

The Gray Plower

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE silver coulter drawn
Through the dark field of sky
Brings the gold grain of dawn
That the sun thrusts on high.

The shadowy horses dim
And the gray man at the hales
As the mists wreath and swim
Up the still river-vales.

Till dawn the dark furrows
Are plowed and sown with light
Where feathered star-arrows
Fall brief through the night.

Till dawn the gray plower
Goes vague on the dark
Unheeding any hour
That our earth-clocks mark.

I have seen him plow the night
With the moon for share,
I have seen his sheaves of light
Brighten morning air.

I hear his soft urging,
His low song of the grain
To the dark horses surging
Through the dreams in my brain.

A Little Journey with Theodore Roosevelt

“Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Hello, Teddy!”

By HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M.D.

IT was once remarked of Lord Bacon that he had taken the whole of science for his province; this idea might be paraphrased by saying that Theodore Roosevelt had taken the whole of humanity as his province.

On a cold day in January, 1918, Theodore Roosevelt, as the center of a small group, started out on an excursion.

It came about in this way: During the Great War the high percentage of rejections for physical reasons among the young men of the country—averaging one in four—drawn by draft or volunteering in the Army caused widespread comment. About the same time various observers were calling attention to the large number of growing children, averaging twenty per cent, who were suffering from various grades of malnutrition. It was thus becoming evident that home care and diet were defective as far as many children were concerned.

It is not strange that, as Roosevelt was interested in all social questions, especially where children were concerned, these reports of malnutrition in such large numbers should attract his notice.

For many years I had worked in hospitals and clinics drawing patients from the lower East Side of New York, and accordingly I was asked to accompany him as a sort of guide and companion upon an excursion to that part of the town.

We first met at the Post-Graduate Hospital, Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, both to plan the trip and to inspect a little piece of work some of us had inaugurated there. This consisted of a special clinic for undernourished children. Most of our little patients were drawn from the neighborhood and from Public School No. 40, just across the street. The children were collected once a week, carefully weighed and examined, their diet regulated, and advice given as to general hygiene. Every effort was made to interest the children themselves in their condition, especially as to weight, and, as they were all under weight for their size and age, gold stars were given as prizes for every increment of increase. A sort of competition was encouraged as to which child should get the most of these decorations. Needless to say, with such inducements, tea and coffee were willingly abandoned for milk, while cereals, baked potatoes, green vegetables, and plain meats were promptly substituted for sausages, pies, and candy.

Roosevelt was deeply interested in the plan, and stood for a while in the clinic watching the weighings and talking pleasantly to each eager child that stood waiting for attention. There was much suppressed excitement among doctors and nurses, as well as children, upon this unexpected visit.

Finally, children, nurses, doctors, and

social workers were crowded together and Roosevelt made a little speech commending these efforts and urging the great importance of health and vigor. His talk was apt and stimulating, and doubtless many a thin youngster will in future years look back upon this occasion as one of the high spots of life.

We had simply to cross the street from the hospital to reach Public School No. 40, where the next stop was made. This is a large building accommodating hundreds of children. We first entered a sort of recess courtyard. I do not remember that any notice had been given of the intended visit. At any rate, the schoolboys were taken completely by surprise. A cry went up—“Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!” and school was kept no longer. In a twinkling class-rooms were emptied into the corridors and masses of excited boys rushed down to see and greet the famous visitor. About the little group standing in the center of the courtyard whirled crowds of boys.

The effect on Roosevelt was almost magical. His perennial youth instantly came to the surface in response to this hearty, unconventional greeting. He was a boy among boys; he was one of them. Numbers of outstretched hands were grasped in haste and quick responses thrown back to cries of “Hello,

Teddy!" "Hello, Teddy!" He was certainly enjoying himself as much as the boys.

After a few minutes thus passed, he was shown a group of undernourished pupils who were being provided with a simple, nourishing midday meal. This work was carried on in connection with our clinic across the street. It was found that these children were not being properly fed at home, and until parents could be properly educated or helped in securing suitable nutriment this meal supplemented the defective home conditions. Roosevelt was much interested in all these details. When told that a few of the boys failed to gain on the improved diet until a daily rest period was also inaugurated, the exponent of the strenuous life was led to realize that some nervous, over-active children might play too hard and continuously for their own good. It was here shown that at times children who are properly fed but who are too energetic in study or play may become undernourished.

Nothing escaped the watchful eye of Roosevelt, and his questions showed interest in the essential details of all he was seeing. As time was passing, he reluctantly brought the visit to an end, and we left the school-building to continue our excursion. As the car sped around the corner, a glance backward showed the street full of boys wildly waving arms and hands and above the general din were heard their shouts: "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

Our next stop was before a large double-decked tenement-house, where we were to visit a family of Russian immigrants. Up five flights, through dark entries, we groped our way until we reached the top floor. As the door swung open a mother and five children of assorted ages looked at us with eager wonder. It was amusing to see the looks of incredulous astonishment come over their faces when they began to realize who their visitor happened to be. A small portable scale was carried with us, and while I was busy weighing and examining the children Roosevelt engaged in friendly talk with the mother, learning what he could of the family history and the present conditions of their life. He showed the greatest interest in every member of the group, and, as two of the children gave distinct evidences of malnutrition, he eagerly listened to the advice as to diet and hygiene that was aimed at correcting the condition.

