

George Washington

1876-1926



The Republic is Still Founded Upon the Rock of Human Liberty, On Which He Planted the Standard of Independence

It is meet and proper that the solemn anniversary of this February should be widely observed. George Washington's death caused a thrill of the deepest sorrow to run through the young nation, which he had aided so materially in creating. He had left his office, relinquishing all formal ties which bound him to the organization. He had not, however, severed the stronger ties which bound him to the hearts of the people whom he so thoroughly represented. He had withdrawn to the privacy of life which he craved during many years, but he had not retired beyond the sympathies and love of his fellow countrymen.

Consequently when it became known, by the slow processes of the period, that George Washington was dead, even though he had reached the ripe age when death was a not unexpected possibility, there was great mourning. The nation paused to do reverence to his memory. Strong men shed tears. There were on every side tokens of the deepest and most sincere grief. It was as though a beloved parent had been taken from the family circle, leaving a place which none could fill, however exalted, however wise, however admirable.

For George Washington was unique in his personality and his achievements, as well as in his opportunities. He stood alone, apart from other men in his endowments, yet of them and among them in his emotions and sympathies and aspirations. His attitude toward his army in his distressful winter campaigns, when he suffered with the men who had no regard for the distinctions of rank, typified his posture toward the body politic. Men loved him as a friend, respected him as a counselor, revered him as a leader.

Such lives shed immortal influences over all their surroundings. Four, indeed, is the nation which cannot point to some such figure and say: "Here is our ideal, our type, or guide, our inspiration and our champion." Poor indeed is the man who cannot in his heart look up to some life which he feels instinctively is greater, purer, better than his, whose example leads him toward to higher thoughts and more exalted conceptions.

It is well that the forms of ceremony should fall into lines which most immediately leads the public thought to George Washington as a man. The patriotic societies bring their rites and earnest devotions at the tomb where the great President lies buried. I thought of Washington as a citizen, as a worker among men, as a companion, a helper, an individual. The patriotic societies in their observations and meetings recall him as a soldier, the strenuous worker for the creation of a new nation, the leader of men, the commander, the genius of war, the planner of campaigns.

Beyond these special forms of commemoration there prevails today a deep sense among the people, aside from organization, and orders, of the statesmanship of Washington, the wisdom of his words and acts, his contributions to the moral stability of the republic. And the great commonwealth feels, at such a time, and un-impulsively, a deeper sense, a deeper sense such an impulse, a deeper sense of duty and a keener appreciation of its opportunities. The years which have passed since Washington's death have brought many radical changes, but his spirit is dominant in the institutions and the aspirations of the people, for the republic is still founded upon the rock of human liberty, upon which he planted his standard.

Accents.
In the midst of a rambling speech the political orator declared: "The situation is grave, the crisis is acute." "And the gentleman's speech," added the newspaper reporter, "was circumstantial." "You're Companion."

A Preliminary.
"How would you start in to educate the Filipinos?" "Well," answered the man who had been among the crowd, "if I had my way, the first thing I should do would be to send over a bazing party and a football team."

AUTOMOBILE IMPROVES RURAL MAIL SERVICE

Roads Are Covered in Half Time Formerly Made by Horse Delivery.

Washington, D. C.—The advent of the automobile has done much to improve the rural delivery service. In the past a carrier with a route twenty-four miles long has had to give the better part of the day to his work, as it took from six to seven hours to make the rounds. In consequence, if he was a farmer, the crops must be neglected, except for a few hours in early morning or late in the evening. But with an automobile or motorcycle a twenty-four-mile route can be served in half the time. Men who have heretofore held aloof from accepting jobs as rural carriers because of the long hours are now more eager to enter the service if they can do the work in three or four hours or less, leaving the rest of the day for other employment. This feature of the extra work is most important, for a rural carrier cannot grow rich on his year's salary of from \$900 to \$1,500. Uncle Sam does not furnish him with either horses or vehicle. Hence he must supply himself. In some cases it is necessary for a carrier to have three or four horses, so that they may be used in relays. With the high price of horse feed, the wear and tear on the wagon, there is very little left for the carrier at the close of the month.

