



In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Solomon and his young friend met John Adams on the street. The distinguished Massachusetts lawyer said to Jack when the greetings were over: "Young man, your pen has been too busy, but making history."

"Does it mean war?" Jack queried. Mr. Adams wiped his brow with his handkerchief and said: "People in our circumstances have seldom grown old or died in their beds."

"We ought to be getting ready," said Jack.

"And we are doing little but eat and drink and shout and bluster," Mr. Adams answered. "We are being entertained here with meats and curds and custards and jellies and tarts and floating islands and Madeira wine. It is for you to induce the people of Philadelphia to begin to save. We need to learn Franklin's philosophy of thrift."

Colonel Washington was a member of the Virginia delegation. Jack wrote that he was in uniform, blue coat and red waistcoat and breeches; that he was a big man standing very erect and about six feet, two inches in height; that his eyes were blue, his complexion light and rather florid, his face slightly pock-marked, his brown hair tinged with gray; that he had the largest hands, save those of Solomon Binkus, that he had ever seen. His letter contains these informing words: "I never quite realized the full meaning of the word 'dignity' until I saw this man and heard his deep rich voice. There was a kind of magnificence in his manner and person when he said:

"I will raise one thousand men toward the relief of Boston and subsidize them at my own expense."

"That was all he said and it was the most eloquent speech made in the convention. Thereafter, he was the central figure in that congress of trusted men. It is also evident that he will be the central figure on this side of the ocean when the storm breaks. Next day, he announced that he was, as yet, opposed to any definite move toward independence. So the delegates contented themselves with a declaration of rights opposing importations and especially slaves."

When the congress adjourned October twenty-sixth to meet again on the tenth of May, there was little hope of peace among those who had had a part in its proceedings.

Jack, who knew the conditions in England, knew also that war would come soon, and freely expressed his views.

Letters had come from Margaret giving him the welcome news that Lionel Clarke had recovered and announcing that her own little revolution had achieved success. She and her father would be taking ship for Boston in December. Jack had urged that she try to induce him to start at once, fearing that December would be too late, and so it fell out. When the news of the congress reached London, the king made new plans. He began to prepare for war. Sir Benjamin Hare, who was to be the first deputy of General Gage, was assigned to a brigade and immediately put his regiments in training for service overseas. He had spent six months in America and was supposed, in England, to have learned the art of bush fighting. Such was the easy optimism of the cheerful young minister of war, and his conferees, in the house of lords. After the arrival of the King William at Gravesend on the eighth of December, no English women went down to the sea in ships for a long time. Thereafter the water roads were thought to be only for fighting men. Jack's hope was that armed resistance would convince the British of their folly.

CHAPTER XIV

Adventures in the Service.

One day Jack received a letter from Doctor Franklin who had given up his fruitless work in London and returned to Philadelphia.

It said: "My work in England has been fruitless and I am done with it. I bring you much love from the fair lady of your choice. That, my young friend, is a better possession than houses and lands, for even the flames of war cannot destroy it. I have not seen, in all this life of mine, a dearer creature or a nobler passion. And I will tell you why it is dear to me, as well as to you. She is like the good people of England whose heart is with the colonies, but whose will is being baffled and oppressed. Let us hope it may not be for long. My good wishes for you involve the whole race whose blood is in my veins. The race has ever been like the patient ox, treading out the corn, whose leading trait is endurance."

"There is little light in the present outlook. You and Binkus will do well to come here. This, for a time, will

be the center of our activities and you may be needed any moment."

Jack and Solomon went to Philadelphia soon after news of the battle of Lexington had reached Albany in the last days of April. They were among the cheering crowds that welcomed the delegates to the Second congress.

Colonel Washington, the only delegate in uniform, was the most impressive figure in the congress. He had come up with a coach and six horses from Virginia. The colonel used to say that even with six horses, one had a slow and rough journey in the mud and sand. His dignity and noble stature, the fame he had won in the Indian wars and his wisdom and modesty in council, had silenced opposition and opened his way. He was a man highly favored of Heaven. The people of Philadelphia felt the power of his personality. They seemed to regard him with affectionate awe. All eyes were on him when he walked around. Not even the magnificent Hancock or the eloquent Patrick Henry attracted so much attention. Yet he would stop in the street to speak to a child or to say a pleasant word to an old acquaintance as he did to Solomon.

