



CLARA BARTON'S BIRTHPLACE AT OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

CLARA BARTON, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

BY DELLA CAMPBELL MACLEOD

"HEAVEN'S Christmas gift to the world" is a title that has been fittingly applied to Clara Barton, who was born on December 25, 1821, at Oxford, Massachusetts, and who died at Glen Echo, near Washington, on the 12th of last April, in her ninety-first year.

Her father, Captain Stephen Barton, had served as a non-commissioned officer under General Wayne, during "Mad Anthony's" successful campaign against the Indians in 1793 and 1794. Clara, his youngest daughter, learned from him to know much of military matters, and to take a precocious interest in political affairs.

Some of her biographers have stated that

as a girl Miss Barton worked in a cloth-factory, and paid off a mortgage on her parents' home with her earnings.

"I wish that story were true," she said herself. "Nothing to-day could gratify me more than to know that I had been one of those self-reliant, intelligent American girls like our sweet poetess, Lucy Larcom, and had stood, like her, before the power-looms in the early progress of the manufactures of our great and matchless country."

The only foundation for the story was the fact that, after leaving school, Miss Barton insisted on going into a cloth-mill owned by her brothers—who were much older than herself, she being the youngest

member of the family—and learning from actual experience the mysteries of the process of weaving.

She had been in the mill only three weeks when it was burned down, and she turned, for an occupation, to teaching school. There are pages in a diary kept at this time telling of her methods of “disciplining” her first pupils, who were, prior to her coming, very unruly. She relates how she taught them to play their games fairly, and to take the same spirit to their classroom duties. “They respected me because I was as strong as themselves,” she says. She marvels that her methods attracted attention outside of her own school district. “Child that I was,” she writes, “I did not know that the surest test of discipline is its absence.”

She was a very successful teacher. Indeed, young as she was, she soon became

an educational leader. After being an assistant in several New Jersey schools, she branched out upon lines of her own, and founded, at Bordentown, one of the first free schools in the State. It is recorded that in one year she saw her pupils increase in numbers from six to six hundred.

A little later her health broke down so badly that she was obliged to give up teaching and go southward in search of a warmer climate. This was a cloud that must have looked black enough at the time, but it proved to have a lining of silver, if not of gold; for what seemed like the ending of a promising career proved to be the entrance to a life of world-wide usefulness and honor.

FIRST WOMAN IN DEPARTMENT SERVICE

Miss Barton's public service began when the commissioner of patents offered her a



MISS BARTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY,
WHICH SHE FOUNDED IN 1882

From a photograph by Fassett, Washington

position as his confidential secretary. She accepted it, probably without realizing the responsibilities it would involve or the opportunities it would open up. No woman had ever before been publicly employed in a government department, and her appointment aroused much ill-feeling. She endured no small degree of hardship in blazing the path that so many thousands of her sex have since trodden.

Under President Buchanan she was discharged from the service on account of her open advocacy of anti-slavery views. She returned to Massachusetts, where she engaged in study, but when the Civil War broke out she went back to Washington and made the remarkable offer to the commissioner of patents that she "would perform the duties of any two disloyal men in the office below the grade of examiner, providing they should be dismissed and their salaries covered into the United States Treasury."

The offer was not accepted—and fortunately so, for its refusal left Miss Barton free to undertake a much more important and memorable work. When the first wounded men were brought back to the national capital, it was she who first realized the urgent need of help, and who led in organizing a far-reaching and beneficent system of relief. From that time until the fateful day of Appomattox she was faithful to her self-imposed task. More than any other of the noble women who so unselfishly devoted themselves to the work of succoring wounded and dying soldiers, she was trusted and respected by the authorities. Her fame grew as the years passed, and she became known throughout the civilized world as "the American Florence Nightingale."

When the war was over, Miss Barton undertook another task of mercy—the search for the missing soldiers of the Federal army, or for the unmarked graves in which they had been hastily buried on scores of battle-fields, or in remote prison camps. At Andersonville alone, where the Federal captives had sickened and died by thousands, she succeeded in identifying more than twelve thousand of the unknown dead.

