



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"There is no morning to their day," he went on. "Their dawn is noontide. Our kind of people have had longer days and have used them wisely. So we have pushed on ahead of this European caravan. Our fathers in New England made a great discovery."

"What was it?" I asked.

"That righteousness was not a job; that Christianity was not a solemn playing for one day in the week, but a real, practical, working proposition for every day in the year; that the main support of the structure is industry; that its most vital commandment is this, 'six days shalt thou labor'; that no amount of wealth can excuse a man from this duty. Everyone working. There was no idleness and therefore little poverty. The days were all for labor and the nights for rest. The wheels of progress were greased and moving."

"And our love of learning helped to push them along," I suggested.

"True. Our people have been mostly like you and me, he went on. 'We long for knowledge of the truth. We build schools and libraries and colleges. We have pushed on out of the eighteenth century into a new time. There you were born. Now you have stepped a hundred years backward into Europe. You are astonished, and this brings me to my point. Here I am with a great task on my hands. It is to tell the sympathetic commandment of France. I must take things as I could wish them to be, but as I find them. At this court women are all powerful. It has long been a maxim here that a woman must be obeyed with the ladies. Even though he is venerable, he must be gallant, and I do not use the word in a shady sense. The ladies are not so bad as you would think them. They are playthings. To them, life is not as we know it allied with realities. It is a beautiful drama of rich costumes and painted scenes and ingenious words, all set in the atmosphere of romance. The players only pretend to believe each other. In the salon I am one of these players. I have to be."

"Mirabeau seemed to mean what he said," was my answer.

"Yes. He is in the heart of all these players. He is the one who often speaks the note of sincerity when they hear it. In the salon it is out of key, but away from the ladies the men are often living and not playing. Mirabeau, Condorcet, Furgot, and others have heard the call of Human Liberty. Often they come to this house and speak out with a strong candor."

"I suppose that this great drama of despotism in France was a tragedy whose climax will consume the stage and halt the players," I ventured to say.

"That is a theme, Jack, on which you and I must be silent," Franklin answered. "We must hold our mouths as with a bridle."

"For a moment he sat looking sadly into the glowing coals on the grate. Franklin loved to talk, but no one could better keep his word. He was silent."

"At least I am no revolutionist," he said presently. "I believe in purifying—not in breaking down. I would to God that I could have convinced the British of their error. Mainly I am with the prophet who says: 'Stand in the old ways. View the ancient paths. Consider them well and be not among those who are given to change.'"

"I sat for a moment thinking of the cruelties I had witnessed, and asking myself if it had been really worth while. Franklin interrupted my thoughts."

"If I wish we could discover a plan which would induce and compel nations to settle their differences without cutting each other's throats. When will human wisdom be sufficient to see the advantage of this?"

"He told me the thrilling details of his success in France; how he had won the kingdom for an ally and secured loans and the help of a fleet and army then on the sea."

"And you will not be surprised to learn that the British have been sounding to see if we would be base enough to abandon our ally," he laughed.

"In a moment he added: 'Come, it is late and you must write a letter to the heart of England before you lie down to rest.'"

"Often thereafter he spoke of Margaret as the heart of England."

CHAPTER XXIV

The Pageant.

Jack began to assist Franklin in his correspondence and in the many business details connected with his mission.

"I have never seen a man with a like capacity for work," the young officer writes. "Every day he is conferring with Vergennes or other representatives of the king, or with the ministers of Spain, Holland and Great Britain. The greatest intellect in the kingdom is naturally in great request. Today, after many hours of negotiation with the Spanish minister, came M. Dubourg, the most distinguished physician in Europe."

"Mon cher malin," he said. "I have a most difficult case and as you know more about the human body than any man of my acquaintance I wish to confer with you."

"Yesterday, Doctor Ingenhousz, physician to the emperor of Austria, came to consult him regarding the vaccination of the royal family of France."

"In the evening, M. Robespierre, a slim, dark-skinned, studious young attorney from Arras, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, came for information of the royal family's health, he having doubts of their legality. While they were talking, M. Joseph Ignace Guillotin, another physician, arrived. He was looking for advice regarding a proposed new method of capital punishment, and wished to know if, in the Doctor's opinion, a painless death could be produced by quickly severing the head from the body. Next morning, M. Jourdan, with hair and beard as red as the flag of my boyhood, and a loud voice, came soon after breakfast, to sell us mules by the shipload."

"So you see that even I, living in his house, seeing him almost every hour of the day, have little chance to talk with him. Last night we met M. Voltaire—dramatist and historian—now in the evening of his days. We were at the academy, where we had received an essay by M. de la Harpe, Franklin and Voltaire—a very little old gentleman of eighty-four, with piercing black eyes—sat side by side on the platform. The audience demanded that the two great men of the age come forward and salute each other. They arose and advanced and shook hands."

"A la Française," the crowd demanded.

"So the two white-haired men embraced and kissed each other amidst loud applause."

