



# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"The man has a great heart in him, as every great man must," he wrote to his father. "I am beginning to love him. I can see that these thousands in the army are going to be bound to him by an affection like that of a son for a father. With men like Washington and Franklin to lead us, how can we fail?"

The next night Sir Henry Clinton got around the Americans and turned their left flank. Smallwood's command and that of Colonel Jack Irons were almost destroyed, twenty-two hundred having been killed or taken. Jack had his left arm shot through and escaped only by the swift and effective use of his pistols and hanger, and by good luck, his horse having been "only slightly cut in the withers." The American line gave way. Its unseasoned troops fled into Brooklyn. There was the end of the island. They could go no farther without swimming. With a British fleet in the harbor under Admiral Lord Howe, the situation was desperate. Sir Henry had only to follow and pen them in and unlimber his guns. The surrender of more than half of Washington's army would have to follow. At headquarters, the most discerning minds saw that only a miracle could prevent it.

The miracle arrived. Next day a fog thicker than the darkness of a clouded night enveloped the island and lay upon the face of the waters. Calmly, quickly Washington got ready to move his troops. That night, under the friendly cover of the fog, they were quietly taken across the East river, with a regiment of Marblehead sea dogs, under Colonel Glover, manning the boats. Fortunately, the British army had halted, waiting for clear weather.

For nearly two weeks Jack was nursing his wound in Washington's army hospital, which consisted of a cabin, a tent, a number of cow stables and an old shed on the heights of Harlem. Jack had lain in a stable. Toward the end of his confinement, John Adams came to see him.

"Were you badly hurt?" the great man asked.

"Scratched a little, but I'll be back in the service tomorrow," Jack replied.

"You do not look like yourself quite. I think that I will ask the commander in chief to let you go with me to Philadelphia. I have some business there and later Franklin and I are going to Staten Island to confer with Admiral Lord Howe. We are a pair of snappish old dogs and need a young man like you to look after us. You would only have to keep out of our quarrels, attend to our luggage and make some notes in the conference."

So it happened that Jack went to Philadelphia with Mr. Adams and, after two days at the house of Doctor Franklin, set out with the two great men for the conference on Staten Island. He went in high hope that he was to witness the last scene of the war.

In Amboy he sent a letter to his father, which said:

"Mr. Adams is a blunt, outspoken man. If things do not go to his liking, he is quick to tell you. Doctor Franklin is humorous and polite, but firm as a God-placed mountain. You may put your shoulder against the mountain and push and think it is moving, but it isn't. He is established. He has found his proper bearings and is done with moving. These two great men differ in little matters. They had a curious quarrel the other evening. We had reached New Brunswick on our way north. The taverns were crowded. I ran from one to another trying to find entertainment for my distinguished friends. At last I found a small chamber with one bed in it and a single window. The bed nearly filled the room. No better accommodation was to be had. I had left them sitting on a bench in a little grove near the large hotel, with the luggage near them. When I returned they were having a hot argument over the origin of northeast storms, the doctor asserting that he had learned by experiment that they began in the southwest and proceeded in a northeasterly direction. I had to wait ten minutes for a chance to speak to them. Mr. Adams was hot faced, the doctor calm and smiling. I imparted the news.

"God of Israel! Mr. Adams exclaimed. 'Is it not enough that I have to agree with you? Must I also sleep with you?'"

"Sir, I hope that you must not, but if you must, I beg that you will sleep more gently than you talk," said Franklin.

"I went with them to their quarters carrying the luggage. On the way Mr. Adams complained that he had picked up a flea somewhere.

"The flea, sir, is a small animal, but a big fact," said Franklin. "You alarm me. Two large men and a flea will be apt to crowd our quarters."

"In the room they argued with a depth of feeling which astonished me, as to whether the one window should be open or closed. Mr. Adams had closed it.

"Please do not close the window," said Franklin. "We shall suffocate."

"Sir, I am an invalid and afraid of the night air," said Adams rather testily.

"The air of this room will be much worse for you than that out-of-doors," Franklin retorted. He was then between the covers. "I beg of you to open the window and get into bed and if I do not prove my case to your satisfaction, I will consent to its being closed."

"I lay down on a straw-filled mattress outside their door. I heard Mr. Adams open the window and get into bed. Then Doctor Franklin began to expound his theory of colds. He declared that cold air never gave any one a cold; that respiration destroyed a gallon of air a minute and that all the air in the room would be consumed in an hour. He went on and on and long before he had finished his argument, Mr. Adams was snoring, convinced rather by the length than the cogency of the reasoning. Soon the two great men, whose fame may be said to fill the earth, were asleep in the same bed in that little box of a room and snoring in a way that suggested loud contention. I had to laugh as I listened. Mr. Adams would seem to have been defeated, for, by and by, I heard him muttering as he walked the floor."

