

THE AFFAIRS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

"Thrown Down" by Three Young Ladies Before He Was Accepted by the Richest Widow in Virginia.

WE are so accustomed to pictures of George Washington in a rigid attitude, with sternly compressed lips and generally forbidding expression, that we forget he was ever young and a human being of flesh and blood like the rest of us.

Instead of being a cold-blooded prig Washington was magnetic in personality and a great social favorite. He was the finest horseman in Virginia, an exceedingly graceful dancer and a dandy in ruffles, gold lace, velvet and stockings and diamond buckles, who caused a flurry in feminine hearts whenever he appeared.

Young Washington was always falling in love, and after his engagement to Mrs. Custis was announced his mother wrote to a friend: "I have had a great deal of trouble with George, but it is all over now." His first attack of the heart occurred when he was 15 years old, and the object of his affection was Miss Frances Alexander, aged 17, whose father's plantation adjoined Mount Vernon. To her the youthful lover addressed the following sonnet:

From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone,
Rays you have more transparent than the sun.
Amidst its glory in the rising day,
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted mind,
Equal to all, but will to none give kind;
So knowing, seldom one so young, you'll find
And I, who see that I should love and conceal,
Long have I wished but never dared reveal.
Even though severely Love's Pains I feel,
I cross that great way, free from all hindrance,
And not the greatest heroes felt the smart.
Imagine him pining and sighing and grating his teeth in despair, just like any young American lover. In these days it is amusing now, but at that time it was a very serious matter to George Washington! Not much is known of this courtship, and soon after he lost his heart to Miss Frances Alexander, whom he often referred to afterward as his "Lowland Beauty." Here is a letter he wrote to a boy chum in which he speaks of her in the following terms:

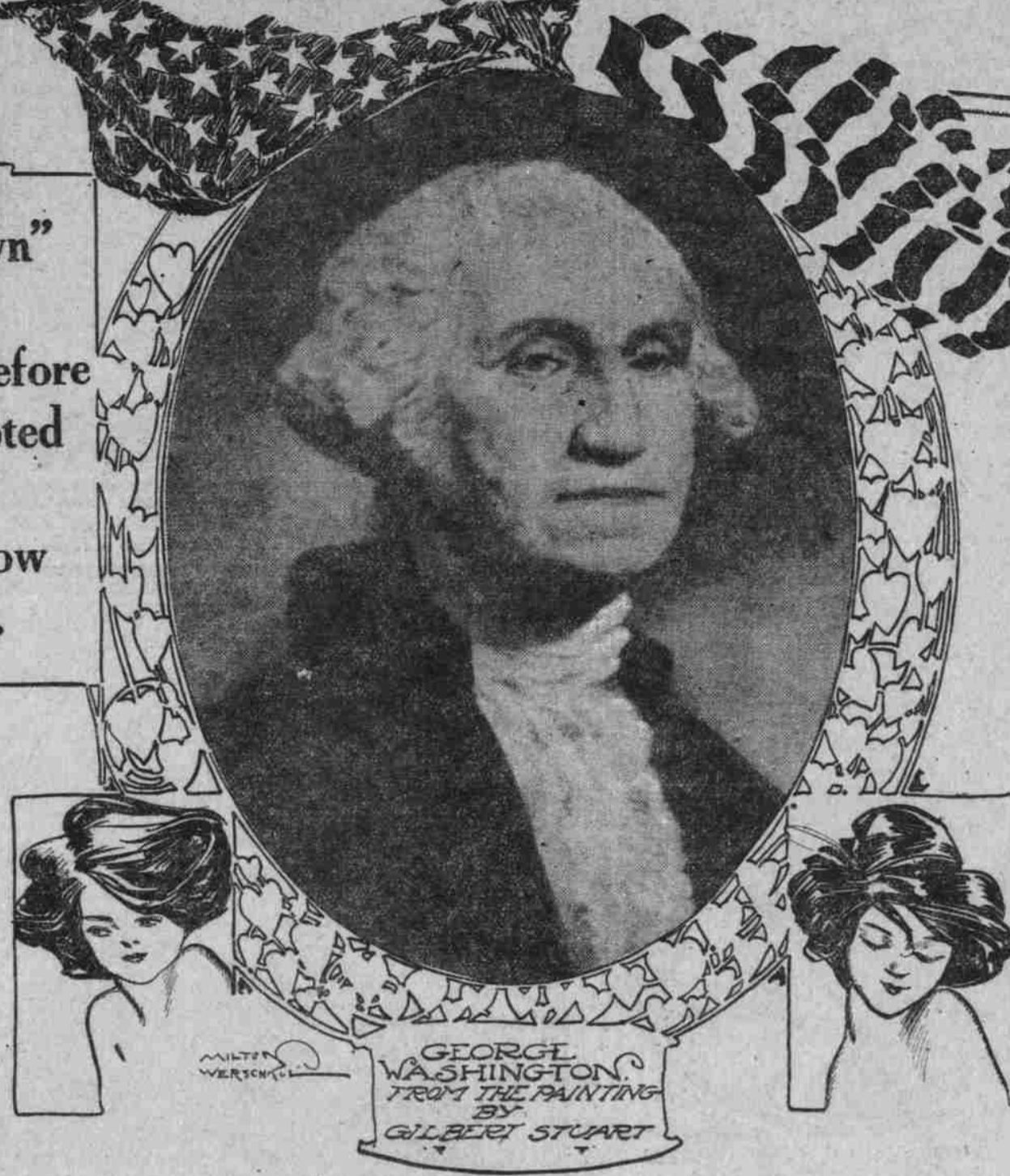
A letter to "Dear Sally," in which he said: "I am almost discouraged from writing to you as this is my fourth to you since I read any from yourself. I hope you'll not make the Old Proverb good out of sight out of Mind as it's one of the greatest pleasures in living in Fairfax in often hearing from you and hope you'll not deny me."

