

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY--1900.

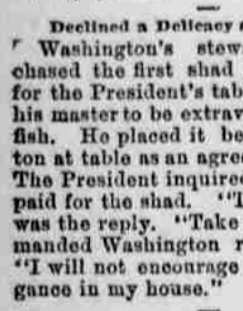


O UR country's father, here to-day
 Thy children honor thee,
 And crave thy care and guidance may
 Protect and keep us free.
 Aye, not alone thy children bend
 In supplication for thy aid—
 To-day thy children's children send
 Their prayers as we have prayed!
 Children of unfamiliar face,
 From Cuba and Luzon,
 In thy strong care to-day we place,
 That thou wilt lead them on.
 These little ones of far-off lands
 Need all thy strength and might,
 Teach them to clasp our proffered
 hands
 And follow in the right!
 —Paul West.

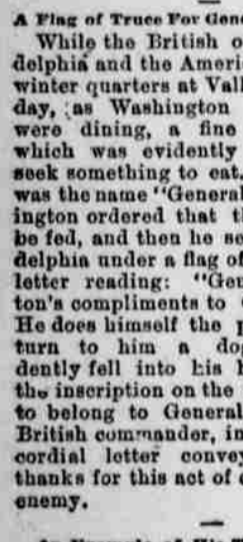
THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON



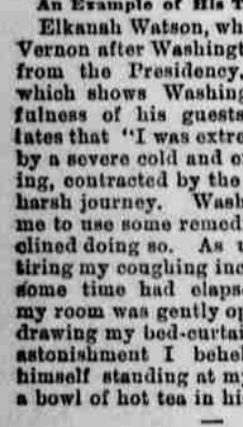
It is not claimed for these anecdotes of Washington that they are new. But to many they will seem new because they have been collected from sources not accessible to the general public. They serve to show, in each instance, some special characteristic of the man who began as a surveyor and rounded his career as a President, and as a whole give a fairly rounded-out picture of the great soldier and statesman.



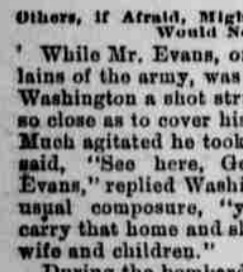
Declined a Delicacy as a Reproof.
 Washington's steward once purchased the first shad of the season for the President's table, as he knew his master to be extravagantly fond of fish. He placed it before Washington at table as an agreeable surprise. The President inquired how much he paid for the shad. "Three dollars," was the reply. "Take it away," commanded Washington rather sharply. "I will not encourage such extravagance in my house."



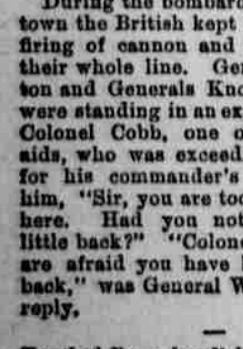
A Flag of Truce For General Howe's Dog.
 While the British occupied Philadelphia and the American force lay in winter quarters at Valley Forge, one day, as Washington and his staff were dining, a fine hunting dog, which was evidently lost, came to seek something to eat. On its collar was the name "General Howe." Washington ordered that the dog should be fed, and then he sent it to Philadelphia under a flag of truce, with a letter reading: "General Washington's compliments to General Howe. He does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog which accidentally fell into his hands, and, by the inscription on the collar, appears to belong to General Howe." The British commander, in reply, sent a cordial letter conveying his warm thanks for this act of courtesy to his enemy.



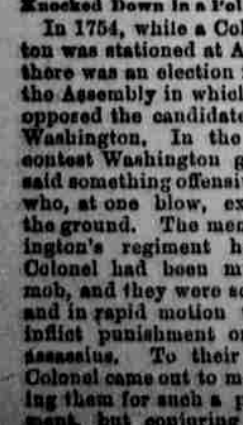
An Example of His Thoughtfulness.
 Elkannah Watson, who visited Mount Vernon after Washington's retirement from the Presidency, tells a story which shows Washington's thoughtfulness of his guests. Watson relates that "I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh journey. Washington pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside with a bowl of hot tea in his hand."



