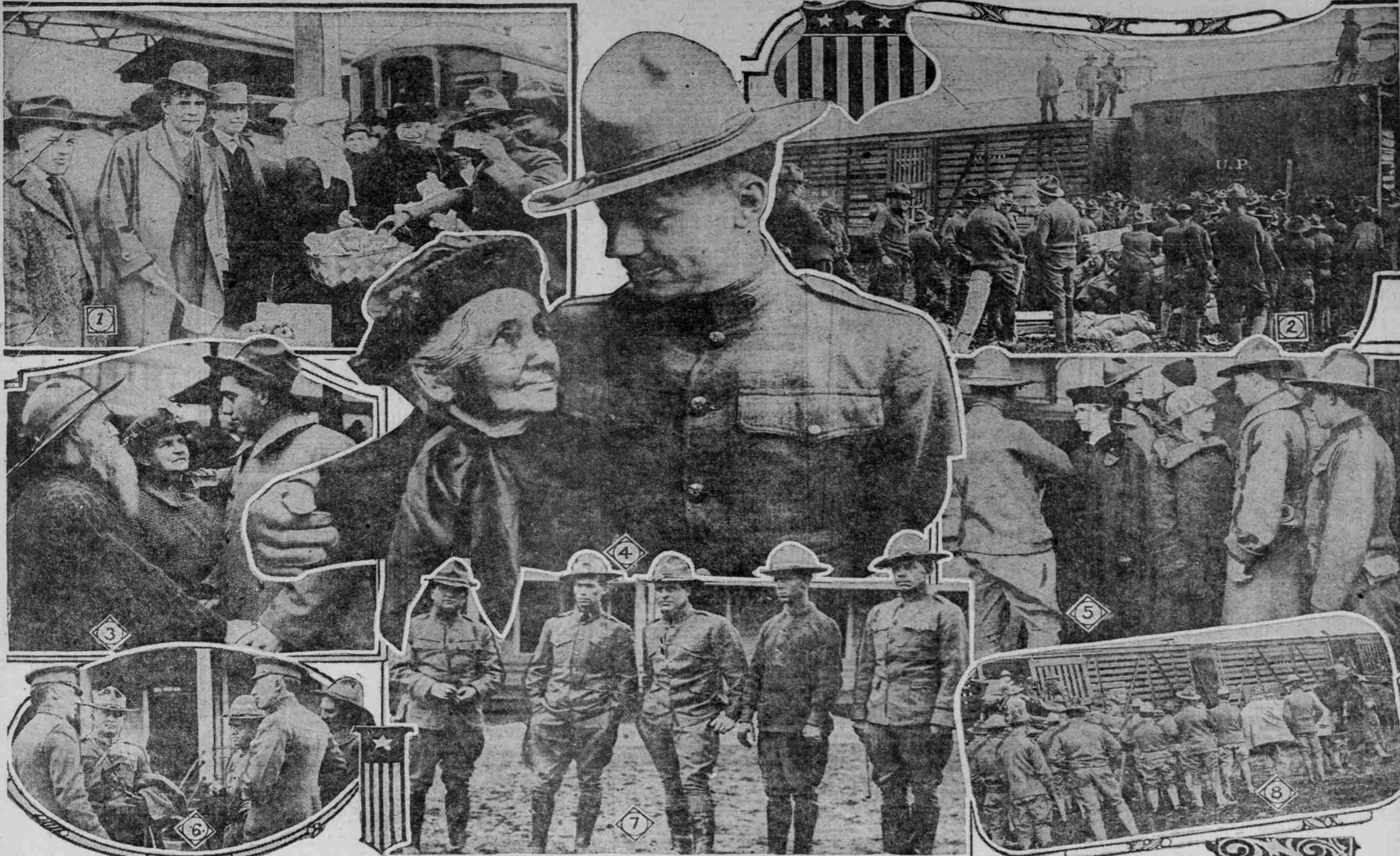


OREGON'S TROOPS ARE HOME AGAIN FROM MEXICAN BORDER

Scenes That Accompanied Arrival of Troop A and Battery A, Last Wednesday, After Eight Months of Duty in the Service of Uncle Sam at Calexico.



