



**GEORGE WASHINGTON**, the hero, has always obscured George Washington the man, and yet the sterling qualities of the man made the hero. Whenever the two characters have been distinguished they have made separate studies, with the result that one class of writers make him a sublime genius and the other a commonplace man made great by circumstances. Washington was as great in wisdom and foresight and as unerring in judgment as a statesman as he was as a soldier. His physical endowments, his qualities of mind, his habits, education and training—all tended to round him out and develop him into a perfectly balanced man. No one faculty being developed above another gave his life a simplicity that appeared commonplace, but it was the simplicity of genius. Though a man of great dignity he was easily approached. An aristocrat by lineage he was a man of the people. Extremely modest he was fond of state and of ceremony. Though his outdoor life as a surveyor, a soldier and a farmer gave him a rough exterior, a rugged physique and robust health it did not quench his taste for gay uniforms or fashionable apparel. That he was not free from vanity is apparent in the thirty odd portraits of himself, a few painted in the effulgent regalia of war and all in the habiliments of a cavalier. He was as straight as an Indian, six feet two inches tall, with large bones and broad shoulders, wide at the hips; feet large, requiring a No. 11 shoe, and Lafayette said his hands would have been a curiosity for a medical museum. This may explain why he rarely shook hands. He weighed 210 pounds.

To his clothing Washington devoted much thought and attention, not only as a young man, but all his life. A journal written when he was sixteen has several long and elaborate entries about how "to have my coats made." In 1754 he records having bought a "superfine blue broadcloth coat with silver trimmings," "6 prs. of the very neatest shoes" and "2 prs. of fashionable mix'd or marble color'd silk hose." It is evident that he always strove to be in the fashion. During Washington's presidency a caller describes him as being dressed in purple satin, and at one of his levees, he was clad "in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the scabbard was white polished leather." Wherever he happened to be Washington was constantly demanding a washerly. The bill of his laundress for the week succeeding his inauguration was for "6 ruffled shirts, 2 plain shirts, 8 stocks, 3 pair silk hose, 2 white hand, 2 silk hand, 1 pr. flannel drawers, 1 hair nett." He drove from his residence to the Senate in a cream-colored chariot with richly painted panels. His bootblack once failed to polish the general's huge boots all the way up—a task performed every morning—and the father of his country beat the luckless dandy over the head with them.

Washington was hot-tempered. He wanted John Marshall, afterward the famous justice, to run for Congress and sent for him to explain his wishes. Marshall told Washington he was too poor, he could not afford to give up his business and incur the expense. While thus opposing Washington's wishes Marshall says he never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He feared Washington would jump on him from across the table, but the row ended in Marshall remaining Washington's guest for a week, and then running for Congress and being elected. Washington was thoroughly upright and honest in his dealings with men. James Parton said he had a genius for rectitude. Jefferson, who did not like him, said his justice was the most inflexible he had ever known and that no motives of friendship or hatred were able to bias his decision. Washington was a faithful attendant at church and was a vestryman, but he took no active part in church affairs outside its business relations.

**WHERE HONOR IS DUE.**

If you please, you may laud George up to the skies.  
As the man who won battles and never told lies.  
You may tell of his virtues in story and song;  
How he carefully sifted the right from the wrong;  
Of his wisdom in counsel, his bravery in war;  
How he drove the grim British away from our shore.  
You may cherish forever his hat and his sword,  
And up to the skies our brave Washington laud.  
Long, long may we hold him an example to youth,  
For honesty, temperance, courage and truth.  
While we gaze with delight on a structure so grand,  
Let us honor the builder who drew out the plan.  
And added, through years of infinite care,  
Small stone upon stone, firmly fixing them there;  
And though this may be but a girl's point of view,  
Let us give credit where it is certainly due,  
And pluck from his laurels one leaf for another,  
So three cheers for our George, and four for his mother.  
—Youth's Companion.

**WASHINGTON AS AN OLD MAN.**

**Age Found Him Nobly Generous—Dignified at All Times.**

"You will meet, sir, an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to the saddle-bow. That person, sir, is Gen. Washington." This delightful portrait of Washington in his old age, when the storms had passed and life ran in quiet groves by the side of his beloved Potomac, was drawn by young Custis, adopted son of the patriarch, and intended to assist the recognition of Washington by a gentleman who had asked to be directed to him.

The wish of Washington when old, "to move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers," was granted. The last years of his life were spent in the peace and quiet of beautiful Mount Vernon, attending to the household duties of the management of his large estate, and entertaining with courtly hospitality the many distinguished personages who came to do homage to his greatness.

And yet, his latter days at Mount Vernon were busy days; for, every morning, rain or shine, he would mount his horse and make the circuit of his farms, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles. Not a field or orchard, barn or cabin, wood or clearing, but what passed daily beneath his watchful eyes. His journal tells of a morning spent in teaching a rebellious trunk of some stately forest tree; of the clearing away of the underbrush from a grove of favorite pines; of making drills for the sowing of holly-berries, etc.

