

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"I got sick one day an' couldn't hide 'cause I were makin' tracks in the snow so I had to give in," said Solomon. "Margaret has been here, but they won't let 'er come no more 'count o' the smallpox. Sends me suthin' tasty ev'ry day or two. I tol' 'er all 'bout ye. I guess the smallpox couldn't keep 'er 'way if she knowed you were here. But she won't be 'lowed to know it. This 'ere Clarke boy has p'isoned the jail. Nobody'll come here 'cept them that's dragged. He's got it all fixed for ye. I wouldn't wonder if he'd be glad to see ye rotted up with smallpox."

Jack and Solomon lay for weeks in this dirty, noisome jail, where their treatment was well calculated to change opinions not deeply rooted in firm soil. They did not fear the smallpox, as both were immune. But their confinement was, as doubtless it was intended to be, memorably punitive. They were "rebels"—lawbreakers, human rubbish whose offenses bordered upon treason. The smallpox patient was soon taken away, but other conditions were not improved. They slept on straw infested with vermin. Their cover and food were insufficient and "not fit for a dog." In the words of Solomon, "Some of the boys gave in and were set free on parole, and there was one, at least, who went to work in the ranks of the British."

Early one morning shells began to fall in the city. Suddenly the firing ceased. At nine o'clock all prisoners in the jail were sent for, to be exchanged. Preston came with the order from General Howe and news of a truce.

"This means yer army is lightin' out," Solomon said to him.

"The city will be evacuated," was Preston's answer.

"Could I send a message to Gin'ral Hare's house?"

"The general and his brigade and family sailed for another port at eight. If you wish, I'll take your message."

Solomon delivered to Preston a letter written by Jack to Margaret. It told of his capture and imprisonment.

The third of March had come. The sun was shining. The wind was in the south. They were not strong enough to walk, so Preston had brought horses for them to ride. There were long patches of snow on the Dorchester Heights. A little beyond they met the brigade of Putnam. It was moving toward the city and had stopped for its noon mess. The odor of fresh beef and onions was in the air.

"Cat's blood an' gunpowder!" said Solomon. "Tie me to a tree."

"What for?" Preston asked.

"I'll kill myself eatin'," the scout declared. "I'm so gol darn hungry I kin't be trusted."

"I guess we'll have to put the brakes on each other," Jack remarked.

"An' it'll be steep goin'," said Solomon.

Washington rode up to the camp with a squad of cavalry while they were eating. He had a kind word for every liberated man. To Jack he said: "I am glad to address you as Colonel Irons. You have suffered much, but it will be a comfort for you to know that the information you brought enabled me to hasten the departure of the British."

Turning to Solomon, he added: "Colonel Binkus, I am indebted to you for faithful, effective and valiant service. You shall have a medal."

"Gin'ral Washington, we're a-goin' to lick 'em," said Solomon. "We're a-goin' to break their necks."

"Colonel, you are very confident," the general answered with a smile.

"You'll see," Solomon continued. "God Almighty is sick o' tyrants. They're doomed."

"Let us hope so," said the commander-in-chief. "But let us not forget the words of Poor Richard: 'God helps those who help themselves.'"

CHAPTER XVI

The Great Ally.

The Selectmen of Boston, seeing the city threatened with destruction, had made terms with Washington for the British army. It was to be allowed peaceably to abandon the city and withdraw in its fleet of one hundred and fifty vessels. The American army was now well organized and in high spirit. Washington waited on Dorchester Heights for the evacuation of Boston to be completed. Meanwhile, a large force was sent to New York to assist in the defense of that city. Jack and Solomon went with it. On account of their physical condition, horses were provided for them, and on their arrival each was to have a leave of two weeks, "for repairs," as Solomon put it. They went up to Albany for a rest and a visit and returned eager for the work which awaited them.

They spent a spring and summer of heavy toil in building defenses and training recruits. The country was aflame with excitement. Rhode Island and Connecticut declared for independence. The fire ran across their borders and down the seaboard. Other colonies were making or discussing like declarations. John Adams, on his

way to congress, told of the defeat of the Northern army in Canada and how it was heading southward "eaten with vermin, diseased, scattered, dispirited, unclad, unfed, disgraced." Colonies were ignoring the older order of things, electing their own assemblies and enacting their own laws. The Tory provincial assemblies were unable to get men enough together to make a pretense of doing business.

