

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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DOCTOR FRANKLIN

SYNOPSIS.—Solomon Binkus, veteran scout and interpreter, and his young companion, Jack Irons, passing through Horse Valley, New York, in September, 1768, to warn settlers of an Indian uprising, rescue from a band of redskins the wife and daughter of Colonel Hare of England. Jack distinguishes himself in the fight and later rescues Margaret Hare from the river. Jack and Margaret fall in love. On reaching Fort Stanwix, Colonel Hare says both are too young to marry. The Hare family sail for England, and the Irons family move to Albany. Unrest grows in the colony because of the oppressive measures of the English government. Solomon and Jack visit Boston. In November, 1770, Jack goes to Philadelphia and works in Benjamin Franklin's printing plant. Nearly three years later Margaret writes him from London, reminding him that her youth is passing and saying she has appealed to Doctor Franklin. Binkus has received a letter from Washington to be carried across the ocean, and Jack sails with him. Arriving in England, Binkus is arrested, but Jack has the letter and proceeds to London.

CHAPTER V

London and the Philosopher.

The str and prodigious reach of London had appalled the young man. The thought thrilled him that somewhere in the great crowd, of which he was now a part, were the two human beings he had come so far to see. He put on his best clothes and with the letter which had been carefully treasured—under his pillow at night and pinned to his pocket lining through the day—set out in a cab for the lodgings of Doctor Franklin. Through a maze of streets where people were "thick as the brush in the forests of Tryon county" he proceeded until after a journey of some thirty minutes the cab stopped at the home of the famous American on Bloomsbury square. Doctor Franklin was in and would see him presently, so the liveried servant informed the young man after his card had been taken to the doctor's office. He was shown into a reception room and asked to wait, where others were waiting. An hour passed and the day was growing dusk when all the callers save Jack had been disposed of. Then Franklin entered. Jack remembered the strong, well-knit frame and kindly gray eyes of the philosopher. His thick hair, hanging below his collar, was now white. He was very grand in a suit of black Manchester velvet with white silk stockings and bright silver buckles on his shoes. There was a gentle dignity in his face when he took the boy's hand and said with a smile:

"You are so big, Jack. You have built a six foot two inch man of that small lad I knew in Albany, and well finished, too—great thighs, heavy shoulders, a mustache, a noble brow, and shall I say the eye of Mars? It's a wonder what time and meat and bread and potatoes and air can accomplish. But perhaps industry and good reading have done some work on the job."

Jack blushed and answered: "It would be hard to fix the blame."

Franklin put his hand on the young man's shoulder and said:

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. You have excellent good taste. I congratulate you. Her pulchritude has a background of good character and she is alive with the spirit of the New World. I have given her no chance to forget you if that had been possible. Since I became the agent in England of yourself and sundry American provinces, I have seen her often, but never without longing for the gift of youth. How is my family?"

"They are well. I bring you letters." "Come up to my office and we'll give an hour to the news."

When they were seated before the grate fire in the large, pleasant room above stairs whose windows looked out upon the square, the young man said:

"First I shall give you, sir, a letter from Major Washington. It was entrusted to a friend of mine who came on the same ship with me. He was arrested at Deal, but, fortunately, the letter was in my pocket."

"Arrested? Why?" "I think, sir, the charge was that he had helped to tar and feather a British subject."

"Feathers and tar are poor arguments," the Doctor remarked as he broke the seal of the letter.

It was a long letter and Franklin sat for near half an hour thoughtfully reading and rereading it. By and by he folded and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so: "An angry man cannot even trust himself. I sent some letters to America on condition that they should be read by a committee of good men and treated in absolute confidence and returned to me. Certain members of that committee had so much gunpowder in their hearts it took fire and their prudence and my reputation have been seriously damaged, I fear. The contents of those letters are now probably known to you."

"Are they the Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver letters?"

"The same."

"I think they are known to every one in America that reads. We are indignant that these men born and raised among us should have said that a colony ought not to enjoy all the liberties of a parent state and that we should be subjected to coercive measures. They had expressed no such opinion save in these private letters. It looked like a base effort to curry favor with the English government."

"Yes, they were overworking the curry comb," said Franklin. "I had been protesting against an armed force in Boston. The government declared that our own best people were in favor of it. I, knowing better, denied the statement. To prove their claim, a distinguished baronet put the letters in my hands. He gave me leave to send them to America on condition that they should not be published. Of course, they proved nothing but the treachery of Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver. Now I seem to be tarred by the same stick."

Jack told him of his prospects and especially of the generosity of his friend Solomon Binkus and of the plight the latter was in.

