

"Roses that blush for shame on Easter Morn
At thought of cruel cross and crown of thorn,
Send forth your sweetest incense; let it rise
To Him who ope'd the gates of Paradise.

Pansies, who bid us never more forget
The stone, to seal the Roman guard well set,
Cry out to all with fragrance laden breath,
'Where is thy sting, O grave, thy victory O death?'

Wave thy pure banners heavenward, lillies white;
Bright with thhe pearly tears of sorrowing night
The morning breaks; to all good the news speeds—
"The Lord beloved is risen; yea, risen indeed."

Oh, Christ, who died our sin sick souls to save
E'en through the shadowy portals of the grave,
O'er thorns and stones I'll follow Thee, dear Lord,
So I but rise with Thee—the Truth, the Life, the Word."

Mrs. Catlin rose from that sick bed for a short period of further usefulness; but a second illness two years later, provd fatal and she passed away, February fourth, 1915. But Laura Wood Catlin will live forever in her noble works rendered permanent thru her inspired love for humanity and the beautiful.

(Mrs. Henry L.) Minnie G. Cook, Regent,
Benjamin Tallmadge Chapter,
Milwaukee.

MRS. HELEN WHIPPLE
Author—Lillian Stair Schreiner
(Fort Atkinson Chapter)

The Fort Atkinson Chapter, D. A. R. has been fortunate in adding to its list of "real" daughters, Mrs. Helen M. Whipple of Chicago. She was the daughter of Eliada Brown, who served throughout the Revolutionary war, enlisted at the early age of 15.

Mrs. Whipple was at the time she joined, an exceedingly bright and attractive old lady, past her 80th year. Her early life was passed in Jefferson county,

Wis., but for some years she resided with a son in Chicago. She attended several meetings of the Chicago chapter D. A. R., and had been earnestly importuned by both officers and members to join their society, but having reached an age when it was hard to make new friends she preferred to place her membership in the Fort Atkinson chapter to which many of her friends of an earlier day, both in Fort Atkinson and Jefferson, belonged.

Mrs. Whipple was the youngest of a family of 20 children, her father being in his 69th year when she was born. He was twice married and had nine children by his first wife and eleven by the second.

He was born in East Haddam, Conn., July 30, 1760, and died and was buried in Jefferson, Wis., in January, 1855. His grave is marked by a revolutionary soldier's marker which was placed there by the George Rogers Clark Society, children of the American Revolution of Milwaukee and every year on Memorial Day the grave is decorated with flowers by the Jefferson members of the Fort Atkinson chapter, D. A. R.

At the age of 13 he moved with his parents to Hanover, N. H., and from there he enlisted in the continental army, Capt. Stevens' company, Col. Nicolas' regiment at the age of 15 years and served throughout the war as a private. Giving Mrs. Whipple's own words, "he enlisted as a private soldier and he fought through the desperate struggle in the ranks." It was no easy matter to gain promotion in those days—the maximum of the Declaration of Independence "that all men were born equal" held good and therefore I considered it no reflection upon my father, Eliada Brown, to record the fact that he went through the battles and skirmishes of the revolution as a private."

Mr. Brown took part in a great many skirmishes and was in the battle of Bennington and that of Stillwater and was stationed at West Point in 1779 and was one of Major Arnold's body guard at the time he turned traitor to the American cause.

At a meeting of the Fort Atkinson chapter, Flag Day, June 14th, which was held at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Gannon in Jefferson, Mrs. Whipple was present and related to the members some reminiscences of her father's experiences in the Revolution which he told her himself. She said: "He used to take me on his knee and tell me of the battles and skirmishes he took part in and of the hardships the men had to endure. There was great scarcity of food and he said they often had no shoes to wear even in winter and that they left bloody tracks upon the snow."

At the close of the war Mr. Brown returned to Hanover, was married there and there made his home. When the troops were called for, for the war of 1812, he again enlisted in his country's service and was on his way to join the army at Pittsburg when peace was declared.

In 1837 he joined the great company of pioneers moving westward, and settled with his family at Jefferson on the shores of the beautiful, winding Rock and there he remained until his death.

Mrs. Whipple's life itself has been an interesting one, and all of the early pioneer experiences were hers. She was ten years old when her father settled on the banks of Rock river and their's was the only house within a radius of many miles.

"Our little farm house was the only house in Jefferson," she says. It stood where now stands the Jefferson House, in a thick maple forest. I was the first white girl in Jefferson. I roamed the woods with the Indians whom I really enjoyed, never afraid of them. I could paddle my own canoe up and down Rock river, bait my hook and fish and fire off a gun when the occasion demanded it.

As there were no schools at that time in the country, she was sent to Plainsfield, Ill., where her education, an excellent one for those days, was acquired.

In disposition, Mrs. Whipple was bright and cheery, finding her greatest enjoyment in the domestic life. Her home was made with her children where she busied herself with the household duties and fine needle work, all which she was an expert, many pieces of beautiful embroidery and lace work testifying to her skill in that direction.

The Fort Atkinson chapter deemed it a great honor and pleasure to have counted her as one of its members. The presentation to Mrs. Whipple of the solid gold spoon which is the gift of the National Society D. A. R. to every real daughter, was the occasion of a pleasant little social meeting at the home of Mrs. O. S. Cornish, Fort Atkinson.