In June, by a narrow margin, the congress declared for independence, on the motion of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. A declaration was drafted and soon adopted by all the provincial congresses. It was engrossed on parchment and signed by the delegates of the thirteen states on the second of August. Jack went to that memorable scene as an aid to John Adams, who was then the head of the war board.

In August, Howe had moved a part of his army from Halifax to Staten Island and offensive operations were daily expected in Washington's army. Jack hurried to his regiment, then in camp with others on the heights back of Brooklyn. The troops there were not ready for a strong attack. General Greene, who was in command of the division, had suddenly fallen ill. Jack crossed the river the night of his arrival with a message to General Washington. The latter returned with the young colonel to survey the situation. They found Solomon at headquarters. He had discovered British scouts in the wooded country near Gravesend. He and Jack were detailed to keep watch of that part of the island and his shores with horses posted at convenient points so that, if necessary, they could make quick reports.

Next day, far beyond the outposts in the bush, they tied their horses in the little stable near Remsen's cabin on the south road and went on afoot through the bush. Suddenly Solomon stopped and lifted his hand and listened. Then he dropped and put his ear to the ground. He beckoned to Jack, who crept near him.

"Somebody's high us afore an' behind," he whispered. "We better hide till dark comes. You crawl into that of holler log. I'll nose myself under a brushpile."

They were in a burnt slash where the soft timber had been cut some time before. The land was covered with a thick, spotty growth of poplar

and wild cherry and brush heaps and logs half-rotted. The piece of timber to which Solomon had referred was the base log of a giant hemlock abandoned, no doubt, because, when cut, it was found to be a shell. It was open only at the butt end. Its opening was covered by an immense cobweb. Jack brushed it away and crept backward into the shell. He observed that many black hairs were caught upon the rough sides of this singular chamber. Through the winter it must have been the den of a black bear. As soon as he had settled down, with his face some two feet from the sunlight air of the outer world, Jack observed that the industrious spider had begun again to throw his silvery veil over the great hole in the log's end.

He watched the process. First the outer lines of the structure were woven across the edges of the opening and made fast at points around its imperfect circle. Then the weaver dropped to opposite points, unreeling his slender rope behind him and making it taut and fast. He was no slow and clumsy workman. He knew his task and rushed about, rapidly strengthening his structure with parallel lines, having a common center, until his silken floor was in place again and ready for the death dance of flies and bees and wasps. Soon a bumble bee was kicking and quivering like a stricken ox on its surface. The spider rushed upon him and buried his knives in the back and sides of his prey. The young man's observation of this interesting process was interrupted by the sound of voices and the tread of feet. They were British voices.

"They came this way. I saw them when they turned," a voice was saying. "If I had been a little closer, I could have potted both men with one bullet."

"Why didn't you take a shot anyhow?" another asked.

"I was creeping up, trying to get closer. They have had to hide or run upon the heels of our people."

A number of men were now sitting on the very log in which Jack was hidden. The young scout saw the legs of a man standing opposite the open end of the log. Then these memorable words were spoken:

"This log is good cover for a man to hide in, but nobody is hid in it. There's a big spider's web over the opening."

There was more talk, in which it came out that nine thousand men were crossing to Gravesend.

"Come on, boys, I'm going back," said one of the party. Whereupon they went away.

Dusk was falling. Jack waited for a move from Solomon. In a few minutes he heard a stir in the brush. Then he could dimly see the face of his friend beyond the spider's web.

"Come on, my son," the latter whispered.

With a feeling of real regret, Jack rent the veil of the spider and came out of his hiding-place. He brushed the silken threads from his hair and brow as he whispered:

"That old spider saved me—good luck to him!"

"We'll keep clus together," Solomon whispered. "We got to push right on an' work 'round 'em. If anyone gits in our way, he'll have to change worlds sudden, that's all. We mus' git to them hosses 'fore midnight."

Darkness had fallen, but the moon was rising when they set out. Solomon led the way, with that long, loose stride of his. Their moccasined feet were about as noiseless as a cat's. On and on they went until Solomon stopped suddenly and stood listening and peering into the dark bush beyond. Jack could hear and see nothing. Solomon turned and took a new direction without a word and moving with the stealth of a hunted Indian. Jack followed closely. Soon they were sinking to their knees in a mossy tamarack swamp, but a few minutes of hard travel brought them to the shore of a pond.

"Wait here till I git the canoe," Solomon whispered.

