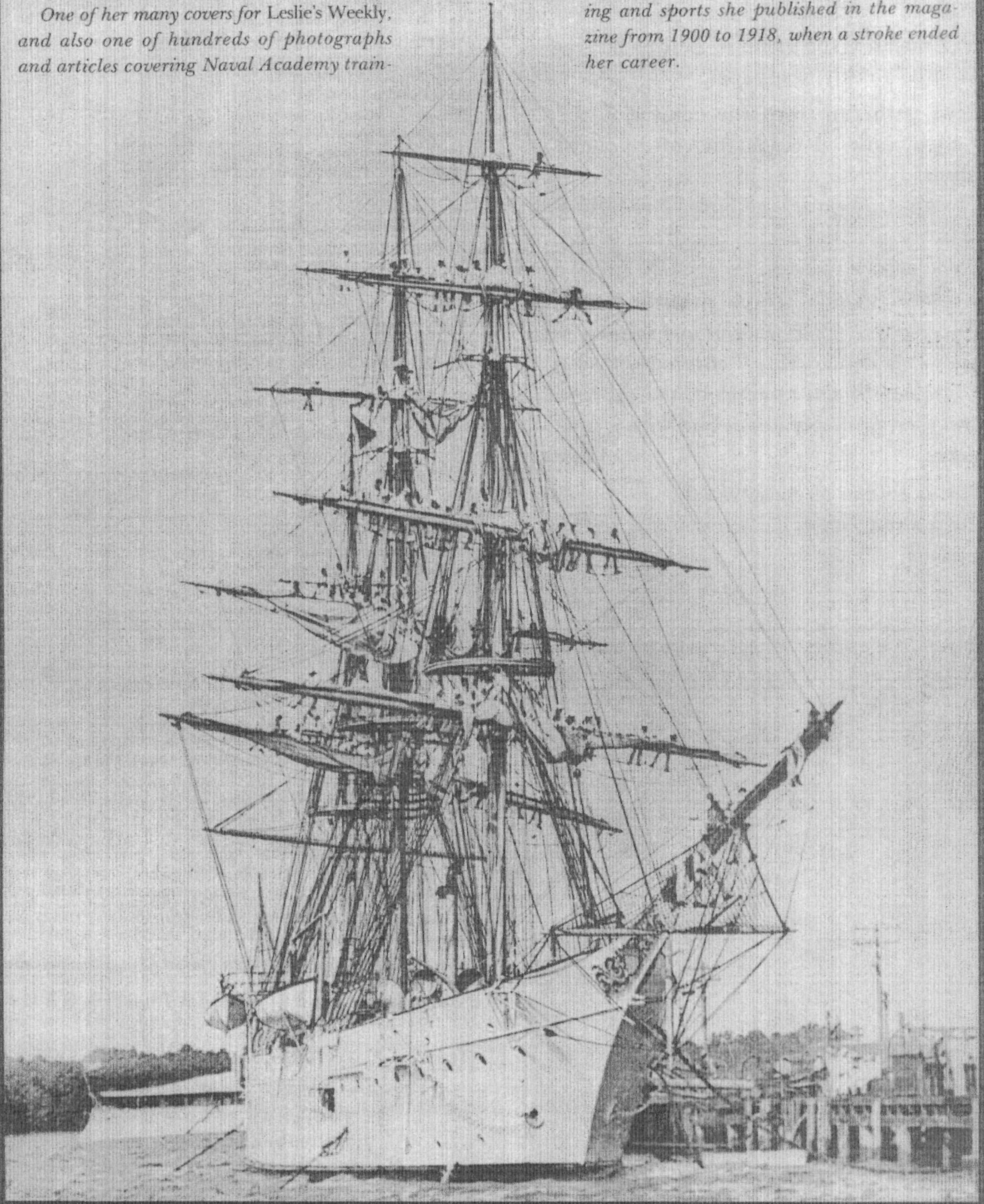
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



One of her many covers for Leslie's Weekly, *and also one of hundreds of photographs and articles covering Naval Academy training and sports she published in the magazine from 1900 to 1918, when a stroke ended her career.*

"Mrs. Miller's Maryland: The Lady from *Leslie's*"

An Exhibit of the Early 20th Century Print and Photo-Journalism of Sadie Kneller Miller

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The Editor's Desk

"All the news that's fit to photograph" is the slogan of Leslie's News Editor.

It is the vital working principle of our thousands of photographic reporters all over the world.

This slogan is the secret of Leslie's success as a pictorial weekly newspaper.

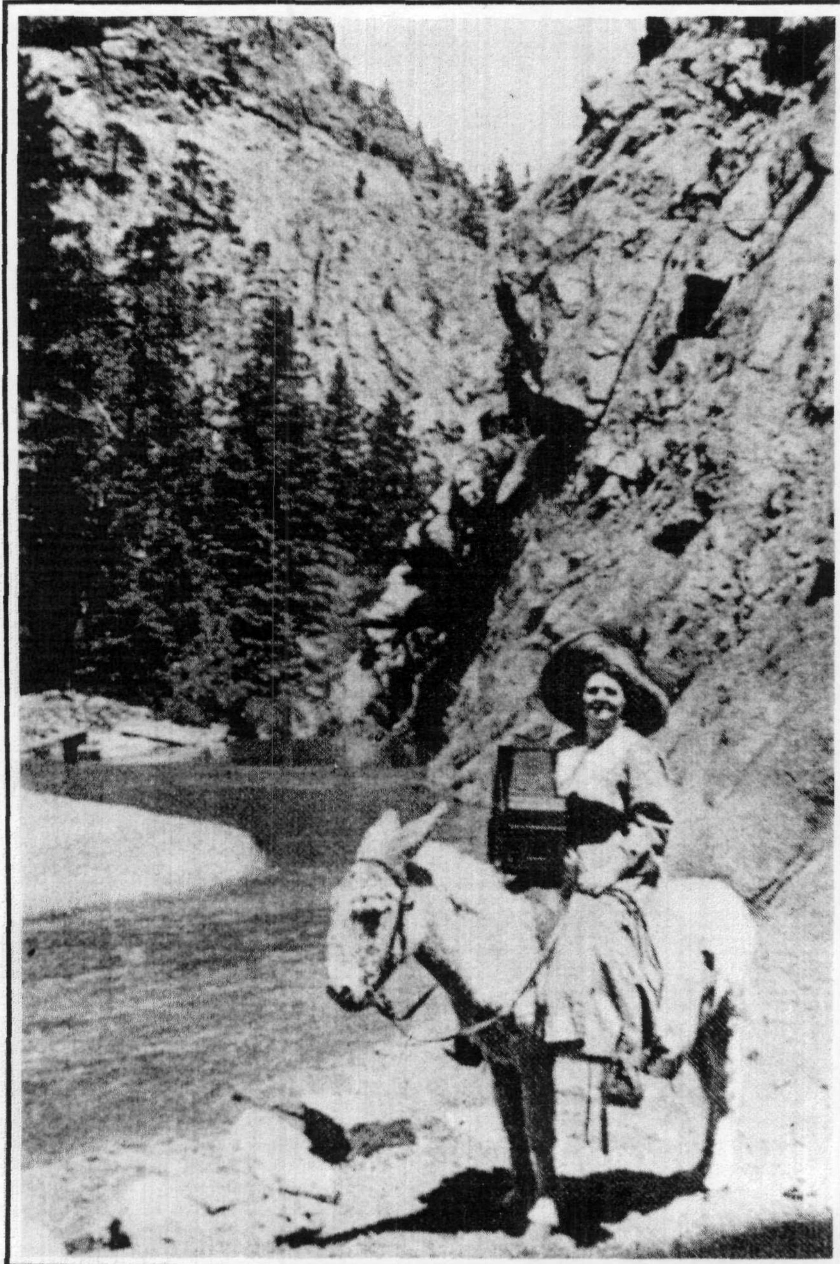
News gathering with the camera is the most significant dvelopment of modern journalism.

The old traditional methods of reporting news with the pen and sketch pencil are to-day superseded by the camera.

A good news photograph gives the reader a complete and graphic story of any subject at a glance. This same event, if covered with the pen, consumes fifteen minutes of the reader's time and then probably leaves him with a confused idea.

This is an age of conservation.

The Pictorial news gatherer is, first of all, a time saver.



Mrs. Charles R. Miller on assignment for Leslie's Weekly *in the Rockies in the summer of 1905.*

The Horrors of War in Photos

THE atrocities perpetrated on all sides in the Balkan War, as reported by the press dispatches, have been too horrible for belief, but the stories, after all, appear to have been justified.

