



# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"The man has a great heart in him, as every great man must," he wrote to his father. "I am beginning to love him. I can see that these thousands in the army are going to be bound to him by an affection like that of a son for a father. With men like Washington and Franklin to lead us, how can we fail?"

The next night Sir Henry Clinton got around the Americans and turned their left flank. Smallwood's command and that of Colonel Jack Irons were almost destroyed, twenty-two hundred having been killed or taken. Jack had his left arm shot through and escaped only by the swift and effective use of his pistols and dagger, and by good luck, his horse having been "only slightly cut in the withers." The American line gave way. Its unseasoned troops fled into Brooklyn. There was the end of the island. They could go no farther without swimming. With a British fleet in the harbor under Admiral Lord Howe, the situation was desperate. Sir Henry had only to follow and pen them in and unlimber his guns. The surrender of more than half of Washington's army would have to follow. At headquarters, the most discerning minds saw that only a miracle could prevent it.

The miracle arrived. Next day a fog thicker than the darkness of a clouded night enveloped the island and lay upon the face of the waters. Calmly, quickly Washington got ready to move his troops. That night, under the friendly cover of the fog, they were quietly taken across the East river, with a regiment of Marblehead sea dogs, under Colonel Glover, manning the boats. Fortunately, the British army had halted, waiting for clear weather.

For nearly two weeks Jack was nursing his wound in Washington's army hospital, which consisted of a cabin, a tent, a number of cow stables and an old shed on the heights of Harlem. Jack had lain in a stable. Toward the end of his confinement, John Adams came to see him.

"Were you badly hurt?" the great man asked.

"Scratched a little, but I'll be back in the service tomorrow," Jack replied.

"You do not look like yourself quite. I think that I will ask the commander in chief to let you go with me to Philadelphia. I have some business there and later Franklin and I are going to Staten Island to confer with Admiral Lord Howe. We are a pair of snappish old dogs and need a young man like you to look after us. You would only have to keep out of our quarrels, attend to our luggage and make some notes in the conference."

So it happened that Jack went to Philadelphia with Mr. Adams and, after two days at the house of Doctor Franklin, set out with the two great men for the conference on Staten Island. He went in high hope that he was to witness the last scene of the war.

In Amboy he sent a letter to his father, which said:

"Mr. Adams is a blunt, outspoken man. If things do not go to his liking, he is quick to tell you. Doctor Franklin is humorous and polite, but firm as a God-placed mountain. You may put your shoulder against the mountain and push and think it is moving, but it isn't. He is established. He has found his proper bearings and is done with moving. These two great men differ in little matters. They had a curious quarrel the other evening. We had reached New Brunswick on our way north. The taverns were crowded. I ran from one to another trying to find entertainment for my distinguished friends. At last I found a small chamber with one bed in it and a single window. The bed nearly filled the room. No better accommodation was to be had. I had left them sitting on a bench in a little grove near the large hotel, with the luggage near them. When I returned they were having a hot argument over the origin of northeast storms, the doctor asserting that he had learned by experiment that they began in the southwest and proceeded in a northeasterly direction. I had to wait ten minutes for a chance to speak to them. Mr. Adams was hot faced, the doctor calm and smiling. I imparted the news.

"God of Israel!" Mr. Adams exclaimed. "Is it not enough that I have to agree with you? Must I also sleep with you?"

"Sir, I hope that you must not, but if you must, I beg that you will sleep more gently than you talk," said Franklin.

"I went with them to their quarters carrying the luggage. On the way Mr. Adams complained that he had picked up a flea somewhere.

"The flea, sir, is a small animal, but a big fact," said Franklin. "You alarm me. Two large men and a flea will be apt to crowd our quarters."

"In the room they argued with a depth of feeling which astonished me, as to whether the one window should be open or closed. Mr. Adams had closed it.

"Please do not close the window," said Franklin. "We shall suffocate."

"Sir, I am an invalid and afraid of the night air," said Adams rather testily.

"The air of this room will be much worse for you than that out-of-doors," Franklin retorted. He was then between the covers. I beg of you to open the window and get into bed and if I do not prove my case to your satisfaction, I will consent to its being closed."

"I lay down on a straw-filled mattress outside their door. I heard Mr. Adams open the window and get into bed. Then Doctor Franklin began to expound his theory of colds. He declared that cold air never gave any one a cold; that respiration destroyed a gallon of air a minute and that all the air in the room would be consumed in an hour. He went on and on long before he had finished his argument. Mr. Adams was snoring, convinced rather by the length than the cogency of the reasoning. Soon the two great men, whose fame may be said to fill the earth, were asleep in the same bed in that little box of a room and snoring in a way that suggested loud contention. I had to laugh as I listened. Mr. Adams would seem to have been defeated, for, by and by, I heard him muttering as he walked the floor."