Others, if Afraid, Might Fall Back; He Would Not.
 While Mr. Evans, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near Washington a shot struck the ground so close as to cover his hat with sand. Much agitated he took off his hat and said, "See here, General!" "Mr. Evans," replied Washington, with his usual composure, "you had better carry that home and show it to your wife and children."

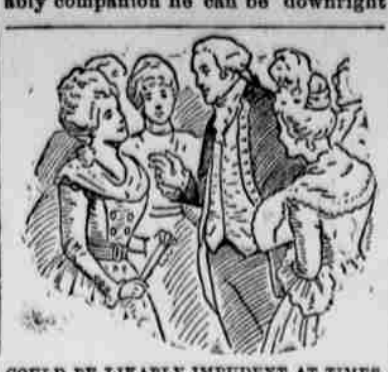


During the bombardment of Yorktown the British kept up an incessant firing of cannon and musketry from their whole line. General Washington and Generals Knox and Lincoln were standing in an exposed situation. Colonel Cobb, one of Washington's aids, who was exceedingly solicitous for his commander's safety, said to him, "Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?" "Colonel Cobb, if you are afraid you have liberty to move back," was General Washington's laconic reply.

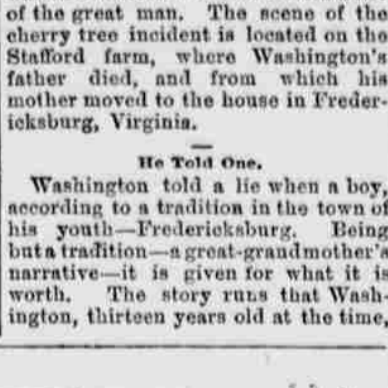


Knocked Down in a Political Discussion.
 In 1754, while a Colonel, Washington was stationed at Alexandria when there was an election for members of the Assembly in which Mr. W. Payne opposed the candidate supported by Washington. In the course of the contest Washington grew warm and said something offensive to Mr. Payne, who, at one blow, extended him on the ground. The members of Washington's regiment heard that their Colonel had been murdered by the mob, and they were soon under arms and in rapid motion to the town to inflict punishment on the supposed assassin. To their great joy the Colonel came out to meet them, thanking them for such a proof of attachment, but conjuring them by their

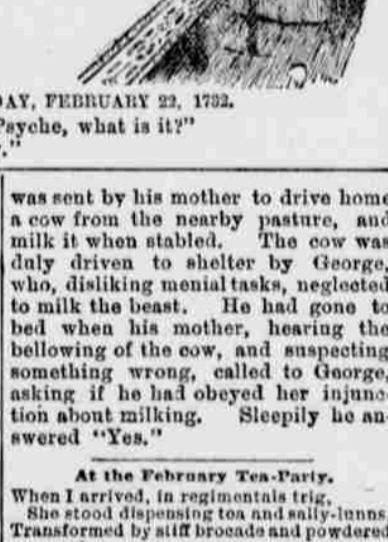
hero and takes up the chatty, agreeably companion he can be downright



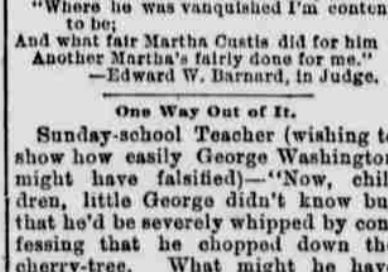
COULD BE LIKELY IMPUDENT AT TIMES.
 impudent sometimes—such impudence Fanny, as you and I like."
The Cherry Tree Story.
 The cherry tree story is pure fiction—an invention of Washington's first biographer, Parson Mason L. Weems, whose budget of anecdotes, to which were usually appended a first-class moral, was accepted as truth by an unsuspecting world because its author was the earliest in the field with a life of the great man. The scene of the cherry tree incident is located on the Stafford farm, where Washington's father died, and from which his mother moved to the house in Fredericksburg, Virginia.



