



In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

"A MEAN CUSS"

SYNOPSIS—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1768, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unrest grows in the colonies because of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solomon and Jack visit Boston. In November, 1770, Jack goes to Philadelphia and works in Benjamin Franklin's printing plant. Nearly three years later Margaret writes him from London, reminding him that her youth is passing and saying she has appealed to Doctor Franklin. Binkus has received a letter from Washington to be carried across the ocean, and Jack sails with him. Arriving in England, Binkus is arrested, but Jack has the letter and proceeds to London. Jack delivers the papers to Franklin in London. Binkus is released and joins them in the great city. Jack orders fashionable clothes. Jack and Margaret meet and are more in love than ever, but Colonel Hare is not eager for the marriage. Franklin's efforts to obtain better treatment for the colonies are futile. He evades the attempt of the king's men to "tow him into port."

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Then said Lady Howe: "I wish, my brother Franklin, that you were to be sent thither. I should like that much better than General Howe's going to command the army there."

A rather tense moment followed. Franklin broke his silence by saying in a gentle tone:

"I think, madame, they should provide the general with more honorable employment. I beg that your ladyship will not misjudge me. I am not capable of taking an office from this government while it is acting with so much hostility toward my country."

"The ministers have the opinion that you can compose the situation if you will," Lord Howe declared. "Many of us have unbounded faith in your ability. I would not think of trying to influence your judgment by a selfish motive, but certainly you may, with reason, expect any reward which it is in the power of the government to bestow."

Then came an answer which should live in history, as one of the great credits of human nature, and all men, especially those of English blood, should feel a certain pride in it. The answer was:

"Your lordship, I am not looking for rewards, but only for justice."

"Let us try to agree as to what is the justice of the matter," Howe answered. "Will you not draft a plan on which you would be willing to cooperate?"

"That I will be glad to do."

Persisting in his misjudgment, Howe suggested:

"As you have friends here and constituents in America to keep well with, perhaps it would better not be in your handwriting. Send it to Lady Howe and she will copy it and return the original."

Then said the sturdy old Yankee: "I desire, my friends, that there shall be no secrecy about it."

Lord and Lady Howe showed signs of great disappointment as he bade them good night and begged to be sent to his room.

"I am growing old, and have to ask for like indulgence from every hostess," he pleaded.

Howe was not willing to leave a stone unturned. He could not dismiss the notion from his mind that the purchase could be effected if the bid were raised. He drew the Doctor aside and said:

"We do not expect your assistance without proper consideration. I shall insist upon generous and ample appointments for the men you take with you and especially for you as well as a firm promise of subsequent rewards."

What crown had he in mind for the white and venerable brow of the man who stood before him? Beneath that brow was a new type of statesman, born of the hardships and perils and high faith of a new world, and then and there as these two faced each other—the soul of the past and the soul of the future—a moment was come when which there had been no greater in human history. In America, France and England the cocks had been crowing and now the first light of dawn of a new day fell upon the figure of the man who in honor and understanding towered above his fellows. Now, for a moment, on the character of this

man the unfathomable plan of God for future ages would seem to have been resting.

In his sixty-eight years he had discovered, among other things, the vanity of wealth and splendor. It was no more to him than the idle wind. These are his exact words as he stood with a gentle smile on his face: "If you wish to use me, give me the propositions and dismiss all thoughts of rewards from your mind. They would destroy the influence you propose to use."

The old gentleman climbed the great staircase and went to his chamber, while Lord Howe was, no doubt, communicating the result of his interview to his other guests. There were those among them who freely predicted that war was inevitable.

CHAPTER VIII

An Appointment and a Challenge.

Solomon Binkus had left the city with Preston to visit Sir Jeffrey Amherst in his country seat, near London. Sir Benjamin had taken Jack to dine with him at two of his clubs and after dining they had gone to see the great actor Robert Bensley as Malvollo and the comedian Dodd as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The Britisher had been most polite, but had seemed studiously to avoid mention of the subject nearest the heart of the young man. After that the latter was invited to a revel and a cock fight, but declined the honor and went to spend an evening with his friend, the philosopher. For days Franklin had been shut in with gout. Jack had found him in his room with one of his feet wrapped in bandages and resting on a chair.