Each day he gave personal directions to his overseers, regulating almost with the care of a father the busy life of the negro world, and sometimes even attending directly to their needs and complaints.

In a field of the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford, a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, cropped, in its season, the luxuriant herbage or stood meditatively, in the shade, doubtless dreaming of passed glories. Every day while making his round of the farms, Washington never failed to stop before this field, lean over the fence and call, "Nelson."

At the sound of his voice the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing a greeting, to curve his neck under the caressing touch of his master's hand. This was the war horse, "Nelson," whose strong limbs had borne his master safely through the carnage and tumult of many a bloody battle to the crowning honor at Yorktown, where, sitting on his back, the commander-in-chief of the American army.



THE WASHINGTON COAT.

miles had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. In this active, unostentatious way passed the last years of the noblest man of his age—perhaps of any age.

**Gen. Washington's Courtesy.**

In the Century there is an article by Martha Littlefield Phillips, giving "Recollections of Washington and His Friends." The author is a granddaughter of the youngest daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and she tells the following story in the words of her grandmother, concerning a visit of the latter to Washington at Philadelphia:

"One incident which occurred during that visit was so conical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning, a droll-looking old countryman called to see the Presi-

dent. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the tablecloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. Gen. Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once."

**KNOCKED WASHINGTON DOWN.**

**Father of His Country Given a Black Eye by a Virginia Politician.**

Washington was an eminently fair man. He had a quick temper, but as a rule he kept it under control. Sometimes, however, it got the best of him. This was the case once in Alexandria, Va., when Washington was knocked down by Lieut. Payne. Payne was a candidate for the Legislature against Fairfax of Alexandria. Washington supported Fairfax, and when he met Payne he made a remark that Payne considered an insult, and Payne knocked him down. The story went like lightning through the town that Col. Washington was killed, and some of his troops who were stationed at Alexandria rushed in and would have made short work of Payne had Washington not prevented them. He pointed to his black eye and told them that this was a personal matter and that he knew how to handle it. Every one thought that this meant a duel. The next day Payne got a note from Washington asking him to come to the hotel. He expected a duel, but went. Washington, however, was in an amiable mood. He felt that he had been in the wrong, and said: "Mr. Payne, I was wrong yesterday, but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." There was a decanter of wine and two glasses on the table which Washington had ordered to smooth over the quarrel. The two drank together and became such strong friends after that that Payne was one of the pall-bearers at Washington's funeral.

**Simple in His Tastes.**

George Washington was simple in his tastes, and during his youth he was a hearty eater, but was not particular as to what he had. He wanted plain food and plenty of it. During his later years he ate very little. His breakfast at Mount Vernon was of corn cakes, honey and tea, with possibly an egg, and after that he ate no more till dinner. He kept, however, a good table, and usually had friends with him. A book written by Maclay gives his experiences when he was in the United States Senate at the time Washington was President. Maclay dined with Washington a number of times, and scattered through his diary are bits of gossip about Washington.

**THE PEOPLE OF SAMOA**

**BEAUTIES OF LIFE IN THE KINGDOM ON THE SEA.**

**The Inhabitants Are Happy, Love Fun, Are Hospitable to Strangers, Never Worry, and Are Splendid Fighters When Forced to It.**

The recent difficulty in the Samoan islands has turned public attention to that quarter of the Pacific, and we begin to wonder what kind of people live there. First of all, as everybody knows, there are foreigners, that is English, German, French and Americans, but the chief interest centers in the native Samoans.

In color the Samoans are the lightest, in physique the most perfect and imposing as well as the most graceful of the Pacific Islanders. In disposition they are the most gentle, and in manners the most attractive, while mentally and morally they are much the superior of their neighbors. Their color varies through shades ranging from a dark brown to a light copper, and occasionally to a shade of olive, which is exceedingly pretty. Their hair is straight, coarse and black, although one daily meets a number of bleached red-heads, artificially produced by the application of coral lime, which is used



U. S. HARBOR, PAGO PAGO.

to stiffen the hair so that it will more easily stand erect—a style greatly admired. The hair is generally worn short, combed upward toward the crown, and receives frequent and liberal applications of cocoanut oil. Varieties of adornment prevail according to the fancy of the individual; these usually express themselves in the use of flowers and leaves, which are twined into wreaths and garlands and worn with becoming effect.