For four years, at intervals, this trying work was maintained, often at Miss Barton's own expense, with money that she raised by lecturing. She was reimbursed, however, when Congress passed the following resolution as a tribute to her services:

Whereas, Miss Clara Barton has expended from her own resources large sums of money in endeavoring to discover missing soldiers of the U. S. Army, and in communicating intelligence to their relatives, therefore

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, that the sum of \$15,000 be appropriated to reimburse Miss Barton and to aid in the further prosecution of the search; and that the printing necessary for the furtherance of this object shall be done by the public printer.

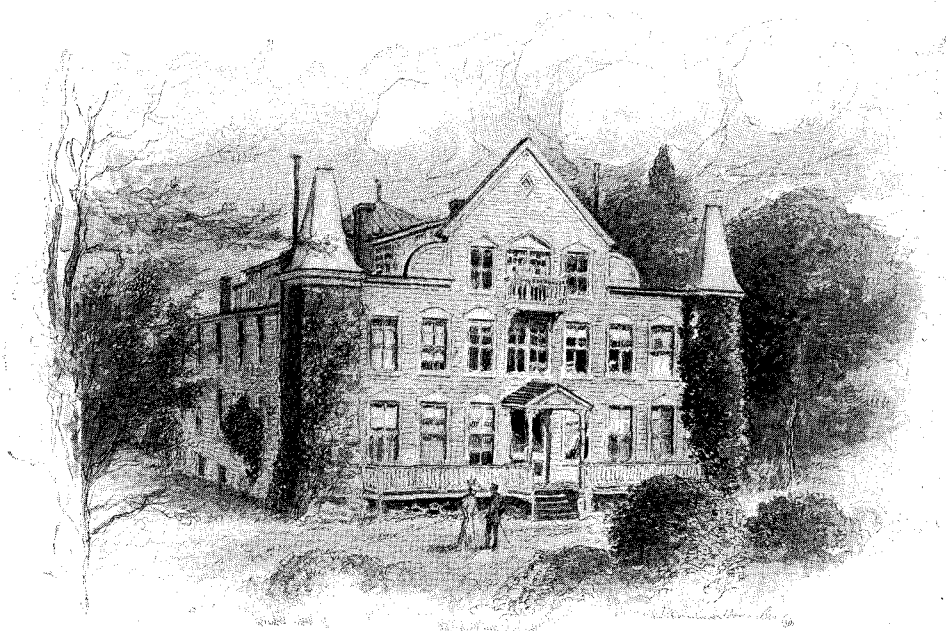
In 1869 Miss Barton went abroad, in search of rest and health; but her brief holiday only led to a widening of her work. At Geneva she came into contact with the activities of the Red Cross, which had been founded there as an international society five years before. Urged to return the following summer, she was in Switzerland when war broke out between France and Germany. She promptly volunteered for service, and all through that fierce and bloody struggle, and through the still more terrible days of the Paris Commune, she acted as a Red Cross representative, always keeping as near the front as was possible.

It was no wonder that her health again broke down, and for five or six years she was almost helplessly invalided. Nevertheless, she worked unceasingly upon the task that was to be the great monument to the memory of this remarkable woman—the establishment of an American branch of the Red Cross.

THE RED CROSS IN AMERICA

It is difficult to realize to-day that the United States was for so many years the one great civilized country which had no part in the great international league of mercy, and that it might have remained so but for the persistent efforts of one frail woman—a woman who had no command of wealth and held no official position. Miss Barton patiently and persistently urged her cause upon three Presidents before finally, during Arthur's tenure of the White House, the government announced its adhesion to the so-called Geneva Convention, the charter of all the Red Cross societies. An affiliated American body was duly formed, with Miss Barton as its president. She held the office until 1904.

Not only does the United States owe its Red Cross association to her, but the worldwide organization owes to her an increasingly useful extension of its activities. Lest



RED CROSS, THE HOUSE AT GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF
MISS BARTON'S LATER LIFE

our fortunate immunity from frequent war should make the American society a mere matter of form, she suggested the inclusion in its constitution of a clause empowering its agents to use its resources in time of any serious national calamity—famine, flood, epidemic, or the like. This “American amendment,” as it was called, has since been adopted in all the other countries.

