Aemocratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 18, 1910.

THE CHERRY TREE TALE.

o'clock.

The cherry tree that George chopped down From earth has passed away. Naught of it-wood, nor bark. nor leafmaineth to this day. 'Tis but a memory, a tale That often hath been told A neat, refreshing little yarn That never will grow old.

The hatchet wielded by young George, That, too, has vanished quite. Not e'en a rusty spot remains To greet the pilgram's sight How precious would that relic be Did it exist today,

But, like the tree it fell to earth, it, too, hath passed away.

The lie that George did not tell Was made of better stuff. (The way it's worn through constant us Proves it extremely tough-) ould any doubt that hatchet yarn (And there may be a few.) We have the lie George did not tell To prove the tale was true. -Arthur J. Burdick

A BALL GAME ON THE ICE.

To say that Captain Steve was surpris ed would be altogether too mild an as sertion; better say he was almost stunned. What brought about this hazy condition was a slip of white paper on which were a few neatly typewritten words. Well, I'll be jiggered! he exclaimed.

wonder if I am in a trance or actually

Again he read the words and became convinced that he was not in dreamland Then he butoned his heavy overcoat left the little postoffice, and rushed up the street to where the "crowd" was impatiently awaiting him. What's up? Ralph Witham asked.

Going to a fire?

Going to a fire! was the sneering reply. I should say not. Here is something which beats a fire by a mile.

Witham took the paper and glanced at the words. His eyes opened wide, while his right hand groped about blindly until practice, tried to scoop the ball after his summer-time fashion, which resulted in a jarring fall for himself and three bases it found support on the hitching rail. Then he carefully re-read the typewritten

Whew! he exclaimed. They certainly

have nerve. Then the slip was passed from one to another of the nine boys. Surprised ex-clamations followed each reading of the

following words: TO STEVE MORRISON.

Captain, Hamilton Blues.

Dear Sir:-I, on behalf of the Otsego Reds, wish to challenge the Hamilton Blues to play a game of baseball on the ice this, Saturday, afternoon.

Yours tespectfully, IAMES DEERING,

CAPTAIN, OTSEGO REDS

P. S .- We have a diamond plated and everything in readiness. The game is played with a tennis ball and light willow Rules the same as in regular base-

What do you think of it Steve? Witham asked.

Well, one thing is certain, Steve replied.

The players returned to their positions we'll score! Just a single, now just a sin-

and the practice was resumed. They were very much surprised at the easiness with which the ball could be fielded by follow-ing their captain's directions. The throw-ing seemed to be more difficult because the ball and sent a skimmer over second base which allowed Captain. Steve to

man struck out. The third batsman hit a bounder straight at Witham, who fum-bled the ball and then threw it high over were leaving the ice, and get knit gloves that will allow your fingers plenty of ac-tion. Meet here at the landing at one

News of the unusual challenge had spread rapidly, so that at one o'clock near-ly the entire population of the little vil-lage appeared to be at the landing or on the way down the lake toward Otsego. on a long fly to the right field. Now, boys, this is our last chance, Cap-

tain Steve said, as the Blues came in from the field for the last half of the Hamilton and Otsego had always been rivals in athletic sports. Baseball, football, swimming, rowing and skating had ninth inning. If we wish to win, we must found very enthusiastic exponents, yet nothing like baseball on the ice had ever

been proposed. As soon as all the members of the Hamilton Blues had arrived at the land-ing and fastened on their skates, Captain Steve told them to keep together and fol-low his pace. Then he started down the am received a base on balls, filling the

The shouting coachers were dancing on lake with a long, gliding stroke which lake with a long, gliding stroke which their skates, while the sympathizers of the Blues cheered as if mad. Their enrequired small exertion, yet carried him required small exertion, yet carried him along at good speed. A great crowd of people had gathered near the Otsego landing. Captain Deer-ing came to meet the Blues. Do you want a few minutes' practice? He Blues cheered as in mat. There en-thusiasm was given a severe check, how-ever, by the next batsman putting a swift line drive straight into the hands of the Reds' first baseman. Sam Hicks came next at bat. He realized

