

M. Clam on American Problems

HE DISCUSSES HEROES.

BY SHELDON S. CLAM.

Copyright 1906 by S. S. Clam.

M. Clam, the renowned Parisian Journalist, is amazed and confused at the American nation of reward and punishment for heroes.

Washington, U. S. 3 Jan. What shall we think of one nation that is fickle toward her heroes? We of the France, who thrill with passion when we hear the names of terrible Frenchmen of fame—what shall we think of those United States which forget so quickly? With amazement I look upon that procession of American heroes, escaping so quickly into the oblivion. Oh, how those heroes are thrice fortunate if they reach the oblivion safely. Many of them are pursued by the first, but at the last it is the race to bury the dead!

In those rapid changes of heroes I see again the fever of America, the quickness, the impatience. The hero blossoms and withers in America with the quickness of the first, but at the last it is the race to bury the dead!

TALE OF THE FAMOUS REMARK

Which the Governor of South Carolina addressed to the Governor of North Carolina.

The night on which the Kentuckians hunted the stirrup cup in Mr. Watterston in this city on the eve of his going away to Spain some good stories were told in the nooks of the dining room.

"You Kentuckians," said a guest from Georgia, "have heard all your lives about the romance of the Governor of North Carolina received from the Governor of South Carolina. The story has been passed down from generation to another, each generation believing in the tradition a little more than the previous one."

"Well, gentlemen, I was down in the Palmetto State a few weeks ago, and while I was enjoying the hospitality of a kinsman named Hamilton, he assured me one evening while we were indulging in the convivial characteristic of Southern hospitality that he had a fact, I am going to tell you what he said as well as I can recall it, trusting to your charity to make due allowance for lapses which were of this sort entailed."

"A Governor of South Carolina was the guest of a kinsman of the Governor of North Carolina. The latter, in honor of his guest, had prepared a Tar Heel dinner. That is, he had had a ham, and the great temptations."

"After the feast the Tar Heel Executive invited his Palmetto guest to have a pipe on the veranda of the mansion. Between the two big chairs a capacious demijohn was placed. It was filled with cherry brandy whiskey from a North Carolina resort."

"As often as the pipes were refilled the demijohn was tilted and the liquid gurgled into a gourd. This the North Carolina Governor handed to the Executive from South Carolina, who drank to the health of his host, who finished it."

"I was even told the main topic of conversation between the two was the turpentine of one State and the rice of the other State."

"The Governor of North Carolina, said my host, was a large man and full of pores. Such a man can drink a thin man to a finish any day. The liquor studies at last he was ready to say: 'So the South Carolina Executive was in a fresh condition most of the time. The Tar Heel Executive, however, was nervous and began to 'dig' on his gourd early and in doing so he laded out about a quart of the Palmetto man to one for himself."

"But gentlemen—I mean Colonsias—the North Carolina Governor in spite of his caution and in the opinion of his guest, was the first to be overcome. His pipe from his hand he careened in his great chair and fell ashen."

"The Governor of South Carolina was too polite a man to notice the sudden condition of his host, continuing his argument on the staple product of his State he held his gourd near the mouth of the Executive, who cut him dry, and finally noticing that the gourd was not as moist as it should be the Governor of North Carolina said his remarks on staple products and asked abruptly: 'Governor, don't you think it's a damned long time between drinks?'"

"The Governor of North Carolina slept on. His faithful but servant, hearing the inquiry, however, did not want to be chagrined by the failure of his master to extend the hospitality. He cut the lid of the gourd at the edge of the veranda and took to the woods."

"The Governor of South Carolina, noticing the continued absence of language from his host and also noting the decamping of the servant, likewise having tapped the demijohn, and finding it like a last year's bird nest, slowly arose, laid aside the gourd, ambled to the side black and white, and rode away. It is said that his horse never hesitated until he bore his master across the State line."

"Then the Governor of North Carolina looked back and shook his gauntlet in the direction whence he had come. When the Governor of South Carolina came out of his comatose condition and realized his humiliation he broke the demijohn and the cherry brandy gourd. 'You have heard of the young English prince who was lost at sea and how the King when he heard of it never failed again to drink the brandy. Well, I assure me that the poem originally referred to the Governor of North Carolina, the poem is first written beginning: 'The Jug that held the rye run dry. The Poel was scorched within. The Tar Heel Governor woke too late. He never smiled again.'"

Working for an Education.