We say this on the authority of the special photographer of LESLIE'S, MRS. C. R. MILLER, who was dispatched to the seat of war as soon as its serious nature was disclosed.

It at first appeared as if the war might be a trifling incident, but as the various Balkan States became involved and Turkey was overwhelmingly defeated with the mad onrush of the forces combined against it, it was evident that the map of Europe was about to be changed.

Then came the struggle between the Balkan States over the disposition of the spoils. The allies, now torn asunder, displayed greater ferocity in their warfare against each other than they had in their onslaught against the Turks.

In a letter dated August 1st from Belgrade, Mrs. Miller writes: "The wounded men have shown me how the Bulgarians bayoneted them when they were unable to move, after the battle. It is all so horrible and so sad. They have about sixty cases of cholera and had 10 deaths yesterday, although they are trying to keep it quiet. About 7,000 wounded are here and it is surely a city of sadness. I shall remain in this part of the country several days longer and then go farther down the Danube. You cannot imagine the conditions under which I am living in order to get photos of the war scenes. Poor Servia, with 60,000 of the flower of her peasantry either dead or wounded, faces great suffering."

We expect to have the first lot of war photographs from Mrs. Miller at an early date. Our readers will then fully comprehend the horrors of the Balkan War. LESLIE'S gives all the world's news in pictures.

The correspondent of a Rome, Italy, newspaper who has visited the chief centers of the fighting in the Balkans, gives appalling estimates of the losses in life and money of the nations concerned in the two wars—the one, which Greece and the Balkan States waged against Turkey, and the later one which Greece and Servia carried on against Bulgaria. In the first war, he calculates, Bulgaria had 80,000 soldiers killed out of 350,000 mobilized and her expenses in the conflict were $300,000,000. Servia had 30,000 men killed out of 250,000 mobilized, and her expenses were $160,000,000. Greece had 10,000 killed out of 150,000 mobilized, and her outlay was $70,000,000. Montenegro's losses were 8,000 dead out of 30,000 soldiers, and the war cost her $4,000,000. Turkey out of 450,000 soldiers had 100,000 killed, and her war expense was $400,000,000. The correspondent's figures for the second war are: Bulgaria, 60,000 dead, $180,000,000; Servia 40,000, $100,000,000; Greece 30,000, $50,000,000. Adding to the totals given above the number of persons massacred and the victims of cholera epidemics, and it is reckoned that nearly 400,000 lives were lost in the two conflicts, while the monetary loss aggregated $1,360,000,000. In connection with these figures it may be stated that the Boer War in South Africa cost England 20,000 dead and $1,000,000,000.

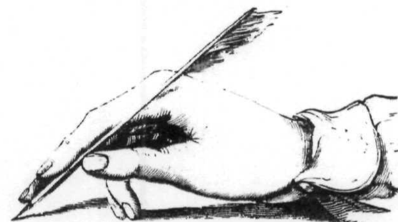
The second war in the Balkans ended with a treaty of peace between Bulgaria and her foes, Greece and Servia, but a grave situation remained because some of the great European powers disagreed regarding certain provisions of the treaty.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly," CXVII August 21, 1913.

MRS. MILLER'S MARYLAND SAMPLER

Edited by Keith N. Richwine
Designed by Manger Associates
Exhibit designed by Patti Pace

The exhibit and this *Sampler* are jointly funded by a grant from the Maryland Humanities Council and Western Maryland College.



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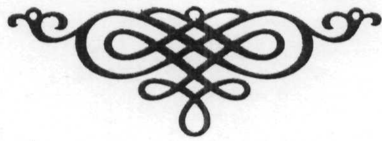
September, 1983

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



SADIE KNELLER MILLER

A Sampler of Her
Print and Photo-journalism

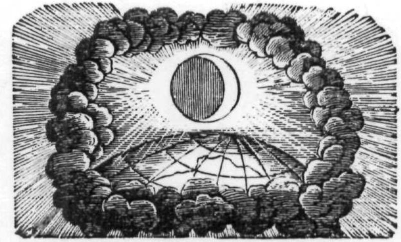
from

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

including

A 1907 Interview with the Journalist,
and a Brief Chronology of Her Life.

Published in Conjunction with
the Traveling Exhibit,
"Mrs. Miller's Maryland."



"A Baltimore Woman's Success with Camera and Pen"

The following interview appeared on page one of the Sunday Baltimore American, *October 20, 1907. The interviewer was probably Lynn R. Meekins, a college friend, and prominent Baltimore journalist and short story writer.*

ONE OF THE MOST EXPERT, successful, and well-known photographic artists in the country is Mrs. Sadie Kneller Miller, of this city, who, on the staff of *Leslie's Weekly,* has contributed to that journal many of its most characteristic and widely-copied pictures and articles, for Mrs. Miller writes quite as well as she photographs. Her work is journalistic in the sense that her pictures are of men, places, and events of prominent interest, and so forms an important part of the news of the day. Mrs. Miller is the wife of Mr. Charles R. Miller, vice president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, and the granddaughter of Henry W. Dell, a prominent lumber merchant and one of the first trustees of the old Methodist Church, in Westminster. Her family was remotely connected with that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the famous English portrait painter. Mrs. Miller, whose first ambition was for a literary life, began writing while at school, and also displayed a strong liking for the stage, possessing considerable dramatic ability. But this idea, in deference to the prejudices of her family, she soon gave up, though those meeting her and enjoying her crisp vivacity of style, her dramatic way of telling a story, her expressive face and her power of mimicry can easily see how well she would have succeeded in the dramatic field. She was educated at the Western Maryland College, where her future husband was also a student, and a romance, begun in a boy-and-girl friendship, was culminated by her marriage to Mr. Miller.

A Baseball Expert.

Her first journalistic work was done on the *Baltimore Telegram,* and was odd enough for a woman, for it was as a reporter of baseball games. Of this sport Mrs. Miller was very fond, a liking accentuated by the fact that Mr. Miller, as a college man, was a crack amateur player, and she never missed a game, even on one occasion running away from school to see one. Mrs. James Young, one of the editors of the *Telegram,* asked her to do the baseball reporting for that paper, and for sometime Mrs. Miller filled this position, having her articles widely copied, even by the sporting journals, no one knowing of her sex; she was, indeed, the only woman in the country filling such a position. When it was necessary for her at one time to see President "Andy" Freeman of the New York Club, after some business correspondence, he was astounded when "S. K. M.," of the *Baltimore Telegram,* presented herself before him.

"Why, you're a lady!" he gasped.

"I hope so," returned Mrs. Miller, with the ready wit which is one of her characteristics.

But baseball did not absorb her energies. She had taken up photography as an amusement, but with her usual thoroughness, mastering all its details. At the time the Spanish officers of Cervera's fleet were prisoners at Annapolis she took pictures of three of them, and sent them to *Leslie's.* They were accepted, and others asked for. Finally the editor of *Leslie's* asked for a meeting, with the result that Mrs. Miller was offered a permanent position on the staff, which position she has held now for five years.

At Many Big Events.

Mrs. Millers' first professional visit was to Washington, the beginning of a vast amount of work she has since done in government departments, especially in the Army and Navy. In many respects she is unique, both in herself and her work. She is the only person to make pictures who ever got into Indian Head, where the armor and guns are tested and smokeless powder is made, and the only one admitted to the torpedo station at Newport, and also to the interior of a federal prison, pictures of which were lately made a feature in *Leslie's.* She went to both national conventions during the last campaign, and is the only woman who ever photographed a national convention. To do this it was necessary she would have full liberty of admission, so in both cases she was made a sergeant-at-arms with full powers, only at St. Louis, the badges gave out, and not to hinder her work by this lack, she was made a special

policeman. However, she arrested nothing but attention, but plenty of that, as was proved later when in Baltimore she met a gentlemen who told her he had longed to meet her ever since he had seen her climb a telegraph pole at Chicago to get a good viewpoint from which to make a picture.

Is a Great Traveler.