1—Committee of Welcome Serving Breakfast to Troops at Union Depot. 2—Soldiers Unloading Baggage and Equipment at Vancouver Barracks. 3—Father Greets his son, Just Back From Soldiering. 4—Mother's Eyes Beam With Just Pride as She Welcomes Her Boy. 5—Group of Troopers Chatting With Friends at Union Depot. 6—Officers of Washington Troops: Left to Right, Captain Harriell W. Palmer, Lieutenant M. C. Cramer, Captain Jess A. Jackson, Major H. L. Moss and Captain H. D. Coburn. The Last Named Will Command the Muster of Oregon and Washington Troops. 7—Officers of Battery A, Strapped Upon Arrival at Vancouver Barracks; Left to Right, Captain C. W. Helme, First Lieutenant Bert V. Clayton, Second Lieutenant G. W. Stevens, First Lieutenant C. L. Johnson and Second Lieutenant J. B. Hayes. 8—Troops Unloading Artillery Horses and Cavalry Mounts at Vancouver Barracks.

For the Young People

BARBARA'S COMPOSITION ON WASHINGTON

"POOR Barbara! What a time she was having! Why, she'd 'worked herself up into an awful stew,' as Aunt Clarinda described it, and all because she had a composition to write for the next day at school.

Now Barbara found arithmetic a very easy and really delightful study; and she liked all her other lessons, too, except composition. Somehow she just couldn't seem to write a composition. She would select a nice subject which looked 'easy,' but, alas, when she got right down to writing it she couldn't think of a thing to say, so she would sit and chew her pencil and think and think and think.

And on this particular evening she seemed to find her task especially hard. The subject given out by the teacher was something about 'George Washington, the Father of His Country.' Now, strange to relate, Barbara at first had thought that would be easy, for she felt she knew just heaps and heaps of things to write about George Washington. But she actually had her pencil in hand and the paper before her and she couldn't think of a thing to say.

To be sure, she knew that he was 'the Father of His Country,' and that he had chopped down a cherry tree because he would not tell a lie. So she wrote these two facts, and then began chewing her pencil again.

But she simply could not think of anything else to write. Presently, however, her eyes brightened and she smiled—she remembered that she had heard something about George Washington crossing the Delaware River with his army in small boats in spite of the cold and the large cakes of ice floating down stream.

So Barbara added to her composition, 'George Washington crossed the Delaware River. It was a cold night and the water was like ice because it had ice in it. But George Washington and his brave soldiers pushed the ice out of the way of their boats and sailed right across. They were almost frozen when they landed. But the British did not follow them because it was night and they were afraid of the little baby icebergs in the river. Also—'

'How are you getting on with your composition, Barbara?' asked her sister Alice just then. Now Alice felt herself quite grown up, though she was not at all because she was only 12 years old. But, you see, that was years older than Barbara; so Alice could afford to not toward her little sister in quite superior fashion. 'Let me read it,' she asked, picking up the composition.

Presently she began to laugh: 'Why Barbara,' she said, placing the composition back upon the table and pointing to it just as Teacher would often do in school when one of the pupils had made

SAMUEL WHEELER WAS IMPORTANT MAN

be surprised—and maybe teacher will be, too. Come, now, let's get busy."

So Barbara wrote her composition on this subject; and the rest of the pupils were surprised indeed. But teacher was not, for she seemed to know all about it and she explained it to all the children. Also, she gave Barbara a very high mark on her composition because it was on something about George Washington which none of the other children knew.

Be a Hero Now.

"IT WAS easy to be a hero in Washington's time," said one schoolboy to another after the teacher had dwelt on the bravery and fortitude of "The Father of His Country." "For he lived in troublous times, when heroes were needed, and any man with pluck and brains could have made a name for himself."

This boy had a wrong idea of the term "hero," nor did he appreciate the needs of our own times, or of any period of history.

