

KITCHENER DIRECTS AND FRENCH EXECUTES ENGLISH STRATEGY

WAR OFFICE AUTOCRACY RULES WITH IRON HAND

Kitchener Cares Not a Bit What His Countrymen Think of Him; His One Idea Is Efficiency in Military Operations Under His Control.

HIS WORD IS LAW AND EVERYONE IS AWARE OF IT

By Herbert Corey.
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ONE of the members of the British cabinet was in conversation with a friend not long ago. The friend said the cabinet should take a certain course of action in a matter then on the hooks.

"I agree with you," said the cabinet member.

"How do the other members of the cabinet feel?"

"They agree with you, too," said the cabinet member. "All except Lord Kitchener."

"Then," said the other fellow, "why don't you do it?"

The cabinet member heaved a sigh.

"I assure you," said he, "that we have very little influence with Kitchener."

That may seem to be an exaggerated statement of conditions in the British cabinet. But it is an absolutely truthful one. Kitchener is the cabinet with certain limitations, he is the house of lords, and the house of commons, and the royal family. He is easily the most powerful man in England today—no exception whatever being noted to that statement. This is the explanation.

The leaders of every party in England recognized that this war threatened the very life of the empire. Britannia is fighting with her back against the wall. They did the very sensible and very extraordinary thing of selecting the biggest man they had in stock to handle the war for England. Then they did the equally sensible and positively revolutionary thing of letting him handle it. No veto power can override his will. There is a monarch in England—and that monarch is toying the line with the rest. Kitchener is supreme. He has been on the job all the time.

He Scorned a Prince.
Prince Albert wanted to go to war. Albert is a slender, delicate, blond little chap. If he were not a prince one would say that he is positively beautiful. If it were not tragic, it would be ridiculous to see this boy trudge along by his towering grenadier guards. If he were not a prince, one would describe him as "nice."

One stretch of the imagination could no credit him with value in the field. King George and Queen Mary opposed his ambition. Finally they yielded.

"You may go," said they.

Then Albert needed Kitchener's consent. He called twice at Whitehall to see that gentleman. The second time he was met by a dignified giant of a man, wide shouldered, thin flanked, brick red—bent his cold, heavy eyes upon the princeling. Albert stayed his horse.

"You can't go," said Kitchener.

That settled it for the time. Later on he changed his mind. The English troops were getting a frightfully bigged about in France. They were standing up to their medicine gamely, but that medicine was bitter. They needed a bit of encouragement. So Kitchener suggested that they disregard psychology in favor of force, sent the Prince of Wales to France. Those who were on the battle line say a moral effect was produced that was tremendous. There are no more loyal people than the English. These starved, freezing, bloody, vermin ridden Tommies in the trenches cheered their gallant heads off when they heard that a little boy—a slender, earnest, ambitious boy—had reached headquarters. He was their prince.

When the war began Kitchener was out of military employment. He had rowed with the war office all his life. He is an efficient, unpleasant, cold blooded administrator. His mind is completely filled with delightful gentlemen.

Because he knew he had no chance to get the right sort of a job at soldiering he had accepted the one important civilian appointment he had. He had named his staff, and the staff had been ordered to meet him at Dover. Then Kitchener went to the country—the war trouble developed—his staff was recalled by Whitehall—and Kitchener reached his steamer alone.

"Where is my staff?" he asked.

"The telegram sent him by the government had for some reason miscarried," Kitchener had just begun to frown when another telegram reached him. He was actually in his stateroom.

"Return to London at once," was the order, "to accept the post of secretary of war."

Even those who do not like Kitchener, and there is a surprising number of such persons, admit that he knows just what to do. He went to a telephone. He chased every one out of the building in which the telephone was located. He stood there about 10 to see that no one approached. He had no right to command the police to do that sort of thing. He was sticking to his guns, and they obeyed. The cabinet has told all that is known about the talk.

"I will accept only on two conditions," said he. "My will must be supreme. You may not even question it. And I will serve only for three years."

Those terms were accepted. If the government felt like refusing them—which isn't likely—their hand was forced. There was no other man in England to do what Kitchener would be called on to do. He had to build an army and clean out a war crime simultaneously. He has done both. As fast as one man can cut the red tape that tied the war office he has cut it. He has been on the job all the time.

Sleeps With His Job.
"Where is my bedchamber?" Kitchener asked when he walked into his suite of offices at Whitehall. The question was asked in a way that would remember that there ever had been a bedchamber there. The logical deduction was that there never could be.

