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## Bulletin 90 - The Story of Charleston

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Charleston, Ill.

# The Teachers College Bulletin

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Number 90

October 1, 1925

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Eastern Illinois State Teachers College  
AT  
CHARLESTON



## *The Story of Charleston*

A BULLETIN BY A TENTH GRADE  
ENGLISH CLASS



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No. 90

CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS

October 1, 1925

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## THE STORY OF CHARLESTON

A Bulletin by a Tenth Grade English Class

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Eastern Illinois State Teachers College at Charleston

(Printed by authority of the State of Illinois)  
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### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We wish to express our appreciation to Mrs. O. Martin and Mrs. G. M. Cook of Charleston for loaning material and to the Charleston Daily Courier for the use of its files.

An account of the Lincoln-Douglas Debate held in September, 1858, at the Fair Grounds is omitted because Mr. S. E. Thomas of this school has already written an exhaustive account.

ESTHER ELIZABETH DUDLEY,

*Chairman of the Tenth Grade Bulletin Committee*

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

To the authors this bulletin is a souvenir of their "home town" and of their years together in school. To those who publish it, this bulletin is a source of suggestion to other teachers for similar enterprises, and also a laboratory manual for criticism and proof-reading by other classes. The whole was planned, carried out, criticized, and prepared for the press by the pupils of a tenth grade English class. It has been looked over by the chairman of the committee, Miss Esther Elizabeth Dudley, now a college freshman, and a few notes have been added. All matters of form remain as originally written and edited in 1924-25.



# THE STORY OF CHARLESTON

## FACT AND FICTION

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction  
Acknowledgment

#### PART I. FACTS

The Origin of Charleston.....	Frank Freeland
Charles Morton.....	Ruth Irene Clark
Early Courts of Coles County.....	Howard Phipps
Unusual Phenomena of the Thirties.....	Paul Tinnea
Indians Around Charleston.....	Edna Scherer
Religious History in Charleston before 1875.....	Gene Chesser
The Charleston Riot.....	Norman Strader
Court Houses of Coles County.....	Harold Middlesworth
The Coles County Fair.....	Esther Elizabeth Dudley
Charleston Streets.....	Stanley Cook
The Newspapers of Charleston.....	Samuel P. Mitchell
The Old Opera House.....	Virginia Myers
The Charleston Chautauqua. (Printed by title only)	Velma Heath
What Is the House Like? Who Lives in It?.....	Emma Ball
Founding of the Teachers College. (Printed by outline only).....	Ruth M. Francis
The Cyclone of May, 1917. (Printed by title only)	Esther Elizabeth Dudley
The Brown Shoe Factory.....	Mildred Hopkins
The Waterworks Fire.....	Lloyd Conley

#### PART II. FICTION

The Silver Dipper.....	Ruth Louise Truman
The Gray Mist.....	Virginia Modesitt
The Sham Wedding.....	Julia Isabel Thomas



## PART ONE

### *Facts*

## THE ORIGIN OF CHARLESTON

Early in the year of 1823, a man of middle age, worn and tired from long, slow travel and hardships, stood upon the banks of a striking, little, winding river. He had wandered from far in the East and now rested there on the grassy bank alone, surveying that great, beckoning, savage infested territory that lay just across the stream. After a while he stirred from a silent dream and, guided by a well worn Indian path, found his way across the river and into the rolling hills beyond. In a day or so he made friends with a certain tribe of Indians and soon decided to discontinue his long and lonesome march. For perhaps a year this seeking stranger remained with the red men, studied their ways and spied out their happy hunting domain. Then almost as suddenly as he had appeared among them, he disappeared over the hills in the direction from which he had come, to carry the news back to his people that he had found a good place to live. So it happens that he, Mr. Levi Doty, was the first white man to ever trod upon the soil where the prospering city of Charleston now stands. Mr. Doty went back East and in 1825 returned with his family to this country. It had taken him two years to go there and come back. In the meantime, before he could return, a certain John Parker found his way with his family to this same country in 1824, and thus kept Mr. Doty from being the first white settler of Coles County. Some time after Mr. Parker had come here, one of his daughters was captured by the Indians, who were enemies of the whites. She was held a captive for a few years, and after being released, wrote an essay on her past life with the Indians. We are told that she later married an Indian chief.

In the following years, more and more people immigrated into the country until it was pretty well settled. Some of the very earliest of these were: James Brown from Tennessee in 1831, William Collom from Tennessee in 1831, Reuben Canterberry from Kentucky in 1832, Dr. John Carrico from Kentucky in 1830-31, four Mr. Crossels from West Virginia in 1830, William Denty in 1829, two Mr. Dunbars from Kentucky in 1831, four Mr. Eastons from Indiana in 1826 and 1828, William Frost from Virginia in 1830-31, Dr. Ferguson from Indiana in 1830, Robert Fleming in 1830, Harman Gregg in 1827, William James before 1827, Lester in 1826, James Riley in 1825, Rev. John Robertson from Tennessee in 1829-30, Hiram Steepleton from Tennessee in 1827, and Col. A. P. Dunbar in 1831. (His father took part in the War of 1812, in the battles of the River Raisin and the Thames, and was present at the famous Perry's victory on Lake Erie. Col. Dunbar studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1831. He practiced law in Charleston forty-six years, was the

first lawyer in Coles, Cumberland, and Douglas counties, helped in the survey of lots in Charleston in 1831, took part in the Black Hawk war, and held a number of offices here all of his life.)

It is interesting to note that all of these early settlers crossed the river at the same and only ford of the time, where Mr. Doty crossed in 1822, and where the Indians had crossed for many preceding years. This ford can still be located about three-fourths of a mile south of the present dam. Most of the settlers, as you have no doubt noticed, were from Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee. They, like all other settlers, had many troubles and hardships to endure. After arriving at their destination, they either camped out or, if it was in the winter time, they shared the already constructed cabins with each other until more could be built.

Let us now take up the city of Charleston itself. One of the very early settlers, whom I have not previously mentioned and for whom this city was named, was Charles Morton. He was the first influential business man of this community. When he first came into these parts he brought a supply of various articles and sold them at his cabin. Later he set up a grocery store and was the first postmaster, starting this establishment in 1830-31. Mr. Morton also displayed a friendly attitude toward the incoming immigrants by erecting a few log cabins along what is now the west side of the square, in which he allowed them to live sixty days free of charge, during which time they could build cabins of their own.

So far there have been four different ways in which mail has been carried to Charleston, namely: by saddle, stage, train, and aeroplane. Mr. Mole was the first man to ever carry mail to this town. He was over six feet tall, and carried his baggage on a very small pony, his feet almost touching the ground. His weekly arrival was quite an important event to the people in those days. They all flocked together at Mr. Morton's postoffice on the appointed day of the postman's arrival that they might receive their precious mail. Later a stage coach line was run through Charleston. Then the mail was no longer carried on horseback, except during the very worst of weather. The stage coach also carried passengers but as the roads were almost constantly rough or muddy, the people received very severe treatment. In some cases they actually had to get out and walk for a while to rest themselves a bit. Another difficulty that prevented the success of the stage coach was extremely cold weather. At times the driver had been known to have actually frozen to death. Therefore the mail was the only steady customer of the stage. When the stage first started, it only made one trip per week. Later it made by-weekly trips, then tri-weekly, and finally daily ones. The first mail rates ranged from five to twenty-five

cents. From time to time the government reduced these rates. Now, as before the railroad had been a great help to every little individual "burg" along its course, in 1855 it became a great helper to Charleston.

The first real progressing farmers of the district were Jacob Linder, a farmer and stock holder, who was born in West Virginia in 1808, and who came here in 1830 and took up land, and James A. Mitchell, born in Tennessee in 1797, who came here in 1833 and took over some government land and began to farm.

The first house to have been built here was by William Collam, who has been termed as the first settler within our present city limits. Mr. Collom also kept the first tavern in the village, in a one roomed cabin.

Owen and Harman were the first blacksmiths here. Albert Crompton and Hawks were the first shoe-makers. Soon after Charleston was first laid out as a village, David Eastin opened a tan yard. Col. Dunbar was the first lawyer, and had the field to himself for a while. Charles Morton had the first mills in the town. The first large manufacturing establishment was a broom factory, operated by Traver and Nixon.

Charleston was originally surveyed by Thomas Sconce, the first surveyor of this county. In 1835 Charleston was organized as a village, with Nathan Ellington as the president of the first board of trustees. In 1865 it was incorporated as a city, with L. P. Tomlin as the mayor, and the old board of trustees acting as aldermen.

I will only stop to mention the benevolent organizations.

Freemasonry was introduced at a very early date. Charleston Lodge No. 35 was organized October 9, 1845. Keystone Chapter No. 54, Royal Arch Masons, was organized August 4, 1859, by virtue of a dispensation issued by the Most Excellent Grand High Priest of the state.

Kickapoo Lodge No. 90 I. O. O. F. was organized October 17, 1851, by Grand Master H. S. Rucker. Charleston Lodge No. 609 I. O. O. F. was organized March 8, 1876, by Grand Master H. S. Oberly.

The first public school in this district was built in 1828, one mile north of town. The Charleston high school was organized in January, 1871. The first graduating class was in June, 1873. Out of this class of one hundred and twenty-five students fifty-four have been teachers, four lawyers, three doctors, one a dentist, two druggists, four merchants, and nine clerks.

Charles Briggs was the first noted painter of the city. He first painted signs and small houses. Then he took up portrait painting and made quite a success at the work.

In 1834 Charleston had three general stores, three groceries, and about twenty-five families. These marked the location and the beginning of the development of our present city. Along

with these was built, in 1831, the first court house, that being the year that Charleston was proclaimed the county seat of Coles county. For some time the county jail was on the first floor of this building.

Charleston, as you know, is now a city of notable size. It is, at present, a century old, having developed large business industries, and good educational accommodations.

FRANK FREELAND.



## CHARLES MORTON

Charles Morton was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, within three miles of the city of Lexington, the home of Henry Clay. Fayette County is in the very heart of the blue grass region, than which no finer land is to be found below the sun; and Lexington possesses more wealth in proportion to the population, perhaps, than any city in the United States.

Charles Morton was one of the very early pioneers of Charleston Township and one of the energetic and enterprising men of that early day. The first settlement made in what is now Charleston Township was in 1826. In that year Enoch Glasco, his sons, and J. Y. Brown came to the county and settled about one mile north of the present city of Charleston. In 1827 the Parkers came from the Embarrass River Settlement and located on what is now the Anderson's Addition to Charleston. About this time Hiram Steepleton and Isaac Lewis were added to the settlement. In 1829 Michael Cossel, Jr. came to the place, and the next year his father and brothers, Isaac and Solomon, came in and made settlements. Mr. Morton came to this settlement in the spring of 1829. He brought his wife with him to look at the country, thus consulting her taste and happiness in the selection of a home, as all good men should do. Three months later he brought his children to his new home. He settled on what is now known as the Decker farm.

