

come the wife of Mr. Dodge, a New York lawyer. She was very happy with her husband and her two small boys for a few years, until misfortune overtook the little family and Mr. Dodge was killed.

Mrs. Dodge determined on a plan for the support of her children, Harry and Jamie. Her parents had bought a home in the suburbs of Newark, near the present Weequahic Park. She gave up her New York home to live with them.

She began again to write, and almost from the beginning her stories were eagerly bought by the publishers. As in the days of her childhood, her father's home was a scene of constant activity with its loving family group and its noted guests, so that it was hard to find a place quiet enough to work. Mary Dodge was a person who always found a way out of difficulties. There was a small farm cottage adjoining the orchard on her parents' estate. With the help of her boys, she pulled down a partition here and there and arranged the old cast-off furniture, and soon had a cozy workshop away from the hubbub of the big house. There she worked while Harry and Jamie were away at the Newark Academy each day, then spent the rest of the day at play with them after their return. It is said that the boys' birthdays were always celebrated in this little farm-house den, with verses written by their mother honoring the event.

Children enjoyed bedtime stories in those days just as they do now; and there was no happier time in the day for the two small boys than the evening hour when they sat and listened to the stories their mother told from the pictures in her own mind instead of from the pages of a book someone else had written.

It was an especially happy day, not only for them, but for countless children the world over, when she started to tell the adventures of the Dutch boy, Hans Brinker, and his sister. It was in response to repeated requests from Harry and Jamie, who spent many hours skating on Drake's pond nearby, that she told the story of skaters across the seas. Each night she recited a new chapter of the story for them and each following day she wrote it down. It was published serially in a small magazine and was most eagerly welcomed.

One can readily imagine children far and wide waiting for the next installment to tell them the adventures of the boy and girl whose father had been crippled while working on