



In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"There is no morning to their day," he went on. "Their dawn is noontime. Our kind of people have had longer days and have used them wisely. So we have pushed on ahead of this European caravan. Our fathers in New England made a great discovery."

"What was it?" I asked. "That rightness was not a joke; that Christianity was not a solemn plaything for one day in the week, but a real, practical, working proposition for every day in the year; that the main support of the structure is industry; that its most vital commandment is this, 'six days shalt thou labor'; that no amount of wealth can excuse a man from this duty. Everyone worked. There was no idleness and therefore little poverty. The days were all for labor and the nights for rest. The wheels of progress were greased and moving."

"And our love of learning helped to push them along," I suggested.

"True. Our people have been mostly like you and me," he went on. "We long for knowledge of the truth. We build schools and libraries and colleges. We have pushed on out of the Eighteenth century into a new time. There you were born. Now you have stepped a hundred years backward into Europe. You are astonished, and this brings me to my point. Here I am with a great task on my hands. It is to enlist the sympathy and help of France. I must take things, not as I could wish them to be, but as I find them. At this court women are all powerful. It has long been a maxim here that a diplomatist must stand well with the ladies. Even though he is venerable, he must be gallant, and I do not use the word in a shady sense. The ladies are not so bad as you would think them. They are playthings. To them, life is not as we know it, filled with realities. It is a beautiful drama of rich costumes and painted scenes and ingenious words, all set in the atmosphere of romance. The players only pretend to believe each other. In the salon I am one of these players. I have to be."

"Mirabeau seemed to mean what he said," my answer.

"Yes. He is one of those who often speak from the heart. All these players love the note of sincerity when they hear it. In the salon it is out of key, but away from the ladies the men are often loving and not playing. Mirabeau, Condorcet, Turgot and others have heard the call of Human Liberty. Often they come to this house and speak out with a strong candor."

"I suppose that this great drama of despotism in France will end in a tragedy whose climax will consume the stage and half the players," I ventured to say.

"That is a theme, Jack, on which you and I must be silent," Franklin answered. "We must hold our mouths as with a bridle."

"For a moment he sat looking sadly into the glowing coals on the grate. Franklin loved to talk, but no one could better keep his own counsel."

"At heart I am no revolutionist," he said presently. "I believe in purifying—not in breaking down. I would to God that I could have convinced the British of their error. Stainly I am with the prophet who says: 'Stand in the old ways. View the ancient paths. Consider them well and be not among those who are given to change.'"

"I sat for a moment thinking of the cruelties I had witnessed, and asking myself if it had been really worth while. Franklin interrupted my thoughts."

"I wish we could discover a plan which would induce and compel nations to settle their differences without cutting each other's throats. When will human wisdom be sufficient to see the advantage of this?"

"He told me the thrilling details of his success in France; how he had won the kingdom for an ally and secured loans and the help of a fleet and army then on the sea."

"And you will not be surprised to learn that the British have been sounding me to see if we would be base enough to abandon our ally," he laughed.

"In a moment he added: 'Come, it is late and you must write a letter to the heart of England before you lie down to rest.'"

"Often thereafter he spoke of Margaret as 'the heart of England.'"

CHAPTER XXIV

The Pageant.

Jack began to assist Franklin in his correspondence and in the many business details connected with his mission.

"I have never seen a man with the capacity for work," the young officer writes. "Every day he is conferring with Vergennes or other representa-

tives of the king, or with the ministers of Spain, Holland and Great Britain. The greatest intellect in the kingdom is naturally in great request. Today, after many hours of negotiation with the Spanish minister, in came M. Dubourg, the most distinguished physician in Europe.

"Mon cher maitre," he said "I have a most difficult case and as you know more about the human body than any man of my acquaintance I wish to confer with you."

"Yesterday, Doctor Ingenhousz, physician to the emperor of Austria, came to consult him regarding the vaccination of the royal family of France."

"In the evening, M. Robespierre, a slim, dark-skinned, studious young attorney from Arras, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, came for information regarding lightning rods, he having doubts of their legality. While they were talking, M. Joseph Ignace Guillotin, another physician, arrived."

He was looking for advice regarding a proposed new method of capital punishment, and wished to know if, in the Doctor's opinion, a painless death could be produced by quickly severing the head from the body. Next morning, M. Jourdan, with hair and beard as red as the flank of my bay mare and a loud voice, came soon after breakfast, to sell us mules by the shipload."

