



In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Near King's Ferry in the Highlands on the Hudson they spent a night in the camp of the army under Putnam. There they heard the first note of discontent with the work of their beloved Washington. It came from the lips of one Colonel Burley of a Connecticut regiment. The commander in chief had lost Newport, New York and Philadelphia and been defeated on Long Island and in two pitched battles on ground of his own choosing at Brandywine and Germantown.

The two scouts were angry. It had been a cold, wet afternoon and they, with others, were drying themselves around a big, open fire of logs in front of the camp post office.

Solomon was quick to answer the complaint of Burley.

"He's allus been fightin' a bigger force o' well-trained, well-paid men that had plenty to eat an' drink an' wear. An' he's fit 'em with jest a shoe string o' an army. When it come to him, it didn't know nothin' but how to shoot an' dig a hole in the ground. The men wouldn't enlist for more'n six months an' as soon as they'd learnt suthin', they put fer hum. An' with that kind o' an army, he druv the British out o' Boston. With a leetle bunch o' 5,000 unpaid, barefoot, ragged-backed devils, he druv the British out o' Jersey an' they had 12,000 men in that neighborhood. He's had to dodge around an' has kep' his army from bein' et up, hid, horns an' taller, by the power o' his brain. He's managed to take keer o' himself down thar in Jersey an' Pennsylvania with the British on all sides o' him, while the best fighters he had come up here to help Gates. I don't see how he could a' done it—d—n if I do—without the help o' God."

"Gates is a real general," Burley said. "Washington don't amount to a hill o' beans."

Solomon turned quickly and advanced upon Burley.

"I didn't s'pect to find an enemy o' my kentry in this 'ere camp," he said in a quiet tone. "Ye got to take that back, mister, an' do it prompt, or ye're goin' to be all mussed up."

"Ye could see the ha'r begin to bruste under his coat," Solomon was wont to say of Burley, in speaking of that moment. "He stepped up clus an' growled an' showed his teeth an' then he begun to git roined."

Burley had kept a public house for sailors at New Haven and had had the reputation of being a bad man in a quarrel. Of just what happened there is a full account in a little army journal of that time called the Camp Gazette. Burley aimed a blow at Solomon with his fist. Then as Solomon used to put it, "the water bust through the dam." It was his way of describing the swift and decisive action which was crowded into the next minute. He seized Burley and hurled him to the ground. With one hand on the nape of his neck and the other on the seat of his trousers, Solomon lifted his enemy above his head and quitted him over the tent top.

Burley picked himself up and having lost his head drew his hanger, and, like a mad bull, rushed at Solomon. Suddenly he found his way barred by Jack.

"Would you try to run a man through before he can draw?" the latter asked. Solomon's old sword flashed out of its scabbard.

"Let him come on," he shouted. "I'm more to hum with a hanger than I be with good vittles."

Of all the words on record from the lips of this man, these are the most inmodest, but it should be remembered that when he spoke them his blood was hot.

Jack gave way and the two came together with a clash of steel. A crowd had gathered about them and was increasing rapidly. They had been fighting for half a moment around the fire when Solomon broke the blade of his adversary. The latter drew his pistol! Before he could raise it Solomon had fired his own weapon. Burley's pistol dropped on the ground. Instantly its owner reeled and fell beside it. The battle which had lasted no more than a minute had come to its end. There had been three kinds of fighting in that lively duel.

Solomon's voice trembled when he cried out:

"Ary man who says a word ag'in the Great Father is goin' to git mussed up."

He pushed his way through the crowd which had gathered around the wounded man.

"Let me bind his arm," he said. But a surgeon had stood in the crowd. He was then doing what he could for the shattered member of the hot-headed Colonel Burley. Jack was helping him. Some men arrived with a litter and the unfortunate officer was quickly on his way to the hospital.

Jack and Solomon set out for head-

quarters. They met Putnam and two officers hurrying toward the scene of the encounter. Solomon had fought in the bush with him. Twenty years before they had been friends and comrades. Solomon saluted and stopped the grizzled hero of many a great adventure.