Do you want a few minutes' practice? the seriousness of the situation and was determined to meet it halfway. The first pitched ball was too wide. The second was a low out-curve, and he let that pass ed, at the same time shaking hands with Steve. No, I think not, Steve replied. We are ready to start the game at once. It was difficult for Captain Deering to hide a smile. Captain Steve's refusal to hide a smile. Captain Steve's refusal to him rather than to take a poor chance. practice seemed like proof that he feared The third pitched ball came waist high,

practice seemed like proof that he feared his players would not appear to the best advantage. The Reds won the toss and Captain The child players with a quick motion. sending a line drive whizzing between the centre and right fielders. The Reds won the toss and Captain The baserunner on third sped across the plate; Captain Steve following an in-

Deering chose to send his men to bat. Captain Steve skated to the pitcher's box, while his players quickly placed them-selves in their regular position. The lines of the boxes and bases had been markstant later. Witham turned second and third bases with long, gliding strokes and crossed the plate with the score that tied the game.

But that was not all. Sam Hicks had rounded first and second bases and was Captain Deering was the first batsman He swung easily at the ball and sent it skimming along the ice toward third base. Ralph Witham, for an instant forgetting the lesson learned during the morning's speeding toward third, his sharp skates through the generations.

cried. They've got the bali!

strokes turned toward the home plate. Fully twenty feet away he doubled up and shot his feet forward, sliding on his back across the plate before the Reds' pitcher could put the ball on him.

Steve gave the next batsmen each four wide ones, thereby filling the bases. Then came a bounder that got away from the shortstop and rolled far out between the Rah for Hicks, shouted the Hamilton rooters. Hurrah! Hurrah! The blues win 5 to 4.

center and left fielder, allowing two more scores for the Reds. The situation was As soon as Captain Deering could conscores for the Reds. The situation was desperate. Steve realized that the game might be lost in the first inning. The next batsman drove a sharp line drive to Witham, who instantly twisted his skates sideways and caught the ball. trol his disappointment, he skated to where Captain Steve was congratulating Sam Hicks for winning the game.

We want another game, he announced.

Will you play us again? Certainly we will, Captain Steve re-plied. We'll be ready for you, too. And let me tell you something: The failure of the little trick you tried to play on us One hasty stroke carried him across third base before the base-runner, who had taken a long lead, could return. That's the way, Ralph, Steve applauded. by not giving us time to practice, should show you that fellows who do not play fair and square usually come out second best.—By Arthur B. Slade, in The Ameri-

The next batsman put up a high foul ball which was captured by the Blues' The Blues did their best, but could not can Boy.

When Washington Was A Boy.

It seems funny to think that the great man, whose birthday we celebrate on the man, whose birthday we celebrate on the twenty-second of this month, was once a little boy, like you, doesn't it? It was a ing their captain's directions. The throw-ing seemed to be more difficult because of the insecure footing and the gloves which the players were compelled to wear to keep their fingers from becoming numb. By the time the factory whistle sounded the noon hour, however, the boys were all throwing with no small degree of accuracy. Wear your uniforms and heavy under-clothing, Captain Steve directed as they were leaving the ice, and get knit gloves brave, at any rate, for he was never afraid to own up when he had done any-

bounder straight at Witham, who fum-bled the ball and then threw it high over the first baseman's head. Before it could be returned to the diamond, the base run-ner had crossed the plate with Reds' fourth score. The next batsman went out on a long fly to the right field. this reason some boys, friends of George's dared him to try. George accepted the dare. It was in the early morning just before breakfast, and a hard matter indeed it was to catch the restless animal The first batsman, a weak hitter, sur-prised every one by getting a clean single to right field. Captain Steve came next and drove out a long two-base hit. With-am restrict a base on bolls. George mounted; then a struggle began. Boy as he was, he determined to conquer. The colt backed, jumped and plunged at a tremendous rate, but George held on,

while the other boys stood around, frightened enough at the thought of the trouble their foolish dare might bring about Luckily for his neck, young George

Washington was a horseman. He con-quered, but in the last great plunge the sorrel suddenly burst a blood-vessel and fell dead. Just then they were all called into

George's to breakfast. Mrs. Washington asked the boys what they thought of her fine horses and colts, especially the sorrel which was her great favorite. There was a sudden silence, then George spoke up: "I killed it, mother." Mrs. Washington was furious-her favorite and valuable colt dead. George told her how it had all happened, and when she saw how honorable and truthful he was Mrs. all

