

# PUTTING MARSHVILLE on the Map

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PUTTING MARSHVILLE  
ON THE MAP



# PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

By  
WILLIAM GANSON ROSE

Author of  
"The Ginger Cure"



NEW YORK  
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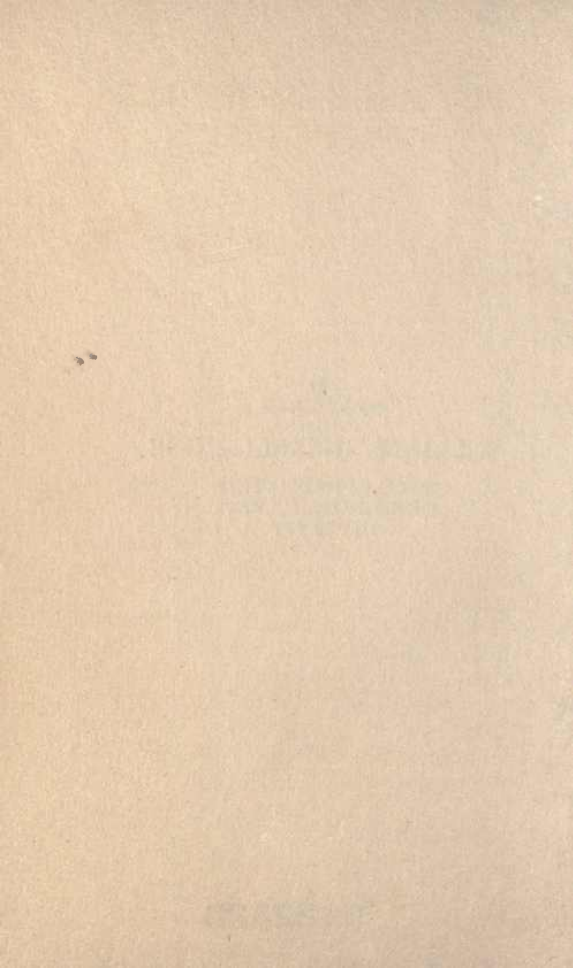


TO  
MY FATHER

WILLIAM RUSSELL ROSE

WITH APPRECIATION  
OF AN EVER-HELPFUL  
INTEREST

2132623



# PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

## I.

John Hancock Barker stared at the telegram in his hand.

To John Hancock Barker,  
16 West 82nd Street,  
Roxbury, N. Y.

Report for duty October first  
instead of September first see  
letter

American Airship Company  
Arthur Henshaw

The young man crumpled the paper in his left hand and thoughtfully stroked the back of his head with his right.

"Hm—m—," he mused, "that means a vacation. Let's see. This is the 28th of August. The proposition is how to kill four weeks. New York? Not in August. Atlantic City? Tired of it. A hurry-up trip across the water? Good. I'll wire for a reservation."

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He tossed the telegram into his desk and drew an ink pencil from his pocket. "London, then Paris, a run through Switzerland, and——" He paused. A look of seriousness came over his long, flexible face.

"Hold on, old boy, how about Mary?" His pale gray eyes stared thoughtfully into space. "Well, you are a forgetful curmudgeon! Get engaged to a girl, picture to her a honeymoon through Europe, and then, just because she's gone for a visit to an old schoolmate and you have time on your hands, you plan a program of rank selfishness."

He put the ink pencil back into his pocket.

"Why, John Hancock Barker, I'm ashamed of you. Your first duty is to put in the next four weeks in the most quiet and restful way possible. You must get

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yourself into trim for that new position. Your second duty is to spend just as little money as is absolutely necessary. Remember, you've promised a half interest in your capital stock to a life partner. Letting the question of duty alone, why, the very thought of your future happiness with the sweetest girl in the world ought to be enough for a dozen vacations. Young man, you should be willing to spend the next month in the deadest place on earth."

A smile crept over his face.

"The deadest place on earth? Why, those were Mary's words," he mused. "'Were you ever in Marshville, my old home?' she asked. 'Not that I can remember,' I answered. 'Well, it's a dear, old spot,' she told me, 'but honestly, John, it's the deadest place on earth.'"

He laughed softly.

"Marshville for mine!" he exclaimed.

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The customary attendance was on hand at the Marshville station the next afternoon when the 4:10 hesitated as usual at 4:45. John Hancock Barker and a short, fat man, carrying a sample-case, stepped from one of the two passenger coaches. A moment later five people loaded down with bundles climbed aboard.

The fat man chuckled as he turned to his companion.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "It's getting deader and smaller every day. Two of us coming in and five going out. Oh, you'll have a lovely time in this burg." He laughed again.

"I came for a change," said Barker. "I've had nothing but the noise and hustle of the city for ten years. I need a touch of simple life."

"Well, you'll get that all right, believe me," said the traveling man. "How long you going to stay? A week?"

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"A month."

The fat man whistled and then broke into a noisy laugh that echoed through the little station.

"Aboard," shouted the conductor, and the engine, with quickening puffs, pulled the stubby train out of Marshville.

The commercial traveler sighed.

"There it goes," he said, "my last chance to get back into civilization for twenty-four hours."

"Is there only one train that goes through here each day?" asked Barker.

"No," replied the short man. "Any number of them go through. This is the only westbound that stops." He chuckled again. "Partner," he said, "I make this town once a month. If the house doesn't cut it off my itinerary in the meantime, I'm due here the 30th of September. If you're on hand that day, I'll buy you the biggest chicken dinner ever put up at the Spencer



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House—I believe that's what they call the Waldorf of Marshville. If you're not here, you'll owe me the dinner the next time I run across you."

"Done," cried Barker, and the two men shook hands.

A short ride in a rickety cab with iron tires took the younger man to the rusty appearing Spencer House, where he registered, ate a good, country dinner and enjoyed a cigar in a big rocking-chair on the spacious porch. He rocked and he smoked and he thought; then he stopped smoking and rocking, but he kept on thinking.

"It sure is quiet," he yawned. "If Mary could only see me now! I wonder if the traveling man was right. Hold on, John Hancock Barker, you mustn't let a little rest make you restless. What you need is human companionship. You're bad company for yourself. Let's see, it must be



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about half-past seven." He jerked his watch from his trousers' pocket. "What? Good gracious, only 6:40! Well, a walk, the theatre and a letter to Mary!"

He strolled into the office of the Spencer House and approached the clerk.

"Any good shows in town?" he asked.

