

# In the Days of Poor Richard

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.  
—14—

Their mission finished, that evening Jack and Solomon called at General Washington's headquarters.

"General, Doctor Franklin told us to turn over the horses and wagons to you," said Solomon. "He didn't tell us what to do with ourselves 'cause 'twasn't necessary an' he knew it. We want to enlist."

"For what term?"  
"Till the British are licked."  
"You are the kind of men I need," said Washington. "I shall put you on scout duty. Mr. Irons will go into my regiment of sharpshooters with the rank of captain. You have told me of his training in Philadelphia."

So the two friends were enlisted and began service in the army of Washington.

A letter from Jack to his mother dated July 25, 1776, is full of the camp color:

"General Charles Lee is in command of my regiment," he writes. "He is a rough, slovenly old dog of a man who seems to bark at us on the training ground. He has two or three hunting dogs that live with him in his tent and also a rare gift of profanity which is with him everywhere—save at headquarters."

"Today I saw these notices posted in camp:  
"Punctual attendance on divine service is required of all not on actual duty."  
"No burning of the pope allowed."  
"Fifteen stripes for denying duty."  
"Ten for getting drunk."  
"Thirty-nine for stealing and desertion."

"Rogues are put in terror, lazy men are energized. The quarters are kept clean, the food is well cooked and in plentiful supply, but the British over in town are said to be getting hungry."

Early in August a London letter was forwarded to Jack from Philadelphia. He was filled with new hope as he read these lines:

"Dearest Jack: I am sailing for Boston on one of the next troop ships to join my father. So when the war ends—God grant it may be soon—you will not have far to go to find me. Perhaps by Christmas time we may be together. Let us both pray for that. Meanwhile, I shall be happier for being nearer you and for doing what I can to heal the wounds made by this wretched war. I am going to be a nurse in a hospital. You see the truth is that since I met you, I like all men better, and I shall love to be trying to relieve their sufferings. . . . It was a long letter but above is as much of it as can claim admission to these pages."

"Who but she could write such a letter?" Jack asked himself, and then he held it to his lips a moment. It thrilled him to think that even then she was probably in Boston. In the tent where he and Solomon lived when they were both in camp, he found the scout. The night before Solomon had slept out. Now he had built a small fire in front of the tent and lain down on a blanket, having delivered his report at headquarters.

"Margaret is in Boston," said Jack as soon as he entered, and then standing in the firelight read the letter to his friend.

"That is a real, genuine, likely gal," said the scout.

"I wish there were some way of getting to her," the young man remarked.

"Might as well think o' goin' to h—l an' back ag'in," said Solomon. "Since Bunker Hill the British are like a lot o' hornets. I run onto one of 'em today. He fired at me an' didn't hit a thing but the air an' run like a scared rabbit. Could 'a' killed him easy but I kind o' enjoyed seein' him run. He were like chain lightning on a greased pole—you hear to me."

"If the general will let me, I'm going to try spy duty and see if I can get into town and out again," he proposed.

"You keep out o' that business," said Solomon. "They's too many that know ye over in town. The two Clarks an' their friends an' Colonel Hare an' his friends, an' Cap. Preston, an' a hull passie. They know all 'bout ye. If you got snapped, they'd stan' ye ag'in a wall an' put ye out o' the way quick. It would be pie for the Clarks, an' the ol' man Hare wouldn't spill no tears over it. Cap. Preston couldn't save ye, that's sartin. No, sir, I won't 'low it. They's plenty o' old cusses for such work."

For a time Jack abandoned the idea, but later, when Solomon failed to return from a scouting tour and a report reached camp that he was captured, the young man began to think of that rather romantic plan again. He had grown a full beard; his skin was tanned; his clothes were worn and torn and faded. His father, who had visited the camp bringing a supply of clothes for his son, had failed, at first, to recognize him.

December had arrived. The general was having his first great trial in keeping an army about him. Terms of enlistment were expiring. Cold weather had come. The camp was uncomfortable. Regiments of the homesick lads of New England were leaving or preparing to leave. Jack and a number of young ministers in the service organized a campaign of persuasion and many were prevailed upon to re-enlist. But hundreds of boys were hurrying homeward on the frozen roads.