I have said that he was an enterprising man. Mr. Morton kept the first store in Charleston Township. He brought the goods with him when he came to the county, and opened them out in one room of the family pole cabin, where he continued business until Charleston sprang into existence and was laid out, when he moved within its corporate limits, and was the first merchant here also. He established his store upon one of the eligible corner lots, and thus the mercantile business began, not only in the town, but in the county. Morton was not long allowed a monopoly of the mercantile trade of Charleston, but on the principle that "competition is the life of trade," soon had plenty of company. The mercantile efforts of Morton's were probably the only ones in the township outside of Charleston, from the first settlement to the present time.

In opening up a new country, one of the first enterprises inaugurated for the public good is a mill, for, with all the inventions of the age, there has been no discovery as yet made to enable the human family to get along without eating. We have it upon good authority that in the early times people were sometimes without bread for three weeks in succession, but there is no evidence that they were destitute of all other kinds of provisions at the same time. Mill facilities, in 1829, were very lim-



ited in this section of the country. The first mill was Parker's on the Embarrass River in 1829, men came to it from forty or fifty miles on horseback with even one-half bushel of corn. This mill ran all year, except when cows came along and drank the river dry. Charles Morton built a dry weather mill, a horse mill, in the neighborhood of Charleston, in an early day, which was a benefit to a large scope of country, and upon which many a pioneer ground the meal for his "corn dodgers." Morton's mill was patronized extensively by people in the vicinity in preference to going to the mills on the Embarrass River. At the little corn cracking establishment the pioneers used to congregate, and while waiting their "turn" would amuse themselves playing marbles, running foot-races, jumping, pitching quoits, and other innocent amusements. After the laying-out of Charleston, Morton moved his mill to the village, where it figured as the first in the village as it had in the township.

When the County Commissioners, Hanson, Caldwell, and Lewis met, they suggested Charleston as the county seat of Coles County after making several investigations. Charles Morton and Benjamin Parker owned the land and each donated twenty acres for town purposes, as provided in the act of organization. February, 1831, Thomas Sconce, first County Surveyor, surveyed the land, and in April of the same year the first sale of lots was made. The commissioners gave the name of Charleston to the county seat, in honor of Charles Morton, one of the men who donated twenty acres of land to the county. Feeling under some obligation to Mr. Morton for the assistance he rendered them while engaged in locating the town, they told his wife that they had determined to call the place Mortonsville. She offered an amendment to their proposition, saying that if they desired to compliment her husband in that way, to add the last syllable of Morton to Charles and call their town Charleston. They accepted her suggestion and thus the capitol of the country received its name.

Charles Morton's residence was the first in the neighborhood, perhaps in the county, that could boast of the luxury of a glass window, and we are creditably informed that people came for miles to see how a house looked with the modern improvement of a glass window.

Mr. Morton built a row of pole cabins near where the Charleston post office now stands, which were known as the "Penitentiary," and these he would let to families moving to the settlement for three months free of rent, which time sufficed, if they were industrious, to provide a cabin of their own. His pole cabins were in the rude style of architecture of that day. They stood all in line like "nine little Injuns."

Mr. Morton was the first postmaster in the county. This fact is disputed by some, however, who claim that George Hanson es-

tablished a post office at Wabash Point sometime before there was one at Charleston. Mr. Morton established his first post office between 1830 and 1831. It was called "Coles Court House," and, after the town was christened, the name of the post office was changed to that of Charleston. The mail came from Terre Haute, via Paris, and passed on west through Shelbyville, Taylorville, and Springfield to Quincy. A letter cost twenty-five cents then payable at the office of delivery.

Mr. Morton was also the first school commissioner and held that office until 1841, when he was succeeded by James Alexander.

One of the earliest weddings was that of Dr. Aaron Ferguson and a daughter of Charles Morton, which occurred in the early thirties. Another daughter of Mr. Morton married J. K. Decker, Esq., and a son, Charles M. Morton, lived in Chicago in 1879. Captain Adams spoke of the pioneer in an address delivered here some time ago, "Mr. Morton traveled down through the journey of life among us, bearing an irreproachable reputation for truth and integrity, and he left behind him children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, all intelligent and prosperous and scattered from here to Chicago." The descendants are probably scattered farther now.

Mr. Morton died in 1848 and was buried in the Old Charleston Cemetery.

RUTH IRENE CLARK.

## EARLY COURTS OF COLES COUNTY

On April 12, 1831, a group of men gathered under a spreading elm to establish the first court of Coles County at Charleston. A log served as the seat for the judge but the jurymen had to be content with half-rotten logs. The witnesses could either sit on the ground or stand up. William Wilson, the first judge of Coles County, presided over the meeting. Some of those present were: James P. Jones, first probate judge; Nathan Ellington, first law clerk; Ambrose Yocum, first sheriff; Robert A. Miller, first coroner; A. G. Mitchell, first treasurer, and J. R. Cunningham, first states attorney. All were officers of Coles County.

In 1830 Coles County obtained a grant from the government which gave the county the right to have its own court and officers, the latter to be elected from the county.

In those days the decision of the court was often very harsh. The jurors were men from the surrounding country. They were almost always in sympathy with one or other of the parties. Once a boy who had stolen a horse and had almost crossed the last path into safety was caught, brought back to Charleston. Here he was tried, convicted, and sent to the state farm. Many believed that Monroe, a famous murderer in Coles County, was insane, but nevertheless he was judged guilty.

Some of the officers were weak. Whenever a court decision did not agree with the majority of the people, it was often changed to suit popular wishes. If a crime was committed, the people looked to the officers to take care of the criminal, but they refused to help.

HOWARD PHIPPS

## UNUSUAL PHENOMENA OF THE 'THIRTIES

There were three, unusual, natural events in the 'thirties, so unusual that they were talked about many years after.

The first was a deep snow in the winter of 1830 and 1831. The snow started falling in November and continued until late in January. On the level the snow was from two to three feet deep and was drifted in places to a depth of six feet. Besides that it was cold, and the settlers, who were poorly provided with houses and food, suffered very much. In February the melting of the snow caused the ground to be covered with a flood of water and slush, and a sudden change in temperature turned the water to ice. Horses and oxen had to be shod, and but few had the means to shoe them. Food supplies ran low, and stock suffered for both food and water. "It was a hard time for the settlers, but finally spring came to their relief."

The next was a meteoric shower called by the settlers "Falling Stars," which occurred on the night of November 12, 1833. The air was full of drops of fire which went out as they neared the ground. Sometimes they would light on the leaf of a tree and go out with a noise something like "tihuck." The next morning the air was cool and there was a light frost. The meteors were falling as fast as raindrops in an ordinary shower. Some were so large as to cast shadows over trees. When they came in contact with trees they would throw off showers of sparks. All of the sparks and falling meteors went out as they neared the ground. Many people thought it was the beginning of the end of the world.

The next event was the "Sudden Freeze," of December 20, 1836. It had been rather warm and a slight rain had fallen in the morning on a few inches of snow turning it to slush. About the middle of the afternoon a dark cloud came rapidly from the northwest with a wind blowing at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour and accompanied by a roaring noise. As it passed over the country everything was frozen. Water in streams was thrown into waves and was frozen before it could become calm. Chickens running through slush and mud were caught, held fast and frozen to death. Animals, both domestic and wild, were frozen. Men who were working out of doors and were wading in water and slush walked on ice before they could reach a house, even though it was not far away. Many lives were lost. It is said that there were three men frozen near "Seven Hickories" in this country. The wave passed through central Illinois, southern Indiana, and was last heard of below Cincinnati.

The dates of many happenings are fixed on the memory of the early settlers by remembering that it happened just before or after the "Deep Snow," the night of "Falling Stars," and the "Sudden Freeze."

PAUL R. TINNEA.



## INDIANS AROUND CHARLESTON

Most of the information about the Indians that lived in the region where Charleston now stands, is very indefinite. As some of the tales have been handed down from one generation to the next, they no doubt have been somewhat changed.

The 1879 history of Coles County speaks of an Indian village at Kickapoo Creek. Old settlers tell of a battle in 1815 between government surveyors and a band of Indians. The whites were stationed on the Embarrass Hills west of Blakeman's mill which stood where the dam is now. The history says, "The Indians attacked them upon the flanks and threw them into confusion for a time. They soon opened fire upon the Indians. In the long hard battle which followed, the Indians were defeated. The few that were left buried their dead on the banks of the river."

Mr. J. A. Colby of Charleston tells this story. Years after the battle, when he was a boy, he was fishing at this place. He saw something sticking out of the bank. Digging down, he unearthed a long red bone which some man nearby told him was an Indian leg bone.

The second battle, the account of which is traditional, was said to have occurred near Blakeman's mill. Mr. Wilson says in his story of 1905 that he has seen places in large trees about three quarters of a mile west of the mill from which it was claimed that bullets had been cut out.

A story is told of a Parker girl, living on the Embarrass River, who was stolen and carried away by the Indians. She afterwards married a chief.

Mr. J. K. Rardin tells a number of tales which he has gotten from old settlers and published in his paper a few years ago. In one he says, "Some of the old settlers knew of the battle of 1818 and also the battle at McCann's Fort near the old Lincoln home." It is said that a chief is buried on the hill nearby and probably the heavy slabs marking the grave are there today.

A certain Indian known as Johnny Cake lived with his tribe south and west of the Gee bridge. It is said that he was buried at the foot of the hill on which Mount Zion church now stands. There is a large Indian mound north of the Gee bridge. A Kickapoo chief is buried in this mound.

There is an interesting tale which had been told to Mr. Rardin in 1886 by an old lady known as "Aunt Polly Kellogg." She says she came with her parents from Kentucky to this region when she was six years old. They lived in a fort until the Indians seemed to be settled. Her father then took up a claim. One day he and Major Hutson, who was a nearby neighbor, went to the mill. While they were gone the Hutson house, with Mrs. Hutson and seven children, was burned. The Kelloggs, of course,

believed the Indians had set fire to it, and meant this as a warning that they were going to cause trouble. They did not wait until the Indians came, but putting the mother, who was sick with consumption, on a sled and carrying what they could, they all went to the fort that night. She says the last time she saw the Indians was when there was a number of them gathered together on the north fork of the Embarrass River where two Indian preachers were talking to them.

A man known as Flan Curtis had heard from childhood of large amounts of gold and silver which had been buried by the Indians. He claimed that he did not believe in the old superstition that persons digging up the bones of a warrior would be haunted by hobgoblins and demons. Flan was not very religious, but was rather skeptical. He went to the hunting ground about fifteen miles north of Charleston and a little west of Oakland. He dug up the bones of several Indians. Among the bones he found some wampum and trinkets which he took home. That night a great storm came up. He became greatly frightened, and looking toward the mound he became still more frightened, because he could see fire from the open graves. All educated people know it was the phosphorescent light from the bones. All night he saw warriors dancing and howling for the scalp of the one who had robbed the graves. The next morning he took the trinkets and wampum back to the opened graves and redeposited them.