That day in June when the beloved Virginian was chosen to be commander-in-chief of the American forces, Jack and Solomon dined with Franklin at his home. John Adams of Boston and John Brown, the great merchant of Providence, were his other guests. The distinguished men were discussing the choice of Colonel Washington.

Doctor Franklin, who never failed to show some token of respect for every guest at his table, turned to Solomon and said:

"Major Binkus, you have been with him a good deal. What do you think of Colonel Washington?"

"I think he's a hull four hoss team an' the dog under the waggin'" said Solomon.

John Adams often quoted these words of the scout and the became a saying in New England.

Washington set out in June with Colonel Lee and a company of Light Horse for Boston where some sixteen



thousand men had assembled with their rifles and muskets to be organized into an army for the defense of Massachusetts.

A little later Jack and Solomon followed with eight horses and two wagons loaded with barrels of gunpowder made under the direction of Benjamin Franklin and paid for with his money. A British fleet being in American waters, the overland route was chosen as the safer one. It was a slow and toilsome journey with here and there a touch of stern adventure. Crossing the pine barrens of New Jersey, they were held up by a band of Tory refugees and deprived of all the money in their pockets.

On the post road, beyond Horse Neck in Connecticut, they had a more serious adventure. They had been traveling with a crude map of each main road, showing the location of houses in the settled country where, at night, they could find shelter and hospitality. Owing to the peculiar character of their freight, the committee in Philadelphia had requested them to avoid inns and had caused these maps to be sent to them at post offices on the road indicating the homes of trusted patriots from twenty to thirty miles apart. About six o'clock in the evening of July twentieth, they reached the home of Israel Lockwood, three miles above Horse Neck. They had ridden through a storm which had shaken and smitten the earth with its thunderbolts, some of which had fallen near them. Mr. Lockwood directed them to leave their wagons on a large

empty barn floor and asked them to supper.

"If you'll bring suthin' out to us, I guess we better stay by her," said Solomon. "She might be nervous."

"Do you have to stay with this stuff all the while?" Lockwood asked.

"Night an' day," said Solomon. "Don't do to let 'er git lonesome. Today when the lightning were slappin' the ground on both sides o' me, I wanted to hop down an' run off in the bush a mile or so fer to see the kentry, but I jest had to set an' hope that she would hold her temper an' not go to slappin' back."

"She," as Solomon called the two loads, was a most exacting mistress. They never left her alone for a moment. While one was putting away the horses the other was on guard. They slept near her at night.

Israel Lockwood sat down for a visit with them when he brought their food. While they were eating, another terrific thunderstorm arrived. In the midst of it a bolt struck the barn and rent its roof open and set the top of the rear wheel of one of the wagons while Jack seized the tongue. In a second it was rolling down the barn bridge and away. The barn had filled with smoke and cinders but these dauntless men rolled out the second wagon.

Rain was falling. Solomon observed a wisp of smoke coming out from under the roof of this wagon. He jumped in and found a live cinder which had burned through the cover and fallen on one of the barrels. It was eating into the wood. Solomon tossed it out in the rain and smothered "the live spot." He examined the barrels and the wagon floor and was satisfied. In speaking of that incident next day he said to Jack:

"If I hadn't 'a' had purty good control o' my legs, I guess they'd 'a' run erway with me. I had to put the whipl on 'em to git 'em to step in under that wagon roof—you hear to me."

While Solomon was engaged with this trying duty, Lockwood had led the horses out of the stable below and rescued the harness. A heavy shower was falling. The flames had burst through the roof and in spite of the rain, the structure was soon destroyed.

"The wind was favorable and we all stood watching the fire, safe but helpless to do anything for our host," Jack wrote in a letter. "Fortunately there was another house near and I took the horses to its barn for the night. We slept in a woodshed close to the wagons. We slipped out of trouble by being on hand when it started. If we had gone into the house for supper, I'm inclined to think that the British would not have been driven out of Boston."

"We passed many companies of marching riflemen. In front of one of these, the fife and drum corps playing behind him, was a young Tory, who had insulted the company, and was, therefore, made to carry a gray goose in his arms with this 'Maxim of Poor Richard on his back: 'Not every goose has feathers on him.'"

"On the twentieth we reported to General Washington in Cambridge. This was the first time I saw him in the uniform of a general. He wore a blue coat with buff facings and buff underdress, a small sword, rich epaulets, a black cockade in his three-cornered hat, and a blue sash under his coat. His hair was done up in a queue. He was in boots and spurs. He received us politely, directing a young officer to go with us to the powder house. There we saw a large number of barrels.

