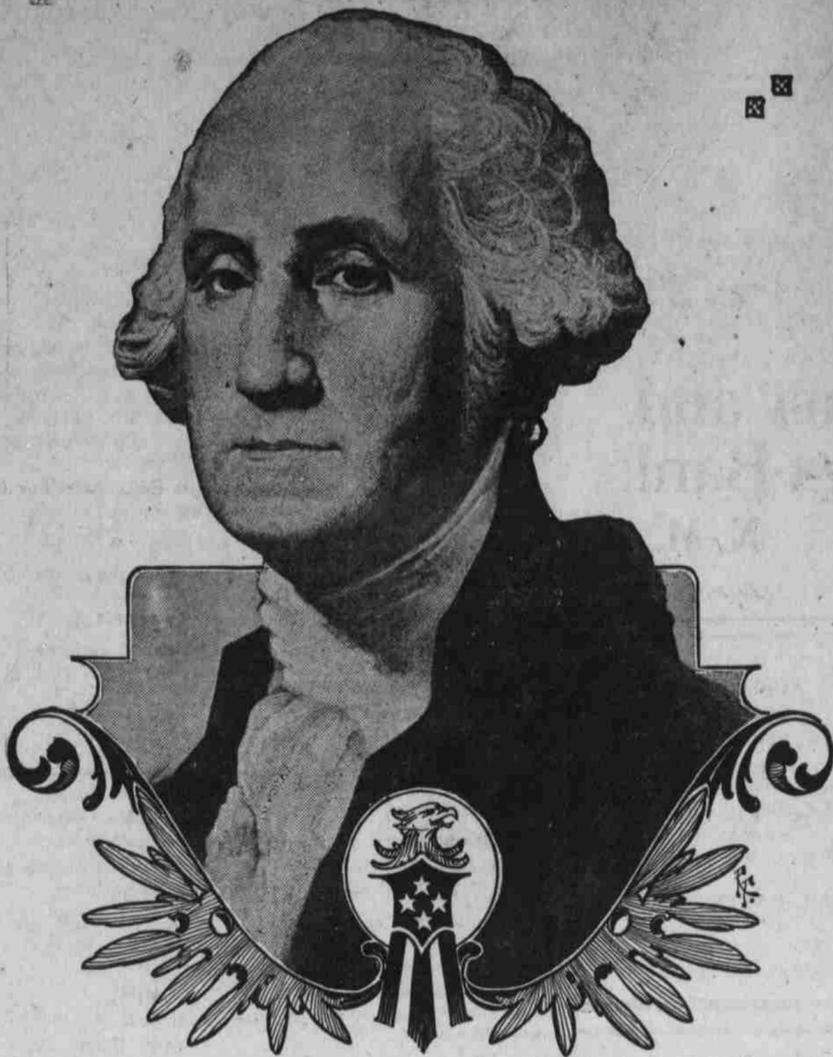


GEORGE WASHINGTON



"Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance."—Charles James Fox.

GOES BACK TO 1657

Washington Family Was One of the Earliest to Settle in Colony of Virginia.

THE first Washington to land in the new world was Col. John Washington, who came from near Beverly, England, in 1657. This was only about 30 years later than the Jamestown settlement. This Colonel Washington, who was a man of great influence in the infant colony, was the great-grandfather of General Washington and the first owner of the tract now known as Mount Vernon. He brought over with him a hundred immigrants and he, with his partner, Nicholas Spencer, received from Thomas Lord Culpeper a grant of 5,000 acres of land situated on the Potomac between Epsewasson and Little Hunting creek.

Col. John Washington left 2,500 acres of this tract—that part including

miles from the mansion house of today is the site of an old mill, known to have been built by this same Augustine Washington. That mill was on the banks of the Epsewasson creek. The walls, which were laid in limestone, began to crumble back in the sixties and the farmers in the vicinity hauled away some of the stone.

This mill was in actual use for 50 years by General Washington, and so superior was the quality of the flour he ground that it was admitted to English markets without inspection.

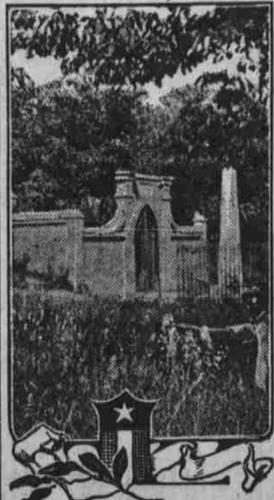
The huge brick barn covered with ivy one sees at Mount Vernon today was built by Augustine Washington also. Here baby George no doubt rode on the back of the plow horses and climbed into the farm wagons just as country boys do today. But in 1739 a fire destroyed the house and Augustine moved down to another plantation of his near Fredericksburg, Va. This place was known as Pine Grove.

Wanted Liberty for All.

Let us impart all the blessings we possess, or ask for ourselves, to the whole family of mankind.—Washington.

AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB

Where rhododendrons droop and willows weep,
And frail forget-me-nots their charms reveal;
Through moss and foliage, making mute appeal;
Where sapphire waters, purling, coil and creep,
And evermore a murmurous vigil keep;
Where elegies through leafy arches steal,
Chanted by birds the lordly oaks conceal;
A king, uncrowned, is throned in dreamless sleep.



Tomb of Washington's Father.

Mount Vernon—to his eldest son Lawrence.

The son of this Lawrence Washington was Augustine, the father of Gen. George Washington. Augustine took his bride, Mary Ball, to his home at Wakefield, in Westmoreland. His sister, Mildred, inherited the Mount Vernon property, but on the death of her husband, Roger Gregory, she sold it to her brother Augustine. And it was to this same place that the family were removed in 1734, when George was a baby of but two years of age. Here he toddled about in his third and fourth years.

It is now believed that Augustine, George's father, built the first home at Mount Vernon on what is the site of the present mansion. Its beautiful situation would naturally lend itself to the location of a home. About two

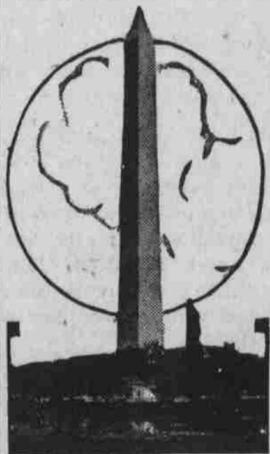
Oh, thou, the foremost of thy country's brave,
Resting serenely in this garden spot;
Who to the nation glorious service gave;
Whose splendid deeds shall never be forgot;
We view with reverence, thy quiet grave,
And kiss, with tears, the pure forget-me-not.

TIPPED WITH GOLD

Few People Know the Purpose of Bands at the Apex of Washington Monument.

FEW persons who have seen the Washington monument, even those who have lived within sight of it all their lives, have noticed that the apex of the monument is surrounded with parallel bands. Such is the fact, however; and moreover, the bands are studded with golden points. The bands are made of gold-plated iron a foot wide, and the points are spaced a foot from one another.

For a moment in each sunny day of the first week of the new year the golden fillet that binds the brow of the Washington monument is visible to human eyes. Then, the angle of incidence of the sun's rays is such that



Washington Monument.

they are reflected downward to the windows of the buildings north and west of the monument, and the cool, gray surface is seen to be marked with 11 shining lines of gold.

Theoretically, a similar effect could be obtained from some point of observation at each moment when the sun's rays are intercepted by the sloping top of the monument, but only an airship could attain the necessary vantage point.

To protect the monument from lightning the men of science agreed on a number of iron bands, heavily galvanized and gold plated to prevent rusting. The bands are connected with the aluminum point of the monument and the framework of the elevator, and at the base iron cables lead the electricity into a deep well, where it harmlessly expends its force. The protection has proved to be perfect.—Youth's Companion.

Many of the finest tributes to Washington's character have come from the people of Great Britain. The historian Green says that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Denver Antitip Legislator Has His Troubles

DENVER, COLO.—Robert Harris of Denver, member of the assembly of Colorado, is a valiant man. Harris is in a business that requires him to travel, and his life is therefore closely linked to waiters and such like persons.



In spite of this fact, he bravely rose in his place in the last legislature and introduced a bill against tipping.

Immediately, the legislator says, he was picked by the "Black Hand" for future consideration. He came to know the mark of the "Black Hand" thumb in his soup; to find that meat and vegetable orders were not as fresh as he had hoped they would be, judging from what was set before his neighbor or vis-a-vis at table; to discover that his room at hotels and wayside inns was ignored by pert and pretty maids. In short, Harris, the tip tilter, found how troubled is the life of the reformer.

Nothing daunted, Harris is going after the festive little tip again this session. He has prepared a bill which provides that all keepers of hotels and restaurants shall post their rates, with and without tips. For instance, rooms and tips, \$5 and up a day; or, rooms without tips, \$3 and up. Steak, with tip, \$1.25 for one person; steak, without tip, for one person, \$1.

Harris wears an exalted expression, as though what happens to him doesn't matter.

New York's Police Dogs Help in the War on Crime

NEW YORK.—New York's police dogs are having a large part in cleaning up crime in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, and in making it a place where women may walk the streets safely late at night without fear of annoyance. The vigilance and activity of the dogs have done much to rid this cozy settlement of detached houses of tramps, idlers, and criminals. The dogs have also done much in Riverdale, where several were dispatched after a series of burglaries.

The police department is devoting considerable time to the serious training of these dogs with a view to finding out to what extent they may be used in certain lines of police work.

There are 12 full-grown Belgian and German shepherd dogs in the department, and to these may be added a litter of nine German shepherd puppies which arrived at the kennels recently. A dog is assigned to each patrolman. Every night the police go out to patrol with the animals. The dogs wear large leather muzzles so that they may not bite anyone, for they are powerful enough to tear a man limb from limb.

