

# CLOVERLAND

## MAGAZINE

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### *The New Episcopal Bishop of Marquette Diocese*

*By the Rev. Wm. Poyseor of Crystal Falls*

THE Rt. Rev. Robert L. Harris, D. D., the newly consecrated Bishop-coadjutor of the Diocese of Marquette, comes to Clover-Land fully conscious of the stupendous task that awaits him in his new work.

The many difficulties and problems that confront the church in this rigorous and arduous field have acted as a challenge to his Christian manhood, he has accepted the challenge full of faith and courage, believing that on the foundations so well laid by his predecessor, the Rt. Rev. Gershon Mott Williams, D. D., a constructive and enduring work can and will be accomplished. Bishop Harris has always kept abreast of the times on all subjects appertaining to the life of the church and also on those of a social, economic and industrial character. He is 100 per cent American, a strong and powerful advocate of universal military training, a firm believer in defending the rights of every American citizen on land or sea by a mailed fist as strong as to command the enduring respect of all foreign powers.

The Toledo Blade said of Bishop Harris, in its issue of February 7th:

"A man through and through, few members of the clergy have rendered more valiant service to their church and generation at the age of 44 than Dr. Robert L. Harris, newly consecrated bishop coadjutor of the diocese of Marquette.

"As head of the Ministers' Association of Cheyenne, Wyo., during a pastorate at St. Mark's, Cheyenne, Dr. Harris was, more than any other man, responsible for driving the then notorious Jack Hines, gambler and political boss, out of business and into a decent life.

"To escape a prison sentence Hines burned \$5,000 worth of mahogany fixtures from his joint on the public square of Cheyenne as an evidence of good faith. He is now a respected business man of Cheyenne. Throughout the long attack from his pulpit on Jack Hines' methods, Dr. Harris dined every day at the fashionable restaurant run by Hines and maintained a friendship with the proprietor which endures until this day. In the crusade he worked shoulder to shoulder with the leading Catholic priest of the diocese.

"In St. Paul's, Newport, Ky., his first pastorate, Dr. Harris instituted a program of philanthropic and institutional work which commanded the attention of Grace church, Avondale, Cincinnati, whither he was called in 1904.

#### **Goes to the West.**

"Here the activities of the church took on new life and it was only because of serious illness in his family that Dr. Harris was released for his



**The Right Reverend Robert LeRoy Harris, D. D.,  
Bishop Co-Adjutor of Marquette.**

*This distinguished Ohio clergyman was consecrated at Toledo on Feb. 7, 1918, and succeeds the beloved Bishop G. Mott Williams, in charge of the work of the Episcopal Church in Clover-Land.*

work in the west which attained such conspicuous success at Cheyenne.

"When the present bishop came to St. Mark's in 1909, the parish was virtually bankrupt. Through his indefatigable efforts a debt of \$40,000 was lifted by one stroke on Easter

Sunday, 1912, since which time St. Mark's has occupied the position of prominence in the life of the city which it holds today.

#### **Refused Bishopric Twice.**

"Twice before offered a bishopric,

once as first bishop of Wyoming, and later as bishop coadjutor of Ohio, Dr. Harris declined both times in order to complete work then outlined in his parishes. He virtually was head of the Episcopal church in Wyoming during his rectorship in Cheyenne, being ranking officer in the diocese since no bishop resided in the state. He has been a trustee of Kenyon college, his alma mater for many years. He is the youngest man ever chosen for that office.

Tracing his ancestry back to Gen. Israel Putnam and other heroes of revolutionary days and coming of a long line of clergymen, the young man naturally turned aside from his study of the law to enter Bexley hall as a theological student.

#### **Ordained in Toledo.**

"His first parish was Calvary, Toledo. Later he was ordained to the priesthood in Trinity church in 1900. From his mother, Susan Shaw Harris, he inherits much of his adaptability to public life. His mother was one of the pioneer suffrage and temperance advocates of this country and served on the first board of charities and corrections ever established in Ohio. Her facile pen contributed largely to the current press and her ability to hold an audience made her in great demand as a public speaker. The family resided near Cleveland, O.

Dr. Harris was one of the founders and is a charter member of the Wyoming chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. He is a life member of Cheyenne Lodge 606, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, a 32 degree Scottish Rite Mason and a Knight Templar. He is not a club man, being affiliated only with the Toledo Commerce club.

#### **Sports Strenuous.**

His love of hunting and all out-door sports is well known. He has spent weeks in the west and of recent years in northern Michigan hunting big game with only an Indian guide for companion. Fishing, golf and tennis are also favorite diversions. He is equally at home on horseback or in the drawing rooms of the socially smart. He has lectured extensively.