The last twenty years of Clara Barton’s life were spent at Red Cross, her home at Glen Echo, Maryland, on the banks of the Potomac. When I visited the place, a few days after her death, it seemed to be still vibrant with her presence. Mrs. Hinton, widow of Colonel Richard J. Hinton, a charter member of the Red Cross, and for fifty years an associate of Miss Barton, and Mrs. Sarah E. Canada, her most intimate friend and neighbor in Glen Echo, told me many incidents of her old age.

Physically frail as she was, and quietly as she had to live in her later years, she never gave herself up to invalidism. Indeed, she was a soldier to the last—systematic, industrious, severely simple in her tastes. It was a rule of the household that every day’s duties should be disposed of before turning in for the night. To do this she would stay at her desk until late in the evening, and at five o’clock the next morning she would be up rolling a carpet-

sweeper over her floor. She always observed military order, and she took a soldier’s pride in being able to keep her own quarters straight.

MISS BARTON’S OWN QUARTERS

Her own rooms at Red Cross are on the upper floor of the house, and they are very characteristic of the woman. There are three. One she used as a kind of private office and sitting-room. On either side of this were bedrooms, one occupied by herself, the other to be given to her intimate friends or members of the family when they stayed with her.

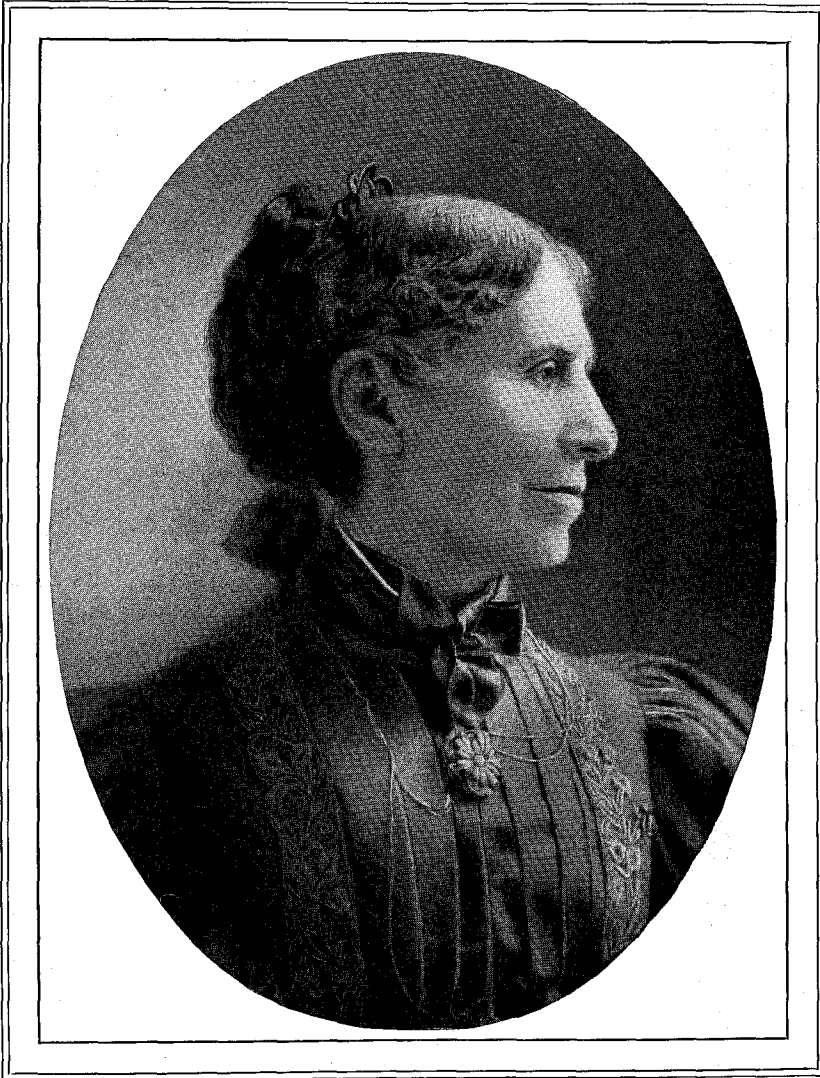
There is in the three only one small mirror—the one in which her mother looked when she came home from church a bride. It hangs near the head of the bed in the room kept for favored guests.