One day Jack was sent for. He and

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his company had captured a number of men in a skirmish.

"Captain, you have done well," said the general. "I want to make a scout of you. In our present circumstances it's about the most important, dangerous and difficult work there is to be done here, especially the work which Solomon Binkus undertook to do. There is no other in whom I should have so much confidence. Major Bartlett knows the part of the line which Colonel Binkus traversed. He will be going out that way tomorrow. I should like you, sir, to go with him. After one trip I shall be greatly pleased if you are capable of doing the work alone."

Orders were delivered and Jack reported to Bartlett, an agreeable, middle-aged farmer-soldier, who had been on scout duty since July. They left camp together next morning an hour before reveille. They had an uneventful day, mostly in wooded flats and ridges, and from the latter looking across with a spy-glass into Bruteland, as they called the country held by the British, and seeing only, now and then, an enemy picket or distant camp. About midday they sat down in a thicket together for a bite to eat and a whispered conference.

"Binkus, as you know, had his own way of scouting," said the major. "He was an Indian fighter. He liked to get inside the enemy lines and lie close an' watch 'em an' mebbe hear what they were talking about. Now an' then he would surprise a British sentinel and disarm him an' bring him into camp."

Jack wondered that his friend had never spoken of the capture of prisoners.

"He was a modest man," said the young scout.

"He didn't want the British to know where Solomon Binkus was at work, and I guess he was wise," said the major. "I advise against taking the chances that he took. It ain't necessary. You would be caught much sooner than he was."

That day Bartlett took Jack over Solomon's trail and gave him the lay of the land and much good advice. A young man of Jack's spirit, however, is apt to have a degree of enterprise and self-confidence not easily controlled by advice. He had been travel-

ing alone for three days when he felt the need of more exciting action. That night he crossed the Charles river on the ice in a snowstorm and captured a sentinel and brought him back to camp.

Soon after that the daring spirit of the youth led him into a great adventure. It was on the night of January fifth that Jack penetrated the British lines in a snowstorm and got close to an outpost in a strip of forest. There a camp fire was burning. He came close. His garments had been whitened by the storm. The air was thick with snow, his feet were muffled in a foot of it. He sat by a stump scarcely twenty feet from the fire, seeing those men in its light, but quite invisible. There he could distinctly hear the talk of the Britishers. It related to a proposed evacuation of the city by Howe.

"I'm weary of starving to death in this God-forsaken place," said one of them. "You can't keep an army without meat or vegetables. I've eaten fish till I'm getting scales on me."

"Colonel Riffington says that the army will leave here within a fortnight," another observed.

It was important information which had come to the ear of the young scout. The talk was that of well-bred Englishmen who were probably officers.

"We ought not to speak of those matters aloud," one of them remarked. "Some d—d Yankee may be listening like the one we captured."

"He was Amherst's old scout," said another. "He swore a blue streak when we shoved him into jail. They don't like to be treated like rebels. They want to be prisoners of war."

A young man came along with his rifle on his shoulder.

"Hello, Bill!" said one of the men. "Going out on post?"

"I am, God help me," the youth answered. "It's what I'd call a h—l of a night."

The sentinel passed close by Jack on his way to his post. The latter crept

away and followed, gradually closing in upon his quarry. When they were well away from the fire, Jack came close and called, "Bill!"

The sentinel stopped and faced about.

"You've forgotten something," said Jack, in a genial tone.

"What is it?"

"Your caution," Jack answered, with his pistol against the breast of his enemy. "I shall have to kill you if you call or fall to obey me. Give me the rifle and go on ahead. When I say gee go to the right, haw to the left."

So the capture was made, and on the way out Jack picked up the sentinel who stood waiting to be relieved and took both men into camp.

From documents on the person of one of these young Britishers it appeared that General Clarke was in command of a brigade behind the lines which Jack had been watching and robbing.

When Jack delivered his report the chief called him a brave lad and said:

"It is valuable information you have brought to me. Do not speak of it. Let me warn you, captain, that from now on they will try to trap you. Perhaps, even, you may look for daring enterprises on that part of their line."