"Binkus, what's the trouble here?" the latter asked, as the crowd who had followed the two scouts gathered about them.

Solomon gave his account of what had happened. It was quickly verified by many eye-witnesses.

"Ye done right," said the general. "Burley has got to take it back an' apologize. He ain't fit to be an officer. He behaved himself like a bully. Any man who talks as he done orto be cussed an' Binkussed an' sent to the guardhouse."

Within three days Burley had made an ample apology for his conduct and this bulletin was posted at headquarters:

"Liberty of speech has its limits. It must be controlled by the law of decency and the general purposes of our army and government. The man who respects no authority above his own intellect is a conceited ass and would be a tyrant if he had the chance. No word of disrespect for a superior officer will be tolerated in this army."

"The Binkussing of Burley"—a phrase which traveled far beyond the limits of Putnam's camp—and the notice of warning which followed was not without its effect on the propaganda of Gates and his friends.

Next day Jack and Solomon set out with a force of 1,200 men for Washington's camp at White Marsh near Philadelphia. There Jack found a letter



from Margaret. It had been sent first to Benjamin Franklin in Paris through the latter's friend, Mr. David Hartley, a distinguished Englishman who was low and then sounding the doctor on the subject of peace.

"I am sure that you will be glad to know that my love for you is not growing feeble on account of its age," she wrote. "The thought has come to me that I am England and that you are America. It will be a wonderful and beautiful thing if through all this bitterness and bloodshed we can keep our love for each other. My dear, I would have you know that in spite of this alien king and his followers, I hold to my love for you and am waiting with that patience which God has put in the soul of your race and mine, for the end of our troubles. If you could come to France I would try to meet you in Doctor Franklin's home at Passy. So I have the hope in me that you may be sent to France."

This is as much of the letter as can claim admission to our history. It gave the young man a supply of happiness sufficient to fill the many days of hardship and peril in the winter of Valley Forge. It was read to Solomon.

"Say, this 'ere letter kind o' teches my feelin'—does sartin'," said Solomon. "I'm goin' to see what kin be done."

Unknown to Jack, within three days Solomon had a private talk with the commander in chief at his headquarters. The latter had a high regard for the old scout. He maintained a dignified silence while Solomon made his little speech and then arose and offered his hand, saying in a kindly tone:

"Colonel Binkus, I must bid you good night."

CHAPTER XXII

The Greatest Trait.

Jack Irons used to say that no man he had known had such an uncommon amount of common sense as George Washington. He wrote to his father:

"It would seem that he must be in

communication with the all-seeing mind. If he were to make a serious blunder here our cause would fall. The enemy tries in vain to fool him. Their devices are as an open book to Washington. They have fooled me and Solomon and other officers but not him. I had got quite a conceit of myself in judging strategy, but now it is all gone.

"One day I was scouting along the lines, a few miles from Philadelphia, when I came upon a little, ragged, old woman. She wished to go through the lines into the country to buy flour. The moment she spoke I recognized her. It was old Lydia Darrah who had done my washing for me the last year of my stay in Philadelphia.

"Why, Lydia, how do you do? I asked.

"The way I have allus done, liddle buck," she answered in her good Irish tongue. "Workin' at the tub an' fightin' the devil—had 'cess to him—but I kape me blith an' lucky I am to do that—thanks to the good God! How is me fine lad that I'd niver 'a' knoved but for the voice o' him?"

"Not as fine as when I wore the white ruffles but stout as a moose," I answered. "The war is a sad business."

"It is that—may the good God defend us! We cross the sea to be rid o' the devil an' he foils an' grabs us be the neck!"

"We were on a lonely road. She looked about and seeing no one, put a dirty old needle case in my hands.

"Take that, me smart lad. It's fer good luck," she answered.

