

HISTORIC SALEM INC

25 Briggs Street

Salem, MA

Built for
Richard Savory
Cooper and wife
Betsy Lewis
1805

Researched and written by Robert Booth, assisted by Amy Kellett, Public History Services Inc.
March 2020

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Owners & Occupants

25 Briggs Street, Salem

By Robert Booth, assisted by Amy Kellett, Public History Services
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According to available evidence, this house was built as the residence of Richard Savory, cooper, and wife Betsy Lewis, in 1805.

On June 4, 1805, Mrs. Anna Briggs, widow, sold to a pair of Salem coopers, Richard Savory & Joshua Raymond, a piece of land, in area 20 poles and 107', fronting 70' on Briggs Court (now Briggs Street) and running back 79' between her land and land partly of Lewis (ED 175:291).

On this land, the coopers hired a contractor to build a double house with a partition wall; its long ends were laid up in brick. *We* know this because the Salem "Gazette" for Feb. 4, 1806, reported on Salem's brick buildings, and this one "Richard Savary's, Briggs Court," appears under the heading "buildings partly of brick" (EIHC vol. 1, 1859).

Richard Savory Jr. (1781-1869) was born in Portsmouth, NH, the son of Richard Savory. Richard had six siblings, and their mother died before 1799, when his father remarried and moved to Farmington, NH. Richard and his brother Robert had already been apprenticed to a Portsmouth or Salem cooper at that time, and evidently did not make the move. He was in Salem by 1803, when, on Sept. 11, he married Betsy Lewis. He and brother Robert did well as coopers, or barrel-makers, at a time that Salem was the most successful seaport in America-and almost everything was shipped in barrels.

Betsy Lewis was the daughter of shipwright Ebed Lewis {died 1816) and Amy Safford of Salem. As of 1804, the Ebed Lewises resided on Briggs Street {ED 175:25), just to the east, on a lot purchased from Richard Savory. Betsy's mother would die in April, 1812, aged 45; her father would die in 1816.

From the start, the Savorys occupied this westernmost of the two houses, which had a partition down the middle. On Nov. 2, 1807, the two men made a division of the property, in which Richard Savory, cooper, acquired the westerly house and other buildings on the western half of the lot (fronting 35' on the street), the whole of which lot was bounded running north 79' 8" by lands of Lewis and of Briggs, west 70' by land of Brown & sons, south 79' by land of Briggs, and east 70' by Briggs Court; and the eastern bound of said

western half of a lot is the partition wall between the two houses (ED 202:86).

Richard Savory (1781-1841), died 12 Feb. 1841. Hem. 11 Sept. 1803 Betsy Lewis (1786-1861), dtr. of Ebed Lewis & Amy/Emma Safford of Salem, died 2 Sept. 1861. Known issue, surname Savory:

1. *Emily Lewis, 1804-1874, m. 1830 Phineas Weston.*
2. *Mary, 1806, m. 1828 Joseph Hardy Millett.*
3. *Augustus, 1808-1838, m. 1829 Eliza Varney.*
4. *George, 1810, shipmaster*
5. *Elizabeth, 1813-1860, m. 1843 Benjamin Webb*
6. *Caroline, 1816-1849, m. 1846 John J. Scobie.*
7. *Sarah Ann, 1818-1864, m. 1839 Charles A. Smith*
8. *Harriet E., 1820-1877, m. Henry P. Upton*
9. *Richard F., 1823-1851, m. Elizabeth M. Lopez*
10. *Theresa M. 1825, m. 1847 Daniel R. Bowker*
11. *William T., 1827, m. Laura Deland*

Salem had grown wealthy in foreign trade since the 1780s, led forward by the merchant families. In 1806 the Derbys extended their wharf far out into the harbor, tripling its previous length. This they did to create more space for warehouses and ship-berths in the deeper water, at just about the time that the Crowninshields had built their great India Wharf at the foot of now-Webb Street. Perhaps Mr. Savory had his cooper shop on one of these wharves. The other important wharves were Forrester's (now Central, just west of Derby Wharf), and Union Wharf at the foot of Union Street; and then, father to the west, a number of smaller wharves extended into the South River (filled in during the late 1800s), all the way to the foot of Washington Street. Each had a warehouse or two, and shops for artisans (coopers, blockmakers, joiners, etc.). The waterfront between Union Street and Washington Street also had lumber yards and several ship chandleries and distilleries, with a Market House at the foot of Central Street, below the Custom House. The wharves and streets were crowded with shoppers, gawkers, hawkers, sailors, artisans ("mechanics"), storekeepers, and teamsters; and just across the way, on Stage Point along the south bank of the South River, wooden barks and brigs and ships were being built.

Salem's boom came to an end with a crash in January, 1808, when Jefferson and the Congress imposed an embargo on all shipping in hopes of forestalling war with Britain. The Embargo, which was widely opposed in New England, proved futile and nearly ruinous in Salem, where commerce ceased. As a hotbed of Democratic-Republicanism, Salem's East Parish and its seafarers, led by the Crowninshields, loyally supported the Embargo until it was lifted in

spring, 1809. Shunned by the other Salem merchants for his support of the Embargo, the eminent Billy Gray took his large fleet of ships-fully one-third of Salem's tonnage-and moved to Boston, whose commerce was thereby much augmented. He removed a large amount of Salem wealth, shipping, import-export cargos, and local employment. Gray soon switched from the Federalist party, and was elected Lt. Governor under Gov. Elbridge Gerry, a native of Marblehead. Salem resumed its seafaring commerce for three years, but still the British preyed on American shipping; and in June, 1812, war was declared against Britain.

War was not favorable to a cooper. In November, 1813, Richard Savory (wife Betsy), Salem cooper, for \$1700 sold the premises to Thomas Kast, a cooper or yeoman of Hopkinton, NH (ED 204:173). The house was evidently rented out to tenants.

Although the merchants had tried to prevent the war, when it came, Salem swiftly fitted out 40 privateers manned by Marblehead and Salem crews, who also served on U.S. Navy vessels, including the frigate Constitution. Many more local vessels could have been sent against the British, but some of the Federalist merchants held them back. In addition, Salem fielded companies of infantry and artillery. Salem and Marblehead privateers were largely successful in making prizes of British supply vessels. While many of the town's men were wounded in engagements, and some were killed, the possible riches of privateering kept the men returning to sea as often as possible. The first prizes were captured by a 30-ton converted fishing schooner, the Fame, and by a 14-ton luxury yacht fitted with one gun, the Jefferson. Of all Salem privateers, the Crowninshields' 350-ton ship America was most successful: she captured 30-plus prizes worth more than \$1,100,000.

Salem erected forts and batteries on its Neck, to discourage the British warships that cruised these waters. On land, the war went poorly for the United States, as the British captured Washington, DC, and burned the Capitol and the White House. Along the western frontier, U.S. forces were successful against their weaker opponents; and, as predicted by many, the western expansionists had their day. At sea, over time, Salem vessels were captured, and its men imprisoned or killed. After almost three years, the war was bleeding the town dry. Hundreds of Salem men and boys were in British prison-ships and at Dartmoor Prison in England.

At the Hartford Convention in 1814, New England Federalist delegates met to consider what they could do to bring the war to a close and to restore the region's commerce. Sen. Timothy Pickering of Salem led the extreme Federalists in proposing a series of demands which, if not met by the federal

government, could lead to New England's seceding from the United States; but the Pickering faction was countered by Harrison G. Otis of Boston and the Federalist moderates, who prevailed in sending a mild message to Congress,

At last, in February, 1815, peace was restored.

Mr. Kast, the owner as of 1813, never left Hopkinton evidently, and in May, 1822, for \$750 he sold the premises to Miss Sarah B. Russell of Salem (ED 229:276). Note the low price, which perhaps reflects the fall of prices in Salem as its foreign commerce faded.

Sarah B. Russell, 26, the new owner, was engaged to marry Joshua Safford, ropemaker, which she did on Oct. 6, 1822; and the house remained in their possession for many years. Perhaps Joshua Safford was a nephew of Amy (Safford) Lewis, mother of Mrs. Richard Savory.

Joshua Safford (1785-1869), b. 8 Feb. 1785, son of William Safford & Thankful Goodale of Salem, died 13 May 1869. He m. April 1815 Ann V. Prince of Beverly (d. 23 Oct. 1816). He m/2 6 Oct. 1822 Sarah B. Russell (1796-1880), dtr. of Edward Russell & Sarah McClure, died Boston 9 July 1880, aged 84.5. 0. Known issue, surname Safford:

1. *Anna Prince, c.1825, m. 1847 I. Sexton James, M.D.; missionary lost at sea off Hong Kong.*
2. *Sarah Baxter Russell, 26 Oct. 1828, m. Charles Endicott.*
3. *Elizabeth G., 1831, d. 7 Aug. 1832, aged 9 months.*
4. *Charlotte Elizabeth, 28 Jan. 1834, m. Hiram Washburn; died 18 Sept. 1896.*
5. *Caroline Baldwin, 27 April 1837, m. 1864 Hiram F. Russell, Boston dentist; d. 20 Nov. 1888 in Newton.*

Sarah Baxter Russell was the daughter of Edward Russell, an English immigrant, and Sarah McClure, originally of Boston, who married in Salem in 1792. Her father, a coaster (captain of coast-wise trading vessels), owned a house on Central Street. He died on Jan. 14, 1815 and was survived by his wife Sarah and two children; and in April, 1816, a guardian was appointed for Sarah B., then nineteen, and younger brother Edward Barker Russell (#24427). Her brother would become a mariner and move to Maine; he was in Bath, Maine, with wife Mary Jane and children in 1850; and he was in Salem in 1853 (per Directory) employed as a gum copal worker and residing at 26 Essex Street. He died in that year, and Joshua Safford, his brother-in-law, was appointed administrator of his estate and guardian of his four children, who evidently resided in Bath.