It is almost impossible to enumerate any big event or important section this side of the Atlantic within the last few years which Mrs. Miller has not photographed, her journeyings in so doing covering every state in the Union, every important city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and every line of railroad running from Mexico to Canada. At the World's Fair, in St. Louis, she wrote 10 stories and took 100 pictures. She traveled alone to Alaska, above Dawson, in the heart of the mining camps near the Arctic Circle, and just before Christmas she reversed her line of travel by going to Cuba, at a time when it was not thought safe for a woman to take so daring an expedition. She visited both San Francisco and Jamaica immediately after the earthquakes there, went all through the Southwest and Mexico, and once rode over the Rocky Mountains on an engine. One day she stood on Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet above sea level. The next she went down into a mine 1,500 feet below the surface. She went to Hawaii, and performed a rare feat in visiting the famous leper settlement of the Sandwich Islands, for, added to her other qualities, is an utter absence of fear and indomitable resolution when any results are to be obtained. This same characteristic was shown amusingly on the occasion of the visit to this country of Prince Louis of Battenberg. Mrs. Miller got a launch, went out to the Prince's vessel, got on board and sent a message asking him to come up and be photographed. The very boldness of the reqnest amused the Prince into granting it. He came up, posed obediently, and when Mrs. Miller had taken all the pictures she wished, he sent her back to shore in his own boat.

Her Special Privileges.

Mrs. Miller has received many valuable privileges in consequence of her excellent government work. She was allowed in the Dead Letter Office in Washington, and made a set of photographs at the Philadelphia Mint by express permission of the Treasury Department, the first time this has been done; she has made many photographs in the revenue service and at West Point and Annapolis, of the cadets' life there, some of her pictures, particularly of the athletic exercises, being the first ever taken for publication. She has photographed almost every public person of prominence from President Roosevelt down, admirals and army officers, governors, social celebrities, her pictures of the swell set at the big horse shows being in great demand, and her other subjects have covered a wide range from old Geronimo, the famous Indian chief, to little Miss Emma Warfield, whom Mrs. Miller says, is one of the sweetest children she ever took. Attorney General Bonaparte, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Admiral Dewey, Moody, little Princess Kapiolani of Hawaii are others who have posed before her camera. In St. Louis the director in charge of the German exhibit was so pleased with her photographs that he asked her for a set to send to the Emperor William, and later she received, through the German consul in New York, a letter conveying the acknowledgments of the Emperor and his pleasure at the pictures. In her selections of views Mrs. Miller is essentially democratic, taking anything of interest, and devoting as much careful attention to a picture of enlisted marines and sailors as to the greatest lights of the army and navy. In fact, she has a soft spot in her heart for the rank and file, and says wherever she sees an American sailor there she knows she is perfectly safe.

Proud of Her Husband.

She has photographed some curious objects, as well as people. One picture is of the Bible of the Supreme Court, which President Roosevelt kissed on his inauguration, and which has had 10 covers kissed off. Others are: Lincoln's old Bible; the first book in the Treasury, showing George Washington's account when in command of the Army; the statue of Columbus, on the Cristobal Colon; the monster petition of 30,000 names from Boston to save Old Ironsides (the ship *Constitution*), and other oddities. One of her amusing adventures, of which she has plenty, having a strong sense of humor, was at one of the woman suffrage conventions. One of the members asked her why she always signed her work "Mrs. Charles R. Miller," instead of using her own name. Mrs. Miller responded that she had always done so.

"But," said the champion of woman's rights, "why don't you use your own name and show people how proud you are to have a name of your own?"

"Because," responded Mrs. Miller, "I am still prouder to show people I have a husband of my own."

Apropos of this subject, Mrs. Miller made the last photograph of the venerable Susan B. Anthony taken before her death.

Treated with Respect.

Mrs. Miller's pictures and articles have been copied all over the country and some of them have been translated into French and published in Paris. Her work on Cuba was eagerly sought in that country and copied by the Havana papers, Governor Magoon being especially interested, and it has thrown considerable light on the real state of affairs on that island, one good result being the exposure of the land frauds by American swindlers. In all her traveling, which is done chiefly alone, Mrs. Miller has had few unpleasant experiences and few accidents. Her experience, she declares, shows that a woman who respects herself can travel anywhere in the civilized world. She has pictured earthquakes, fires, ruins, world's fairs, national conventions of all kind—in fact, it would be hard to put a limit to her work in the way of its scope. Her home is filled with curios of all kinds, including some interesting souvenirs of the big Baltimore fire, of which she made splendid pictures.

She photographed the salient features of Old Home Week here for *Leslie's,* to which she gives her exclusive work.

Personally, Mrs. Miller is a very attractive and feminine woman, with nothing in her manner but a certain quiet self-reliance to indicate the unusual nature of her professional occupation. One of her peculiarities is always to dress in white in summer and brown in winter. She is a racounteur of the first order, and her keen observation and faculty of always being on the spot at the psychological moment has supplied her with a fund of anecdote and description which makes her the most entertaining of companions. She is a valued member of the League of American Presswomen, and has won by her work with camera and pen a national reputation.

L.M.

What Rural Free Delivery Is Doing for the Farmer

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

FROM THE DAY of the first experiment of the rural free delivery, the service has been remarkably successful. The residents of a city can hardly realize what this innovation means to the farmer who for years has been driving, many times over bad roads, several miles for his mail. By the new system his letters are each day placed in a box always within walking distance of his home. To the poorer class, who during the winter months sometimes had no communication with the outer world for weeks at a time, this regular delivery of mail means even more.

It was at Westminster, Md., that the traveling post-office was first put into actual use. Mr. Edwin W. Shriver, one of the mail clerks of that town, designed and personally superintended the building of the wagon, which contains all the appurtenances of a first-class post-office. On April 3d, 1899, the initial trip of the wagon was made over the hilly roads of Carroll County, the distance covered by the circuitous route being thirty-two miles. Its coming was hailed with delight by the residents, and the only people raising any objections were the politicians, who saw in this new move the departure of a portion of the iniquitous spoils system. They at once circulated a report that if the wagon was adopted the taxes would be higher. The result, however, proved that the objection was without foundation, and the wagon has been running continuously ever since.

As fast as routes could be laid out wagons were put in other sections of the country, and to-day rural free delivery is one of the important divisions of the postal service. It costs the government just $1,375 annually for each wagon. This includes a mail clerk, who receives

a salary of $600, the services of a driver, and the use of two horses. This post-office on wheels does the work of eight fourth-class postmasters and two star-route carriers, who together receive $1,600 a year.

A trip with the mail-wagon is the best way to fully appreciate what its coming means to a rural community. It enables the farmer to read his morning newspaper at eight A.M., thirty-five miles from the city, and six miles from a railroad. Consequently, the man who once idled his time away at some country store now learns at home what the world is doing, and spends his leisure hours with his family. The post-office reports show an increased magazine subscription throughout the rural districts, and a few words with people who live along these mail-wagon routes will soon convince one that since the advent of the new service our country people have become as well posted on the topics of the day as the average city man.

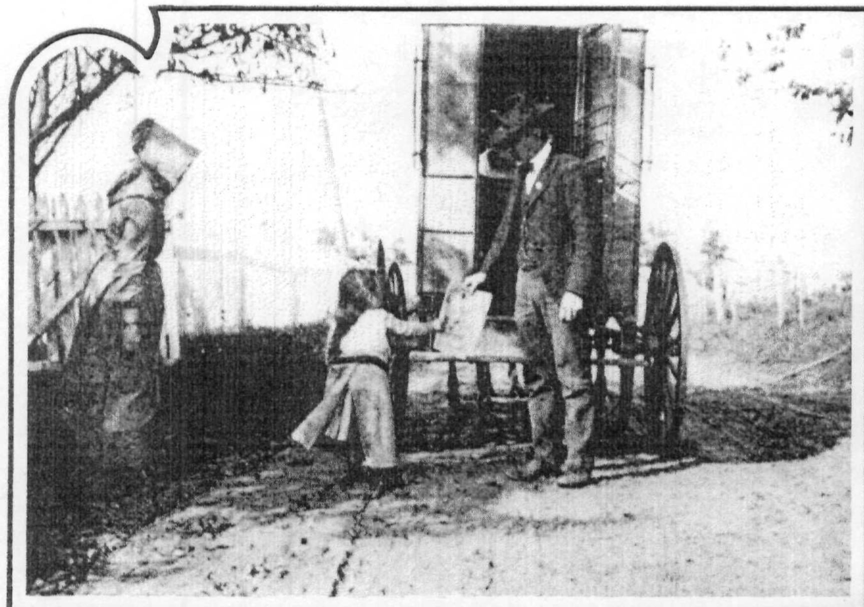
Wagon A (the original route) leaves Westminster at 6:25 A.M., the morning papers from Baltimore and the mail arriving there half an hour before. On reaching the outskirts of the town the work of the mail clerk begins in earnest. He is familiar with the names and residences of the people along the route, and the wagon is so arranged that he may speak to the driver through a little grating. His simple word "mail" causes the horses to stop about two hundred times on each trip, as there is that number of private boxes on this route.

