM BONUM

## MATTITUCK

Mr. Allen, who has been with us for some time, left last week for Alaska, where he will again engage in prospecting for gold.

Robert Mills, colored, who is with the famous Buffalo Regiment, came here for a visit last week. He expected to sail very shortly for France.

The store of Gildersleeve Bros. is the first here to employ boy labor during the school vacation. Lloyd Hamilton is employed there and a bright chap he seems to be.

Frederick and Sidney Olmstead have entered a Naval academy at Culver, Ind. They were accompanied to that place by Mrs. Fred Satterly, their mother, and their sister, Miss Mary Olmstead, who will board near them while they are at school.

Last Sunday evening Major Masin, formerly of the famous Princess Pat Regiment of Canada, addressed a large and attentive audience in the Mattituck Presbyterian Church. His story of experiences and army life at the front was extremely interesting and made a decided impression on the audience.

Next Sunday evening the Jr. O. U. A. M. is expected to attend in a body at the Methodist Church where they will have the privilege of listening to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Richardson, the district superintendent of this Conference District. The council hopes that there will be a large attendance of members.

Our people were extremely sorry to learn late last week that A. Monfort Wyckoff, formerly of this village, had been severely wounded in France. He left this place a few years ago to work in Connecticut and enlisted in a machine gun corps early in the war. Only a few days before he was wounded a letter was received saying that he had then been over the top three times but had been unscathed. It is known that he has been in the thick of several big battles. Mr. Monfort is well liked here and his many friends hope that his wounds will quickly heal.

## chestra.

In the Army orders announced at Washington on July 30 appears the statement that Dr. John Andrew Gildersleeve of Brooklyn has been commissioned in the Medical Reserve Corps as a First Lieutenant. He is a former Mattituck boy, the son of the late John A. Gildersleeve.

The Traveler correspondent says that William H. Pike, Jr., and wife of London are spending two weeks at the Pike homestead. Mr. Pike is manager of all Europe for the Burroughs Adding Machine Corporation, and under war conditions has had a big problem on his hands. He travels a large part of the time and both he and his lovely wife say it's delightful to get back to America and be able to indulge in fruit and more than four ounces of grease per week per capita, the allowance on the continent. They have had some thrilling experiences in France and England.

The annual fair and garden party, that old favorite "Under the Elms at Mattituck," will be held on Thursday afternoon and evening, Aug. 8, and as usual the affair will be an unusually attractive one from a social standpoint and those who attend will also have the chance of hearing some excellent musical and literary talent, including Mrs. Alice Woodruff Chapman, soprano; Miss Imogene Beebe, contralto; Mrs. Belle Lupton Pike of Riverhead, reader; C. Ruthford Inglee, Riverhead, baritone; Mac Craven at the piano; the Grange Orchestra, and so forth. The cause is a worthy one and no doubt the attendance will be large.

## Mattituck

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The banquet given by the Junior to the Senior Choir of the Presbyterian church last Saturday night was a delightful, unique affair, and the young ladies who arranged the menu and served it so exquisitely covered themselves with glory. The place cards, painted by Miss Lois Morell, were charming souvenirs. The individual flower favors and the red, white and blue floral centerpieces showed artistic ideas. The viands were simply perfect in every detail. Charles Gildersleeve was toastmaster. Prof. George B. Reeve responded to "The Choir of the Past, or Seventy Years of a Musical Life." His speech was wonderful and listened to with rapt attention. He brought with him quaint, old-fashioned daguerreotypes of his old singing teachers, George F. Root and Mr. Bradbury, given to him by these famous musicians when a boy in their schools. He told of his adventures as a teacher of music all over Long Island. It was well worthy of being published, and despite his 84 years delivered in the clearest speaking voice of the evening. J. M. Craven spoke of "The Choir of the Future, its Aims and Aspirations," and we trust his excellent suggestions may bear good fruit. Mrs. Frank C. Barker gave a fine speech upon "The Confessions of a Choir Member." Then the splendid strains of Carrie Carter Wells' and Norma Hallock Fleet's violins, Charles I. Wells' cello, Harvey Duryee's cornet, with Miss Butterfield's charming accompaniment, fell softly on the ear. Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve read an original poem about the Choir, which was heartily applauded. That wonderful "duet," Carrie and Abbie Conkling, followed with choice, well-considered words. The Junior Choir sang two stirring selections. Rev. Dr. Craven spoke upon "The Choir and its Ecclesiastical Connections." The Orchestra played two lovely numbers, and the programme was closed by all singing the Long Meter Doxology. It was a red-letter night from start to finish.

Warren Aird of Newburgh is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve.

The Second Red Cross Drive in Mattituck at present writing, Monday, has over \$1300. Very good for this Branch, we think, and we hope there will be further contributions to this great cause.

Albert H. Silkworth has moved his office from north of the railroad to the place on Pike St. recently occupied by Abraham & Straus.

Miss Elizabeth Hallock of Laurel is keeping books for Gildersleeve Bros.; ditto, Miss Inez Robinson for J. M. Lupton & Son.

Russel Greeves is clerking in the A. & P. store.

## Mattituck

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Monday morning of this week Miss Dolly M. Bell and Mrs. H. R. Conkling, in company with Miss Julia Wickham and her two nephews of Cutchogue, left us for a month's trip to California, Grand Canyon, etc. The same morning, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Hudson and the faithful Katie Carr left for Holley, N. Y., where they have taken a furnished house and will remain until next November. They will all be sadly missed here.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Grabe spent last week's-end with Mr. and Mrs. John Jetter at Eastport.

Mrs. Ethel Wright of our High School will spend the summer at Andes, N. Y.; Miss Armstrong at Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Cornell at Newburgh, N. Y.; Miss Butterfield at her New Hampshire home; Principal and Mrs. Hughes at Watertown, N. Y.; Miss Schaumburg and Miss Geehring at Greenport, Miss Horton at New Suffolk, and Mrs. Kirkup and Mrs. Gildersleeve at Mattituck.

The Praise Service last Sunday evening was attended by a large congregation. The instrumental and vocal music was of a very high and devotional order, ditto Dr. Craven's address, full of splendid advice to young soldiers and sailors.

W. Haines of Brooklyn is a guest at Ingleside Inn.

Charles Jones, a prominent architect of Belleville, N. J., is visiting relatives here.

John Francis McMillan writes us very entertaining letters from France, and is allowed to say that at present he is in the historic old city of Brest. The first man he saw there was Charlie Howell, formerly a Mattituck colored boy, who is now a valiant soldier of the U. S. A. He writes many interesting items of Long Island people he has met across the sea.

The graduating exercises of our High School passed off delightfully last Friday night, the big hall being filled with relatives and friends of the class.

## A. W. YOUNG APPOINTED

Laurel Man is Keeper of Almshouse at Yaphank

It was announced early this week that Albert W. Young of Laurel had been appointed by Jonathan Baker, Superintendent of the Poor, as permanent keeper of the Almshouse at Yaphank. The appointment was to take effect on Aug. 1. It is also understood that Mrs. Young will act as matron of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Young will succeed Mr. and Mrs. George Griffing of Riverhead, who have been filling temporary positions in the Almshouse.

It has been known for a long time that Mr. Baker desired to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Young to Almshouse positions, so the formal appointment does not cause any special surprise in the county. Mrs. Young has lately been acting as matron of the Children's Home, where, it is said, her work has been of a character to win public approval.

Those who know this couple believe that they will give entire satisfaction as officials in the Almshouse and their many friends hope they may have successful administrations.

## May MATTITUCK 1918

Herbert R. Conklin and Luther G. Tutbill have been appointed appraisers in the estate of the late Mrs. Ruhama Hazard.

William M. Hudson, Henry P. Tutbill and George L. Penny have been re-elected commissioners of our Fire Department.

The immense farm greenhouses here of H. H. Reeve & Son present a wonderful sight now with their splendid cauliflower, which is already large enough to ship to market.

Don't forget the High School entertainment and dance this week Friday evening for the benefit of the Red Cross. The dance music will be by King's Orchestra.

On Sunday evening, May 12, J. Mac Craven will deliver an address on "Fundamentals" in the Presbyterian Church at 7 o'clock. The Jr. O. U. A. M. has been invited to attend the service in a body. Good music will also be provided. It is hoped that a large audience will attend.

It is noted in the Traveler that the Mattituck Bank has installed a magnificent new system of keeping accounts, called the Burroughs Statement and Ledger Posting Method. Its workings are almost uncanny. It adds, subtracts, multiplies, etc., does away with the old-fashioned pass-book, and gives you a complete statement of your account in a second. When a bank handles nearly a thousand checks some days, it becomes wonderfully valuable.

The new Westphalia Bridge is now nearly completed and it seems to be a substantial structure. It is much higher than the old bridge and it is intended that the approaches will never be inundated by the extreme high tides that come along occasionally. The piers and roadway are of concrete and steel and the approaches are of yellow pine creosoted planking filled with dirt. The entire job seems to be a credit to its builder, Mr. Tutbill of New Suffolk. The good ship George Dewey, which has been here since last winter, left Wednesday for Greenport.

Mattituck not only "went over the top" with her participation in the Third Liberty Loan, but more than doubled her quota, according to the reports of Thursday morning. At that time the total subscribed was upward of \$97,000, the quota being \$45,400. In this connection it may be noted that three members of the Boy Scouts here have been awarded medals for selling bonds. They are Nathaniel S. Tutbill, who sold 15 bonds to a total amount of \$3,550; Douglass G. Tutbill, 12 bonds, with a total of \$1,850; Frederick Olmstead, 10 bonds, \$600. Nathaniel S. Tutbill and Douglass G. Tutbill have also received medals for the sale of War Savings Stamps, the first-named having sold \$383 worth and the latter \$753 worth.

### THE WAY TO BERLIN.

The way to Berlin is the Will-to-Win.  
Firmly it stretches out  
Over quicksand fears and biased years,  
Over marshes of woe and doubt.  
Like a silver path for God's own wrath  
Across the slime of sin,  
It finds the gate of the Lord of Hate,  
In the royal palace, Berlin.

The way to Berlin is the Will-to-Win.  
It passes from Avenue Lift  
Through the Thoroughfare of Grin-and-Bear.  
Across the Lane of Thrift;  
Then winds along through Hopeful Song  
Toward the Summit of Never-Give-In.  
From which it leads through the Road  
of Deeds  
To the royal palace, Berlin.

The way to Berlin is the Will-to-Win  
And all of us belong  
On that Only Way—a great array  
Of a hundred million strong!  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

## May 17 1918

The third Thrift Stamp Drive resulted in another victory for the Eighth Grade room, Miss Mildred Horton, teacher. The results were:

Eighth Grade, \$110.50

Rita Duryee, Dorothy Brown, Charlotte Wickham, Roy Reeve, Douglas Tutbill, Ralph Cox, Eugene Lindsay, Helen McNulty, Nathaniel Tutbill, Mac Reeve, Esther Gildersleeve, Ruth Gildersleeve, Jeanette Cooper, Cecil Jackson.

Fifth Grade, \$43.50

Floyd Ruland, Percy Woodhull, Alice Fischer, Arnold Jackson, Alice Bergen, Janice Fanning, Anna Mae Cox, Arthur Penny, Eunice Tyler, Marion Gildersleeve, Gladys Neiderstein, Malcolm Tutbill.

Third Grade, \$41.75

Dorothy Myrus, Amelia Bond, Jackie Portera, Lois Gildersleeve, Richard Myrus, Bertha Bader, Arthur Fanning, Arthur Johnson, Ruth Jackson, Cora Sweezy, John Schulam.

Sixth Grade, \$25.50

Elizabeth Tutbill, Viola Hallock, Anna Butler, Lloyd Hamilton, George Tyler, Lola Bergen, Harold Woodhull, Eunice Robinson, Rudolph Johnson.

1st and 2d Year High, \$23.50

Mary Gallagher, Clara Bond, Anita McNulty, Gertrude Cooper, Norma Beebe, Alice Silkworth.

3d and 4th Year High, \$11.25

Steven Kaelin, Hazel B. Tutbill, Channing Downs, Harold Beebe, Edna Jackson.

### SUMMUM BONUM

Rev. A. L. Shear, who was to complete his pastorate here May 1st, has accepted the last two Sundays in May as half of his yearly vacation and will not return to Mattituck, as expected. He hopes to sail for France with the Y. M. C. A. soon. His furniture still remains in the parsonage to be removed later.

### CRITICS OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

They stand one side and pick unnumbered flaws  
In that great labor that is being done—  
The greatest work that ever a day's sun  
Beheld on earth—and with their wagging jaws  
Demand a reason, explanation, cause  
For this or that, which seems to them  
To be  
A bit remiss. One day a laggard ship,  
A plan gone wrong, an error or a slip,  
An accident which no one could foresee  
That has produced a temporary pause  
In some direction. Never once their brains  
Thrill with the wonder of the enterprise.  
They do not count achievement, progress, gains,  
Nor can they see them with their jaundiced eyes!

They stand one side and say, "He should do that!  
He should do this! Why doesn't he do so?"  
And never think that what they do not know  
May be the reason why some plans fall flat  
Or are revised by sages who have sat  
Within war's shadow, seeing day by day  
The thousand changes of our enemy.  
Nor do the critics ever think to say  
That faults, of which they talk so volubly,  
May have been things none living could combat  
In war's first stages. No, they stand one side,  
Scorn-filled and voicing only discontent!  
A class of men who, lacking patriot pride,  
Give all the credit in their natures vent!  
LURANA SHELDON.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIPBUILDER.

We work in the oldest stuff of the world,  
Water and iron and fire and air,  
And the courage of men with a flag unfurled,  
To build a bridge from here over there.

With a fleet of ships we'll span the sea,  
To carry supplies to you in Fance,  
Guns and food and T. N. T.,  
And whatever you need for the big advance.

And what's the difference where we work,  
At a bench with a hammer, or a trench at the front?  
We all are needed and will not shirk;  
We are done with delays! Count us in at the hunt.

And what's the difference how we fight,  
With blood or money, labor or guns?  
We'll keep the bridge building day and night,  
Till we trestle the sea to get to the Huns.

And what's the difference where you are?  
We're all on the job with a will to win;  
So, boys, do your bit with the rivet machine.

We'll keep the bridge building night and day;  
We'll speed up ahead of the submarine,  
We'll build to you, boys, so keep 'em at bay;  
We're doing our bit with the rivet machine.

Boys, keep up your courage, we're getting to you,  
Khaki or overalls, count us all in,  
Knapsacks or dinner pails, we're fighting too,  
And doing our bit with the rivet machine.

In camp or the shipyard we all of us swear  
That the hope we are building will span to Berlin;  
We're all of us soldiers, to do or to dare;  
And we're doing our bit with the rivet machine.

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

The foregoing is to be set to music and will be one of the official ship building songs.

### The Churches

Critics who are constantly looking for something to find fault with can always fall back on the churches. They are doing it now. They tell us that the churches, instead of taking the lead in the pressing work of looking after the soldiers and in various other ways promoting the cause of the country, have kept to their old lines and abandoned the real work of the time to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other agencies.

At first thought the charge seems plausible; but does it seem so when we ask ourselves what those agencies are, and how they are organized? Christendom is reproached by the critics for being divided into sects and denominations that antagonize one another instead of uniting for a common purpose. The fact is that the Y. M. C. A. is a union of churches to accomplish certain purposes that can be better achieved by working together than by working separately. The Red Cross is not primarily a church movement; but if you were to take away from its membership and its list of workers all those who are also church members and church workers, it could not last a month. And the same thing is true of the Y. M. C. A.

It may be true that the churches are not doing all that they should do, but neither is any one of us. Nothing is gained by saying that they or we are doing nothing, for it is not true. — *The Youth's Companion*.

### PATRIOTISM WITH A PUNCH

Minister's Son Helps to Thrash a Disloyal Preacher

The following interesting story about a minister and his son who are well known in Sag Harbor and other Long Island villages, is taken from the Sayville News:

Howard Edds, son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Edds, is coming home to spend the week-end with his parents. Mr. Edds, who has a traveling position with D. Appleton, publishers, has been gone since the middle of January on a business trip through the South and far West. The young man is coming back to get into the service and has already proved that he has considerable fighting blood.

A few weeks ago he and a young man by the name of McCormick of New York were in Danville, Ill. On Sunday they decided to go to a German Church and took seats well down in front. The sermon had been in progress only a few minutes when they realized that they were listening to a violent pro-German. McCormick seized a hymn book and hurled it with true eye straight at the preacher. He and Edds followed the book right up into the pulpit and gave the clergyman a beating. Not only that, but they floored five or six of the congregation who came to the minister's assistance.

Then they rushed from the church to the police station, brought back reinforcements and stood by while the minister and his defenders, whom they identified, were arrested. Edds, because his trip was on schedule, gave the fictitious name of Frost and his real identity was kept dark. His father learned of the episode, not from the young man, who was afraid of parental disapproval, but from his fiancée, Miss Helen Tuttle, to whom young Mr. Edds is shortly to be married.

It was a restful interlude on Monday, when there came a pause in the work and Mrs. Lowerre read with her old time impressiveness a poem from a New Orleans paper. It was entitled "The Service Flag" and by special request is published:

### THE SERVICE FLAG

Little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer,  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star,  
O what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,  
Dipped in the red which was born to fight,  
Born of the blood our forebears shed  
To raise your mother, the flag o'erhead.

And, now you have come in this frenzied day  
To speak from a window, to speak and say:  
"I am the voice of a soldier son,  
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of service, Sir;  
The flag of his mother—I speak for her  
Who stands by my window and wails and weeps,  
But hides from others her unwept tears."

Little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
O what a wonderful flag you are!



## Mattituck

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A good time to get rid of your old rubbish. Bert Silkworth, who is bulk-heading his shore front near the West-phalia bridge, authorizes us to say any one is welcome to dump their rubbish of all kinds back of the bulkhead. As it's near the village it's a fine opportunity to get rid of the backyard debris.

Mrs. Edward Chapman of East Haven, Conn., is visiting Mattituck relatives.

## Mattituck

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It pays to go to church every Sunday. Those who failed to do so last Sunday morning missed a really wonderful sermon by Rev. William E. Foote of the Baptist church at Princeton, N. J., from the text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Dr. Foote is an uncle of Mrs. Terry W. Tutbill, en route for France as a Y. M. C. A. worker—a man of wonderful ability—and his sermon on "Profit and Loss" held us all spellbound with his brilliant thoughts and splendid oratory.

Miss Lizzie May Tutbill has sewed all the additional stars needed on our community service flag, also the star for the Third Liberty Loan drive, and with Old Glory in the center the flags proudly float on the line between the post office and Gildersleeve Bros.' store.

Miss Lois Gildersleeve celebrated her eighth birthday Monday afternoon of this week by giving a party to sixteen of her young friends on Pike street.

Miss Lizzie May Tutbill entertained the Five Hundred Card Club Thursday afternoon of this week.

With deep regret we heard last Saturday morning of the death of Sarah Elizabeth Stewart, wife of Wm. L. Boucher, at the age of 50 years, 8 months and 27 days, after a long, wasting illness. Besides her husband and little daughter, she leaves a brother, W. L. Stewart, three sisters, Mrs. Fred Greeves, Mrs. Walsh of Riverhead, and Mrs. Helfrich, to mourn her loss. Here funeral was held at Riverhead Tuesday morning of this week.

Mrs. Fred Whitman of Islip is visiting her cousin, Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve.

Miss Nellie Lorrigan of New York is boarding at Mrs. Greeves' for the summer.

## A STRANGE LETTER HOME.

Maine Soldier Writes His Mother of Experience in a Novel Way.

PORTLAND, Me., May 18.—A letter unique in military correspondence has been received by Mr. and Mrs. David A. Curtis of Yarmouthville from their son, Supply Sergeant Chester B. Curtis. Sergeant Curtis describes his experiences and the life in the army, and tells what the "Yanks" will do to "Kaiser Bill," using verse throughout. Sergeant Curtis is a graduate of North Yarmouth Academy and enlisted in the Maine National Guard last July. His letter follows:

With the American Expeditionary Forces  
"Somewhere in France,"  
April 13, 1918.

Dear Ma: Just a line to let you know that the boys are on the go and the war is still in progress over here. We'll soon get that sour quince—Kaiser William's young Crown Prince and we'll hang him side of William by the ear. All the boys are well and fine and the grub is right in line. We should worry what the Hunns may have to say. We will soon be sailing back with a whizz, a whang and whack to our home—the good old U. S. A.

We lie in our bunk at night by the glowing candle's light and hear the cannon's rumble long and low. Are we in it? Well I guess. Shall we stay? Our answer—"Yes!" We shall stay till every Hun has gone home! Out of all this din and fuss Yankee land looks good to us; but we're glad to stay to help our Allies win. With our cannon at our back, we will run to the attack and we'll drive the Germans homeward with a vim.

This is sure a fine old land—grass and trees on every hand and the grass is green as green as ever he. All the flowers in the dell, violets and yellow bell, as you hike along, each one you'll surely see. The grass is green beneath and the vines all over their wreath let me tell you what above us may be seen. High among the snowy clouds with their purring smooth and loud hiss the ever divine bird-machine. Round and round they circle high till it seems they pierce the sky then with curves and loop-the-loops they drop. Well the wonders of this age written on old history's page, never lessen, never weaken, never stop.

A Army desk as rough and crude—made of boards my own hands hewed—day by day I sit and labor as of old. It seems so much like home that it seems that I must roam—then I sit and find my dreams grow old. Never mind, my honey girl, if the things are in a whirl—I'll be with you when the valentine comes round. There'll be a hot time in the State with the fifty-fourth for bait and we'll raise the blooming roof right off the town.

Well it's time to get up with the moon-light overhead and the lights will soon be out I greatly fear. I would write you often, pet, but the mail that you would get would be all bunched up as mail goes slowly here. Just remember I am well and we'll give the Germans H—, then we'll march back o'er the fields of heather for the fellow can't feel bad—only just a little sad—for this sure 's what you'd call real weather.

Haven't heard yet from the States but of course it's not too late and the ships are surely needed for the food. Give my love to all the girls with their fair and golden curls—but keep the most for you—I know you would. Tell my Pa he mustn't fret. I'll be working with him yet. Now the light is burning low, so I must quit. Love to all—it's getting late. Gee, this life is surely great. So long, Mumsey—rest tomorrow—there I'll pray for all the boys at war—pray for what we're fighting for—for prayers are what will win this war. I'll bet. Wish that you were here to see all this peachy scenery. I remain, as ever, just your loving  
C. B. C.

P. S.—Gee, this is sure a day of days, in many, many ways, for in I got three letters from the States. One was numbered No. 4. Gee, I wish there had been more, for my mother wrote the letter, sure as fates. You should ought to heard me holler when I saw a Yankee dollar lying safely there between the folds. And before I'm leaving here I shall buy a souvenir, for Yankee money here is good as gold. I accept with many thanks and shall change it into francs when I strike the first Y. M. C. A. If I do not close this note it will never reach the boat, and you'll sure "be out of luck," as we all say. Love again,  
C. B. C.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Mrs. Tyson L. Hamilton received a telegram last Thursday from Washington, saying her youngest brother, A. Monfort Wyckoff, a Mattituck boy, was severely wounded in action with his machine gun battalion on June 16. The same was published in the daily papers. Nothing has been heard from him since. Oh, Kaiser Bill, what sad memories will follow your lust for dominion over us.

Our neighbor across the way on Pike street, Bert H. Silkworth, is walking on air nowadays; cause, Miss Shirley Craigh Silkworth, fair, fat, and eight pounds, born at the Greenport Hospital Monday morning of this week. Congratulations and best wishes to all concerned.

Dr. Charles Raymond Brown, son of Jacob A. Brown, who enlisted in the Dental Reserve and is at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, has been promoted to Lieutenant.

A large and deeply interested audience gathered at the Presbyterian church last Sunday night to hear Sergeant Mason, one of the few survivors of the famous "Princess Pat" Canadian Regiment, give a talk upon his war experience, which he did in such a modest, quiet way, yet so full of repressed interest that he won all hearts and thrilled the congregation with his recital. He is visiting his friend, Mrs. Simms, at Laurel, and we hope to have him speak here again in August. Miss Carolyn Howell sang Grieg's "God's Peace is Peace Eternal," accompanied by Mac Craven, and Will V. Duryee sang that wonderful song, "God Be With Our Boys To-Night," which touched many a mother's heart deeply.

We have always claimed that old Mattituck was a paradox. Many villages have lots of money and keep it; Mattituck hasn't any money, but spends it, and always goes over the top. Postmaster Wickham Gildersleeve and the always faithful Lizzie May Tutbill have worked like beavers for their quota of \$25,000 of W. S. Stamps, and with the aid of efficient committees went over \$27,000 last Friday night and subscriptions still pouring in. Anything to beat that Potsdam gang, you know.

The local Red Cross forwarded July 1, 85 helpless case shirts, 13 sweaters, 38 pairs of socks, 10 pairs of wristlets and 5 layettes; June 24, 6,090 surgical dressings. The sum of \$49 59 has been received from Mattituck Home Defense, and \$20 26 from the collection in the Presbyterian church on June 30. More sewers are asked to attend to work on the large allotment of garments that is shortly expected from the Atlantic Division Supply Service.

## Patriotic Negro.

We are told that a Kemp negro received his questionnaire last week. Looking it over, he scratched his head and said: "I can't answer all dem questions in a year." So he just turned the sheet over and wrote across the back of it, saying, "I's ready when you is."—Quanah (Texas) Observer.

Riverhead Boy on Submarine Chaser in Mediterranean Mails Letter at Valletta, Malta

Walter W. Hallock of Riverhead writes to his parents that the submarine chaser on which he is serving the Colors bagged two subs about two weeks ago, but he adds that he is not at liberty to tell when or where. It is presumed, however, that it was somewhere in the Mediterranean, because that is where his ship is employed most of the time.

This interesting information is contained in a letter mailed on June 18 at Valletta on the Island of Malta.

It is a most peculiar coincidence that Mr. Hallock has been assigned to a ship under the command of a man at one time stationed at New Suffolk, and then interested in American submarine work—a man, too, who used to visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto P. Hallock.

The News is permitted to print parts of Mr. Hallock's letter, as follows:

"Everything is going well with me. I surely have seen some parts of the world. Have been over in Africa and all through these places here. We have got a lot of hard fighting and work ahead of us now.

"We bagged two subs about two week ago. Would like to tell you when, but cannot.

"The commander of our fighting unit made a bet with an English officer that we would get four subs a week. He has one of the largest commands, if not the largest, of any American commander. His name is Nelson—Jugge, he is called. I think he is the same man who used to come to our house. He was connected with subs at one time.

"You can tell Sylvester (Sylvester Cavanaugh) that I have been in his country. That will please him. And remember me to him also. Would like to have some Mecca cigarettes from his place now. We get nothing but Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes here. You can tell Theodore (Theodore Trumpain) on the corner opposite Brumman's drug store, that I will know his country pretty well before long.

"Remember me to all the boys."

## Crosses Ocean in 110-Foot Chaser

To another Riverhead man Mr. Hallock writes in part:

"I have had the chance of seeing about a dozen different countries since I left the States. The customs and mode of living are both so different from what we are used to. Some places you see the people driving sheep carts and in other places you see them driving eight or ten oxen before a cart. When we land in port and get liberty I always explore all over. Some of my shipmates and myself hire a wagon, or donkey cart, or automobile—whichever the place may have—and go outside the city and look the country over. The dress some of these people wear is sure some odd. Would like to go into detail and tell you all about them, but that might let out the country which I am in.

"My mother wanted to know if I couldn't get home for a few days. Guess she does not realize that I am about 6,000 miles from home. It would take me quite some over a month to get back home by the shortest route.

"We Navy fellows sure do have it over the Army for seeing the world.

"I think that the Germans will have enough of us Americans before long and want to stop this war. I hope so. While everything is going fine with me there is one thing that there isn't much fun in and that is crossing the ocean in a 110-foot chaser. You don't get much sleep or much to eat when the sea is rough. I have gotten so sea-going now that the rough weather never makes me sick."

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Our High School, we are authoritatively informed, opens Monday, Sept. 9th. Prospects bright for a big, successful school year.

With deep regret we learned last Saturday morning of the death of Victor H. Robinson at the Holtsville Sanitarium, where he had been for about four months. He was 29 years old. For many years he had been Gildersleeve Bros.' popular clerk. Everybody liked "Vic." Always happy, good natured and obliging, he had hosts of friends who heard of his passing with sorrow. His funeral, held at the home of his father, William T. Robinson, Monday, at 2 o'clock, was largely attended. Rev. E. W. Shrigley, his pastor, conducted the services, and Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., attended in a body and took charge at the grave.

Blood will tell. Robert Alexander Wasson, son of Rev. W. A. Wasson and his equally talented mother, Ellen Hastings Wasson, has secured two scholarships, one at Cornell for \$150, and one for \$100 from the State Regents for highest percentage in high school work, the latter good for any New York State college. Good boy, Robert.

Vere Gordon Hazard, U. S. N., who was seriously ill at Chelsea, Mass., Naval Hospital, is home on sick leave and feeling somewhat improved, though still very ill.

Rev. G. R. Garretson, the beloved minister of Laurel, will supply the Presbyterian pulpit here for the next two Sundays. Some fine music is expected by Charles W. Ostrander of Brooklyn, stopping at the Ingleside, cousin of Will and Harvey Duryee; also by George Dewey, a cousin of Terry W. Tuthill.

The guests and friends of Ingleside Cottage gave an impromptu entertainment last Saturday night, under the direction of Jennie Wells Tuthill, with a collection of \$16 for our local Red Cross. Following is the program:

"Al" Penny, the Riverhead News man, tells us the cheering news that Mattituck Creek oysters are "ripe" again and of fine quality. Now if "scallops" are ditto, we shall really live again, despite the H. O. L. of "Ham, Lamb and Mutton."

The tribe of Gildersleeve gave their beloved member, Mrs. Fred K. Terry, a surprise party this Wednesday at Mrs. Frank D. Smith's Sout'old bungalow.

Those two famous comedians, Evelyn G. Kirkup and Donald R. Gildersleeve, will give a play at the Literary next week, and tho' its title is "Rats," there's nothing "ratty" about the performers. Plenty of good music and dancing also.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The Garden Party Concert last week was attended by a large and well pleased audience, despite the awful heat. Mrs. Alice Woodrough Chapman was at her best and delighted us by her charming selections, given with a rich, luscious quality of tone. She is a genuine artist and a great favorite here. Everybody loves Miss Imogene Beebe's voice—not a poor note in it and a quality that goes straight to the heart. Mr. Ingles of Riverhead also contributed two delightful ballads in a rich baritone. Mrs. Belle Lupton Pike recited in her usual charming manner. The Grange Orchestra, assisted by Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve, played smoothly and Mac Craven accompanied wonderfully. The proceeds of the Fair and Concert were about \$300.

Mrs. S. H. Brown of Poughkeepsie and Miss Prescott of Montclair are at Mrs. John W. Duryee's.

Miss Vivien Duryee is spending a three weeks' vacation at home.

The Olmstead family, who have been at Culver, Ind., this summer, arrived home last Saturday night.

The grand annual picnic of the Presbyterian Sunday School will be held at Arthur L. Downs' bay grove Tuesday of next week. Plenty of "eats," including ice cream for young and old. It is sort of a village affair, regardless of sectarian lines; all hope to go to the same Sunday School above, you know. Too bad we don't all feel like it below. Perhaps we will if this war teaches us that Jew and Gentile, Romanist and Protestant, are after all striving to serve the world for the same Godlike purpose, the betterment of man.

Mattituck Grange enjoyed a wonderful box clam bake at Downs' Point on Tuesday afternoon of this week, under the skillful culinary art of the famous "Jack" Burgess, who served clams, broilers, bluefish, white and sweet potatoes, Lima beans, corn on the ear. It was all cooked to perfection, as only "Jack" can do it, and served with gallons of an exquisite sauce, whose compounding is only known to him. Though dozens of the ladies begged for its formula, he resolutely refused to give it. Over 150 people enjoyed the glorious "feed," and with the cooling breezes and fine bathing the afternoon was one of rare enjoyment. As "Jack" gave his services; ditto A. L. Downs, the grove, and Charles J. McNulty, they all received a ringing vote of thanks.

Lieut. Paul D. Williams of Chicago, Ill., was the guest of his Oberlin College chum, Mac Craven, this week-end.

Ralph Tuthill was home on a week's furlough last week, having made his fifth round trip on a transport. Looks fine and dandy.

Mrs. James H. Wines is heading a movement to have a big service board with the names of our boys in army and navy suitably placed thereon, erected on some prominent site here. The service flag is too small, and is wearing out. The board will be durable and satisfactory. Worthy object. Let's all chip in.

SUMMUM BONUM

## MATTITUCK

In the Greenport Hospital recently son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ohm of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley G. Cox enjoyed an automobile trip Up-State last week, combining business with pleasure.

Hook and line fishing for king fish in the bay has been very good lately. Several excellent catches have been made.

Early potatoes were being loaded here this week at \$1.50 per bushel. Most of the farmers report a good yield.

Some of our young people under the management of Miss Elma R. Tuthill are arranging to give a play some time this month for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Merwin O'Neil, who has for some time been the efficient clerk at Lahy's Pharmacy, politely presiding at the soda fountain, has joined the Naval Reserves, and we feel sure that he will serve his country with equal zeal.

"Fountain closed for the season. Damn the Kaiser," is the conspicuous and emphatic sign that hits one in the eye now as he enters the drug store of R. H. Lahy here. An explanation is in order. It is this: Merwin O'Neil, who has presided at the fountain, felt that he must enter the service, so he enlisted in the Naval Reserves. Mr. Lahy, finding it almost impossible to find satisfactory help to take Mr. O'Neil's place, decided to close the fountain. Hence the sign.

At the Literary Tuesday night a very nice program was presented, including the following numbers: Song, "Marseillaise," the Misses Hope and Clara Duryee, with Mac Craven at the piano; song, "Homeward Bound," Miss Caroline Howell, with Miss Hannah Hallock at the piano and Mrs. Frank Fleet playing violin accompaniment; vocal solo, Mrs. William Hughes, with Mrs. William Smith of New York at the piano; novelty sketches, Joseph Haynes, Brooklyn; vocal solo, William Smith, New York, with Mrs. Smith at the piano. At the next meeting a short play will be given under the direction of Miss Elma Tuthill.

The entertainment and dance last Thursday night in Library Hall given under the management of C. R. Wickham and an able corps of assistants from the Red Cross with talent from Camp Upton, was a complete success. The big auditorium was not nearly large enough to accommodate all of those who wanted to attend. The financial receipts amounted to \$282, net, and in addition to this R. H. Lahy and H. DePetris donated the money derived from sales of ice cream and soda, adding about \$50 to the above amount. The talent that came down from the camp was excellent, some of it being as good as one sees among the best of professionals in the city. The soldiers were given a supper in the Presbyterian Chapel by the ladies of the Red Cross. They said they highly appreciated the many courtesies extended them by the people of Mattituck. Mrs. Arthur Wells was the efficient chairman of the supper committee. The News is asked to tender the sincere thanks of the committee to all who helped make the affair such a conspicuous success.

The State Police, we understand, took Samuel Brown of the Old Mill, and Otto Magdefrau, former owner of the celebrated Monkey Jocks, to Riverhead on Tuesday of this week, charged with selling liquors without license. Perhaps in time we will actually be a "dry town" in reality as well as name. All signs seem to point that way now.

## KILL TWO WHALES

One is Landed at Promised Land. Riverheaders See It

Last Sunday several Riverhead people drove down to Promised Land to look at a big whale that the Edwards Bros.' fishing crew captured in the ocean off East Hampton the day before. The big fish was anchored off the dock and Riverhead people and others cheerfully paid \$1 each for the privilege of looking it over. The whale was about 40 feet long.

It is said that two whales, with apparently not a thought about the future, languidly drifted very close to shore Saturday. The men on a fishing steamer saw them, came ashore and got a regular whaling outfit and then killed both of them. The fish dragged the boats several miles off-shore and almost immediately hundreds of sharks rose around them. This made it dangerous to attach lines to the whales to get them ashore. Finally, just before dark, the smallest whale was gotten in tow and taken around Montauk Point, and up to the docks in Promised Land. The biggest whale, said to have been at least 75 feet long, was abandoned. The one brought ashore produced a lot of valuable oil.

## Got \$2,000 from Whale

The smaller of two right whales killed by the Edwards brothers and towed to Promised Land has been cut up, the blubber rendered and the bone saved. The leviathan will bring the fishermen a profit of about \$2,000. The larger of the two whales, a cow, eighty feet long, disappared below the surface before the whalers could get it ashore.

## THAT WONDERFUL APE

That Mattituck ape that visited Riverhead awhile ago gets more ferocious (according to the newspapers) as he travels west. A Sayville writer in the Brooklyn Times tells a story the major part of which is understood here to be quite far from the truth. Says the writer:

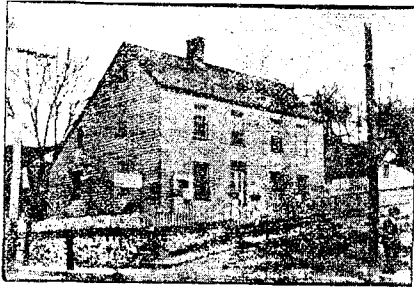
"A large ape, standing four feet, which escaped from a circus at Riverhead last week, is still at large.

The circus manager has offered \$300 for the monkey alive or \$75 dead. The animal was last seen by a farmer's wife near St. James. The woman fed it, but when her bulldog appeared upon the scene there was soon a dead dog, with his entrails strewn over the ground, so fierce was the counter-attack of the monkey.

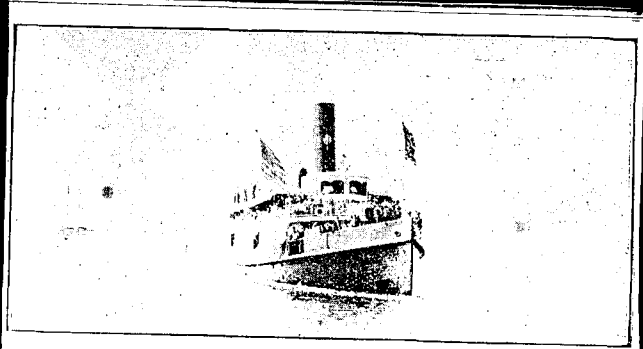
Many hunters north of here and at Ronkenkoma, are scouring the country and woods for the ape and reward.

## JOCKO IS DEAD?

It is said that Jocko, the Mattituck ape that played pranks in Riverhead and other places recently, is dead. The story is that the State Troopers were asked to come to St. James and capture him because he was annoying a colony of farmerettes, and when the troopers got there they found him dead, someone having shot him. His capture or death had been reported several times previously.



THE OLD ROE HOMESTEAD, NEARLY ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY YEARS OLD. 1918



"PARK CITY" ENTERING THE HARBOR.

Communicated.

DEAR SIR:

You published an item recently about the tearing down of the Chas. F. Roe house. It will interest your readers perhaps if you publish the testimony of Micah Jayne of East Setauket in a suit between James M. Bayles and others vs. John Marvin in 1879. Micah Jayne was the father of Capt. B. Jayne, known to all your readers.

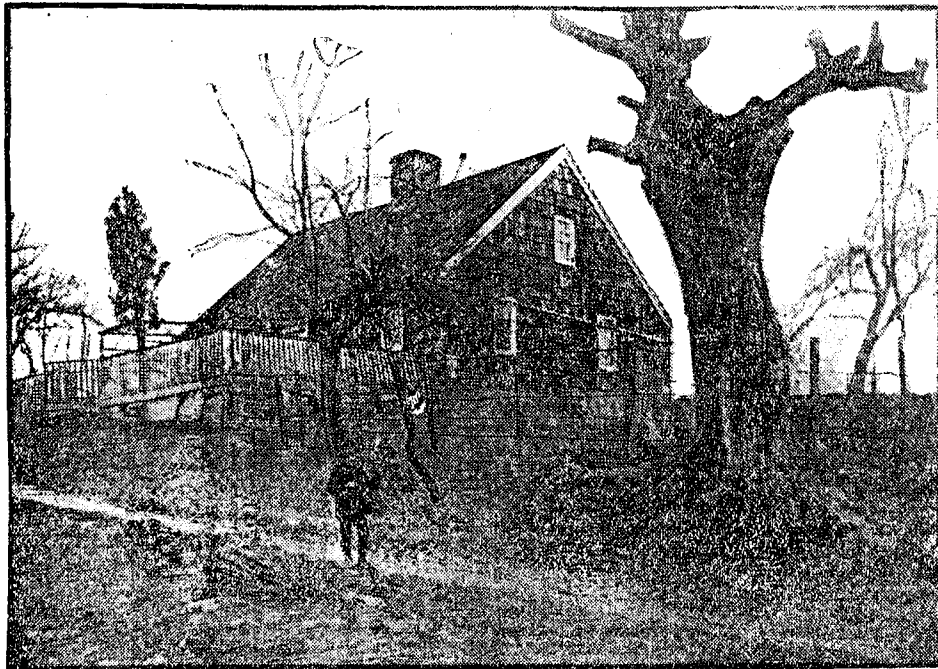
He was born in 1796 and gave the testimony when he was 83 years old. He said he remembered when his father's house was burned in 1805 or 1806 and that there was at that date a school house in Port Jefferson called "Drowned Meadow," as it was called, and there were only five houses in the place, except perhaps some small houses for colored people, slaves in those days. He located these five houses as follows: One was "where the Townsend House was, John Taylor lived there; another was Esq. Phillips Roe's house, near where Dr. Gilder-sleeve lives; another was Azel Roe's house, Mrs. Mary Doane now lives, (the one recently torn down;) another was where Esq. Z. Franklin Hawkins now lives," (the R. C. Church is there now.) Wm. Swezey lived there then and the other was Daniel Jones' house "where Isaac Jones now lives."

Mr. Jayne said there were two Churches on the Green in Setauket as far back as he could remember, and that part of Setauket was always spoken of as "The Town."

N. Y., May 16, 1921.

O. B. A.

Some Port Jefferson residents of today can locate the last named home, perhaps, I cannot.—O. B. A.



AN OLD TIMER.

One of the Landmarks of the Village of Port Jefferson.

In the village of Port Jefferson the visitor is sure to notice certain peculiarities quite at variance with most of the villages of Long Island. There is a charm about the village that invariably attracts. The streets were never intended to be straight, or, if they were so intended, they failed to get construct-

ed on those lines. They are not wide, either, more's the pity. Yet these very peculiarities tend to give the place an individuality. Port Jefferson would not be the attractive spot that it is if everything were spick and span and fixed up according to fixed rules. There are many delightful homes in the village, some of them dating back many years. Perhaps the oldest in the village at present is the one

occupied by Mr. Fanton, on one of the side streets. It is apparently in good state of repair and has certainly outlived a fine old tree of large dimensions which has flourished on the street near by. It is one of those ideal country homes of the old style, with the little flower garden in front, fenced in with white railings, mounted on a wall of split boulders.

1918

Miss Phoebe A. Jones of this village brought an interesting document to the TIMES office which may be of interest to many local people. It is the commission given to her father, the late Isaac Jones, as "a soldier in the company commanded by Captain Wm. H. Brewster at Brookhaven in the Thirteenth Regiment New York State Artillery, whereof Alexander Ming, Esq. is Colonel Commandant," etc. It bears the date of Nov. 1st, 1836. 1918

## INTERESTING LETTER.

Daniel H. Buckingham Tells of Port Jefferson As He Knew It Sixty Years Ago.

### VILLAGE CALLED DROWN MEADOW

Ex-Justice Now Lives In N. Y. City and Is 85 Years Old.

We received a very interesting letter last Monday from ex-Justice Daniel H. Buckingham. He is in his usual good health and sends kind greetings to his many friends here. We quote from his letter:

"I am about as well as common and go out on the street in fair weather, and over to Brooklyn often. Brother George A. Buckingham and wife have been in Bermuda all winter; they went the 18th of January, stopping at the Windsor Hotel, and expect to return by St. Bernard on the 26th inst. They enjoy the trip hugely.

"I was a little interested in what you had to say touching the Brooklyn Times' sixty years' celebration, and what my friend, William M. Davis, had to say touching his recollections of Port Jefferson sixty years ago, and of the people that lived there then. It all brings up old recollections, and I will jot down a few of them, and you can take them for what they are worth.

"I was born at Middle Island in 1823, about eight miles from Port Jefferson and have known the place from my earliest recollection, but I knew it as Drown Meadow—not as Port Jefferson—for several years, and then it was hard to drop the old name of Drown Meadow. I have no data to show when it was named Port Jefferson, but I remember of asking Capt. Miner Tuttle once if he knew when it was named Port Jefferson. (He was something of an authority.) He told me that he believed it was about 1834. I remember well the first time I went over to Drown Meadow, I was a small boy and went with my mother, later known in Port Jefferson as Aunt Abbey Meserole. We rode over with a team, and when we got to the top of Drown Meadow Hill (now Echo, formerly Gunsewogue), I looked down that gorge, or road, and over on to Long Island Sound, and saw the white caps; it was a windy day and I was frightened. I have crossed the Equator ten times, and have been around the Horn three times, and Cape of Good Hope once, and that fright compares favorably with any others; but we drove on down the hill. Near the foot of the hill there were two roads, the lower and the upper. The latter led along by Uncle Zachariah Hawkins' barn and house; the lower road was used by teams going down, and the upper road by teams going up the hill.

"As we passed along in the village of some twenty houses, more or less, we passed some fine springs of water and large willow trees and cord wood piles (coal was not used then). The tide came up over the meadows along that section then below the wagon road. The road as it skirted around by where the Baptist church now stands, was quite a hill then. We drove on towards the bay alongside Cookey Hill, and on to Uncle Lewis Hulse's store, which was then on the upper side of the road, on what is now the corner of Main street and East Broadway. When a boy I carted a number of loads of wood with an ox team, and sold them to Uncle Lewis Hulse. I remember that Capt. Tho-

J. Ritch and Capt. Thomas Tooker each took a spell at clerking with Uncle Lewis in his store before advancing to higher honors. But this yard is getting pretty long. But one thing more. Mother and I went to old Deacon Tooker's home and stopped awhile and took tea there. Aunt Althea, his wife, was aunt to my mother, being a sister of my grandfather, Daniel Howell, after whom I was named. This was my first meal in Drown Meadow.

"Yes, I remember all that my friend, William M. Davis, has said, and will not add or detract therefrom, excepting what I have said about Lewis Hulse's store."

## "FIFTY YEARS AGO."

"Old Timer No. 2" is Reminiscent and Tells of Interesting Happenings When He Was a Port Jefferson Lad.

That very interesting article written by "Old Timer" was certainly good and what the boys of today would call a "dandy." I have read it repeatedly and enjoyed it more and more each time. Not a boy born and bred in good old Port Jefferson, who is now grown to manhood and residing in a distant land, could read that article without shouting: "Hurrah for the village of my birth." It really makes me feel as if I would just enjoy dropping down in the village and spend the balance of my days there. And it is my desire and aim some day to be classed once more as a citizen of your beautiful village.

Speaking of the good old times and of different events happening "fifty years ago"—although perhaps fifty would be rather too many for me—possibly I could relate some amusing features that come to my mind that transpired when I was a lad and a resident and which might be of some interest to your younger readers.

I can imagine "Old Timer" took his departure from Port Jefferson on or about the time of "Pilo Terry," "Big Mary" and "Uncle Daddy Price" and by the way, Pilo's poor horse. How well do I remember going down to that oft-mentioned Jones' Dock, alongside of which lay several small vessels taking on cargoes of wood for New York and surrounding points. One of the vessels I remember was the good old sloop Phoenix, Capt. Chas. Hallcock. And there, much to the delight of the many seafaring people on the wharf, they saw suspended about half mast high, with a well secured strap around his emaciated body and with his long legs dangling in the air, Pilo's horse, which had died the day previous. Certaining that was fun for the boys and much enjoyed by the older ones; and the look of dismay on Pilo's face when he first espied his old favorite hanging aloft.

Speaking of these small wood vessels calls to my mind when a three masted schooner was launched from the ship yards of the late Sylvester T. Wines, in the rear of the store of C. L. & W. T. Hulse. I think her name was Louis A. Van Brunt, Capt. James L. Tooker, and they were obliged to launch her across the street (a public way). The deed was accomplished in good shape and amid perfect order. When the vessel was afloat then there was great rejoicing by the large crowd which usually attended such occasions, with sawditches and apple jack in the lofts later on. I remember standing close by the side of Mr. Wines and can now see the expression on his face as the vessel slowly, inch by inch, crossed the street, and I can now more clearly imagine the great strain that he was undergoing. As the vessel floated the first man to offer him a hand of con-

gratulation was our genial James Elbert.

I can also recall seeing as many as six and seven large schooners building at one time, in different stages of completion, say four in the yards of J. M. Bayles & Son and the balance at the yards of "Uncle Lloyd."

Do I remember the names of those vessels built so long ago? Well, I surely do. There was the Anna Sheppard, Schr. Isabell Alberto, Capt. Lewis Tooker; Schr. Annie E. Valentine, Capt. Jos. Bayles. The last named vessel had a 110 foot keel (how near did I come to it)? The writer no doubt drove some of those shingle unis in that wonderfully long keel, which at that time was quite a custom, and done to prevent worms from eating the wood. It used to be quite a well known trick to "nail down" your fellow workman who would sit in front of you, and do it good and hard too.

There was also the Schr. Lavina Belle, Capt. Samuel S. Bayles, (named for his wife); Schr. Anna W. Collins, Capt. Jos. Brown; Schr. Julia E. Willis, Capt. Samuel Bayles; Schr. Annie V. Bergen, Capt. Jas. H. Thompson; Schr. Annie Lewis, Capt. Steele; Schr. Ida A. Jayne, Capt. Scudder Jayne; Schr. Geo. H. Mills, Capt. Geo. H. Mills; Schr. Ryler, Capt. Ryder; Schr. Madison Holmes, built for out-of-town parties, but later commanded by Capt. Chas. A. Bayles; Schr. Glenwood, Capt. Nathaniel Dickerson; brig Helen M. Rowley, Capt. Rowley, then living at Wading River; Schr. Anna R. Booth, for Capt. Samuel Bayles; Schr. Adam F. Bouney, for out-of-town parties; barkentine W. E. Clowes, Capt. Jos. Dickerson, later commanded by Capt. Chas. T. Tooker; brig Eaglet, Capt. Dickerson; bark Carib, built for the South American trade; yacht Halsey, Capt. Wad Tuttle.

I think that a majority of these vessels were built by J. M. Bayles & Son.

I also remember the Schr. Anna Bell, Capt. Geo. Brewster; Schr. Willow Harp, Capt. Goldsmith Davis; Schr. B. H. Jones, Capt. Joel S. Davis, both built by John R. Mather, over on the west side of the village, or near Jones' dock. And it now comes to my mind of seeing the Schr. Village Queen, Capt. James Tillotson, being hauled out on the railways, which were then situated near the old store of Tooker & Bayles, just west of the old pump, and seeing in her bows a shot fired by the Rebels during the Civil War. A red streak was painted around her sides. The most of the above vessels were two masters and were all painted alike; well stripped in green, white, yellow and red, the paint being applied by the old vets "Uncle Daddy West," "Uncle" Appollos Dayton and Capt. Smith Dayton. All the fancy work, such as lettering, gilding, etc., was allotted to "Uncle" Appollos, and all hailed from "Brook Haven."

The most of my leisure moments were spent down town or in the vicinity of the two stores, C. L. & W. T. Hulse's and Tooker & Bayles'. Henry Lee was clerk in the first mentioned store and Bill Watson and John Norton in the latter. Frank Bayles was certainly a very popular fellow among the boys, and I can readily see how we must have annoyed him to a great extent. But he was always good natured and a friend of the boys in those days. When the store closed for the evening that hod of coal must be brought up, and those back shutters closed; blow high or low, rain or snow, some boy in the large crowd must do it, and the one who gave satisfactory service was rewarded with one of Dr. Doane's Square Enders or more commonly called "cheroots," (some called them cigars). Usually I was always "stung," for whenever I was "unfortunate" enough to receive one it happened to be one of those which required a good constitution or a "porous plaster" to have any effect whatever upon it. I think that ship yard team of James M. Bayles & Son could

pull it, for they were generally running away. I can see Mr. Syphers now running up the street looking for his horses.

Now I hope your readers will not connect these lines with the whims of an aged person with an impaired mind, for you my friends who have always lived in the beautiful village of Port Jefferson can never realize the pleasure it gives a man to return and walk the old streets of his native place. I can cheerfully say that I do really love those "old streets" and always enjoy with the greatest of pleasure every step I take upon them when visiting Port Jefferson, my old home.

OLD TIMER No. 2.

## COMMUNICATED.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—The writer being a reader of your very valuable paper and at one time a resident of your beautiful and prosperous village, would most humbly ask for a small space in your columns in which to express his feelings. I really oftimes feel lonesome and homesick when I think of the good old times we experienced when "Boys" at the old schoolhouse which we attend, situated on what is now called High street. The new and old schoolhouses were connected for conveniences for I remember our recitations in the smaller building, and Miss Annie Davis was our beloved teacher and was held in the highest esteem by every scholar in the class. I often wonder what has become of all of the boys of those days. Where are they? I hardly ever see their names mentioned in the paper. I presume they are scattered all over the world. If any of "The Boys" of the old and new school are now living and should happen to see this item I would like to ask them this question: "Do you ever think of the days when with our sleds and skates, we used to go to and from school and often away in the night, we would walk up that wonderful "long road" as we then called it that ran parallel with East Broadway, and with a good surface we could nearly reach F. F. Darling's store down by Jones' dock.

Speaking of schools and schoolmates, who is there in Port Jefferson today who remembers the girl whom we called "Matilda Ritchie." Do you remember her reader?

What a character was she and a good girl and classmate.

I can now imagine her standing near Mr. Merwin's desk with an old potato ladle in her hand singing for the scholar's amusement, a tune familiar to us all with words some-what like these:

"A nice old miser married me  
At the age of three score three;  
And I a girl of only sixteen!  
I wish his old face I never had seen."

And how many of you remember our old time parting song:

"With happy hearts and foot-steps light  
We are going home, so now good night,  
Good night, good night, good night,  
Good night!  
Good Night, Good Night, Good Night!

Now if any of my readers and school mates remember any of these doings that I have mentioned, nothing would please me more than to open the Times some Sunday morning and find an item to the effect that the old times have not been forgotten that we enjoyed so much in Port Jefferson, my former home.

Yours

A New Haven Reader.



## FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

## The "Old Port"—a Retrospect.

"In a former paper I made some allusion to the pleasing condition of the town, its flourishing business aspect, beautiful residences, improvements and desirability as a health and pleasure resort. But it was not always thus for

"Well do I remember,  
'Twas in the chill November," etc.

No, dear reader, the poet was mistaken. There were no birds hopping about that evening, though there may have been some perched in the rigging of the sloop "Jacob Duryea," that lay alongside the dock and from whence issued the screams, moans and sighs as of a lost soul.

But I think it was the wind, for it was blowing a gale from the northeast when some fifty years ago I stepped from the deck of the steamer "Island Belle" to the string-piece of Jones' dock, and fell into a hole.

Quickly recovering my equilibrium and hat, I was informed that it would be my stern duty to remain on the dock, figuratively speaking, to keep off cowards and eavesdroppers, but in reality for the more noble and glorious purpose of protecting the household goods from the storm until the arrival of the wagon that was to convey them to our future home somewhere in the interior.

Sitting alternately upon the trunks and kitchen stove to keep them from blowing away, I had sufficient leisure to view the distant lights of the village and negotiate a loan with a stray poet and thus address the elements:

"Tell me ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some cozy hut  
Or nearby village store?"

Some lone and quiet den;  
Some cave, or some cave,  
Where I can warm my feet,  
And cease the storm to brave?"

The rude winds hissed around my face  
And snickering whispered  
Nary place.

Having received such an uncivil reply, I remained on the dock, shuffling my feet and wearing out my patent leather shoes till the wagon arrived.

In due time we settled in our winter quarters. Houses being at that time rather scarce the only one available was a neat papier-mache affair which in a gale of wind required both anchors to keep it from drifting to leeward.

Now, we are all prone to look back and sometimes sigh for the so-called "good old times." Not necessarily so far back as the days when men and women were persecuted for their opinions by being placed in certain uncomfortable positions too near the fire, or having their feet incased in iron boots regardless of their covers, or their thumbs mere or less gently squeezed, until they experienced a change in their religious convictions. But we sigh for the days of say forty-five or fifty years ago or thereabouts. Not so very long since but long enough for old Father Time and Thomas Edison to have gotten in considerable work and made some slight improvements.

But suppose we try and forget for a few moments the affairs of our strenuous life, waive all sentimental ideas, and endeavor to look at conditions and things as they really were. And while reviewing the past put to ourselves a few direct questions and answer them honestly.

For instance, how many of us would now enjoy sleeping in a room where the thermometer had the habit of freezing up over night? Waking in the morning and after brushing the frost from the bedclothes and scraping the icicles from our beard or mustache and eyebrows with a coarse comb, going down stairs and after kicking the cat and letting out the dog, making a fire, thawing out the pump, potatoes, and sausage, then digging a tunnel through the snow drift at the back door then returning and with the aid of an axe endeavoring to cut a few slices of bread for breakfast, all the while keeping an eye on the coffee pot

to see that the contents did not freeze on the stove. Then cutting the molasses out of the can with a cold chisel, melting it by the fire and spreading it on the frozen buckwheats. Oh, for the good old times when we had to blow the oyster and clam shells open with dynamite before we could make a stew or chowder. When we went to the cellar armed with maul and wedges to break up the butter and a crosscut saw to secure a few slices of ham.

Evaggregation, say you?  
Not at all. I submit the case to the oldest inhabitant. That was a cold winter.

Oh, yes, those were good old days, when the bay was frozen over for four months and we could neither sail, or catch a fish.

All honor is due to the brave men who with the help of a horse and a plank with a spike driven through it tried to cut the ice so that the tide might float it out of the harbor. He faithfully worked night and day and well performed his part of the contract but the tide obstinately refused to act as common carrier, so the ice remained till spring, and afforded a fine, smooth track on which to test the speed of the best horses in town. All this was in the good old days.

But suppose we turn to the bright side awhile. "Every cloud hath a silver lining." And although confined by the snow and ice to the limits of the village the natives did not necessarily mope and mourn their time away. Far from it.

Outdoors there was plenty of sleighing, sliding down hill and skating. While the big winter evenings were enlivened by dances, church sociables, fairs and oyster suppers, and the oysters were not lonesome either, there were plenty of them,—at the bottom of the tureen. Then there were meetings of the Ladies' Sewing Circle where the fair ones met together and made flannel underclothes for the poor heathen in South Africa and discussed the various topics of interest in the village.

Also there were "Donation Parties" where the inhabitants met to replenish and deplete the minister's larder. And the ladies, bless their hearts, vied with each other in the production of cakes, crullers, that really crull'd and jellies that fell'd. And the men, old and young, dressed in their Sunday clothes, were there and as the evening advanced they put out the fires, to the great satisfaction of the boys who had to cut the fire wood, and rolled up the carpets and went with their wives and sweethearts through the bewildering mazes of the Virginia reel and the cotillion, round dances being considered inappropriate to the occasion—by those who could not dance.

And the men waylaid the minister in the hall and on the stairway, cordially shook his hand and left in his parlor a generous portion of their assets, which made the minister's heart glad. The children also rejoiced in the knowledge that they could have pie and cake three times a day for at least a week.

There were also church entertainments (admission free and no collection) when the little girls prettily dressed and the little boys with their faces and hands washed, proudly, or bashfully (according to sex) recited those beautiful stanzas beginning "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," but the orator having succumbed to an attack of stage-fright, failed to explain why the "boy stood," so we are forced to the conclusion that it was because the deck was too hot to sit on.

Another bright little boy would tell how he had fooled his sister, aunt, or some other lady, by filling the family churn with water, then coolly watched her frantic efforts to produce the butter and at the end of two hours cruelly informed her that he thought she had churned that water long enough for that day, she could resume her exercise to-morrow morning.

Another hopeful lad on one occasion announced in trumpet tones that either Liberty or Death would be entirely satisfactory to him. He did not need both.

"A Rich Man Burst the Door" was the theme of the bright little orator Charley D. and although he followed the announcement with some remarks intended to show that wit and wisdom are rather to be desired than great riches (of which we have our doubts) we still incline to the opinion that he

said rich man had stayed out rather late and lost his latch key, else why should he burst the door?

Then there was the little boy, Johnny B., who, having received a mild thrashing at the hands of his teacher, avenged the affront by hiding the saddle in the hay mow, thereby depriving his prospective brother-in-law of the pleasure of accompanying his fiancée on an equestrian excursion in the afternoon. This little boy told the audience all about the "Assyrian" who came down like a wolf, etc., probably afoot, as the saddle was hidden.

On Sundays everybody in the village attended church (this was before the advent of the summer boarder and the automobile). And Mr. S. played the organ and Mr. R. led the choir and the congregation tried to follow them and even at times forged as much as a neck ahead or came in a close second.

But taking it "by and large," as the sailors say, the music and singing were excellent. So, all honor to the members of that choir, whose services were rendered freely and unostentatiously. Many of them have long since joined the Celestial Choir, but their memory is still revered.

Of the congregation little need be said except that it was composed of God fearing, honest, industrious, kind-hearted men and women, thoroughly good citizens.

In the pews could be seen, as in all churches, the attentive listeners, the devout worshippers, and the sound sleepers, the last mentioned being awakened only by the tinkling of the coins as they dropped into the contribution plate which they mistook for the dinner bell, quickly relapsed into their former semi-comatose condition, even as they do now.

The spring time came at last, as it always does if we wait long enough, and the village thawed out and the men cited their storm suits and sou-westers and hung them up to dry, and went to the bay and set up rigging and calked and painted their boats, and some married the fair girls who had screamed and declared, as they flew over the jumpers on East Broadway, that never, no never, would they ride on a sled again, but chanced their mind the next evening. And some brave sailor boys sailed away soon after and left their brides weeping on the shore. And some never came back again.

And the summer came, when the boys sailed or rowed down the bay and caught flounders, and most of the men being away "on the water," the ladies relieved the monotony by visiting the post office three times a day (the mail arrived once daily) in their anxiety to hear from their absent loved ones or walked down past the old Jones' homestead and across the meadows past the workshops on stilts which have long since disappeared, their sites being now occupied by beautiful shade trees which surround one of the most popular hotels in the county, and on down to the dock to await the arrival of the steamer from "York" or the little sloop from Bridgeport. And then returned home to count the days when the husband, son or father should cast anchor in the bay.

And now the space allotted me is filled, and as the hour is late and my office fire burns low, I must bring to an end these fireside thoughts of an Old Timer and with the heartiest good wishes to the reader who has had the patience to follow these lines, say Goodnight.

S. E. GIBBS.

New York, Nov. 12, '07.

## AS GOOD AS MOTHER MADE

Dear Mother:—

We are nearly moved, so tired I cannot bake, but I have found a place nearby to get my bread and cake. It's round the corner from our home, the number 5 Monroe; such lovely home-made bread and cake and biscuits too, you know. My tribute to them I have paid, "They're just as good as mother made."

Your loving daughter,  
ADELAIDE.FIND OLD TOMBSTONE  
IN PATCHOGUE PRINTSHOP

Heathcote M. Hartt, Setauket Revolutionary Hero's Tablet, Finds Odd Place. Will be Returned to Setauket.

Having reposed peacefully in the office of the Patchogue Argus, a tombstone that once marked the grave of a son of a Revolutionary hero, has been discovered by Capt. "Bill" Graham, of Blue Point, who has promised to restore it to its rightful resting place.

While making up forms for The Log in the Argus office Capt. Graham noticed the peculiar formation of the make-up stone. Turning it over he found the following inscription:

"In Memory of Heathcote M. Hartt, Who Died in the 50th Year of His Age. Blessed Are the Dead Who Die in the Lord."

Editor Green was as much surprised to find the inscription on the stone as was Captain Graham, and could not account for its being in his office. It was part of the equipment when he took the business more than a quarter of a century ago.

O. B. Ackerly, former County Clerk of Suffolk County, has hunted out the history of the man for whom the headstone was made.

Mr. Ackerly, an authority on Long Island history recalled that in Colonial times Caleb Heathcote, a brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who was Governor of the Bank of England and Lord Mayor of London, had married Martha daughter of the founder of Smith's Point, Wm. Tangier Smith. Mr. Ackerly also found that a Revolutionary soldier, Heathcote Muirson, was killed in a battle on Lloyd's Neck, in July, 1781. Following that line it was found that the Heathcotes and Muirsons had intermarried.

Tracing the line through historical research and correspondence it was found that the grave of Heathcote M. Hartt is in the Presbyterian churchyard at Setauket, where the Heathcotes and Muirsons have family burial plots.

A grandson of Heathcote M. Hartt resides in Richmond Hill; F. A. Kimball, and a nephew, John Wells, lives in Setauket.

Jedediah Hartt and Gloryana Punderson were the parents of Heathcote Muirson Hartt, whose tombstone has just been discovered. They were married Nov. 9, 1797, in Setauket, by Rev. Zachariah Green, it being the minister's first marriage ceremony there.

The soldier killed at Lloyd's Neck in 1781, was an uncle of Heathcote Muirson Hartt, and was under the command of Capt. Benj. Talmage, who crossed Long Island Sound in November, 1780 and marching to Smith's Point, captured fifty prisoners and a lot of English stores.

A direct ancestor of Heathcote Muirson Hartt was Col. Wm. Smith, founder of the Manor of St. George, at Smith's Point. The old Smith homestead built in 1693 is still occupied by the family. Caleb Heathcote, from whom Heathcote Hartt was named, was Mayor of N. Y. City from 1711 to 1714, a Judge in Westchester County and Commander of the forces of N. Y. colony. He was also surveyor general of New York province and Receiver of Customs from 1715 to 1721.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SCHOOL MASTER

Aug. 1914  
A. W. Drummond Tells of Port Jefferson  
School Days 48 Years Ago--Has  
Taught School 30 Years.

While I was enjoying the vacation days at the paternal home, in Victory, Cayuga County, N. Y., during the summer of 1867, I received a "call" from Port Jefferson, N. Y., to become the principal of the Public School.

I had never been to the town; I had never seen any of its citizens, but, after due consideration I accepted the appointment.

In my school life at Union Academy, Red Creek, N. Y., and throughout my course in college, Syracuse University, I had aimed to qualify myself for the profession of teaching than which there is no more important calling in which men and women can be engaged, for it affords opportunity for making right character, and for presenting such emphasizing, lofty ideals of genuine and practical citizenship. Early in the autumn I went to New York City, and thence took passage on a steamboat for the scene of my future labors.

Arriving at my destination, I soon found the trustee who received me cordially; and, after a short interval, he escorted me to see the school buildings. Their appearance did not impress me very favorably. There was an older building and a newer one, and the two were connected by an unsightly section, and the grounds lacked fences and sidewalks.

I was young, and I possessed ambitious zeal and persevering energy, and I entered my work.

The school had evidently been under good management, and very soon matters had become adjusted to the change, and working order prevailed.

The different trustees, during my term of services, were J. B. Randall, J. M. Bayles and H. W. Swezey, business men, and the school commissioner was T. S. Mount.

The patrons of the school were much interested in its welfare, and they gave to the treasurers a loyal support.

The school comprised three divisions, primary, intermediate, and higher departments. The first two were over crowded; nevertheless, commendable results were obtained.

In the higher department there were the usual branches of study. Reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar and geography, besides, there were classes in civil government, physiology, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, navigation, Greek, Latin, French, German, and in these studies the pupils were enthusiastic and obtained good results.

A good deal of time and attention were given to the subject of intellectual arithmetic, for the reason that it was considered of greater benefit, in mind discipline, than the last half of an ordinary text book on arithmetic, whose contents not one person in a thousand ever has occasion to use. There were, also, oral exercises, which created much interest among the patrons, and they were a source of pleasure and profit to the pupils. The exercises were as follows: having the department "at attention," and standing by my desk, I would announce to the pupils 5 plus 2, times 7, subtract 1, by 6, plus 2, by 5, times 8, etc., etc.

I began this work as a weekly exercise, with few combinations, and very soon the pupils were able to follow a line of several dozen combinations, and when I paused, to give the correct answer.

Commissioner Mount designated the work as "mental gymnastics" and heartily endorsed the exercise.

I enjoyed my acquaintance with the pupils outside of school hours, and, I recall that, on one occasion, I joined a party of the boys, and we skated from the head of the bay to the sound; and, at another time, it produced much satisfaction among the young people, to have the schoolmaster as one of the load on a bod-sleigh, as it swiftly glided down the "Long Hill;" and, there were rides on ice-boats; and, there were many social gatherings.

I was a member of the Presbyterian Church and of Suffolk Lodge, No. 60, F. and A. M., and I found opportunities for usefulness in both of these organizations.

I also belonged to the Suffolk County Teacher's Association, whose annual meetings were very profitable to earnest teachers.

In connection with the school, I remember that, in after years, some of the pupils continued their studies at college; Alice R. Randall at Vassar,

John W. Roe at Albany Normal, Edward R. Shaw at Lehigh, L. Frank Tooker at Yale, I. Wilson Ritch and B. Franklin Hallock at Cornell.

Among my associate teachers, I recollect the Misses Phebe A. Jones, Annie E. Davis, Loucinda R. Jones, Ophelia G. Udell, Hattie E. Davis, M. Alice Norton and Jennie L. Bartholomew. These ladies were competent, earnest and efficient teachers.

Miss Jennie L. Bartholomew and I were married, at her home in New Haven, Conn., by Rev. Edward Stratton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Port Jefferson, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1871.

During my fourth year, I received a visit from the president of the Board of Education of Patchogue, N. Y., with the proposition that I would become the principal of the new Union School. I accepted the offer, and I labored in that community four years, the period being one of enjoyment and pleasant memory.

Leaving Long Island, I was successively superintendent of schools, at Milford, Conn., Oswego, N. Y., Port Chester, N. Y., and West Haven, Conn.

While we were living at West Haven, our son, Arthur Malcolm, was graduated from Yale University, at the age of 20 years; and, he died of typhoid fever during the following year, May 2, 1895.

The crushing disappointment, caused by his death, closed my career in the profession, in which I had spent thirty years. My wife died Oct. 20, 1908.

I like to think of my sojourn in Port Jefferson, N. Y., as one of the happiest periods of my existence.

I have enjoyed the morning, I have endured the meridian, and I am now watching the lengthening shadows of the afternoon of a long and strenuous, and, I trust, not unprofitable life.

A. W. Drummond, A. M.,  
40 Whalley Avenue,  
New Haven, Conn.

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN

Capt. John Henry a Sailor At  
13 Years of Age.

### IN THE DREADNAUGHT 30 YRS.

Is Now Retired From the Water and Conducts An Old Fashioned Hostelry At Mount Sinai.

The following from the Brooklyn Times is of local interest:

John Henry Smith, of Mount Sinai, is to-day one of the oldest living yacht captains in this vicinity, and is also possibly one of the best known on the north shore, and is hale and hearty.

"Capt. John," as he is familiarly known, is in his seventy-sixth year, and was born at Riverhead. He is the son of Dr. Vincent Smith and Caroline Horton. Dr. Vincent Smith, by the way, was the leading dentist of the north side in his day, and was known from Huntington to Riverhead as such.

When seven years of age the captain's parents moved to Port Jefferson, and here he received his early schooling, and it was indeed early, for at the age of 13 years the boy "graduated," and found a berth aboard ship on the old sloop Thorn, with Capt. Joseph Hammond. A sloop in those days generally meant a wood packet plying to some New York port, and occasionally carrying passengers providing those passengers were willing to "grab" with the crew and lend a hand aboard ship when necessary.