On October 27, 1885, a party of nine men from Charleston and nine from Oakland visited the same hunting ground for the purpose of examining the mound, and to disinter anything which they might find. The primary object was to unearh the wampum and trinkets for the purpose of determining what tribe of Indians had built the mound. The mound had been visited after Curtis's excavation for they failed to find anything of the trinkets.

The Indians came and went until after the Black Hawk War. A large band came and camped on the banks of the Kickapoo just after the war, but left soon after. It is thought that they came to gather up some old relics or perhaps to take a last look at their old home. Since then Coles County has belonged entirely to the white people.

EDNA SCHERER.



## RELIGIOUS HISTORY IN CHARLESTON BEFORE 1875

The religious history of Charleston is as old as the city itself. The first religious services were held under the auspices of the Presbyterian Baptists who at that time were quite numerous in the county. The church had plenty of ministers, among them four or five of the Parkers. This organization is still kept up today, but it does not have regular services or preachers.

A society of the Old School Presbyterians was organized June 13, 1835 by John McDonald and John Montgomery. It had thirteen members. The first church building was begun in 1842 and completed in 1845, costing one thousand dollars. The second building was started in 1857 and finished in the summer of the following year. It was a brick building and originally cost nine thousand dollars, but additions raised the total cost to fourteen thousand dollars. It was dedicated to God in 1858. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Reverend Mr. Hemell of Paris, Ill. A Sunday school was organized in 1843 and is yet maintained. The membership is about two hundred ten.

The Methodist Episcopal church of Charleston was organized in 1837 by settlers who believed in that kind of religion. The first church was a large frame building erected in 1839. This one was used until 1857 when a new one was erected under the direction of B. Taylor, the pastor in charge. The Sunday school was organized in 1848.

The history of the Christian church in Charleston is of more modern date than any which have been mentioned. It was originally organized in 1842 by Samuel Peppers. The first church was built in 1846-47 and was used for a number of years and later sold to the Catholics. Then a beautiful brick building was erected in the south part of the city just before the beginning of the civil war. The Sunday school was organized at almost the same time as the church. The ministers were rather few but the membership was large.

The Universalist church was of more recent creation. It was organized in 1858 by W. W. Curry, and the first church building was erected in the same year. The membership gradually was lost by death and transfer. The Sunday school had an average attendance of eighty-seven.

The St. Charles Catholic church was organized a number of years ago. The first church building was bought from the Christian Church Society and after being used a short time was demolished by a storm. In 1871 a brick building was erected costing five thousand dollars.

There were other churches and religious organizations of less importance which developed a great deal and are now leading churches of the community.

GENE CHESSEY.

## THE CHARLESTON RIOT

The high wrought excitement of the times presented a plausible excuse for the Charleston riot which took place here either March 28 or 29, 1864. Histories differ as to the exact date. Some few days before the above date, the Fifty-fourth Illinois Infantry from the south went into camp at the barracks near Mattoon. Many of the members of the infantry living in and near Charleston had leave to visit their families and friends for a while. At first their minds were filled with the joy of homecoming, but before many days had passed they longed for excitement. Having been told that men from the country round about, who were called Butternuts or Copperheads, were sympathizers with the south, they thought it would be great fun as they walked the streets of Charleston to stop these people, question them as to their loyalty, take them before the Justice of Peace, and have them take an oath of allegiance to the Union. Many men were discreet enough to stay out of town at the time, although many others were made to go through with the performance. Others, feeling that their personal rights were being trampled upon, armed themselves and came to town. On several occasions bloodshed was avoided by the narrowest of margins. About that time the men of the Fifty-fourth Regiment had been ordered back to Mattoon, but a few still remained in Charleston.

On either March 28 or 29, the circuit court was in session with Judge Charles H. Constable presiding and Sheriff John H. O'Hair in charge. It had been announced that John B. Eden was to speak on that afternoon, and all the country people for miles around had come to hear him. Nearly all of them came in wagons which later developments showed to contain all kinds of fighting weapons well hidden from view. Most of the soldiers on the streets were unarmed. Evidently they were not expecting trouble. On the west side of the square was the clerk's office. On this afternoon this was surrounded by scores of country people, court attendants, and others standing about waiting for Mr. Eden. Among these were Nelson and David Wells who were evidently ready for trouble.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Oliver Sallee and some soldier friends of his went in through the west gate of the yard and sauntered up to a little building where Sallee leaned his weight against the south wall. Nelson Wells and some of his friends separated from the crowd and started as if they were going out the west gate. Just as they were opposite the little brick building something was said. What it was or who said it, is not known, but Wells stopped, and both men, Nelson and Sallee, drew their revolvers. So instantaneous was the act that it is uncertain which man drew first. Two shots rang out and both men fell. Within the next few minutes, firearms were distributed. Two boys ran from the crowd east around the south side of the

court house. Looking back they saw a soldier, Alfred Swim, fall and roll over in his death struggle. They ran on across the street, then in through Felix Landis' tailor shop which was in about the center of the block. On coming out the back door they saw Judge Constable white and trembling, in an angle of the wall of the alley. It was evident that he was uncertain as to what he should do next. How a man of his portly form could have left the judge's bench, come down from the court room and gotten there so soon after the firing never ceased to be a wonder to the boys.

In the riot, which was soon over, several people were killed and some died later from wounds. These were: Major Subal York, James Goodrich, Alfred Swim, William C. Hart, John Nees, Oliver Sallee and Nelson Wells. The following were wounded, most of them but slightly: Colonel G. M. Mitchell, Thomas Jeffries, William Gilman, William Decker, John Tremble, George Ross, Sanford Noyes, Young E. Winkler, and John Henderson.

Colonel Mitchell had telegraphed to Mattoon for a squad of thirty or forty men from the members of the Mattoon Rifle Company, a local military organization, and from the Fifty-fourth Regiment. They were placed in charge of the court house and were to guard any prisoners who might be brought there. Others from the regiment came later and stayed in Charleston for a few days while the city and country were being scoured for those who were seen or suspected to have used weapons during the riot. John Cooper of Hutton township was followed from the city, overtaken, and brought back. Some of the guards were lined up on the south side of the court house. Cooper was brought up from the east, and his captors started with him toward the south gate of the yard. He must have become panic-stricken at the sight of so many men with shining weapons, for he hesitated and then turned to run. A volley of shots were fired and Cooper fell dead. Two or three of the bullets hit him, but most of them went wild of the mark. Some struck the side walk while others found their way to the tops of some buildings. One of these wild bullets pierced the front door of the Jenkins Dry Goods Store, then located about three doors east of the middle of the south side of the square. It struck and killed John Jenkins who had gone to close the door. Thus two more were added to the death list. Several people were arrested, but the principal ones escaped. The Coles County History says, "Unfortunate as this affair was, it cleared the atmosphere in many respects. There was no more evidence in Coles County of any organized disloyalty to the government."

NORMAN STRADER.

## COURT HOUSES OF COLES COUNTY

In 1830, a group of Commissioners, appointed by the State Legislature in the act to establish a new county, named this county Coles, and made Charleston the county seat. In 1831 the first court house was built just north of the "town branch" near where present Sixth Street crosses it. This building was only a log cabin, but it had the distinguishing feature of hewn logs, smooth on both sides. In it, benches were provided as seats.

As the county grew and court and other business became heavier, a larger court house was very badly needed, so in 1835 the supervisors let a contract to build a new one. Leander Munsell of Edgar county secured the contract to build it. The contract price was \$5,000, one-half of which was to be paid in March, 1835, "if there was enough money in the treasury." The agreement covered four pages in the recorder's book. The court house was built on the site of the present one. It was built of brick in the prevailing style of architecture, the Kentucky coffee-barn, a square building with a hip roof which was pointed in the center. The stone for the foundation came from the Embarrass River. On top of the roof was a steeple five feet high, surmounted by a ball ten inches in diameter, covered with gold leaf. Above the ball was a six-foot spear with a chicken or fish on it. In 1858-60 the building was remodeled by an addition on the north with wide porticoes supported by round brick pillars. Then in 1864-66 the act was repeated and all sides were equipped with similar additions. At the same time the court room and offices were moved upstairs and the jail occupied the lower story.

This building stood until 1898 when the County Board of Supervisors played a trick on the people of the county. That body passed an order to "repair" the court house and under that order proceeded to have the old court house razed and a new one erected. This was resented by the people because they thought it both contrary to law and to the principle that an affair involving such an expenditure of public funds should be left to the judgment of the people. However, this did not change matters so a new court house was built which now stands. It is one hundred twenty-eight feet wide and one hundred thirty-two feet long and has three stories with a well lighted basement. The floors of the halls are tile set in concrete. Court is held on the second floor and the jail is in another building. Although this court house seems commodious enough at present, it will undoubtedly be succeeded by a finer one in time.

HAROLD MIDDLESWORTH.



## THE COLES COUNTY FAIR

As early as May 24, 1841, Coles County had an agricultural society. The society then organized held three fairs. These were given on October 1, 1841; October 1, 1842; and September 27, 1843, and lasted but one day. They were devoted chiefly to stock showing. As there were no grounds belonging to the association, the fairs were held on the town common, located where the Brown Shoe Factory is now. The commons were enclosed by ropes stretching between the trees. The officers for 1841 were as follows:

James Hite, President.  
B. F. Jones, Vice President.  
H. J. Ashmore, Vice President.  
M. Ruffner, Vice President.  
J. F. Whitney, Secretary.

The officers for 1842 were:

Thomas Monson, President.  
D. J. Vanderen, Secretary.  
L. R. Hutchison, Treasurer.

The officers for 1843 were the same except that James T. Cunningham was president.

The early records state that "from 1843 to 1855 the society was in a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep." In 1855 it was reorganized because two new state laws had been made which encouraged livestock breeding. Although the records for the year 1855 have been lost, it is known that a fair was held in the fall. Since that year, Coles County has had an annual fair, held in the early fall. In 1855, the fair was held in Ellington's pasture located where Hill's Greenhouse now stands and south from the corner of the present corner of Eleventh and Harrison Streets. In 1855 the society received a contribution of fifty dollars from the state which they used as a nucleus for a fund to buy ground with. The ground that was purchased lies just west of the outskirts of Charleston and is within walking distance from the town.

The first premium lists were quite simple. Prizes were given for the best horse, best mule, best bull, etc. No distinction of class or breed was made. Now the lists are very long.

In former days the fair was the most important event of the year. Every one went in holiday attire. When fair time came the family mare was hitched up to the old spring wagon, the family climbed in laden with dinner baskets, and the day was begun. The proud family of the day was the one who first drove into the circle inside the race track. The mornings were devoted to stock showing and gossiping. Most fortunate children were given fifty cents to spend. Then they gathered in groups and "sized up" the prospects of the shows after they had been around

to listen to all the free concerts. Next they "took in" four shows and with the remaining dime got ice cream and candy. The excitement of the day was then practically over for them.