"He must be a remarkable man," said Franklin. "With Preston's help he will be coming on to London in a day or so. If necessary you and I will go down there. We shall not neglect him. Have you any dinner clothes? They will be important to you."

"I thought, sir, that I should best wait until I had arrived here."

"You thought wisely. I shall introduce you to a good cloth merchant. Go to him at once and get one suit for dinner and perhaps two for the street. It costs money to be a gentleman here. It's a fine art. While you are in London you'll have to get the uniform and fall in line and go through the evolutions or you will be a 'North American savage.' You shall meet the Hares in my house as soon as your clothes are ready. Ask the tailor to hurry up. They must be finished by Wednesday noon. You had better have lodgings near me. I will attend to that for you."

The Doctor sat down and wrote on a number of cards. "These will provide for cloth, linen, leather and hats,"



he said. "Let the bills be sent to me. Then you'll not be cheated. Come in tomorrow at half after two."

Jack bade the Doctor good night and drove to The Spread Eagle where, before he went to bed, he wrote to his parents and a long letter to the Pennsylvania Gazette, describing his voyage and his arrival subsequently as the facts are here recorded. Next morning he ordered every detail in his "uniforms" for morning and evening wear and returning again to the inn found Solomon waiting in the lobby.

"Here I be," said the scout and trapper.

"What happened to you?"

"S'arched an' shoved me into a dark hole in the wall. Ye know, Jack, with you an' me, it allus 'pears to be workin'."

"What?"

"Good luck. Cur'us thing the papers was on you 'stid of me—yes, sir, 'twas. Did ye hand 'em over safe?"

"Last night I put 'em in Franklin's hands."

"Hunkidory! I'm ready fer to go hum."

"Doctor Franklin wants to see you," said Jack. "Put on your Sunday clothes an' we'll go over to his house. I think I can lead you there. If we get lost we'll jump into a cab."

When they set out Solomon was dressed in fine shoes and brown wool stockings and drab trousers, a button jacket and blue coat, and a big, black three-cornered hat. His slouching gait and large body and weathered face and the variety of colors in his costume began at once to attract the attention of the crowd. A half-drunk harridan surveyed him, from top to toe, and made a profound bow as

he passed. A number of small boys scurried along with them, curiously staring into the face of Solomon.

"Ain't this like comin' into a savage tribe that ain't seen no civilized human bein' fer years?"

"'Wot is it?" a voice shouted.

"'Es a blarsted hush 'wacker from North Hamerica, 'e is," another answered.

Jack stopped a cab and they got into it.

"Show us some of the great buildings and land us in an hour at 10 Bloomsbury square, East," he said. "With a sense of relief they were whisked away in the stream of traffic. They passed the king's palace and the great town houses of the duke of Bedford and Lord Balcarras, each of which was pointed out by the driver. Suddenly every vehicle near them stopped, while their male occupants sat with bared heads. Jack observed a curious procession on the sidewalk passing between two lines of halted people.

"'Hit's their majesties!" the driver whispered under his breath.

The king—a stout, red-nosed, blue-jawed man, with big, gray, staring eyes—was in a sedan chair surmounted by a crown. He was dressed in light cloth with silver buttons. Queen Charlotte, also in a chair, was dressed in lemon colored silk ornamented with brocaded flowers. The two were smiling and bowing as they passed. In a moment the procession entered a great gate. Then there was a crack of whips and the traffic resumed its hurried pace.

When they had been conducted to the presence of Doctor Franklin he took Solomon's hand and said:

"Mr. Binkus, I am glad to bid you welcome."

He looked down at the sinewy, still-boned, right hand of the scout, sitting holding it.

"Will you step over to the window a moment and give me a look at your hands?" he asked.

They went to the window and the Doctor put on his spectacles and examined them closely.

"I have never seen such an able Samsonian fist," he went on. "I think the look of those hands would let you into Paradise. What a record of human service is writ upon them! Hands like that have laid the foundations of America. They have been generous hands. They tell me all I need to know of your spirit, your lungs, your heart and your stomach."

"They're purty heavy—that's why I gen'ally carry 'em in my pockets when I ain't busy," said Solomon.

"I saw Sir Jeffrey Amherst this morning and told him you were in London. He is fond of you and paid you many compliments and made me promise to bring you to his home."

"I'd like to smoke a pipe with ol' Jeff," Solomon answered. "They ain't no nonsense 'bout him. I learnt him how to talk Injun an' read rapids an' build a fire with tinder an' elbow grease. He knows me plenty. He staked his life on me a dozen times in the Injun war."

"How is Major Washington?" the Doctor asked.