Capt. Smith followed the packet trade until he finally became master of his own boat.

In the year 1870 Frederick Lane, then a New York city lawyer of prominence, had built the crack two-masted schooner Dreadnaught. In looking around for a captain to command his boat he selected John Henry Smith, and for thirty years the vessel was under his command. During these years the vessel changed ownership seven times. She was a vessel of 266 tons, belonging to the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs, and was one of the fastest of her day. All seven of her owners, so far as Capt. Smith knows, are dead. Her last owner

A. W. Nickerson, of Boston, sold the boat to two Spaniards. She had then been brig rigged, and was bound for Havana, Cuba, when she was lost with all hands on board.

After retiring from the water Capt. Smith bought the Spicer Davis homestead property at Mount Sinai, and established an old-fashioned hostelry. Being an ardent sportsman, his place soon became famous as the headquarters for New York city and Brooklyn sportsmen, and each year during the open season, Capt. John is host to scores of gunners. Trophies of the hunt can be seen mounted in the large old-fashioned dining room, and of each one the captain can tell an interesting tale. A particularly fine one is the head of a large three-year-old buck.

Capt. Smith married twice. His first wife was Caroline Satterly, of Mt. Sinai, daughter of Luther M. Satterly. She died in 1879. Of this union three children are living, Mrs. L. H. Brewster, of Port Jefferson; Mrs. Frank Tuthill, of Rocky Point; and Capt. Henry Acker Smith, of New Haven,

## TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF POOR "AUNT MITTY"

Reminiscences of a Former Port Jefferson  
Boy--James Elbert Paid For Window  
Broken By a Dead Duck.

[Communicated.]

MR. EDITOR:

An article from our friend, Dr. Gibbs, a former Port Jefferson resident, wherein he speaks of the shipyard workers congregating around the stove in the back store, sitting upon "soap boxes," nail kegs, meal barrels, etc., brings vividly to my mind the time when a boy and a resident of the never-to-be-forgotten village of Port Jefferson. I fully remember the nail kegs and soap boxes, and if not greatly mistaken, some of those workers used to place themselves as near as possible to the raisin box, which most of the time was without a cover and was very convenient to reach, for during an animated conversation, and as the raisins were always of high grade, naturally made that special box all the more interesting. I think that the sea captains, who at that time were frequent visitors at the store of Mr. Bayles & Son--or rather what we called the "Old Store"--were instrumental in creating a bounteous amount of fun among themselves, and to add to the sport at that time, was to see Mrs. Mitty Woodhull come in the store with her small basket and her well-known umbrella. "Aunt Mitty," as we all called her, was really a character. She was an old lady and was "haunt" to everybody; but she would often become angry at the treatment received by some of the captains, and patience with her would cease to be a virtue, and she would strike out with that old umbrella of hers, and was not at all particular upon whose head it might fall. At about this time of the proceedings, "Aunt Mitty" was in a rage. But listen! the front door latch is clicking, who is coming? why, it's the late Capt. Joseph Bayles, one of the most popular sea captains on the American coast and well known all over the world among sea-faring men. Now "Aunt Mitty," with one fond look at the new-comer was all smiles and as meek as a lamb, for she certainly did have a very tender regard for "Uncle Joe," who could with one look or word quiet all disturbances.

I wonder how many of the readers of this article remember the trials and tribulations of poor "Aunt Mitty."

The younger boys usually chose for a play ground the sand plot at the foot of Broadway, between the two stores, Hulse's and Bayles'. The favorite plays were "pop over hats" and "bull in the ring," and on one very pleasant occasion--which I shall never forget--one of the boys found a dead duck and of a natural consequence it was thrown at the crowd, striking a lad by the name of Norton. He was naturally "hot under the collar" and siezing the bird and fixing his eagle eye upon "Hampt." Bayles, started for him. Hamp. looked at the old store door and then ran for dear life, but Norton reached him as he was about to open the door, when "biff," and Hamp's head went through the window with a rush and--well, then there was a lively time for a while. Norton cried, Hamp. also shed a few bitter tears, and if I remember correctly, one lad cried out of sympathy for Norton, for it looked very much as if he was to

pay for the window. But James Elbert came forward with his usual kindness and offered to pay all damages.  
A PORT JEFFERSON LAD.

April 12 Mattituck 1918

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Victor H. Robinson, who has been at the Suffolk Sanitarium at Holtsville for the past three weeks, writes that he is improving very rapidly there, has a good appetite, likes his surroundings, and hopes to return home soon perfectly restored in health. "Vic" has hosts of friends who will be glad to hear of his improvement.

Mrs. Benjamin Prince, who sold her handsome place, Mo-mo-weta, to F. Norris of Chicago, has rented a country place at East Hampton, L. I., for the summer.

We hear with much regret that Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hallock will move to Greenport the first of May on account of improved renting conditions. Mr. Hallock will still continue his duties as station agent at Aquebogue.

The committee for the Mattituck Liberty Loan is as follows: Hon. John M. Lupton, Chairman; Charles Gildersleeve, Publicity Agent; Sectional Managers, Mattituck Village, Henry P. Tuthill, Louis O. Pike, Charles Gildersleeve; Oregon, Nat. S. Tuthill, J. M. Lupton; East Mattituck and New Suffolk, Wm. M. Hudson, Philip R. Tuthill; West Mattituck and Sound Ave., Charles Elliott Hallock, Arthur L. Downs. So when these men call upon you at an early date, won't you kindly take account of your assets and be prepared to hand them out liberal amounts to help make your country safe and happy? Our good Polish friends who have had such unexampled prosperity on their farms, we trust will feel grateful to the wise government and country that has made it possible, and help us out to the full extent of their ability.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Grace Mary Winchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Winchester of Syracuse, N. Y., to Raynor Dunham Howell of Mattituck.

The Mattituck Bank has installed a magnificent new system of keeping accounts, called the Burrough Statement and Ledger Posting Method. Its workings are almost uncanny. It adds, subtracts, multiplies, etc., does away with the old-fashioned pass-book, and gives you a complete statement of your account in a second. When a bank handles nearly a thousand checks some days, it becomes wonderfully valuable. Call and see it; it's a wonder.

SUMMUM BONUM

April 19 Mattituck 1918

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Dr. Craven's sermon last Sunday night on the "Second Coming of Christ" was one of the finest discourses ever heard here, given with great earnestness and power. Miss Carolyn Howell sang with her usual beautiful tone and enunciation. Miss Gildersleeve played the "Dies Irae," and Mac Craven's young choir were heard in antiphonal selections. Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Sharp of Southold were present, Mr. Sharp making the prayer.

Our sailor boys, George Gerard Tuthill and Harold Hudson, both had "shore leave" last week's end, and looked dandy in their navy blues.

Our noble Red Cross women are working like Trojans and using a pile of material. They need funds and will keep on needing them, we fear. They will hold a cooked food sale every Monday and Friday afternoon till further notice, to swell their coffers, so give them a call and help along the good cause. This does not mean that Mattituck hasn't failed to do more than her share, but she wants to still keep on doing more. We must win the war.

May 15 1918

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Knight Brown were thoroughly surprised Wednesday evening of last week by a merry company of friends and neighbors who took this way of celebrating the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. It doesn't really seem possible, for "Abe" and "Ida" are young folks yet.

Our friend of a life-time, Mrs. Ann Eliza Wilson, mother of the well-known Wilson Bros. of Brooklyn, celebrated her 89th birthday quietly May 5th at her South Oxford St. Brooklyn home. Her brother, Jacob A. Brown of Mattituck, and Mrs. Wilson, are the only ones left of their generation of the once large family living here years ago.

Mrs. Arlien Wickham, Miss Imogene Beebe, Will Duryee, Terry Tuthill, the Meadames Conkling and other fine soloists will sing at the Presbyterian church next Sunday night, when J. M. Craven will deliver his address upon "Fundamentals" before Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., and the united church congregations here. Try and attend. You will feel well repaid for it.

Three more Mattituck boys—Charlie Reeve, Walter M. Silkworth and Lynwood G. Downs—have arrived safely over seas, "somewhere in France," we suppose.

At our post office we notice the Boy Scouts are "humming" things. Douglas Tuthill sold 114 Thrift, 145 W.S.S.; Nathaniel S. Tuthill, Jr., 95 Thrift, 72 W.S.S.; Ralph Cox, 40 Thrift, 5 W.S.S.; Gordon Cox, 19 Thrift, 12 W.S.S.; John Barker, 8 Thrift; Stanley Cox, 7 W.S.S.; Fred Olmstead, 14 W.S.S.; Sidney Olmstead, 9 Thrift, 5 W.S.S.; George Tyler, 11 Thrift; a total of 236 Thrift and 260 W.S.S, a face value of \$6,208.75. Now that the Liberty Loan is over the Scouts here will start another drive.

Our Public Library, which has been run on short time to save coal, will now be open from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., as usual, with papers, magazines and books free of use to all. Owing to the difference in school matters it has become necessary to ask for voluntary contributions this year. Will all those who can, kindly hand their contributions to the Treasurer, Mrs. E. K. Morton, or leave them at the Library. Our endowment fund has been much lessened by failure of its bonds to pay interest, so we trust those who see this notice will understand why this money is needed.

This has been a "war" year for babies in Mattituck, but signs of peace begin to appear, a fine baby girl, Estler Reeve, having been born to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton R. Wickham last Saturday.

Our competent Postmaster, Wick Gildersleeve, and his sterling assistant, Lizzie May Tuthill, are busy people, but have found time, up to last Saturday night, to sell \$4200 in War Saving Stamps, and are still driving on at the good work.

Henry R. Gildersleeve is at Dunraven, N. Y., supervising his big farm at that place.

Buy a Liberty Bond. All the people in this State are now registered and the committees are expected to sell every one a bond, or else give the reason why. So don't be on record as a slacker, but buy that bond at once.

# SOLDIERS ARE FORBID VISITING PATCHOGUE

April 1918

That Town and Sayville and Blue Point Are Too Naughty, Army Officials Hold

One of the most drastic military regulations put into effect this week is an order from Gen. Bell of Camp Upton forbidding any of the men from that camp visiting Patchogue, East Patchogue, Sayville and Blue Point, and any of the territory within two miles of those places. Those who disobey are liable to arrest and court martial.

And to further enforce the order an outpost of sixty men under command of Captain Carson, who is well known in Riverhead, has been encamped near East Patchogue.

While no official explanation of the new and drastic order has been made it is understood that the villages named have been considered by the military authorities to be too naughty. Speaking of the new order the Eagle says that soldiers have been returning late and unsteady after spending leave in the section now under the ban.

"The officials of the villages—Patchogue in particular—have made strenuous efforts to keep the town clean, and supposed they were succeeding to a fair degree, and the sudden application of the order excluding soldiers comes as a great shock.

"The whole trouble is laid to 'speakeasies' and hackmen who are said to have sold liquor secretly, some of whom have been under suspicion for a long time but against whom it has seemed impossible to secure convincing evidence. The enforcement of the order will not only take away a large amount of legitimate business from this section but will render useless the extensive work that public-spirited people have carried on in an effort to make things pleasant for the soldiers.

"Captain Carson, an old Regular Army officer, who is in charge of the outpost, in an interview with the Eagle representative emphasized the point that the section is not under martial law and that the patrolling soldiers will have nothing to do with civilians. The soldiers, who are mounted, are forbidden to talk to anyone except in line of duty, and all visitors are excluded from their camp.

The only exception to the exclusion order is in the case of men who can furnish proof that they want to visit their families actually residing within the barred zone.

## Riverhead Still Open, But—

For the present Riverhead has not come under the ban. Army officers have told people here that Riverhead was apparently keeping itself "unusually clean," and while it is still believed by officials and others well acquainted with night-time details of Riverhead life that the hotel men are straining every nerve to obey the law relative to the sale of booze to soldiers, there is no question, it is claimed, that some people not directly in the liquor business are in the habit of "passing" booze to soldiers when they visit here.

Should this practice continue no one would be surprised to hear of the ban being extended to Riverhead, greatly to the detriment of business interests of all kinds. In fact general business would suffer more than the hotel business.

Sheriff Biggs says he is trying hard to keep Riverhead open. He says he has two or three young fellows in Riverhead under surveillance, men whom he suspects of making a regular practice of selling booze to soldiers when they visit this place. These boys will be, he believes, apprehended in the near future unless they stop the practice. With this practice stopped it is believed that Riverhead will not come under the new military ban for otherwise the town is considered as clean as it is possible for a village of this size to be.

April 26 Mattituck 1918

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Rev. George R. Garretson preached a remarkably fine sermon in our Presbyterian church last Sunday morning from the text, "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?" Moses' exoditus to the men of Gad and Reuben to aid those fighting for them, just as we ought to aid the men who are fighting for us to-day. It was worthy of being printed broadcast, and as the rain prevented many from hearing it he has consented to preach it again next Sunday morning. Mac Craven's choir will also repeat the new Liberty Anthem, which is well worth hearing.

At present writing (Monday) Mattituck has more than secured her third allotment of Liberty Bonds, \$60,000, and hopes to raise a big pile more after hearing Rev. Mr. Garretson again next Sunday in "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?"

A goodly sized audience heard W. I. Hamilton of the Federal Bureau of Vocation speak upon Citizenship To-day and To-morrow, in the Presbyterian church last Monday night. This closed the Triangle Lecture Course for this year, and we think it has been a very good thing for the boys.

At the annual meeting of the Mattituck Fire Department on April 16th, Wm. M. Hudson, Henry P. Tuthill and Geo. L. Penny were re-elected Fire Commissioners. It was voted to raise \$200 by tax.

SUMMUM BONUM

Mrs. Booth and her cousin, Mrs. Dalzel, are enjoying a visit to Washington, the latter having a sister living there. Mrs. G. B. Reeve accompanied Mrs. Booth to Brooklyn.

The following item from the Sun tells the story of the short skirts so well (I mean the extremely short skirts, and there are many of them) that I'm sure some readers who, like myself, do not often promenade Fifth avenue to see for themselves, will enjoy reading it. And yet it is not necessary to go outside of our villages in the town to witness the short skirt at a disgusting length, or want of length. We all admit that the trailing skirt of the past was a nuisance to the wearer and unpleasant to the beholder, but why cannot our young ladies and older ones, too, follow a fashion without being its slave, as the writer says.

"As I breezed along Fifth avenue Easter Sunday I did not detect any innovation of style that was startling, but I saw as usual the slave of fashion and I pitied her. Her lack of grace and proportion made her conspicuous, and I concluded that any rigid style that allowed of no digression was absurd, unfair, tyrannical. I critically looked them all over, and I saw that many showed to great disadvantage in short skirts; in fact, the unnecessarily revealed defects of some irritated me. I do not want to see all things as they are. I prefer to hold on to and cherish my illusions, although it is hard, I grant you, to do so these sad days. Short skirts are not for every one, particularly are not for the flat footed, the pigeon toed, nor people who are beef to the heels, and there were far too many examples of all these in evidence." R.

Somewhere in France

March 21, 1918

DEAR OLD CHUBBIE: Now wouldn't this knock your eye out, old top? Didn't I tell you I was bound for France, but the folks home all said I would not be sent. Can't you see why? Good men were wanted, so they selected me. (Parley vons Francais). Believe me, this is some lingo. I can't speak it very good yet, but I will be able to if I get a teacher. I really can't see how one can progress very fast without making it a study and attending a school. Of course you can picture Mac in town with his little French book in hand, trying to buy some figs or nuts. Some scream! To make a long story short, in desperation I show the storekeeper the book and what I want to say to him, and then we both have a good laugh. We have some merry times trying to speak French. One thing that don't bother me is their mazuma. I mastered that in short time.

Well, about the sea-faring voyage, let me say it was perfect. Why, I have seen L. I. Sound twice as rough many times as the old Atlantic, with the exception of one day. On that day we tossed around very freely and almost every one had an attack of seasickness. I had a spell which lasted about half an hour, and was then laughing at the rest of the guys. I was somewhat timid about the old Atlantic, and many times I said I would not cross if my expenses were paid, but when Uncle Sammy said I'll pay

your fare, why, I could not resist so corrial an invitation!

Some town we are in now, and are having everything a heart could desire, excepting of course natural home-like things and surroundings. There are many things I could write about, for instance buildings visited and many

other things, but I might give a too vivid description and the censor might make this letter look as if it had been at the front line trenches. You will have to wait until I come back, for we are coming some time. We have the goods on that German pest, and he'll know it in time. I have met boys from every state in the U. S. Just now I am looking up Ray Hudson, and hope I find the old scout.

The weather here is very nice. Rather cool mornings and nights, but nice and warm the rest of the day.

Gee! you ought to see our aviators doing stunts over here. They are classy with those birds.

The fellows here in the Medical Corps are certainly a fine, manly bunch of boys, as nice as I ever met, and particularly our officers. You would think you were in the United States by the Henry Fords, Pierce-Arrows—in fact everything most is American. I am writing this in a new Y. M. C. A. building just erected. They have a fine piano and victrola, also a new pool table. There is a show or fight almost every night here, so you see we don't lack for amusement. The boys are treated royally, with plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in.

Of course I surely miss the little old town of Mattituck, and know I can't get home in a few hours as I could at Camp Upton, but I do know when I do come it will be for good. I hope so, any way.

I am much worried over mother. I saw her at the hospital the day of the operation and the morning following. I phoned the hospital the night before leaving Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and they assured me she was doing finely, but I haven't heard a word since, and that was February 15th. I have written her five letters since I got ashore. George will write me soon, I know.

How is dear old friend Charles Gildersleeve, I wonder. I often think of him, and also Penny, "Tip" and Bergen across the street. Then I can see O'Neill, "Ike," "Bummie" and that bunch hitting the Greenport movies in either that big 6-Chalmers or that classy Hupmobile. I can see Jim and Sid in the store as plain as can be. Regards to them and also Vic, Sam and Herbert. There also are Wick and Lizzie May Tuthill dishing out mail. Then I can look down Railroad avenue and see friend Harry De Petris making his mazuma. I wish he would send me five pounds of chocolate candy, like Hershey bars. Sonntag is on the job, I suppose. Hand them all my best regards, also your mother and Doll, and don't forget the girls, because you know I was somewhat of a heart-breaker when home. Hope you will answer.

Your sincere friend,  
FRANK MACMILLEN

The Right Way of Looking At It

To parents whose sons are in France, or by some of the devious routes of patriotic service on their way there, there should be much comfort and stay in the thoughts that have been cast into simple verse by a Canadian father whose son, not long after these words were written, fell in battle on the French front. The author is James D. Hughes, Superintendent of Public Schools in Toronto:

"God gave my son in trust to me; Christ died for him and he should be A man for Christ. He is his own And God's and man's—not mine alone. He was not mine to give. He gave Himself that he might help to save All that a Christian should revere— All that enlightened men hold dear. 'What if he does not come?' you say. Ah, well! My sky would be more gray; But thru the clouds the sun would shine And vital memories be mine. God's test of manhood is, I know, Not 'Will he come?' but 'Did he go?'"

MY HOSIERY.

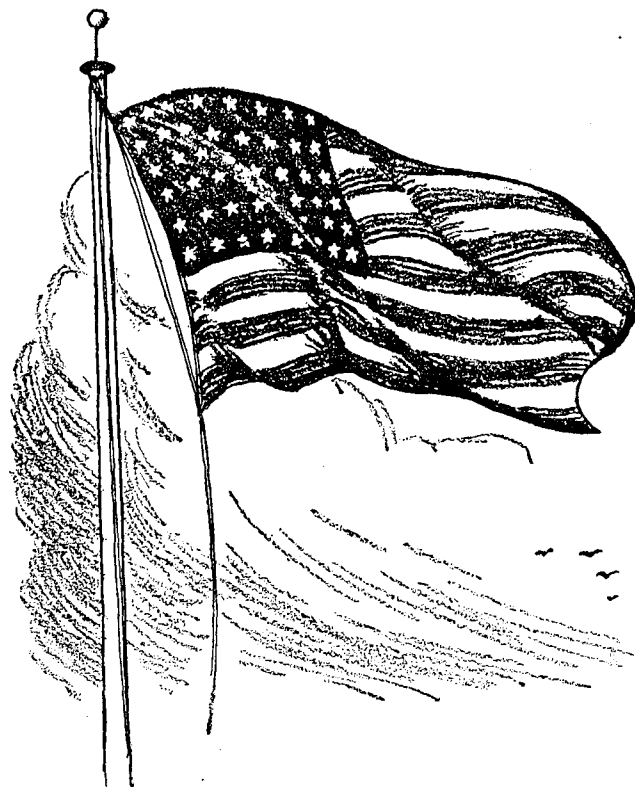
(With the Usual Apologies)

The hours I spent on thee, dear sock,  
Are as a string of pearls to me,  
I count them o'er by the weary clock,  
My hosiery, my hosiery.  
First two I knit, then two I purl,  
And round the leg I slowly reel;  
Now joyful paeans to the Heavens I hurl,  
I've turned the heel.  
Oh, knotted ends that scratch and burn,  
Oh, stitch that dropped, uneven row—  
I kiss each blight and strive at last to learn  
To reach the toe, sweetheart, to reach the toe.

★ THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER ★

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Sept. 14, 1814.



Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!  
Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,  
Between their loved home and war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

# PORT JEFFERSON OF YEARS AGO

An Interesting Interview With  
John Hammond Overton

NO HOUSES ON WEST SIDE

And Not a Building on the Shore Front---  
Capt. John Wiltse the First Boat  
Builder in Port Jefferson.

Believing that it will be valuable for future generations to have truthful stories concerning the history of Port Jefferson given by the men who are still alive, we this week, start with an interview given us by John Hammond Overton. We will print this in narrative form fully believing that it will be more interesting reading that way.

I was born in Coram, eighty-six years ago, my parents were Methuselah Overton and Sarah Anne Still, my father was named by his uncle Jesse Overton. He told my father's mother that he would give me a tract of land if he could name my father. This was permitted by my mother, and I have heard my father say often that he wished he had never had the land or the name, and I have never met a man who has borne this name. I have known Port Jefferson for over seventy-five years, and have lived here sixty-five years. When I first knew the village, there were no houses on the west side of Main street coming down from the station until you reached the house known as the Well's place. Just off the Main street back of the house now lived in by Welcome, the blacksmith. There was still another house, which is standing nearly opposite the home of Frank F. Darling, and occupied by Joseph Kinner. The next house was called the Point and is the present residence of George M. Tooker. On the other side of Main street you could find the old Zachariah Hawkins place which stood on the land where the new Catholic church stands, then came the present home of Charles F. Roe. The next house on that side was known as the old Roe homestead, now occupied by Mrs. E. B. Downs. The Townsend house also was one of the standing buildings. Following Main street around Hotel square, we came to the house which is now owned by George Brice and occupied by Charles Tobiason as a residence. The next was the homestead owned by Caleb Kinner, now the property of Lewis Moger and tenanted by John J. Freeland. Then we came to the old school house, it stood where now stands the residence of A. T. Norton. You then came to what is now known as the bakery, here stood the home of Havens Brewster, grandfather of M. V. B. Brewster. The next residence was occupied by Elisha Bayles, grandfather of the Bayles Brothers, who now have their ship building plant and store on the shore front. William H. Bayles is now occupying the old home. Another house called in those days, The Bell House, stood near this Bayles homestead on the hill. This was the home of William T. Hulse's grandmother. The property of Miss Lizzie Smith was owned by the father of William T. Hulse, he lived in the house which is now tenanted by Olcott Davis, and he had his store on the corner opposite the brick store now occupied by Frank Robbins. We next come to the old Bayles homestead, built in 1802 by Captain John Wiltse, who was the first man to build a boat in this village. The village could boast of hardly any other buildings than these I remember.

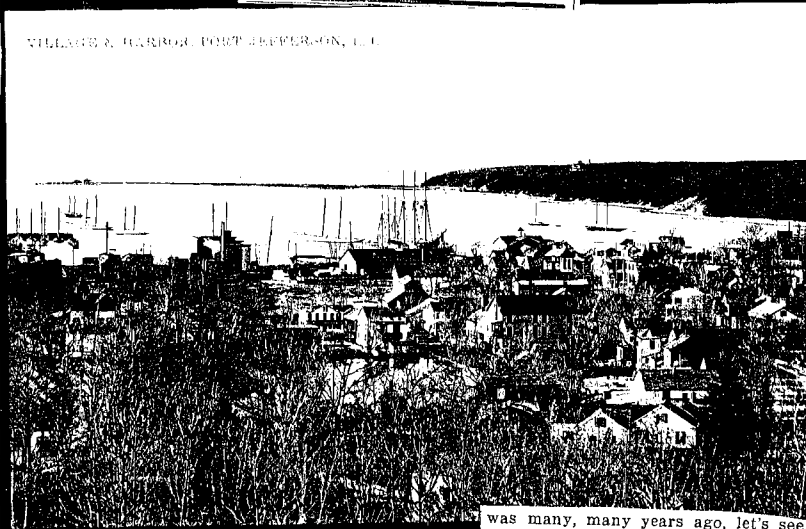
Mr. Overton who is a man of good keen mind, has a clear mind and all his faculties, and with reticence gave us the following facts concerning his own village, a very interesting

## How Port Jefferson Got Its Name.

The modern history of Port Jefferson may be said to have begun with 1797, when John Wiltse began the ship-building business here.

At that time there were only five houses in the village. It was then known as Drown Meadow, and it was not until the year of 1836 that the name was changed to Port Jefferson. The late Thomas Jefferson Ritch, father of Lawyer Thomas J. Ritch and former Supervisor Wilson Ritch of this village, is said to have been instrumental in having the name of the village changed in honor of the third President of the United States. In 1825 there were several firms in the boat-building business, and the village had become a ship building center—having the largest business of that kind of any village in Suffolk County. About the year 1836 a new era seemed to open to the residents of the place. This was in a considerable measure due to the enterprise of Captain Wm. L. Jones, who ventured more capital and energy in developing the village than any other man had ever done. Captain Jones was a member of a native family and was born about the year 1792. His parents were Daniel and Bethia Jones.—Eagle.

VILLAGE OF HARRISON, PORT JEFFERSON, L. I.



My parents had a farm at Coram, when I was but eight years old, my father died. My uncle, Joshua Overton, then took hold of our farm and worked it on shares. I helped as best I could about the place, but at the age of sixteen, made up my mind to go to sea, and for three years I sailed on the sloop Sylph which was commanded by Captain James Smith, father of J. Alfred Smith, employed by L. H. Davis & Co., of this village. At the age of nineteen I gave up sea life and came home. I then took possession of the farm and worked it until I was twenty-one years of age. I then learned the house carpenter trade with Sidney L'Hommedieu. Two years after I had served my apprenticeship I entered into a partnership with my former boss. We had considerable building here in proportion to that which was done. The first house I built was for Steven Fowler at what was called Mittyville. We then built the present George D. Lee home and the homestead next door owned by my son and tenanted by O. Welcome. We then built the F. F. Darling residence. The next house we built was for Captain George Bellows, this is the present home of C. Onecker. Now, right here, just say that I made a mistake about the first house I built, the first one was built for my sister, Mrs. Davis Norton, and in this house she died recently at the age of eighty-seven years. My, it

was many, many years ago, let's see, yes, it was sixty, when I built it. Fifty-eight years ago I built the house in which I live and I have never moved from it. I also built Captain E. M. Davis' house, the residence for John P. L'Hommedieu, Good Templars' hall and the house occupied by William Brush for his father-in-law, Hamilton Fitzgerald. Now, I would like to say a few words concerning the shore front. There was not a building on it, the whole front was used as a wood yard and the dock which is now Darling's dock was then being built by Mr. Jones. Our harbor was a lousy place, and a great many sloops were in the wood carrying trade. There was an old wharf somewhere down in the neighborhood of the Bayles shipyard which is the oldest dock in town. One of the great improvements in the village, was the filling in of all the land between the home of Thomas Newton to the present residence of George M. Tooker. I can remember when this land was nothing but a swamp, yes, a meadow, and when the tide was high one had to drive around Brick Kiln for the mill creek was not bridged then. The road from Newton's corner was a bed of mud and marsh, it was hardly passable and during my life time this road has been filled in eight feet in some places. Why, I had a four foot stone wall in front of my place, now you can walk right into my yard from the street.

Mr. Overton was still willing to go

## PORT JEFFERSON IN 1831

Then Called Drowned Meadow---  
Recollections of an Old-Time  
Resident, in 1875.

[Chapter II.]

There were in the place two blacksmith shops, but neither of them were occupied as there was not work enough at the trade to support one man, and the people were compelled to go to "Old Man's" (now Mt. Sinai) if they wanted anything done in that line, or in the way of making or repairing wagons. There were two stores, one kept by Lewis Hulse, the other by James R. Davis; these with Taylor's hotel and the post office constituted the only business conveniences of the place. Numerous barrels of New England rum were imported and liberally dealt out at the two stores and the hotel in those early days.

The means for intellectual and moral cultivation were the district school, taught by Zacharia Hawkins in a 7 x 9 school house, which stood in front of where Brewster Woodbull's house now (1875) stands, and religious services were held in the same building, one evening each two weeks, by the circuit preachers of the Methodist church, and occasionally stray preachers from some other denomination. The circuit preachers of 1831 were Rev. Reuben Harris, an elderly man of considerable power, and Rev. Mr. Alden, a young preacher.

During the summer a Sunday school was organized in the school house with Zacharia Hawkins, superintendent; and Wm. H. Brewster, Wm. Robbins, George Petty, Albie Willis, Irene Robin and Antoinette Hawkins, teachers. Regular sessions were held until cold weather arrived, when it was finally broken up for want of sufficient interest to sustain it. The truth is, the moral standard of the people, with a few honorable exceptions, was at a very low point. During the following winter, however, a great change was experienced, through the faithful and earnest ministrations of Rev. Mr. Harris. From that time may be dated the moral, religious growth of the place, though no church was organized here until seven years later.

There had been several attempts to establish the shipbuilding business previous to that time, but they proved unsuccessful, because it was rendered necessary to bring the mechanics required to do the work from other places, none being able to locate themselves here on account of the fact that nearly all the land, in and about the village, belonged to an entailed estate, so that none could be sold, except in occasional small quantities, as it became necessary to raise money to defray the expenses of the minor heirs.

In the next year, however, 1832, Capt. William Jones started the shipyard now (1875) occupied by Boss John R. Mather, on land which he had principally made by filling in the meadow, and that season he built the schooner Pearl, of about 300 tons. He continued the business of the yard, at the same time entering into every enterprise which he could for the benefit of the place, and there is no doubt that his influence in building up the general prosperity of the village was, for many years, greater than that of any other individual. He afterward surrendered the yard and business to Boss Mather, who has kept it going until the present time, putting afloat a number of the best vessels ever built on Long Island, which, as all the vessels built here, un-

ed from Brookhaven, contributed largely to establish the high reputation which Brookhaven vessels hold throughout the world.

In the same year, 1832, Mathew Darling and Sylvester Smith started the yard now owned by James M. Bayles & Son, and built the brig Tigress, of about 400 tons. They also rigged a sort of temporary marine railway, on which they rebuilt the schooner Hope for Capt. John Darling. In the fall of that year Messrs. Darling & Smith bought land on the west side of the bay from John Van-Brunt, who according to the agreement for the purchase, employed Major Brewster to build for them the house now occupied by Capt. Oliver Davis, and the next spring they opened the yard now occupied by Boss E. B. Darling, a son of one of the original firm, and during the season built the brig Amelia Strong and the sloop Emeline, now called the Ida E. Vaile. They continued to carry on the business in partnership for seven years, when they separated, and Mr. Smith opened the yard afterward occupied by Boss Joseph Harris, Darling remaining in the old yard, both continuing the business in their respective yards as long as they lived.

## PORT JEFFERSON IN 1831

### Then Called Drowned Meadow--- Recollections of an Old-Time Resident, in 1875.

[Chapter III.]

In the year 1832 Lewis Hulse also took the contract for building the brig Cumberland for Capt. P. Darling, and employed Augustus T. Hubble as master builder. Mr. Hulse continued to take contracts, employing mechanics to do the work, building in that way ten other vessels, in all of which he took a share, and in several of the last built he was a heavy owner.

The next to enter into the business of ship building was the firm of James M. & C. Lloyd Bayles, then both young men, who opened what is known as Bayles' new yard and made a very successful career until each had a son whom he wished to start in business, and the firm was dissolved and the new firms of J. M. Bayles & Son and C. L. Bayles & Son were formed, the first named of the new firms being among the most extensive builders on the Atlantic coast.

C. L. Bayles having given his personal attention to his farm at Consegogue, leaving the yard in the hands of his son, the firm has proved an example of the policy of dividing between two branches of business the capital which should have been employed in one.

The growth of Drowned Meadow was quite marked from 1860, since the breaking up of the Old Roe estate, the condition of which remained an obstacle to the growth of the place too powerful to be overcome by the few energetic men who were striving to keep in line with the advance in other localities.

In the hope that a change of name would be of some help in building up the village, Capt. Thomas J. Ritch, Capt. Hamilton Tooker, Reuben Wilson and a few others, after considerable effort against a strong opposition, succeeded in getting the name changed in 1836 or '37 from Drowned Meadow to Port Jefferson, the principal ground of opposition being that it was an honor to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, to whose principles a majority of the people then in the place were opposed.

The only means of communication with the outer world at that time were the mail, which was carried along the north side of the Island on horseback and the one packet sloop Emperor, of about 60 tons, Capt. John Willisie, which made weekly trips to New York and back, carrying wood and farm produce and bringing back the merchandise for the stores of the place and surrounding villages.

In 1836 Elisha Bayles and Maj. Brewster opened the street now known as Thompson street. Bayles owned the land on the north side of the street and Brewster that on the south side and they commenced selling building lots thereon. The same year a school house was built on that street, on the lot but recently occupied by the Methodist church. The building has since been converted into a dwelling, and as such is still occupied. The next year, 1837, Charles Jones built on that street the house now occupied by George P. Schryver, and in the following year he built the Methodist church which was moved from that street to a site on the corner of Main and Spring street, in 1873; and from that time, Port Jefferson commenced to grow with more rapidity. The basis of the prosperity of the place has always been the ship-building interest which has been continued by the builders already named.

In 1867 Sylvester Wines, who had formerly been with G. F. Darling, commenced business by himself, first building the three-masted schooner Lonie A. Van Brunt for Capt. James L. Tooker, and continued to be an able and active builder, winning a superior reputation as a modeler, and building vessels which rated second to none, until the time of his death, which occurred in the summer of 1874.

Boss Joseph J. Harris has also done an extensive business in that line, and won an enviable reputation for building working vessels which are fast sailers.

## PORT JEFFERSON IN 1831

### Then Called Drowned Meadow--- Recollections of an Old-Time Resident, in 1875.

The narrative which follows was brought to the memory of a well known resident of Port Jefferson in 1875, hence where it speaks of the present time it should be remembered that it refers to that period and not to 1907.

Interest always clings to the early history of the different villages of Long Island, and to the citizens who have been prominent local characters, or who have experienced an important influence in moulding the character or promoting the growth of those villages. So with Port Jefferson, or Drowned Meadow, as it was called in 1831 and which was the name of the post office.

There were at that time in all Drowned Meadow, thirty-one dwellings, thirty-nine families; one bachelor establishment, and one hundred and ninety-six people in all. The section of the village lying on the level lands above the hills was called Consegogue. There was then in that section two houses—the farm house now owned by Capt. Minor Tutill, then occupied by Capt. Caleb Kinner; the other a small tenement house, occupied by Jonathan Still. Descending the hill, the next house was that of Zacharia Hawkins, where the post office was then kept; next was a small house on Cemetery ave. occupied by Martin Wells; next was the house on what was then called Vinegar Hill, oc-

cupied by Ebenezer Jones. The remainder of the thirty-one houses were occupied by the widow of Azel Roe; Samuel Gates, on the Brick Hill road, occupied in 1875 (and also in 1907) by Orin Dayton; Daniel Robbins, the old Roe homestead, where Dr. J. E. Gildersleeve's house now stands; Charity Willisie, John Griffin, Timothy Dwight Seward, house where the Townsend House now stands; Capt Wm. Jones, later occupied by B. H. Jones (in 1907 the property of George M. Tooker); Waters Tooker, the house belonging to the Hulse estate; Maj. Wm. H. Brewster, later owned by Overton & Fanning; Elisha Bayles, afterward owned by Capt. Joseph Bayles; a colored man named Pedro occupied a small house where Rich's store now stands; Walter Price, tailor, who kept bachelor's hall; Capt. John Willisie; Deacon Daniel Tooker, and Capt. Hamilton Tooker, later occupied by Capt. Miller; Robert Dayton; Lewis Hulse; Wm. S. Taylor, hotel, afterward the residence of J. M. Bayles. On the hill back of where Capt. George Brewster now lives was the old Bell house, in which lived the widow Bell, widow Petty and colored "Tammy," with his wife and mother, a squaw named Rachel. At the time of Rachel's death her history was traced back, in families where she had lived, for one hundred and fifteen years; Catharine Tyler; Henry F. Punderson, the house later occupied by Franklin Brown; Benj. Brown; Shedrick Terry, part of the estate of Richard Matther and David Turner in same house; Israel Davis, on the beach. These comprised the dwellings on the east side.

On the west side the houses were occupied by Nathan Terrill, on corner of beach road and road running to west side of harbor; a small house on the knoll was occupied by a colored family; Jeremiah Kinner, father of Caleb Kinner; Daniel Young, old house on Brick Hill.

Of the people who were the heads of families, there are now (1875) living Capt. Hamilton Tooker and wife, the only unbroken couple, Alfred Bayles, Mrs. Lewis Hulse, Mrs. Wm. S. Taylor, Mrs. Wm. Kinner, Mrs. David Turner and the widow of Benjamin Brown since married to Mr. Frazer. Of all the others then living there are now known to be alive only fifty-five, making sixty-three survivors of the one hundred and ninety-six.

The business of Drowned Meadow in 1831 was far from extensive. The only mechanic who could secure work enough in the place for his support, was Walter Price, the bachelor tailor, who will be remembered by many of the older citizens of 1907. Maj. Brewster was the only house carpenter living in the place, and he found most of his employment in other localities, as did also Benjamin Brown, the only ship builder, and Elisha and Alfred Bayles, the only caulkers and riggers. At that early period Benjamin Brown built the sloop Invincible, of about 70 tons, for Capt. Henry T. Punderson, to run as a packet between this port and New York. He was obliged to bring all the mechanics employed on the work from other places, except Maj. Brewster who did the joiner work and Elisha and Alfred Bayles, who did the caulking and rigging. As was the custom of those times, he boarded all the men in his employ, and that continued to be the custom until the adoption of the ten hour system, in 1842 or 1843.

More anon.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

From the Port Jefferson Times of Jan.  
18th, 1879.

Frank Hulse is the champion duck slayer.

Capt. Smith Dayton settled in Port Jefferson in 1825.

Capt. Nathaniel Dickerson has arrived home from Kingston, Jamaica.

Capt. Selah Brewster, one of our best coast captains, made a flying visit home this week.

The Port Jefferson brass band is practicing in their room over Schryver & Edwards' market. We have pleasant anticipations of their "open air concerts" next summer.

By the generation of too much coal gas, the door of Wallace Saxton's sitting room stove was blown open and coal and ashes thrown about the room.

The M. E. Sunday School is under the charge of Rev. S. H. Smith. The attendance is large. It is held from 2.30 to 3.30 p. m. every Sabbath. The infant class numbers fifty scholars and meets in the church parlor.

Just before H. T. Lee, superintendent of the M. E. Sunday School, left for a winter's sojourn up the state, he received a fine present from his Sunday School scholars. In a note read to the school last Sunday, he stated that while the present was thankfully received, it gave him more pleasure to know that his efforts were regarded with tenderness.

We understand that a brother of Kate Cobb, the alleged wife poisoner of Norwich, Conn., is living in this village.

It is said that there will be fun in the camp when P. J. Hawkins, the internal revenue man, next visits Port Jefferson. Is there any crookedness about?

Wm. E. Hunt, of this village, finished two fine yawl boats for the bark Mary A. Greenwood. They will be shipped to New York via. L. I. Railroad.

J. B. Overton, J. Billy Brown and Adelbert L'Hommedieu were promptly on hand with their snow plows on Thursday and did a philanthropic work in the way of clearing paths.

Boston Terry, who has recently returned from Kingston, Jamaica, states that the ride on the railroad there was grand, and the display of tropical fruit splendid. He states that the taste of oranges and other tropical fruits there is far more delicious than when the fruit arrives here.

The matter of difference between J. J. Ruth and George Saxton, tried before Justice Orin Rogers, and resulting in a non-suit, has been appealed by Ruth to the County Court, which convenes on March 4, 1879. J. Lawrence Smith may argue the case for Ruth.

We are just in receipt of a well written and nicely arranged book, entitled, "Hints on Reading and Catalogue of Books belonging to the library of the Union School, Nyack-on-the-Hudson," by A. Curtis Almy, principal of the school. Its contents are about books and newspapers, and displays a well balanced mind. Its rules for loaning the library books might present some hints to the organizers of our village association.

As Wertheimer, the clothier, was walking past Coles, Baldwin & Bentley's carriage factory, on Thursday morning, he felt a faintness come over him and entered the factory to sit down, when he was taken with an apoplectic fit. Randall, the druggist, was called to his assistance, and hartshorn being administered, he was soon restored, feeling faint and weak. We learn he is much better, and will be about soon.

**MACY**  
**MARRIED FIFTY YEARS**

**Relatives and Friends Help the Old Couple  
Celebrate Their Golden Wedding In  
the M. E. Church Parlors.**

The members of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church, together with the many friends and relatives of Charles and Eliza Macy, gave them a reception in the parlors of the church on Monday to commemorate their 50th wedding anniversary.

The church parlors were very prettily decorated with Christmas bells and trailers of red and white, and presented a very handsome reception room.

The wedding was solemnized by the Rev. R. F. Shinn, pastor of the M. E. Church. The bridal party was preceded by Mrs. George S. Saxton, Geo. E. Darling, Miss Almira Bayles, La Verne Bayles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macy, Jr., and son Harold, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hammond. As Mrs. Fannie Gildersleeve, the former bridesmaid was unable to attend, Mrs. Mary Robinson of Boston, Mass., sister of the bride, took Mrs. Gildersleeve's place, and C. F. Startevant, the best man of fifty years ago, acted again in that capacity. Although the evening was bitter cold the parlors were filled, all anxious to honor the youthful couple. The bride was presented with two small boxes, one containing sixty-one dollars in gold, the other a beautiful gold pencil. The presentation speech was made by Lawyer George E. Darling, a nephew of the bride.

Other relatives and friends gave presents of gold. One niece gave her a beautiful hand-bag containing a handkerchief, another an illustrated calendar with a scripture text for every day in the year. A box containing two dozen carnation pinks was sent by her former bridesmaid, Mrs. Fannie Gildersleeve of Mattituck. The bridal bouquet was presented by Mrs. Frank Kissam. A number of nieces, nephews and friends sent letters of congratulations and regrets.

After the congratulations the following program was rendered: Instrumental music by Mrs. L. M. Tooker and Mrs. Boydston; speech by Mrs. C. S. Brewster, president of the W. C. T. U.; solo, Miss Lillian Miller instrumental music, Mrs. R. F. Shinn, solo, "Darby and Joan," by Mrs. Fannie Hammond; speech by the pastor, R. F. Shinn; solo, "Bill the Bason," by C. R. Macy; poem, "The Golden Wedding of Sterling and Sarah Lanier," by Mrs. Geo. S. Saxton. A poem composed by Mrs. Whitson Wheeler in honor of the occasion, was read by Mrs. George S. Saxton.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom thanked their friends for attending and making this occasion a memorable one for them. This was followed by refreshments, served by the members of the Epworth League.

**Macy-Hammond Celebrations.**

The past week has held several red letter days for our long time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Macy at their Main street home. On Monday the 18th, Mrs. Macy celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday, and at the same time Mrs. Fanny Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Macy, and her husband Lester Hammond, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Mrs. Macy received many post cards from her friends, and the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond gave them a silver shower in the form of a fine collection of bright and shining ten

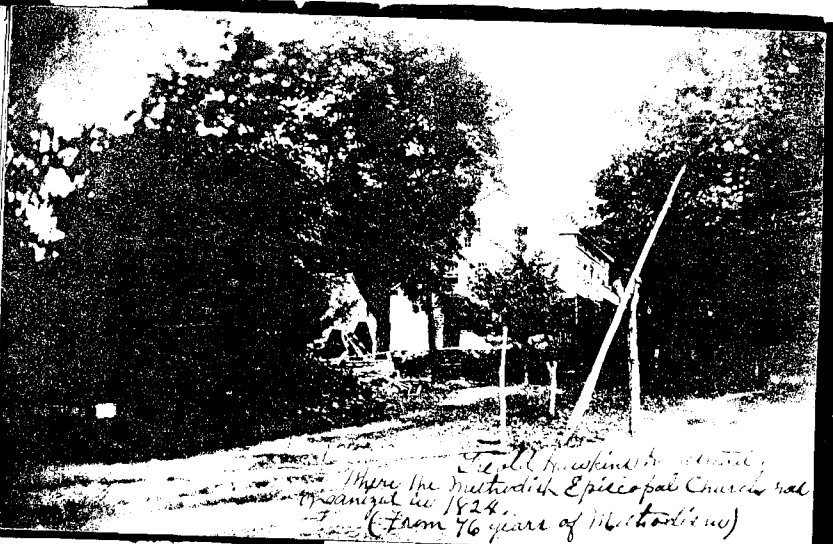
cent pieces. The members of the W. C. T. U. pasted their dimes on adhesive plaster making a string of dimes about two yards long. Mrs. Hammond had been a member of the W. C. T. U., for about twenty years and its secretary for twelve years or more. Mr. Hammond has been caretaker for the M. E. Church for a number of years. Mr. Macy observed the 77th anniversary of his birth on Thursday, by doing a good day's work in his wheelwright shop where he has spent the last fifty years of his life building and repairing all manner of carriages and wagons. He was a ship smith in his younger days and worked in the yards on the West Side. He did the iron work on many of the large vessels which were built in the local yards. Mr. and Mrs. Macy observed their golden wedding three years ago next January. They have been life long residents of Port Jefferson and members of the M. E. Church. Mrs. Macy has the honor of having longer on the list of members of the church than any other living member. They desire to express their thanks to who so kindly remembered them.

**CARRIED 49,013 SOLDIERS**

Officials of the L. I. R. R. are congratulating themselves over the successful completion of what they regard, not only as a remarkable passenger train movement so far as their own road is concerned, but which they also believe constitutes a record-breaking performance among the railroads of the country, for the handling of large contingents of military men in a brief space of time, and without interfering with usual traffic.

A compilation just made shows that in the five-day holiday period, from Thursday to Monday, inclusive, the railroad carried safely, comfortably and without delay, 49,013 men to and from the Long Island cantonments. For the transportation of the soldiers ninety-six trains were required in addition to the hundreds of regularly-scheduled trains.

*March 1918*



*Full building of the  
M. E. Church, Port Jefferson, N. Y.  
organized in 1824.  
(From 76 years of Methodistism)*

**ABREW—DUBOIS.**

The wedding of Forrest William Abrew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest G. Abrew of Liberty, and Miss Edith Rebecca DuBois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert DuBois, was celebrated at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents in Livingston Manor. The picturesque homestead was appropriately decorated with red and white carnations, ferns and masses of mountain laurel in blossom.

The bridal procession came down the stairs through the large reception hall to the living room where the Rev. D. T. Lawson, who officiated, awaited them. Miss Caroline DuBois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis DuBois, prettily frocked in a dress of white batiste, headed the procession as ring bearer. She was followed by the flower girls, Misses Emily and Dorothy DuBois. Miss Natalie Abrew, sister of the bridegroom acted as maid of honor, and was attired in blue taffeta trimmed with pink rosebuds and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

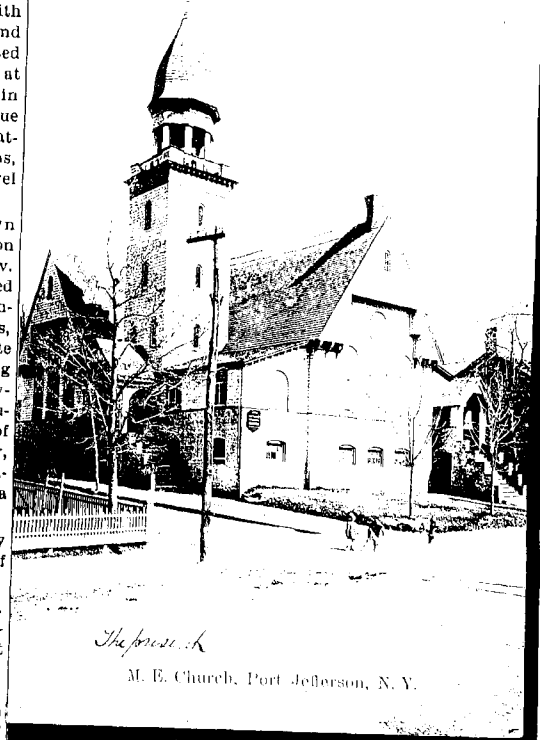
The bride was given in marriage by her father. Mr. Sames Newkerk of Liberty, acted as best man.

After the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Abrew will reside at Liberty on Wedemeyer Terrace, where they will be at home after July 15.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Forrest G. Abrew, Miss Natalie Abrew, Mrs. Frederick Whitman of Newark, N. J., and Mrs. Wm. H. Aldrich of Newark.

The groom is a grandson of the late Captains John L. Abrew and William H. Aldrich, both life long residents of Port Jefferson.

The groom is among Liberty's prominent, young, business men, a member of the firm of F. G. Abrew & Son.



*The present  
M. E. Church, Port Jefferson, N. Y.*

**BLIZZARD 30 YEARS AGO.**

*1918*  
**Anniversary of the Great Storm  
Which Paralyzed New York.**

It was just thirty years ago today that New York experienced the great blizzard which is recalled as the worst storm the city and much of the country have known since records were kept. The severest weather of the long drawn out winter now waning was mild beside that which on March 12, 1888, paralyzed the transportation system of New York City, then entirely on or above the surface, and caused injuries and deaths.

The total snowfall was not more than two feet, and the wind velocity never exceeded fifty miles, according to the official records, which were challenged at the time, but the steady blow and the constant whirling blanket of wet snow combined to make conditions hazardous for those compelled to be out of doors. Never since has New York been isolated so completely from the rest of the world as it was on that occasion.

The New York Times of March 13, 1888, was devoted almost entirely to the blizzard, and editorially pointed to the need of a subway transportation system to relieve congestion on surface streets and to save the town from being at the mercy of another such storm.

**To Any American 1917**

Over the sweep of your fighting men  
The Old Flag goes to the gales again!  
Under its rippling rolls of red  
The far lines move to the goal ahead!  
Under the starry folds that fly  
Your clan is marching to win—or die—  
And back of them both is the bond you buy!

For a Liberty Bond is a sword and shield  
And a bomb that bursts on a hostile field.  
The Liberty Bond is a flare of flame  
That lights the way for the trooper's aim.  
The Liberty Bond is a rifle shot  
And a shell that drops on the proper spot.  
It is up to you—do we win—or not?

GRANTLAND RICE.

## People Worth Knowing

GEORGE P. SCHRYVER.

The subject of this sketch was born Nov. 19th, 1834, at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., and is a direct descendant of the Hollanders who settled this country. His grandfather, Silas Bartlett, fought in the Revolution under General Gates and was at the surrender of General Burgoyne. Mr. Schryver's father, John E. Schryver, was in the war of 1812. George as a boy attended the district school in his home town and later worked on his father's farm. At an early age he learned the carpenter trade and worked steadily at it until 1862, when he came here to visit his brother Charles and his sister, Mrs. James Gildersleeve. He took a liking to Port Jefferson and one morning during his visit here the late Van Buren Norton offered to sell his meat market and Mr. Schryver immediately purchased, although he had no experience, in fact, had hardly been inside of a market, even to purchase a pound of meat, but by close attention to business he soon built up the excellent trade which he has continued until this day. Mr. Schryver has always been strongly allied with the Republican party, and was fifteen years a county committeeman. He was elected tax-collector in 1879, and in 1880 was again elected, being the only Republican elected that year. He was overseer of the poor by appointment of the town board in 1880 and 1881. In 1882 he was appointed postmaster by President Harrison. The appointment was during a recess which gave Mr. Schryver a five year term. His administration of the office was excellent and satisfactory to the public in general in every particular. Mr. Schryver has been strongly affiliated with the Baptist Church and for forty-five years has been a trustee and its treasurer. In 1867 he was married to Harriet Davis, daughter of L. H. Davis of Coram, and to this union was born four children, a son and a daughter, who died in infancy, and Mrs. W. A. Titus and Miss Ida Schryver. Mr. Schryver is a strong personality, standing by his principles firmly to the end.

### Thos. J. Ritch, Jr., Honored.

Mr. Thomas J. Ritch, Jr., has continuously represented the Continental Insurance Co. of New York as agent at Port Jefferson, N. Y., since 1873. Forty-three years of faithful service have been recognized by this strong American company in awarding Mr. Ritch a solid gold decoration, which bears on the face an embossed Continental soldier, on the reverse the inscription:

Thomas J. Ritch, Jr.  
1873-1916

Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Friends and acquaintances rejoice with Mr. Ritch and wish him many years of activity in his chosen profession, with health and happiness.

When Mr. Ritch was appointed agent of the Continental in 1873 its resources were: Capital \$1,000,000, net surplus \$53,158, total assets \$2,284,252, as compared with 1916: capital \$10,000,000, net surplus \$10,436,807, total assets \$31,989,852.

## OBITUARY.

JAMES EDWIN GILDERSLEEVE.

Last Monday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, at his late residence on Main street, this village, funeral services were held over the remains of Dr. James Edwin Gildersleeve, whose death by reason of injuries received in a runaway accident, occurred last Friday evening. The Rev. T. R. G. Peck officiated. Mrs. Henry M. Randall sang two solos, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God to Thee," favorites of the deceased. The house was filled with mourning and sorrowing friends, who came to pay their last respects to the deceased, whom all loved so well. The interment was made in Cedar Hill cemetery.



His first wife was Miss Mary R. Parsons of Southampton, to whom he was married in 1855, and three children survive them: Dr. Chas. Gildersleeve, of Brooklyn; Mrs. W. W. Weller, of Geneva; and Mrs. E. B. Downs, of this village. The doctor married his present wife, Miss Carrie Schryver of Poughkeepsie, in November, 1877.

Dr. Gildersleeve was born at Middle Island in February, 1826. At an early age he studied medicine and for a short time settled at Centre Moriches. In 1852 he began the practice of medicine in this village, where he resided and remained in active practice until his last sickness. He was next to the oldest member of Suffolk Lodge No. 60, F. and A. M., and was for years a member of the board of health of the town of Brookhaven.

Doctor Gildersleeve was the best known and most dearly beloved man in the community and knew the home life of nearly all our people. He was ever ready to respond to the call of the sick and afflicted, and administer to their wants with a generous disposition and liberal expenditure of time and even money, without regard to the probabilities of being reimbursed for either. He made no distinction between his patients, responding with alacrity in all cases where his services were required. He was distinguished for his integrity, and his excellent traits of heart and mind endeared him to all his fellow citizens. Truly a great and good man has died and we all mourn our loss.

### 1916 MRS. ANNIE E. SMITH.

Mrs. Annie E. Smith, died at her late home Monday. She was born at Mt. Sinai, 68 years ago, the daughter of Capt. Roe Davis and Catherine (Bayles) Davis, she taught school here as a young lady and was married about 40 years ago to G. H. Smith, a prominent merchant of this village. She is survived by her husband and son G. G. Smith and two grand children, Fayette and Audrey Smith. The funeral was held at the late home Thursday afternoon at 2 p. m. The Rev. A. F. Johnson officiating. Interment was made at Cedar Hill cemetery. Mrs. Smith was a lady of fine womanly instincts and a good wife and mother.

## E. A. RAYNOR BURIED WITH MASONIC RITES

March — 1914  
Many Tributes of Respect to the Memory

of One of Port Jefferson's Old and Much Loved Citizens.

The funeral of Elbert A. Raynor, one of our best known citizens, was held at Masonic Temple on Tuesday afternoon. Right Worshipful Charles E. Dayton, Chaplain of Suffolk Lodge No. 60, F. and A. M., read the Masonic rites in a very impressive manner. Rev. A. M. Elliot, of the Presbyterian Church made the prayer. There was a very large attendance at the funeral, a large number of friends, together with the Masonic lodge, which attended in a body. Mr. Raynor died Friday afternoon after an illness of about a week. Mr. Raynor was born at Wading River in 1831, the son of Austin Raynor and Fanny (Brown) Raynor. He was educated in the public school and continued to live in his native village, until he was sixteen years of age, when he removed to this village, where he was employed as a joiner in the ship yards of the north shore and Port Jefferson. At the age of twenty he was a foreman, with many men employed and working at his direction. Mr. Raynor was an expert cabinet maker and purchased in 1858 the furniture and undertaking business of Ambrose T. King, located in the building now occupied by Platt's harness shop. He was very successful, his work being well done and his dealings with the public so honorable he made a competence and after forty-two years of actual business life retired and his son Fred took over the active management of the business. At the death of his son, in 1893, he again took up the management of the concern, in fact he attended strictly to the business in an advisory capacity, to the last going to the store nearly every day. Mr. Raynor was married to Ruth R. Dayton, now deceased, in 1857. To this union were born the following children: Mary, who died in infancy; Dr. Frank Raynor, the noted throat and ear specialist of the metropolis; Fred, who had a national reputation as a pipe organ builder, and Forrest, a former National Bank Examiner and at present a member of the firm of Hathaway, Smith & Olds, brokers of New York City. Mr. Raynor was a director of the Bank of Port Jefferson and a very prominent mason, having been treasurer of Suffolk Lodge for over thirty years. Port Jefferson has lost a citizen of sterling qualities and a man among men.

The Rev. Wm. MacNicholl, a former pastor of the Port Jefferson Methodist Church and a close friend of Mr. Raynor, preached the funeral sermon. After a brief introduction Mr. MacNicholl said:

"I am not here today to eulogize our departed friend. Nothing could be more out of harmony with his desire. I come to speak a few sentences from my heart, and to assure you that I admired the man and will treasure his memory. As a member of the Masonic brotherhood and one of the best of citizens he was capable of permanent friendship, and that is something to be valued above material possessions. It appeases the hunger of the heart, which is more than wealth can do. The capacity to love is divine, and I cannot believe I am mistaken when I affirm that this unassuming man who lived among you so many years, cultivated that faculty throughout his life. Kindness, sincerity and uprightness were among his most pronounced characteristics.

could quickly frustrate a rogue or villain. This endowment, together with his clear foresight and executive ability, explain his success in business; and his establishment had a fine reputation in this village and vicinity because of the character of the man who was its head. His integrity was never called in question. He was an honor to the business men of the town. He built according to the square and compass, following the plans and specifications of the book from whose inspired pages Masonry borrows its beautiful and significant symbolism. Moral granite tested by the plumb-line of rectitude, will last forever.

"Brother Raynor was one of the most genial of men. He believed in sunshine and never affiliated with fog. He had a young heart, liked young people, and young people loved him. He was ever ready to smile when the smile was appropriate, and his stories were always amusing or instructive, and in the best of taste. He took the optimistic view of life, and where others would see snakes and demons, he would feast his eyes on the beauty of the flowers and listen to the music of the singing birds. No one could engage in conversation with him, and leave despondent. He had a bright mind. He liked good men, loved good books, and waded through the sermonic literature of the day as published in the secular press. Consequently he sustained vigorous mental health, and was well informed on the current

movements in religion, politics and education, as well as in the commercial field. He was a man of superior intelligence, who cherished high and noble thoughts. More prompt to see the good than the evil, his life was a stimulus to those who wanted to do well.

"To the best of all books he was not a stranger. The rugged virtues which constituted the fiber of his character were cultivated under the influence of the volume which had the supreme place in his life and thought. He exemplified the teaching of Masonry, of which ancient and honored order he was ever proud; and he recognized in Free Masonry and Christianity two mighty trees whose roots were the same, namely the love of God. Although he made no noisy parade of religion, he had its essential elements in his deepest soul. He was a regular attendant at public worship and a generous supporter of the church. He was not a bigot nor a latitudinarian, but broad-minded and progressive. He had clean-cut convictions, and accorded to other men the right to think for themselves. Intolerance is not an attribute of greatness. Brother Raynor had a well-balanced judgment, a warm heart, and a hand ever ready to help the needy and afflicted. I regarded him as one of the best citizens, who was deservedly respected by all classes. He was a man whose friendship made you feel richer, and long to be better. He will be greatly missed in this village. He has gone beyond our sight, but I believe he has been received into that broader and nobler brotherhood, which will never be broken up.

"His life program was comprehensive, embracing eternity as well as time. He acknowledged the claims of God, what no true Free Mason ever fails to do. He felt his personal responsibility, and in building into the masonry of his manhood friendship, love and truth—an eternal trinity—he simply imitated the Grand Architect of the Universe. He did not live a self-centred life. He considered the problems and opportunities of life from the Christian standpoint, and like the great apostle endeavored always to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man."

"As far as I am able to judge permit me to say that a regnant conscience and a brotherly heart are the very essence of practical Christianity, but Christianity goes on where Masonry stops. The man who lives a selfish life will be a dismal failure no matter how much wealth he may leave behind him. Character is the only treasure that endures. There may be brilliant talents and popularity, but without character life will end in disaster. Every man, like our departed brother, should aim high, realizing that the vast immensities of God are before him. He should lay to heart the excellent advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes:



## THE OLD "PORT."

### A Reminiscence.

"The sweet to remember. I would not forego  
The charm which the past o'er the present  
may throw"

The truth of these lives was forcibly impressed upon my mind when, some weeks ago, while on a short trip through Connecticut, I strolled down to the dock at Bridgeport, and the first object that attracted my attention was a fine boat bearing the name Park City. On inquiring where she was bound I was told that it went to Port Jefferson. Stepping on board I found that she would leave in about five minutes. Rather short notice, but recalling that I had once started for an extended tour of Europe on a margin of ten minutes only, I decided to make the trip to the "old Port," as it was formerly called.

A very pleasant sail of an hour and a half landed me at "Jones'" dock, where as a boy some fifty years ago, in company with other boys, I had spent many an hour at the end of a line with beumbed fingers pulling up nibblers, the first unfortunate fish caught furnishing the bait for his loving relatives and friends.

We did not own silver mounted \$150 fishing rods or \$2 flies in those days, but we caught fish just the same. Happy days were those. What matter if we did sometimes fight for position on the string-pieces and draw the chum from each other's noses? There was plenty of water at hand to wash it off, and our parents would be none the wiser. Jones' dock still remains, but not the Jones' dock of our boyhood days, with its dear old rotten planks, full of slivers to catch the unwary urchins' feet, or the tar barrels that supplied salve for the wounds. Gone also is that old brown horse, lame in three legs and blind in one eye, whose owner day by day worked his passage between dock and store, his truck loaded with boxes and barrels, his hands busily engaged in whipping and jabbing a sharp stick into the hide of the unfortunate animal. If there is, as some persons believe, a heaven for horses surely the aforesaid beast is entitled to a box stall and a heaping half bushel of oats daily.

A few hundred yards to the east is Bayles' dock, in those days popular with boys on account of the eels that could not only be caught there, but "held onto" as there were no holes or rotten planks. And then what a grand dive it was from the top of the piles at the northeast corner; plenty of water below and nothing for the diver to do but stand on the top, shiver, grit his teeth, and wait for a "dare," when down he went, the performance being repeated over and over to the infinite disgust of the parents of the young hopeful who impatiently awaited his return from the store with the butter and eggs for lunch. But what boy stops to think of such material things when the water is "warm."

Running east from Bayles' dock is East Broadway, and a few yards south, behind the old Hulse homestead lies the famous battle ground where one fine afternoon Dave and another fellow fought for a purse of thirty-five cents and the championship. It was a draw, the purse was invested in peanuts for the crowd, and strange to say neither of the combatants "talked much" or "went on the stage." However, a few years later the championship luckily fell to the other fellow in a little scrimmage with the Sioux Indians on our western plains, the later encounter however was not fought with bare knuckles and there was more hair pulling.

East Broadway is now a fine street with many beautiful residences, but where now are the bold, brave sailor men and boys who, fifty years ago, made the bitter winter days and evenings a round of pleasure as they madly rushed down the hill on their sleds with their best girls, from L'Homme-dieu's house on top to Hulse's corner

and beyond and thought it a joy to pull the fair maidens up again?

Alas! many of those noble, whole-souled young fellows long ago rushed farther down to find a resting place amid the depths of the ocean; for in those days the sea was about the only career that presented itself to the young man and he, beginning at the age of 16 or 18 years, filled successively and respectably the offices of cook, ordinary seaman, able seaman, mate, and captain of a schooner, unless being of a more reckless spirit and possessed of the "waunderlust," he shipped as able seaman in that "hell on the high seas," the fo'c'sle of a clipper ship for an off shore voyage.

From Broadway, south past Abira Hawkins' residence about three blocks was the "deestric" school house and a few yards south of that modest edifice was a fine grove where during recess, "sicked" on by the gentle, melodious voice of the teacher, the youngsters wrestled, the boy on the under side always receiving the loudest and most vigorous "sicks." Truly those were happy days. But I fancy that the exercises our beloved teacher gave us in mental arithmetic would cause the hair of a Columbia, Yale or Hartford graduate to rise up, shrivel away and leave a bald spot; but the class always felt safe from being swamped so long as George Dayton was on deck.

Sam Slick and the other Sam occupied a seat at the west end of the school house and employed their engravers and pocket knives in carving initials on the desk, patiently watching the teacher and waiting for his cheery voice announcing the glad news that "Samuel and Samuel will now fetch a pail of water." This command, it is needless to say, was promptly obeyed; for was not Hart's well conveniently located beneath a cherry tree in summer, and near to a fine pear tree in autumn, with only a picket fence intervening. The two youths above mentioned long ago relegated their official

positions to another generation, and it is hardly to be expected that the cherry and pear trees are still bearing fruit. While the well (if we have faith in our 20th century scientists) now contains a colony of microbes. Judging from the healthy appearance of the youngsters in those days however, microbes must have then been "good to eat."

Many a boy has in after life had reason to feel grateful for the faithful, painstaking efforts of the then young man whose cheery voice and kindly smile greeted him on entering the school, and encouraged him in his studies from day to day, so that the most careless and thoughtless pupil felt that he had in his teacher a true friend. May that friend enjoy a serene old age and when he passes over the range may he find the trial easy, and when he descends on the other side and walks through the valley, may he fear no evil.

But to return to Hulse's Corner, where on summer evenings the boys after swimming or learning to swim by the aid of a block of wood from the nearby shipyards, and while waiting for their hair to dry before returning near home, were aided and abetted by the men to run races around the block while one boy would eat a certain number of soda biscuits without a drink. By the way, isn't it hard to realize that that dignified, grey haired gentleman with the gold-headed cane had a record of no less than five of the said sodas, masticated, denticated, munched, chewed, and then swallowed, while one boy ran around; and Charley S. wasn't a slow boy either, and I wonder if Frank B. has ever worked in all his life since as hard as he worked his jaws on those occasions.

Then there were the evening loungers in the store. Where now are those big-hearted ship builders who so liberally dispensed peanuts to the small boys, in fact scattered them around as if they were mere dry leaves and they owned the forest? And after the youngsters had gone home and to bed,

played poker (penny ante) till midnight and the next day told of their lack. Oh! but they were reckless gamblers.

Then there was the rotund, good-natured Capt. P. who sailed the packet from "Port" to "York," and which was like the Rocky Mountain stage, a sort of tri-weekly affair, that is to say, went out one week and tried to get back the next.

And the jovial Wallace, who drove the daily stage to Waverly (the nearest railway station) across the most desolate stretch of country imaginable. Compared with which the great American desert was a garden of Eden; but even that tiresome trip did not prevent the worthy Jehu from playing the violin all night while the young folks tripped the fantastic toe.

Then there was the esteemed postmaster and fox hunter, of whom on one occasion the little boy inquired if there were any letters for "Uncle Walter Brown," and on being asked again who the uncle was, naively replied: "Don't you know Uncle Walter Brown? Why, I know him just as easy, he's my father."

And the "Little Boy," who used to recite so eloquently, "Cleo hath a thousand acres; no'er a one have I," and seemed to glory in his lack of ownership of vulgar earth. But this was previous to the Port Jefferson real estate boom. Would that brisk, able lawyer, with a large city practice, now refuse to accept a title deed to a few 25x100 feet lots, gratis? Who could blame him, since the "Port" has only just begun to be appreciated by city people as a health resort and the prettiest town on Long Island.

Then there was the little toddler who so sweetly sang: "I want to be an angel." Did he, when he became the editor of a popular newspaper, experience a change of heart, or is he merely awaiting the advent of the perfected aeroplane before starting on his skyward trip?

Before leaving "Port" I climbed the hill to the cemetery, Cedar Hill. It is well named, but I recall when that name was proposed by the minister who officiated at the first funeral there, it was objected to by some persons because "the cedars were mere shrubs." But he assured them that cedars, like Indian papooses, "would grow"; and time has fulfilled his prediction.

From the hill the view of the surrounding country is magnificent. On reading the inscriptions and dates on the tombstones I was particularly impressed by the fact that so many of the silent dwellers had lived such long lives as are recorded, which certainly testifies to the healthfulness of the village.

Space will not permit a description of the many beautiful residences, modern improvements, fine hotels, business houses and churches, handsome equipages, etc. And last but by no means least the beautiful representatives of the fair sex, who still uphold the reputation of the one-time quaint little village but now busy, thriving town of Port Jefferson.

OLD TIMER.

### Port Jefferson.

Rejoicing nature hath a charm,

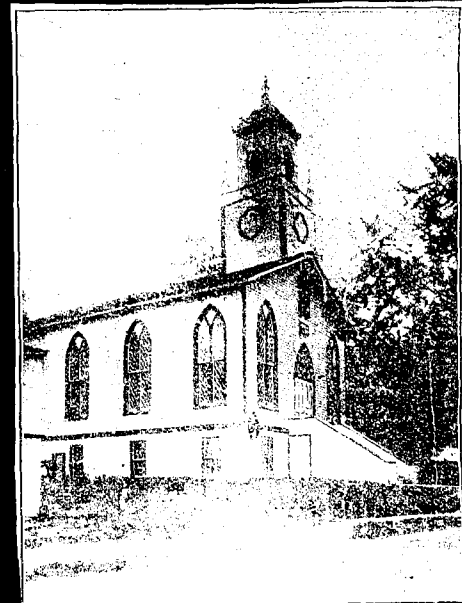
A kindred claim on thee,  
A gilded garniture frame  
A lying picture ye;  
The ascending hills and valleys low,  
The wide broad spreading bay,  
The waving willows to and fro,  
I loath to start from thee away.

I long again thus to recline,  
Beneath thy sky of deepest blue,  
And see again thy billows toss,  
As nature bids them do.  
Dear Port, I sigh to bid farewell,  
The surroundings all most dear to me,  
And friends so kind with welcome smile  
Shall linger long in memory.

Mrs. Mary MacMahon.

While "An Old Resident" mentioned several boys of other days, I noticed he had forgotten the girls. As so many years have come and gone it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, but as I stop and think, the names of a few come to me through the dim past, only a few of whom have I seen or heard of since forty years ago. There were Martha Lee, Irene Davis, Helen Darling, Charlotte Thompson, Gertie Davis, Virginia Skinner, Irene Tuttle, Annie Thompson, Alice Raudell, Lina Thompson, Lydia Thompson, Annie Conklin, Annie Bayles, Annie Shepard Woodhull, Laura Peck, Sarah Roe, Lizzie Smith, Nettie Kitchin, Ella Taylor, Katie Bishop, Susie Bishop, Martha Bayles, Isabelle Norton, Hannah Beale, Phoebe Beale, Mary Beale, Mary Ketcham, Phoebe Ketcham, Annie Belle Hulse, Martha Petty, Alice Petty, Addie Hawkins, Jane Parker and Belle Parker. These few names come to mind and I should be pleased to hear from some of them on the subject of an "Old Home Week."