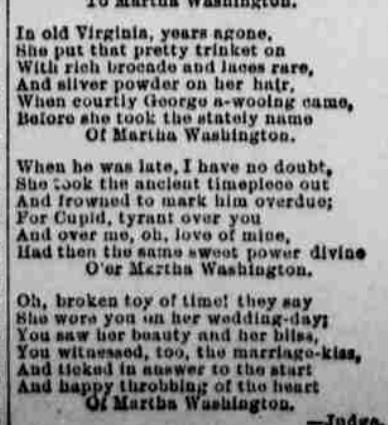
He Told One.
 Washington told a lie when a boy, according to a tradition in the town of his youth—Fredericksburg. Being but a tradition—a great-grandmother's narrative—it is given for what it is worth. The story runs that Washington, thirteen years old at the time,



you deem that satisfactory here is my hand—let us be friends." Mr. Payne was from that moment an enthusiastic admirer of Washington.
Washington's Apology to Nelly Custis.
 Nelly Custis, who was Mrs. Washington's grandchild, used to relate the following incident: "I was young and romantic and fond of wandering alone by moonlight in the woods of Mount Vernon. Grandmother thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed me into a promise that I would not wander in the woods again unaccompanied. But I was missing one evening, and was brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the General was walking up and down with his hands behind him, as was his wont. Grandmother, seated in her great armchair, opened a severe reproof. I was reminded of my promise and taxed with my delinquency. I knew that I had done wrong, admitted my fault and essayed no excuse. But when there was a slight pause I moved to retire from the room. I was just shutting the door when I overheard General Washington attempting in a low voice to intercede in my behalf. 'My dear,' observed he, 'I would say no more;



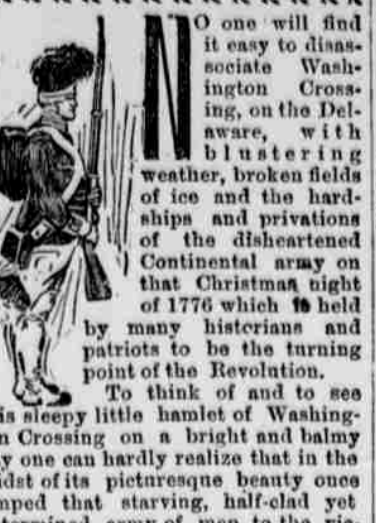
perhaps she was not alone.' His intercession stopped me in my retreat. I re-opened the door and advanced up to the General with a firm step. 'Sir,' said I, 'you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grandmother I was alone I hope you believed I was alone.' The General made one of his most courtly bows and replied, 'My child, I beg your pardon.'"
Could Be "Downright Impudent Sometimes."
 Washington always seems to have been most at ease when among women. At his wife's receptions he did not view himself as host, but conversed without restraint, generally with women who rarely had other opportunity of seeing him. An eyewitness states that "the young ladies used to throng around him and engage him in conversation. As these were the only opportunities which they had of conversing with him they were disposed to use them." That this attention was not merely the respect due to a great man is shown very clearly by the letter of a young Virginia woman, who wrote to a correspondent that "when General Washington throws off his