"Any what?" drawled the raw-boned and dismal-looking individual behind the counter.

"Any shows?" asked Barker. "Haven't you got a stock company here, or do you just have vaudeville during the summer?"

"We ain't got no stock comp'ny nor any voddyville, neither. There was a picter show once over to the Odd Fellers Hall, but it busted."

"Well, what's doing to entertain a stranger?" inquired the new guest. "I expect to be here some little time and want to get acquainted with the place. What are the sights of the town, anyway?"

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The lanky clerk thoughtfully put a large, vein-marked hand over his mouth. Then he withdrew his hand and clicked his tongue. "Well, there's the Soldiers' Monnymment over on the Square, the Perkins' fam'ly memorial up in the cemet'ry and the big lace fac'try beyond the station."

"I didn't know you made lace here," said Barker.

"We don't," replied the clerk.

"Then what's the factory for?"

"Well, it's a long story, but the main fact is that some out-of-town capitalists combined with a number of our leadin' citizens to start the establishment, but after they got the buildin' about two-thirds done, our people decided that the risk was too great and wouldn't put up their part of the money. There's ben a lawsuit on for a couple of years, but I guess most

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likely the buildin' will tumble down before anybody comes along to finish it."

John Hancock Barker turned his face to the window, so that the clerk might not read his estimate of Marshville. With the three leading features of the town a monument, a memorial and a deserted factory, surely the traveling man's statements were proving true.

"What's your population?"

"'Bout forty-five hunderd."

"I understood Marshville was a city several years ago, and that means five thousand."

The clerk rubbed his chin.

"We had five thousand several years ago," he said, "but we've ben slippin' back a little. That's what the meetin' is fer to-night."

"Meeting?"

"Yep. Over to the town hall. It's to

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be a mass meetin' of the leadin' citizens. They're goin' to take action on some civic boomin' ideas, and there's goin' to be some good speeches on both sides."

"Both sides! You don't tell me there's anybody that wants to hold the town back?"

"Why, yes," admitted the clerk. "Most of us think that Marshville's big enough now. I can't see as it 'ud do me any good to have it bigger."

Barker didn't want to start a discussion, so he changed the subject.

"Will Silas Burns attend the meeting?" he asked. He had never seen Mary's father and this might be his first chance.

"Yep, he'll be there all right. Better come over yourself."

"I will," agreed the young man, and, as he said it, he thought there might possibly be an opportunity for making a favorable

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impression upon his future father-in-law.

"It's to be at seven-thirty," volunteered the clerk.

"Then I'll take a look at the factory first," said Barker, "and stop in at the meeting on the way back."

He walked briskly to the station and up the road along the tracks until he came to the massive concrete shell of the lace factory.

"Another monument," he mused; "erected to outside enthusiasm that died in Marshville."

He glanced at his watch, hurried back to the Square and joined the straggling crowd that was sauntering into the town hall.

Jeremiah Pease, Mayor of Marshville, a puffy little man, mounted the platform and called the meeting to order.

"The purpose of this gathering," he said, "is to discuss the future of Marsh-

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ville. You all know that Marshville has been a city and so recognized by the government during the past ten years. For some reason we've dropped back a little. According to our city clerk's estimate, made last month, the population now lacks five hundred of the necessary five thousand to allow it a legal city government. If anything's to be done, it's got to be done immediately. The census count is to be made in about six months, or to be exact, next April. Gentlemen of Marshville, I want to make an appeal to your love of home and your spirit of progress. By united effort I believe it would be possible to build up the population before the census count is taken, so that we may still be a recognized city. It is to the interest of every property owner and of every man doing business to help with this movement. What is your pleasure?"

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Ezra Miller, a tall, keen-looking man, who enjoyed the reputation of being Marshville's leading lawyer, arose and obtained the recognition of the chair. "I want to offer a resolution," he said. "Here it is:

"Whereas, it is believed that Marshville's population has decreased during the past ten years, and whereas its civic and commercial activity is somewhat sluggish at the present time;

"Therefore, be it resolved, that the citizens here assembled will use their best endeavors to advance Marshville's prosperity, with the hope that its population will entitle it to continue to be recognized as a city after the taking of the next census.'"

He sat down, and there was scattered and half-hearted applause from the listeners.



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"I second the motion," said a young man of clean-cut appearance whom Barker's neighbor on the right described as "Thet young college feller, Sheldon Ball."

"You've heard the resolution," said the Mayor. "Are there any remarks?"

A feeble old man, badly bent and with a weak voice, arose.

"I've lived in this here place fifty-seven year," he said, "and I want to tell you, it has grown suthin' remarkable. W'y, I was one of the first eighteen inhabitants, and now I don't b'lieve I know more than half the people in the place. It's too big fer me a'ready, and the fust thing you know we'll hev to be lookin' out fer the smoke noosance and the tennymment problems. I vote to stay a village."

Vigorous hand clapping followed the veteran's observations.

"Are there any more remarks?" asked the Mayor, after a moment's silence.



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A man of kindly but determined countenance arose and went forward to the platform. The interest of all present appeared to quicken. When the chair recognized the new speaker, Barker failed to catch his name.

"Gentlemen," he began, "my property is in Marshville, and so is my interest. I'd like to see the place become a big, healthy city some day, but the time is not yet ripe. With all due respect to his honor, the Mayor, and the rest of the city officials, I know we can manage our affairs less expensively as a village than as a city. I don't believe in booms, and if any effort was made to boost Marshville at this time, I'm afraid it would have no lasting effect. Accordingly, I'm strongly opposed to the suggested movement."

He sat down, and this time the applause was perceptibly stronger than that which followed Ezra Miller's resolution.

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"Are there any further remarks?" asked the Mayor.

John Hancock Barker thought swiftly. Here was his first opportunity to make a good impression upon his future father-in-law, who was undoubtedly at the meeting.

"Question, question!" was called from the rear of the hall.

"If there are no further remarks," began the chairman, but Barker interrupted him.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, with a short bow.

"Well, sir," acknowledged the chairman.

"May I say something?"

"If there are no objections." The Mayor looked around. "You can proceed."

"You do not know me," said the young man. "I'm a stranger in Marshville, but I'm interested in this discussion. "I've traveled a good deal. I've studied civic

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life and civic government. I understand your problem. I can solve it. First, let me ask if you want my advice?" He paused.

Indignation and surprise were written on the faces of his audience.

"Is there any objection?" asked the Mayor.

There were many unpleasant scowls, but no verbal protests.