New York Commercial. To the boy graduating from grammar school the future presents some dark aspects. Two courses lie before him, one of which, the majority of them run blim through high school and then through college and the other—and this one the most of them choose—is to get a job and work for an education. Probably most often he comes from a family which cannot afford to send him through a high school and the opportunity present the aspiring student of paying even, his slight earnings to the tuition of a night school. He enters the halls of high learning. Allan Rothwell, in the Chicago Tribune, suggests that these young men should be given some other means of help. He says that many have worked their way through college. Probably first in the list as having most followers comes the position of newspaper carrier, a position lowly in rank, yet envied by the great men who have in the past risen from the newspaper station.

A newspaper route of 100 customers, if well managed, will net the carrier all the way from \$4 to \$6 each week. Surely good pay when all the hours which he is not more than four hours each day, and he is not only paid only for school work but even for a frolic of all kinds which are so common to the young men of the day. The necessity of exposure in all sorts of weather and means an early start for a warm bed each morning, but after all, such a life never hurts a growing boy, and only makes him grow faster.

Each elevated station offers opportunities for a news-stand and magazine counter, which often are taken advantage of by the high school students. A little capital is needed to start with, but the business once established is a well-paying one and takes up not much more of the student's time than the newspaper route mentioned above. I know of one who has cleared weekly from \$10 to \$20 on these stores of all varieties of news, and the opportunity of employment is sufficient to attract many. Sometimes a chance to work evenings. Such a position would pay from \$10 to \$15 per week.

Each year the long vacation must be taken into account, when for two months the ambitious student can make enough money to give him a high school education, and he works that a high school education is a privilege to be highly prized.

the best seller this week. Those people become frantic again. They say to themselves: 'Forgive me, you deceived that Green Oyster? Bah! You are behind those times! It is simply grand! How glad we are that the American literature is so magnificent!' M. Brown is the true genius!"

In one week those newspapers say one more: 'Forgive me, you deceived that Green Oyster? Bah! You are behind those times! It is simply grand! How glad we are that the American literature is so magnificent!' M. Brown is the true genius!"

That great novel American is not the Green Oyster. The Green Oyster is one foolish piece of both-world. It is worse than the wretched 'Devil Fish.' That plot is most ridiculous, and those characters are gross caricatures upon the nature human. Also the book is not one of those best sellers this week. Yet we have now the good news. M. Julius P. Bolivar McCabe, of the Indiana State, has just completed that masterpiece which he began on the last Wednesday. He has decided to name this novel 'Her Third Divorce.' We have read 'Her Third Divorce,' with unusual ease, and we pronounce it the great novel American. At \$3 p. m. those department store returns indicated total sales of \$75,000. If that demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller. That demand continues three days more, this will make the best seller.

Please do not talk more. There is a Washington hero many men who are heroes here. They become very pale if they see the crowd. Yet there is no danger—the crowd does not know them now. If those heroes do not seek for trouble, they are safe. But there is an unwritten law concerning heroes, which I shall call the unwritten law. We remember that terrible war between these United States and Spain. With agitation in France I read of those exploits. When I read of M. Hobson sinking that vessel Merrimac almost right, and how he would have died heroically if those stupid companions of his had not interfered, my heart knocked at my throat with emotion! I was apologetic with admiration of M. Hobson. After, when I read of those exciting American ladies always excited to kiss him, became my grand passion. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' 'No, my dear Clam, you shall never behold M. Hobson.'

'Very well! M. Hobson became the hero American, and then suffered, like them all. Those people became jealous when he was kissed by the ladies! With hatred they plotted against him. At the last, one morning he was shot. 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Let us send him to the Congress! Then he shall not escape the oblivion! He will be the permanent dead one!' 'Hurrah!' cried those cruel people. 'Hobson goes to Congress! Now forget him!'

One day, when strolled along the avenue Pennsylvania, not having in mind much—Mon Dieu! What should I see but M. Hobson! I had agitation! Should I salute my hero? I waited. I watched. M. Hobson shrank from those people. His was that hunted look. Yes, it was he! Impulsively I ran toward him. My heart hopped. 'I cried, 'Hurrah for M. Hobson!' Those people turned with surprise. M. Hobson started. I cried: 'A Frenchman salutes one hero!' M. Hobson became pale. Those people muttered. Convulsively, with extreme agitation, I embraced that hero. He struggled with delight. With delight I kissed him on those cheeks. Those people? Bah! What do I care for them? One policeman ran up to me. 'Come with me,' said this fellow. That crowd had excitement. One cried: 'They try to lynch Hobson!' Far back in that crowd they cried: 'Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch Hobson!' I cannot remember all. It was the terrible nightmare. All was confusion, trampling of hoofs, shouts. Soon I was before one magistrate of police. The magistrate, with the chin, said: 'What is the law? If I have broken it, I shall repair those damages.' His reply: 'You have violated one unwritten law. M. Clam. No man shall make demonstration over any man who has been one hero. For why? That leads to the riot, the public fury, the lynch. Yet no danger was of a lynch. You escaped. Now let M. Clam escape.'

