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The President's Page

There Shall Be No Quartering of Soldiers in Homes

> No Soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

THE purpose of this third Article of our Federal Bill of Rights is to secure to each citizen one of the great rights of the common law, that a man's house is his castle free from military intrusion.

Among the complaints set forth in the Petition of Right of 1628 presented to Charles I of England, and which he was compelled by an aroused populace to accept, is "of late great companies of soldiers and mariners have been dispersed into divers counties of the realm, and the inhabitants, against their wills, have been compelled to receive them into their houses, and there to suffer them to sojourn, against the laws and customs of this realm, and to the great grievance and vexation of the people."

In the reign of Charles II the right was more fully protected by the enactment of a statute which declared "that no officer, military or civil, or other persons shall quarter or billet any soldier upon any inhabitant of the realm, without his consent, and that every such inhabitant of the realm may refuse to quarter any soldier, notwithstanding any order whatsoever."

In spite of this legislation, we find that James II later violated the right, as one of the complaints against him was that of "quartering soldiers contrary to law."

For some inexcusable reason England's Parliament later enacted a law requiring the American Colonists to provide quarters for English troops. The Colonists refused to obey this law, and the attempt to enforce it was one of the causes of the American Revolution.

The Colonial Declaration of Rights of October 14, 1774, contained the complaint, "that the keeping of a standing army in these Colonies, in times of peace, without the consent of the legislature of that Colony in which the army is kept, is against law."

And our Declaration of Independence complained against both George III and the English Parliament. "He (George III) has combined with others . . . giving his assent to their pretended legislation, for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us" and "keeping among us in times of peace standing armies without the consent of our legislature."

There is recorded in The Journal of the Federal Convention under date of Monday, August 20, 1787, a motion duly adopted which referred to the Committee of Five, several propositions including the following:

> No Troops shall be kept up in time of peace, but by consent of the Legislature.
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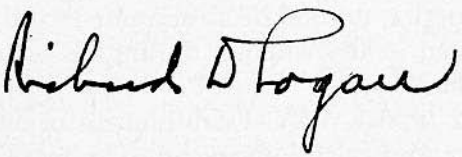
> No soldier shall be quartered in any house in time of peace without consent of the owner.

This record indicates that the subject of freedom from military encroachment was presented to the Constitutional Convention, but no action in the Convention was taken thereon.



PRESIDENT

News

State Committee Approves Anthony Wayne Memorial Projects
from the Defiance *Crescent-News,* March 30, 1944

Appropriation of at least $125,000 to initiate an Ohio memorial to General Anthony Wayne—in observance of the 150th anniversary of his successful campaign against the Indians and also of the 200th anniversary of his birth—will be sought from the coming session of the legislature as the result of action by the joint Anthony Wayne memorial committee appointed at the last session, it was decided at a conference of the committee Monday and Tuesday in Piqua.

The memorial projects endorsed by the committee include:

1—RESEARCH. Examination of original manuscripts and official records, scattered in archives and museums throughout America, to compile an accurate record of the period to be published in ten volumes during the next decade; $40,000 (biennium).

2—PARKWAY. Establishment of an Anthony Wayne Parkway Authority, to plan and co-ordinate the work of various state departments in development of memorial Anthony Wayne Parkway from Cincinnati to Toledo via Defiance; $70,000 (biennium).

3—PAINTING. A memorial picture of Wayne's signing the Treaty of Greenville, to be painted by Howard Chandler Christy, and hung in the rotunda of the state house in Columbus; $15,000.

For the research project, the Wayne committee asked the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society to add to its

regular budget request an amount adequate to finance the necessary staff and expenses.

The parkway appropriation will be sought in a special bill setting up the parkway authority, to be introduced in behalf of the committee at opening of the legislative session by Rep. Guy Hawley of Greenville.

Preliminary arrangements for the state house painting have been made by the Ohio Postwar Program Commission, of which Lt. Gov. Paul M. Herbert is chairman, to be financed through a proposed addition to funds of the state historical society.

In the capitol rotunda, the treaty picture will hang opposite the famous old painting of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, a canvass now valued at $20,000.

The state committee, composed of five senators and five representatives, met jointly with the Ohio executive committee of the Anthony Wayne Memorial Association Monday following luncheon in the Piqua Elks club.

Dr. W. L. Sprouse of Columbus, executive assistant of the Ohio Department of Education, outlined the state-wide Anthony Wayne essay contest now in progress in all public and parochial schools, and reported great state-wide interest.

Conference members were guests at a complimentary dinner given by Piqua Chamber of Commerce, with about 150 Piqua residents in attendance, at the Piqua Country Club. The program included welcome by H. E. Sims, vice-president of Piqua Chamber of Commerce, talks by William M. Corry and Sen. Theodore M. Gray of Piqua, and an address on "Ohio's Historical Heritage" by Rev. J. C. Plummer of Springfield.

View Historic Sites

Tuesday after a forenoon tour of Fort Pickawillany (British, 1748-52), circle mound and other historic sites around Piqua, the conference concluded with luncheon and business session at Piqua Elks club.

Anthony Wayne Memorial Essay Contest

The school essay contest is underway. Letters of explanation, final arrangements, and bibliographical sheets on Anthony

Wayne and the Indian Wars in Ohio, 1790-95, have been sent to private, parochial, and public schools. It is intended that this essay be a rather short one. The papers should range from eight hundred to twelve hundred words in length. The contest closes January 10, 1945.

The contest is in two divisions—one for the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades and one for the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. The prizes will be the same for both divisions:

First prize	$50.00
Second prize	25.00
Third prize	10.00
First honorable mention	5.00
Second honorable mention	5.00
Third honorable mention	5.00

The six top winners of both groups of entrants will be given in addition to the monetary awards a trip of one day and over night to Columbus with all expenses paid. The trip will be planned for a time when the State Legislature is in session so that the winners may observe that body in its regular deliberations. Other points of interest about Columbus will be visited also.

Dedication of Allen County Honor Roll from *The Reporter* (Allen County), November, 1944.

The Allen County Honor Roll of World War II was dedicated Sunday, November 19, 1944, at the Courthouse in Lima. It was erected by the Allen County American Legion War Memorial Inc., sponsored by the William Paul Gallagher Post No. 96 of Lima and financed by contributions from a grateful and patriotic public. The names in the glass-covered cases are etched on strips of plastic and arranged alphabetically. Names of men and women now in service are in white on a black background while letters of gold record the names of those who have given their lives for their country.

Lucy Elliot Keeler

HELEN A. MCCLINTOCK

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER, littérateur, local historian, horticulturist and librarian, was one of the foremost citizens of her native town, Fremont, Ohio. She was born September 27, 1864. Intense loyalty to her lares and penates; her ancestry, family and family traditions; her lifelong home; her town and her all-embracing circle of friends and acquaintances, was the mainspring of her life. This loyalty was nurtured by travel, encyclopedic reading, a rare gift of writing, contact with eminent minds, and an active versatility into a beautiful nineteenth century philosophy of life. Her close friends, and those who have studied her through her writings realize the central influence of ancestry, family, home, and town. Such ideas are not in style today. The timelessness of their appeal is my excuse for presenting here her ideas and ideals. These are all embodied in her superb familiar and historical essays. This article, therefore, attempts to portray Lucy Keeler primarily through her own writings.