"You may proceed," said Marshville's chief executive.

"Thank you," said Barker. "In the first place, let's look matters squarely in the face. Marshville is sick." He paused and looked around. He was pleased to see his remark was generally resented.

"Sick," he repeated. "A traveling man told me it was dead. It isn't dead—it's just sick."

"What's the matter with it?" piped a weak voice, and Barker saw that it eman-

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ated from the early settler. "I say, sir, what's the matter with it?"

"General debility," replied the young man. "Its liver is sluggish, its circulation poor, its whole system run down!"

"Put him out!" shouted the old man.

"Put him out!" echoed a half-dozen others.

"He's insulting our homes," shrieked the early settler. "He's insulting us all. Put him out, I say!"

"Marshville has the making of a fine city," shouted Barker above the din of angry whisperings. "But first it needs the ginger cure!"

The unfriendly noise subsided somewhat, as his audience couldn't help showing interest.

"And what may the ginger cure be, sir?" asked the Mayor.

"Vigor, energy and push," said Barker. "Didn't you ever think of a greater Marsh-

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ville, a city of progress and opportunity, a manufacturing center, a market place for this rich agricultural district, a municipality in which you would all take pride, because you, and you, and you, had a share in making its name significant of big things, nobly done?"

He took his time now, for he saw that the feeling of animosity was waning.

"Did you ever realize that your location, your transportation facilities, your climate, but most of all your solid citizens——"

He waited, while a look of friendliness beamed on half the faces of those about him. He took up his sentence where he had left off.

"Your solid citizens, I repeat, make Marshville an ideal site for a future city of metropolitan size."

He stopped short and looked around.

His enthusiasm had attracted them at first, but now it had clinched their interest.

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"A city, gentlemen," Barker continued, "has personality and character and soul, just as man has, and working to build up a city in the way it should go is one of the pleasantest duties given to man. Incidentally, let me mention that the building up of Marshville would mean prosperity for each of you, but as I look about at your faces, I feel sure that you are going to vote in favor of the question, not from selfish motives, but because you want a bigger, better, busier and more beautiful city."

He paused again. There was a momentary silence, and then a burst of applause, easily the strongest of the evening.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said with a bow, and resumed his seat.

The man of kindly but determined countenance, who had led the opposition, jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Mayor," he cried.

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"Silas Burns," acknowledged the Mayor.

Barker was stunned.

"Silas Burns," he said to himself, "my future father-in-law! Great guns! I wanted to make a good impression and here I am opposing him. Well, I must see it through. He isn't the kind of man who would like a quitter for a son-in-law."

Mr. Burns again went forward and faced the gathering.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to remind you that you don't know the man who just spoke, and you don't know what foundation he has for what he says. I believe we're capable of settling our own affairs in our own way, and we don't need an outsider to come in and advise us. May I ask the young man what his plan of procedure would be if this resolution was carried?"



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Barker hastily rose. Here he was face to face with Mary's father, opposing him the first time he ever addressed him. But it wouldn't do to flinch now. He must see the argument through.

"I would simply refer the matter to the Marshville Chamber of Commerce," he quietly replied.

The Mayor raised his hand.

"There is no Chamber of Commerce here," his Honor observed.

"Then permit me to suggest that one be organized," said Barker unabashed.

"And after that?" asked Silas Burns.

"After that," repeated the young man, "I would have a strong committee appointed to follow up this movement and empower it to secure the best man possible to take active charge of the work."

"Where can we find a man capable of such a task?" asked the Mayor.



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John Hancock Barker hesitated. He was personally acquainted with only one man who he knew could fill the bill, and that man was on a vacation. He was about to suggest that this point might be taken up later, when he saw the early settler arise.

"I'd like to make a suggestion," said the old man bitterly. "If this young stranger is to be our advisor, why not turn the proposition over to him, and the hull town, too, for that matter? And now I want to go on record to say that no matter what you decide at this meeting, you can't carry out the plans for making Marshville a city anyhow. It was tried before, when that gang came down from Chicago to start the lace fact'ry. You know how that fizzled out. And another thing, it 'd cost money, and I'd like to see some of you that may be ready to vote for the resolution, to-night,

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come up with your share of the dollars."

He sat down. There wasn't much applause, but it was very evident that his words had proved effective. There was an audible grumbling in all parts of the hall. The allusion to cost was a hard stroke that made Marshville's pride wince.

"I will repeat my question," said the Mayor to Barker. "Do you know a man capable of building up Marshville?" he asked.

"I do," replied Barker determinedly.

"And who is the man?"

"John Hancock Barker."

"And who may John Hancock Barker be?"

"That's my name."

There was a cackling laugh from the early settler.

"Jest as I thought," he sneered. "This is the young man's scheme. Purty clever,

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too. Fust, he tries to make the position, and then he tries to get the job. But, young man, it won't go in Marshville."

Barker flushed. He was mad, but he tried not to show it.

"I'm misunderstood," he said. "I merely meant to help out in this matter, because I've taken an interest in your proposed movement. I wanted to——"

The early settler interrupted him.

"What's your business, young man?" he asked.

"I'm an adman," answered Barker.

"A what man?"

"An adman, a professional advertising expert."

"Oh, you're the kind that tells folks that you've got the best on earth to coax 'em in, and then pawn off suthin' cheap on 'em."

"Pardon me, but you're badly mistaken," said Barker. "An adman is a com-

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mercial expert, a consulting trade authority, a past master in the art of publicity. He builds up, he increases, he expands." Barker paused.

"Mr. Mayor," said Silas Burns, "I'd like to ask the young man what he happens to be doing in Marshville?"

"I'm here for my vacation," replied Barker, and he was well aware that the answer did not sound good.

"It seems to me," put in the early settler, "thet a young man who looks as healthy and strong as this one might be in better business than takin' vacations when he wasn't fleecin' people by advertisin'."

"There's one more question that I would like to ask," said Silas Burns, "and maybe this will settle the matter, once and for all. What terms would Mr. Barker propose for building up Marshville's population to five thousand before the census is taken?"

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"One thousand dollars," answered Barker.

"And if you fail?"

"Nothing!"

A look of surprise came into the countenances of the assemblage.

"I want to add to my resolution, that John Hancock Barker be employed on the terms named," said Ezra Miller. "If he succeeds, it's worth it. If he fails, we're none the worse off."

"I second it," said Sheldon Ball.

"There is no need for further debate," said the Mayor. "I am going to put the question."

