

WASHINGTON AS A PRACTICAL JOKER

PROSTERTY sees a stiff, formal picture of Washington standing in the bow of a boat crossing the Delaware amid floating blocks of ice on that memorable Christmas night, to fight the battle which turned the tide of the revolution in the right direction. But no painter could delineate the heroism of the actual scene. His men were ragged—half naked. Besides the running ice in the river, there was a blinding blizzard, and it was so bitter cold that the chief loss on the American side was of the men who, though lured to pioneer hardships, froze to death that awful night.

Did General Washington stand in his boat in that dangerous current during a driving storm and stare pompously at the opposite shore? Not he. Instead of that, he "sat tight" and calmed the men, using every device that might make them forget their terrible situation; even telling them a facetious story, which, coming from him, startled them, set their blood tingling and made them oblivious to the cold and dangers around them. That was the grandest deed in the military stratagem which made Frederick the Great of Prussia, and, indeed, the whole world, wonder at the genius of Washington.

Nearly every one knows the outside of the story of the siege of Boston by the new commander-in-chief, who had come to the continental congress as a wealthy Virginia colonel, and his nondescript crowd of raw recruits, wholly unused not only to military discipline, but even to military forms. But few know of the transcendent bluff General Washington had to put up when he discovered that there were but a few rounds of gunpowder in the possession of the whole American army, while the British were amply supplied with ammunition and might sail forth any hour against the American "irregulars."

"Some one had blundered." Many a commander would have shown upon the improvident officers who had that matter in charge and peevishly thrown up the command as ridiculously impossible. But General Washington did not let his most trusted officers of the excruciating dilemma be found himself in. He knew the awful secret would spread if known to a few, and the great cause of justice might be lost. He began quietly to scour the country for gunpowder. He soon found that the nearest place at which any quantity could be had was in a magazine on the island of Bermuda. To get that required a secret expedition, much hazard and many weeks; but Washington's nerve was equal to the fearful strain.

During that long, tense interval the American troops were working away upon the fortifications, preparing for a grand attack. Meanwhile the young commander-in-chief was entertaining hospitably at his headquarters, the Craig mansion, now best known as "Longfellow's Home," in Cambridge. As a pleasant diversion, "Lady" Washington, then one of the wealthiest women in America, came to visit the general, and all the countryside was agog over her coach-and-four with six black postillions in white and scarlet livery. Even the British, cooped up in Boston, were impressed by the resources and confident confidence of the American generalissimo.

While one expedition was due to Bermuda for powder, General Knox, with a small force, succeeded in bringing a number of cannon several hundred miles on ox sleds in midwinter from Fort Mifflin. In those "times that tried men's souls" it was Washington's iron nerve, supported by his broad sense of humor, sometimes scintillating with a radiance worthy of a Franklin or a Lincoln, which saved the day. This was only one of many occasions on which Washington had to fight out the revolution alone. A friend of Lincoln's once said of him, "The president's laugh is his life preserver." This was ruer of Washington than any one seems to have realized in a day when strict gravity without levity, was expected of public characters. To laugh or to see the humorous side of an incident was considered the sign of a frivolous disposition.

Washington's early biographers were solemn men. To have told in their books how much they roared would have been, in their opinion, vastly exposing his weakness to public gaze. Men like "Parson" Weems, renegade preacher and "ramp fiddler" though he was, had been brought up to think that laughing was "worse than wicked—it was vulgar!" In straining to make their hero appear to have been a demigod, those pedantic biographers related not what George Washington really did, but what they imagined such a boy or man ought to have done under given conditions.

Washington would have laughed heartily at Weems' hatchet-and-cherry-tree story if he had ever heard it—which he never did, for it was not invented till a later edition of the erring rector's juvenile history, six years after Washington's death. Yet the real hero of the cherry-tree fable would have found it the occasion of gravity as well as mirth. In the stilted story of "Little George and His Pa," Weems was only carrying out the idea of his time; to tell not what the small boy actually did, but what the consummate little prig he conceived little George Washington to have been would have done if he had cut down his father's favorite cherry tree.