The general was right. The young scout ran into a most daring and successful British enterprise on the twentieth of January. The snow had been swept away in a warm rain and the ground had frozen bare, or it would not have been possible. Jack had got to a strip of woods in a lonely bit of country near the British lines and was climbing a tall tree to take observations when he saw a movement on the ground beneath him. He stopped and quickly discovered that the tree was surrounded by British soldiers. One of them, who stood with a raised rifle, called to him:

"Irons, I will trouble you to drop your pistols and come down at once."

Jack saw that he had run into an ambush. He dropped his pistols and came down. He had disregarded the warning of the general. He should have been looking out for an ambush. A squad of five men stood about him with rifles in hand. Among them was Lionel Clarke, his right sleeve empty.

"We've got you at last—you d—d rebel!" said Clarke.

"I suppose you need some one to swear at," Jack answered.

"And to shoot at," Clarke suggested.

"I thought that you would not care for another match with me," the young scout remarked as they began to move away.

"Hereafter you will be treated like a rebel and not like a gentleman," Clarke answered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be standing, blindfolded against a wall."

"That kind of a threat doesn't scare me," Jack answered. "We have too many of your men in our hands."

## CHAPTER XV

In Boston Jail.

Jack was marched under guard into the streets of Boston. Church bells were ringing. It was Sunday morning. Young Clarke came with the guard beyond the city limits. They had seemed to be very careless in the control of their prisoner. They gave him every chance to make a break for liberty. Jack was not fooled.

"I see that you want to get rid of me," said Jack to the young officer.

"You'd like to have me run a race with your bullets. That is base ingratitude. I was careful of you when we met and you do not seem to know it."

"I know how well you can shoot," Clarke answered. "But you do not know how well I can shoot."

"And when I learn, I want to have a fair chance for my life."

Beyond the city limits young Clarke, who was then a captain, left them, and Jack proceeded with the others.

The streets were quiet—indeed almost deserted. There were no children playing on the common. A crowd was coming out of one of the churches. In the midst of it the prisoner saw Preston and Lady Hare. They were so near that he could have touched them with his hand as he passed. They did not see him. He noted the name of the church and its minister. In a few minutes he was delivered at the jail—a noisome, ill-smelling, badly ventilated place.

The yard was an opening walled in by the main structure and its two wings and a wooden fence some fifteen feet high. There was a ragged, dirty rabble of "rebel" prisoners, among whom was Solomon Binkus, all wet for an airing. The old scout had lost flesh and color. He held Jack's hand and stood for a moment without speaking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**His Lesson Went Wrong**  
The teacher was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovery of the law of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground looking at the tree. An apple fell on his head, and from that he discovered gravitation. Just think, children!" she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

The inevitable small boy replied: "Yes, miss, an' if he had been sittin' in school lookin' at his books he wouldn't never have discovered nothin'."

## Printed Crepe Is Fashion in Paris

Bright Colors Feature of Interesting Dress Materials Now Worn.

Printed crepes of every type imaginable are being worn in Paris. A simple crepe de chine frock set forth in several shades of green and gray on a darker green ground is popular for summer wear. The whole garment is very plain and semi-tailored, a one-piece frock with a narrow belt of leather. The bodice opens at the front to form a shallow, tailored collar turning back from the V-shaped décolletage. Ball buttons in antique silver give a touch of elegance to the modest little garment. The clasp on the leather belt is likewise of wrought silver to match. The band trimming on the bodice, sleeves and skirt is of plain green crepe. A scarf of similar crepe in one tone may be worn with the frock.

An interesting and unusual gown is exceedingly smart and quite new in



One-Piece Frock Is Liked.

conception. It is of black crepe de chine, bordered with white organdie and most cleverly draped at the front of the skirt. The whole frock is cut on the bias and the vast amount of fullness which forms the drapery at the front is gathered beneath a kid belt of hunter's green embossed with gold.

## Beads in Quantity and Variety in Evidence

A sense of humor is needed to appreciate the quantity and variety of necklaces and other baubles that are now displayed in every place where things pertaining to women's dress are sold. They resemble most amusingly the button strings of our early childhood days and the marbles that in the springtime add so much to the happiness of little boys.

Millions of strings of beads, some of crystal and semi-precious in character, but most of them just glass, add to the decorative layout of the shops, big and little, and are worn without apology for their cheapness by women of taste and fashion.