"OLD-TIMER."



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF PORT JEFFERSON.

### 1915 THE KNITTING BRIGADE.

Up and down through our country wide,  
(Clickety-clack! clickety-clack!)  
Needles are plying busily.  
(Over and back, over and back!)  
The stay-at-homes and the travelers,  
too—

Go where you will, they're everywhere,  
Knitting away with khaki wool.  
Or gray for a boy gone "Over  
There!"

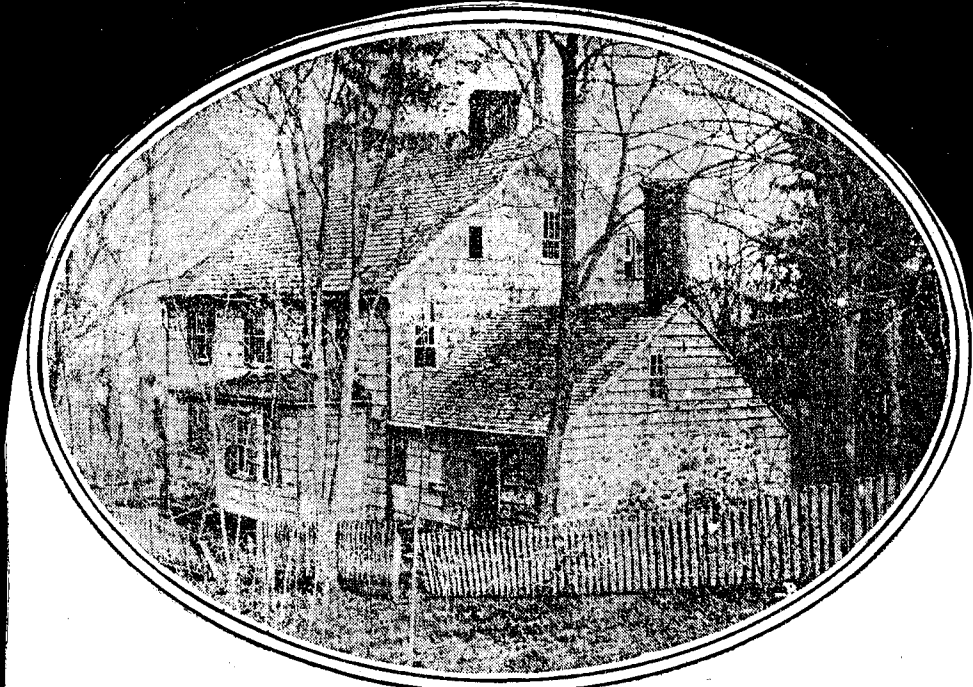
Needles of amber, bone or steel,  
Needles fashioned of silver, gold,  
Wielded by soft and slender hands,  
Or work-worn fingers, gnarled and  
old;  
Mothers and sisters, sweethearts,  
wives—

Every one of us boasts a pair!  
Guns is the task all women love,  
To hearthen their men gone "Over  
There!"

A bag is the sign of the knitting band,  
Silk or cotton, or crochome gay,  
And hidden safe in its cavern folds  
Are needles and worsted tucked away.  
So we knit and purr—but, never,  
Of the perious Kitchener heel, be-  
ware!

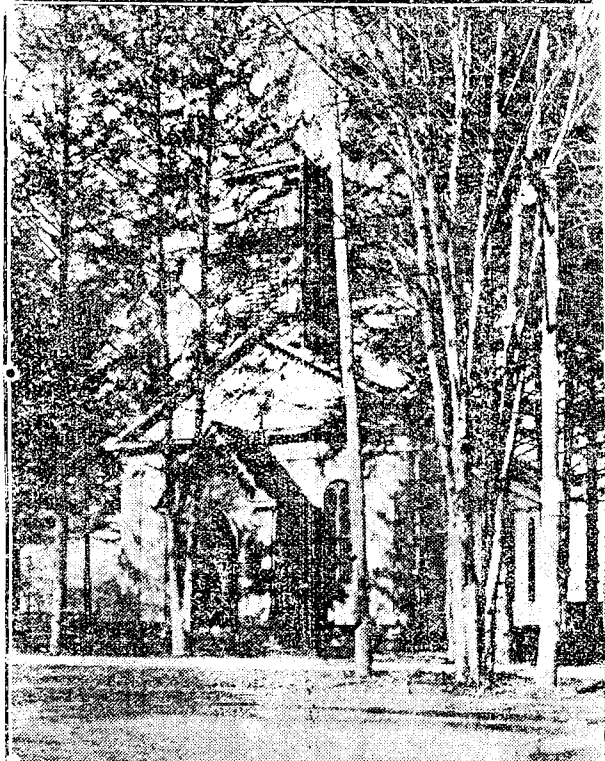
Doing this service thankfully,  
For the sake of one gone "Over  
There!"

MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.



**STRONG HOMESTEAD AT BELLE TERRE.**  
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY A. S. GREENE.

After Miss Strong's death the old home was unoccupied until after the property was purchased by Dean Alvord, the founder of Belle Terre Estates. Then laborers took up their residence there. They remained for several months, when Mr. Alvord decided to repair the house and preserve it because of its historic associations.



(By courtesy of the Brooklyn Times.)

The above is a picture of the Mt. Sinai Congregational Church. An account of the 100th celebration of the erection of said church appeared in our issue of last week.

**Only One Mt. Sinai in the World.**

The following is from the "Out on Long Island" correspondent in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle:  
The Mt. Sinai correspondent of the Port Jefferson Times sends the following to the paper:  
"In this hamlet among the North Shore hills, with a normal population of about 125, there are 31 Davis' and 25 Kempsters. The Davis stock is Long Island to the core, while the Kempsters are English, having emigrated here a generation ago. In the village nomenclature we have Hicksville, Smithtown, Terryville, Swezeytown and so on; surely, if these families were "it" in their respective towns, the Davis name should be impressed on this settlement."  
But Mt. Sinai is distinctive as a village name; Davisville, or Davistown, or Davisburgh, would smack of the commonplace. The latest edition of Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World at hand shows but one Mt. Sinai in the world—the one in Suffolk County. There are thirteen Davis', and any number of Davisboro, Davisbridge, Davis Creek, Davis Island and the like. To change the name of the pretty North Shore hamlet would be a mistake.

**CUPID COULDN'T WAIT**

The Port Jefferson Times has the following story about a wedding ceremony a little out of the ordinary:  
On Monday evening Justice Dreyer was awakened at 11 P. M. with an unusual jingling of his door bell. He soon was dressed with a big sweater, trousers and shoes and a big smile when he was notified that Cupid was knocking at his door. Nelson E. Winter and his bride to be, Phoebe Delilah Kinne, asked that the Justice do his best and do it quick. Mrs. Dreyer was called and with Mr. Winter's brother acted as witnesses. The ceremony started at 11.31 and was finished at 11.32 with Cupid amply satisfied. Mr. Winter is employed by Loper Bros.

**Fourth of July Celebration at Setauket.**

The fourth of July celebration in front of Caroline Episcopal Church was a very successful affair. A large and enthusiastic company gathered. S. B. Strong presided.

As the flag on the Green was raised by the Boy Scouts the assembly joined in singing The Star Spangled Banner. Rev. Mr. Peters offered prayer. Mrs. Elbert Wells read Blake's "Our Flag." Rev. T. J. Elms read the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Townsend Cox read the paper prepared for the occasion by J. H. Innis. Mr. Strong read a poem written many years ago by Lewis Smith entitled "The Old Bell in Caroline Church." A vote of thanks was given to those who prepared and carried out the program. Mr. Strong was re-elected president, Mr. Pitts secretary and Miss Sarah Dominick treasurer. Rev. Stephen Green pronounced the benediction.

In Caroline Church there hangs a bell,  
From England brought long years gone  
by,  
That had its speech what tales could tell  
Since first swung fast in belfry high.  
Of wonder wrought in Church and State,  
Of changes vast in place around,  
The names of those who've shared life's  
fate  
Or lived and died within its sound.  
And two there are I heard in yore,  
Though youth long gone, remembered  
well  
The boom of surf on Crane Neck Shore,  
The weekly sound of Caroline's bell.  
The dance of waves with wind at rest,  
By sea-boys called the after-swirl,  
The peal in June, when fields were drest  
With grass and flowers, of Sabbath knell  
No bell'er rang from Notre Dame  
Or fretted towers of Madeline  
Could wake in me the thoughts the same  
Or touch my heart as touches thine.  
I've heard clang those of mightier mould,  
Wee bells in chord peal thanks day  
chimes,  
But none with sound like this of old  
That brought to mind my boyhood  
times.  
When I, slim lad, from school let out  
On village Green, in summer day,  
Fast o'er "the gully" made my rout  
At ball in "gun-house" shade to play.  
The house where housed the great brass  
gun  
To train band loaned by "Uncle Sam,"  
Our colonist sires from Frenchmen won  
In fray on heights of Abraham.  
Wheeled out on grassy Green each year  
On eve of nation's natal day,  
To belch great salvos loud and clear  
As setting sun sank slow away.  
Whose each discharge the ground made  
shake  
And echoes boom o'er vale and hill,  
The water dance in Satterly's lake,  
The glass to crack in church and mill;  
While on next morn, at sunrise dawn,  
Old Caroline's bell voiced forth its ring  
To hail the day when signed or drawn  
The writ that roused an English king  
Past scenes like these my muse have fired  
To weave in rhythm her rustic lay,  
To read perchance as uninspired  
Or ne'er be read, but tossed away.  
Then ring old bell, peal free and bold  
Each Sabbath morn without surcease,  
"Ring out the thousand wars of old,"  
"Ring in the thousand years of peace."  
Yea, ring, long ring, old Caroline bell,  
Thro' coming years in foul and shine,  
Though yet mayst toll my funeral knell,  
Old bell that hangs in Caroline.

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Much sympathy is expressed here for Eric Magdefrau, whose wife died of pneumonia last week, after a short illness. She was about 30 years old.

The Rev. Mr. Foote, father of Mrs. Terry W. Tuthill, filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church very acceptably last Sunday and will continue his services here through the months of December and January.

Among those who spent the Thanksgiving holiday here were Katherine Bayles, Wm. Wasson, Jr., Adelaide Satterly, Kittie Gallagher, Dorothy Cooper, Elizabeth Cooper, D. A. Young, Jesse Jones and Arthur Robinson and family.

The ladies of the Red Cross are making arrangements to have a bronze tablet placed in Library Hall of which will be engraved the names of all the men from this place who have been in the service during the war. Subscriptions to the same are now being received. Special dedicatory services will be held in the hall when the tablet is unveiled there.

At the Literary held on Thanksgiving night Donald Gildersleeve and Evelyn Kirkup gave a pleasing sketch, and in addition these numbers were presented, the whole forming a very satisfactory program: Recital, "The Flag," written by Congressman Fred. Hicks, Miss Lida Rafford; duet, Misses Dorothy Brown and Clara Bond; duet, Misses Alice Fischer and Viola Hallock; recitations, Misses Viola Hallock and Alice Fischer.

A praise service of special merit has been arranged for Sunday evening next in the Presbyterian Church. Among the numbers are vocal solos by Mrs. Percy Adams of Greenport; Miss Imogene Beebe of Cutchogue; Terry W. Tuthill and William V. Durvea of Mattituck; trombone solo by Miss Lillian Foote; selections by the Grange Orchestra; and an address on "Music, a Power for Good in the Church," by the Rev. A. E. Foote. The service will begin at 7.30. Come early to get a good seat.

There is nothing equal to a Grafonola to bring satisfaction to music-lovers, for one can sit at home and enjoy the singing or instrumental productions of the world's greatest artists. The expense is a mere trifle and the pleasure to be derived from one of these marvelous music-makers is unending. H DePetris has a full line of instruments and records; and will be pleased to have you call and hear some of the records produced. Prices on the instruments vary according to size, but in no case is it excessive for anything that one needs. By the way, when you are in this store place your order for candies, fruits, etc., for the holidays. The stock displayed makes an attractive picture.

His Description.

The Chinese are not a race given to flattery. A gentleman called at a Chinese laundry for his clothes. On receiving the package he noticed some Chinese characters marked upon it. Being curious, he asked, pointing to the lettering: "That is my name, I suppose?" "No. 'Scrlption," was the Chinaman's bland reply. "'Lil' ol' man, closs-eyed, no teet'!"

Bunk.

Diamonds and Diamond Jewelry at R. C. Brown's, Riverhead, N. Y.

E. L. Reeve has rented the house on Cox's Neck formerly occupied by Felix Cumiskey.

Beilharz, the noted character artist and entertainer, will be heard here tomorrow (Friday) night.

L. J. Boynton, the popular and jolly representative of the Page Seal Co. of Greene, N. Y., visited Mattituck last week.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Clifford A. Penny, a Thanksgiving bride, was given a surprise shower by a large number of young ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hudson arrived home from Holley, N. Y., last Saturday to spend the winter and spring in their home on Suffolk avenue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Duryee of Oregon was given a birthday party Tuesday afternoon of this week at the home of Miss Lide M. Hallock. The party and birthday cake was attended and enjoyed by Mrs. Duryee's children and grandchildren and a number of friends.

The annual sale of Christmas goods by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church will be held in the chapel next Thursday afternoon. As always, there will be a big display of fancywork, aprons, notions, etc., at reasonable prices. At 5 o'clock one of the famous church suppers will be served, the kind that beats all restaurants for quality and quantity. Don't miss it. The annual parish meeting will be held in the church the same evening at 7 o'clock.

The basketball games in Library Hall last Friday night drew a good sized crowd. The Washington Club of Greenport won both games from the Raymond Cleaves Post of the American Legion, the second teams' game being close, resulting in a score of 15 to 11. Mattituck's first team was easily defeated, score 47 to 23. Both games were cleanly played and refereed in a satisfactory manner by Harry Aldrich of Mattituck and Joe Gagen of Greenport. Ray Heaney, Greenport's center, played a fast game and made some sensational shots. Rev. D. H. Overton played center for Mattituck, and made a good impression with the fans. The next games here will be played on Dec. 17.

Russell Edwards Lupton, younger son of former Assemblyman and Mrs. John M. Lupton, died at his new home on the Main road last Saturday at the age of 30 years, three months and 29 days, his death being caused by tuberculosis of the intestines, from which he has suffered during the last four years. Mr. Lupton was a graduate of Yale in 1912, and shortly after was connected with the law firm of Winthrop & Stimson in New York. He was a member of Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., and of the New York National Guard, and was in service in Mexico during this country's troubles there four years ago. On his return from the border his illness developed and he spent some time at Asheville, N. C. Returning to Mattituck, he set up a law office here last winter, building up a good practice, until his sickness caused him to discontinue it. Besides his widow, who was May Case Conklin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Conklin, of this place, and a young daughter, he is survived by his parents, a brother, Robert M. Lupton, of Mattituck; and a sister, Mrs. Otis G. Pike, of Riverhead. His funeral services were held in the Bethany Cemetery Tuesday afternoon at 1.30, conducted by Rev. D. H. Overton and Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Craven.

Robert Barker of St. Lawrence University and Gerard Terry of Syracuse University were at the homes of their parents here for Christmas.

The Hamilton farm has been sold to a Polish man, the reported price being about \$26,000. It is a large farm and one of the best in Oregon.

Up to Monday evening last over 500 had enrolled in the Red Cross membership drive here, far exceeding last year's membership, and the canvass was then incomplete.

Owing to a few light cases of scarlet fever here it was thought best not to hold Christmas exercises in the Presbyterian Church at present. They may be held on New Year's Eve, but this has not been definitely decided.

James Donahue Jordan of the Army and George L. Tuthill and LeRoy S. Reeve of the Naval Reserves have been discharged from the service and were home in time for Christmas. Mr. Reeve, however, expects to take up work soon for the War Department.

John Husing, Jr., has been here for some time at the Husing farm. He was stationed at an arsenal in Philadelphia during the latter part of the war as an instruction officer, having been commissioned a second lieutenant of Field Artillery. He looks fine in his officer's uniform.

Ernest D. Terry of New York, Mrs. George Bedell of New Jersey and Carleton Wickham of Montclair, were among those who came to Mattituck to spend Christmas; and about all of the Mattituck boys and girls who are away attending school came home for the holidays.

There is nothing equal to a Grafonola to bring satisfaction to music-lovers, for one can sit at home and enjoy the singing or instrumental productions of the world's greatest artists. The expense is a mere trifle and the pleasure to be derived from one of these marvelous music-makers is unending. H DePetris has a full line of instruments and records and will be pleased to have you call and hear some of the records produced. Prices on the instruments vary according to size, but in no case is it excessive for anything that one needs. By the way, when you are in this store place your order for candies, fruits, etc., for the holidays. The stock displayed makes an attractive picture.

MY CAT.

All cats are kindless things, they say,  
Yet mine is kind to me,  
So furry and so soft and warm  
He snuggles in my knee;  
And with great velvet-padded feet  
He sleeps "kneads bread,"  
The while I watch the firelight play  
Over his wise, wise head.  
At night when in the dark I lie,  
My company he seeks,  
Leaps up, and gives the gentlest pat  
Of paw-tip on my cheeks;  
Then graciously will settle down  
Singing a drowsy song—  
The song that Ra and Ammon heard,  
Ages and ages gone.  
Indulgent to my slower wits,  
He'll take me for a walk,  
To show me where the crickets hide  
And how small birds to stalk;  
And I'm quite sure, if I should die,  
When own busy day had sped,  
He would feel rather lonely, then,  
To find an empty bed!

ETHEL VOLA

# WAR-TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY ANN COBB

OF THE SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

## I—"DULCIMORE OVER THE FIREBOARD"

Dulcimore<sup>1</sup> over the fireboard; a-hanging sence allus-ago,  
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your music a show.  
Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reckoned a sin;  
Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law for his kin.

Grandsir he made you in Breathitt, the while he was courting a maid;  
Nary one of his offsprings, right down to the least one, but played,  
Played, and passed on to his people, with only the song to abide,  
Long-ago songs of Old England, whose lads we are battling beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper comes back from the fight.  
Nary a letter he's writ us,—but he'll be a-coming, all right.  
Jasper's the last of the Logans,—hit's reason to feel that he'll beat,  
Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old songs at his feet.

## II—THE CRIPPLE WOMAN

A cripple woman has a sight of time to grieve and fret,  
With nary thing to do but watch the sun-ball rise and set,  
And nary soul a-passing by the while enduring day.  
Hit's lonesome up the holler now the lads are gone away!

They useter lope along the trail, their boasts all a-rare,  
A-shouting out the good old tunes and shooting in the air;  
And whether they was drunk or dry, they'd allus stop and say,  
"Well, howdye, Aunt Luindy, how're you comin' on to-day?"

Loretty lows they had to go; she'll not have got hit right,—  
I never heard of forcing mountain men to jine a fight.  
Hit might be known down yander: they're right handy with a gun,  
And they'll be larning level-country lads how shooting's done.

The maids have quit their weaving, and they've quit their singing too,  
"Twill be a lonesome valley that they'll be a-traveling through;  
And sorry help are cripples, who can only sit and pray,  
"Christ comfort maids and mothers now the lads are gone away!"

<sup>1</sup>The dulcimore has been for generations the musical instrument of the Kentucky mountains. To its plaintive drone are sung the ancient English and Scottish ballads still handed down from father to son.

## PRAYER AND THE WAR

Not a few thinking people are in the midst of perplexities these days over the questions pertaining to prayer in connection with the war. With a great many there is this bothersome question, "Should we pray for the Kaiser, or not?" And if we do feel it to be our Christian duty to pray for him, as well as for all our enemies, what shall be the nature of our petitions for him? If we attempt to pray for the Kaiser and discover that we are unable to link much if any faith with our prayers, might we not just as well leave our petitions unuttered? Is there any real value in a prayer for victory? These and like questions are being turned over in many thoughtful minds these days. They are not foolish questions. They are freighted with real Christian significance. They involve our whole Christian attitude to the Sermon on the Mount. Of a certainty we should all like to arrive at a definite and satisfying conclusion with regard to these and kindred questions which insist upon pushing themselves upon our thinking. In the hope that some definite help may be afforded to any and all who are in the midst of such perplexities, the pastor of the First Methodist Church, the Rev. Paul E. Edwards, will deal candidly with them in his discourse next Sunday evening at 7.45. The first fifteen minutes of the evening service will be devoted to a song service led by the pastor. The public most cordially invited. Special invitation to strangers and soldiers.

## Camp Upton Church

The much hoped for religious unity to be brought about by the present war has made its initial appearance at Camp Upton, where the new interdenominational church was on Sunday turned over to the cantonment. The first church of its kind to be founded at any army headquarters in this country, its presentation was impressive from the number of creeds represented—Protestant, Catholic and Jew; and the moral significance of its establishment as explained by Brigadier General Johnson in his opening address. His talk on camp morals was illuminating and interesting. He accepted the church, which is to be called "Church Headquarters" for the camp, and introduced the ministers, priests and rabbi, who were to dedicate the military moral institution of camp life at Upton.

This placard, seen by a diner in a restaurant in Tonopah, Nev., shows that the residents of that place are "helping Hoover," even if their language is a trifle emphatic:  
USE ONLY ONE LUMP OF SUGAR  
IN YOUR COFFEE.  
STIR LIKE HELL.  
WE DON'T MIND THE NOISE.

At a recent Fifth avenue wedding a man in the assemblage who had been married five times stood up when the wedding march was played. He had heard it so often he thought it was our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

## "What Says the Clock?"

MARY M. HARDIE, Rhinebeck, N. Y.—in response to the request of Bertha Gay, in your issue of Feb. 6, the poem asked for is:

O what says the clock when it strikes one?  
O watch, says the clock, O watch, little one.  
O what says the clock when it strikes two?  
O love God, little darling, for God loves you.  
And, O tell me softly what it whispers at three?  
It is "suffer, little children to come unto me."

Then corrie, gentle lambs, come and wander no more,  
'Tis the voice of the shepherd that calls you at four;  
And, oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,  
When it echoes so sweetly God bless thee at five;  
And remember at six, with the fading of day,  
That your life is a vapor that passeth away.

What says the clock when it strikes seven?  
Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.  
And what says the clock when it strikes eight?  
Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate;  
And louder, still louder, it calls us at nine,  
And its song is "My son, give me that heart of thine."

Then sweet be your voices responsive at ten,  
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna, Amen.  
And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,  
Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in heaven.  
While the deep stroke of midnight the watchword shall bring  
Lo, these are my jewels, these, these, saith the King."

## The Devil Has Resigned

Satan, in Letter to German Ruler, Informs Him He  
Has Ousted All Other Evildoers  
From Pinnacle of Infamy..

Louis Syberkrop, of Creston, has acquired much fame in recent weeks as author of a satire on Kaiser Wilhelm. Requests have come to him from Tumully, Secretary Daniels and Roosevelt, and people in every state of the Union and in Canada have asked for copies of Mr. Syberkrop's article. It is:

"The Infernal Region,  
"June 28, 1917.

"To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God:

"My Dear Wilhelm:

"I can call you by that familiar name for I have always been very close to you, much closer than you could ever know.

"From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb I have shaped your destiny for my own purpose.

"In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero: he was a vulgar character and suited my

# WILL CELEBRATE 100TH ANNIVERSARY

Port Jefferson Methodists Will Hold  
Special Services This Sunday In  
Honor of Centenary:

On Sunday Nov. 3rd the Methodist Church of Port Jefferson will celebrate its centenary. In 1318 William Jewett and John M. Smith preacher attached to the Suffolk Circuit began to preach in Port Jefferson. The Methodist preaching places at that time according to the conference minutes were Jamaica, Sag Harbor and Suffolk Circuit.

Six years later in 1524 the first Methodist Class was organized in the old Hawkins house where the Catholic Church now stands. The class consisted of Zechariah Hawkins, Charry Hawkins, Washington Sturtevant, Solomon Sturtevant and Amasa Sturtevant. The preaching services were held in the school-house, then located on the corner of Main and Thompson streets. These services were at intervals of weeks but a class meeting was held every Lord's day. The society continued to prosper, revivals were frequent and far reaching.

Thus the society struggled on for fourteen years, when the first house of worship was erected on Thompson street in 1838. John Van Brunt gave the land, which was valued at \$200 and the church was erected at a cost of \$300. At the time of dedication in March Revs. John Nickson and Charles Pelton were pastors. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. James Ransom. In 1857 during the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Booth, the church was enlarged and repaired. The first parsonage was purchased in 1853 at a cost of \$1200.

In 1873 while Rev. Henry Ashton was pastor the church building was removed from Thompson street to the corner of Main and Spring streets. This was used as a place of worship until 1893 when the present edifice was erected during the pastorate of T. L. Price.

In 1828 in the school house above mentioned the first Sunday School was organized with William H. Brewster as superintendent. There were 60 members in 1831. These increased to 259 in 1868.

Of the eighty pastors who have served this charge only nine are living, six of these are in active service. The records were lost in 1881. The data for this article was obtained from Rev. Daniel Jones, who was present when the class was organized then a lad of 13 years. He afterwards became pastor. He spent the reclining years of his life in Stony Brook.

Among those who have gone out of this church to larger fields of service are Rev. Henry Still an honored member of the New York East Conference, now stationed at Forestville, Conn. Dr. Edna G. Terry, daughter of Mrs. Emeline Terry, was a child of this church. She gave 27 years of her life as a medical missionary to China. She died there in 1913. Dr. Samuel Gurney, medical missionary to Africa, was converted in this church. The light which came into his heart at the old altar still shines in darkest Africa.

At the morning service Dr. E. G. Richardson, District Superintendent, will preach. The new service flag will be dedicated.

At three an afternoon service will be held under the leadership of Captain Henry Randall. He will speak on "Our Honor Roll."

Dr. Millard L. Robinson, Ph. D. of New York City, Executive secretary of the New York City Society will preach at the evening service. He is one of the strongest preachers in Methodism. Come and hear his inspiring message. The Presbyterians will unite with us in this service. The evening service will start at 7.30 instead of 8 o'clock.

NOVEMBER 2, 1918

## BAYLES SHIPYARD BUYS F. F. DARLING PROPERTY

Took Title Friday Morning to Large Store  
Building and Shore Front Property  
on Water Street.

The store and property of F. F. Darling & Son, one of the oldest concerns in Port Jefferson, and established by the late F. F. Darling some 66 years ago was sold this Friday afternoon to the Bayles Shipyards, Inc. The property that the shipyard takes title to includes the shore front and the store property, with a large frontage on Water street, and adds to their other holdings in the village one of the finest shore fronts and store properties in Port Jefferson.

This property is of especial value to the Bayles Shipyards, Inc., as it immediately adjoins the Radel Shipyards, which the Bayles people own, and which is now known as Yard No. 2.

In an interview Mr. James B. Smiley, president of the Bayles Shipyards, Inc., said: "The Darling store property will be renovated and such changes made to suit our needs. Steam heat will be installed immediately and the building will be used for general offices, and a fitting out store room. The floor space of the building is 15,000 square feet, and when utilized this will relieve the great congestion in the yards."

It is understood that the Darling brothers, Chester and Frank, will retire from business.

### Mrs. Cornelia R. Aldrich

Mrs. Cornelia Rose Aldrich (nee Hawkins) died in the Exeter Cottage Hospital on Friday, September 17. She was born in Port Jefferson, N. Y., in 1848 and married Captain W. H. Aldrich in 1872. Before her marriage she taught in the public schools. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. F. G. Abrew, of Summit, N. J., and Mrs. F. R. Whitman, of Exeter, by four grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Since girlhood she had been a faithful and earnest member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The burial was in her native town of Port Jefferson.

For several years Mrs. Aldrich has spent much of her time in Exeter with her daughter, Mrs. Whitman, in Hoyt Hall. All who knew her here were impressed with the singular sweetness and beauty of her personality. She will remain long in their memories, picture-like, as the finest example of a gracious gentlewoman. She lived a useful life as a loving and devoted mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and at the end showed with what courage and fortitude a Christian can endure even the most acute suffering and meet the last supreme test triumphantly. Beautiful will be her memory.

LARD \$3 A POUND  
Long Islander Describes Life in Archangel, Russia

Mrs. Leslie A. Davis, wife of the U. S. Consul to Archangel, Russia, who was formerly Miss Catharine Carman of Brookhaven, has recently sent an interesting letter to a friend concerning life in that far off spot. She and her infant boy have lately arrived there, going direct from Port Jefferson, Mr. Davis' home. The child was born in London, while Mr. and Mrs. Davis were enroute.

She says in part: "Archangel would not be such a bad place if it were not for the mud. The streets are for the most part about a foot deep with mud and in many places are covered with water. Walking is made possible by raised board walks either through the middle of the streets or on the sides. The art of walking here consists in being able to keep on the board walk without being pushed off or falling into the mud."

"In other respects the town is quite civilized. We have comfortable apartments in a modern house with electric lights, telephone and a good bath room. An electric car passes our door. We have a good Polish maid who helps care for the baby, and a good native cook. I have to talk with them in Russian and have consequently been obliged to learn a few words."

"The food question here is not as bad as we anticipated although the prices are very high. We brought with us nearly a ton of food from America and England, but besides are able to get plenty of wild game, fish and some meat and vegetables, although the latter are quite limited. Prices, however, are exorbitant. Lard costs \$3 a pound, milk 15c a glass, sugar about \$2.50 a pound and flour almost a dollar a pound. Of course, what we brought with us helps out very much, although even with that living is high enough. Mr. Davis received a promotion while in London."

## PORT JEFFERSON'S BIG FIRE

Railroad Cars and Grain Elevator  
Lost in \$100,000 Blaze

Early last week Friday morning fire destroyed the big feed elevator owned by E. H. Rogers at Port Jefferson Station and before the blaze was subdued it had also destroyed a freight car loaded with flour and partially ruined other cars.

It is said that the damage will reach \$100,000; partly covered by insurance. It was the worst fire Port Jefferson has had in many years.

Two or three times the depot and other buildings nearby caught fire, but the good work of the firemen saved them from destruction. A train of passenger cars also ignited but these were pulled away to safety.

A part of the Patchogue Fire Department motored over to lend assistance and the departments from other nearby villages also helped fight the flames.

The origin of the blaze—it started in the feed elevator—is unknown.

## Will Dredge Channel to Harbor Entrance

At a meeting of the Town Board of Trustees, held Tuesday in the justice's court, the McClelland Dredging Company of New York City, asked for permission to dredge the channel to Port Jefferson harbor. A representative of the dredging company, who was present stated that his company would dredge the channel to a width of 300 feet from shore to shore, and a depth of 20 feet at mean low water. He also stated that all the dredged material would be disposed of by the company, and that the operations would not cost the town a cent. It is understood that the McClelland company would derive its remuneration for the operations from the sale of the sand and gravel dredged, a sale for which there is said to be demand.

There was no opposition to the project; in fact, the citizens present at the meeting all expressed approval of the plan. Mr. W. O. Parsons, general manager of the Bayles Shipyards, Inc., was present and he also expressed his approval.

The present width of the harbor channel is now less than 200 feet, and at many places the bottom has filled in until the depth has become a menace to vessels at low water.

The board granted the permission, subject to the approval of counsel.

## HOUSES FOR SHIP WORKERS

Government to Give Further Help to  
Port Jefferson Yards

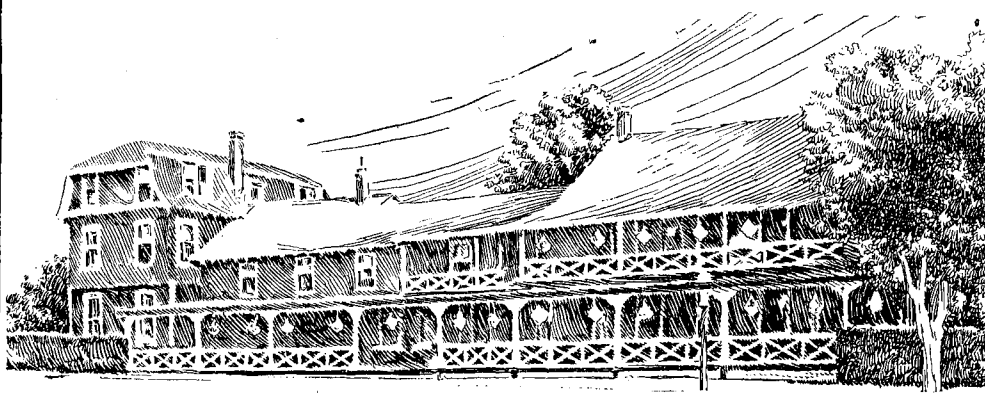
The Port Jefferson papers print stories to the effect that the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the United States Shipping Board will shortly begin the construction of dormitories and houses of sufficient capacity and number to accommodate 400 employes of the Bayles Shipbuilding Company at Port Jefferson. The project for the housing of 400 employes of the Long Island Shipbuilding Company has been approved by the Federal authorities and work is expected to begin within the next two or three weeks.

Vice President Piez of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, upon a recent visit to Washington from Philadelphia, stated that the accommodations at Port Jefferson must be ready "before snow flies." Mr. Piez says that the Bayles Shipbuilding Company at present employs 561 men, but that 779 more will be needed in the next six months. The Government will take care of 400 of the additional men. To do this it is estimated that it will cost \$300,000.

The Bayles Shipbuilding Company has a contract with the Shipping Board for the erection of six steel ships, with a deadweight tonnage of 20,000. The total cost of the six ships has been placed at \$3,900,000.

The houses will be heated with hot air. None of the houses will be an entire waste after the war. It is the plan of the Government to dispose of the houses which it erects, not only after the war, but during the existence thereof. The houses cost about \$3,600. In cases where workmen desire to buy, the Emergency Fleet Corporation will make all the necessary arrangements, such as the placing of a mortgage, and other details.

Famous Canoe Place Inn At Good Ground Which Was Destroyed By Fire Tuesday Morning



Picturesque Landmark of Colonial History on Long Island Completely Destroyed.

GUESTS ESCAPE BY LEAPING

Maid and Cashier Burned to Death— A Favorite Meeting Place for Tammany Leaders.

Special to The New York Times. GOOD GROUNDS, L. I., July 5.—Canoe Place Inn, one of the most historic structures on Long Island and almost the last of the real pre-revolutionary inns, is gone. Fire destroyed the rambling, picturesque place in the heart of the Shinnecock Indians' country, early this morning with the loss of the lives of two employees. Three guests and a maid escaped death by leaping from windows. It was late this afternoon when the last of the ancient timbers had been reduced to ashes and there remained on the spot, rich in the legends of Eastern Long Island, only a few scattered outbuildings and the colossal bust of Hercules carved from a single block of wood which stood in front of the inn, starting out at the old post road to Sag Harbor, on which the building faced.

Destruction of Canoe Place Inn removes an irreplaceable landmark of colonial history. The place also played the same part in Tammany politics in the Spring and early Summer as Delmonico's in the Winter. The Summer home of Charles F. Murphy, Tammany chieftain, is only four miles from the inn, which stood midway between Good Ground and Shinnecock Hills stations. For many years the inner ring of Tammany had held their privy councils either before the generous log fires within or on the comfortable rambling porches outside the inn. Judges, United States Senators, Governors and many of the lesser powers behind the throne had consorted there, cheered by old-fashioned hospitality of the chieftain they reached some of the most momentous decisions in the annals of the organization.

Where John L. Sullivan Trained. One other claim to fame had the inn. It was in its big barn that John L. Sullivan trained for his fistie battle in New Orleans with James J. Corbett. The barn was not damaged.

To a lesser degree the inn filled an important function as the gathering place of the colonies of the wealthy at Southampton and other nearby places where there are many great estates. Its Japanese ballroom, a modern creation, and others of its cavalcous chambers were often filled with the gavettes of that smart set, many hostesses taking advantage of its resources when week-end gatherings overtaxed the entertainment facilities of their own domains.

Socially this part of Long Island is to suffer no permanent deprivation by the fire. Julius Keller, proprietor of the inn and of Maxlin's in New York, has announced his intention of replacing it as soon as the embers are cold. His future aim is a big, fireproof structure, but meantime he hopes to erect a temporary dance hall and restaurant which may be ready in a few weeks if a large enough force of workmen can be recruited. It is probable that when the social migration of sportsmen sets in next Fall, the duck hunters who have made the inn their rendezvous for generations, will find available a shelter of some sort.

(Courtesy Brooklyn Eagle)

Canoe Place Inn was a show place of the days when the end of the island few remaining true type of inns of pre-Revolutionary days, picturesque with its half doors, its old-fashioned fireplaces, ceilings and wainscoting. It still preserved the individuality of the time when it was built, which was in 1635. Many years ago it was the waiting place for stages on the routes to the eastern end of Long Island, and in Revolutionary times it was the headquarters of British officers. Its whole appearance was suggestive of the days when the end of the island and travelers at that end of the island hailed the ancient roadhouse with delight. The rambling structure faced the old postroad to Sag Harbor. Between Shinnecock Bay and Peconic Bay there is a narrow strip of land over which Indians carried their canoes. Hence the name—Canoe Place.

A striking and colossal bust of Hercules carved with much artistry from a single block of wood stood on a pedestal in front of the inn at the side of the road, facing east. This was spared by the fire. The glow from the flames illuminated the stern features, but backed by smoking ashes, Hercules stood today still facing east, along the road the old stage coaches journeyed. To his twelve labors he had added a thirteenth and survived ordeal by fire.

ly decorated with palms and Ophelia roses, the newly-wedded pair standing before the mantel of the large living room, which was banked with palms to receive the good wishes of their friends.

Miss Abrew was a beautiful bride and was charmingly attired in a gown of white embroidered net with a white georgette hat and carried a shower bouquet of brides' roses. The maid of honor wore a yellow organdie and carried Ophelia roses. The bride's mother's gown was of peach colored crepe-de-chine with a corsage bouquet of orchids. The wedding breakfast was served at small tables in the sun parlor following which the bride and groom departed amid showers of confetti and good wishes of their friends to spend their honeymoon in Atlantic City. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue taffeta with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Abrew, parents of the bride, are former residents of Port Jefferson. Mr. Manion was in service over-seas. Mr. and Mrs. Manion will make their home in Ferndale where Mr. Manion's business is located. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Abrew and daughter Marguerite of Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Abrew of Islip, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meyers and son Edward, Jr., of Catskill, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Ryan of Monticello, N. Y.; Miss Anna Manion of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Whitman of Exeter, N. H. and Miss Dorothy and Master Donald Abrew.

Taking The Detour By SILENT COP

I use to be a rugged farm Where spuds and pickles grew, But that was years and years ago— Way back in ninety-two.

The golfing gentry gobbled me Along with other land, Remodelled my topography And fixed me something grand.

Where Jerseys use to chew the cud Beside the grassy bluff The golfers now are hunting balls That got into the rough

The crazy guy is driving off Where cabbage once was heading, And chasing down the shady vale Where grandpop cut his bedding.

Where Leghorns caught the early worm And Wyandottes went strutting The warrior in knickers now The little ball is putting.

I use to be a rugged farm But now I'm nice and level So golf enthusiasts can come And drive to beat the devil.

Rhymed Sovereigns

First, William the Norman, Then William his son; Henry, Stephen and Henry, Then Richard and John. Next Henry the Third, Edwards, One, Two and Three, And again after Richard Three Henrys we see. Two Edwards, Third Richard, If rightly I guess, Two Henrys, Sixth Edward; Queen Mary, Queen Bess; Then Jamie the Scotsman, Then Charles whom they slew, Yet received after Cromwell Another Charles, too. Next Jamie the Second Ascended the throne; Then William and Mary Together came on. Then Anne, Georges four And Fourth William all passed. Then Victoria came, Whose reign long did last. Under Edward the Seventh Old England did thrive, And now on her throne Sits George Number Five.



Last Picture of Caruso, Taken Near His Old Home



The great tenor is standing on the belvedere of his hotel at Sorrento, gazing across the beautiful bay toward his native city of Naples. (From a photograph taken last month.)

First Sign Dec. 8. The first sign of physical weakness displayed by Caruso was on the evening of Dec. 8, 1920, when he sang in "Pagliacci," the pathetic tragedy of the poor clown, at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the first act he felt a sharp twitch of pain in his side and it was given out later that he had put so much energy into his acting as to strain the muscles. The tenor had just finished the arioso, "Vesti la Giubba" ("On With the Play") and rushed up the steps of the portable theater. Suddenly he fell. His emotion was too real to be make-believe. He finished the performance after a careful examination by a physician but did so seated on a chair. The attending physician said afterward that the injury was not serious enough to preclude the tenor's appearance the following Saturday evening at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. A few days afterward came the dramatic scene at the Academy which those who were present will never forget. It was the tenor's first appearance in the boro during the current opera season. The performance was "L'Elisir d' Amore." Caruso sang under a perceptible restraint. Only once did he loose the bonds of his wonderful voice and let himself out to the full power of his vocal chords.

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Home for the holidays we note Miss Betty Baylis of Mount Ida School; Miss Adelaide Satterly of Bradford Academy, Mass; Miss Dorothy Cooper, Cornell University; Gerard Terry, Syracuse University; Robert Barker, St. Lawrence University; Lieut. John Husing, U. S. A.; LeRoy S. Reeve, B. M., U. S. A.; Herbert Young, U. S. N., and others.

Don't forget the taxpayers' school meeting Dec. 31st. Come out and voice your sentiments on this proposed travesty on taxation.

Owing to contagious disease the usual very attractive Christmas exercises have been postponed at the Presbyterian church, but big congregations heard Rev. A. E. Foote preach two magnificent sermons Sunday upon "The First Christmas" and "Bethlehem." It's an inspiration to hear this gifted Christian gentleman. The special music by the double quartette and the duet by Carrie and Abbie Conklin were wonderfully well rendered.

Your correspondent and the popular assis'ant cashier of our bank had the honor of receiving two of the first Victory Pins, designed by the great sculptor, Paulanship, for New York, who created the model for our good friend, Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett of Brooklyn. Mrs. Barnett, who is a member of the Executive Board of the Art War Relief, has presented the pins and designs to this noble organization for its benefit, and with her usual kindly thought remembered Mattituck friends.

Next Sunday, "Deo Valente" and weather permitting, old Mattituck Parish will institute its first "Every Member Canvass." Thirteen teams will visit every house of the congregation, and they hope to find a generous reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison G. Wines are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Ward at Newark, N. J.

The Christmas Bazaar and a la carte Supper last Thursday netted the Sewing Society over \$150 and proved a very delightful affair throughout.

George Gerard Tuthill has received his honorable discharge from the U. S. Navy and looks as natural as life with S. H. Tuthill & Co. again. We hope all the rest of the boys will soon be home to brighten up our village once more.

Rev. A. E. Foote will preach next Sunday morning upon "Giving to the Lord," and it won't be a "dry" sermon. . . .

### Silkworth Collects Souvenirs in France

A letter has just been received by his mother from Corp. Walter M. Silkworth of the 306th Field Artillery, Battery E, one of Mattituck's fine young heroes. It was dated Nov. 8, shortly before the armistice was signed, in which he said that at that time everything was going nicely with himself and the other boys; "but of course we have been very busy driving the Huns back, and believe me, they certainly have been running," he says. "In some of our late advances have secured a few souvenirs of the Hun—buttons from the coat, a belt buckle and a fancy dress helmet which are used by the German officers. Well, there is quite a little story to tell how I got these souvenirs, especially the buckle, but this I will leave until I get home, because it is better for me to tell you of it then. Perhaps it may be possible for me to send a few of these souvenirs home by mail.

"In my travels the other day I met Lynwood Downs, Charlie Reeve and August Ambrose. All are looking well and feeling pretty good.

"We have advanced through towns where Germans have been living for the past four years and have seen lots of their work and doings, but it seems very sure to me that the way Uncle Sam is going after them that the end of this great struggle is soon to be.

"One of the most touching things I have felt, happened the other day as we were on an advanced march. The French people were moving back to their old homes and they were pleased with what the Americans were and have been doing. To show their feelings, they gave out bread and jam. One fellow said, 'Bon Amerikane,' and hugged me; 'Bon Amerikane,' means good American. Here is where one realizes the good our boys are doing over here. We go through many circumstances, but always keep happy.

"We all feel pretty good the way things are going, and it also looks as if we can soon come back to good old U. S. A. This will be all I have time for now, but I might add that the paper this letter is being written on is Hun's paper, torn from a book."

### Other Mattituck Notes

A Christmas bazaar was to be held at the Presbyterian Chapel Thursday afternoon and evening.

The Red Cross drive for 1919 memberships is on and bids fair to be very successful locally. Many 100 per cent families will be represented.

Henry Gates of this place and John Reeve of Greenport have started for Florida with the Gates launch. At last accounts they had reached Beaufort, N. C.

It is expected that the next meeting of the Literary will be on Tuesday, Dec. 31. A short play will be given under the direction of Miss Elma Tuthill.

See the advertisement in another column of this paper announcing an auction to be conducted at the Hotel Glenwood on Dec. 27 by Auctioneer F. J. Corwin of Riverhead. A long list of goods will be sold.

### Case of Discretion.

Two negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted. "Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Sam. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' over in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with anybody, and dey kaint make me fight."

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Mattituck had a real parade last Monday night to celebrate the victorious conclusion of our late unpleasantness with Kaiser Bil. Church and school bells pealed forth right merrily, the small boy and his various ways of torturing the air prevailed, a big bonfire illuminated the skies, and seventy automobiles, flag bedecked and horns howling, encircled the old town. The stores closed at 2 o'clock, so the clerks could celebrate also, and happiness shone from every face. The real celebration, however, will be held when our BOYS come home.

Alas! that one of our finest young friends, Lt. Tracy Walker, 27 years, only son of Russell S. Walker, President of the Brooklyn Dime Savings Bank, was killed in action in France, according to a telegram received by his father from a Red Cross Chaplain, who officiated at the funeral services in England. Tracy was a splendid young fellow, well known here, as his father has had a country place at Downs' Creek for many years. He was of fine physique and charming address, a talented young architect, a devoted son and brother. It is terrible to think of his bright, young manhood taken from us. Besides his parents, he is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Walter Brestow, Mrs. Earl Munkenbeck, and Miss Marjorie Walker.

Those thoroughly musical people, Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Wells, gave a delightful little musicale and card party last Thursday evening, which was heartily enjoyed by all lucky enough to be present.

Don't forget the sale of tickets for the Lecture Course, Saturday afternoon of this week, Nov. 16, at 1 o'clock. Now that the distracting war is over, we ought to have a little enjoyment, and you cannot ask for anything better and cheaper than what our Course will provide this season.

Miss Isabelle S. Conklin, the best Central operator any little town ever had, is spending a well earned vacation in New York, her place being filled by the efficient Miss Hattie Booth of Southold.

Our United War Work Campaign is in full drive, starting with a "Century" Club of over twenty members, and the various committees report liberal contributions in the main. We expect Mattituck to go way over the top.

Miss Ada Martin of London, Eng., a trained nurse at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, and a chum of Miss Anita Downs, is a guest at Downs' Manor.

Rev. Howard Davis, D.D., of Bordentown, N. J., is expected to occupy the Presbyterian pulpit here next Sunday, as a candidate.

Our sister village of Cutchogue will probably have a big delegation there Friday evening from Mattituck, when Mrs. Percy Adams of Greenport and the Service Quartette from "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" will entertain the Red Cross and U. W. W. Campaign. Everybody just loves to hear Mrs. Adams, "the singer with a soul," and the quartette will also be a great card. Let's all go

### CITED FOR BRAVERY.

"Buller's Boy," he was called on the street—  
Jest th' most ornary boy I meet!  
Tow-headed, freckled, an' lashful—say,  
Let a gal speak an' he'd run away!  
Wain't no young patridge ever was shyer  
But—"Brave under fire!"  
When trouble broke he was wild t' go,  
But his strict, home-body Ma said  
"No!"  
Didn't believe in a "wicked war,"  
One of them good, timid wimmin—law!  
Less for this earth than th' heavenly choir!  
But—"Brave under fire!"  
Then th' first draft come and Ben got  
his call!  
His shiftless Dad didn't mind at all,  
An' though his Ma, she took on some—  
well,  
She quit her grievin', after a spell,  
Gled he was down on th' ground, not  
a fier—  
But—"Brave under fire!"  
Once he got home in his khaki rig,  
Wain'dn't a know'n him, that tall an'  
big,  
Tow-head cropped close an' his skin  
grown clear  
Then his squad saled, an' fer half a  
year  
Wain't emy news, though you might  
inquire,  
But—"Brave under fire!"  
Course, Ben he writ, every time he  
could,  
Then come a battle near some French  
wood,  
Planes droppin' bombs, big guns rainin'  
shell,  
Huns like gray devils let loose from—  
well,  
They jest kept gainin' an' gainin'  
higher—  
But—"Brave under fire!"  
Yonder there, see, in the old Town Hall,  
They've put an Honor Roll on th' wall,  
There's a blue star on th' schoolhouse  
flag,  
Buller's Boy's kin masey don't they  
bang!  
Cited by "Barnum's" say, wain't much  
higher?  
And—"Brave under fire!"  
ELLA A. FANNING.

### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

**Winter Without Sleighbells.** This is not really an old-fashioned Winter. No Winter, however boreal, can be that without sleighbells. And the fitful, vanishing tinkle, which has sparsely enlivened the cold snaps of recent years, has apparently passed definitely.

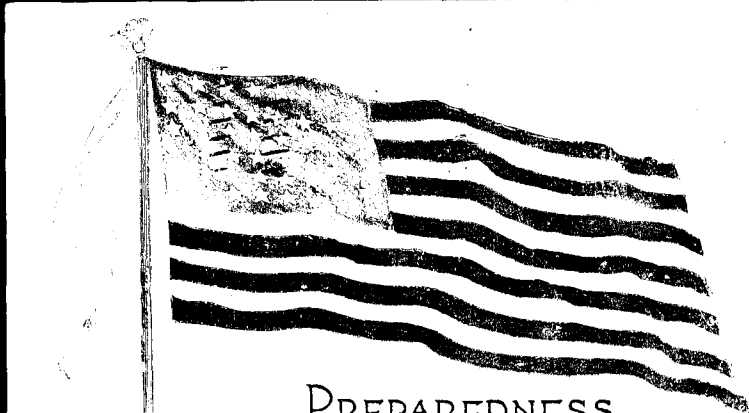
Time was when a good half of Fifth Avenue was kept packed with snow. Time was when, on the first day of sleighing, the blooded horsemen of Manhattan lined up below Fifty-ninth Street for the race out to GAVE CASE'S, where the victor of sleigh and sleigh-bell received the meed of a cold magnum. Throughout the city pulses danced and blood leaped to the cheek as with the tides of youth. Eyes shone and voices pealed with musical laughter.

To the festival of sleighbells many things are needful besides sleighs and bells and packed snow. The horse was a large part of it; and it is a consequence of our reduced luxury that the horse is no more. Not the least part of that old festival was the tossing mane, the gleaming eye, and the snow hurled rhythmically backward from polished shoes of steel. Likewise, GAVE CASE is no more, and his spartan hospitality. And then—the magnum. But enough of this. If it be true that one joy, rightly husbanded, is enough for a lifetime, surely one sorrow will do for a Winter's day. The sleighbells of Manhattan are no more.

### ALL WE FOUGHT FOR IS WON, SAYS WILSON

He Urges, in Brief Proclamation, the Need of Sober and Friendly Counsel.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—President Wilson issued this formal proclamation at 10 o'clock this morning: "My Fellow-Countrymen: The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel, and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world."  
WOODROW WILSON.



PREPAREDNESS  
For the honor of the nation  
For the security of our homes.

### World-War-Ended

The world-war ended at 6 o'clock Monday morning, with red revolution in Germany and with William Hohenzollern, former Emperor, a fugitive from his native land. There were 1,567 days of horror, during which the whole civilized world has been convulsed. Germany's delegates have signed the armistice, which blasted forever the dreams which embroiled the world in a struggle that has cost 10,000,000 lives. When the war began the Teutonic alliance was headed by two of the proudest houses in history—the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. To-day William II of Germany is a fugitive in Holland and Charles of Austria has been stripped of power and has seen his empire shattered into pieces. Ferdinand of Bulgaria has fled from his country, and Mohammed V of Turkey is slain by an assassin. The curtain has rolled down on the most stupendous tragedy in history. Armed imperialism is at an end. The military caste of Germany is discredited and destroyed. The great nations that have destroyed it will set up a lasting peace. Never again will a world-war devastate the land. The war has ended in the complete triumph of the democratic ideal for which the Allied Nations stood. The signing of the armistice, which was virtually unconditional surrender by Germany, was one of the greatest events in human history. It means the end of militarism and the end of autocracy. Two irreconcilable principles of government met on the field of battle and democracy won.

### CITY GOES JOY MAD

Breaks the Restraint of Years and Deliriously Celebrates.

### CROWDS PARADE STREETS

Fifth Avenue Jammed for Three Miles—Whole Town Aroused.

### JUDGES CLOSE THE COURTS

Mayor Addresses Crowds at City Hall—Saloons Closed at Night to Check Disorder.

### DRAMATIC SILENCE AFTER CANNONADING

Doughboys in Front Line Were Surprised by the Order, "Cease Firing."

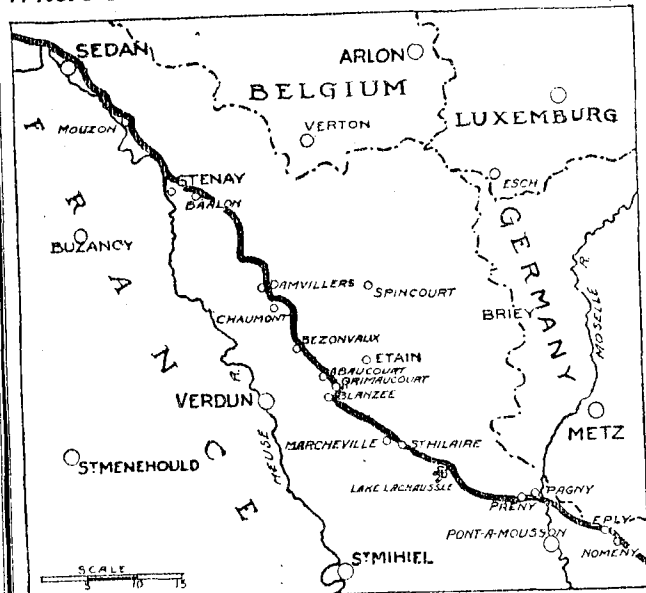
### CAMPFIRES SHONE AT DUSK

Twinkled Along the Hills for First Time Since the Invaders Entered France.

By EDWIN L. JAMES.

Copyright, 1918, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES. WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Nov. 11.—They stopped fighting at 11 o'clock this morning.

### Where Our Armies Stood When the Truce Came



The black line shows the position of our forces at the time the hostilities ended.

### TRUCE ELECTRIFIES CONGRESS

Wilson Wildly Cheered When He Says, 'The War' Thus Comes to an End

### CREATES DRAMATIC SCENE

Throng Springs to Its Feet with Waves of Applause Led by Chief Justice White.

### AUTOCRACY'S POWER ENDED

Germany to Surrender Navy,

### TOLD TO "STACK NEEDLES."

Women Knitters Informed by Red Cross That Work Is Ended.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—America's army of women knitters, who did not cease work with the signing of the armistice, today were ordered by the Red Cross to "stack needles," their task accomplished.

An inventory of articles in reserve shows sufficient on hand to meet the needs of fighting men in this country and abroad and of Red Cross Relief commissions. Knitted articles now in the making will be finished and turned in to the 854 Red Cross chapters, which will issue no more yarn.

More than 10,000,000 sweaters, socks, mufflers, helmets, and wristlets were turned out in the seventeen months preceding the overthrow of the Central Powers. Virtually every man in the army received woolen necessities fashioned by the tireless fingers of thousands of women who chose that method of aiding to win the war.

### UNITED PRESS MEN SENT FALSE CABLE

Armistice Message Signed by President Roy Howard and Simms, Paris Manager.

REACHED CITY AT 11:56 A. M.

News Association Will Not Admit Inaccuracy Despite Re-



## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The "Welcome Home" to our Soldiers and Sailors in Library Hall last Thursday night was a wonderful affair. The following fine program was given: Star Spangled Banner; prayer, Rev. F. G. Beebe; song, Cutchogue Sextette; address, "Welcome Home," J. Mac Craven; reading of poem written on a battlefield in France by a "buddy" of Montfort Wyckoff, presented by Miss Lida Rafford; address, Rev. Father Rettig; Allegiance to the Flag, Donald Liedlich; address, Rev. F. G. Beebe; song, Cutchogue Sextette; address, Rev. Dr. Ryerson; talks from "Our Boys," John F. MacMillan and Montfort Wyckoff; readings from the diary of "Our Army Nurse," Miss Margaret McCarthy, presented by Lois Fischer; address, Hon. J. M. Lupton; pantomime, My Country 'tis of Thee, Miss Mae Reeve and sung by Miss Caroline Howell. At the close of the programme, a rousing vote of thanks was given Mrs. Grace Duryee for her conception and planning of the whole affair. Then Mrs. Duryee's efficient helpers served delicious cake, ice cream and punch to all present with lavish hands and happy hearts. A pleasing event was the unveiling of the handsome bronze honor roll which Mrs. James H. Wines' efforts made possible. It will later be placed in some appropriate public place. King's Orchestra then played fine, *dance* music till 2 o'clock, which the vast audience of over seven hundred enjoyed heartily. It certainly was an event that any village or city might well be proud to celebrate in like manner.

County Treasurer Henry P. Tutthill is having his house on Main St. enlarged by several new rooms, two bath rooms, electric lights, etc. Wines & Homan are doing the work.

The Grange open meeting in Library Hall was attended by a very large number of Grangers and their friends from Southold, Mattituck and Sound Avenue Granges and they were entertained with the following programme: Overture, The Grange Orchestra "In Office Hours," with this cast: Dr. Elliott, Donald R. Gildersleeve Dr. Sallie Floyd, Elma R. Tutthill "Cascar," Frank MacMillan Mrs. Skipnix, Evelyn G. Kirkup Mr. Wobblewood, J. Wickham Reeve Mrs. Wobblewood, Mrs. Frank Fleet Mr. Hustleton, Fred Olmstead Miss Golfe, Eloise Butterfield Mr. Van Shekels, Andrew Kirkup Songs by Carolyn Howell, accompanied by Hannah Hallock; piano duet, Mac Reeve and Elmeda Benjamin; songs by Nelson Moore, with Mrs. Moore at the piano; selection, Grange Orchestra, closing with a little skit, "Souvenir Spoons," presented by Miss Tutthill, Miss Kirkup, Donald R. Gildersleeve and Frank MacMillan. Afterward, dancing, with music by King's Orchestra.

Mrs. Ida Ruland Weller received on Tuesday of this week one of the celebrated German war dogs captured by the French and forwarded to Mrs. Weller by her husband, the Rev. W. W. Weller, who is now in charge of Y. M. C. A. work in France. The dog is a fine specimen of his breed and is

The writer was a guest last Thursday evening at a very pretty and unique affair at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Tutthill, who then celebrated the 60th anniversary of their marriage. Falling on Halloween the occasion afforded an opportunity for a wide range in decorating, games, etc., these being superintended by Mrs. Egbert Griffin, Mrs. Tutthill's bridesmaid, who, by the way, celebrated her own golden wedding anniversary five years ago. The table looked very Hallowe'nie, with a cap and witch for each guest. The center decoration was a mammoth bouquet of ball chrysanthemums from Weir's greenhouses, with a flag on each side, together with a large cake, prettily decorated with the dates, 1858-1919, surrounded by 60 tiny candles. But the main feature of the evening was an inside Rhode Island clambake, with everything under the sun, done to a turn, cooked and served in courses by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tutthill of Greenport. Everyone voted it most delicious and the "best ever." After supper came a surprise shower for the old couple. Did I say old? Well, I guess not; why, they expect to celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary, too. "Capt. Ben" is 88, and his good wife is 81, but they absolutely refuse to be called old. Both were at the polls for voting on Tuesday. Mrs. Tutthill, beside doing all of her own housework, makes beautiful bedquilts and does some wonderful carving that would put the efforts of many a younger artist to shame. She thinks nothing of a three-mile walk for a constitutional. They have five children, Willis and Wallace of Mattituck, Percy of Greenport, Elmer of California and Mrs. Albert E. Payne of Riverhead. Here's hoping that I may be a guest at their 75th anniversary.

### The Blue and the Gray

By Francis M. Finch

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue,  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Under the roses, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Brothered with gold, the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done,  
In the storm of the years that are fading  
No braver battle was won:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red:  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

## Mattituck

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The Herald of Saturday last had the following item in the list of the 27th Division:

Doctors on the Saxonia said pluck and will saved the life of Private Raymond Cleaves of Mattituck, Headquarters Company, 107th Infantry. Hit by shrapnel, he was paralyzed from the hips down. "I will not die," he insisted when doctors shook their heads. In the base hospital at Dartmouth the surgeons acceded to his request that he be sent home, because they felt he would die. Throughout the voyage, however, he cheerfully insisted he would live longer than his doctors, and the surgeons admitted yesterday he may make good that boast.

"Slim," as he is affectionately known here, always was full of pluck and grit. "Chub" Gildersleeve went in to see him at the Greenhut Hospital, New York, and found him in good spirits, despite his sad condition. He was one of the "Immortals" who first smashed the Hindenburg line and his experiences have been something terrible. We hope the poor fellow will make good his boast and be able to get back to old Mattituck in good shape finally. We take off our hat reverently to a man like that.

The families of Charlie Reeve and Linwood Downs were made happy by letters from them this Monday, the first in long dreary weeks. They were both all right, we are glad to hear.

Ralph Tutthill, U. S. A., who has crossed the ocean eighteen times in the good ship Martha Washington, was honorably discharged last week and is now enjoying his native air once more. Notwithstanding his seventy thousand miles of ocean travel, "Handsome Grid" looks as care-free as ever.

Harold Hudson has a week's furlough from Newport, R. I., and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hudson, on Suffolk Avenue.

The wonderful service of Mattituck, the Sunrise Prayer Meeting, was held in the chapel Wednesday morning of this week, with the usual big attendance.

The Christmas exercises, delayed by quarantine, were to be held in the Presbyterian church Wednesday night.

Another beautiful baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lupton last Sunday morning. Their collection of four girls and two boys, all handsome as cherubs, is enough to make an old bachelor wild with envy at circus times and Christmastide.

Charles E. Craven, Jr., of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y., is visiting his parents at "Elmtop."

Malcolm Reeve, Sterling Woodhull and Frank Fleet left us on Monday for Aiken, S. C., where they expect to spend a few weeks in the Sunny South.

### The Answer Has Come.

About a century ago Coleridge wrote a poetic query:

The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?  
And yesterday the answer came:  
The Allied Nations and the United States  
of America.—Rochester Post Express.

Our good friends of a life time, Mr. and Mrs. Henry V. Downs of Cutchogue, celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary quietly at their pleasant home last Sunday. They are a wonderfully young appearing couple. Mrs. Downs, we think, was the eldest of "Uncle" Lawrence Hallock's four fine daughters, Patience, Rose, Mary and Debbie, of good old Northville—women of sterling worth, fine homemakers, and all the very soul of hospitality. Mrs. Clarence Cooper of Riverhead and George Omer Hallock of Mattituck are all that is left of Mrs. Downs' family circle. Mr. Downs has two sisters, Miss Martha Downs and Mrs. John C. Wells of Mattituck. Their son, the Honorable John Goldsmith Downs, left us for Albany this Monday morning, where we hope he will use better judgment in making school laws for Mattituck than obtained last year. Here's hoping Mr. and Mrs. Downs may live to have a Diamond Jubilee.

The Presbyterian choir sang last Sunday morning Sullivan's arrangement of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," with a lovely obligato sung by Miss Carolyn Howell, in voice like a silver flute. Next Sunday is Communion. J. Mac Craven is arranging Mozart's "Ave Verum," with additional parts for violin, cello and trombone. A double quartette, Mesdames Millie Lupton, Abbie Conklin, Carrie Conkling, Hortence Tutthill, Messrs. Terry Tutthill, Dr. Craven, Will V. Duryee and J. M. Craven, are practicing an adaptation of Tscharkowsky's beautiful Legend, with appropriate Communion words written by Dr. Craven. It is hoped to have it presented at next Sunday morning's service. Miss Jennie Wells Tutthill has been appointed librarian of the choir and we are beginning to assemble a library of first class music.

Dr. Samuel Sherwell, the famous specialist of Brooklyn, spent last weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett of Babylon are visiting Mrs. Bennett's sister, Mrs. Otis Jackson, at West Mattituck.

The auction at the Glenwood Hotel was attended by crowds of Polish people, who paid big prices for everything. The sale lasted over two days.

SUMMUM BONUM

and escaped.

Helen Terry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Terry, was taken to the E. L. I. Hospital last Thursday afternoon, suffering from appendicitis. An operation was performed that evening. We are very happy to state that Helen is getting along nicely and is making rapid progress to a complete recovery.

At the Literary Tuesday evening an attractive one-act sketch was given by Miss Evelyn Kirkup as Mrs. Briloe and Donald Gildersleeve as Jim, a rat-catcher. Charles Ostrander, with Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve as accompanist, contributed the following vocal numbers: "Three for Jack," "A Red, Red Rose," "Forging the Anchor," "The Gallants of England." Owing to the County Fair coming during the week when the regular Literary would normally occur the next meeting has been set for Tuesday, Oct. 1, when a program of special merit is to be arranged and presented.



### MY FLAG!

Hope of the race  
Flag of the free  
I pledge anew  
My love to thee.

## AMERICAN FLAG NEVER DEFEATED

### Banner of Victorious Army for 140 Years.

The flag that has never known defeat has been raised over every section of the globe. Since its origin the path of the American flag has been:

1777, June 14.—Created by the Continental Congress, in these terms: Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

1777, July 4.—First thrown to the breeze on a vessel of war, The Ranger, by John Paul Jones, at Portsmouth.

1777, Aug. 3.—First fired upon, on land, at Fort Mifflin.

1777, Sept. 4.—First carried into action at sea by John Paul Jones.

1778, Feb. 14.—First official salute received by a foreign country, France.

1783.—First displayed in an English port by the schooner Bedford of Massachusetts.

1790.—First carried around the world by American ship Columbia.

1805 and 1815.—Raised at Tripoli, Africa.

1821.—First carried through the Straits of Magellan by a merchant ship.

1829.—First raised in California by Captain James P. Arthur, a seafarer from Portsmouth, Mass.

#### Displayed in Japan.

1829.—First carried beyond the Arctic circle by the pilot boat Flying Fish, of the Wilkes expedition.

1844.—First carried around the world by an American steamship.

1845.—Unfurled in Mexico.

1848.—First displayed upon the Sea of Galilee by the expedition of Lieutenant Lynch.

1853.—First displayed in Japan at the landing of Perry's party in the bay of Yedo.

1861.—First raised and kept flying on a public school by the high school of New Bedford, Mass.

1867.—First raised in Alaska on the transfer of that territory from Russia to the United States.

1868.—Raised over the Midway Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

1868.—Planted on the summit of Mount Baker, 10,512 feet above sea level, on the occasion of the first ascent.

1871.—Carried into the interior of Africa by the Henry M. Stanley expedition.

1872.—First raised on the summit of the Andes by a party of American engineers engaged in railway surveying.

1877.—Unfurled for the first time in the far interior of China.

1898.—Raised at Philippine Islands.

1909.—Unfurled at North Pole by Peary.

1917.—Displayed on a European bat-

### THE CANDY ARMY.

"Sixty thousand men are engaged in making candy in the New England States."

Sixty thousand men are making candy—  
Spending so their muscle, skill and speed.

Using so the fuel and the labor  
All the farms and all the factories need:

Can't they sense the vastness of the hour?  
Can't they hear their brothers calling "Come?"

Sixty thousand men just making candy,  
And as many more just making gum!

Sixty thousand men still making candy—  
While the streams of France are running red:

Using so the flour and the sugar  
While the starving millions ask for bread:

Dabbling with the nuts and creams and chocolates,  
While the tribes of earth have come to grips:

Dipping glacé fruits and shaping fondant,  
When they might be making shoes or ships.

Sixty thousand men—a good-sized army—  
Making candy on the brink of hell.

Filling bombon dishes for their country  
When they might be filling bombs and shell.

Wrapping caramels and packing nougat,  
Wasting strength on piffing tasks like these.

While the mad Hun, drunk with blood and slaughter,  
Beats the little nations to their knees.

Sixty thousand men still making candy!  
Wake up, youths and maidens!—do your share:

Men are wounded, mutilated, blinded,  
Men are dying for you, "over there,"

Suffering: We have not glimpsed its meaning!  
Sacrifice! We do not know its name!

Hunger? We have never felt its gnawing!  
We are eating candy, to our shame.

Sixty thousand men just making candy,  
In this world of misery and woe!

Can't we lessen luxuries a trifle?  
Can't we let our little likings go?

Can't we see the vision and the struggle?  
Can't we hear the nations crying,  
"Come?"

O America, stop eating candy!  
O America, quit chewing gum!  
ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT.

## REGISTER FOR DRAFT THURSDAY, SEPT. 12

All Men 18 to 45, Not Registered or in Service, Must Visit Their Voting Places

On next week Thursday, Sept. 12, all men between the ages of 18 and 45 years are required to register for the military draft. Men should visit their regular voting places—the election district voting places where they might have voted on Primary Day, for instance. The order is mandatory.

The following official notice of the Local Board for the Third Division is self explanatory:

By Presidential Proclamation men between the ages of 18 and 45 years, who are not already registered, are required to register on Thursday, Sept. 12, 1918, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 9 P. M.

Those who registered on June 5, 1917, June 5 or Aug. 24, 1918, are not required to register again.

## PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

From far-off shores across the sea,  
Our Pilgrim Fathers came,  
To light the torch of Liberty  
In this fair land, and hold it free,  
That none might bend the servile knee  
In king's or princeling's name.

The forests fell beneath the stroke  
Of earnest men and true,  
Who blazed their way in fire and smoke  
With thews of steel, till echo woke  
The brooding hills and Freedom broke  
The things that Bondage knew.

And now 'tis ours to take the place  
Of those who wrought and planned,  
To meet the foeman face to face  
On battlefield and keep the pace  
'Gainst Kultur's creed, the foe's disgrace,  
The Kaiser's ruthless hand.

And from Pacific's tranquil shore,  
Across the Great Divide,  
To where in France our eagles soar,  
And England's sullen cannon roar,  
Till honor's creed shall end all war  
True man fight side by side.

The Right for which our fathers bled  
To save their sons from shame,  
The Freedom, that our deathless dead  
Through countless years proclaim;  
For these we fight, where sands are red,  
On Flanders' fields of flame.

144 Decatur street, Brooklyn.

W. W. ELLSWORTH.

## LITTLE BOY CHANGED INTO A LITTLE GIRL

Other Strange Feats Told Of in  
Letters of Soldiers' Wives  
to Exemption Boards.

Woman, the eternal riddle, apparently thinks exemption boards are good guessers, to judge by the following extracts from letters written by soldiers' wives to such boards:

"Sir—I have received no pay since my husband has gone away from nowhere."

"Sir—My husband has gone away at Crystal Palace and got a few days' furlong and has gone to mind sweepers."

"Sir—I have received your letter. I am his grandfather and his grandmother. He was born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter."

"Sir—Mrs. Haynes has been in bed with a little lad wife of Peter Haynes."

"Sir—You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will it make any difference?"

"Sir—My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. Will I get more pay?"