"As we were leaving the table one day he said: 'Jack, I have an idea worthy of Demosthenes. My friend, David Hartley of London, who still has hopes of peace by negotiation, wishes to come over and confer with me. I shall tell him that he may come if he will bring with him the Lady Harcourt and her daughter. I have never spoken by Demosthenes,' I answered. 'But how about Jones and his Bonne Homme Richard? He is now a terror to the British courts. They would fear to see him in London.'"

"I shall ask Jones to let them alone," he said. "They can come under a special flag."

"Commodore Jones did not appear again in Paris until October, when he came to Passy to report upon a famous battle."

"I was eager to meet this terror of the courts. His impudent courage and her audacity had astonished the world. The women of the court were willing to join him in such dare devil enterprises."

"I had imagined that Jones would be a tall, gaunt, swarthy, raw-boned, swearing man of the sea. He was a sleek, silent, middle little man, with delicate hands and features. He wished to be alone with the Doctor, and so I did not hear their talk. I know that he needed money and that Franklin, having no funds, provided the sea fighter from his own purse."

"One evening our near neighbors, Le Comte de Chamont and M. de Villard, came to announce that a dinner and ball in honor of Franklin would occur at the palace of Comte de Chamont less than a week later."

"My good friends," said the philosopher, "I value these honors which are so graciously offered me, but I am old and have much work to do. I need rest more than I need the honors."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great saint that people wish to see and know him," said the count. "The most distinguished people in France will be among those who do you honor. I think, if you can recall a talk we had some weeks ago, you will wish to be present."

"Oh, then, you have heard from the Home?"

"I have a letter here which you may read at your convenience."

"My dear friend, be pleased to receive my answer to your very hearty thanks," said Franklin. "Not even the gout could keep me away."

"Next day I delivered a formal invitation to the dinner and ball. I told the Doctor that I would decline the invitation. He begged me not to do it and insisted that he was counting upon me to represent the valor and chivalry of the New World; that as I had grown into the exact stature of Washington and was so familiar with his manners

and able to imitate them in conversation, he wished me to assume the costume of our commander in chief. He did me the honor to say: 'There is no other man whom it would be safe to trust in such an exalted role. I wish, as a favor to me, you would see what can be done at the costume's end and let me have a look at you.'

"I did as he wished. The result was an astonishing likeness. I dressed as I had seen the great man in the field. I wore a wig slightly tinged with gray, a blue coat, buff waistcoat and buff breeches, and the top boots and spurs. When I strode across the room in the mastery fashion of our great commander, the Doctor, clapped his hands."

"You are as like him as one pea is like another," he exclaimed. "Nothing would so please our good friends, the French, who have an immense curiosity regarding Le Grand Washington, and it will give me an opportunity to instruct them as to our spirit."

"He went to his desk and took from a drawer a cross of jeweled gold on a long necklace of silver—a gift from the king—and put it over my head so that the cross shone upon my breast."

"That is for the faith of our people," he declared. The guests will assemble on the grounds of the count late in the afternoon. You will ride among them on a white horse and a beautiful maiden in a white robe held at the waist with a golden grille will receive you. She will be Human Liberty. You will dismount and kneel and kiss her hand. Then the prime minister of France will give to each a blessing and to you a sword and a purse. You will hold them up and say: 'For these things I promise you the friendship of my people and their prosperity.'

"You will kiss the sword and hang it beside your own and pass the purse to me and then I shall have something to do. It was all done, but with thrilling details, of which no suspicion had come to me. I had not dreamed, for instance, that the king and queen would be present, that the minister of justice would be so great. You will be able to judge of my surprise when, riding my white horse through the cheering crowd, throwing flowers in the air, I came suddenly upon Mirabeau, the white-haired old man of Human Liberty. Now facing me these years of trial, her spirit was equal to her part. She was like unto the noble I had seen in my dreams. The whole look of her was that of a saint. It was not so easy to maintain the calm dignity of Washington, at that moment. I wanted to lift her in my arms and hold her there, as I may well believe, but alas, I was a Frenchman. I dismounted and fell upon one knee before her and kissed her hand not too fervently. I would have you know, in spite of my temptation. She stood erect, although tears were streaming down her cheeks and her dear hand trembled when it rested on my brow and she could only whisper the words: 'May the God of our fathers aid and keep you.'

"The undercurrent of restrained emotion in this little scene went out to that crowd, which represented the wealth, beauty and chivalry of France. I suppose that some of them thought it a bit of a farce. 'But we were to find in this little drama a climax wholly unexpected by either of us of an importance to our country which I try in vain to estimate. When the prime minister handed the purse to Franklin he bade him open it. This the latter did, finding therein letters of credit for three million livres granted, of which we were in need. With it was the purse that a ship was leaving Boulogne in the morning and that relay on the way had been provided for his messenger. The invention of our beloved diplomat was equal to the demand of the moment and so he announced: 'Washington is like his people. He turns from all the loves of this world to obey the call of duty. My young friend who has so well presented the look and manner of Washington will now show you his spirit.'

