

GEN. SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS HORSE MAY FIND A PLACE IN NATIONAL MUSEUM

Representative Ambrose Kennedy Finds the Stuffed Animal Neglected in a Governors Island Museum—Carried Army Leader From Winchester, Va., to Cedar Creek in Thrilling Dash to Rally Union Forces.

ONE of the most famous horses in all history, the noble coal black stallion on which Gen. Phil Sheridan made his memorable 20-mile ride through the Shenandoah valley from Winchester to Cedar Creek, on a gray October morning in 1864, rallying the Union Army, making victory possible, and more than any other one event electing Lincoln, is standing, practically abandoned in a shed on Governors Island.

Representative Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island found the mounted remains of this noble horse, in an excellent state of preservation, caparisoned with the bridle, saddle and other trappings used by Gen. Sheridan, in the shed upon a recent visit to Governors Island.

On his return to Washington he expressed indignation to his colleagues in Congress and to Grand Army men that this horse which meant so much in United States history should stand there neglected instead of being in the National Museum. His colleagues have unanimously agreed with him that whoever has property rights to that relic should surrender them to the federal government and the horse placed in the museum here, where it can be seen by people from all parts of the country.

THE fire of their youthful days when their imaginations and romantic daring were inspired by reading of this horse, has again thrilled members of Congress, who have promised Representative Kennedy their most earnest support and co-operation in his announced intention of having tardy honor done to that noble horse, which may stand as a monument to a vanishing race of war horses.

Representative Kennedy could not believe that he had seen the real horse that carried Gen. Sheridan on his historic ride, because there was a sign "Winchester" on the mounted remains. He very distinctly remembered that Sheridan's horse, ridden in that twenty-mile sweep through the



GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN ON HIS FAMOUS RIDE FROM WINCHESTER TO CEDAR CREEK, VA.

Shenandoah valley, was Rienzi, so he had an investigation made at the War Department and through the Library of Congress to see what could be found regarding the fate of Sheridan's noble steed.

He learned that at the time of Gen. Sheridan's death the horse was in his stables in Chicago, on Michigan avenue. This horse's name originally was Rienzi, which was changed to Winchester after the battle, in which it won a place in history for itself and great renown for its rider.

Following the civil war, a society was organized in the Army, and was known as the Military Service Institute, an organization of officers of the National Guard and Army. This institute published a magazine and realized a fund, and with the fund started a museum on Governors Island. A great many trophies were collected, and among them Sheridan's horse.

At the outbreak of the world war the Military Service Institute broke up, it is believed, and the trophies were stored. This accounts for Sheridan's horse being where Representative Kennedy found it. It is undoubtedly the property of the institute, he says, and some one owns it, but he argues that this horse is so important in United States history, and one of the greatest horses in all history, that whoever does own it should surrender all rights to the federal government. Many of the officers of the institute are now dead, and Representative Kennedy and his colleagues believe that the survivors of the institute will be glad to place old Rienzi, or Winchester—still dauntingly poised in stuffed effigy—in the National Museum here.

GEN. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, who went into the civil war as a private and came out a general and who was for many years in Congress, made two notable speeches in the House—(1) "The Horse in All Civilization, in the Ullitias, in the Recollections, in the Literature, in the Heroics and in Mythology"; and (2) "The Horse, a Vital Force in War and in the Evolution of the Human Race." In both of these speeches he used

representative Kennedy found it. It is undoubtedly the property of the institute, he says, and some one owns it, but he argues that this horse is so important in United States history, and one of the greatest horses in all history, that whoever does own it should surrender all rights to the federal government. Many of the officers of the institute are now dead, and Representative Kennedy and his colleagues believe that the survivors of the institute will be glad to place old Rienzi, or Winchester—still dauntingly poised in stuffed effigy—in the National Museum here.

Gen. Sheridan's horse as a notable illustration. He said: "From the ancient Pharaoh of the Exodus to Gen. Phil Sheridan, the horse has shared the honors of war, the glimmers of love, the wild witchery of chivalric tournament and the gloom and glory of all the crusades, Christian and Mohammedan."

He places "Winchester, the game and fleet black stallion that carried Gen. Phil Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek, twenty miles, through gray October morning, in 1864," among the six most famous horses of the nineteenth century; the others being "Marengo, the favorite war horse of Napoleon; Copenhagen, the favorite of the Duke of Wellington; Cincinnati, the famous war horse of Gen. Grant; Traveler, the noted war horse of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Lexington, the horse Gen. Sherman rode on the Atlanta campaign."

Gen. Sherwood points out that "Winchester has the unique distinction of a continental commemoration in a dramatic war poem and the further distinction of having his master for a biographer."