"There is no bedchamber," they told him.

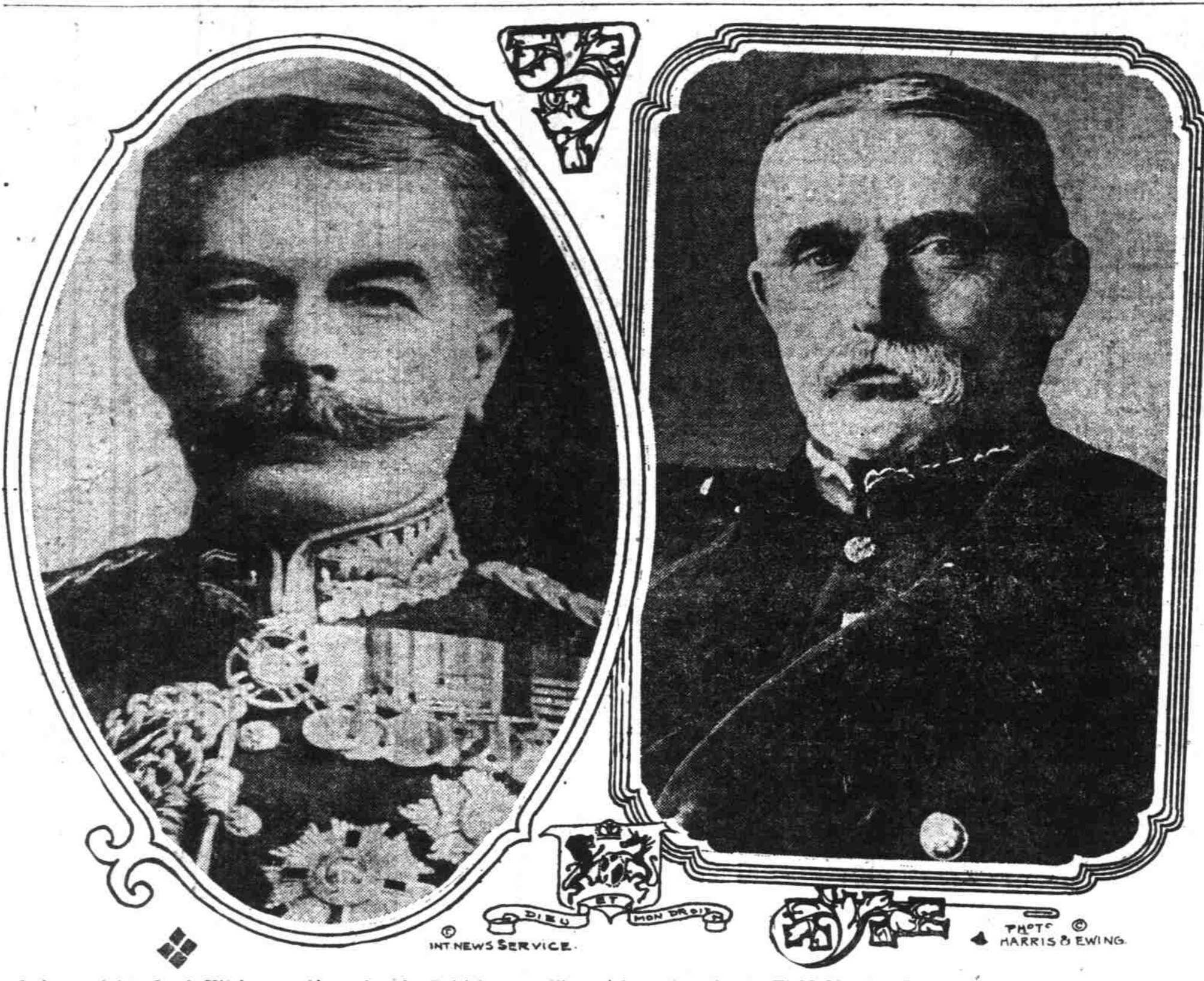
"There will be," said he, "by 6 o'clock tonight. See to it."

It was seen to. He has a distressing way of getting down to brass tacks in doing business. There is a parliamentary inquiry into certain failures to feed and clothe the new recruits—for while parliament is busy the army is starved. It was shown that requisitions for necessary supplies were shuffled through a dozen hands before they were filled.

