

# WASHINGTON AS A PRACTICAL JOKER

OSTERITY sees a stiff, formal picture of Washington standing in the bow of a boat crossing the Delaware and floating blocks of ice that he, instead of that he "sat tight" 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. Behind him in the rear, 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 injured to plow 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 oppositely blowing wind? Instead of that, he "sat tight" and cajoled 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 general's strategy in the whole strategy 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 the 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 pounds 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 up the imprudent officers who had that matter in charge and possibly thrown up the command as ridiculously impossible. But General Washington did not tell his most trusted officers of the exasperating dilemma he found himself in. He knew the awful secret would spread if known to a few, and the great cause of liberty might be lost. He began quietly to scour the country for gunpowder. His 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 nerves were made of sterner stuff.

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 Craze mansion, now best known as "Longfellow's Home," in Cambridge. A pleasant dinner was served. 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 apparent confidence of the American generalissimo.

While one expedition was gone 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 to the city. It was a feat that tried men's souls. Washington, from a 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 truer of Washington than of any one else who has 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 their hero laughed would have been, in their opinion, wastefully exposing his weakness to public gaze. Men like "Faxon" Weems, renegade preacher and tramp fiddler, though he 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 what George Washington really did, but what they imagined such a man ought to have done under given conditions.

Washington would have laughed heartily at Weems' latest-and-cherriest 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 story 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 what the small boy actually did, but what the consummate little prig he conceived 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 inaufertible 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—savagely humorous, almost broad as a boyish. He knew 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, 1743:

"We got our Suppers & was lighted into a Room, and I, not being so good a Woodsman as ye rest of my company, stripped myself very orderly, & went into ye 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."

## USE 15,000,000 COBS IN PIPES

Peculiar Missouri Industry Output for the Year 1912 Is 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 an 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 28,171,873 cob pipes in 1912. They are located three in Washington, Franklin county, and one each in Booneville, Union and Owensville.

## FIRST TO WIN RECOGNITION

Earliest of American Authors to Gain the Coveted Praise of Europe Was Washington Irving.

The first American author to win general recognition of his genius in Great Britain was Washington Irving, who died in his seventy-seventh year at Sunnyside, N. Y. The immortal humorist, historian and essayist was born in New York, the son of a native of Scotland. He was educated for the law, but his tastes were all in the direction of literature, and his legal career was a brief and almost brief one. At eighteen he wrote "Letters of Johnathan Oldstyle," which were published in the New York Morning Chronicle. A newspaper owned by his elder brother, Dr. Peter Irving. He was only twenty-five when he wrote the celebrated "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker. From 1815 until 1832 Irving resided in England, where his genius was fully recognized. Later he re-



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 regime."

In describing an Indian dance, he went on: "Some liquor elevating their Spirits put them in ye Humor of Daunting. Ye best Dauncer jumped about ye ring in a most comick 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 slinew 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 pale-face'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 comick manner" while the spectators, both white and red, stood and shouted with glee at the cruel savage caught in his own trap. Never again did Big Bear show such solicitude 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 on camped 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 dozed 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 design to take possession of the Ohio—and by G— they would do it!"

After the Revolution, 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 cunning, 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 within.

After the awful slaughter of Fort Duquesne, in an 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 letter.

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 force of men, but fatigue and want of time 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 surging 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 Wells 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 toast, 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 toast-master 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, 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, "Unless 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!"

as to the relative importance of the wireless telegraph received the highest number of votes; next in order came the aeroplane, the X-ray machine, the automobile, motion pictures, reinforced concrete, phonograph, incandescent electric lamp, steam turbine, electric car, calculating machine, internal combustion engine, radium, submarine boats, picture telegraph, Diesel engine, color photography, dirigible balloon, Kodak camera, Welsbach burner, liquid air, etc.—Pahlinder.

# Co-Operative Farm Products Marketing

How It Is Done in Europe and May Be Done in America to the Profit of Both Farmer and Consumer

By MATTHEW S. DUDGEON.

## WHY IRISH BUTTER IS GOOD.



The Omagh Co-operative Creamery.

Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland.—What the city woman needs is butter that is standardized and always of a uniform excellence—butter which comes as fresh and comes as straight as may be from the cow on the farm. With the husband singing in her ears the song of high cost of living—and what husband is not driven to such songs in these days of high prices—she feels that she must get butter that is standardized and always of a uniform excellence—butter which comes as fresh and comes as straight as may be from the cow on the farm.

"I am against it," he said. "There is no sense in it." And he gave us in archaic and picturesque language the story of how he had been personally injured in his business by co-operation. It developed that he had been a buyer of farm produce—a commission merchant in a small way. "Now there is no money in it," he said, "since the margin between what the city man pays and what the farmer receives is cut down. The farmer sells through the co-operative organization directly to the city merchant." Reluctantly he admitted that maybe it was better for the farmer and better for the city consumer who had little with which to buy food. "But it's hard on us commission men. It's putting us on the rocks. I am not buying butter at all any more. The co-operative creamery here has run me out."