With agitation and thanks I shook the hand of that magistrate. Halling a fiacre, I drove rapidly to my hotel. For two days I was in bed. Gradually my heart became normal. Now I can speak of the terrible experience with calmness and with lesson to me and one warning to my countrymen. Let them beware of heroes, when they come to these United States! CLAM.

Already I discover those millionaires are in danger. If one millionaire is caught by those people and made the hero—just—it is the caricature, the mob of the kodak, the millionaires try to escape to France. Until the last Friday M. Rockefeller, the most rich man in America, was safe, because those people were in pursuit of the hero. Morgan made the hero of him. To-day M. Rockefeller is in hiding! He endeavors to prove that he is dead, so that he may save the life. Those terrible kodaks lie in wait. Those sheriffs are with them. What is M. Rockefeller's crime? It is too rich according to law. Those murderers are not pursued by the kodak. Why? Because they obey that unwritten law. Yet if one man becomes a millionaire according to the written law, let him beware the lynch.

Those people to-day shout with violence for M. Rockefeller to come out. That moment psychological has arrived. His time to be one hero is past. To-morrow, if he is discovered, all will be lost!

To-day I have the happy idea to save poor rich Rockefeller. Why should those millionaires suffer if those murderers escape? Instantly I seize the pen and send this telegram to M. Rockefeller: 'M. Rockefeller, Hills Pocomto, United States: Why do you not say you became rich by obeying that unwritten law? That would save you! That mob would fight for you!' CLAM.

Ah, I have disappointment! M. Rockefeller has not the courage. His reply: 'M. Clam, Washington: I have been the hero once. It is too much. That unwritten law is good only for murderers. I prefer to remain dead.' 'ROCKEFELLER.'

To-night those people are looking for the new hero. Perhaps M. Rockefeller will escape. All those millionaires tremble. They say: 'M. Rockefeller, he is the most rich man. Overlook us, and lynch him!'

In the politics it is the same. Those heroes spoil quickly. In the last April, when the San Francisco was quaked, Maire Schmitz did perform marvellous things. Those people did not wait. Instantly they made him the hero. Those newspapers said: 'Maire Schmitz, he makes good! He is the man of the hour!' Yes, he was the man of the hour, but not the man of the day or the week. Soon those people of San Francisco became deadly sick. It was as if their hero was poison to them! He died. But soon he returned and gave up himself. Now those people say: 'Shall it be prison or the lynch? We must dispose of this hero quickly!'

In the France I read of M. Jerome, that terrible district attorney of New York. Those newspapers said: 'At the last we have the permanent hero. This is the only honest man. He tells those people they are asses. Is not that the truth? He says no man is honest. Is not this the word of one honest man? He looks like M. Roosevelt, slightly shrunken. If we cannot get M. Roosevelt shall we not take the minute honest man? Hurrah for Hero Jerome! All parties are rotten. Therefore let them unite on one hero!' Those people said: 'It is all true. Jerome is asses. We are rotten. Jerome is right. Hurrah for our hero!'

Thus all those people elected M. Jerome. But now—bah! Those newspapers speak with cruelty of this honest man. He has that sloping sickness, yet those people are not polite to him in his distress. When I arrived in New York, I said: 'Let me now see M. Jerome, the honest man of New York.' My friends cursed the lip at me! It was the answer, the contempt. I had humiliation. I said: 'But why is it wrong to look upon one honest man?' The reply: 'Bah! M. Jerome was our hero two weeks ago! He is now the dead one. Do not speak of the painful things!'

I said: 'Did he not call you the honest man?' The reply: 'Yes, and he was right. That gives the great pain now.'

At Strasbourg, Germany, a dental clinic has been opened at the university for the treatment of school children. In order, by their teachers, are sent quickly examined, as many as eighty and nearly so a day, by a single dentist. Teaching goes hand in hand with treatment. The doctor tells the child how to brush his teeth, and he is used as one, and sends him home with a toothbrush. The movement is spreading in all the schools of the city. The dental clinics are to be erected.

A little printing machine, recently invented by the German, Director of the great Berlin Institute of Technology, in Paris, will be of great assistance to the blind and those of their eyes. It is very simple and extraordinary.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ

FAMOUS WRITER OF 50 YEARS.