"Sir—If I don't receive my husband's pay I shall be compelled to lead an immortal life."

"Sir—In accordance with instructions on pink paper, I have given birth to a daughter on April 29."

### GAVE TO RED CROSS, ANYWAY

Sell Germans' Potatoes in Southold and Hand Over \$17.80

An interesting story is being told in Southold about how two Germans who declined to give to the Red Cross in the recent drive were actually compelled to part with some of their money for that worthy organization.

It is said that Southold people as a whole were much displeased because these two men refused to help, so several men and boys a night or two ago hired an auto truck and helped themselves to ten bushels of potatoes from the fields of two different German residents. The spuds were dug in the night. The next day they were sold and the money received, \$17.80, was turned over to the Red Cross by an anonymous giver with the statement that it was a compulsory gift from the two Germans.

The latter are doing a lot of detective work in an effort to apprehend the men who helped themselves to the potatoes, but they are said to be meeting with little success.

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The annual Christmas Bazar of the Presbyterian ladies will be held in the chapel Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 16. A big lot of beautiful fancy work for sale at very reasonable prices.

The heirs of John E. Gildersleeve's estate have sold 48 acres of his farm (the east half) to Martin Sidon, reserving the Sound frontage on both sides of the farm.

Walter Jackson has purchased of the heirs of Susie L. Bennett, her late residence on the Sound Avenue road.

"Bobby" Leidlich, the baker, has moved from Laurel to Mrs. Emil Myras', on Main street.

Don't forget that the Rondoliers will open our Lecture Course Monday night of next week. It's a really fine organization, full of pep and catchy music, recitations and songs.

"Coals to Newcastle!" 'Squire Jimmy Rambo has had nearly forty carloads of his celebrated Wisconsin seed potatoes arrive here during the past three weeks. Looks as if our farmers had faith in next year's output.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Downs are attending the great Grange Convention at Boston this week.

Miss Bertha T. Reeve and Mrs. Herbert R. Conklin are visiting friends in New York this week; ditto Mrs. Chas. W. Wickham.

Our gallant young tar, George Gerard Tuthill, now sports the classiest car in town—a Hudson limousine—and a beauty. Thank heavens, he isn't stingy with it, either, but is just as generous with the old folks as with the younger set. Good boy, George.

"The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie."

Just found out that my great-great-great-grandfather is buried in that old Godsacre at Cutchogue, along with other Mattituck men's ancestors. It's not fair for Cutchogue to do it all; but when the grass is dead before next spring, let's get together and clean it up. It can easily be burnt over, won't hurt the stones at all, and I want my 4th g. g. to know I haven't forgotten him after all. What do you say, brothers and sisters, of Cutchogue?

SUMMUM BONUM

#### "Babies and Kittens"

E. LOUISE HAIGH, Cincinnati, Ohio—The complete poem asked for by "E. F. D." in your issue of June 19 is as follows:

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,  
And grandmother said with a frown,  
"It will never do, to keep them both,  
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,  
"One kitten's enough to keep.  
Now run to nurse, it's getting late,  
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet  
Came little Bess from her nap.  
"Go into Mother's room," said nurse,  
"And see what's in Grandma's lap."

"Come here," said Grandma, with a smile,  
From the rocking chair where she sat.  
"God sent you two little sisters,  
Now what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,  
With their wee heads, yellow and brown.  
And then to Grandma, soberly said,  
"Which one are you going to drown?"

### Mattituck

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The sale of seats for our Lecture Course will be held Friday afternoon, Nov. 5th, at Library Hall, at 1 o'clock. Don't forget the date.

Mrs. James J. Kirkup is visiting her nephew, Dr. John A. Gildersleeve, of Brooklyn, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Manfort Wyckoff of New Haven, Conn., are visiting friends here.

Mrs. George H. Fischer entertained a Bridge Party Monday of this week.

Miss Jennie Wells Tuthill is spending November in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Grace Duryee had the misfortune to break her ankle while stepping off the curb near the drug store last Monday night.

Probably no man in all Mattituck has more friends than our good druggist, R. H. Lahy. He was very ill last week, but is now able to be out again.

The young people of Mattituck and vicinity are busy these days rehearsing for the "Merry Whirl," and are fully determined if they can't beat the Riverhead show, they will at least equal it. More than 100 people are taking part and everything points to a big success. There are seventeen musical numbers in all, among them "The Rainbow Girl," beautifully costumed, and danced by fourteen young ladies. The Wooden Shoe song and dance, something new to a Mattituck audience, and the Dutch Girls (not German), surely put it over with a vim. Another strong favorite and one that causes howls of laughter at rehearsals is the "Merry Farmers," danced and sung by five couples. The dressing of this act is a scream in itself. Then there is "Ding Toes," danced by thirty little girls in overalls. A wild act by sixteen small street boys, one or two sextettes, pretty and dainty, and the hit of the Riverhead show, "The Shepherd's Dance," the most ambitious number of all, danced by eight couples. The costumes for this are most attractive. There is a "Roof Garden" scene, with a "Master of Ceremonies," and six black-faced waiters, who make a lot of fun. The first act, "One Girl in a Million," has a pretty plot with a lot of singing and dancing numbers. Here you have a show which combines minstrelsy, vaudeville and light opera, the same show which last winter in Florida commanded \$2 a seat. It is the biggest affair, either local or professional, which ever visited Mattituck. Reserved seat sale opens Saturday at the drug store.

The ashes of Rhoda Ann Hallock Glover, who died in California this October, were brought here last Sunday by her son, Graham, and interred in the family plot.

SUMMUM BONUM

### MATTITUCK

Miss Clara Duryee spent last week-end visiting in Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scudder of Babylon are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Satterly this week.

Mrs. Duncan Aird of Newburgh, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Oct. 27. Hours 9 to 2.

A big Republican rally will be held in Library Hall Monday night, Oct. 25. Congressman Hicks, Assemblyman Downs and others will address the meeting.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Adelaide Honor Satterly to Sidney Preston Tuthill was made on Monday of this week. Miss Satterly is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Satterly, and Mr. Tuthill is the son of County Treasurer and Mrs. Henry P. Tuthill. Congratulations.

Rehearsals for the big musical show, "The Merry Whirl," will begin Monday night of next week. This is a spectacular production, similar to "A Day on the Ranch" of last spring, which was pronounced by many the best show ever given here. Many of those who took part in the other show will also be seen in "The Merry Whirl," so we look forward to a big success and a record-breaking attendance on the two nights of its presentation, Nov. 9 and 10.

Literary was attended by a good crowd at Library Hall Monday night and the following program was enjoyed: Choruses by the Sterling Quartette; reading, Miss Vera Ruland; piano duet, Misses Ida Marks and Velma Ruland; vocal duet, Misses Mae Reeve and Dorothy Brown. The accompanists were Vera Ruland and Mae Reeve. The school teachers have been asked to prepare the program for the next meeting, which will be held on Monday, Nov. 15.

Francisco C. Menendez, who came to Mattituck last April to conduct moving pictures in Library Hall, died Monday afternoon of pleura-pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days. During the short time he has lived in Mattituck he has made hosts of friends and his sudden death came as a shock to the village. He was 44 years of age and is survived by his widow. The body was taken to Hollis and the funeral services were conducted there Wednesday.

Our neighbor, Curt Bergen, the shoe dealer, has always had the name of being a versatile sort of a fellow, but it was never known until last week that he knew anything about repairing railroad locomotives. When the big engine on the east-bound cauliflower freight broke down and the engineer and fireman had spent an unsuccessful half-hour of tinkering with it, "Curt" came to the rescue with a crude but effective safety appliance of his own construction, which enabled the engine to get to Greenport and make the return trip to Jamaica the next day. The fact that Curt is a flivver owner and the old adage that necessity is the mother of invention may account more or less for his ingenuity.

### Mattituck

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Next Sunday morning Rev. A. E. Foote will conduct a Roosevelt Memorial Service, sure to be worthy of an immense congregation. The choir will render "God of Our Fathers," with trumpet parts; Roosevelt's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," will be sung, and Miss Carolyn Howell will render Dykes St. Sylvestre hymn as a solo.

A. W. Silkworth, who has charge of H. H. Rogers' poultry yards at Southampton, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Silkworth, at Point Pleasant, last week.

Our former station clerk, John Francis McMillan, writes us very entertainingly from the old Monastery at Mont Saint-Michel, France. He was enjoying a short furlough in seeing France. It's very pleasant to have all these young chaps remember the "old boss" so kindly as they do.

Our popular Assessor, Luther G. Tutthill, has been very ill with rheumatism and acute indigestion for some weeks.

Those popular young matrons, Mrs. Robert Hughes and Mrs. Catherine Phillips, entertained the Sewing Society right royally in the chapel Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Benjamin C Kirkup is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Stonelake, at Newark, N. J., this month.

Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., expects to enjoy in a body an address in the Cutchogue Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, at 7.30, by its up-to-date preacher, Rev. F. G. Beebe, who is an honorary member of this Council.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Wells have just returned from a trip to Rochester, where their daughter, Miss Ethel, has a fine position in its leading hospital.

Jesse Hawkins, one of our rising electricians, has the contract for wiring the Presbyterian church. Drew Kirkup is helping with the work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood Wickham are spending a week with Brooklyn friends.

Mrs. Allan Forman will spend the month of February in Brooklyn.

Louis O. Pike and I. Dudley Pike expect to leave here next Saturday for a month's fishing and hunting in Florida.

What promises to be a delightful meeting is scheduled for the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, when the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts will be out in a body. There will be antiphonal music by the two choirs (a really beautiful arrangement). Miss Carolyn Howell will sing a solo, with violin obligato by Mrs. Frank Fleet. George S. Duryce, one of the Boy Scouts, will make a short address. Mrs. Fischer will lead in a Gospel hymn, with congregational chorus. Robert A. Hughes, Scout Master, will give a short talk. Rev. A. E. Foote

At the... the grand man a smile of contentment, and I saw upon the face of the sender and gratefully... Lincoln looked straight into... and also clasping mine... the hand of Sen...

### MATTITUCK

Miss Lois Fischer spent the weekend visiting in Philadelphia.

Lee Elliott of Decatur, Ill., spent a few days this week at Dr. Morton's.

Warren Aird of Newburgh, N. Y., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve.

The services next Sunday at the Church of the Redeemer will be held at 8.30 A. M.

Miss Ruth Tutthill entertained about twenty-five lady friends at a picnic at the Sound last Thursday night.

Mrs. Adrian Williamson and Mrs. Harry Grambo of Brooklyn, are guests of Mrs. Nettie Reitz.

Mrs. D. Stanley Raynor of Rockville Center is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Penny.

Nelson Harding, the well known cartoonist, was a recent guest of Dr. Nichol's at his bungalow on Peconic Bay.

Miss Ruth Gildersleeve entertained several young friends at her home Tuesday afternoon in honor of her thirteenth birthday.

Don't forget the mock trial, Peck vs. Peck, in Library Hall Friday night. Come and enjoy yourself and help the hall at the same time.

A well attended euchre and dance was held in Library Hall Saturday night under the auspices of the Catholic Church of Cutchogue.

Among Mattituck boys who have positions in the city, we noted Earl Fischer, Jay Tutthill, Raynor Howell, Gerard Terry and Herbert Young home over Labor Day.

A big clam bake given by the members of the Mattituck Grange will be enjoyed by Grange members and invited friends at Downs' Point Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 9.

The branch of the Jr. O. U. A. M. to which Mattituck Council belongs held its State convention in Kingston this week, and Terry W. Tutthill of this village was elected State Chaplain.

The Misses Anna, Grace, Mabel and Martha Husing of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Husing, this week. Mrs. Husing gave a party to a number of Mattituck friends Tuesday afternoon.

Tuesday witnessed one of the warmest political campaigns ever held in Mattituck. In the thirteenth district Preston Ruland, who opposed Assemblyman John Downs for County Committeeman, won by three votes. County Treasurer Henry Tutthill was re-elected to the committee, polling 75 votes to George L. Penny's 60. Pike street, on which both polling places are located, fairly blistered with automobiles all day long, each side scouring the districts for votes, nearly every enrolled Republican, male and female, appearing at the polls. During the last few days of the battle the contestants each mailed a number of circular letters to the voters and we believe that the few who didn't vote must have been out of town, or else hadn't caught up on their reading.

Mattituck Creek was the scene of a much enjoyed regatta last Thursday afternoon, when the Yacht Club held its annual water sports. The tub

LONGMAN & MARTINEZ  
RECOMMENDED BY SATISFIED  
Cost to you \$3.15 a  
BEST THAT  
L & M SEMI-

### An Auction of Bachelors

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers.

My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter  
I am sure I never heard any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made  
That a tax on old bachelors' heads should be laid.

And in order to make them all willing  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,  
That 'twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse.

And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling  
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,  
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue.

A crier was sent through the town to and fro  
To rattle his bells and his trumpet to blow.

And to call out to all he might meet on his way:  
"Ho! Forty old bachelors sold here today!"

And presently all the old maids in the town,  
Each in her very best bonnet and gown.

Age from thirty to sixty, some fair, plain, red and pale,  
Of every description all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer then on his labors began,  
And called out aloud as he held up a man:

"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"  
In a twinkling every maiden responded, "I'll!"

In short, at a highly extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice.

And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,  
Each hugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

### THE OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY.

It makes me smile to hear 'em tell each other nowadays  
The burdens they are bearing, with a child or two to raise.

Of course, the cost of living has gone soaring to the sky,  
And our kids are wearing garments that my parents couldn't buy.

Now my father wasn't wealthy, but I never heard him squeal  
Because eight of us were sitting at the table every meal.

People fancy they are martyrs if their children number three,  
And four or five they reckon are a large-sized family.

A dozen hungry youngsters at a table I have seen,  
And their daddy didn't grumble when they licked the platter clean.

Oh, I wonder how these mothers and these fathers up-to-date  
Would like the job of buying little shoes for seven or eight?

We were eight around the table in those happy days back then,  
Eight that cleaned our plates of potato and then passed them up again.

Eight that needed shoes and stockings, eight to wash and put to bed.

And with mighty little money in the purse, as I have said,  
But with all the care we brought them, and through all the days of stress.

I never heard my father or my mother wish for less.

### Mattituck

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Mrs. Geo. Omer Hallock, Mrs. Chas. H. Aldrich and Mrs. Caddie J. Hallock gave the "Grangers" a perfectly elegant time at their White Elephant Party last Tuesday night. Miss Brant spoke for "The Children's Welfare." Mrs. Edmund R. Lupton, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Higbie, sang a very humorous ditty about "The White Elephant," and also conducted a short "Singing Skewl." Lavish portions of ice cream and white elephant cakes were served, and the distribution of the white elephants caused an uproar of merriment. Chas. H. Aldrich was elected delegate to Pomona Grange.

Our highly esteemed physical training teacher, Eloise Butterfield, gives one of her wonderful exhibitions in Library Hall to-morrow night, Friday, June 6th, followed by dancing music by King's Orchestra. The way Miss Butterfield can make those kiddies "evolute" is simply marvellous. Don't fail to see them.

The Rev. Wells Fitch, Sound Avenue beloved preacher, will exchange pulpits with Dr. Craven Sunday morning, June 15th. Next Sunday morning, in the Presbyterian church, the Children's Day exercises will be held at 10:30.

Dr. Ryerson, rector of Grace Episcopal church, Riverhead, held services in the Church of the Redeemer here last Sunday and preached a most admirable, practical sermon. He announced his intention to hold services from now on at 3:30 Sunday afternoons, and said that from his observations of the vast audiences that Mattituck turns out to secular functions, he judges there might very properly be a big enough field here for two churches.

Monfort Wyckoff and Tyson L. Hamilton have re-opened the famous Old Mill as a strictly temperance house and are doing famously, giving fine shore dinners, ice cream, soft drinks, candy and cigars at reasonable prices. People are beginning to see that it pays to cut out old King Alcohol and keep a straight, clean place that will be patronized by first-class people.

The "doings" on Decoration Day surpassed our highest expectations, the entire program going off without a hitch. Ida Jackson Leidlich won first lady horseback rider prize, and Jack Zenzius, gentleman's, ditto. Harry De Petres captured prize for best decorated auto. At the ball game, Mattituck walloped Riverhead nicely to the score of 19 to 3. The big dance in Library Hall paid for all the expenses of the day, and Ed Gallagher and Donald Gildersleeve, who promoted the whole thing, are deserving of much praise for their good work.

We have just learned of the death (Monday, 2 p. m.) of our old friend, Albert L. Bennett, at his home in Mattituck, at the age of 75 years and 10 months. For some years he has been in very feeble health and his death from a complication of diseases was not unexpected. He was a veteran of the Civil War and saw much hard service therein. We think Prof. Geo. B. Reeve is Mattituck's only surviving

### Mattituck

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The Sunday School picnic, held at Fleet's Neck Friday of last week, was one of the good old fashioned kind, with plenty to eat and drink and ice cream galore. Prizes were given for contests in athletics, a new feature which added much to the day and was so popular that it is proposed to make it a star attraction next year.

Our local "Belasco," "Tip" Gildersleeve, in collaboration with our local "Maude Adams," Miss Ellie Tutbill, is arranging to stage a great "Mock Trial" for Sept. 5th, and as it's a benefit for the Hall coal fund it ought to be attended by a crowded house. Cast of characters next week. It's going to be a scream from start to finish.

Lynwood G. Downs, who is tutoring a wealthy young man of Milwaukee this summer, is having a gorgeous time touring the great Rocky Mountains' National Parks with his pupil in a big Stutz car.

The Literary this week was attended by an immense crowd who enjoyed the programme given by the William Carey Camp boys very much. Miss Jennie Wells Tutbill, Mrs. E. K. Morton, Mrs. M. G. Wines and Mrs. H. E. Baylis will present the next programme.

Walter Seaman of Glen Cove is the guest of Mrs. H. E. Baylis.

Mrs. Fred Satterly has gone to Unadilla, N. Y., to bring home her daughter Mary and Miss Hope Duryee, who have been summering there.

Miss Dolly M. Bell, Mrs. Frank C. Barker, Mrs. Cora Wickham and Miss Julia M. Wickham, who have been on the wonderful Brooklyn Eagle Tour, arrived home this Tuesday night and report a splendid trip.

The Misses Doris Reeve and Ella Jones are visiting Mrs. Carleton R. Wickham of Montclair, N. J., and Mrs. William Schenck of Walen, N. Y.

Mrs. Fred K. Terry and daughter Helen of Southold are guests of Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve this week.

The Great Annual Yacht Club Regatta of our Yacht Club will be held on Mattituck Creek Thursday afternoon, Aug. 28th, at 2 o'clock. Prizes, lots of fun, free for all, followed by the annual ball in Library Hall at 8:30, with a mammoth orchestra.

We are partly promised some very fine soloists for the Presbyterian church next Sunday if they can get here in time.

During the past week Stanley Cox, Gordon Cox, Ralph Cox, Roy Reeve, and Principal Hughes have been camping at the Sound. George Duryea has been entertaining them at the bungalow. All say they have had a splendid time.

SUMMUM BONUM

### Mattituck

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With deep regret we learned on Saturday night of the death from stomach trouble, at St. John's Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn, of Rev. William A. Wasson, at the age of 52 years. He had about ten days previous to his death an operation for ulcer of the stomach, from which he rallied finely and hopes for his recovery were entertained, but later complications set in, from which he succumbed. His funeral was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, the interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. Mr. Wasson had hosts of warm personal friends here, who learned of his passing with unfeigned sorrow. He leaves a widow and four sons, James, Willie, Robert and John, two brothers, Rev. Edward Wasson of Jersey City and Rev. James B. Wasson, the well known clergyman of New York, and a sister-in-law, Miss Mollie Hastings, to mourn his loss. They all have the sympathy of the entire village.

The management of the Corn Exchange very kindly allows all who wish to help themselves from the vast pile of corn cobs north of their factory. They make excellent kindlings and are quite a boon to poor folks who have no woodland.

One of our lady friends, always interested in public welfare, asks us if we won't please ask gatherers of trailing arbutus to take along a pair of shears and not tear up the long runners that will bear blooms next season. These beautiful flowers are being rapidly exterminated, and if they are clipped and the runners allowed to remain they will exist for years to come. Kindly bear it in mind, all lovers of this lovely flower.

Mrs. Emma Young has returned to Young's Point for the summer and has rented all her bungalows for the coming season.

The Meday cottage has been rented to the Babiers for their fourth season here.

Wickham R. Gileersleeve has rented his pretty bungalow to the Cravelings for another season.

Doctor Morehead and Doctor Hulst will occupy their respective cottages in May; ditto, Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett and daughter, Mrs. Gladys B. Knox.

Mrs. William E. Hallock of Brooklyn is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Reeve, this week.

Irwin Tutbill has a good position with the Texas Oil Co. at Camp Upton.

Luther G. Cox has secured a fine job with Joseph Niminions & Co. of New York.

Mrs. W. D. Breaker spent last week's end at Mrs. Frank C. Barker's.

Louis O. and I. Dudley Pike returned home last week from Florida, well tanned from Southern suns.

Mrs. Allan Forman, who has spent the winter in Brooklyn, opened up her beautiful country place, Nabischogue, last Friday.

Mrs. Grace Duryee is visiting friends in Bellport this week.

Glad to hear that S. Clark Tutbill has arrived from overseas and is in Greenhut's, New York, being treated for a shell torn hip, which is rapidly mending.

Frank MacMillan is now "home for good" at last.

A company of Long Island men, who are going extensively into the publishing business with headquarters at Mattituck, have adopted the name of the Service Printing and Publishing Corporation and have elected former Assemblyman John M. Lupton as president. Other officers of the new concern are as follows: Vice president, George E. Penny, Laurel; secretary and treasurer, Carl S. Le Valley, Riverhead; general manager, John H. Hagen, Riverhead; directors, the above and Herbert R. Conkling, Mattituck; Henry A. Hallock, Sound Avenue; A. H. Cosden, Southold; Egbert E. Smith, Calverton; Everett C. Petty, Jamesport; Herman E. Aldrich, Sound Avenue; George H. Fleet, Cutchogue; William V. Young, Baiting Hollow. The concern was organized by John H. Hagen of Riverhead, who for some time has been publishing a monthly agricultural paper called the Long Island Agriculturist. In addition to publishing that periodical and probably changing it into a semi-monthly, the concern expects to engage extensively in other large printing contracts. The concern is capitalized at \$50,000, with \$40,000 paid in. A stucco building 25x125 feet is now being erected. Modern, self-feeding presses are to be installed.

### A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

An Heirloom in an Old House at Tarrytown, N. Y.

A life-size portrait, deftly worked, it hangs upon the wall, Where faintly on its faded tints the western sunbeams fall. The moths have frayed his coat of blue in worsted quaintly done, But left untouched the noble face of General Washington. When she was very young and fair one Summer long ago She heard along the Hudson's shore the patriot bugles blow. And Washington came riding down in cloak and sword and spur To kiss her little hand and dance a minuet with her.

Though many a gallant wooer breathed his true love's ardent vows She only saw a glorious guest beneath the oaken boughs, And since she could not share his name and his exalted place She fondly sought to have and hold his pictured form and face. With silk and wool and needles long, the perfect likeness grew; Across the canvas year by year her skillful fingers flew; Broad brow and powdered wig she stitched with all a painter's art. And wrought the grave and tender smile that won her girlish heart.

Her cheek was smooth when she began, her eye was clear and bright, She wore a rose of damask-pink in kerchief frills of white, But ere her labor was complete and framed in gleaming gold The rose was ashes on her breast and she was gray and old. Gone are the people of her time, the spirit that she played, The puffs and patches that she wore, the powder and brocade, But still her stately Washington looks down the polished floor Where once they trod the minuet in courtly days of yore.

MINNA IRVING.

An exceptionally high tide-filled Mattituck Creek Tuesday morning, and at one time the water was two feet deep over Westphalia Road, south of the bridge. Conklin's oyster house, which is on shore, appeared to be in mid-creek.

Next Sunday being the last Sunday in the month there will be an early celebration at the Church of the Redeemer at 8:30 A. M. At the last communion there was a goodly number out. What more appropriate time for the Holy Communion than early in the morning? It means sacrifice, peace and quiet.

Miss Anna M. Gamm, a ward of Alex. C. Penny, was married Thursday afternoon to Mr. Penny's oldest son, Clifford A. Penny, the Rev. Daniel Overton being the officiating clergyman. Miss Gamm has been a member of Mr. Penny's family for a number of years and has always been greatly esteemed by them. The young couple will continue to make their home at Mr. Penny's.

A fine program was given under the direction of our school teachers Monday night, but owing to the unpleasant weather, the crowd was small. Two bright songs were sung by a mixed chorus, with Miss Mae Reeve at the piano. Miss Ida Marks and Miss Jeanette Cooper played piano solos, Miss Marks' selection being Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire," and Miss Cooper's, "Love in May." Miss Josephine Bergen had a fine recitation, "Granny's Story;" the Misses Elizabeth Tutbill and Eunice Robinson, a piano duet, "The Giants;" Ralph Cox, a violin solo, "Humoresque," with accompaniment by his sister, Annamae Cox, and Miss Jessie Flannery, a violinist. "The Home Coming," which was given in a very easy and pleasant manner. The next meeting will be held on Dec 27, when a special holiday program will be arranged.

### Some "Thinks" by a Mattituckian

Editor News:—The following thoughts are sent not so much in the spirit of harsh criticism, but rather to call attention to a few things that might be corrected, perhaps with profit to our village:

Did you ever think when you go to the movies and stick your gum on the next seat that some other person might like to use that seat?

Did you ever think when you go fishing on Sunday, instead of going to church, that if you leave a mess at the parsonage the minister might not like fish?

Did you ever think when you drive several miles out of town and use up quite a lot of 35-cent gasoline to see a movie show there was one at home showing equally as good pictures?

Did you ever think when you get your mail and throw the wrappers and newspapers and circulars you don't want on the street that such action makes the town look basier, if not neater?

Did you ever think when a heavy wind breaks a limb from one of your trees and the limb hangs over the sidewalk where it may cause injuries to a pedestrian, especially at night that someone would be liable for damages?

Did you ever think when you go to the post office for the evening mail and beck up against the boxes so others cannot see if they have any mail, that it causes more of a surprise when the other box holders discover they really have a letter?

Did you ever think that the very adequate fire escapes at Library Hall, placed there by the trustees at an expense of several hundreds of dollars, are so covered by heavy draperies and the iron bars holding the doors are not removed at movie shows, that if there should be, unfortunately, a panic of some sort, and a later investigation, that the ones who would be most severely criticised would be a County Treasurer, a former Assemblyman and a town Health Officer?

Wm. M. Hudson took Statts Reeve, Earl Fischer and Egbert Jones to the great Triangle Club meeting at Rockville Centre on Sunday, and they report a great time.

Miss Henrietta Baylis entertained the 500 Club Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Wm. M. Hudson entertained the Missionary Society last Saturday. She has for her guests Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaman and Walter Seaman of Glen Cove.

George B. Reeve has been a wonderful man in the musical line, beginning his education in that art when thirteen years of age, 71 years ago, and having been connected with the Presbyterian choir of Mattituck, either as organist, precentor or choir master emeritus to the present day. His father, Elder Edward Reeve, had subscribed to a fund for a singing class to be held in the old red school house taught by Rev. Henry Clark, then pastor of the Franklinville church and principal of the Academy. Soon afterward, in company with D. P. Horton and Lydia Moore Case of Southold, he studied under those famous teachers in New York, George F. Root, William Mason, William Bradbury and Thomas Hastings, whose old daguerreotypes he still treasures highly. He developed a beautiful rich baritone voice, with perfection of enunciation, expression and sense of time. Well do we recall with great pleasure his singing schools of over fifty years ago. His first class was held in Moriches in 1852, where he taught nine consecutive years, going to *The Manor* on the freight trains and then over to Moriches in some passing hay wagon or eel peddler's cart. D. P. Horton had the first melodeon in Southold Town and Mr. Reeve purchased the second. Its music sounded heavenly to our childish ears, and we doubt if there has ever been any better singers in Mattituck than his choir of those days. We recall Charles and Joanna Reeve, Mrs. Henry D. Wickham, Alice Pike, Belle Hudson, Charlotte Maria Reeve, Laetitia Reeve, Sarah Wells Tuthill, Mrs. Parker P. Moore, William H. and Hattie Pike, and when they sang "Peace be within thy Walls, Prosperity within thy Palaces," we could almost see "The Cherubim and Seraphim come flying all abroad" from the heavenly heights. We think Mrs. Pike and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Reeve are the only ones left who have not joined "The Choir Invisible." One winter Mr. Reeve taught six week-day nights, at Riverhead, Atlanticville (now East Quogue), Sag Harbor, East Hampton, Bridgehampton and Mattituck. During the Civil War his talented wife led our choir. She could always "start the tune" better without an organ than he could, we thought. When his regiment was in Charleston, S. C., he had access to a large pipe organ in one of the churches there and held many musical gatherings of note during his stay in the city. There are many, many more things we could say of his faithful work to raise the standard of good music here; of his work in our Brass Band years ago; of his labor of love in training the Sunday School children, and the impress he has made on our congregational music. It's a long list, but it's gratefully appreciated.

SUMMUM BONUM

ing | At one time Mr. Cahoon was  
spirit in the Riker Drug  
he said that it w

## Mattituck

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While he's "taking the baths" in Michigan

We will sub for Summum Bonum. But we couldn't fill S. Bonum's shoes. Were he disposed to loan 'em.

Mrs. Edith Brown, a former school teacher here, who is spending her vacation in Southold, visited friends in Mattituck this week.

Mrs. Keating, Miss Florence Keating, Mr. Jack Keating and Mr. Smith, all of Brooklyn, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood Wickham at Maples-on-the-Lake over the week-end. They motored back to Brooklyn Sunday night, Mrs. Wickham returning with them for a short visit.

Henry W. Wickham, the jolly Colonel of Maples-on-the-Lake, made a business trip to New York Wednesday, returning Friday to Jamesport, where he entertains two friends at the Miamogue for a few days.

Literary will be held Monday night of next week, August first, with program arranged by the Misses Evelina Wells, Hazel G. Tuthill and Clara Bond. The management wishes to remind folks that the collections recently have been scarcely big enough to pay the orchestra, and that apparently the rule that gentlemen members who dance are taxed 25 cents, and non-members, 50 cents, has been forgotten. Ladies and children may give what they wish, but are asked to remember that pennies make tiresome counting. A colored preacher one time startled his congregation with an announcement something like this just before the offertory: "Bredren and sistern, de collections in this yeah chu'ch ain't been what they oughter be, so to-day we is goin' to take up de offering in a new collection box. A half dollar or quarter will fall on a piece of plush and won't make a sound. A dime will make a rattle, a nickle will ring a bell, and a penny will operate a contrivance that will announce de name of de donor. De collection will now proceed."

On Friday of next week, August 5th, the ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual garden party, afternoon and evening. In the evening at 8 o'clock, readings of two plays, "Romance," and "The Flower Shop," will be given by Miss Grace Sage of the Leland-Powers School. The entertainment will take place in the church. A mammoth sale of cooked food will be put on sale at 2 o'clock, and those desiring to patronize this are advised to come early, for it always goes fast. Other articles at the booths include fancy work, aprons, embroidery, notions, cake, home-made candy, and other things too numerous to mention. Ice cream and fresh and canned fruit will also be on sale. Everyone is welcome.

The annual big picnic of the Presbyterian Sunday School is being held this afternoon (Thursday) at Fleet's Neck.

Mr. John H. Borough, of St. Augustine, Fla., is acting as relief operator at Mattituck station during the absence of Chas. Gildersleeve.

D. R. G.

The Baths of Arethusa  
Hotel Wappner  
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

July 23, 1921

EDITOR TRAVELER:

Dear Sir: As the clown in the circus says, "Well, here I am again." Thought perhaps your good readers might possibly write to a poor exile from Long Island if I gave them my address and let them know how happy it would make me to hear from my beloved Isle, so here it is. I arrived here Wednesday night and found every room full, so went to the pretty cottage of Frank Pettibone and was entertained right royally, till I could get room at The Wappner. I found Chas. A. Baker, wife and son Harold, of Jamaica, L. I., whom I knew well, at Mr. Pettibone's, and was put "wise" to everything by these fine folks.

Mt. Clemens, in a way, reminds me of Patchogue, though larger, I judge. Not such a "sporty" place as Hot Springs, Ark., but giving one the impression of solidity and wealth, too. The Baths are not so pleasant to take as at Arkansas, but are said to have wonderful curative properties. The water is about the color of old logwood dye, and you can "remember Lot's wife" all right, for every tub contains 125 pounds of various salts in solution. You cannot sink, and the attendant keeps you under, protecting your face with a towel, as the salt is almost blinding in intensity. You are not allowed to rinse it off, except head and hands, and one feels like a piece of pickled pork most of the time. However, one soon learns to play the game. Have a dandy room, fine eats and pleasant folks to talk to.

Am expecting a visit from one of my best boys, Dudley Pike, who is manager of the big Canadian Products Co. at Walkerville, Canada, just across the river from Detroit. I don't expect him to bring me a pint on his hip, but am told it has been done now and then, though.

Well, it's time for me to don my robe and be salted down again, so trusting some of your readers will remember me in the next three weeks, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE

Gerard W. Terry, son of Mrs. Geo. G. Terry of this village, who returned to Syracuse University after a summer vacation spent in telephone work in Buffalo, has enlisted in the Naval Unit of the S. A. T. C. The regular course of four years for junior electrical engineers having been shortened to two years, due to war stress, the juniors will now graduate in one year. This means that Mr. Terry and his associates will be graduate electrical engineers on Oct. 1, 1919. They will then be sent to Stevens Institute, with the rating of machinist's mate, and receive a four months' course in steam engineering. A cruise of some three months will follow, and then will be offered a chance to take an Ensign's examination. Those who are successful with this will take the same rank in the Navy as a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Miss Anita Downs was given another surprise shower last Thursday, this one at the home of Miss Ruth Tuthill at New Suffolk.

The Misses Vivien and Hope Duryee of Brooklyn are spending their summer vacation at the home of their father, P. Henry Duryee.

At the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, August 14th, Rev. Earl H. Devanny will give an illustrated talk on Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador. Mr. Chas. I. Wells has kindly consented to loan and operate his stereopticon that evening. Choirmaster Terry W. Tuthill is arranging to have some special music for this service. Mr. Devanny has spent a summer in Labrador, and his lecture is sure to be interesting, entertaining and instructive, giving some good pictures and live information about this little known coast.

A ball game between Mattituck and Southampton will be played this Saturday at the Athletic Grounds. This game was scheduled to be played at Southampton, but owing to the block party there on that date, the other arrangement was made.

Arrangements are being made to make this year's Yacht Club regatta on Mattituck Creek the best ever. The date is set for Friday afternoon, August 19th, and some of the races will be the canoe race, rowboat race, swimming race, motorboat race, tub race, and many other contests that will add to the fun of the occasion. No entry fee is charged to those wishing to enter the contests, nor is there any charge of admission to spectators. Since the regatta has become a popular annual affair, the village makes a general half-holiday, and everyone attends. The Yacht Club extends a cordial invitation to all to be on hand and enjoy themselves. On the same evening the popular Yacht Club Ball, the biggest summer dance, will be held. The music committee is getting together a crack dance orchestra and look forward to having one of the best times of the year. Don't miss either the afternoon or evening attractions. The dance music for this affair will be furnished by the combined Picadilly and Invincible Orchestras of Riverhead. Dancing in order from 9 to 1. Admission, 50c per person.

D. R. G.

## 'My Old Kentucky Home' Now to Be State Property

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 23.—Federal Hill, the old Southern mansion near Bardstown, where Stephen C. Foster wrote the song "My Old Kentucky Home," is now to all intents and purposes the property of the State of Kentucky. The State commission which recently appealed to Kentuckians at home and abroad for funds with which to purchase the property today reported contributions of \$10,500, which covers the purchase price of \$50,000, but, according to the commission, does not provide sufficient funds for its restoration.

The margin over \$70,000, the report says, will be used to care for it until the Kentucky Legislature meets and determines upon methods of preservation.

The Baths of Arethusa  
Hotel Wappner  
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Aug. 4, 1921

EDITOR TRAVELER:

Dear Sir:—It certainly "pays to advertise" in the TRAVELER, for the trial brings me letters in avalanches from all quarters of the U. S. A. and Canada, generally beginning with "I saw your item in the TRAVELER," etc. From them I glean that you have had "some" weather back east. Well, Mt. Clemens can do her bit, too, for the mercury dropped from 99 to 62 in 20 hours, and that's no joke for a Palm Beach suit. However, it's just glorious now. Yesterday our hotel party chartered the Red Star, one of the thousand and one Clinton River boats, and had a lovely day of it thru the pretty St. Clair and Clinton rivers, and what is called "America's Venice," the St. Clair Flats, in beautiful Lake St. Clair. It was a novel sight to me to see the great "whaleback" steamers, 700 feet long, nothing showing but the houses fore and aft, the rest heavily laden with copper or iron ores, bound to and fro on Lake Huron. All manner of fishing craft on the silver lakes' surface, busily engaged in hauling in long strings of perch, pickerel and whitefish. The opalescent hues of sky and water, the lovely homes of these "dwellers in Venice," made up a wonderful picture for memory. I have talked with hosts of charming people; met Mrs. J. Clanton here, who was where I was, at the Hotel Majestic, in Arkansas. Met Mr. A. Lynn from North Bend, Ohio, who knew the Anna Symes family well. She was the wife of President William Henry Harrison, and own cousin and foster sister of my grandmother, Phoebe Goldsmith Reeve. His account of the "Symes purchase" was very interesting to me.

The farmers out in this section are up to date in every way, with big silos and fine looking herds and fields, but the potato crop is an entire failure, owing to the awful drought last spring. One farmer told me that he kept summer boarders and bought 100 bushels of old potatoes at 40 cents; they were keeping well in his cellar and would carry him thru August. Corn looks stunted, too. Wisconsin people tell me their crops were also terribly hurt. Had a fine, long letter from Harold Hudson, at Holley, N. Y., to-day, and he writes that their crops of peas and tomatoes were also terribly shortened by the dry weather.

While at dinner to-night I just opened a letter from Rev. Earl Devanny, saying my dear, dear friend of a lifetime, John M. Lupton, had passed on. I cannot begin to express my overwhelming sense of a personal loss and grief. Alas, my brother, I can write no more.

CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE

Other features of the report concerning the following information: The boxes are strictly separated; the general administrative conditions are good; the storage and refrigerating facilities are unsuitable: no suitable

## MATTITUCK

The West Mattituck Larkinites were nicely entertained last Friday afternoon by Mrs. Carleton Wickham and Miss Ella Jones at the home of the latter.

It was expected that before the News was printed this week Mattituck would exceed her Liberty Loan quota. The total amount had nearly been reached Wednesday morning.

The Eagle a few days ago published the death notice of Anita Moore, wife of Arthur S. Moore, a son of Prof. C. Oscar Moore of Manor Hill. She died suddenly at her home in Brooklyn.

Owing to the influenza there will be no more meetings of the Literary until Nov. 12, when it is hoped that the epidemic will be finished and that these pleasant social affairs can be safely resumed.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dohm, Jr., died Sunday afternoon from influenza. The community tendered much sympathy to the young couple in their affliction. Mr. Dohm has also been very ill with the same disease.

Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve has been confined to her home with influenza for the past two Sundays and the Presbyterian Church was without an organist, but Miss Vera Ruland officiated very acceptably at the piano as a substitute.

Hon. John M. Lupton has received word that the special train carrying the Marne heroes and war trophies from French battlefields, which is to be at Riverhead and Greenport, will also stop here. It is scheduled to be at this station from 5.30 to 6.30 P. M. this week Friday.

News has reached here of the death of Miss Esther Miller, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Miller, a former pastor of the Methodist Church here. Miss Miller was pleasantly remembered as a very nice singer and an active church worker. For some time she had held a position with the Methodist Book Concern.

Terry W. Tuthill, assistant cashier of the Mattituck Bank, who went to a place near Albany on his vacation, is reported as very ill with influenza. Miss Evelyn Kirkup, bookkeeper at the bank, has also been ill with the same trouble, and President J. M. Lupton has placed his bookkeeper, Miss Inez Robinson, at the disposal of the bank for a time.

William T. Riley, wife and child, made a visit here last week. "Will" thinks he is some pumpkins at Smithtown Branch, or at least he believes he is a grower of some pumpkins. Others now think in the same strain after looking at one of the pumpkins that he brought with him and placed on exhibition in DePetris' fruit store window. This one weighs about 70 lbs. It is believed here that the Kaiser heard of Mr. Riley's unusual ability at producing foodstuff and it was this that caused him to get so discouraged that he began to talk peace. The seed from which this species of pie-filling was grown came from California.

The many friends of Herbert E. Reeve, son of Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Reeve of this place, are deeply interested in the details of a social event that engaged attention of many people in Southold and Mattituck on Saturday last. On that day, at 12.30 P. M., Miss Henrietta Louise Harrison of Southold became the wife of Mr. Reeve, the ceremony being performed at the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. Mr. Schrigley, pastor of the Southold Methodist Church. Following the ceremony a bountiful collation was served. About fifty guests attended the affair and gave the happy pair assurances of their best wishes for a joyous future. Mr. and Mrs. Reeve are now on a honeymoon trip, on the conclusion of which they will make their home in Mattituck.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Despite the drenching rain of Sunday, good audiences attended Rev. A. E. Foote's last Sunday here for the present. He preached two wonderful sermons—"Whose Son is He?" and "The Wonder of the Universe," themes of never dying interest. The church gave him an offering of \$100 in addition to his salary. His short pastorate has been ideal and it is hoped he may be induced to return here again in a few months, as he received a unanimous call to do so, if his health and business affairs would permit. His present address is Voorheesville, N. Y.

The Literary, owing to other Hall engagements, has been postponed until April first, when a dandy program will be prepared.

Mrs. Leon R. Hall entertained the Diner Club Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. A. L. Downs entertained the Card Club this Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Seaman of Glen Cove is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henrietta Baylis.

Joseph B. Hudson of Holley, N. Y., was the guest of his brother. Will last week.

John H. Zenzius, our progressive young horse dealer, has in his possession a mule whose history is undoubtedly the most interesting of any animal now in existence. The mule, Lawyer, was the near leader of the first twenty-mule team that crossed the Mojave Desert to the famous borax mines of the Borax King, F. M. Smith. He served in this capacity for a period of twenty-six years, and under the tutelage of Rattlesnake Pete, most renowned of mule skippers, he became so proficient in his work that he was bought by Barnum & Bailey's Circus and used on the stage coach in the hold-up act. After serving in this capacity for sixteen years, he was bought by Miller Bros.' 101 Ranch Outfit, where he was used for a similar purpose. At the expiration of fourteen years' faithful service with this show, he was severely kicked by one of his four-footed brethren and was turned into Fist, Doer & Carroll's sales stable on 24th St., N. Y. City, and was bought by the late LeRoy Jefferson of Peconic, who kept him at his stables four years before he became sound. He was then sold to a local farmer and used on his farm seventeen years. This same farmer in turn swapped him with Mr. Zenzius for a mere horse. [Charles, are you sure your statistics are correct? EDITOR.]

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton R. Wickham and their cute baby have left us for Montclair, N. J., where Mr. Wickham has a fine electrical position.

Will V. Duryee will sing Dudley Buck's great composition, "My Redeemer and my Lord," at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

Bryant S. Conklin has gone to the Brentwood Sanitarium for a month's treatment for nerve and stomach troubles.

SUMMUM BONUM

## MATTITUCK

The week of prayer is being observed by special services in this village.

The bakery, which has been closed for some time, will be reopened on Jan. 20.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wickham entertained a house party of Brooklyn friends over New Year's.

Ralph Tuthill, U. S. N., and Spencer Wickham, U. S. A., limited service, are home, having been mustered out.

On Monday Boss Walter Robinson's men began the work of moving H. P. Tuthill's potato building to its new location.

A number of the young friends of Miss Adelaide Satterly gave her a surprise party while she was home for the holiday vacation.

Farrington Wickham and Wallace Downs arrived home Friday of last week, having been mustered out of the service. They were the last boys here to enlist, having just entered their 21st years.

Mrs. James L. Reeve, a great lover and grower of roses, picked a rose bud of the crimson variety on Sunday, Jan. 5. She always generously remembers her friends during the rose growing season and this little bud of season bud was also given to one of her friends.

"It's a good thing to see some boys around the old town again," said a bystander the other day as a group of young fellows appeared at the railroad station to see H. Hudson, N. R., off as he started for Newport, where he will take an examination for chief gunner's mate.

The Traveler correspondent says: "Another beautiful baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lupton last Sunday morning. Their collection of four girls and two boys, all handsome as cherubs, is enough to make an old bachelor wild with envy at circus times and Christmastide."

With only a few people voting against the proposition it was voted by the school district taxpayers at the special meeting here late last week to appropriate \$2,000 to test the validity of the new school tax law, which, it is claimed here, throws an unjust burden on the taxpayers of this district.

In his second visit here Thursday evening S. Platt Jones pleased his audience fully as well as he did last year when he appeared on our lecture platform. Our next lecture course entertainment is scheduled for Jan. 23, when the Berkeley Sextette, orchestral entertainers and readers, will appear.

Tax Collector Latham sat here Tuesday to collect taxes for this section. Many paid their school taxes under protest, others paying only their town taxes, waiting until his next sitting to pay the school taxes, hoping that in the meantime some legal opinion would be given about the legality of the assessment.

LeRoy S. Reeve has secured a position with the War Department in connection with some dredging operations, the first work to be in New York harbor, where he will have charge of a tender to a large dredge. He has sold his complete sand and gravel outfit, consisting of a 30-ft. launch, two lighters, etc., to Wines & Homan, who have leased a piece of shore front of Mrs. James L. Reeve, near Conkling's oyster house. They will carry a gravel dump there.

## WRITTEN IN DEAD EARNES

Some Smile-Compelling Answers to Questionnaires.

Relatives of soldiers who apply allotments at the War Risk Bureau New York and other cities must fill a form which contains twenty-five questions. It is then forwarded to Washington to be entered at the Department. The following are specimens of the quaint answers written by the applicants which have been selected by an official at the New York Branch of the War Risk Bureau:

"I ain't got no book jurnin and I am writing for inflammation."

"She is staying at a disappated house."

"Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children."

"Previous to his departure we were married by a Justice of the Peace."

"He was inducted into the surface."

"I have a four months baby and he is my only support."

"I was discharged from the Army for a potter, which I was sent home on."

"I did not know my husband had a middle name, and if he had I don't believe it was 'None'."

"I am left with a child seven months old and she is my only support."

"You ask for my allotment number. I have four boys and two girls."

"Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten in three days."

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor."

"You have changed my little boy to a little girl, will I make any difference?"

"Dear Mr Wilson I have already written to Mr Headquarters, and now if I don't get any reply from you I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself."

"I received my insurance policy, and have since moved my Post Office."

The following is an extract from a boy's letter to his mother, which she sent to the War Risk Bureau to establish her identity: "I am sitting in the Y. M. C. A. writing with the piano playing in my uniform."

## MATTITUCK

T. Logan and family have moved here from Bridge Hampton, he being employed in this place.

Druggist R. H. Lahy, who has been suffering from illness, is recovering, we are glad to say.

Gus. Beyer is building a tenement house on his newly acquired farm on the Oregon Road, near the Harbor Inn property.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Nov. 6. Hours 9 to 2.

Although there are no new serious cases of influenza reported this week the epidemic has not yet spent its force here. The school was closed for a time, but was to resume its work on Wednesday, Oct. 30.

Some cauliflower shipments are being made from this station, and the quality of the stock is said to be high. Potatoes continue to move at a lively rate, with the price at \$1.50 per bushel.

Graham Jackson and Fred Jackson, with their families, who live near Dobbs Ferry, were here last week to attend the funeral of Harry Jackson, a brother of the men named. They came out through the Island in a motor car.

The many friends of Counselor Frank C. Barker in Mattituck and elsewhere have heard with deep regret of his illness that for the past week or so has confined him to his home. It is pleasing to hear that his condition is encouraging, and we entertain the hope that he will soon be restored to the active list.

In order to save fuel the Presbyterian Church is holding all of its services in the chapel. It is remarked, however, with good cause that the present weather is the best fuel saver, and its continuance well into the winter would be a factor of prime importance in this year of many untoward conditions.

Overseas postals were received this week from J. Frank McMillan, who is now somewhere in France. He will be remembered as the capable manager of the Mattituck Minstrel Troupe. His admirers are not only hoping for the early declaration of world peace on general principles, but they also entertain the desire that the declaration will come in such time that he may return to us in season to arrange a minstrel show



## MATTITUCK

Miss Ethel Jones of Belleville, N. J., is visiting Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve this week.

The Boy Scouts, under the supervision of Scoutmaster Hughes, are camping out at Jamesport for a week.

Frank Greeves has sold his handsome Welsh pony, "Lady Cole," to a city gentleman at West Hampton.

Harry Oliver and family and John W. Linton and family have moved into their bungalows on Mattituck Creek for the summer.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, July 2. Hours 9 to 2.

Former Principal A. M. Jones, now of Smithtown, visited friends in Mattituck this week, talking over baseball with his former team-mates.

Samuel Tyler of Gildersleeve Bros. store enjoyed a week's vacation last week. Miss Clara Bond, of the same store, is spending this week and next with friends in Brooklyn.

Frank McMillen and Miss Edna Jackson have accepted positions in County Treasurer H. P. Tutbill's office, commencing their duties on Monday of this week.

Charles Gildersleeve and Malcolm Reeve spent a few days touring Long Island and Connecticut in the latter's automobile, enjoying a fine trip, and visiting friends and relatives in the Nutmeg State.

The services at the Church of the Redeemer will be held at 3 P. M. instead of 3.30 as formerly. The Rev. Dr. Ryerson will speak Sunday afternoon on "The Man Who Faced Both Ways."

Bobby and Billy DeRue, well known on this end of the Island, will give another of their joy-bringing minstrel shows in Library Hall next Wednesday night, July 2. Many months have elapsed since a traveling show has played at Mattituck, and we had almost come to believe that they were a thing of the past.

"Cook" O'Neil, the world's champion soda dispenser, has secured his discharge from the Navy and is back at Mattituck again. Benedict Lindsay, who has been at the Great Lakes Training Station, is also home. August Armbrust arrived at Charleston, S. C., a few days ago, and expects to be home soon. He has been in France for over a year.

Mrs. Gordon Smith, assisted by two other Y. W. C. A. secretaries, gave the program at the Literary Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in singing popular songs, playing new games and doing stunts. Music for dancing was furnished by the West Mattituck Orchestra, in the absence of King and Reeve, who are playing at the State Supt. of Poor Conference at Shelter Island this week. At the next Literary a one-act farce will be given.

"Lawyer Billy" Reeve's baseball nine met defeat at the hands of Greenport last Saturday, score 6 to 4. Downs was found easy by the home team, who pounded out six runs before Goldsmith was substituted. Mattituck rallied in the ninth, putting three runs across, but was unable to continue long enough to tie the score. On Tuesday a team from Camp Upton played here, but proved easy for Mattituck, who won 17 to 5. The game served to give Mattituck some batting practice, Ray Hudson knocking a home run, and the rest of the team did good stickwork. Frank Cantelini and John Barker did the twirling. Riverhead plays here Saturday.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

"Standing room only" was out for "Peck vs. Peck" before the curtain rolled up in Library Hall last Friday night. The play went off with vim and not a hitch of any kind. No use talking, Lawyer Barker and Russell Lupton will have to take back seats when Miss Elma R. Tutbill and Mrs. Russell Lupton get out their shingles. The management of Library Hall wishes to thank all the performers for their aid to the coal fund and feel very grateful to the young people who came to its aid so willingly. After paying all bills and war taxes, \$172 was handed over to the Hall. The gross receipts were \$216.50.

Tuesday afternoon the fire bells brought a crowd to the home of Miss Eloise Robinson, on Love lane, where a gasolene stove threatened to burn up the house. Clouds of smoke poured out, but the fire company soon had the matter under control and, aside from badly smoked walls, no serious harm was done.

"Sunny Jim" Rambo is receiving congratulations for his nomination for Justice of the Peace on the Republican ticket, which is about equivalent to his election, as we know of no Democrat wanting the job. Mr. Rambo is very popular with all classes of people and will give any one a square deal. Mattituck ought to have a resident Justice, and if a man of his character and standing will accept the job, we ought to give him a rousing vote, irrespective of party affiliations.

George H. Horton has sold the main part of his farm to a Pole named Joe Gillis, who has worked for La Rosseau Dayton.

The Grange clambake, held at Downs' Point Tuesday afternoon of this week was a howling success. Jack Burgess bossed the job in great form, giving as bill of fare, clams; little-necks and rounds, chicken, weak-fish, sweet corn, white and sweet potatoes, Lima beans and Jack's famous sauce, that drew forth hearty bursts of enthusiastic applause. About 150 Grangers and their guests enjoyed it to the uttermost.

Mrs. Russell Lupton and Miss Isabel Conklin entertained a large beach party at the Sound Monday evening of this week. Fair Luna was out in all her beauty, and the merry ladies enjoyed her delightful beams till a late hour, leaving the beach with reluctance.

The heirs of John E. Gildersleeve have sold the west half of his famous farm at Oregon, exclusive of shore front, to Antone Cymbolski of Southold for \$24,000, and have rented the east half to Edward Lipinski for another year.

The Misses Avis, Ruth and Virginia Fisher, of Brooklyn, entertained a group of twenty young ladies and gentlemen, ages from 2 to 6 years, at their grandmother's home on Pike street, last Saturday afternoon. "He who has made a child happy has acquired great merit."—Persian Proverb.

Our school opened with a big attendance, thirty-five in the High School alone, with more to come in soon. Principal Hughes seems to be the right man in the right place and with his efficient

## MATTITUCK

Joseph B. Hudson of Holley, N. Y., spent a few days in Mattituck last week.

Miss Adelaide Satterly of this place has entered the Women's College at New London, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis of Bayport have been visiting relatives in Mattituck this week.

Merwin O'Neil of Brooklyn was in Mattituck Saturday and Sunday visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Albin.

Channing Downs leaves this week for Minneapolis, Minn., where he will enter the University of Minnesota. His brother, Lynnwood, is a professor at that college.

The Literary program for Tuesday night is under the direction of the Penny Stock Company, who will present one of their old time ante bellum entertainments.

Miss Bessie Wells of the Fadettes Orchestra played a very fine violin solo with organ and piano accompaniment, at the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning.

Russell Greeves has secured a fine position at Washington, D. C., with the U. S. Government as laboratory assistant, having passed the necessary Civil Service examinations.

### Sunday.

Not many churches are blessed with such neat, obliging sextons, as our Presbyterian church possesses in Thomas Pierce and his faithful wife Lottie, so as last Monday was his 62d birthday, the Junior and Senior Choirs gave him a delightful surprise party in the chapel, with plenty of appetizing sandwiches, olives, cocoa, angel cake, ice cream and a mammoth birthday cake, brought in blazing with its sixty-two tapers. Then followed instrumental and vocal music for an hour, closing with three rousing cheers for "Tom." Mr. Pierce wishes us to tell the TRAVELER readers how much he appreciated the event and to thank one and all for their thoughtfulness of him in attending his birthday party.

Mrs. Lizbeth Skidmore Hamilton of Sayville was last week-end's guest of her *fidus achates*, Miss Dollie M. Bell. Miss Jennie Wells Tutbill, the faithful librarian of the Presbyterian choir, is spending a few weeks in Brooklyn.

## FISCHER'S MARKET

Mattituck, N. Y.

Part of Sunday night's discourse by our talented young Mae Craven, "loving our enemies," never appealed to me.

But I've changed my mind. I used to scheme how to get even with them and when I did, there was no satisfaction in it.

So God Bless Our Enemies. It's often said the man who has enemies amounts to something. He's alive, so there's a compliment to start with.

People don't kick a corpse. A live man can swim against the current.

A corpse floats down the stream. So I'll give them the glad hand for the above reasons, and also for the profits of this world.

Economy, or Cash and Carry System

Everything for a Meal

1892-1912

## MATTITUCK

Vote for Preston B. Ruland for County Committeeman in the 13th district.—Adv.

Miss Edna Ward of Newark, N. J., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Morrison G. Wines, this week.

Mrs. Terry Tutbill and son, Terry, are visiting her father, Rev. A. E. Foote, at Altamont, N. Y.

The usual weekly service will be held in the Church of the Redeemer Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Seymour Robinson of Hartford, Conn., with his wife, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Penny spent the past week with their daughter, Mrs. D. Stanley Raynor, at Rockville Center.

Mrs. Duncan Aird of Newburgh, N. Y., with her daughter, Marion, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve.

Ernest D. Corwin, the efficient cashier of the Mattituck Bank, is spending a well earned vacation in the Berkshires.

Boss Wallace Tutbill has been improving the exterior of Miss Shaivey's cozy home on Love Lane with a fresh coat of white paint.

The annual picnic of the Presbyterian Sunday School was held at Fleet's Neck, Cutchogue, Thursday morning and afternoon of this week.

Vote for George L. Penny for County Committeeman in the 14th district.—Adv.

The lawn party and popular entertainment held by ladies of the Presbyterian Church last Thursday was, as usual, a big success in every way. The receipts were \$438.

At the Literary Tuesday another program will be given by the young men from the William Carey Camp of Sound Avenue, who furnished such a pleasing entertainment here last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Allyn P. Robinson of Sayville, with their children, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Jones at West Mattituck. Miss Nina Barrett of Ithaca, N. Y., is visiting Miss Ella Jones.

Mr. Madsen, a seed importer from Denmark, is building a house and barn on his recently acquired property at Laurel, near the Bay. He will also install an irrigating plant there for a seed testing field that he proposes to establish.

Charles Gildersleeve is arranging for a very fine praise service to be held in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, Aug. 17. J. Hamilton Lewis, the capable superintendent of the Boys' Club, will give a short address and a male quartette and violinist from the club will render selections. A silver collection will be taken for the old free burying ground.

"The Telegram," a monthly periodical edited by employes of the Western Union Telegraph Co., publishes the following in its August issue: "Earl Fischer of Mattituck, L. I., has obtained a position in the office of W. N. Fashbaugh, Vice President of Traffic. His father was at one time connected with the Western Union under Supt. Humstone, also as superintendent of several branches."

Mattituck put up their worst exhibition of baseball of the season Saturday, letting their Riverhead guests score six runs to their one, and good luck in the first few innings kept the score from being more one-sided. The fact that none of the seven runs were earned shows that both pitchers, Hencke and Goldsmith, were in good form, and with tight playing the game might still be going. J. Stark and Hencke for Riverhead and Aldrich for Mattituck, were the only players who could make more than one hit, the first men making

## Mattituck

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The annual Christmas Bazar will be held in the chapel Thursday afternoon at 2:30, Dec. 19th. Supper to be served from 5 o'clock on. Don't forget the date, for it's going to be a delightful affair.

The Praise Service last Sunday night was attended by a very large congregation, and our own musical talent, assisted by Mrs. Adams and Miss Brebe, gave a wonderful service of song. Rev. Mr. Foote crowning the whole evening with his splendid tact and impassioned oratory. To see this gifted preacher at his best, you want to attend the Wednesday night prayer meetings. Last week Terry Tuthill, Doctor and Mac Craven and Fred Shriener, a classmate of Mac's at Oberlin, and now a naval instructor, sang two delightful male quartettes, and it is expected to have male quartettes at all the prayer meetings this winter. Rev. Mr. Foote singing one of the parts.

Rev. A. Lincoln Shear, formerly connected with the Y. M. C. A. forces at Camp Shelby, has recently been appointed as representative of the Red Cross at the Base Hospital, his official title being associated field director. He is in charge of the hospital service and since his appointment has been busily engaged in that service, to the gratification and satisfaction of the officers, physicians and those to whom he ministered in the great and helpful work of the American Red Cross. Rev. Shear is from Long Island N. Y. He came to Camp Shelby in February last and was religious director at Y No. 6 for six months. He was transferred to the Base Hospital, where he served for three months as Y. M. C. A. hospital director. — Camp Shelby "American."

On December 6, at Flower Hospital, N. Y. City, a son, Harold Edson Shear, 2nd, was born to Mrs. Harold E. Shear. He is a grandson of Rev. and Mrs. A. Lincoln Shear, formerly of Mattituck.

Ray Cleaves, who was severely wounded in action, is still unable to write home, but his nurse's letters speak more hopefully of him now. Oh, "Germany," what crimes against our boys have been committed in thy name."

The Suffolk Co-Operative Association, Inc., has been organized at Mattituck with the following officers: President, Henry J. Reeve; Vice President, Louis Downs; Secretary and Treasurer, Edmund R. Lupton; additional Directors, H. R. Talmage and Frank Wells, with Charles S. Wells as Manager. One of its principal objects is the marketing of seed corn, a business which proved very lucrative to our farmers last year.

Gus Beyer is erecting a cosy tenement house on his newly purchased farm near Kenlo Park.

SUMMUM BONUM

## MATTITUCK

Miss Katharine Bayles, who has been home for a vacation, returned to her school Monday of this week.

The local Grange had a big initiation and general good time at the meeting Tuesday evening.

H. R. Conkling and W. V. Duryee are in the city this week in the interest of the Long Island Cauliflower Association.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 23, the Berkeley Sextette will appear in the Mattituck Lecture Course to give an entertainment of music and readings.

James Gallagher, son of Constable Ed. Gallagher, underwent an operation recently for appendicitis, and from which his friends are glad to learn he is recovering.

Boss Walter Robinson's gang of men have completed removing H. P. Tuthill's potato house to the new site directly opposite the railroad station. Some repairs and improvements have also been made to the building.

Wines & Homan have a gang of men at work excavating for the foundations for the new "Corn Exchange Building," work on which will be pushed ahead as rapidly as possible so it can be used this season.

Bully for Mattituck. The taxpayers of the school district in that village have voted \$2,000 to test the validity of the new school tax collection law, through which the taxes are collected at the same time as town taxes are.—Huntington Bulletin.

Next Sunday the Rev. A. E. Foote will use for his subject at the Presbyterian Church, "The American Indians." This is said to be a very interesting address and the young people are specially invited to be present.

A young man who formerly lived here and who is now in France with the Colors, writes to friends here that he is glad he has had an opportunity to visit foreign lands and is much pleased with his experiences as a soldier, but if it was his to barter he wouldn't trade one little village in America for the biggest city in France.

There is really going to be a Literary again and it was scheduled for this week Thursday evening. A short play had been decided upon as the principal part of the program with dancing afterward. Thursday evening was selected as the date because that was the only night the orchestra could be procured. What is the matter with Mattituck's musical talent, anyway, that we can't have a home talent orchestra?

Benjamin C. Kirkup, one of our best known and most highly respected citizens, died at his home about 1 o'clock last Friday morning, aged about 73 years. He had been in ill health for some time and recently suffered a stroke of paralysis, after which he gradually sank until the end. He was an elder and trustee of the Presbyterian Church, a trustee of the Library and had served for a number of years on the school board. Mr. Kirkup was born at Cambridge, Eng., and came to this country as a small boy. Most of his life has been spent here, where he was a successful farmer. He and his brothers were among the first to grow cabbage seed here, in which they had unusually good luck. He is survived by his widow, who was the daughter of the late Rev. J. T. Hamlin, and three sons, Joseph P. of Newark; and Victor H. and Trowbridge Kirkup of Mattituck. Funeral services were conducted from his late residence Sunday afternoon by the Rev. A. E. Foote and the Rev. Dr. Craven.

## MATTITUCK

F. H. Condit, optometrist, (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Feb. 5. Hours 9 to 2.

Mrs. Grace Duryee is drilling a company of girls for a short play to be given at the next meeting of the Literary Society.

Harold R. Penny of the Coast Guard Service, together with his wife and son, visited his parents in this place last week.

We understood that arrangements are being made to have electric lights installed in the Presbyterian Church, and also an electric motor for the pipe organ.

Nat. S. Tuthill is making many changes about the old Canning Factory building. W. V. Duryee will again have a part of it for his seed corn business.

The entertainment by the Berkeley Sextette in Library Hall last Saturday evening was called a very good one by the many patrons of the Lecture Association in attendance. The next number in the course will be given by the Zedeler Symphonic Quintette on Tuesday evening, Feb. 4.

On Sunday evening the Berkeley Sextette, which appeared in the Lecture Association course on Saturday evening, contributed a sacred concert in the Presbyterian Church, and was greeted by a large audience, which greatly appreciated not only the good music but the generosity of the players.

The remains of Jas. M. Hallock, an old and well known resident of Mattituck, who died in Baiting Hollow at the home of his son Clarence, were brought here for interment. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. William H. Wasson. He leaves these children: Clarence, John, Leroy, Clifford and Howard Hallock, Mrs. Burt Tuthill, Mrs. William Tresbach and Mrs. Elmer Bond. He was nearly 81 years old.

Rosanna, wife of Eugene Tuthill, died at her home here last Wednesday afternoon, after a long illness. She was a woman of many good qualities and was loved by those who knew her. Deceased is survived by her husband only. Her age was 67 years, 2 months and 4 days. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Craven on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The commencement exercises of the Mattituck High School are to be held at Library Hall on Friday evening. The class consists of Hope Duryee, Flora Binns, Millicent Tuthill and Hazel Tuthill, their motto being, "Tonight We Launch; Where Shall We Anchor?" The class colors are rose and silver; class flower, pink carnation. The address to the graduating class will be delivered by the Rev. Norris Harkness of East Hampton. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Craven.

By timely hitting last Saturday Mattituck won from Southold by a score of 4 to 1. Mattituck scored in the first inning on hits by Barker and R. Hudson and a passed ball by Cochran. Southold evened it up in the third when Donahue reached first on an error, stole second and scored on Scott's single to center. In the sixth Mattituck forged ahead when Aldrich singled and stole and scored on Downs' hit. In the eighth singles by H. Hudson and Reeve and a two-bagger by Downs netted two more runs. Wolgo's work behind the bat and his three-base hit were features of the game.

The score:

## Mattituck

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At the Literary Tuesday evening the following program was presented:

Song and chorus, Miss Anna Gamm and Junior Choir.

Solos, Mrs. Albert Silkworth, accompanied by Mr. Silkworth, mandolin, Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve, piano.

Illustrated song, Joan of Arc, sung by Miss Alice Silkworth; posed by Miss Mae Reeve; Mrs. Silkworth, accompanist.

Solos, Mrs. Walter Gracie, accompanied by Miss Gildersleeve.

The second part was a series of pictures, or pantomimes, on Incidents of the Present Time, accompanied by popular songs.

The Call to Arms, Misses Edna Jackson and Mae Reeve.

Song, I May be Gone for a Long, Long Time.

The New Uniform, Misses Alice Silkworth and Hazel Tuthill.

Song, Over There.

The Departure, Misses Inez Robinson and Rita Duryee.

Song, Send Me Away With a Smile.

The Letter from Overseas — Her Heart is in the Service, Anna Gamm.

Song, There's a Service Flag Flying at our House.

They Are Fighting for Democracy and Us, given in song and drill by children from the High School, under direction of Miss Butterfield, M. T.

Peace—the Return of the Boys from Over There, by the whole company.

Song, Soldiers of Glorious America.

Miss Gildersleeve and Miss Isabelle Conklin were accompanists in the songs.

Our local Belasco, Al Penny, arranged the above very fine program with most excellent scenic colored light effect, and he deserves great credit for the fine show he gave us.

The next meeting will be held Oct. 29, when the Meadames Morrison G. Wines, Sidney H. Gildersleeve and Miss Emma R. Tuthill will give a fine program.

Mine host, Louis Wiederstein, who has conducted the Mattituck House very satisfactorily for some three years, has gone to work at Camp Upton, and his popular wife and children will reside at Speonk. George H. Riley, the owner and former host of this old established house, is now conducting it at present.

Last Sunday morning, Elder B. C. Kirkup, assisted by W. H. Gardner of Woodbridge, N. J., conducted, to our mind, one of the best devotional services we have listened to in years, i.e., a straight interpretation of "men's thoughts" from Isaiah. We don't all see alike, but to the writer the man behind the words is what counts. We are to bear a "candidate" next Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church, so we trust its members will feel interested enough to come out and hear him.

Nat S. Tuthill has bought the big canning factory plant of Hudson & Co., at this place, and will use it for storage and fertilizer purposes.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

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Now if you Mattituck folks want your Library warm next winter and the Hall decently so, for Lecture Courses, etc., come out to the benefit the management will give Friday evening, Aug. 30, at 8:30 sharp. We shall present Irah Bell Squires in American Indian songs, dances and legends, assisted by Iris Bolms, pianist, said to be mighty interesting and entertaining. After the program, King's celebrated orchestra will furnish some bright, snappy dance music till 12 o'clock. Tickets, including entertainment and dance, only 50 cents, including war tax, and may be bought of Mrs. Morrison G. Wines, Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve, the Misses Elma R. Tutbill, Marjorie Penny, Betty Baylis, Clara Howard, Lois Fischer, Evelyn G. Kirkup, Ruth Tutbill, or Laby's drug store. The hall, which has more than done its share for Red Cross and other charitable and educational purposes, needs this benefit and it's up to YOU.

The Eagle of Aug. 15th, in speaking of the bravery of American boys in France, has the following splendid account of a Mattituck boy, Monfort Wyckoff, brother of Mrs. Tyson L. Hamilton, of this village: "One machine gun section in the village was reduced to two men, Monfort Wyckoff and John Flynn. Their gun jammed and Flynn kept the Germans off with his revolver while Wyckoff got the quick firer going again. They held their ground to the end. The Germans had lost a third of their 600 men, when growing daylight impaired the effectiveness of their success, and they began to retire. The fifty odd unwounded Americans left out of 225, went 'over the top' after them." Good boy, Monty; give them more of it. We are all proud of you in the old town.

Next Sunday night, Aug. 25th, at 7:30 o'clock, the people of this vicinity are to have a great treat in listening to a patriotic discourse by Rev. Paul Edwards, pastor of the Riverhead M. E. church. He gave a lecture before our Boys' Club last winter, pronounced by all who heard it wonderful, and has kindly consented to speak here again on the above date. He has a wonderful baritone voice, and Charles Gildersleeve is arranging a short praise service of familiar hymns, with Mr. Edwards to lead. The Mesdames Abbie and Carrie Conklin will sing one of their always beautiful duets. The choir will have new anthems and special music. A silver collection will be taken for the care of the old God's Acre.

The programme given at the Literary Tuesday night, directed by Miss Elma R. Tutbill, was heard by a large and delighted company. It was as follows: Instrumental duet, the Portera children; solos, Miss Viola Hallock, accompanied by Miss Evie Wells; chorus, Betty Bayles, Hope and Clara Duryea, Mary Olmstead, Hazel Tutbill, with Vivien Duryea at the piano; solos, Alice Silkworth, accompanied by Mrs. Bert Silkworth; piano and violin duets, Percy Adams and Will King; a one-act farce, This is So Sudden, Mrs. Sidney

Kirkup, Lois Fischer, Vivien Duryea and Elma R. Tutbill. Donald R. Gildersleeve, Betty Bayles, Evie Wells and Lois Fischer will have charge of the next meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon, while getting into a carriage, Floyd S. Ruland slipped and fell, breaking his right arm between the elbow and shoulder. Dr. Morton set the bones and at present he is resting as comfortably as can be expected.

Potatoes at \$1.40 (Tuesday) seem to be moving very slowly at Mattituck, only about a dozen cars going from here so far. Boats come in at the Mill and pay \$1.50, but only take a limited amount.

Owing to war conditions, absence of many of our best aquatic sportsmen, etc., the annual regatta of our Yacht Club, which has been such an attractive event summers, has been postponed till after we have finished licking the Huns.

Alexis Penny and family of Hartford, Conn., are guests of A. C. Penny.