If little George Washington had been the insufferable little prig described by Mr. Weems, his half-brothers would not have loved him better than their own brothers, or their own children, for that matter. His early life was fuller of exciting experiences than any fiction. Yet the life of young Washington is yet to be told as an adventure story. Even in his quaint little diaries he early discloses a lively sense of humor—savage humor sometimes, but broad and boyish. He showed this by telling only the jokes against himself. When he was a lad of sixteen he led a surveying party to lay out the lands of his old friend, Lord Fairfax, in the wilderness of the Shenandoah. Here is one of his own experiences as a "tenderfoot," recorded on Tuesday, March 15, 1747-8:

"We got our Suppers & was lighted into a Room, and I, not being so good a Woodsman as my rest of my company, stripped myself very orderly, & went into my Bed, as they called it, when to my surprise I found it to be nothing but a little straw—matted together without sheets or anything else but one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of Vermin, such as Lice, Fleas, &c."

"I was glad to get up (as soon as my light was carried from us) I put on my Clothes and lay as



my Companions. Had we not been very tired, I am sure we should not have slept much that night."

The next night he related that they "had a good dinner & a good Feather Bed, which was a very agreeable regale."

In describing an Indian war dance, he went on: "Some liquor elevating their Spirits put them in ye Humor of Dancing. Ye best Dancer jumped about ye ring in a most comical Manner!"

Others of that wilderness gang told a story of the boy surveyor which he was too modest to relate about himself—how young George turned the tables on Big Bear, the wily chief, who was in the habit of holding out his shrewd hand with seeming friendly intent and saying, Indian fashion, "How?" Woe to the unsuspecting white man whose hand Big Bear seized in his terrible grasp, while he laughed in savage glee at the paleface's anguished contortions.

Young Washington had been warned in time. He had a huge, strong hand of his own and knew a trick or two that he thought he would like to try on that Indian's wily claw if he could just get the right hold. His chance came soon enough for Big Bear, who presented a seemingly amicable paw with an innocent "How?" The young surveyor seized the Indian's hand with such friendly enthusiasm that Big Bear did an agonizing little dance "in a very comical manner," while the spectators, both white and red, stood by and shouted with glee to see the cruel savage caught in his own trap. Never again did Big Bear show such soliloquy for the health of George Washington.

At the age of twenty George was the chosen envoy to carry a "notice to quit" from the governor of Virginia to the French commander encamped in the Ohio region. He wrote in his journal of that expedition concerning the supper given him by the French and Indians at the fort at Venango:

"The wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in the conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more freely. They told me that it was their absolute desire to take possession of the Ohio—and by G— they would do it!"

At the French fort, while awaiting the commandant's reply, the young envoy from Virginia played a diplomatic game for the friendship of the Indians. When the French plied the Indians with liquor, young Washington promised them guns; and the game of diplomacy, seasoned with savage sauce, went on between the grizzled cavalier, old in the arts of war and duplicity, and the young Virginia major, who possessed common sense and humor withal.

After the awful slaughter of Fort Duquesne, into which he had rushed from a bed of fever, in a vain attempt to save Braddock and his army, Major Washington was left in command of the scattered forces. At this time he wrote to his brother "Jack" a letter, which at least suggests Mark Twain's attitude toward the "grossly exaggerated" story of his own death:

"Dear Brother: As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech. I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you that I have not as yet composed the latter."

But by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability and expectation, for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, altho' death was leveling my companions on every side of me!

"We have been most scandalously beaten by a trifling body of men, but fatigue and want of food will prevent me from giving you the details, until I have the happiness of seeing you at Mount Vernon."

War is not supposed to develop the latent sense of humor in a commanding general, but Washington's wit never forsook him. His successful stratagems were little more than practical jokes raised to the highest power. They always "worked," and then he waited, laughing in his military sleeve, while his fat-witted enemies tried to play his own tricks back on him. Even in his retreats and escapes from the British—as at Long Island and before Princeton—he laughed and kicked up nimble heels in the face of the pursuing enemy.