The races were not important when they were first held. A small rope separated the race track from the spectators. Behind this, the wagons were lined with the tongues up. Later when a fence was built around the track, the tongues were allowed to protrude through cracks in the fence. One old timer, W. A. Fulkerson, now of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, describes this almost amusing incident: "One time I witnessed a mule race in which one animal displayed more mule than the others by getting tired before he got around the track. He suddenly left the track and started for the barn, but instead of locating the opening in the fence in order to leave the track, he crashed into the tongue of a wagon and was so badly injured that he died a short time later."

For many, the end of fair meant the beginning of school. One person has said, "Then we went home from the fair on Saturday night, we took the teacher with us, and a new year had begun."

Before the cyclone of 1917, the fair grounds were beautiful. Tall forest trees shaded the grounds. Many buildings had been erected. After the cyclone only stubs of trees were left, the buildings were destroyed, and everything was bare. The association immediately rebuilt the barns and amphitheater, and the Andrew Dunn Post of the American Legion set out twenty-seven trees in memory of the Coles County men who were killed in the World War. The Sally Lincoln Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has started the custom of setting out trees in memory of its deceased members.

The fair is increasing in value to the community each year. The premiums which are offered are very attractive, and these alone bring much of the prosperity of the fair itself. Boys' and Girls' Clubs organized in the county by the University Extension work exhibit their work at the fair. The races are much more important than formerly, and it is said that the track is one of the best in the country. The fair serves as a stimulus to the farmers especially and may easily be called an educational institution.

ESTHER ELIZABETH DUDLEY.



## CHARLESTON STREETS

One fall day two men met in front of the Coles County jail. One of them said, "Say, I'd like to go to the fair, but since I haven't lived here very long, I don't know how to get there. Would you please help me out?"

"Certainly. This is Columbus Street. Just follow it north three blocks until you reach North Street. Then go west until the street divides. There you may take either branch, for both North and State Streets pass an entrance to the grounds. If you forget, simply follow the crowd."

All this might have happened in 1894 when about all the streets had quite different names from those of today. Then in 1895, when the only streets paved were a block each direction from the square, an ordinance was passed to make the names of the streets in some order. By this ordinance, all streets east of Division Street were named numerically. Streets west of Division were named for the letters of the alphabet. Streets running east and west, south of the Big Four Railroad, were named for the presidents in the order of their succession. Streets north of that railroad were named for trees and vines. Thus there was some system to the names, and the way was made easier for strangers and postmen. As the town has grown, surveyors have followed these rules. Not yet, however, has the list of presidents been exhausted, nor the alphabet run through, nor have the names of the common trees been used up.

A list of the old names of the streets may be interesting. They are as follows:

Present Names  
Division Street  
First Street  
Second Street  
Third Street  
Fourth Street  
Fifth Street  
Sixth Street  
Seventh Street  
Eighth Street  
Ninth Street  
Tenth Street  
Eleventh Street  
Twelfth Street  
Thirteenth Street  
Fourteenth Street  
Fifteenth Street  
Sixteenth Street  
Seventeenth Street

Former Names  
Seminary Street  
Richardson Street  
Factory Street  
Parker Street  
Jefferson Street  
West Street  
Jackson Street  
Columbus Street  
Clark Street  
East Street  
Mechanic Street  
Walnut Street  
Anderson Street  
Locust Street  
Elm Street  
Teel Street  
Douglas Street  
Mitchell Street

Present Names	Former Names
Eighteenth Street	Salisbury Road
"A" Street	Nameless
"B" Street	Nameless
"C" Street	Goodrich Street
"D" Street	Krieg Street
Railroad Street	Lytle Street
Adams Street	Wiley Street
Jefferson Street	Railroad Street
State Street	State Street
Madison Street	North Street
Monroe Street	Washington Street
Jackson Street	Lafayette Street
Van Buren Street	South Street
Harrison Street	Southern Avenue
Tyler Street	Race Street
Polk Street	Curd Street
Taylor Street	Huber Street
Pierce Street	Nameless
Buchanan Street	Maple Street
Lincoln Street	Nameless
Olive Street	Nameless
Locust Street	First Street
Washington Street	Dallas Street
Vine Street	Taylor Street
Walnut Street	Tompkins Street
Elm Street	Decker Street
Poplar Street	Illinois Street
Maple Street	Prairie Street

The other streets of today either were not laid out or were not named.

STANLEY COOK.

## THE NEWSPAPERS OF CHARLESTON

The "Charleston Plaindealer" was organized in 1840 and successfully managed by two men, William Harr and William Workman. Harr, in a short time, bought Workman's interests and published the paper until about the time of the Emancipation Proclamation. During the period from 1872 till 1894 the paper frequently changed hands, being sold to Eli Chittenden, who named the paper "The Plaindealer," Dunbar Brothers, Albert Dunbar, M. A. McConnell and Co., and then to H. B. Glassco. The "Plaindealer" merged with the "Scimitar" and then with the "Charleston Herald." The name was changed to "Plaindealer Herald." This paper had some of the best equipment of the time. The paper was issued both daily and monthly for over ten years. It was a Republican paper.

George Harding started the "Charleston Daily Courier" under the name of "The Charleston Ledger" in 1857. In 1859 the paper was sold to John M. Eastin. This paper also underwent a series of changes of owners. The following owned the paper: McHenry Brooks, Shoaff and Underwood, who gave it the name, "Charleston Daily Courier," Major Miller, Buck and Underwood, E. B. Buck, Dunbar and Mahon, G. E. Mason, Mason and Strode, C. D. Strode, Strode and Lee, C. L. Lee, and Benjamin Weir. The "Charleston Daily Courier" in this year, 1925, is owned by Mr. Weir. This paper has been successful in job work as well as in newspaper work. The "Courier" is democratic in politics.

The "Herald" was started in 1880 by J. K. Rardin under the name of the "Saturday Evening Herald." Mostly job printing was done at this time. Mr. Rardin sold to Joseph Perkins in 1887. Perkins resold the paper in the following year to J. A. McConnell who was successful for fifteen years before uniting with the "Plaindealer."

The "Daily News" was organized March 12, 1892, by J. K. Rardin and Joseph Perkins. Mr. Rardin later purchased the interests of Mr. Perkins. Mr. Rardin ran the business in an original way. Although he was a strong Democrat, he was untrammelled by party leaders. After the death of J. K. Rardin, Claude Rardin, his son in ideas as well as in blood, took up the newspaper and is running it today in quite the same way as his father, being influenced by no party leader, political machine, or anyone else. Because of this independent feature, Mr. Rardin has been successful. He will probably be succeeded by his son, John, who has the family characteristic. The people call this paper the "Daily Jim."

So far Charleston has had four successful newspapers, the "Plaindealer," "Herald," "Daily News," and the "Courier."

SAMUEL MITCHELL.

## THE OLD OPERA HOUSE

Has Charleston forgotten that it once boasted an opera house? Perhaps so, for it did not stand long, and it was quite awhile ago.

It was built in about 1898. Thomas Chambers was one of those that held an interest in it. The location was on the west side of South Sixth Street, on the south side of the town branch, and built of brick and stone and was about as high as a four-story building considering that part of it that was below the sidewalk.

Now let us take ourselves back to that night "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was played there, so that we might see more clearly what it looked like and see what the people looked like and did at that time. As we walk down sixth street from town we can see crowds of people in front and behind us, all bound for the opera. Especially we notice the queer cabs and the absence of the "honk, honk," of the automobile for then there were not more than one or two automobiles in Charleston nor was there a street car line. But those that wished to ride hired a taxi cab to take them. Yes, they are stopping in front of the opera house. From these the "well-to-do" Charlestonians step and make their way to the main door. Now we are almost there and one can see that there is a roof like projection over the broadened sidewalk. Now we make our way to the one large main entrance. There is going to be a crowd tonight for it is a popular play. All classes of people are present. As we crowd in the door we enter a lobby where the ticket office and entrances to main floor and balconies are. Let us take seats in the first balcony so that we may see more of the people. The usher takes us to our seats in the front. Now let us look around and see what it looks like on the inside. There are boxes on either side of the stage, on the main floor, and in the first balcony. The seats on the main floor are graduated from the level of the street, the stage being lower than the seats. The orchestra is in front of the stage and is even lower than the stage. The first balcony is in a horseshoe shape. The orchestra is playing now, and in a minute the play will start. But what is this chatter and noise we hear above us and where do these peanut shells come from? In answer some one near us grunts, "Nigger Heaven." Looking above us we see another smaller balcony. We learn later that here the smaller chaps go and some of the lower class probably because the price of the seats best suits their pocket books. But we soon forget "Nigger Heaven" and do not notice the exclamations in our interest in what is going on, on the stage, and we enjoy it with the rest. Then before we know it, it is over and the audience is giving uproarious applause and is getting ready to leave. As we leave,



we hear people talking of the play and praising it. Thus we have enjoyed the evening. Now let us return to the present if we can, without too big a jolt.

Since then the opera house has burned, I think in about the year 1907. It was rumored that some boys that were in there playing cards and smoking were the cause of the fire but we do not know. There is no sign of it now except the wider sidewalk in front of where it used to be. Sign boards hide the place where it was.

VIRGINIA MYERS.

THE CHARLESTON CHAUTAUQUA

By VELMA HEATH

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(Printed by Title Only)

## WHAT IS THE HOUSE LIKE? WHO LIVES IN IT?

In Charleston there stands an old dilapidated house which the Schmidt family has lived in since 1847. The boards that make up the house are warped, and the nails that hold them together are rusted and sunken far into the wood. The foundation has crumbled down until the house is standing on the ground. In all the years that it has stood there, never has it had a drop of paint on it. This accounts for its dirty, dingy color. The house has three parts to it with a narrow porch in front. The windows are few with no curtains to take their bareness away. On each division is a small, squatty chimney from which occasionally comes a thin thread of smoke. The side to the north contains a bedroom and living room. South of this is the kitchen. Since its good housekeeper died it is a dirty place with its old, old cook stove, old fashioned cupboard, and table covered with a red tablecloth. A cot stands in one corner of the room with an old black and red quilt over it. South of this and entering into the garden is the summer kitchen which is used mainly for a junk room. Beneath it is a dark, musty cellar. As you have perhaps noticed, the house is located on a high hill with several small shanties around it. Many fruit trees have been planted here and there over the yard. In the spring when these trees are all in bloom and the bees are humming around the flowers, one would think he were in paradise.

Still more beautiful than this is the picturesque, old-fashioned garden. It is to the east and south of the house, fenced in by an ancient broken-down fence. Over the fence twines a wisteria vine. Its large lavender clusters of flowers look like bunches of grapes as they hang over the fence. Roses of all kinds bloom in this enchanted garden in spring and summer. Mossy vines creep over the ground, and little bushes mark the hard cinder paths through the garden. There are purple flags and yellow flags, tiny white Stars of Bethlehem, sweet blue violets, and graceful columbines. One feature in the garden that is most attractive is the tulip bed. Such a bed of tulips cannot be found anywhere else. The large tulips are every color imaginable. Birds love to come here and sing, but they never stay long, for this is also the home of numerous snakes.