"I pass the time much more agreeable than what I imagined I should as there's a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same house where I reside (Miss Mary Cary) that is a great measure chear my sorrow and dejection tho' not so as to draw my thoughts from your Parts. I could wish to be with you down there with all my heart but as it is a thing almost impracticable, I shall rest myself where I am with hopes of shortly having some minutes of your transactions."

So we find the susceptible George interested in three fair damsels at once: "Sally," the "Lowland Beauty," and Miss Mary Cary, which recalls the story of the man who could never shoot a bird, because just as he had aimed and was ready to shoot at one bird another flew in the way.

One Most Serious Affair.

One of Washington's most serious love affairs was with Miss Mary Cary, and there is no doubt that she was in love with him, but her father prevented the marriage by handing out the Alaskan negative. When Washington asked for her hand the old gentleman dismissed him pompously, saying that his daughter was accustomed to ride in her own carriage. Rather a joke on him as Washington was frequently in his own right and that of his wife, the richest planter in Virginia. However, Washington continued to write to Miss Cary even after Colonel Cary's rejection of his suit. In fact the correspondence kept up until after his engagement to Mrs. Custis and very nearly to the time of his marriage. Miss Cary, it is said, persistently misinterpreted his letters and answered them so warmly that he was much em-



barrassed. Possibly, knowing him so well, she didn't take his engagement seriously. Who knows? Women were the same in those days as now, and no really feminine creature likes to see a good man get entirely away from her! In a letter to Miss Cary, written three months before his marriage, he gives her this gentle admonition: "You ask if I am not tired of the length of your letter: No, madam, I am not, nor never can be while the Lines are an inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the Paper."

Miss Cary afterwards married a young swell, Edward Ambler, who died young, and his pretty widow was often a guest at Mount Vernon after Washington's marriage. The Cary romance extended over several years, but in the meantime there were others. It is consoling to know that Washington was human enough to occasionally do something unbecomingly, and the thing he fell down on hardest was writing poetry. The following was composed when he was a Major

and about 20 years old. It was addressed to Miss Betsey Framthorpe: "Oh, ye Gods why should my Poor Resistant Stand to oppose thy might and Power, At last surrender to Cupid's feathered Dart. And now I lay bleeding every Hour For her that's Phylis of my grief and woes. And will not on me my take. I've sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes And with Blasphemy never wish to wake. In deluding sleepings let my eyelids close That in an unwarped Dream I may see the end of the Paper, and gentle repose Possess those joys denied by Day. There is a letter on record in which Washington asked Mr. Baumgardner's permission to make a proposal of marriage to his daughter "in the hope of a revocation of a former cruel sentence." But the father's reply was unfavorable. As usual, and Miss Betsey afterwards married Thomas Adams, of Williamsburg. It is a tradition of that town that after her rejected suitor became famous and visited Williamsburg as the guest of the

people she watched the triumphant pageant from the window and when the great hero saw her he waved his sword and saluted her, whereupon the lady fainted away.