Lucy Keeler felt that there was an art in being a descendent—an art that deserved study. "The mind of a worthy descendent is a savings bank with an enormous reserve fund, in which the remarks and achievements of every good ancestor go on compound-interesting till they are triple their original bulk. Why not? I my ancestors, you yours, till we see the whole group through that golden haze which gathers over the past—not different but sublimated, so that we speak of them with a new light in the eye and live under the poignant responsibility to be as far as we are able not unworthy of them.

"In spite of the clay in the feet of our idols, nobody doubts that they are still great and worthy models for imitating. Blood flowed in their veins, and if they are to move in us they must live again with something of the vigor or reality, as credible

human beings. We need to study them with mental doors ajar, with delicate fingers and eyes, with the same credit of subconscious selves and power of auto-suggestion with which we mitigate our own noble propulsions. Discovery being thus followed up by possession, we shall find even their errors creative; we shall be braced by their roughness.

"Where a life lacks something of balance and fitness and efflorescence and palatability, add at measured intervals a pinch of the salt of ancestry—a pinch of the salt of the best ancestry you can unearth—and test its flavor then. No man informed of the past can take a morose view of the present."[1]

Lucy Keeler was descended from good old Puritan stock. Her grandfather and great-grandfather, Eri and Luke Keeler, were among the incorporators of Norwalk, Ohio, in 1828. Her father was the first child baptized in the Episcopal Church there, of which Eri Keeler was the first Junior Warden. Ralph Keeler, the immigrant, who came from England in the great 17th century tide of Puritan migration, owned a lot in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1640, and was one of the original settlers of Norwalk, Connecticut.

Her paternal grandmother was a Marvin. Mathew Marvin, also an immigrant of the Puritan migration, was an original proprietor of Norwalk, Ohio. Her great-grandmother Benedict was a descendent of Thomas Benedict, who helped found the first Presbyterian Church in America, at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1662. He was a delegate to the first English legislative body convened in New York.

In the summer of 1817, Luke Keeler and Isaac Marvin, each with a wife and ten children, emigrated from Norwalk, Connecticut. In wagons drawn by horses and oxen, they made the trip over the mountains of Pennsylvania by way of Harrisburg and Pittsburgh to Ohio. This was a journey of about six weeks over roads cut through virgin timber and across streams that knew no bridges. Perhaps the hardships of that trip, as those of pioneer life on a farm, served to strengthen the constitution of the children.

Luke Keeler settled in Norwalk, Huron County, and Isaac

Marvin at Sharon, Richland County. Each took up a quarter section of land and died on the farms they entered, having lived to see the land become rich and productive and yield to them a comfortable competency. Eri Keeler was the third son of Luke Keeler. He was born in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1799, and in early life learned the trade of blacksmithing and edge tool making. Eri completed his trade before his father took up the trail to the west. He married Sally Marvin and Isaac Marvin Keeler was their son.

The boyhood days of Isaac Marvin Keeler were spent in Norwalk. He attended the public schools and afterwards enrolled in the Norwalk Seminary. In the fall of 1840, he came to Fremont, then called Lower Sandusky, and began to learn the printer's trade in the office of the *Lower Sandusky Whig,* which was then edited and published by Clark Waggoner.

In 1843, Mr. Waggoner established *The Milan Tribune* and Mr. Keeler went to that village where he remained for two years. The years from 1845 to 1847 were spent in New York City, Milan, Sharon, and Lower Sandusky. In the spring of 1849, Mr. Keeler again settled in Lower Sandusky and in 1850 was appointed postmaster by President Zachary Taylor. He resigned two and one-half years later because the job necessitated Sunday work. The year 1853 he spent in the *Reflector* office at Norwalk. In 1854, he came back to Fremont (the name had been changed in 1849) and purchased the *Fremont Journal.* Except for a period of ten intervening years, he edited the *Journal* until 1901. Isaac Keeler was a thirty-second degree Mason, and was also a charter member and the first Eminent Commander of Fremont Commandry. In his active years he was a strong factor in the growth of the town. He always took a keen interest in everything which had for its aim the betterment of mankind. In his reminiscences he wrote, "A family of well-born children committed to parents who appreciate their charge and are equal to it is one of the very best things. The most valuable gift that can come to earth is rightly constituted children. Beside them all other forms of wealth are defection."[2]

On Lucy Keeler's mother's side, the line is quite as interest-

ing. Her grandfather, Judge Samuel Elliot, author, lawyer, orator, large property owner of Brattleboro, Vermont, friend and correspondent of John Quincy Adams, was re-elected over a long period to the Vermont legislature. He was defeated for Congress by one vote, by his friend and neighbor, the father of the distinguished painter and architect, William Hunt. Judge Elliot married Linda Hayes, daughter of Rutherford Hayes, aunt of the future president. Rutherford Hayes and his father Ezekiel were in the Revolutionary War. Great-grandmother Hayes' father, Israel Smith, whose forebears of that name figure in the earliest annals of Hadley, was Lucy Keeler's third Revolutonary ancestor on her mother's side.

An ancestor of much interest was Reverend John Russell, "the greatest hero of Hadley," who led his flock from Wethersfield, Massachusetts, to found Hadley in the wilderness, and who sheltered in his home the regicides, Whalley and Goffe. His son, Reverend Samuel Russell, was a Harvard graduate. When Yale College was founded, he was one of the original trustees. Daniel Hayes, father of Ezekiel, was for seven long years a captive of the Indians who carried him off into Canada. His tale, "A Long Journey," is one of the treasures of early Americana.

Janette Elliot Keeler was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, December 11, 1820. She was next to the youngest of the seven children of Hon. Samuel Elliot and Linda Hayes. At the age of four, she was taken by her elder sisters to see LaFayette who visited the village school. In her young womanhood she knew Catherine and Harriet Beecher (Stowe) who lived for a time in Brattleboro. The Hunts—William, the artist, and Richard, the architect—were her school-fellows. Mrs. Sigourney and Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College, were friends of her youth. Her school-life in Brattleboro was followed by two years at Mrs. Draper's private school at Hartford, Connecticut. After that, she lived with brothers and sisters in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Janette was an accomplished pianist. She taught in her brother's seminary when in Westville, and gave lessons in painting while in Providence. She was living in Providence at the time of the Dorr Rebellion in 1842. One day she herself was watched and followed as a suspected spy.

Janette Keeler,
mother of Lucy Keeler.

Lucy Elliot Keeler
at the age of twenty-four.
August 1888.

In 1850, she made her first visit to her half-brother, John R. Pease, an influential citizen of Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. The long trip from the east was made by the way of the lakes. She was entranced with the pioneer life, and made several return trips. During one such visit in 1859, she married Isaac Keeler. Sam and Lucy were the children of this marriage. Sarah was the daughter of Isaac Keeler by an earlier marriage. Despite the fact that for many years Janette Keeler was an invalid, she was brave and undaunted. She kept to the last a keen, loving interest in her host of friends. From a child she had been deeply religious, but her religion was of a sunny, almost festive nature.