While the policeman patrols the street in front of houses he sends the dog to the rear of the dwellings to search through field, hedge and brush for marauder or thief. On encountering a thief the dog's barking attracts the policeman.

The animals have their regular tours of duty to do, and are out on patrol for seven hours at a time. Sergeant Hickey says the dogs when on these tours often travel 25 or 30 miles, for while the policeman keeps to the highways the dogs investigate the countryside by running across lots for a distance of 300 yards or more, first on one side and then on the other side of the road.



Chicago Has Minnow Shower Covering Two Blocks

CHICAGO.—In the 1200 and 1300 block of School street weather talk isn't the last resort of bored social victims. Weather is the one hot topic. Books and bets are being made on it. Not any of that easy phenomena like equinoctial storms or typhoons, either.

It's a piscatorial shower that has fussed up the neighborhood. It rained fish in those two blocks. Citizens of impeccable veracity assert it. And they produced between 60 and 70 tiny minnows plucked out of the snow after the morning's rain to prove it. The little fish were buried in the snow as if they had fallen a considerable distance.

Little Robert Hellwig was the first to discover the "fish rain." He ran into the house with two or three minnows he had found. When other children began to find minnows their elders became excited and joined the hunt. In yards facing School street along these two blocks more than five dozen of the small fish were found.

Excited discussion developed as to how the minnows made their appearance. It was pointed out that the fishing season is closed, hence the improbability of "the shower" being bait thrown away by some Izaak Walton. One man advanced the theory that the minnows were drawn up into the clouds in some warmer clime and there held by density until their flimsy conveyance was driven northward to dissolve in rain over Chicago.

Others reminded that it was an indisputable fact, known to every boy, that it rains little frogs.

Prof. C. L. Mitchell of the United States weather bureau was asked about it.

"Bunk!" said he. "It doesn't rain frogs and it doesn't rain minnows. I should say the fish got on School street just by natural finny affinity for schools—eh?"

Iowa Man Bought Ticket for New York Hotel Room

NEW YORK.—The next time James Reynolds Barry leaves his modern, electric-lighted, corn-bearing farm near Red Oak, Ia., for a few quiet weeks in New York, he will come here prepared to resist the luring advances of young men who halt him on the street and offer to sell him things. Such a young man, with a sense of ingenious humor, sold to Mr. Barry a room in the Claridge hotel for a week for \$10.

Armed with a check which the young man said would admit him at once to a magnificent apartment, Mr. Barry strolled into the Claridge and requested that he be shown forthwith to his quarters.

As evidence of his right to the room, he presented a small envelope of the type used to inclose theater tickets. The envelope was sealed, and the clerk, with a puzzled expression, tore it open and brought to view a ticket to the Century theater which was something like a week old.

Hamilton Burney, resident manager of the hotel, watched the proceeding. "You bought that ticket on the promise of a room here?" he asked. "Yes, sir," responded Mr. Barry. "I met this gentleman on the train this morning, and he told me that because of the throngs in New York, it was very difficult to get accommodations except at tremendous prices. He said he had a friend who owned part of this hotel and who got his share of its profits by renting a number of rooms in it. He said he had some room tickets and offered to let me have one for a week for \$10. I gave him the money, and he sealed the ticket in this envelope. He looked so honest I never thought to examine the ticket."

"It's a theater ticket," smiled Mr. Burney. "Is it good for a show?" hopefully inquired Mr. Barry. "Not now." "Oh, well," said the young man from Red Oak. "I got mine, but I hope the folk back home never hear of it" and he registered wearily.

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CAROL A. KIESO, 598 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.



The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

The actuality of today seldom looks as good as the theory of yesterday.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Bag Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

Picked the Right Spot.

"I see where a rich man has built a lake and flower garden on top of an apartment house."

"That would be just the place for a truck garden."

"Why?"

"I don't see how the neighbor's chickens could ever get up there."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

COAST GUARDS SAVED DEER

Rescued Animal When It Had Broken Through Ice, Revived It and Set It Free.

Humanitarian activities of the coast guard extend to the saving of wild animal life. A deer chased by dogs attempted to cross the ice, crashed in, was rescued, nearly done for, by the coast guard crew of the station at Quonochontaug, R. I.; was taken into the station boat and thence to the station; was worked over until it revived, and then was set at liberty.

The tale comes in the report of the keeper of the station. The incident happened on the morning of January 3, when, about ten o'clock, the station crew sighted the deer, pursued by dogs, crossing a marsh about a half-mile away. The hunted animal attempted to cross a pond on thin and rotten ice. It was observed to fall through, and try in vain to extricate itself.

Three surfmen launched a small skiff and reached the deer after an hour's work in breaking through the ice. The deer was nearly dead from its struggle in the icy water.

Extreme Caution.

"Jenks' fad is insisting that everything in life must have flavor."

"Yes, he will not even sit down to a table unless sure the wood is seasoned."