Every farmer has some sort of a receptacle for his mail. One man is using a decorated nail-keg fastened on a post, while another has a little box almost hidden in a rose-bush. There are thirty-four regular collection-boxes along the route, yet if a red rag hangs from one of the private boxes it indicates that there is mail inside to be collected, and several times the clerk returned to the wagon with a letter and two pennies, thereby showing the farmer has really less trouble about sending his mail than his city brother. Twice during the trip a cross-country carrier appeared, and there was an exchange of mail. These men travel in buggies, and deliver to the farmers who live some distance from the regular wagon, thus giving everybody equally good service.

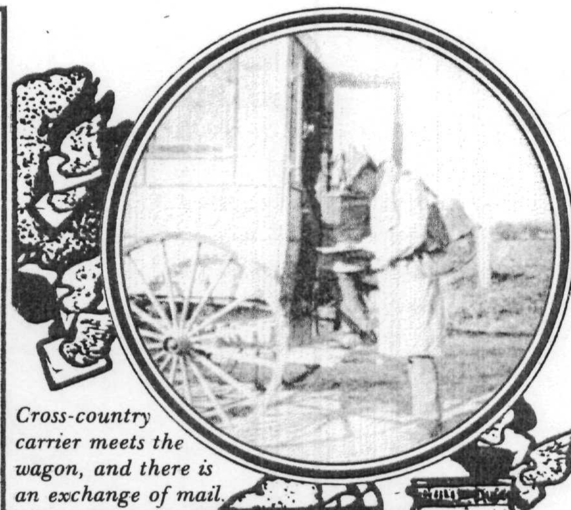
At one point on the route there is a unique looking affair known as "the farmers' lock-box." It is a large sheet-iron case mounted on four posts, and contains thirty-six lock-boxes, which are given to the farmer free, although it costs the government $190. The large box is made to swing in all directions, and should it be windy and raining the mail can always be protected while the distribution is going on. It is especially useful to people who are leaving home for some time, or who live a great distance from the road and do not care to leave their mail in unprotected boxes.

At noon half an hour is spent for lunch and feeding the horses. During the trip one money-order was written, two registered letters delivered and three received. About four dollars' worth of stamps were sold and some two hundred letters collected. Before arriving in Westminster at 3:30 P.M. the necessary postage was placed on all these, the stamps were canceled, and the letters assorted, ready for the afternoon trains to and from Baltimore.

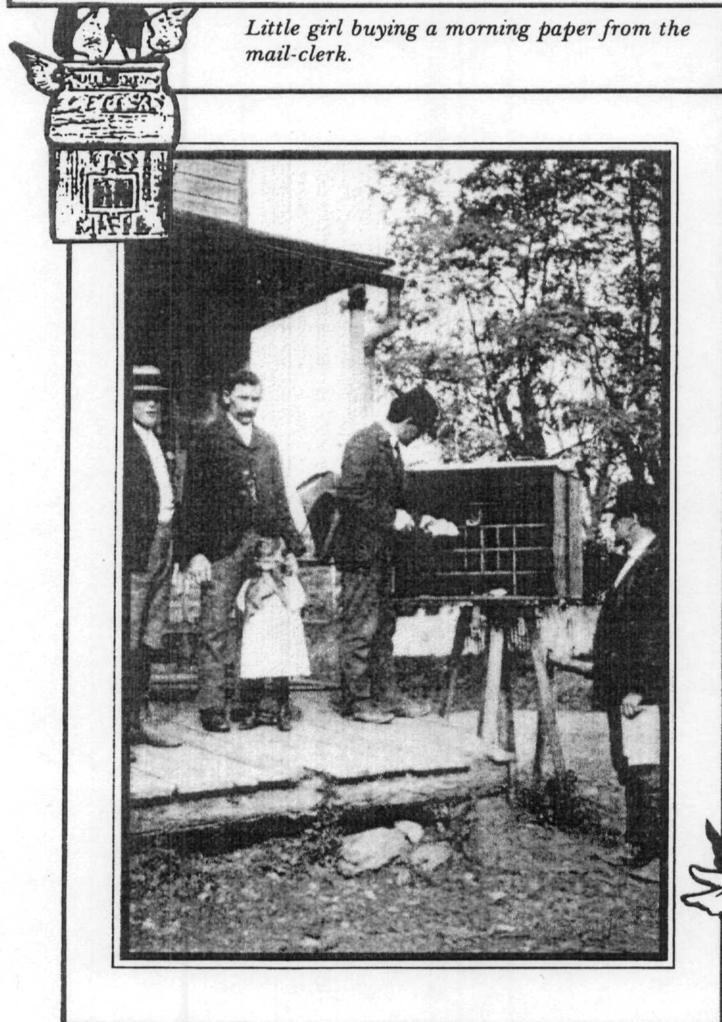
—Leslie's Weekly, December 3, 1903

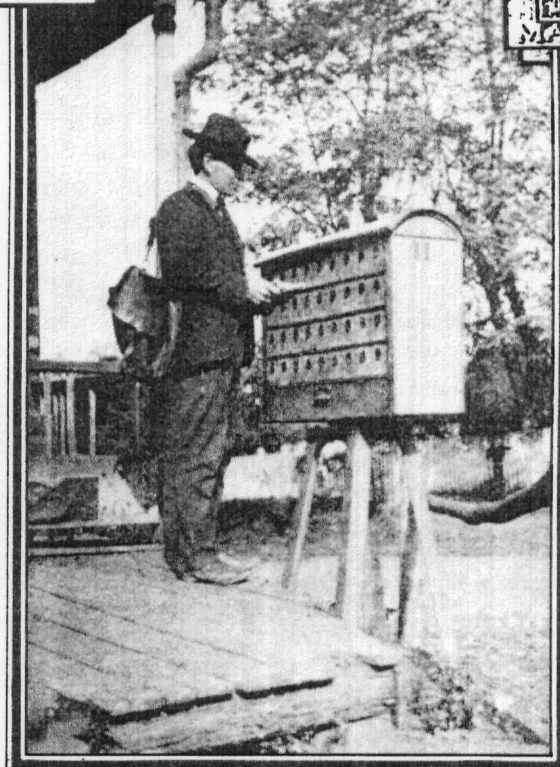


Little girl buying a morning paper from the mail-clerk.



Cross-country carrier meets the wagon, and there is an exchange of mail.





Out-door lock-box, and clerk distributing mail matter.

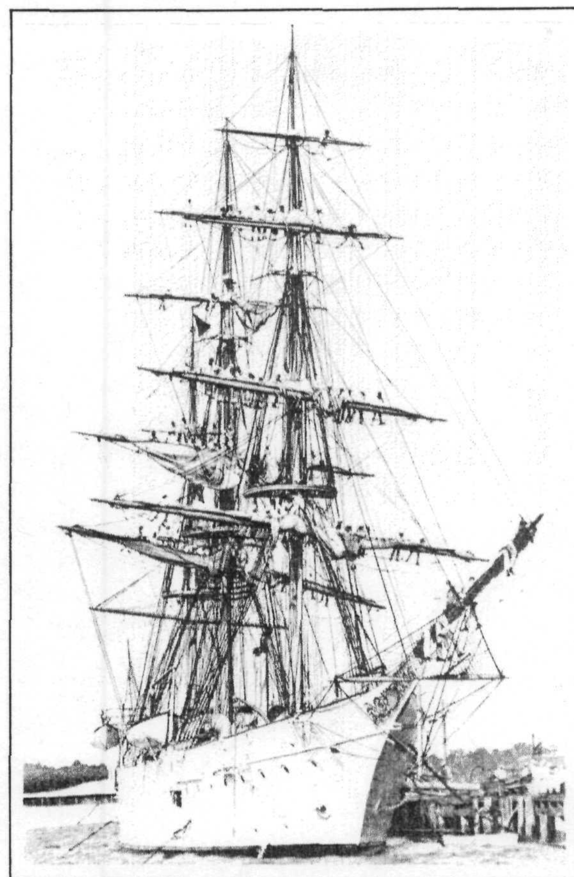
Seamanship Drill at the United States Naval Academy

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

IT IS PROBABLY not generally known how the United States government trains the youth upon whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of maintaining the high standard of the navy. His apprenticeship is not unlike in theory and practice the apprenticeship of any other young man learning a trade, the fundamental principle being the proper kind of tools —when and how to use them for the accomplishment of certain purposes. A midshipman's tools, so to speak, are ships, thus rendering a thorough knowledge of seamanship an essential part of the training. This begins with lessons in splicing hemp and wire rope, after which the young men are given practice in handling sails on the indoor mast in the seamanship building, which is an exact counterpart of the mizzenmast of the training-ship *Severn,* and is seventy-two feet in height. The midshipmen go aloft, furl, reef, and set sails, etc.—in fact, go through the entire seamanship drill. A net is spread at the foot of the mast for protection, as a fall on the concrete floor would be far more serious than on the deck of a ship. Accidents, however, are infrequent.