Washington could not help forgiving her son. Washington's step-grandson is responsible for this story; it is one of the family tales that was handed down

gritting angrily as he drove them over the ice with powerful strokes. Hold third! Hold third! the coacher ind third! Hold third! the coacher but the parson was too fond of telling a But no, Sam decided otherwise. He good tale, and so it is thought that he crossed third base with two quick cross made up a good many of them. He knew Washington very well, also relatives and friends who had watched George as a boy, and so he had a great many opportunities to hear interesting stories about him. It is from him that the story of George and the cherry tree comes, which of course, every boy and girl has heard. Historians do not believe this story is exactly true, probably because Parson Weems was such a queer old fellow that people took most of what he said to be a joke. He was a better fiddler than he was a preacher. Imagine a preacher fiddling for a dance! It is said he did this once sitting behind a screen, but the screen suddenly fell down

The parson says that once when George was a very little fellow his father planted

mate. I am sure he would have liked you to think of him in this way, because he was especially fond of boys and girls, even when he became a great general and the first President of these United States.

English Ancestors of Wishington.

ELSIE PARRISH.

In the beautiful county of Northamp-ton, England, stands two ancient dwellings, one 500 years old, the other 400, and they are practically unchanged in appear-ance from the time when they were built. To them the American tourist turns as to a shrine. In these homes once lived to a shrine. In these homes once lived certain Washingtons, ancestors of the immortal George. The older of the two, Sulgrave Manor, was granted to one, Lawrence Washington, by Henry VIII, for conspicuous services to the crown. Here Lawrence Washington lived like an English gentleman, and his son Robert after him, until an ill turn of the wheel of fortune compelled him to natrimony of fortune compelled him to patrimony and move to the unpretentious cottage at Little Brington, which is known to this day as the Washington house. Lawrence Washington's bones lie in

three stars upon a silver ground, from which our own stars and stripes are be-

lieved to be descended.

Another represents Lawrence Washing-ton: a third his wife Amee; others their sons and daughters weeping. To the house in Little Brington, Robert Washington took his too sons, Lawrence and Robert junior. The Lawrence died, and with his widow and her son, another Lawrence, the elder Robert went to London, leaving the homestead to his second son. Robert junior married Elizabeth Butler, and they

lived happily together at Little Brington until 1622, when they died within nine days of each other and were buried side by side in the Church at St. Mary the

Virgin, in Great Brington. The Washington house is now occupied by working people. On a sun-dial in the back yard are engraved the Washington arms, the initial R. W. and the date 1619.

After the death of Robert Washington and his wife the widow of his brother Lawrence occupied the house at Little Brington with her son Lawrence, a clergyman. In 1650 mother and son died and were buried in the family vault in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Two sons of the Reverend Lawrence, John and Lawrence junior, emigrated to Virginia. John was a soldier, a legislator, a magistrate and a member of the house of buresses. As colonel of militia he ravaged the country of the hostile Indians, and when his great-grandson George appear-ed on the frontier he was hailed by the savages as Conotacarius (destroyer of villages) in remembrance of his ances-tor's deeds. Colonel John Washington had a son Lawrence, who died at an early age in 1697, leaving two sons, John and Augustine. It was the latter of these who, by his second wife, Mary Ball, be-

came the father of the Father of His Country.

Although George Washington wrote that the history of his ancestors was, in his opinion, "of little moment," Lawrence Washington of Surgrave Manor had been mayor of Northampton before he receiv-ed the grant from the king and two of

was a very little fellow his father planted some cabbages in the outline of George's name, and, sure enough, when they grew up "G-e-o-r-g-e" was spelled as plainly as day by the cabbages. George came run-ning in. "Oh, pa; come here, come here!" he called. "It is very strange," said "pa" when he hed looked at the cabbage herd adopted as a surname the name of his estate. The name went through various changes, the seignoral de was dropped, Wessyngton became Wassington, Wasshby the ington, and finally Washington, time of John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire, father of Lawrence, of Sulgrave and the immediate ancestor of the iberator.-Ex.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

All that we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed

earth too hard,

the sky.