The promise of continued interest and the fact that failure would cost nothing, indicated to Barker the way the vote would go.

"All who are in favor," said the chairman, "say 'Aye.'"

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There was a volley of "Ayes."  
"Opposed?"

Silas Burns, the early settler and a dozen others constituted the "Noes."

"Carried," announced the Mayor. "I will ask Silas Burns, Ezra Miller and Hiram Tewkesbury to act as a committee on organization for a Marshville Chamber of Commerce. If there is no further business to transact," he paused and looked around, "the meeting stands adjourned."

A half hour later, John Hancock Barker, seated by the large open window of the old-fashioned front room, upstairs in the Spencer House, was concluding a letter to Mary.

"Don't tell the folks about our engagement until you come home," he wrote. "I want to make a favorable impression first. Met your father to-night. He's fine. I only hope he'll like me one-half as well as I know I am going to like him. As the

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American Airship Company doesn't want me for a month, I am going to stay around here, where I'll have nothing to do but to think of you and the future. You were right, Mary, this is the dearest and dearest old town in the United States.

“With much love,

“John.

“P. S. I'll take that back about nothing to do but think of you. I have just entered into a new proposition. I have contracted to put Marshville on the map!

“J. H. B.”



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### II.

John Hancock Barker leaned back in an easy chair on the front porch of the Spencer House. It was just a week since the momentous meeting in the town hall. The adman's eyes, complexion and belt indicated that Marshville was agreeing with him. He raised up his right forearm and felt of his muscle with his left hand. He drew in a deep breath and slapped his expanded chest.

"Fit as a fiddle," he said. "Hard work in this climate seems to build a man up. I'm as brown as the proverbial berry, as strong as the stereotyped ox and as busy as the bromidical bee."

He drew out his notebook and hurriedly turned over a score of closely written pages.



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“No,” he said, “in sporting parlance, the busy bee hasn’t got anything on me! It’s about time to review.” He turned to the first page. “The meeting in the town hall—that’s pretty well fixed in my mind.” He skipped two leaves. “The organization of the Chamber of Commerce. I like the way young Jones handled that local for the Marshville Gazette. It’s literary rather than reportorial.” With an amused expression he read the newspaper clipping:

### **MARSHVILLE HAS NEW CIVIC BODY**

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IS FORMED  
AT MEETING OF TOWN’S  
LEADING CITIZENS**

**Everybody Is Asked To Join In Move  
To Make Marshville  
A City**

The wave of progress that is sweeping our country from ocean to ocean gripped Marshville in its tolls last night and started a boom that may result in our fair town remaining a legally recognized municipality. The onward rush took a concrete form in the organization of a Chamber of Commerce,

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which body will henceforth vigorously strive to keep Marshville well to the forefront of the enterprising communities of this state.

Silas Burns, a respected and leading citizen, who has always had the welfare of our city at heart, was made president; Ezra Miller, attorney-at-law and counsel for the Marshville interests in the lace factory suit, vice president; Truman Crosby, real estate dealer, treasurer, and Sheldon Ball, newly graduated from Western Reserve University, secretary.

The first action of the body was to employ John Hancock Barker, a professional adman, to assume charge of a campaign to bring Marshville's population once more to 5,000 so that it may retain the rights and prosperity of city government. If at our next census, to be taken in April, the population falls below 5,000, Marshville will revert to the village class, a fact that would be much deplored by all.

The general impression is that the task is impossible. Mr. Barker, however, was employed on condition that he receive \$1,000 if he succeeds, and nothing if he fails.

Committees will be appointed to-day to raise \$2,500, the sum deemed necessary to carry on the work.

Barker smiled as he folded the clipping.

"A strong send-off," he mused. "That chap on the Gazette is going to be useful, and I must lead the columns of his paper against the town's only enemy—conservatism."

He slowly turned the pages of his note-

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book, thoughtfully checking off a number of items from a long list.

"Everything is starting nicely," he said with satisfaction. "My prospective father-in-law is President of the Chamber, and, although opposed to my plans, he's giving me fair play. He'll like me before we're through."

"Honk, honk!" sounded a noisy automobile horn from the top of the hill that led down to the hotel. A little later a heavy touring car stopped near the porch and its only occupant, a cheery-faced young man, stepped nimbly over the fore-door onto the running-board, grasped the porch railing and vaulted neatly to a position in front of the adman.

"Billy!"

"John!"

There was a warm handclasp and the two men were at once engaged in rapid-fire conversation.

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"Well, I got your message," said the visitor, "and here I am. What's your game?"

"I'm going to put Marshville on the map, Billy."

The visitor slapped both of his knees vigorously and gave forth a peal of hearty laughter.

"Why, Barker, old man, you don't know what you're up against. This place died of dry rot several years ago. It isn't dying, it's dead. Do you get me? Dead!"

"It's no worse off than the Seth T. Grover Company was when I tackled it some months ago."

"Oh, how did you make out with the old house?"

"Well, I gave it the ginger cure, and here's a testimonial from the proprietor."

Barker opened and handed a letter to the visitor, who glanced through it.

"Bully!" he cried. "Congratulations! But come, what part am I to take in the

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revivification of Marshville? Tell me that!"

"Just this. You go down here two blocks on the main road and turn toward the Lake until you come to the first path leading to the Glens. Go down and stroll around for half an hour. Billy, that's the beauty spot of America!"

"Then what?"

"Then what? That's a fine question to come from a man who expects to be the leading summer park proprietor of the country."

"I get you, Barker. But how about transportation facilities? Cleveland, Lorain, Elyria, Sandusky, Oberlin—um, there are plenty of people to draw from, but one train a day on the steam road, poor service on the trolley, and no regular boat—nope, it don't look good."

"Wait a minute, Billy Horton, wait a minute. I'm looking after the North Star

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Line, and you can bet the steam road and the trolley are going to compete for the increased business."

"What increased business?"

"Oh, you're waking up, are you? Well, then. You go down and look over the Glens, first. Then read what you find in this envelope. Think the proposition over, as I've stated it. If you're going to say 'yes,' stop and see me in the morning. If you're going to say 'no,' 'phone me not later than four o'clock."

"You've got me guessing," admitted the younger man as he took the envelope. "I must be on my way. Going to put Marshville on the map, are you?"

"That's my stunt."

"Believe me, Barker, you've picked out a hard one this time. But darned if I don't hope that I'm going to like the part you've written in for me. S'long!"