Drills on the *Severn* begin early in the spring and continue throughout the cruise, which lasts from June until September. The midshipman thus becomes accustomed to ship life. The work is hard and the discipline severe during these drills. There is little tendency to shirk duty, and the future admirals do everything on shipboard, on deck and aloft, even to clearing up the deck and stowing away the ropes. From a picturesque point of view seamanship practice on the *Severn* surpasses all other similar exercises. It seems that on shipboard the sense of the reality of the thing is ever present, and one accustomed to witnessing these drills notices that on the deck of the old *Severn* the "middies" are more active, more in earnest, and the manner in which they climb and swing around the rigging does credit to an old sailor. Each man starts in with a practical seaman's duties, and as he continues his course is advanced to the duties of the petty officers, and later to those of the junior commissioned officers. These exercises, with the attendant discipline, develop the faculty of quick perception of great resourcefulness, and of celerity in execution. The good practical results of such drills as these have manifested themselves in after years in many an instance of emergency and danger. It is the severe training which our cadets must undergo, in this and other ways, that has given us naval officers unsurpassed in any navy.

—Leslie's Weekly, June 18, 1908



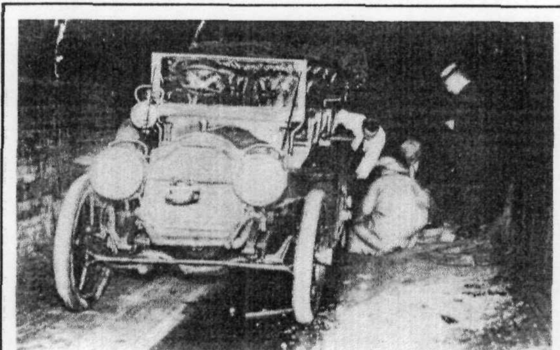
"REMARKABLE EXHIBITION OF OLD-STYLE SEAMANSHIP. BATTALION OF MIDSHIPMEN AT THE ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY FURLING SAIL WHILE DRILLING ON THE "SEVERN."

Woman's Trip through Baltimore's New Sewers in an Automobile.

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

On September 16, 1909, Leslie's Weekly *published a special "Baltimore Number," and Mrs. Miller contributed photographs for the cover, two photo-essays, and several full-page spreads of "Scenes of Interest in Baltimore." One of the photo-essays recorded an escapade she and her husband and some friends had perpetrated. The article and three photographs described "A Woman's Trip Through Baltimore's New Sewers in an Automobile."*

BALTIMORE has always been a surface drainage city, which is regarded by many as not a proper system for such a large city, as well as being unsanitary. So, for years the question of an adequate sewerage system has been agitated by persistent advocates who meet with strong and equally persistent opposition. The difference of opinion is evidenced by the vote on the sewer loan at the municipal election of 1905, when over twenty-five thousand votes were registered against the sewerage loan in a total vote of sixty-two thousand. The sewer loan was victorious, and ten millions of dollars are to be spent during the next ten years on work which will unquestionably add to both the health and wealth of the city, and in all probability the Legislature will later be asked to grant another enabling act for another loan. A commission was appointed, with Brigadier-General Peter Leary, Jr., as chairman, and Calvin W. Hendrick as the chief engineer, and October 22nd, 1906, ground was broken for the beginning of what many civil engineers declare to be one of the greatest sewerage systems in this country. Contracts for the different sections were given out, and before the year 1907 had closed, designs for one thousand miles of sewers, drains, and connections were planned. The main out-fall sewer, twelve feet in diameter, is already completed. It is not possible to do justice to this wonderful piece of engineering in a brief magazine article, for many obstructions were encountered, and I am merely telling of the work as I have seen it after viewing that of several other cities.

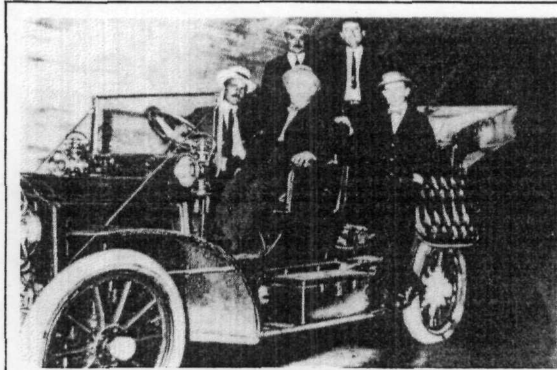


An exasperating accident—putting on a new tire five miles in from the entrance of Baltimore's new sewer.

Being a housekeeper in Baltimore I am naturally interested in any project which will better the sanitary condition, and when I learned that it was possible to travel in an automobile for six miles through this huge underground tube, I seized the opportunity and joyfully went into the great, dark sewer with a party of five gentlemen who were actuated by this same interest.

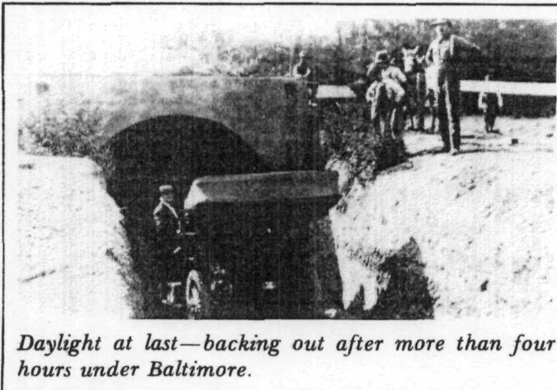
The big touring car was driven by its owner, Harry E. Gilbert, one of Baltimore's rising young real-estate men, and before we ended our journey we had reason to congratulate ourselves on having a man with us who knew how to handle his car under all circumstances and who was prepared for all emergencies. There was a run of several miles through the eastern section of the city to the entrance. Here the mouth of the sewer loomed up like a huge monster ready to suck in the big automobile as it ran down the incline. Permission to enter had previously been obtained from M.A. Talbott, the contractor for this section of the work, and the workmen appeared ready to lend any assistance. The lamps were lighted and we started underground. After a mile had been covered we began to run around sharp curves which showed the real beauty and remarkable construction work. The air was heavy, and in some sections a regular London fog shut out our view. Occasionally we passed a manhole which had been left open for ventilation, but the dampness had already settled over the big tube and there was something melodramatic about our surroundings, and we ran

slowly for the next two miles, fascinated by the very weirdness of the place. Water from the recent rains had come in through the open manholes, and occasionally we were splashed with mud as the automobile went through the stream which in many places covered the bottom of the sewer. Finally we reached a point just below Chase and Durham streets, where two smaller sewers empty into the main pipe. Here the automobile was to be turned and Mr. Gilbert brought out his skids, when to our dismay it was found impossible to turn the big machine. While the men were endeavoring in various ways to get the car around, two workmen came through one of the small sewers. They at once became interested in our predicament, and, by the aid of the measuring stick they carried, showed that the machine was at least a foot longer than the widest space of the sewer. "What is to be done?" said one of the men excitedly. "We must back out," came the quiet answer from Mr. Gilbert, "and," he added, "somebody must hold a lamp and tell me which way to turn for the curves." By this time one of the workmen had opened a near-by manhole, and the fresh air put new life into the whole party. There was no alternative, so we started on the return trip—to back out for more than six miles. One of the men knelt on the rear seat holding a lamp over the back of the car and another stood up behind him to assist in the watch. Now, if you really want to be thrilled just back out of the Baltimore outfall sewer. I have been in gloomy underground places—in the very heart of coal mines, and far below the surface where men were bringing out gold—but I do not recall a like sensation to this backing out from the Baltimore sewer, for it seemed always that by the next turn of the wheels we would collide with the wall. I settled down in the rear seat beside the watchmen. There was little conversation for we were both hungry and cold, and I hugged my camera and flashlight close to be ready in case something should happen—and it did happen, a most exasperating accident! We had scarcely gone a mile, when "bang!" and Mr. Gilbert stopped the machine. "It's the tire," he said, almost as if he expected it to happen. "We must put on a new one." Not being able to see more than three or four feet ahead by the dim lamp, we had run over the sharp edge of a broken brick. We climbed out of the machine and I tried to find a dry spot to set up the camera, but, alas, the tire had exploded where there was plenty of water, so while the men worked kneeling in mud the tripod was set up in the muddy stream. Later, by the light of the front automobile lamps we examined again the perfect arch, which in the glare of the light seemed more like the curves of some splendid tunnel than the tube of a sewer, for so perfectly set was every brick, and the concrete arch was like a graceful dome. Then, too, we knew the material was the best which could be obtained, for there was a thorough inspection by the commission of all material used. The Baltimore sewer is built to last.