"So you see that even I, living in his home and seeing him almost every hour of the day, have little chance to talk with him. Last night we met M. Voltaire—dramatist and historian—now in the evening of his days. We were at the academy, where we had gone to hear an essay by D'Alembert. Franklin and Voltaire—a very thin old gentleman of eighty-four, with piercing black eyes—sat side by side on the platform. The audience demanded that the two great men should come forward and salute each other. They arose and advanced and shook hands."

"A la Francaise," the crowd demanded.

"So the two white-haired men embraced and kissed each other amidst loud applause."

"As we were leaving the table one day he said: 'Jack, I have an idea worthy of Demosthenes. My friend, David Hartley of London, who still has hopes of peace by negotiation, wishes to come over and confer with me. I shall tell him that he may come if he will bring with him the Lady Hare and her daughter.'"

"More thrilling words were never spoken by Demosthenes," I answered. "But how about Jones and his Bonne Homme Richard? He is now a terror to the British coasts. They would fear destruction."

"I shall ask Jones to fit them alone," he said. "They can come under a special flag."

"Commodore Jones did not appear again in Paris until October, when he came to Passy to report upon a famous battle."

"I was eager to meet this terror of the coasts. His impudent courage and sheer audacity had astonished the world. The wonder was that men were willing to join him in such dare devil enterprises."

"I had imagined that Jones would be a tall, gaunt, swarthy, raw-boned, swearing man of the sea. He was a sleek, silent, modest little man, with delicate hands and features. He wished to be alone with the Doctor, and so I did not hear their talk. I know that he needed money and that Franklin, having no funds, provided the sea fighter from his own purse."

"One evening our near neighbors, Le Comte de Chaumont and M. LeVillieard, came to announce that a dinner and ball in honor of Franklin would occur at the palace of Comte de Chaumont less than a week later."

"My good friends," said the philosopher, "I value these honors which are so graciously offered me, but I am old and have much work to do. I need rest more than I need the honors."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great savant that people wish to see and know him," said the count. "The most distinguished people in France will be among those who do you honor. I think, if you can recall a talk we had some weeks ago, you will wish to be present."

"Oh, then, you have heard from the Hornet."

"I have a letter here which you may read at your convenience."

"My dear friend, be pleased to receive my apologies and my hearty thanks," said Franklin. "Not even the gout could keep me away."

"Next day I received a formal invitation to the dinner and ball. I told the Doctor that in view of the work to be done, I would decline the invitation. He begged me not to do it and insisted that he was counting upon me to represent the valor and chivalry of the New World; that as I had grown into the exact stature of Washington and was so familiar with his manners

and able to imitate them in conversation, he wished me to assume the costume of our commander in chief. He did me the honor to say: 'There is no other man whom it would be safe to trust in such an exalted role. I wish, as a favor to me, you would see what can be done at the costumer's and let me have a look at you.'

"I did as he wished. The result was an astonishing likeness. I dressed as I had seen the great man in the field. I wore a wig slightly tinged with gray, a blue coat, buff waistcoat and sash and sword and the top boots and spurs. When I strode across the room in the masterly fashion of our great commander, the Doctor clapped his hands."

"You are as like him as one pea is like another," he exclaimed. "Nothing would so please our good friends, the French, who have an immense curiosity regarding Le Grand Vasanton, and it will give me an opportunity to instruct them as to our spirit."

"He went to his desk and took from a drawer a cross of jeweled gold on a long necklace of silver—a gift from the king—and put it over my head so that the cross shone upon my breast."

"That is for the faith of our people," he declared. "The guests will assemble on the grounds of the count late in the afternoon. You will ride among them on a white horse. A beautiful maiden in a white robe held at the waist with a golden girdle will receive you. She will be Human Liberty. You will dismount and kneel and kiss her hand. Then the prime minister of France will give to each a blessing and to you a sword and a purse. You will hold them up and say: 'For these things I promise you the friendship of my people and their prosperity.'"

"You will kiss the sword and hang it beside your own and pass the purse to me and then I shall have something to say."

"So it was all done, but with thrilling details, of which no suspicion had come to me. I had not dreamed, for instance, that the king and queen would be present and that the enthusiasm would be so great. You will be able to judge of my surprise when, riding my white horse through the cheering crowd, throwing flowers in my way, I came suddenly upon Margaret Hare in the white robe of Human Liberty. Now facing me after these years of trial her spirit was equal to her part. She was like unto the angel I had seen in my dreams. The noble look of her face thrilled me. It was not so easy to maintain the calm dignity of Washington in that moment. I wanted to lift her in my arms and hold her there, as you may well believe, but, alas, I was Washington! I dismounted and fell upon one knee before her and kissed her hand not too fervently, I would have you know, in spite of my temptation. She stood erect, although tears were streaming down her cheeks and her dear hand trembled when it rested on my brow and she could only whisper the words: 'May the God of your fathers aid and keep you!'