The latter crept into a thicket and soon Jack could hear him cautiously shoving his canoe into the water. A little later the young man sat in the middle of the shell of birch bark while Solomon knelt in its stern with his paddle. Silently he pushed through the lilled margin of the pond into clear water. The moon was hidden behind the woods. The still surface of the pond was now a glossy, dark plane between two starry deeps—one above, the other beneath. In the shadow of the forest, near the far shore, Solomon stopped and lifted his voice in the long, weird cry of the great bush owl. This he repeated three times, when there came an answer out of the woods.

"That's a warnin' fer ol' Joe Thrasher," Solomon whispered. "He'll go out an' wake up the folks on his road an' start 'em movin'."

They landed and Solomon hid his canoe in a thicket.

Before midnight they reached Remsen's barn and about two o'clock entered the camp on lathering horses. As they dismounted, looking back from the heights of Brooklyn toward the southeast, they could see a great light from many fires, the flames of which were leaping into the sky.

"Guess the farmers have set their wheat stacks afire," said Solomon. "They're all scairt an' started fer town."

General Washington was with his forces some miles north of the other shore of the river. A messenger was sent for him. Next day the commander in chief found his Long Island brigades in a condition of disorder and panic. Squads and companies, eager for a fight, were prowling through the bush in the south like hunters after game. A number of the new Connecticut boys had deserted. Some of them had been captured and brought back. In speaking of the matter, Washington said:

"We must be tolerant. These lads are timid. They have been dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life. They are unused to the restraints of war. We must not be too severe."

Jack heard the commander in chief when he spoke these words.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Native-Born Prince"

During the reign of Edward I, the Welsh rose against the English, declaring that they would never acknowledge allegiance to any prince "but of their own nation and language and of unblamable life." Edward II was born in a castle at Carnarvon, Wales, and he was presented to the Welsh people as "a native-born prince of unblamable life who could speak no word of English." From that date the recognized heir to the English throne has borne the title of Prince of Wales.

Mary Philbin



Charming Mary Philbin, as a little high school girl, was selected for the "movies" in a beauty contest, and her acting from the beginning astounded all filmdom. Miss Philbin was born in Chicago. She graduated from the Hyde Park high school. Before entering motion pictures she had had no experience, except as a star in Sunday School amateur plays.

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

LAURA LITTLE

LAURA LITTLE—Mrs. Augustus Little—was expecting the landlord to call that morning to talk over the question of repairs to the apartment. As the maid-of-all-work ushered him into the front room, Laura's first words were: "Of course I know you won't do anything I ask." Now, the landlord was a good sport, for a landlord, and he had been prepared to be really generous. But his reaction to Laura's words was unaccountable in position, and he left shortly, after taking the firm position that no repairs were possible that year.

Considerably ruffled, Laura departed for market. It was Saturday and everything was busy, and Laura had to wait like all the other customers at the butcher's. Finally through a mistake some one who had come in just behind her was served first. Laura patted up to the desk. "You take care of anyone at all," she scolded before me. I won't stand for such treatment." Whereupon she departed nose in the air—to find all the other shops closed for the week-end.

On the way home she met an innocent but near-sighted acquaintance of her street, who passed without seeing her. But Laura was in no generous-minded mood. Muttering to herself that she would show whether she was to be treated with indignity, she quickly circumnavigated the block until she again came face to face with her friend. This time Mrs. Little was recognized. But she swept past the outstretched hand in stony silence, leaving a very puzzled lady to wonder if Mrs. Little were a bit unbalanced.

Puffing up the stairs to her walk-up apartment, she passed several persons whom, she decided, looked at her "queerly." As she unlocked her door she heard a crash and went in to find her favorite coffee pot in splinters. Then she knew that her maid, as she had often suspected, was addicted to fits of temper, and upon the spot and without allowing explanation Laura dismissed her. A few minutes later Gus, Jr., came upon the scene and confessed that his Irish terrier had jumped on the table and knocked off the coffee pot. But that did not help much as afternoon wore on and it was time to get dinner all by herself.

She had just successfully burned the soup when her husband arrived, bringing a guest. That was exactly like his lack of consideration for her. Laura burst forth; and Gus, Sr., crept back to the parlor with drooping ears. When the baked potatoes that were baked and the scorched eggs and the rest of it finally came on, and a dining group gathered around the table, Laura took the same attitude toward her husband's friend of suspecting a pre-conceived plan to embarrass her. After dinner the two men went out pleading an engagement together, then her son descended to a pal's finally her daughter left to spend the night with grandmother. And as Laura caught sight of Mike's tall disappearing down the fire escape, she was left alone with only the habit of the child on her shoulder to keep her company.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

(By Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)



(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The SANDMAN STORY

MARY'S TOYS REBEL

LITTLE MARY sat up and rubbed her eyes. She was on the sofa in the playroom, where she had thrown herself because her mother would not let her have a fire lighted in her little kitchen stove.