In her reminiscenes (written to please her daughter, Lucy) she says: "When I was fourteen, I dabbled in rhyming and a school friend of mine, who was the daughter of a printer in town, persuaded me (without much effort, I presume) to have my effusions printed in the Brattleboro paper. I was delighted to see my verses in print and doubtless needed the humiliation received when my brother Edwin dissected one of the best and pronounced it a fraud. From that time, I tried to improve under his instruction, and earned a little money in that line in after years. Henry Ward Beecher sent me the *New York Independent* (which he edited) one year for a poem, 'Mrs. Untidy.' *The Christian Weekly* sent me six dollars for 'Bound Out.' The *Herald* and *Presbyter* sent thirty-six dollars for 'I and My Sister,' a serial in prose. I used to write New Year's addresses for the *Journal* which brought our 'devil' quite a sum. 'Little Lucy' brought me as much fame as any one and was widely copied. That was published in the *Independent*. I never grew rich by writing, but as I have any amount of effusions on hand, I probably shall! The Elliot tribe always had an itching for fame, but fame seemed to have little for them. Perhaps when ages have rolled by, their wonderful talents will be appreciated. From present appearances my successors do not seem to expect any favors from the lofty Goddess, but their mother is of a different make, and fully expects fame will attend them."[3]

With such an exciting mother, Lucy Keeler's remembrances of her childhood home were beautifully vivid. "The first thing I can remember of my Mother is a sheltering presence to whom I flew when steps sounded on the porch or a knock came at the door or strangers entered the room. I was terribly timid, but became bold when covered with a fold of her dress or holding tight to her hand.

"About two weeks before I was six years old, I started in at the public schools. Samuel was to take me along with him. Mother took me into her room and made me kneel down by her and prayed that I might be a good little girl. Then I went off quite happily.

"She was endlessly patient with us. All my childhood she used to read to me—poetry, good stories, and instructive things."[4] She loved music and would sing and play for her family. Janette Keeler encouraged her family in both participation in and appreciation of music. Lucy benefited greatly by this early training and later on became a very good music critic. With the help of two friends, she organized the Matinee Musical, the first music club of Fremont. This club became quite a factor in the social and educational life of the community.

"We used to love to play tableaux and would arrange them all either in the bedroom or the dining room and then open the door and mother would be the audience from the sitting room. She was always appreciative, guessing our 'difficult' charades or being delightfully admiring, and think we were *so* clever. She used to get up little picnics on the lawn for us. I never remember much what we had to eat, but we always had a glorious time when mother set out to entertain us. I have always felt thankful that she was not a famous cook. I should hate to have the principal remembrance of my mother of how well she filled our stomachs!

"I evolved a toboggan slide. We would lay a bed comforter on the upper step of our long flight of stairs, a child would sit on it, draw up her knees, pull the comforter tight all around her, and then straighten out her legs. Down the child would swoop to the bottom. Mother laughed and said, 'Well, I think

I must confine you to only one comforter.' It *was* hard on the comforters. The elders comment was, 'There's no use spanking the children. They're calloused.' "[5] When they had taken all the bumps they could stand there they would hurry over to neighbor McCulloch's and slide down their beautiful long banister—much easier on the anatomy!

Christmas was the red-letter day of the year. "Memories are a Christmas gift which cannot be worn out with using. . . . Old Christmases centre in a gay, auburn-haired little figure, the organizer of all our fun, the originator of all our novelties, with a troup of family and neighborhood youngsters. 'But *Mother!* when I was on this *identical* spot a minute ago you said I was *hot,* and now you say I am *cold!*' Bubbling laughter, and 'Time's up! Game continued next Christmas Eve!' Not until the third year did the great dignified cat, name o' Satan, tail proudly held aloft and neatly tipped with white, clear the mystery by walking under a low chair which scraped the silver thimble off the peripatetic hiding-place. How we mobbed the perpetrator!

"Christmas the year I was four is clear enough. Each guest and member of the family had an appointed corner, suitably decorated, into which gifts were placed. Mine was 'my corner' and the supreme gift a wax doll with a trunkful of clothes. I never cared for dolls and loathed sewing; but Rosa inspired considerable affection. She smilingly sacrificed an impeccable complexion, promptly all pitted over with my little finger-nail marks, to furnish forth 'wax,' which the elder children occasionally and surreptitiously chewed. It was not then called gum. My 'corner' deserves a line. With the first snow of autumn, came into the house a big, white triangular shelf, which my father would screw on to the baseboard of the warmest corner of the sitting-room, there my indoor, waking life was mostly spent. I sat on it, napped on it, I used it as a table, my playthings stored under it, and low over it hung a great medley of pictures, composed of two hundred and fifty steel engravings each fertile of a story. Here I was near the dear mother I adored, though paying little enough attention to her frequent company.

"Much of the fun of early Christmases was our own prepara-

tion. We made 'holders' patiently working around pins stuck in an empty spool; and combed stores in preparation for our purchases. Dependable revenue came from picking currants for the family jelly, and from a county fair premium on our collection of bird tail-feathers. I suppose the entry had been made for our benefit, and I cannot recall that we ever had competitors. I can still recognize more birds by their tail feathers than by their song, though it is years indeed since many of those feathers have been dropped in our city yard.

"While the hanging of stockings was not *de rigueur*—though our mother's telling of how *she* used to do so in old Vermont, 'always getting a penny in the toe and an orange,' was—I recalled two instances. Once in the light of a hundred candles and a glowing fire hung a single stocking, six feet long, the unpacking of which was continuous hilarity; and another time, from a clothesline stretched down the dining room, hung large, empty gingham stockings, each bearing a guest's initials, the stockings being publicly filled from our individual baskets; many gifts, thanks to persevering wheedling and low-down methods, getting into the wrong stockings.

"Games always formed a part of our Christmas booty, and the rigamarole of 'Sam Slick' developed into a sort of rite, symbol of the enduring life of the house-hold. Any of us old stagers can repeat the book by heart; nevertheless, at each recurring Christmas party, its worn pages are returned by the hostess, while guests, fingering the old cardboard slips, come in at the proper blanks. 'Jackstraws' too, with the original set, has become an annual formula, though by freak of custom only the men-folks play at this, keeping their score of rubber from year to year. While they bend breathless over a table, the little ones make for the stairs. The heavy 'comforter' sacred to Christmas tobogganing and known as the 'reindeer,' was spread on the upper step of the long, straight stairway.

"Santa, tree, stockings, or what not, the central feature constantly varied. One year there was a marvelous little house, shaped after our own domicile, in the preparation of which favored children helped for weeks, going to the woods to gather

the fine moss with which it was covered, pasting bits of tissue paper over the windows, contributing trees and figures from our Noah's Ark to decorate the lawn, and patiently sticking in tooth-picks to form the fences. Once the 'mahogany tree' sprouted a veritable little forest, each bare-branch with its quota of candles, allotted to two persons. One year of the war, [Franco-Prussian, 1870] the long dining table was laid out as a map of France, each guest having been assigned his town or woods, which was marked by little flags, forests of lighted candles, and his own pile of gifts.