"The undercurrent of restrained emotion in this little scene went out to that crowd, which represented the wealth, beauty and chivalry of France. I suppose that some of them thought it a bit of good acting."

"But we were to find in this little drama a climax wholly unexpected by either of us and of an importance to our country which I fly in vain to estimate. When the prime minister handed the purse to Franklin he bade him open it. This the latter did, finding therein letters of credit for three million livres granted, of which we were in sore need. With it was the news that a ship would be leaving Boulogne in the morning and that relays on the way had been provided for his messenger. The invention of our beloved diplomat was equal to the demand of the moment and so he announced: 'Washington is like his people. He turns from all the loves of this world to obey the call of duty. My young friend who has so well presented the look and manner of Washington will now show you his spirit.'"

"He looked at his watch and added: 'Within forty minutes he will be riding post to Boulogne, there to take ship for America.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Indians of Amazon Valley

War is the normal state of the Jibaro Indian of the Amazon valley, first, for the purpose of getting wives from neighboring or enemy tribes, second, for revenge of injuries inflicted upon relatives during wars, then for enemy heads that are supposed to bring good luck to the possessors because of the sacrifice of the victim to the devil. The heads of their enemies also become a source of income to these savage Amazonian tribes, since they are exchanged with traders for arms, ammunition, etc.

The skull is removed from the head of the decapitated enemy through a slit in the back from the neck up. The skin is then boiled to arrest putrefaction, after which it is dried and reduced in size by inserting hot stones the size of an orange. When the interior has been shrunk to the size of the stones hot sand is used to continue the process of drying and shrinking. After the process is completed, the head is hung up in the hut as a trophy and feasts are held in its honor. These miniature heads, retaining to a remarkable degree characteristic likeness to the living person, are in demand in the outside world.—Detroit News.

Stern realities of life confront the man at the tall end of the procession.

ESSENTIAL

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE WHO are lazy, we who shirk, I wonder is the trouble this?— That we must scourge ourselves to work

Because the larger view we miss? Why do we labor? Is it just To serve ourselves, and not the age? Are we as common as the dust In which we labor for our wage?

If so, we earn a poor reward, However great our wage may be. 'Tis not for wage men wear the sword, Or plow the land, or fell the tree, Who sees within the tree a hearth, The nourishment within the soil, Who wears a sword to free the earth, He needs no scourge to make him toll.

The world wheels forward like a car, Essential every working cog; Whatever your labor, what you are, Behind a desk, upon a log, You play your necessary part In all the work there is to do; Go forward with uplifted heart, Because the world has need of you.

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Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

ULCER OF THE STOMACH

ULCER of the stomach comes to those who are anemic, who work hard and are poorly nourished, and occasionally to those whose gastric juice is acid and corrosive, or who have some kind of corrosive juice in the stomach from whatever source.

It may be a long time coming on, and may last for years. There are different kinds, in the sense that there are ulcers of different size, of different degrees of discharge and absorption, and of different degrees of poisoning and harmfulness in other ways.

In most cases the ulcer does not eat through or perforate the entire wall of the stomach; for that would almost certainly mean the occurrence in such cases of peritonitis, which usually would quickly have a fatal issue.

An accident which is not unusual with this disease and often is serious or fatal, is hemorrhage; and as it is wont to come on suddenly, without warning, it must always be anticipated and prepared for, when ulcer is known or suspected.

The treatment is principally dietetic, the diet being composed of simple substances which may be easily digested; meat and other foods which are digested in the stomach, with the exception of milk, being excluded.

Medical treatment is also useful in some instances, especially such medicines as may have an astringent and healing tendency, for example bismuth.

If the diagnosis is clearly made out, an operation by a skillful surgeon will result in a cure of the ulcer, but this does not mean that other ulcers may not develop.

There is usually but one ulcer, but others may be in the course of formation and it is quite possible to overlook them in the performance of an operation, if the corrosion has made only slight or moderate progress.

Many cases are cured by medical measures, and it by no means follows that every case which is discovered must be treated surgically.

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Your Last Name

IS IT MAYO?

THIS is one of the many names derived from Matthew. Other forms still found are Mayhew and Maydew. The French form of the same name is Mahieu. The last names May and sometimes Mayson are said to be derived from these forms of Matthew.

In old records the name is spelled in a variety of ways. Mayow and Mayouwe are ways preserved in old records.

In this country the family was founded by a prominent Puritan minister. This was the Rev. John Mayo, who was the first minister of the Second church of Boston, taking that position in 1655. The Rev. Amory Dwight Mayo was also distinguished as an educator.