Joshua Safford (1785-1869) was born in Salem, of a Salem mother (Thankful Goodale) and a father who had come from Ipswich, William Safford. Joshua was a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, class of 1799. At thirty, in 1815, he married Anna Prince of Beverly, who died the next year. In 1817, a rope maker, he was a founding member of the Salem Mechanic Charitable Society.

Post-war, the Salem merchants rebuilt their fleet and resumed their worldwide trade, slowly at first, and then to great effect. Many new partnerships were formed. The pre-war partisan politics of the town were not resumed, as the newly powerful middle-class "mechanics" (artisans) brought about civic harmony, largely through the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association (founded 1817). Rev. William Bentley, keen observer and active citizen during Salem's time of greatest prosperity and fiercest political divisions, died at the end of 1819, the year in which a new U. S. Custom House was built on the site of the George Crowninshield mansion, at the head of Derby Wharf. Into the 1820s foreign trade continued prosperous; and new markets were opened with Madagascar (1820), which supplied tallow and ivory, and Zanzibar (1825), whence came coffee, ivory, hides, and gum copal, used to make varnish. This opened a huge and lucrative trade with East Africa in which Salem dominated.

Salem's general maritime foreign commerce fell off sharply in the late 1820s. Imports in Salem ships were supplanted by the goods now being produced in great quantities in America. The interior of the country was being opened for settlement, and some Salemites moved away. To the north, the falls of the Merrimack River powered large new textile mills (LoweU was founded in 1823), whose cotton cloth, sold at home and overseas, created great wealth for their investors; and it seemed that the tide of opportunity was ebbing away from Salem. Salem's merchants and capitalists were already prospering from ownership of an iron-products factory in Amesbury and from a textile factory they had built in Newmarket, NH, so they saw the potential of manufacturing in Salem. In 1826, in an ingenious attempt to stem the flow of talent from the town and to harness its potential water power, they formed a corporation to dam the North River for industrial power; but the attempt was abandoned in 1827, which further demoralized the town, and caused several leading citizens to move to Boston, the hub of investment in the new economy.

In 1831 (per valuation book, p. 41) this house was owned and occupied by Joshua Safford Jr. & family, and also occupied by Nicholas White and Jonathan R. Southward. Presumably Mr. Southward was the one born in 1792, a tailor, married (1819) to Margaret Brown.

In 1837 (per Salem Directory) Joshua Safford Jr. had his cordage manufactory at 44 Bridge, with house at 13 Briggs. In the middle of a blizzard in February, Mr. Safford's cordage factory (ropewalk) on Bridge Street burned down, as did William Stickney's.

Joshua Safford, out of business due to the fire, got the job as ticketmaster of the Eastern Railroad and in 1842 (per Directory) the Saffords resided on Central Street, with Mrs. Safford's mother, Mrs. Sarah Russell. At this time this house (now-#25) was rented out to cordwainer {shoemaker} Joseph Varnum (per Salem Directory, 1842). It was then numbered #13 on Briggs Street.

By 1844 (per Street Book) this house was identified as occupied by Nathaniel Holden, 35, and William Doyle ("Doil"), a young currier who would marry Elizabeth Monies in 1846. This was the beginning of a long-standing and very interesting connection of the Holden family with this house, which the Saffords would never again occupy.

Nathaniel Holden (1809-1858), a native of Marblehead, was a sailmaker, married (as of 1826 when just seventeen) to Mary Ann Brown (1805-1894) of Salem. They had children Nathaniel J., Ann E., Thomas B., and John C., born from 1827 to 1839.

Mary Ann Brown was the daughter of Thomas Brown and Elizabeth Howard (1782-1857). She was third-eldest of their eventual thirteen children. Her father was the son of a couple who resided in Hamilton; her mother was the daughter of John Howard & Jemima Ashby of Salem. John Howard had been the foremost sailmaker in the seaport.

Nathaniel Holden had left Marblehead as a boy and had been accepted as a sailmaker apprentice by John Howard of Salem, in whose family he would live for five years in the 1820s. Having mastered that trade, he decided instead to follow the sea from time to time. In 1826 he was a deckhand on board the Salem brig "Java," on a voyage to Antwerp. In September, 1830, he (described as 5' 8" with light hair) was first mate of the brig "Stork" of Salem. She departed on Sept. 30, 1830 on a voyage to Montevideo, during which he performed the heroic task (in shark-infested waters) of re-mounting the vessel's rudder after the vessel had struck a reef. His actions nearly killed him, and he never fully recovered from the strain.

Next he sailed as a seaman (5' 9", light complected) on board the brig "Neptune," departing on May 4, 1835, for the East Indies (Asia). Year-long voyages proved too hard on the family. In 1836 the Holdens moved to Marblehead, where he made one trip as a fisherman to the Grand Bank and

then opened a Marblehead sail-loft with S. A. Porter. In 1843 John Howard Jr., son of his old master, set him up in a sail-loft on Derby Wharf, where Nathaniel and his former fellow-apprentice, Thomas Oakes, carried on the business with success for the next 15 years. The Holdens evidently occupied now-#25 as their residence starting in 1843.

The Holdens were Baptists in religion, and active members of the local anti-slavery society.

Nathaniel Holden (1809-1858), son of John Holden & Mary Raymond of Marblehead, died 2 Sept. 1858. He m. 10 Aug. 1826 Mary Ann Brown (1805-1894, dtr. of Thomas Brown & Elizabeth Howard, died 9 April 1894. Known issue, surname Holden:

1. *Nathaniel Jay, 1827-1910, m. 1882 Hattie E. Richards.*
2. *Ann£., 1835, died 1855.*
3. *Thomas Brown, 1837-1901, m. 1859 Sarah £. Stone.*
4. *John Charles, 1839-1924, m. 1872 Harriet F. Fogg, m/2 1874 Lily L. Fogg.*

In 1838 the Eastern Rail Road, headquartered in Salem, began operating between Boston and Salem, which gave the local people a direct route to the region's largest market. The new railroad tracks ran right over the middle of the Mill Pond; the tunnel under Washington Street was built in 1839; and the line was extended to Newburyport in 1840.

The 1840s proved to be a decade of explosive growth in Salem's leather industry, still conducted largely as a mass-production handicraft, and its new textile manufacturing, applying leading edge machine technology.

The tanning of animal hides and curing of leather, a filthy and smelly enterprise, took place on and near Boston Street, along the upper North River. In 1844, there were 41 tanneries; a few years later, that number had doubled and in 1850 they employed 550 workers. Salem had become one of the largest leather-producers in America; and it would continue to grow in importance throughout the 1800s.

In 1847, along the inner-harbor shoreline of the large peninsula known as Stage Point, the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company completed the construction of the largest steam cotton factory building in the world, four stories high, 60' wide, 400' long, running 1700 looms and 31,000 spindles to produce millions of yards of first-quality cotton sheeting and shirting. It was immediately profitable, and 600 people found employment there, many of them living in new houses on The Point. The cotton sheeting of The Point found a ready market in East Africa, and brought about a revival of shipping,

led by the merchants David Pingree (president of the Naumkeag company) and John Bertram.

In Lynn, the factory system was perfected, and that city became the nation's leading shoe producer. Salem had shoe factories too, and attracted shoe workers from outlying towns and the countryside. Even the population changed, as hundreds of Irish families, fleeing the famine in Ireland, settled in Salem and gave the industrialists a big pool of cheap labor.

The Gothic symbol of Salem's new industrial economy was the outsized twin-towered granite-and-brick train station-the "stone depot" -smoking and growling with idling locomotives, standing on filled-in land at the foot of Washington Street, on the site of shipyards and the merchants' wharves.

In general, foreign commerce waned: in the late 1840s, giant clipper ships sailing from Boston and New York replaced the smaller vessels that Salem men had sailed around the world. The town's shipping consisted of vessels carrying coal and importing hides from Africa and Brazil, and Down East coasters with cargoes of fuel wood and lumber. A picture of Salem's waterfront is given by Hawthorne in his mean-spirited "Introduction" to *The Scarlet Letter*, which he began while working in the Custom House.

In the meantime, the owner, Joshua Safford, had carried on as a cordage manufacturer. By 1850 he had also become a representative to the legislature, with the family residing at 7 Andrew Street.

In 1850 (per census, house 188), this house was occupied by Nathaniel Holden, 44, sailmaker, wife Mary A., 48, children Nathaniel J., 24, carpenter, Anne E., 14, Thomas B., 12, and John C., ten.

Nathaniel J. Holden (1827-1910) was a graduate of Marblehead schools. He worked as a carpenter but had other ambitions, and began to prepare himself for a career in the law. He moved out, perhaps to Lynn, where he studied law in the office of William Howland. In 1855 (per census, house 401) this house was occupied by Nathaniel Holden, 48, sailmaker, Mary A., 50, her mother Elizabeth Brown, 72, Thomas B. Holden, 19, sailmaker, Charles Holden, 14; sadler Edward Read, 19, bookbinder Albert Chalk, 16, and Martha Raymond, 56. Mrs. Elizabeth (Howard) Brown died in 1857.