"All full of sand," the officer whispered. "We keep 'em here to fool the enemy."

"Not far from the powder house I overheard this little dialogue between a captain and a private:

"Bill, go get a pail o' water," said the captain.

"I shan't do it. 'Tain't my turn," the private answered."

The men and officers were under many kinds of shelter in the big camp. There were tents and marquees and rude structures built of boards and roughly hewn timber, and of stone and turf and brick and brush. Some had doors and windows wrought out of withes knit together in the fashion of a basket. There were handsome young men whose thighs had never felt the touch of steel; elderly men in faded, moth-eaten uniforms and wigs.

This great body of men which had come to besiege Boston was able to shoot and dig. That is about all they knew of the art of war. Training had begun in earnest. The sergeants were working with squads; Generals Lee and Ward and Green and Putnam and Sullivan with companies and regiments from daylight to dark.

Jack was particularly interested in Putnam—a short, rugged, fat, white-haired farmer from Connecticut, of bluff manners and nasal twang and of great animation for one of his years—he was then fifty-seven. He was often seen flying about the camp on a horse. The young man had read of the heroic exploits of this veteran of the Indian wars.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diffused Concentration

An enthusiastic young admirer said to Arnold Bennett shortly after one of his more thoughtful books was published: "You have been a wonderful help to me, Mr. Bennett." "Indeed! In what way, may I ask?" "Oh, that last book of yours! It has taught me to concentrate." "To concentrate? Well, well, that's nice. Now tell me, what are you concentrating on?" "Oh, lots and lots of things," was the reply.—Boston Transcript.

QUESTIONS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

DADDY always says that I'm Such a magpie when I climb On his knee at supper time.

That is what I always do Just as soon as supper's through— Maybe sometimes sooner, too.

Ev'ry night there's always so Many things I want to know: How they do things in a show,

How to fix Bellinda's arm. Why he doesn't buy a farm, Can the witches really charm?

Where the stars are all the day Why do horses run away? Is "Gosh darn it" bad to say?

When we going to get a car? Is Chicago very far?— My, so many things there are!

"Goodness gracious, mercy me!" Says my mamma, "Can't you see, Papa's tired as he can be?"

Daddy says, "Oh, she's all right; I'm not very tired tonight; But she surely is a fright."

Then he rubs his fuzzy chin On my cheek and makes me grin, Then to tickle I begin.

Oh, I have just loads of fun With my dad when supper's done— Mamma, too, and ev'ryone.

But, tucked in from toe to head And my "Now—I—lay—me" said, I remember, up in bed.

That he never answered those Things I asked him that he knows; He forgot to, I suppose.

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"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.

CHRISTINE

CHRISTINE, meaning Christian, comes from the Greek verb chrio, meaning to touch or anoint. In early times it was translated to signify the Old Hebrew prophetic Messiah (the Anointed) and became the title for the Savior, the very touchstone of faith.

The first person known to have been baptized under the title is St. Christina, a Roman virgin of patrician birth, martyred in 250.

Her fame traveled through Greece and Hungary and was brought from the latter country to England and Scotland by the Atheling family in the person of Christina, abbess of Romsey. The Scotch promptly abbreviated the name to Kirstin. Germany preserved the original Christina, but has several diminutives, among them Stine and Tine.

Through John Bunyan's Christiana as the feminine of the allegorical hero of "Pilgrim's Progress," this form became popular in England. Christine is Kirste or Kirstine throughout Scandinavia. Chrissie, Nina, Christiana and Christina are English favorites. France favors Christine only, and Italy calls her Cristina. In Germany she is Christiane or Kristel.

Christine's talismanic jewel is Jade, whose potency for good fortune and health seems limitless. It is a sacred stone to the Chinese, who believe that all good things come to her who wears it and evil can have no power over her. Given to a newly married couple, it is said to assure the birth of an heir within a year. Christine's lucky day is Monday and 6 is her lucky number.

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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says time certainly flies and it's now about seven years since the Maine was blown up and we got into the World war.

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MR. FOX, MR. COON, MR. DOG AND JIMMY SKUNK

MR. COON and Mr. Fox knew that Mr. Dog was very curious—he was always looking into places and nosing about where they thought he had no business to be.