Carleton R. Wickham has secured a fine position at Montclair, N. J.

Irwin Dudley Pike, home after an operation at Brentwood, had the misfortune last Tuesday to slip off his left knee-cap, dislocating the cords and seriously affecting them. A bad thing to cure, but at present doing nicely.

Malcolm Reeve, who was operated on for appendicitis at Brentwood two weeks ago, returned home Tuesday of this week feeling fine.

### SUMMUM BONUM

The announcement was made Wednesday that Rev. A. Lincoln Shear had this week begun his new work as the Y. M. C. A. religious director at the Base Hospital, Camp Shelby, Miss. Rev. Mr. Shear has been for six months in charge of the religious work at "Y" No. 6, and is well known throughout camp and in Hattiesburg, where he has preached in several churches. He expects at a later time to be assigned to overseas duty, but is at the present happily situated and busily engaged in his work at the Base Hospital.

### THE BELLS OF NO-CHURCH LAND.

On Christmas Eve, the legend tells,  
Wherever once a church has stood  
One hears the sound of Christmas bells  
Ring out to make men kind and good.  
They ring that people long since dead,  
Who died in sin and cannot sleep,  
May rest that hour, so 'tis said,  
And need not then their vigils keep.  
Then Judas sleeps, the traitor friend,  
While Herod stops his clank of chains;  
Herodias's ceaseless dance may end,  
And Pilate's ghost quite still remains.  
I wonder if the Huns then sleep,  
Who churches razed and churches  
burned;  
I wonder if their wrongs they reap,  
Or if they rest in peace, uncarped.  
Great God! forgive us if we pray  
And hope the legend's not all true:  
Till wrong is righted, till they say:  
"We're sorry!"—yes, and mean it,  
too!  
Ring out, O pleading Spirit Bells,  
So loud they cannot sleep,  
Ring loud o'er hills and vales and dells,  
Till they, repentant, weep!  
G. K. F.

## Mattituck

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At present writing, Monday, the epidemic of influenza or gripe, which has been raging in Mattituck, shows no signs of abating.

Garfield Grey, aged 31 years, died of it last Friday and was buried on Monday in the New Bethany Cemetery. He was a hard working man and had many friends. The situation is so serious that the entire school has been closed till further notice; ditto, the Literary Society.

Miss Sarah L. Craven spent last week-end at Doctor Craven's, prior to her departure for France this week. She goes as a "Reconstruction Aide," O. T. American Expe. Force, and will teach wounded soldiers arts and crafts with manual training, at which she is very expert. We wish her abundant success.

The Liberty Loan and War Relic Special, despite the gripe and lateness of its coming, drew a big and enthusiastic crowd to the station grounds here last Friday night, and \$22,600 in bonds was subscribed in the short time the special stayed here. Mattituck beat such little "one-horse" hamlets as Riverhead and Greenport way out of sight and brought the total of our Banking District up to about \$160,000. Its quota was \$96,800, so Mattituck as usual, with the help of Laurel, Cutchogue and New Suffolk as loyal supporters of this district, went nicely over the top.

For the first time since our splendid druggist, R. H. Laby, has been in business here his drug store has been closed on account of illness. Uncle Sam claimed his popular clerk, Merwin O'Neill, two months ago, and last Friday Mr. Laby surrendered to the influenza. We hope he will soon be out again, for there is no better druggist or kinder hearted man than "Doc" Laby on Long Island and his illness at this particular time is a public calamity.

We have just learned of the death, at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, of influenza, followed by pneumonia, of Marjorie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Penny. She had only been ill a short time and her death coming so soon after the death of her brother Laurie has almost prostrated her family. She was a bright, well educated young lady and a member of the Presbyterian church. Her-early passing at the age of 27 years, 4 months and 20 days, has cast a deep gloom over the entire community. Her funeral services were held Wednesday at 2 o'clock at her late residence, Doctor Craven conducting the services.

Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, there was another heart-breaking death from pneumonia. Our dear personal friend, Harry F. Jackson, respected and universally beloved, a fine husband, father and friend, passed over into the Great Beyond, after a brief illness. A man of many splendid traits, one of our most progressive farmers, President of the L. I. Corn Growers' Association, member of the Board of Education, a popular Granger and valued Past Councilor of Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., and best of all, a staunch churchman and patriot, in his brief life he has left an impress on the community for good that will abide with fra-

grant memories. His widow, Irene Robinson, and her three daughters and two sons and their large family connection have the heartfelt sympathy of our community. He was 39 years, 8 months, 18 days' old. His funeral services, conducted by Doctor Craven, we understand will be held at his late residence Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The interment service will be held in New Bethany Cemetery, to be conducted by the Mechanics of Council No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning we have just heard of the death, from pneumonia, of Arlien Appleby, wife of W. Raynor Wickham, after a brief illness. It seems almost incredible that this splendid specimen of glorious womanhood has fallen under the grim Reaper's sickle, at the age of 28 years, 4 months, 3 days. Besides her husband and her little son Beverly, she is survived by her mother, Mrs. Flora Appleby. After her husband's entrance as chief engineer in the Navy, Mrs. Wickham put her shoulders to the wheel and took charge of his garage on Main St. and has conducted it bravely and well. She was a woman of education, a fine singer and accompanist. Everybody liked "Arlien," who was always ready to do a good turn and give people pleasure with her cars and in any way she could. She will be sadly missed in Mattituck by her hosts of friends. Her funeral services will be held Friday afternoon of this week at four o'clock, from her late residence on Pike Street. Interment in the Wickham plot at Bethany Cemetery. The shadows fall thickly across the paths of old Mattituck this year.

We have also just learned of the death of Elbert Johnson at Holley, N. Y. He was a nephew of Mrs. Joseph B. Hudson, and in the palmy days of Hudson's Canning Factory he will be remembered here for his bright face and winning personality. He was a valued employee of the Hudsons at Holley. He leaves a widow and a baby only two weeks' old to mourn his loss.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkshurst of Brooklyn is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sarah Silkworth, this week.

Leroy Staunton Reeve, alias "Slatts," left us on Tuesday for Pelham Bay, where he has the rank of an officer, Chief Boatswain's Mate. His nimble fingers on the piano and agile legs on the diamond will be sadly missed here for the next four years. Another good reason for hating the Hun, till he surrenders unconditionally.

Miss Kathryn Cornell is spending the enforced school vacation at Newburgh.

The Misses Clara Bond and Madeline Hettiger are now clerking at Gildersleeve Bros.

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Mattituck, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1920

EDITOR TRAVELER,

Dear Sir:

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for friends to differ, the editor of a friendly local paper might well ask to be excused from opening his columns for the bout. But your Mattituck correspondent, "whom I protest I love," has through your paper given circulation to certain errors, and only through your paper can equal publicity be given the refutation.

I pass the personal insinuation contained in his statement that he is glad I, too, am a man of faith, to comment upon this remarkable pronouncement: "When men try to belittle the Bible, its miracles, or immaculate conception, all parts of a wonderful whole, better for them the millstone and the sea."

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is a doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, promulgated officially for the first time by Pope Pius IX, on December 8, 1854. It has never been a doctrine of any Protestant church, to my knowledge. If there is to be a millstoning of all who belittle this dogma, the demand for millstones will make some enterprising business man wealthy. I do not desire to quarrel with Catholic theology. Their belief is their belief. But your correspondent is not a Catholic. He is a Protestant who in his commendable desire to believe, has believed too much.

"Prove (test) all things;" said Paul, "hold fast that which is good." Summum, I fear, has held fast without proving. He has not adequately tested his assumption that fate is inextricably bound with belief in the immaculate conception. To many minds, his lack of discrimination in this detail can not but discredit the wonderful wholeness of the rest. The Bible will stand; but it is not to be defended by linking it with sectarian dogmas of any sort. It might be judged by the company it keeps.

He who sups with the Devil need have a long spoon. I do not claim to be the Devil. But he that seeks to insinuate, even in a friendly and joking way, that I am unorthodox, need use a longer spoon than a Papal decree dating from the middle of the last century.

I tell Summum that I will write this, and he shows how sound is his true Christian charity. He says, "Go ahead. You know I love you."

Cordially yours (and his),  
DANIEL OVERTON, JR.

Holly Wreaths, Real Spruce

We have all heard of the church mouse, but we haven't any here because we have a church cat, and it is a very handsome tiger, too. When he hears the church bell ring he is right on hand, being on especially good terms with the sexton and the preacher. Sometimes during the service he walks up and down the aisle apparently to see that none of the congregation are absent nor inclined to go to sleep. At other times he goes up on the platform, where, facing the audience, he thoroughly and systematically washes himself, evidently believing that cleanliness is next to Godliness. No one claims to own this cat—he is simply a public cat. Everybody feeds him; not even the bad boys misuse him. He sets a fine example for the male population of Mattituck by being such a regular church attendant.

and cons.

Raymond Linton Cleaves, who died at Fox Hills Hospital, Staten Island, May 7th, from the effects of shrapnel wounds received in battle in France last October, was the third Mattituck boy to die in his country's defense during this present war. His plucky fight for life has been wonderful and won the admiration and respect of all his nurses and doctors. His remains were brought here for burial Thursday night and his funeral held in the Presbyterian church Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, attended by a very large number of friends. Dr. Craven spoke in his usual sympathetic and comforting manner, the entire congregation rising and singing our national hymn with a solemnity and feeling seldom realized. Twenty-two soldiers in uniform and twenty Boy Scouts formed his guard of honor and bore his casket on their shoulders to the grave where "taps" were played after the burial. Handsome and appropriate floral emblems were contributed, showing the esteem and regard his mates and friends felt for Ray. He is survived by his fiancée, Miss Ruth Clement, of Spartanburgh; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Orrin Cleaves; sisters, Mrs. Irene Worthington and Mrs. Angie Corrigan, and one brother, Norman. He was 23 years and 7 months old.

The banking district of Mattituck, including Cutchogue, Laurel and New Suffolk had its quota fixed for the Victory Loan much smaller than before, \$72,600. It's pleasant to know that as usual we tried to do our share and subscribed \$105,050. We regret our Polish neighbors did not subscribe as they should, but otherwise the committeemen found very ready and liberal responses to their calls.

At the Literary a varied and entertaining programme was given, consisting of solos by Mrs. Walter Grabie and Miss Caroline Howell, with Miss Gildersleeve at the piano; a clever little playlet, "Why We Never Married," given by seven young ladies and seven young gentlemen from Cutchogue in fine style, and "The Podunk Village School," given by Miss Dorothy Brown as teacher and twenty of the most boisterous children imaginable, was a scream. Miss Brown is always capital in her roles. The skit introduced several specialties—original poems by Mac Craven and Donald Gildersleeve, recitations by Frederick Olmstead and Clara Horton, piano duets by Misses Reeve and Benjamin, the Whole Board of Education by Nat. S. Tutbill, Jr., and Jazz Band selections by the entire school, with bad behavior by those young cut-ups, George Duryee, Gordon Cox, Roy Reeve and Cecil Jackson.

Next Tuesday night, at an open meet-

A. H. Silkworth has sold Plot 15 at Marratooka Park, the property of the C. W. Wickham Estate, to Joseph B. Hudson of Holley, New York. He has also sold at Nassau Point Plots 22 and 23 to James R. Garretson of Forest Hills, L. I., and the Edwin H. Brown Farm at Mattituck, 60 acres, to James Lindsay; also three acres of Bay front near Pine Neck on the Noyac Bay, to Martin White of the Associated Press, New York City.

## Mattituck

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One of the biggest business enterprises Mattituck has been promised for a long time is that of John Hagen's publishing company, that bids fair to be a reality soon. Mr. Hagen has purchased a lot on Main street of Miss Bertha Terry Reeve, with a frontage of 35 feet with a big depth, and we understand expects at a very early date to erect an up-to-date publishing house upon it. Of the capital stock we believe over \$35,000 has been subscribed and the remaining \$10,000 is likely to be oversubscribed.

Boss Walter M. Robinson, our hustling, popular carpenter is erecting a cozy cottage for Herbert E. Reeve on Suffolk Avenue, just west of Wm. M. Hudson's fine home.

There are always doubting Thomases. Our handsome expressman, "Cliff," who furnished your correspondent the salient points in the life history of "Jack" Zenzius' mule, says they are well authenticated by good men like "Jake" Brown, who has been dealing in horses and mules for 65 years or more, and can still dance a jig and sing a merry song. A dear friend of the writer had a little girl who told worse whoppers than any mule story. Her mother told her she would punish her for her own good and that she must then ask the Lord's pardon. Her prayer was as follows: "O Lord, mother is stupid, but I hope you can take a joke." And we hope the TRAVELER readers can do likewise.

An immense assemblage of loyal Jr. O. U. A. M. members of Mattituck and Orient Councils attended the special meeting last Saturday night to greet the four State officials of the Order who were present and addressed the two Councils. The supper committee covered itself with glory, feeding over 200 hungry men bountifully, with enough left to feed another hundred. The combined bands furnished fine music, and Col. James Henry Young, 87 years young, sang his famous "Sword of Bunker Hill" in fine fettle, and announced his appointment by the War Department as "Colonel," and wore the insignia of his rank for the first time this evening. It was surely "some night" for all present.

On Monday afternoon the remains of Hannah Corwin Edwards, wife of Henry H. Lupton of Greenport, who died there last Friday night, were brought here for burial in the Lupton plot. Much of Mrs. Lupton's school-girl and early married life were passed in Mattituck, and she had many warm friends here, who esteemed her highly. When a neighbor on the old Oregon road the writer, as a little lad, was shown many little acts of kindness by her, which he remembers with gratitude. She is survived by a son Frank and daughter Mrs. Frank Hirsh of Brooklyn, another daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) E. W. Smith, and grandson James Lupton of Newton, Mass.; a sister, Mrs. James E. Bayles of Port Jefferson, and another sister, Mrs. John M. Lupton of this place. The flowers sent in loving remembrance were of surpassing beauty. She was 68 years of age.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Mattituck, we can truthfully say, loves and appreciates good music, so we are glad to announce that a superb treat is in store for us—the production by the Presbyterian choir on Sunday evening, Dec. 26, at 7:30, of Ira Bishop Wilson's celebrated cantata, "The Everlasting Light," under the direction of its new and competent chorister, Terry W. Tutbill. It comprises a great variety of most excellent solos, duets, trios and quartettes, with magnificent choruses, and there ought to be a crowded church, for everybody is cordially invited and admission free to all. It's well worth coming miles to hear.

The Literary, to be held Dec. 27th, is to be a dandy. The committee having it in charge expect, among other fine numbers, to give a very pretty little play by young people, followed by jolly dancing for all the young folks home for Christmas.

Billharz, the entertainer in our Lecture Course, scored a great hit here last Friday night. Everybody delighted with him.

Thanks to Miss Dolly M. Bell for an invitation to a reception at the Powell Gallery, New York, last Thursday evening. Miss Julia M. Wickham of Cutchogue, also Miss Bell, were exhibitors at this famous yearly event for American painters.

Charles Brown, rate clerk L. I. R. R. Co. at Bay Ridge, is home on sick leave.

The Christmas exercises of our big Presbyterian Sunday School will be held Friday evening, Dec. 24th, at 7 o'clock. You've got to come early to get a seat; of course, always standing room only. How those kids can sing!

Bob, "the baker," Curt Bergen and Gildersleeve Bros. have three very pretty show windows fitted with sensible gifts. Why not shop at home, when it's possible, and help your own town? Sears & Roebuck, Montgomery & Ward, Charles William Stores, and others, don't start subscriptions when your cow dies, or your house or barn burns down, or help pay your taxes, and we don't think the people who patronize them are apt to die much richer in the long run, either.

"Whither" was Rev. D. H. Overton's text last Sunday morning. Great sermon, too. Glad he, too, is a man of faith, for without it no man amounts to much in this world or the next, we opine. When men try to belittle the Bible, its miracles, or immaculate conception, all parts of a wonderful whole, better for them the millstone and the sea.

The games of basketball are expected to draw a big audience to Library Hall Friday evening of this week. Independent Five of Riverhead, Southold Village and Girls of Riverhead High, and Girls' High of Mattituck. They ought to be snappy games.

Doctor "Pete," "Hen Tut" and "Uncle Matt" are going to give us some great movies for holiday times, embracing such stars as Bryant Washburn, Marguerite Clark, Billie Burk, Douglas Mac Leon and Doris May. Why go elsewhere, when you get just as good at home? "Boost your own town" has always been our motto, is

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U. S. A. N. C.  
4 Place de la Concorde  
Paris, France, Aug. 4, '18

Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve,

Dear Doll:

Have a few bits of special news for you. Met a young lady working here in the hospital as a Red Cross aid. We were inquiring where each one came from back in the states and I learned she had spent her summers at South Jamesport and attended Pratt's with Sarah Craven and had often been to Mattituck. It seemed so good to speak of home to some one. She is Miss Ludlam and has been here since the hospital was set up a few months ago. We have been so busy here I don't see any one for a chat very often. I'm doing operating room duty. There are many things I would wish to tell you, but really don't know which would be most interesting. I'll tell you some of this place, as we are about to leave it. We are located in a small French hamlet. The main hospital is an old chateau, given over to the Red Cross. Then out on the grassy field are many tents, fitted up just wonderful and comfy for the boys. When I came here first we were quite near the line, but it is advancing so fast we can't move after it fast enough. I can't praise our boys enough. They are wonderful. When they are brought in here on stretchers, torn and bleeding, not a word of complaint, but always eager to tell how the Americans are driving the Boche back. We used to hear news direct within a few hours, but soon we move up again, pick up our tents, etc., and move on. We who are so near the front don't know what the men go through in "No Man's Land." One must be there to really know. But we see the results soon after. The gas, oh! Doll, you have no idea, it's awful. Then shrapnel and bullets do their part. You may perhaps have a vague idea, but what I want to tell you is this. The work the Red Cross is doing is wonderful, both here and in the states. Every day some nurse or doctor says, "God bless the Red Cross back home," and the boys always say it. During the big drive there is need for many surgical dressings, towels, etc., and our store rooms are packed with goods from the Chapters back home who are doing their bit, and it is a big share they do. We were destitute for towels; we needed them. The men come in with the glad news; barrels and boxes of towels from the Red Cross U. S. A. at the station, all done up six in a package, ready to drop in our sterilizer. Imagine our relief, with many operations, and a great need of sterile towels. The pajamas are such a help, too. How comfy the boys are after a bath, which perhaps they have been days without. Then in a clean suit of pajamas, clean bed and medical or surgical treatment as they require, everything possible is done for them. I often wonder if they were made in Mattituck. I found some sponges one day made by the Oyster Bay Chapter. Seemed like a message from home, so I wrote a note of thanks for the sponges. We have a ten minutes' walk from the hospital to our quarters. Such a walk, through an old garden with a fountain (at rest), a sun dial and roses of all kinds and many strange flowers. Then a vegetable garden, past chickens, rabbits, dogs, etc.

The trees in this part of France are so tall and green and the vines creep through them, just covering the walks and drives. There is a quaint old church here and on the way over one passes a pretty little falls. Some one else I want to tell you of is a little French Red Cross worker here in the hospital. She is a refugee from the borders of Alsace-Lorraine. She knows what it is to be driven from home and father and mother taken prisoners of war. She works here all day long, caring for the soldiers. The French are very kind. There is another lady who comes each day and sits with any sick patient and does bits of sewing. So willing they are. Four years of war has taught them many things. They love flowers even more than Americans. Flowers grow everywhere, mostly wild, for no one has time to care for them. No mail as yet, except a card from a friend of mine who came many miles on seven days' leave to Paris to see me, only to find me gone. I was disappointed, but too busy to let it bother me. Well, Doll, I hope this finds you all well, as it leaves me in the very best of health. Days here are very much the same, except something learned anew. Time passes very quickly. We hardly know the day or date, as we have no occasion to use it, except on dating a letter. I'll try to write you a more interesting letter later on, as we will be on ground once held by the Germans. Surely I'll be inspired to write then.

Best regards to any who inquire for me.

I remain sincerely,

September 14, 1918.

My Dear Brother Gene:

How often I think of our big boy, Daddy's right-hand man.

Now I am going to tell you of another long journey our hospital staff took a few days ago.

Orders came for us to leave and as we were going out I saw the papers mama sent. It was the first mail from home. How happy I was just to hear from the dear ones in the little home.

We drove in ambulances to a queer little station and waited one hour. The train was late, as usual here in France. I read the papers, kept my eyes on my blanket roll and suit case for there is no checking system here. Finally the train pulled in and such a commotion. Doctors, nurses, aides and enlisted men which make up the hospital personnel. Stretcher-bearers, etc. Such a queer train, a small engine with a whistle like a peanut roaster and the cars we occupied were very different from those in the U. S. They have two stories and are made in separate little rooms, fitted up for six people. They were first-class coaches and we were real comfortable although it is worked out. The boys are brought in all mud, wounded, etc., and American girls to give them coffee, cigarettes, bathe and bandage them, for we are never short of supplies.

(This part won't interest you Gene so it is special for Mama and Papa) Great piles of warm pajamas, towels, little bags for personal property for each one, and big packages of face cloths made by careful hands from soft material used previously for other purposes, but what greater use could it serve now? Often a tea comes when I see how carefully they are made and I only wish every one could know how useful each article is. I worked all that first night in the receiving ward, caring for the boys just in from the front, then slept part of next day and back to the operating room duty where I've been ever since. Our operating room is great; fully equipped and the whole place is wired with electricity. Windows are cur-

Finally an engine came and picked us up and we started, after a long-drawn "peanut-stand whistle." It seems we picked up every little freight car in France and stopped at every cross road. The engine broke down once and we thought we would have to stay and wait for help. Finally we started. We met other troop trains (American) and we gave our fruit, rations and cigarettes, which we always have to give to our wounded boys. How glad they were for they were just from the front. All mud and tired and all that goes with war life at the front.

On and on past big camps of French, Italian and at one place coolies. Great streams of ammunition trucks and provisions trains, loaded with all the implements of modern warfare all in their new coats of camouflage paint, green, yellow and gray.

Through valleys, hills! Great high hills, farmed away to the top. I wonder how they ever stood to plough up, it's so steep. Such wonderful, peaceful country. No wonder the French wanted it back. I could scarcely speak when I looked down the valley or over a big mountain at the sun slowly sinking in the west. It made me think of you all so much and how I dared to wonder or think of the time I'd return to you seems impossible after events since then.

The second night we reached our destination at about 12 o'clock. Remained in the cars until noon. The tracks ran near a big embankment, where there was an ammunition dump as they are called here. In some ways it caught fire and the shells began to explode. We thought it was a raid, but the major came and explained, so I went to sleep again even though those great explosions occurred each couple of minutes.

In the morning we all got the cap of a hand grenade for a souvenir. They tell a joke here—French fight

for territory; England for honor, and Americans for souvenirs. I collect them, but when we move all have to leave only a certain amount. I have a sword and several wonderful things I want to keep, but it is hard.

Well, we were taken in army ambulances through the city of ——. Now let Dad help you with this. The first letter of Winfred's pet name is the first letter of the name of the city, then there are as many letters in the name as far as the letter (1) in her pet name. The city is wonderful to me as we have been in ruined villages previous to this.

We are located about two kilometers or a little over a mile out of the city, so if we are not busy we can walk in. We went the first afternoon but no time now.

Our hospital is a fully equipped Red Cross evacuation hospital in a sector where American troops hold the lines, so I'll tell you of my work.

Word came that our boys went over the top at 5 o'clock on a certain morning so we forget everything else with our work.

I always tell you Mama and Papa just how near I am for I know you will be glad I am where I can do the most good, and it seems to be right here now.

It is just wonderful to see the way it is worked out. The boys are brought in all mud, wounded, etc., and American girls to give them coffee, cigarettes, bathe and bandage them, for we are never short of supplies.

(This part won't interest you Gene so it is special for Mama and Papa) Great piles of warm pajamas, towels, little bags for personal property for each one, and big packages of face cloths made by careful hands from soft material used previously for other purposes, but what greater use could it serve now? Often a tea comes when I see how carefully they are made and I only wish every one could know how useful each article is. I worked all that first night in the receiving ward, caring for the boys just in from the front, then slept part of next day and back to the operating room duty where I've been ever since. Our operating room is great; fully equipped and the whole place is wired with electricity. Windows are cur-

Such is my life for days to come. There is a bright side though. We have a nice little room, etonne cot covers, curtains, dressers, etc. Such decorations, swords, helmets, shells and gas masks adorn the walls, while our photos of the dear ones take a resting place on the dresser. Our blanket rolls and suit cases go under the bed and then we have a nice little living room. One of my roommates is from Cleveland, the other New York state. They are dear girls, too. Then we have electric lights too, so I use my electric iron.

We say the comforts of U. S. A., for it is the first time since we left Paris that we have had any of these luxuries. How we appreciate them.

This big, pleasant hospital doing such wonderful work, where the big rumbling of the guns can be heard so clearly. Work goes on just the same.

Only this morning I saw the first air raid in the day time and as I watched the Boche plane and ours, I couldn't imagine how any one looking down on the big, red cross painted on the top of each of the many buildings and ambulances could intentionally drop a bomb. Yet they do even worse. The Boche was driven back, so it didn't last long.

To-day I had the pleasure of speaking to Surgeon General Gorgas. (He is chief of all surgeons here in the American Expeditionary Forces.) I was all in sterile gown and gloves waiting for the surgeon to operate, so I couldn't shake hands, when he shook each one's hand in the room. But later met Father Dougherty, a friend of Father Duffy. The priest you read about who goes in the trenches to hear confession; those trenches being in this sector. This place could well be called young America.

My dears I'm happy to be here and I know you are happy too, so I don't worry, and we are making such advances I sometimes dare to think of the future, when I'll come back to you.

Love to all, from your loving soldier girl, MARGARET MCCARTHY.

A. N. C.

Colon's pitching stopped Mattituck's attempt to tie Greenport for first place Saturday. He held Mattituck to seven scattered hits, shutting that team out 4 to 0, while Meany's batting was the main factor in Greenport's scoring. With two down in the first inning, Henckle got a lucky hit so right and Meany scored him with a two-base smash over Downs' head. Heany doubled in the fourth, and when Adams hit a grounder to Goldsmith the latter threw to Aldrich instead of to Reeve, Heany scoring on the play. Greenport threw in two more in the ninth for good measure, on a base on balls, a wild pitch and hits by Burt, Meany and Colon. The fielding features were a catch by Clark Tutthill, who has taken Hudson's place in left field, and a stop by Heany of a hard hit by Downs. Downs had hit safely in every game until Saturday. The score:

GREENPORT

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Cassidy, c	4	1	0	9	0	0
Burt, 2b	5	1	2	2	1	0
Henckle, 1b	5	1	2	10	0	0
Meany, rf	5	0	3	1	1	1
Colon, p	5	0	1	1	3	1
Roland, 3b	4	1	1	2	3	0
Adams, cf	3	0	1	0	1	0
Price, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Squires, ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
	39	4	9	27	15	3

MATTITUCK

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Wolgo, c	4	0	0	6	3	1
Barker, ss	4	0	0	2	2	2
Reeve, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Aldrich, 2b	4	0	0	2	3	0
Downs, cf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Goldsmith, p	4	0	1	0	4	2
Roland, 3b	4	0	2	2	2	1
Tutthill, lf	4	1	1	2	3	0
Wickham, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
	35	0	7	27	15	6

Two-base hits—Meany, Heany. Stolen base—Barker. Struck out by Goldsmith, 6; by Colon, 8. Bases on balls—off Goldsmith, 2. Wild pitch—Goldsmith. Passed ball—Wolgo. Left on bases—Mattituck, 7; Greenport, 9. Earned runs—Greenport, 3. Umpire, H. Terry.

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1918

the triangle lecture upon "Vocations," by Mr. A. H. Cosden of Southold, Tuesday evening of last week, was packed full of mighty good thoughts for boys and their elders, as well, to hear. Mr. Cosden modestly disclaims any merits as a lecturer, but we voice the opinion of his hearers, we know, in saying it was a lecture of the highest type. His personnel and earnestness reminded us forcibly of Russell Corwell in his famous "Acres of Diamonds." His closing sentences echo heartily, i. e., "It's about time that the Federal Government took stronger measures in stamping out the German propaganda in all our villages and states, and it's our duty as loyal Americans to combat it, body, soul and spirit. When we think how the poor, down-trodden, oppressed peasants of Germany, victims of Prussian oppression, have found here a safe refuge and a chance to better their conditions in every way, we think if they try in any way to excuse the Kaiser and his war lords, the best cure for their mental derangement is a lamp post and a piece of rope. Such curs ought not to be allowed to exist in America." Southold is fortunate in having two men with visions like Wadsworth and Cosden for residents, and we doubt not but what their leaven of service and giving of self will eventually spread throughout this historic old town of ours to its betterment and uplift.

Harry Jackson went to Rochester last week in the interest of the Seed Corn Association.

Hon. John M. Lupton is traveling through New York State in the interest of his seed business.

Henry R. Gildersleeve is at Dunraven, N. Y., supervising his big farm at that place.

Buy a Liberty Bond. All the people in this State are now registered and the committees are expected to sell every one a bond, or else give the reason why. So don't be on record as a slacker, but buy that bond at once.

Somewhere in France

March 21, 1918

DEAR OLD CHUBBIE: Now wouldn't this knock your eye out, old top? Didn't I tell you I was bound for France, but the folks home all said I would not be sent. Can't you see why? Good men were wanted, so they selected me. (Parley vons Français). Believe me, this is some lingo. I can't speak it very good yet, but I will be able to if I get a teacher. I really can't see how one can progress very fast without making it a study and attending a school. Of course you can picture Mac in town with his little French book in hand, trying to buy some figs or nuts. Some scream! To make a long story short, in desperation I show the storekeeper the book and what I want to say to him, and then we both have a good laugh. We have some merry times trying to speak French. One thing that don't bother me is their mazuma. I mastered that in short time.

Well, about the sea-faring voyage, let me say it was perfect. Why, I have seen L. I. Sound twice as rough many times as the old Atlantic, with the exception of one day. On that day we tossed around very freely and almost every one had an attack of seasickness. I had a spell which lasted about half an hour, and was then laughing at the rest of the guys. It was somewhat timid about the old Atlantic, and many times I said I would not cross if my expenses were paid, but when Uncle Sammy said I'll pay

your fare, why, I could not resist so cordial an invitation!

Some town we are in now, and are having everything a heart could desire, excepting of course natural home-like things and surroundings. There are many things I could write about, for instance buildings visited and many other things, but I might give a too vivid description and the censor might make this letter look as if it had been at the front line trenches. You will have to wait until I come back, for we are coming some time. We have the goods on that German pest, and he'll know it in time. I have met boys from every state in the U. S. Just now I am looking up Ray Hudson, and hope I find the old scout.

The weather here is very nice. Rather cool mornings and nights, but nice and warm the rest of the day.

Gee! you ought to see our aviators doing stunts over here. They are classy with those birds.

The fellows here in the Medical Corps are certainly a fine, manly bunch of boys, as nice as I ever met, and particularly our officers. You would think you were in the United States by the Henry Fords, Pierce-Arrows - in fact everything most is American. I am writing this in a new Y. M. C. A. building just erected. They have a fine piano and victrola, also a new pool table. There is a show or fight almost every night here, so you see we don't lack for amusement. The boys are treated royally, with plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in.

Of course I surely miss the little old town of Mattituck, and know I can't get home in a few hours as I could at Camp Upton, but I do know when I do come it will be for good. I hope so, any way.

I am much worried over mother. I saw her at the hospital the day of the operation and the morning following. I phoned the hospital the night before leaving Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and they assured me she was doing finely, but I haven't heard a word since, and that was February 15th. I have written her five letters since I got ashore. George will write me soon, I know.

How is dear old friend Charles Gildersleeve, I wonder. I often think of him, and also Penny, "Tip" and Bergen across the street. Then I can see O'Neill, "Ike," "Bummie" and that bunch hitting the Greenport movies in either that big 6-Chalmers or that classy Hupmobile. I can see Jim and Sid in the store as plain as can be. Regards to them and also Vic, Sam and Herbert. There also are Wick and Lizzie May Tuthill dishing out mail. Then I can look down Railroad avenue and see friend Harry De Petris making his mazuma. I wish he would send me five pounds of chocolate candy, like Hershey bars. Sonntag is on the job, I suppose. Hand them all my best regards, also your mother and Doll, and don't forget the girls, because you know I was somewhat of a heart-breaker when home. Hope you will answer.

Your sincere friend,  
FRANK MACMILLEN

On June 15 the Mattituck Players are to present the high class and amusing play "Green Stockings" at Library Hall. Some of our best talent is scheduled to appear, and no one should fail to see the presentation.

Memorial Day was observed by a parade and drill by our firemen and the Home Guards as the morning features. In the afternoon a double header baseball game between Mattituck and Riverhead claimed attention.

Two accidents occurred here last week. Perry S. Robinson was painfully injured by a refractory cow that he was putting out to pasture, his hip being broken; he also received other injuries. Mr. Robinson is 82 years old, and the experience is a particularly unpleasant one for him. Leon R. Hall of the firm of Reeve & Hall fell and dislocated one of his shoulders. He will have to carry one arm in a sling for some time.

Leroy S. Reeve left us Monday morning to report for duty with the Naval Reserve. Probably there is no man in the community who would be missed more than "Slats." We wish him every success and a safe return in the future to his family here. It seems "sort of lonesome like" to see his able launch with her coat of grey war paint laid up in the cove while her good skipper is absent. Others of our men who have offered their services to the country are Harry Rafford as a plumber and James Cuminskey as a machinist's mate.

Greetings to Mrs. Sarah A. Terry of Mattituck, who, in her 89th year, is able to do her "spring housecleaning" as usual. The venerable woman lives alone, and keeps her home spick and span—quite typical of the Long Island housewife. She is still hale and hearty, and has been spared to welcome the fifth generation of her family in the person of the grandson of her granddaughter. Here is but another instance of the longevity for which Long Island in general and the North Fluke in particular is famous.—Eagle.

An entertainment is to be given at Library Hall on the evening of June 8, under the direction of Mrs. Butterfield, leader of physical culture. The program will include these features: A 15 minutes' demonstration—a hopping relay, Indian club relay, pupils of Miss Gehring's room; (a) Did You Ever See a Lassie, (b) Looby Loo, pupils of Miss Schaumborg's room; dumb bell drill, pupils of Miss Garvey's room; wand drill, pupils of Miss Horton's room; folk dances, (a) Danish dance of greeting, (b) Hey, Diddle, Diddle, pupils of Miss Kirk-up's room; 15 minutes' demonstration, (a) dodge ball, (b) Jimmy's the Sport, pupils of Miss McGowan's room; dumb bell drill, High School girls; folk dances, (a) Gustav's Skool, (b) Today's the First of May, pupils of Miss Gehring's room; flag drill, pupils of Miss Cornell's room. The program is to be followed by dancing, with music by King's Orchestra. The admission rates have been fixed at 25 and 35 cents.

Some 600 people gathered at Library Hall on Sunday evening to participate in the patriotic service then carried on, and all in all it is considered one of the most interesting and remarkable affairs that the hall has seen in its eleven years of existence. Instrumental music was supplied by an orchestra, and the audience joined in singing "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the hymn, "O Lord of Hosts." The opening prayer was by the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Craven, and introductory remarks were made by the Rev. A. L. Shear, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Further addresses were made by Geo. H. Furman of Patchogue and the Rev. John H. McLaughlin, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Cutchogue, and by the Rev. Frederick G. Beebe, pastor of the Cutchogue Presbyterian Church and Captain of our Home Guards. All of the addresses were notable for their fitness and ardent patriotism. In speaking of the iniquity of the war Father McLaughlin touched a responsive chord when he said he had been working all day from 7 A. M. to "beat hell," and he never expected to give it up. Among the other features of the program

Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Thomas Pierce, the popular sexton and organ blower of the Presbyterian church, with his equally popular wife Lottie, treated the choir to a big watermelon feast last Saturday night in the chapel, and as it was their tenth wedding anniversary the choir gave them a purse of over \$20, with other tokens of esteem.

Four young men, Roy Hallock Reeve, Nat S. Tuthill, Jr., George Duryee and Cecil Jackson, were received into full communion by Dr. Craven at the Sunday morning service in the Presbyterian church.

Benedict Lindsay left us last week for the Great Lakes' Naval Station.

Robert Barker went back to St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., on Monday, for military training. Russell Greeves goes back to Syracuse University next week for the same purpose.

Miss Carolyn Howell, our silver-throated young soprano, is spending the month of September in Brooklyn.

Beach plums are reported of unusually fine quality and abundance at the Sound cliffs this year. It is said to be an old Indian sign of a cold winter. Ugh! hate to think of it.

Dr. Henry Gissel, who married Miriam A. Gildersleeve and is a very prominent surgeon in Brooklyn, has enlisted, giving up a wonderful practice, and is now a Captain in a Southern camp and is going to France very soon. Dr. John A. Gildersleeve has also enlisted as a Lieutenant, but owing to the arrival of a young son will probably not go abroad for the present.

Last week in New York and Brooklyn we noticed the women running trolley and subway trains, elevators in big stores and offices, and doing it mightily well, too—all speeding up the war against the Hun, God bless them.

Mattituck is famous for its church weddings, and that of Vivian Rosilla, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo F. Robinson, to Mr. Byron C. Howard of Greenport on Wednesday, September eleventh, at half past twelve, drew a goodly company to the Presbyterian church at that hour. Miss Myrtle Ruland of Middle Island was maid of honor; Evelyn Ruland of Sound Avenue, flower girl; Mr. Henry Clark of Greenport, best man; Irwin Ruland and Henry Clark, ushers. The bride wore white satin and silk lace net veil and white roses. Her going-away dress was blue serge with blue velvet hat. The maid of honor wore blue organdie, white hat and carnations; the flower girl, white lace dress and asters. Dr. Craven performed the ceremony in his usual impressive manner, and James M. Craven gave a long programme of beautiful auptial music at the organ. The home reception was in charge of Miss Mamie Shalvey, caterer. The bride gave her maid a gold brooch, and flower girl, a gold bracelet. The groom gave his attendants gold stick pins. The bride received many handsome and costly presents. The honeymoon was spent in the Catskills. They will reside in Greenport, where a finely furnished house awaits them. We wish them many years of wedded bliss.

Louis C. Gildersleeve, the "Indispensable Chub," is at Riverhead this week in charge of the Fair train service at that station.

Mrs. Johnnie Van Wagner of Brooklyn is the guest of Mrs. Henry F. Haggerty this month.

Russell Lupton, who has been in

## Cutchogue

### HARKING BACK

Editor TRAVELER: The mention, by your Cutchogue correspondent, of the school in the East District, has sent my thoughts back to the years when I was a pupil in the old "red school house," when it stood on the north side of the road, opposite the home of "Uncle Josh" Billard and his maiden sisters, "Aunt Debby" and "Aunt Polly," to whose well "us youngones" went to fill the school water pail. There was not much more land belonging with the school house than to allow for the necessary outbuildings and room enough for us to play "buck-a-bee" around it; and let me limn for you the interior: Two "entrys" in front with nails on the sides on which to hang coats, hats, shawls, bonnets, etc., also dinner pails, gaged according to the number of children in the family. (I can smell the bread-and-buttery odor that came from those pails when opened, this minute). In the little "jog" between the entrys was the teacher's desk, with legs so long it required a high bench for the teacher to sit on when the daily attendance was registered, as the names were called and marked "present" or "tardy." The height of this desk made it a convenient place to punish mischievous scholars, they being made to stand under it with backs bent at a most uncomfortable angle, for longer or shorter periods. (I had the satisfaction of sawing off the legs, when in later years I sat at that desk comfortably in an ordinary chair).

The iron box-stove stood in the middle of an open space, around which were the class benches. In one corner stood the water pail, with a tin cup, which, however bright at first, soon became rusty. In warm weather a general drought would affect the children almost simultaneously, and an upraised hand would call forth the inquiry from the teacher, "What's wanted?" And the reply would be, "Can Frank Hallock and I go get a pail of water?" Permission being given and after a while the pail brot in, several hands would go up to get the privilege of passing the water. The cup being filled, it went from mouth to mouth until thirst was quenched. (There weren't any germs then, lurking about to be caught).

The desks were long enough to accommodate four, seated side by side, on benches, and graded but little in height, as the smaller children sat with legs dangling. There were no more round-shouldered children then than today, and not nearly so many with defective eyesight. There was but one aisle, which led to the rear of the room, where was the blackboard, made of three pieces of board, which had once matched, but become shrunken until there was a broad crack between each piece. But on this board was worked out many a problem taken from Daboll's arithmetic, that might puzzle some H. S. graduates to-day.

The wood fire was made every morning, and the floor swept once a week. We never heard of a bacillus then; guess there were none about. Classes were called, questions asked and answered, explanations given and required. Reading was taught by example and precept; spelling, oral or written, as the words were pronounced by the teacher; history, geography, grammar etc. memorized from stated

Four months of winter school, beginning some time in November, usually with a man teacher, and five months of summer session, with a woman to train the young minds. The ages ranged from five years to some times as old as twenty, and often a different teacher each term. I can remember John Tuthill, Selden Case, Edward Akery, William Terry, his sister "Chrissie," "Chrissie," Emeline and Rhoda Hallock, Henrietta and Mary "Libby" Horton, Susan and Mary Wells, Fanny Aldrich, Emily Goldsmith and Marietta Tuthill. All were near-by residents, living within walking distance of the school and more or less intimately known to both parents and pupils. Some were more successful than others, but each put in hard, conscientious work and was anxious to produce results. There was no grading, of course, and until about 1876, I think, little uniformity in text books, excepting as brot about thru the efforts of the teachers. The monotony of beginning the book with every new teacher was relieved by going over the already familiar parts rapidly, the well-thumbed pages always an indication of "how far we'd been," and the daily inspiration to get into the class ahead. There was a personal sympathy between teachers and scholars that made for advancement, and thus a solid and sure foundation was laid in the fundamentals of education upon which were built many a shapely and brilliant success in business and professional life. There were not so many things taught, but the nolege gained was thoro. The children were advanced just as fast as they became competent, age being no bar to progress.

It was not common to hear children speak of disliking to attend school. Holidays were few and far between, and their rarity made them the more enjoyable. The style of dress was plain and fairly uniform in quality, and the sentiment of democracy, in its best sense, maintained.

I forgot to mention that we used slates and slate pencils to "cipher with," so it was easy to erase imperfect or incorrect work. Lead pencils and paper were luxuries. One who happened to be the proud possessor of a lead pencil with an ivory head, was much envied and often importuned to lend this rarity, it being considered a great privilege to have an article like this to handle somewhat ostentatiously.

Only one teacher was employed, and the school often numbered as high as fifty pupils, the daily attendance being about forty. As there was no compulsory education law, the only incentive to attend regularly was interest on the part of the children and careful oversight on the part of the parents.

It seems almost incredible to note the great changes that have taken place since the time of which I write. If all the facilities and paraphernalia of the present day are as efficient in producing results as the somewhat crude and limited opportunities of sixty years ago, we ought to have scholars of rare ability, able to attack and successfully cope with any situation that exists or might arise, even to wisely and correctly interpret the much vaunted League of Nations.

GEO. H. TERRY

## MATTITUCK

Miss Lois Fischer spent the week-end visiting in Philadelphia.

Lee Elliott of Decatur, Ill., spent a few days this week at Dr. Morton's.

Warren Aird of Newburgh, N. Y., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve.

The services next Sunday at the Church of the Redeemer will be held at 8.30 A. M.

Miss Ruth Tuthill entertained about twenty-five lady friends at a picnic at the Sound last Thursday night.

Mrs. Adrian Williamson and Mrs. Harry Grambo of Brooklyn, are guests of Mrs. Nettie Reitz.

Mrs. D. Stanley Raynor of Rockville Center is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Penny.

Nelson Harding, the well known cartoonist, was a recent guest of Dr. Nichol's at his bungalow on Peconic Bay.

Miss Ruth Gildersleeve entertained several young friends at her home Tuesday afternoon in honor of her thirteenth birthday.

Don't forget the mock trial, Peck vs. Peck, in Library Hall Friday night. Come and enjoy yourself and help the hall at the same time.

A well attended euchre and dance was held in Library Hall Saturday night under the auspices of the Catholic Church of Cutchogue.

Among Mattituck boys who have positions in the city, we noted Earl Fischer, Jay Tuthill, Raynor Howl, Gerard Terry and Herbert Young home over Labor Day.

A big clam bake given by the members of the Mattituck Grange will be enjoyed by Grange members and invited friends at Downs' Point Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 9.

The branch of the Jr. O. U. A. M. to which Mattituck Council belongs held its State convention in Kingston this week, and Terry W. Tuthill of this village was elected State Chaplain.

The Misses Anna, Grace, Mabel and Martha Husing of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Husing, this week. Mrs. Husing gave a party to a number of Mattituck friends Tuesday afternoon.

After an illness of only a few hours, due to pulmonary embolism, Miss Florence Tuthill died Monday morning at Tuthilltown, where she was spending the summer. She was 31 years, six months of age. Miss Tuthill was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Tuthill of Brooklyn, formerly of Mattituck, and had hosts of friends and relatives here. The body was taken to Brooklyn Tuesday, where the funeral services were conducted, with burial at Evergreen Cemetery.

Tuesday witnessed one of the warmest political campaigns ever held in Mattituck. In the thirteenth district Preston Ruland, who opposed Assemblyman John Downs for County Committeeman, won by three votes. County Treasurer Henry Tuthill was re-elected to the committee, polling 75 votes to George L. Penny's 60. Pike street, on which both polling places are located, fairly blistered with automobiles all day long, each side scouring the districts for votes, nearly every enrolled Republican, male and female, appearing at the polls. During the last few days of the battle the contestants each mailed a number of circular letters to the voters and we believe that the few who didn't vote must have been out of town, or else hadn't caught up on their reading.

Mattituck Creek was the scene of a much enjoyed regatta last Thursday afternoon, when the Yacht Club held its annual water sports. The tub race, which was the first event, was won by Miss Davis. Miss Dorothy Cooper won the ladies' diving contest and was also first in the swimming race, with Alice Fischer a close second. Mr. Cramp of the Wm. Carey Camp was first in the men's swimming race, and Mr. Kirally and Mr. Hunt of the camp were first and second in the men's diving contest. John Theobald won the rowboat race, with Dave Tobey second. The motor boat handicap was, as usual, the big event in point of interest, the course this year being twice around the creek, instead of to the Sound and back, thus keeping the boats in view of the spectators all the time. Mr. Siebold, in the Louise, won the first prize and Peter Wyckoff, in the Burnell, second; Fred Olmstead, in the Nomad, third; Mr. Martin in the Elk, fourth; Clifford Penny in the Clifton, fifth. Another interesting feature of the day was the tilting contest in which Raymond Sanford defeated all comers. In the evening the Yacht Club ball drew a big crowd to Library Hall, where they danced to Mr. King's music till 1 A. M.

The Mattituck baseball nine journeyed to Greenport Labor Day, won a ball game, 6 to 5, split 50-50 on a free-for-all riot and came home supremely satisfied with the day's work, which results in Mattituck sharing first place in the league with Greenport. As Southold won from Riverhead the former team is only one game behind the leaders, and a triple tie is possible after Saturday's games. This will happen if Southold beats Greenport and Mattituck loses to Riverhead. Monday's game was said to be the scrappiest affair that ever happened in the league. Players and fans both took part in the melee, and Empire Terry listened to some of the most eloquent bursts of oratory that ever were uttered. We did not hear much about the game itself, except that it was close throughout, but all agreed that the side shows were great. Riverhead plays at Mattituck Saturday. Score:

### MATTITUCK

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
O'Rourke, If	5	0	2	1	0	0
Barker, ss	5	1	2	4	3	0
L. Reeve, 1b	4	1	1	14	0	0
Woods, c	4	0	7	1	1	0
E. Reeve, 2b	4	1	0	1	3	2
Goldsmith, p	3	0	2	0	2	0
Aldrich, cf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Downs, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Ruland, 3b	4	1	0	0	3	0
	36	6	8	27	12	6

### GREENPORT

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Miller, If	3	0	0	2	0	0
Boat, cf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Matt, 2b	5	0	0	3	1	0
Benjamin, 2b	5	0	0	0	2	0
Henney, ss	5	0	1	2	1	2
Henckle, 1b	4	0	1	8	1	1
Colon, p	4	1	0	3	0	0
Scates, rf	4	1	0	2	0	1
Wags, cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cassidy, c	4	2	2	6	0	0
	40	5	6	24	9	4

Two-base hits: O'Rourke, Cassidy, Henckle. Sacrifice hit: Goldsmith. Stolen bases—Barker, Ruland, Aldrich. Double play—Barker to E. Reeve to L. Reeve. Struck out—Goldsmith, 7; by C. Colon, 4. Bases on balls—off Goldsmith, 2; off Colon, 1. Umpire—H. Terry.

Capt. Joel C. Howell, one of Mattituck's oldest residents, died at his home on the Main road, Sunday morning, Sept. 21, at the age of 87 years, 2 months and 9 days. Mr. Howell at one time was a school teacher and also spent a good part of his life on the water, having made many long trips on the old sailing vessels. He is survived by his widow, who is known to many as "Aunt Phebe," one brother, Alfred Howell, of Islip; three daughters, Mrs. Nellie Arnold, of California, Mrs. Carrie Tuthill of Ohio and Mrs. Porter Howell of Riverhead; and three sons, Capt. T. Henry Howell of New London, Conn.; J. Ernest Howell of Southold and Silas H. Howell of Mattituck. There are also nineteen grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. The funeral services were conducted at his late home by Dr. Charles E. Craven, with burial in the Bethany Cemetery. Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Howell had been married sixty-five years last week Wednesday, but no celebration was held owing to his illness. He had enjoyed fairly good health up to a few days before his death.

MATTITUCK

George Tyler, Jr., sustained a fracture of the wrist Monday afternoon while starting a motor boat on Mattituck Creek.

Mrs. Redfield K. Wright of Brooklyn and Miss Portia Bergen of Red Bank, N. J., are visiting Mrs. E. K. Morton.

Mrs. Herbert Conkling was quite badly hurt Tuesday morning when she was run into by Raynor Wickham's car, near her home on the South road.

Halsey Reeve & Sons have their big hothouses filled with cucumbers this season, and are making large shipments daily, bringing big prices in the city markets.

Four U. S. submarines made their appearance at the breakwater at the Sound Tuesday afternoon, and as usual, were objects of much interest during their stay here.

Services at the Church of the Redeemer Sunday at 3 P. M. The subject of the sermon by Dr. Ryerson will be, "The Vision of Daniel." The choir of Grace Church will assist.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hudson left Tuesday morning for Holley, N. Y., where they will spend the summer and fall. Their sons, George, Raymond and Harold, made the trip by automobile later in the week.

Rentals announced by the Silkworth agency this week include the Seymour Corwin cottage at South Jamesport to Miss C. E. VanIngen of Brooklyn; the Edwin H. Swezey cottage on Peconic Bay, at Mattituck, to Dr. Griswold of Riverside Drive, New York; the Mrs. H. Biennauer cottage at Young's Point Colony, Mattituck Inlet, to Geo. A. Heur of New York.

Mattituck people were pleased to hear of the wedding of Miss Nellie Eugenia Lorigan to Anthony Charles Reiff in Brooklyn on Saturday, July 5. Both the bride and groom are deaf mutes, who have spent many summers at Mattituck, where they have made hosts of friends.

Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Dolan and children, Paul and Georgia, former residents of Mattituck, with two wounded soldier friends, are spending their vacation at Fischer's bungalow at Peconic. Mrs. Dolan is a captain in the Red Cross Ambulance Corps of Brooklyn, where she has been prominent in Red Cross work during the war.

A fair sized crowd attended the Literary Tuesday night and enjoyed a piano solo by Miss Hannah Hallock, recitations by Misses Esther Gildersleeve and Lida Rafford and solos by Misses Caroline Howell and Clara Bond. Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve was the accompanist. The next program will be given by members of the William Carey Camp, and it promises to be a good one.

DeRue Bros.' minstrels played to a full house in Library Hall Wednesday night. In the afternoon, while swimming in the creek at the foot of Love Lane, one member, who could not swim, got out beyond his depth, and went under twice before his companions could reach him. He was none the worse for his experience, however, and took part in the performance as usual.

Mattituck shut out Riverhead at the Fair Grounds on the Fourth by the same score with which they accomplished the trick the Saturday before, 1 to 0, it being the fifth successive game in which they scored four runs. Downs' pitching, and the work of Hudson brothers were the big factors in the victory. Ray Hudson was king pin with the stick, slamming out two singles and a three-bagger, while "Bummy" Hudson distinguished himself with a great one-hand catch in right field, cutting off a possible three-bagger. Hudson's triple came in the first inning after Barker had walked. Hudson tallied on an error. Hits by Aldrich and Downs and a sacrifice by Slat's Reeve, brought in another run in the third, and the final run came in the seventh, when Wolgo walked, stole second and scored on Aldrich's second hit. Riverhead did not get any hits until the eighth chapter, when they made two, and one more in the ninth. Two of these hits were made by pinch-hitters, Tom Parker and Mitchell, who had been sitting in the shade throughout the game and didn't mind the heat. There were three innings in which Riverhead had chances to score, but Downs put the steam on each time and didn't let anyone past third. A running catch by Downs, and a double play engineered by Wells, W. Stark and Carleton featured Riverhead's defense.

MATTITUCK

Table with 11 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows include Barker, Hudson, Wolgo, Aldrich, Reeve, Downs, Goldsmith, Ruland.

RIVERHEAD

Table with 11 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows include W. Stark, Warner, Stark, Kestrovick, Downs, Carleton, Hubbard, Wells, Donnelly, Barker, Prudent, Mitchell.

Batted for Warner in 9th inning.

Three-base hit—R. Hudson. Sacrifice hits—Barker, Reeve, 2. Stolen bases—Barker, R. Hudson, 3. Double play—Wells, W. Stark and Carleton. Struck out—by Downs, 5; by Prudent, 4. Hit by pitcher—by Prudent, Downs. Left on bases—Riverhead, 4; Mattituck, 11. Earned runs—Mattituck, 3. Umpire—H. Terry.

Mattituck trimmed Greenport Saturday in a game nearly as one-sided as the Willard-Dempsey fight. Bummy Hudson's sensational steal home in the fourth inning was the knockout blow, after which Greenport went all to pieces. Greenport introduced a new pitcher, Meany. He fanned ten men, but nine hits and seven errors made scoring easy for Mattituck. Goldsmith held the visitors to three scattered hits.

MATTITUCK

Table with 11 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows include Barker, Hudson, Wolgo, Aldrich, Reeve, Downs, Goldsmith, Ruland.

GREENPORT

Table with 11 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows include Henckle, Hart, Mott, Meany, Heaney, Colon, Howland, Cassidy, Squires.

Two-base hits—R. Hudson, Barker. Sacrifice hit—Henckle. Stolen bases—Cassidy, 3; Mott, H. Hudson, 2; R. Hudson. Double play—Reeve to Goldsmith. Earned runs—Mattituck, 4; Greenport, 1. Left on bases—Greenport, 4; Mattituck, 5. Struck out—by Meany, 10; by Goldsmith, 7. Bases on balls—off Meany, 2; off Goldsmith, 6. Wild pitches—Meany, Goldsmith. Passed balls—Cassidy, 2; Wolgo. Umpire—W. Terry.

ONLY ONE IS HURT IN FREIGHT WRECK HERE

Baggage Train Rams Rear End of Freight Near East Main Street Crossing

The caboose on the rear of a west-bound freight train was smashed to kindling wood shortly west of the East Main street crossing here Monday afternoon, but again good fortune smiled on the railroad company, for in spite of the severity of the blow only one man was injured, and his wounds were not bad enough to need the services of a physician.

The injured man was Jack Peckham, a brakeman on the baggage train that rammed the caboose. He was fired up against the side of his car with such force that he was momentarily stunned. He quickly regained consciousness, however. It is said that the freight called in its rear flagman too soon. At any rate Sandy Jackson, at the throttle of the baggage train saw no flagman anywhere in sight when he swept around the curve just east of Main street. But he did suddenly see the freight crawling along ahead. Then he applied the brakes, but it was too late to prevent a crash—his big engine slipped along the rails as if they had been greased.

The baggage train engine plowed into the caboose with such force that three sides of the caboose were bursted completely off and the remains of the car were tossed over the fence into the orchard at Eastlawn, the home of the Misses Cora and Frances H. Corwin. A heavy steel coal car, empty, next ahead of the caboose, was likewise partially tossed over the fence, and leaned over on its side, with the trucks knocked from under it.

The cowcatcher on Sandy's locomotive was ripped off, and the entire front of that engine badly smashed up, but it stayed on the rails and the track itself was nowhere seriously damaged.

Traffic Blocked Till Wrecker Arrived

Both east and west-bound traffic was blocked until the wrecker arrived several hours later. Passengers going east and west had to walk around the wreck and take a train on either side for their destination. A train was made up at Camp Upton and sent here to take passengers and mail going west on the afternoon train, but after the passengers were loaded up the train crew refused to take the mail and it was left in a big heap near the wreck until about 10 P. M., when the afternoon mail was able to get past the wreckage. A mail clerk had to sit all of that time on his heap of bags.

Under the direction of Wreck Master Carleton the wrecker made short work of clearing the track, a proceeding that attracted an immense crowd of people, who seemed to think nothing of trampling down Harry J. Newton's fine field of corn or picking off the valuable ears and throwing them at each other.

The big hooks on the wrecker's derrick lifted the heavy steel coal car bodily, laid it on its side clear of the track, props were put under it, and thus was that disposed of. Then the same hooks picked up the remnants of the caboose and dropped them over the fence in such small bits that some of the neighbors, to whom they were given, won't have much trouble in preparing them for the stove.

After the trains had passed the wrecker picked up the coal car and put it on its trucks, somewhat badly bent but still in the running.

While one train crew says that the trouble was due to the absence of a rear flagman on the freight another says that Sandy Jackson's train was allowed in the same block through what is known as a "close up order," which means that he was to run so slowly that he could stop the moment he saw the freight, and that apparently this order was overlooked.

MATTITUCK

Mrs. Leslie Davis and children of Bay Shore are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Brown, this week.

Chief Radio Operator Falcon Bond, U. S. N., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Albin, this week.

A funny one-act farce and a charade are announced as part of the Literary program for Tuesday night.

The B. G.'s enjoyed an auto trip and picnic at West Hampton Beach Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert H. Lahy, Jr., of Patchogue, is visiting relatives in Mattituck.

Vote for George L. Penny for County Committeeman in the 14th district. Keep politics out of the schools.—Adv.

Next Sunday the services at the Church of the Redeemer will be at 8:30 A. M. instead of 3 P. M. Holy communion and sermon. Dr. Ryerson's sermon will be on "A Great Man Who Went to Church Early in the Morning."

The ashes of Broer Carlsted and Melline Carlsted, who died in Chicago about ten years ago, were buried in the family plot of their sister, Mrs. Allan Forman, of this place, last Saturday afternoon, with appropriate services.

Rev. A. E. Foote of Altamont, N.Y., who preached here several times last spring, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit on Aug. 3 and 10. It is expected that Sec. Lewis of the William Carey Camp will give an address Sunday night, Aug. 17.

Herbert Youmes has lately secured his discharge from the Navy and is back home again. We believe that all the Mattituck boys who served in the Army and Navy during the war are now out of service, with the exception of Elwood Reeve, who is still in France.

Last Sunday afternoon, upon invitation of Keeper A. W. Young, Rev. Dr. C. E. Craven preached to the inmates of the Suffolk County Almshouse, and a number of the Presbyterian choir of this place accompanied him. They sang several selections, and Mr. Young wishes us to say that the inmates were greatly pleased with the kindness of the choir for coming to them with such excellent music.

Vote for Preston B. Ruland for County Committeeman in the 13th district. Keep politics out of the schools.—Adv.

On Friday morning, Aug. 8, at Grange Hall, one of Mattituck's famous cooks will give a demonstration in the art of angel cake making. Miss Brandt, manager of the Suffolk County Home Bureau, is to be in attendance and demonstrate ice cream making. In the afternoon instruction will be given in home nursing. A general invitation is extended to all who may be interested. Bring your lunc and stay all day.

Don't forget the date for the Presbyterian Church lawn party and entertainment Thursday afternoon an evening, Aug. 7. The sale of fancywork, etc., promises to be the biggest ever, and Miss Clara Howland has secured a fine array of talent for the concert, including Miss Carolin Howell, Mrs. Walter Grabie and Mrs. Moore, soloists; Mr. and Mrs. Terry Tuthill, duet; J. M. Craven, pianist; and Corey Mills of Brooklyn and Mrs. Fred T. Jennings of South old, readers. The admission is or 25 cents.

Saturday evening during the severe electrical storm the brick hotel building of Joe Mazewski in the west part of the village was struck by lightning, the bolt entering the chimney, and playing general havoc over the second floor, passing through a south window, completely demolishing the sash, then down piazza columns, splitting two of them also knocking off some shingles front, and passing out a window the east side. As Joe had not



Remarkable Pitchers' Duel

However, it was a Big League game in every sense—a real pitchers' duel between Goldsmith of Cutchogue and Bradley of the Rochester team—and at the end of the thirteenth both were still going strong. To some it looked as if Goldsmith was the stronger during the game closed; others point to the fact that Mattituck was hitting harder than Riverhead, which would tend to make the strength of the two pitchers look different. Bradley struck out every man on the Mattituck team excepting L. Reeve; Goldsmith struck out every man on the Riverhead team except Carleton, and both struck out some of them twice over.

Only once did either team get a man to third. Not many men went to first and still fewer to second, which indicates what a tight game it was throughout. Goldsmith struck out 16 men, and Bradley 15.

Bradley's Good Head Work

In the ninth inning it looked as if Mattituck was likely to score, but at that point Bradley played a heady game. After O'Rourke got on through an error at third L. Reeve hit to Bradley, who tossed out O'Rourke at second, leaving Reeve on first. Salmon fled out to first, Reeve taking second. Then Bradley purposely walked Woods, a heavy hitter, to bring up E. Reeve for a strike-out, but instead of striking out Reeve fled out to Burns, making the third out.

Again in the eleventh Mattituck became dangerous, but the side was retired on a fast double. L. Reeve was purposely walked. Salmon struck out. Woods was purposely walked. Then Bradley got himself in a little hole by hitting E. Reeve instead of striking him out. That flitted the bases. Any sort of a hit meant a run, but Goldsmith tapped the ball to Bradley, who tossed out Reeve at the plate and

In addition to the pitchers' duel were other sensational features in the game. "Slats" Reeve played a won-



Not Much Got by "Slats" at Short

derful game at short; Brady's stops and particularly his throwing from short to first were features that drew applause; and out in the pasture Burns' catch after a long hard run of Salmon's stout blow in the sixth and the wonderful one-hand catch by Stark of Woods' hot drive in the seventh—a drive that was labelled home run—brought a tremendous cheer from every fan on the grounds.

The score:

RIVERHEAD	
	ab r h po a e
Brady, ss	5 0 0 4 5 0
Bradley, p	5 0 0 0 3 0
Stark, rf	5 0 0 1 0 0
Carleton, lb	4 0 1 10 0 0
Carroll, c	5 0 1 16 2 0
Berdan, 3b	5 0 0 0 1 1
Downs, cf	3 0 0 0 0 0
Mitchell, cf	1 0 0 0 0 0
Young, 2b	4 0 0 3 3 2
Richard, 2b	0 0 0 1 0 0
Burns, lf	4 0 0 3 0 0
Heaney**	4 0 0 3 0 0
35 4 10 27 19 3	

\*Rained out when hit by his own batted ball.  
\*\*Heaney ran for Carleton, 13th inning.

MATTITUCK	
	ab r h po a e
O'Rourke, lf	4 0 2 1 0 0
Barker, ss	3 1 2 1 5 0
L. Reeve, lb	4 1 3 19 0 1
Woods, c	4 1 1 4 1 0
E. Reeve, 2b	4 1 2 3 1 1
Goldsmith, p	4 0 0 0 8 1
Aldrich, cf	4 0 1 0 0 0
W. Downs, rf	4 0 0 0 0 0
Ruland, 3b	4 0 0 2 2 1
35 4 10 27 19 3	

Stolen bases—Heaney, 1. Left on bases—Mattituck, 9. Riverhead, 3. Double plays—L. Reeve, E. Reeve, Salmon, 2. Bases on balls—Carroll and Carleton. Struck out by Bradley, 15; by Goldsmith, 16. Bases on balls—off Bradley, 3; off Goldsmith, 1. Hit by pitcher—E. Reeve.

We'll say it was some game, and Mattituck fans are naturally elated over the team's showing last Saturday against the combined efforts of Riverhead, Rochester and Boston, and, oh, yes, Greenport. Our hearts pounded so hard during the thrilling game that it nearly wore a hole through our side, and even now, days after, we give a sudden gasp when we think of some of the plays, that one-handed stab of Slats Reeve and that game-saving pick-up of good old Al Salmon's, and the pitching of Goldie, who turned 'em back without a hit until the thirteenth inning. Maybe Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb could have hit safely, but we and Johnnie Brady have our doubts. Really, "Ebbie," it looks as if you'd have to get something better than Boston and Rochester to beat Mattituck.

Empey's Team Coming

As an extraordinary baseball attraction it is announced by Manager Weir that he is now dickering with Guy Empey's "Treat 'Em Rough" team to appear in Riverhead about Oct. 11, playing the Riverhead team. Empey has assembled a team of Big League fellows, like Pitcher Jeff Tesreau, and is barn-storming with them. It is a big attraction, like the famous game here with the Giants two or three years ago, and the fans hope Mr. Weir will be successful in booking them. For that occasion Riverhead will be represented by substantially the same team as played last Saturday, and the game will be good enough to attract an immense

13 INNINGS, NO SCORE, THRILLS CROWD HERE

Wonderful Mattituck-Riverhead Game Furnished Real Talk for the Stove League Next Winter

The great 13-inning baseball game in Riverhead last Saturday, with no score on either side, was, to use a trite expression, "something that you read about, but very seldom see." As a matter of fact, however, such a game as was played here between Riverhead and Mattituck, is seldom read about, for practically all games that are tied after extra innings are played have some sort of scoring.

It is safe to say that no better baseball game was ever played anywhere, for this one, looked at from a technical and scientific standpoint, was as near perfect as it is possible to get two human machines at the same time to produce. Likewise was the game thrilling in the extreme, for it was realized by baseball sharps that the slightest break in either human machine meant a victory for the opponent. Thus the crowd—and a very large crowd, at that—was kept keen with excitement every minute.

To many in the crowd it looked as if the players were likely to be deadlocked for a long time to come when Umpire Olson called the game after 6 o'clock because of darkness.

Hits Scarce and Errors Few

During the entire thirteen innings Mattituck made five hits, according to the News scorer, and Riverhead made but two. Of the hits two of Mattituck's were called scratch hits and of Riverhead's two one of them was called a scratch hit.

Right here it should be said that all score-keepers differ in marking hits and errors; even the Big League scorers differ and the writers of baseball on the metropolitan press likewise differ with each other and with the official scorers. Some men score an error if a player even touches a ball, whether it is "too hot to handle," whether he is off his balance or for any other reason for not getting the player out. Other scorers give a man a hit when the ball is "too hot to handle," instead of marking an error against the fielder. Thus in this score the News gives Carroll a scratch hit in the eighth inning, although it is said that some score-keepers gave "Slats" Reeve an error and no hit for Carroll. The News score-keeper goes on the theory that the ball was too hot to handle and that Reeve did mighty well in killing it, keeping Carroll from taking two bases on it.

If that blow was an error instead of a hit Goldsmith pitched nine hitless innings, according to the News scorer, but it has also been said that some score-keepers gave Carleton a hit on his blow down the third base line in the fifth inning. The News scorer marked that an error on the third baseman. And so it goes as to keeping score.

And speaking again of hits it is interesting to note that Mattituck's two cleanest hits were made in the tenth inning by the tail-enders in the lineup—Downs and Ruland—after both had previously struck out twice. Both hits came after two were down and the two hits in a row availed nothing.



"Slats" Was Nailed at the Plate in the Eleventh

Carroll tossed out Goldsmith at first, making a fast double and retiring the side.

In the thirteenth inning after two men were down, O'Rourke, having gotten on through a hit to left, Bradley did not walk Woods, but struck him out.

About the only chance that Riverhead had to score was in the tenth inning. Carleton was walked. In tempting to prevent a steal to cond Woods threw the ball too high; it went over L. Reeve's head second out into the field and Carleton kept going to third, Woods being

given an error for the high throw. Carroll was next up. A hit by him would have scored Carleton, but Carroll went out, L. Reeve to Salmon.

In the thirteenth Stark struck out. Carleton hit to right, but Carroll and Berdan struck out.

MATTITUCK

Mrs. William E. Hallock of Brooklyn is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Reeve this week.

Mrs. Samuel H. Brown of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. T. Durycie.

Mrs. Russell Lupton and Miss Isabelle Conklin gave a beach party at the breakwater to about twenty-five ladies Monday night.

Miss Bessie Wells, violinist of the famous Fadettes Orchestra and Mr. and Mrs. White of Boston are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Wells.

The Misses Avis, Ruth and Virginia Fischer entertained about twenty young friends at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Geo. H. Fischer, last Saturday afternoon.

The mock trial, "Peck vs. Peck," drew a full house Friday night, and there was standing room only when the curtain went up. The seat sale amounted to \$216, including the war tax, and the hall cleared \$172 after all expenses were paid.

Half of the farm of the late John E. Gildersleeve has been sold to Anton Cymbolski of Southold, and the other half leased to Edward Lipnicki, who has worked the farm for several years. Geo. H. Horton has sold his farm to Jos. Giles, excepting part of his property on Westphalia Road, and a piece of land on the North Road.

The Fire Company was called out at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, when a gasoline stove in the kitchen of Miss Eloise Robinson on Love Lane became out of order and the flames spread to other things in the room. Miss Robinson smothered the flames with carpet and clothing and the firemen were on the spot in a jiffy and prevented further damage, removing the stove and extinguishing the fire.

Mattituck kept pace with Greenport Saturday in the East End League, winning a good game from Riverhead, while Greenport was beating Southold, thus leaving the two teams still tied for first place. The score was 4 to 0, the winners making all their runs in the fourth inning by straightening out a few of Hencke's curves at opportune moments. O'Rourke led off with a single to left. Barker forced him and promptly stole second. Slats Reeve, Woods and E. Reeve each followed with hits, and Carleton chipped in an error, netting four runs. Mattituck hammered Hencke for ten hits, Slats Reeve leading the attack with three, while Goldsmith was a mystery to Riverhead batters.

MATTITUCK

	ab r h po a e
O'Rourke, lf	4 0 2 1 0 0
Barker, ss	3 1 2 1 5 0
L. Reeve, lb	4 1 3 19 0 1
Woods, c	4 1 1 4 1 0
E. Reeve, 2b	4 1 2 3 1 1
Goldsmith, p	4 0 0 0 8 1
Aldrich, cf	4 0 1 0 0 0
W. Downs, rf	4 0 0 0 0 0
Ruland, 3b	4 0 0 2 2 1
35 4 10 27 19 3	

RIVERHEAD

	ab r h po a e
Stark, rf	4 0 0 1 0 0
Carleton, 3b	3 0 0 2 1 1
Hencke, p	3 0 0 0 2 0
Carroll, cf	4 0 0 0 0 0
Lewis, c	4 0 0 10 3 0
Young, 2b	4 0 0 1 4 2
Burns, lf	3 0 1 1 0 0
Berdan, ss	4 0 2 1 5 0
Downs, lb	3 0 0 8 0 0
32 6 4 27 13 1	

Stolen bases—Barker, Woods, E. Reeve, Aldrich, Carleton. Sacrifice hits—Carleton, Burns. Earned runs—Mattituck, 3. Left on bases—Mattituck, 6; Riverhead, 5. Struck out—by Goldsmith, 4; by Hencke, 2. Bases on balls—off Goldsmith, 1; off Hencke, 2. Umpire—Mr. Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Kyon of alley Stream have invitations out for the wedding of their daughter, Marion, to Walter M. Silkworth of Jamaica, formerly of Mattituck. Miss Kyon was a popular school teacher a few years ago and Mr. Silkworth, who lived in Mattituck until he accepted a position in Jamaica three years ago, will always be considered one of Mattituck's own. The young couple have the congratulations and best wishes of their hosts and friends. The wedding will take



**Mattituck**

Henry P. Tutthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

With deep regret we learned of the death at his Southampton home this Sunday of George F. Wines, brother of James H. Wines of this village. In his early married life, with his lovely wife, they resided in this, his native village, until about twenty-five years ago. They then moved to Southampton, where he was a familiar and popular Village Policeman. His wife died about twelve years ago and his charming daughters kept the large family together most successfully. He was about 70 years old. His funeral services were held in the M. E. church at Southampton on Wednesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock.