"As I left her I was in doubt of the meaning of her generosity. Soon I opened the needle book and found in one of its pockets a piece of this paper rolled tight. On it I found the information that Howe would be leaving the city next morning with five thousand men, and baggage wagons and thirteen cannon and eleven boats. The paper contained other details of the proposed British raid. I rode post to headquarters and luckily found the general in his tent. On the way I arrived at a definite conviction regarding the plans of Howe. I was eager to give it air, having no doubt of its soundness. The general gave me respectful attention while I laid the facts before him. Then I took my courage in my hands and asked:

"General, may I venture to express an opinion?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"It is the plan of Howe to cross the Delaware in his boats so as to make us believe that he is going to New York. He will recross the river above Bristol and suddenly descend upon our rear."

"Washington sat, with his arms folded, looking very grave, but made no answer.

"In other words, again I presented my conviction.

"Still he was silent and I a little embarrassed. In half a moment I ventured to ask:

"General, what is your opinion?"

"He answered in a kindly tone: 'Colonel Irons, the enemy has no business in our rear. The boats are only for our scouts and spies to look at. The British hope to fool us with them. Tomorrow morning about daylight they will be coming down the Edgely Bye road on our left.'

"He called an aid and ordered that our front be made ready for an attack in the early morning.

"I left headquarters with my conceit upon me and half convinced that our chief was out in his judgment of that matter. No like notion will enter my mind again. Solomon and I have quarters on the Edgely Bye road. A little after three next morning the British were reported coming down the road. A large number of them were killed and captured and the rest roughly handled."

Snow and bitter winds descended upon the camp early in December. It was a worn, ragged, weary but devoted army of about eleven thousand men that followed Washington into Valley Forge to make a camp for the winter. Of these, two thousand and ninety-eight were unfit for duty. Most of the latter had neither boots nor shoes. They marched over roads frozen hard, with old rags and pieces of hide wrapped around their feet. There were many red tracks in the snow in the Valley of the Schuylkill that day. Hardly a man was dressed for cold weather. Hundreds were shivering and coughing with influenza.

"When I look at these men I cannot help thinking how small are my troubles," Jack wrote to his mother. "I will complain of them no more. Solomon and I have given away all the clothes we have except those on our backs. A fiercer enemy than the British is besieging us here. He is winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canine Intelligence

"You can't overestimate the intelligence of a dog," declared Col. Spangwood Telfair, of Mountain View, giving reminiscences at his favorite hound engaged in snapping feebly at the pestiferous flies.

"When Towser was in his prime he had an uncanny way of knowing in advance the sort of game I was going to hunt. For instance, if I left the house carrying a rifle Towser would dash for the woods and trail nothing but squirrels. If I started out with a shotgun Towser would trail nothing but rabbits.

"One day I decided to puzzle the old rascal, so I took down my fishing pole and started to the river. It may sound preposterous, gentlemen, but when I got to the edge of the yard I found that durned dog scratching up fishing worms for me!"—Judge.

Many a man gets a reputation for wisdom by leaving things unsaid.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

WORDS OF CHEER

IF YOU cannot give frequent, encouraging words, of cheer to your home-mates and to those with whom you come in contact during your working hours, it would be better to bridle your tongue and seal your lips.

A rough word roughly spoken produces nothing but evil and drives many a sensitive soul to despair. It arouses animosity and hate, quite the opposite of a kindly word which awakens slumbering emotions and kindles a beneficent flame of love.

It may at times, especially when you are not in a pleasant humor, cost a great effort to launch the cheerful word, but if you will brush aside your own turbulent feelings, and send forth the cheer and sunshine of which you are capable of doing, you, too, to your amazement, will participate in their delicious sweets and enjoy the thrill of an unanticipated pleasure.

From the first moment when you look about to practice the scattering of cheering words, the whole atmosphere around you changes.

The world somehow seems drawn closer to heaven, and everything and everybody about you appears brighter and happier.

In reality, there is no change except in yourself. You have sown happiness and are reaping happiness.

You have flung broadcast the sanctified blessings and they are returning to you from every point of the compass, filling your soul with a joy unspokeable.