Hospitality is a part of Samoan religion, politeness one of their chief

**THE KAISER'S GAME DID NOT WORK**

**German Attempt to Expand in the Samoan Islands—Uncle Sam and John Bull**



ter they have slain their antagonists they cut off their heads and bring them home as trophies of their victory. They do this on much the same principle as the American Indian in days gone by prided himself in the number of scalps he could string to his belt, or as the American of to-day brings home a captured flag. They have an inborn hatred of foreigners, and only make friends with them when they think they can profit by doing so or when they fear the superior power of the foreigner. They have had almost continual civil war for the past twenty-five or thirty years. For many years the reigning dynasty has been that of the Malletoas, Malletoa Laupepa was the greatest king in Samoa history. He was deposed several times, and as often was reinstated on the throne. The present king is Malletoa Tanus, but he is having great difficulty, owing to the treachery

**THEY LOST NO TIME.**

**Announcement of an Engagement Was an Important News Item.**

In a Milwaukee newspaper office the telephone rang loud and long the other night, or rather, in the early hours of the morning. It was the "dog watch," most of the workers having gone home, and but one member of the staff was on guard and on the alert for anything from a murder to a fire. It was about 3 a. m. when the "dog watch" was called to the telephone to answer an imperative summons.

"Hello!" said a voice. "Is it too late to get something into to-morrow's paper?"

"Not if it's important," was the reply. "Oh, it is," was the assuring response.

The reporter rushed for a pad of paper and a pencil, screwed his ear to the receiver again and said:

"All right. Fire away there."

The voice was heard again, this time tremulous with emotion.

"The engagement of Miss — to Mr. — is announced."

The wrathful explosion at the newspaper end of the line was picturesque and prolonged. After a choice assortment of profanity in an aside the query went back: "Why didn't you send in such stuff earlier in the day?"

"But I couldn't," said the voice apologetically. "You see, it just happened."

**ONLY WOMAN ENGINEER.**

**A Cleveland Girl Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.**

Miss Florence Caldwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, has gained the distinction of being the only woman civil engineer in America. Miss Caldwell is an exceptionally well educated girl. She attended Adelbert College, graduated from the Cleveland School of Art, won high degrees at the Ohio Wesleyan College and finally entered the School of



MISS FLORENCE CALDWELL.

Mines of the State of Colorado at Golden. She was the only female student in that institution, and after four years graduated with a certificate of civil engineer. No other woman in America holds such a paper. Miss Caldwell is a daughter of Judge Caldwell, a prominent Ohio jurist.

**Why Jenner Wore a Guinea.**

Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, wore at his watch chain a guinea piece which bore a pleasant little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply:

"I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir." "Why, my man?" queried the physician. "Couldn't you afford to come sooner?" "Oh, yes," answered the carpenter; "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere; and I heard you'd take nothing else."

Sir William wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient within eight months, he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea, and had waited so patiently to consult him.

The office seldom seeks the man, but the officer very often does.

**CHARACTERISTICS, AND A DISHONEST ACT IS THE EXCEPTION.**

Food and shelter are vouchsafed to every one entering their homes or villages, and the stranger has but to consult his own wishes when he is ready to depart.

The Samoans are a joyous, fun-loving



COURT HOUSE AT APIA.

people, and under the slightest pretext for an excuse they indulge their buoyant natures in singing and dancing. The only industry engaged in by the people, aside from fishing, collecting copra, planting taro, and cultivating fruit, in the making of tapa, or cloth, from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree, and since the introduction



STREET SCENE IN APIA.

of cotton prints among them its production is gradually increasing.

While the Samoans are not a warlike people, they are good fighters when forced to fight. The distinguishing feature of their warfare is that af-

**and treason of Mataafa, a firebrand who represents an old rebellious faction that for many years was headed by a rebel chief, Tamasese, and who has been urged on and assisted by the Germans, who hope that once they have him on the throne they will be able to do anything they please with him. The Germans have always been opposed to Malletoas because the latter have had the sympathy and support of the English and American people and governments.**

**An Old Oil Clock.**

An interesting specimen of the old oil clock used in the seventeenth century was shown at the recent exhibition in Berlin. This particular clock consists of a tube of glass in the outer receiving frame, on which the hours from 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening are indicated. The glass tube is filled with oil, and the wick in the receptacle consumes each hour just a certain portion of it, which can be seen by the numbers on the outer frame, and the time of day accordingly. Of course, this oil clock never had a reputation for accuracy, but in those days there were no trains or steamships, and the doctrine that time is money had not been propounded.

**Kaiser a Landscape Gardener.**

The last new passion of the versatile Kaiser is ornamental gardening. He has taken in hand a wholesale transformation of the famous Thiergarten; the trees and bushes between the Bellevue allee and the Louisen-Insel are being cut down and grubbed out, and trees are being planted in groups at various spots, according to a plan sketched out by the Kaiser, who intends to give the place more of the pleasant character of an English park. The carrying out of the imperial plan, says a Berlin contemporary, will take at least five years.

**The Manner in Which New York Papers Talk About People Is as Interesting and Candid as Private Gossip in the West.**

The manner in which New York papers talk about people is as interesting and candid as private gossip in the West.