"I am glad you came, my son," said the good Doctor. "I am in need of better company than this foot. Sol-



tude is like water—good for a dip, but you cannot live in it. Margaret has been here trying to give me comfort, although she needs it more for herself."

"Margaret!" the boy exclaimed. "Why does she need comfort?"

"Oh, largely on your account, my son! Her father is obdurate and the cause is clear to me. This courtship of yours is taking an international aspect."

"I only fear that I may not be able to provide for her in a suitable manner," said Jack.

"Oh, you are well off," said the philosopher. "You have some capital and recognized talent and occupation for it. When I reached Philadelphia I had an empty stomach and also a Dutch dollar, a few pennies, two soiled shirts and a pair of dirty stockings in my pockets. Many years passed and I had a family before I was as well off as you are."

As Jack was saying good night to his venerable friend the latter remarked:

"I shall go to Sir John Pringle's in the morning for advice. He is a noted physician. My man will be having a day off. Could you go with me at ten?"

"Gladly," said Jack.

"Then I shall pick you up at your lodgings. You will see your rival at Pringle's. He is at home on leave and has been going to Sir John's office every Tuesday morning at ten-thirty with his father, General Clarke, a gruff, gouty old hero of the French and Indian wars and an aggressive Tory. He is forever tossing and goring the Whigs. It may be the only chance you will have to see that rival of yours. He is a handsome lad."

Doctor Franklin, with his crutch beside him in the cab, called for his young friend at the hour appointed.

The office of the doctor baronet was on the first floor of a large building in Gough square, Fleet street. A number of gentlemen sat in comfortable chairs in a large waiting room.

"Sir John will see you in a moment, sir," an attendant said to Doctor Franklin as they entered. The moment was a very long one.

At last the door to the private room of the great physician creaked on its hinges with a kind of groan and he came out accompanied by a limping patient.

"Wait here for a minute—a gout minute," said Franklin to his young friend. "When Pringle dismisses me, I will present you."

Jack sat and waited while the room filled with ruddy, crotchety gentlemen supported by canes or crutches—elderly, old and of middle age. Among those of the latter class was a glint of a man, erect and dignified, accompanied by a big blond youngster in a lieutenant's uniform. He sat down and began to talk with another patient of the troubles in America.

"I see the d-d Yankees have thrown another cargo of tea overboard," said he in a tone of anger. "This time it was in Cape Cod. We must give those Yahoos a lesson."

Jack surmised now that here was the aggressive Tory general of whom the Doctor had spoken and that the young man was his son.

"I fear that it would be a costly business sending men to fight across three thousand miles of sea," said the other.

"Bosh! There is not one Yankee in a hundred that has the courage of a rabbit. With a thousand British grenadiers, I would undertake to go from one end of America to another and amputate the heads of the males, partly by force and partly by coaxing."

A laugh followed these insulting words. Jack Irons rose quickly and approached the man who had uttered them. The young American was angry, but he managed to say with good composure:

"I am an American, sir, and I demand a retraction of those words or a chance to match my courage against yours."

A murmur of surprise greeted his challenge.

The Britisher turned quickly with color mounting to his brow and surveyed the sturdy form of the young man.

"I take back nothing that I say," he declared.

"Then, in behalf of my slandered countrymen, I demand the right to fight you or any Britisher who has the courage to take up your quarrel."

Jack Irons had spoken calmly like one who had weighed his words.

The young lieutenant who had entered the room with the fiery, middle-aged Britisher, rose and faced the American and said:

"I will take up his quarrel, sir. Here is my card."

"And here is mine," said Jack.

"When will you be at home?"

"At noon tomorrow."

"Some friend of mine will call upon you," Jack assured the other.