"S'long!" cried Barker, and the touring

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car soon disappeared around the second road toward the Lake.

Barker looked at his watch.

“Just time to keep my appointment with old man Guernsey. If he’s won the name of being the miser of Marshville, and if the people I’ve met here are considered the liberal spenders, he must be a tight wad of the first water.”

He laughed.

“Barker, old man, I admire your nerve. Go to it!”

A few minutes later there was a vigorous discussion in Stephen Guernsey’s front parlor. The veteran man of means was not a pleasant host. He had been a hard landlord and his cold-blooded dealings had gained for him, along with his land and money, the enmity of the townspeople.

John Hancock Barker was the first visitor to cross his threshold in many weeks,



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and he eyed the young man with suspicion and general disapproval.

"Mr. Guernsey, my name is Barker. The new Marshville Chamber of Commerce has appointed me to take charge of the movement to boost Marshville so that it may remain a city. I've come to ask your help."

"Huh," sneered the old man, "if that's your errand, you're wasting time. I have no use for Marshville, and Marshville feels the same towards me."

"So I hear," said Barker, "but we're going to change all that."

"Lookahere, young man, don't you interfere in my business."

"I wouldn't think of it, sir. I have come to bring business to you."

"Well, speak out!"

"It's this way," said Barker. "You've been successful. You've made money.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

You own one of the biggest and choicest sections of the town. Am I right?"

"Well, supposing you are?"

"Just this. You've got the rest of Marshville jealous of you. Because you've made money, they think you ought to share it with them. That's why they call you stingy."

"What are you getting at?"

"I'll tell you. I'm a new man in Marshville. I look at things fairly. I'm not influenced by prejudice. You're not exactly stingy. You're fair and you're reasonable, but you believe that business is business and that both parties should come half way. Am I wrong?"

"Well, saying y'aint, what then?"

"Let me illustrate." Barker unfolded a piece of paper and laid it on the table before the old man. "Here's Marshville and this is the section you own, according to the county map."

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"That's right."

"You've got three hundred acres of property that ought to be built up as soon as the town begins to grow."

"More'n that," put in the old man.

"Well, now, you're finding it hard to sell because there's a prejudice against you, and the last few sales have been over in Gifford's allotment. There's plenty more land over on the south side of the main road, but it isn't as good as yours. Building is going on over there just the same unless you do something to turn it your way."

"Go on," said the old man as he leaned forward.

"Now, if you could sell one hundred and fifty acres on the east side of your property near the lace factory, and it was improved and built up something like this," he laid another roughly drawn map beside the first one, "it would help your real estate, wouldn't it?"

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"It wouldn't hurt any," admitted Guernsey.

"You want about a hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, I suppose," said Barker abruptly.

"Two hundred and twenty-five," snarled the old man.

Barker picked up the two maps from the table, folded them, placed them in his inner coat pocket and took his hat.

"Hold on!" said Guernsey. "Who wants to buy?"

"Nobody I know, at that price," replied Barker. "Possibly the other allotment will do as well, anyway." He moved toward the door.

"Just a minute!" exclaimed the old man, and he wiped his forehead with a crimson and white handkerchief. "If you guarantee that the property adjoining mine will be improved and built up, I'll split the differ-

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

ence and make it two hundred dollars an acre."

"Let's drop the subject for a moment," said Barker. "I told you my errand was to interest you in boosting Marshville. You're the town's richest citizen. You ought to head the subscription list to carry on the work of boosting with one thousand dollars."

"Not me!" cried the old man fiercely.

Again Barker started toward the door.

"Possibly Gifford will be glad to, if he can make the sale," he said.

Guernsey clenched his hands together and mumbled a problem in mathematics to himself. "Thirty thousand dollars," he concluded. Then he turned to Barker. "If it's a sure sale," he said, "and the improvements are guaranteed, I'll pay the thousand."

"You mean head the subscription list," corrected Barker.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"All right, then," cried the old man irritably, "I'll head the subscription list. But how am I to know that this is all right?"

"I took the liberty of guessing our interview would come out this way," Barker replied. "I think you will find that these papers are satisfactory."

He drew from the pocket where he had replaced the maps a legal document and handed it to Stephen Guernsey.

"While you're looking it over," said Barker, "will you allow me to use your 'phone? I want to call up Jones of the Gazette, so that your contribution to the fund may be announced in this afternoon's paper."

"Don't do that," pleaded the old man. "They'll think I'm getting crazy."

"They'll think that they've been crazy in misjudging you," said Barker. "You leave that part to me."

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"All right," assented Guernsey meekly, as he ran his eye down the paper. Then he looked up suddenly. "Ye don't mean it's to be sold to the ——"

"Sh!" said Barker. "That's one thing I forgot. Nothing is to be said about the purchaser of your property, until the announcement comes from that side of the transaction. Well, are you satisfied with the proposition?"

"Yes," said the old man, and he continued to study the document while Barker telephoned the news.

There was keen surprise in the Marshville Savings Bank when Stephen Guernsey and John Hancock Barker signed their papers and concluded their deal, but those who participated in the transaction were committed to secrecy.

There was surprise at the same time about the Public Square, for a post thirty



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

feet high, was being firmly planted near the band stand. On it was nailed something that looked like an heroic-sized thermometer, but instead of degrees Fahrenheit were lines numbered from 4,501 at the base of the pole to 5,000 at its top. The workmen were explaining its purpose to a crowd of interested youngsters.

Well satisfied with his progress, the ad-man hurried back to the hotel. He was astonished to find the directors of the Chamber of Commerce seated upon the front porch waiting for him.

Their faces bespoke gloom and they evidently were not glad to see him, as they acknowledged his bow with jerky nods.

"One moment, gentlemen," said Barker, and he called through the screen door, "Any telephone message for me?"

"Nope," replied the clerk.

The young man looked at his watch.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"Good!" he muttered. "Billy Horton is going to take up the park proposition!"

He turned to the directors.

"Well, gentlemen?"

"Sit down," said Silas Burns rather gruffly, as he indicated a chair in the center of the group.

Barker took the seat and awaited developments.

"We, the directors of the Chamber, held a meeting this noon," went on Mr. Burns with some coolness, "and we discussed this idea of boosting Marshville."

"I'm sorry I couldn't have been there," put in Barker. "I might have had some suggestions."

"That's what we were afraid—I mean, we desired to talk the matter over by ourselves. We didn't want your enthusiasm to blind our judgment, to be frank, sir."