To be a hero a boy need not go forth and fight an enemy, nor battle with a nation. No, there are as great heroes needed at home as ever Washington was on the battlefield, and there is as much need for heroic work in one's own city as Washington did for our United States.

Girls sometimes sigh for the opportunities of a Molly Pitcher, or a Florence Nightingale. Look about you, girls, and see what can be done in your little home circle. Your names may not live in history as did the names of these women, but you will be able to fight for the right and truth as did Molly Pitcher, and you will surely find ways of relieving the sick and distressed, as did the beloved Florence Nightingale.

Do you, boys and girls, not think that the mothers and sisters that buckle on the swords of their dear ones and wave them a cheerful goodbye as they go forth to battle are as heroic as those that do the fighting?

The world requires all kinds of men and women to fulfill the various duties of life, and whether your lot be cast with the General Washingtons or the Mrs. Washingtons, you can make your lives heroic, and you can be real heroes if you but do your full duty to the best of your understanding, and if you make the most of your opportunities.

It is well that our country has such a model as George Washington, and every child should study his noble life from boyhood up and try to shape his own accordingly. Every ennobling virtue was ascribed to him, and he had the undying love of old and young.

In Lapland men and women dress exactly alike—in tunics, leather breeches, wrinkled stockings and pointed shoes.

Washington's Birthplace.

OF course, nearly everyone knows that George Washington was born at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia; but the average person knows little of that place in the time of Washington. To begin with, the origin of the name Wakefield is obscure; and George Washington did not know his old home place by that name. He knew it simply as "Popes Creek" or "the farm on Popes Creek."

A nephew of Washington, it is supposed, named the place Wakefield at a much later date than when the Father of His Country lived there. This famous birthplace and thousands of acres of old Washington lands are still owned by collateral descendants.

All that now serves to mark this historic spot is a granite shaft erected some years ago by the United States Government. The house in which Washington was born was burned many years ago; but exactly when and how is not known. In writing of the house, Washington Irving says in his "Life of Washington":

"It was one of the primitive farm houses of Virginia. The roof was steep and sloped down in low projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed fig trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower grown wild serves to mark where a garden had been. A stone marks the site of the house, and an inscription denotes its being the birthplace of Washington. This stone was placed there by George Washington Parke Custis."

This was done in 1813, and the stone was a big boulder of Potomac blue stone, probably quarried just above Washington, D. C. It was carried down the Potomac River by a schooner and placed in position on the site of the old Washington homestead, which was

Why are all things I'd like to know? Why can't the grown-ups answer me? I wonder how this all can be?

Our Puzzle Corner

- I am composed of seven letters.
 1. My 5, 6, 2, 3 is a great warmth.
 2. My 4, 2, 7 is an animal.
 3. My 6, 1 is a questioning word.
 My whole is something which is closely associated with George Washington.
- JUMBLED BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.**
1. Nreubuk ihhl.
 2. Enotrat.
 3. Cnlprenot.
 4. Nctnlbnogn.
 5. Dawerlybnbn ekree.
 6. Oyontrwtk.
- Answers.**
- Numerical puzzle—Hatchet. 1, heat; 2, cat; 3, eh.
 Jumbled battles—1, Bunker Hill; 2, Trenton; 3, Princeton; 4, Bennington; 5, Brandywine Creek; 6, Yorktown.
 A toy exhibition in France has attracted much artistic discussion.

WASHINGTON PUZZLE.



Why do the white clouds in the sky balling and piling up so high? What makes the blue up there so deep? It almost puts my eyes to sleep. Why does the hot sun melt the snow? What makes the trains and autos go? Where does the sun go out of sight? What makes the white moon shine at night? What makes the darkness seem so deep? When in my little bed I creep? What makes the morning come so quick? What makes me well, when I am sick? Why do the trees and flowers grow?

As a boy George Washington was a surveyor and used to wear the buckskin garb of the Indians and go on long expeditions through the wilds of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where no white man had ever been before. On these expeditions he encountered many savages. See if you can find an Indian chief by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.