In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

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"There are many here who have nothing to wear but blankets with armholes, belted by a length of rope. There are hundreds who have no blankets to cover them at night. They have to take turns sitting by the fire while others are asleep. For them a night's rest is impossible. Let this letter be read to the people of Albany and may they not lie down to sleep until they have stirred themselves in our behalf, and if any man dares to pray to God to help us until he has given of his abundance to that end and besought his neighbors to do the same, I could wish that his praying would choke him. Are we worthy to be saved—that is the question. If we expect God to furnish the flannel and the shoe leather, we are not. That is our part of the great task. Are we going to shirk it and fail?

"We are making a real army. The men who are able to work are being carefully trained by the crusty old Baron Steuben and a number of French officers."

That they did not fail was probably due to the fact that there were men in the army like this one who seemed to have some little understanding of the will of God and the duty of man. This letter and others like it, traveled far and wide and more than a million hands began to work for the army.

The Schuylkill was on one side of the camp and wooded ridges, protected by entrenchments, on the other. Trees were felled and log huts constructed, 16 by 14 feet in size. Twelve privates were quartered in each hut.

The Gates propaganda was again being pushed. Anonymous letters complaining that Washington was not protecting the people of Pennsylvania and New Jersey from depredations were appearing in sundry newspapers. By and by a committee of investigation arrived from congress. They left satisfied that Washington had done well to keep his army alive, and that he must have help or a large part of it would die of cold and hunger.

It was on a severe day in March that Washington sent for Jack Irons. The scout found the general sitting alone by the fireside in his office which was part of a small farmhouse. He was eating a cold luncheon of baked beans and bread without butter. Jack had just returned from Philadelphia where he had risked his life as a spy, of which adventure no details are recorded.

The general arose and went to his desk and returned with sealed letters in his hand and said:

"Colonel, I have a task for you. I could give it to no man in whom I had not the utmost confidence. You have earned a respite from the hardships and perils of this army. Here is a purse and two letters. With them I wish you to make your way to France as soon as possible and turn over the letters to Franklin. The doctor is much is need of help. Put your services at his disposal. A ship will be leaving Boston on the 14th. A good horse has been provided; your route is mapped. You will need to start after the noon mess. For the first time in ten days there will be fresh beef on the tables. Two hundred blankets have arrived and more are coming. After they have eaten, give the men a farewell talk and put them in good heart, if you can. We are going to celebrate the winter's end which cannot be long delayed. When you have left the table, Hamilton will talk to the boys in his witty and inspiring fashion."

Soon after one o'clock on the 7th of March, 1778, Colonel Irons bade Solomon good-by and set out on his long journey.

CHAPTER XXIII

In France With Franklin.

Jack shipped in the packet Mercury, of 70 tons, under Capt. Simeon Sampson, one of America's ablest naval commanders. She had been built for rapid sailing and when, the second day out, they saw a British frigate bearing down upon her they wore ship and easily ran away from their enemy. Their first landing was at St. Martin on the Isle de Rhe. They crossed the island on mules, being greeted with the cry:

"Voila les braves Bostones!"

In France the word Bostone meant American revolutionist. At the ferry they embarked on a long gabbone for La Rochelle. There the young man enjoyed his first repose on a French lit built up of sundry layers of feather beds,

In the morning he set out in a heavy vehicle of two wheels, drawn by three horses. Its postillion in frizzed and powdered hair, under a cocked hat, with a long queue on his back and in great boots, hooped with iron, rode a lively little bidet. Such was the French stagecoach of those days, its running gear having been planned with an eye to economy, since vehicles were taxed according to the number of their wheels. The diary informs one that when the traveler stopped for food at an inn, he was expected to furnish his own knife. The highways were patrolled, night and day, by armed horsemen and robberies were unknown. The vineyards were not walled or fenced. All travelers had a license to help themselves to as much fruit as they might wish to eat when it was on the vines.

They arrived at Chantenay on a cold rainy evening. They were settled in their rooms, happy that they had protection from the weather, when their landlord went from room to room informing them that they would have to move on.

"Why?" Jack ventured to inquire.

"Because a seigneur has arrived."

"A seigneur!" Jack exclaimed.

"Oui, Monsieur. He is a very great man."

"But suppose we refuse to go," said Jack.

"Then, Monsieur, I shall detain your horses. It is a law of le grand monarque."

There was no dodging it. The coach and horses came back to the inn door. The passengers went out into the dark, rainy night to plod along in the mud, another six miles or so, that the seigneur and his suite could enjoy that comfort the weary travelers had been forced to leave. Such was the power of privilege with which the great Louis had saddled his kingdom.