bard:

by and by .- Browning

The month of February is full of festive ities. First comes Lincoln's birthday, then St. Valentine's day, and lastly Washington's birthday, which is really the redletter event of the month. The shops are showing the usual attractive favors in fancy boxes with red, white, and blue in fancy boxes with red, white, and blue satin, and cheaper ones of tissue paper, hatchets decorated with small bunches of cherries, and also a small George Wash-ington pie to take the place of the popu-lar Jack Horner ball. The pie is made of red, white, and blue tissue paper in the shape of a shield, the bottom of which is of heavy pasteboard. From the center are twelve parrow red ribbons on the

For a Washington's birthday luncheon have the dining room decorated with American flags. In the center of the table have a George Washington pie, and at each corner have a candlestick with a red, white, and blue shade. Small hatchets may be used as place cards, and cherry log boxes will be appropriate for the bon-bons, which should be candied cherries. Use as many blue and white dishes as possible.

and blue ribbon; French chops, the ends of which are covered with tri-colored paper, potato croquettes decorated with a tiny flag stuck in each, and French peas. An appropriate salad is apple cups filled with chopped celery and nuts, finished with a cherry on the top of each. For

The Father of his Country may never have cut down a cherry tree, and if he did he may have not been as candid about the matter as the Rev. Mr. Weems as-serts. The fact remains that the cherry has come to be a Washington emblem. Since it is a cheerful decoration it will probably continue to figure prominently on dinner tables of February 22nd. There are charming little candle shades with cherry decorations, both painted and ap-plied with artificial fruit. Small artificial cherry trees in jardinieres go well among the candles. It is needless to warn wom en of taste against overdecoration. The table should not suggest a millinery open-

quisite copies of nature. These cost about \$1.25 for a good-sized spray. A spray taken apart with discretion would go a long way towards decorating bonbon boxes, cases for ice cream, etc. The flowers are realistic enough to bear ming-ling with the real blossoms.

Still farther back the lineage of the Washingtons has been traced to William syngton, in Durham county, in the four-teenth contury. This county, in the four-ready offered offered offered offered offered offered offered syngton, in Durham county, in the four-teenth century. This worthy Norman followed the custom of the times and followed the custom of the times and continental and Revolutionary favors are at hand-little drums, cocked hats, stacks of muskets and the like. It is easy to de vise schems of decoration with their aid For a Washington's birthday luncheon, the centerpiece can be the trunk of a cherry tree made of pasteboard and from the branches artificial cherries can be hung; around the base, hatchets should be placed with the handles resting against

of good shall exist; The high, that proved too high; the heroic for

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the

Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it

Sulgrave church, where are the famous are twelve narrow red ribbons, on the Weshington brasses. One of these bears ends of which is a souvenir appropriate the Washington arms, two red bars with to the occasion.

The menu may be cream of tomato soup, bread sticks tied with red, white,

dessert have a cherry ice, fancy cakes,

and coffee.

ing. In the best Japanese shops are found artificial cherry blossoms which are ex-

and there sat Parson Weems!

We will have to play them. It looks like cross the plate in their turn at bat. Ste a dirty trick to get even for the drubbing we gave them last summer when we beat back down, though.

the ice, Sam Hicks objected.

That's just the point, if they had given

feather before we go into anything. But

Consequently all had their skates with them long to hurry down the street to Smith's blacksmith shop. At first "Happy Jack" refused to leave his regular work, but a reading of the challenge soon convinced him that it was just the thing

for him to do. By the time the boys reached the ice it was nearly eleven o'clock. A tennis ball had been procured, and the practice at The other members of the infield openhad been procured, and the practice at

Now, hoys, each oue of you will have to discover the best way to go after the ball, Captain Steve said. The fly hits will not be difficult, but you will have to be careful on the grounders.

You mean icers, Sam Hicks corrected. All right, icers, Steve replied, and at-tempted to bat the ball toward third base. Just as he swung the bat, both feet slipped from under him and he sat down with

a jarring thump. Without a word the captain regained his feet and prepared to strike at the ball again. This time he was careful to brace his feet wide apart and swing at the ball easily. It rolled swiftly toward third base and Ralph Witham attempted to gather it in, the old-time confidence writ-ten across his features as plainly as it had ever been on a hot summer afternoon. made a graceful swoop at the ball, but his skates refused to stick and he went sprawling.