A look of surprise came to the face of the lieutenant as he surveyed the card in his hand. Jack was prepared for the name he read which was that of Lionel Clarke.

That evening Solomon arrived with Preston. Jack told them in detail of the unfortunate event of the morning. Solomon whistled while his face began to get ready for a snort.

"Neevarious!" he exclaimed. "Here's suthin' that'll have to be 'tended to 'fore I take the water."

"Clarke is full of hartshorn and vinegar," said Preston. "He was like that in America. He could make more trouble in ten minutes than a regiment could mend in a year. He is what you would call 'a mean cuss.' But for him and Lord Cornwallis, I should be back in the service. They blame me for the present posture of affairs in America."

"Jack, I'm glad that young pup ain't me," said Solomon. "That never was a man better coccalated to please a friend or hurt an enemy. If he was to say pistols I guess that ol' sling of yours would 'bu's out laughin' an' I ain't no idee he could stan' a minnit in front of your hanger."

"It's bad business, and especially for you," said Preston. "Duelling is not so much in favor here as in France. Of course there are duels, but the best people in England are set against the practice. You would be sure to get the worst of it. The old general is a favorite of the king. He is booked for knighthood. If you were to kill his son in the present state of feeling here, your neck would be in danger. If you were to injure him you would have to make a lucky escape, or go to prison. It is not a pleasant outlook for one who is engaged to an English girl. He has a great advantage over you."

"Ye shoot quick, Jack, an' mebbe that's what saved ye."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Peculiar Bark on Tree

The characteristic of the shagbark hickory from which it derives its name, is the peculiar manner in which the bark is attached to the trunk, says the American Tree Association of Washington. This is light gray and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. It separates from the trunk in thick strips from a few inches in length to from two to three feet and from one to six inches in width. These strips retain their attachment to the tree at the middle and usually curl up at each end, giving a decidedly rough and shaggy appearance to the trunk.

Claire Windsor



"The girl with the crowning glory," is the title that has been given to handsome Claire Windsor, because of her beautiful hair. She is also referred to as the "best-dressed woman in motion pictures." Miss Windsor was born twenty-six years ago in Kansas. She is a blonde.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

EVA

THE "mother of all living" received from Adam a name signifying life. He gave her a name of simple dignity and beauty—Eve. In the original, it sounded like Cheeva, as it began with a rough aspirate. It was not copied by any of her daughters for a long time and when the first Alexandrian Jews came upon it in translation, they made it Zoe, meaning life, in order to show the connection of the name with the prophecy, but afterward, in the course of the narrative, they merely called it Heva or Eva, through which we learned to know it as Eve.

The Eva of Ireland and Scotland and the Aveline and Eveline of the Normans were probably only imitations of the old Keltic name Aolfe. Eve and Eva have been used a great deal in England, many of the old parish registers recording the christening of twins as Adam and Eve. The notion of securing a child's life that has spread the use of Adam among the Teutonic races has had the same effect upon his wife, so that Eva is a common feminine name in Germany. All of Scandinavia has adopted Eva, but Russia calls her Evva or Jevva. France never fancied its simplicity, nor have Italy or Spain given it much attention.

Coral, that most natural of precious stones, is Eva's talismanic gem. It promises her protection from evil and immunity from disease, warning of approaching illness by losing its ruddy color. Thursday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

Milton in "Paradise Lost" pays tribute to the mother of the race through Adam's description of Eve:

On she came
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though
Unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor unin-
formed
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage
rites;
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in
her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love.
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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

THE gifts that life in lavish generosity
Hath showered down on me
So truly splendid are 'tis difficult
to say
Which one of all the glad array,
I hold the best.
But while I am earth's guest
I'll joy in all of them, and not
the least
Of the rich feast
Is that rare dower of Time that
each New Year
Lays at my door for me to use
for cheer,
And from its fleeting minutes
seize
The glorious opportunities
With which each hour is laden,
With right good will
The purpose great or small that
Destiny
Reserves for me.
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MODERN STUDY

Bessie, what did you study in school today?
We had two films of history and one reel of geography, pa.