They proceeded to Ancenis, Angers and Breux. The last stage from Versailles to Paris was called the post royale. There the postillion had to be dressed like a gentleman. It was a magnificent avenue, crowded every afternoon by the wealth and beauty of the kingdom, in gorgeously painted coaches, and lighted at night by great lamps, with double reflectors, over its center. They came upon it in the morning on their way to the capital. There were few people traveling at that hour. Suddenly ahead they saw a band of horsemen riding at a wild gallop. They were the king's couriers.

"Clear the way," they shouted. "The king's hunt is coming."

All travelers, hearing this command, made quickly for the sidings, there to draw rein and dismount. The deer came in sight, running for its life, the king close behind with all his train, the hounds in full cry. Near Jack the deer bounded over a hedge and took a new direction. His majesty—a short, stout man with blue eyes and aquiline nose, wearing a lace-cocked hat and brown velvet coatee and high boots with spurs—dismounted not twenty feet from the stagecoach, saying with great animation:

"Vite! Donnez moi un cheval frais."

Instantly remounting, he bounded over the hedge, followed by his train.

A letter from Jack presents all this color of the journey and avers that he reached the house of Franklin in Passy

about two o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant May day. The savant greeted his young friend with an affectionate embrace.

"Sturdy son of my beloved country, you bring me joy and a new problem," he said.

"What is the problem?" Jack inquired.

"That of moving Margaret across the channel. I have a double task now. I must secure the happiness of America and of Jack Irons."

He read the dispatches and then the doctor and the young man set out in a coach for the palace of Vergennes, the prime minister. Colonel Irons was filled with astonishment at the tokens of veneration for the white-haired man which he witnessed in the streets of Paris.

"The person of the king could not have attracted more respectful attention," he writes. "A crowd gathered about the coach when we were leaving it and every man stood with uncovered head as we passed on our way to the palace door. In the crowd there was much whispered praise of 'Le grand savant.' I did not understand this until I met, in the office of the Compte de Vergennes, the eloquent Senator Gabriel Honore Riquetti de Mirabeau. What an impressive name! Yet I think he deserves it. He has the eye of Mars and the hair of Samson and the tongue of an angel, I am told. In our talk, I assured him that in Philadelphia Franklin came and went and was less observed than the town crier.

"'But your people seem to adore him,' I said.

"'As if he were a god,' Mirabeau answered. 'Yes, it is true and it is right. Has he not, like Jove, hurled the lightning of Heaven in his right hand? Is he not an unpunished Prometheus? Is he not breaking the scepter of a tyrant?'

"Going back to his home where in the kindness of his heart he had asked me to live, he endeavored, modestly, to explain the evidences of high regard which were being showered upon him.

"'It happens that my understanding and small control of a mysterious and violent force of nature has appealed to the imaginations of these people,' he said. 'I am the only man who has used thunderbolts for his playthings. Then, too, I am speaking for a new world to an old one. Just at present I am the voice of Human Liberty. I represent the hunger of the spirit of man. It is very strong here. You have not traveled so far in France without seeing thousands of beggars. They are everywhere. But you do not know that when a child comes in a poor family, the father and mother go to prison pour mois de nourrice. It is a pity that the poor cannot keep their children at home. This old kingdom is a muttering Vesuvius, growing hotter year by year, with discontent. You will presently hear its voices.'"

There was a dinner that evening at Franklin's house, at which the Marquis de Mirabeau, M. Turgot, the Madame de Brillon, the Abbe Raynal and the Compte and Comptesse d' Haudetot, Colonel Irons and three other American gentlemen were present. The Madame de Brillon was first to arrive. She entered with a careless, jaunty air and ran to meet Franklin and caught his hand and gave him a double kiss on each cheek and one on his forehead and called him "papa."

"At table she sat between me and Doctor Franklin," Jack writes. "She frequently locked her hand in the doctor's and smiled sweetly as she looked into his eyes. I wonder what the poor, simple, hard-working Deborah Franklin would have thought of these familiarities. Yet here, I am told, no one thinks ill of that kind of thing. The best women of France seem to treat their favorites with like tokens of regard. Now and then she spread her arms across the backs of our chairs, as if she would have us feel that her affection was wide enough for both.

"She assured me that all the women of France were in love with le grand savant.

"Franklin, hearing the compliment, remarked: 'It is because they pity my age and infirmities. First we pity, then embrace, as the great Mr. Pope has written.'

"'We think it a compliment that the greatest intellect in the world is willing to allow itself to be, in a way, captured by the charms of women,' Madame Brillon declared.

"As the dinner proceeded the Abbe Raynal asked the doctor if it was true that there were signs of degeneracy in the average male American.

"'Let the facts before us be my answer,' said Franklin. 'There are at this table four Frenchmen and four Americans. Let these gentlemen stand up.'