Clara Barton’s own bed was small and hard—a soldier bed. Near it are the books that meant so much to her—the Bible, the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucy Larcom’s poems, Barrie’s stories, “Jane Eyre,” all of Miss Austen’s novels, and the works of the Brownings. Near her desk hang framed copies of John Burroughs’s “My Own Will Come to Me” and Virginia Woodward Cloud’s “Leisurely Lane.” Probably best of all, says one who knows, she loved Eugene

Field's "Little Boy Blue." This poem always brought tears to her eyes.

Red Cross was built to be the American Red Cross headquarters, and it was here that supplies were kept to be drawn on at a moment's notice. The long halls and all

Cross work. On the walls hang certificates and testimonials from every country to which her mission took her. One of the most beautiful of these memorials is from the Sultan of Turkey. Many decorations and jewels were given to her, but among



ONE OF THE LATER PORTRAITS OF CLARA BARTON, TAKEN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO

From a photograph by the American Press Association, New York

the rooms are fitted up with cabinets built into the walls, in which every possible first aid to the injured was stored against the time of need.

MISS BARTON'S MANY SOUVENIRS

There are few pictures in the house except those relating to Miss Barton or to Red

them all there were only two that she kept as personal souvenirs.

One of these is a pin, a gift from the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, who were her very dear friends. Mrs. Hinton relates how on one occasion Miss Barton took the pin to a famous New York jeweler's, to have a chain added to it as a

safeguard. The clerk to whom she handed it asked permission to go for another clerk, who in turn departed to get still another to look at the jewel. The manager of the store was finally summoned, and he asked Miss Barton if she knew the value of the pin.

"Each of these pearls," he said, "is almost priceless. They represent a king's ransom!"

Miss Barton mentioned her name, and told him the story of the pin. In accordance with a promise made to the grand duchess, she wore it constantly, to show that she held the giver in her thoughts.

For several months before she died Miss Barton was able to do very little writing, but each day she added a few lines to a long letter to the grand duchess, to be sent off after her death. It was mailed to Germany the day she died.

The other piece of jewelry which she specially valued was a friendship knot of gold, presented to her by the first Emperor William of Germany, the present Kaiser's grandfather, whose friendship she gained at the time of the Franco-Prussian War.

Clara Barton's treasures included many pieces of rare old lace, the gifts of foreign potentates. But these she accepted as she did most other presents—as impersonal acknowledgments of her work.

MISS BARTON AND HER NEIGHBORS

On state occasions, when she was strong enough to receive visitors, she used to wear very beautiful and stately costumes. Though very slight, she was fond of trained gowns. To the last she would never put on black. Her dresses ran through lavender and royal purple shades to a peculiar wine-color of which she was very fond.

Even when she was weakest, and all excitement was forbidden, she still kept open house at Red Cross for all the "soldier boys." The place is full of mementos and gifts from men whom she nursed.

Nor did her work as a nurse end when she gave up active service. Red Cross was a kind of private sanatorium presided over by this wonderful little woman. When a neighbor looked worn out or ill, Miss Barton would take her in charge and invite her for a visit. Once at Red Cross, the patient had an opportunity to testify to Clara Barton's powers in the rôle of ministering angel.

"Her methods were not those of the regu-

lar trained nurse," one of her patients told me. "She just mothered you, and loved you, and made you well in spite of yourself."

Only four years ago, when she was eighty-seven, Miss Barton heard of a neighbor who was in deep distress, and immediately went to her rescue. She took her to Red Cross, and there, night after night, sat up with her, planning for the future and comforting her.

"She cured me first," the grateful woman told me. "Then she planned a business career for me, and to the day of her death she was always my best and wisest adviser and customer."