On another occasion he fell in love with Miss Mary Phillipse, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Englishman who lived in a superb mansion on the Hudson near West Point. Washington promptly proposed, but was told that somebody else's coquette was already engaged to be married. Washington said afterward that he thought things might have resulted differently if he had waited "till the lady was in the mood." There was a tragic ending to this romance years after, when the haughty creature who had spurned the hand of the commander of the American forces was arrested as an English spy. She was thrown into prison and all her property was confiscated. Washington was too wise to turn into a woman hater merely because he had been thrown down three times

in succession. He knew there were plenty of pretty fish in the aquarium and that it would be only a matter of time when he'd make a good catch. That time came just two years after he was fitted by Miss Phillipse, and it happened in this way: Colonel Washington was on his way to Williamsburg on official business, and while crossing Williams Ferry was accosted by a hospitable old gentleman, who asked him to rest a while at his home in the neighborhood. The colonel answered that his pressing business would not permit the time. But, as an inducement, the old gentleman mentioned that among the guests at his house was the handsomest young widow in all Virginia! That changed matters. The young colonel smiled, hesitated, and then—well, then he decided that he had more time than he had supposed.

Upon reaching the house he was introduced to the fascinating widow, Mrs. Martha Parke Custis, and she can imagine the coy glances of this outgoing young creature, for it was a case of love at first sight. And instead of getting away in a few hours as he had intended, the old Bishop, the colonel's servant, held his horse in readiness for hours and hours. But his master didn't come. In fact his delightful host had little difficulty in persuading him to stay until the next day.

Washington had just returned from a brilliant campaign, was gallant, young and handsome, and the clever widow didn't lose any time bringing down her game! A few days later Colonel Washington visited Mrs. Custis at her own beautiful home and this time he offered his heart and sword with success. It is quite evident that a propitious reception awaited him, for on the way to the house he asked a slave if Mrs. Custis was at home, and he said, "Yes, sah, I reckon you're the gentleman whut's expected." They did not meet again till their marriage six months later. The engagement was so sudden that Mrs. Custis felt a bit shy in announcing it, but she said to a friend: "My dear, the old man, my estate is getting in a bad way and I need a man to look after it."

Wealthiest Woman in Virginia. At that time Martha Custis was 27 years old—just three months younger than her fiance. She was short, had eyes that mapped, her manner was very gay, and she was thought by some to be the most beautiful woman in America. She was the wealthiest woman in the Old Dominion and the mother of four children, two of whom were living. The marriage took place at the home of the bride in January, 1759. The exact date is uncertain, but they must have been an interesting couple, for the great height of the groom, a rosy-cheeked young athlete, said to have been the strongest man in the army, was in striking contrast to the petite

figure of the bride. Colonel Washington was 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighed about 200 pounds, and though his figure was always commanding, he was little, agile and graceful in every move. He walked with wonderfully swift, elastic step, and stood straight as an arrow. His features were animated, not stolid, and his penetrating blue eyes glowed with fire when he was talking in an interested conversation. All who knew him say that he was full of repressed passion. In fact there was nothing whatever slow about George Washington, and the only reason he has such a reputation for goodness raised to the power of stupidity is because of that cherry tree story.

The Fashionable Life. The fashionable life of the Washingtons may be imagined from the following list sent to London in which the General ordered clothes for himself, Mrs. Washington and his two step-children, to whom he was devoted:

For General Washington: "A superfine velvet suit with garters for the breeches, pumps, riding gloves, worked ruffles, 20 shillings a pair; housings of fine cloth edged with embroidery, plain clothes with gold or silver buttons."