"Stout as a pot o' ginger," Solomon answered. "I rashed with him one evenin' down in Virginia an' I'll never tackle him ag'in, you hear to me. His right flipper is as big as mine an' when it takes bolt 'ev'ry thing it were goin' to strip the shuck off 'er soul."

"He's in every way a big man," read the Doctor. "On the whole, he's about our biggest man. An officer who came out of the ambuscade at Fort Duquesne with thirty living men out of three companies and four shot holes in his coat must have an engagement with Destiny. Evidently his work was not finished. You have traveled about some. What is the feeling over there toward England?"

"They're like a bilin' pot every-where. England has got to step careful now."

"Tell Sir Jeffrey that, if you see him, just that. Don't mince matters. Jack, I'll send my man with you and Mr. Binkus to show you the new lodgings. We found them this morning."

"I kissed her lips and she kissed mine, and for a few moments—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Excuse

A newsboy took a handful of peanuts from a peanut stand and was arrested for it.

"Well, what are you here for?" the magistrate demanded.

"I don't know, your honor," the culprit replied, "unless it's 'impersonating an officer.'"

Truthful

"You've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?" (No answer.)

"I say, you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

THE SANDMAN STORY

SPIDER AND MOUSE

OLD MME. SPIDER had long ago decided that the attic belonged to her, for no one ever came there with a big feather duster and destroyed the home she made with one flirt of that dreadful thing.

Up there madam was never disturbed by children running about. She had the place to herself and if she cared to run across the floor she did not have to look out for small feet and after a while Mme. Spider thought the attic was really made for her to live in and she spun her webs everywhere.

"The more webs I have the more flies," thought Mme. Spider. But one day she found a hole in the wall that she thought the very place for a beautiful lacy web and after she had put a great deal of time into the weaving and made it very beautiful what was her dismay one morning to find it almost destroyed, just hanging by a thread.

Mme. Spider was thinking very hard things about someone, she didn't know who, for she had seen no one in the

true, so he asked how he could pay her.

"Flies are scarce up here," said madam, "and you must have plenty of crumbs and bits of food down where you live, for I suspect you live in the pantry wall. If you want soft, thin bits for your nest you bring me crumbs every time you come up here. The crumbs will attract flies."

"Of course, if you don't I'll make a stronger web over that hole and keep you out altogether," she snapped.

Frisky said he would gladly do this and started to take his bit of wool. "I'll be right back with the crumbs," he said.

Madam knew she need not be afraid of him now, so she quickly ran down and sat on the wool. "You bring crumbs first," she said.

Off ran Frisky to get the crumbs, but when Mrs. Frisky saw him she wanted to know where he was carrying that nice big crumb and her husband told her all about his bargain with Mme. Spider.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Frisky. "She can't fool me that way. You come along and show me where that attic is and I will get all I want without paying anything."

When Mrs. Frisky ran out of the hole in the attic wall she did not stop to make any bargains with Mme. Spider. She just tumbled her off and poked the bit of wool into the hole for her husband to carry downstairs and then she ran across the attic and took some more.

Mme. Spider was high up on the wall by this time. She knew she did not have any polite Frisky Mouse to deal with now.

Mrs. Frisky, before she ran into the hole in the wall, looked up at madam and said: "If you are wise you will not spend any time spinning webs



"I Didn't Know This Was Your Attic," Mr. Mouse Said.

attic, when little Frisky Mouse ran across the floor straight for the hole.

He did not notice madam and was about to run into the hole with a bit of soft wool in his mouth when her cross voice called to him: "How dare you break down my web and what are you doing in my attic? I have a good mind to spin a web about you and eat you for my dinner!"

Frisky Mouse dropped the wool. "I didn't know this was your attic," he said. "I thought it belonged to the house and anyone could run up here, and as for your web, madam, I did not see it. I am sorry, I am sure."

He was so polite about it that madam forgot her anger, and then she was curious to know what he was going to do with the bit of soft wool.

"What are you going to do with that piece of wool?" she inquired.

"I am getting it for my wife to make a nest for our children," said Frisky.

Mme. Spider crept up on the wall out of his reach in case he did get angry at what she was about to say. "That belongs to me," she said. "Everything in the attic is mine and if you want wool and other soft bits for your nest you will have to pay me for them."

Frisky Mouse did not stop to think he could run through the hole in the wall and get all he wanted in spite of Mme. Spider. She was so cross and decided in her manner that poor Frisky thought what she told him was

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FACTS about your name; it's history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

ROSAMOND

ROSAMOND had nothing to do with a rose, strange as it may seem. The name means "famed protection," and is of extremely ancient origin. The first Rosamond was the fierce chieftainess of the Gephidae, whose Lombard husband forced to drink his health in a grisly goblet composed of the skull of her slaughtered father, and who later avenged the insult by a midnight murder.