Nathaniel J. Holden had moved to Lynn, and in 1856 became librarian of the public library there, remaining three years in that position. He then returned to Salem and began studying the law in the office of Sidney Bancroft Esq. in Salem, and would be admitted to the bar of Essex County in 1863.

In August, 1857, the Saffords sold the property for \$1000 to their son-in-law Charles Endicott, 34, merchant of Salem (ED 557:97). Mr. Endicott (and wife Sarah 8.) sold it in June, 1858, for \$1100 to the tenant Nathaniel Holden, Salem sailmaker {ED 572:74}. The Holdens had resided here since 1843.

Joshua Safford would die on May 13, 1869, in his 84th year. He was survived by his wife Sarah and three married daughters; a fourth, Annie, who had gone out to China as a missionary with her husband Dr. James, had drowned, with him, in the sinking of a vessel off Hong Kong.

Nathaniel Holden died of heart disease on Sept. 2, 1858, aged 48, soon after purchasing this house. It was subject to a mortgage for \$800.

In 1860 (per census, house 1996), this house was occupied by Mary Ann Holden, 54, Nathaniel J., 34, student, Thomas B., 22, musician, his wife Sarah, 21 (b. NH), John C., 21, sailmaker, all attended by domestic servant Eliza Watson, 21, a native of Nova Scotia.

The Civil War began in April, 1861, and went on for four years, during which hundreds of Salem men served in the army and navy, and many were killed or died of disease or abusive treatment while imprisoned. Hundreds more suffered wounds, or broken health. The people of Salem contributed greatly to efforts to alleviate the suffering of the soldiers, sailors, and their families; and there was great celebration when the war ended in the spring of 1865.

Through the 1860s, Salem pursued manufacturing, especially of leather and shoes and textiles. The managers and capitalists tended to build their new, grand houses along Lafayette Street (these houses may still be seen, south of Holly Street; many are in the French Second Empire style, with mansard roofs). Factory workers, living in smaller houses and tenements, wanted something better for themselves: in 1864 they went on strike for higher wages and fewer hours of work.

N. J. Holden was elected a state representative in 1864 and again in 1865. In 1865 (per census, house 302) this house was occupied by Mary Ann Holden, 57, Nathaniel J. Holden, 37, lawyer, and J. Charles Holden, 26, conductor on the horse railway; also by two other families: William Perkins, 43, pattern-maker, wife Hannah and two children, and William Chase, 60, laborer, wife Elizabeth, 49, and daughter Almira, 18.

Nathaniel J. Holden was a director of the Salem Lyceum starting 1868 and for the rest of his life (President starting in 1891). In 1869 and 1870 he was elected to the State Senate as a Republican. Among other duties, he chaired the Judiciary Committee, and he was primarily responsible for winning citizenship status for the Gay Head Indian tribe.

In 1870 (per census, house 247), this house was occupied by Nathaniel J. Holden, 42, lawyer (\$5000 in r.e., \$1000 in p.e.), and mother Mrs. Mary Ann Holden, 63, keeping house.

In March, 1872, the widow of Nathaniel, Mrs. Mary Ann Holden, for \$1100 sold the premises to her son, Nathaniel J. Holden of Salem (ED 851:153). He had already (in 1868) bought the other house attached to this one.

N. J. Holden continued with his government and legal career. He was thrice elected Master in Chancery for the County; and in 1874 was appointed a Trial Justice of Juvenile and District Courts. Often he was selected as a special commissioner for insolvency.

In 1870 Salem received its last cargo from Zanzibar. By then, a new Salem & New York freight steamboat line was in operation. Seven years later, with the arrival of a vessel from Cayenne, Salem's foreign trade came to an end. After that, "the merchandise warehouses on the wharves no longer contained silks from India, tea from China, pepper from Sumatra, coffee from Arabia, spices from Batavia, gum-copal from Zanzibar, hides from Africa, and the various other products of far-away countries. The boys have ceased to watch on the Neck for the incoming vessels, hoping to earn a reward by being the first to announce to the expectant merchant the safe return of his looked-for vessel. The foreign commerce of Salem, once her pride and glory, has spread its white wings and sailed away forever" (Rev. George Bachelder in *History of Essex County*, II: 65).

Salem continued to prosper in the 1870s, carried forward by the leathermaking business. In 1874 the city was visited by a tornado and shaken by a minor earthquake. In the following year, the large Pennsylvania Pier (site of the present coal-fired harborside electrical generating plant) was completed to begin receiving large shipments of coal, most of it shipped by rail to the factories on the Merrimack. In the neck of land beyond the Pier, a new owner began subdividing the old Allen farmlands into a development called Salem Willows and Juniper Point. In the U. S. centennial year, 1876, A. G. Bell of Salem announced that he had discovered a way to transmit voices over telegraph wires.

In this decade, large numbers of French-Canadian families came to work in Salem's mills and factories, and more houses and tenements were built. The better-off workers bought portions of older houses or built small homes for their families in the outlying sections of the city; and by 1879 the Naumkeag Steam Cotton mills would employ 1500 people (including hundreds of children) and produce annually nearly 15 million yards of cloth. Shoemanufacturing businesses expanded in the 1870s, and 40 shoe factories were employing 600-plus operatives. Tanning, in both Salem and Peabody, remained a very important industry, and employed hundreds of breadwinners. On Boston Street in 1879, the Arnold tannery caught fire and burned down.

In 1880 (per census, house 293) this house was occupied by Nathaniel J. Holden, 51, lawyer, and mother Mrs. Mary Ann Holden, 74, keeping house.

In June, 1882, Nathaniel J. Holden, Esq., 55, married Hattie Estelle Richards, 25, a native of Baltimore (of Mass. parents) in South Walpole. They resided here in Salem, and would have three children. Estelle died of cholera in 1883. Florence E. (b. 1884) and Sidney Howard (b. 1887) lived well into adulthood. Judge Holden presided over several municipal and county conventions. He was a long-time member of the Starr King Lodge of the Masons.

In the summer of 1886, the Knights of Labor brought a strike against the manufacturers for a ten-hour day and other concessions: but the manufacturers imported labor from Maine and Canada, and kept going. The strikers held out, and there was violence in the streets, and even rioting; but the owners prevailed, and many of the defeated workers lost their jobs and suffered, with their families, through a bitter winter.

By the mid-1880s, Salem's cotton-cloth mills at the Point employed 1400 people who produced about 19 million yards annually, worth about \$1.5 million. The city's large shoe factories stood downtown behind the stone depot and on Dodge and Lafayette Streets. A jute bagging company prospered with plants on Skerry Street and English Street; its products were sent south to be used in cotton-baling. Salem factories also produced lead, paint, and oil. At the Eastern Railroad yard on Bridge Street, cars were repaired and even built new. In 1887 the streets were first lit with electricity, replacing gas-light. The gas works, which had stood on Northey Street since 1850, was moved to a larger site on Bridge Street in 1888, opposite the Beverly Shore.

On the evening of April 9, 1894, Mrs. Mary Ann (Brown) Holden died at home here, in her 90th year. She had been a member of the Central Baptist Church since her youth; and she was remembered as "a woman of many excellent

traits (who) endeared herself to many." She "retained her faculties until the last." (per Salem Evening News obituary, 10 April 1894).

In 1900 (per census, h. 256) Judge N. J. Holden resided here, aged 73, with wife Hattie, 42, and children Florence, 15, and Sidney H., 12. The house was numbered 25 Briggs Street, having had other numbers in the preceding decades.

Judge Nathaniel J. Holden spent his last years, outside of his legal duties, with his family and in literary pursuits. He was "a thorough scholar and student, and had a fine collection of rare and curious books, and especially of illustrated books of all kinds, which he was gathering for many years. He devoted much time to the study of local history, more particularly as relates the old houses of Salem, upon which he wrote very interestingly." He died on Jan. 2, 1910, in his 63rd year (see obituary from Monday, Jan. 3, 1910, Salem Evening News, from which other information him was taken). The next day, Mayor Arthur P. Howard took office.

In 1910, the house became associated with one of the most remarkable political events in Salem's history: the election of Arthur P. Howard as Mayor. In one year, Mr. Howard had gone from an indigent stranger in the city, jailed for alleged libels in the scrappy newspaper he published (The Salem Despatch) to a reform candidate for Mayor, and overwhelming election to the city's highest office. He was of the same Howard family that had once employed Nathaniel Holden as a sailmaker, and to which Nathaniel's wife was related. Mayor Howard, 40, resided here at #25, and his private secretary was none other than Sidney Howard Holden, then 22 (see appended materials). Mr. Howard, who ran a fudge parlor on Church Street and on Essex Street. He declined to run again, but served as alderman; then he tried to recapture the Mayor's chair in 1911, but failed. He remained in Salem through 1915, then went to Burlington, Vermont, and started another newspaper. Eventually he moved to New York City; and he died in New Haven, Conn., on Jan. 10, 1920, as a consequence of an operation in the hospital (see appended article).

In 1910 the census-taker found this house (#246, ward two) occupied by Hattie E. Holden, 52, widow, her daughter Florence, 25, stenographer, her son Sidney H., 22, private secretary to the Mayor, and Arthur P. Howard, 40, Mayor of Salem.