LIVE STOCK

SALT IS ESSENTIAL FOR FARM ANIMALS

"Salt to suit" is one of the most common phrases used in food recipes. Were the world deprived of good salt for a month the result in loss of health, vigor and temperament would soon be evident, both in the human and animal kingdoms. Because salt is so cheap and so ordinary in everyday life we often forget its importance. But when such vital things as water, air and salt are taken away all other plant and animal foods remaining would not serve their purposes so well.

Feeders have simply regarded salt as an appetizer—something to make live stock drink more water or cause it to consume unpalatable rations. Recently, however, salt is becoming recognized for what it contributes to nutrition, digestion and production. In the stomach it causes the formation of hydrochloric acid—an indispensable factor to food digestion. Salt is a mineral food, and the basis of some of the best-known mineral feeds and compounds. In choosing salt for feeding purposes it is well to use discretion and foresight, because cheap, lumpy, dirty salt is as subject to criticism as inferior feeds of any kind.

Live stock use salt in varying amounts, differing in their demands according to body weight, condition, production and species. A dairy cow will use about one and one-quarter ounces a day. Yearling and two-year-old beef steers may lick an ounce daily of good salt. Hogs need much less salt, probably a quarter to a third of an ounce daily. An ounce of salt is fair allotment for working horses. A half ounce daily is a fair index of salt requirements for sheep, but sheep will not lick block salt like cattle. Mixing a pound of high-grade salt with every 100 pounds of dry grain feed is a good plan to make sure that animals are not deprived of this essential.

Mineral Mixtures Prove of Big Value to Swine

Mineral mixtures as a supplement to the swine ration proved of distinct value in making gains and beginning any mineral mixture should be fed. If only one mineral should be fed, according to results of the Iowa station, common salt should be that mineral, but all of the results show that common salt alone is not enough.

A mineral mixture consisting of two parts flake salt and 80 parts of ordinary sand made the best showing of any mineral mixture fed. All of the pigs fed in this test were given a basic ration consisting of shelled corn (mixed in color but mostly yellow), self fed; plus a 43 per cent protein, soy bean oil meal, self-fed; plus flake salt, self-fed. The sand-fed group was fed the same ration except that the salt was displaced with a mixture of two parts flake salt and eight parts of ordinary sand. Mr. Evvard recommends that no hasty deductions be made from the sand-feeding results, because of the limited data available. Further experiments with sand in the mineral mixture will be made immediately with both hogs and cattle. "It is well to emphasize that even though we may eventually prove that sand or material of like nature is of benefit in pig nutrition," Mr. Evvard says, "the proven value of calcium carbonate, bone products, potassium iodide salt and other time-tried substances should be not disregarded."

Feed for Ewes Should Be Considered Investment

Feed for the ewes should be considered an investment, not an expense. This does not mean that cost of feed should not be considered. The man who can bring his flock through at the least expense, provided they are kept thrifty and in good condition, will make the greatest profit. On the other hand, the man who is stingy with feed or who does not provide the right kind of feed, will clip a less valuable crop of wool, raise fewer and smaller lambs and suffer a greater loss of both lambs and ewes. The loss of ewes is the heaviest in flocks poorly cared for and fed. Only the strong, vigorous, well-fed ewes can furnish full weight fleeces and produce strong, hearty lambs, and enough milk to grow them out most profitably.

Utilize All Roughage

On every farm there is lots of roughage of an inferior character, that if fed alone or with other dry feed has little value, but if fed with silage or other succulent food, it has considerable value. Everything produced on the farm should be utilized and this can be done only when a certain amount of live stock is kept.