It was a case of the delay or the cause. He is not omniscient. He got reports by telephone of the revelations. Before the clamor got into his ears, Kitchener had sent a telegram to every officer in command at a recruiting station.

"This is what applies you need and send me the bill," was the purport of this telegram. "Never mind previous orders about the stuff. I'll get you if you don't."

There was one promising little scandal that went by-right away. It was a case of a young man, his use of government money—in one of his Soudan campaigns he offered to do for 500,000 pounds what another soldier had done for the cost of 3,000,000 pounds, and then he turned back a good deal of the money—but just now he is not counting the cost. He is a busy man. He has a lot of work to do. His subordinates are told to buy cheap when they can spare time—but that hours are worth any price—his engineers were trying to throw a



Left to right—Lord Kitchener, who rules the British war office with an iron hand; Field Marshal Sir John French, who is in command of the British forces on the continent.

bridge across a river, under heavy fire.

"You are slow," said Kitchener. The engineer in command said that was true. But he was protecting his men. He could save an hour's time by another method, but it might cost 50 lives.

"Save the hour," said Kitchener, turning away. "We can spare men better than we can spare time."

It recalls a more recent story. A manufacturer of khaki, called at the war office to ask for a commission. In time he was ushered into Kitchener's office. He remained standing by the door.

"Any military experience?" asked Kitchener.

The manufacturer said he had been an officer of Territorials, and this and that.

"What's your business?" asked Kitchener.

The manufacturer said he made khaki.

"Have you any government contracts?" asked Kitchener.

The manufacturer swelled with modest pride. He said he had several contracts good contracts—which would keep his mills busy for months. Kitchener's head dropped down again over the figures he was studying. He did not speak. He just jerked his thumb at the door. The officer in attendance took the manufacturer out. That sort of man is more valuable at home just now than in the field.

Kitchener's estimate when the war began was that it would last three years. A recent incident seems to show that he has not changed his mind. A manufacturer of certain goods was

asked if he could not largely increase his output.

"Not without doubling the capacity of my plant," said he. "I cannot afford to do that unless I am assured of at least three years' business."

"Go ahead and double," said Kitchener. "You'll get the business."

His past history is an open book. His quarrels with slack and inefficient administrators at home and abroad are known. That his achievement in raising a new army at home and in feeding the old army in the field is of the highest order is admitted. Where Kitchener has incurred the most bitter criticism is in his management of the press. He is an absolute autocrat. He has made a joke out of this freedom of the press of which Anglo-Saxons have boasted—with this exception.

Control of the Press.
Kitchener hasn't cared what editors have said about him. But they must not print taboos. The English papers especially the Harnsworth group in London—have attacked the military censorship with great bitterness. Nothing has been said on the American side of half the edge and weight of venom that is being said almost daily in England. Kitchener doesn't care. He is oblivious to public opinion. Here's a story that proves it:

It was charged against him in South Africa that he had ordered his troops to ride into the tall grass and bring out the wounded natives on their lances. That was almost inhuman, of course. A great rowdy-dow was raised about it. The papers shrieked over it. There was a parliamentary inquiry. Kitchener didn't say a word. He didn't

deny or explain. Finally some one got to him and demanded that he speak.

"Damn them," said Kitchener, slowly. His red face turned redder. His angry eyes turned slowly upon the questioner, under his heavy brows.

"Damn them. They hamstring my horses."

That was all. When his men rode into the grass natives who had been wounded or pretended to be wounded laid in wait. As a horse passed they hamstring it. Then they chopped the rider. That order of his was as much forced by military necessity as was the burning of Louvain. He did not apologize for it. He didn't care shucks what anyone thought of it. The clamor died out when the English people—an essentially practical race—learned the truth.

So Kitchener has muzzled the press in this war. He has ruthlessly suppressed information which might be a weapon in the hands of the enemy or make trouble at home. He would not let the story of the sinking of the Audacious be told. He has not let the English public know that Japan intervened at Great Britain's request, or that China has protested against the violation of her neutrality by both English and Japanese troops. A long list of like actions by the censor might be cited. It is important to get at Kitchener's viewpoint.

He will not permit the publication of anything which he, as a soldier, thinks may add to the difficulty of his task. He is the sole judge. Where a doubt arises, he rules against the newspapers—and lets 'em rave.

But they can say anything they choose about him.