More interesting than the house and its surroundings are the inhabitants. Two poor old bachelors dwell here. The eldest is George and the other Tom. George is a gunsmith with only one eye. He is so stooped that, when he walks, his hands fall below his knees. Tom is a naturalist. He has spent all his years in the woods both in summer and in the winter. He wears a blue shirt and old corduroy trousers the year around. His hat is so full of holes that it looks as if rats had chewed on it. For a wrap he

wears a holey old red sweater through which his blue shirt beams. On Sunday the sweater is exchanged for a coat. Tom is the head of the house and does most of the cooking, which is mainly of wild things. He has several very interesting theories about the kitchen. One is that dishes should never be washed more than once a day. Another is that floors don't require scrubbing. He is afraid of no animals and even shares his bed with bedbugs and mice. Among other things, he believes that snakes are harmless if they are treated kindly. Tom is very fond of little children and loves to teach them the ways of nature. His favorite is a little girl named Jean. She reminds one of a little fairy because of her golden hair and wide-awake blue eyes. She is eager to learn everything she can for she spends much of her time with Tom in the garden. She has learned many things about flowers and snakes.

One summer day as usual Jean was in the garden with Tom. He was telling her about a certain kind of worm that ruins rose bushes. She was standing by him all eyes and ears for she hated worms. Suddenly she glanced to the tall grass at her feet. She was not alarmed to see a rattlesnake curled up in the grass asleep. Snakes fascinated her, and she had always wanted to touch one. Now was her chance, she thought. Just as she was ready to touch the snake, it woke up. The snake had a very bad temper evidently for it coiled itself up tightly. Tom had not noticed what had happened until he heard a dull rattle. He quickly grabbed Jean up into his arms just as that cruel, brown, flat head darted forth. He saved her from the bite, but he felt a sting on his own leg. He knew not a minute was to be lost, so he rushed into the house. With his jaws set, he opened the wound and rubbed it with a queer preparation of herbs. The bite was cured.

Jean was startled and frightened. "Why, Uncle Tom, I thought snakes wouldn't harm you," she sobbed.

"Well, Jean," answered Tom in a sad voice, "you can't always tell about these here snakes. Sometimes they take mighty queer notions in their heads."

EMMA BALL.



## THE EASTERN ILLINOIS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

(Printed by outline only)

1. The location of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College has greatly benefited Eastern Illinois.
2. The need of normal schools was discussed at the Illinois State Teachers' Association in '92, '93, '94.
3. The bills providing for two normal schools were introduced into the State Senate and House in February 1895.
  - a. Passage of bills.
  - b. Appointment of trustees.
4. There was a contest between various cities.
  - a. The making of amendments made possible a contest.
  - b. Appointment of committees in Charleston.
  - c. The entrance of other cities into the contest.
  - d. The sites of Charleston offered.
5. The town for the Normal School was selected.
  - a. The visit of the trustees, June 10, 1895.
  - b. The postponement of selection.
  - c. The telegram of victory.
  - d. The impromptu celebration.
  - e. Interesting notes of the Courier and Coles County History.
  - f. The planned celebration.
6. The trustees make plans for the school.
  - a. The selection of the site.
  - b. The awarding of the contract.
  - c. The laying of the cornerstone May 27, 1896.
7. Plans for the dedication exercises were held.
  - a. The holding of committee meetings.
  - b. The news of Normalton.
8. There was a description of the building in the Courier for August 29, 1899.
9. The dedication exercises were held August 29, 1899.
  - a. The morning exercises.
  - b. The brilliant afternoon exercises.
    - (1) The grand parade.
    - (2) The interesting program in the assembly room.
10. The Eastern Illinois State Teachers College has been of service for twenty-five years, and nearly twenty-six—September, 1899—February, 1925.

Sources—Personal Interviews.

Coles County History—1905.

Old files of the Courier—July-September, 1899.

January, 1895—December, 1895.

RUTH M. FRANCIS.

Note: The Sources for: "The Eastern Illinois State Teachers College."

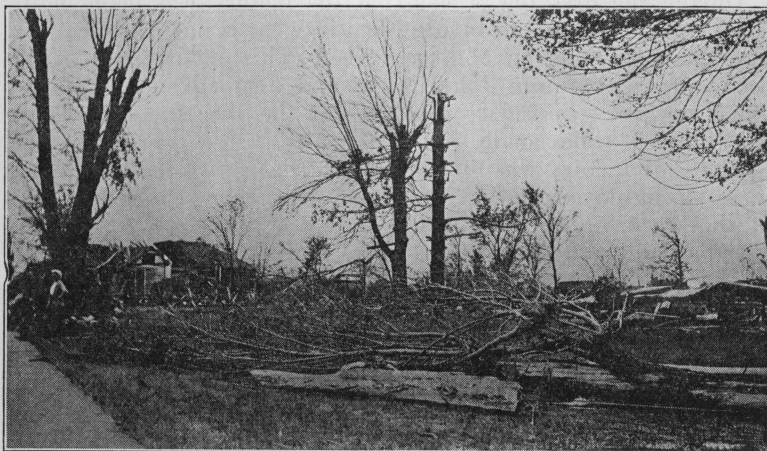
It was interesting to gather material for this theme. The sources included some personal interviews, notably with a neighbor of mine who possessed a bulletin printed at the time of the dedication services, which gave the ideas of the spectators present. Among the most important sources were the old files of the *Charleston Daily Courier*. The management was very courteous and kind in looking up and allowing me to study their old files. I spent several Mondays in inspecting these papers. Since I had lived in Charleston practically all my life, aside from looking up data concerning the Teachers College, it was interesting to see notes of Charlestonians who were still living. The files included in those that I examined were January-December, 1895, and July-September, 1899. In 1895 the *Courier* was a one page newspaper. I also found material in the *Coles County History*, 1905. Because of the research involved, I think that my essay was one of the most interesting to write.

May 28, 1925.

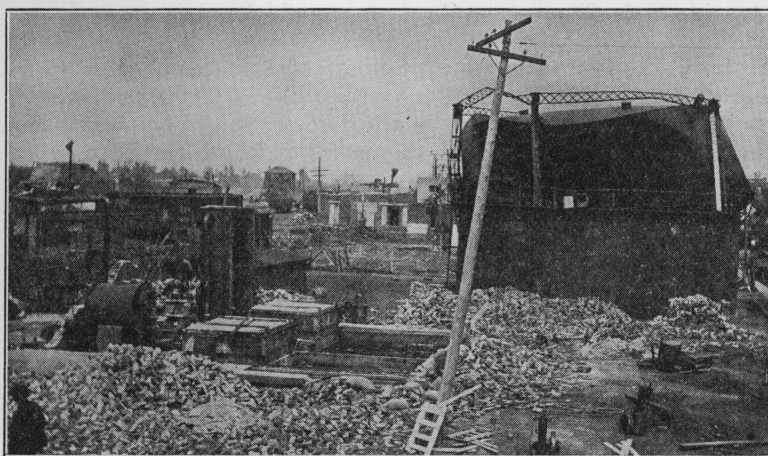
# THE CYCLONE OF 1917

By ESTHER ELIZABETH DUDLEY

(Printed by Title Only)



Walter Dunn's



The Path of the Tornado

May 26, 1917

## THE BROWN SHOE FACTORY

The Brown Shoe Factory came to Charleston because Charleston had good shipping facilities, and among all the small towns around here there was no factory to employ young girls and boys, so it could easily get help for its cutting and fitting rooms.

During the first few weeks that the factory was being built, there was a cutting and fitting room in what is now the Chamber of Commerce room on Monroe Street. This cutting and fitting room was in charge of John Tofart and Frank Krim. It was to teach the work to future employes of the shoe factory. There were no real shoes made.

The shoe factory was formally opened August 28, 1919. There were 99 employed at that time, and they turned out 360 pairs of shoes a day. The shoes were of a very plain, staple quality. The pay roll at that time was \$345 a week.

The shoe factory now employs 910 people and they turn out 6,500 pairs of shoes a day. The Brown Shoe Factory of Charleston no longer does the staple work, but mostly fancy and novelty shoes, this department being brought here from Murphysboro. The staple shoes are made in Salem, Illinois, and Union City, Tennessee.

At first all work was shipped over the Clover Leaf rail-road. They received a car of supplies every two weeks and sent out a car of finished shoes every four weeks. At the present time two trucks are used. The first loaded with supplies leaves St. Louis at midnight, and the other loaded with shoes leaves Charleston at midnight. They meet half way and the drivers exchange trucks.

Mr. C. L. Lee, who was president of the Chamber of Commerce, was a great promoter to raise the \$100,000.00 paid by the Chamber of Commerce to the Brown Shoe Company when the factory came here. In the latter part of last year, when the new addition of forty-five by one hundred feet was added, the city donated \$25,000.00. The city is to furnish water free for a number of years.

The shoe factory was to have paid out in wages one million dollars in ten years, but during the first three years it exceeded that amount. At the close of the week December 27, 1924, it had paid in wages \$2,999,552.82. During the 227 weeks since it had been opened the average amount paid out in one week was \$7,597.50, but the largest amount paid out in one week was \$13,683.92. There were 765 people employed at that time.

During the last year the Clover Leaf railroad pay roll was \$500.00 more than that of the Brown Shoe factory, but the money was distributed in Charleston for the two other terminals, while it is estimated that 95% of the Brown Shoe Factory pay



roll is spent in Charleston and only one eighty-sixth of all the people employed in the Brown Shoe Factory are from Mattoon and other towns.

This factory had Walter Ekins for its superintendent from August 28, 1919, the time it opened, to November 15, 1923. At that time he was promoted to the position of general superintendent of all the Brown Shoe factories. He was succeeded by J. J. Servey, who had been foreman, and who is still superintendent.

This plant covers its own wooden heels. It sells very few shoes direct to the merchants in this city. Most of the shoes are first shipped to St. Louis and then shipped to the various merchants.

MILDRED HOPKINS.

## PART TWO

*Fiction*

## THE SILVER DIPPER

It was a cold, rainy afternoon in December such as only an Illinois prairie town like Charleston can have. The fire had died down in the grate, and the room was chilled and damp. On the floor were tracks of mud. Even the red crepe paper roses in a gold glass vase on the mantle seemed sad and forlorn. Over all hung the heavy sickening perfume of many flowers.

The children were gathered in this room to hear Father Frankenstein's will read. Mr. John L. Brinsley, the executor, stood by the grate with the will in his hand. He was a small, weazened old man. His skin was yellowed and wrinkled like creamy, old leather, but in his pale blue eyes there was a queer something—a something that everyone saw, but no one could define. A friend had once been known to say, "John L. Brinsley doesn't belong in Charleston. As a student of archaeology in some musty tomb in Egypt he might do, in Charleston—never." There had been a queer attachment between Father Frankenstein and Mr. Brinsley, and for that reason father had appointed him executor of the will.

"It seems necessary," said he, "to read your father's will now. I believe that Mr. Bate has to go back tomorrow. Is that satisfactory to you?" The two sisters looked their consent. Bate and Merve nodded. He began in a small cracked voice, expressionless and dull.