Out of this tragedy the name of Rosamond gained great popularity among the peasantry, and in some mysterious way penetrated the land of the Norman Cliffords, by whom it was bestowed upon Fair Rosamond of ballad lore. This lovely lady's history has been much changed by Cervantes, who makes his Persiles and Sigismunda encounter her in the Arctic regions, fulfilling a dreary penance among the wehr wolves.

The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING

MOON ON ITS BACK

THERE are many weather signs regarded as superstitions which are not superstitions at all but deductions from long experience. They are capable of being scientifically explained as the forecasts of the weather bureau.

The common belief that if the new moon has its lower horn tilted up it is a sign of dry weather would, however, appear to come under the head of superstitions. Nearly all our moon superstitions can be traced back to the cult of Isis, the great moon-goddess of the Egyptians. The crescent moon was her symbol and "sometimes she represented the earth when fecundated by the waters of the Nile." There was a close connection between Isis and fecundating water, thus intimately relating her to the growth of vegetation and the crops, and a jar of water was always carried in the processions attending her worship. It is

not surprising, therefore, to find the crescent moon connected in folk-lore with the idea of wetness and dryness. Whatever the esoteric reason known to the priests of Isis at Karnak or Memphis why the tilting up of the lower horn of the crescent moon indicated a dry month and the shortening of that horn a wet month, the reason assigned by modern superstition has a primitive flavor which indicates great antiquity. It is that when the lower horn is tilted up the water cannot run out and when it is shortened it escapes easily.

This "moon on its back" superstition is often referred to as being of American Indian origin. The story goes that the Indians told the first settlers that when they—the Indians—could hang their powder-horns on the lower horn of the crescent it would be a dry moon and when they couldn't it wouldn't. A pretty story; but the Indians met by the first settlers knew not of powder-horns and the superstition antedates the discovery of America, being clearly derived from the Isis myth.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ALLOTMENT

EIGHT hours for work, eight hours for play. And eight for rest at close of day. But for my loving give me a score. Plus four.

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The clergyman's cassock is a survival of the days when nearly all men were skirted.

Barbara La Marr



Meticulous is the word that describes the rise of charming Barbara La Marr, the "movie" star, who has been successful in various other fields. At the age of seven her remarkable grace as a dancer was recognized. Her next career was literature—stories for motion pictures; finally she was induced to play parts—her success is known the world over.

over this hole, because I shall run in and out many times and a spider's web won't stop me."

"One of those strong-minded, new creatures," said Mme. Spider, when Mrs. Frisky was gone. "I just know her husband is a poor, henpecked creature; doesn't dare to say his soul is his own."

But she made her webs well off the floor after that and when she saw a mouse run across the attic she made no more sharp bargains for crumbs.

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ROMANCE OF WORDS

"JIUJITSU"

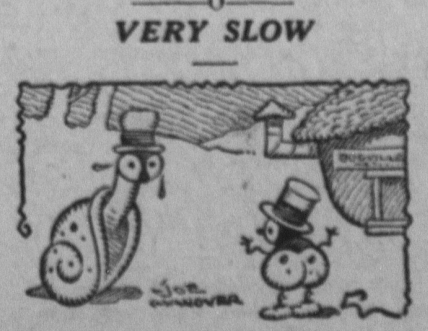
THE word "JiuJitsu" was lifted as bodily from the Japanese as the system of physical training which has been practiced in Japan for the past 2,500 years. This system includes not only constant exercise and practice, but also dieting and careful living. It is not difficult to learn and is very effective in practical use, enabling the small and comparatively weak person to cope successfully with larger and more powerful opponents.

Specifically, JiuJitsu is the art of applying the physical forces so that a very slight movement will overcome the greatest possible human resistance. The Japanese have worked it out to such a degree that they utilize, not only the strength of the adept in the art itself, but the force generated by the onrush of the opposing fighter. In the majority of emergencies a thorough knowledge of JiuJitsu is very effective, but American college athletes have proven that football tactics more than offset this centuries-old art of physical defense.

The system was introduced into the United States in 1904 and the word itself is made up from the Japanese Jiu—meaning soft, gentle or tender—and Jitsu—a device, trick or art. The idea is that JiuJitsu is the "gentle art" of meeting physical force with a quick, dexterous movement, devoid of any especial strength.

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VERY SLOW



Bug—Whatcha boo-hooing about? Snail—I tried to get a job as messenger boy and they said I was too slow even for a messenger boy!