Will V. Duryee sang in magnificent voice "Ride on, Ride on in Majesty," at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, and Alice Wickham Fischer sang "The Palms" in her rich contralto, with obligato chorus by a full choir. Next Sunday morning, in addition to other special Easter music, Carolyn Howell will sing the great aria from the Messiah, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth."

Miss Edna Ward of Newark, N. J., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Morrison G. Wines.

Our fine friend, "Joe" Hudson, with "Mrs. Joe" and daughter Elberta of Holley, N. Y., are all at "Will" Hudson's for a month's visit. For the first time in many a dreary month "Mollie" and "Will" have all their stalwart boys, George, Roy and Harold, home again, and you can bet it's a very happy home on Suffolk Avenue, free from war's alarms once more.

Again the Glenwood Hotel has changed hands. This time it has been sold to Louis Dohm, Jr., who will use its basement for a plumbing shop, the parlor for a display room and the rear rooms for household purposes. Reported sale price, \$3500. The ground alone is worth that, we think.

Doctor Craven and Elder George H. Howard are attending Presbytery at Port Jefferson this week.

At the Literary last week, Mrs. Bond and Miss Mapes presented a pretty little playlet, "Too Much Bobbie," with the following cast:

- Bertha Kent Edith Brown
- Rita, her niece Clara Bond
- Alice, " Dorothy Brown
- Mrs. Mary Griffin Madeline Hettiger
- Nancy Brower Una Boice
- Sophie Eva Young

Terry Tutthill, with Dollie Gildersleeve at the piano, also rendered two fine tenor solos, "Elysium," by Oley Speaks, and "Roses of Memory," by Bernard Hamblen. Ray Earle of Hempstead added greatly to King's Orchestra with his wonderful playing on the drums. The Misses Lois Fischer, Inez Robinson and Carolyn Howell are to prepare the next program.

The Rev. William A. Wasson, left an estate valued at \$14,000, all of which is bequeathed to Ellen Wasson, widow.

**Mattituck**

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Last Saturday's World had a column in it about a soldier losing his land by tax sale, and this seems to be particularly flagrant, for we know him well and know him to be the soul of honor and business probity. It is Francis C. Russell, son of our boyhood's best friend, Jennie Wells of the old Mattituck House, and her husband, Frank Russell, both dead many years ago. This piece of woodland Frank, Sr., bought purely from sentiment and left it to his son in his will. He is abundantly able to pay taxes and has always done so promptly, but one payment seems to have gone astray, and it's rather strange that he should have been assessed to pay taxes on it after it was sold without notification. As he is now in the U. S. A. at Camp Lee, Va., the suit cannot be tried till the end of the war. We see Timothy M. Griffing promises to defend it vigorously then, and we will warrant Frank, Jr., will put his own warm "pep" into it, too. Another Mattituck property owner, Antoinette Beinhauer, had a similar experience last year, and while of course many careless cases obtain, there does seem as if there was too much of the "grab" about it, and a little ventilation in the papers may work for betterment.

Mrs. Sarah Prescott of Montclair, N. J., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John W. Duryee.

The lights of Mrs. Fred Satterly's new electric light plant look brilliantly beautiful along her drives by the creek shore.

Mrs. Flora Appleby is visiting her sister at Stony Brook this week.

The many friends of Lawyer Frank C. Barker will be glad to hear that he is slowly but surely recovering from his severe attack of illness last Sunday, and we trust he will soon be out again.

Mrs. Mattie Phillips, that good Samaritan of Southold, is taking care of her niece, Mrs. James A. Gildersleeve, who with four little children were all in bed with grippe. You simply cannot "buy" any nurses in Mattituck just now. Love is the only thing after all in the world in times like these.

Harry DePetris received a telegram from Washington last week, saying his brother Antonio had been severely wounded in battle, but no definite particulars. Awfully sorry to hear it, for he is a fine chap.

Terry W. Tutthill, the popular assistant cashier of the Mattituck Bank, who has been ill at Altamont, N. Y., three weeks, was back at his post on Monday of this week.

With true old fashioned Mattituck neighborliness, its Grangers and Jr. O. U. A. M. Mechanics were to all meet at C. P. Howell's farm on Oct. 31st and husk the corn of the late Harry F. Jackson. Even the broommaker and the express driver were eager to help. The widow and the fatherless are never forgotten here, and that old Persian proverb still holds true, "It takes the night to show forth the stars."

SUMMUM BONUM

**Mattituck**

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The Misses Lizzie May and Elma R. Tutthill, Kathryn Cornell, Mildred Horton and Vivien Duryee, chaperoned by Mrs. George I. Tutthill, spent three jolly days in New York last week, attending theatre, etc.

Mrs. Mullendyke-Nep of New York is the guest of Downs Manor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodward and sons of Antwerp, Belgium, are guests at Nat. S. Tutthill's.

The young ladies of the Presbyterian church visited in a body with Miss Lillian Foote at the home of Mrs. Terry W. Tutthill Tuesday afternoon of this week.

The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society will hold a Valentine Social in the chapel Friday night, Feb. 14th, at 7.30. Admission free, including light refreshments. A free will offering will be made.

Thursday evening, Feb. 20th, "The Jordans" will give their joy program as the sixth number in our Lecture Course. By the way, it's the consensus of opinion that it's the best course we ever had.

At the Literary Tuesday evening of next week, Mrs. Grace Duryee will present a short play, with other fine attractions. As it's the annual meeting, come prepared to pay your dues.

We notice that the handsome, regal wife of our Assemblyman, Mrs. John G. Downs, accompanied her husband to Albany, Monday morning of this week, we presume with a view of looking over the Widow Sammis, who we are told has a very sweet smile as she sits besides her fern filled cuspidor. As our close friend John doesn't smoke or chew, we suggested that a "rubber" plant would look well in his cuspidor.

The elder Sam Weller's advice still holds good, and we are glad that Mrs. Downs has gone to look the situation over, for John is very presentable yet.

Glory be! We hear with much pleasure of the birth at the Southampton Hospital on Monday of this week of a fine son to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Donovan. As its happy father is one of your correspondent's contemporaries, here's proof that "It's never too late to mend." Mrs. Donovan has hosts of friends here, who will hear the good news with much pleasure.

Charles E. Benjamin has sold his cosy home on Bay Ave. to Henry J. Reeve, and we understand his sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry F. Jackson, with her family, will occupy it this April. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin expect to move to Brooklyn in March, to be near Mrs. Benjamin's family.

Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., has taken title to the Methodist church property here and will fit it up as a first-class lodge room and banquet hall. Mighty sorry to see this pretty little church closed as a place of worship, but conditions did not seem favorable, and its solution of its disposal seems to meet with almost unanimous approval here.

The question is often asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" Rev. A. E. Foote is going to answer that question next Sunday morning, and it will be a joy to all that attend.

**MATTITUCK**

Miss Kathryn Cornell of Newburgh, N. Y., is a guest of Mrs. Geo. I. Tutthill this week.

Miss Jean Todd of Boston, Mass., is visiting her niece, Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve.

The Theodore Wood farm of 20 acres at Southold has been sold through the Silkworth agency to Adam Sierach.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Sept. 3. Hours 9 to 2.

The Misses Doris Reeve and Ella Jones are visiting Mrs. Carleton Wickham at Montclair, N. J., and Mrs. William Schmickelk at Walden, N. Y.

Two auto accidents occurred last week and spoiled the appearance of a few autos, but fortunately no one was badly hurt. Dr. Klein's car struck a sandy spot on Westphalia Road and looped the loop with its four passengers. A few days later three machines collided near Laurel, resulting in considerable damage to the cars, but all the occupants escaped unhurt.

Mattituck people were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. William H. Pike, Sr., at her home on the main road, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 23, at the age of 80 years, 1 month and 2 days. Mrs. Pike was born at Shelter Island, the daughter of William and Nancy Hallock. She is survived by five sons, William H., of Durbanville, England; Otis G. of Riverhead, Fred H., Louis O. and Irving Dudley of Mattituck. Her husband died about four years ago, six years after having celebrated their golden wedding. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. C. E. Craven Tuesday at her late home, with burial in Bethany Cemetery.

Tickets are now on sale at 35 and 50 cents for the mock trial, Peck vs. Peck, to be given at Library Hall next Friday evening, Sept. 5, and a big crowd is expected to hear this great "divorce case." The cast of characters is as follows: Hon. Josephine Sifter, Judge; Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve; Miss Fannie Notes, Clerk; Miss Lida Rafford; Mrs. Jane Highbrow, Counsel; Miss Elma Rae Tutthill; Miss Ina Stinger, Counsel; Mrs. Russell Lupton; Mrs. Henry Peck, Plaintiff; Geo. G. Tutthill; Henry Peck, Defendant; Donald Gildersleeve; Paul Fry, witness; Andrew Kirkup; Mrs. Paul Fry, witness; Dorothy Brown; Miss Howe Lovely, witness; Annie Gildersleeve; Jacob Gobsky, witness; Frank McMillen. The Jury: Mrs. Shuffie, Alice Silkworth; Mrs. Diamond, Betty Baylis; Miss Olgerson, Hazel G. Tutthill; Mrs. Stumps, Inez Robinson; Miss Gummer, Evelyn Kirkup; Miss Parcels, Madelyn Hettiger; Miss Kalsomine, Mrs. Frank Fleet; Miss Reeder, Anna Gamm; Mrs. Freelingheiser, Gertrude Reeve; Miss Sour, Clara Bond; Mrs. Delancy, Clara Duryee; Mrs. O'Bean, Lois Fischer. The proceeds of the entertainment are for the coal fund for Library Hall. Dancing follows with music by King's Orchestra.

All boys in Laurel, Cutchogue and New Suffolk, between the ages of 16 and 19 respectively are under the Military Training Law and must come to drill every Saturday afternoon, at 1.30, at the Mattituck High School. Come under all weather conditions. There will be someone to instruct you, either indoors or outdoors.

EDWARD SCHAFFER,  
Military Instructor.

## MATTITUCK

Stuart Haggerty, who saw considerable overseas service, is now at the cottage of his mother on the bay.

Mrs. Lillian Hallock and daughter of Brooklyn were recent guests of Miss Lida M. Hallock.

The Children's Day exercises at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday were, as usual, very interesting. Several children were baptized.

Benedict Lindsay, who is in the Naval service as a gunner on the cruiser Denver, was home for a furlough a few days ago.

Addison K. Howard recently represented the local temperance societies at the convention of the Anti-Saloon League at Washington, D. C.

Charles Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Brown, and Russell Greaves, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Greaves, are at their homes here for the summer vacation.

Mechanics are very busy here this season, especially the carpenters. Even that old veteran, Boss Floyd S. Ruland, has filed his saw, picked up his hammer and gone to it again.

Halsey Reeve & Son have received several carloads of compressed coal for use in their greenhouses. This is made from coal screenings, pressed into small round balls, and treated with some chemical matter.

The local Grange recently conducted a white elephant exchange, to which the members brought many articles. The exchanges made were amusing in some instances, but profitable to those interested, on the whole.

The Suffolk Co-operative Association has closed its plant for the season as far as preparing seed corn for market is concerned. Considerable quantities of corn, however, are still being put out by the association.

Sunday afternoon Dr. Ryerson will hold service in the Church of the Redeemer. The subject of his sermon will be, "The Work of this Generation to Bring About the Reunion of Christianity."

Announcement is made of the advantages offered by the Craven school in the way of summer tutoring. People interested are asked to note the advertisement of the school inserted in another part of this issue of the News.

Impressive ceremonies marked the funeral of Albert Bennett, a veteran of the Civil War, the Rev. Dr. C. E. Craven being the officiating clergyman. An escort of soldiers and sailors of the World War attended the funeral and marched beside the casket to the cemetery. A delegation of a Grand Army Post concluded the services at the grave.

Gerard Terry, a student at the Syracuse University, who has just completed his junior year with credit, is spending a short vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Terry. The young man expects to be employed during the summer by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, engineering department, in Buffalo or New York City.

"True friendship, like the ivy, clings To olden Times and olden Things." and a feeling of poignant sorrow came to the writer when he heard of the passing of his old schoolmate, Julia Frances Reeve, the amiable and highly esteemed wife of A. C. Penny, Tuesday afternoon, at 5.30 o'clock. She had been an invalid for some years, and her death from heart failure was really not unexpected. Many a day we have passed with her in school, and never knew her to be anything but the kindest and sunniest of schoolmates; the same traits have held true in later years, as well. In her home circle she shone brightest and will be sadly missed by her husband and daughter, Mrs. Carleton R. Wickham of Montclair, N. J., together with her three sons, Clifford, Alexis and Harold. She is also survived by Mrs. George H. Howard

## TO FORM D. OF L. CHAPTER

Attention is called again to a meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. William Hudson in Mattituck on Tuesday, June 17 (Bunker Hill Day), at 3 P. M., for the purpose of considering the formation of a North Fork of Long Island Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. This meeting is to be addressed by Mrs. Eugene J. Grant of the Long Island Society, Daughters of the Revolution, and by Mrs. Raynor and Mrs. Hamilton Ormsbee, all of Brooklyn. A local committee of arrangements headed by Mrs. Mary H. Stackpole of Riverhead is doing everything possible to stimulate interest in the project in advance of the meeting date. The members of this committee for Mattituck and Cutchogue are Mrs. Geo. B. Reeve and Mrs. William Hudson. All who hope they are eligible for membership in the contemplated North Fork Chapter by reason of direct descent from one who fought in the War of the Revolution, or who in some other way aided the cause of the struggling Colonists, are cordially invited to attend the organization session and have a part in its deliberations.

Seeing the mention made in last week's Advance of the pay-roll of the County Clerk's office calls up some interesting facts connected with this office. Seventy years ago Benjamin T. Hutchinson, resident of this place, was County Clerk. He, with his sister-in-law, Miss Phoebe A. Overton, as copyst, constituted the office force and conducted its business. Miss Overton's handwriting, round, open, clear, readable, is a pleasant feature of the records of that period, about 1851-52. And she, as the Widow Promiterson, is still living at Port Jefferson, well up in the nineties. The increase of the business and the office force has been great since that period; but sublimely greater, we venture to say, has been the increase in the pay-roll.

## The Quilting-Party

In the sky the bright stars glittered,  
On the grass the moonlight fell.  
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle,  
Closed the pink-eye plumpye-moll.  
As down the moss-grown wood-path,  
Where the cattle loved to roam,  
From Aunt Dinah's quilting-party  
I was seeing Nelly home.

### Chorus

When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
How I bless the August evening  
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered  
O'er a brow as white as snow,  
And her cheek, the crimson sunset  
Scarcely had a warmer glow.  
\*Mid her parted lips vermilion  
White teeth flashed like ocean foam:  
All I marked with pulses throbbing  
As I saw sweet Nelly home.

### Chorus

When the autumn-fringed the greenwood,  
Turning all the leaves to gold,  
In the lawns by altars shaded,  
I my love to Nelly told.  
As we stood together, gazing  
On the star-bespangled dome,  
How I bless the August evening  
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

### Chorus

White hairs mingle with thy tresses  
Furrows steal upon my brow,  
But a love smile cheers and blesses  
Life's declining moments now,  
Matron in a snowy kerchief,  
Closer to my bosom come:  
Tell me, dost thou still remember  
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

### Chorus

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Among the holiday guests at Mrs. Helen Foster-Barnett's beautiful bay residence, we noted Col. E. E. Persons of the Medical Corps, U. S. A., U. S. Ambulance Corps, just returned from Italy, where on April 1st he received the Italian war cross. He is a gallant soldier, and though a strict disciplinarian, is highly beloved by his officers and men. His fine organization work at Allentown was a great feature of the late war.

Nellie Eugenia Lorrigan, the deaf poetess and writer for many deaf and dumb magazines, who has spent nearly all her summers in Mattituck, was married on July 5th to Mr. Anthony Charles Reiff of New York, a talented deaf mute. They will make their home at 211 St. John's Place, Brooklyn. Our best wishes follow this happy couple.

At least 500 city people spent the late holiday in Mattituck. The Harbor Inn alone took care of 110 guests, and many boarding houses and bungalows were filled to their utmost capacity. Sixteen big power boats laid up at the Old Mill and kept mine host "Tylic" busy, too.

Mass is to be said every Sunday morning in Fischer's Hall this summer at 9 o'clock, the priest being furnished by the Church of the Sacred Heart of Cutchogue.

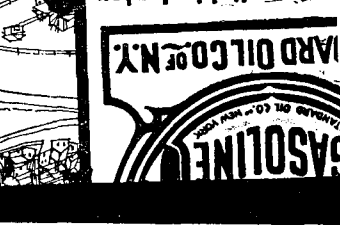
Dr. Craven supplied the Presbyterian church at Port Jefferson last Sunday. Rev. A. E. Foote, so wonderfully admired here, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit the first two Sundays in August.

The Hudson family, with the faithful "Katie," left us for Holley, N. Y., Tuesday of this week for a three months' stay. They will be sadly missed in our village life.

At the Literary this week Miss Hannie Hallock was heard in two fine piano solos; Miss Lida Rafford gave two of her enjoyable readings; Miss Clara Bond sang two pleasing solos; Esther Gildersleeve recited a cute poem, and Miss Carolyn Howell, accompanied by Miss Dollie Gildersleeve, gave two splendid songs. The William Carey Camp of Boys at Sound Avenue have kindly consented to furnish a big minstrel show for the meeting of July 22d. They have some great talent to exhibit, so a red letter night is expected for that night.

Four big submarines of our U. S. N. have been lying off Mattituck Breakwater all this week and ten men from each crew are allowed shore leave at night to visit the village.

Tuesday morning as Mrs. Herbert R. Conkling was crossing the road opposite the Presbyterian church, she was struck by Raynor Wickham's big Hup car, and only saved from sudden death by almost a miracle.



## Mattituck

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Something new in the way of burials for old Mattituck occurred here last Saturday afternoon, when the ashes of Broer T. Carlsted and Melline Carlsted, brother and sister of Mrs. Allen Forman, were buried in her family plot here with appropriate services. They died in Chicago over ten years ago and their ashes have been kept in coffers till now.

The old schoolmates of Hattie Silone were mighty glad to see this fine colored woman again, after an absence of over forty years. She was the oldest granddaughter of famous old Elymas Reeve, and with her sister Josephine were bright and shining examples of what colored people could make of themselves. Hattie has been for many years a very stylish modiste at Newport, R. I. Josephine became a noted college professor in the South, lecturing, teaching, etc. She married Prof. Yates of New Orleans, and died two years ago. Good old "Lymas!" His prayers and example have followed to the third generation.

Rev. A. E. Foote, beloved by all Mattituck, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit for the next two Sundays, and Secretary Lewis of the Boys' Club at Sound Avenue, it is hoped will speak Sunday night, August 17th.

The terrible storm of Saturday night struck Joseph Mizenski's house, "the Polish Saloon," with full force, the lightning ripping up one chimney, smashing window sash and piazza posts into splinters.

Our good Doctor Craven took three auto loads of our choir singers to Yaphank last Sunday afternoon and gave the County House inmates a delightful praise service. Henry J. Reeve, Elmer D. Ruland and John T. Young took all their cars could hold or more would have gone. We hear they found some fine voices among the inmates, who enjoyed the meeting intensely. We often think if some of our stay-aways from churches were where they could not go to church, but had to have the church come to them, either from poverty or physical inability, if they would not appreciate them more. The Church, both Roman and Protestant, is the great bulwark against Anarchy, and the men and women who desert and neglect her deserve no sympathy if they or their churches suffer in the future for their neglect.

A great programme, under the direction of Mrs. Grace Duryee, is expected at the Literary of next week. Among her numbers will be a short comedy, "Bills," by those sterling actors, Evelyn G. Kirkup, Donald Gildersleeve and Sergeant John F. MacMillan.

Don't forget the Garden Party Concert, under the direction of Miss Clara Howard, in the Presbyterian church next Thursday evening, Aug. 7th, at 8.30, at the one-price popular admission of twenty-five cents. Miss Howard has for vocalists Miss Carolyn Howell, Mrs. Walter C. Grabie and Mr. Nelson Moore, duets by Mr. and Mrs. Terry W. Tutbill, solo by J. Mac Craven, and readings by Master Corey Wells of Brooklyn and that fine artist, Mrs. Fred T. Jennings of Southold, who we know will give

## MATTITUCK 1915

A meeting of the Citizens' League was to be held in Library Hall Thursday evening.

Miss Hannah Hallock entertained the West Mattituck Larkin Club at her father's bungalow Wednesday afternoon. All report a jolly time.

The local Grange members went the other day for a picnic at Orient Point, a visit to the movies at Greenport being included in the program.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Aug. 28. Hours 9 to 2.

On Tuesday evening little Miss Emma Bergen, daughter of Thomas Bergen of West Mattituck, fell from a doorstep, breaking her arm. Dr. Morton attended her.

On Tuesday afternoon Floyd S. Ruland was thrown from his wagon by the sudden starting of his horse and he suffered a fracture of the right arm—and other injuries. His many friends regret to learn of his misfortune. Dr. Morton attended him.

"This is the end of a perfect day" is what they all said on returning from the Presbyterian Sunday School picnic on Tuesday night. The weather was perfect; there was a big crowd; the boating and bathing were never better; and last but not least, there were fine eats and plenty of them.

Vere G. Hazard, who enlisted some time ago in the National service as a wireless operator, has been very ill in a Navy hospital near Boston. He is expected to return here soon, but the Naval doctors hold out little hope that he will be able to re-enter the service.

Word was received here Saturday of the accidental drowning of Mrs. F. A. Balch in the Niantic River, Connecticut. Mrs. Balch was an aunt of Mrs. Edmund Lupton of Mattituck. The deceased lady and her husband were summer residents here for a number of years, and Mr. Balch was one of the organizers of the Mattituck Yacht Club.

At the Literary Tuesday evening the following interesting program was presented: Instrumental selections, the Porterri family; vocal solo, Viola Hallock; chorus, the Misses Betty Baylis, Hope and Clara Duryea, Mary Olmstead, Hazel Tuthill; solo, Miss Alice Silkworth; selection, King's Orchestra; the program concluded with a one-act farce, "This is So Sudden," with the following in the cast: Mrs. S. H. Gildersleeve, the Misses Evelyn Kirkup, Lois Fischer, Vivian Duryea and Elma R. Tuthill.

Despite war times and high prices considerable is being done in the way of building in this vicinity. Wines & Homan have a new building with a concrete foundation going up for Mr. Eidleman on his Long Creek property; we hear that it is to be used for manufacturing purposes. At Young's Point a new cottage is being built for Mr. Goddard. Mrs. James L. Reeve is having her houses on Love Lane thoroughly repaired, and it is understood she intends to move the one near the creek to a higher site. Dayton Brothers have been doing considerable in the way of improvements about their farm buildings; G. E. Aldrich has a new house on School House lane nearly completed, and will occupy it himself, his son George to use the old homestead.

Announcement is made of an entertainment and dance to be given in and for the benefit of Library Hall on the evening of Aug. 30 at 8.30 sharp. The entertainment will consist of American Indian songs, dances and legends, the program to be presented under the direction of Ivah Bell Squires, assisted by Iris Solms, pianist. Dancing to music by King's Orchestra will follow the presentation of the program. Tickets for both the entertainment and the dance will be sold at

## Mattituck 1919

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The Easter service at the Presbyterian church drew a large congregation to hear the fine music and listen to Dr. Craven's sermon. The personnel of the choir was as follows: The Misses Alice Silkworth, Hazel Tuthill, Lida Rafford, Inez Robinson, Mary Olmstead, Hope Duryea, Anna Gamm and Vera Ruland, accompanist of the juniors; Mrs. J. M. Lupton, Mrs. Bryant S. Conklin, Miss Bertha T. Reeve, Mrs. Herbert R. Conklin, Mrs. Herbert M. Reeve, Mrs. John T. Young, Miss Carolyn Howell, Mrs. Leon R. Hall, Mrs. Wm. H. Reeve, Mrs. Geo. H. Fischer, Mrs. Ray S. Fanning, Mrs. Chas. I. Wells, Rev. Chas. E. Craven, D.D., Will V. Duryea, Herbert M. Reeve, P. Harvey Duryea, Prof. Geo. B. Reeve, precentor emeritus, J. M. Craven, conductor, Jennie Wells Tuthill, librarian, and Cornelia D. Gildersleeve, organist. The music throughout was wonderfully effective, and good out of town critics pronounced it the equal of many big city choirs.

Charles E. Benjamin and wife, fine neighbors and citizens, moved to Brooklyn last week, and the family of the late Harry F. Jackson now occupy their late home on Bay avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Tuthill of Tuthilltown are now keeping house in the rooms over the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.'s store.

Mrs. Henry F. Gissell and children and Mrs. Carrie Carleton of Brooklyn are guests of Mrs. James J. Kirkup on Pike street.

Robert Leidlich and son Donald spent last week's-end in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lupton and daughter returned from Asheville, N. C., last Thursday.

Now there, be ready with your Victory Loan subscription, for such hustlers as Geo. E. Penny and Chas. J. McNulty of Laurel, Dr. Peterson and Linnaeus Allen of Cutchogue, Mrs. Howard G. Tuthill of New Suffolk, Chairman of Women's Committee, Philip R. Tuthill, Louis O. Pike, Russell Lupton, Henry P. Tuthill, Charles E. Hallock, Arthur L. Downs, Nat. S. Tuthill, Sidney P. Tuthill, John M. Lupton and Charles Gildersleeve are after your scalps. Our quota is only \$72,600, and it ought to come easy. This is the last and supreme effort. Let's rise to the occasion and make it the biggest success yet.

The Easter Bazar and Supper last week was a great success, the ladies clearing over \$150 and every one delighted with the supper and hungry for another just like it.

Miss Janice Fanning gave a charming birthday party to 22 of her young friends last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Ray S. Fanning entertained the 500 Club Tuesday of this week.

Charles I. Wells' new limousine Paige car is a beauty, one of the hand-somest and up-to-date cars in this section. We like to see those "Wells boys" have fine cars, for they are mighty kind and thoughtful to their less fortunate friends in their use of them.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

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Our young electrician, Jesse Hawkins, received much commendation for his excellent work in installing the lights in the Presbyterian church, which were used for the first time last Sunday night. They are strictly up-to-date, of best material, Brascolete system, and though intended primarily for lighting, still the decorations are in very good taste and of artistic pattern. He is now wiring the parsonage, and the committee in charge have also ordered an electric pumping outfit for the pipe organ from Earl Bros., of Hempstead.

The Junior Athletic Association of our High School covered itself with glory last Tuesday night in the play, "All a Mistake," with the following cast:

Capt. Obadiah Skinner, Eugene Lindsey  
Lieut. G. H. Richwood, Roy H. Reeve  
Richard Hamilton, Gordon Cox  
Ferdinand Lighththead, N. S. Tuthill, Jr.  
Nellie Richwood, Eva Young  
Nellie Huntington, Madeline Sontag  
Nellie Skinner, Dorothy Brown  
Nellie McIntyre, Helen McNulty

It was a very enjoyable little play, well acted, and the music by the Greenport High School was splendid for dancing. The receipts, including candy sale, were \$115.

Glad to hear of the promotion of our former office clerk, John Francis MacMillan, from Private to Sergeant in the A. E. F., at Brest, France. Good luck to him.

A new baby girl across from the station at "Bobby's" last Sunday. "Don Rich," one of their heir apparents, says he will sell Ida Belle to the Station Agent for a pound of peanut brittle, but wants to keep the new baby till it's big enough to trade off for two goats. Good business, Rich.

Eight upon confession and two by letter united with the Presbyterian church here last Sunday. Rev. A. E. Foote preached a wonderful sermon upon "Knowing God." Next Sunday ends his pastorate here for a time, but it is hoped he may return later. Never has a man endeared himself to the hearts of this congregation in so short a time before and his continued absence would be almost a calamity.

The Presbyterian choir will render a stirring anthem, tenor solo by Terry W. Tuthill, next Sunday morning and in the evening Mrs. George H. Fischer will sing.

John Dunn has sold his farm on Cox's Neck Road to Frank and Gertruda Bordenka and with his daughter Mary will make his home at Laurel. If memory serves us right, Mr. Dunn has lived on this farm 51 years, and it's like pulling up an old landmark to have the quaint old man leave it. He must be considerably over 90.

Mrs. Benjamin C. Kirkup has sold her farm at North Mattituck to her sons Victor and Trowbridge, and it's pleasant to think it's still in family hands.

## Mattituck

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The postponed Literary, held last Thursday night, was attended by a very large audience, who enjoyed the fine dancing and excellent programme exceedingly. Miss May Reeve played two very charming piano solos, Miss Clara Bond sang two popular songs, and Miss Carolyn Howell sang two lovely songs, with Miss Gildersleeve at the piano. The play, "Souvenir Spoons," scored a great hit, given by an all star cast, as follows:

Walter Varnell, Donald Gildersleeve  
Mrs. Varnell, his wife, Evelyn Kirkup  
Lydia Varnell, his sister, Ellie Tuthill  
Hotel Manager, Luther G. Cox

It has been decided to hold the next meeting Feb. 18th, when Mrs. Grace Duryea will present a play, and as it will be the annual meeting everyone should come prepared to pay dues.

The MacDowell Club of New York has our thanks for an invitation for its reception Jan. 28th. We notice that Miss Caroline M. Bell will exhibit Winter Evening, Oaks and Meadows, October, Last Glow, Gray Day, Sketches. Miss Julia M. Wickham has Long Island Meadows, Among the Dunes, Gray and Cold, A Quiet Stream, The Beach, Late Afternoon, Peconic Bay, and Sketch. These two ladies are doing mighty clever work and attracting much favorable comment in the field of art.

Luther G. Cox started on a three months' tour of Florida and Texas on Monday of this week with young James Nimmons of New York, who rented one of Mrs. Emma Young's cottages two years ago. They will go from New York to Florida, thence all the way to Texas in Mr. Nimmons' big auto. It ought to be a wonderful trip for these two young chaps.

Don't forget the Berkeley Sextette next Saturday night, Jan. 25th—the fourth event in our Lecture Course. They are heralded as being a very popular group of entertainers.

On Monday the remains of James Madison Hallock, who died at the home of his son Clarence at Baiting Hollow last Friday, were brought to Mattituck and the funeral services were held at his son John's home, conducted by Rev. William A. Wasson. Interment was in the New Bethany Cemetery. Besides these two sons, he leaves three other sons, Leroy, Clifford and Howard, and three daughters, Mrs. Burt Tuthill, Mrs. William Tresbach and Mrs. Elmer Bond. He was 80 years, 11 months and 6 days of age.

At the annual Mattituck Bank meeting last Saturday, the following officers were re-elected for another year: Pres., J. M. Lupton; Vice Pres., Nat. S. Tuthill; Sec., A. L. Downs; Cashier, E. D. Corwin; Finance Committee, J. M. Lupton, N. S. Tuthill, E. D. Corwin and Charles Gildersleeve.

Last Sunday the Presbyterian church was crowded to the doors, with extra seats brought in. In the evening Rev. Mr. Foote preached a "Victory" sermon, and a very generous offering (not a collection) was taken for Armenian sufferers.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

REV. DANIEL H. OVERTON, JR.

Last May a young minister came to Mattituck to fill a vacancy in the Presbyterian pulpit, and it seemed to be a case of love at first sight. The congregation lost no time in asking him to become its pastor at once, which he did. The sturdy old parsonage was nicely refurbished and rebuilt, and soon his wife and little son were snugly settled there with him, and we fondly hoped for many years. His family life was ideal. The parsonage was a delightful place to visit, its charming mistress always happy, with a kindly word for all. In the pulpit his beautiful voice, faultless enunciation, splendid vocabulary and thought interested his large congregations deeply. His Bible Class of young men grew by leaps and bounds and his manly, modest ways appealed to all. On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, when his parish knew of the death of the Rev. Daniel Hawkins Overton, Jr., at the Greenport Hospital, from appendicitis, the entire village was saddened and stricken with a sense to each one of a personal sorrow. Only the Sunday before his operation he was in his pulpit in apparent good health, and spoke of how he loved Mattituck. Last Wednesday he complained of pains. Dr. Peterson, who attended him, finally consulted with Dr. Chauvain, the surgeon, and on Sunday he was operated upon, but too late to save his life. Mr. Overton was born at the home of Mrs. J. B. Terry, his grandmother, at Southold, Sept. 5, 1897, 23 years, 5 months and 23 days ago, the son of Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Sr., and wife, Carrie Terry. He was a graduate of Lafayette College and Union Theological Seminary, has filled many pulpits and done settlement work in New York and gave promise of becoming a very brilliant man. Sometime two years ago he married Marian, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Rev. John Foust, both well known preachers of the Methodist church at Richmond Hill, L. I., and a flood of sympathy and love is felt for the wife. Dr. Craven, who is still preaching at Westfield, N. J., is coming to conduct the funeral services in the Presbyterian church this Thursday afternoon, at 1:30. The interment will be in the family plot at Southold. It all seems like a dream, and that we must wake and see him smile again. Perhaps we may in a fairer, better land.

Owing to a poignant feeling of grief which pervaded the whole village last Monday, the Literary programme that was to be given by the Girl Scouts was postponed by them for one month. The next meeting will be held Monday

Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., pastor of the Mattituck Presbyterian Church died Monday morning of this week, at the age of 24 years, 5 months and three days. A strong, rugged, athletic type of man, apparently in the best of health, he was taken ill suddenly Wednesday night, and on Sunday was operated on for appendicitis at the Greenport Hospital, but on Monday morning came the news of his death that shocked and saddened the whole community. Mr. Overton was the son of the late Rev. Daniel H. Overton of Islip. He was a graduate of Lafayette College and Union Seminary, and was called to fill the Presbyterian pulpit here last May, and has always been a hard and consistent worker in the interest of the church and Sunday School. His sermons were finely written and forcibly delivered, and his talks in Sunday School were eagerly listened to by his class of over 20 young men. He was keenly interested in athletics, and was a crack player on the basketball team this winter. Of him it can be truthfully said that 'none knew him but to love him,' for his cheerful smile, sincere friendliness and winning personality won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. He is survived by his widow, who was Marion Foust, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John Foust, both preachers in the M. E. Church at Richmond Hill, and one child, Terry, who have the sympathy of all in their great bereavement. His funeral services were conducted at the church Thursday afternoon at 1:30 by Dr. Charles E. Craven, formerly of Mattituck, now preaching at Westfield, N. J., and the burial was in the family plot at Southold.

## MRS. RICHARD C. JONES DIES AT BELLEVILLE

*Special to The Eagle*  
Belleville, N. J., Oct. 12.—Mrs. Hannah Jane Hawkins Jones, 77 years old, widow of Richard C. Jones and a former resident of South Brooklyn for many years, died here on Tuesday at her home, 181 Helms st. Mrs. Jones was born in Brookhaven, L. I., on Dec. 15, 1813, the daughter of the late Charles Granville and Abigail Charity Hawkins, old residents of that town. Mrs. Jones passed her early married life in Brooklyn and had lived in Belleville 41 years. She is survived by two daughters, the Misses Lillian Margaret and Ethel Helen Jones; a son, Charles Granville Jones, and three grandchildren, Spencer, Ainsworth, Brewster Hawkins and Marion Ainsworth Jones, all of Belleville. The funeral services this afternoon were conducted by the Rev. John O. Starmon and the interment on Friday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock will be at Fort Jefferson, L. I.

## JOHN M. STEVENS

Westhampton Beach—John Mitchell Stevens, a well known and highly esteemed old resident of this village, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mabel B. Williams in Germantown, Pa., on Wednesday of last week. He was in his 82d year. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were spending the winter with their daughter in Germantown. Besides his wife and daughter, Mrs. Stevens is survived by a son, A. Howell Stevens. The remains were brought to this village and funeral services were held at the late home of the deceased on Saturday, the Rev. Thomas Coyle officiating, and the burial was in the local cemetery. Out of respect to Mr. Stevens' memory all the stores and other business places on Main street here remained closed during the funeral service hour.

## Our Tribute

Mattituck will pay honor to the life and worth of their young pastor who has passed suddenly from service on earth to a service beyond our ken. Southold has a claim on this youth second to none, and she must join with Mattituck in a tribute.

Daniel H. Overton, Jr., was born here at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Terry. He spent much of his young life in that home or at the bay, and we followed his growth, and development of tastes and interests, as if he were Southold's very own. As the little boy became a high school lad, a marked change was apparent even to a casual observer. Books absorbed his attention. Unusual quietness and thoughtfulness marked his manner. High standings came easily, but they meant but little to him, and his friends were hardly aware of them. Then came college days and the decision—a surprise to some of his friends, but a most natural outcome of the self-training through which he had passed—the decision to enter the ministry. It meant so much to him, that idea of ministry. It meant the discovery of the real needs of humanity, the imperative needs of this day and hour, the courageous facing of those needs, and then the gathering up of all his powers to bring relief. His sunny disposition, sense of humor, and general loveliness of character were saving qualities in the stern combat that he felt he as a Christian must face. He preached in Southold only a few times. We recall his scathing arraignment of wrongs toward some of his fellowmen, but we shall remember longest his coming down from the pulpit among us, bringing with him an atmosphere of love, gentleness, and sweet tolerance that does not radiate always from a reformer of social wrongs. Friendly criticisms, suggestions, opposition were met as he passed down the aisle, with a good nature and a genuine smile of quiet enjoyment that added a radiance to his character.

It is scarcely one year since we heard the young preacher give his initiatory sermon at Mattituck. It was a simple, clear exposition of his conception of the Master's spirit and service to humanity. He has been true to that spirit as he conceived it. His conception of methods may differ from ours, but the modest youth is our leader in his dauntless courage. We must follow him with admiration in his unswerving adherence to the right, as he felt God had called him to see the right. His service, like that of his Master, has been short, but length of years does not determine the weight of influence left behind. Our Daniel, greatly beloved, sunny of heart, scholarly in tastes, had a love for God and man that surpassed all other attainments and outlives all time. With this for the key-note of character, come life here or there, death early or late, all is triumph. The love that inspired the gentle youth, the courage that sustained him are immortal for him and for us.

E. B. H.

## Former Assemblyman Had a Very Useful and Successful Career



HON. JOHN M. LUPTON

It was with profound regret that the news of the sudden death of the Hon. John M. Lupton, of Mattituck, was received by numerous friends and acquaintances. Mr. Lupton's health had been failing for more than a year and on Saturday morning he was stricken with apoplexy in the bathroom of his home and died Monday afternoon. He was in his 65th year. Funeral services will be conducted this Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, daylight saving time, by the Rev. Charles E. Craven, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Devanny, the latter pastor of the Mattituck Presbyterian church and the burial will be in Bethany cemetery, that village.

John Mather Lupton was a son of the late Edmund and Hannah Moore Lupton, and was born at Mattituck and lived in that village all of his lifetime. He was one of Mattituck's foremost citizens and one of the most prominent and highly esteemed residents of Eastern Long Island having been a leader in the business, civic and political life of that section. Being endowed with a pleasing personality and possessing many excellent characteristics, he easily made friends and retained them. He was honorable in all his business dealings, public-spirited, and a splendid type of citizen in every sense of the word. Through his death not only his native village and town, but the whole of Suffolk county has suffered a great loss, because he was a man whose influence extended far beyond the confines of his home town.

He served five terms, from 1906 to 1910 inclusive, as Assemblyman from Suffolk's first district, and introduced or was instrumental in having passed a large number of constructive measures that were very beneficial to his constituents, the county and the State at large. He applied the same care and intelligence to his public duties as he did to his own private business and in both capacities he attained enviable success.

Mr. Lupton was one of the best known seedsmen in the State specializing in cabbage seed. He was engaged in that business for 33 years and imported and exported large quantities of seed. He served as president of the

National Seedsmen's Association for two terms and was considered an expert in that line of business. His son, Robert M. Lupton, has been associated with him in the business for a number of years under the firm name of

The Mattituck High School baseball team played its first game of the season at Southold last Friday, losing the game, 4 to 0.

Oct 3, 1919

The Mattituck Girl Scouts are making arrangements for a big masquerade ball to be held in Library Hall, date to be announced later.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Cleaves expect to move from Mattituck soon and will make their home in Jamaica. Their house is to be rented to one of the employes of the Suffolk Publishing Company.

Lima beans, which earlier in the season suffered a severe blight, are now plentiful and hundreds of bushels are being received daily at this station. A few shipments of cauliflower and Brussels sprouts have been made.

Don't forget the praise service in the Presbyterian Church Sunday night. Antiphonal singing by the choir, and a fine speaker will make this one of the most interesting services of the year. Mac Craven and Charles Gildersleeve are conducting it.

We are pleased to learn that Prof. Leonard, who recently gave a ladies' minstrel show at Greenport, is to come to Mattituck next week to start rehearsals for a similar entertainment to be given by Mattituck ladies. Another treat to be looked forward to is a play in Library Hall by the Trahern Stock Company, which we believe will come here about Oct. 10.

The body of Charles Benjamin, who died in Brooklyn Saturday, was brought to Mattituck Monday for burial in the Bethany Cemetery. Mr. Benjamin spent most of his life in Mattituck, but recently moved to Brooklyn. He is survived by his widow, Isabelle Miller, and a sister, Mrs. Lillie Luce. His age was 75 years, 4 months and 27 days.

Robert Dlydenburgh has resigned from his position as mail carrier on the Mattituck R. F. D. after having given efficient service since it was first started here about nine years ago. In that period he has not missed a day from his route, regardless of any weather conditions. His place has been taken by James I. Young, who now makes the deliveries by auto.

Another of Mattituck's oldest inhabitants, James Jones, passed away Monday, at the age of 87 years, 8 months and 27 days. Mr. Jones is survived by five sons, George, Jesse, Peter, Frank and Robert, and two daughters, Mrs. Emma Wardell and Mrs. Beulah Cooper. Funeral services were conducted at his home Wednesday afternoon by Dr. Craven, with burial in Bethany Cemetery.

I will have completed not later than Oct. 15 a potato cellar opposite the Mattituck station, and adjacent to the L. I. R. R. sidetrack, which will hold 10,000 bushels of potatoes. I propose to divide the cellar off in bins to hold from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels each. I will rent these bins to farmers or dealers at reasonable rates for the storage of their potatoes. Each bin will have a sliding door which may be locked. Apply to A. H. Silkworth.

After Southold was giving Greenport a trimming that meant the pennant for Mattituck, and Greenport wouldn't finish the game unless they were allowed to put a new team of professionals in the field, and ump forfeited the game, not to Southold, but to Greenport—well, "wouldn't it make you mad?" Southold, we take off our hats to you. Your action in sticking to your home team, and in refusing to allow the league to be padded with outsiders, is appreciated by all lovers of good sport, and is going to prevent a repetition of the practice of loading up in next year's games.

At the Literary Tuesday night a good sized audience enjoyed the Penny Stock Company's program, consisting of a fine piano solo by Mac Craven, humorous readings by Miss Lida Rafford and a soprano solo by Mrs. Josephine DeCicco. The funny sketch, "Mr. Pendleton's Cold," in four scenes, was presented, with Donald Gildersleeve as Mr. Pendleton, Miss Evelyn Kirkup, as Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Madelyn Hettiger as Dr. Pillsbury and Miss Anna Gamm as Miss Comfort, the nurse. This was dramatized by "Al" Penny, from a story in a magazine. King's Orchestra rendered appropriate music between the scenes.

Mrs. A. L. Downs gave a joyed dinner party to several Mattituck and South Side friends Friday night of last week at her bungalow at the bay.

Oct 10, 1919

The Suffolk Hydraulic Stone Co. has purchased a piece of land, about four acres, on the Mattituck Inlet, from Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo F. Robinson.

Russell E. Lupton has rented Robert W. Wells' home on the main road for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Wells are spending the winter with their daughter, Mrs. H. P. Bronson, at Katherford, N. J.

Rev. A. E. Foote of Altamont, N. Y., will occupy the Presbyterian parsonage for a period of five months, during which time he will preach at the Presbyterian Church, beginning the first Sunday in November.

As it will be necessary to use the Hall for minstrel show rehearsal Tuesday night, the Literary has been postponed for two weeks, the next meeting to be held on Oct. 28, when a fine play will be given under the direction of the High School faculty.

An auction of second-hand lumber, pipe, lamps, etc., was held at the Mechanics' new hall, formerly the Methodist Church, Tuesday afternoon. The hall has been fixed up in tip-top shape inside, with a new hardwood floor, electric lights, etc., and the Jr. O. U. A. M. will formally open it as a meeting room Oct. 31.

I will have completed not later than Oct. 15 a potato cellar opposite the Mattituck station, and adjacent to the L. I. R. R. sidetrack, which will hold 10,000 bushels of potatoes. I propose to divide the cellar off in bins to hold from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels each. I will rent these bins to farmers or dealers at reasonable rates for the storage of their potatoes. Each bin will have a sliding door which may be locked. Apply to A. H. Silkworth.

The Mattituck Free Library has received checks from Mrs. Helen F. Earnett and James Norris, two of our summer residents, of Brooklyn and Chicago, respectively, for \$150 each. These generous contributions will be used to pay the Librarian's salary for a year, and a drive is being started to raise \$2,000 for Library Hall, to clear the Hall from debt, and make many much needed repairs. It is hoped that patrons of the Library and the Hall will respond generously when called upon.

The original minstrel show to be given by Mattituck ladies under the direction of Prof. W. B. Leonard, on Thursday and Friday nights, Oct. 16 and 17, is being looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. The ladies of this village have long been noted for their fine voices and dramatic ability, and we know that this performance will witness them at their best. The proceeds are for Library Hall, and there will be a social dance after Friday's show. A record crowd is looked for.

Speaking of a patriotic service in the Orient Congregational Church recently the Watchman has this: "Special mention should be made of a concert duet played by Albert H. Silkworth of Mattituck and Fred L. Terry of Orient. Both Mr. Silkworth and Mr. Terry are accomplished concertists. Their work at this service was of the highest order and called forth much favorable comment. It is hoped that Orient will have the pleasure of listening to these artists again in the near future."

Through the Silkworth real estate agency Mrs. Xesia Forman, widow of Allan Forman, has sold about 38 acres of water front on the Mattituck Inlet, near the Sound, to J. H. Wichert of Brooklyn and Whitestone. On this valuable tract, controlling substantially all of the water front on the west side of the Inlet at the Sound, Mr. Wichert is to build a home for summer occupancy and to make other improvements. It is understood that the new house will be built during the coming winter. Representing the Long Island Lighting Company, Mr. Silkworth has also sold to Sweezy & Conklin of Riverhead all the ice-making machinery formerly owned by the Cutchogue Ice Company. The Roscoe Conklin store at Mattituck has been rented by Mr. Silkworth to Joseph Henene of Cutchogue, who will open a dry goods and gentlemen's furnishing store during the coming month.

### Oct 24 MATTITUCK

The 500 Club enjoyed a picnic at Downs' bungalow on Peconic Bay Tuesday afternoon.

The Mattituck Grange held a progressive 500 at the Grange Hall Tuesday evening.

Raymond Hudson motored down from Holley, N. Y., last week in a fine new Stutz car, bringing with him his friend, Mr. Copping.

The building between Greeves' and Sontag's barber shops, which has been unoccupied for some time, is to be opened soon as a Thos. Roulston store.

The Literary will be resumed again next Tuesday night, Oct. 28, when the High School teachers have charge of the program, presenting a short play, with several musical numbers.

James Gildersleeve, with his wife and son, Jimmie, Jr., and aunt, Mrs. M. A. Phillips, of Southold, are enjoying a week's vacation in the New England States, visiting relatives at Exeter, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Grabie were given a pleasant surprise party by their sons and daughters and grandchildren, last Wednesday, Oct. 15, the occasion being in honor of their fortieth wedding anniversary.

Carl Armbrust has secured his discharge from the Navy, and arrived home at Mattituck Tuesday night. With his arrival, all of the Mattituck boys who served in the war are now out of service.

The Girl Scouts of this place will hold a masquerade ball in Library Hall on Halloween. King's orchestra furnishing the dance music. These events are always popular here and well attended, and it is expected that this one will be no exception.

Irving Cumiskey of this place, chauffeur for James Norris of Chicago, who has a summer home here, was operated on for a severe attack of appendicitis at Chicago last Saturday. He is reported to be doing nicely at the present writing.

Southold High School came to Mattituck last Friday and showed M. H. S. how to play baseball, winning 8 to 5. Saturday afternoon the "big" teams of the two villages met, Southold again winning, 6 to 4, in a game full of errors and a few good plays intermingled. Salmon was in the box for Southold, and Cantini started out for Mattituck, but was replaced by Downs in the fourth inning, after five runs had been scored off him. Downs pitched a fine game, and cracked out a timely two-bagger.

The Elite Lady Minstrels, given in Library Hall Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, under the direction of Prof. W. B. Leonard, who wrote the entire program, including the many catchy songs, was highly pleasing and made a big hit, besides being a financial success, the Hall clearing nearly \$200. The endmen, Clara Bond, Anne Luce, Inez Robinson, Lida Rafford, Dorothy Brown and Alice Silkworth, put their songs and jokes over in a manner that would have done credit to professional performers, and Caroline Howell, Hope Duryee, Clara Howard and Mrs. Russell Lupton, the other soloists, sang finely. While we have not space to give a detailed account of each number, we cannot refrain from mentioning the last act—Aunt Dinah and the ten little pickaninnies, were delightful in their songs and dances.

The drawing of seats for the Mattituck Lecture Course will be held in Library Hall Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15, at 1 o'clock. The management announces that it has secured a very fine series of entertainments this year, and that the same prices as they have always charged will prevail. The opening number will be "The Fighting Americans," a male quartette of soldiers, who come here Dec. 1. December 9, J. Franklin Babb, always popular here, lectures. The Schubert Sextette will be heard in vocal and instrumental numbers on Dec. 31; the Fillion Concert Party, Jan. 24; the Apollo Concert Company, Feb. 11; Chief Strongheart, the Indian actor and lecturer, Mar. 12; the Southern Musical Company, Apr. 5; and later in April an illustrated lecture by Peter McQueen, who has lectured

### MATTITUCK

Miss Lizzie M. Tutbill, our popular hostess, spent the week-end in New York. Nov. 7, 1919

Luther Cox, who has a fine position in Newburgh, N. Y., was home for a few days last week.

Mrs. Geo. H. Fischer spent last week in Brooklyn visiting her children and grandchildren.

Miss Jennie Wells Tutbill pleasantly entertained a company of ladies at Ingleside Monday afternoon.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros. Hall Wednesday, Nov. 12. Hours 9 to 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Hudson and daughter, Alberta, of Holley, N. Y., visited friends in Mattituck last Saturday.

Miss Hannah Hallock entertained a number of friends at a musicale given by herself and her pupils last Friday afternoon.

The masquerade ball given by the Girl Scouts last Thursday evening proved an enjoyable affair, although not as well attended as previous ones have been, probably owing to the unpleasant weather. The prizes were awarded to the Misses Alice Fischer and Laura Frankard, attractively arrayed as George and Martha Washington.

Gerard W. Terry, who is attending Syracuse University, has recently been elected a member of the Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity, which is considered a very high honor among engineering students, and scholarship requirements are necessary for eligibility. Gerard was one of five who were selected from a large number of aspirants.

William F. Lane, who was a farmer here for many years, but who went to Patchogue about 26 years ago to live with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Avery, died at her home last Thursday, aged upward of 88 years. He was born in Manorville, but for a time lived in Moriches. He had been a widower for several years. Funeral services were conducted Saturday by the Rev. L. H. Johnston of Patchogue and the remains brought here the same day for interment.

The B. G. Club was the guest of Miss Evelyn Kirkup at her home on Pike street Tuesday evening, and was pleasantly surprised when Miss Kirkup's engagement to Elwood S. Reeve was announced. Mr. Reeve is a popular young man, who has won considerable local fame for his work on the baseball diamond and saw a year of service in the U. S. Marines during the war. Miss Kirkup has been an efficient clerk in the Mattituck Bank for several years, and is a great social favorite here. Congratulations.

Election Day passed off more quietly than usual Tuesday, with not even a bonfire to liven things up. Most of the interest in the election centered about the contest for Assemblyman between John G. Downs, who is now in office, and Robert A. Hughes, the Democratic candidate. Each had a slight lead in his own district. A good laugh was had at the polls in district 14 when the ballot numbered 275, that number we have heard used so frequently lately, was handed to a man named Sidor (pronounced like the beverage all the prohibitionists are making this year). "Sidor, 275," said the ballot clerk.

Mattituck Council, No. 34, J. O. U. A. M., formally opened its new hall (formerly the Methodist church) Friday night, Oct. 31. The opening was attended by over two hundred members of the Mattituck Council, guests from the Orient Council and several State and National officers. Addresses were made by Harry I. Burroughs, State Counciler; Philip Matthews and Webster A. Nesbitt, National Representatives; Joseph D. Tunison, Trustee of the Orphans' Home at Tiffin, O.; Terry W. Tutbill, State Chaplain; Fred W. Hallock, of the Mattituck Council. Others were called upon and responded with short speeches, including Counciler Petty of Orient, Harry Terry, Dr. Charles E. Craven and Rev. F. G. Beebe. Before the meeting a fine supper was served in the spacious dining room, with the following menu: Cabbage salad, escalloped oysters, scalloped potatoes, baked beans, jelly and rolls, cake and coffee. This lodge now boasts a membership of over

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# Nov 21 MATTITUCK 1919

Mrs. George H. Riley is visiting her parents at Leroy, N. Y., this week.

Miss Elma Rae Tutthill spent a few days in New York and Brooklyn last week.

Miss Dolly Bell is a guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton at Sayville this week.

Miss Bertha Reeve and Mrs. Seymour Tutthill are enjoying a trip to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ruland are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Harry Dart, at Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Schmeelk of Walden, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Reeve.

Miss Evelyn Kirkup and Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve entertained about three dozen ladies at Miss Kirkup's Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hudson arrived home from Holley, N. Y., Tuesday and opened up their home on Suffolk avenue for the winter. Their sons, Raymond and Harold, are expected later.

The Literary program for next Tuesday evening promises to be a good one, and a big crowd is looked for. Mrs. Grace Duryee has charge of the entertainment, which includes a one-act comedy, recitations and musical numbers.

Henry P. Tutthill has recently purchased a handsome Reo automobile hearse. "People are just dying to ride in it," says one local punster, while another is cruel enough to remark that "Hen" is looking forward to a prosperous season.

Preston B. Ruland of this place has bought from Lillian F. Archer of Brooklyn 20 acres of land on the north side of the main road here, adjoining land late of the estate of W. H. Pike, according to the deed recorded this week in the County Clerk's office at Riverhead. It is understood that the consideration was about \$6,000.

At the sale of seats for the Lecture Course last Saturday the number sold was quite an increase over last year's sale, and the committee was pleased with the showing. There seems to have been a decrease in the attendance of the younger people at these lectures and concerts in the past few years, but if it were a series of movie shows, what a crowd there would be.

A lot of famous characters of old time songs made their appearance at the Literary Tuesday night in the play written by the High School teachers. "Among those present" were Champagne Charlie, Lily Dale, Juanita, Annie Rooney and many others. The Misses Hope Duryee and Clara Bond sang solos. Other numbers were a duet by Mr. and Mrs. Terry Tutthill, accompanied by Mrs. Carl LeValley, solo by Terry Tutthill and recitation by Alice Fischer. The next program will be gotten up by Mrs. Elmer Bond, Mrs. Wallace Tutthill and Miss Carrie Mapes. Mrs. Grace Duryee is arranging a program to be given Thanksgiving week.

At Literary Tuesday night the following program was enjoyed: Selections, Imperial Quartette, Dr. C. E. Craven, Rev. A. E. Foote, Chris Montgomery and Mac Craven; recitation, Elmer Ruland; solo, Mrs. Harry DePetris; humorous reading, Mrs. Morton; solo, Chris Montgomery; recitation, Madeline Sontag; solo, Dorothy LeValley; selections, Imperial Quartette and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner by the audience, with a patriotic tableau by Amelia Bond, Alice Fischer, Gordon Cox and George Duryee. The committee, Mrs. Wallace Tutthill, Mrs. Elmer Bond and Miss Carrie Mapes, had not forgotten, like many of us, that Tuesday was Armistice Day, and the hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. Mrs. Grace Duryee will give the next program on Nov. 25, with a short play, and other numbers appropriate for Thanksgiving week.

# Nov 28 Mattituck 1919

Henry P. Tutthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

We have just learned of the death of our good friend of a life-time, Eliza Frances Tutthill, wife of Thomas H. Reeve, at the ripe old age of 84 years, 7 months and 15 days, resulting from a cerebral hemorrhage. Her demise came last Saturday morning, Nov. 22. Everybody on the old Oregon Road knew and loved Eliza Frances. We don't believe this good woman had an enemy, not many of whom this can truly be said. How true it was of her "For other aims her heart had learned to prize. More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. Her house was known to all the vagrant train. She chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain; Careless their merits or their faults to scan. Her pity gave ere charity began."

She was the daughter of Silas and Rebecca Wells Tutthill of Cutchogue, and only one of her father's home circle, a brother, Seymour H. Tutthill, survives her. Nearly 64 years ago she married Thomas H. Reeve. Three children were born to them—the late Judge Benjamin H. Reeve, of Greenport; a daughter, Ila, who died in New York over forty years ago, and William B. Reeve, Esq., of Mattituck.

We can just recall her in the full tide of young matronhood. In her home village of Cutchogue she was called "the Rose of Sharon," and her girlhood chum, Sarah Janet Betts Fleet, "the Lily of the Valley." For many years she has been a semi-invalid, but her unflinching optimism and cheer made it a great pleasure to visit her. She had a marvelous and almost uncanny memory for dates, and was a perfect census bureau for births, marriages, and deaths of anyone she ever knew. Her funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church on Monday afternoon, at 1:30, Rev. A. E. Foote and Dr. Craven, officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. James Norris spent last week-end at Mo-mo-weta, and say they are more in love with Mattituck than ever. Mr. Norris dined with the Prince of Wales last week and pronounces him to be a mighty charming young fellow.

Mrs. Edith Peyton, the popular hostess of the Mattituck House, entertained a house party of her own private friends last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, giving her fifteen guests a royal outing, with dancing, and "Hattie's" famous mince pies to take home with them.

Mrs. Wm. M. Hudson is entertaining a Thanksgiving house party this week, having four charming young ladies from Holley, N. Y., the Misses Lina Padelford, Vivien Hurd, Ruth Nelson and Madeleine Wilson.

Miss Eloise Butterneau is spending the Thanksgiving holidays in Philadelphia, Penn.

Don't forget "The Fighting Americans," opening our Lecture Course next Monday night, Dec. 1. Every young soldier and sailor ought to turn out to greet their pals from overseas and hear the old French songs and funny happenings "over there."

The fire bell at noon Sunday called people to John Husung's home on the Laurel road, where the corner of his house was discovered in flames, but before the hook and ladder company reached there the valiant efforts of "Uncle" John Tribeken had it under control and the building escaped with perhaps one hundred dollars' damage. 'Twas a narrow squeak, however.

# Nov 28 1919 TERRY-DURYEA

The wedding of Miss Kosalie Duryea of Riverhead, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Duryea of Court street, and Raymond Terry of Mattituck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Terry, formerly of Riverhead, was quietly solemnized at the home of the bride Wednesday noon. Only the immediate families and one or two close personal friends were present; it was nevertheless, a pretty social affair.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. C. Cornwell of the local Congregational Church. The bride, wearing a beautiful costume of plum-colored satin with Georgette crepe, was attended by Miss Dorothy Cooper as bridesmaid. The latter wore black satin, and carried yellow chrysanthemums, while the bride carried a beautiful bridal bouquet of white chrysanthemums and white carnations. Her going away gown was of navy blue velour, with black hat. George Tutthill of Mattituck was the best man, and the bridal march was played by the bride's sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Duryea, of Philadelphia.

The pretty floral decorations in the home, green and white, were skillfully arranged by Mrs. George C. Miller. The couple have many friends who are tendering sincere and very cordial congratulations. The bride has been leader in the Girl Scouts movement in Riverhead, has been active in other work for girls, and holds a warm spot in the hearts of many village people because of her affability and a ready desire to be helpful to others.

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Through the real estate agency of Frank Fleet, Mrs. Ellen H. Wasson has sold her farm to Con Bullock of Manor Hill.

At the Literary last week Esther Gildersleeve and Lida Rafford were heard in excellent recitations. Marguerite Reeve, with her mother at the piano, gave two really fine violin solos for a nine-year-old child. She is a prodigy, playing with splendid technique and correct time. Viola Hallock and Madeleine Sonntag sang "Is There Any Better Country Than the U. S. A.?" with vim and dash, and the Misses Alice Silkworth, Madeleine Sonntag, Dorothy Brown, Mae Reeve, accompanied by Vera Ruland, gave a pretty little musical skit.

"Squire" Rambo had eight car loads of Wisconsin seed potatoes arrive here last week and expects as many more. Sort of "carrying coals to Newcastle."

The Suffolk Publishing and Printing Co. is so flooded with work that it has had to hire Grange Hall's lower story to use for a folding and trimming room. Besides publishing two weekly papers and its own magazine, The Agriculturist, it is also printing two big magazines for New York publishers, to say nothing of an immense amount of private advertising.

What a Thanksgiving address Rev. Mr. Foote gave us. We want him to repeat it in Library Hall some time this winter, so many loyal Americans, regardless of church creed, feel free to hear it. It was wonderful. So was Wil Duryee's solo, with organ and piano accompaniment. A big congregation, too, considering the busy dinner getting.

Mrs. J. Wood Wickham entertained the Five Hundred Card Club right royally Tuesday afternoon of this week.

Miss Betty Baylis had her chum of the Mount Ida School, Miss Ida Trade, for last week's holiday vacation.

Eugene M. Tutthill, who has been in the Mineola Hospital some weeks for eye trouble, is much improved and expects to return home the latter part of this week.

Steve Wood, our new R. F. D. man, is a hustler, and in his trusty "Henry" gets over the route with neatness and dispatch.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton R. Wickham and baby Esther of Montclair, N. J., spent last week at A. C. Penny's, and returning home Monday took Miss Anna Gamm with them for a week's outing, leaving "Al" to keep house, and give "Cliff" a diet of lob scouse, plunk duff, etc. "Al" didn't go on a bunker steamer for nothing, and "we" men are not so helpless as we are supposed to be in the absence of the female of the species from our kitchens.

Mattituck Grange members are going to "blow" themselves to a big turkey dinner at the Mattituck House Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 6 o'clock p. m., gotten up in Mrs. Peyton's best style. Mrs. A. L. Downs, Mrs. Ray S. Fanning, Mrs. Geo. B. Woodhull, Mrs. Edmund R. Lupton, Philip R. Tutthill and Charles Gildersleeve are ticket selling committee. The tickets are \$1 each, and only Grange members can buy them.

As Col. Franklin Babb's lecture falls on next Tuesday night, Dec. 9th, the Literary will be held Thursday of the same week, Dec. 11th. We all want to hear Babb, of course, and the committee has a fine program for the Literary as well, so please note the change in its date.

Don't forget the Christmas Sale and Thirty-five Cent Supper in the chapel Dec. 12th. Big rush expected, so come early.

Trabern's Company gave a fine performance of "Bought and Paid For" in Library Hall Thursday night of this week.

John W. Donovan, who was painting at the school house Thanksgiving Day, fell through the scuttle and was so stunned that he laid on the stairs quite a long time unconscious. He finally recovered sufficiently to crawl across the street to Mrs. Fred Greaves', who sent for Dr. Morton, who sewed a long scalp wound, one ear nearly cut in two, and other bad cuts. Lucky he didn't bleed to death before regaining consciousness, for his wounds and loss of blood were terrible.

SUMMUM BONUM

Thomas M. Bergen, eldest son of Thomas H. Bergen, of this place, died Monday at the Southampton Hospital of injuries to the brain resulting from a recent accident. "Tommy," as he was called by his many friends, was of a sunny, genial disposition. He was well known over this part of the island for his love and knowledge of horses, and during the war chose the cavalry for his branch of service, spending about a year in France. On his return he bought George Riley's livery and trucking business, in which he was making a success. He was 32 years of age. The funeral services were held at the home of his father Wednesday, conducted by Dr. Chas. I. Craven, and the burial was in the New Bethany Cemetery.



MATTITUCK

Cedric Wickham is spending a few days at St. Louis, Mo., on a business trip.

The date for the Literary has been changed again, and it will be held on Friday night of this week, instead of on Thursday, as previously announced.

Russell Aldrich left Mattituck Tuesday afternoon for Fort Stanton, N. M., to return to the Army hospital there, where he expects to stay for the winter to regain his health.

Dr. Chas. E. Craven's Sunday School class enjoyed one of their old-time sociable evenings at "42" in the Presbyterian Chapel last Thursday, with refreshments served by members of the class, of which sixteen were present.

Irving Robinson was kicked on the arm by a horse last week, braking his arm. He was taken to the Greenport Hospital, but it was found necessary to have an X-ray taken before the bones could be set, and he went to Brooklyn Tuesday morning to have this done.

Thursday afternoon the Girl Scouts were entertained by Miss Butterfield at Downs Manor, and another party on the same day was given by Miss Gertrude Reeve to about twenty young ladies, the guests surprising Miss Evelyn Kirkup with a shower of kitchen utensils.

The attention of all music lovers is called to the wonderful qualities of the Grafenola, which we have in stock for immediate delivery at from \$13 to \$145. We shall esteem it a favor if you will call and afford us an opportunity to give you a demonstration. May we suggest that there is nothing to be found in any list that is more suitable for a Christmas present than a Grafenola. H. DePetris, Mattituck.

Former Justice William B. Reeve of Old Oregon and Miss Kate Siddons of Clifton, Va., were quietly married by Dr. Chas. E. Craven at Dr. Craven's Friday night of last week. The news came as a pleasant surprise to the many friends of the groom, who thought that "Lawyer" would always remain a bachelor, but there's an old proverb that says (Sumnum Bonum, take notice), "It's never too late to mend."

George B. Reeve, the last Mattituck veteran of the Civil War, passed away at his home on the Main road Monday of this week, at the age of 66 years, one month and 28 days, his death being caused by arterio sclerosis. Mr. Reeve was from boyhood noted for his rare musical accomplishments, and devoted much of his time to the Presbyterian Church, where he served for many years as organist, and later as choir leader, until only a few years ago, when he retired. He also gained fame as a music teacher, giving both singing lessons and lessons on the organ, piano and brass and stringed instruments, and as a bandmaster, being the leader and instructor of several bands. He enlisted in the Army back in the '60's and saw much hard service in the Civil War. On Oct. 30, 1855, he married Laetitia Young of Franklinville, who survives him. They celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary this year. He is also survived by one son, James Wickham Reeve, of Mattituck; and three daughters, Mrs. John F. Booth, of Brooklyn; Mrs. William E. Hallock, of Rockville Center; besides a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Rev. A. E. Foote and Dr. C. E. Craven conducted his funeral services at the Presbyterian Church at 1.30 Thursday afternoon, the pall bearers being men who sang in his choir. He was buried in the New Bethany Cemetery.

You have heard no end of talk about the shortage of sugar, and in fact

Mr. and Mrs. Raynor D. Howell of Jamaica spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Howell.

The Misses Clara and Hope Duryee spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday in Brooklyn and New York.

Miss Rita Duryee is visiting her mother, Mrs. Grace Duryee, in Brooklyn this week.

Miss Isabelle Jones of Washington, D. C., is spending a two-weeks' vacation in Mattituck.

Miss Isabelle Conklin and Mrs. Russell E. Lupton pleasantly entertained the B. G. Club Tuesday evening.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Dec. 24. Hours 9 to 2.

Don't forget the grand concert in Library Hall Monday night, with Mme. Beatrice Bowman, soprano, and Daniel Wolf, pianist, followed by dancing with music by King's Orchestra.

Another attraction for next week is the Cutchogue Library dance, to be held in Library Hall Friday evening, Dec. 26. The Invincible Orchestra of Riverhead will furnish the music for this affair.

The rooms above the Mattituck Bakery have been rented to Lawyer Russell E. Lupton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lupton, who will use them as a law office. Mr. Lupton was for some years with Winthrop & Stimson of Liberty St., New York, but was forced to leave this firm on account of his health.

The Mattituck Presbyterian Sunday School will hold its annual Christmas exercises on "The Night Before Christmas," with songs, drills and recitations by the "kids," candy and oranges, Santa Claus, a pretty Christmas tree, 'n' everything. It is the big night of the year for the youngsters; and it's always worth coming a long way to see them.

Mac Craven is arranging a Christmas praise service to be held this Sunday night. Rev. A. E. Foote will preach and the choir will sing a Christmas anthem. Terry Tutthill is to sing a tenor solo and Carl LeValley will render selections on the violin. There will also be music by an orchestra under the direction of Mac Craven.

Our High School has organized basketball teams this year and won two victories in Belmont Hall, Southold over the Southold High School teams, Friday night, the boys' team winning 29 to 17, while the girls scored 18 points to their opponents 11. Carl Grathwohl, Stanley and Gordon Cox, Roy Reeve and Eugene Lindsay, comprise the boys' team, and on the girls' five are the Misses Clara Bond, Elizabeth Tutthill, Eunice Robinson, Jeanette Cooper and Elsie Brocker. Quite a number of students from the school attended the games. We hope that arrangements can be made to have games in Mattituck again.

In spite of the stormy evening and out of town attractions, a fair-sized crowd attended the Literary Friday night, and listened to a very fine program, opening with a saxophone and violin duet by Miss Alice Silkworth and Wilbert King, with LeRoy Reeve at the piano. Miss Alma Tutthill gave a cute recitation. Miss Anne Luce was heard in one of her always pleasing recitations and Miss Caroline Howell sang two pretty soprano solos, accompanied by Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve. Miss Martha Salmon of Peconic played two fine piano solos, Robert Hughes gave a humorous reading, the Misses Alice Fischer and Madeline Sontag sang "Tell Me," accompanied by Miss Vera Ruland, and the Misses Dorothy Brown and Mae Reeve gave a charade, "Cantalope," in pantomime. The next Literary meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 23.

MATTITUCK

Russell Greeves, who has a position in the Government laboratories at Washington, D. C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Greeves.

The next number of the Lecture Course will be given on Dec. 31 by the Schubert Sextette, a company of talented young ladies, who are described as a singing orchestra. It promises to be a popular entertainment that everyone will enjoy.

Mrs. W. Waldo Weller of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd S. Ruland, during the holidays. Her husband, who preached in the Methodist Church here some years ago, is now with the U. S. Army in Siberia, doing Y. M. C. A. work.

Among our college friends home for Christmas we note Robert Barker, St. Lawrence; John Barker and Gray Clark, Blair Academy; Miss Betty Baylis, Mt. Ida; Miss Adelaide Satterly, New London; Gerard W. Terry, Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hudson celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary Thursday evening, Dec. 18, at their fine home on Suffolk avenue, by giving a party to about 60 friends. Everyone who had the pleasure of attending reports a royal time and a wonderful supper.