The land was divided equally; then came this statement: "In addition, to my daughter Bell, who has stayed with me so long and faithfully, the blue and white counterpane which she desired. The rest of the household property shall be divided as my five children shall see fit." As he finished reading, Clara, the married sister, murmured "The silver dipper."

The silver dipper was an heirloom in the Frankenstein family, and lucky indeed was the heir who received it. There was a story connected with it, a story so old that no one remembered all of it. Each successive owner was supposed to be successful in the thing he most wanted to accomplish. These two sisters living in America and in the modern, middle west at that, didn't, of course, believe the rumor. Still, such an air of mystery hung about this beautiful thing, that each would have given her most valued possession in order to have it, and had dreamed of seeing it in her silver drawer. It was a thing well worth wishing for. The bowl was oval and lined with gold. The handle was long and graceful, and on the end of it were the letters O. F., the initials of some long forgotten ancestor.

They immediately began the division. After most of the things had been divided Clara asked, "Where's the silver dipper?" No one knew. Search was made. When asked if she'd

seen it Bell said no, father had kept it in the safe for a long while. Again they looked in the safe. The dipper was not there.

"There's no use looking any longer now," said George, the slow systematic member of the family. "We'll start early in the morning and look in each room." Clara left with the lurking suspicion that Bell knew more than she cared to tell.

Early the next morning the search began again. Late in the afternoon they met in the living room, tired and discouraged, for they had looked in every room and in every corner.

"Well, it's not here," Merve said. "I'm sure I don't know where it can be."

"I'm sure I don't know where it is either, but I rather think there are some others here that do," Clara's eyes snapped as she said it.

Gentle Bell, hurt unbearably by the accusation that she knew was meant for her, burst forth in protest. "I don't know where it is. I *don't*. I haven't seen it for ever so long," she cried. Merve trying to pacify his sisters received only tears from the one and angry words from the other. Clara used those terrible cutting weapons in a way that only an angry woman knows. At last she left with the old, old declaration that never again would she darken the door of a house in which that sister lived.

## PART II

A year and a half later the sun rose on this same little city of Charleston, not dreary and gray now, but beautiful in its May freshness. A tumbled down cottage was specially dressed up. The little shack itself was a drab enough thing, but yellow Rambler roses, of a kind that is cherished and passed on to future generations, had grown wild over it and, so it seemed, over the surrounding yard, making a spot of pure gold. The afternoon from this house, his home, John Lucian Brinsley had been buried. Merve and Bell were the only ones that had kept up the connection with Mr. Brinsley. George and Bate were living in Kansas, and since that dreary day two years before Clara had seemed to draw away from all old friends and connections and to make new ones. She seemed to—ah, yes; but how she longed for Bell, for her baby sister had been so very dear to her! How much she had regretted those hasty words, spoken in a fit of anger. As always that old demon, known as Pride, was working havoc. The sad task of sorting old papers and letters and putting away things had fallen to Merve and Bell.

Merve, as he sat at a huge old walnut desk, was the same dependable Merve. But Bell had changed sadly. She had grown pale and thin under her sister's cold anger. "Here's a letter for you, Bell. He must have left it for you," said Merve. Bell came from her work at the other side of the room to take the note which he held out to her.



Standing half in the sun, half in the shadow, she read what was written there in Mr. Brinsley's queer, old fashioned hand. With a cry she flung it to Merve and sank into a chair, her face ashen and her eyes staring. Merve wet his handkerchief in the water in a vase of flowers and partially revived Bell before he read the note. Then he rushed to the phone and called, "Give me 883. Hurry." As he waited he breathed fervently to himself, "Thank Heaven, Clara only lives a block away." "Hello, hello, Clara? Come over to Mr. Brinsley's. Bell needs you.—No, now."

In a few minutes Clara came puffing and panting into the little house, her kitchen apron awry and even *her* hair, usually smooth, blown out of place. "What's the matter?" she gasped.

Merve gave her the paper, "Read that," he commanded.

"Dear Bell, (ran the letter)

"I wish to ask your forgiveness for it is I who have caused you so much sorrow. I have loved beautiful old things. For many years this has been my only joy. You will find many things in this house which you will think queer possessions for an old bachelor. Perhaps so. Collecting old things has been my passion. Just before your father's death I saw the silver dipper. It drew me. It fascinated me. Its shining silver sheen held my eyes. I took it. I have wanted to return it, but I couldn't. Something held me back. Take it now and do as you like with it.

"Yours respectfully,

"JOHN L. BRINSLEY."

Clara read it through and then, looking at Bell who sat white and shaken across the room, she said, "Well, I'll swan. Oh, Bell, I'm sorry."

RUTH LOUISE TRUMAN.

## THE GRAY MIST

A yellowish-gray, rutted lane wandered away from the main road and seemed to lose itself in the tangled and gnarled branches of the forgotten hedgerows. It lifted its weather-beaten countenance to an unsympathetic, gray, November sky. No color, no sunshine clothed it in beauty. Only the dismal ranks of the ghosts of the wayside things kept it company, and the wind taunted them for their pains.

But two people turned down this lonely byroad, an old woman, slight yet dignified, and a girl. The wind whistled shrilly. The loneliness, the grayness cried out, but the two walked on, side by side and in silence. Yet they were not sad. There was something in the faded finery of the woman, in the brightness of her eyes. Or was it the youth and health of the girl?

For some time they walked, picking their way carefully over the hard, rough road. At last, where it swerved to the south around a little hill, they stopped.

"Lavinia," the girl said softly, "Lavinia, it is so cold today that we must not go farther. We can see the pines from here."

The woman's eyes turned wonderingly on the girl. "Where? Why do we come?" she asked blankly. "Why, Edith?"

"You have always wanted me to walk here with you, Lavinia, and see the pines. You never told me why. They are on the hill there. Two great, dark pines!" was the gentle answer.

Lavinia gazed where Edith pointed. There was no comprehension on her face, but as she looked a smouldering brightness in her eyes blazed up. She caught the girl's hand eagerly, fiercely. "Edith, Edith," she cried. Then her voice died to a strained whisper. "There were three pines once. But where—?" She dropped Edith's hand, and as she turned and started back along the lane, her voice rang out on the gray quietness, determined, and bitter, "But it is cold today. We must go back. We have seen the pines from here."

And they went back down the lane, two strange figures, silent but not sad. A blank, wandering look veiled Lavinia's face, but the light still glimmered in her eyes, and she murmured under her breath, over and over again, "Three-one-two-three-three pines. Three-one-two."

From the lane they turned into the main road and walked slowly toward the town. Once Edith touched her companion's arm and said quietly, "Lavinia, Mr. Talcott is coming toward us. We must stop and speak to him. It is Mr. John Talcott. His farm is two places farther down the road. You know who he is Lavinia?"

"Yes," Lavinia answered absently.

Mr. Talcott did stop and spoke kindly enough. Edith returned

his greetings cordially, but Lavinia only gazed and murmured under her breath, "Three-one-two-three-three pines," over and over again. Little did she realize that that very night Mr. Talcott spoke to his wife across the supper table, "Sarildy, Miss Lavinia's been queer for many a year, and she's gettin' queerer. Doesn't seem to know no one but Edith, the pastor's girl. I think ye'd best speak to Mrs. Rothemby next Sunday to church and tell her we fear it's dangerous for Edith. I ain't over-observin' o' folks, but I see'd her eyes flashin' fire so wild-like, and she was mutterin' things. A queer woman's poor company for any person and I fear she may turn poor Edith's head, too."

At the gate of Lavinia's house, the two paused. Edith was saying goodbye, but Lavinia caught her arm, "No, no, Edith child, you must come and sit with me a bit. It's a great house, but the loneliness and grayness has come with the years. It's 'most as faded as I am now. But you'll come, Edith?"

"Yes," Edith answered, "I'll come, Lavinia."

They sat in the south parlor, a great room filled with shadows. The dark pieces of old-fashioned furniture, the uncertain gray light that came through the heavy curtains, and the fire in the great fire-place were only haunting memories. Even Lavinia, as she sat in an arm-chair by the west window, seemed some ghostly shape of the past. The pale beauty in her quiet face, the dignity in her firm chin—a gift of New England forefathers—and the gentleness in her great, wandering eyes were womanly with years, and yet her soft white hair hung about her throat in short, childish curls, held in place by a faded spray of blue silk forget-me-nots. Edith at her feet was dreaming dreams. Her soft brown eyes looked far away, perhaps into the future. She was not pretty, and only her long brown hair that hung about her shoulders and her eyes made her different, but she dreamed beautiful dreams, fairy things. They were reflected in her eyes.

Lavinia turned toward the window and gazed at the sky. As she watched, the grayness was flung aside, a misty veil banished by some magic hand. Beneath there was a flaunting sweep of color, daring brilliancy, red and gold. Its light fell soft and warm on her face, on her fine white hair, and on the faded blue of her dress, but in her eyes it flashed brilliantly. Some mist, more gray, more clinging, more subtle than the veil of the sunset seemed to have vanished from her mind, and Lavinia could remember.

There was a soft, dripping rain. She could almost hear it and could still feel its cool, soothing touch on her face. But where was she to feel the rain? In the field, and running. Not running away? No. Running for joy. And why was she glad? It was freedom and beauty out there with the wind and the night. She heard deep, rolling thunder, but it did not frighten her as it had often done before. It was her protector now, out in the great

freedom. She was laughing, and the wind laughed too, free joyous laughter. And she ran on across the fields far away. When she was tired, she dropped at the foot of a tree. It was one of the pines. She could hear it moaning. If she only could know what it said. She ran her fingers through the long grass and shook the drops of water from them. She was not cold or afraid. She was free and all things were her guardians. But the tree was whispering now, not moaning, and she could understand the words, "L-l-lavinia, l-l-love, l-l-love, L-ll-a-a-vinia."

She threw her arms about the trunk and laid her head against the cool, rough bark. A great branch swooped with the wind and carressed her. The dark pine was her lover. It would give her freedom and joy. Then there was a great light, blinding, tearing. But she could remember no more. She gazed again at the sunset, but it was grey. The light was faded from her eyes and the gray mist was drawn close about her mind. From somewhere in the shadows, she heard Edith's voice saying goodbye. But she was murmuring the words under her breath, "Three, - one - two - three - three pines," over and over again, and she could not answer.

All night she sat in the darkness, and she fancied that she could hear the two pines moaning and murmuring far across the fields, calling for an old playmate and a long lost brother.

VIRGINIA MODESITT.

Note: I have imagined that this story took place in an old house which once stood somewhere near the place where the "Cone" house on Eleventh Street now stands. I remember it as "the haunted house" where Halloween parties went. It then had been moved back into the field behind the place it had been. There are two pine trees in a little cemetery some distance from the house and the trunk of a third still stands. Beyond these things my story is purely imaginative.



(The plot of this story is a true incident which took place in Charleston many years ago. Many of the details are the same. However, there are parts where the author used her imagination because the facts were lacking.)