"The Frenchmen were undersized, the Abbe himself being a mere shrimp of a man. The Americans, Carmichael, Harmer, Humphries and myself, were big men, the shortest being six feet tall. The contrast raised a laugh among the ladies. Then said Franklin in his kindnest tones:

"'My dear Abbe, I am aware that manhood is not a matter of feet and inches. I only assure you that these are average Americans and that they are pretty well filled with brain and spirit.'

"The Abbe spoke of a certain printed story on which he had based his judgment.

"Franklin laughed and answered: 'I know that is a fable, because I wrote it myself one day, long ago, when we were short of news.'"

The guests having departed, Franklin asked the young man to sit down for a talk by the fireside. The doctor spoke of the women of France, saying:

"'You will not understand them or me unless you remind yourself that we are in Europe and that it is the Eighteenth century. Here the clocks are lagging. Time moves slowly. With the poor it stands still. They know not the thing we call progress.'

"'Those who have money seem to be very busy having fun,' I said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Color of Gold

Few persons are familiar with the real color of gold, because it is seldom seen except when heavily alloyed, a state in which it is much redder than when it is pure. The purest coins ever made were the $50 pieces which were once in common use in California. Their coinage was abandoned because the loss by abrasion was so great and because their interior could be bored out and filled with lead. They were octagonal in shape and were the most valuable coins ever minted and circulated. All gold is not alike when refined. Australian gold is distinctly redder than that taken in California. Moreover, placer gold is more yellow than that which is taken from quartz. This is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, because the gold in placers comes from that which is in quartz. The gold in the Ural mountains is the reddest in the world.

His Nose Broken

In a fight with a schoolfellow Thackeray, the famous novelist, had his nose broken and the disfigurement lasted all his life.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

NEIGHBORS

"WHO is my neighbor?" the querulous lawyer asked the Christ, and it was the simple story of the despised Samaritan which was told him to illustrate the point. It is a story familiar to most people, no doubt. A certain man sets off for Jericho along a road and through a country difficult, dangerous, beset by perils. He is held up on the way, beaten, robbed, stripped of his clothing and left bleeding and broken by the roadside. Thirst and hunger and pain rack him, but the way is lonely and the travelers few.

In time a priest, educated, pious, well-fed, comfortably clothed comes down the road and hearing the groans of the unfortunate man lying by the way walks over and gazes at him curiously.

"How unfortunate," he probably murmured, but the man was no friend of his, he had been a fool to take such a journey alone and unprotected. Anyway it was the business of his friends to look after him, and the virtuous priest walked on.

It was a Levite, a religious aristocrat, who came next down the road. Hearing the groans of the injured man he walked discreetly on the other side so that his ears might not be annoyed by the cries of the sufferer or his body made unclean through physical contact with him. What was unpleasant, he would avoid. He was the selfish, self-satisfied, self-complaisant citizen.

It was the Samaritan, despised and socially outcast, from whom nothing should have been expected, who recognized the demands of brotherhood and whose tender heart turned toward the unfortunate man. He was a neighbor to him.

There was a letter in the mail this morning from John, asking for a loan of "thre dolers." He was sick in a hospital in Hot Springs he said, and needed a few comforts not supplied by the management. He would return it when he came north in the spring.

John, you should know, is a "knight of the road" who does our house cleaning every spring. His buttons are not all on tight, I'm afraid. Lending him money is not a wholly safe investment, I'm sure. John has few neighbors. But he does his work faithfully; he is loyal and honest, and just now he has fallen among thieves of a sort who have robbed him of his strength and his power to make a living.

"Better send it to him," Nancy said, and I, thinking of the Good Samaritan, went out and mailed him the "thre dolers."

He paid it back in the spring.

BUTTONS AND BADGES

MY FRIEND Gordon was wearing a parti-colored button in his lapel the meaning of which was unintelligible to me.

"Just joined the 'Boosters' club,'" he explained.

These badges of accomplishment are as numerous as flies around a can of maple sirup; they decorate all sorts and coaditions of men; they reveal the most personal and intimate relations of life. We conceal nothing in these days of what we have done, of the organizations to which we belong, or of the activities in which we are engaged.

The conductor who received my fare as I rode home on the electric cars was wearing on the lapel of his coat a huge gold-plated atrocity announcing that he had secured membership in some secret industrial or fraternal order with whose insigaia I was unfamiliar. The professor who occupied the seat with me announced by the button on the lapel of his coat that he had been in the Civil war and by the keys dangling from his watch chain that he had accomplished no little in a scientific way and that while in college he had maintained a scholastic average of 90 or above.

The traveling man facing me told his business by the organization badge on his coat, and the number of degrees he had taken in Masonry by his watch fob, his signet ring giving away another series of facts concerning his fraternal affiliations. It was as easy to pick out the college boys and girls as to tell a policeman by the star that he wears.