Howe's barge met the party at Amboy and conveyed them to the landing near his headquarters. It was, however, a fruitless journey. Howe wished to negotiate on the old ground now abandoned forever. The people of America had spoken for independence—a new, irrevocable fact not to be put aside by ambassadors. The colonies were lost. The concessions which the wise Franklin had so urgently recommended to the government of England, Howe seemed now inclined to offer, but they could not be entertained.

"Then my government can only maintain its dignity by fighting," said Howe.

"That is a mistaken notion," Franklin answered. "It will be much more dignified for your government to acknowledge its error than to persist in it."

"We shall fight," Howe declared.

"And you will have more fighting to do than you anticipate," said Franklin. "Nature is our friend and ally. The Lord has prepared our defenses. They are the sea, the mountains, the forest and the character of our people. Consider what you have accomplished. At an expense of eight million pounds you have killed about eight hundred Yankees. They have cost you ten thousand pounds a head. Meanwhile, at least a hundred thousand children have been born in America. There are the factors in your problem. How much time and money will be required for the job of killing all of us?"

The British admiral ignored the query.

"My powers are limited," said he, "but I am authorized to grant pardons and in every way to exercise the king's paternal solicitude."

"Such an offer shows that your proud nation has no flattering opinion of us," Franklin answered. "We, who are the injured parties, have not the baseness to entertain it. You will forgive me for reminding you that the king's paternal solicitude has been rather trying. It has burned our defenseless towns in midwinter; it has incited the savages to massacre our farmers in the back country; it has driven us to a declaration of independence. Britain and America are now distinct states. Peace can be considered only on that basis. You wish to prevent our trade from passing into foreign channels. Let me remind you, also, that the profit of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of holding it with fleets and armies."

"On such a basis I am not empowered to treat with you," Howe answered. "We shall immediately move against your army."

The conference ended. The ambassadors and their secretary shook hands with the British admiral.

"Mr. Irons, I have heard much of you," said the latter as he held Jack's hand. "You are deeply attached to a young lady whom I admire and whose father is my friend. I offer you a chance to leave this troubled land and go to London and marry and lead a peaceable, Christian life. You may keep your principles, if you wish, as I have no use for them. You will find sympathizers in England."

"Lord Howe, your kindness touches me," the young man answered. "What you propose is a great temptation. It is like Calypso's offer of immortal happiness to Ulysses. I love England. I love peace, and more than either, I

love the young lady, but I couldn't go and keep my principles."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because we are all of a mind with our Mr. Patrick Henry. We put liberty above happiness and even above life. So I must stay and help fight her battles, and when I say it I am grinding my own heart under my heel. Don't think harshly of me. I cannot help it. The feeling is bred in my bones."

His lordship smiled politely and bowed as the three men withdrew.

Franklin took the hand of the young man and pressed it silently as they were leaving the small house in which Howe had established himself.

Jack, who had been taking notes of the fruitless talk of these great men, was sorely disappointed. He could see no prospect now of peace.

"My hopes are burned to the ground," he said to Doctor Franklin.

"It is a time of sacrifice," the good man answered. "You have the invincible spirit that looks into the future and gives all it has. You are America."

"I have been thinking too much of myself," Jack answered. "Now I am ready to lay down my life in this great cause of ours."

"Boy, I like you," said Mr. Adams. "I have arranged to have you safely conveyed to New York. There an orderly will meet and conduct you to our headquarters."

"Thank you, sir," Jack replied. Turning to Doctor Franklin, he added: "One remark of yours to Lord Howe impressed me. You said that nature was our friend and ally. It put me in mind of the fog that helped us out of Brooklyn and of a little adventure of mine."

Then he told the story of the spider's web.

"I repeat that all nature is with us," said Franklin. "It was a sense of injustice in human nature that sent us across the great barrier of the sea into conditions where only the strong could survive. Here we have raised up a sturdy people with 3,000 miles of water between them and tyranny. Armies cannot cross it and succeed long in a hostile land. They are too far from home. The expense of transporting and maintaining them will bleed our enemies until they are spent. The British king is powerful, but now he has picked a quarrel with Almighty God, and it will go hard with him."

## CHAPTER XVII

### How Solomon Shifted the Skeer.

In the spring news came of a great force of British which was being organized in Canada for a descent upon New York through Lake Champlain. Frontier settlers in Tryon county were being massacred by Indians.