"A form of distribution so favored that it begged repetition was a sale. Each guest was furnished with beans and buttons as counters, and bought his own gifts from the collection. One and all turned their backs on presents especially designed for them in favor of quite different trinkets. They berated the chatelaine for not furnishing them with more money, combined forces to break the bank, grinned when a few gratis beans were pressed into their hands, talked to themselves and ever after referred to their plunder as what they had bought at the sale!

"No record of those early holidays can ignore the Christmas odors, the Christmas weather and the Christmas feasts. Always a wagon-load of hemlock and arbor vitae was brought up a day or two before hand, and branches tucked over every picture, hung from every chandlelier, and wreathed in every window. Lacking holly and mistletoe, we strung cranberries and popcorn; while apples and winter pears heaped on trays added to that delectable potpourri.

"In old time celebrations regular evening collations were served, the guests sitting around the walls of the room. I recall being allowed to pass the cheese, of which I was inordinately fond, and using my fingers to pass the largest chunks on the plate to the persons I liked best, and the smallest to those less *grata,* till my merit system was nipped.

"Of course it ought always to have snowed, for nothing quite so Christmasy exists as the sound of many muffled feet running up the steps and 'stomping' off the snow on the porch to the accompaniment of 'Merry Christmas' shouts; with the prospect

of immediate use of gift sleds and skates and red mittens. However, 'wonderful weather,' one notebook records; 'fires all out and windows open, sweet peas blooming in the frames,' adding that same eve. 'snowing hard.' Other years the record is cold enough: 'A drunken man went to sleep in the corner shrubbery: zero weather and snowing furiously. Fortunately, one of the guests saw him by the light of a late delivery wagon, so he was rescued from a bitter end—there so near our warmth and gaiety!'

"I should like, somehow, to attribute the averting of this near-tragedy to the Appleseed apple-trees, but I find no way. However, extending down the avenue, beginning directly over the spot the poor reveller chose for his couch, is a row of silver maples, which we early dubbed the Apostles:

> God bless my Hut from thatch to floor,
> The twelve Apostles guard my door;
> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
> Bless the bed I lie upon;

and who shall say that they who recorded for us the tale of our Lord's birth did not keep faith with the sleeper who had doubtless himself, in his earthly father's house, once chanted those nursery rhymes?"[6]

Passionate regard for her home was a dominant factor in Lucy Keeler's life. "The best reason for loving your house is because there you yourself have been most loved."[7] Her earliests drawings showed no craving for variety. "Always there was a gabled house with wings, over which spread the boughs of a tree, from which hung a swing, in which sat a child. Around the whole was a parallelogram done with pencil well-wetted and fingers bearing on. The fence was the finishing touch: the frame. 'Over the fence was out.' Its few inches of width definitely separate street customs, manners, costumes, from those of private life. It is good and healthful to be enclosed alone with trees and flowers, the sky, air, sun, stars, memory, dreams, and know that

THE "cot," showing Mark, Luke, and John. Matthew is to the right just outside the picture, July 1922.

one's walls keep out the world. The power of silence should be a weapon of de-fence however, never of of-fence."[8]

"My house with wings spreading like a brooding hen squats where it can keep an eye on humanity, that is to say, near the corner of two much-frequented streets. In my younger days I used to wish that its builders, my forebearers, had set it far back among the trees, for privacy's sake and for the look of the thing, always paramount to snobbish youth. Not until middle-age had brought a modicum of common-sense and a relish for personal reasoning did I realize the merits of the original arrangement, the friendliness of the streets in hours of loneliness, and the real privacy afforded the garden and overlooking rooms, to say nothing of the effect of size given to the place by having the house disposed of in one corner.

"The woodshed belongs to the annals of the corner. It was a two-story affair of primitive kind, and while the piler of wood waited for the splitter to collect a workable pile she used to climb up the ladder to an open platform where stood a huge packing-box. Cabalistic words were written on the cover, which one day the explorer deciphered into 'Key in the eaves.' With a flash of intuition—her own had come to her—she poked her little hand into the nearby eaves and found a key. O the thrill of it! as with eager fingers she fitted and turned and lifted the heavy cover. Gold mines nowhere! Sinbad's riches dross! Here in orderly pile lay literature—Godey's and Peterson, with their delightful steel engravings and colored fashion plates and little puzzles and stories; Dickens and Thackery and Shakespeare in thin, paper-covered parts; natural history and a Bible also in parts and illustrated. Wealth untold in that old woodshed! The boys could talk and shout and wrestle below; but the girl read on and on, enchanted on that dusty platform, her head in the clouds of cob-webs and her wagon hitched to a star.

"The narrow lawns between the house and corner were just the size for croquet grounds. Ambitious and devilish roquet-croquets were ignominiously halted by white picket-fence or stone foundation, unless perchance a resentful ball crashed through a cellar window. We juniors had our personal predilec-

tions in playing the game, frequently making balls of ourselves and scrambling bodily through the wide wickets—no scientific four inches in those days!—bumping against posts and taking 'two knocks' from beside a red or blue companion. There was one larking fortnight when we played cheating croquet, cheating being ultra honorable so long as we were not caught in the act; caught, we had to begin over at the first wicket. The hilarity attracted older eyes to the window, and horrified voices called a halt to our delectable invention."[9]

Lucy was an exuberant, wide-awake, energetic child who more or less dominated her neighborhood gang—Henry, Hiram, Fanny, Kitty, and George. And while it was fun to go to the neighbors, it was more fun to have the gang at her home whether it be in the yard, swing, woodshed, or house. She liked vigorous activity, and for her time was somewhat of a tomboy who would gladly field balls all day for the boys for the privilege of batting three times. This love of physical activity carried through her whole life. Tennis, hiking, rowing, bowling, all were sports which she enjoyed and in which she excelled. After her return from Wells College she practiced Del Sarte movements regularly, determined to keep her weight to just the correct pound. "Physical culture in any form is one of my hobbies."[10]

Lucy Keeler loved to tell how her home happened to be on that particular plot of ground and to relate the history of her corner. "My garden lies about midway between two ancient 'cities of refuge,' built by the Neutral Nations about three centuries ago. Waring tribes of the West might enter the Western city, and those of the East the Eastern, but 'sanctuary' reigned within. Later my garden was part of a Wyandotte village; and during the War or 1812 two companies of British regulars, veterans of Wellington's Peninsular campaign, attacking a local fort, marched over where my cardinal flowers now bloom. Later a small French colony used the plot for a burying-ground. The patent for the first sale of this land was signed by Andrew Jackson, and became a part of a family tract. Sixty years ago [1850] my mother, from 'down East' arrived for a visit, and penetrating beyond the reach of railroads, came up the little

river by boat. At the landing-place she was hoisted to a seat on her trunk in a wagon to be driven into 'the woods.' Three blocks from the river the wagon stuck fast in the mud, the trunk was dropped out on a hummock, and she finished her journey on foot. When she married, some years later, and the choice of any lot in town was offered her for a homestead, she selected this spot where her trunk was thrown off in the mud. After a few years the children of the growing neighborhood needed a school, so a little wooden building was erected in the rear of the yard, and there not a few of the grandfathers of the city learned their alphabet."[11]