SIR JOHN FRENCH

SOME years ago elaborate maneuvers were held at Aldershot in England. The regular war correspondent of a London paper was invalidated at the time. A greenhorn was sent down to cover the review.

"I was in despair," he said later. "I knew nothing of military affairs, but it was essential that I succeed with that assignment."

By some chance he fell in with a square, dumpy, red faced old gentleman. The old gentleman didn't look like a soldier. He wore no uniform. He didn't even carry a stick. He was leaning against a fence when the despairing correspondent encountered him.

"What," asked that individual, piteously, "are they doing now?"

The old gentleman discovered the youngster's plight. Then he said he thought he could help him.

"I know more or less about this sort of thing," said he, modestly. "Beatty technical, you know. Perhaps you'd best take rather careful notes."

So the boy took careful notes, and the old gentleman told him all about the maneuvers and what the meat, and what each commanding officer had been trying to do, and why he failed or succeeded, as the case might be. That report made a war correspondent out of a previously harmless reporter. He's over in France now, dodging arks and bullets. When he gets home he will diffidently express his thanks.

ON CONTINENT FRENCH IN CHARGE OF ARMIES

His Reputation as Europe's Foremost Cavalry Leader Won by Hard Work; Achievements in South Africa Evidence of His Military Efficiency.

LIKE HIS CHIEF HE HAS NO USE FOR PRECEDENT

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"Oh, French," said the other carelessly—"Sir John French."

Now a Field Marshal.
French is now the field marshal in command of the English forces in France. He conducted a strenuous campaign which has been called by critics one of the finest feats of arms in the history of British wars. Nothing short of that was expected of French by those who were even slightly familiar with his history. He has been named as the foremost cavalry leader in Europe.

He was the only British general whose reputation was enhanced by the war in South Africa. And yet he had just escaped retirement because he was too efficient.

The British war office was so dry in those days that it rattled. Those high in authority had made routine their god. French was continually studying. Though by no means a bookworm, he is familiar with the history of every important campaign. There is no atom of forward in his mind that he has not mastered. Lord Roberts once said of him:

"I inspected his regiment once—French then being a major. As he came across the parade ground I asked his colonel:

"Of what value?"

"Forever reading military books," was the reply.

After service in the Sudan and elsewhere French was given command of the 1st Cavalry Division, the Hussars, in 1898, and was stationed at Aldershot. He had the chance to try out some new moves on the military chessboard. When the onset of 1899 came he put them in operation. The old timers said that he was too reckless. It was perfectly true that he was uniformly successful. He was a practical man. He would be cut to pieces in war. He would have been recommended for retirement, save for Sir Redvers Buller.

"Give me another chance," said Buller. "There's good stuff in him."

Then the South African war came, and Buller insisted that French be given his chance on the veldt. The other officials of the war office protested. They pointed out that every move made by French was a departure from sacred and time honored precedent. Buller said that possibly something of the sort might be needed in Africa. He said he didn't believe the Boers knew enough about precedent to care if French did err once in a while.

And He Did Win.
"What we want," said Buller, "is a man who can win."

French did win. He was uniformly successful. No one, perhaps, except the men most intimately concerned, knew whether there was ever any question as to whether French and Kitchener, but the injudicious critics of both kicked up a mighty shindy. They insisted upon comparing the records made by the two men in Africa.

French's record was better than Kitchener's. It was pointed out that Kitchener only laid claim to one—that being the defeat of Cronje—and that French's record was better than Kitchener's. It was pointed out that if French's 3000 cavalry—men and horses exhausted by fantastic exertions—had not come up from Kimberley, the Boers would have been victorious.

Whatever may be the truth, it is certain that the two men have worked well in double harness since the present time. French had been made field marshal 24 hours before Kitchener took the portfolio of secretary of state for war. Kitchener has repeatedly given praise to his subordinate for his services in the field. French has had no opportunity to be equally generous in public. But not long ago a staff officer is said to have complained to him that certain men and supplies which were sorely needed had not yet arrived.

"They are not due for two days," said French. "Then they will be here. Kitchener is seeing to it."

French isn't at all the sort of man in appearance one expects a cavalry leader to be. He is short and squat in figure. His seat upon a horse has been called absolutely ludicrous, although it is conceded that few horses can master him. He could never play polo well enough to get exercise out of the pastime, and he has had more than one accident in the hunting field. But he is untiring—at least once in the South African war he rode the only bed to a fatigued soldier who was 20 years his junior and slept well upon the floor—said he united caution to apparent recklessness in his field operations.

