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## The Wayward Wolcotts.

How can a Down Easter be asked not to despair of New England when it appears notorious in the public prints that the WOLCOTTS are holding their annual reunion in Chicago? There are nearly a thousand of them, all claiming descent from the HENRY WOLCOTT who came to Plymouth, and they are running around Cook county in motor cars and going to "banquets" in the Loop neighborhood or out on the Drive. Of course it's all wrong. They should be gathered staidly in some Massachusetts or Connecticut meeting house, getting local color and atmosphere to take home with them, instead of gadding about a shore where the Mayflower never even thought of landing.

Next we shall hear that these WOLCOTTS are naming their sons CYRIL or JAKE or NIGEL or ARCHIE, or any name except OLIVER or ROGER. And when there are no more OLIVERS and ROGERS in the Wolcott family the name might as well be SMITH, WILLIAMS or JOHNSON.

The first great American WOLCOTT never heard of Chicago. He was the ROGER who commanded the Connecticut forces against Louisburg, governed his colony and wrote "Poetical Meditations." His son OLIVER went from Yale into the army for the northern New York wars. He was a Signer and Governor of Connecticut. OLIVER'S son OLIVER went from militia service in the Revolution to Yale, and in time succeeded HAMILTON as Secretary of the Treasury. No Chicago for him; he became a New Yorker. Another WOLCOTT who did military service before entering Yale was EDWARD OLIVER, later a Senator in Congress from Colorado, which is not near Chicago.

The last great WOLCOTT was the ROGER who was three times Governor of Massachusetts. He was a great grandson of OLIVER the Signer. There were dozens of other big WOLCOTTS, Governors, Judges, soldiers, lawyers. Perhaps there are dozens of great WOLCOTTS now: munition brokers, efficiency experts, ginseng farmers and the like. But a look in the New York telephone book adds to our fear that the given names OLIVER and ROGER are being abandoned. Not one of either is there.

A dozen years hence somebody may move the Sacred Codfish to Oklahoma or transplant the Golden Nutmeg to Cody, Wyoming. When the WOLCOTTS gather in Chicago, who cares whether or not New England is protected against foreign invasion?