

**MRS. THEODORE F. KERR.**

The death of Mrs. Theodore F. Kerr will bring to the minds of many of the pioneers of Griggs county the personality of a woman whose life was a living embodiment of good will and kind-heartedness toward those with whom she mingled without regard to age or station.

Dr. and Mrs. Kerr were among the first residents of Cooperstown. Their home was a haven for many years, for those who needed, in a new country, the kind ministrations of a home, friends and physician. Many are the recipients who will gratefully testify to the unstinted hospitality, generosity and friendliness of their ministrations in those years.

"Auntie Kerr," as she was lovingly known by her friends, who are legion, was a woman of the broadest human sympathies, actuated by a deep and genuine interest in her fellow beings, who—though bearing her own deep afflictions in the brave and noble spirit of silence, was always ready to share the burdens and trials of those who sought her counsel, or to whom she could minister. Many young mothers and home-makers have called her blessed in recognition of the helpful service she gave them both in the care of their children and in the domestic realm. Many indeed are those whom she has "helped to live happier, healthier and saner" lives by means of her "wise counsel and friendship." One of these, her friends, affirms "her philosophy of life and of daily living has helped me over many a rough path, and I am better for having known her. A book, her last gift, 'Thy Rod and Thy Staff,' Benson, will always be one of my dear possessions."

While not so sure of just how life's greatest problems and its most vital issues are to be solved, as theologians are, yet she believed that the hand of the supreme one, God, directs the affairs of men and nations, and is leading the world to the ultimate goal of a divine purpose. Her rule of life was the faithful performance of the every-day tasks, with a willing spirit, as the service which is the only reasonable part for each individual to perform. Though she may not have defined it so, she regarded life as an investment, an adventure; a giving of the best one has in a cheerful and unselfish service. The keynote of her life was usefulness—

service. Perhaps her finest and most enduring characteristic was her genius for friendship. She was the embodiment of a true friend. She recognized the diversity of personalities, and the strength of her friendship was able to equalize or dispose of any difference of understanding or opinion which might arise. She could close the door upon an unruly difference and remain a true and loyal friend still. The greatest achievement of her life was undoubtedly the incomputable wealth embodied in hosts of friends.

A devoted lover of books, her mind was richly stored with the world's best thought and ideals, and she was always eager to share the treasures of the best literature with her friends. Her letters never fail to mention the books of her present reading, and to give discriminating comments upon them. Handicapped by deaf ears, which she accepted without complaint—almost cheerfully, she was genuinely thankful for the privilege and enjoyment afforded by reading. In writing of the possibilities open to a reader in one of her latest letters, she said: "If I were to select the choicest gift which fate has bestowed upon me, it would be my liking for reading." Had she been asked for it this might reasonably have been her parting message to a world so sadly steeped in materialism and so far from the home of the soul—the ideal, the spirit.

Mrs. Kerr was keenly alive to all the vital concerns with which the world is struggling today in a death grip amid a cataclysm of the nations.

Her mind had an international grasp, and it clung to the highest and noblest ideals for the world's redemption from the blight of exaggerated materialism and the cruelty of its selfishness and greed.

Those who knew her best, know, while she did not long for death, that the summons came as a release from a life of heroic endeavor to perform a true soldier's part.

Eliza Hill Kerr died in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 12, 1917, seventy years of age.

The writer knows no better tribute to lay upon her bier or to inscribe upon her headstone, in the name of her multitude of friends, than the fitting title—"Kindheart."

L. M. B. *Mrs. J. N. Brown*  
Cooperstown, N. D.



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