It is you who are nearer heaven, participating in its delights without knowing it, growing more lovable as the years speed by, dim your eye and whiten your hair.

Old friends turn to you in their sorrow for comfort. The boys and girls go out of their way to meet and greet you.

Even the derelicts have in some manner heard your praises sung and respect you.

Their beary eyes brighten and their tough old hearts soften when your name is spoken, in spite of their general belief that they are invulnerable to the gentle touches of kindness.

The greatest workers for the uplifting of humanity are the little words of cheer, which, when fitly spoken, often change beasts to men, spur them to loftier endeavor and turn their terrible night into a glorious day.

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YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

ULCERS

AN ULCER is simply a sore upon the skin or mucous membrane, in other words, a breaking down of the cells, frequently with only slight tendency to get well.

In the latter respect ulcers differ from healthy wounds which begin to get well almost as soon as they are formed or made.

Ulcers may be caused by injury, by burns, and by poor nutrition of the tissues where they occur.

They may be accompanied with sloughing or destruction of the tissue, and perhaps by reabsorption of dead and poisonous material.

They are often attended with hemorrhage and with great weakness in consequence of the prolonged discharge which comes from them, and which means waste of tissue without proper strength for repair.

This is particularly the case with ulcers which attend such diseases as syphilis and tuberculosis.

Ulcers which accompany these diseases are often incurable unless means are found to cure the diseases which caused them. The treatment of ulcers should be constitutional and consist in building up the general condition; and also local, which is directed to the sore itself.

The first will include all necessary hygienic measures, comfortable and well ventilated housing, sleep, exercise in the open air, good food, including an abundance of milk, and perhaps such tonics as cod-liver oil, quinine, strychnine and iron.

Local treatment includes cleanliness and frequent dressing of the ulcer, and the application of astringent and stimulating substances, especially such minerals as lead, copper, zinc, mercury and silver.

In ulcer of the stomach, a strict diet is almost imperative—that is, the stomach must be given just as little work as possible.

Some of the symptoms of ulcer of the stomach are sharp pain, indigestion, loss of appetite and hemorrhage.

If the ulcer perforates the peritoneal coat of the stomach, there may be serious hemorrhage and even fatal peritonitis.

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MORE USEFUL

I just dote on a man with a Past.

I much prefer one with a Present.



NATURE'S CARPET

OLD Mother Nature hopped out of her bed. She had overslept. Everything was so quiet she did not know her son March had gone until she heard the door close with a loud "bagg."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the dear old lady, "here it is almost springtime and I have not started that carpet. April cried her eyes almost out last year because it was not all finished before she came home and May will not smile her prettiest smile unless she has that carpet of green to walk upon."

"O dear! what shall I do? I can't find a thing I need to work with. I am so upset. It is no use, I'll have to go out," he said. "What there is left is only fit to burn."

So he turned over in his soft warm bed and went to sleep while the others worked, and by the time March came lagging in tired out with his rioting the carpet was more than half finished.

"Mother Nature, you will let me have a bit of the green to walk on this year, won't you?" asked April with her eyes full of tears. I must have it or the few flowers I take up on the earth will not be worth looking at."

Mother Nature nodded her head. She was too busy to stop and every minute counted now. But May and June assured their sister she should have the carpet to walk on before her stay was half over.

Mother Nature had a hard time of it keeping on weaving green, and by and by when it was finished it was so beautiful that June clapped her hands with delight. "It will be just the thing to show off my roses. Mother Nature," she said. "If you had used any other color it would not have suited everybody. How did you happen to think of such a lovely shade?"

"I thought of each of my children and knew what would suit them all," answered Mother Nature with a kindly smile. "And now I must run along and begin to lay my carpet or April will come home with tears streaming down her face."