Salem kept growing. The Canadians were followed in the early 20th century by large numbers of Polish and Ukrainian families, who settled primarily in the Derby Street neighborhood, and by Sicilians, in the High Street neighborhood. By the eve of World War One, the bustling, polyglot city

supported large department stores and factories of every description. People from the surrounding towns, and Marblehead in particular, came to Salem to do their shopping; and its handsome government buildings, as befit the county seat, were busy with conveyances of land, lawsuits, and probate proceedings. The city's politics were lively, and its economy was strong.

On June 25, 1914, in the morning, in Blubber Hollow (Boston Street at Proctor), a fire started in small wooden shoe factory. This fire soon raced out of control, for the west wind was high and the season had been dry. Out of Blubber Hollow the fire roared easterly, a monstrous front of flame and smoke, wiping out the houses of Boston Street, Essex Street, and upper Broad Street, and then sweeping through Hathorne, Winthrop, Endicott, and other residential streets. Men and machines could not stop it: the enormous fire crossed over into South Salem and destroyed the neighborhoods west of Lafayette Street, then devoured the mansions of Lafayette Street itself, and raged onward into the tenement district of The Point. Despite the combined efforts of heroic fire crews from many towns and cities, the fire overwhelmed everything in its path: the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company factory complex exploded in an inferno. At Derby Street, just beyond Union, after a 13-hour rampage, the monster died, having consumed 250 acres, 1600 houses, and 41 factories, and leaving three dead and thousands homeless. Some people had insurance, some did not; all received much support and generous donations from all over the country and the world. It was one of the greatest urban disasters in the history of the United States, and the people of Salem would take years to recover from it. Eventually, they did, and many of the former houses and businesses were rebuilt; and several urban-renewal projects (including Hawthorne Boulevard, which involved removing old houses and widening old streets) were put into effect.

In April, 1918, Mrs. Hattie E. Holden and her offspring Florence and Sidney sold the premises to Thomas F. Cronan of Salem (ED 2388:162). The land was bounded as before, 35' on Briggs Street, running back 79' deep.

Mr. Cronan (1860-1923), a contractor, resided with his family at 6 Lemon Street. He purchased #27 Briggs as well. He died on Nov. 12, 1923. The executors of his will sold the premises for \$8400 (subject to \$3800 mortgage) to Laura M Larivee of Salem (ED 2592:526).

Salem's tercentenary in 1926 was a time-of great celebration. The Depression hit in 1929, and continued through the 1930s. Salem, the county seat and regional retail center, gradually rebounded.

Salem prospered after World War II through the 1950s and into the 1960s. General Electric, Sylvania, Parker Brothers, Pequot Mills (formerly Naumkeag

Steam Cotton Co.), Almy's and Newmark's and Webber's department stores, various other retailers, and Beverly's United Shoe Machinery Company were all major local employers.

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ESTATE

Household Furniture & apparel, — 72.00
 Cash and notes of hand on hand, — 1103.74
 1/2 of Stock Tools & appurtenances of Sail Sift,
 of the firm of Holden and Cutler, } 500.00
 1/3 of Store Nos 5, 6, 7, Dryly Wharf; the same
 not including the same under it; } 198.00
 2/3 of Sail Boat Gipsy, of Salem, — 14.66
 One Pew (No 57) in Central Baptist Church — 50.00
 1/2 of whole amount of bills and assets of
 and belonging to the firm of Holden
 and Cutler the same being subject
 to the unliquidated debts of firm } 2000.00
 \$ 3715.40

INTESTATE (W), _____, ilc, c.; ~; : (:) _ f~2c;ec ..

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*House and Land, over and above sundry
situated on Biggs St, Salem, (Mass) = \$ 300.00*

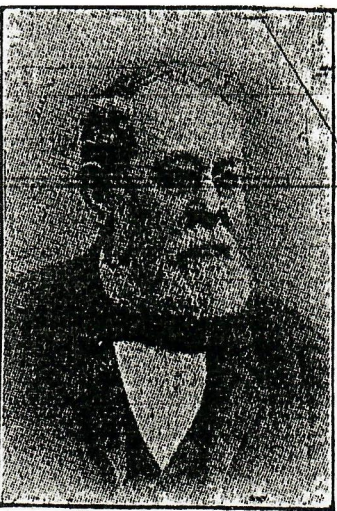
JUDGE NATHANIEL J. HOLDEN DIED AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

IN HIS EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR

WAS FIRST LIBRARIAN OF THE LYNN PUBLIC LIBRARY, THEN STUDIED AND BECAME A LAWYER, SERVED IN BOTH HOUSES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE, AND WAS MADE ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE FIRST DISTRICT COURT IN 1874.

Nathaniel J. Holden, associate Justice of the First District Court, died at his home, 25 Bridge street, to Saturday, after a brief illness. He was 83 years old. He was the cousin of Mayor-elect Arthur F. Howard.

Mr. Holden was one of the public men of Salem who were elected to the house of representatives by the Republicans of Salem, and in 1869 and 1870 they sent him to the senate, where he was esteemed for his good judgment and industry in connection with all matters that came before him. He served as chairman of the committee on judiciary with marked ability, and was in other important committees. When, in 1874, the First District court of Essex was established, Mr. Holden was appointed second special justice, and when Judge Osgood resigned and Justice Safford was made Judge of the court, Judge Holden was promoted to be first associate, a position which he held at the time of his death. Judge Holden was several times elected a special commissioner of insolvency for Essex county.



JUDGE NATHANIEL J. HOLDEN.

The judge never held local offices, although he often took an active part in movements for good city governments, and many times presided over municipal and county conventions. He took but little active interest in politics of late years, devoting his time to his profession and to more congenial literary pursuits. He was a thorough scholar and student, and had a fine collection of rare and curious books, and especially of illustrated books of all kinds, which he was gathering for many years. He devoted much time to the study of local history, more particularly as relates to the old houses of Salem, upon which he wrote very interestingly.

Judge Holden was for many years an active member of Starr King lodge, F. & A. M., and in consideration of his long service to the order was a few years ago made an honorary member of the lodge. He leaves a widow and one son, Sidney H. Holden, and a daughter.

A GREAT SOPRANO ENTERS THE FIELD

Mary Lasalle of Chicago Promises to Eclipse Even the Famous Nellie Melba ABROAD FOR STUDY

New York, Jan. 1.—If the world's greatest grand opera singers themselves are good judges, it is a Chicago girl where Mary Garden and Tetrizini wouldn't sing because the weather effected their delicate throats who is destined to become the world's greatest soprano.

When Riccardo Martin of Hopkinsville, Ky., the great tenor with the Metropolitan Opera company of New York was in Chicago recently, he was asked to pronounce judgment on the voice of Mary Lasalle, a beautiful orphan girl, 23 years old, whose father had died a few months previously in Beatrice, Neb. Martin agreed and at the end declared the girl had the most wonderful voice he had ever heard.

He urged her to come to New York, to let other singers hear her. Without a penny the girl came. Gulleratti, Cazzussa, Alessandro Boner and a dozen of the finest singers of the Metropolitan went into raptures over her voice. They declared that she had the most marvellous soprano voice in the world, even exceeding the natural voice of Nellie Melba.

The management and social supporters of the opera heard her, and immediately raised several thousand dollars to send her to Europe, where she will, for a year, study under Maestro Lombardi. The girl was a chorus singer in a musical comedy, three months ago.

So great is her voice that the management of the Metropolitan Opera company has already tendered her a contract to become one of the star sopranos of that organization as soon as her year of study has ended. Miss Lasalle is slightly above medium height, dark, slender and especially pretty. She will sail for Europe Jan. 23, and study in Florence, Italy.

MAYOR HOWARD

In my determined purpose at the end of my official year to lay down the trust with a proud consciousness through no act or omission of mine has a blemish come upon the name of this our city. In general terms it may be said that the chief discredit in the public affairs of this city is the result of a charter that permit of secrecy in the administration of public affairs. Committees may meet in secret, great hearings, deliberate in secret, in secret and appropriate motions secret. Publicity in public affairs is a guarantee of honesty, and is the sure mother of political corruption.

Now, at the outset of my administration, I renew the pledges during the campaign, to admit public affairs publicly. There shall be no secrecy in the proceedings of committees of which I am a member. Public records and public documents will be at all times accessible to the public, to the extent that power vested in me can make, and I will sign no warrants for arrest until an opportunity for public inspection has been afforded. And gentlemen, I ask and shall expect co-operation and the cooperation of the heads of departments and of the entire official personnel to that the fame of Salem, as the governed city in the country, extend throughout the land. It is conceded that the problem of municipal government is a big problem and that partisanship has no place in the administration of



J. CLIFFORD ENTWISTLE, City Clerk, Who Had Charge of Exercises.

affairs; and it shall be my endeavor to make the administration of I am the head, absolutely non-partisan, and strictly business-like, in view only the best interests of the people. It is not to be expected that, at this time, I shall make a full and complete outline of my policy for the year, but certain recommendations that I may now present. In the first place, it shall be my earnest endeavor to procure for the people of this community proper representation from the various public corporations upon which we

AGAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT

Nellie Bly, Former Newspaper Woman, In Contest For Husband's Estate

THE DAUGHTERS SHARE

Cal., Jan. 1.—Mrs. Robert Seaman, one of the best woman reporters in America, who, as Nellie Bly, sprang into additional fame a number of years ago by a record-breaking trip around the world, is at going to enter into possession of the vast estate left her by her husband without a contest.