You would guess that Mary was a very good little girl, but the truth is that she often was not good, and wanted to do things her mother did not think best, and then she would cry, and sometimes had to be punished. And that was what had happened this time. Because it was raining she had to play in her playroom, and because she did something very naughty her mother told her she could not come



She Was on the Sofa in the Playroom.

downstairs to lunch until she said she was sorry for what she did.

"What did she do?" I hear some one ask.

It was so bad I hate to tell you, but it was something she did with her tongue. It was a pretty little pink tongue, but it did not look pretty when Mary put it out, but there, I won't tell any more, for she was a good girl soon after and sorry for what she had done.

Mary sat up and rubbed her eyes because she heard the toys talking.

Said Calico Cat: "I was as quiet as any puss could be the other day, and she boxed my ears and put me under the table."

"She made me go to bed in the daytime," said Marie Doll, "and all because she had been naughty and sent to bed. I don't think it is fair."

"Neither do I," said Teddy Bear.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"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

LUCY

THE charmingly quaint and old-fashioned name of Lucy is derived from the Latin lux, meaning light. Lux gave the favorite praenomen Lucius, one born at daylight. It was first used in Rome by Lucius Tarquinius Priscus. The first feminine form was Lucia and belonged to a virgin martyr at Syracuse whose name of light, being indicated by early painters by a lamp or an eye, led to the legend that her beautiful eyes had been put out. The old English version cuts off her head, but the indomitable lady goes on talking until she has received the Holy Eucharist.

The Sicilian saints were especially popular and Santa Lucia is not only the patroness of Italian fishermen, and namesake of their daughters, but she was early adopted by the Normans and even in the time of Edward the Confessor, the daughter of the Earl of Mercia had been thus baptized.

The house of Biels were importers of sacred names and Lucie was a sister of Stephen and was among those lost on the White Ship. The name has since flourished in England and France; it is particularly popular in the latter where many noble ladies were called Lucy, though poetry called them by the more fashionable Lucinda.

The English forms of the name are Lucy, Luce, and Lucinda. France calls her Luce and Lucie. She is Lucia to Spain and Italy, which also adds Lusia. Russia terms her Lusija.

Lucy's talismanic stone is the king of gems, the diamond. Its dazzling brilliance gives fearlessness to its wearer, and invulnerability. To bring victory to any endeavor, it should be set in gold and worn on the left hand. Saturday is Lucy's most fortunate day and 5 her lucky number.

(By Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A REMINDER

HIS mother gave him life, His father gave him food, And in his fight with strife The sages by him stood. The world gave him his shelf, And God gave him his plan, And yet he called himself A Self-

Made— Man! (By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Why of Superstitions

By IRVING KING

DOGS AND THE WIND

A COMMON sailor's superstition is that when a dog howls aboard ship he predicts a storm and the wind will come from the quarter to which the dog points his nose at the time. Among sailors and fishermen there are many superstitions which can be traced back to Norse mythology and this is one of them. Considering the maritime supremacy once exercised by the Viking race it is quite natural that remnants of Scandinavian mythology and folklore should still linger among those who go down to the sea in ships. The only wonder is that there are not more of them. The relation between the dog and the wind comes from his connection with Odin, the great Norse god who was also a wind god and swept land and sea in his furious "wildhunts." Odin in these hunts was accompanied by a retinue of souls, which souls, according to one version, assumed the shape of dogs whose howlings could be heard amid the tempest.

When a storm sweeps over the Welsh mountains the superstitious hear in it the howling of the "dogs of Annwyn," and in Devonshire it is "the health-hounds" calling to this day—both superstitions offsprings of the story of Odin's "Wildhunts." In the Old Norse the little preliminary puffs of wind which herald the coming of the gale are said to be the souls of women hunted by Odin and his crews.

So when a dog on shipboard points his nose and howls it is quite evident that his instinct tells him that his master, Odin, is abroad in the winds, the "wildhunts" is on and he longs to join in the chase.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LABOR AND WAIT



"So that millionaire laid the foundation of his fortune by serving in the dining room of a hotel?"

"Yes." "I'd like to know what his motto was." "Learn to labor and to wait."