"I see," said Barker gravely.

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"We discussed the start-off of this affair and the things you proposed, but we have concluded that we know now the impracticability of carrying out the plan in Marshville."

The adman didn't wince. He gave no indication of his feelings.

"It's fortunate we came to our decision before you had time to do anything," continued Silas Burns.

Barker remained silent and the conversation came to an awkward halt.

Suddenly there was a loud tooting from the Harbor.

"Wonder what's wrong down to the lake," said Thomas Martin. "The North Star steamer only comes in on Thursday."

"I may be mistaken," said Barker, "but I believe that's a tug with officials from the North Star looking over the possibilities for a new dock. I understand that the present

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

place isn't large enough to handle any amount of freight."

"There aint no freight business here to speak of now," said Martin.

"No," agreed Barker, "not now."

There was an insinuation in his voice that his visitors caught but didn't understand.

"We want to pay you for your time," resumed Silas Burns, and he looked at the adman inquisitively but failed to get a response.

There was another embarrassing silence.

A man was seen passing through the Square with a brass instrument under his arm.

"Guess Jaeckels, the fishman, has got a new horn," observed Jasper Green.

"No," said Barker. "That's Lloyd Andrews of the Marshville Savings Bank. He's cornetist in the new band that's to be

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formed to-night. Used to be soloist with Sousa up to the time his health broke down."

There were several exchanges of furtive glances at this remark.

"What's that post he's goin' by now, with the marks on it like a thermometer?" asked the inquisitive Martin.

"That's a recorder," replied Barker, "to show how the population increases. You notice the indicator points to 4,501, supposed to be our present population. The goal is the 5,000 mark. The plan has been tried and found successful. It stirs up the interest and civic pride of the good citizens."

The group looked searchingly at the young man. His reference to "good citizens" sounded rather ironical, in view of the situation.

"As I was saying," observed Silas Burns, "we want you to be satisfied with

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

our treatment." He looked inquiringly at the adman, but Barker again maintained silence.

There was a painful lull, while two wagons heavily laden with brick came leisurely down the main road.

"Who's buildin'?" queried Thomas Martin.

"Can't be for Butler's new house, can it?" asked Sheldon Ball.

"That's coming to the hotel," said Barker. "It's to be used in an addition along the east side of the building."

"And p'raps you may know who's coming down the north road?" asked Jasper Green.

A big wagon with a dozen men in neat uniforms was passing the Square on the north road.

"Why, that's Marshville's new Baseball Club," said Barber. "Gibson's Department

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

Store furnished the uniforms for an advertisement. The boys have been practicing for a series of games with Painesville."

"Coming back to the matter in hand," said Silas Burns, with a little less firmness, "our message is simply this: We can't raise the money to carry on your campaign. You said there ought to be a fund of twenty-five hundred dollars. We've figured it out carefully. We've talked to some of the merchants and we know that fifteen hundred dollars would be the outside figure that we could raise. Our wealthiest citizen is not the kind to help in a matter like this."

He looked around and there was a general sneer at his reference to Stephen Guernsey.

"But even if we could raise the fifteen hundred dollars, we would feel it would be wasted," continued the president of the Chamber; "not because it would be your



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fault, young man. 'The fact is, you don't know Marshville.'

The paper boy, with the evening Gazette under his arm, was crossing the porch to the hotel office.

"Here, boy," said Barker, "give each of these gentlemen a paper," and he tossed a coin to the happy youngster.

It would have been hard to miss it, because old man Guernsey's subscription was announced in the headlines of the first column on the first page.

It was the biggest local item the Gazette had carried since the burning of the lumber yard.

"Goshallhemlock!" shouted Thomas Martin. "What's this?"

"I'll bet it's a joke young Jones put up," said Jasper Green. "We wouldn't use his money, even if he should give it."

Silas Burns raised his hand.

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"Silence, gentlemen," he commanded. "I'm going to finish our errand here and now. Mr. Barker," he said with all his old firmness, "the fact is this. We've decided to give up trying to keep Marshville a city. We're here to notify you not to start any of your plans."

Barker's eye caught sight of two men, one with a roll of white paper and the other with a long-handled brush and a pail. They were standing before Butler's barn beyond the wheat field along the main road. The man with the paper knelt down and smoothed out several sheets, while his companion dipped the brush into the pail and smeared the side of the frame building.

"Come, Mr. Barker," said Silas Burns, sharply. "Can't you say anything?"

"Yes," replied Barker quietly, and he noted that the two men were smoothing a square of paper against the side of the barn.

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"Well, what, then?" asked Barker's future father-in-law impatiently.

"You're too late."

The young man pointed across the road at the distant barn. Each member of the little group looked in the direction indicated and silently watched several square sheets take their positions beside the first one until in great red, white and blue letters, with a many-colored background, they read:

### **MARSHVILLE FAIR**

SEPTEMBER 26-30

---

**MANY GREAT ATTRACTIONS**

---

**EXCURSIONS BY BOAT, TROLLEY AND  
STEAM RAILROAD**

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"Gentlemen," said the adman in a quiet but determined manner, "with or without your help, I'm going to put Marshville on the map."

He slowly looked into each face in turn and noted a mixture of surprise and admiration and humor.

"Are you going to stand by me?"

There was a pause, and all the members of the group turned to Silas Burns.

The leader of the party looked from the poster to the thermometer and then at the newspaper. Slowly his gaze found its way into the eyes of Thomas Martin. There was a momentary pause and then Martin's head nodded affirmatively. The gaze traveled to Jasper Green, and he nodded. And after Green, the others, one by one, met their leader's eyes and each man in turn bent his head to show consent.

Silas Burns drew a long breath and suddenly extended his hand to the young man.

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“They think we should stand by you,” he said with a backward nod, “and so we will.”

“Thank you,” said Barker, and there was another pause.

“What’s that?” asked Thomas Martin as he pointed over to the Public Square where a boy was talking excitedly to the workman who had just finished setting the thermometer.

The man suddenly stopped and lifted the indicator two lines.

“Johnny,” shouted Thomas Martin, and the boy hurried toward the porch. “What did he raise the indicator for?”

The boy caught his breath and called back: “There’s twins up to Joyce’s!”

“We’re on the way,” laughed Barker.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

### III.

It was the last day of the Marshville Fair. The weather was perfect, and the crowd was the greatest of the five days, which meant, of course, that it was the largest in the history of Marshville.