Generals Herkimer and Schuyler had written to Washington, asking for the services of the famous scout, Solomon Blinckus, in that region.

"He knows the Indian as no other man knows him and can speak his language and he also knows the bush," Schuyler had written. "If there is any place on earth where his help is needed just now, it is here."

"Got to leave ye, my son," Solomon said to Jack one evening soon after that.

"How so?" the young man asked.

"Goin' hum to fight Injuns. The Great Father has ordered it. I'll like it better, Gittin' lazy here. Summer's comin' an' I'm a born bush man. I'm kind o' oneasy—like a deer in a dooryard. I ain't had to run fer my life since we got here. My hoofs are complainin'. I ain't shot a gun in a month."

A look of sorrow spread over the face of Solomon.

"I'm tired of this place," said Jack. "The British are scared of us and we're scared of the British. There's nothing going on. I'd love to go back to the big bush with you."

"I'll tell the Great Father that you're a born bush man. Maybe he'll let ye go. They'll need us both. Rum, Injuns an' the devil have fined hands. The Long house will be the center o' hell an' its line fences'll take in the hull big bush."

That day Jack's name was included in the order.

"I'm sorry that it is not yet possible to pay you or any of the men who have served me so faithfully," said Washington. "If you need money I shall be glad to lend you a sum to help you through this journey."

"I ain't fightin' fer pay," Solomon answered. "I'll hoe an' dig, an' cook, an' guide fer money. But I won't fight no more fer money—partly 'cause I don't need it—partly 'cause I'm fightin' fer myself. I got a little left in my britches pocket, but if I hadn't, my ol' Marier wouldn't let me go hungry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Serious Case

A notoriously absent-minded man was observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A friend meeting him said: "Good evening. How are you?"

"Well," replied the absent-minded one, "I thought I was very well when I left home, but now I don't know what's the matter with me. I've been limping for the last half hour."

### Passing the Buck

The new book gave some pork chops to a relative who called while the lady of the house was out paying a few calls.

"The missus will miss them," warned the parlor maid.

"Oh, I'll blame that on the cat." "We have no cat." "Then be a good girl," urged the new cook earnestly, "and let the canary out of its cage."

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### JUST A STEP BEYOND

JUST a step beyond the barriers which have so long defied us, and we are sure of our ground, certain of realizing our fondest hopes, and marching on with the victors.

The thought thrills us with elation, but how hard it is to make the final stride when we are worn and weary.

Human nature is prone to lose courage when the chase is tiresome.

It inclines to become disheartened when carefully worked out plans and calculations fall immediately to produce anticipated results.

The fatal fault with most of us is lack of patience, coupled with an inclination to be governed by impulse rather than reason at the turning moment when everything is dependent on calmness and firmness of purpose.

We incline to haste when we should go slowly and take accurate account of our energy, where we should conserve it, that our minds may not be filled with fear and finally overcome with sickening apprehension.

In business, as in love, most of our miserable failures result from our refusal to consider seriously the step beyond.

For some paltry reason, a whim of the fancy, or a laxity of activity, we find ourselves at the crucial moment weary of the chase.

So we sit in the inviting shade of a friendly nook, while our more ambitious rivals steal a march upon us and capture the prize, only a step beyond our impatient reach.

The blame is our own. But the truth never penetrates our souls until the clear perspective of years gives us a sharper vision which enables us to see our folly.

It is not until then that we fully understand our shortcomings.

To make amends for our own deficiencies, we proceed to pass around advice to our intimates, which, as a rule, falls on barren ground. They know us!

There is but a step between success and failure, likewise but a step between hope and despair. When the occasion comes for action very few of us, alas, know how to make the step, though it is inviting and has an air of simplicity.

And yet there is probably no other movement so vitally important to man's future success as the step just beyond.

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## Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

### TO ANY PRETTY GIRL

YOU know, of course, that I envy you immensely.

In fact, I'm rather jealous of you. But my jealousy isn't altogether of the green pea-tinted variety.

A good deal of it should be spelled with a "Z"—Zealously—if you will.

I feel toward all you little kittedy bits of womanhood with your deliciously fresh and engaging ways, your sublime and unconquerable optimism, much in the same way as your own mother does, or should.

If you belonged to me I should want, oh, so much, to see that those first wonderful eighteen years of your life were filled with the joy and beauty of existence.

I should try to give you all the sunshine during your flapperhood, so that you would always have your memories to compensate you when the clouds which are so deadly inevitable come to shadow the brightness in your eyes and put a weight on your heart.

Of course, I should want to spank you—occasionally!