Many Still Living in Florence, Tenn.—Who Remember Mrs. Hentz's Well-Locust Hill for Nine Years the Home of This Gifted Woman—A Sketch of Her Career and Woes of Her Writing Days.

Breathed a Pure, Moral Atmosphere—Her Aim to Promote the Cause of Good.

Alexander S. Patton, of Statesville, in the Sunny South.

It is Florence on the Tennessee, wrote one in a possible measure, who greatly admired this North Alabama town. Sitting as a queen on a beautiful plateau, she looks down and smiles upon the blue waters of the old river as they flow silently by. Venerable in age, proud in the lineage of her aristocratic families, she is rich in historic memories. Here is a home around which cluster associations of long interest.

This is Locust Dell, for nine years the home of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. More than fifty years have passed since that gifted woman came to this home, to which she gave the name it still bears. Many changes have swept over the scene. The old locust trees, which were the pride of her aristocratic families, which are rich in historic memories. Here is a home around which cluster associations of long interest.

There are still living in Florence many who remember Mrs. Hentz well. Some of these dear old people were her pupils and have for her the most affectionate remembrance of her beautiful life and rare talents made impressions the remembrance of which even now makes the eye kindle and the cheek glow with an interest that reaches back over half a century.

The writer believing that the South owes Mrs. Hentz a debt of gratitude, has taken the pen to portray to a new generation a short sketch of the life and work of this woman, who was a gifted author of poetry and in prose. Surely in Southern hearts her memory should be kept fresh, for she sang our praises and by her pen enriched the field of literature in our Southland. And, wider all the more, her remembrance upon all who admire the gifts of mind and heart, and who would delight to honor a name once written high upon the list of the noted writers of her age.

HER NOBLE BIRTH AND LINEAGE

Mrs. Hentz was by birth a New Englander, and by adoption a daughter of the South. Her father was first ranked under the beautiful elms of Lancaster, Mass. She came of distinguished lineage. Her father, General John Whiting, was an efficient officer in the United States army, and was decorated with military honors in Washington city in 1810. Her two brothers were educated at West Point and served gallantly in the Mexican war. Hers was the home of culture and refinement, and the pride of that home, her education was of a high order, and she was familiar with the best facilities of the old Bay State. Visiting in the highest circles of society in Boston, she met a young Frenchman, a Huguenot exile, who, in her youth, was the lion of a whole circle. He wooed her with the bright New England girl, and in 1824 she became his bride as Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Her husband was then a professor in Round Hill College, Northampton, Mass. He was a man of high character, and of great industry. Some of his rare paintings, as a naturalist still hang in the Boston Museum, and his skillful touches transferred to canvas the winsome features of his American bride.

Receiving a call to a professorship in Chapel Hill College, N. C., they bade adieu to her native hills and came to a Southern home. Cincinnati next claimed the talents and services of these noted educators. Here Mrs. Hentz's literary career was most brilliant. She moved the centre of an admiring and appreciative circle, and became celebrated as a writer of no ordinary talents.

As the years rolled by we next find them in Florence, Ala. at the head of an institute for girls. Here in this quiet town they found the rest needed from a too brilliant life in the city, and here, at Locust Dell, we will stop awhile and let our readers see more of the life of Mrs. Hentz as we hear it from the lips of those who are proud in the recollection of those days.

Mrs. Hentz was tall, of fine figure, and queenly in her carriage. Her hair was curled in clustering ringlets about her shoulders, and her lustrous, dark eyes beamed forth an intelligence that impressed all who met her gaze. In the precincts of her home she was kind, gentle and loving, and in society her manners were easy, simple and unpretentious. Her husband well for her as a mother to say that her children were lovely in character, affectionate in disposition and charming to all their acquaintances.

In 1851 we find Mr. and Mrs. Hentz living in Columbia, S. C. Here she and her husband did their best work in the educational line, as to some extent, was shattered. So she gave up the school-room and devoted all her powers to the pen.

HER EARLY LITERARY CAREER

Her literary career began in childhood. When only 9 years of age she wrote her first poem, and her language and thought. And it tells of her precocious mind to say that, in her early teens, she wrote a poem, a novel and a tragedy. At an early age she was widely known by her poems, tales and novels, and by her periodicals. Her poems show a sweetness and ease of expression a warmth and earnestness in the theme, and we feel that we are listening to a soul that wells up from a heart that is full of love and sympathy. Her prose writings seem to have borrowed from poetry an imagery and vivacity that throw around them a charm, whilst conciseness and purity of style please the reader at every turn. Rapidly of composition characterized her writing, and her thoughts seemed to fly as from a pen dipped in light.