"Gen. Sherman's ride and rally of the retreating army at Cedar Creek," Gen. Sherwood points out, "inspired the great Ohio poet, T. Buchanan Read, to write the greatest dramatic poem of the civil war. It could never have been inspired except for the fleet stallion that carried Gen. Sheridan. He rode a coal-black stallion, sixteen hands high, three-quarters thoroughbred."

Again, he emphasizes that in this poem "Sheridan's Ride" the "horse is the hero, because without that game flier Sheridan could never have turned defeat into victory in that immortal twenty-mile ride." The poet tells the tale thus:

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray; By the flash of his eyes and the red nostrils' play He seemed to the whole great army to say: "I have brought you, Sheridan, to save the day, From Winchester, twenty miles away."

And when their statues are placed on high, Under the dome of the Union sky, "Here is the steed that saved the day, By carrying Sheridan into the fight From Winchester, twenty miles away."

Then Gen. Sherwood asks: "Have you ever stopped to think what would have become of Gen. Sheridan and our Army had that desperate day had Gen. Sheridan made the ride in an automobile? Could he have made it with a 'busted' tire? Could he have inspired the boys with courage anew with a machine instead of the black charger that, with the foam on its flanks and nostrils red as blood, carried the courage of his great master into the hearts of the musketeers? An immortal poem was born that day that will go singing down the ages—not inspired by Gen. Sheridan, but by Gen. Sheridan and his horse."

portion of the fruit. All these coverings must be removed to prepare the bean for consumption.

After the berries have been stripped of their pulp they are put through a process of fermentation, which removes the parchment. Then they are again washed in vats and spread out on concrete floors for drying. The beans are left there for three or four days while men work men them with long rakes or draw across them a wooden drag, which turns them over. Every berry must be exposed to the sun. The coffee is next gathered into baskets and loaded in small cars which take it to the factory, where it is passed through a hulling machine and fanning mill, which removes all the dry covering. The coffee is then sorted and sacked up, ready for shipment to the United States or Europe. All it needs is roasting and grinding and the proper sort of brewing to become a breakfast beverage.

LISTEN, WORLD!

BY ELAIE ROBINSON.

I like slang. They tell me that it coarsens conversation. I'm here to state that a lot of conversation needs coarsening. Polite thinking and talking are all too apt to have about as much character as a pale, pink, gelatin pudding. Pink gelatin pudding is delightful if you've had plenty of corned beef and cabbage in the preceding course, but as a piece of resistance it's a bloomer. That's what we need in thought, deed and word—corned beef and cabbage, the grit and gusto of the common humanities. Wholesome, hearty stuff. Action-breeding stuff. Democracy-stuff.

It's quite possible to get at all this without using slang, but it's difficult. Slang's much the easier way. It crystallizes the philosophy of folks who



DON'T LOLL AROUND & COUNT YOUR PULSE. SNAP OUT OF IT!

have to do their thinking on the run. We must have that philosophy whether we get it in the more polished and conventional phrasing, or the rock salt of the argot of the street. We need it like rock salt.

For instance, there's that expression "Snap out of it!" Those four words are worth a dozen, gilt-backed columns on character building. They're worth a hundred soothing sermons. They're life, and the means to get more life. Are you in no end of a mess? Snap out of it! Don't loll around counting your pulse beats and sticking out your tongue. Get up and do something—anything—the next thing! Start some action. Kick a bulldog or sass a policeman if you must, but in some way get out of your own narrow rut. Snap out of it!

Don't sit down and think how many unkind things folks have done to you. If the truth were known, they probably haven't done half as many as you deserved. Give yourself the once over, see what a zero-plus-nothing you really are and then start in and add up a few of the real humans. Have you sinned? Well, don't mope about it. Don't clutter up every one's emotional highway with your tears and lamentations. Prolonged repentance is just as intemperate as any other kind of a jag. Look your sin square in the eye. Loathe it. Leave it. Give yourself one swift kick and begin again. Snap out of it and snap into a better program.

Folks are needing you. Life is waiting for you. Wipe your eyes, pull down your cuffs, snap out of it and snap hard!

The Diamond Rivers.

THE geological formation of the famous diamond region in the state of Bahia, Brazil, shows that at some time in the history of the world the mountains there were thrown up by a hot mass and the carbon in the stone crystallized into gems. It was, in effect, an electric furnace on a gigantic scale. In Brazilian diamond mining natural water courses play an important part. Water, and the weather, gradually disintegrate the rocks, and the diamonds are washed down into gullies and the beds of rivers, whence they are recovered by the miners. In some places divers are employed to work at the bottom of the rivers, filling sacks with silt that contains the diamonds. The river beds are rich in precious stones which cannot be extracted advantageously, if at all, by the methods now in vogue.

"Gas Mounds."