For Mrs. Washington: "A salmon-colored tulle velvet with satin flowers, ruffles of Brussels lace, or point, to cost £20; fine silk hose, white and black satin shoes, six pairs of mitts, six pairs of best kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable pocket handkerchiefs, a puckered petticoat, six pounds of perfumed powder, handsome breast, flowers (bouquets de corsage) and some sugar candy."

For Master Custis, aged 14, and his liveried servant, aged 14, there were long orders, and for Miss Custis, aged 8, "a coat of fashionable silk, with bib apron, ruffles and lace trinkets; four fashionable dresses of long lawn, fine cambric frocks, a satin hat and necktie, satin shoes and white kid gloves, silver shoe buckles, silver buttons, silver pins, a fashionable dressed doll to cost a guinea, gingerbread toys, sugar images, a Bible and prayer-book and one very good spinnet."

Washington was fond of sitting with his guests after dinner, a glass of Madeira wine at his side. It was his habit to drink the health of every person present and then give his favorite toast: "All our friends."

During the 40 years of his married life he wore suspended from his neck by a gold chain the miniature portrait of his wife. The life of this handsome young couple at their Mount Vernon home was so good that the rumor is rapidly spread, and the unsatisfied yearning of the children of his own was frequently expressed in his diary and in letters to his friends. Positively looks with awe upon the man who was "rather of the miniature portrait of his own himself would have got much more satisfaction out of one little pair of chubby arms around his neck made of his own flesh and blood."

Making Americans. In certain sections of Chicago length of citizenship is computed in a peculiar way. A teacher in a down-town school reports one original method of settling whether or not a man of foreign birth has become a good American.

"How long has your father been in this country?" the child asked a small pupil. "Oh, a long while," was the reply. "But how many years?" persisted the teacher, who wished to get hold of a few facts.

"I don't know anything about the years," the child replied, "but father is a real American. He has inquired off his head."

Later the teacher made inquiry and found that in that particular neighborhood not even a set of naturalization papers is considered so indubitable a sign of Americanism as the fact that a man has taken to patronizing the barber.

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON SUFFRAGETTES

"SEEN a mighty funny thing a bit ago, comin' through Madison Square," said a House Detective of the Hotel St. Reckless.

"What was it?" asked the Hotel Clerk. "A breadline of recent millionaires, or a society baby attended by its own mother, or a lady with a collection of dead songbirds on her hat driving behind a dock-failed horse to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to complain because somebody has been feeding a canary German verba to make it sing Wagner?"

"It was a lady, all right," said the House Detective. "Leastwise, she wuz mainly dressed like a lady. A square-jawed lady she wuz, with one of these here faces that look like as if it wuz set with a time clock to go off at a o'clock. She wuz standin' on a box talkin' to an audience composed of three other ladies similar to herself, a messenger boy with a package marked 'Fush,' and a couple of them literary gents that reside on park benches and read cast-off newspapers for a livin'."

"She wuz carryin' on, very excited about the wrongs of some down-trod sex or other, when a cop came along. She opened right out and dared him to arrest her and stand in a gibbet or a dungeon, but all he done wuz to suggest that maybe he'd better get her a dipper of water from the fountain, 'sides as how she seemed to be gettin' kinder hoarse and het-up. But she wouldn't have it, and so I come away. I wonder what ailed her?"

"She must have been one of the Suffragettes," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Yes, I know that, jest from lookin' at her," said the House Detective, "but not particular trouble I think she wuz sufferin' from." Whatever it wuz, it wuz sure serious.



"DARED HIM TO PUT HER IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON."

"You misunderstand me, Larry," expounded the Hotel Clerk. "Suffragettes is a complete disease, although it has alarming and distressing symptoms and many of the patients never recover. It rarely attacks one of the nice, copy little single-glitch that got a good figure, and plenty of her own hair, and a regular beau to bring her flowers and theater-tickets. Most of them victims I've heard about are strong-minded ladies with features to match that have been disappointed through getting the wrong kind of a husband or not getting any at all. You know the variety of lady I mean, Larry? She has double soles on her spectacles and her walking shoes, and she wears a man's standing collar that don't fit her and a blacket that's suffering from the hair-rip and a shirtwaist that don't make the proper connection with her skirt, so that the casual observer is moved by pity and feels like taking off his suspenders and offering 'em to her, and a dress that sags down behind and frags on the earth like a kangaroo getting ready to jump. In short, Larry, a Suffragette is a female who wants the right to vote and must have it between now and 5 o'clock this afternoon. Tomorrow mornin' before breakfast won't do. It's got to be done right away or there'll be

remarks, and somebody'll go to the hospital sufferin' from nervous prostration of the ear-drums."