"Why he does not stay at home, I can't see," said Mr. Fox as they talked it over one day. "He has plenty to do hunting rats in the barn and watching the house. Now why he should come all the way into our woods and poke about is more than I can tell."

"I have a notion, Racey, that some one should teach that inquisitive Mr. Dog a lesson. If only we could get him to poke about in some place where he would get his nose bitten or scratched, or something, he would stay at home afterward, perhaps, and mind his own affairs."

Just then they saw Jimmy Skunk meandering along, and Mr. Fox slapped his sides and began to laugh. "I have



Mr. Dog Dropped His Tail and Ran for Home.

it, Racey," he said. "We will lead Mr. Dog to the home of Jimmy Skunk. He is young and I doubt if he ever saw one of Jimmy's family. Let's watch and see where Jimmy lives and then we will find Mr. Dog."

"That's all right for you, Mr. Fox," replied Mr. Coon. "You can run faster than I and you know that unless there is a tree nearby I might get caught. I am going to run up the first tree I come to and stay there."

"Oh, you are a fraidy cat!" said Mr. Fox. "Come along, Racey, and have some fun with Mr. Dog."

Your Last Name

IS IT ELMER?

THE first of the Elmers, Edward, came to this country in 1631 on the "Lion," as one of the congregation of Rev. Thomas Hooker. He settled in Hartford, Conn., where he was killed by the Indians in 1676. One of Edward Elmer's grandsons, Rev. Daniel Elmer, was one of the three graduates from Yale for the year 1713. He settled in New Jersey in 1727. Horace Elmer, one of his descendants, was a naval officer prominent in the Spanish war.

The name was originally Aymer, and one of the early members of the family was chief baron of the exchequer in 1535 in England. John Elmer was bishop of London in 1508 and tutor of Lady Jane Gray.

Applegate—This is really a corruption of Applegarth, meaning apple orchard. It was the name borne by a parish in Dumfries, Scotland, and was derived as a surname from this place. Bagley—This is an Irish and English name, and signified originally one living at a rising ground. Thus it is similar to the name Hill or Mount.

Noble—This is one of the many surnames that is derived from an adjective of personal description. Undoubtedly it was applied to one who was of noble appearance rather than because of nobility of rank.

Mulford—This is doubtless derived from Millford, meaning residence near a mill. It is sometimes spelled Mullford and sometimes with one "l". The first of the name here was William Mulford of Kent, England, who settled in Salem, Mass., where he was living in 1647. Later he removed to

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A RICH INHERITANCE

AS LINGERS on the scent of rose Through all the after years, So will the centuries disclose In times of doubts and fears The fragrance fair of character In the immortal fame That clings through all life's stress and stir To Lincoln's deathless name. Inheritances regal may Be ours in years to be, And prizes rich make glad the way We plod so anxiously, But none for beauty and for love Can yield such golden toil As lies deep in our treasure-trove Of Lincoln's living soul! (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Appleton Family

Mr. Lysander John Appleton Mrs. Lysander John Appleton Miss Daysey Mayme Appleton Master Chauncey Devere Appleton

LYSANDER JOHN APPLETON has always had a dim notion that this is what happens every night when he turns the corner in reaching home. "There comes father," Mrs. Lysander John will say. "Now Chauncey Devere, you are his favorite, so you ask him if we can have a new carpet for the parlor. If he refuses, kick and scream. Daysey Mayme, you needn't ask him outright for new curtains, but you can tell about the kind other women have in their parlors, and how you were ashamed to ask any of the delegates to the bankers' convention to call on you because the parlor curtains are so shabby, and if you finally marry a poor man it will be his fault. If he refuses, I will look reproachfully at him, and we will all go out together to spend the evening, and treat him as if he didn't belong to the family. If he grants your requests, this might be a good time to ask for a new piano, and a new set of china."

Daysey Mayme Appleton is always talking of "going all to pieces," as if she were a piece of fragile china, and someone had thrown her against a rock wall.

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton and Daysey Mayme were preparing for a party. "We will lay covers for ten,"



said Daysey Mayme. That night when the dinner was ready, Lysander John and Chauncey Devere failed to appear. "We thought," said a message that came by special delivery, "that if you are going to make up beds for ten, we'd better sleep downtown."

The religious instruction that has been pounded the most unceasingly into Chauncey Devere's head is that when the preacher is there for a meal he must bow his head as if accustomed to a blessing three times a day. (© by George Matthew Adams.)