"It is instinctive with him," said one of his juniors. "He pauses just long enough to get the terms of the problem fairly before him, and then he goes to work. He is a practical man. After time he led his men into what seemed murder. It proved to be the only road to safety."

Sense of Humor.
He is a quiet, unassuming man, who rarely speaks until he is spoken to, unless among friends. Then he is a most excellent companion. By times he is fond of a practical joke, as shown by the story told of his bet at the mess table. The talk had turned upon shooting at the butts.

"I will bet a box of cigars," said he, "that I can correctly call the result of 10 shots at 500 yards tomorrow, without waiting for the marker."

Some one accepted the wager. The next morning the marker came out at the rifle range. French carefully selected his rifle, took careful aim and fired. After each of the 10 shots he called out:

"A miss!"

Underneath his heavy mustache is a very sensitive mouth. He is, in fact, a fine and a very good shot. He is a Despard, one of the leaders of English suffragists, once commented on this.

"I had been telling John how hard it was to get a commission in my appearance in public," said she, "I was afraid that some day I would be unable to play my part. He laughed at me."

"That's a nothing," said he, "I've never been able to do anything worth while in my life that I didn't have to do. He is a man who is a try for all his kindness and his diffidence. He is hard as nails when duty is in question. He does not excuse himself. He is a man who is a try for all his Tommies once put the case very neatly."

"That's French," said he, "don't bark much—but doesn't he just bite!"

French is 63 years old now. He comes of an old Galloway family. His steps in that great career, though the royal navy and French himself served four years in it. But the service never appealed to him, and after a time he retired and made a try for the army. The competitive examination kept him out of a commission, and so he got in "through the back door" by taking a commission in the militia and obtaining a transfer. His promotion was reasonably rapid.

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HURT JOURNALISTS AIDED

Paris, Feb. 20.—The Anglo-American Press association has just given 100 francs to the French Red Cross for French journalists, the number of whom has already reached 20. Minister Briand, ex-Premier Dupuy, and the other members of the association have promised to attend the association's weekly luncheon Monday.

NOTABLE COLLECTION OF WASHINGTON RELICS OWNED BY MASONIC LODGE OF WHICH HE WAS MEMBER

Many Personal Belongings of First President in Possession of Alexandria, Va., Lodge.

WHAT is declared to be the largest collection of personal relics of George Washington in existence, with the possible exception of that at Mount Vernon, is in the possession of Alexandria (Va.) Lodge, No. 22, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, of which Washington was the first master.

The members of this lodge assisted Washington in laying the cornerstone of the capitol, and later had the honor of conducting the ceremony at that bitter winter day when the body of Washington was laid to rest in the Mount Vernon tomb.

The lodge, however, once possessed more Washington relics, among them the bier on which he was borne, to his tomb, the crepe that draped the door of Mount Vernon while Washington's body lay in state, several pieces of furniture used by him, among them his card table, numerous personal letters, his military saddle, the flag of his life guard and the flag that floated above his tent at Yorktown. These were destroyed by fire in 1878.

Yet, for all these losses, the lodge possesses a large number of Washington relics. Several cases occupying niches in the walls hold mementos of great historic significance.

The Williams pastel, done from life in Washington's later years, and in Masonic regalia, is unlike any other portrait of him in existence. It is one of the lodge's most prized possessions, for which \$100,000 has been refused. In 1793 the lodge, by resolution, requested General Washington, then president of the United States, to sit for a portrait. The consent readily gained, the artist, Williams, received the coveted prize portrait, and Washington approved the portrait, and that it was accepted by his brother Masons, his friends and associates in his private, military and official life, would seem to indicate that it was at the time an excellent likeness of the general, then in his 63d year.

From the portrait, which seems so intimate not alone of his life, but his death, as well, one turns to the little mahogany mantel clock which was in Washington's bedchamber and which Eliza C. Dick stopped when Washington was in the city. The article of Washington's bedroom furnishings not returned to Mount Vernon. With its weight and cut-out cords, several by the time they heard that a little boy—a slender, earnest, ambitious boy—had reached headquarters. He was their prince.

When the war began Kitchener was out of military employment. He had rowed with the war office all his life. He is an efficient, unpleasant, cold blooded administrator. His mind is completely filled with delightful gentlemen.