We asked him if co-operative butter making did not make the city consumer's wife and daughter easier. "Of course it does," he said. "And little good it is doing them. They don't have to skim the milk and churn and mold and salt the butter now and so they go galavanting over the roads on their bicycles. They don't stay home at all any more. They're worse about gadding than city women, and he shook his head with misgivings.

So, if it be true, as our Irish friend in his self pity proclaimed, that co-operative butter making and butter marketing is going to make the city consumer less and not the farmer more, we suggest that both maker and ester will be for it, the ex-commission merchant to the contrary notwithstanding. They will both in city and country be interested in seeing co-operation accomplished. Certainly the country woman who feels the burden of butter making will welcome a process by which she is to get an opportunity to see something besides the top of the cook stove and the inside of the butter churn. And we do not believe that the ordinary American farmer will object to co-operation even if it does give his wife and daughter time to get out upon the road in buggy or on bicycles.

The Omagh Creamery. When we learned that the Omagh Co-operative Creamery system of marketing was cutting down the margin of price between farmer and consumer—was both raising the price to the farmer and lowering the price to the consumer, we concluded that it was a concern worth considering. Even the best man they can get as manager. But he must be more than a butter maker. He must be a good business man and an expert in marketing. No matter how much money is made, it must all go back to the members in proportion to the butter fat delivered to the creamery after a dividend not exceeding five per cent. is paid to the stockholders. Five per cent. is the limit of profit to shareholders. This is the rule in all co-operative enterprises in Ireland. It is organized primarily to get off the farm often than one in 14 wears—if co-operation will do this or help by ever so little to do it, the woman on the farm is for co-operation.

An Ungallant Irishman. We have found one man here in Ireland who is opposed to co-operation. Walking along a country road near Omagh we came upon a shrewd faced Irishman who was very ready to talk about co-operation. He was evidently a man of some intelligence and, judging from his manner and address, a man of some experience and success in business. So we engaged him in conversation about co-operation and its effects.

"Why Farm Butter is Sometimes Bad." The butter is good because co-operative creameries use good methods of butter making; because their patrons get good milk from good cows, take good care of it, and deliver it in good condition to the creamery; and lastly because when once made it is hurried to the consumer before it can get stale. They get a good price for it because it is good butter.

Co-Operation Lightens Labor. What the woman on the farm most needs is to be free from the burden of the endless handling of milk, cream and butter, from skimming the milk, and churning the cream and from salting and working and molding the butter—from all the labor entailed in the production of home-made, hand-made butter. She needs it if she is to have any life outside the kitchen and the milk room.

The laborious weariness of the uneventful existence of the farmer's wife has produced many candidates for the insane asylums. More than one worn out unfortunate has been taken into custody because her household duties have chained her to a maddening monotony unrelevated by opportunity for intercourse, and have made impossible any thought about the churn and the cook stove. One Wisconsin farmer's wife was adjudged by the county judge to be afflicted with insanity. When the judge announced the decision to the husband he was incredulous. "It can't be she's got insanity or anything else," he said. "She's had no chance to catch it. She hasn't got a foot of the farm for 14 years and no neighbor has stayed at our house long enough to give her anything."

Co-operation in the production and marketing of butter will take off even a small part of the burden of the farmer's wife, if it will give her time to straighten up from her work at table and tub and leave her free to remember that she is a human being with a head and a soul, if it will permit her to get off the farm often than once in 14 wears—if co-operation will do this or help by ever so little to do it, the woman on the farm is for co-operation.

OLE BULL'S AMERICAN TOURS Famous Violinist Was Always a Favorite in This Country, Where His Ability Was Recognized. The first American appearance of Ole Bull, the renowned Norwegian violinist, was at the Park theater in New York 70 years ago on November 25, 1842. Bull was born in Norway in 1810, and his parents intended him for the church, but from his early childhood he manifested a passion for music which could not be denied. His first master, Spohr, a German violinist, was not much impressed by the Norwegian pupil, and discouraged rather than encouraged his ambition. Bull wounded a German in a duel and fled to Paris, where he was robbed of his money and violin, and, deeply despondent, threw himself into the Seine, only to be rescued by rivermen. A woman who had witnessed the attempt at suicide provided him with the means of continuing his musical studies, and he soon developed

## MADE USE OF THE SAMPLES

Truthful Traveler Tells Remarkable Story Concerning Doings of the Ostrich in Africa.

"Doubtless," said the professor of natural history, to the returned traveler, "you have picked up many strange bits of information regarding the animals and birds of the countries you have visited."

"A few," answered the traveler. "The most interesting thing I ever heard, however, was a story I got in Africa. It seems that a year or so ago a representative of a rubber stamp house went through the desert and lost his sample case, containing all kinds of office stamping apparatus. It appears that some ostriches found his sample case, broke it open, and swallowed the samples. He saw nothing odd about that. Ostriches will eat anything."

"Yes; but now every ostrich egg that is found there is seen to be numbered and dated!"

## Important to Mothers

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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