Howe's barge met the party at Amboy and conveyed them to the landing near his headquarters. It was, however, a fruitless journey. Howe wished to negotiate on the old ground now abandoned forever. The people of America had spoken for independence—a new, irrevocable fact not to be put aside by ambassadors. The colonies were lost. The concessions which the wise Franklin had so urgently recommended to the government of England, Howe seemed now inclined to offer, but they could not be entertained.

"Then my government can only maintain its dignity by fighting," said Howe.

"That is a mistaken notion," Franklin answered. "It will be much more dignified for your government to acknowledge its error than to persist in it."

"We shall fight," Howe declared.

"And you will have more fighting to do than you anticipate," said Franklin. "Nature is our friend and ally. The Lord has prepared our defenses. They are the sea, the mountains, the forest and the character of our people. Consider what you have accomplished. At an expense of eight million pounds you have killed about eight hundred Yankees. They have cost you ten thousand pounds a head. Meanwhile, at least a hundred thousand children have been born in America. There are the factors in your problem. How much time and money will be required for the job of killing all of us?"

The British admiral ignored the query.

"My powers are limited," said he, "but I am authorized to grant pardons and in every way to exercise the king's paternal solicitude."

"Such an offer shows that your proud nation has no flattering opinion of us," Franklin answered. "We, who are the injured parties, have not the baseness to entertain it. You will forgive me for reminding you that the king's paternal solicitude has been rather trying. It has burned our defenseless towns in midwinter; it has incited the savages to massacre our farmers in the back country; it has driven us to a declaration of independence. Britain and America are now distinct states. Peace can be considered only on that basis. You wish to prevent our trade from passing into foreign channels. Let me trade can ever be equal to the expense of holding it with fleets and armies."

"On such a basis I am not empowered to treat with you," Howe answered. "We shall immediately move against your army."

The conference ended. The ambassadors and their secretary shook hands with the British admiral.

"Mr. Irons, I have heard much of you," said the latter as he held Jack's hand. "You are deeply attached to a young lady whom I admire and whose father is my friend. I offer you a chance to leave this troubled land and go to London and marry and lead a peaceable, Christian life. You may keep your principles, if you wish, as I have no use for them. You will find sympathizers in England."

"Lord Howe, your kindness touches me," the young man answered. "What you propose is a great temptation. It is like Calypso's offer of immortal happiness to Odysseus. I love England. I love peace, and more than either, I

love the young lady, and I will go and keep my principles."

"Why not, sir?" "Because we are all of a mind with our Mr. Patrick Henry. We put liberty above happiness and even above life. So I must stay and help fight her battles, and when I say it I am grinding my own heart under my heel. Don't think harshly of me. I cannot help it. The feeling is bred in my bones."

His lordship smiled politely and bowed as the three men withdrew.

Franklin took the hand of the young man and pressed it silently as they were leaving the small house in which Howe had established himself.

Jack, who had been taking notes of the fruitless talk of these great men, was sorely disappointed. He could see no prospect now of peace.

"My hopes are burned to the ground," he said to Doctor Franklin.

"It is a time of sacrifice," the good man answered. "You have the invincible spirit that looks into the future and gives all it has. You are America."

"I have been thinking too much of myself," Jack answered. "Now I am ready to lay down my life in this great cause of ours."

"Boy, I like you," said Mr. Adams. "I have arranged to have you safely conveyed to New York. There an orderly will meet and conduct you to our headquarters."

"Thank you, sir," Jack replied. Turning to Doctor Franklin, he added: "One remark of yours to Lord Howe impressed me. You said that nature was our friend and ally. It put me in mind of the fog that helped us out of Brooklyn and of a little adventure of mine."

Then he told the story of the spider's web.

"I repeat that all nature is with us," said Franklin. "It was a sense of injustice in human nature that sent us across the great barrier of the sea into conditions where only the strong could survive. Here we have raised up a sturdy people with 3,000 miles of water between them and tyranny. Armies cannot cross it and succeed long in a hostile land. They are too far from home. The expense of transporting and maintaining them will bleed our enemies until they are spent. The British king is powerful, but now he has picked a quarrel with Almighty God, and it will go hard with him."

## CHAPTER XVII

How Solomon Shifted the Scales. In the spring news came of a great force of British which was being organized in Canada for a descent upon New York through Lake Champlain. Frontiersmen in Tryon county were being massacred by Indians.

Generals Herkimer and Schuyler had written to Washington, asking for the services of the famous scout, Solomon Binkus, in that region.