So it went for about thirty minutes players working like trojans and sprawling about in unsuccessful efforts to field the ball. Then Captain Steve called them to the piece of board which served as home plate.

That kind of play won't win this game, he said. Those Otsego fellows would call us monkeys

I told you we couldn't do it, Jack Rose reminde

reminded. We don't go after them in the right way, Steve continued. That fall I got showed us how to bat. Brace your feet wide apart and strike at the ball easily; it way strike hard, you will be if you strike hard, you will be sure to fall. The same must be true about our throwing; don't try to throw hard—just slow and easy. How about fielding the ball? Sam Hicks

I have been watching you boys trying

to field and I believe I have discovered a way to get them. Now, when a ball is hit along the ice, get a little start and way to get them. Now, when a ban is ground. The start is slower and it is the ban is spread your feet wide apart, then bend low and pick it up with both hands, I be-lieve you can get the liners best by bracing your skates sideways.

went out on a long fly to center field. Witham was thrown out at first base, and them five straight games. We just can't the third batsman struck out. The inack down, though. But we never tried to play basebail on of the Reds.

In the second inning both teams went out in one-two-three order, yet the Blues were forced to admit that they were more us a couple of weeks for practice we might have some chance of winning. Were forced to admit that they were more for the office of the office ing a long time. What's the use of giving them a chance What's the use of giving them a chance

for Deering. The second batsman placed

a roller between first and second bases,

scoring Deering and reaching second base

himself

That was fine.

catcher, retiring the side.

was evident the Reds had been unfair, for to beat us? Jack Rose asked. There you go again, Captain Steve said scornfully. Always showing the white comes after long practice. The third, fourth, and fifth inning

feather before we go into anything. But we are going to play them, he added, and the first thing to do is to get our skates sharpened. Then we will go down to the lake for a short practice. The boys had been bound toward the lake for a short skate before dinner. Consequently all had their skates with

and it did not take them then threw the ball with all the speed at his command.

One strike, announced the umpire. Spreading his feet wide apart Steve again snapped the ball across the plate without raising either skate off the ice. Two strikes.

ed up with encouraging words until the display of confidence in their young pitcher was enough to give the best of bats-men the rattles. With the same jerky motion Steve snapped the ball and Ref-ner swung at it with all his strength. It shot outward, however, and he missed it.

He has discovered how to pitch successfully on the ice, muttered the Reds' pitcher, disgustedly. The next batsman was an easy out at

first base and the next man up went out on a line drive to Hicks.

Steve was the first batsman for Blues in the last half of the sixth inning Two strikes were called on him in quick succession, followed by three wide ones which he let pass.

Two strikes and three balls, came from the umpire.

The next ball pitched was just the one the young captain was waiting for. He swung at it easily, sending a swift boun-der between the third baseman and shortstop. With long, swinging strokes he sped past first base and on second before the Reds' left fielder could return the ball.

Now we're going-now we're going, Jack Rose coached. Take a long lead; get away off. The Hamilton rooters were skating up

and down along the side lines, cheering lustily. Some even went so far as to fling their caps into the air, unmindful of the cold winter atmosphere. Witham swung too hard at the ball and

was called out on strikes, and the next batsman hit a stinging line drive straight into the hands of the Reds' pitcher. Captain Steve decided at once that

something must be done, and signaled the batsman to let the first pitched ball pass. With the first motion of the pitcher's arm he started for third base. He at once

realized, however, that stealing a base on ice is much more difficult than on firm ground. The start is slower and it is dif-

Whoopee! Jack Rose shouted. Now

Washington's Boyhood

A boy who was much at Mount Vernon and at Mr. Fairfax's seat, Belvoir, might expect to see not a little of what was worth seeing of the life of the colony. George was kept at school until he was close upon sixteen; but there was ample