Of course there are people of affluence who resist the temptation to deck themselves after the manner of Indian squaws, and who follow the fashion by

## Hose and Shoes Must Be Smart to Match Skirts

Skirts are shorter than ever in Paris, according to a fashion authority recently returned, and woe to the woman who does not give careful consideration to her feet and ankles, for they cannot be camouflaged.

"There never was a time when shoes and hosiery were so important as they are now," the same authority declared. "Long ago, when our grandmothers wore white and pale-colored hose, their skirts were long. When the short skirts first came into vogue the hose were black or a dark brown to match the shoes. Now the skirts are at least ten inches from the ground and the stockings are in shades of beige or nude or gray. They are very smart, but very conspicuous.

"The new full-fashioned silk and fiber hose are very satisfactory for summer dresses. They fit the ankles and are shimmery and pretty. Care must be taken to wear the right kind of shoes with each gown. The trim-tailored shoes a woman wears with her serge frock are impossible with her patent leather or satin or thin kid shoes with high heels.

"It is careful attention to these details that makes a woman look smart, and it is much more important to have one's clothes smart than becoming. It is not always possible to be both, and the wise woman chooses to be smart."

## Deauville Scarf Brings Many Fashions to Surface

The Deauville scarf started more fashions than the different ways of wearing the printed square of silk. Imitations of it are shown in much

## White Canton Crepe Is Bordered With Green



Here is a winsome two-piece suit for summer wear. It is made of soft white canton crepe, bordered with dull green, a popular combination this season.

wearing strings of fine stones and beads made of the genuine article; and some decline to wear anything in the way of a necklace other than their pearls or the other precious stones in their jewelry for evening dress.

The astonishing thing about some of the latest styles in necklaces, in both the long strings and the choker, is the size and weight of the beads. The marvel is that any but an Amazon is able to wear them and smile. "Beads" the size of a robin's eggs or a prize "chincy" in the game of marbles, made of rock crystal, clear, or of one of the many pretty colored imitations, weigh like a chain of rocks and would be burdensome if they were not the last word in the mode.

## Imitation Jewelry Is Attractive in Her Hair

The fad for imitation jewelry is reflected in the beautiful ornaments for the hair, in girdles and motifs designed to be worn with the latest models in evening dress in the coming months. They are made of net, studded closely with rhinestones, pearls or colored stones. Some of the bandeaux are so wide as almost to cover the hair; they are brilliantly jeweled, matching sparkling eyes, and are artistic, after an oriental type.

Girdles, ornaments, long-fringed tassels and motifs for applique are all of this kind and are much worn. The latest combs are lovely. The antique combs of the Spanish shape that had such a vogue during the winter, ivory and shell especially, are less seen now than the smaller shapes set with stones.

The rhinestone combs are far the most popular, and the low wide sort is quite the newest. These combs have an appeal for women who still have their tresses attached. For the one with bobbed locks there are the prettiest flatteringly slender fillets, as well as the wide swathing bandeaux.

## Red Much in Favor

Everywhere one sees much red used, not only for hats but for entire frocks. Sports frocks of red crepe de chine or flat crepe are most attractive and, as a rule, have a scarf of the same material. Some of the newer scarfs are made of crepe in a solid color with a wide border of a contrasting shade at each end. With a frock of white crepe de chine there was a scarf of white with an extremely wide band of red.

the same patterns, to be worn as ties and sashes, as hat trimming and now as head kerchiefs. The newest covering for the head for out of doors, on the beach, the tennis court or the motor road is a square of printed silk or crepe knotted about the head.

A fetching kerchief is made of a square of gay Scotch plaid bordered with plain green crepe, and the kerchief is put on the head bandanna fashion, with knotted ends in front and behind. Another manner of wearing the kerchief is as an Indian turban, which is particularly pretty and becoming in printed flowery chiffons, georgettes and crepes. These beach caps, as they are called, are much liked in place of the little hats, being lighter and more comfortable.

The scarf devotee will be able to revel in many kinds of colors of scarfs by availing herself of the opportunity to buy them by the yard. Printed crepe de chine, crepe chiffon and the lightest quality of chiffon printed in flower and conventional patterns in gay colors on light tinted grounds—gray, beige, flesh, blue, green or white—are to be bought in scarf length. They require only to be hemmed at the ends, and make a stylish scarf for a reasonable price.