After a few words of encouragement and cheer, we descended the narrow stairs and once more were in the street. Here we found crowds of men, women, and children massed around the waiting automobile, as by some strange coinci-

dence it had been noised about that Roosevelt was coming out of the house.

It was slow work making our way through the crowd, as the people were determined to get a good look at the famous man. We passed several blocks before the car could become sufficiently detached to put on speed.

Several other calls were made upon families living in tenements, both of the better and forlorn types, and Roosevelt's interest gave no sign of waning. The routine was about the same in all of the calls. The children were weighed and examined by me, while Roosevelt engaged in a rapid-fire conversation with parents or relatives to try to get an insight into individual and social conditions that might be understood, and when wrong, if possible, corrected.

Our last family visit took place in an alley located on a side street near the East River. It was a forbidding spot, and we made our way slowly to a ramshackle tenement at the end of the alley. Here we were met by an elderly, good-natured Irishwoman of expansive girth who occupied rooms on the ground floor. I forget her name, but we may call her Mrs. Hogan. She seemed to be the outstanding character in the alley.

It happened that we were in the midst of a prolonged cold snap, and as a result the supply and drain pipes were frozen tight. This naturally aggravated the dirt and disorder which, it is to be feared, were somewhat chronic in the locality. As Mrs. Hogan opened her door, however, she apologized for the dilapidated appearance of things, which she attributed to the intense cold. The ceiling over the entrance door was covered with icicles resembling stalactites, evidently the result of a rupture of pipes from a previous thaw. A hot coal stove was raising the temperature in the center of the room. As the little group entered, Mrs. Hogan began a tirade against the landlord for not thawing out the pipes, and she evidently regarded Roosevelt in the light of an inspector from the Board of Health. She was soon set right, however, and in a rich brogue poured out her surprise and pleasure at the unexpected visit. In giving an account of herself she happened to state that one of her sons was with the American Army in France. This was enough for Roosevelt. He was delighted. He declared his sons were comrades of her son, as they had all been fighting for the liberty of the world.

But more was to follow. Suddenly breaking away from the group, Mrs. Hogan reached a dilapidated bureau in a corner of the room, and, opening one drawer after another, began feverishly searching for some half-forgotten object. All kinds of articles were quickly tumbled

out, but finally she found what she was seeking. It was a musty-looking piece of paper that was fished out and proudly handed to Roosevelt. A quick glance, and she was rewarded by a hearty shake of the hand and renewed approbation. The paper proved to be the honorable discharge of her husband, years previously, from the United States Army. Roosevelt became eloquent. He praised the patriotism of the family; a country that could claim such faithful citizenship was fortunate. The dinginess of the room was forgotten as he poured forth his feeling aroused by the human contribution of this humble family to the common good. It was a picture not soon forgotten. Roosevelt, oblivious of the surroundings, stood in the center of the group, gesticulating with one hand, while in the other he held a torn and soiled piece of paper; and directly in front stood Mrs. Hogan, stunned and embarrassed by these remarkable occurrences. Massed around was a motley crowd recruited from the alley, those in front being pushed forward by others struggling to get in through the narrow doorway. Still farther out, on the fringe of the group, a circle of children stood in open-eyed amazement. We could hear the steps of newcomers in the alley, attracted by the crowd, while windows began to open and women's heads enveloped in shawls peered out to learn the cause of the excitement.

At the end of his brief but earnest talk Roosevelt pressed a bill into Mrs. Hogan's hands to procure some apparent necessities, and while she was loudly mingling praise and thanks we withdrew into the alley. Again it was difficult to work our way through the crowd, but finally we were safely landed in the automobile.

The last lap of our little journey took us to the extreme end of Manhattan Island. Here, under the shadows of the sky-scrapers of Wall Street and lower Broadway, is tucked away a small district of much interest to the student of social problems. It forms a sort of Levantine Quarter, and may be looked upon as New York's Near East. Here groups of Orientals foregather in little upstairs cafés and air their conflicting interests in many dialects. Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks jostle one another in the narrow sidewalks between the Battery and Trinity Church. The housing conditions are very bad, as many dilapidated old tenements are scattered through the quarter. Even these are being gradually torn down to make way for warehouses or office buildings, and this restricts the housing resources and causes more crowding in the tenements that are left. The taking in of boarders or lodgers

is an evil that accompanies this condition.

The people do not or cannot move to other neighborhoods owing to the nature of their work. Many of them are janitors, dock workers, or office cleaners, who must live in close contact with their jobs. Numbers of the women are engaged in several jobs which must be attended to during evenings, holidays, and other odd times. Old tenements, overcrowding, and many foreigners thus constitute the problems of this section.