We take no stock these days in not letting our left hand know what our right hand is up to. Instead, we shout it out until every individual in the neighborhood knows fully our comings and goings, what we have been doing and where our money has gone. If we give a quarter to charity, we announce the fact with a button; if we join anything we publish our membership through the medium of a pin or a watch charm.

I have wondered sometimes if the widow spoken of in sacred writ who dropped her farthing into the contribution box at the temple asked for a button when she was leaving the building, or if the Good Samaritan ultimately dangled a Carnegie medal on his shirt front or from his watch chain. It is quite possible if it was the style in those days.

Salary Grab of 1873

The "salary grab" by members of congress in 1873 stirred up the whole country. Near the end of the term an increase in salary was voted congressmen, and the outgoing congress made the bill retroactive.

POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

Dr. Frederick R. Green, Editor of "Health."

EARACHE A DANGER SIGNAL

HAVE you ever noticed the hopeless shut-in expression on a deaf person's face? Next to our eyes, our ears are our most important sense organs. It is through the eyes and the ears that we learn about the world outside ourselves and keep in communication with our fellows. A blind man cannot see what is going on around him but he can hear, and his hearing generally becomes more acute, to make up for his loss of sight.

But a deaf person is cut off from the world of sound. Not only human voice but also all forms of music do not exist for him.

Because the external ears are prominent features we generally think of that part of the ear which we can see. Yet the external ears are the least important part of our hearing machinery. They are like the horn on the phonograph or the loud speaker on the radio. Their function is to collect the sound waves and guide them to the inner ear. The really important part of our hearing apparatus lies in what is called the inner ear. This is surprisingly like the modern telephone. A tight oval membrane, the eardrum, corresponds to the diaphragm in the telephone. Three small bones, held by ligaments and attached so that they move when the drum vibrates, transmit the sound in the form of motion to the auditory nerve which carries the impulse to the brain.

Anything which interferes with the perfect operation of this delicate machinery will affect the hearing.

Wax in the outer canal will prevent the air waves from entering or keep the drum from vibrating. Adenoids or enlarged tonsils in the throat may close up the lower end of the canal from the throat to the middle ear and so affect the air pressure that the drum or the bones cannot move. Inflammation of any kind will produce thickening of the drum or cause the ear bones to stick to each other. Infection in the ear with the collection of pus may rupture the drum or the pus may work back into the deeper structures in the bone producing deep abscesses, very dangerous to life.

Earache is not a harmless complaint of childhood, as some parents think. It is a sign of deep infection which may endanger life and certainly will injure hearing.

Don't use hairpins, toothpicks, matches, penholders or any other hard substance in the ears.

Don't allow children to put anything into their ears. Any foreign object may produce deafness or injury to the ears.

If wax occurs remove it with a soft cloth or by gently syringing the ear with warm water.

If your child has earache find out the reason for it. Hot water or hot salt bags, warm sweet oil, onion poultices and other household remedies are good enough to control the pain temporarily. But they do not remove the cause of the pain.

Middle ear infection in children following scarlet fever or measles or due to persistent "colds" may endanger life or may result in lifelong deafness.

Take the same care of your ears that you do of your eyes. Earache and deafness are danger signals. Take warning in time.

SCARLET FEVER

SCARLET FEVER is one of the few diseases which baffle the scientist. Efforts to ascertain its cause have been unsuccessful, although recent investigations and experiments give hope that we may soon have a specific treatment.

The germs which cause the disease are apparently present in the tonsils, the blood, the lymphatic glands, and on the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose and throat.

There is, at present, no cure for scarlet fever. Once it has attacked a person, there is no "curing" it. It will run its course. It is comparatively rare among grown people and children over ten years of age; among young children, however, it is highly contagious. It is widespread over the entire world but is more prevalent in temperate climates than in hot parts of the world.

Efforts to combat scarlet fever are handicapped because the cause of the disease is not known; because we have no direct method of controlling it; and because many mild cases are not recognized and consequently are not treated and quarantined as scarlet fever.

If your child suddenly feels tired and out of sorts, if he has a fever, a chill, or convulsions, or if he vomits, if the tongue is coated, if he complains of a sore throat, especially if these symptoms are followed by a rash, keep him away from other people and call your doctor. Then do as he directs in regard to quarantine, disinfection, and after care. He will tell you when it is safe to let your child again mingle with other children. Do as you would like to have other parents do. To keep your children well you must help to keep other people's children well.

Time's Changes

A small American automobile recently in four hours did what it required the Israelites 40 years to accomplish in their exodus from Egypt to Palestine. This was crossing the Sinai desert, the wild and barren region between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah, a distance of about 130 miles.