William Mayo also founded the Virginia family of the name. He was a pioneer surveyor of Virginia and the Barbadoes, who was born in England in 1680 or thereabouts. Robert W. Mayo, born in Powhatan, Va., in 1784, a writer, was a descendant of his.

In England the earls of Mayo are well known among the aristocracy. The family name of these earls, however, is Bourke. There have been many clergymen and religious reformers among the English Mayos. The family is prominent in Herefordshire, from whence William Mayo, who founded the New England branch of the family, probably came. There is also a large family of the name located in Bree in Cornwall.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

CHINA DOG AND JOHNNIE

IT WAS a funny little white china dog with yellow ears and tail and yellow spots on its sides. It stood on the mantel in Grandma's parlor in the farmhouse. Johnnie looked at it with longing eyes but he had been told not to touch anything in that room.

It was a warm day and the old half-cloth sofa was so slippery and cool to sit upon so Johnnie curled up on it and looked at the china dog.

"It wouldn't hurt if I just took it down carefully," he thought with his eyes fastened upon the dog. "I would be very careful not to break it."

And then a queer thing happened. Johnnie found himself running through



Saw Little China Dog Chasing a Rabbit in the Woods.

the woods behind the china dog, which was chasing a rabbit—the very thing Johnnie had thought he would like to do many times with Grandpa's hunting dog.

He was so interested in catching the rabbit that he quite forgot the dog was china and might be broken on the stones. For though it seemed to be quite alive Johnnie saw its smooth coat shining in the sunlight as it had always shone.

Under a stone wall at the edge of the woods the rabbit ran and over the wall went the china dog and,

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The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

QUEEN OF THE MAY

THERE is no survival more pretty and pleasing in its modern aspect or derived from a more gruesome ancestry than that of choosing a May queen, a custom now gradually disappearing but which, not so very long ago, was a popular village ceremony of May day. And until comparatively recent times there used to be chosen, also, a king of the May. Many learned antiquaries have written upon the origin of this custom and have clearly traced it back to the days when there was annually chosen a representative of the spirit of vegetation which representative was afterwards sacrificed for the benefit of the crops. In some of these primitive rites only a man was chosen as the representative of the corn-spirit; in others a man and a woman as representing the male and female forces of generation.

There is not space here to go into the subject of the "aging goat" who was sacrificed at harvest time, a custom closely related to, or a part of, the general primitive conception of the spirit of vegetation in its relation to human affairs. Suffice it that the king and queen of the May were originally offered as human sacrifices after having "strutted their little hour upon the stage," Mr. Britton Austen, in an article on "The Cave Man in Ourselves," published in Collier's some time ago, says: "For long ages after the actual killing of the May king and queen had dropped into disuse there persisted a tradition of ill treatment of the retiring pair—a symbolic execution," and the records of an English parish show that as late as 1547 it was necessary to impose a heavy fine upon any one who should refuse the office of May king or May queen when elected to such positions. Evidently the custom of their "symbolic execution" had not entirely gone out at that date.

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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

MARCELLA

ALMOST popular French name which has gained great vogue in this country is Marcella. It is a name with a distinguished origin and history. It comes from ancient Rome directly, though its earliest origin is found in the Greek word meaning soft or tender, yet by curious twist this word signifies "of Mars," and hence should be regarded as a term denoting strength or an ironlike quality.

In early Rome Marcellus was a name belonging to a noble gens of Sabine origin which gave a king to Rome and later named the high-spirited Marcellus Coriolanus. The daughters of this gens were called Marcia or Marzia, and later from the same origin sprang Martina. The last-mentioned was made famous by one of the young Roman girls who endured martyrdom under the Emperor Decius.

There was a St. Marcellus among the Romans. He figured among the warrior sex of Venice and had a French namesake called Marcel. The feminine counterpart, Marcella, made its first appearance as the name of a pious widow whose friendship with St. Jerome took the fancy of the French. Though they prefer Marcella, the other spelling is used by them, and Marcella is extremely popular in England and Ireland.

The topaz is said to be Marcella's talismanic gem. It will protect her from evil influence and guard her from worry. Sunday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

A MODEL ACRE

GIVE me an acre wild and bleak, That I may call my own, Where I may dwell and daily seek Pure beauty to enthron.

And by my effort fill with grace Each dry, unfruitful, weedy space, And show the world how 'twould appear

If each man tried to fill with cheer The space about him, as though he Were laboring as love's trustee.

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He Was Right

"A bit of bifsteak, please."

"Lissen to him," growled the butcher. "He don't know what he wants."

"He knows what he wants," said the American friend. "This is for a discolored eye. Somebody gave him a bif."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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