Several years ago the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association was organized to aid in solving some of the more pressing of the problems created by these conditions, and this was our final destination. Our car at last reached a plain four-story brick building on West Street, the headquarters of the work. Across the street stretched a series of dirty-looking railway wharves that were given over entirely to the handling of freight.

Here was a combination of conditions that made a quick appeal to an observer of Roosevelt's broad interests. After he

had entered the building it did not take him long to grasp the more important features of the undertaking. He had always been interested in the assimilation of foreigners, and this first attracted his attention. The efforts toward Americanization made an instant appeal to him. This was being accomplished by neighborhood meetings in which the advantages of citizenship were portrayed. Naturalization was explained and encouraged, and the English language taught.

As the best way of reaching the parent is through the child, much of the work of the Association was being directed to the early years. The building was full of children, with whom Roosevelt talked pleasantly and freely as well as with teachers and attendants. It happened that the children were very young—in the pre-school age—as a special effort was being made on behalf of this neglected class. Crowds of these little ones huddled around Roosevelt, but they were not old enough to appreciate with whom they were in such close contact.

We went hurriedly through the rest of the house, looked down upon the vacant lots that served as temporary playgrounds, and then closed our visit. The few passers in the street did not recognize Roosevelt, and so we left without the enthusiastic demonstration to which we had become accustomed.

As the car traveled uptown, slowly threading its way through the crowded streets, I had a chance to hear him talk on many points of interest, and especially those linked up with the children. He took a kind interest in the Speedwell plan of child saving that I had been working on for many years, and his encouragement and understanding will long remain a stimulus to future efforts. I thus had a short experience of the magnetism and exuberant virility that made him so universally popular. Our little journey ended, too soon for me, at the doors of the Century Club. There at luncheon we rehearsed the events of the day.

As we parted, I little thought that this strong personality and vibrant life would so soon leave us.

Lost in the Woods

By JIM SMILEY

You can't find your way back to a camp in the Adirondacks simply by "following your nose." Jim Smiley, an experienced hunter and trapper, tells in this article why woodsmen never get lost

ONE autumn evening in the late '80's, while I was camped on Jock's Lake outlet, in one of Ward's log job shanties, just after I had eaten my fried trout supper, a guide came hot-footing down the trail to ask me to go to Swanson's stillwater with him. He was looking for a man who had been lost in the woods above Indian River since the morning of the previous day, and Bill was on his way to Wilmurt for searchers.

I packed my basket, hid out my fishing tackle, and, carrying only my 38-55 rifle, some grub, and a blanket, headed up the trail to what was in those days "way back country." The lost man was one of a party who had gone in there deer hunting and trout fishing, the two seasons in those days overlapping. The leaves on the trees were just beginning to turn.

In an hour I was drinking coffee in the bark lean-to camp at the stillwater with two friends of the lost man, who were good woodsmen, but dead tired. I could hear shots out on the mountains, fired by two guides who were searching.

The woods, though the stars were now shining, were black under the heavy foliage, but from the shots I knew the

guides were working up Indian River Valley, eastward, so one of the sportsmen and I went up the West Canada lakes trail, at right angles to their course.

An hour later, three miles up, I fired two shots and listened. A mile farther on I fired another shot, and still no answer. Eight miles above the stillwater I fired two shots, and away yonder, trembling on the night air, I heard a single shot, followed by four or five others in repeater succession.

"What kind of a rifle is his?" I asked.

"A 40-60," my companion replied, eagerly.

Leaving my company by the creek, to remain till daybreak, I went on. I shot at intervals from ridge-tops, the answering shots sounding sometimes faint and far, sometimes loud and clear. I was chasing the shooter, who was like a will-o'-the-wisp, but in two hours I caught him.

Had the lost man, finding himself baffled, climbed a ridge and begun to shoot as soon as the quiet of night fell, he would have been reached before ten o'clock. As it was, he endured two fearful nights and one long, terrible day. He was a plucky greenhorn. I gave him

some of my lunch, and when he had rested a little from about thirty hours of almost constant wandering we cut across to the creek trail and sauntered slowly to where his friend waited. We arrived at the Swanson stillwater after daybreak, and ten minutes before twelve woodsmen came in from Wilmurt with Bill.

A few years ago the time-keeper of a log camp on a Moose River job started from Fulton Chain for the chopping cabins. He followed a road a few miles, then cut into a trail, or footpath, where his tracks disappeared. He was a good fellow, and, though not strong, every one liked him. The day after he left the settlement the boss heard that Bookie had started, but he had not arrived.

A few men went out the second afternoon, and the following morning all hands were told off to hunt the missing time-keeper. Then began one of the most thorough man hunts ever organized in the Adirondacks. One line of men, seventy-five strong, tramping several rods apart, swung for miles back and forth between Moose River and the railway. As they came down over the mountains they roared in unison, and their shout, a summons of encouragement, echoed for miles across the wilderness. Then they lis-