"He knows the Indian as no other man knows him and can speak his language and he also knows the bush," Schuyler had written. "If there is any place on earth where his help is needed just now, it is here."

"Got to leave you, my son," Solomon said to Jack one evening soon after that.

"How so?" the young man asked.

"Goin' hum to fight Injuns. The Great Father has ordered it. I'll like it better. Gittin' lazy here. Summer's comin' an' I'm a born bush man. I'm kind o' oneasy—like a deer in a doorway. I ain't had to run fer my life since we got here. My hoofs are complainin'. I ain't shot a gun in a month."

A look of sorrow spread over the face of Solomon.

"I'm tired of this place," said Jack. "The British are scared of us and we're scared of the British. There's nothing going on. I'd love to go back to the big bush with you."

"I'll tell the Great Father that you're a born bush man. Mebbe he'll let ye go. They'll need us both. Rum, Injuns an' the devil have fined hands. The Long house will be the center o' hell an' its line fences'll take in the hull big bush."

That day Jack's name was included in the order.

"I'm sorry that it is not yet possible to pay you or any of the men who have served me so faithfully," said Washington. "If you need money I shall be glad to lend you a sum to help you through this journey."

"I ain't fightin' fer pay," Solomon answered. "I'll hoe an' dig, an' cook, an' guide fer money. But I won't fight no more fer money—partly 'cause I don't need it—partly 'cause I'm fightin' fer myself. I got a little left in my britches pocket, but if I hadn't, my ol' Marier wouldn't let me go hun gry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Serious Case

A notoriously absent-minded man was observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A friend meeting him said: "Good evening. How are you?"

"Well," replied the absent-minded one, "I thought I was very well when I left home, but now I don't know what's the matter with me. I've been limping for the last half hour."

## Passing the Buck

The new cook gave some pork chops to a relative who called while the lady of the house was out paying a few calls.

"The missus will miss them," warned the parlor maid.

"Oh, I'll blame that on the cat."

"We have no cat."

"Then be a good girl," urged the new cook earnestly, "and let the canary out of its cage."

## Your Last Name

IS IT THOREAU?

THOREAU is said to be equivalent to the more usual name Bull, for Thoreau is the old French form of tureau, or taureau, meaning bull. These names may originally have been taken as nicknames describing physical or mental characteristics, or from shop signs, which some authorities think much more likely.

The name Thoreau is known here chiefly as the name of Henry Thoreau, who married the daughter of a New England clergyman and was the son of John Thoreau of the Isle of Jersey, who married a Scottish woman named Burns in Boston. John was son of Philippe Thoreau and Marie Gallais, of pure French blood, who settled at St. Hillier in Jersey.

Henry Thoreau thus had a New England mother, a Scotch grandmother with a mixture of Jersey and French blood besides. The family in this country was never wealthy, but always highly respected and above the average in mental endowments.

STEWART—This name, says one authority on name origins, has had its ups and downs. It is derived from two words, sty and ward, and in its earliest form literally means keeper of the sty. Eventually the steward or Stewart was an official attached to the household of a prince or nobleman, and it is in this capacity that the royal Stewart family derived the name.

There was a Norman baron Alan whose eldest son, William, became the progenitor of the earls of Arundel in England and whose younger sons, Walter and Simon, went to Scotland. Walter became high steward to King David I of Scotland, and when one of his successors, also named Walter the Steward, married Marjorie Bruce in 1315, the family became royal. Many of the Stewarts and Stuarts of the present time claim, with good enough grounds, to be descendants of this union.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Appleton Family

Mr. Lysander John Appleton

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton

Miss Daysey Mayme Appleton

Master Chauncey Devere Appleton

IT IS Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's opinion that a literal interpretation of that old command, "Put your best foot forward," means to hang all of her and Daysey Mayme's ruffled, tucked and lace-trimmed underwear in the front yard on washday, and the patched and tattered arms and legs belonging to her husband and son in the rear.

Unless something happens to remove Chauncey Devere Appleton from the atmosphere in which he is living, he will grow up as suspicious of what the women call love as a rat is of cheese.

The greatest sorrow of Daysey Mayme's life is that she is misunderstood by her own family. Many an evening she finds herself so lonesome when with them, that she walks out to the gate alone and looks up at the stars, and when she can't get out, she will stand at a window and look wistfully into the dark. Daysey Mayme frequently looks wistfully into the dark, having learned from the books that this is a symptom of Soulfulness. So one night she soaked her pillow with tears in her yearning for the Un-



attainable, and her father, who saw the wet pillow next morning, made her take a dose of medicine for night sweats.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

## OF COURSE



First Fish—That eel film-flammed me good.