It was while his headquarters were in Jersey that Washington perpetrated the great Jersey joke still perpetuated by so many millions. He told an English traveler named Weld that he "was never so much annoyed by mosquitoes, for they used to bite through the thickest boot."

When the war was over the victorious commander entertained the vanquished general, Lord Cornwallis, at dinner, with some of the leaders among the French allies. Washington presided. In calling for toasts, Cornwallis, with an obliviousness of the changed conditions that was truly English, proposed "The King of England" as a subject for high praise.

The other guests were in consternation. Would the presiding genius, on whose very head King George had set a price, resent this as an insult? "The King of England," announced the toastmaster general, raising his glass. The guests gazed at him, transfixed with astonishment.

"Long may he," continued Washington. "—Long may he stay there!" He pronounced the last two words in a stage whisper, with a shrug and a rueful grimace which made all the company, including Lord Cornwallis, who now saw his mistake, applaud with hearty laughter; and Washington's ready humor had prevented a disagreeable complication.

After the Revolution, Washington was permitted the long-coveted happiness of living peacefully under his "own vine and figtree," as he called it hundreds of times in as many letters. It is a great mistake to think that his life at Mount Vernon was either staid or stilted. Nelly Custis, his adopted daughter, is authority for the statement that retired general was always full of gaiety and good spirits, surrounding himself with young people's company, enjoying their lively conversation, "particularly the jokes," as he once said. Nelly went so far as to claim that she found no one quite so willing to keep pace with her own extravagant spirits as her dear, delightful old foster father.

How Washington did enjoy his home when he was finally permitted to stay there! Mount Vernon was a Mecca for pilgrims from all over the world. He once wrote to Tobias Lear, "Inless some one pops in unexpectedly Mrs. Washington and myself will do what I believe has not within the last 20 years been done by us—that is, to sit down to dinner by ourselves!"

Into a solid material having the resistance of oak. The straw, after being cut into small pieces, is reduced to a paste by boiling. Certain chemicals are then added. When the paste has been reduced to a homogeneous mass it is put into presses, and banks, beams, laths and moldings of all sizes are readily made. This new material can be sawed like natural wood. As a fuel it emits a bright flame and little smoke. It is further said to be adaptable to the manufacture of mar-

Artificial Wood French experimenters at work in the city of Lyons have just produced an artificial wood, according to the American consul at that place. The new product has been found after years of study and practical experiments, the most recent of which have given eminently satisfactory results. The process consists in transforming straw

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLEERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 22.

FAITH DESTROYING FEAR.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 12:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—"Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God."—Luke 12:8.

The first verse of this lesson indicates the character of this period in the life of our Lord which we are now studying. It was a time of thrilling interest and of intense excitement. A time when the crowds were so great that they "trode one upon another." This may have resulted from the preaching of the seventy; but we of today can see what Jesus then saw, that this interest was only superficial and transitory. So it was that the Master turned "first of all" to his disciples lest they be deceived by this seeming popularity.

Hiding the Truth.

I. The fear of losing a reputation, vv. 2, 3. The Pharisees made great, pompous claims at their being religious. A hypocrite is one who hides behind a mask one who is a play actor. It is pretense instead of reality. Therefore, if one is not real his fear of losing his reputation is increased in direct ratio to the extent of his deceit. The principal error of these Pharisees was that they hid the truth and at the same time refused to be ruled by it themselves. Jesus demands a new publicity (v. 2) of service and in the presence of this vast crowd denounces this hypocrisy as being sin. He also says plainly that what they had been saying in darkness will be proclaimed from the housetops.