Lucy was often away from home from the time she was a young woman on through the rest of her life. There was a time when she yearned to live in Boston, and had the opportunity, too, for in 1899, she was invited to come to Boston to be on the permanent resident staff of the *Youth's Companion;* but always the home ties were the strongest. She thoroughly enjoyed her visits and travels, but on reaching home, always: "It is *so good* to be home." The property was deeded to her at the death of her father. She was happy about it for "A house gives a spinster standing in the community."[12]

She called her house her "cot," and spoke of it thus, for the most part, whenever it was mentioned in her writings. "My cot is my palimpsest. I am constantly trying to make out the first text under the second living the life of my parents."[13] Privately she called herself "Lucy, Queen of Cots."

No account of Lucy Keeler's cot and corner could be complete without accompanying it with something about her trees and garden for they were as truly a glorious part of her inheritance as the cot itself. " 'Once in the Carboniferous Age. . . .,' thus began the stories of my childhood. It started commonplacedly enough with the filling of the big 'base-burner' in the old living room, and a large flat piece of coal falling at my father's feet. He picked it up and studied it so long that I left my paints and

scrapbooks in the corner to perch on his rocker that I too might see whatever there was to see in that black stone. 'Look!' he said, outlining with the point of his knife-blade a beautiful fossil frond, and smiling down into my inquisitive eyes, 'the leaf of a fern as tall as our house. Ah, those forests and jungles of the Carboniferous Age!'

"Carboniferous Age! What magic words—mile long and mellifluently vowel-laden, subtly urging lips to unconscious scansion.

" 'Let's go there!' I promptly offered.

" 'Here is your ticket,' he replied seriously, delivering over to me the flat piece of coal, 'go by the way of the trees, and whenever you find a nice black ant talk it over with her. She lives in a carboniferous age, grass-blades taller than her house; and when she climbs a tree—whew! what an expedition!'

"My father turned back to his newspapers and I more slowly to my paints and scrapbooks. Adventuring via the trees; I have done it ever since. Trees in general, but particularly my own."[14] Her own consisted of a great white oak; the quincunx of apple trees, which she insisted Johnny Appleseed planted; the seedling evergreens; the fruit trees—cherry, peach, pear, quince, mulberry; the willows; and the maples, affectionately called the Apostles. "Of what went on under our greenwood trees. . . . The games we played, the books we read, the worms we dug, the dolls and birds we buried, the gardens we tended, the picnics we ate, the friends we played with—oh, the friends! What a delectable coincident when a surname fitted into our environment. Louisa Apple was always welcome, so was Willie Peach and a Mrs. Cherry."[15]

She wrote "Land lays upon its owner such obligation to make it yield that gardens are becoming the rule in America; yet few gardeners appreciate how much a background of fruit adds to the joy of the flower garden. All my borders contain some peach or cherry trees, and most of the detached beds have a dwarf pear or quince for a centerpiece. The slight shade aids rather than injures the plants; the enriched soil nourishes the tree, which whether in flower or fruit is beautiful."[16]

Lucy Elliot Keeler, on the steps of her wall garden, June 1912. The child is Winifred Heckler.

"When all the world is askew, dibbling in seedlings in straight rows is a wonderful solace."[17] Lucy Keeler was an ardent gardener, and loving every inch of the half-acre homestead left her by her parents made it one of the most attractive places in Fremont. She was the first person in town to make her garden one of perennials, and the first to introduce many of the lovely, hardy things, rare trees and shrubs, which have since become common in Fremont. She had exciting varieties of plants and flowers. For instance, she grew beautiful trailing arbutus when no one else in town could get it started. The garden contained more than sixty flowers that are mentioned in Shakespeare and was therefore called a Shakespearian garden.

Her wall garden attracted as much attention as any other one spot on her property. "The bright particular joy of my garden, the spot which affords me the most continuous interest and pleasure, is an almost vertical flower bed whose stony face has fairly cracked into smiles of color and fragrance."[18] "I could write indefinitely about my wall garden—flowers in a cranied wall, where five score plants and plantlets cosily rub elbows, clothing bare rock with scented glory—because it seems to me a good illustration of how even a very small bit of waste land may be induced to yield up a succession of beauty and interest."[19]

There was an air of hospitality in Lucy Keeler's home and garden. Her garden was not just a garden of flowers, but something intellectual—food for thought as well as nourishment for the soul and beauty for the eye. The garden filled a place in her life. She used it for reaching out to help other people. She believed that the rich man is merely the one who has something to spare; and the really poor is he who has nothing over. "If you can give anything, you are rich."[20] She was a great giver; things multiplied for her.

Her garden became famous through her writings in the *Atlantic, Scribner's, The Garden Magazine, House Beautiful,* and syndicated newspaper articles. Strangers from as far as California frequently came to her door asking to see the garden of which they had read. She was most generous both with her plants and her advice, for she made the subject a constant

study and kept up with the latest word in gardening. She was a member of the American Rose Society.

From the very beginning, Lucy Keeler trained herself to write. After graduating from the Fremont High School in 1881, she matriculated at Wells College, Aurora, New York. An outstanding college career was cut short by trouble with her eyes, which caused her to withdraw prior to graduation. While in college, she contributed writings of considerable literary merit to the college magazine. "Her education was life-long since she was a student by nature and vocation."[21]

"After leaving college she joined the correspondence school initiated by a distant cousin, Miss Anna Ticknor of Boston, for two years as a student, and for some fifteen or more years as an instructor in American History. This work, while gratuitous, was highly interesting and brought her in contact with interesting people. The annual meetings were held at the famous Ticknor house in Boston, and President Eliot of Harvard, Dr. Samuel Eliot, head of the Boston schools, and others attended and addressed them. While a student in one of these courses, Miss Keeler took a prize offered for the best Shakespearean work, receiving one of Mr. Furness' delightful Variorum editions, autographed and with his bookplate. After Miss Ticknor's death, the society was continued for a time, with Miss Keeler on the board of management. It was to further publicity for this society that Miss Keeler published for a year a jolly little monthly called *Pot Purri,* which had a circulation from Maine to California."[22]

For many years Lucy Keeler wrote regularly and at length for the *Fremont Journal,* owned and edited by her father. She took over the society, club, school, church, and literary news. Her reviews of books and current magazines are excellently done. Regularly there was an article on fashion hints. Her sketches of composers show not only a knowledge of their lives but a competent knowledge of music. She persuaded others to use whatever literary ability they possessed. She had a large ac-

quaintance with the great literary celebrities of the times, and many were the stories about them. Because of her varied friendships, interests, and activities, the *Journal* had a literary character that few small town weeklies could surpass.