May and June pulled their brother August out of bed to look at the new carpet and when he saw the cool green shade Mother Nature had made it be, too, declared it beautiful. "But it will be all worn and ragged when I go out, and July does not help it any with his fireworks and—"

"You stop that," snapped July jumping out of bed and then up came August's fiery temper and if May and June had not separated them no knowing what would have happened. But the sisters sent their hot tempered brothers back to their bed, where they slept until Mother Nature sent them up on the earth to do their work.

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"I Must Run Along and Begin to Lay My Carpet."

to get all the children up to help me or I never will get it finished."

So out of their beds she called her children and they began to help old Mother Nature weave her new carpet.

April, May and June went to work with a will, but August with his hot temper declared he would not get up so early and work on something he cared little for. "It is almost worn out by the time I am up and ready

The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRDING KING

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND

IN NEW ENGLAND they say that if a young woman looks into an unused well on the first of May she will see in the water below the face of her future husband. In Georgia any well will do, but the girl must look into it at exactly high noon of May 1 through a piece of smoked glass. In other sections it is recommended to hold a looking-glass over the mouth of the well and seek for the reflection of a face in the mirror. These are unimportant variations of the same superstition, which superstition dates back to the worship of Tammuz in the Babylonian plin and to the rites of those who "mourned Osiris dead" by the waters of the Nile; cults which, spreading over Europe, became mingled with and modified by indigenous mythologies of kindred significance. It was the deification of the principles of nature—a symbolizing of the yearly death and resurrection of vegetation as the death and resurrection of a god, nature worship.

In England, whence we inherit our May day observances, the festival of the revival of the god was fixed for May 1, the state of vegetation at that date making it an appropriate one. The resurrection of the god in his fecundating power made his festival a fitting time for "projects" concerning marriage. And as Isis saw again her husband, Osiris, on the festival of his return to life, as Ashtoreth looked again upon Tammuz, her husband, at the festival of his resurrection, so the marriageable woman of today sees her husband (that is to be) on May day in the waters of a well. In water because in the cults of Tammuz and Osiris water was the visible sign of the fecundating god, and in a well because in the Egypt of Osiris and in those parts of Asia Minor where the cult of Tammuz originated the vivifying waters were seen sparsely or not at all, in the form of rain, but swelling streams and filling wells.

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PHYLIS might be classed with the flower names, or more properly perhaps, the sylvan names, of which Sylvia and Laura and Daphne are classic examples.

Phyllis means "green bough." It comes from the Greek word phyllis, signifying green leaf or bough. The tragic legend associated with the origin of the name tells how Phyllis, a Thalian damsel, hanged herself because her lover did not keep his promise of returning from the wars to marry her. She was changed into an almond tree, in somewhat the same manner that Daphne was transformed.

Domitian's nurse was called Phyllis and the name also became popular in Arcadian poetry. Like Sylvia, it was bestowed so frequently upon pretty rustic maidens that it came to be the generic term for young girls. Later it fell to the class of handmaids and English literature is replete with references to a "neat-handed Phyllis in the kitchen."

In modern times, the name has returned to its classic significance. Phyllis is given in baptism by those who have a fondness for fanciful names. Aside from its Grecian origin, it remains completely English, adopted now by America, of course. No other countries have granted it popularity, since it is impossible to elaborate or contract it.

The amethyst is the talismanic stone of Phyllis. It promises her steadfast friends, serenity, quick intelligence and checks indulgences of every sort.

Friday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number. The primrose, signifying simplicity, is her flower.

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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

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AS TOLD BY Irvin S. Cobb

THE VOICE OF THE PURIST

IN THE National league formerly was an umpire who was a stickler for correct deportment on the diamond. In a game in which he officiated at the Polo grounds Chief Meyers, the Indian catcher for New York, came to bat. Certain of the Boston players sitting on their bench began to gey the brawny red man.

In an instant the umpire had left his place behind the catcher and was running toward the visitors' bomb-proof.

"Cut out them personalities!" he ordered. "Cut out them personalities!"

As he turned away a high-pitched voice filtered out from the grand stand behind him, saying:

"Cut out them grammar!" (Copyright by the Central Press Association.)



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