Our Lord compares hypocrisy with leaven in that it is the product of corruption, it works secretly, it infects the whole mass. (So hypocrisy will effect our whole life and conduct.) This leaven is a sour spreading corruption that changes the whole character of a man. It cannot be hid. No amount of care can effectually cover our deceit. We may, for a time, hide our sin from men, but God knows and in due time will publish it abroad (v. 3); I. Tim. 5:24. Not alone our acts, but our secret thoughts also. This is comforting and condemning as well. The word of counsel to the seeker of life eternal will have its reward. To the saint of God this thought brings no condemnation. I. John 4:18.

Warned by Jesus.

II. The fear of death, vv. 4, 7. Such publicity will and always has led to persecution, and so Jesus calls his disciples to courage, charging them that they fear not those who have power over the body, but rather to fear him whose power is over the soul. Notice the manner of address: "my friends, fear not." Intimacy and courage are suggested. Look up the many times the Scriptures admonish us not to fear, I. John 4:18. Satan and man (v. 5) have power over the body, but they cannot touch the soul. The Christian, however, needs not to fear man or Satan, Isa. 51:12, Rom. 8:31, for the angel of Jehovah (the Lord Jesus) encamps about them that fear Jehovah (Ps. 34:7). Paul tells us that to depart from this life is again, Phil. 1:21; I. Cor. 5:8. We have, therefore, no cause to fear the death of the body. One only, God, has the power after death, to cast the soul into hell (v. 3). He it who gives us a suggestion of awful consciousness of the soul, and of the body as well, when they are in hell, Matt. 10:28. Jesus has warned us and we are to warn others that they avoid that which was prepared, not for man, but for the devil and his angels, Matt. 25:41. Is there a hell? Yes! Else Jesus was deceived or has deliberately deceived us. Thank God, however, that as a man is of more value than a sparrow, so God has prepared better things for those who place their faith in his son, (v. 6). He also looks after the most minute details of our lives, beyond what we can do, down to the counting of the hairs of our head (v. 7). Contrast "Fear him," v. 5, and "Fear not," v. 7. The fear of God produces that obedience and fellowship whereby all other fear is banished. All fear being banished we become conscious of his love and we are inspired to persistent service.

III. The fear of making an open confession, vv. 8-12. With such a tender, beautiful assurance of God's care over us it would seem unnecessary for Jesus to admonish his followers about confessing him before the world. Yet such is the persistent hardness and the natural timidity of the human heart that the Master, in mercy, warns his followers, Rom. 10:9, 10. Our Lord looks beyond his disciples to the dispensation of the Spirit and declared that men, speaking against him would be forgiven, but that those who slander, detract and heap vituperation upon the Spirit would commit a sin, a blasphemy, which could not be forgiven. Moreover, in that dispensation of the Spirit, no matter how much men might suffer, or be in danger, they would be taught by that Spirit what they ought to say, vv. 11, 12.

The one who commits this sin, deliberately attributes to the Devil what he knows to be the work of the Spirit, Matt. 12:22-32. It is a deliberate choice of darkness and the heart is so hardened as to preclude repentance. There is no desire for repentance. Those whom Jesus calls to proclaim the truth concerning the Kingdom of God may depend upon a co-operation of the Holy Spirit which will make them fearless of all opposition. The death of the body is but an incident. As we receive the Comforter and come to know the God of all comfort we begin to sense our value to him in carrying out his enterprises and the mystery of his condescending grace. There is no warrant for undertaking work for Christ without adequate preparation, but there is sufficient warrant for fully trusting him in every emergency.

Cities of Gotham and other CITIES

Harlem's "Apartment Houses," Flats and Goats

NEW YORK.—Harlem is that portion of Manhattan island which is bounded on the north by New York Central freight yards, Van Cortland park, Yonkers and goats; on the south by the city New York, on the east by the magnificent East river, with its artistic conglomeration of coal barges, garbage scows and sewer outlets, and on the west by the majestic Hudson and Riverside drive, together with the New York Central's freight tracks. Sometimes you can't see the Hudson from Riverside drive, but if you wait long enough, maybe the New York Central will move its freight and cattle cars and allow you to see the drift wood, sewage, dead dogs and cats, etc., washed upon the bank of the majestic Hudson before referred to.