"Before she was out of her teens, she was doing paying writing for other papers. *The Christian Union,* edited by Lyman Abbott, and its successor the *Outlook* published many of her articles and she wrote a large number of the *Spectators,* a series of weekly papers done by Hamilton Mabie. *The Boston Congregationalist* published everything she sent it and *Outing, Ladies' Home Journal, Harpers' Weekly,* and *Bazaar* did the same.

"Some brief articles sent to the *Youth's Companion* attracted the attention of the proprietor, Mr. [Daniel Short] Ford of Perry Mason Co., who through the editor, Mr. Edward Stanwood, asked her to contribute weekly editorials. She did this for ten years, enlarging her acquaintance enormously and getting valuable training. 'She can certainly write!' was the succinct comment in tiny pencilled handwriting on one of her editorials, in the miniature hand of Mr. Ford, forwarded her by Mr. Stanwood—as were many other of the tiny characteristic notes from that extraordinary man. Wishing to do more writing for adults, Miss Keeler began writing for the 'Point of View' of *Scribner's Magazine* and anonymous article essays, many in number, together with others in the 'Contributor's Club' of the *Atlantic Monthly* were widely reprinted and commented upon."[23]

Lucy Keeler's approach to history is well illustrated by two paragraphs from one of her editorials written for *Scribner's Magazine.* These are quoted in a recent book, "Local History—How to Gather It, Write It, and Publish it," by Donald Dean Parker.[24] " . . . you take a house or bit of land, a road or a river or Indian treaty, as a nucleus; and as you read old books, newspapers, and letters; examine old maps, plans, and pictures: and as you talk with old residents—your facts form layer after layer

around your centre; and as you compare and generalize and let your imagination flow over all, your house or bit of land, or road, or river, or Indian treaty grows and crystallizes into a shapely, lasting concretion of local history.

"In choosing some nucleus for a study of local history, one cannot do better than begin with one's house or yard. One should trace back the several ownerships to the original grant, discover what other buildings were ever on the place, with something about the earlier people who lived there: if Indians ever hunted on it or soliders tramped on it; changes of topography; when adjacent roads were opened; and one's own family traditions. One incident will inevitably lead to another, fascinating facts will peep from every cover, and conversation will follow the trend. All one's finds should be firmly held in place by the little rivets of accurate names and dates."[25]

Lucy Keeler's interest in local history was early awakened. She was a life member of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, and a member of the Hayes Memorial Book Committee appointed by Governor Campbell. Most of her monographs were published in the Ohio Archaeological and Historical publications. The essence of all that had been written about the Sandusky region by ponderous local historians is to be found in these articles, and more besides from printed sources. Lucy Keeler's influence in popularizing her community's history cannot be overestimated. In collaboration with Col. Webb C. Hayes, she helped bring to light the important Journals of the French Engineer, J. G. Chaussegros de Lery, who described a trip of inspection of fortifications in 1754. The portion relating to the Sandusky region definitely places an English fort on the north side of the bay at the terminus of a portage to Lake Erie as early as 1745. The French after destroying this fort, built Fort Junundat at the south side. The Colonel and Mr. Burrows of Cleveland located nine de Lery Journals in the Quebec Archives, which has since published them in their reports. Lucy published a translation of the part relating to Sandusky region in her article "Old Fort Sandoski of 1745 and the Sandusky Country."[26]

Truly Lucy Keeler had a delightful literary gift of expression. She could coat the pill of fact with such an intriguing flow of words that almost anyone would be stirred to further serious thought or research on their own, whether it be gardening, history, living in the fuller life, or the shape of noses. Commonplace incidents, people, or places took on a glamour when touched by her word or pen.

One fine example of this in history is this bit from her "My River": "From the roof of a barn in one of the summit counties of Ohio the rainfall from the eaves on one side falls into the Atlantic Ocean, on the other side into the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf moiety passes by creek and stream into the Ohio River: the Atlantic C-ward, in literally the courses of that letter, via a certain river which I love, emptying into Lake Erie some fifty miles north of its source. It is such a little river, though where it spreads itself at its busiest bridge it is almost as wide as the Thames at London. Its name is omitted from all but local maps, although it figures in the national archives of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Escorial. But to one born and bred on its banks it excels Jordan.

"To have molded a bed for itself through a lovely valley and have wooed the mound-builders hither; to have been the hyphen of peace and good will in the days of the Neutral Nation: to have formed an important link in the favorite waterway of the Indians and French between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Rivers; to have lapped the site of the first fort built by white men in Ohio; to have put a protecting arm about the home of the first permanent white settlers in Ohio; to have dimpled under the paddles of Pontiac, Tarhe, and Tecumseh; to have mirrored the faces of the French Chevalier de Lery, the English Montresor, and the Livonian Rose, of Putnam and Crawford, St. Clair and Wayne, the Hero of Tippecanoe and the two Croghans; to have irrigated the little nurseries of Johnny Appleseed; to have been the highway of a 'Foreign missionary' sent hither from Connecticut, and through him and his successors to have wrought in the great enterprise of religious and educational endeavor; to flow past a fort unique in cherishing its original

site, its original armament, and the bones of its hero; and from source to mouth to have shared potently in the struggle of the West for liberty—such are some of the titles to distinction of the little river on the whilom banks of which I live."[27]

The suggestions Lucy Keeler offers in her garden articles for doing one's own gardening are artistic, scientific, and practical. "Fasten your house down to your land by a green and flowery embroidery; hem the edges of your place with shrubbery and fence vines or a bit of hedge; keep one open space for a lawn; have if possible one large shade tree and a few dwarf fruit trees, and your framework is about as perfect as all the landscape gardeners and all the garden books and papers in the world could make it for you."[28]

"A garden should yield rest rather than fatigue; and if you succumb to the subtle dissipation of attempting too much, you will soon be the slave rather than the mistress of your domain, or in very weariness abandon it altogether."[29]

"Insist that your seed be the very finest in the market. It is as exactly as much work to raise flowers of poor quality, color, and inferior size as the best."[30]

"I feel about well-made, well-placed flower beds as I do about churches and schoolhouses: it is a pity to have them unemployed so much of the time. Therefore, although I have room to make new beds, I try rather to arrange the planting in the old ones that they shall do double duty and yield crop after crop of flowers for me."[31]

"If you are going in for gardening, do part of it with your head."[32]

"Masses of bloom are the ambition of the beginner in the garden. The mellowed and experienced worker values rather privacy, design, individuality, pictorial quality, the motherly shade of old trees, the aroma of low hanging fruits, and the association of spiritual and bodily comrades who frequent the place."[33]

Charles R. Williams, editor of the *Indianapolis News,* urged her to have her garden articles made into book form. He wrote in a letter to Lucy Keeler, "The garden articles are all most interesting as well as instructive. They leave the impression that they came from an amplitude of knowledge and an absorbing love of flowers; and so they have the atmosphere of reality that no written-to-order, space-filling, crammed-for articles, however cleverly done can ever have. Mr. Baker, our garden editor, himself an enthusiastic cultivator of flowers is wonderfully pleased. He is sure you should make a book, which in his opinion would be far superior to the Ely book, 'A Woman's Hardy Garden.' "[34] She did make this collection of articles into a book and sent it to various publishers. They agreed that it was excellent and contained much valuable material well-written, but they did not feel sure enough of their ability to circulate a large enough number of copies to warrant them making her an offer for it.

Lucy Keeler had a restless urge for the best life had to offer and was willing to expend time and effort to achieve desired objectives. Finances were always a worry, loneliness might have engulfed her, but she believed, "The most restless heart can train itself to find content in simple, commonplace things like work, nature, health, books, meditation, and friends."[35] In her zeal to extend her healthful, sane philosophy to others she had a tendency to moralize in some of her writings. However she tried to overcome this, and there are many choice bits to help one acquire real moral fortitude. "Content is dilemma enough to have its two horns: the double peaks of taking life too easily, and of taking it too hard. No reform comes without its preceding period of discontent; dissatisfaction is the price to be paid for better things. As there is a noble way of being discontented, so there is an ignoble content. The Contented Heart is not a phrase to soothe us, but a power to work results. It must constantly emerge on a higher plane, or it will fall. Take, for a smile's sake, the weather. It may be bad, but as we cannot change it, the thing

is our attitude toward it. In such a way the rightminded person will meet his discontents face to face, and one by one eliminate them. Our opinions make the contented or the discontented heart."[36]

" 'You do not use eye-glasses? How fortunate! they are such a nuisance.' But hush—such a boon. I am not sure but it is even a good thing to be born with them on, so to speak. My contemporaries who are beginning to use them are most unhappy, while glasses are just a part of my face. Or, 'It is such a great affliction to be deaf even in one ear.' The person on that side of you thinks you prefer the conversation of the person on the other side. Yet, as my brother said when he saw me struggling to make out a dull speaker's words, 'Why abuse your natural advantage?' How do people with two good ears sleep? They cannot bury them both in the pillow. Suppose that our ears were so sensitive that we noticed every footstep on the street! Being deaf is merely to enjoy some of the advantages that the society to prevent unnecessary noises seeks to confer on a normal public. We admire a beautiful face and then add, 'But how she must hate to grow old: a tragedy of the mirror that we homely souls are spared.' All my life I envied persons with straight noses till I began to observe that with age the straight nose droops to a beak, whereas the youthful tip-tilt and concavity kind straightens its end to a fair classicism."[37]

Lucy Keeler wrote two books, "If I Were a Girl Again," published in 1904 and "If I Were a Boy," published in 1908. The former went through several editions and was largely used in select preparatory schools for girls. When the "Fathers and Sons" series of books was issued for subscription sale, the editor, Frank H. Cheley asked Lucy Keeler to contribute three articles. Mr. Cheley wrote, "There is only one other person we know of who has done this class of work as well."[38] Her articles occur in Volume III of the series, "The Boy's Own Book."

The variety and extent of her writing is amazing. Her personal experiences, writings, and friendships were enriched by her extended acquaintance with books and authors; her work in the public library in Fremont; her travels to Italy and the

European continent; the winters spent in Bermuda at the Russell Hastings' home; various trips to the east to relatives and friends; and many visits with friends, especially in Chicago with Mrs. Maria Taylor Otis and in Cleveland with Mrs. Louise C. Austin. She was for many years a member of the Lake Mohonk Conferences, going there semi-annually. All Conference members were guests of Mr. A. K. Smiley at his superb resort in the Catskills. Here she had the pleasure of seeing and hearing and meeting such men and women as Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Dr. William Hayes Ward, presidents of the great colleges, philanthropists, business men, writers, and workers in the various fields considered. Many friendships were formed that lasted throughout life.

One of the most important contributions that Lucy Keeler made to Fremont, and which she herself felt was her most important work, was the reorganization of Birchard Library. During her absence from home, she was made secretary of the board, with large powers. For eight years she worked strenuously and successfully to make Birchard Library a useful, up-to-date institution. "Probably nobody but herself ever began to know the effort she put forth, the criticism she had to bear, the arduous physical and mental toil needed to put the library in such shape as she left it. A survey she prepared in 1922—on resigning from the Board—and a large scrapbook absolutely full of printed notes from her hand, which she has left to the library, are slight tokens of her efforts and her success. She felt that in that work she was truly benefiting the Fremont she loved so well."[39] A note in library scrapbook number one reads: "This book—record of hard work, done in the spirit of helpfulness to my town—is to go to Birchard Library.—L.E.K."[40]

She put on a publicity campaign for the library that would do the modern toothpaste and tobacco campaigns credit. With the help of the trustees and staff, she changed the library from a dreary dungeon-like place where one was even afraid of one's own whisper to a most inviting demesne. She inveigled Mr. and

Mrs. Fremont and family to the library by means of library bulletins; book reviews and articles on library service published in the local paper; flower shows; special days and story hours; the establishment of branch stations; and by making the library serve in World War I as a Red Cross station, a center for making scrapbooks for hospitals, the headquarters for Liberty Loan Drives, and the instrument for getting books donated to send to soldier recreation centers and hospitals. She recognized the difficulties her undermanned, underpaid staff encountered and did something about it by actually working many hours in the library herself; by words of kindness and encouragement; by bringing specialists in the various departments of library work to teach the Birchard staff how things might be more easily and efficiently done; by visiting libraries wherever she went for good ideas to use at home; by making the library so vital to Fremont that the city granted additional funds for salaries and improvements; by knowing how and when to boost morale by recounting some clever anecdote at just the right moment; or by brightening up weariness and gloom with a bright bouquet of flowers.

"Having passed through the stages of inheriting, collecting, hoarding, enduring, and finally dispersing the greater part of a family library, I have concluded that the ordinary private residence is no more the place for a comprehensive library than it is the place for the loom, the butter churn, or the cobbler's bench. The public library must become the central depot for the mass of books used by any community. To spend the time cleaning books which one might otherwise spend in reading them, or cash in moving them which otherwise would purchase coveted volumes, is to overlook equivalents.

"Books of every period are constantly being sifted, the chaff rejected and the good incorporated into new books; while new editions of standard works are as essential as new garments in standard articles of dress.

"People read their contemporaries, especially such authors as recognize the general laws of progress, changing fashions in ways of thinking and modes of action. Most books die of being themselves. They cannot, like a human being, learn new meth-

The Rutherford B. Hayes Family, 1887. Birchard, Mary Sherman (Birchard's wife), President Hayes, Scott, Rutherford, Lucy Webb Hayes, Fanny, Webb.

ods. Even in essay and criticism the author must voice the thought of the day in the language of the day, use its allusions, its slang, its political and personal references, interpret the past possibly but in terms of the palpitating present, state the ancient truth in the manner in which that generation requires.