## The Mandarin Coat

One of the newest effects in knitted coat sweaters is the "mandarin" model. In camel brushed wool, the sleeves and back contrasting with the body of the garment, and the edges finished with a neat blanket stitch of brown yarn, with two pockets, the mandarin coat is a practical and good-looking garment for all purposes.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast the jewel lies.  
And they are fools who roam;  
This world has nothing to bestow  
From our own selves our bliss must flow.

And that dear hut—our home.  
—Nathaniel Cotton.

### FOR THE FAMILY TABLE

A simple dessert which will be good for the children of the family, is:

**Jelly Pudding.**  
—Boil together two cupsful of water and one glass of jelly until well dissolved, add three-fourths of a cupful of sago which has

soaked for an hour to soften, then cook twenty minutes, or until the sago is clear. Sweeten to taste, pour into molds and serve with cream when cold.

**Velvet Sherbet.**—Take the juice of three lemons, add two cupsful of sugar and one quart of rich milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved; it will curdle but will freeze smooth as velvet. Freeze as usual.

**Banana Fluff.**—Peel three large ripe bananas, cover them with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one tablespoonful of grape juice; place on ice to stand for an hour. Mash them and beat well, adding one-half cupful of powdered sugar and the unbeaten whites of three eggs, one at a time. When light add a teaspoonful of vanilla and serve in glasses with fruit juice and minced pistachio nuts.

**Wisconsin Cherry Duff.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter (four tablespoonfuls), one-half cupful of sweet milk, one egg, one-half cupful of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of sweet canned cherries. Bake in gem pans and serve with:

**Cherry Sauce.**—Take one cupful of cherry juice, thicken with one teaspoonful of cornstarch, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of butter added just before serving, with a few drops of almond flavoring.

**Browned Carrots.**—Strape and cut in half medium-sized carrots, parboil for fifteen minutes, then lay around a roast of mutton and baste often with the fat from the pan. Serve around the roast on the platter.

When the fresh new cucumbers are crisp and green it is the time to put up pickles for winter.

The best aristocracy of which any man can boast is a long line of healthy, honest, industrious ancestors.

He who prides himself upon his ancestry is like potatoes—all that is good of him is under ground.

### DISHES YOU WILL ENJOY

Take freshly popped, tender corn well seasoned with salt and butter and put through an old coffee mill kept for such purposes. Serve with cream as a dessert or a Sunday night lunch.

**Popcorn Pudding.**—Take two cupsful of popped corn, ground; three cupsful of milk, three eggs slightly beaten, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk and pour it over the corn and let stand one hour. Add the remaining ingredients, turn into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve with cream or maple syrup.

**Sillabuba.**—Take a quart of heavy cream, sweeten and flavor to taste, whip until stiff, skimming off the top so that every bit of the thin cream drains through a sieve. When all is whipped, pile high in steamed sherbet cups and serve with sponge cake.

**Lemon Cheese Cakes.**—Line petty pans with puff paste or rich pastry and fill with the following: Take one pint of well-drained cheese, add three eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter; mix and mash the cheese very fine, add one and one-half cupsful of cream and sugar to taste and the grated rind of a lemon. Fill the shells and dust the tops with grated nutmeg and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven.

**Olives Stuffed With Anchovies.**—Peel large olives from the stone, leaving the peeling in spiral form. Wipe the oil from the anchovy fillets and press one into each olive. Set them on a glass dish on a bed of water; serve with bread sticks before or with the p.

**Celery With Cheese.**—Cut the coarser stalks of celery and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Place a layer of the cooked celery in a baking dish, cover with a layer of rich, white sauce, sprinkle generously with grated cheese and repeat with another layer. Finish the top with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

**Meat and Nut Balls.**—Take one cupful of chopped cooked well-seasoned veal, add one dozen chopped almonds, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Mix and roll into balls, place in a baking pan and pour one cupful of rich, highly-seasoned tomato sauce. Serve on a platter garnished with watercress.

*Nellie Maxwell*