Automobile party under Chase and Durham Streets, where two smaller sewers empty into the main one—the auto refused to make this turn, six miles from the entrance.

Despite the scientific admiration of the underground structure, however, the situation was so unusual and weird that most of the conversation was akin to that which spooks might have used in a haunted house. We felt like strange gnomes down there in the underworld. The flashlights of my camera might have been signal lights to other elfs and hobgoblins in nightland, and the men folk, with anything but poetry and fairy tales on their minds while



Daylight at last—backing out after more than four hours under Baltimore.

they fussed away at the punctured tire, never guessed how much they resembled little Brownies as they labored—vague, shadowy forms—in the strange, glimmering lights. All the old fiction characters who had gone through thrilling adventures in underground sewers came, some leering, some smiling, back to me in the dim light. I almost felt as though we were all creatures of the imagination, which some whimsical story writer had but lately created. Once, I remember, I started to laugh at a foolish mistake one of the men had made in mending the tire, but it sounded so like the voice from an ancient tomb that it died on my lips, and I had to blink my eyes once or twice to prove that we were all real. It was comfortable to know that there were four very much alive modern knights near me, and a big modern car under me in such an unheard of situation, but it sent little shivers up my back when I realized that it was just six miles to the outlet of that long tube of blackness.

I recall a girlhood whim of mine, when I used to put my fairy book aside and dream adventures of my own before a comfortable, old-fashioned Maryland fireplace. My favorite quest then was a mysterious make believe passage to China. I was to dig the passage all myself with a pudding spoon. The entrance was to be under a big honeysuckle vine in the old walled garden. Many and many a time I had actually begun that wonderful tunnel, only to be interrupted by the gardener, who seriously objected to the uprooting of his favorite climber. So it was that, as I sat there in the queer, impossible light in that matter-of-fact sewer pipe, my story-book adventures came back to me. Just then one of my companions kindly intimated that I might be of some service in holding the light for them to work by. I condescended to follow their suggestion. It seemed as though it had been an eternity since they had begun to fix that tire. It had certainly been long enough for me to travel back to that old-fashioned garden and all the way through to China. My modern knights, however, refused to be underworld gnomes any longer than that ambitious tire required it of them. They were much more concerned with that wonderful, practical fairy ship which had created that marvelous mechanical structure of a sewer pipe, and with the gentle science of inflating a rubber tire.

After forty-five minutes' hard work in the semi-darkness we started again and had another scare when the man on guard called out "Stop!" A wooden box, half broken, had been thrown down a manhole, and there, directly in our path, was an upturned nail. The box was thrown aside, and, finally, after more than four hours spent under Baltimore, we backed out to the light to find a new gang of workmen at the entrance startled by our sudden appearance from the under world.

Officials and engineers who have made the same trip of inspection have rushed through in an hour, so, after all, "it is an ill wind, etc.," and our mishap gave us an excellent opportunity to see thoroughly something of which Baltimore is justly proud.

"RECENTLY A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, THE FIRST PREACHER OF METHODISM IN AMERICA, WAS DEDICATED ON THE SITE OF THE SAM'S CREEK LOG MEETINGHOUSE, IN CARROLL COUNTY, MD., THE FIRST CHURCH OF THAT FAITH IN THE NEW WORLD. BISHOP EARL CRANSTON PRESIDED AT THE EXERCISES, AND PREDICTED THAT WITHIN TWO DECADES THERE WOULD BE A UNITED METHODISM IN THE UNITED STATES."

—Leslie's Weekly, November 12, 1914

Oldest Shrine of Methodism in America

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

In 1905 Mrs. Miller had published a photo-essay on the "Oldest Shrine of Methodism in America," which included five photographs and an article. Ten years later she returned to Carroll County to record the dedication of a "Memorial to the First Methodist in America."

Visit to the Old Evans House

Holding services on the site (in a field in Carroll County, Md.) of the first Methodist Church in America, in which Strawbridge preached in 1762.

The gathering of one thousand pilgrims lunching on the lawn at Bethel Church—Mr. Abercrombie, manager of the Baltimore News Company, in centre (with overcoat on his arm).

Service at Stone Chapel

Some of the notables who took part in the pilgrimage: Rev. H.D. Mitchell, a prominent minister of Baltimore; Governor Warfield, of Maryland; Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher, president of the Woman's College, Baltimore.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SITE, in Maryland, of the first Methodist church in America was recently made by several hundred members of that sect. The excursion was under the auspices of the Methodist Historical Society, and the party, which included fifty ministers of the gospel, left Baltimore early in the morning on a special train. Carriages were taken at Westminster, and the entire day was spent in visiting the spots where Methodism in America was cradled. Governor Warfield, of Maryland, some of whose ancestors were among the early followers of Wesley, accompanied the pilgrims and made an address. The exact spot of the first "meeting-house" is unmarked, but Dr. John F. Goucher, president of the Woman's College, who is making a study of Methodist history, has, from county records and journals written by noted ministers of bygone days, fixed the site in a wheatfield on the Cover farm in Carroll County, Md. Here the pilgrims left their carriages, and an impressive service was held in the field. With uncovered heads they heard the story of the birth of Methodism in America—how Robert Strawbridge had come from Ireland in 1760, and how he had preached and baptized in the neighborhood of Sam's Creek as early as 1762. They listened with awe to the stories of the trials and struggles of the pioneer preachers who are entitled to be classed with the patriots of the nation. There was prayer at Stone Chapel, one of the oldest Methodist churches in the United States, and lunch was served on long tables under the shade of the towering oaks at old Bethel. In the afternoon there were appropriate addresses by prominent men, and more than one thousand people raised their voices in praise by singing Wesleyan hymns. All departed with quickened religious zeal.

A Visit To Antietam In An Auto

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

AUTUMN is the most delightful season of the year for automobiling, especially when sightseeing is the object. The top which in a measure shuts out the view may be removed, for the sunshine at that season is a welcome companion to the crisp air. The roads are no longer dusty and the country presents a scene of rare beauty, with the red and gold coloring of the foliage of the bushes and trees. "The very best time to visit Antietam," said the owner of the car, as we climbed into the big red machine in Baltimore one afternoon a few weeks ago. "We shall go by way of Harper's Ferry," he continued, as the car chugged over the oiled roads of Baltimore County. These roads are the delight of the automobilist's heart.

We soon passed through historic little Ellicott City, built, like Rome, on seven hills. This town was the terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1844, when the old "grasshopper" engine used to make the run from Baltimore, fifteen miles, in about an hour. Running out of the town, we came upon the Frederick pike, now minus tollgates. We reached Frederick City about five o'clock, and, passing the site of the home of Barbara Fritchie, the heroine of Whittier's famous poem, we bade adieu to good roads, for the highways in this section are being rebuilt and their condition is anything but desirable. Just at present the automobilist traveling through Maryland is apt to encounter all sorts of road conditions, for in many sections of the State the highways are being converted into good, solid roads, at the cost of $12,000 per mile. Turnpike companies are being bought out and tollgates are rapidly disappearing.

We came into Harper's Ferry about seven-thirty, where the night was spent in a delightful hotel on a bluff above the Potomac River. The next morning we looked out on a panorama of mountain scenery which spreads for miles along the Potomac. Here and there were spots made famous during the Civil War, cottages nestled against the hillsides, autumn flowers were all about, while the wonderful coloring of the trees completed the matchless picture. Down in the valley there was the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as a train, like a tiny serpent, wound its way along the river bank. At nine o'clock the machine was at the door and our host was at the foot of the steps, giving the chauffeur instructions as to the roads.

The run to Antietam was perhaps thirteen miles, by way of Shepherdstown, where we stopped for gasoline. Although this place is small, the good roads of Jefferson County, West Virginia, have attracted so many automobilists that the town has two large garages. The Glidden tour of 1911 passed over this road. Crossing the Potomac into Maryland, we soon reached Sharpsburg, one of the very old towns of the State. The natives of this village have always been noted for their loyalty and fighting blood. In the days of the Revolution, a company went from there to fight for freedom. Again, in 1812, the Sharpsburg men volunteered; and when the Civil War came on, the town of thirteen hundred people sent two full companies to defend the Union. Passing through the main street, we saw the building once the headquarters of General Lee. Then came the Antietam railway station and we were practically on the field.