"GAS MOUNDS" is the popular name in Texas for the low, circular eminences, averaging twenty feet in diameter and two feet in height, which abound in forest and prairie regions in Louisiana, Texas, southern Arkansas and Oklahoma. On the supposition that the mounds have been raised by ascending gas from subterranean oil pools, they are regarded as indicating oil beneath. A government geologist, who has examined the mounds, disputes this theory of their origin. They occur in many districts where not the least sign of oil or gas has been discovered. He thinks that they owe their existence mainly to the unequal settling of the ground in poorly-drained areas subjected to abundant periodic rainfall.

Light Without Heat.

ONE of the things which inventors would like much to accomplish is the production of light without heat. Nature proves by the example of the firefly and the glowworm that the thing can be done. Experiments made abroad have shown what had long been believed without direct measurement of the temperature that the light radiated from a Geissler tube, when an electric current passes through it, is accompanied by very little heat. This accords with the view that we must look to electricity as a solution of the problem of "cold light."

AROUND THE CITY

COURAGEOUS cheerfulness is the spirit of the Walter Reed. One frequent visitor to soldier-friends at the hospital—meaning every patient over there—is so touched by their bravery that his own lips quiver when he tells some bit of a story, like this:

"This morning two boys and myself—one with a paralyzed arm; and the amputated stump of the other arm to lead the boy who was blind—went over to Comfort House, where we met four boys, three of them in wheel chairs. One was a stranger, a young corporal who had fallen with his plane 6,000 feet and was picked up fifty hours later with a splintered spine and two broken legs. On his face was the spiritualized beauty that suffering gives, but the cheerfulness of Walter Reed was in his smile. And he had a voice like John McCormack's."

"The boys asked him to sing for me—and to hear that strong, sweet tenor coming from that helpless body—"Madelon." "Somewhere in France is the Lily"—I never saw greater nerve, but when I told him so, he protested: "No, sir. It is my wife, who has nerve. She was expecting motherhood in a Philadelphia hospital, but when she was told that I had been killed she forgot her own suffering to resent it. She had too much faith in me to believe that I would let myself be killed. And she kept that faith until it was proved a fact. No, sir, men haven't the nerve that women have."

"There was a dance at the Red Cross building last night, and while I was looking on to see the boys enjoy themselves, I noticed an ugly woman, who didn't seem likely to get a partner. A thing like that is pathetic, you know, so though I am not doing much dancing these days, I decided to give her a whirl. We got along all right and when it was over she thanked me with an implish grin. The 'ugly woman' was a larkish young lieutenant well enough to be masquerading around."

All of which is a part of the courageous cheerfulness of the Walter Reed, a cheerfulness that inspires alike, those who suffer and those who serve.

THE daughter of a famous war general was motoring the other day when she noticed a tire had slipped its chain. Looking back, she saw it lying on a car rail, so she got out, parked her machine and had nearly reached the truck when a car came along, picked the chain up on its fender and whizzed away.

At that immediate minute there was nothing to be done, of course, but it would seem that the daughter of a famous general must have thought some militant thoughts.

make all well. After that he started on a fresh page, which doubtless stood for January 24, and after two lines were written he erased them with the rubber end of his pencil and did it over—and that was all there was to it, except that:

There is one young diary in this town that would make adventurous reading.

A GOVERNMENT building has many windows, and the windows have to be cleaned. The other morning two colored men invested their pane washings with danger thrills that would have meant big pay in vaudeville.

Each stood on the ledge of a big sill separated by a narrow partition of stone, and if either had fallen it would have been an eight-story drop to an area, with spiked railings as a side chance. Which, naturally, whetted the interest of a crowd that was watching across the way.

The two were industrious workers, but between them each took time to flap his towel at the other. And to do that they had to crane outward beyond the stone partition, with apparently nothing to catch on to. When they had exchanged swipes they would start in at the window, add a shine or two, and exchange another swipe.

The crowd across the way began to wait with sinister, watching eyes—not that a crowd wants a tragedy to happen, of course, but it likes to be on hand in case it does and if you don't believe it, ask de Mappausant. He knows.

When the men were through and nothing had happened in connection with the area and spikes the little jam broke up into human units and went its way—except one woman, who said to another:

One State in Brazil Supplies Three-Fourths of Our Coffee

(Continued from First Page.)

Sampalo at the national convention of the National Retail Tea and Coffee Merchants' Association, recently held in Indianapolis. He proved both by his own figures and by those of the United States Commerce Department that a curious situation exists in the coffee trade—the world's annual consumption of coffee is increasing and exceeds considerably both the yield for this season and the forecast yield for the next; yet coffee, prior to the latest valorization, was selling below the cost of production.