The aisles of the huge exposition building—the lacc factory had been temporarily fitted for that purpose—were comfortably filled, and the spacious field surrounding the structure was marked by groups of interested sight-seers in front of the canvas booths. Where the white tops covered refreshment stands, ring-toss games and hit-the-nigger-baby-and-get-a-cigar galleries, the visitors were crowded several lines deep.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

John Hancock Barker was making his regular afternoon inspection of all departments, and, as he watched the happy throng filing in and out of the big entrance way, a smile crept over his tired but contented face.

He felt a slight tugging at his sleeve and turned around. To his surprise there stood the early settler who had opposed him so bitterly at the meeting in the town hall.

"Boy," quavered the old man, "yer show is right smart, but I'm sorry yer going' to make the town bigger. It's big enough fer me now." He wouldn't wait for an answer, but hurried along.

Barker's happy smile broadened.

Suddenly he looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," he said. "I'll be late for the meeting if I don't hurry."

In the office of the Exposition, a neatly furnished room on the top floor of the big



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

factory, the adman found all the directors of the Chamber of Commerce, save Silas Burns, seated about the large table in the center of the room. They nodded pleasantly as he entered, and Thomas Martin drew up a chair for him beside his own at the head of the table.

The adman recalled his first meeting with this same board on the porch of the Spencer House when they had come to notify him that the boost-Marshville proposition was off. The contrast between the two receptions was so amusing that he couldn't repress a smile as he took his chair.

Thomas Martin arose, looked at his fat silver watch and said abruptly, "The meetin' will come to order. Silas Burns 'phoned me that there's comp'ny up to his house and he might be late. Then he asked me to take charge of the meetin' until he arrived. As there's more than the usual

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

business to transact, we'll dispense with the readin' of the minutes of the last meetin', if there's no objection." He looked around, but there was no objection, so he continued:

"This bein' the last day of the Fair, I b'lieve it's proper that we sh'd hev reports from the various committees. First, I'll ask Hiram Tewkesbury to present the report of the halls and decorations committee."

The chairman of that committee, a tall man with a kindly face, arose and drew a closely written paper from his pocket. "My report's pretty long," he began, "and unless you want it read, I'll jest tell the main facts. Of course, you all know that through a reasonable rental arrangement made by Mr. Barker with the officers of the Lace Company, we got the use of their buildin' fer the main exhibits. Plans showing the booth spaces were printed and sent all over the northern part of the state with the rest

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

of our boostin' literachure, and you know the results. Fifty-three exhibits and more space covered than any county fair Ohio has ever known. The revenoo derived from the sale o' this space amounted to four thousand, one hunderd and fifty-five dollars. All of this we invested in makin' the buildin' ready and decoratin' the town in the beautiful style in which you now see it. It has been suggested that the street lightin' equipment be purchased and stored in the basement of the town hall, so as to be used at each succeedin' Marshville Fair, on the Fourth o' July and other times when it is proper that we should indulge in civic celebrations. In concludin', I desire to say that our committee strongly recommends the purchase of said lightin' arrangements as afore-mentioned."

With a well-pleased expression, as he saw that his report met with universal favor, Hiram Tewkesbury sat down.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

Chairman Martin arose and said with a confident air of parliamentary knowledge, "We will not act upon the recommendation of the halls and decorations committee until we have had the financial statement. I will now ask Henry Spencer, chairman of the accommodations committee, for his report."

The business-like proprietor of Marshville's hotel addressed the chair.

"You all know, gentlemen," he began, "that for the last ten years my hotel has not been a successful institution. That's why I haven't given it my personal attention, but have devoted myself to my other hotel in Turnersville. When the Fair was planned I took personal charge, and as you know, have increased the Spencer House to just about double its old size. I've sent Sam Hedges down to the Turnersville house, and I'm going to look after the Spencer myself, because I can see a good future for it.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

Besides what the hotel has done during the Fair week, thirty-two houses in Marshville, to my knowledge, have been taking care of pay boarders, and this doesn't count in the number of families that have been entertaining friends. I believe our visitors have been well cared for, and I want to assure you, gentlemen, that from now on my personal interest is with you in building up Marshville."

Timothy Berton reported for the transportation committee and told how the trolley and railroad had prospered during the Fair week and how the North Star Line had run two boats daily in order to carry the crowds from Cleveland and Sandusky.

"We have assurances," he concluded, "that four eastbound and five westbound trains on the steam road will stop in Marshville each day, and the trolley line is going to run a spur through the center of

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

the town down to the boat landing. The county commissioners told me yesterday that the last four miles of brick pavement from Clifton to Marshville center will be laid at once, and that, gentlemen, means a continuous procession of automobile parties over the prettiest road in Northern Ohio."

As he finished there was a loud cheer outside of the building.

Sheldon Ball hurried to the window and looked out. "It's the baseball team," he announced. "There's a big crowd carrying the fellows on their shoulders."

"What's the score?" asked Thomas Martin.

"What's the score?" called Sheldon Ball through the window.

It sounded as if a hundred answers volleyed at once

"Marshville, five; Painesville, two!"



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

The chairman arose and grinned broadly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "barrin' Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky, we've got the champeen baseball team of Northern Ohio."

The board of directors applauded.

"We will now hear the report of the entertainment committee," announced the chairman. "He's not a resident of Marshville, but a young man who has our interests at heart and whom we have all come to like—Mr. William Horton."

"Billy," as Barker familiarly knew him, in a concise manner told of the various attractions that his committee had brought to entertain Marshville's visitors. He related how the adman had first interested him in the Glens and how he had turned Marshville's beauty spot into a park where a small admission fee and the sale of refresh-



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

ments would pay him for attracting visitors from the neighboring cities and towns throughout the summer months. "One of the most enjoyable entertainment features of the week," he said, "has been the playing of the Marshville Band." As he spoke, a spirited march was struck up just outside the building and the speaker paused. "I needn't say anything for that organization. It speaks for itself," he said softly as he sat down.

There was silence for a few moments as the members of the board listened to the rhythmic strains of music.

"What are they playing?" asked Chairman Martin.

"That's the Marshville March, written by Conductor Andrews," answered William Horton. "Just listen to his silver cornet carrying the air."

After another pause, the chairman again rose. "The last report," he said, "will be

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given by our manager, Mr. John Hancock Barker."

The adman stood up, addressed the chair and looked about him.