The place takes its name from Antietam Creek, in Maryland, which flows into the Potomac about six miles above Harper's Ferry. We ran along McComas Avenue—a substantial macadam road, passing the national cemetery, where nearly twenty-five thousand American soldiers, both Union and Confederate, are buried. The cemetery is beautifully kept. Nearly fifty years have passed since the Union army, under Major-General McClellan, and the Confederate army, under General Robert E. Lee, met on this field in combat and fought what is said to have been the bloodiest battle of the Civil War. Over twenty-five thousand men were lost in the engagement, nearly equally divided between the two armies. Historians differ as to the number of men engaged. Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, regarded as perhaps the best authority on the subject, in his "The Civil War and the Constitution," says, "McClellan estimated his own force engaged at over eighty thousand men, and that of the Confederates at over ninety thousand. Lee, on the other hand, affirmed that the battle was fought on the Confederate side with less than forty thousand men. There is little doubt that the Union force outnumbered the Confederates somewhat, but not to the degree indicated in Lee's report."

For a month Lee had been working northward and some serious fighting had taken place before the battle, but the real conflict was at Antietam, on September 17th, 1862. The Union army had been defeated in seven days' fighting on the Chickahominy. Earlier, McClellan had been superseded by Pope, who was defeated at the battle of Bull Run, in August of the same year, and McClellan restored to command to save the capital. The Confederates were the invaders and their success meant the occupation by them of Washington. The battle was a terrific one, stubbornly fought, with a slight victory to the Union forces.

The Battlefield Road Commission has built excellent roads to all parts of the field and a run over the scene of this great conflict is becoming popular with automobilists from all parts of the country. On the day of our visit, one of the tollgate keepers on the Hagerstown pike told us that sixty machines had been over the field the preceding Sunday.

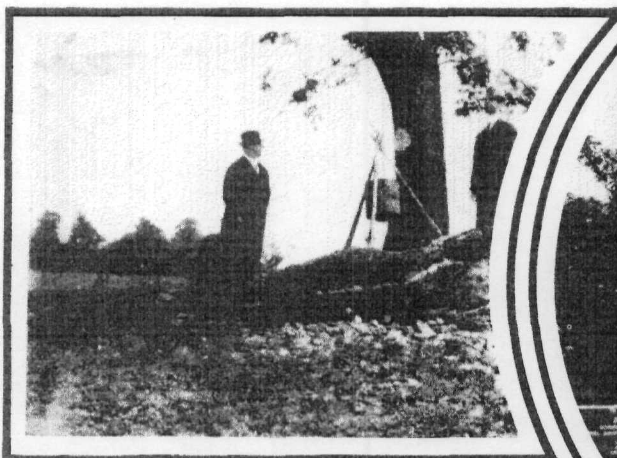
Perhaps the fiercest fighting of the whole battle occurred along "Bloody Land," where historians declare that dead men were piled upon each other three or four feet high. The Confederates had occupied a natural breastwork as a line of defense and it was only after a tremendous slaughter that they were driven from it. There is a farm here now, and just behind the 130th Pennsylvania Regiment monument a farmer was feeding his chickens. At the head of the "Lane" the United States government has erected a stone observation tower, about seventy-five feet in height, and from its top there is an excellent view of the battlefield.

The field is well marked by tablets and dotted with handsome monuments, which, while not as numerous as those of Gettysburg, are equally handsome. Pennsylvania leads in honoring her sons and has erected more than a dozen monuments, while Ohio, next in line, has ten. New York, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia have honored their dead heroes as well. Wide avenues have been laid out with markers on all sides.

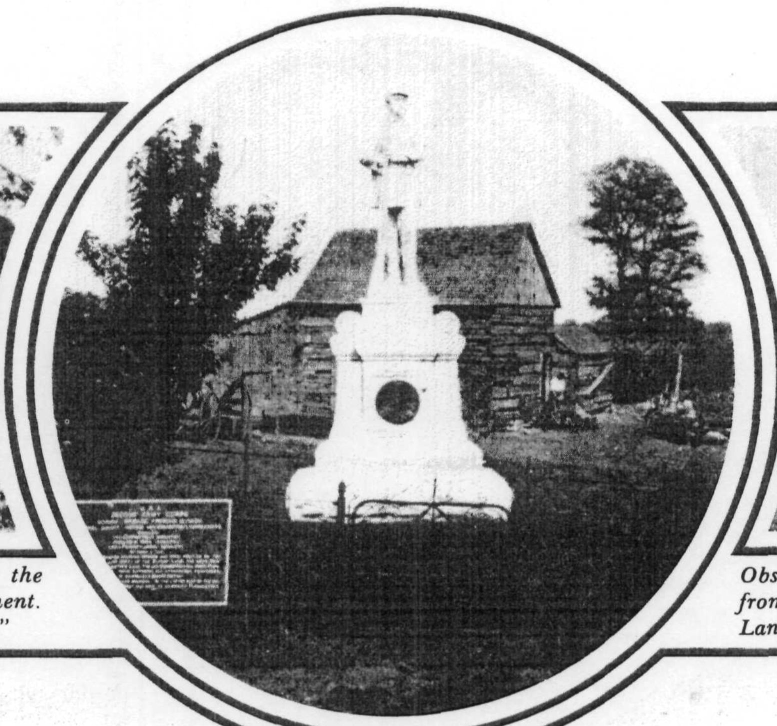
Stark Avenue, with its tall New Jersey monument capped by a spirited figure of Captain Irish, of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment, who fell mortally wounded at this point, runs past the Bloody Cornfield where the desperate hand-to-hand fighting took place. Farther up, the road takes the name of Cornfield Avenue, and there is found what is perhaps the most curious battlefield monument in the world. It was erected by the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Regiment and is a camp kettle suspended from three muskets. A round sign on a tree near by gives the information that "this was a hot place." The historians of Anteitam say that at least one thousand Confederates are buried in the near-by cornfield. The Dunkard Church, which shows bullet marks, was used as a hospital during the battle and is an object of great interest.

We ran over miles and miles of historic scenes, stopping now and then to examine a monument or a tablet or to view some particular point. The automobile proved a great aid in studying history, for it carried us up hills which would have been exceedingly tiresome in a carriage. It saved time, too, for the three hours spent in the machine on the field were equal to a whole day in a carriage. Finishing the field proper, we ran out on the Hagerstown pike over the same road where, nearly half a century ago, the Union forces marched to the field we had just left. After a stop for lunch in Hagerstown, we made the run direct to Baltimore, seventy-three miles, arriving in time for dinner.

—Leslie's Weekly, January 11, 1912



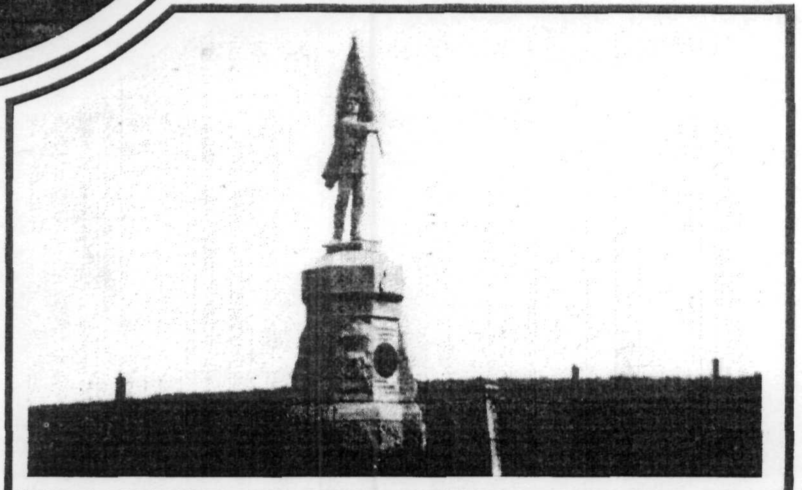
Camp kettle suspended from three muskets, the memorial erected by the 90th Pennsylvania Regiment. A sign on the tree reads "This Was a Hot Place."



Farmer feeding chickens in the rear of the 130th Pennsylvania Regiment's monument. The photo was taken from Bloody Lane, where the fighting was fierce.