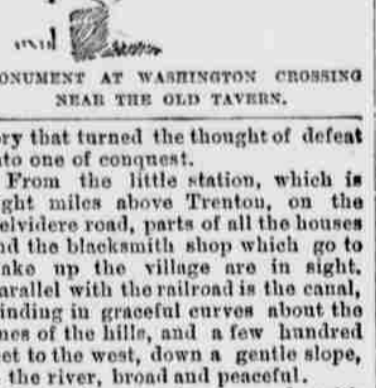
was sent by his mother to drive home a cow from the nearby pasture, and milk it when stabled. The cow was duly driven to shelter by George, who, disliking menial tasks, neglected to milk the beast. He had gone to bed when his mother, hearing the bellowing of the cow, and suspecting something wrong, called to George, asking if he had obeyed her injunction about milking. Sleepily he answered "Yes."
At the February Tea-Party.
 When I arrived, in regimental trim, she stood dispensing tea and sally-jenns, transformed by stiff brocade and powdered wig.
 The fairest of all Lady Washingtons,
 In time I saved the favor of a cup
 Of her own savory, delicious brew,
 Which serving me and looking coyly up,
 She caught and eyed askance my buff and blue.
 Her glance said plainly as a spoken word
 In denoting them I'd gone a step too far;
 For my forbears wore red for George the Third,
 And Mattie is a loyal d. a. r.
 So when the urns were drained and growing cold
 To calm the torrent of a rising gorge
 And justify my action, I made bold
 Myself to liken to that other George.
 She listened, then incredulously asked,
 "And wherein, pray, does the resemblance lie?"
 Take care, sir, that no innuendo's masked
 By the fine words with which you make reply."
 "It's simply this," I said, intensely grim.
 "Where he was vanquished I'm content
 to be."
 And what fair Martha Custis did for him
 Another Martha's fairly done for me."
 —Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.

WASHINGTON'S CROSSING.

Present Day Appearance of the Place Where Washington Crossed the Delaware.



No one will find it easy to dissociate Washington Crossing, on the Delaware, with blustering weather, broken fields of ice and the hardships and privations of the disheartened Continental army on that Christmas night of 1776 which is held by many historians and patriots to be the turning point of the Revolution.
 To think of and to see this sleepy little hamlet of Washington Crossing on a bright and balmy day one can hardly realize that in the midst of its picturesque beauty once limped that starving, half-clad yet determined army of men to the vic-



MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON CROSSING NEAR THE OLD TAVERN.

tory that turned the thought of defeat into one of conquest.
 From the little station, which is eight miles above Trenton, on the Belvidere road, parts of all the houses and the blacksmith shop which go to make up the village are in sight. Parallel with the railroad is the canal, winding in graceful curves about the lines of the hills, and a few hundred feet to the west, down a gentle slope, is the river, broad and peaceful.
 On a bit of rising ground, with grand old trees about the yard, sloping westward to the canal, stands the one house of interest—the headquarters during the hours which made this bit of land historic. Great willows grow at the foot of the front yard by a stream that runs through the stone springhouse; their big limbs stretch far out over the canal and lend a grateful shade to weary mules and pedestrians alike.
 The stones erected on the Pennsylvania side by the Bucks County Historical Society and on the New Jersey side by the Society of the Cincinnati mark the old ferry and where the army crossed. It was then called McKonkey's Ferry, afterwards Bernardsville, after Bernard Taylor, the original owner of the property upon which the "old house" stands. The present name was given when the railroad passed through.



THE TAVERN HEADQUARTERS.

There are many changes in the place since General Washington and his army took Bear Tavern. The accurate tracing of the landmarks is made somewhat difficult by the building of the Delaware and Raritan canal feeder, which parallels the river, and the difference in the present grades and roads from those that existed in 1776.
 The old house, then a tavern, was far too small to be of any use, save to the officers. It is a quaint structure, shingled and whitewashed. The front shows two entrances and a double door at each, with bright floors below the steps. On the first floor of the house are three rooms of good size and a stairway around the great chimney. The east room was once the barroom, and traces of where the bar stood are still visible. Rows of wooden pegs ornament the walls and the great hewn beams.
 The old fireplaces are still intact, though the cranes and spits are rusted. In the woodwork of the mantel hundreds of bullets are imbedded, besides as many holes and indentations of others. Tradition says that the soldiers, to keep warm, pegged away at the fireplaces to see if their aim was still good.