Corn and Cob Meal

It is generally conceded that corn and cob meal is inferior as a hog feed due to the excessive quantity of roughness. It would not pay to grind the cobs with the corn for your pigs. Roughage could be far better supplied by alfalfa. You may allow the hogs ear corn or shelled corn with ground oats and tankage, with alfalfa hay in a rack kept before the hogs at all times. This will be particularly desirable in the case of brood sows. Use only the brightest alfalfa hay.

ROAD BUILDING

ROAD BUILDING NOW DEMANDS RIGHT MEN

In the early days of road building, any contractor who could spread stone and roll it was good enough to "engineer" the road to be built. Today all organizations engaged in road building are looking for the trained road engineer, and when there are not enough to go round, sending their own men to college for better training in highway building.

In 1919 the University of Michigan, which has departments of highway engineering and highway transport (Prof. Arthur H. Blanchard) offered graduate short period courses in highway engineering and highway transport, leading to the degree of master of science or master of science in engineering, arranged especially for men engaged in the practice of highway engineering and highway transport.

In 1919-20 the attendance was 29; while in 1922-23, 110 men attended these courses, the average age of the men being twenty-seven years, ranging from twenty-three to fifty-six years. These men came from the United States bureau of public roads, state, county, and municipal highway departments, contractors' organizations, companies manufacturing motor trucks, highway machinery and materials, universities, and from the field of highway transport. During 1923-24, 18 graduate short period courses were offered, ten in the field of highway engineering and eight in highway transport. These courses were given by a staff of eight professors and ten non-resident lecturers.

The road building world is looking to the engineer, the trained man, the technician, for light on how to build better, less expensive, more permanent highways. It is generally recognized now that the day of the rule-of-thumb builder is gone, and that only the engineer, proficient in the art and familiar with the best practice, is the economical spender of the taxpayer's money.

Closed Autos Now Make Wider Roads Necessary

A few years ago most of the automobiles were open models; a closed car then was somewhat of a rarity, and was regarded as more a town model than anything else. Today, however, this condition is vastly changed, and we find that now approximately 85 per cent of the automobiles sold are closed models.

Consideration of this fact will reveal that this situation makes a great deal of difference in traffic conditions. When most of the automobiles were open cars, motorists would go driving only when there was prospect of continued fair weather. Now, however, the possibility of rain does not deter the automobile owner from taking his car for a spin when he has the time; even if it does rain he can be dry and comfortable inside his gasoline coach. This means that the average number of cars on the road is always much greater. (And one must not lose sight of the fact that more cars of all models are being sold today than ever before.)

All of which points out the necessity of more paved roads—and wider ones. New pavements must be built wider. Old ones, which have become inadequate to handle the greatly increased traffic, must be widened by laying strips of concrete beside the old pavement.

This is exactly what is being done in many communities. Road officials realize the necessity of wider roads. And it is necessary that those who use roads and those who are benefited by the use of them support these officials in getting wider roads. It is up to them, in fact, to insist on wider roads.

Uncle Sam Is Building Eleven Concrete Roads

One Applus Claudius Caecus, a Roman censor, won honorable mention in our history books by building the famous Applan way, which carries traffic southeast out of Rome to this day. He started work in 312 B. C. on a section 140 miles long. He sometimes built embankments of earthen work 20 feet high, and the road surface itself was of carefully cut stones cemented together over two feet of gravel. But the rest of this 350-mile highway, to the heel of the Italian boot, was finally paved just 400 hundred years later.

Rome sat upon her seven hills and ruled the world over her highways. In the wilds of Macedonia their ruins may be found. In England I have driven over them, resurfaced with modern materials. A marvelous system for that age, but they took centuries of building.

Uncle Sam is building 11 Applan ways of solid concrete, writes Earl C. Reeves in Collier's.

Scientific Feeding

To supply food in the right proportion to meet the various requirements of the animal, without a waste of food nutrients, constitutes scientific feeding. It is by carefully studying the proportion in which they are digested by different animals and under different conditions and the requirement of animals for the various food nutrients when at rest, at work, giving milk, producing wool, mutton, beef, pork, etc., that the principles of feeding have been worked out.