Observatory built by the United States Government from which the whole field may be surveyed. Bloody Lane runs at the left.

Auto on Stark Avenue, a splendid road, passing by a row of striking memorials reared in remembrance of the thousands of valiant soldiers who lost their lives in the terrible battle.



The 132nd Pennsylvania Regiment's memorial, surmounted by the figure of the color-bearer holding the flag after the staff was shot off. Later this man was wounded, but he saved his flag.

Baltimore Society Women at the Lexington Market

By Mrs. Charles R. Miller

IT IS A RECOGNIZED fact that the Baltimore society woman goes to market as regularly as she attends church, and in many instances her face is much more familiar where the good things for the inner man are to be found than it is at the place of worship. Although she may have an excellent housekeeper and a retinue of servants, yet milady prefers to personally select the meats and vegetables for the family table. On Tuesday and Friday mornings of each week Lexington market is the Mecca for many women who are members of the Monumental City's wealthiest and most aristocratic families, and a long line of carriages such as might be found where a reception was in progress is strung out along Lexington and Eutaw streets.

Richmond market is a little nearer to the fashionable section of town, and it is here that much of the Saturday buying is done. This market, however, is smaller and in no way compares with the famous old Lexington, which has long been one of Baltimore's show places. To see the market at its best the visit should be made just before the holidays, when great wreaths of holly and huge bunches of southern mistletoe decorate even the most obscure stand, or in the early spring, when the stalls seem to bend beneath the weight of large pyramids of brilliantly-colored vegetables with their background of Easter lilies.

As early as ten o'clock the woman who the night before had been the hostess of some brilliant function alights from her carriage, usually at the Eutaw Street end of the market, sometimes accompanied by her butler, but more frequently she enters the marketplace alone. Going from one stall to another, testing the youth of the poultry, the tenderness of the beef, the firmness of the tomato, and the freshness of the fruit, she brushes shoulders with the wife of the poorest laborer, for this is a market patronized by all classes.

Usually her purchases are sent to the carriage, which is left in charge of a coachman. Here they are placed in a hamper prepared for that purpose, and in a very short time, in case she does not happen to meet a friend, madam drives home with a well-stocked larder. Sometimes the marketing is sent to the butcher, who carefully packs it in a basket, and it is delivered by one of his employees. Should the poultryman's boy be rushed with work, this woman, who is waited on at home like a princess, will not hesitate for a moment to carry a pair of fowls to her carriage.

To many fashionable women marketing is a genuine pleasure, for while thus engaged she meets her friends, and between the "ten-pound roast, please," and "three porterhouse steaks" they discuss the success of a debutante at the bachelors' cotillon on the previous night, or the prospect of a crush for the evening reception.

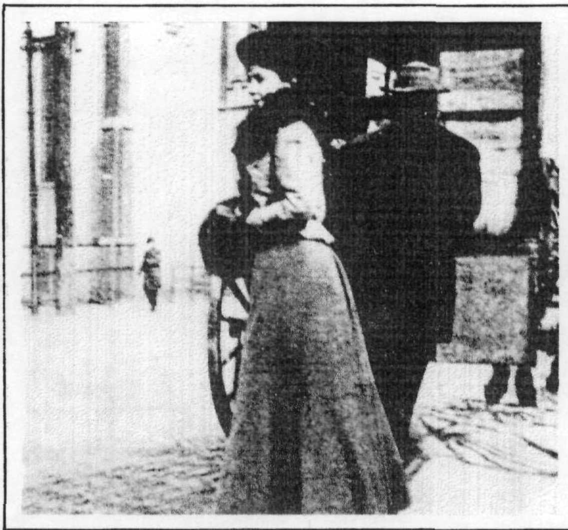
Different stalls are frequently a rendezvous, and at a recent reception, as two ladies came down stairs to leave, one called to the other, as she entered her carriage, "Good-night, dear; I'll meet you at ____ stall to-morrow at eleven," mentioning the name of a well-known dealer in vegetables. Then, too, the countryman brings his cream and buttermilk to market, and as both these products of the farm are said to be healthful and beautifying, the society queen does not hesitate to refresh herself with a glass of each while looking about for an addition to the family menu.

Another farmer brings homemade ice-cream and it is quite the proper thing to top off with five cents' worth of this very delicious article, eaten from a very thick glass with an equally thin tin spoon. Lexington market has many interesting features, but perhaps the most unique of all is a young man who manufactures a brand of sausage the name of which is almost a household word in Baltimore. Each day he dons his white apron and weighs out pound after pound of this popular food to the pretty women who gather about his stall, chattering like so many spring birds.

At night this same young man, a musician of rare ability and a picture in evening clothes, directs his own orchestra at the house of his customer, who dances to his music at night and partakes of his sausage for breakfast in the morning. Surely this is an odd combination, for one to be proficient in both art and necessity. Few cities can boast of a better market or more beautiful women as purchasers, and the stranger who spends an hour or two viewing its sights is always amply repaid.

—Leslie's Weekly, December 22, 1904

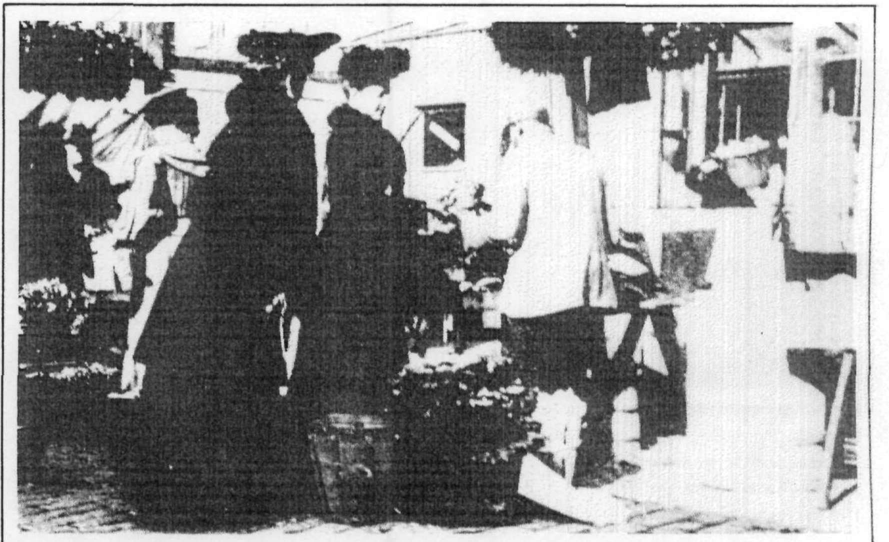
Mrs. W. Lee Carey, a Baltimore woman of high social standing, purveying at Lexington Market.



Miss Carrie Nicodemus, Governor Warfield's sister-in-law, leaving Richmond Market after superintending the packing of her basket.

Mrs. E. M. Lazarus, a prominent Daughter of the Revolution, at Lexington Market, purchasing supplies of provisions.

Mrs. Benjamin Horowitz, a society leader, drinking buttermilk at a Lexington Market stall.



Mrs. Tagart Steele, a wealthy and aristocratic lady, at Lexington Market, buying cabbage.

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September 26-October 14	Decker College Center Western Maryland College Westminster, Md. 21157
September 29	**"Maryland Women in the Media":** A Panel Discussion 8:00 p.m. McDaniel Lounge Western Maryland College Westminster, Md. 21157
November 7-November 22	Washington County Free Library 100 South Potomac Street Hagerstown, Md. 21740
November 18	**"Maryland Women in the Media":** A Panel Discussion 7:30 p.m. Washington County Free Library 100 South Potomac Street Hagerstown, Md. 21740
January 9 to January 25	Talbot County Free Library 100 West Dover Street Easton, Maryland 21601
March 19 to April 13	UMBC Library Gallery University of Maryland, Baltimore County Catonsville, Md. 21228
(Late March)	**"Maryland Women in the Media":** A Panel Discussion 8:00, UMBC Library University of Maryland, Baltimore County Catonsville, Md. 21278
April 30 to May 12	Public Library of Annapolis and Anne Arundel County West Street Branch Annapolis, Md. 21401
May 13 to May 28	Public Library of Annapolis and Anne Arundel County Kuethe Crain Highway Glen Burnie, Md.
June 3 to June 16	Carroll County Arts Center 129 East Main Street Westminster, Md. 21157

The exhibit, consisting of nearly 200 photographs framed in 20 panels, is being designed by Patti Pace of the Special Collections department, UMBC Library. This free catalogue-sampler of Mrs. Miller's wide-ranging work is available at all sites.