Rolla J. Hough, attorney for Mrs. Elizabeth Seaman Jones and Mrs. Emma Seaman Bennett, daughters of Robert Seaman by his first wife, left for New York today to begin a fight on behalf of the daughters for a share of the father's millions, left to their stepmother.

The daughters will base the contest on the allegation that their father was mentally incompetent at the time he made the will and that he was unduly influenced by his wife. The will was made while Seaman was

NEW YEAR OPENS ENCOURAGINGLY

Payne Tariff Law Appears to Be Fulfilling Expectations As to Revenues.

DEFICIT DECREASING

Washington, Jan. 1.—Treasury officials were much encouraged, with the opening of the new year, owing to the fact that for the first time

STEAMER ROOST SHAFT AT SEA

Clyde Liner Algonquin Disabled in Blizzard Off the North Carolina Coast.

NEWS BY WIRELESS

New York, Jan. 1.—Wireless messages received today by the United Wireless company tell the story of the breaking down at sea of the

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Justice of the First District Court,
F. died at his home, 25 Bridge street,
to Saturday, after a brief illness. In
the his 83 years. He was the cousin of
the oath of office to his cousin, J. J.
Mayor-elect Arthur F. Howard next
Monday.
Judge Holden was one of the public
men of Salem who were elected to the
house of representatives by the Republi-
cans of Salem, and in 1869 and 1870
they sent him to the senate, where he
was esteemed for his good judgment
and industry in connection with all
matters that came before him. He
served as chairman of the committee
on judiciary with marked ability, and
was in other important committees.
When, in 1874, the First District court
of Essex was established, Mr. Holden
was appointed second special justice,
and when Judge Osgood resigned and
Justice Safford was made Judge of the
court, Judge Holden was promoted to
be first associate, a position which he
held at the time of his death. Judge
Holden was several times elected a
special commissioner of insolvency for
Essex county.
The judge never held local offices,
although he often took an active part
in movements for good city govern-
ments, and many times presided over
municipal and county conventions.
He took but little active interest in
politics of late years, devoting his
time to his profession and to more
congenial literary pursuits. He was
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MAYOR ARTHUR HOWARD OF SALEM

A Tale of Romance in Modern Politics

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON AND FRED HARRIS THOMPSON'

IN generations to come, along with the historic tales of gallant seacaptains quaint mansions, old-fashioned gardens, and witches, there will be handed down in the annals of the famous old New England town of Salem the story of how one Arthur Howard came here in 1908, friendless, penniless, unknown, started a newspaper that was regarded as a joke, and in less than a twelve month rode off on a broomstick with the mayoralty election to the amazement of everyone. It will be told how he set up in an old paint-shop a ramshackle foot-power printing press that sometimes wouldn't print, struggled day after day to get out an edition of twenty-five copies that people didn't buy, pawned his coat to raise money for paper, often went hungry, and then became famous when Salem politicians had him arrested for criminal libel because he attacked them with a caustic pen. Sitting in Cell 45 in the Essex County jail, he announced his candidacy for mayor and continued to write humorously sarcastic editorials which were set up and published by the faithful printer, his only assistant, whose onerous duties included every department from managing editor to printer's devil. Then released on bail put up by a wealthy friend won by his fearless attacks on the conduct of the city affairs, Howard launched a spectacular, unprecedented campaign. Without spending a cent himself he forced his four opponents to the mayoralty to spend money like water, and at the election received such an avalanche of votes that the other candidates were completely buried. While Fickle Fortune, smiling at last upon the man with whom she had

played so tantalizingly and so long, heaped fame, honor, and riches, upon him all in one brief day. For the very day after election, Howard's father, president of the jewelry house of Bowan! & Company, Fifth Avenue, New York, died and left his son some money. Though Howard was a stranger in Salem till 1908, his paternal ancestors were among its earliest settlers. They took a prominent part in the development of the community. Many streets, churches, a library, and a graveyard are named after them. His grandfather, fourth removed, was John Howard, who was born in Marblehead in 1755, and died in Salem in his ninety-fourth year. This John Howard served in both the army and navy during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards became a sailmaker in Salem. He founded the Salem Insurance Company and was the original subscriber to the levelling of the Common. He served as a representative to the General Court in 1817, and was selectman from 1819 to 1822. He organized the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association and became its first president. His picture now hangs in the rooms of that society. John Howard was a warden of St. Peter's Church, and one of the bells there was given in his memory. Howard Street is named after him, and he was buried in the Howard Street Cemetery. When he died he was the last man in Salem to wear a queue, knee breeches, and the silver shoe buckles on the old-fashioned costumes.

John Howard's father was Joseph Howard, who is described in the archives of Salem as being "a man of character and judgment, of wealth and learning,

and a linguist familiar with seven languages, the merchants of Salem being accustomed to go to him for the translation of their foreign letters."

Joseph Howard's father was Abraham Howard, a merchant *of* London, England, and descended from the Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Duke of England.

Mayor Arthur Howard's father, Joseph Platt Howard, was born in Amherst, Mass., 77 years ago, and going to New York City when young built up a great jewelry business. His mother came from Nantucket Island, her maiden name being Andrews. She was descended from one of the original settlers of the island.

Mr. Howard's paternal grandfather was Dr. Joseph Howard, who was born in Salem in 1807, and who was a schoolmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His greatgreat-grandfather was Joseph Howard, an old shipping merchant, born in Salem in 1780.

Howard's own story runs like a romance. He was born in Brevoort place, Washington Square, New York City, December 16, 186g. As the son of a wealthy man he received his early education in a private school. He had as his schoolmates the sons of many wealthy New York merchants.

He left school when he was but 15 years of age and entered his father's employ at the latter's Fifth Avenue establishment. At the age of twentythree he was married and has one daughter now about sixteen years old.

Leaving his father's firm he founded the firm of Arthur Howard Company, Shipping Agents, which business was conducted *by* him for two years. **H**e then engaged in the manufacture of silverware and novelties, in which business he remained two years. He then returned to Howard & Company, remaining ten years with his father's firm.

In the course of his varied enterprises Howard constantly visited Europe. He had a wide acquaintance both in England and on the Continent. In 1906 he established the Arthur Howard Company of London, Shipping Agents, a clearing house for American jewelry firms. The panic of 1907 broke him. Mrs. Howard and their daughter began travelling in

Europe.

Howard came back to the States, *al-*most penniless; and unable to secure assistance started to make his own way. Lacking three years of 40, Dr. Osier's age limit of human usefulness, Arthur Howard resolved to begin life over again at the foot of the ladder.

He had been all over Europe, and spoke French so well that in France he passed for a Frenchman unchallenged. So when he heard that his cousin "Joe" Howard, the journalist, author of the famous "Howard Letters" was dead, Arthur Howard came to Boston and applied for a position with one of the newspapers for which "Joe" Howard had written.

Without any newspaper experience Howard was promptly turned down. He ran up to Salem, the home of his ancestors which he had never before visited, to take advantage of the opportunity to call upon Judge Holden, a distant relative, the oldest court justice in Essex county.

Upon the impulse of a chance'remark during that conversation, Howard resolved to start a newspaper of his own in Salem. "If they don't think I know enough about the newspaper business to get a job, I'll start a paper of my own and show them," he told his new-found relative.

Without a penny of backing, and with only the prospect of an income of a few dollars a week from the wreck of his fortune, Howard leased an old, twostory shed on Central street, which had been built for a paint-shop. He bought on credit a second-hand, foot-power printing press that was about to be consigned to the junk dealer. He picked up some job lots of type, some odd sizes of print paper, a broken deal table, a dictionary and a rickety chair, and founded the "Salem Morning Dispatch."

Howard found a clever young printer without a job, but with plenty of sporting blood, and together they managed to issue on the morning of October 24, a year and a half ago, an edition of twenty-five copies. Nobody in-icated any desire to purchase a copy of the "Salem Morning Dispatch," **at the** market price of one cent, so Howard went out

on the street and gave them away like handbills.

He went among the merchants of Salem soliciting advertisements for his newspaper, and they laughed at him. He put his advertising rates at such a tempting figure that the little business he did manage to pick up filled most of his single sheet newspaper without bringing him any more than enough to pay for the print paper itself.

Sometimes the foot-power printing press refused to print, and Howard and his printer struggled for hours to get out a few dozen copies. They would have to take each copy afterwards and go over it with ink to fill in missing spaces where letters had failed to print.

Frequently after Howard had sat up most of the night, in the little stall he had partitioned off with rough, unplanned boards in one corner of the paint-shop loft, writing the copies for the next day's "Despatch," his assistant, grimed with the labor of sorting pied type, would rush in and announce they would fix up something else because there were not n's, or e's, or a's enough to set up what the perspiring editor had so laboriously composed.

The day before Christmas, 1808, Howard had just seventy cents. His assistant had thirty cents. They had to spend eighty cents of their combined wealth to get enough paper to issue the next edition of the "Despatch," and they went to bed supperless Christmas Eve.

When they arose Christmas morning, hungry, with only a dime apiece, Howard felt his first serious doubts about the financial prospects of the newspaper business. They had a long, careful discussion, and finally decided beans would be the most filling and lasting food that could be obtained for ten cents.

One dime went for beans for breakfast. They had no dinner. The other dime went for more beans for supper. They got up the next morning "dead broke," but managed to sell enough newspapers to change their diet of beans for something more substantial.

Howard then evolved a scheme which, he admits, still sends a glow of pride through his veins when he thinks of it.