The clang of the fire bell about noon last Sunday interrupted the church service, all the male members of the congregation leaving immediately for the fire, which was at a small shed owned by Clarence Tutthill in the eastern part of the village. The fire was beyond control before help arrived, but the flames were kept from the other buildings nearby.

The crowds which have been filling the local stores day and night during the past week seem to indicate that the people are not finding it necessary to go out of town to do their shopping, also that there is plenty of money to spend for gifts despite the talk of high prices and hard times.

The local post office is experiencing the biggest December business it ever had. Beside the usual Christmas rush, they have had to handle the Christmas issue of the Marines Magazine, the Long Island Agriculturist and several other publications which are now being printed here. It's a strenuous task, but "Wick" and "Lizette" are both hustlers and are equal to it.

SALE OF BAYLES SHIPYARD

FOR \$2,000,000 CONSUMMATED

The Bayles Shipbuilding Yard, located at Port Jefferson, Long Island, was sold Jan. 14 by the United States Shipping Board to A. P. Allen, of New York City, for \$2,000,000. Mr. Allen is a well known engineer. He was formerly chief engineer of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and also of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. He is a member of the Engineers Club of New York.

There are four uncompleted 5,000 ton cargo vessels under construction at the yard. There are also two substantial completed tugs together with six other vessels. It was estimated by the Shipping Board that it would cost \$1,250,000 to complete the vessels, and in view of this it was deemed more profitable to sell the yard and the unfinished ships. The sale was made as of Jan. 1, 1920, Mr. Allen agreeing to pay all expenses since that date.

Mattituck

Henry F. Tutthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

With deep regret we heard of the passing of our old schoolmate, Frank W. Robinson, last Friday morning, at the age of 62 years, 2 months and 23 days. He had been ill for a long time with ulcers of the stomach and bore his sufferings very cheerfully and uncomplainingly. He was a de-out member of the Presbyterian church and of Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M. His funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church Monday, at one o'clock, with interment in his family plot at Patchogue. Besides his wife, he leaves a daughter, Mrs. Edward F. Bennett of Brooklyn, sons Charles of New Haven, Conn., Arthur of Patchogue, Winfield and Ralph of Mattituck, also his aged father, Barney O. Robinson, now in his ninetieth year, sisters, Miss Helen, Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Vail of Orient, Miss Dolicea, Mrs. Henry J. Reeve and Mrs. Harry F. Jackson, and one brothee, Oscar, of Mattituck. He will be sadly missed by his large circle of relatives and friends.

Raymond Hudson and his cousin, Betty Baylis, attended the big Blair Academy reunion ball in Pennsylvania Hotel Monday evening of this week.

Our young friend, Channing Downs, had the good luck to be chosen as delegate from the University of Minnesota to the big Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Conventions at Des Moines, Iowa, this week. Over six thousand delegates from all over the United States will attend, and "Chan" was certainly in great luck to have this honor conferred upon him.

Mrs. Arthur T. Wells entertained the Dinner Club in right royal style Friday of last week.

The Christmas entertainment in the Presbyterian church Wednesday night of last week was a wonderful affair. Church crowded to the doors; kiddies prettier than any artist could paint; music led by Will V. Duryee in superb style; tree and decorations showed that someone had worked hard to please the children, probably the Lady of Downs Manor, and best of all, an offering of \$148 for the Armenians. Really, a very delightful night.

The annual banquet of the Board of Directors of the Mattituck Bank will be given at the Mattituck House on Monday night, Jan. 5, at 6.30. This Bank has been unusually prosperous this year, earning about 35 per cent and declaring a dividend of 15 per cent the past year.

The home of Abram K. Brown was made happy by having all its sons, Chester and Allie of Valley Falls, R. L. Charles of Brooklyn, and the daughter, Mrs. Lester W. Davis, with her husband, of Bayport, L. I., all home again for Christmas week.

We hear wonderful reports of the Triangle Concert in Library Hall last week. The singer and pianist were pronounced the best ever heard in Mattituck, which is going some. We regret illness prevented us from hearing it; ditto the Cutchogue Library Dance, with music by the Invincible Orchestra.

It's Ladies' Night at the Mechanics' Temple Thursday of this week. Each number allowed to bring a lady. Good programme, good dancing, good eating. Don't forget it, boys. Come early.

Jan 9, 1920

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The second annual banquet of the Mattituck Bank was held at the Mattituck House Monday evening of this week, and nine hostess, Mrs. Peyton, served the following abundant, deliciously cooked and exquisitely served menu: Grape fruit a la marasaline, Mattituck Creek half shells, bouillon, crab meat a la Newburg, French chops with peas, roast Long Island turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, string beans, fruit salad, mince pie, pumpkin pie, Roquefort cheese saltines, tea, coffee, cigars. Besides the directors, Terry, W. Tutbill, assistant cashier of Mattituck bank, and Messrs. Usher B. Howell and Otis G. Pike of the Riverhead Savings Bank, were guests of President Lupton.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place in the Mattituck House parlors New Year's Day, at high noon, when Elizabeth F. Flanagan, the very pretty, charming niece of Mrs. Peyton, the proprietress, became Mrs. Charles M. Woodcock, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. M. Ryerson of Riverhead. Both of the young people are from East Orange, N. J., where the bride was a teacher in Nassau School, and is also soprano soloist of Grace Church, Orange. Mr. Woodcock is a chemist at Newark, N. J. After the ceremony a dinner was served in Mrs. Peyton's well-known elegant style, and afterward the happy pair left for an extended trip on the 3:04 train.

Mrs. Peyton entertained as a week-end party after New Year's, having for her own guests the Misses O'Gorman, Wippler, Linderman and Kreen of New York. On Saturday she gave a dance and supper, and on Sunday an auto ride with a fine supper at Steve's, Greenport. Her local guests were Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Hallock, Misses Hallock, Lane and Redman of Riverhead, Messrs. Tutbill, Hudson, Goudola and Cumisky of Mattituck.

Lawyer Russell Lupton, who has opened an office over the bakery, is fairly swamped with work at present, so many farms changing hands, etc.

Mrs. William A. Wasson, who sold her farm, to Con Bullock, is having her bay house fitted with bath, heat, etc., and will use it as an all round year home.

It was "Ladies' Night" in great shape for Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., Thursday of last week. The spacious lodge room was filled at an early hour by a brilliant assemblage, who enjoyed the excellent program, the collation that followed, the dancing by the jazzing of the Riverhead Invincibles, and the general hilarity and right royal good fellowship that prevailed throughout. P. S.—"Pete" Hamilton says one more quadrille would have made him as limber as a four-year-old colt.

Mrs. George I. Tutbill and son Gerard spent last week in Brooklyn and New York.

The Week of Prayer is being observed in the Presbyterian church this week, by services nightly. Next Sunday night a "C." team will conduct the evening services and a big attendance is looked for.

### At the Literary the "Paragon Girls"

—Alice Silkworth, Dorothy Brown, Mae Reeve, Vera Ruland and Madeline Sonntag—gave a most enjoyable entertainment, consisting of solos, charming piano selections, jokes, saxophone solos, etc., given with a dash and vim that brought down the house. Owing to scarcity of coal it was decided to hold the next meeting January 27th, when Mrs. Grace Duryee will give a fine little play.

Word came Monday that Elder Barney O. Robinson had passed away at the house of his daughter, Mrs. David E. Terry, at Orient, at the good old age of 88 years, 5 months, 21 days. His death came like a shock of corn fully ripe for the reaper, and was the result of his advanced years. He was ordained Elder of the Presbyterian church here on July 11th, 1880, a period of nearly forty years. His funeral services, attended by Rev. A. E. Foote and Dr. Craven, were held in the Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon at 2:30, with interment in New Bethany Cemetery. His eldest son, Frank W., was buried just a week before the day of his father's death. Elder Robinson left one son, Oscar B., daughters Carrie Reeve, Irene Jackson and Dolisca Robinson of Mattituck, Emily Vail of East Marion, and Lottie J. Terry and Helen M. Robinson of Orient.

SUMMUM BONUM

## BIG PRINTING PLANT BOOM TO MATTITUCK

Jan 16 — 1920

### New Industry Increases Need of More Houses for Workers and Brings Money to Village

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Suffolk Printing and Publishing Corporation held at the company's office Tuesday night, the following board of directors was re-elected for one year: George H. Fleet, Cutchogue; Henry A. Hallock and Herman E. Aldrich, Sound Avenue; Everett C. Petty, Jamesport; A. H. Cosden, Southold; John H. Hagen, Riverhead; George E. Penny, Laurel; William V. Young, Baiting Hollow; E. E. Smith, Calverton; J. M. Lupton, Herbert R. Conking and C. S. LeValley, Mattituck.

The report of the treasurer shows that the company is in a very prosperous condition, and there is no question but that the enterprise has put Mattituck on the map in a remarkably short time.

The Marines Magazine, formerly published in New York, with a circulation of 20,000 monthly, going to all parts of the world, and the International Hotel Industry Magazine with 1,500 monthly, now go through the Mattituck post office, as do several house organs, the Long Island Agriculturist and four weekly papers which are printed here for Nassau County. An edition of 20,000 catalogues is now in work for a well known seed house in Virginia.

Already it has been found necessary to rent a large floor space opposite the main plant for use as a bindery, and up-to-date machinery for the folding and binding of magazines, etc., has been installed. A new cylinder press of large capacity, and another linotype are now in transit, and will be installed in a few days.

The plant has for some time past been averaging 15 to 20 hours a day and employs from 12 to 25 hands, according to the need for getting out rush work. Most of the work comes from New York, but the plant is also turning out much work for local customers.

### Other Mattituck Notes

The next Lecture Course event will be a concert by the Fillion Concert party on Jan. 24.

Mr. Mary Roache had the misfortune to slip on the ice one day last week, breaking her leg as a result of the fall.

Chief Boatswain's Mate LeRoy S. Reeve, U. S. N., (our own Slats) left Mattituck Friday for the Brooklyn Navy Yard, from which place he expected to be sent to the battleship Arizona, now cruising somewhere "down South."

A well attended "C" meeting was conducted in the Presbyterian Church Sunday night by the Southold team Mr. Downs of Southold and Carl LeValley of Mattituck made addresses and the other members rendered appropriate solos and choruses.

Several delegates from Mattituck attended a meeting of the America Legion at Patchogue last Saturday. A meeting will be held at Mattituck next Thursday in Gildersleeve Ball, which we understand is for the purpose of organizing a Mattituck post. All soldiers and sailors are asked to attend.

Rev. A. E. Foote has sold his farm at Altamont, N. Y., to Louis Tymshyn of this place. John Mazowski has bought a farm at Franklinville, N. J., and moves there this week. Frank Gauer moves to Franklinville, N. J., where he has bought a farm having sold his Mattituck home to Mr. Wolgo, the tailor.

The name of Raymond L. Cleaves, one of our heroic young men who gave his life in his country's cause in the World War, is to be perpetuated in a fine way here. It has been unanimously chosen to head the American Legion Post, organized last Saturday night at a most enthusiastic meeting—Raymond L. Cleaves Post, being its name. The officers selected are as follows: President, Elwood S. Reeve; vice presidents, Carl S. Vail, Peconic; Harry I. Aldrich, Sound Avenue; Curtis J. Horton, New Suffolk; secretary, Frank McMillan; treasurer, Raymond E. Tutbill, Mattituck. The post starts with over 40 charter members and will grow rapidly, it is believed, for all who are eligible living between Laurel and Peconic are asked to join. It will hold regular meetings every second and fourth Thursday. During the work of organizing the post speeches were made by Joseph Kratochville, Myron Lee and Edward Wright of Riverhead, who explained what the Legion is and its purposes.

The following story dated at Mattituck was printed in the Eagle Monday: A well known Mattituck man complains that Elections Commissioner Pulver of Sag Harbor is slow in answering correspondence from this place. Being interested in a recent appointment in the Commissioner's office he wrote asking about it. No reply has been received, he says. This, connected with an item printed in the Eagle a day or two ago, prompted one of the residents here to send to the Eagle this letter: Editor Brooklyn Daily Eagle: Mattituck was filled with consternation upon learning through the Eagle that it had taken nine years for a letter mailed by the Cauliflower Association to reach East Moriches. The cause for dismay which spread like a ball of gloom over the village lies in the long and weary wait which may now be expected before a reply can be received from Elections Commissioner Pulver to a letter which was sent him on Jan. 6, at Sag Harbor. As the distance to Sag Harbor via Riverhead is 50 per cent greater than to East Moriches it is easily figured that more than thirteen years must elapse before the Commissioner can be heard from. D. E. Lay.

### Jan 23 MATTITUCK 1920

Don't forget the next Lecture Course event, Saturday night, Jan. 24

Edward Gray has been appointed janitor of the schoolhouse, in place of William Spence, who recently resigned.

The Mattituck High School basketball teams won two more games from the Southold High School teams at Belmont Hall Friday night, the scores being 19 to 17 in the boys' game, and the girls' game 8 to 6.

It has been learned that it is illegal to assess the Library Hall property and make it pay taxes, so at their meeting in Riverhead this week the Supervisors voted to refund to the association \$67.70 that had been paid in taxes.

Edelmann & Anrig are experiencing a busy season at their embroidery factory this winter. Their fine embroidered emblems find a ready sale in all parts of the country, many of their shipments going to Chicago and St. Louis and some as far as San Francisco.

Mattituck Council, Jr. O. U. A. M. installed their new officers last Friday night, members of the Orient Council being present. An orchestra composed of musicians of both councils by the initiation of four new members and one of Will Beebe's famous clam hoppers served to make the occasion a lively one.

The hone on Cox's Neck occupied by Addison and Bethuel Howard and sister, Letty, was discovered on fire at about noon last Sunday, just as the two Howards were returning from church. With Egbert Jones and James Gildersleeve, who happened to be nearby, they worked hard to extinguish the flames, but the fire had too much of a start. The telephone being in the room where the fire seemed to have started the men were unable to phone for help, and the house soon burned to the ground. Most of the furniture on the first floor was saved, but very little, if any, of their belongings upstairs could be gotten out. The Howards have the sympathy of the community in their loss.

Traveler

Jan 23, 1920.

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

At a meeting held in Gildersleeve Bros. Hall Thursday evening, Jan. 15, to form a Post of the American Legion in this village, the following officers were elected: President, Elwood S. Reeve, Mattituck; 1st Vice President, Carl S. Vail, Peconic; 2nd Vice President, Harry I. Aldrich, Mattituck; 3rd Vice President, Curtis Horton, New Suffolk; Secretary, J. Frank MacMillan, Mattituck; Treasurer, Raymond E. Tutbill, Mattituck. The Post will be known as the Raymond Cleaves Post, the name unanimously chosen, honoring the memory of one who suffered a long and painful sickness and finally death, due to wounds received in action. Speeches were made by Joseph Kratochville and Myron Lee of Riverhead and Edward Wright of Waltham, N. Y., upon the doings of the Legion and its purpose, which were very interesting. About 55 will sign for a charter this week. The Post will hold its meetings every second and fourth Thursday of each month. An open invitation is extended to everybody eligible living between Laurel and Peconic to join, as every man is wanted.

As Bethuel and Addison Howard came home from church last Sunday noon they discovered their house in flames, and the terrific gale that was blowing and its bleak, isolated position prevented help from reaching it in time to do much good. Their sister Letty, who was away, had a lovely stock of silver, furniture and linen left her by her sister, Mary Clark, and little was saved. It's a most dire calamity to lose one's home in the dead of winter, and the kind-hearted people of Mattituck will, we know, help them out to the best of their ability.

Chif Penny sprained his foot badly last week, and our always indispensable "Tip" made a nobby express driver. What would Mattituck do without that buy-come opera star, leading man both light and heavy, local correspondent, writer of madrigals, and locally famous poems of "The Innocent By-stander"—yet he condescends on occasion to call for your baggage. Good boy, "Tip," we all like you.

Don't forget the fourth event in our Lecture Course—The Fillion Concert Party—next Saturday night, Jan 24.

We know many of our village people will learn with sorrow of the death, from cerebral hemorrhage, of Mrs. Dolly Sneden Higgins, at her Brooklyn home, 167 Park Place, on Monday of this week. Her charming young girlhood was spent here at the place known as the Glenwood Hotel, but fifty years ago a stately, aristocratic private residence, where with her family many delightful social functions were held. Mrs. Higgins was a fine character, one of the best types of refined, cultured womanhood, and a true friend. She leaves a daughter, Josephine, a son, Warren, also a sister, Mrs. Lizette Lambert. She was also an aunt of Mrs. Ruth L. W. Satterly. Her interment will be in her family plot in Greenwood. She was sixty-three years of age.

Mrs. Sadie Kent Albin and daughter Renie are visiting relatives in Flushing. "Sister" Albin was always at church and we will miss her from her accustomed pew.

The basket ball games played at Southold Jan. 16th resulted in the following score: Girls, 7 to 2, in favor of Mattituck; Boys, 19 to 17, in favor of Mattituck. Despite the awful cold, the young folks report a glorious time.

SUMMUM BONUM

A report from the Silkworth insurance agency notes that during the three years ended Jan. 1 last over a million dollars' worth of property was insured through that office, and claims to the amount of \$22,285 were paid in the same time. Recent claims paid include fire damage to the sum of \$224 on an automobile belonging to C. H. G. Vail, Quogue; Irving S. Robinson of Mattituck, who was kicked while attending to a horse for Thomas Bergen, deceased, received a check for \$75, doctor's, hospital and nurse's bills to date, and is still drawing compensation. W. R. Wickham of Mattituck recovered \$127 on account of loss sustained in an automobile collision.

The all kinds of weather that have been wished on us for the past two weeks have afforded us all kinds of traveling and school boys have been skating to and from school on the icy roads, which had been scraped to make the world safe for automobiles, and then covered with two inches of ice from the sleet storms. Sleighing has been fine, but there have not been many sleighs out, and we have seen some boys towing on sleds behind autos. Coasting on Conklin's hill was never better and affords good sport for children of all ages. Yet while there are lots of people who see nothing in snow except something different to grumble at, we confess a liking for it, especially a swishing, swirling snow storm riding in on a northeast gale. Let's have one.

without comment.

## "HUD" TELLS ABOUT JANUARY THIRST, 1920

*News Jan 23/1920*

Genial Manager of Griffin House Adds  
Another to His List of Humorous Announcements

Hudson V. Griffin of Riverhead—the well known "Hud" of the Griffin House—has added new laurels to his fame as a humorist. The News has previously referred to some of his original announcements telling why it was necessary to raise the rates from time to time. These have gained world-wide distribution because of their quaint originality—hotel men from all sections have sent for them; guests have sent his cards to friends in distant places.

The card issued last week is considered by many to be the best yet. It is headed: "A Sad Announcement. Accompanied by Some Good News," and reads as follows:

The Dry Spell is here—no more whiskey, no more wine, no more ale no more beer, no more highballs served at all—only temperance drinks such as wood alcohol. Our pies are the same, and so is the cook; sugar is scarce and the hired man comes late still a lot of our guests would not consider this a just cause to again raise the rates.

The proprietor looks happy and still wears a smile (but can't give you one) and considers \$3 per day enough for anyone to have to pay for awhile unless it be some one who comes in and says he has an appetite like that of a child.

No more reduced rates or sympathy for those just married, even though their marriage certificate by him is carried. Our rates for them and the rates for you will be \$3 per day; \$6 where there are two; 75 cents for breakfast; 75 cents for dinner; 75 cents for supper (without hash); 75 cents for lodging (those without baggage and rooming near the fire escape will please pay cash). A quiet lay room with bath comes to \$3.25 and if you don't wake up before noon the Coroner will be notified. The rates during Fair Time will be the same as last Fair Time, but those ordering beer will please call it some other name, and those bringing their mothers-in-law with them can have wood alcohol served to them if the waitress is satisfied the case (case is a short name for a mother-in-law—the full name is hard case) warrants it.

Any more information required will be cheerfully given by the Speak Easy Director, to be found in the sub-cellar.

Realizing, as you do, that complaints sound like the sweetest kind of music to our ears, please come in without knocking and go out the same way.

As every day is Sunday now our rates are the same seven days in the week (until the earth comes to an end again).

Affectionately,  
W. W. & H. V. Griffin,  
Proprietors Griffin House,  
Riverhead, N. Y.

Dated January Thirst, 1920; effective Jan. 16, 1920.

According to a deed filed in the County Clerk's office at Riverhead this week the Gildersleeve farm in Oregon has been sold by Fannie G. Betts and others to Antone Cybulski for \$24,000.

Dr. C. E. Craven's Sunday School class held its January social meeting in the Presbyterian Chapel last Thursday night, enjoying the game of "42," the class' old standby, followed by sandwiches, cake and cocoa.

Trowbridge Kirkup slipped on some ice near his house last Thursday night, falling and striking the back of his head against the steps. He was unconscious for several hours, but was around all right a few days later.

SUBBANS

## MAJESTIC HOTEL Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 13, 1920

To Editor Traveler, Trustees Southold Savings Bank, Directors Mattituck Bank, Members of Mattituck Literary Association, Mattituck Grange, Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., Rev. A. E. Foote and his congregation, greetings.

So many people I want to thank for their kind letters and Godspeeds that I couldn't answer, owing to a crippled hand, that I am going to get "Brother Joe" to let me do it through his columns.

I left New York Monday night on a Memphis special and was agreeably surprised when I woke up the next morning in Virginia to find the snow entirely left behind, farmers plowing in the fields, and the green grass springing up along the water courses.

I knew I had two days and two nights ahead of me, and was very fortunate the night before in New York to meet that handsome, charming young Southern gentleman, Prof. Alfred Butts, of Mississippi State College. We "chummed" together all the way, and together, had adjoining compartments, and I gained a wonderful amount of Southern States' information from his well stored mind, besides discussing thoroughly Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle on the "Life Beyond." Otherwise what a dreary ride it would have been; nothing to see but cotton fields and little cabins and their broods.

We passed the home place of Alvin York, saw Camp Pike at Little Rock, had an hour at Memphis, that grand Southern city. Now when you find fault with Long Island Railroad train service you want to take a trip South, and then you will hush your noise. We were on time all the way, but as the trains average only about twenty miles an hour, barring accidents, they ought to be on time. The equipment though, dining cars and sleepers, however, was of the best. The day coaches are labelled "White" and "Black."

This is a wonderful place. The Majestic Hotel is packed full. Lucky I had my room reserved three weeks ago. In many of the rooms you see signs, "This room must be vacated March 1st. Reserved for (such and such) League ball club," that will train here after that date. I must say everything is very reasonably priced. The hotel sets a splendid table. The stores are not at all expensive shops. There is an air of good fellowship that is wonderful among the guests. At my table Col. Simmon, a noted old lawyer of Georgia, a member of Gen. J. B. Gordon's famous company, with his aristocratic dame, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grant of Cleveland, O., have shown me very fine attention; and our old colored waiter hovers over us like a black guardian angel. The baths are magnificently equipped. As a special favor that African Prince, "King Solomon," was detailed to my service, and there isn't a bone or muscle in my whole body but what his skillful fingers have thoroughly explored. "Sol." is in great demand and is kiggpin among the many skillful attendants. The water is piped to the hotel from the mountains at a temperature of 143, and gradually cooled so it can be used without danger. It is said to possess a great amount of radium, and certainly has great curative properties.

General Pershing arrived here last night and will make a short speech and formally open a new automobile road, which has just been finished, up the mountain. To-morrow he will parade through the city, and of course have a

If this letter should happen to meet the eyes of any of my friends, hope they will be kind enough to remember my address, Majestic Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., and drop me a line. I cannot promise to answer, but hope to be able to do so later.

With best regards to all,  
Faithfully yours,  
CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE

*News Jan 20, 1920*

## MATTITUCK

Slats Reeve, who is now with the U. S. Naval Reserves at Bay Ridge is home on a few days' leave.

Miss Rita Tandy of Brooklyn was a week-end guest of her sister, Mrs. Al Brown.

Guiseppe Portera, who has been spending the past two months in New York, has reopened his shoe repairing shop at the "Assembly" building.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Feb. 25. Hours 9 to 2.

The Rev. Chas. C. Tavis, a candidate for the Presbyterian pulpit, preached here last Sunday, Rev. A. E. Foote spending the week-end Up-State.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hallock of Smithtown, have rented living rooms in the new Silkworth building north of the railroad station. Mr. Hallock is employed by Wines & Homan.

The Girl Scout play which was to be held last Friday night was postponed on account of bad traveling and stormy weather and will probably be held about Mar. 5. The Royal Dominoes have postponed their masquerade ball, date to be announced later.

Automobile Accident Insurance. I make a specialty of writing insurance to protect auto owners from loss resulting from public liability, "damages or injury to people," also property damage and collision and fire and theft. For rates and further information phone Silkworth, Mattituck, N. Y.

The Navy Department has informed Commander F. H. Potec, U. S. N., Navy Recruiting Station, 34 East 23d street, New York City, that John Carr, of Mattituck, now serving in the Navy and on board the U. S. S. Thomas, has been promoted from warrant officer's cook to wardroom steward.

There will be a patriotic service in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday night, Feb. 22. Special vocal and instrumental music, and a sermon by Rev. A. E. Foote will render this service eminently attractive. The Raymond L. Cleaves Post of the American Legion, and the Junior Order of United American Mechanics have been invited to attend, and a large congregation is expected.

We are requested to say that rehearsals for "A Day on the Ranch" will be started about Mar. 12, and that the committee expects all who are asked to take part, to do their duty. This production takes a very big cast, and it is hoped that people will pitch in and help, and make this performance the best ever, for "If we can't, who kin?" is the Mattituck motto.

Automobiles still remain conspicuous by their absence on the streets, very few wagons are seen but there are plenty of sleighs out. Several sleighing parties went to Riverhead and Greenport last week. Coasting retains its popularity, and a few days ago we saw about a dozen young fellows from sixteen to fifty years old, start out on a hike to the Sound with sleds, sliding down every hill in town north of the railroad track. Barring a few casualties, such as falling into slush a foot deep, etc., they all reported a great trip.

February 19, 1920

Editor TRAVELER:

I wonder if I torment the lives of your typesetters with my scribbling? But I do like to feel that I am still a part of Long Island, though I am in the land of "the sapphire skies." Read a batch of letters this noon, telling of the parlous state of the weather on good Long Island's seagirt shores, and thought I'd like to feel well enough to tackle its drifts. Still it's very delightful to be out in the glorious atmosphere of this town. These Southerners are certainly charming people. My staunch friends, Judge Simmons and wife, of Atlanta, Ga., have for their guests three nieces and two nephews from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Every one of these multi-millionaires are handsome and gracious people, and we have long talks together. I am so stuffed with Southern lore and statistics I feel "encyclopedia." I never realized the wealth of this section before. Many of these people have incomes of ten thousand daily from oil wells. In the little city of Tulsa alone there are over one hundred millionaires. Uncle Sam's wards, the Osage Indians, are the wealthiest per capita of any people in the U. S. The government pays them a yearly per capita of fifty-one hundred dollars, besides their royalties from oil wells. Mr. MacBurnie, who is sole owner of one railroad there, says one family of ten Indians is paid through one of his banks \$51,000 every year.

Arkansas has developed into a great rice growing state, far surpassing Louisiana in production and quality. Land that ten years ago was worthless now brings \$500 per acre, and produces 70 to 80 bushels of rice per acre. I had the impression that much of the land I saw en route was barren, but in a short time it will all be in rice and a mine of wealth.

I am told darkies are naturally honest, thus blacker the skin the whiter the soul. One lady who was ablaze with diamonds told me she has fourteen house servants, never locked a door, and felt free to leave her mansion, near Little Rock, in the care of her servants, who were absolutely honest.

I went with my bath attendant, Solomon, to his Baptist church last Sunday afternoon to a sacred concert. Don't know when I've heard better melody. "Sol" is head usher. This spacious church, with fine pipe-organ, vested choir, stained glass windows, was crammed full of white folks to hear those singers, and how they could sing the "Spirituals," as they call them. The crashing chords of "Rocks and Mountains, Don't Fall on Me"; the plaintive minors of "Didn't See You Pray Down in the Corner"; the majestic "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"; "I Am Walking the Heavenly Road," and "Going to Meet My Abraham," all made a feast for one who enjoys pure melody.

The days slip by fast. If I accepted the invitations I might stay in the South a year, for that's one thing they seem to like — entertaining friends. But I suppose another month should find me home taking care of a furnace and two or three stoves, and wading through snow and slush; but after all, there's no better place to live than Long Island in general, and Southold Township in particular.

Cordially yours,

CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE

Feb 20 1920

PLUCKY MAIL CARRIER

Middle Island Supplied by Man on Foot Last Week

In addition to telling how the Middle Island mail carrier made his long trip on foot when the roads were so blocked with snow that vehicles could not get through, the correspondent of the Echo goes back many years and tells of other famous snow storms:

The correspondent says: Day after day with roads unbroken. No mail arrived last Thursday and Friday. Saturday our heroic mail carrier, Mr. Ayvad, not being able to employ any vehicle to bring it, came up from Yaphank on foot, bringing the first class mail matter over the unbeat road. This snow fall goes into history as one of the notable ones, along with that of 1856, which gave seven weeks of continuous sleighing; that of 1867, which held up the mails about two weeks; that of 1880, which gave six weeks of sleighing and blocked the railroad ten days; that of 1888, which held up all activities for one to two weeks, and those of 1892 and 1898, each of which occurred in the latter part of November and tied up traffic for two or three days.

Feb 13 1920

Mattituck

Henry P. Tuttle is The Traveler's business agent at Mattituck

Owing to the scarcity of coal, the Free Library will be open only from four o'clock until five each afternoon for the exchange of books. This schedule will probably be continued during the rest of the winter.

The Girl Scout play, "My Cousin Timmy," which was to be given this Friday night, has been postponed, owing to the condition of the roads. The date of its presentation will be announced later.

The Royal Dominoes will hold a masquerade ball in Library Hall on next Thursday night, the 19th, with music by the Invincible Orchestra. A number of prizes will be awarded to those wearing the best costumes.

Charles Gildersleeve is spending a few weeks at Hot Springs, Arkansas, "taking the baths" at this popular health resort. During his absence, "Chub" Gildersleeve is acting as station agent, and Wm. H. Clark of Southold as relief operator.

Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., will hold its annual banquet in Library Hall on Monday night, Feb. 23. A fine array of talent has been engaged for the entertainment, and a seven-piece orchestra will furnish dance music.

Arrangements are being made to present the spectacular production, "A Day on the Rancho," some time in March, with Mattituck talent.

Herbert R. Conkling, who was operated on for appendicitis some years ago, was again operated on at the Greenport Hospital Saturday. The trouble was caused by the cut reopening. He is getting along nicely.

SUBBING FOR S. BONUM

FARMERS FIX WAGE SCALE

FOR LABORERS IN 1920

Riverhead News, Feb. 19, 1920

Fair Wage Agreed Upon Gives Single Man \$60 Per Month and Board; \$85 for Year Man. Must Work 10-Hour Day

Farmers in the vicinity of Riverhead and Mattituck—and it is believed other sections of eastern Suffolk will follow their determination—have agreed to set \$60 a month, with board, as a fair wage for an unmarried farm hand for 1920. As a matter of fact this is a higher wage than is suggested by the United States Department of Agriculture, which shows that Suffolk County farmers are generous.

The fair wage scale selected for what is known as a year man is \$85 a month, and a man working eight or nine months is to receive \$90 a month.

The story concerning the meeting at which this wage scale was adjusted is told as follows by the Farm Bureau:

Due to a demand of the farmers in the vicinity of Mattituck, Henry J. Reeve, chairman of the Mattituck Farm Bureau Community Committee, called a meeting of farmers which was held at the Grange Hall, Mattituck, Monday, Feb. 16. There were about thirty present, coming from as far west as Riverhead and as far east as Cutchogue and New Suffolk.

After considering wages paid last year a resolution was passed stating that it was the sentiment of this meeting that a fair wage to pay experienced farm labor for this year, based upon a 14 per cent increase of the average wage of last year would be \$60 per month for a single man with board; \$85 per month for a year or \$90 per month for a man eight or nine months, in both these last cases including house rent, potatoes, milk, etc. It was also expressed that this fair wage should be based upon a ten-hour day and that emphasis should be placed upon the word experienced farm labor. Men who are not experienced should not receive as high a wage as experienced men.

May Send South for Laborers

Further action was taken by those present by passing a resolution recommending that the Farm Bureau send a man to some of the Southern States for the purpose of locating and bringing to Suffolk County colored labor to supply the shortage in the county. It was thought that the Bureau could do no better work at this time than to secure information from farmers in the county as to the names and locations of the many colored men who have continued to go South in the winter, returning each spring. Through these men in the South one could probably induce many other colored men to come North. It was further suggested that whoever is sent South should actually bring to the county fifty or possibly one hundred men, depending upon how many such men farmers would want. Acting upon this recommendation the directors of the Farm Bureau are being called together next week for the purpose of considering this matter.

It was also expressed that farmers in the county should not become alarmed over the labor shortage, as they thought that enough men could be found to supply the demand. Farmers should use conservatism before offering farm laborers excessive wages fearing that they would be left without any labor at all. There were many Polish men who attended the meeting at Mattituck and it was noticeable that when the motion was

put it was carried unanimously, each one of the Polish men voting for it.

Anxious to Pay Fair Wages

It was also a strong sentiment of the meeting that farmers desire to pay all that is due to farm labor and not to in any way take action which would appear not to pay fair wages. In considering this they have based their sentiment upon a 14 per cent increase in wages over last year. During the meeting there was read a report on wages for the past and prospective wages for the present year, which was published last week by the United States Department of Agriculture, and reads as follows:

"According to the reports just received from 350 N. Y. State farmers, wages during 1920 are expected to average about 14 per cent higher than they were in 1919. This increase will be about the same as the average rise in farm wages each year since 1915. The reports of the monthly cash wages of experienced farm help hired by the month during 1919 and the probable wages of the same class of labor this year averaged as follows:

Men provided with board, last year, \$45.50; this year, \$52.25. Men not boarded but provided with a house and some farm products, last year, \$60.25; this year, \$68.50.

In general wages are highest near New York City and in the more productive counties. This is especially true as to wages in Suffolk County last year but complaints of the scarcity of labor come from all parts of the State. The steady increase in wages since 1915 is shown below. The figures for 1919 differ from those given above because the average is not restricted to men with experience.

Average wages of male farm labor in New York State hired by the year with board, per month:

1919, \$43.30; 1918, \$40; 1917, \$35; 1916, \$29.40; 1915, \$25.40.

Vote to Pay Better Than Average

The Mattituck farmers after considering the above report desired to find out what was the average wage paid to farm labor last year. Each farmer present wrote out the wages he paid last year. These were averaged and it was found that the average wage paid to single men including board was \$51.50 per month; the average to men hired by the year including house rent, milk, potatoes, etc., was \$73.25 per month and the average to the men hired eight or nine months including house rent, milk, potatoes, etc., was \$78.50. Taking these figures they added to these wages a fourteen per cent increase as indicated in the report from the U. S. Department of Agriculture which was a fair increase over last year. The following shows wages per month:

Single men, last year, \$51.50; 14 per cent increase, \$58.71; Mattituck farmers adopted, \$60. Year men, last year, \$73.25; 14 per cent increase, \$83.50; adopted, \$85. Eight or nine months, last year, \$78.50; 14 per cent increase, \$89.49; adopted, \$90.

The above shows that the farmers have in each case in adopting their fair wage scale added a little more than the 14 per cent increase, which goes to show that they are extremely liberal with suggested wages, especially taking into consideration that the average wage paid to farm laborers in Suffolk County last year was considerably higher than the great majority of wages paid throughout New York State.

### Feb 13 1920 Last Week's Storm

The snow storm of last week proved one of the worst on record. The roads are not yet dug out in some sections. There were bad drifts and the heavy crust on the snow made very hard digging. Telegraph and telephone lines were blown down and there was a partial paralysis of traffic and business. There was no electric light in Riverhead and the villages east for several days. No freight trains have been running, and passenger trains were several hours late. This winter certainly makes up for the mild one we had last year. There has been no let-up since winter set in.

### Feb 27 1920 27 More Snow 1920

On Tuesday night we had another big fall of snow. It was light and the heavy wind caused it to drift very badly for several days. Many of the roads are again impassable, particularly the North Road and cross roads. The cuts, which were dug out, are filled to the top, and "then some." People in sleighs are obliged to go through the fields. The appropriation made by the Town for digging snow, which was thought to be ample, will not begin to pay the cost of clearing the roads, and that means we will have so much less to keep our roads in good shape. The L. I. R. R. snow plows kept running Wednesday and the trains were on time that day. Wednesday night the freight train, bound east, got stuck in a snow-bank between Cutchogue and Mattituck. A rotary plow came down from the city to get it clear. At time of writing (Thursday at 12 m.) the morning trains had not left Greenport. The thermometer registered 16 above zero Thursday morning. Winter set in good and proper in December and we have failed to note any "thaws" since then. The "oldest inhabitant" can remember nothing like it. No signs of an early spring yet.

### Feb 27 1920

#### WE'VE HAD OTHER STORMS

E. S. Miller, Wading River, Remembers a Bad One in 1856-7

Those of the present generation who think this winter has been the worst that ever happened have another guess coming. It's bad enough, we'll all agree, but way back in 1856-7, before most of us were worrying whether it snowed or froze, there was a storm as was a storm, according to a note sent to the News by Elihu S. Miller of Wading River, a man decidedly well informed on many things. He says he remembers the big storm of that date very well, and in addition to that he has located and sent to the News a clipping from the New York Spectator of Feb. 19, 1857, that seems to corroborate what he says of the storm.

In part the clipping reads: "We learn that a train on the Long Island Railroad succeeded in getting through from Brooklyn to Greenport, on Thursday last, being the first communication by railroad with that place since the 22d of December, 1856. Trains had previously run, however, to Mattituck, a point within 12 miles of that place. A private letter dated February 7, states that not a pound of flour could be bought in Greenport at that date. For many days the roads were impassable to travellers on horseback."

### 6 Tieup of L. I. R. R. 1920

Last Thursday's and Friday's tieup of the Long Island Railroad was the worst that has been experienced this winter on the East End, despite the fact that only a few inches of snow caused the trouble. As fast as rotary snowplows would throw the drifting snow out of the cuts the driving wind sweeping across the level farm land would hurl it back. Nearly all of Wednesday night and Thursday big crews of men battled with the drifts on the tracks. At one time seven engines and three snowplows, including the big rotary itself, were snarled up in the section between Cutchogue and Mattituck. Finally a big gang of shovelers relieved some of the powerful engines enough to let them get a fresh start and a hole was bored through. Two plows slipped off the rails. While they were being gotten on again snow blew in behind them. That was the sort of work the snow fighters contended with for many hours. Freight trains stuck on the sidings were other hindrances. Near Cutchogue the cut was filled with snow higher than the tops of the cars. Friday evening it took six hours to drive the plow through the cuts between Riverhead and Greenport, a distance of 22 miles. At some places the plow was only able to make headway at the rate of two miles an hour. The Friday evening trains arrived about midnight.

### SNOW HELD TRAINS CAPTIVE FOR A DAY

Rotary After Much Trouble Raised Blockade in Big Cut East of Mattituck

Last Thursday and Friday the L. I. R. R. had other troubles of its own in fighting the snow between Riverhead and Greenport, and especially between Mattituck and Peconic. For more than a day the trains were unable to operate between this place and the Greenport terminal.

The light snow of a day or two before was pushed by a lively wind into the big cut east of Mattituck. When the morning trains tried to get out of Greenport Thursday they found they were likely to get into trouble, so they sent a plow on ahead. That met more than its match, and no matter how hard the hand shovelers worked the snow was always just a little bit too lively to let them liberate the plow.

Then the big rotary plow was sent for. After all sorts of vexations, included among which were derailed plows and engines, the rotary finally managed to bore its way through the big cut about 6 o'clock Thursday night, and the first mail to reach Riverhead from Greenport since afternoon of the day before arrived here about 7 o'clock. The train that brought it was made up of two cars and three engines.

Thursday night the cut was partially filled again and trains were uncertain most of Friday, and all of them ran double-headers. At times the snow blew across the fields so thickly that the sky was invisible.

When the cut was finally bored through it was found that the cars had a neat little hole, just wide enough for the cars, through a long snow drift as high as the tops of the cars.

During one part of the battle with the snow there were seven engines and two plows working on the drift while two stalled freight trains added to the woes of snow fighters in the trenches.

Sixty-seven languages are spoken

### Mrs. Grace Duryee is visiting friends at Bellport.

Mrs. Frank Fleet is enjoying a few days in New York and Brooklyn this week.

Don't forget the Girl Scout play and dance in Library Hall tomorrow (Friday) night.

The American Legion dance, which was to have been held Friday night, has been postponed, also the Literary. Dates for these two affairs will be announced later.

Robert Macdonald, a man known and well thought of here, who lived at Laurel and West Mattituck twenty years ago, died in Brooklyn last week, aged 50 years.

Lawyer Russell E. Lupton has purchased the Broderick homestead east of the Presbyterian Parsonage and expects to move in after modern improvements have been made.

The next Lecture Course number falls on Friday, Mar. 12, when Chief Strongheart, a full-blooded Indian, lectures on "From Peace Pipe to War Trail." When lecturing, he appears in the picturesque costume of an Indian chief.

Charles Flaesch, Jr., and Edward Seaman, two young men from Unadilla, N. Y., who have been spending vacations at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Satterly, returned Sunday, Mr. Seaman to Williams College, and Mr. Flaesch to Unadilla to await his entrance to West Point.

The rotary snow plow, usually something of a novelty around here, has become a common sight during the past week, the cuts between Mattituck and Peconic having filled up rapidly since the last snowstorm. Wednesday night a freight train and an extra engine got stuck half way between Mattituck and Cutchogue, and 12 o'clock until 11 the next morning, and Friday night the rotary plow became stalled in a big snow drift at about the same place, holding up trains due here at 6:35 and 8:04 until 11 o'clock.

The sudden death of Mrs. Conrad Gracie on Friday morning of last week came as a great shock to the people of this village. Mrs. Gracie has always been held in high esteem for her interest and work for the church, and for her hospitality at home having been the place of many happy social events. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church and the Sewing Society, Mattituck Grange and Eastern Star. Her age was 65 years and five months. She survived by her husband, two sons, Arthur, of Amityville, and Walter of Mattituck; two daughters, Mary Harry Young, of Laurel, and Mrs. Tyson Bond, of Mattituck; also two sisters, Miss Mary Jetter, of Mattituck, and Mrs. Lottie VanKeuren, of Jersey City, N. J.; and a brother, John Jetter, of Eastport. There are also several grandchildren. Funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon at her late home by Rev. Dr. Chas. E. Craven and Rev. A. E. Foote, with interment at Bethany Cemetery.

The Mattituck Girl Scouts presented their amusing two-act play, "My Cousin, Timmy," in Library Hall Friday night, but owing to the rainy weather the size of the crowd was not up to expectations. The Misses Dorothy Brown, Alice Case and Madeline Sonntag took men's parts in the play, and the others, Anita and Helen McNulty, Esther and Ruth Gildersleeve, Josephine Bergen, Jeanette Cooper, Eva Young, Mary McCarthy, Mae Reeve, Kathryn Morrell, Elsie Brockner, Mary Johnson and Charlotte Wickham, made very attractive school girls, teachers, etc. Between the acts, Kathryn Morrell played piano solos, Esther Gildersleeve recited, Madeline Sonntag sang a solo and Mae Reeve, Ruth Gildersleeve and Madeline Sonntag gave a pretty costume dance, with Mac Craven at the piano. George Duryea, the high school journalist, read the latest edition of the school newspaper, "The Horvot," or bee or wasp, we do not remember which, but it was something with a sting to it. George is an editor with a future, but critics who saw him on the stage in feminine apparel, think he would be a little weak on editing a fashion page. Following the play, dancing was enjoyed till one o'clock. King's Orchestra played.

### "GOLDIE," PECONIC BOY, TO MAKE BIG LEAGUE

Mar. 5, 1920  
Boss Ebbets of Brooklyn Nationals Offers Contract to Baseball Pitcher of Local Fame

H. E. Goldsmith of Peconic, familiarly known in local baseball circles as "Goldie," has done the expected. He has definitely broken into Big League baseball, and, according to Rice's famous column in the Eagle Monday night, he has been offered a nice contract to play with the Brooklyn Nationals this summer.

"Goldie" is probably the best pure-product Long Island baseball pitcher that Suffolk ever produced. For three or four seasons he was the sensation in the Eastern Long Island League of which the Riverhead team is a member. Last year he won pronounced glory on the diamond in several different games, especially in holding the fast Riverhead team to a 13-inning no-score tie, in which he went nine innings without having a clean hit scored off his bewildering delivery. At that time he was pitching for Mattituck. On that day, too, he struck out every man on the Riverhead team except Carleton.

His work on Long Island last season attracted the attention of Big League scouts, who have also been following his work on college diamonds.

In addition to being a good baseball player Goldie is hailed as a fine chap personally. He has scores of friends who are congratulating him now because of his brilliant prospects for the future in the Great American Game.

#### What Rice Says of Him

Following is the story that Rice printed in the Eagle Monday:

H. E. Goldsmith, varsity pitcher of the St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., team, has been offered a contract by President Charles H. Ebbets of the Brooklyn National League Club, and expects to sign at the close of college in June, when he plans to join the Brooklyn club and try out for a position on Ebbets' pitching staff. The scarlet twirler turned down an offer to accompany the Superbas on their Southern training trip, as he wished to complete his college course.

Goldsmith, who is a product of Long Island, will come to the Brooklyn club with more experience to his credit than the average yearling. His work in the Eastern Long Island Amateur League last season attracted the attention of several major league scouts. Largely through his gifted twirling the Mattituck team ended the season at the top of the league. At the end of the season he was recalled from college to pitch several games. For the past two years he has done the bulk of the pitching for his college nine. Two years ago he held Cornell to two hits and later in the same season he administered a coat of whitewash to Hamilton College, besides defeating the University of Rochester by 10 to 2. He captained the St. Lawrence team in 1919, and helped to win a 6 to 0 victory over Norwich, one of the strongest college teams in the East.

Besides a wide assortment of curves and much speed, "Goldie" has a spitball which has proved the despair of opposing batsmen and brought him many a strikeout. He is of the rangy type, well fitted to stand the grind of big league baseball. When not on the mound he plays the outfield, where his hitting has proved a big factor in winning games.

Goldsmith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison C. Goldsmith of Peconic, Long Island. He is a member of the Senior Class at St. Lawrence and of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. Besides being active in college athletics, Goldsmith has had a try at dramatics with much success. His work in the leading role of "A Successful Calamity," a college play presented recently by the Mummies Society, won favorable comment from dramatic critics.

March 12 1920

### MATTITUCK

James Gildersleeve visited relatives in Brooklyn last week.

Don't forget the Chief Strongheart lecture "From Peacetime to War Trail" Friday night, Mar. 12.

Miss Ethel Brown of Richmond Hill visited her sister, Miss Edith Brown, at Mrs. Sidney Gildersleeve's last week.

Frank and George McMillan enjoyed several days in New York last week, combining business with pleasure.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Mar. 17, hours 9 to 2.

Rehearsals for "A Day on the Ranch" were to have started Tuesday night of this week, but it has been decided to give this entertainment in May instead of April, and rehearsals have been postponed until further notice.

The other day a pasteboard box received at the post office started leaking, nearly a pint of a thin dark-colored fluid spilling out on the floor. The postmaster hurriedly opened the package thinking he had caught someone in violation of the Volstead act. The contents, however, proved to be a man's felt hat, which had evidently been dropped in a mud puddle before it was offered at the postoffice.

Capt. Benjamin G. Tuthill, one of our oldest residents, died at his home on Wednesday, in his 89th year. He had been in poor health for a long time. Deceased was a bayman for many years, industrious, a good neighbor—a man who had the respect of a large circle of acquaintances. He is survived by his widow and by one daughter, Mrs. Albert E. Payne of Riverhead, and three sons, Wallace and Willis of Mattituck and Percy of Greenport. Funeral services are to be conducted at the house on Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Mattituck once more had the distinction of being a railroad terminal Saturday and Sunday while snow-drifts and washouts held all east-bound trains here. Passengers and train crews spent Saturday night in trying to get some sleep in the station and in the cars, and bore their hardships without complaint, but a self-appointed committee of local knockers, who never go out of town except to the County Fair, spent their time complaining about poor railroad service, and roasting the management in general. We have some good material for Congress right here in this little town.

In our school the second "Thrifty Stamp Drive" resulted in a victory of the Eighth grade, Miss Mildred Horton, teacher, with a sum of \$41.25. The first and second High School grades were second with \$28, and the others finished in the following order: Fifth grade, \$21.50; Second, \$21.25; Sixth, \$18.50; Third and Fourth High School, \$12.75; Fourth, \$8.75.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Hallock returned Tuesday from Miami, Fla., where they have been spending a two weeks' vacation.

A Deputy from the Internal Revenue office will be at the Mattituck Bank on Friday and Saturday of this week to assist persons in making out their income tax returns.

### ANOTHER BLIZZARD HITS BELOW BELT

#### Trains Blocked, Wires Down, Etc., Is Getting to Be a Weekly Diet in Riverhead

Two days of nice warm sunshine late last week, with rivers running in the streets, forming big lakes in low spots—but rapidly chasing away the snow and ice that the ground hog dumped on us a long period ago—caused a lot of people to think that gentle spring was moving in.

But while these people went to bed with those pleasant thoughts lulling them to sleep, along came Boreas, instead of Ruth, about midnight Friday night. First he got lost in the South and breathed a few blasts out of the southeast. Boreas was accompanied by old Jupiter Pluvius. You can tell the world that they are a bad pair, if the world doesn't happen to know it already.

Those two old rascals had special designs on Eastern Long Island, it seems, for while Boreas breathed a few strong ones—no one has been found who knows where he got that strong breath in these Prohibition times—but Anderson has promised to make a statement on it. And while Boreas breathed Jupiter let loose a new deluge of H<sub>2</sub>O—there's one paradox, already. The flood, however, was terrific, adding other ponds to those made by the melting sun. Some of the rivers became torrents and washed out roads and railroad tracks in a disastrous way.

Hastened then Boreas back to his home in the north and continued his mad antics to blow down everything on this terrestrial sphere that some people are thinking of leaving via the rocket vehicle to visit Mars. But getting back a few paragraphs, those same folks who went to bed with peaceful thoughts of spring were rudely awakened by Boreas and they immediately and in a sort of jury rig about their shanks, hustled from warm beds to shorten sail on the blinds before they crashed in through the windows.

Making this part of a long story short it is enough to say that when the wind suddenly let go from the northwest it was soon accompanied by the worst snow storm for intensity that the famous winter of 1919-20 has yet produced. It came down in blinding sheets, while the wind whistled a perfect hurricane. The temperature fell until it nearly touched zero. Drifts piled here and there; business was at a standstill, and nearly everyone with good sense stayed in the house. Those forced to brave the blizzard found it the most difficult going of the winter.

#### Railroad Washout at Cutchogue

From Friday to late Sunday evening there was no rail communication between Riverhead and Greenport, due chiefly to a bad washout on the railroad near Cutchogue. Before that could be fixed all of the railroad cuts were solid full of snow and a number of big telephone poles. As soon as the washout was discovered a hurry call was sent for ten carloads of cinders. The cinders came down behind a passenger train that reached Riverhead about 2 o'clock. The passenger train was going to try to run to Mattituck. It got just east of Riverhead and was held up by drifts and broken poles.

Then after the section men had picked out the poles the two engines pushed the passenger train through the snow. This was repeated several times before Mattituck was reached, neither train getting to that nearby station until night. It was another difficult pull to get to the washout. From that time to late Sunday three or four gangs of men worked constantly repairing the track and digging snow. Two plows, including the rotary, finally cleared the track, but Greenport was without mail or paper, for 54 hours, and then the service was only spasmodic.

Great Damage to wires

The terrific wind played havoc again with the telephone and telegraph service. Early Saturday morning all communication of that sort outside of Riverhead was paralyzed. Not a wire was working.

It was several days before any sort of regular wire communication could be restored. And the money damage to the telegraph and telephone companies cannot be estimated now. Along the highways and along the railroad pole after pole loaded with valuable copper wire was smashed to the earth. In some sections there are fifteen or twenty poles in a stretch that were felled. Some of them were as large as a man's body, yet they were snapped off like pipe stems.

Many of the poles along the railroad fell across the tracks. Just east of Riverhead the section men chopped off the wires, lifted the poles out of the snow, and the big engines crashed through wire and snow, completely ruining immense quantities of wire. An engineer on the first train in to Riverhead Saturday afternoon said that he had been fighting telephone poles all through Suffolk County, which indicates that this county was hit worse than the rest of the Island.

#### Tree Kicks in Side of Building

One of the queer tragedies of the storm came just as the storm seemed to reach the height of its fury shortly after 10 o'clock Saturday morning. A big tree standing close to the News building was grabbed by Boreas and after being split nearly half of its length the tree fell with a mighty crash on the roof of the building.

When it fell its big butt kicked out sideways and crashed through the side of the building occupied by the Willard Storage Battery Co. No great damage was done, but the occupants of the two buildings fled in terror, thinking that the roofs were coming in on them. The unusual accident attracted considerable attention.

Shortly after this the storm began to abate as suddenly as it had heaped itself on a long-suffering people. Before the wind stopped, however, many other big trees about the village had been sent to the earth with deafening roars, heard high above the fury of the storm.

#### Bring Telegrams by Rail

Another odd incident relative to the storm was observed in Riverhead on Monday, when telegrams began arriving by train. As strange as it may seem that was the quickest way to get them to Riverhead. Wires being down east of Mineola, for both the telegraph and phone service, the telegrams were sent by wire as far as possible and then placed on the trains for delivery.

Still another odd incident happened near Cutchogue Monday morning. Just at the time when it was supposed the railroad was again running smoothly for a few minutes a passenger train stuck itself in a snowbank and buried up a snow plow at the same time.

It all happened this way: The plow cleared the Main line. Then it began work on the sidetracks, by which a big bunch of snow was deposited on the Main line. Before that could be cleared away the train plunged into throwing enough snow on the plow to hold that fast and also to stop the train. Hand shovelers cleared away the "embargo" after two-hours' delay.

Miss Jennie Gray is taking a business course at the Southold Academy.

Mrs. Oscar Hummerlund is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allan Forman, this week. *Mar 19, 1920*

Surveyors are busy mapping out a new road through land of Alonzo F. Robinson, near the Old Mill to the Sound, for the gentleman who recently purchased Mrs. Forman's Sound front.

Mattituck was sub-terminal again last Saturday for the railroad, owing to the bad washouts between this station and Cutchogue. The embargo lasted only about seven hours, when construction crews quickly rushed four cars of cinders to the washout and stemmed the flood.

Mar 19, 1920

### ANOTHER WASHOUT

#### Our Weekly Storm Was Strong and Again Delayed Trains

It is getting to be a common thing to have a weekly storm that is anything but weak. Eastern Long Island has gotten so accustomed to it that it doesn't excite wonder any more.

Late last week the usual thing happened again—a big deluge of rain and melting snow and ice that again washed out the railroad track near Cutchogue, and again delaying the trains for several hours. While the damage was being repaired a shuttle service was maintained.

Friday night and Saturday there was a veritable deluge of rain, which melted the remaining snow, and the combination formed some of the biggest inland lakes and rivers ever known. When the water poured down across some of the low spots on the farms considerable damage was done.

The water bored holes under the railroad tracks in many places, the most serious in this section being at Cutchogue and near Southampton. In the latter place a young Niagara formed a perfect waterfall that while nice to look at was the cause of strong language from trainmen and from passengers who really didn't care to visit Niagara at that particular moment and who had urgent business elsewhere.

Long Swamp in Sound Avenue went on the worst rampage in nearly a century. The water flowed freely from a spot quite close to Long Island Sound southerly and emptied itself into Peconic Bay, via Steeple Church Creek. The News is assured that the last time this happened was just 98 years ago. The files of the News do not reach back quite that far, so we have no story about it that we can reprint.

An Aquebogue man living on the Main road suddenly discovered that he had a waterfront farm. That was when he got up in the middle of the night to rescue his 22 horses.

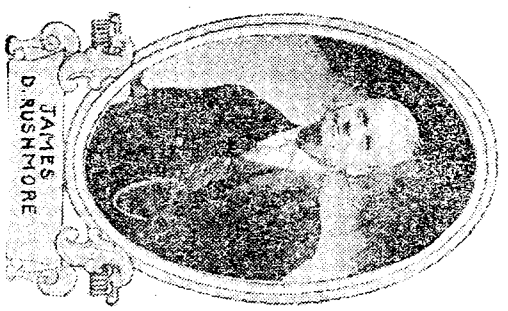
The same sort of items are wanted to the News office from all sections of Long Island, only some of them detail more discomforts because of flooded cellars. Westbury was almost entirely inundated. Almost the entire village was suddenly transformed into a Venice, with boats plying around the streets.

Saturday afternoon the rain turned to snow and a vicious but short blizzard followed. The ponds quickly froze, affording good skating in village streets and other places for the small boys early Sunday morning.

Last Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, Beverly Appleby, the handsome, study little son of Raynor Wickham, fell from his father's truck in front of Mrs. Fanny Gildersleeve's house. The fast moving truck gouged his right side from hip to knee, making a fearful wound. He was taken to his home and Mrs. Morton and Peterson did all they could for him. Monday he grew worse rapidly and Dr. Chauvin was called, who found the abdomen perforated, though no bones broken. He died at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, at the age of 7 years, 9 months, 21 days. He was a very attractive little chap. Many will recall him as the little Indian boy in the Southold Pageant. He made friends everywhere and his sad departure is felt by all in the village. His father and grandmother, Mrs. Flora Appleby, who cared for him, have everybody's sincere sympathy in their overwhelming affliction.

# 39 Years L. I. R. R. Conductor, James D. Rushmore, Retired, Travelled 2,705,500 Miles *By Rail*

Never Missed a Train and Reported for Duty on 16,790 Mornings During Long Railroad Career.  
May 14 1920



Unlike in the history of railroading in the United States is the position of James D. Rushmore, who, at the age of 67 years, retired recently after a continuous service of 34 years on the Long Island Railroad. Mr. Rushmore, who lives at 46 Middlewood St., Jamaica, asked for retirement on a pension because he was suffering from an injury to one of his feet and because of his previous condition. He now receives the largest pension (\$75 a month) ever awarded any railroad man east of the Rocky Mountains.

In his long experience as a conductor for no train ever which conductor Rushmore had charge ever met with an accident, and no passenger on any of his trains was injured from any error of his observation. His original idea and was chairman of the committee of the Long Island Railroad, and received letters of commendation from Federal railroad officials at Washington on his efforts.

Mr. Rushmore embarked upon his railroad career as a water boy. He served in various capacities until 14 years later when he was made a conductor, holding that position until his retirement.

Mr. Rushmore went with the Long Island Railroad to Long Island City and it continued to travel as Greenport. There were at that time no branches to Hempstead, Rockaway Beach or along the south side.

Mr. Rushmore has been one of the most popular conductors on the railroad, not only among the employees but with the traveling public. In 1893 he was voted the most popular conductor on any system running into New York City, and he won the honors of a free trip to the World's Fair at Chicago. He enjoys the maintenance of single railroads and is known as "Jim" to young and old from one end of Long Island to the other.

While on the trains on the Oyster Bay Branch, Conductor Rushmore became the firm friend of the late Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who always asked that Conductor Jim be assigned to the special trains when he was touring or campaigning on the Island. The Roosevelt train was always known as "Circle Jim."

### Travelled 2,705,500 Miles.

It is estimated that in his 34 years of railroading, Mr. Rushmore traveled a total of 2,705,500 miles. He has been in charge of trains from manure trains to express trains. He remembers when work was done in the night in the trains as late as 1870, and then kerosene began to be used. The kerosene lamps were superseded by gas and then came electricity.

Mr. Rushmore was born and brought up at Hempstead, L. I. He recalls the early days when he started on his rail-roading career.

"In the old times," he said, "each car was stacked in winter by a sheet from stone blocks placed in the middle, occupying the space of about two feet. It was one of these sheets which these stores came. I would keep fires in the morning when it came with the mail bag from the Hempstead postoffice. Then I acted as water boy, carrying a tin bucket and glasses to providing passengers with drinks. This feature was especially appreciated by the travelers in the summer months, and while my regular salary at that time was \$9 per month, I made just about as much as that and often more from the tips I received. The passengers usually gave me 3-cent stamps for the drinks."

important that freight trains should reach their meeting and passing points from 5 to 10 minutes in advance of passenger trains, as per timetable. "At Hempstead and Hicksville the conductors of trains to and from the Branch will be particular to see that the switches are kept right for main track, and locked," and that "conductors and engine-men will be held responsible for the safety of their trains and the safe delivery in an emergency of the mail and express, and particularly at Jamaica also in passing through switches and around curves and upon descending grades. By this timetable more time is given between Jamaica and Brooklyn, and a slower rate of speed must be adopted at Union Course, East New York and between New Brooklyn and the city. A very good reason must be given for killing cattle, or a portion of the engine," will be changed to the engine," one of William F. Morris appears at the bottom of the timetable. Up to about 20 years ago the Long Island Railroad tracks, where the Jamaica Park station is now, passed through orchards. This section of the road got to be called "the garden track," and the boys on top of the freight cars used to reach over and pick apples off the trees. Mr. Morris says, "I don't know how much the program complained about this practice according to ex-conductor Rushmore."

### Pupil of Roosevelt Children.

When Alton, Theodore Jr. and Kermit Roosevelt went to school at Locust Valley from Oyster Bay, Conductor Rushmore took a personal interest in seeing to it that they reached their destination safely. "The young boys," he said, "would tell him how much they liked him. In Theodore, Roosevelt, Rushmore had a sincere friend. Both were members of Manhattan Lodge, F. & A. M., and Rushmore was an officer of the lodge when Roosevelt was raised to master. Col. Roosevelt headed a committee that presented Rushmore with a gold watch out of respect and for the care of the Roosevelt children."

Mr. Rushmore served under a number of presidents of the Long Island Railroad, and he had, none so much efficiency shown as under the presidency of Ralph Peters and the officials of today.

"In the old days the politicians had much to say about the railroad jobs," he said, "but I never saw a man who knew whom our positions were made, elected and wanted a half-dozen votes. When an Alderman in Brooklyn was elected and wanted a half-dozen votes, that does not apply," stated Jim. Now, Mr. Rushmore has a son, Robert, who is a conductor on the Oyster Bay Branch.

Miss Madeline Hildner, wife of Robert, who is a conductor on the Oyster Bay Branch, will be at Golden-grove Bros. Hall Wednesday, Apr. 7, 9 to 12.

Edward Terry of Syracuse is spending a two-weeks' Easter vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Terry, at their home in Rockville Center.

The ladies of the Free-will Contribution held an Easter supper and game of fancy work in the chapel last Thursday evening, over 800.

F. E. Condit captain of the (Fidelity Spectacles), will be at Golden-grove Bros. Hall Wednesday, Apr. 7, 9 to 12.

Jed S. Williams has rented his house in "Williamsburg" to John Ur-dutch of New York, and will make his future home in Rockville Center.

The Misses Elsie and Lucie, "Tithing" and the Misses Edith, Fie-Gilbert, and the Misses Mary and John "5000" were at the "Tithing" evening of yesterday at the club.

The Rev. Dr. Keyser will officiate at an Easter communion in the Church of the Redeemer at 9 A. M. During the winter, on account of the hot winds, no services have been held in this church.

The next Lecture Course concert will be given Monday night, Apr. 5, by the Southern Musical Comedy Co., in a varied program of vocal and instrumental numbers, readings and sketches.

John Barter arrived home last Saturday from Blair Academy to spend his Easter vacation. Miss Betty Baylis from Mt. Ida School of Newton, Mass., and Miss Adelaide Satterly from the New London College, are also home for the holidays.

Effective Apr. 1 the Wallkill Bank opened an interest department, paying four per cent on all money deposited in that department. Deposits made for the purpose of depositing interest on special and are subject to rates and rates similar to those of savings banks. This is an important addition to the bank and promises to be a popular feature for people of Wallkill and vicinity.

Last Friday afternoon, Princeton High school allowed its students an hour's relaxation from their studies and staged a funny, mock trial. Cecil Jackson and David Bender, two of the High School's most mischievous cut-ups, were brought before Judge Anna Mc-Nulty, and charged with stealing a book from the Girl Scouts. The judge sentenced them to thirty-nine years in prison, when the pupils thought the result was really severe, as the court, they said, was really anyway and not fit to drink.

The Suffolk Co-operative Association is now busy at their big steel corn-builing and getting out quantities of seed corn. William V. Durrice and J. M. Layton & Son, who also deal in his commodity, are having a big season. Other signs of spring are the thousands of lady chicks, shipped from the poultry farms of Xarap, Brox and Arthur Perry, and the catfishes from the bottomaries of H. H. Reeve & Sons, with lots of catfishes almost ready to be cut. A law firm here are at the Sound catching fish for the New York market.

Letters of dancing in Brevard and vicinity are asked to give a thought to the mass-giving ball to be given at Liberty Hall, Melrose, on Monday evening, Apr. 8, by the Royal Artillery, and they are also cordially invited to attend. Announcement is made that the grand march will occur at 10 o'clock. The tickets are priced at 75 cents. A prize (a \$10 gold piece) will be given for the best dressed lady and other handsome prizes will be presented. An champagne dance will be one of the features of the occasion.

Although the 13th and 14th election districts are each entitled to two Representatives, only one person has been nominated in each—Presion B. Rutland in the 13th and George L. Penny in the 14th—but it is understood that the voters have agreed to write in the names of the 13th and Florence F. Morton for the lady member in the 14th. All of the candidates are well thought of, and it is assumed that all will be elected substantially without opposition—at least it is stated to the News that all of them should receive the solid support of the voters in their respective districts.

Meetings of the Literary Society were resumed Tuesday night after a lapse of nearly two months, during which time weather conditions prevented holding them. A big attendance was on hand to enjoy the program and dance. Miss Viola Haddock sang a few songs, accompanied by Mrs. Jennie Wells Tetthill. Miss Alice Silkworth sang two soprano solos, accompanied by Miss Mae Reeve. Messrs. Wilbert King and Percy Adams played a piano and violin duet. The program closed with children "photographs" of the characters being made up to represent pictures such as are found in family albums of past generations. These were greeted with applause and there, said Mrs. Marion had a funny reading for each picture. Those who dozed for the pictures were Mrs. Wm. H. Reeve, Mrs. Leon Hall, Mrs. Sidney Gilchrist, the Misses Esther Gildersleeve, Dorothy Brown, Ruth Tutbill, Elizabeth Hallock, Gertrude Reeve, Rita Purvey, Clara Bond, Ethel T. Reeve, Evelyn Kirvan and Messrs. Woodford Reeve, Wallace Downs, Andrew Kirkup, Curtis Barlow, Fred Olmstead, Russell Brown, Malcolm Reeve, Charles Simey and Donald Gildersleeve. The next literary will be held in two weeks on Apr. 13. Mrs. Elmer Bond and Miss Carrie Mages will set up the program.

# 34 HOURS TO TRAVEL 60 MILES AS STORM RAGED OVER TRACKS

*Franklyn Eagle*

Greenport Train, With Only One  
Car Stuck All Night in Big  
Drift. *Mar 19, 1920*

By J. D. F.

When a destructive blizzard like that of last Saturday suddenly and unexpectedly pounces down upon Long Island, what havoc is played with the railroad schedules, and what pictures of inconvenience and distress are enacted by the unfortunate passengers who had already set out upon their journey before the storm had burst upon them.

A party of which I was a member set out from Huntington for Greenport, a journey of only about 60 miles, yet it took from 7 o'clock Saturday morning until Sunday evening to complete the trip. Arriving at the Huntington station, it was found to be packed with a crowd anxiously hoping that some train would eventually get through to take them to the city. We were doomed to a four-hour wait before that hoped for train came along. Arriving finally at Jamaica we were positively assured that in four hours more a train would start for Greenport. With these four hours eventually a thing of the past, the platform attendants began announcing the Greenport train for a certain point on the platform. The crowd pushed and crowded to that spot, only there to be told that the train would come in across the track, at another platform. Reaching this platform we were again directed to another point. Again the pushing of the crowd to this point, only to see the train come in and go to the other end of the platform. Still another pushing and surging of the crowd, only to be told at the train that no train was going to Greenport that day. For consolation our Greenport company were told that if we waited two hours longer a train would go through as far as Mattituck. These two hours were wearily spent in the station and in due season the train finally came along.

Quite a party of us set out for Mattituck with high hopes that in some way we could manage to get from Mattituck to Greenport. At Riverhead the trainmen had a pleasant chat together for a couple of hours while we waited. One minute we were ordered from the train into the station only the next minute to be ordered back again. But they decided to go at last.

What a thrilling experience it was bucking those snowdrifts from Riverhead toward Mattituck. Our feelings ran high, but when we plunged into one drift and could not get out it was not quite so interesting. Only about two yards left of the drift, and Mattituck only three miles beyond, yet with a blizzard raging those two yards meant the night to be spent in a cold car, too cold to sleep and no comfort to be awake. And no supper, and no prospect of any breakfast. Mighty pleasant anticipation. We tried to shovel out the engine, but the wind blew in the snow faster than it could be shoveled out. Part of the crew went back to Jamesport to telegraph to Riverhead for a rescue engine. After a couple of hours this huge engine could be seen puffing down upon us, and once more hopes ran high of reaching Mattituck. But alas! A few feet from us she stopped dead and could not budge another inch. How our hopes did fall! We had to settle down and enjoy ourselves as best we could until the morning. We would like to have had the privilege of choosing an upper or a lower berth, but alas the car was only a common smoker.

In the dawning of the morning breakfast time came and went, without any food appearing on the horizon. At last a lonely man appeared coming across the fields to make us a visit. For \$9 he was persuaded to return home and bring us 13 eggs, a little coffee and a few crackers. But this was no breakfast, for a company of hungry men and one lone woman. We accordingly made our way about a mile across the fields, and the people in the homes along the road took pity on us, and set a good square meal before us.

A rescue train appeared on the scene with a crew of shovellers to dig us out. Crowds began to gather from the distant homes and stared at us with open mouths, as if we were some rare curiosity. At 11 o'clock our joy ran high, when we felt the car begin to move, and visions once more arose of reaching Mattituck. But only one minute of travel, and again a dead stop. Two telegraph poles were across the track. In due time these are removed, and with two huge engines and only one car we once more got under way to buck through the last big snowdrift 8 feet high. A shout went up, when we safely got through it, and we realized Mattituck was sure ahead.

Arriving about noon, we hired a hayrack on runners, and set out for the sleigh ride that we shall vividly remember for years to come. No road had been broken through, and what drifts! It looked like descriptions of the wild and woolly West, and the thermometer about zero and the wind howling like a hurricane. Every minute seemed as if we must surely perish, and we hung on for our lives. One time in spite of all efforts we did suddenly turn upside down, and all landed in the snow in a heap. But we laughed ourselves out of the tangle and got started again. Some of the time we would run ahead of the sleigh to keep from freezing, and other times we would ride. We maneuvered all over the road, and out over the farms, over fences, dodging around houses and through private yards, in order to get around the highest drifts. Sometimes we went about a quarter of a mile out over the field before we could get through. People were calling out along the way, if this were the continuation of the railroad. After four hours of such sleigh riding we safely rode into Greenport, a weary but happy crowd. From 7 o'clock Saturday morning until 5 o'clock Sunday evening, in going a distance of about 60 miles, as the crow flies.

EAST MARION.