## THE SHAM WEDDING

### I.

'Twas one of these gray, blustering, drizzling March days, I think the most disagreeable day March has to her credit, that 'Squire Dunbar, Justice of Peace of Charleston, Illinois, received a call from his friend, Richard Stoddert, a well known business man of the same town.

"Hullo, Dick!" jovially called the young Justice of the Peace. "Come in. How'd you happen to migrate over here in this kind of weather? Eh?"

"Well, y'see," responded the one addressed as "Dick," "I heard of a little job for you. Seein' as how you was out of employment an' spendin' your time loafing, I thought I'd drop in and tell you. But, to come down to business——, Elmer Dunn, a friend of mine up at Arcola, has decided to get married today, an' he asked me to ask you to come up an' tie the knot."

"I see, I see. Glad you thought I needed the exercise on this bee-u-tiful day. But I suppose for old friendship's sake, I'll go. Give me the particulars."

After all the directions had been given and Mr. Stoddert had at last departed, Dunbar put on his high boots because of the mud, saddled his horse, and set out for Arcola. This was indeed no beautiful May morning fit for a happy wedding. The wind blew the cold, damp mist clear through the body and lodged it in the brain. The whole prairie was a dull, dirty, grayish color. As he jogged along, the 'Squire thought of the comfortable stove he had left and wished he were back. He wondered why any couple would be mad enough to think of getting married on a day like this. Their future life was sure to be full of quarrels, poverty, and drabness. He contemplated the happy bachelor's lot. But then, oh, hang it all, a day like this a fellow would sort of like to think of a wife and kiddies back home. Maybe they'd be thinking of "daddy" out in the cold, and perhaps the wife would be worrying for fear Harry dear would catch the rheumatism. Bah! Rheumatism for a young man like him. No! No wife for him, to make him wear rubbers if it looked like rain. The wind blew a wet branch across his face, and he cursed his luck. He came to a farm owned by one of his friends, Bob Carter, and the dog came bounding out to bark furiously at him. That did not improve his humor; nor did the fact that that very friend, the owner of the dog, a silent, meek

little man, came trotting out on his horse to meet him. He didn't want any company.

"Going up the road this sorry day?" Bob inquired in a scholarly voice, and to Harry's mumbled reply said cheerfully, "Then I will ride with you for a way. Mayhap you do not wish to converse, and I will be silent."

But his very silence irritated Harry, and he felt a slight relaxing of some of his tight muscles. Now in the course of time he jogged into Arcola, which was then but a few houses and a store. He wearily climbed down from his worn out horse and handing him over to a dirty little boy with the order to "stable him," entered the tavern above the only store in a distinctly non-wedding frame of mind. He was greeted uproariously.

"Hullo, Harry, old boy! Hullo!" yelled one occupant of the room. "Come over here and get rid of that long face. Why man, your face isn't made to stand that treatment. Hey! John, one more mug and a jug extry. We can't have our cheerful Harry all spoiled by the weather." Harry reflected then how glad he was he had no wife to ask him to "please not frequent those places." He was incorporated in the bunch and was soon as jolly as any of the rest. In the midst of a loud laugh occasioned by some witty remark of Harry's, he suddenly remembered what he was here for. That sobered him instantly and, putting on his Justice of Peace expression, he called solemnly, "Say, boys, boys! Not a one of you thought to ask me why I was here. Do I ride nineteen miles just to have a bit of fun with some jolly lads on a day like this? Don't you know it's unlawful to make such a racket? Ye gods! Humphrey cut that face off before it scares the gizzard out of me. No, I'm not going to arrest the bunch, but tell me, do you know that this is the wedding morn of one Elmer Dunn and——?"

"What! What! And as long as you've known Master Richard Stoddert you never went through that joke! Why, man alive, Elmer Dunn is the most fictitious of the fictitious, purely and simply a creation of the lovely imagination of Dick Stoddert. Ho! Ho! And you were taken in? Now man," the tavern keeper, John, consoled, "don't look so awfully glum. I just had to bust out laughin'. Why that's one of Mistah Stoddert's favorite stock of practical jokes. He's played it on anybody that could possibly have any connection with a wedding. Ho! Ho! Hey! Wait a minute——. And him so happy a minute ago."

But Harry strode wrathfully out and got his horse out of the stable muttering blasphemously all the while. To think he had been "horn-swaggled" by his friend, the notorious Richard. Why they were always playing practical jokes on each other. It was only Monday last that he had sent Dick in a fine fettle to pay some imaginary notes. Ha! Ha! He was pretty mad, Dick was, when he found out there were no notes recorded. Oh,

what a beastly outlook! That long stretch of muddy, gray, stubby prairie was so ugly. This eternal jogg, jogg, jogg wears a man out so. . . . Now, he's perking up. He must feel that home is near.

## II.

As Harry Dunbar rode wearily into Charleston, Dick Stoddert was still chuckling over the discomfort he had caused his friend. Harry rode straight home and climbed stiffly down in his own yard and went as quickly to bed as he could. As he started to relax his tired muscles and his numbed, cold brain, he started up and called to his roomer,—

"If anybody, mind you anybody, calls or asks for me tell them I am not at home. Say I planned to stay in Arcola for a week or so. Hear? Understand?"

"All right."

"Be sure," and he completely relaxed and soon went to sleep to dream of a delicious revenge he would work on Stoddert.

He awoke with a start to find the flesh and blood Dick sitting at the foot of his bed, laughing as though his joke was the best one ever conceived.

"Oh, Harry, ha, ha, ha, Harry that — that was the best I ever pulled off on you. You fell, oh, you fell hard! My sides! I never laughed so hard in all my life. Say, you're,—"

"How'd you get here," demanded the very much provoked Harry. "Thought I told Gordon absolutely that I wasn't here!"

"I know, he did his part. Yes. Yes. But you see I,— I saw your poor old horse standin' in the stable all covered with mud and —"

"Oh, I see. Well, you sure have got it on me this time, but *go away! Scatter! Vamoose!* Let me sleep. I don't think I'll ever get up. Good bye."

"Ho! Ho! Goin' to be gone for a week, were you? Plannin' to sleep all that time? I, —"

"Say, didn't I say good bye? I meant it— *Good day!*

"Well, well, yes, yes, good bye; but I sure did skin you this time."

"*Good bye!*" and Harry flounced over on his side and would have no further words. Dick left perforce.

The next day about four o'clock in the afternoon the young Justice of the Peace was walking on the square with a worried frown on his forehead. He was hailed by the same Humphrey he had been carousing with in Arcola.

"Hey, Harry, d-e-a-r!" This brought Harry to a provoked stop.

"What j'want?" he growled, "I'm busy."

"Too busy to heah the details o' a little business I want like to set forth to you? Eh? Y'know I made a trip special from Arcola to help you about that little trouble you had yistiddy."

"Oh, yes, yes, I was just racking my sodden brain to think of some scheme myself. You mean a scheme don't you?"

"But where can we talk a little more secluded like? You wouldn't want li'l Dick to heah, eh? Well, let's go around to your lodgin's and send Gordon somewhere. But wait—I tell you, we might want Gordon. You've told him, haven't you? Yes? Well, he can help a lot. C'mon."

Away they went. As they neared home they met Bob Carter walking along with a frustrated look in his eyes. This caused Humphrey to remark dryly, —

"They's talk about that young man being sweet on Alice Norton. Pity. Umm." But Harry was beginning to live in rosy dreams of the future from what Humphrey's voice foretold, to notice what Humphrey said. He knew if he didn't pay Stoddert back in his own coin and make him pocket it, there would be no living with him.

When the three men were secreted in Dunbar's room, Humphrey unfolded his plan. It was as follows:

"Y'know boys, Harry here, is Justice of Peace. Ain't you Harry? Well—what do a general form of entertainment be at the parties around these heah parts? Well, one on 'em be sham weddings. Eh? Beginn'n' to catch on? Yes, Dicky boy goes quite steady with Alice Norton. Yes, Uhuhhh. Well, maybe he is intendin' to ask her to take keer of him in his do-tage; but we'll be forehanded. Yes, dear-r-r boys, we'll marry 'em and tell 'em after." Humphrey didn't waste any words but stated his directions clearly, while a steady, growing grin spread over Harry's face. He finished with a few final directions. "You scramble a dandy party together, Gordon, and when everybody is getting gay I'll propose the weddin', and I'll get Alice's own brother to propose it to be on Alice and Dick, and he'll ask you, Harry, to be the pa'son. Now you do the rest. Make it real! Don't forgit nothin'. I'll be witness and so'll Gordon. Hip! Hip! Hooray! I guess you'll get to tie that knot anyway, Harry, me boy! Oh, aren't I smart? Tell me I'm not a brainy fellow! Be sure and invite me, Gordon. I want to see the giddy pair married. But don't anybody give it away. Remember!"

"Who's goin' to tell them in the end?" queried Gordon. "I know I won't."

"We'll leave that to chance. It'll leak out somehow," replied Harry unconcernedly. As they parted Harry noticed that the sun was shining so brightly that it seemed as if the bitter cold would soon be dispelled. He felt like jumping on his horse, that he detested the day before, and riding, no, not riding, galloping into the distance; but his better judgment prevailed, and he stayed at home.



## III.

Almost all of the young people in the little town of Charleston were gathered in Richter's Hall on a snowy, blowy, winter night in March, for a party. It was known that Gordon Collins was giving it, and everybody was in the best of spirits because they knew that whenever Gordon backed a party it was always a hilarious success. The stars outside twinkled slyly as Dick Stoddert's cutter drew up with a jungle of bells before the hall. Out jumped pretty Alice Norton. She stood stamping her feet restlessly while Dick took the horse across the street and stalled him. When they went in they were greeted with glee on every side for both of them were very popular. After their wraps were put up they entered as heartily and as happily into the games and dances as any two young people could.

After one of the square dances when people were resting and catching their breath, Humphrey announced that a mock wedding would now be put on.

"Nominations are now in order for the couple to be wed. First couple named gets it."

"Alice and Dick!" screamed Alice's brother before anybody else could say anything. "Here comes the Justice of Peace, let him do it."

"Done!" cried Gordon. "Dunbar step this way! Witnesses! Myself and Humphrey. Any objections to getting married, Dick? No? We'll proceed!"

"Wait!" cried one of the girls. "Let's do this thing up in style. The bride must have a bouquet. Here girls, Faye, let's have your artificial red rose; Margy, that ribbon'll do; a feather someone. Oh, yes, Mary, your chiffon bow, too!" She looped them skillfully into a pretty bridal bouquet and presented it to the now blushing bride. Dick was used to this sort of fun and performed the part of the stiff bridegroom with a gusto that sent the tittering audience into gales of laughter.

After the usual questions and answers, Harry solemnly said: "You two know I am Justice of Peace and authorized by law to perform the ceremony of marriage. Is there any apparent reason why you two should not be made man and wife?" And upon receiving the negative reply, he proceeded, holding the real marriage license in his hand. They supposed that this was, of course, a blank piece of paper used to make the fun look more real. At last he joined their hands and pronounced them man and wife in a voice pregnant with meaning. They accepted this before the witnesses. The bride threw her bouquet to a bevy of girls and the refreshments were served.