"Oh, now I know what you're drivin' at," said the House Detective. "Why didn't you say so? They used to call 'em Equal Righters, because they believed in equal rights for themselves and none at all for the men. But since wuzn't did they start in to makin' speeches in the parks and darin' policemen to arrest 'em?"

"It's a pleasing custom that comes over to us from England, where the new outdoor sport of Suffragetting originated," said the Hotel Clerk. "Over there the movement has created great excitement and much feeling. Suffragette ladies have been invading Parliament and getting themselves locked up and chaining themselves to railings outside of government buildings and forcing the police to tie 'em loose, although why anybody should want to lose an English Suffragette that was properly chained up, is more than I can understand. Members of the House of Lords has been especially

harassed. You take a noble peer with a mind like a fruit cake, that's spent many calm and happy years of his life sleeping on a bench in the House of Lords with his high hat on, and it licks him to be suddenly waked up by an impassioned lady with the gift of conversation and a grievance who's standing on his toes and shaking a damp umbrella in his face.

"The King himself is said to be much disturbed over the situation. It isn't often that the King allows himself to be disturbed. The only affair of size which interests him every day in the week is the menu for dinner. His duties largely consist in being photographed for the English Illustrated and in laying corner-stones. When it comes to laying corner-stones, I regard King Edward as the prize-winning Brown Wyandotte of the world of architecture. Otherwise he leads a quiet and sedentary life, and so naturally it worries His Majesty to be called away from the camera or the corner-stone, as the case may be, to help the First Lord in Waiting shoe an impassioned

delegation of vociferating Suffragettes off the front stoop of Buckingham Palace.

"It's like this, Larry. In England, the Suffragettes are unhappy because the authorities will look 'em up and over here they are distressed because the authorities won't look 'em up. When a lady of mature years has a yearning to inhabit a gloomy prison cell with leg-irons on, and be a martyr in defense of her principles, and when she can't find anybody that'll help her along in her laudable ambition, she's exceedingly apt to become peevish. A martyr that's getting the hoarse howl from the ribald populace has great trouble looking like a real genuine smoking-hot martyr right off the griddle of persecution. There's danger of merely looking foolish."

"Wot business has a woman got

measin' with politics, anyway?" asked the House Detective. "Politics is a grown man's game."

"That's the opinion held by many other gentlemen who object to giving women one or more votes apiece," said the Hotel Clerk. "The thought of conferring the franchise upon a woman is deeply abhorrent to the conditions of a lot of men who either go out of town on election day or else decline to vote because they'll be thrown in contact with a number of socially-impossible persons, if they enter the barber shop or the undertaker's parlor where the bulwark of our liberties has set up its large and penates for the time being. They feel that a woman could never master the intricacies of the modern ballot because it's a blame slight more than they can master themselves."

"That's one reason, Larry, why the Tammany ticket always polls such unexpected strength in the districts where the reformers live. Eustace von Tiltzngnose, upon being shoved into a small, ill-smelling canvas booth by a Sheriff of Election who is temporarily

detached from the Street-Cleaning Department, becomes confused on unfolding something that looks like a Japanese bedsheet. In a moment of aberration he imprints his mark under the emblem of the Justly hated machine and then he hurries to the club and drinks eight or nine cocktails before he feels like himself or anyone else. He's against Woman Suffrage, and I don't blame him. What he needs is an election law that will admit of his sending his butler to vote for him."

"Wot do you suppose would happen if women wuz to get the right to vote?" asked the House Detective.

"They'd elect Fairbanks President," said the Hotel Clerk. He has such a rogusly way of combing the back hair forward over his bald spot."

How Marbles Are Made. Philadelphia Record.

Most of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way

that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the refuse stone into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a marvelous dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill, and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles is taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle.

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