He took a room at the Bullard House and when his board bill became due he published a handsome advertisement of the hostelry in lieu of cash. Matters went along finely at first, but presently he found it took a lot of space to pay for breakfast. A full dinner required the better part of a column, and to settle up for the week's board crowded out most of the editorials.

Although far from being a religious crank Howard found a great deal of enjoyment—"Inspiration" he calls it—reading the Bible. About this time he had succeeded in getting some of his supplies on credit.

The Salem citizens were getting interested and advertisements picking up.

One of the merchants came in several times to collect a bill which Howard couldn't raise money enough to pay, although it was but a small amount. "My friend," he told the merchant, "if you will go home and read verse 26 of the 18th chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew, you will find my answer." The merchant went home and found this: "and his fellow servant besought him saying, 'have patience and I will pay thee all.'"

This merchant thought it over, studied his Bible, and the next day called at the paint-shop again. He asked Howard to read the 8th verse of the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Howard looked it up and read: "The same yesterday, today, and forever."

The struggling editor hustled around to secure another advertisement and promptly settled.

It was last spring that the tide really began to turn. It was then Howard met Herman F. Curtis, a young Salem man of good family, who also had had a disastrous business experience and was looking for a new sphere of activity. Together they decided politics was what the columns of the "Salem Morning Despatch" needed to make the paper a paying proposition.

Until then Howard had modelled his publication somewhat upon the literary lines of Addison's "Spectator," not deeming it necessary that a local newspaper should publish any "news," and so composing "highbrow literature," as he

called it, for his columns.

Always feeling a penchant for literature, Howard had during his business career written a number of books, several of which sold successfully. Among them were "Shakespeare for the Unsophisticated," "Grandmother's Cookbook," "The X Y Z of Wall Street," "Animals That I Have Met," "The Girl From Boston," "Raising the Dickens," "The Cure for Insomnia," and others of a humorous nature.

Curtis went to City Hall, made friends with the politicians and renewed his friendship with some of them. Not realizing his intentions, they talked rather freely. Curtis reported to Howard, who also had been doing some quiet sleuthing, and together they composed the "Despatch's" first "graft expose," the articles which have now boosted the circulation from 67 to 5000, the size of the election day edition.

This in a city of 38,000 inhabitants, already with one newspaper, the "Salem Evening News," a one-cent, twelve-page, eight-column paper with a news franchise and universally popular.

The "Despatch" had no news franchise because its proprietor couldn't afford to pay the price. It was a single sheet paper with only four pages, and about the size of the ordinary weekly.

When the first "expose" was ready for publication Howard found he had no large size type for the "scare head" he considered called for, and so he scraped together a dollar, car fare to Boston and back, and hustled to the Hub to buy big type enough to set up the headline he had composed.

That edition of the "Despatch" sold like the proverbial hot cakes. The newsdealers who had refused before to have it on their counters, rushed up to the printshop and begged for copies. The old foot-power press contracted a bad attack of asthma and dry heaves under the muscular assaults of the staff of the "Despatch," which now comprised three members, in their strenuous endeavor to run off extras.

Howard and Curtis had another "expose" ready for the next edition, but when it came to setting up the headline

they had to sit up all night working over the big type like a picture puzzle, trying to compose an appropriate headline with the few letters available in their type cases.

It is related in this connection that when Howard had written a particularly vicious attack upon a certain politician, whose connection with a city deal looked rather shady, the printer rushed in to tell him he couldn't set it up because there were too many N's in the politician's name. Howard thought it over, remembered there was another politician concerned in the same affair whose name

•was spelled with less N's, and the substitution was made.

This man, an office holder for 18 years and rather illiterate, was despised by many citizens, but none had sufficient courage or energy to attack him. The misfortune of not having N's enough to set up the first name turned out to be a real fortune-for Howard-as his final selection of the other victim was so popular he at once became a sort of hero with some citizens.

In the course of his City Hall disclosures, Howard had occasion to find fault with a number of deals in which Alderman Michael Doyle was implicated. He

alleged the Salem Theatre people had been unable to connect with the city sewer because their basement was so low, that an order had been put through the city council requiring the lowering of the city sewer in an entire street fronting the theatre at an expense of thousands of dollars, following which Doyle received a job taking tickets at the door at \$18 per week, although a boy usually does such work for about \$4 per week. Doyle's nephew was engaged to play the piano in the theatre.

Alderman Doyle had Howard arrested for criminal libel on Saturday afternoon, at such a time that it was very probable the editor would have to spend Sunday like common drunks in a cell. But Judge Sears, who was presiding that day, allowed Howard to go until Monday on his own recognizance.

He produced a plea, written by himself, and asked to be allowed to go without bail when he was finally arraigned. That



MAYOR HOWARD AT THE DOOR OF HIS PRINTING OFFICE

document was considered such a model of legal excellence and rhetoric that it was copied by seventy-four newspapers in the United States.

The plea was denied, and not desiring to obligate himself to anyone, Howard declined a number of offers of bail and went to jail. For three days he edited his paper from Cell 45. Then contracting a severe attack of rheumatism, he

consented to be bailed out. Four weeks after, his rival, Robin Damon, had him arrested for libel and he was bailed out again. The man that went on the bond, a liquor dealer named Hagerty, was so notorious that Howard's enemies, including the Salem Evening News, viciously attacked him.

Hagerty promptly issued a statement declaring that anyone who was an enemy

of Robin Damon, owner of the News, was a friend of his, and although he expected Howard might some day want to attack him, he had signed the bail bond because Damon was responsible for the editor's arrest.

Howard said he consented to Hagerty's assistance because he felt sure the man could have no axe to grind. Curtis was also arrested and bailed out by his brother.

This occurred eight months ago. Howard at once became famous. He announced his candidacy for mayor and as soon as he got out of jail he registered as a voter in Salem so as to be eligible. He is still under indictment, however, and is expected to go on trial at the next sitting of the Superior Court. Salem faces the possibility of having her affairs conducted from the county jail, in case the jury decides against her interesting editor-mayor.

"An honest mayor in jail is better than a crooked politician at liberty any day," announced Howard, and kept busily at work on his campaign.

About this time he published an article concerning three McSweeney brothers. He said Morgan McSweeney, a republican and member of the liquor commission under Mayor John Hurley, William McSweeney, democrat, alderman and a candidate for mayor, and P. A. McSweeney, independent and insurance and bond agent, were "shaking down" the applicants for liquor licenses to their own considerable profit. He charged that when an applicant went to Morgan McSweeney for a license, he was required to retain Brother Bill as counsel and go to Brother P. A. to obtain his bond. This article, entitled "Both Ends and the Middle," resulted in so severe a beating from the infuriated P. A. McSweeney,

a powerful man six feet tall. that the editor was obliged to go away for a week in order to recuperate sufficiently to appear in public again on the stump. Nevertheless, though McSweeney was very friendly with the men who were prosecuting Howard for libel, the latter refused to prosecute him saying that the man had merely allowed his temper to gain the better of his self-control. This

incident alone won Howard many votes.

A few days before election Howard and Curtis together composed one of the most remarkable campaign-songs ever sung in America,-a real classic in that form of "literature." It was published in the "Despatch" and sung about the streets by enthusiastic citizens as the battle hymn of the Reform Candidate. If it were not so long, it might with interest be quoted here.

During those last few days there was more demonstration and excitement, a more general arousing of the citizens than has occurred in that staid old Puritan city since the Revolution, or, perhaps, as some insist, since the time of Cotton Mather and the dreaded witches. Finally came the election, with an overwhelming majority in favor of Arthur Howard.

Early in the evening when the returns began to indicate the landslide in the Reform Candidate's favor, the younger voters went wild with enthusiasm. They hired a brass band, impressed automobiles, and abducting Howard from the paint-shop where he was preparing to get out an "extra," they paraded him through the streets before the admiring multitude.

There was a sad note, however, in all the cheering and enthusiasm with which the populace hailed the election returns, for Howard had received a telegram from New York that day, summoning him to the death-bed of his father. He was followed to the railroad station by the most enthusiastic crowd ever seen in the city, thousands who were all fighting for a chance to shake hands with the man from whom a few weeks before they would not as much as purchase a penny paper. It was with difficulty that he got away from them and into his train. He reached New York just too late to receive his father's blessing and ten him of his having succeeded at last; his father had died. Howard got back to Salem two days later to find money showering into his little paint-shop newspaper office from merchants eager to get a few lines, at least, of advertising into his now famous paper. He rushed an order off for modern linotype machines, printing presses, and is making plans to renovate the old

building where he began so humbly a year ago, into a modern newspaper office.

Howard does not look like a mayor, nor yet like an editor. He looks more like a travelling salesman. He is tall and slight, not at all strong physically, but his face makes up for any deficiency in that respect. It is that of a fighter. The clear gray eyes are level and seem to see through the man with whom he may be talking. In the corners of the eyes are the footprints of Howard's ever ready smile, for he does not make the mistake of taking life too seriously. He even jokes about his fight for the mayoralty, "Running for mayor," says he, "is like being seasick. When a man's seasick, he is afraid at first he's going to die, and at the last of it he's afraid he won't die. When I announced myself a candidate I was afraid I wouldn't win, and the last of it I was afraid I would."

A platform as unique as his career was announced by the editor-mayor when he was met by an interviewer, as he was returning from his father's funeral.