'De Lara' was a prize poem for which she received \$500 and a gold medal. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stow, then a maiden 'rare and radiant,' was a competitor for the honor. The poem was written on the banishment of the Moor from Spain and has been dramatized and played with great success in our American cities. 'It is marked by depth and vigor of thought and utterance, and although painting in vivid colors the imagination of the soft and voluptuous scenes about Golden Granada, yet it has all throughout its pages a prevailing feminine chasteness and delicacy.'

'Lovell's Polly' was her first published novel. Her purpose in writing it was to smooth down the prejudices then existing between the North and South, and to show that they were based only on general misapprehensions, or on false representations. The novel shows with a loving hand failed to bring forth the abundance of fruit desired.

The foundation of 'Linda,' one of her choice works, was laid on board a steamer on the Alabama river. The captain of the steamer, who was a passenger on board the ill-fated Belle Crooke and knew Linda's history, told Mrs. Hentz all the incidents of her romantic life and begged her to write the story. Thus was the idea born and Linda was written by the public with the greatest enthusiasm. Her little daughter, Callie, persuaded her to write 'Robert Graham'—a sequel to 'Linda'—claiming that such love as Robert's would not go unreciprocated. Also, many friends and her publisher urged her to write this book in refutation of Mrs. Stowe's libellous story of Southern life among planters, that was then scattered broadcast over the North and denounced with a green and yellow that startled plainly what the harvest would be. The story of Mrs. Hentz was a true one, she details faithfully delineated and she presented to the world in its real coloring, scenes and characters of Southern life. But the poison had done its work, and the Northern press and the Northern pulpit alike cried down her story, while the veil of prejudice was drawn more closely around the Northern mind. In her next book, 'The North-South Bride,' she holds out the olive branch alike cried down her story, while the veil of prejudice was drawn more closely around the Northern mind. In her next book, 'The North-South Bride,' she holds out the olive branch alike cried down her story, while the veil of prejudice was drawn more closely around the Northern mind.

Her crowning work, representing the very flower of her genius, was 'Ernest Linwood.' In this work of her only surviving daughter, Mrs. Jas. O. Branch. 'It was indeed like the sweet music of the dying swan, her last and full of painful melody.' In it, to some extent, we get glimpses into the inner chambers of her own heart, into the holy of holies, and catch the incense as it floats from the altar of sacrifice and devotion.

There breathes from the writing of Mrs. Hentz a moral atmosphere, the purity of which, as compared with many works, even along the higher plains of fiction of the present day, is as the lily above the mire of the bog. There seems to have been a great change during later years from the standards of literature in the past. There are circles, and especially among Southern readers since the days in which Mrs. Hentz wrote. The guiding star in all her productions was not simply to please, but to promote the cause of good, and her pen never traced words or thoughts so repulsive of that which is unholly or impure. Some of the authors of popular fiction of the present day could not have existed in the same moral atmosphere of which Mrs. Hentz was at once a part and an effect. To the change for the worse, we have only to compare the purity of the moral tone of 'Ernest Linwood' with the suggestive vein of impurity that runs through the pages of 'Tribly.'

Mrs. Hentz was a woman of high birth and education, and she was a woman of high character and of great industry. Some of his rare paintings, as a naturalist still hang in the Boston Museum, and his skillful touches transferred to canvas the winsome features of his American bride.

Receiving a call to a professorship in Chapel Hill College, N. C., they bade adieu to her native hills and came to a Southern home. Cincinnati next claimed the talents and services of these noted educators. Here Mrs. Hentz's literary career was most brilliant. She moved the centre of an admiring and appreciative circle, and became celebrated as a writer of no ordinary talents.

As the years rolled by we next find them in Florence, Ala. at the head of an institute for girls. Here in this quiet town they found the rest needed from a too brilliant life in the city, and here, at Locust Dell, we will stop awhile and let our readers see more of the life of Mrs. Hentz as we hear it from the lips of those who are proud in the recollection of those days.

TRADITIONS OF NEW YORK

SOME VERY ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Ancient Germans Had Only Two Seasons—Summer and Winter, and Knew Nothing of the Year—As a Result of Roman Dominion They Followed the Roman Customs of Calculating Months and Seasons—James Was Roman Door God; Hence, January the First Month—Customs of Giving Gifts Originated With Rich Romans.

D. H. V. in New York Evening Post. The ancient Germans, devoted for the most part to agriculture, loosely divided the year into two parts—summer and winter. With them the winter began early. The ground froze and the snow began to fall in the month of November. So, as early as the sixth century, the Germans conceived the idea of keeping the eleventh day of November, known as the feast of St. Martin's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark