

Son and Daughter of American Revolution

Living Children of Sire who fought under Washington.

Omaha Woman Whose Father was Soldier in the Days of '76.

GREAT societies have been formed of "sons" and "daughters" of the American Revolution, men and women whose ancestors fought in the armies under Washington, or who rendered some signal service to the cause of the patriotic struggle for independence. Many thousands of the descendants of the active men of those times are living throughout the land, and their number is continually being multiplied. But the distinction of being a real son or daughter of a soldier of the Revolutionary war can be rightfully claimed for very few living people. Such a claim means that a single step in descent must cover a period of at least 128 years since the close of that war for independence: it means that the father must have been very young when he went into the war, and that his living sons or daughters must have been born long after the war ended. The time involved comprehends the period allotted to four generations, so the fact that living men and women who are children of soldiers of the Revolutionary war are all the more notable.

Omaha has long been the home of one of these "real" children of the Revolution, Mrs. Elvira C. Tewksbury, who is now nearly 83 years young, and promises in her splendid vitality to go on for many more years of active and useful life. She is grandaunt and great-grand aunt, but she is also energetic, refuses to be coddled, and insists on doing her full share of the work of the household routine. She makes her home with her niece, who is herself a grandmother, but just now she is away on a visit to an old friend at Weeping Water, where she is in the habit of spending a few weeks each winter, renewing, or rather, maintaining old acquaintances in Cass county, where she and her husband were pioneers and where they made their home for many years.

Mrs. Tewksbury, when she is at home, lives with Mrs. Anna Maxwell Wooley, and Mrs. Wooley's daughter, Mrs. Willis I. Hoopes, at 2308 South Thirty-second street.

She has a brother, Isaac F. Walker, 86 years old, who lives at Concord Plains, near Concord, N. H., who is the only real son of the Revolution now living in New England. He was recently presented with a certificate acknowledging the fact, after the state of New Hampshire and representatives of the Society of the American Revolution had made an official investigation of Mrs. Tewksbury's and Mr. Walker's claims of Revolutionary parentage.

They are naturally very proud of the honor, especially as certain people of Omaha and in New England have been inclined to doubt their right to the distinction they declared was theirs. However, although possessing plenty of evidence that their father was a Revolutionary soldier, Mrs. Tewksbury and Mr. Walker have never availed themselves of the privilege to become members of the societies of descendants of Revolutionary patriots.

Mrs. Tewksbury is a quiet, home-loving woman and in spite of her age, prefers the activities of the household to those of meetings and organizations. Although approaching her eighty-third birthday, which will be May 25, she seems to be in perfect health and enjoys wonderful mentality, eyesight and hearing. She is a great reader, is always posted on the news and topics of the day, and even keeps up her correspondence with a number of relatives and friends.

The "good old times," when woman's place was strictly that of a homemaker, were plenty good enough for her, she says, and she is quite amused at the extremes to which some women now go in the matter of dress, suffrage agitation and other lines.

Just now she is at Weeping Water, Neb., where she once lived, and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Corley. Mr. Corley is postmaster of the town, and Mrs. Corley when a little girl was known by Mrs. Tewksbury. Scorning to accept the privileges of a guest, the venerable daughter of the Revolution insists upon being active around the house, and every day does some of the housework, "just for something to do," she explains.

Her husband, John S. Tewksbury, died eleven years ago. He was one of the very earliest settlers in Cass county, coming to the state with his wife in the early sixties, before a railroad was built. Francis E. White, state secretary of the Masonic order in Omaha, worked for Mr. Tewksbury in the latter's grain warehouse at Plattsmouth in 1875, and says that his employer was one of the most highly respected citizens of the community.

At that time Mr. Tewksbury had become engaged in the grain and building businesses. He shipped much grain south to St. Louis by steamboats on the Missouri river. At one time he and his wife made their home at Weeping Water. Later he engaged in railroad construction work and helped to build the Iron Mountain road south from St. Louis.

The Tewksburys took up their residence in Omaha in the nineties, and for a number of years lived at 3505 South Twentieth street, making many friends here. Mrs. Tewksbury is very loyal to Nebraska and especially Omaha, claiming this city as her home in spite of the fact that she spends considerable time each year visiting relatives and acquaintances elsewhere. She plans to return from Weeping Water soon and will spend the summer with Mrs. Wooley and Mr. and Mrs. Hoopes.

Only four years ago she made an extensive trip all alone, going to visit her brother and other rela-



Sitting - Left to right - Mrs. Elvira C. Tewksbury, Gladys Hoopes, Mrs. Grace Maxwell Hoopes.
Standing - Mrs. Anna Maxwell Wooley

HEYN PHOTO

tives near Concord, N. H., and then going south for the winter.

"Anybody who has a tongue can find the way," she insisted, when her relatives protested against her traveling alone at the age of 79 years.

When Mrs. Wooley, who has long been a resident of Omaha and is well known here, was a little girl, her father, Mr. Walker, sent her to Nebraska for her aunt, Mrs. Tewksbury, to bring up, as the Tewksburys had no children. She has three sisters and two brothers in New England, with one of whom, Mrs. Julia McDonald, her father lives. Another sister, Mrs. Leona Cheever is a neighbor. The third sister is Mrs. Will Adams of Westmount, Quebec. One brother, Jenness M. Walker, lives at Fitchburg, Mass., and the other, Everett H. Walker, is agent of the Lawrence Mill Corporation at Lowell, Mass.

The octogenarian son of the Revolution, like Mrs. Tewksbury, enjoys good health, eyesight and hearing, is full of fun and loves to talk over old times with his many friends at Concord Plains. He lives just opposite the state muster grounds, and is keenly interested in all military affairs, although never a soldier himself. Frequently he walks into the business district of Concord from his suburban home two miles away, and as recently as two years ago used to do gardening, although in his eighty-fourth year then.

He has the unusual record of never having suffered from serious illness in his life, and yet of never having been very strong. He takes excellent care of himself, and when he recently posed for a picture, remarked that he expected to live to be 100 years old, which he thought would give excuse for putting his picture in the papers again.

Among New Hampshire people who vouch for the claims of Mr. Walker and his sister are Attorney Sherman E. Burroughs of Manchester, Rev. Howard F. Hill of Concord, and Treasurer William P. Fiske of the New Hampshire savings bank in that city.

Neither M. Walker nor Mrs. Tewksbury have a very vivid recollection of their father, James Walker, as they were only 9 and 6 years of age, respectively, when he died in 1837. They remember him, however, as an old man when they were just old enough to be impressed by their surroundings. The Revolutionary Walker's exact age at the time of his death is not known to Mrs. Tewksbury, but he lived fifty-nine years after serving in the war.

He is mentioned in the Revolutionary records at the offices of the adjutant general in Concord. A payroll of Colonel Jonathan Chase's regiment of New Hampshire militia, which was commanded by Major Francis Smith and marched from Cornish, N. H., and adjacent towns to re-enforce the garrison at Fort Mifflin, shows James Walker as a private, enlisted June 27, 1777, and discharged July 3 of the same year.

A payroll of Captain Samuel McConnell's company, General Stark's brigade, which marched from Pembroke, N. H., in July, 1777, and joined the northern continental army at Bennington and Stillwater, shows James Walker as a private who



Isaac F. Walker
CONCORD PLAINS N. H.

was discharged September 18, 1777. A muster and roll call of a detachment of men under Lieutenant Gerould, which marched to Saratoga in September, 1777, shows that James Walker was a private, engaged September 22 and discharged October 22.

Another pay roll for Captain James Alken's company in Colonel Moses Kelley's regiment of volunteers, which marched from New Hampshire and joined the continental army in Rhode Island in August, 1778, shows that James Walker was a private engaged August 7 and discharged August

27. The Walkers referred to in all four of these enlistments was the same man and was the father of Mrs. Tewksbury and Isaac F. Walker, having enlisted each time as a resident of New Boston, N. H., where records show Mrs. Tewksbury's and Isaac F. Walker's parents resided during the revolution.

The group picture of Mrs. Tewksbury, her niece and the latter's daughter and granddaughter was taken eight years ago. That of Mr. Walker was taken this winter.

Through a Car Window

By ADA PATTERSON.

A MAN under sentence of death has preached a sermon quite unconsciously, for his endeavor was to show that he was a good man and should be spared the ignominy of his final leave-taking.

"I've been a steam fitter and a marble polisher," he is said to have said. "I worked hard. Once I had a job in John D. Rockefeller's office downtown, fitting pipes. I fitted up a school at Garrison, too. I saw it through the car window as on my way up here."

"Up here" is Sing Sing, within whose walls the man is practically certain to die. He has appealed to the "public," which is usually indifferent after a conscientious district attorney has furnished enough evidence to convict, and a jury has found him guilty and a most just judge has sentenced the man to die. The public is usually satisfied that these three agencies for regulating the safety of the community have done their best and made no mistake. Generally they haven't. It would seem that the man will have to pay the extreme penalty for the crime of which he has been found guilty, a shot in the dark that killed a man who was unarmed. There is but a slight chance that he will meet any other fate than that of an electric chair.

The sermon he uttered will probably live long after he does, for those who think their way through the columns of their newspapers. It revealed itself in the words, "On the way up here I saw the place where I worked."

Through the car window the man saw himself as he had been, and as he might have continued to be. He saw himself at work. He saw himself holding a steady job. I like that phrase, "a steady job." It conveys not only that the "job" is a continuous one, but that it has a steady influence. There is no balance wheel like that of a task continuing through most of the hours of the day—a task the discharge of which leaves you as Robert Louis Stevenson has said, "Wearily, but not dis-

honored." Looking through the car window, the man who was traveling handcuffed to Sing Sing to expiate the crime of murder saw himself grow at his tasks, as we all do if we worthily perform those tasks. We grow not merely in skill, but in character, by the conscientious performance of the day's duties. He saw himself growing. He saw his pay increasing as pay does when the work grows better. "Do good work and the rewards will take care of themselves," said an employer of thousands. He saw another reward dawn in his life—the love and trust in a maiden's eyes. He saw the young woman and himself in their own home. He saw her keeping the little home as neat and shining as his polished marbles. He saw others fill their home, tiny folk with their strength and the trust and tenderness in their eyes that had drawn him first to the maid. Then the picture grew dim. Over it crept the mist of indolence. He had tired of the job. He had grown weary of work, as we all grow weary of it for heavy moments. Those moments are signals to breathe deeply of fresh air, to square our shoulders, to tighten our belts, to smile and go on, most—but whatever else we do, to go on. The bravest act in the world is just going on—in the right way, and work is always the right way.

Laziness does but one thing. It oils the highway for crime. Along the highway dashes an automobile full of youths crouching, with pistols drawn. Through the car window the man recognized in this load his own face, his own figure. The sight blotted out the other picture. It was like the eclipse of the sun. In its shadow he covered his face and groaned.

Looking through the car window that hurries them to the Sing Sing of their self-made fate, men catch glimpses of many fair pictures of the past. They see themselves youths at the thresholds of useful careers; they see themselves doing the day's work honestly, very kings in their own little realm of achievement. The picture is blurred by the first mood of idleness. It is blotted out forever when the mood of laziness oils the way for the new activity—that of crime.