"There are several things which it won't do to talk about until I am ready to put in practice," said he, "but for one thing I am going to publish in full every bill against the city which is presented to me for approval. They will be published in my paper, where every citizen can see what Salem is asked to pay for, by whom, and how much.

"And I am going to see what can be done about removing the present excise commissioners," continued the mayorelect. "I have found the mayor has power to remove them if they dabble in politics. I am going to see the three commissioners right away. If they refuse to resign, I think I will have no trouble in removing them.

"My idea of a License Commission is a board composed of one representative business man, one laboring man, and one Frenchman. Out of the thirty-seven licenses granted by the present commission only one was given to a Frenchman, which I consider very unfair to the large French population of Salem.

"It was our French citizens that helped a lot in my election. This is where I had the bulge on the four other candi-

dates. They couldn't speak French. I can. I addressed the French citizens in their own language and it made a hit with them. So they voted for me.

"One of my first official acts will be to remove City Marshal. Joseph W. Dane. The mayor has the authority both of nominating and removing the city marshal. I think that one of the things that defeated Mayor Hurley was his retention of Dane in office.

"I shall ask each of the aldermen to name a candidate for city marshal, and I shall select one of them. If at any time any two aldermen bring me a complaint against the man I select I shall at once prefer charges against him.

"I intend to combine efficiency with economy, honesty with politics, and give Salem the best administration next year that the city ever had. If I don't make good it won't be my fault. In my inaugural address I shall call attention to twenty-five improvements that can be made under the existing city ordinances in the conduct of city affairs."

Howard also announced that he would devote all his salary as mayor to the fund for playgrounds for children in Salem. But his enemies were still abroad and very busy. A disinterested spectator may well suggest that he should not have made public his charitable design, for this was the first of his cherished plans that enemies undertook to thwart. Among the bitter exigencies of the preceding twelve months, several bills had accrued -for printing and for board. At the instigation of hostile politicians, an attachment was forthwith placed upon his salary, so that for the first time in the history of New England it is said, perhaps in the history of our whole country, a mayor could not touch a penny of the money his city owed him until his creditors had been appeased. Having accomplished this bit of strategy, they next proceeded to win over the man who had so eagerly offered surety for the harrassed editor last fall, Daniel P. Hagerty taking advantage of the present critical period while his father's estate is being settled. At the close of March, Mayor Howard's secretary was astonished at receiving notice to the effect that Hagerty

would surrender the mayor to custody unless new bondsmen were secured before the following Saturday night. This fact quickly became known in the city, and there ensued another of the thrilling developments of this remarkable story. The women of Salem did not propose that their mayor should go to jail again. Without intimating their plan to the mayor, or indeed to anyone, they hastily canvassed the city for one-dollar subscriptions to the necessary fund. Miss Charlotte Fairfield, the coal dealer who recently made a plucky and famous fight against the Salem coal trust, was in charge, and the club members, society women, and leaders in the best feminine influences of Salem,—among them Kate Tannat Woods, the author; Mrs. David M. Little, wife of a former mayor; Mrs. George L. Adams; and Mrs. W. H. Gove, — were active subscribers. So strong was the feeling, that when the scheme was well under way, it could scarcely be stopped. Dollars kept pouring into Miss Fairfield's office long after they were no longer needed. The amount of the bond, \$800, was raised within a few hours, and represented eight hundred individual subscribers, all women. Mayor Howard was deeply touched by this proof of sympathy and inspired to renewed effort. nor could he refuse a new bond so heartily furnished. Therefore he is still at liberty,

But his enemies now had a new subject for lament. "Hiding behind the skirts of women!" Mrs. George L. Adams exclaimed indignantly on hearing this gossip. "Why, if such a thing as that is ever said, the women of Salem will raise up in a body and denounce the author! In favor of Howard was in utter ignorance of our plans. He did not know what we had done until we offered the cash itself in court. I consider it rather shameful that the men did not take the initiative in this matter and not leave it to the women. No doubt this affair will interest Salem women more in politics in future."

Miss Fairfield stated why the women were so ready to co-operate in the matter. "Our reason for this? Well, we think Mayor Howard is a gentleman and is

not being treated fairly. I think he is in the right and means to do the fair thing by his city. Why should he be so criticised and found fault with and abused? Wouldn't you, if you lived in Salem, want to see a man given a chance when he is doing his best?"

Mrs. Little, whose husband is the present Collector of the Port, remarked:

"Yes, Mayor Howard is giving us a dignified administration; but of course there is always antagonism toward a true reformer on the part of those who are sure to be hit in the event of a reform wave."

Mayor Howard appears always in good spirits, and declares that he is not troubled by what his enemies may say about him, that possibly some who are now talking may themselves be later committed to jail. He has already accomplished many of the reforms he intended, and states that more surprises may be expected. He is indeed the hero of one of the most curious and romantic political situations that has occurred in our country since those exciting days just prior to the Civil War, and not only New England but all the States await with interest what further events will follow while he is in office.

His latest announcement is that he intends to become Congressman from the Salem district, and he has been making some intensely interesting and characteristic speeches at clubs and dinners in and about the towns and cities outlying Salem, no doubt with this purpose in view, though speaking always by invitation. Recently some of his busy political enemies spread a rumor that the Mayor had decided to give up and leave Salem for good. On being asked about this, Mr. Howard's serious eyes lighted for an instant. "Quit!" he exclaimed, then added quietly: "No, not till the end of the last day of next December, and then only because I'm going to Congress."

His editorial ways are as unusual as his political views. His little office partitioned off in a corner of the paint-shop loft is a most interesting place. It is furnished with a rickety table patched up with a rough board and covered with brown paper fastened on with nails. This

is his desk. There is a battered' kitchen chair with a split seat for a desk chair. A dilapidated Morris chair which has seen better days is placed beside the table for callers. In the corner is a rusty stove. On a rough board shelf is a much thumbed dictionary and a few city pamphlets.

A row of spikes driven into the wall is Mr. Howard's letter file. The method of filing is to stab the head of a spike through the letter being careful to perform the stabbing in alphabetical order.

A Bible and a telephone—a very recent innovation—are placed handily upon the table. The bookmark in the Bible to mark the editor's favorite text is a handsome, unmounted photograph of his wife. Opposite, against the bare boards of the wall, where his eyes may rest upon it when he glances up from his editorial duties, is a large photograph of his daughter.

"Now that you are rich and famous," ventured the interviewer, just after the election, "and your paper is booming, will you publish any news in it?"

"I hadn't thought of that yet," said Howard, "but I don't see why I should. If people like politics and literature, why should I arm them with murders and scandals? It's not necessary to publish news in a newspaper unless people demand it. Besides, you have to hire reporters, pay for telegrams and go to a lot of expense and trouble.

"Now, right at the head of the editorial column I invite anybody who hears any news to bring it in and I'll consider it. The only kind of news worth publishing is the news for which there is a popular demand. If there is a popular demand for a piece of news, any reader will be sure to bring it in and if there is any room for it, and it's not scandalous or libelous, I'll publish it."

While the interviewer sat in the paintshop private office chatting with H. F. Curtis, Publisher Howard's editorial and reportorial staff rolled into one, the 'phone was continually ringing and Mr. Curtis' voice would be heard in a one-sided conversation something like this:

"Hello . . . Yes, this is the Salem Despatch office . . . No, every copy is

sold . . . What [the Boston marketmen want 500 papers? Sorry, but we haven't got them . . . No, can't do it. Our printer's gone home to supper and we can't print any more papers until he gets back . . . No, can't promise any in the morning. You'll have to wait until our new machinery is set up . . . No, can't let you have any back copies, either. The newsdealers came in today and bought them all up. Goodbye."

Just then the printer—who was typesetter and all the rest of the mechanical department, too—got back from supper. Presently he rushed into the editorial sanctum, type stick in one hand and copy in the other. "Here, I don't like this. It ought to go this way," he announced, rattling off a sentence.

"Oh, that's all right," assented Curtis with ready good nature. "Go as far as you like. Fix it up to suit yourself."

The Despatch office is a model democracy.

Since this article was written, one of the political storms that had for months been gathering over Mayor Howard's devoted head broke; he was brought to trial late in June on the charge of criminal libel for which last year he was imprisoned. But the result of this trial was a mighty shock to the "ring" which the Mayor fought so strenuously both before and since election. After an exciting and nerve-racking trial, and an all-night deliberation of the jury, during which all

the Mayor's friends fought the heaviest odds for him, a verdict of acquittal on each and all of the eight counts against him was rendered. Then the city went wild with delight; visions of jail and political martyrdom were dispelled by various happy demonstrations such as, perhaps, no other mayor has ever experienced. Impromptu receptions and flag-flying showed the whole district to be in the gayest of holiday moods. Also the 800 women who had furnished \$1 each to make up the bail bond a few months previous, declined to take back their money.

During the harrowing hours while the jury deliberated, and hope sank so low, Mayor Howard wrote in place of his

customary editorial in the Despatch, the following poem, which is the only public expression of his many months of suffering he has ever made :

Dark is this world; my sun gone down, No
star of hope for me to rise,
The face of all things wears a frown, Or on
the earth or on the skies.

Go on, unpitying world, go on Pour all
thy vengeance on my head,
And when the cup's last dregs are gone I,
then, shall have no more to dread.

Long have I toiled to live-in vain.
For life is naught, devoid of rest; Long
struggled with the strife for fame, Long kept
my sorrows in my breast.