The commercial attaché emphasized most strongly the point that, through a combination of several unfavorable developments, coffee production in Brazil and in other countries has declined in late years. Five causes are given by him as contributing to this decline. They are:

One-third of the coffee plantations in Sao Paulo have been abandoned because of the scarcity of labor. Workers are quitting their jobs because low prices for coffee have reduced their wages greatly. Some are buying small land holdings for themselves or drifting into the cities.

The heavy frosts of 1918 ruined many plantations. Other plantations not ruined were damaged seriously, with consequent reduction in yield.

On many fazendas the practice has been introduced of growing cotton or corn in the same fields with coffee trees, thus diverting much of the strength of the soil from the coffee plant.

Very few new coffee plantations have been planted during the last five years.

Other plantations not ruined were damaged seriously, with consequent reduction in yield. On many fazendas the practice has been introduced of growing cotton or corn in the same fields with coffee trees, thus diverting much of the strength of the soil from the coffee plant.

Very few new coffee plantations have been planted during the last five years.

A CONSULAR report of the United States Department of Commerce is quoted by the commercial attaché in support of his statements. Vice Consul George Colman, from Rio de Janeiro, reported: "In general, coffee fields are poorly kept up, owing to the lack of laborers. In several municipalities coffee plantations have been turned into grazing fields for cattle. The scarcity of labor has made the cost of production much higher, than formerly."

"We Brazilians," Mr. Sampalo explains, "know that Americans understand perfectly our attitude and purposes. More than that, you are co-operating with us to help in the recovery of our coffee industry. You realize it is to our common interest that conditions be made so that the supply in future will equal the demand. That you do understand our situation is evidenced by the willingness with which the vast majority of your commercial houses have accepted Brazil's valorization, which, by the way, probably will be the last."

The past valorization has been resorted to only during periods of extreme distress. It is the intention of the federal government to organize a permanent 'defense of coffee,' which will stabilize the industry throughout the nation and render further valorizations unnecessary.

"The defense of coffee (defesa do cafe), as worked out by the Brazilian government, will be exactly what its name implies—an organized defense of the coffee industry. The work of the organization will be divided into three phases—the extension of credits to coffee farmers, marketing and propaganda.

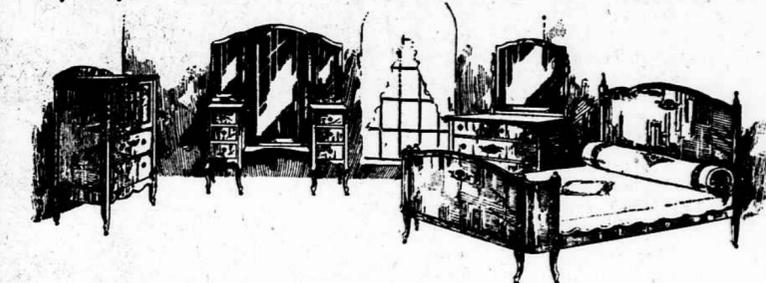
The half-yearly discount sale of furniture

offers our entire stocks without reserve

At discounts of 10% to 40%

The sale is particularly complete in low-priced good furniture—sound in wood and workmanship and satisfactory in style and structure.

People who have not looked at furniture in a year will be surprised to find how really low prices are on such furniture. We illustrate one typical example.



This artistically designed Queen Anne period Bedroom suite \$195

—full-length vanity—bow-end bed —large dresser—chiffonette

In American walnut and mahogany

Another carload shipment and SALE OF SANITEX

Felt-base floor covering

Every yard perfect—eight patterns

49¢

a Square Yard

Sanitex —lies flat —is sanitary —is waterproof —is durable —is economical

Sanitex —will not curl —will not expand —will not shrink —will not warp —will not crack

Perfect quality at less than the price of seconds of other grades

Sanitex is the most durable felt-base floor covering made. It is only logical that it should be. Many other goods of a similar character, you no doubt know, are made of paper—SANITEX is different—it is made of linen, rubber by-products and its pattern surfaced in four heavy coats of paint.

In our last sale we sold nearly a carload in a few days—patterns for every room in the house. Bring room measurements with you—as many yards as you like at 49c sq. yd.

A tremendous sale of 9x12 Texoleum rugs

PERFECT RUGS, \$11.75 mind you

Get us right—these are perfect rugs, and the price we believe is the lowest ever quoted on such qualities.

These rugs lie flat—they need no tacks, cement or other artificial help. TEXOLEUM felt-base rugs will not bulk or curl up at the edges, will not shrink or stretch, let the weather be wet or dry.

Over fifteen different patterns—oriental, conventional and small all-over designs. Any style, \$11.75

9x10.6-ft. perfect texoleum rugs, \$10.75. 6x9-ft. perfect texoleum rugs, \$5.35.

The Hecht Co.

7th at F New phone Main 5100 7th at F