vacation time for visiting. Mrs. Washington did not keep him at her apron strings. He even liveć, when it was necessary, with his brother Au-gustine, at the old home on Bridges Creek, in order to be near the best school that was accessible, while the mother was far away on the farm that lay upon the Rappahannock. Mrs. Washington saw to it, nevertheless, that she should not lose sight of him altogether. When he was 14 it was proposed that he should be sent to sea, as so many lads were, no doubt, from that martaine province; but the prudent mother preferred he should not leave Virginia, and the schooling went on as before-the schooling of books and manly sports. Every lad learned to ride a colt or horse, regardless of training, gait or temper, in that country, where no one went afoot except to catch his mount in the pasture. Every lad, black or white, bond or free, knew where to find and how to take the roving game in the forest. And young Washington, robust boy that he was, not to be daunted while that strong spirit sat in him which he got from his father and mother alike, took his apprenticeship on horseback and in the prenticeship on horseback and in the tangled woods with characteristic zest and ardor. He was above all things a capable, executive boy. He loved mastery, and he relished acquiring the most effect-ive means of mastery, in all practical af-fairs. His very exercise books used at school gave proof of it. They were filled not only with the rules, formulae, dia-grams and exercises of surveying, which

grams and exercises of surveying, which he was taking special pains to learn at the advice of his friends, but also with careful copies of legal and mercantile papers, bills of sale, bonds, indentures, land warrants, leases, deeds and wills, as if he meant to be a lawyer's or merchant's clerk. It would seem that passionate and full of blood, as he was, he conned these things as he studied the use and structure of the fowling-piece, the bridle he used for his colt, his saddle-girth, and the ways of mounting. He copied these forms of business as he might have copied Beverly's account of the way fox or 'possum or beaver was to be taken or the wild turkey trapped. The men he most admir-ed, his elder brothers, Mr. Fairfax, and the gentlemen planters who were so much at their houses, were most of them sound men of business, who valued good sur-veying as much as they admired good horsemanship and skill in sport. They were their own merchants, and looked

upon forms of business paper as quite as useful as plows and hogshead. And so this boy learned to show in almost every-thing he did, the careful precision of the perfect marksman .- Woodrow Wilson, in Harper's Magazine.

-"Miss Birdie, do you know that you have robbed me of my peace of mind —that on your account I cannot sleep?" said young Spooner to his landlady's

daughter. "This is so sudden—you had better speak to my mother," simpered the young

when he had looked at the cabbage bed, but George, being a sharp little fellow and not so easily taken in, cried: "It didn't just grow that way, pa; you did it -you did it!

The next time you go to the country ask a farmer if such a thing can be done, and decide for yourself if you think this is a true story or not.

Would you like to read a letter George is said to have written when he was a boy? It seems almost too correct for a child, especially considering that a little country school was where he learned to read and write. Richard was then a little boy too, and he had just sent George a picture-book. "Sam" mentioned in the letter was one of George's brothers. "Uncle Jo" and "Uncle Ben" were very likely negro slaves, as the slaves were often called "uncles" and "aunts" by the white people. This is the way the letter reade

Dear Dicky: I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it, and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy and put him on his back and would not let anyone touch his master's little son. I anyone touch his master's little soli. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the book you gave me,but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's. compliments to R. H. L. And likes his book full well. Henceforth will count him his friend. And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend, GEORGE WASHINGTON

I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it. When George was about 10 years old

he owned a book called "The Young Man's Companion, or Arithmetek Made Easy." Besides arithmetic it teaches how to read and write, how to make out bills, bonds and wills, how to measure timber, also surveying and a number of other useful things. Besides all this, it contains 110 rules for good behavior-just think of

obeying 110 rules! It certainly took a real boy to be the best wrestler for miles and miles around the country where he lived; he was none of the namby-pamby kind. He was for playing soldier, running, riding, shooting and every other kind of outdoor sports. When he and his friends played soldier at when he and his friends played soldier at school he was pretty sure to be the cap-tain. He could throw a piece of slate across the Rappahannock, which flowed past his home. You have seen what a horseman he was, and besides all this he horseman ne was, and besides an unit was was the champion runner among the boys. George grew up very tall, with immense hands and feet. He wore No. 13 shoes and could not get gloves big enough with-

out having them made to order. A man who was with him in the war said that Washington could pick up his big tent, poles and all, and throw it with-out any effort into the wagon. This tent was so heavy that it usually took two

men to lift it. So do not think of "The Father of His

"Speak to your mother! I thought it was you who banged the piano until 1 o'clock every night!" So do not think of The Father of This other neresses had turned down "Well, you see, she's a great hunter, and he had been in the so long that she got him cheap."