Second Fish—I told you he was a slippery customer!

## The Sandman Story

THE MOONBEAMS

ONE night some very young Moonbeams scampered down to Earth to look for closed doors and shutters.

Moonbeams, you know, just love to creep through cracks and crevices and see things that folks think they have locked up—just like boys and girls for all the world—the Moonbeams, I mean.

"Oh, here is a place to peep through," cried one little beam. "Come, there is room for all of us and I expect there will be something wonderful to see."

The shutters through which they crept were those of the broken toy shop where all the dolls and toy dogs and cats and crippled toys of all sorts are taken when some accident happens to them.

Now, it was not long after Christmas, and the toy mender had been so busy that he could not mend half the toys that were brought to him to be made well, and the long, wide shelf in front of the window was pretty well filled.

Just as the little Moonbeams peeped the magic hour struck, which set all



the toys talking. One poor dolly had lost her hair and a foot. "Oh, will I ever be made well again?" she was saying.

"Of course you will," replied another doll that had lost her arm. "Once my little mother was cross and she grabbed me right by my hair and took it all off, but the toy mender fixed it as good as new."

"I am sure I will never see another mouse," mewed a poor pussy made of cloth. "Both my eyes were pulled off by the little mistress of our playroom, and she threw them out of the window, too—me-o-w."

"Oh, hush, Puss, you are enough to set folks crazy," said a poor Teddy Bear with a dreadful hole in one side of his body. "You will see all right again; the toy mender will give you a new pair of eyes."

"What happened to you, Teddy?" inquired a little Dog on wheels, that had a hole in his back.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Of course they are as good as new, but every year, after Christmas, it happens—lots of accidents; but they always get mended."

(© 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

## CLAUDIA

ONE of the popular names of moderate class is Claudia, meaning fumed. The name has a distinguished origin and is fitted to grace the most queenly. It comes from the Claudian gens of Rome, and going still further back, is derived from the Greek word meaning fumed.

Though the Claudii were a family of evil fame who figure in most of Rome's tragedies, there is no denying their imperious will and attainments. The reign of Emperor Claudius gave his name vogue in both the masculine and feminine form.

The first Claudia known was one who sends her greetings to St. Timothy in St. Paul's Epistle. She is believed to have been the daughter of a British prince and the wife of Prudens. The epigrams of Martial speak of a lady of the name of Claudia as British, and thus Claudia is marked by two very dissimilar authorities as one of the first British Christians.

Claudia is popular in France, Louis XII, who gave both his daughters masculine names, called the eldest Claude and when she was the wife of Francois I, la Reine Claude's plums were so termed in her honor. Her daughter carried the name Claude into the House of Lorraine. From there it passed into Switzerland where it became Claudine. The Italians immediately adopted it and termed it Claudia. France clings to Claude, Claudine, and Claudia.

Claudia's talismanic jewel is the cat's-eye, which is surrounded by more superstitions and legends than almost any other stone. It is used by the natives of Ceylon, where most cat's-eyes are found, as a charm against evil spirits and it has the same value to the people of India. It becomes almost a hypnotic stone to some people and is said to provide its wearer with unerring magnetism and attraction. But to dream of a cat's-eye signifies treachery. Claudia's lucky day is Thursday and 6 is said to be her mystic number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

## BONFIRES

ONE of the popular names of moderate class is Claudia, meaning fumed. The name has a distinguished origin and is fitted to grace the most queenly. It comes from the Claudian gens of Rome, and going still further back, is derived from the Greek word meaning fumed.

These "needfires" of old were set burning in all parts of Europe, though the date upon which they were lighted appears to have differed in different localities. As a rule, however, they were midsummer fires and were supposed to symbolize the reaching of the sun to its highest point in the heavens. Even today in many parts of continental Europe bonfires are lighted upon the evening of St. John's day.

In this country the bonfire has become simply an expression of general joy over some great event or at some great anniversary. But originally these fires were undoubtedly connected with sun-worship. The fact that in some places these fires are still called "balefires" is thought by some authorities to indicate that they were once lighted in honor of Baal, the Phoenician sun-god. Others dispute this and connect the fires with gods indigenous to Europe. That they are survivals of sun worship in some phase is, however, abundantly proved. This is not in antagonism to Professor Frazer's story that they were originally fires for human sacrifice—they might well have been both. About these "balefires," "real n.-s." "needfires," etc., of which our bonfire is the modern popular representative, enough has been written to make a small library.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

In the Yukon country in January, 1924, the thermometer hovered around zero, whereas it is nearly always around 40 to 70 below in January.