And the very hardest spanking I should administer would be when I discovered you allying yourself too closely to the powder puff and bunny's foot, and wasting your money on "facial treatments," vibro massages and such-like beauty restorers only intended for the thirties and forties.

I am aware that to be pretty and good to look at is often your overwhelming if secret ambition, and you wouldn't hesitate one second if you were offered the choice of the charms of Helen of Troy and the brain box that would help you to carve a niche for yourself in posterity.

And all of us of the sex, with a few misguided exceptions, would do the same, seeing that we are all very much aware that beauty, when it is beauty and not camouflage, is the easiest and pleasantest known method of achieving fame and fortune yet discovered.

But, if you are lucky enough already to possess the loveliness that

## SCHOOL DAYS



SEE THAT LIMB THERE WITHOUT ANY LEAVES ON IT, AND LOOKS LIKE IT HAD BEEN CHEWED UP? DON'T THAT? YES SIR, LAST WINTER THE SNOW WAS SO DEEP HERE THE RABBITS FEED ON THE TREE BRUSH—

WHAT'S THAT? YOU POOR SIND? NO, I CAN'T SAY. DUE WITHOUT HAVING YOUR PANTS, YOU POOR MUT?

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## Mother's Cook Book

There is a large and very knowing class who rejoice in the name of grumblers, persons who are so sure the world is going to ruin; they resent every attempt to comfort them, and accordingly seek their greatest consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased. Though you be with these people, I pray you be not one of them, for to do so means a life of uselessness.—Whipple.

### TO FEED THE FAMILY

WITH a diversity of tastes it is hard to make every meal please all appetites. For that reason it is a wise mother who early trains her offspring to eat all kinds of wholesome foods, even if they are not especially well-liked.

### Jelly Relish.

Soften one-fourth of a package of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water and dissolve by placing in a dish of hot water. Set individual molds in ice water; decorate the sides and bottom with figures cut from pimentos, placing them with the point of a large needle, dipping them in gelatin and setting them in place. Chop one slice of mild onion, two green peppers and cabbage to make one pint. Mix with one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar, one-fourth of a cupful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon-

ful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of celery seed, one-half teaspoonful of mustard seed and the gelatin. Turn into prepared molds and set aside in a cool place. Unmold on lettuce. Serve with fish or meat course.

### Minute Soup.

Take one cupful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter; mix well; add one grated onion, pepper, salt and a dash of poultry dressing, one and one-half cupfuls of rich cream, three cupfuls of boiling water; simmer for one minute and serve with toasted crackers.

### Graham Bread.

Take one cupful of graham flour, one-half cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of good buttermilk, one level teaspoonful of soda. Beat well and pour into a buttered pan and bake one hour.

### Ripe Tomato Conserve.

Take five pounds of ripe tomatoes, two pounds of sugar, three lemons cut into dice and one cupful of citron finely shaved. Cook until thick and seal in glasses or jars as usual.

Nellie Maxwell  
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## MOTHER'S SUMMER GIRL

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SUMMERTIME is children's time More than any other.

"Wintertime brings Christmastime," Interrupts my mother. Yes, I know, but Christmas goes Overnight and leaves the snows, But the summer stays and stays All through all the summer days.

Summertime is sunny time; That's another reason Why I like the summertime More than any season. Mother says, "It's often hot." Yes, and often it is not.

Then we have the summer showers Bringing all the summer flowers.

Summertime is picnic time. That is why I love it, With the green grass all around, Skies of blue above it.

"But the summer cooks you so," Mother says. It does, I know, But, it seems, the more you cook. More they say how "well" you look.

"Summertime is some one's time, And that some one's you!" Mother says, and takes me up, Just like mothers do.

Says (and aren't mothers queer?), "I was teasing you, my dear." Pets my cheek and pats my curl, Says that I'm her "summer girl."

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Few pass the grub stage when it comes to the intelligence test. Just a word about charm.

If you want the world at your feet, pretty girl, go out of your way to be charming. You will astonish yourself when you realize the power of a bright and frequent smile, the sympathetic little air, the scrupulous courtesy, the frank speech and the absence of all "side" and cattiness.

When one thinks of the multitudes of snappy, depressing and uninteresting women one comes daily in contact with one little wonder that men seem to veer with one accord to the fluffy frivolous and the flirty.

Stake your claim on fair manners fair speech and, above all, fair play as well as fair looks.

And believe me, you won't go far wrong. My love to you!

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## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says Religion ought to be kept out of the public schools and she's sorry to see by the paper that they're becoming too utilitarian and it certainly isn't fair to people of other denominations.

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