

TOOK PUBLICITY MAN TO 'MAKE' P. REVERE HERO

And That Press Agent Was
Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow.

'RIDE' ONE OF DUTIES

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—Paul Revere seems to be Boston's favorite character, and no city ever had a more satisfactory hero.

The prime requisite for fame is a good press, and Revere was fortunate in having Longfellow.

Before Longfellow wrote up the midnight ride in beautiful verse, Paul Revere was no more a popular hero than Daves or Prescott, the two men who accompanied him on the now famous adventure.

During his lifetime, Revere had made a name as a silversmith, merchant and mechanic, and a trustworthy patriot.

He had the nicknames of "Bold Revere" and the "Mercury of the Revolution," and he was a well-known character around Boston. But when he died nobody thought he would ever figure as a statue in a public square, or that people would pay to see the room where he worked and the contrivance with which he stirred his toes.

Revere had been dead forty years when Longfellow happened on an account of the ride by which a man named Paul Revere warned the patriots around Boston that the British were marching on Concord, April 18, 1775.

It was only one of the many messages which Revere carried, and it was not more important than some of his other Government missives, but the details attracted the poet, and by touching them up a bit he produced a narrative that was to put Paul Revere's name and picture in every American history.

In the main, Longfellow's story stands unchanged.

A few liberties with fact have been proved, such as that Revere had the singular talents buried in the North Church basement, but of certain other colonists in case he was captured, and did not use the poem says, wait impatiently on the other side of the river to catch the signal before starting his ride.

POEM, CORNER STONE
OF FAME.

Longfellow's poem proved the corner stone to Revere's fame.

His career and souvenirs of his existence eagerly were unearthed.

Once he was discovered, he caught the popular fancy.

Now, wherever you turn in Boston and elsewhere you find that the intrepid Paul has been there first and made the spot famous.

The house where he lived from 1770-1800 still stands as a historic landmark in the old North Square.

It is the oldest house in Boston, if not in the State of Massachusetts.

It was more than 100 years old when Revere bought it.

Then it was regarded as a mansion, and a good example of the colonial country house modified to fit a city lot.

Now it is justled by tenement structures and looks out on a swarm of Italians, Russians and Slavs.

The contrast of the old, dignified wooden houses and the little Italian who jibber school-book history at you in chorus and then hold up their hands for a nickel is sufficiently picturesquely to catch the eye of the most jaded traveler.

It was from this residence that Revere went out to his ride.

The spots where he got on his horse, was captured by the British and in other ways made history, have been located carefully and labeled with nice, permanent tablets.

A stone, within commuting distance of Boston, has been named for him.

The so-called Coney Island of New England has long been Revere Beach, though now for some obscure reason it is referred to as Crescent Beach.

If this change of name ever comes to the official notice of Revere's most fervent admirers, there probably will be a counter and an editorial when it, and the slight to Revere will be denounced in all possible tones of patriotic invective until his name is again on the electric lights and the hotel stationery.

Revere is memorialized in Boston by a statue representing him as he draws rein to arouse some colonist to the dangers of the approaching British.

A statue, standing in the Statehouse on Beacon Hill, shows him in full gallop, shouting his message to a couple in a doorway.

You get a different glimpse of his varied career when you see the old fragile Constitution—Old Ironsides—anchored in Charlestown Navy Yard, for Revere had the Government's contract for the brass and copper work when she was begun in 1776.

HIS NAME
IS EVERYWHERE.

Besides all these reminders of Revere's fame there are a host of shops, factories and buildings that have taken his name, and a society has been organized to keep his memory always green and to maintain his home as a place of historic interest.

The average American, outside of Massachusetts, knows Paul Revere as a man who rode to warn somebody in an American war.

The people around here, brought up on Paul Revere, know him as one of Boston's most ardent patriots during the Revolution, one of the ring leaders in the Boston tea party, a copper plate engraver, dentist, gold and silver smith, financier, soldier, versemaker, and the father of seventeen children.

In all these fields, save that of poet, Revere's ability was regarded with respect.

His teapots and tankards are much sought by connoisseurs, not only for their historic value, but because of really beautiful workmanship.

His career as the first dentist in Boston is a surprise to many people.

A copy of the Boston Gazette for Sept. 18, 1768, contains this advertisement of his dental work:

"Withal, many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their foreteeth by accident and otherwise, to their great detriment, not only in looks, but in speaking, both in public and private; this is to inform all, such that they may have them replaced with artificial ones, that look as well, as the natural and answer the end of speaking to all intents, by Dr. Cope, goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Chase's wharf, Boston."

Fitting artificial teeth was one of Revere's side lines, by which he kept the crowd of young Reverses comfortably fed and clothed.

One interesting instance of his dental work has come down to us.

Gen. Joseph Warren, who died and was buried at the Battle of Bunker Hill, was later dug up to be buried elsewhere.

Two brothers of the general identified the body.

Besides this, a friend reports, "if stronger evidence of its identity were wanting, that afforded by Colonel Revere, who set the artificial tooth, and had helped the wire used in fastening it in would afford it."

NEVER ALL
THE GREAT MEN.

Revere was on friendly terms with Hancock, Samuel Adams, Copeley, the artist, and many other great men.

Both Gilbert Stuart and Copeley, the two noted painters of the Revolutionary great, made portraits of Revere.

Copeley painted him as a sturdy man of about 40 years, and Stuart, when he

12 Year Old University Prodigy Tells Own Story

Edward R. Hardy Jr.
Gives Two Reasons
for Being Super-
Normal.

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EDWARD R. HARDY.

The 12-year-old boy who has just entered Columbia equipped with a better fund of information than most graduates possess, was asked to tell in his own way how he acquired his unusual education. His parents, by the way, said today that most other children are abnormal because of a faulty educational system.

The following is not edited, even as to punctuation:

By EDWARD ROCHIE HARDY, JR.
NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—What I have done is caused entirely by two things.

From the kindergarten until the present I have had the good fortune of being in contact with remarkably good teachers.

Already while still in kindergarten the Project Method was impressed upon me.

For instance, we were all asked to walk like bears, and that afternoon found me in front of the bear's den in the zoo.

If we were studying birds, Eskimos of Indians, we would do all the work of elementary work I spent two days a week at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

At six I was admitted as a regular student in the Roof School of Horace Mann.

For several years I worked among the clouds.

Sometimes the temperature was six degrees below zero.

To this fact of working out of doors I attribute the ability to complete several grades in one year.

GOES TO DETROIT

MOTOR SHOP.

When the teacher called for automobile clippings I went to Detroit, and a fact of my own was born.

I went to the state legislature just in time to see both senators and assemblymen rushing for the quarter-of-a-mile train.

Three separate times I went into Virginia, visiting Jamestown.

When we studied the Civil War, I went down to Richmond and was shown how it held a strong position on its plateau.

Then I went to the place where the Monitor and the Merrimac had their engagement.

Finally there came that great visit to Gettysburg which I shall always re-member.

Three TRIPS TO WASHINGTON.

Civics! I went three times to Washington, saw both houses of congress in session and shook hands with President Wilson, when he was not speaking to other people.

I went to our state legislature just in time to see both senators and assemblymen rushing for the quarter-of-a-mile train.

VISIT TO CHICAGO.

I went to Chicago, and in the sixth grade I was made desperate.

We were to make a boat that year.

But I could learn how it was done.

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