Why was I made; or why thus born, The
sport of every wayward gale? Launched on
an ocean dark, forlorn; A leaky, shattered
crazy sail,

Without a compass or a guide,
Without a rudder in a storm,

Without an anchor,;_where **to ride**,
And chased around in **every** storm.

No home, no haven, where to steer; No
chart, a sea without a shore; No buoy, or
light or beacon **near**; No one to weep
when I'm no more.

Next day, when the shadows were all so
suddenly dispelled, he said in an interview: "I
want to thank all my staunch friends who have
stuck by me through all this. There is nothing
of bitterness in my heart for those who sought
to bring about my imprisonment. I have only
forgiveness for my enemies and any elation I
may feel is, I think, pardonable. .My greatest
joy is in the happiness of my friends. I acted
honestly and the people believed me when they
made me Mayor; the jury believed me when
they found me not guilty. I'm a happy man
tonight." His victory at the polls, his
Uvictory in the courts and his personal n
fpopularity, evidenced so generally today, lead
his friends to predict confidentially that he wiJJ
he a winner in his fight for Congress against A.
P. Gardner.

AUTUMN FOLIAGE FROM LAWRENCE OBSERVATORY B>'

FREDERICK MERRILL PYKE

Pray, tell me not that Homer's Times are dead
, when from this slender steel-reared height
Earth drops away beneath the sight

Like an unwelcome mist, and there, instead Breathe
round ethereal seas of Autumn red, And changeful
green, and silver-white, Thro' whose soft tides of
lucent light Anon some boulder li fts a shaggy head;
Glarlly on such a wonder-sea as this

Would I launch out, Ulysses-like of old, Make sail
within the vessel of my dreams, And westward fare,
until bright Atlantis

Rose heavenward thro' the spray of blue and gold, Her marble domes aglow
with rosy gleams.

Ex-Mayor Howard Succumbs Salem

Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1915

Operative (John Stibbe) - J. ...

-'Trouble' a New - Ravful

Chief Executive of the City in 1880, ... dt Martia U.: aw Proclaimed

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At five o'clock, Mayor Howard, of Salem in H.R.O. is de arl. Word to the ...

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EX-MAYOR

**"We Are S
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Mother! Say "California," then you will get genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Children love this delicious laxative.

Ex-Mayor Howard Succumbs to Operation

Continued from First Page

1918, he secured a divorce from her in the superior court here. Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Howard embarked in business for himself, under the style of Arthur Howard & Co., shipping agents. He then engaged in the manufacture of silverware and novelties, in which business he remained one year.

Then receiving an offer from his father, he returned to Howard & Co., in 1896, and stayed with them until 1906, occupying every position, and he finally became manager of the business under his father. Mr.



MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD.

Widow of Ex-Mayor Howard, who before her marriage last April was Miss Janet DeMarr, an actress of Chicago.

Mr. Howard then organized the corporation of Arthur Howard of London, and became agent for a number of jewelry and silver houses in New York. During the panic of 1907, Mr. Howard met with many reverses and retired from business, and turned his hands to literary pursuits.

His Local Career

In the summer of 1908, Mr. Howard visited Salem in the purpose of looking up the history of his family, when his attention was called to the fact that there was only one newspaper in this city. Thereupon, Mr. Howard started the Dispatch, Oct. 24, 1908.

Howard's venture in the journalistic field was far from being a financial success and many attachments and libel suits followed in the course of his spectacular career resulting from his local and New York debts and irresponsible conduct of his paper.

In 1910, while mayor, he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court, showing liabilities of \$36,185 and assets of uncertain character.

For a time, following the collapse of his newspaper venture, he conducted a fudge parlor on Church street and in the Neal & Newhall building. Incidentally, he wrote some articles for magazines. "The man who bucked up," recounting his experiences as

REPORT of condition of the MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK at Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, at the close of business on December 31, 1919.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, including rediscounts.....	\$2,570,373.95
Deduct:	
Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold).....	\$454,950.00
Assets of Depositors or Drafts sold	

mayor of Salem, being the most notable.

At Burlington, Vt.

In the latter part of 1915 he left Salem and went to Burlington, Vt., which place he left six months later, after another meteoric career in the journalistic field of "reform," etc., similar to his Salem exploits.

He located in New York and New Haven, Conn., and since then little has been heard of him locally. While in New Haven, during the war, he secured a position in the paymaster's department of a local munition plant.

In October, 1918, he petitioned and secured a divorce from his wife, with whom he had not lived since before he came to Salem. In his declaration he said he was married to Annie Legg of New York city at Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1897. One daughter was born to the union.

In April, 1919, Mr. Howard sent to The News for publication, the announcement of his marriage to Janet De Marr, an actress, and daughter of John E. DeMarr, a Chicago merchant. Her age was given as 23-years and the announcement said that they were to live in New York city. She is now living at West Haven.

Maeterlinck Sues Bureau, Alleging Contract Violation

New York, Jan. 14.—Charging that James E. Pond of the Pond lyceum bureau had broken his contract with Maurice Maeterlinck, the law firm of Stanchfield & Levy announced last night that suit against Mr. Pond had been begun on behalf of the poet. The suit brings to a head the lecture tour arranged in 40 cities by the lyceum bureau.

Mr. Pond had not been served with papers in the suit up to late last night. As far as could be learned, Maeterlinck's lawyers have not filed papers in court, but have begun suit by the issuing of summons and the drawing up of complaint against Mr. Pond.

Gonzalez Willing To Succeed Carranza

Mexico City, Tuesday, Jan. 13.—Pablo Gonzalez, formerly general of a division in the Mexican army, tonight accepted the presidential nomination before the convention of the Democratic league. He is the second candidate to announce himself, Gen. Alvaro Obregon having opened his presidential campaign last June.

Approves Plan to Train Railroad Men

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 14.—The state board of education, it was announced today, has approved of a plan to train student apprentices in railroading. The New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. requested that this work be undertaken, offering the use of its terminals as instruction places.

last summer by the Hingham court, after he had escaped twice from the Hingham lockup. Last August he attempted to escape from the institution here, but was detected. He did escape, however, in October, but after a short time was captured in New Jersey, after he had stolen an automobile there. Monday night Officer Ricker talked with Kirkland and an hour later found him skulking in the basement. As his cell is on the topmost tier, he must have dropped from there to the lower floor and thence to the basement. He admitted later that he sawed the bars with a caseknife which he threw down the sewer.

Deschanel Aspires To Presidency of French Republic

Paris, Jan. 14.—Hayas—Friends of Paul Deschanel, who was elected president of the chamber of deputies yesterday, are preparing to announce his candidacy for the presidency of the republic at the plenary meeting of parliament at Versailles on January 17.

Premier Clemenceau's friends assert that he will not declare his candidacy, but will accept the presidency if the vote is favorable at Versailles on Saturday.

Several other names beside those of Premier Clemenceau and M. Deschanel will be brought forward at Versailles, among them being those of Leon Bourgeois, Jules Pams and Rene Viviani. The newspaper Avenir remarks that, because of this fact, some politicians intend to ask President Poincare to accept a renewal of his mandate with a view of preventing a split between the parties. A majority of the newspapers declare friends of M. Clemenceau remain firmly decided to vote for him whether he is a candidate or not. According to the Echo de Paris, M. Clemenceau has consented to have his name brought before the meeting.

Harvard Liberal Club Asks Removal Of Skeffington

William P. Everis, president, and Porter E. Sargent, corresponding secretary of the Harvard Liberal club, sent a letter to Secretary of Labor Wilson yesterday requesting an investigation of statements credited to Immigration Inspector Henry J. Skeffington at a dinner of the Massachusetts Press association Monday night, and further, that a "more competent and able incumbent for his office" be found.

Last night when a copy of the letter was read to Mr. Skeffington and he was asked if he desired to reply to it, he said:

Follow-Up Attack

"Let Secretary Wilson answer the letter. He will recognize the writers as the men who attacked himself, my assistant commissioner, Mr. Sullivan, and myself on the editorial page of a New York newspaper last spring, on our report regarding the Lawrence strike. I suppose this is a follow-up attack. These men admitted to me today that they were responsible for the attack in the New York paper."

Mr. Skeffington was quoted yesterday in some of the newspapers as having threatened at the press association dinner "to get the Harvard liberal clubs."

The commissioner says he did not mention the Harvard Liberal club or any Harvard club, but did say he would take pleasure in getting "some of these Harvard radicals."

Maryland, Virginia, with their resources, are estimated to be 470,000 cords of spruce, hemlock, etc. Only in Oregon and Washington are there reserves in no exhaustion if the present rate year.

These figures because of the are included in the forest service department of accumulated emphasis to the wide policy the owned forests of active basis a utilizing mill wa

Dictograph

Proposed In the

A sequel to plan to obtain tion relative to the law by Dis appeared yesterday filed in the legi five Abbott of I that eavesdrop wires shall be r

Mr. Abbott's of two years' fine, or both graph as forbid "with attempt ters or to injur convincing the legitimacy of person could, the bill, obtain from that offic law would appl tives," s w public.

Saugus On Jitney Contin

Itineys from cicles were ino today and w on all trips b sion of service ley care on the Eastern Massa way.

Most of the employed in L were forced L service. So m brought to the the suspension traffic was h trolley cars of the refusal to appropriate tracks in Saug

Distinctive For Fu Of

Washington, circumvent e nomination has ordered a design for all rency. It was standardization would serve a