Harlem was once noted for its goats, which were about the most healthy and marketable of that species grown any place in the world. Of late, however, goats have given way to children despite the fact that proprietors of the justly famous "Harlem flats" usually object most strenuously to dogs, cats, parrots, automatic pianos and children. It should be mentioned that Harlem is more than noted for its flats and "apartment houses." There is a difference between a flat and an "apartment house." A flat house is one of those tomb-like buildings, so numerous in Harlem, where the rent does not exceed \$35 per month. Also the flat house is usually occupied by motormen, chauffeurs, street car conductors, etc., whereas the "apartment house" is occupied by head waiters, police lieutenants, poets, writers, newspaper men, clerks, etc. There you get the social distinction.

The "apartment house" is, of course, equipped with an elevator. The word elevator is used with trepidation, because frequently it doesn't elevate. Most Harlem "apartment house" elevators are a trifle eccentric, and many of them are as liable to carry you down when you want to go up, as to carry you up when you want to go down. In charge of the elevator is invariably a West Indian "hall boy," from Georgia or born in New York's "color belt." The hall boy also runs the telephone switchboard. When you want to go down in the elevator, the hall boy is at the telephone switchboard. When you want to use the telephone from your "apartment and kitchenette," the West Indian youth from Georgia is at the sixth floor in the elevator.

No Harlem apartment house would be considered complete if it didn't have electric lights at the entrance. All of the apartment houses on the block have electric lights outside, and if one should forego them, residents in that particular building would not be regarded as of the elite. In technical terms, used by Harlemites, ordinary flat houses are known as "walk-ups." This term is always used very contemptuously by those persons who live in apartment houses. Flat dwellers never refer to their residences as "walk-ups." They call them "non-elevator apartments."

There was a time, some centuries ago, when Harlem was spelled "Haarlem," and when it was populated solely by the Dutch. Now it is populated by every race under the sun. Many persons who live in Harlem don't like to be told that they live there. In fact, they indignantly deny that they live in Harlem. The very idea! Harlem! (business of much contempt and raising of the eyebrows.) Harlem, indeed! Washington Heights, University Heights, Morningside Heights, if you please. But there is no way of getting away from it. They are all Harlem.

When a Duck Loves You It's for a Life Time

ST. LOUIS, MO.—When an Indian runner duck becomes your friend he is your friend always. In time of trouble he will neither run nor duck, for he is an Indian giver and when his confidence is placed there it remains. Briefly, he is some bird. In view of his constant qualities it is not strange that the other day when a case in which Indian marathon ducks were the issue came before Justice of the Peace Frank Healey, he lifted his robes to keep from tripping, stepped off the bench for a moment and allowed the case to rest with a jury of ducks. They acquitted themselves admirably.

The action was brought by Mrs. Frank Thomas, who sought to attach three Indian sprinting ducks which have for the last few months been in the keeping of Samuel Whitsell. Both Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Whitsell asserted that they rightfully owned the ducks, and unto the justice they told of the marvelous qualities of the Indian galloping duck, how he quacked and made his friends welcome and so on. Both litigants told the justice that all they wanted was a chance to show how well ducks knew them. Justice Healey at this point became a negligible factor in the case. He told Mr. Whitsell and Mrs. Thomas that the depth and quantity of the quacks as each of them approached the crate would settle the matter for all time. They agreed.

When Mrs. Thomas walked slowly toward the waddling jury the noise was amazing. The fat duck nearest the proceedings nearly sprang his bill trying to indicate that he recalled her. A long duck quacked a brass aria with gulping variations and the smallest of the three quacked something sounding like "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." The justice coughed and prepared to start for his home.

He paused to watch Mr. Whitsell, principally through courtesy. At this point the Indian runner duck came into his own. If the three regarded Mrs. Thomas as a friend they looked upon Mr. Whitsell as a relative. Any one who was careless enough to miss the fall of Port Arthur will never be able to grasp the quality of the racket that shook the courtroom. And in a few moments Mr. Whitsell walked toward his home in the wake of the Indian running ducks, quacking, "Home, Sweet Home," as they ran.