"Theories are commendable when they serve the occasion and rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves. That is the first law of life. Permanence is death."[41]

Lucy Keeler was a bit austere in bearing. She was five feet two with brown hair and eyes and a round face. She had a New England loyalty to family and family traditions. Birth and breeding meant practically everything, though she did enjoy good living. When she lived alone, she ate many of her meals out, for she liked good food, but not well enough to cook it for herself. Some were in awe of her because they thought her "high-brow." "She writes books, books with covers on 'em!"[42] Though quiet and reserved, she had a quaint, keen sense of humor and a love of romance that endeared her to those who were fortunate enough to have a close acquaintance. In her zealousness to do what she thought was right, she may have seemed a bit high-handed at times, but no one questioned her integrity, and all respected her point of view. Good solid religion had been an inheritance of Lucy Keeler's. She took an active part in church work and for many years taught a boys' Sunday-school class. The Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, which her mother helped found, claimed her as an active member. She was not only related, but devoted, to the George Fitch family who were missionaries to China.

Lucy was an intimate of the family of President Rutherford B. Hayes. She became as one of the family while still a little girl. As a girl of sixteen, she had a delightful visit in the White House with the Hayes family. In the years succeeding their return from the White House, scarcely a day passed without her seeing them. She loved Mrs. Hayes very dearly, and the affection must have been mutual, for she writes in her diary

in 1886 that Mrs. Hayes had asked her, Lucy Keeler, to call her, Mrs. Hayes, Aunt Lucy. Mrs. Hayes did not like to write letters, so Lucy Keeler copied many letters for her. Often they had confidential chat-sessions. After Mrs. Hayes' death, the General wrote in his diary, "Her [Lucy Webb Hayes] friends upon whom she leaned were . . . , and last but not least, Lucy Keeler, 'our dear cousin.' Near to Fanny also . . . indeed to us all."[43]

It seemed as though when emergencies arose Lucy Keeler was always at hand to help get the house ready for homecomings, for unexpected or sudden company, for both sad and gala occasions; when the need arose to greet guests and receive visitors; to do endless little things to show her loyalty and affection for this family. In return, the Hayes' did many fine things for Lucy Keeler.

The General, or Uncle Rud—Lucy Keeler used both terms of endearment—liked her because she was good company and an appreciative listener. He would "think aloud" his speeches to her. She wrote many letters for him. After Mrs. Hayes' death, Lucy spent a great deal of time with the General when he was in Fremont. "I like to set him talking, and am getting rather expert at it."[44] She missed him greatly after his death—missed the stimulation of his company, his anecdotes, his encouragements, and his kindnesses to her.

Birchard Hayes and Mary Sherman Hayes seemed to her quite the ideal married couple. She was fond of them both and delighted in their children. To a certain extent, Webb Hayes took his father's place in needing her help and understanding. Though she was of incalculable aid to the Colonel in his work of collecting historical addenda for the Memorial to his father at Spiegel Grove, she steadfastly refused the position of librarian at the Memorial. The Colonel and his wife, Mary Miller Hayes, were loyal, helpful friends, especially so in the last years of her life.

Fanny Hayes, the only daughter of General and Mrs. Hayes, and Lucy Keeler had much in common and many mutual friends. They read, played tennis, hiked, and had many good social times together. Weight was one of their chief concerns. Fanny had a tendency to plumpness, and it was an effort for her

to stay in the sylph class. Various places in her diary Lucy Keeler speaks of "dear Fanny, how sweet and pretty she is!" Scott Hayes, the youngest of the family, was a handsome breath-taking fellow. Everyone loved him, and as one of them put it, "Scott is all wool, a yard wide."

It was Rutherford Platt Hayes, the third son, who was her special crony. He was as much at home in the Keeler house as he was in his own house. If he did not have time to stop in on his way to and from the bank, he would whistle and let them know he was going by. Each week on "bank night," he had his supper with them. Lucy Keeler wrote, "He [Rud] taught me so much—botany, ferns, herbarium; typewriter use; photography; library methods; etc."[45] Rud had attended Michigan Agricultural College and Polytechnic Institute at Boston. She grieved when Rud left the bank. "Rud in to say goodbye. He goes to Nantucket. Has severed his connections with the bank and probably leaves Fremont for good. He has always been a delightful combination of brother and cousin, always kind and considerate. A good deal of my girlhood goes and reminiscences of the dear Hayes family become more and more 'reminiscences.' "[46]

Unquestionably the Hayes' friendship and influence gave Lucy Keeler the opportunity for wide acquaintance and social intercourse. However, these friendships were deepened and enlarged because of Lucy Keeler's own efforts and personality.

Lucy Keeler died March 11, 1930, of cancer after an illness of several weeks. She sought treatment at the leading medical centers in the country, but her condition did not improve. The funeral was held in the parlors of the Presbyterian Church. On the way to the cemetery, the hearse stopped, as she had requested, for a few minutes in front of her home for a fond, last farewell, under the protecting arms of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to her beloved cot.

Her philosophy based upon the concept of both contributing to life as well as receiving from life is well expressed in her own writings. "I give mute thanks to the hands who built my

gables near the strand where the waves of life beat up; and I like to think that just as I am a part of my corner, so I am a part of a great orderly, mutually helpful world, not stranded or isolated in it, but lending somewhat to it, and nourished and enriched by its fulness."[47]

Her mother left a note on her desk one day which fairly well sums up her activities:

"To L.E.K., to make her laugh!
Editor Journal
Home Studies Teacher
President Foreign Missionary Society
[Adviser] Christian Endeavor
Assistant Librarian
Typewriter of Hayes Book
[Organizer of] Musical Club
Member Women's Advisory Board Wooster College
Founder and Head of Seven Clubs
Cook
Housekeeper
Nurse
Book Reporter
Magazines—50 to notice
Society Duties
100 Correspondents
Sabbath School Teacher
Adviser and helper of Fitch family and 40 others
Traveller."[48]

NOTES

1. "Use and Abuse of Ancestors"—ms. Lucy Elliot Keeler collection, Hayes Memorial, Fremont, Ohio.
2. Reminiscences of Isaac Keeler by himself—L.E.K. collection.
3. Reminiscences of Janette Keeler by Janette Keeler—L.E.K. collection.
4. "Recollections of My Mother," Lucy Elliot Keeler—ms. L.E.K. collection.
5. *Ibid.*
6. Lucy Elliot Keeler, "A Sheaf of Christmases"—*Scribner's Magazine.*
7. "A Home Sheaf," Lucy Elliot Keeler—ms. L.E.K. collection.
8. Lucy Elliot Keeler, "Over My Fence," *Atlantic Monthly,* 1917, Vol. 120, p. 350.
9. Lucy Elliot Keeler, "Around My Corner," *Scribner's Magazine,* 1912, Vol. 51, p. 633.
10. Lucy Keeler Diary, July 29, 1889.—L.E.K. collection.
11. Lucy Elliot Keeler, "On Local History," *Scribner's Magazine,* 1910, Vol. 48, p. 250.

12. Personal notes—L.E.K. collection.
13. *Ibid.*
14. "My Own Trees," Lucy Elliot Keeler—ms. L.E.K. collection.
15. *Ibid.*
16. *Ibid.*
17. Lucy Elliot Keeler, "The Contented Heart," *Atlantic Monthly,* 1913, Vol. 112, p. 842.
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