A DREAM OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

She was not a woman given to reminiscence. In her last illness he suffered greatly, and for months before she died she had to be propped up on pillows. Toward the last she often spoke of dreaming that she was again on the battle-field. Two nights before she died, she opened her eyes and said:

"I dreamed I was back again in battle. I waded in blood up to my knees. I saw death as it is on the battle-field. The poor boys, with arms shot off and legs gone, were lying on the cold ground, with no nurses and no physicians to do anything for them. I saw the surgeons coming, too much needed by all to give any special attention to any one. Once again I stood by and witnessed those soldiers bearing their soldier pains, limbs being sawed off without opiates being taken, or even a bed to lie on. I crept around once more, trying to give them at least a drink of water to cool their parched lips, and I heard them speak of mothers and wives and sweethearts, but never a murmur or complaint. Then I wake to hear myself groan because I have a stupid pain in my back—a little pain in my back, that's all! Here, on a good bed, with every attention! I am ashamed that I murmur."

When she was dead, all Glen Echo turned out to do her honor in the simple services held there before her remains were carried to her birthplace in Massachusetts, to be buried beside her mother and father. In the State that claimed her as a native the public sorrow was no more sincere or universal than in the peaceful little suburb on the Potomac where Clara Barton knew all her neighbors.

THE RED BUTTON*

BY WILL IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

AS Tommy North goes up-stairs to his room in Mrs. Moore's boarding-house, he slips in what proves to be a pool of blood in the third-floor hall. The blood has oozed from under the door of the room occupied by another boarder, Captain John Hanska, who is found dead on the floor. This gruesome discovery causes no little confusion and excitement, but the situation is taken in hand by Mrs. Rosalie Le Grange, who invites Mrs. Moore and her boarders to her own house, across the street. Mrs. Le Grange is an old friend of Martin McGee, the police inspector in charge of the case, and she promises to help him in investigating it.

Captain Hanska has left a widow—a young and beautiful woman who had recently left him owing to his continued ill-treatment of her. With a friend, Miss Elizabeth Lane, familiarly known as "Betsy Barbara," Mrs. Hanska calls on Inspector McGee and tells him of her unhappy life with her late husband. She admits that Lawrence Wade admired her, but denies McGee's charge—which is supported by the verdict of the coroner's jury—that Wade is the captain's murderer.

Mrs. Le Grange takes Mrs. Hanska and Miss Lane to her house, where Tommy North is greatly attracted by Betsy Barbara. The girl's apparent liking for Señor Estrilla—a young Spaniard who comes there to visit his sister, one of the boarders—drives North to drown his jealousy in whisky. Coming home intoxicated, he is helped to his room by Miss Lane. The next morning he tells her that he has hit upon a possible clue to the mystery of the Hanska murder.

XII (*continued*)

"I HAD got to the head of the stairs on the night of the murder," said Tommy. "The gas was lighted in the hall. I was pickled. You know how your mind gets on some little thing when you're pickled—"

"I don't," put in Betsy Barbara, in spite of her interest in the story; "but please go on!"

"And I saw something bright in the hallway, close to Captain Hanska's door. I braced against a post, and looked at it. It was a cluster of diamonds. The more I think of it, the more it seems like that shoe-buckle of yours. I was as sure of it as a man can be sure of anything when he's drunk. I reached out to get it. Then I tumbled and hit—the stuff. I didn't know what it was then; but the tumble and the sticky feeling put diamonds out of my mind. Then the curtain goes down again until I'm in my own room. And the funny

thing," concluded Tommy, "is that I never remembered one thing about it, not even when the police were combing my very soul, until—what happened last night. You can't be sure, of course. I was pickled. But I'm sure, just the same, that I saw a bunch of diamonds or something beside that door. You've asked me to tell you anything I find about the Hanska case; and I'm telling, that's all."

Betsy Barbara considered.

"It may not mean anything," she said, "and it may mean a good deal." She considered again. "Of course, it may have had nothing to do with our case. If anybody had been robbed that night, if there had been any signs of a burglar, it would be different; but the police say that the house wasn't entered. Then, again, what became of the diamonds? It seems no one else noticed them."

"Well," remarked Tommy North cynically, "there were several policemen in the house."

* This story began in the May Number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*