Beau Night Is Observed in Philadelphia Church

PHILADELPHIA.—"Beau night" was the unique but official title of a social gathering at the Cohocksink Presbyterian church, Franklin street and Columbia avenue, the other night. Fifteen couples of the neighborhood, mainly residents in boarding houses, gathered in the church by special invitation in a "get together" party.

The invitation was originally issued really to the young women of the neighborhood. They were asked to bring their "beaus" to the church and spend the evening in playing games, impromptu musical entertainments and just such social intercourse as they would enjoy were they at home.

Chess and checker tables were scattered over the room and a piano filled with popular music occupied one corner. Posted at the door were Mrs. Beulah Ridge and Miss Arta Elizabeth Copp, chaperones, who introduced new couples and saw that they were properly entered in the games. The eight side rooms of the big chapel were also thrown open. These, it was explained, are to be used by couples who desire more seclusion.

"What we have done is this," said Dr. Zed Hetzel Copp, pastor of the church. "We have advertised that girls who are ardent in the city or any other girl who has no place to entertain a man she would like to get better acquainted with, may come here every Friday evening, and meet him in a sane and normal fashion."

High Cost of Living Cuts Down Porter's Tips

CHICAGO.—Mance Reese is going on the trail of the absent tip. Mance wields a whisk broom and a blacking brush as a porter in a barber shop. He says that the anti-tipping crusade has gained such strength that it is almost next to impossible for him to support his family. At least this is the explanation he gave when arraigned before Municipal Judge Uhlir in the court of domestic relations on a charge of failure to support his wife, Mattie, and his two-year-old son, Clarence.

"This portering business isn't what it used to be, judge," he said. "Everybody has joined this anti-tipping crusade. The customers hold on to their dimes tighter than they used to because the high cost of living has crowded the barber shop porter clean off the map. If portering is a legitimate business then it should entail more wages. If it isn't a business, then I haven't working."

"I guess that's the trouble with you," said the court. "You're too lazy to earn the \$9 a week you say you're getting." "You can't work, judge, unless you've got a customer. There nowadays grab their hats and coat and get out of the shop, because you don't do it yourself." "You know it?" "You are wrong," replied Judge Uhlir. "I'll brush me properly. This is the third time you've supported your wife. I'll give you a week or out to the bridal you go."

USE 15,000,000 COBS IN PIPES

Peculiar Missouri Industry Output for the Year 1912 Was Half Million Dollars.

Millions of corn cobs discarded by farmers were in 1912 turned into an available and useful commodity worth more than half a million dollars by six factories of the state, according to advance information of the 1912 Red Book of the bureau of labor statistics. The industry is one peculiar

to Missouri. The commodity is the ordinary corn cob pipe. The six factories produced 28,171,872 cob pipes in 1912. The factories are located three in Washington, Franklin county, and one each in Booneville, Union and Owensville.

Shipments were made to Canada, Europe, Asia, South America, Africa, Australia and New Zealand, not including the vast quantity sent into every state of the union. Not less than 15,000,000 corn cobs were utilized for the output of 28,171,872 pipes allow-

ing two bowls to each cob and figuring for those which were wasted in the process of manufacture.

Artificial Wood French experimenters at work in the city of Lyons have just produced an artificial wood, according to the American consul at that place. The new product has been found after years of study and practical experiments, the most recent of which have given eminently satisfactory results. The process consists in transforming straw

into a solid material having the resistance of oak. The straw, after being cut into small pieces, is reduced to a paste by boiling. Certain chemicals are then added. When the paste has been reduced to a homogeneous mass it is put into presses, and banks, beams, laths and moldings of all sizes are readily made. This new material can be sawed like natural wood. As a fuel it emits a bright flame and little smoke. It is further said to be adaptable to the manufacture of mar-