The Postoffice Department grants the carriers permission to use autos or motorcycles provided they can be used without interruption for six or eight months in the year. Under such conditions a new schedule is worked out for the carrier. Instead, the gasoline propelled vehicle is doing much to lessen complaints of delayed service from patrons of rural routes, for it can under many conditions travel over roads which would stall a horse.

HE WAS A LITTLE SHY ON 'PEP'

Grabbed High Voltage Wire to Get Needed Inverter.

Martinez, Cal.—Some one whose identity is not disclosed mentioned in a casual way to John Lindemann, a 45-year-old resident of this place, that the 3,000-volt high tension feeder of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company was full of pep. This reminded Lindemann that he needed some pepper for a pepper for his chest, so he quietly slipped out with an ax and chopped off the wire where it entered the Pacheco Flour Mills building.

By some strange trick of fate he wasn't killed when he cut the wire, and he was about to pick up the freespitting end of the copper strand when he was pulled away by several workmen.

Lindemann insisted vigorously that he wanted to get a handful of "pep," and his insistence resulted in his commitment to Agnew Hospital.

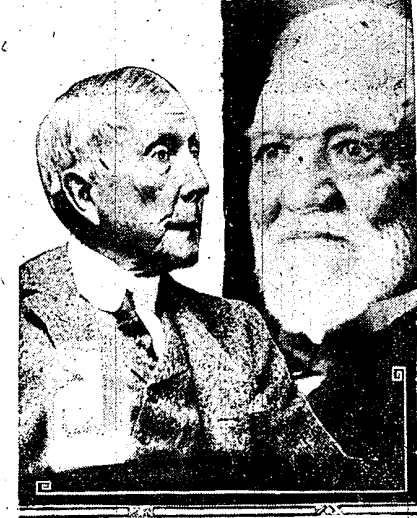
The Barrister's Back Pocket.
14-time barristers in England did not openly receive fees for their services. An early method of collecting fees was the pocket which in medieval times a barrister used to have placed in the back of his gown. Into which the collector would surreptitiously slip the fee.

Bad Memory.
"It must be nice to be a hero," remarked the quiet man. "It is for a minute," replied Senator Badger. "After that the hero wanders at the world's bad memory."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Protection Against Rabbits.
Australian farmers imported last year, as a protection against rabbits, 5,600 miles of wire netting, which costs \$122 to \$145 a mile.

Itch! Itch! Itch! Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching, it's a box.

HOW KING OF OIL AND MASTER OF STEEL LOOKED ON WITNESS STAND



John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, photographed while testifying before industrial relations commission.

These two masters of billions testified last week before the industrial relations commission in New York City. They warmly defended the foundations for the public good which they have established. Together, the public and private gifts of these two men have reached a total of \$575,000,000.

CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF WHICH DIRECTS MOVEMENTS OF GERMAN ARMIES



General von Falkenhayn (a new photograph).

General Erlich von Falkenhayn is chief of the general staff which is directing Germany's moves in the European struggle. The general is fifty-three years old. He was formerly minister of war and commanded the fourth army corps. General von Falkenhayn has also been a privy councillor, and one of his numerous tasks was the educating of the crown prince in military ways.

TURCOS, FRENCHMEN, JEWS, ENGLISHMEN, BELGIANS, INDIANS, RUSSIANS IN PRISON CAMP FOR OPPOSING GERMAN "KULTUR"



This highly interesting picture, taken in one of the detention camps in central Germany, shows prisoners from almost every nation, and race that is set against the Germans. From reports that leak out of Germany it appears that the allies do not get along as well in prison as they do on the field of battle. In one of the camps several Frenchmen protested to the commander in charge that they could not stand the habits of their Russian brethren in arms. The German commander sent back the reply that "if they were good enough to fight with, they must be good enough to live with." The picture here shows among others a Turk, two Frenchmen, a Russian Jew, an English sergeant, a Belgian infantryman, a French Turco, a Hindu and a Russian Cossack.

UNCLE SAM MOORE VETERAN TRAVELER

Has Sold Hardware in the Ozark Mountains for a Period Covering Forty-four Years.