Blue Mold Suffers Defeat.

the tree. The place cards can be small hatches with cherries tied to them with Blue mold is the worst enemy with red, white, and blue ribbon, or small drums with cocked hats tied to them with which growers of oranges and lemons in California are obliged to contend. It has the ribbon. It is quite impossible to carry been costing them a good deal over a milout the same scheme in regard to the dishes as for the Valentine luncheon, for the molds and shapes cannot be so easily lion dollars a year. Attacking the citrus fruit, it causes rapid rot, incidentally pro-ducing that bluish, or sometimes greenish obtained excepting for the ices; but if the menu is made up with care and the dishes well selected and dainty, this need effect on the skin which is so unpleasant to the eye. Everybody has noticed or-anges and lemons thus deceased. not make any difference with the general

During the last five years the Pomology plan; and when the cake and ices are served, the surprise will be all the greater on the part of the guests at their shape and design. In the following menu there may be some helpful suggestions for the Division of the Department of Agriculture has been trying to find out the cause of this mischief, which has rendered unsalable a large fraction of the orange and lemon crop of California. As a result, it has been discovered that careless hand-ling is chiefly accountable. The laborers who pick the fruits in the orchards scar them frequently with the clippers they use for cutting them off. They throw them carelessly into the picking sacks, bruising them, and often dig their finger nails into them.

Wherever the skin of an orange or lemon is injured, the spores of the fungus known as blue mold are liable to find an entrance and begin to grow and multiply. These spores are exceedingly plentiful in every orchard, develoying on the decay-ed frult. For the same reason they swarm in the air of the fruit-packing house, always ready to make trouble. A great many of the lemons and oranges suffer mechanical injuries while being brushed and otherwise prepared for pack-

ing, and here again the mischief is propagated. Sound oranges that suffer no such injury are proof against the blue mold. It is careless handling in picking and pack-ing that has made nearly all of the trou-ble. This fact having been discovered, growers and pickers are changing their methods, and the result already has been a reduction of the total loss by two-

That there might be no question of the fact that blue mold was the cause of the decay, large numbers of fresh, sound oranges and lemons were experimentally inoculated, both in the orchard and the laboratory, with spores of the fungus, and in every instance the characteristic symptoms of the disease made their appear-ance.—Saturday Evening Post.

"Well?"

"Let cook tell us how many gumdrops he had in his outfit. Then we can easily figure out if he reached the Pole."

The Cause of it.

the woven silk is warmer, as well as less bulky, than the waist of cotton or French

"What possesses Miss Billyuns to mar-ry that disreputable count that so many other heiresses had turned down?" "Well, you see, she's a great bargain hunter, and he had been in the market so long that she got him chean". pensed with.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MENU. Grapefruit Cocktail Salted Almonds Olives Celery Cream of Celery Soup Filets of Halibut Veal Souffle Mushroom Sauce Nut and Crumb Croquettes. Potato

Croquettes Celery and Nut Salad Maple Parfait

Washington Birthday Cake Demitasse

Washington Birthday Cake .-- Make a layer cake and serve on a blue plate; cover the lower layers with icing and the top one with a deep pink, thus making a red, white, and blue effect. On the center of the top layer, put a cannon with tiny American flags stuck in it, and around the edge of the cake place hatchets with the handles pointing towards the cannon and flags, and a candied cherry placed next to them. Arrange the hatche ts and cherries so that each guest will be served with one.

an hour, strain into gelatine (one package previously dissolved in cold water.) Pour into mold (ring) and stand away in cool place to harden. Cut in small pieces equal parts of white celery and apples, dry thor-oughly in a towel and mix with a cup of meyonnaise. Turn the mold, now hard, on a round dish. Put the mixture in the "ring," surround the jelly with crisp let-tuce leaves and serve.

Tomato Jelly for Salad .- To a quart of tomatoes add a bay leaf, two cloves, a good sized onion, teaspoonful sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Stew for half

The long silk Jersey originally brought out as a foundation for a dress is finding great favor as a waist for wear under long tailored street coats. The close fit of the Jersey preserves the set of the coat and the under sile is used on the coat and

The Arctic Taximeter. "If an Eskimo will travel 30 miles for