#### **Will Have Virtual Control.**

In his new office as bishop coadjutor of Marquette, Bishop Harris will have virtually entire control of the diocese, Bishop Gershon Mott Williams having asked for relief from its arduous supervision because of ill health. Bishop Williams is at present sojourning in the east. Upon his death or resignation Bishop Harris will automatically succeed to the title of Bishop of Marquette. Marquette diocese occupies the northern peninsula of Michigan with Marquette as the See city. It covers 21,000 square miles and contains 65 parishes and missions.



# CLOVER LAND

## Marquette, a Poem by E. M. Martinson

### CANTO I.

This is no town of great renown  
On history's storied page,  
It is too young yet to have strung  
The priceless pearls of age.

No marks of war its visage mar,  
No birth of famous men,  
No movement vast out of the past,  
Glow here from poet's pen.

No ruins rare beyond compare,  
From mortal hand are left,  
But God's own hand carved out this land  
And we are not bereft.

The blood of youth, the strength of truth,  
The will to pioneer,  
To open mines, rear holy shrines,  
Build empire—all is here!

We cannot boast a glittering host  
Of names that fill the earth,  
But we disclose many of those  
Who to God's works add worth.

Because we toil and turn the soil,  
And fell the forest trees,  
Nations are fed, guns, ships are sped  
To lands beyond the seas.

Our sons we send to make an end  
Of tyranny and hate;  
And while we brace the human race  
We rear a fairer state.

And so our town must gain renown  
For principles more grand  
Than those which blaze the trail of praise  
Through any other land.

No baron bold or prince of old  
Deliverer can be;  
From Freedom's Land we raise the hand  
That frees humanity.

All human good and brotherhood  
Must universal be;  
And on the sod stand sons of God—  
Earth's new 'nobility'!

Like One we see on Calvary  
Opposed to self and strife.  
Our all we give that men may live  
The more abundant life.

Strong Son of God whose chastening rod  
Of suffering we adore,  
We dedicate our strength and state  
To what Thow didst die for!

Of course it's known our town alone  
Cannot atone for sin,  
But we do bear more than our share,  
Our brothers' rights to win.

### CANTO II.

The artists' goal to limn the soul  
And paint the atmosphere,  
Is more than I can even try  
To imitate just here.

For you must live midst scenes that give  
Strong home-thrills to your heart,  
To understand this Great Lake's land,  
And Marquette's classic art.

One may dismiss soft euphrasies  
Of praise, when the whole soul  
With rapture fills until it spills  
A glory o'er the whole.

For moor and fen, woodland and glen,  
Bright sapphire sky and sea,  
Fresh, bracing air, and the shoreline rare,  
Make magic minstrelsy.

Great pineclad hills, soft woodland rills,  
And lovely, parklike glades,  
An amber shore where breakers roar  
And ample esplanades;

And sylvan nooks where prancing brooks  
Their rich romance unfolds;  
Far sheltered grounds where game  
abounds,  
Retreats where squirrels scold;

And dreamy isles where Triton smiles  
And seagulls guard the gates,  
And pictured rocks where stormghost  
mocks  
At pomp and pride of states;

All makes one song the whole day long  
Of rapture to the soul,  
From which your heart will never part  
Whatever be your goal.

If all of this brings ecstasies  
To nature-loving heart,  
As you may guess, we have no less  
Of sacred human art;

For mill and mine and farm combine  
In choral melody,  
To sing of wealth and home and health  
And happy industry.

And classic halls send out the calls  
Of learning to our youth;  
And temples fair seek to prepare  
Our souls for higher truth.

And public marts and technic arts  
Adorn the busy street;  
And placid homes, and stately domes  
Their welcome glad repeat;

Until it seems as if there gleams  
On every honest face,  
Something as rare as our fine air—  
Of the Divine a trace.

As if we here were just so near  
The everlasting Throne  
Of nature's God, that we have trod  
His pleasured paths alone.

As if entranced, we just had glanced  
Into His matchless hall,  
And evermore upon us bore  
A glow which brightens all.

As if the cloud, so near to God,  
Were cleansed and consecrate  
To kindly mood and human good,  
And happier estate.

Therefore I love, next God above,  
And His celestial sphere,  
A place and folks where ways and looks  
All show that God is near.

That may be why we oft descry  
The wanderer return,  
From other fields to this which yields  
The richest joys men earn.

### CANTO III.

You may have read of treasures spread  
Before the tourists' gaze  
In foreign lands, on scenic strands,  
Historic folk and place!

Of Como's brink where poets drink  
Fresh impulse and fine taste;  
Of Venice or its Troubadour,  
Or vast Sahara's waste:

Of storied Nile which must beguile  
All princely lovers still;  
Of fierce Murat and Cattergat  
Which history's pages fill.