In another case is General Washington's Masonic apron and sash of silk, embroidered by field Marshal La Fayette and presented for her, together with a rare little box of Inlay, to General Washington by the Marquis de Lafayette in 1784. The apron is of heavy cream satin, once white, but yellowed by years, heavily fringed and embroidered in gold with the United States flag and the French flag crossed above a complicated design of embroidery of a beehive and fairies. Incidentally, the lodge also possesses the key of the front gates of the Bastille, a huge thing of five pounds' weight, presented by Lafayette at the time of his last visit, and also the Charles Wilson pastel portrait of Lafayette in colonial uniform.

Washington's Pocket Knife.
In the same case also are such personal things as the general's wedding gloves, a black glove, he wore while mourning his mother, the ornate silver knife which he used at Mount Vernon, and his pocket knife, given to him by his mother when he was 12 years old, and never out of his pocket since the time of his death. Concerning the gift of the knife, an interesting bit of Washington's life is revealed.

When George was 11 years old, his father died, and shortly afterward the boy went to live with his half-brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, and visited at Belmont, the home of his mother, Fairfax, friend and neighbor. George conceived the notion that he would like to become a midshipman in the British navy, and he went to the British minister, his choice was unwise, he decided to go. Sorrowfully, he surrendered his commission and his cherished hope, and his choice was unwise, he decided to go.

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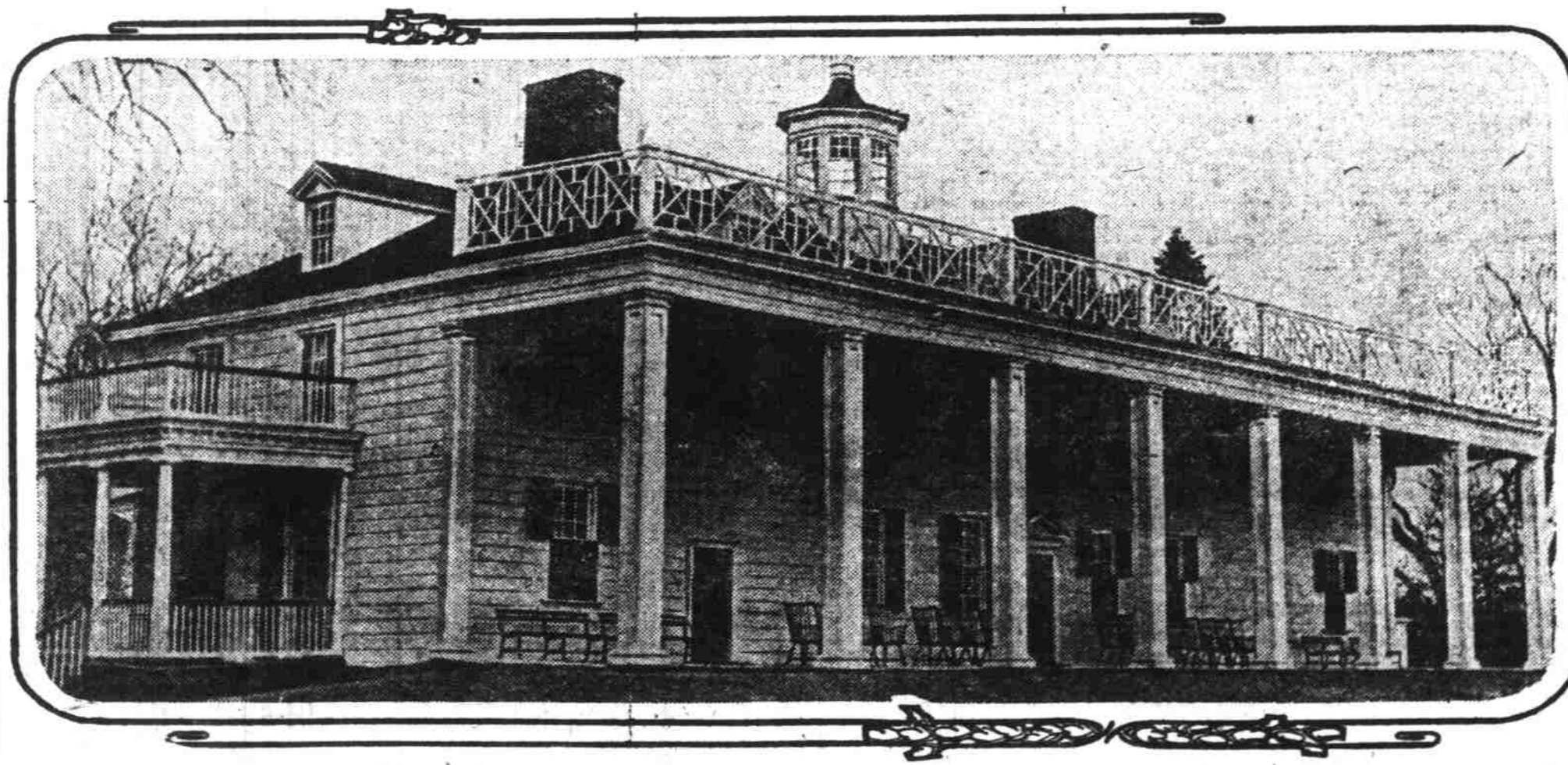
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Washington's mansion at Mount Vernon, as it appears today.