Miss Laetitia Gallagher was operated on for appendicitis at the Greenport Hospital last Friday, and although she was in a critical condition, is now recuperating nicely. *3/19/1920*

Gray Clark, a student at Blair Academy, is home suffering from nervous prostration.

Chief "Strongheart's" lecture was very highly commended here, and was very entertaining.

The Literary will resume its meetings March 30th, as it is hoped by that time better weather conditions will prevail.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Reeve and daughter Doris are visiting Mrs. Will Schmelke at Waldon, N. Y.

Mrs. J. Wood Wickham, at "Maples on the Lake," recently entertained the following merry ladies at a guest party: Miss Drake, Miss Hobby, Miss Robinson, Miss Snyder, Miss Lee and Miss Keating, all of Brooklyn. Colonel Harry, and he is authority, says it was the happiest crowd that ever graced the Maples. The gallant Colonel presented elegant silk souvenirs of the occasion to the guests, which were much admired.

Miss Bertha Hudson and her brother, Russell, of Winthrop, Maine, are guests of their uncle, Herbert M. Reeve.

"A perfect minister's wife"—what a curiosity—yet Mrs. Grace Foote, our pastor's wife, seems to warrant that title in full. Grace by name and gracious by nature, she has won all hearts in Mattituck. The ladies of the Sewing Society turned out en masse Wednesday last week to give her a luncheon and shower at the parsonage, and a royal good time they had, too. Her presence among us, like that of her husband, has been a daily benediction, and all regret that circumstances will not permit of their remaining here permanently.

The ice floes at the bay shore Tuesday morning were piled up to an enormous height and the shores looked like a scene from the arctic regions, crowds going down to see the beautiful spectacle.

SUMMUM BONUM

## Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Rev. A. E. Foote's sermons are always wonderful, but last Sunday morning he gave us one far surpassing all previous efforts. His text was "No Man Cared for My Soul," and it certainly was calculated to make his hearers realize their personal accountability. Next Sunday will end his pastorate here for the present, as he goes then to Watervliet, N. Y., to fill the pulpit of a Baptist church at that place.

The Ladies' Aid Society holds its annual Easter Bazaar in the chapel Thursday afternoon of this week, March 25, and will serve a big supper from 5 till 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Catherine Phillips and R. A. Hughes were hostesses at a very fine afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood Wickham were guests at a week-end party given in their honor by the Misses Hobby, of Brooklyn, last week.

William M. Hudson is on a business trip to Holly, N. Y., this week.

Earl Fischer, now a full fledged telegraph operator of New York City, spent last week-end with his mother, Mrs. George H. Fischer. Earl's smile wins him hosts of friends, and his ability backs up the smile, too.

Mrs. Henry P. Tutbill spent last week in New York on a shopping trip for her new home.

The famous old-time Literary, which has afforded thousands of people, young and old, clean, fine pleasure for thirty years or more, will resume its regular meetings Tuesday of next week, March 30th, when a brand new "photograph album" will be shown, besides other attractions. You don't want to miss it.

Harry C. Young and Charles H. Aldrich called on Henry R. Gildersleeve last week at the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, where he is slowly recovering from a serious operation. The "boys" in the back room of the butcher shop all miss "Doc's" jolly presence, and we know he misses being with them, too.

We deeply regretted that we could not get the Apollo Club, but the Bureau will send us a very famous man, George Mason, who will lecture upon "America's World," Monday night of next week, March 29th. A great treat, as he is a very high priced speaker.

SUMMUM BONUM

It certainly pays to advertise in the TRAVELER. Our little ad of a few weeks ago brought over one hundred letters to us at Hot Springs, Ark., from Maine to Florida, and from Oregon to California, most of them saying, "I saw by the TRAVELER," etc., so it must have a wide circulation. Mighty nice to get them in a strange land, and the senders have our sincere thanks for their kind remembrances.

*Watchman*  
*Mar 23, 1920*

## MATTITUCK

The local Red Cross is soliciting clothing, either new or second hand as long as it is in good condition, to be sent to men, women and children in France and Belgium. This is something to which everyone should be able to make a contribution. Goods may be left at the Red Cross room Friday afternoon or Saturday morning (nine to eleven) of this week. Red Cross members are requested to bring their knitted goods to the headquarters on Friday or Monday, also to bring any pieces of wool that they have.

Linwood Downs has enlisted in the Army and been sent to Camp Upton. He spent some time last year in a training camp in Wisconsin.

Miss Anita Downs enters the John Hopkins University at Baltimore this week, where she is going to study to be a dietitian.

Mrs. Morrison G. Wines spent last week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward, in Newark, N. J.

Miss Isabelle Conklin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Russel Lupton in New York this week. Mr. Lupton, who is son of former Assemblyman J. M. Lupton, has gone to Asheville, N. C., for his health.

The gymnasium in the basement of the High School has been completed and during recess and after school hours, furnishes fine opportunities for exercise and amusement. Friday afternoon a very enjoyable dance was held there by the High School students.

Victor Robinson, who has been very ill since December, has gone to Holtsville, L. I., for treatment. We hope he will improve rapidly and soon be able to "be around" again.

Harold Hudson, who has been waiting for months to be called for service in the Army, took advantage of the Naval Reserve's call for a thousand men, and with his chum, Geo. G. Tutbill, enlisted in that branch of service last week, reporting for duty at Pelham Bay Monday afternoon. "Bunny" and "Ike" were each presented with a wrist watch by their Mattituck friends.

Mrs. Benjamin Kirkup is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stonelake in Newark, N. J.

Owing to the fact that three men of "Ye Bradford Players" were recently drafted, the company was unable to give "The Courtship of Miles Standish" here Tuesday night, so Manager Pitt Parker sent a fine concert company "The Pierces," assisted by a pianist and soloist, violinist, and cello player, who gave a high class program of music and comedy. Following the entertainment, the floor was cleared for dancing, and a seven piece orchestra played. Chute and Adams of Greenport, Reeve and Gildersleeve of Mattituck and three ladies of the concert company making up a very tuneful aggregation.



April 9 1920 April 16 1920

vs. Peyton, the wideawake house  
the Mattituck House, expects  
open early this spring a first-class tea  
room and ice cream parlor where the  
old bar-room used to be. She has  
bought elegant furniture for it, new  
furniture, dishes, fountains, etc., and  
it is safe to say, judging by her past  
record with the hotel, that she will  
also put this new project safely across.  
The annual meeting and election of  
officers of Mattituck Fire Co. will take  
place Wednesday evening, April 21st,  
at 8 o'clock.

**Mattituck**

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S  
business agent at Mattituck

At the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, Will V. Duryee sang in splendid voice, "Ride on in Majesty," by John Prindle Scott, a magnificent composition splendidly rendered. Mrs. Norma Fleet, Mrs. Carrie Carter Wells, Carl LeValley and J. M. Craven rendered an arrangement of "The Last Chord" on four violins and accompanied all the hymns in fine melody, a very pleasing arrangement. Rev. A. E. Foote's sermon on "Salvation," at the evening service was nothing short of wonderful and, though it was the last one he will preach here for the present, we live in hopes of hearing him again. About twenty will join the church on Easter Monday, as a result of his labors here, and the prayers and best wishes of all Mattituck will follow him and his wife at their new home at Watervliet, N. Y.

Among those home for Easter vacation we notice Adelaide Satterly, Betty Daylis and John Barker.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church cleared over two hundred dollars from their Easter Supper and Sale last Thursday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Frank C. Barker gave a finely appointed luncheon last Friday in honor of Mrs. A. E. Foote. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Sarah Kent Albin and daughter Renie, who have spent the winter at Flushing, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Harriet A. Overton is visiting friends in East Lynn, Conn.

Miss Madeline Hettinger, Gildersleeve Bros' efficient clerk, spent last week in East Hampton.

Joel C. Williams, having rented his cottage on Oak place and Walnut street to Mrs. John Undutch of Manhattan, has taken rooms furnished at Rockville Center for his wife and daughter, Miss Pearl.

The Misses Lizzie May and Elma Rae Tutbill gave the B. and S. Club a very delightful Five Hundred Party Thursday evening of last week. Those lucky enough to be their guests pronounced it the best yet.

Gregory Mason, the famous war correspondent, author and contributor of articles for the Outlook, that have attracted world-wide attention, lectured here last Monday night, giving a vivid account of America's place in the world.

Our always charming debonair friend, Irving Dudley Pike, left us for Detroit, Mich., on Wednesday of this week, where he has a fine position with the General Motors Co.

Lyndon Tutbill represented the High School at the convention of Suffolk County Interscholastic League delegates at Riverhead, Saturday.

Although the basketball teams had disbanded, the girls made hurried arrangements and journeyed to Greenport Saturday night. Although they made a very creditable showing, the absence of Clara Bond from the team proved too great a handicap. The score was 16 to 7, in favor of Greenport.

An interesting mock trial was held at the school house last Friday. The case was the New Process Cocoa Co. versus the Wild Rovers. Anita McNulty presided as judge, Clara Bond was clerk, Douglas Tutbill, sheriff; George Duryee, attorney for defendants; Eva Young, attorney for plaintiffs. After a jury had been chosen, numerous witnesses were sworn.

**Mattituck**

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S  
business agent at Mattituck

The many friends of Mrs. Allan Forman of Nabichogue Manor will, we know, be interested to learn that she is to be married this afternoon, April 15th, at 4 o'clock, by Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. and 10th St., New York City, to Mr. Fred Spencer Ashley, a well known clubman and broker of New York. The wedding at 4 o'clock will be strictly informal. Betty, the young daughter of Mrs. Dana D. Jackson, will be her only attendant. The bride will be given away by her brother-in-law, Counselor A. Merle Forman, of 116 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. She will wear a magnificent gown of gray crepe de chine and rare old laces, with black picture hat, and carry purple orchids. After a short trip they will return to Mrs. Forman's Mattituck home, Mr. Ashley still keeping his apartment in New York for their future convenience. Both bride and groom are very popular, charming people, and have the best wishes of the community for their future happiness.

Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., who preached here last Sunday, gave us two well planned sermons and won all hearts by his unaffected, genuinely, sincere personality. He has a voice delightfully pleasant to the ear, reads very intelligently, and gives great promise of becoming a pulpit orator of note. He has accepted an invitation to fill this pulpit again April 25, and it is expected at present writing that Rev. Wm. H. Lloyd's brother, Rev. Dr. John E. Lloyd, of Brooklyn, will preach here next Sunday.

Miss Virginia Sherman of Brooklyn and Miss Margaret Rogers of Bloomfield, N. J., were last week-end guests of Mrs. Wm. M. Hudson.

A large number of Mattituck people attended "The Day on the Ranche," given at Greenport last week, and which is to be given here May 23 and 29. It will be hard for us to beat Greenport's most excellent performance, but "if we can't who kin?" and it's such a fine show that it's worth trying for at any rate.

Our savings bank department of the Mattituck Bank is showing up nicely, over \$50,000 already on deposit, and after it's well known we look for a big increase both in depositors and deposits.

The Royal Dominoes had a fine attendance at their masquerade Thursday evening of last week. Miss Madeline Hettinger, Gildersleeve Bros' popular lady clerk, received the ten dollar gold piece for prettiest lady's costume, and a young gentleman from Riverhead, whose name we did not learn, received a fine box of cigars for funniest man's costume.

Principal Alfred V. B. Howell of Brooklyn and Captain Henry Howell and wife of New London, Conn., spent Easter week with their mother, Mrs. Joel C. Howell.

Our Lecture Course will close Tuesday evening of next week, when our old friend, Peter MacQueen, will present his latest and greatest pictures upon "Peace and Reconstruction."

At the Presbyterian church last Sunday, eighteen young people were received in full communion upon confession of faith. This brings the total membership of this church up to the goodly number of 288 communicants. A fine anthem was rendered by the choir. Dr. Craven conducted a very enjoyable Easter Praise Service in the evening. The Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., is to preach here next Sunday at both services.

Mrs. Henry J. Reeve and her daughter, Mrs. George L. Penny, Jr., and son Dwight are spending a week in New York with Miss Irma Reeve.

The second Ladies' Night of the Mechanics of Mattituck Council, No. 34, held in Mechanics' Temple last Thursday night, was a very brilliant social event, and attended by a big assemblage that enjoyed the music of King's six-piece orchestra to the uttermost. Liberal portions of cake, ice cream and coffee were served to all. Some very handsome gowns were in evidence, and the ladies voted the lodge members a set of trumps.

Laurel's smartest young farmer and Mattituck's station agent were sadly routed by Cutchogue's potato king and Oregon's finest old settler, at the home of Philip H. Duryee, Sr., last Saturday, for the Five Hundred championship, but "Angie's" delicious cakes and Bryan punch healed all the scars of battle "till we meet again."

Miss Jennie Wells Tutbill is spending two weeks at Jamaica with Miss Claire Lampmann.

The management of Library Hall has leased it for three nights a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, to F. C. Menendez, for one year for "movies." There seems to be a great demand for them, and Mr. Menendez has a first-class reputation for presenting fine pictures and we trust will be liberally patronized. He will probably open about April 17th.

"A Day at the Ranch" is billed for Mattituck May 28 and 29. Rehearsals will begin about the middle of May.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a big cake sale in the chapel Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Proceeds for the Armenian children. Come early, as the luscious cakes will all be sold.

Mrs. Harold Penny of Southampton and Carlton B. Wickham of Montclair, N. J., are visiting at Al. C. Penny's this week.

Miss Inez Robinson, the popular stenographer for J. M. Lupton & Son, is on a vacation this week at Hackensack, N. J.

Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve is visiting her mother, Mrs. Duncan Aird, at Newburgh, N. Y., this week.

Trowbridge Kirkup entertained Dr. Craven's Sunday school class of young men at his pretty home Tuesday evening of this week.

Mrs. Eliza Hamlin Kirkup, who has been spending a month at Newark, N. J., with her sister, Mrs. Stonelake, returned home Monday.

Adrian Williamson, the well known real estate agent of Flatbush, L. I., is the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nellie L. Reitz.

Harold Penny, of the East Hampton Coast Guard, with his wife, are visiting at Alexander C. Penny's.

We know the following item will interest Mattituck people of two generations ago: Mrs. Charles H. Cox died at Mineral Point, Wis., March 29th, at the good old age of 95 years, 3 months. Her maiden name was Mary Jane Hallock. She was born in New York City, Jan. 1, 1825, the eldest daughter of "Uncle" Thomas and "Aunt" Chistranna Hallock, who for many years were prominent citizens of Mattituck. She was married at Mattituck Jan. 15, 1849, to Charles H. Cox. After the death of her husband in 1865, she moved to Mineral Point, Wis., where she has resided for over 70 years, with frequent visits to Long Island. She leaves four sons and one daughter, Thomas H., of Seattle, Wash.; Frank M., of Denver; George C., of Yonkers; and Mrs. Sallie E. Gale, of Mineral Point, where she has resided for years. She was a faithful member of the Methodist Church, like her parents. She also has two sisters, Rhoda Ann, widow of John I. Glover, who now resides at Pasadena, Cal., at the age of 93, and Rosabella Glover, widow of Rev. W. H. Glover, a former well known Methodist minister, who now resides at Pearl River, N. Y., in the early eighties.

Will V. Duryee sang a fine solo last Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church, and his nieces, the Misses Clara and Hope Duryee, sang a pleasing duet at the evening service.

At the Literary Tuesday night, Miss Marguerite Reeve, with her mother at the piano, played two charming violin solos. Miss Clara Bond sang "A Spring Song," accompanied by Miss Hattie Hallock. The Misses Anna Mae and Lillian Cox played two bright, sparkling piano duets. Miss Carolyn Howell sang two exquisite solos. Owing to "movies," the Literary has been changed from Tuesday to Monday nights, and the next meeting will be held Monday, April 26, when Al Penny, assisted by Miss Elma R. Tutbill and Donald Gildersleeve, will give one of his all-star programs.

SUMMUM BONUM

Last Thursday Mattituck Council 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., and the Orient Council held a joint meeting in the Mattituck lodge rooms, the occasion being in honor of a visit from Past National Councillor John H. Noyes National Secretary Martin M. Woods National Representative Webster A. Nesbitt, Trustee of Orphans' Homes, D. Tunison, State Chaplain Ter. W. Tutbill and Mr. Peyton, member of State Law Committee. A big attendance was on hand to listen to some fine speeches by the visitors, at the music by the eight-piece orchestra. Supper was served at 8 o'clock with loads of everything and ever thing was good—scalloped oyster baked beans, potato salad, cake, coffee, rolls and, well, who wouldn't be a Mechanic?

News Apr 23, 1920

### MATTITUCK

Mrs. Volney Liddell of Chicago, with her son, Jack, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Hamilton this week.

John Duryee and sister Clara spent the week-end in New York and Brooklyn, taking in some of Broadway's best shows.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, Apr. 23. Hours 9 to 2.

The Raymond Cleaves Post of the American Legion expects to have a grand ball about the first week in May, with music by a colored jazz band from New York.

The death of Justin Randolph, who has made this village his home for some time, occurred on Wednesday. He is survived by his widow. Funeral services are to be conducted at his late residence on Friday at 2 P. M.

Al Penny is arranging a number of pantomimes for the next Literary program to be held Monday night, Apr. 26, and also expects that the "Lady in White" might possibly be induced to give a seance. Two weeks from Monday some of our Greenport friends will give a musical play of Oriental life. Tickets will be put on sale and the proceeds will be divided between the Literary Society and a Greenport society.

Sunday's Eagle had an interesting article about the election of "Bob" Parker to captain of the St. Lawrence University basketball team, which closed the present season with a splendid record. Parker has been the star player in every game, and in no game has he been held scoreless. Besides his work on the basketball team, he played short-stop on the baseball team and tackle on the football team. The Eagle story was accompanied by "Bob's" picture.

The latest city fad seems to be the formation of overall clubs, the members wearing overalls as a protest against the present high price of other clothing. Your correspondent has been an overall wearer for some years, and has watched the price of a standard make steadily rise from \$5 cents to \$3.50, and we are inclined to believe that the present fad's only effect will be another increase in the price of overalls, due to the law of supply and demand.

The High School's drive for its piano fund is progressing finely. The food sale last week was well patronized, and the stock exhausted in a short time. On May 13 the pupils have secured an engagement from K. H. Hendershott & Son for an entertainment. The elder Hendershott is the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock, and both are said to be accomplished drummers and fifers, as well as soloists and readers.

Mattituck's new theatre, at Library Hall, with first-class movies, will have its premier on Saturday evening, Apr. 24. Shows will be given thereafter on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening—two presentations each evening—7 to 9 and 9 to 11. The management, F. C. Menendez, promises superior films, and offers Mabel Normand, Nazimova and May Allison for the first show. Popular admission prices will be charged. See the display advertisement of this house in another part of the News.

LeRoy Reeve of the U. S. Navy was in Mattituck over Sunday. The presence of "Slats" always brings thoughts of baseball, and thoughts of baseball make us wonder if Mattituck is going to have a team this year. What do you say, Lawyer? Below is a rather belated list of Mattituck's batting averages for last season: Woods, .320; H. Hudson, .314; Ray Hudson, .308; L. Reeve, .296; O'Rourke, .296; Downs, .270; Barker, .266; Aldrich, .220; F. Wickham, .208; E. Reeve, .200; Goldsmith, .200; Ruland, .200; Wolgo, .195. H. Hudson was the best run getter, and Ray Hudson and Barker led in stolen bases.

In the April number of the Cornell Countryman, the official student magazine of the College of Agriculture at Ithaca, Edmund R. Lupton of Mattituck, under the title, "More Crops Than Land," describes how he raises two hundred acres of crops annually on one hundred and seventy-five acres of land. The secret of his success, he says, is in his method of double cropping, which is governed by two main principles: To raise enough market crops to get full value out of heavy fertilization, and not to make the labor requirements too large at any one time. He has solved his labor difficulty by hiring married Polish men all the year around and hiring their wives by the day from June to November for potato cutting, picking beans, tying cauliflower and other work. He plans to grow more grass crops in the future, and to increase his return from market crops by more double-cropping.

Mr. Lupton was recently a delegate to the first annual meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago, and was asked to write for the Cornell Countryman one of a series of articles running through the current issues written by farmers who have been recommended by their county agents as having been especially successful in various lines of farming. These articles are run under a special heading and deal with all types of farming.

Joseph B. Hudson of Holley, N. Y., has rented the Mrs. Hettie Wells cottage of Arthur T. Wells for the summer.

Mr. David T. Young, who has spent the winter in Buffalo and Brooklyn, has returned to Camp Cedar Oaks.

Charles Gildersleeve has rented his Bay Ave. cottage to Miss Lida Rafford.

If you want to have a "busting old feed" join Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., and partake of one of their suppers, which are of frequent happening. The one last Thursday night was a "button buster," in honor of the visit of Jr. Past State Councillor John Noyes, Nat. Secretary Martin M. Woods, Nat. Rep. Webster A. Nesbit, State Chaplain Terry W. Tuthill, Trustee Orpheus Hance and Joseph D. Tunison and Chas. W. Reyton, State Law Committee. Fine speeches and music by a big orchestra followed the supper, with a jolly "smoker" thrown in free.

Dr. Craven gave us two fine sermons last Sunday, Dr. Lloyd being unable to get here. A splendid quartette, Mrs. Russell Lupton, Mr. and Mrs. Terry W. Tuthill and J. M. Craven, sang at the offertory. First time Mrs. Lupton's lovely voice has been heard here in a long time, but we hope it will be heard often now.

Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., is to preach here next Sunday, much to everybody's great pleasure, for our people seemed to like him very much on his first visit here.

"I" want Hon. John G. Downs to introduce two bills—one to increase the legal rate of interest to 8 per cent in New York State, and another to prohibit said Legislature from holding but two meetings in a decade. That's enough. Women who are living on their interest money need the first bill, and the second all taxpayers, male and female, equally need alike to save their taxes. Regardless of parties, most of the bills put through at Albany are fool affairs anyhow and their yearly meeting ought to be extended to one in five. Whoop it up Suffolk taxpayers!

Last Sunday's Eagle had a good picture of "Bob" Barker, the celebrated basket ball player of St. Lawrence University and an all round athlete in base ball, etc. "Bob's" all right.

Mrs. Will Dudley Breaker, than whom Mattituck has no more generous, public spirited summer cottager, spent last week with Mrs. Frank C. Barker.

SUMMUM BONUM

Wanted—Painters for inside and out.

April 30 1920

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

"Library Hall Movies" opened last Saturday night with audiences that filled the hall at both shows. F. C. Menendez, who is running them, gave us fine pictures, and when his plans are fully matured we think his performances will be second to none on Long Is. and.

Mrs. D. H. Downs of Brooklyn is a guest at Downs' Manor.

Pitt F. Parker, the celebrated cartoonist, spent last week-end at Mattituck; ditto, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Norris of Chicago and Miss Vivien Duryee of Brooklyn and Lawyer Raynor D. Howell of Jamaica.

Eugene Tuthill, who has been at Mineola Hospital for the past six months, returned home last Saturday, much improved in health.

Mrs. Cora Wickham of Cutchogue, who is on the Brooklyn Eagle tour, has our thanks for beautiful souvenirs of California.

Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., gave us two finely prepared sermons last Sunday, charming every one with voice and subject matter. Miss C. Howell sang at the offertory and Mesdames Carrie and Abbie Conklin sang a duet at the evening service also.

Last Wednesday, April 21st, Justin Randolph, who has been a great sufferer for a long time, passed away at his home on Main St., at the age of 66 years, 8 months, 25 days. His funeral was held on Friday, conducted by Dr. Craven, with interment in the old God's Acre. His wife, Rosalie Terry, has cared for him very tenderly and has the sympathy of the entire village.

Friday night, April 23d, Rebecca Curtis, the mother of Mrs. Robert C. Bergen, died at her daughter's home, at the aged age of 85 years, 17 days. She was born at Oyster Bay and for many years conducted big truck farms at the west end of Long Island and at Babylon. For the past 15 years she has resided with Mrs. Bergen. She leaves besides Mrs. Bergen, a son, George Curtis of Bridgeport, Conn. Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., conducted her funeral services Sunday afternoon, and the burial was at Cypress Hills Cemetery on Monday.

Dr. Craven and wife spent last week-end at Norwich, Conn.

Mr. Inglee, the new manager of the Farm Bureau, is to speak before Mattituck Grange Tuesday evening of next week and Miss Lydia Jackson of Riverhead is to contribute a musical programme.

The firm of Bergen & Brown has been dissolved by mutual consent. Curtis Bergen will go on with the business and is having his pretty little shop thoroughly renovated and it's now a modern shoe shop that any village ought to be proud to own.

Mrs. Ella Cox Hamilton and her son-in-law, Clark Cottrell of Brooklyn, were guests at Mrs. Wm. G. Hazard's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney W. Reeve of Riverhead are guests at George Terry's this month.

J. M. Lowden, a well known business man of New York City, died at his home, 287 West 86th St., on Sunday, April 18. He had a fine residence at Marratooka Park and had many friends who liked him for his jolly good nature and generous ways. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Hattie.

Former Mattituckians, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louis Hallock, now of Greenport, send us pretty greetings from Los Angeles, as they're taking a Californian trip this year.

News Apr 30, 1920

### MATTITUCK

Mrs. China Booth of Southold is visiting Mrs. Edward Horton this week.

Pitt Parker, the cartoonist and entertainer, was in Mattituck last week in the interest of next season's lecture course.

Curtis Bergen, our popular shoe retailer, is adding a lot of new shelves in his store, to make room for his spring and summer stock.

J. M. Lowden of New York, well known to Mattituck people, died at his home at 216 West 86th street on Sunday, Apr. 18. He has been a summer resident here for years, owning a fine estate on Peconic Bay.

Principal Hughes of the High School, Roy Reeve, Douglas Tuthill, Stanley Cox, Lyndon Tuthill, Cecil Johnson and George Duryee, will attend the boys' conference at Southampton this Friday afternoon.

The Mattituck High School baseball team opened the season at Athletic Grounds last Friday suffering defeat at the hands of Southold High School, score 6 to 2. Bob Lindsay does the pitching this year, with George Tyler, Jr., behind the bat.

At the next meeting of the Mattituck Grange, on May 4, which will be an open meeting, a program will be arranged by Miss Lydia Jackson of Riverhead, assisted by the Grange orchestra. Mr. Inglee, the new Farm Bureau head, will deliver an address.

Eugene M. Tuthill, who has been at the Mineola Hospital for several weeks, returned to Mattituck last week much improved in health. H. R. Gildersleeve, who has been at the Long Island College Hospital for about two months, also returned this Monday.

Week-end visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. James Norris of Chicago, at their summer home, Moogaweta; Joseph P. Kirkup of Elmhurst, at Mrs. B. C. Kirkup's; Mrs. D. H. Downs of Brooklyn, at Downs Manor; Miss Vivien Duryee of Brooklyn, at P. Harvey Duryee's; and Raynor D. Howell of Jamaica, at Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Howell's.

Mrs. Rebecca Curtis of this place died last Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert C. Bergen, at the age of 85 years, her death being due to endocarditis. She is survived by her daughter Mrs. Bergen, and one son, George Curtis, of Bridgeport, Conn. Her funeral services were conducted Sunday by Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., and she was buried at Cypress Hills Cemetery.

Judging from the two big crowds that attended the opening moving picture show in Library Hall Saturday night, the movies are going to prove a popular as well as a good paying venture. F. C. Menendez, who has leased the Hall for Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights of each week, is making a number of interior improvements, lighting effects, etc., and has secured some fine pictures for presentation.

A big boat brought a shipment of fertilizer in to the Old Mill dock Sunday afternoon, and one who was there says that half the people of Mattituck were on hand to see her come in. The other half were out arbutusing. The woods at Young's Point, Husing's, Browers Park and Nassau Point were full of seekers for this dainty and fragrant spring flower, and they brought them in by the handful, armful and basketful.

The American Legion dance to be given by the Raymond L. Cleaves Post is to be held in Library Hall on Friday evening, May 14. A crack colored jazz orchestra from New York has been secured to furnish music for the occasion. Lovers of dancing and good music are invited to attend, and for those who do not dance, it is announced that spectators' tickets at 50 cents will be on sale. The admission for dancing is one dollar, war tax included. The proceeds are for a worthy project which the boys have in mind, and deserves a big attendance.

June 4 1920

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

The "Day on the Ranch" drew fine audiences last week, the receipts being \$726, and it was the consensus of opinion that it was the best amateur show ever given here. Mr. and Mrs. Rodenbough, who directed it, say it's the first time they ever produced it in nine days and only once in their long experience with an older person in the caste. Annette Tutbill, aged two years, lovely as Cupid, and Mrs. George B. Reeve, in her 88th year, stately and graceful, easily came in for the most applause. Out of town people from Riverhead and Greenport were kind enough to say that it compared favorably with their productions of it. The management of Library Hall wishes to thank all who took part in it so delightfully and willingly, and Mrs. Morrison G. Wines, Mrs. Arthur L. Downs and Donald R. Gildersleeve, the executive committee, particularly, also to F. C. Menendez, for free movie adva. The Rodenboughs were very much liked and will probably produce a big play here next fall.

Mrs. Lillian Briggs, widow of the late Theo. Hallock, has been kind enough for several years past to sing every June that wonderful aria, "With Verdure Clad." She sang it at the offertory last Sunday with all her old time delicacy and tonal quality. Mesdames Abbie and Carrie Conkling also sang one of their beautiful duets at the evening service. Next Sunday morning Rev. D. H. Overton will administer Communion.

Decoration Day passed off very quietly after the morning parade by Firemen, Soldiers and Sailors, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, School Children, Boys and Girls on horseback, and Automobiles. The Firemen drilled, and Harry De Petris furnished free ice cream to all the children in the parade, and F. C. Menendez gave all the kids a free movie show in the hall, which was highly appreciated. An immense crowd of guests overflowed Mattituck. Big dinners were the order of the day, notably that of Mrs. A. L. Downs at a shore dinner, and many others.

The postponed Literary will be held next week, June 7th. Riverhead talent is expected and a fine programme is being prepared, so don't fail to attend.

Our happy young friend, Sid Olmstead, is home from Kentucky Military Institute; ditto, Miss Adelaide Satterly of New London Business College.

SUMMUM BONUM

Miss Lide M. Hallock has moved into Mrs. Fred Satterly's bungalow on Mattituck Creek. Carl LeValley and family, the former occupants, have moved into James Rambo's new bungalow on Bay avenue.

Mattituck on Monday of this week, his forty-fifth summer. In five years more we must give him a jubilee. Of course he is at the "Ingleside" cottage with his old boyhood chum, Seymour H. Tutbill.

Miss Inez Robinson, one of our brightest young ladies, who is stenographer mornings for J. M. Lupton & Son, will work afternoons in the Matson Bank.

### MATTITUCK HIGH SCHOOL

The Senior Class, which has been well organized for some time, will hold its commencement June 18th. Rev. Father McCoy of Cutchogue will deliver the address.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached by Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Sunday, June 13th.

The members of the class are: Anita McNulty, Laurel; Vivian Seymour and Lyndea Tutbill, New Suffolk; Alice Case, Cutchogue; James Dunn, Sound Avenue; Alice Silkworth, Gertrude Cooper and Inez Robinson, Mattituck. Inez Robinson is salutatorian, and James Dunn, valedictorian.

The Junior Class is planning to give the Seniors a beach party June 8th.

The teachers for next year have been engaged. All return, except Misses Brown, Stisser and Frazier, who have accepted positions in other places. Miss Stisser goes to the Mineola High School, Miss Frazier to the Greenport High School and Miss Brown to Brooklyn. Miss Stisser is succeeded by Miss Ida Marks of Elmira, a graduate of Elmira College. Miss Frazier is succeeded by Miss Gertrude I. Loupret of Pawling, N. Y., and a graduate of the Lowell, Mass., State Normal. The English Department will be in charge of Miss Lillian C. Webster of Wilmington, Del., and a graduate of the University of Michigan.

On account of the ill health of her mother, Miss Butterfield will remain at her home next year. The physical training classes will be under the direction of Miss Ruth Tutbill of New Suffolk.

The building on Fischer's corner, formerly occupied by Mr. Fischer as a butcher shop, and by members of the Quong, Wong and Ling families as a laundry, is being moved to Mr. Fischer's property near Marra's Lake. We understand that it is to be made into a tenement house.

At the Literary Monday night Miss Hannah Hallock played two very pretty piano solos, Mrs. Morton had one of her always appreciated humorous readings and Milton Hallock and Mr. Koder of Riverhead were heard in some very fine vocal solos, accompanied by Miss Sparkes. At the next Literary, on June 21, the program will include a one-act farce, "Reforming Bertie."

Anyone can tell you that Al Penny knows as much as the next about Mattituck Creek oysters, and he says he always knew that they were great clinkers, but it's only lately that he found out they drank booze, but for evidence he brought us a beer bottle with one of these bivalves attached to the mouth of it. Al says, however, this is a young oyster, and if detached and properly cared for ought to open to be a good, reliable Mattituck suitable for a nice broil or fry.

Miss Lois Fischer was pleasantly surprised last Saturday by a shower of dollar bills rained upon her at a party given at Mrs. Herbert E. Reeve's home on Suffolk avenue. On Tuesday afternoon this same young lady, who is soon to be married to Fred Orth, one of Flanders' popular young men, was given another surprise shower at her home on Pike street, this shower being one of miscellaneous presents. After the party the girls all attended the movies in Library Hall.

This Saturday marks the opening of the League baseball season, and we predict a big crowd at the Athletic Grounds on this occasion, the Riverhead Snowdrifts being our opponents, and you know what happens to a snowdrift when it comes in contact with something hot. Mattituck will have the same lineup as last year, we understand, with Downs, Slats Reeve, E. Reeve, Barker, Ruland, Wickham, Aldrich, of the regulars, and possibly a few new players will make their appearance. Lawyer Reeve will again pilot the team.

LEAGUE SEASON OPENS

...cuss what part Suffolk County take in this movement.

June 15 MATTITUCK 1920

A. C. Penny is visiting his son, Alexis, at New Haven, Conn., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Monfort Wyckoff of East Haven, Conn., are visiting relatives in Mattituck.

Mr. and Mrs. James Norris of Chicago opened up their fine home at Momo-weta last week.

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page of this paper.

DeRue Bros.' well known minstrel show is back on the Island again, and will appear in Library Hall Wednesday night, June 23.

Robert Barker of St. Lawrence University and John Barker of Blair Academy are back home in Mattituck for their summer vacations.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fischer have invitations out for the marriage of their daughter, Lois Adele, to Frederick Charles Orth, on Wednesday, June 23, at half-past twelve.

The commencement exercises of the senior class of the Mattituck High School will be held in Library Hall Friday night of this week at 8 o'clock. School closes on Friday for the summer months.

A one-act farce, "Reforming Bertie," will be given at the Literary Monday night by Miss Ellie Tutbill, Miss Evelyn Kirkup and Donald Gildersleeve. Besides this there will be some musical numbers.

Children's Day was observed at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday, and although the weather was unpleasant, the church was filled even to the front seats. The children were great in their songs and recitations.

The Bridge Hampton Grange was guest of the Mattituck Grange Tuesday night of this week at the Grange Hall, where a white elephant party was held. On June 29 the Grange will observe children's night, when the program will be given by children.

There will be a praise service in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday night, June 27, under the direction of Chas. Gildersleeve. The subject will be "Heavenly Mansions." Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., will preach and Mrs. Minnie Terry Adams of Greenport, Mrs. Minnie Terry Smith and some of our best local singers will have solos. Will Holmes, the cellist, will play, accompanied by Chas. I. Wells and orchestra. A generous collection is hoped for, as this service is for the care of the old free burying ground.

A good crowd was at the Athletic Grounds Saturday to witness the opening ball game of the season, which was followed by a demonstration of a new type of fire extinguisher. The latter performance was very good. So was the ball game up to the fifth inning, when the Riverhead team discovered what their bats were made for, and spoiled what started to be an interesting game, ending up with a score of 9 to 1 in their favor. John Stark, Riverhead's good-looking right fielder, was the star hitter for the day, with two singles and a three-bagger to his credit. Mattituck was unable to solve Richard's delivery. An innovation in the line of umpires was introduced, when the managers of the teams, Snow and Lawyer Reeve, elected themselves arbiters and came through safely, but not without a little criticism now and then.

June 25 1920

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Pike street was the scene of a very pretty wedding yesterday, June 23, when Lois Adele, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fischer, was married to Mr. Frederick Charles Orth of Flanders, L. I., by Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., it being the first marriage this charming young clergyman had ever solemnized. Miss Cornelia D. Gildersleeve played several nuptial selections, and at 12:30 Lohengrin was heard and the bridal couple appeared, and Mr. Overton made the twin one in a very beautiful ceremony. The bridesmaid was Miss Evelyn G. Kirkup, the best man Mr. George Burns of Riverhead, the ribbon girls Avis and Ruth Fischer. The bride's dress was of white georgette. She carried white roses and carnations. Her going away dress, navy blue broadcloth with blue taffeta hat to match. The bridesmaid's dress was pale blue taffeta. She carried pink carnations and sweet peas. The ribbon girls wore orchid and yellow gowns. The bride has always been one of Mattituck's most popular girls, and will be sadly missed here. The groom is acting as county accountant at Riverhead, and has hosts of friends everywhere. After the wedding, a delicious collation was served, and after an hour of jolly conversation the newly wedded pair departed for a short honeymoon trip.

Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr., preached a wonderful sermon on "Salvation" last Sunday night. After all you can't beat the good old Bible; and though there's different interpretations, its fundamental truths are unassailable, whether viewed from either old school or modern thought. Don't forget the "Heavenly Mansions" praise service next Sunday night at 8 o'clock. It's going to be full of good things, and the collection is for the Old Free Burying Ground, which for over 250 years has sheltered the sacred dust of Protestants, Catholics, Quakers, bond and free, so all can feel free to attend this service and contribute to its offering. Miss Carolyn Howell sang in lovely voice at the offertory last Sunday morning.

It's about time our baseball team woke from its slumbers and got busy with some runs. It plays Southold here next Saturday, and while wishing the fine boys of Southold no ill luck, we certainly hope Mattituck can make a better score than it has been doing this spring.

Miss Martha Salmon of Peconic has certainly inherited much of the art of her uncle, Alvah Glover Salmon, and is entitled to be classed as a true artiste upon the pianoforte. Her two solos at the Literary last Monday night held the audience spellbound by her artistic rendering of the score. She will be famous one of these fine days, we predict. Mrs. Walter Gracie, with Miss Conkling at the piano, sang delightfully. "Reforming Bertie," a very clever sketch, was given by the following cast:

Bertie . . . Donald R. Gildersleeve  
Mrs. Bertie . . . Elma Rae Tutbill  
Bessie . . . Evelyn G. Kirkup

Of course these three talented thespians brought down the house. The next meeting will be July 19th, as it was impossible to secure an orchestra for July 5th.

SUMMUM BONUM

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Mattituck Fire Department was held at the firehouse last Wednesday night. Edward Gallagher was re-elected chief, with Walter L. Robinson assistant chief and Donald Gildersleeve secretary and treasurer. The need of better fire-fighting equipment was discussed, and a drive is now on to raise funds for a chemical extinguisher. Harry DePetris has already secured several generous contributions, and will be pleased to add as many other names to the list as will help out. Drop in and see him some time.

The Sheriff's office at Riverhead, and especially two of its detectives, Messrs. Weidner and Jacobs, did a good job here Tuesday in ferreting out the young men who stole Nat. S. Tutbill's car from his garage a week or so before. With nothing as a starting point the detectives quickly decided that Walter Williams and Alex Borak were guilty, and they promptly confessed after being apprehended. Justice Corey of Southold sent Williams to jail for six months and Borak to the Catholic Protectors. It was also learned by the detectives, they say, that the same young men had been implicated in other misdeeds in Mattituck recently.

At Literary Monday night the Paragon Singers were heard in a number of popular songs, with Miss Mae Reeve at the piano. Miss Lida Rafford had two funny readings and Miss Lois Fischer as "Madam Oujia" gave an amusing exhibition of mind reading, answering questions which were supposed to be uppermost in the minds of different ones in the audience. On Monday, May 10, a two-act musical play, "In a Japanese Garden," will be given for the benefit of the Literary Society, by thirty young Greenport ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Percy Adams, whose singing has so often delighted Mattituck audiences. Tickets are now on sale at 50 and 75 cents, and if you want to be sure of getting a good seat, get your tickets early, as this promises to be a very fine entertainment, with good music and elegant costumes hired for the occasion. Dancing will follow.

The remains of Mrs. Hester Dayton Turner Dudley, who died at her daughter's in New Haven, Conn., May 1st, at the age of 80 years, 10 months, arrived Tuesday afternoon for burial in the old God's Acre. The services were conducted by Rev. Wells Fitch. Years ago as Mrs. Turner she lived here on the Oregon Road. She was a sister of Webb Dayton. She leaves one son, Fred Turner, and four daughters to mourn the loss of a very estimable mother.

Erwin Ruland, one of our "sailor-boys" on the Pennsylvania, was home on shore leave this week, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ruland.

The open meeting of Mattituck Grange, under direction of Mrs. Chas. I. Wells, Tuesday evening, was a very fine musical affair. The Grange Orchestra, Carrie C. Wells, Norma Fleet, violins, Chas. I. Wells, cello, Louis C. Gildersleeve, trombone, P. Harvey Duryee, cornet, Miss Eloise Butterfield, piano, played several fine selections. Mrs. Edmund R. Lupton gave two groups of humorous selections. Mr. Inglee of the Farm Bureau sang three groups of songs delightfully. Miss Lydia Jackson contributed three really charming solos and was heard in a splendid duet with Mr. Inglee. A vote of thanks was given them by the Grange for their kindness in entertaining so pleasantly.

Don't forget the Dance of the American Legion May 14th. It's going to be a howling success and you want to be there and help out the fine object it will aid.

Miss Dorothy Morrell of Cutchogue is employed in the Mattituck Bank as clerk, to succeed Miss Evelyn Kirkup, whose resignation takes effect June 1st.

SUMMUM BONUM

## May Mattituck 1920

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Don't be a cheap slacker, but buy your tickets early and often for "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," the lovely operetta that Mrs. Percy Adams has kindly consented to bring to Mattituck next Monday evening, May 10, for the benefit of the Literary Society. Tickets are now on sale at Lahy's.

A congregational meeting of the Presbyterians is called for in their chapel for Monday evening, May 10th, at seven o'clock sharp, to vote upon a candidate for its pulpit supply. The committee on supply think they have found a most satisfactory man and this meeting is simply a formal ratification of their opinion. Be on time and you can go to the Hall afterward if you so desire.

The "Movies" are drawing big houses and now that the operator is more experienced the pictures are finely presented. Last Saturday night Miss Bessie A. Wells, who conducts a theatrical orchestra of her own in New England, was here and played some fine violin selections, with her sister Evie at the piano.

George were formerly managed by W. Raynor Wickham has been taken over by Luke & Willburg, who have rented the building, which is owned by Walter C. Gracie. The new garage men are said to be expert machinists.

The season's first asparagus made its appearance at the local express office Monday. Few farmers, however, are raising this vegetable extensively any more, and it will probably be but a few years more before it will be grown for home use only.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rodenbaugh of New Rochelle, N. Y., expect to arrive at Mattituck Sunday and commence rehearsals for "A Day on the Ranch" Monday, the dates for this big affair being May 28th and 29th. It is important that everyone is on hand at the first rehearsal.

At a meeting held in the Presbyterian Chapel Monday night it was voted to engage Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., as stated supply. He preached here a few times recently and was very well liked. It was also voted to spend \$500 on furnishing the parsonage, and to fix up a garage.

On Friday night Mrs. Peyton will open to the public the "Met-to-Talk" Tea Room. This is in what was the bar-room of the Mattituck House, and now converted into a first class tea room and ice cream parlor. Mrs. Peyton will be assisted in her new venture by Miss Grace Keene of New Haven.

The members of the Raymond Cleaves Post of the American Legion are selling a large number of tickets for their dance in Library Hall Friday night of this week. Besides Billy Logan's colored jazz orchestra, some professional entertainers have been engaged to help make this a joyous occasion.

The operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," was given in Library Hall Monday night by members of the Blue Triangle Club of Greenport, under the direction of Mrs. Percy Adams. The operetta was a pretty story of Japanese life, and finely presented with beautiful lighting effects and handsome costumes.

The Fire Company's drive for a motor chemical extinguisher has so far resulted in subscriptions amounting to \$500, most of which has been contributed in sums of from \$5 to \$25. The firemen want to get up-to-date and first-class apparatus, so don't be backward about calling on Harry DePetris, who is chairman of the committee for raising this fund, and put your name on his list. Every dollar helps.

The sloop Sarah McCune, Capt. Kaelin, recently brought two loads of seed oysters from the Sea Coast Oyster Co. to H. R. Conking & Co. for their bed here in Mattituck Creek. Two dredges, a sucker or hydraulic dredge and one of the clam shell style, also appeared in the creek last week, considerable work dredging and fil-

## May 21 1920

### Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

Dr. Craven, much to the gratification of the parish, announced last Sunday that Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., had formally accepted the invitation to preach at Mattituck and would begin his pastorate next Sunday, May 23d. He is to be ordained at his father's church at Islip by the Presbytery of Nassau on Friday of this week, at 3 p. m. We sincerely hope and believe that his coming to us may prove a great blessing to the church and community.

Mrs. George Brazier, a highly esteemed colored woman, died quite suddenly Monday afternoon from cerebral hemorrhage. "Louise" had many friends among the white people, who will regret her passing away sincerely. Besides her husband, she leaves two sons and two daughters to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Henrietta Bayles entertained the 500 Club Monday afternoon of this week.

The Ball, under the auspices of Raymond Cleaves Post last Friday night, was a dandy affair. The receipts were over \$400, and the orchestra was superb. It was voted the crowning social event of the season.

All roads will lead to Mattituck on Thursday and Friday, May 27 and 28. Why? Because these are the dates for the big musical comedy, "A Day on the Ranch," in and for the benefit of Library Hall. Big caste, people of all ages. Mattituck's best singing, dancing and comedy talent will take part. The ensemble is made up of Cow Boys, Ranch Girls, Indians and City Visitors. Catchy music, dainty dances, specialties brilliant and lots of them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rodenbaugh of New Rochelle are the directors. They have just returned from Florida, where they directed big affairs. Riverhead turned several hundred away at this show last fall and capacity houses greet it everywhere. Dancing till midnight will follow the play. Tickets will be on sale at Lahy's after Monday, May 24th. The Hall needs the money terribly for repairs, so we hope there will be a generous patronage.

Last Sunday afternoon, through the kindness of Elder Elmer Ruland's automobile, Dr. Craven preached at the County House, Yaphank. Miss Carolyn Howell, our sweet voiced singer, accompanied by Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve, also sang for the inmates of the Home. Truly a good way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Hart and Miss Vivien Duryee spent last week-end at P. Harvey Duryee's.

Dr. Craven's Sunday School class of young men had their annual supper in the chapel Tuesday evening.

"Chub" Gildersleeve's house on Pike St. is the Mecca for wireless fiends nowadays. It was rather hard to pick up the telegraph, but that is being superseded by the telephone, and bands of music on the big incoming steamers one can hear plainly in this Pike St. room. "What hath God wrought?" is still the riddle of coming ages. "Watchman, what of the night?"

SUMMUM BONUM

## May 28 MATTITUCK 1920

The next Literary meeting will be held on Monday night, June 7.

Mrs. Addie Overton of Port Jefferson is visiting relatives in Mattituck this week.

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page of this paper.

Mrs. Henry Gissel of Brooklyn, with her two children, Henry and Jane, spent a few days last week at Mrs. J. J. Kirkup's.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hudson and sons, George, Raymond and Harold, have moved to Holley, N. Y., for the summer.

Mrs. Henrietta Baylis is at Newton, Mass., this week, attending the commencement exercises at the Mt. Ida School, from which her daughter, Betty, one of our popular Mattituck young ladies, is to graduate.

The Old Mill is undergoing extensive interior alterations and improvements at present, and when completed it will be re-opened by Tyson Hamilton, who conducted it last summer as a restaurant and ice cream parlor.

Last Wednesday the Mattituck High School baseball team added another game on the credit side of their ledger, when they shut out Riverhead High School at the Fair Grounds, 3 to 0. Bob Lindsay pitched a great game, and was ably backed up by the rest of the nine.

The Mattituck firemen will hold their annual parade on Memorial Day, starting from the fire house at 9 A. M. They hope to have a big turnout, and will be glad to have a big number of decorated autos, horseback riders, etc., join the procession. A band from the Wm. Carey Camp of the Boys' Club will furnish music.

Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., our new pastor, with his wife and daughter, arrived here last Saturday to make their home in the parsonage. Mr. Overton pleased his congregation with two fine sermons Sunday morning and evening. The Sunday School service, commencing next Sunday, will begin at quarter of twelve instead of twelve o'clock.

The Mattituck High School has made arrangements with Mr. Menendez to present the feature picture, "When Bearcat Went Dry," and a Patty Arbuckle comedy in Library Hall Tuesday night, June 8, the proceeds to go to the school piano fund. The admission will be twenty-five cents.

"Chub" Gildersleeve, "Gamer" Tutbill and Vere Hazard, our local wireless experts, each of whom owns first-class amateur outfits, have been able to tune in with some of the ships that are conducting experiments with the wireless telephone, which promises to be perfected in the near future. The voices on the wireless are heard very distinctly, and without the "buzz" which is so often annoying on the phones now used. It's going to be interesting to see which instrument first gets into communication with the "lady" Mars, the wireless or the Oujia Board.

The dance given by the Raymond Cleaves Post of the American Legion last Friday night was considered one of the most popular events ever held in Library Hall, and was attended by people from Riverhead to Orient, the receipts being over \$400. A five-piece orchestra from Broadway furnished just the right kind of music, entertainers sang between dances and a reel of moving pictures was exhibited during a waltz. The display of flags and other patriotic decorations around the hall attracted considerable attention. We hear that the Legion is considering holding another of these dances later in the season.

Last Thursday night about two dozen young ladies enjoyed a movie party at Library Hall, followed by a "surprise party supper" at Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve's. Everyone within a half-mile radius said it sounded as if they were having a fine time.

Mrs. George P...

News  
June 25, 1920

### MATTITUCK

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page this paper.

Channing Downs of the University Minnesota, is home for his summer vacation.

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page this paper.

J. M. Lupton and Linnaeus Allen are attending the seedsmen's annual convention at Milwaukee.

F. H. Condit, optometrist (eyesight specialist), will be at Gildersleeve Bros.' Hall Wednesday, June 30, from 9 to 2.

Miss Inez Robinson, J. M. Lupton's Son's efficient stenographer, has been engaged to work afternoons at the Mattituck Bank.

Luther G. Cox of Newburgh, N. Y., one of our former Mattituck boys, is spending a few days' vacation at the home of his father, Harry G. Cox, this week.

Mrs. Thomas Rafford and Mrs. Albert Crocker of this place were both operated on at the Greenport hospital Saturday, and at present writing are doing nicely.

Miss Clara Bond is now clerking at Liedlich's Bakery, succeeding M. Lida Rafford, who has accepted a position in the County Treasurer's office at Riverhead.

The Misses Dorothy and Elizabeth Cooper of Sage College, Ithaca, and Miss Betty Baylis of the Mt. Ida School of Newton, Mass., have returned to Mattituck for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Silkworth of Jamaica, Fred Silkworth of Port Jefferson and Worthington Silkworth of Quogue, were week-end visitors at their former home at Point Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Smith Williams of Rockville Center, formerly of Mattituck, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Jennie Pearl, to Edgar Morrison Howell, on June 23, at Rockville Center.

Al Trahern's well known stock company will give the big Broadway hit, "Fair and Warmer," in Library Hall Monday night, the 28th. He expects to give a number of other Broadway successes at this place during the summer.

Gerard Terry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Terry, of Mattituck, was one of the class of 750 graduates at the Syracuse University last week. His mother and his aunt, Mrs. Chas. L. Hallock, of Greenport, attended the graduation exercises.

A moving picture show will be given in Library Hall on Tuesday night, June 29, for the benefit of the local branch of the Daughters of the Revolution. Besides a fine seven-reel picture there will be the news reels and a comedy. A big turn-out is hoped for.

Don't fail to attend the praise service in the Presbyterian Church Sunday night, nor forget that the offering is for the care of the Old Free Burying Ground. Mrs. Percy Adams of Greenport is one of the soloists; a good orchestra will render several selections and of course Rev. Mr. Overton will have one of his best sermons. Miss Minnie Terry Smith will recite.

At Literary Tuesday night Miss Martha Salmon of Peconic delighted the audience with two perfectly rendered piano solos, Mrs. Walter Grabie sang one of her always enjoyable solos, with Miss Isabelle Conklin at the piano and the one-act farce, "Reforming Bertie," given by Elma Rae Tuthill, Evelyn Kirkup and Donald Gildersleeve, furnished the laughs and concluded the program. Owing to King's Orchestra being engaged for July 5, Literary will not be held until July 19. Mrs. Grace Duryee, who always furnishes a worth-while entertainment, will arrange a program for that night.

Mattituck's baseball team journeyed to Fort Terry last Saturday and returned with their second defeat, losing the game 5 to 4. John Barker pitched a good game for Mattituck and deserved to win, as Mattituck out-hit the Fort Terry team, but a few bad errors gave the game to the home team. Mattituck rallied in the ninth, getting two men on bases with none out, but a doubleplay killed their chances. This Saturday the Southold nine plays here, and Lawyer expects his team to brace up and break into the won column.

Burt Tuthill managed to furnish a little excitement when everything was quiet last Friday morning. He was dumping a big team load of scrap paper from the printing office at the dump heap near Westphalia Bridge, and had part of it off the wagon, which he set fire to, when a gust of wind came up and blew the fire on to the middle of his load. Burt managed to get his horses unharnessed before their tails caught fire, and some other men quickly appeared on the scene with pitchforks and fire extinguishers in time to save the wagon.

The crowd which filled Library Hall to the doors at the commencement exercises last Friday night made it manifest that people are taking a great and increasing interest in the doings of the High School and its students. The eight graduates made a fine appearance, and delivered first-class essays. The program follows: Invocation, Rev. F. G. Beebe; selections, William Carey Camp Orchestra; salutatory, Inez Robinson; Class History, written by Gertrude Cooper, given by Vivian Seymour; Advice to Juniors, Lyndon Tuthill; Class Song, Alice Silkworth and Vivian Seymour; Class Will, Anita McNulty; Class Poem, Alice Silkworth; valedictory, James Dunn; address, Rev. Father McCoy; presentation of diplomas, Frank C. Barker, of the Board of Education. The High School magazine, "Sparks," came out last week. It is a bright and newsy publication, edited by Anita McNulty and Alice Silkworth, assisted by Lyndon Tuthill, business manager, and contains pictures of the class, baseball and basketball teams, and lots of High School news, and is a great credit to those who contributed to it.

#### Orth—Fischer

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fischer on Pike street was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, July 23, when their daughter, Lois Adele, was married to Frederic Charles Orth of Flanders, by Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Jr., at 12:30 o'clock. The bride was attended by her cousin, Evelyn G. Kirkup, and the best man was George Burns of Riverhead. The other attendants were the little Misses Avis and Ruth Fischer, the bride's nieces, who acted as ribbon girls. Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve, a cousin of the bride, played the wedding march from "Lohengrin." The bride's dress was of white georgette, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations. Her going-away dress was a navy-blue suit, with taffeta hat to match. The bridesmaid wore a dress of pale blue taffeta and carried pink carnations and sweet peas. The ribbon girls wore dresses of orchid and yellow. After the reception and refreshments the happy couple departed on their honeymoon, and on their return will make their home in Flanders. One of the jolliest parties at the wedding was composed of a charming bevy of young women from the County Treasurer's office, former co-laborers with the bride, who was very popular with them. They came down en masse to do their best to speed the bride on to a bright and happy married life.

The past week or two has brought very forcibly to most of us that the "good old summertime" is surely here, and the doctors are relieved from the care of flu patients, etc., although many of our good people seem to be in sympathy with the medical profession, and indulge themselves now and then with beach parties where they expose themselves to the malaria-breeding mosquito and the persistent sand-fly, and also eat heartily of indigestibles, like hot dogs, lobster salad (when they have the price), pickles and half-cooked clams sprinkled with sand and ashes; but there is great joy in the pastime and everybody seems to enjoy this sometimes strenuous amusement.

July 23 Mattituck 1920  
Henry P. Tuthill is THE TRAVELER'S Business Agent at Mattituck

Through the kindness of Will V. Duryee and his auto, we were able to enjoy "Bastille Day" at the Boys' Club at Sound Avenue, Wednesday of last week. The William Carey Camp of this Club has become a wonderful "Melting Pot" for New York City, and only needs to be seen to realize the immense power it has for the betterment of our future citizens. Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis, its present superintendent, we believe is a second Joshua, chosen by a Supreme Ruler to lead the young boys of all nations to a realization of what America should mean to them. His fine personality, his high standards of morals, and his understanding of the workings of a young boy's heart and conscience, all make him a splendid ideal for the boys who seem to almost worship him. The camp has a capacity of about 500, with clean, comfortable dormitories, splendid dining halls, and sanitary, up to date appointments throughout. The personnel changes every two weeks, and the Club will give vacations of that length to about 7500 this season. We looked over the names of the present roster and out of 400 names could find only seven that looked at all like American names, the Jewish, Slav, Hungarian and Italian largely predominating. They are taught respect and reverence to the flag, bodily cleanliness, and the square deal of the Golden Rule, together with healthy amusements, such as swimming, baseball, camping out, hikes, etc. Seven young men, really only boys, fought for us during the late war and paid the supreme sacrifice. We cannot imagine any better way of serving our country than the work this fine young Lewis is doing. He is always glad to see visitors, and if you give him a call we know you will come away feeling that the spirit of the Great Master still has living temples on earth.

Miss Bertha T. Reeve entertained with her usual delightful hospitality a company of ladies at a "Porch Party" Friday afternoon of last week.

July 2 MATTITUCK 1920

Miss Viola Hallock is visiting friends in Bayport and East Hampton.

Merwin O'Neil (Cook) of Brooklyn is visiting relatives in Mattituck this week.

Mrs. Arthur L. Downs entertained the 500 Club at Downs Manor Tuesday afternoon.

The Misses Lillian and Ethel Jones of Belleville, N. J., were guests of Miss Cornelia Gildersleeve this week.

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page of this paper.

A big crowd attended the movie show for the benefit of the Daughters of the Revolution in Library Hall Tuesday evening.

A demonstration of the uses of a cooking compound is being given at Gildersleeve's store this week by Mrs. Sylvia.

The Misses Kathryn Cornell of Newburgh, N. Y., and Elida Armstrong of Jersey City, two former school teachers here, are visiting friends in Mattituck.

Al Trahern's Stock Company made their first appearance of the summer in Library Hall Monday, pleasing their audience with a fine play, "Fair and Warmer."

Mrs. Fannie Wilshear died quite suddenly last Saturday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Charles Hamilton on Westphalia Road. She was 68 years of age, and is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Bacon, and one son, John, all of Brooklyn. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Hamilton's and her body taken to Brooklyn for burial Wednesday.

### Relative of Washington

EDITOR TRAVELER:—I read in a recent issue of your paper that the Dickersons claimed relationship to the Republican nominee for President, and some of the other papers said Southold Town was giving herself a boost.

Here is another boost for our good old Town. I, too, claim relationship to our first President, George Washington. I am a descendant of the Celtic House of McCarthy and in direct line from McCarthy Mor down to Justin McCarthy, the brilliant author of the present day. The McCarthys came to this country fifteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. In the American Revolution there were three hundred and thirty-five soldiers and sailors named McCarthy. In Boston Thaddeus and Florence McCarthy were the leading merchants. In the seventeenth century the Virginia branch of which I am descended was allied by marriage with some of the oldest families of the South. Through the marriage of Dennis McCarthy and Sarah Ball, first cousin of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington, the McCarthys of Virginia were second cousins of the illustrious Father of his Country. Hence, my relationship. For many years the most intimate friendship existed between the McCarthy and Washington families. In 1768, when Thaddeus McCarthy of Virginia was married, the ceremony took place in the home of George Washington. In 1799, when the great man died, among those especially invited by the widow to attend the funeral by request of Washington on his deathbed, were Daniel McCarthy and family.

I have collected much interesting data concerning the history of the McCarthys, and this may prove a surprise to those who think no Americans of Irish origin figured prominently in the early history of our country.

C. A. J. MCCARTHY

Laurel, L. I.

Mattituck beat Southold 5 to 4 last Saturday, but they had to work overtime to do it, the game lasting 14 innings. With the score 3 to 3 in the sixteenth, Booth and Turner both hit safely. Scott forced Booth, but Cassidy poled a long two-bagger to right center, scoring Turner with the run that put Southold ahead. In Mattituck's half, with one out, E. Reeve hit to Booth, who threw wild to first, Reeve taking second. Bob Barker smashed a timely double, scoring Reeve, and then, thinking the game was over, started to walk to the bench, and was put out. It looked as if the game would have to go on for a few more innings, but Scott kindly muffed Slats Reeve's short fly to left. Slats promptly stole second and Muff Wickham, who hadn't got his batting eye until late in the game, thought it was time to quit, so he slashed a single past short, which brought Slats in with the winning run. The game was exciting from start to finish. John Barker, Lawyer's new pitching find, held Southold to nine scattered hits, and only in the last inning were they lunched. Salmon was hit hard, but tightened up in the pinches, and was helped out by four fast double-plays. Southold scored first, making one run in the fourth. Mattituck made three in the fourth by good batting, and Southold tied the score in the eighth. No scoring was done after that until the fourteenth when the above described events happened. Cassidy, Ruland, Aldrich and Wickham each made three hits.

The summary:

Dr. Craven has been engaged to marry the big Presbyterian pulpit at Plainsfield, N. J., for the summer. He recently closed a long engagement at Westfield, N. J. Getting to be quite a Jerseyite.

Miss Lelia Craven is building a pret-



Mrs. Arthur L. Downs is visiting at home, N. Y., this week.

Mattituck Movies Mean Merry Moments. See program on second page this paper.

James M. Craven has secured a position as principal of the High School at Booneville, Ky., and left Mattituck at that place last week.

Sidney Olmstead returned Monday morning to Lyndon, Ky., where he enters on his second year in the Kentucky Military Institute.

Literary will be held in Library Hall Monday night, Sept. 20. Mrs. Grace Durycce is arranging to present one of her usual fine programs.

The building on Fischer's corner formerly occupied by Spencer Wickham as a service station, is now being neatly fixed up and painted, to be made over into a restaurant known as the "Kosy Korner Lunch Room."

"Lawyer" Reeve, manager of the Mattituck team, was quite severely bumped by a steam roller in Greenport Monday night of this week. A number of fans who were present say that the engineer of the machine was unmerciful, and let nothing swerve the roller from its course.

Mattituck Council, No. 34, Jr. O. U. A. M., celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in Mechanics' Hall Friday night. A short program was given followed by refreshments, muskadeons, ice cream and cake, after which dancing was in order, the crack Invincible Orchestra furnishing the music.

Laura Robinson, wife of Willis A. Tuthill, a highly respected Mattituck lady, died at the Greenport Hospital last Monday, at the age of 59 years, 7 months and 24 days. Besides her husband she is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Percy McGuire, of Hollis; a sister, Mrs. Amberman, and a brother Alonzo F. Robinson, of Mattituck. The funeral services were held at her late home on Peconic Bay Thursday afternoon, conducted by Dr. C. E. Craven with burial at the New Bethany Cemetery.

Terry W. Tuthill, Shirley Cox, Otis Jackson, Fred Satterly and William Beebe, enjoyed a fine auto trip to Schenectady, N. Y., last week, where they are delegates to the New York State Convention of the Jr. O. U. A. M. The many friends of Terry Tuthill will be pleased to learn that at this convention, he was elected National Representative of the order for a period of four years. Los Angeles, Cal., Tiffin, O., and Niagara Falls, are places of interest that he will visit in the discharge of his duties.

That was quite a remarkable baseball game between Mattituck and Riverhead at the Fair Grounds last Saturday, the outstanding feature being Goldsmith's pitching, who didn't allow his opponents a hit. We must congratulate the Riverhead team and its followers, and especially its manager (who has always been so determined that professionals should be barred from the East End League games), upon their splendid victory, and expect that they are naturally jubilant over the easy way in which they won. Still, we do hope they will be careful and not indulge in any reckless spending of what was left of the gate receipts.

As Irving S. Cobb says, "Speaking of operations," Counselor Russell E. Lupton had his appendix removed at Brentwood last week by Dr. Chauvain; ditto Mrs. J. Trowbridge Kirkup at Greenport. We understand there were eight surgical cases from Mattituck last week at Greenport. There must have been at least 35 operations there this year from this little town alone. We ought to be grateful that it is so near and so successful.

SUMMUM BONUM

First Use of Water Colors.

Mattituck Basketballers 1909



Many a story has been told of the games played by the local basketball team known as the "Mattituck Giants," shown above. They are: George L. Penny, W. R. Wickham and Harry Mapes; on top are C. H. Wickham and John H. Husing. Note the classy uniforms and knee pants.

The Fort Terry team packed some dynamite in their bats last Saturday before coming to Mattituck, and pounded out a dozen hits, including four two-baggers and a home run, but all this slugging produced but four runs. Mattituck, however, scored only three times, and so lost the game. The visitors got off with a flying start, scoring twice in the first inning, and Gannon's home run, a long drive to right field which Breaker fell down in chasing, and lost in the grass, made the third run. Mattituck tallied twice in the fourth and tied the score in the fifth, but the soldiers put over the winning run in the eighth. Bob Barker was out of Mattituck's lineup, so Siats Reeve was back at his old position at shortstop, with Wickham on first and Lindsay in left field. Gannon carried off the batting honors with a double and a home run. Laughlin and John Barker each made three hits.

PORT TERRY

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Squires, ss	5	0	1	1	4	1
Gluchowski, 3b	4	1	1	3	1	0
Gannon, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0
F. Parliament, lf	4	0	2	4	0	0
I. Seibler, p	3	1	0	6	3	0
Laughlin, c	4	0	3	1	2	0
Lyons, 2b	4	0	2	1	2	0
Barry, 1b	4	0	1	7	0	1
Cron, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
	37	4	12	27	14	3

MATTITUCK

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Ruland, 3b	5	0	0	3	2	2
E. Reeve, 2b	4	1	1	3	1	0
L. Reeve, ss	4	1	1	5	2	0
Wolgo, c	4	0	0	9	3	0
Wickham, 1b	4	1	1	5	0	0
Aldrich, cf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Lindsay, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Breaker, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
J. Barker, p	4	0	3	0	2	0
	37	3	9	27	10	2

Two-base hits—E. Reeve, Gannon, Squires, Laughlin, Parliament. Home run—Gannon. Sacrifice hits—L. Reeve. Stolen bases—Aldrich. Double plays—L. Reeve to E. Reeve; E. Reeve to L. Reeve; Gluchowski to Lyons to Barry. Struck out—by Barker, 8; by Seibler, 3. Bases on balls—off Barker, 1; off Seibler, 1. Wild pitch, Seibler. Hit by pitcher—by Barker, 1. Left on bases—Port Terry, 8; Mattituck, 9. Umpire—H. Terry.

J. Hamilton Lewis, Supt. of the Wm. Carey Camp, delivered a fine address on "The Making of an American" in the Presbyterian Church Sunday night. Mr. Rosenbaum, a young violinist of the camp, played two much appreciated solos.

Don't forget to attend the annual fair and lawn party given by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church Friday afternoon and evening of this week. There is a big stock of fancy work, etc., to be sold, a side of cooked food by Mattituck's most famous cooks, and in the evening a grand concert in which Mattituck and out-of-town talent will take part.

Henry E. Hanson of Minneapolis, Minn., has announced the marriage of his daughter, Esther Strand, to Lynnwood G. Downs, on Saturday, July 31. Mr. Downs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Downs, of this place, and has for several years been a teacher in the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis. His bride is also a teacher in the same college.

Mattituck showed a lack of pep in their game with Shelter Island Saturday, the visitors winning easily 5 to 1. The visitors made good use of their ten hits, while Mattituck hit safely nine times, and could only score one run, and that on a wild throw by Sauvage. Aside from that error Sauvage caught a fine game, having six assists to his credit, which is quite a number for a catcher. Wolgo, Mattituck's catcher, was struck in the head by a foul ball, but gamely resumed playing after a short rest.

The score:

MATTITUCK

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Saland, 3b	4	0	1	3	2	0
E. Reeve, 1b	4	0	1	1	1	0
J. Barker, ss	4	0	1	5	2	0
Wickham, lf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Aldrich, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Wolgo, c	4	0	2	1	0	0
Downs, p	4	1	1	0	1	0
L. Barker, rf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Breaker, 2b	4	0	1	3	0	0
	30	1	9	27	11	0

SHELTER ISLAND

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Donahue, ss	3	2	1	0	1	0
Rec, 2b	4	1	2	6	2	0
Sauvage, c	4	1	9	6	1	0
McLean, 1b	4	1	2	2	0	0
MacDonald, 3b	4	1	2	2	0	0
H. Smith, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Bleecker, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
H. Smith, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Dickerson, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
	34	5	10	27	13	2

Sacrifice hits—Dickerson, R. Barker. Stolen bases—R. Barker, Wolgo, Donahue, Rec, Sauvage, H. Smith. Double play—Downs to E. Reeve to R. Barker. Struck out—by L. Barker, 7. Bases on balls—off Downs, 1; off Dickerson, 3. Hit by

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Mattituck

Henry P. Tutbill is THE TRAVELER'S business agent at Mattituck

With a sense of real personal bereavement we heard last Saturday night of the passing of a life-long friend, Ann Eliza Moore, wife of Frank Davis, at her home on Mill Lane. For many years she has suffered from heart troubles, so her sudden demise was not unexpected. Mrs. Davis was one of the finest characters we ever knew, straightforward, sincere, incapable of knowingly doing wrong. She had the respect and affection of all who knew her. Besides her husband, she leaves a brother, Rensselaer Moore, and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Downs and Mrs. Frank C. Barker, to be comforted with wonderfully sweet memories of this good woman. Her funeral services were conducted by Dr. Craven at her late home on Tuesday afternoon, with interment at Cutchogue. She was aged 83 years, 10 months, 7 days.

Rev. D. H. Overton, Jr.'s father-in-law, Rev. John Foust, of Richmond Hill, was to conduct the Presbyterian prayer meeting Wednesday night, and his father, Rev. D. H. Overton, Sr., of Islip will, D. V., fill his son's pulpit next Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grabie of Amityville are visiting at Conrad Grabie's.

Herbert M. Reeve, wife and daughter are motoring through the Berkshires this week.

Miss Marion Aird of Newburgh, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sidney H. Gildersleeve.

Miss Evelyn G. Kirkup was tendered a "Greenback Shower" at Mrs. Catherine Phillips' cottage last Friday afternoon.

Tuesday, still raining, and the Jamesport Camp Meeting due next week. Shades of Jupiter Pluvius and St. Swithern, to say nothing of Presbyterian Sunday School picnic this Thursday afternoon, all good rain brooducers.

The Annual Yacht Club Ball holds forth in Library Hall Friday night, Aug. 20th, with music by Invincible Orchestra. Always a jolly affair.

Mrs. A. L. Downs entertained a large company at a musicale at her home last Thursday night, having for her guest of honor Mr. Arthur Ward of Salisbury, Md. Mrs. Downs is now attending a conference on Home Economics at Jamestown, N. Y., under the auspices of the New York State Grange.

Miss Carter of Brooklyn is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles I. Wells at Cedar Bluffs.

Madam Olga Burgtoff, well known in literary and musical art circles, mistress of many languages, who used to be a welcome artist at midsummer concerts here, is stopping at the Harbor Inn for August.

SUMMUM BONUM

New Suffolk