Mountain Home, Ark.—Among the knights of the grip who cover territory in the Ozark Mountains, none will go back with the record for long service that "Uncle Sam" Moore, who travels for a hardware house in Springfield, Mo., will carry in with him. He is the oldest man on the road in the territory today and is rounding out his forty-four years.

For forty-four years he has made a monthly trip from Springfield to Batesville, Ark. with many meanderings, or 600 miles. He has done his 3,600 miles behind a spanking team in an easy buggy, every year, covering a total mileage in the Ozark Mountains, since he has been on the road, of 158,000 miles. All that time he has sold goods for one firm. He started out with them as a salesman at 21 and has never had another job in his long career as an overland knight of the grip. He has missed only one trip and has been sick in bed only twice. He has worn out eight different teams. The Sam says he is 65 years young, not old, and he looks it, for he is still hale, rotund and hearty, with a cheery laugh and the springs step of youth.

When first began to cover the territory, stores were few and far between. At nights he would hear the howl of the wolf; venison was the most item on the menu at every hotel. He has seen the Ozarks develop, seen every railroad built, seen settlements spring up from the wilderness, seen towns and cities grow from the settlements. In all the development he has played his part. Sold the territory hardware, and he has done it well, for he is a business getter.

The territory he covers is one endless, undulating mass of mountains, valleys, plateaus and ridges. Green and inviting in summer, somber and forbidding in winter, but he loves it at all seasons of the year. Loves the quaint little hotels with their hospitable hosts, fried eggs, both straight up and turned over, and the good home-cooked grub and canned fruit.

He has been offered many other more lucrative positions, but has always held to his mountain territory. He knows every cool spring by the wayside; every whispering group of pines. He knows it as a city salesman knows the city. Over the territory they know him, too. There is not a man, farmer or merchant, between the Arkansas and the White, or between the Black River and the James, who has lived in the territory for any length of time, but who knows Uncle Sam. Women and children and the bound dogs and the miles know him as well as the men, and they are all his friends. He stops and chats along the mountain highways much the same as a city man does on his way downtown with his friends on the streets.

Among the mountain merchants with whom he does business, he is more of a friend than a salesman. He just goes visiting, and, incidentally, sells goods. He is a business adviser, too, and his customers come to him with their business troubles, and he helps them by giving them timely advice. In some instances he has customers in the third generation. He is selling some now, at the same stand where years ago, when the country was new, he sold their grandfathers. Sam is a common man over his territory, especially in those places where he stops for the night. More babies have been named after him than after any other man over his route.

As a personality he fairly brags with congeniality. There is only one thing that will arouse his ire, and that is the improper care of his team. He fairly dotes on his team. He is as particular about it as an engineer is about his engine. They have to have the best care obtainable, and consequently they are the star boarders at all the livery stables along the line of travel. Stationers know this characteristic of his, too, and avoid difficulty by giving them just the care he demands. He does not leave it entirely to them, however, but stays and sees that his horses are properly cared for before he goes into the house.

In spite of the fact that he is a veteran of the Civil War, he has never carried a revolver or any other kind of a weapon since he has been on the road. He has traveled during times of trouble, too. During the Bald Knobber period, and in sections that had doubtful reputations.

He was born in Dade County, Missouri, on Sun Creek, near Greenfield. When 15 years old he enlisted under Capt. Tuck Smith, a Confederate, in Washington County, Ark., and fought with him through quite a period of the war. While 65 years old, he expects yet to put in many years on his mountain territory, where his long service has insured him a lucrative business until death calls.

WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy. All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes! The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—which vary widely, but may include pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatic pains, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right the danger is overcome. Doan's Kidney Pills have proven an effective kidney medicine.

Mrs. Lyons, 125 St. Clair St., Marine City, Mich., says: "I suffered for some time from backache and pains in my kidneys and often I was nervous and dizzy. I didn't sleep well and when I got up in the morning I was tired and my back was lame. The kidney secretions also bothered me. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved me at once, so I kept on until I was cured."

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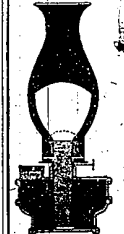
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