Of the Levant, and Mon Enfant,  
Of both Lomond and Trieste,  
Of London town and Paris gown,  
Of beggar, king and priest.

Of far Cathay and cyclod sway  
Of ancient splendors proud,  
Of Greenland's ice and tropic skies,  
Of war's alarms loud.

Forget it, man! begin to scan  
Your own great neighborhood;  
Here is a book which God's hand took  
And wrote all great and good.

And as we read the heavenly screed,  
With pictures gay and grand,  
We come to see that heirs are we  
Of earth's most cosmic land.

We justly feel that fair Presque Isle  
Presents unequalled charm;  
And we have land Sahara's sand  
For wastes could never harm.

Great rock hewn tow'rs and leafy bow'rs  
Our varied shoreline grace,  
And Como lake can never take  
Superior's splendid place.

The waters here are far more clear  
Than others on this earth;  
The climate here alone can rear  
Real manhood and true worth.

Our shipping marts lead other parts  
In industry and wealth;  
Our populace excels each place  
In happiness and health.

Our summers bear a magic air  
So wondrously serene,  
So colorful and beautiful,  
So fresh and sweet and clean.

So passing, fair and subtly rare,  
Inspiring and clear,  
Atlantis ne'er such joys could share  
In any fabled sphere.

But winter scenes beggar all means  
Of portraiture, forglow,  
When a new world is swift unfurled  
Under the touch of snow.

One cannot tell what fairy spell  
Has wrought the mighty change,  
But splendors crowd the snows which  
shroud  
The world in mystery strange.

The moonlight bright transforms the night  
Into a crystal dream,  
Where house and tree, and all you see,  
With heav'nly glory gleam.

I have a sense of recompense,  
For ev'ry earthly ill,  
When such a scene is on the screen,  
Produced by God's good will.

And when you meet in home and street,  
Good folks that fit the part,  
You well may feel the strong appeal,  
Of Marquette to your heart

## L. G. Kaufman's Success

(From New York Herald)

LOUIS GRAVERAET KAUFMAN, president of the Chatham and Phenix National bank, has been in New York a little less than eight years, but in that time he has become one of the big men in banking circles and has shown what energy, push and a thorough knowledge of banking and finance can do in this financial centre of the world. When in August, 1910, Mr. Kaufman was called from Michigan to the presidency of the Chatham National bank here, the bank's total resources were about \$10,000,000 and the deposits were about \$7,500,000; today the total resources of the Chatham and Phenix National bank are about \$100,000,000 and the deposits are about \$90,000,000. Mr. Kaufman was born on November 13, 1872, at Marquette, Mich. He received his education in the public and high schools of Marquette and in 1891, at the age of nineteen, entered the employ of the Marquette County Savings bank. In seven years he had worked his way up to the position of cashier-manager. Three years later, in 1891, he went to the First National bank of Marquette as vice president and in 1896 was elected president. In 1906 he was elected president of the Michigan Bankers' association; two years later he was elected a member of the Executive Council of the American Bankers' association. In August, 1910, he received the call to the presidency of the Chatham National bank of New York. The Chatham National bank was established in 1851, and was one of the strong institutions of New York's early financial history. Since



Louis G. Kaufman

becoming its active head Mr. Kaufman, in 1911, purchased the Phenix bank, which was established in 1812, and consolidated the two interests. In 1915 the Century and Security banks were absorbed, with their branches, making the Chatham and Phenix the only national bank in the country

with domestic branches at that time. It now has twelve branches in New York city.

Mr. Kaufman is still president and director of the First National bank of Marquette, a director in the Marquette County Savings Bank and is on the directorate of several other banking institutions. He has been a big factor in the organization and direction of the General Motors Corporation, the Chevrolet Motor Car company, and the United States Motors company, and is a director in all three. He is a member of the Midway Club of Chicago, the Bankers' Club of Detroit, the Automobile Club of America, the Lotos Club, the Baltusrol Golf Club and others.

Under Mr. Kaufman's direction the officers and managers of the Chatham and Phenix National bank and its branches worked hard for the success of the Liberty Loans, and the bank printed page advertisements in the newspapers here to help the sale.

The Rev. C. H. Auerswald, pastor of the German Lutheran church of Menominee, was found guilty of making seditious remarks before a jury in municipal court, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs, or spend 90 days in the county jail. He gave notice of appeal to a higher court, but later paid his fine.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie railroad has announced that it would turn over free ground along its right of way to anyone desiring it for cultivation. More than 500,000 acres of land will be available, much of it being in Cloverland.



Mary Carol Obermeyer, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Obermeyer of Iron Mountain. The champion young snow-shoer of Clover-Land.

The tax payers at the Soo will have to pay \$165,691 into the city treasury for taxes.

The Ann Arbor ferries will commence their season's run to the Upper Peninsula on April 15.