"He looked at his watch and added: 'Within forty minutes he will be riding post to Boulogne, there to take ship for America.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Indians of Amazon Valley

War is the normal state of the Jibaro Indian of the Amazon valley, first, for the purpose of getting access to neighboring enemy tribes, second, for revenge of injuries inflicted upon relatives during wars, then for enemy heads that are supposed to bring good luck to the possessors because of the sacrifice of the victim to the devil. The heads of their enemies also become a source of income to these savage Amazonian tribes, since they are exchanged with traders for arms, ammunition, etc."

The skull is removed from the head of the decapitated enemy through a slit in the back from the neck up. The skin is then boiled to arrest putrefaction, after which it is dried and reduced in size by inserting hot stones the size of an orange. When the interior has been shrunk to the size of the stones hot sand is used to continue the process of drying and shrinking. After the process is completed, the head is hung up in the hut as a trophy and feasts are held in its honor. These miniature heads, retaining to a remarkable degree the characteristics of the living person, are in demand in the outside world.—Detroit News.

Stern realities of life confront the man at the tail end of the procession.

### The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Men whom mighty genius has raised to a proud eminence in the world have usually some little weakness which appears the more conspicuous from the contrast it presents to their general character.—Pickwick Papers.

#### SOME BEST DISHES

This is the time of year when we look for foods to tempt the appetite. A most delicious meal and one which may be stretched to feed several more may be prepared from the following recipe:

Chicken Warmers—Stew a large fat fowl in plenty of water to make a good supply of broth. Remove the fowl and cut the meat into bits after removing it from the bones. Into the broth drop nicely sliced celery and cook it until tender, keeping the diced chicken hot over steam or hot water. Remove the celery after cooking and then add noodles, cooking until they are done. When serving make a nest of noodles, add some of the celery and on top place the chicken; all should be well-seasoned while cooking. Serve with mashed potatoes and gravy made from the seasoned broth.

Here is a dainty dessert which is good enough to serve for company:

Frozen Fruit—Mix together two and one-half cups of sugar and one tablespoonful of flour; add one cup of boiling water, stir and cook up till thick. Pour into a mold and let stand in the ice chest. Add the juice of three lemons, three oranges, three mashed bananas and a can of grated pineapple with three cups of cold water. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and freeze as usual.

Here is a cooky that young and old will clamor for:

Filled Cookies—To one-half cupful of shortening and one cupful of sugar, add one cupful of sweet milk in which a teaspoonful of soda is dissolved. Sift three and one-half cupful of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and mix well; roll out and cut with a cooky cutter. Put together in pairs with the following filling: Cook one cupful of chopped raisins with one-half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of flour and lemon juice to taste, adding a bit of the grated lemon rind. When thick cool and use as filling.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that many matters which agitate the public mind are not worth a thought in comparison with dietary questions, to which a thought is seldom given.

#### SUMMARY DISHES

Now that the fresh fruit and berries are plentiful one may enjoy a variety of fruit combinations.

Pineapple Turnovers—Roll pastry thin and cut into four-inch squares. Drain the sirup from one cupful of grated pineapple. On the center of each square place a tablespoonful of the drained pineapple and one teaspoonful each of sugar and butter. Fold the edges of the pastry and fold together in the form of triangles, pressing the edges firmly together. Fry until brown in deep fat. Drain on brown paper; sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Strawberry Pudding—Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water; add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add one-half cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of strawberries, crushed, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let stand in a cold place until the mixture looks creamy, then add two stiffly-beaten egg whites and pour the jelly into molds. Serve on squares of sponge cake with cream and sugar and garnish with whole berries.

Pineapple Sandwiches—Cut oblong slices of sponge cake about one-half inch thick. Put together in pairs with a layer of crushed pineapple between. Place on individual serving dishes, sprinkle with powdered sugar and decorate with quarters of blanched almonds, stuck into the cake. Serve with a cold custard sauce.

Frozen Fruit Salad—Cut six slices of pineapple into small pieces; mix with two cupfuls of straw sirup and one cupful of mayonnaise with one cupful of whipped cream. Fill baking powder boxes with the mixture; cover with greased paper and put on the covers. Bind the edges to frost with the salt, with a strip of cloth dipped in melted wax. Pack in a pan with two parts of ice to one of salt. Let stand three hours. Serve cut into slices with cream mayonnaise dressing.

Dates and Walnuts—To one pound of dates and one pound of walnuts add one cupful each of flour and sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, vanilla, salt to taste. Use the flour and nut meats which sit on the floor, which has been well sifted with the baking powder and again with the sugar. Beat the egg yolks; add the vanilla and salt and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites; bake one hour.

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### Fast Black

Sam was a porter in a large hotel. One day he approached his employer with a request for a position for his brother down in Tennessee. Having secured it, in due time his brother arrived. He was several shades darker than Sam, and his employer remarked: "Sam, your brother is rather dark, isn't he?"

"He sure am," replied Sam. "He's so black that down home in Tennessee de lightning bugs follow him aroun' all day, 'cause they think it's night!"

Los Angeles Times.

### Too Slow

The reason why a lot of men are bachelors, is because they failed to embrace their opportunities.—Hillsboro News-Herald.

### Pesky Devils Quilotos P. D. Q.

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