In a little while Harry retired to the cloak room and with the help of the witnesses filled out the blank report and put it, with a chuckle, to keep the license warm in his vest pocket until he could file it with the county clerk on the morrow.

## IV.

The party was the greatest success that anybody had known for a long time previously or afterwards. It was also a long remembered party especially by Alice Norton and Dick Stoddert. But, of course, they knew nothing of the real state of affairs. Nor did they dream that Harry Dunbar went over the next morning to the county clerk's office and filed the report and license and told the clerk all about it. He promised solemnly not to tell, but he remarked that that was likely to hit his friend Bob Carter rather severely. Harry didn't pay any attention to what the clerk said for he was too happy enjoying to the limit the great joke he had been able to play on his friend. He knew it was one that Stoddert could never return.

As he walked down the street he met the Bob Carter which the clerk had mentioned. Poor little fellow, his usually placid face wore a worried frown. Of course Dunbar could not tolerate any ill humor when he was feeling so happy, so he gaily took hold of Bob's arm, and facing him about said:

"Well, Bob! How are you this fine morning? Haven't seen you since that rainy day two weeks ago. Say, Bub, what's eatin' on you?"

"Oh, Mr. Dunbar," sighed the desolate Bob, "I do feel quite gloomy because I'm dreadfully worried. I just have to ask someone's advice, so I'll ask yours, now you've asked."

"Speel ahead!" encouraged Harry, "I know how that is. This ear is stopped tight, and the one toward you is wide open. Oh, I'm not so giddy as I look, really. I'm quite a good counsellor. Fire away."

"That's good of you. Yes, it's very good of you. I shall tell you gladly. Perhaps you *can* help me. You see it's this way. I have loved Alice Norton—please don't laugh, I know it's silly for me to be telling you this now, but you started me, I have to finish—yes, I have loved her for a long time. The other day I tried to tell her so, but I couldn't find words quickly enough, and before I could begin, in walked Mr. Richard Stoddart. Alice excused herself from me for a minute to talk to him. He acted awfully as though he owned her. Now, I think maybe she likes him better than she likes me. It seems she has gone around with him some lately. Now I don't know *what to do*. Shall I go on and tell her I love her? You know she *might not* love me. But I have enough money and my farm's paying good so I could take care of her through life easily. Or shall I let things take their course? I confess I am at a standstill. I want Alice, but I'm afraid to take a 'no.' " He twisted his fingers irresolutely.

Harry heard him out, and the humorous side of the whole affair struck him so hard that he had great difficulty in keeping facial muscles straight. At length he decided on a course to pursue.

"Listen, old boy," he said gently, "I hate to tell you this because I know you must feel pretty badly, and this is likely to break you up quite a bit, but——"

"You—you—mean——?"

"Now, listen. I'm talking. I say I hate to tell you this, but it's about the only thing to do. You see it's all a kind of a joke,——"

"No, it isn't!" declared Bob, hurt. "It—it's real to me."

"Now, now," comforted Harry, "I wasn't meaning you; but you know—well you evidently don't know—but I *married* Dick and Alice last night——"

"You—you—married them," gasped Bob.

"Yes, oh, don't take it so hard. I'm awfully sorry for you, but you see Dick played a mean trick on me, and last night at the party at Richter's Hall—bye-the-bye—you weren't there, we——"

"Yes, yes, I couldn't come. But go on. Wha ——"

"All right. But we missed you."

"I know you did, but, I mean, I—you were saying——"

"Well, at Richter's Hall somebody called for a sham wedding, and I got a license and really married them. I'm a Justice of peace, you know, and I can do it. Well, you see the fact is—they don't know they're married—yet. I've just finished recording the marriage at the county clerk's office. Sorry, old man, deucedly sorry. Brace up! You'll find——Oh, you live here? Well, bye, bye. Sorry." Before he finished the last sorry, Bob was lying across his cot weeping bitterly with disappointed love.

When Bob recovered enough to be ashamed of his outburst, he clenched his teeth and strode back and forth his narrow room collecting his scattered faculties. At length he realized the little joke. He forgot his love in the horrifying fact that Alice was *married*, and her husband was not taking care of her. Indeed he did not even know he was married to her. Those matters, he felt, must be remedied immediately. Though it was only three o'clock in the afternoon he wrapped up and hurried over to Norton's and found Alice and Dick in the front room. When Dick laughingly offered to leave, Bob bade him sit down. He glanced nervously around the room, started to speak, cleared his throat, started again——

"You two—ahem—you two are not properly aware that—that—Oh, how shall I say it?"

"What is the matter, Bob?" quieried Alice, astonished.

"Well—I was walking down the street this morning and I met Harry Dunbar, and he told me confidently that you two were married—and I came to offer my congratulations."

"Why, Bob!" exclaimed the two in unison.

"But we're not really married," explained Dick, who thought he saw the situation. "You mean the mock-wedding last night?"

"Yes, you are too!" burst out Bob. "I mean—I mean you are really married. I guess you don't know it, but—well, Harry, he's Justice of Peace you know—well, he really had a license and he's recorded your marriage and everything. Well, congratulations. Make her a good husband, Mr. Stoddart. I guess I'll be going. Goodbye."

"But, Bob," started Alice, but he was already gone. They turned toward each other in surprise.

"We're *really* married!" gasped Alice.

"Wait a second," started Dick, but County Clerk Smith came in the door Bob had left open.

"How do you do, Miss Norton and Mr. Stoddart. Sorry to break in on you this way, but I didn't know how much trouble my young friend, Bob, had done, so I hurried over here. I see he's been here. Oh, I forgot, excuse me. Miss Norton I'm the county clerk, Mr. Smith, at your service. Queer how even in a small town people can escape knowing each other."

"Mr. Smith, I'm glad to meet you. Yes, very glad. You're the man we need. You said something about being afraid what Bob had done. Tell us, *are* we really married?" said Alice all in one breath.

"I see Bob did tell it. Well, there's no use for me then. I was going to try to stop him but—yes, Harry Dunbar has recorded your marriage."

"Really!"

"Yes, he said something about practical jokes——"

"Oh!! I see it all," solemnly declared Dick. "Yes, I see. Thank you, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, I've done nothing. Good luck! Good day," and Mr. Smith discreetly left the room.

"Well, Alice."

"Well, Dick."

"Alice!"

"Yes!"

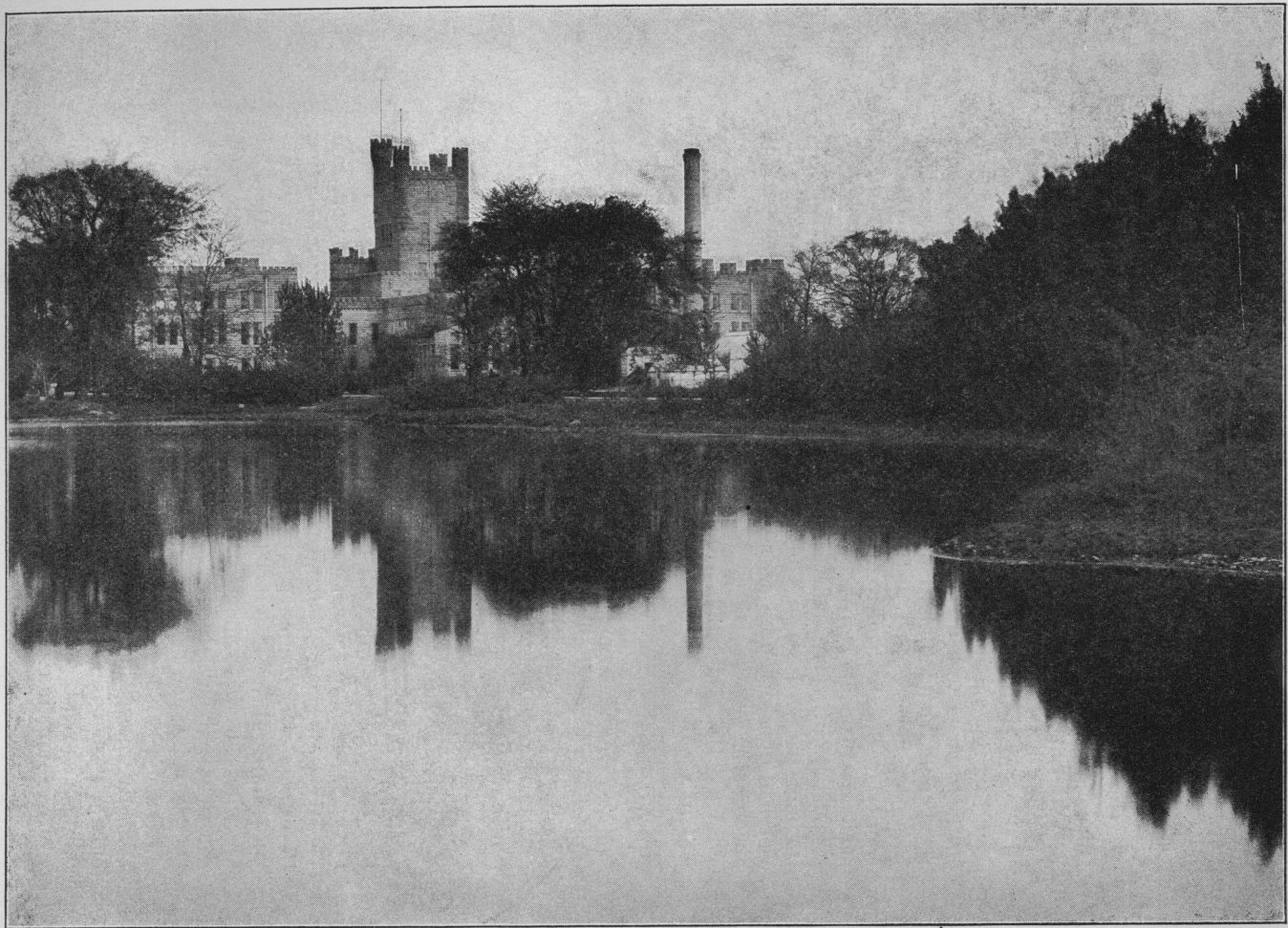
"Alice, Harry did it all for me. I was going to ask you soon anyway. You've known for a long time that I loved you, and I'd like to be your husband. I—I know this is simple—having to propose after the marriage—I don't know what to say—but—but—Hang Harry!—but I'll give you lots of time to think it over, but—well, I can get my house ready in a short time. Of course you'll have to get a trousseau, or whatever you call it. Do you think you can stand me, Alice, dear?"

"This is so sudden," half-laughed Alice. "Why, Dick dear, I hardly know what to say. Of course, it's all decided anyway, but let's surprise Harry and take it calmly. You see we got it for nothing. Harry's the loser."

"Alice, darling!"

JULIA ISABEL THOMAS.





Campus Reflection