Oh, broken toy of time! they say
 She wore you on her wedding-day
 You saw her beauty and her bliss,
 You witnessed, too, the marriage-kiss,
 And tickled in answer to the start
 And happy throbbing of the heart
 Of Martha Washington.
 —Judge.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
 Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—The long box coats are being more and more worn every day, and quite as fashionable for the juveniles as for the



A YOUTHFUL BOX COAT.

time will make a summer, the Easter hat of 1900 will have a high, formidable looking square crown, or else one that is practically flat; its brim will be swathed in cloudy rolls of tulle and its chief ornaments will be large, wheel-like rosettes of lace or ribbon or velvet, and flowers of a delicacy of coloring and texture that is new to millinery. Apple, peach and cherry blossoms are first favorites, and one sees entire strawberry plants—leaves, flowers and fruit.
 The fringed scarves of last autumn have given place to tulle streamers that are brought from the back of the crown to cross upon the hair and then knot in front with long floating ends.

A Dress to Be Remembered.
 A dress that may be remembered beyond the close of the season was lately worn by Mrs. George Gould, at Georgian court. The underskirt of exquisite silver gauze was plaited over pale blue mousseline de soie, which, in turn, had an underlining of pale blue taffeta. The overskirt, which opened in front, was of palest-blue satin, incrustated with silver embroidery, and the low round bodice had wreaths of tiny roses for shoulder straps. The belt, of pale-blue mirror velvet, fastened at one side of the front with a big velvet rosette. Mrs. Gould wore pale-blue slippers and gloves, and her hair was dressed with roses.

The Rage For Fringes.
 On elaborate costumes an eighteen-inch fringe is not uncommon, and fringes are made in two or three layers of different colors, or different shades of the same color, that in themselves almost constitute costumes.

The Bolero in High Favor.
 The oldest of old friends that has just taken a new lease of favor is the bolero, many, many new editions of which appear every day. Endless variations are worked upon this theme.

The Fashion in Aprons.
 The rule of simplicity applies to maids' aprons. There should be no huge bretelles nor flaring flounces nor "trimmings" of embroidery and lace. A nurse's apron may indulge in a few tucks clustered upon its deep hem, a parlor maid, housemaid, waitress and chambermaid, all of whom have substantially the same uniform, must wear perfectly plain aprons. Shoulder-



SOME SPRING BLOUSES.

their sweet will always to be of infinite variety and capriciousness, it is not possible to say that otherwise they have greatly changed. They are made with cape collars and boleros and epaulets, like other bodices, and they are tucked, plaited and covered with lace and embroidery.

At a matinee this week, writes Ellen Osborn, I noticed a crossed blouse of delicate rose-tinted silk with a yoke of white silk and lace that was marked in diamonds with the narrowest of black velvet ribbon. From the yoke and crossing fronts hung a deep black silk fringe.

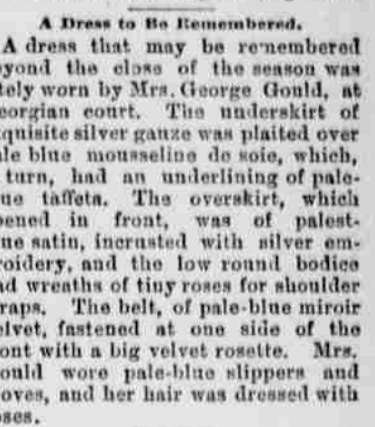
A coral-red blouse shoulder to shoulder with the pink one cost both the best effect, just as the dark, brilliant-cheeked girl who wore it made her blond neighbor look faded. Yet the coral blouse could not be blamed for its pretty tucked and plaited front, its sleeves tucked for a few inches below the shoulder and its white silk corded revers.

A simple and very attractive evening blouse is of cream-colored mousseline, with a deep lace collar decorated with gold embroidered rosettes. Its flowing cravat is of white silk with lace ends.

A more elaborate evening blouse of golden yellow silk has a small bolero of cream-colored lace and a front of plaited mousseline. The crossed ends of the yellow silk cravat are carried out to the sides and held tight by mousseline rosettes and strass buttons.

Glimpses of Spring Styles.
 If one may trust the harbingers of fashion, which have all the air of swallows from the Riviera that in due

search of novelties and "extras" who makes the mistakes.



NURSE'S APRON.