"My report is a brief one," he said. "The number of paid admissions to the grounds, including those of this morning, has been twenty-nine thousand, two hundred forty-seven. Before the gates close to-night, it will run easily over thirty thousand. That's about fifteen thousand better than our budget anticipated. Chairman Tewkesbury told you what the receipts were from the sale of space—something over four thousand dollars. The admissions and privileges will add about nine thousand dollars, and our original fund contributed by the citizens' committee amounted to approximately three thousand dollars. That makes the receipts between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars, and

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

I believe that when all bills are paid and the subscriptions returned, there should be a balance of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars as a starter for the second annual Marshville Fair." He was interrupted by the directors' applause, which he cut short by continuing, "I want to thank you for the fine spirit of co-operation given me on all sides."

"Not at the start," interrupted Chairman Martin with a grimace.

"Well, soon after the start," said Barker, and there was a general laugh.

A young man entered the room and then drew back.

"Come in," said Chairman Martin. "What is it?"

"A letter for Mr. Barker."

He hurriedly handed it to the adman and disappeared.

"We'll excuse you," said the chairman,

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

“while you read. It may be suthin’ important.”

Barker tore open the envelope and read with some difficulty the pinched handwriting, and then his eye descended to the signature which was that of Stephen Guernsey. He looked up.

“It’s a business letter,” he explained, “from Stephen Guernsey. He says he has sold four lots on the new street he opened up last week. He also tells me that if Marshville wishes it, he will give that twenty acres of woodland on the south side of his property for enlarging the public park.”

“I don’t think we ever understood old man Guernsey,” said Hiram Tewkesbury.

“I don’t think we ever treated him right,” said Chairman Martin. “That’s why I proposed his name yesterday for the head of the new school board. That ought to get him in touch with the rest of us again.”

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

While they were talking, John Hancock Barker read to himself the postscript to the letter: "You forgot your commission on making that sale for me of the one hundred and fifty acres near the lace factory. Enclosed please find check, with thanks.

"S. G."

As Barker put the letter in his pocket, Silas Burns, beaming with enthusiasm and good nature, hurried into the room.

Chairman Martin vacated the place at the head of the table in his favor.

"Boys," declared the president of the Chamber, "it's simply great! I stopped at the dock on the way over, and the North Star steamer was packed from stem to stern, and as I came through the main entrance way Mose Campbell said his turnstile has been averaging twenty-seven a minute for the last hour and a quarter. Have you got the business all transacted?"

"All the reports have been made," said

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his predecessor in the chair. "We jest got up to the point where you were to tell Mr. Barker the decision we reached this mornin'."

The bell boy from the Spencer House tiptoed into the room and laid an envelope before the adman.

The chairman nodding, Barker opened the envelope and read to himself:

"My Dear Mr. Barker: The best chicken dinner the Spencer House can put up will be ready for you at 6 o'clock. I hope you haven't forgotten your fat friend with the red tie, who made a bet with you one month ago on the station platform. I said I'd treat to a dinner if you were in town when I struck it on my next trip. Whew! but you've been doing things.

"Until dinner,

"Yours,

"Mark Strong."



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

The adman looked up.

"It's an invitation to dine with an old friend of mine," he explained.

"Now," said Chairman Burns, "now for our message. Mr. Barker, the directors of the Marshville Chamber of Commerce discussed this morning the terms of our agreement by which you were to receive one thousand dollars in cash, provided Marshville's population passed five thousand before April first. The population is now—" he looked out of the window at the thermometer, "according to the city clerk's records, four thousand, eight hundred and fifteen. At the present rate it will easily pass five thousand long before April first. Accordingly, we have decided to lay aside the agreement on account of your splendid efforts, and I take great pleasure in handing you, here and now, this check in recognition of your services."



## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

He stepped forward and laid the check before the young man.

"But wait," said Barker. "This isn't right. One thousand dollars was to be the amount. This is more."

"Well," replied the chairman, "we believe the population will be more than five thousand."

The adman tried to express his thanks, but Silas Burns stopped him.

"One minute, gentlemen. I want a word in private with Mr. Barker." He led the young man to the outer room and grasped him firmly by the hand.

"Barker—John," he said, "Mary's home. She's told me. I'm proud of you, boy."

Barker tried to speak, but the old man checked him.

"You'll be late for dinner," he said. "Run along, now. We'll be looking for

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you up to the house after your engagement—I mean the dinner engagement.”

The adman drew from his pocket two folded papers and handed them to his future father-in-law.

“I thought you might like to show these to the board,” he said. “Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, till to-night,” said Silas Burns.

The old man drew a long breath, re-entered the room and took his place at the head of the table.

“He’s left a message,” he said. “I’m going to read it.” He laid the papers on the table, carefully wiped his spectacles, re-adjusted them and cleared his throat. Then he picked up the first paper and slowly read:

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

### A CITY

A city is not merely an area upon which houses are built and where people exist.

A city is a living, pulsing institution, with heart and soul and character.

Its character is determined by its citizenship.

Its value to you depends directly upon your service to it.

Love your Marshville, work for it, and your reward will be certain.

Marshville was dead !

IT IS ALIVE !

Keep it so !

Silas Burns paused and looked about. The adman's words had made a deep impression.

Suddenly there was a shout outside and then more shouts and then continuous shouting, accompanied by the spirited playing of the Marshville Band.

The directors crowded about the big window.

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

In the center of the Square, gathered around the thermometer, was an eager throng with eyes fixed on the top of the tall pole.

"Five thousand!" cried Thomas Martin.

"It's a joke!" shouted Hiram Tewkesbury.

"Wait a minute," called Chairman Burns, sharply. "The meeting will come to order. I haven't finished."

They stood at the window, while the old man continued reading: "The American Airship Company bought Stephen Guernsey's property along the track, and closed a deal one week ago with the Lace Factory. Two hundred men will arrive on the six o'clock train to-day, to begin the work of remodeling. My contract is fulfilled."

## PUTTING MARSHVILLE ON THE MAP

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" cried Thomas Martin. The others were too excited for words.

Slowly Silas Burns unfolded the other paper. It was of thin, stiff material and it nearly covered the table. The little group bent over it inquisitively, and Thomas Martin's nose almost rubbed against it as the big sheet was finally smoothed out.

"A map!" exclaimed Jasper Green.

"Of Ohio!" said Hiram Tewkesbury.

"This year's!" called Sheldon Ball.

They all bent a little closer and Silas Burns' big forefinger traced the coast of Lake Erie westward from Cleveland and suddenly stopped.

"Marshville's on the map!"







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