ward for his obedience and counseled him to "Always obey your superiors."

He carried the pocket knife constantly, and years later told its history to General Knox. When at Valley Forge, surrounded by his ragged and half-starving troops, for whom a timid congress had made no provision, in a state of despair and disgust, he wrote his resignation as commander in chief, and, summoning his staff, read the resignation to them. One of the officers who heard him was General Knox, who reminded him of the knife and his mother's words, "Always obey your superiors." "You," continued General Knox, "were commanded to lead this army, and no one has ordered you

to cease leading it. Think it over." Washington thought it over. Half an hour later he had torn up his resignation and announced his determination to fight to the finish.

On its walls Alexandria lodge displays another of its valuable possessions, and which is intimately connected with Washington's early life at Mount Vernon. This is a life size portrait of Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, father of William, whose daughter married Lawrence Washington. Lord Fairfax, who emigrated to Virginia in 1741, came to take possession of 5,500,000 acres of rich Virginia land inherited from his mother, and it was on these lands as a boy of 16 that George

Washington did his first considerable work as a surveyor. The portrait in the lodge room by Sir Joshua Reynolds is the only portrait of this Fairfax in existence.

Two Priceless Relics.
In the upper end of the chamber and now protected in a great glass case, though it was kept in constant use for more than a century, is the chair Washington used when master of the lodge, and which he had brought from that purpose from his library in Mount Vernon. About the walls are 17 mahogany chairs, still in constant use, and which constituted a portion of the old lodge's original furnishings.

Possibly surpassing all other relics in historic value is the ivory handled silver trowel which was used at the laying of the cornerstone of the capitol at which Washington officiated. The trowel has been engraved with a simple statement of its history, lest doubters rise to question its genuineness.

Still More Treasures.
In a glass case is the yellowing old lodge charter granted in 1788, which contains not only the name of General Washington as master of the lodge, but the autograph of Edmund Randolph, who was at the time grand master of Virginia and governor of the commonwealth, who was a member of the convention which framed the constitution,

and who later served in Washington's cabinet as attorney general and secretary of war. From time to time the assertion has been made that Washington was not actually a Mason. The old charter under which Alexandria lodge still has authority, however, is the Grand Lodge of Virginia, so hereby constitute and appoint our illustrious and well-beloved brother, George Washington, Esq., late General and Commander in Chief of the forces of the United States of America, and continues with the statement of Washington's being made charter of the lodge, faithfully preserved, contain what is probably the only absolutely authentic and first hand account of the funeral of General Washington, which was conducted with Masonic ceremonies by the Alexandria lodge.

Washington's Mother

DURING Washington's youth the impression his mother, Mary Ball Washington, made upon everybody was that of being "She-who-must-be-obeyed." It was not merely that her will was obeyed, but that it was obeyed with profound deference and awe, for that was not uncommon in the eighteenth century, but that she created a similar feeling in the hearts of those with whom they came in contact stood somewhat in fear of them. This fear did not prevent people from liking her, and she was a very kind and generous woman. Her husband prevented them from liking her son.

Yet a contemporary called her course with her son "fond and unthinking." He was her favorite child, and there was nothing of the Spartan mother about her. The time was when she was a young girl, standing in his way in life for fear he would get hurt, and she was to keep up that attitude, to his considerable annoyance, all through the rest of her life.

All through her life she struggled desperately to keep him from the dangerous path of glory. She cared nothing for his achievements, and probably did not understand