

A Vision of the Great Commander

A Sketch For Washington's Birthday.
By F. A. MITCHEL

Washington's birthday was coming, and I concluded to do some reading of the historical events with which he was identified in the flesh. There were several events in which I took greater interest than others. That which especially arrested my attention was the treason of Benedict Arnold. When the Revolutionary war opened Arnold was an apothecary in New Haven.

On the night before the 22d of February I read about Washington, Arnold, Andre and others till late. It was nearly midnight when I laid my book on a table beside me and leaning back in my chair, fell to musing about the events in which these three were concerned.

Whether I fell asleep, whether I had a sort of nightmare or whether I dreamed I cannot say. At any rate I had a singular experience. The door opened, and I looked into what seemed to me a small office. At a desk sat a man in a "continental" uniform. He was an elderly man and of large frame. Then I saw a young man in uniform who wore a red coat, entered this office and approached the man at the desk. The latter turned his face, and I recognized General Washington. The other was very pale.

"Your excellency," said the latter, "I come to make an appeal for my life. You have approved the sentence of the court martial, and I am to be hung tomorrow. I ask that you will hear the reasons why I should not be executed."

"Proceed with them."

"The principal in the matter for which I am to suffer has escaped. You cannot punish him. I did not agree to surrender West Point. I did not possess West Point, therefore I could not surrender it. I merely transmitted his agreement. Would you hang a post official who carried a letter bearing a treasonable agreement and let the traitor go free? True, you have not permitted the traitor to go free, but he has escaped you."

"At this juncture a man whom I had not seen before—he had been hidden in a dark corner—stepped forward and said to the general:

"Major Andre is right, general. I am alone responsible for this deed that has been called treachery. It was my privilege at the beginning of this struggle to choose the side I would take. I unwisely chose the rebel cause. Later I saw my error and tried to do something to atone for it. My loyalty to the king came late, but it came in time to save me from the taint of treason to my lawful sovereign. I trust that since you cannot punish me for what you esteem my treason you will not vent your ire on this young man, who was merely a messenger."

Then Washington spoke deliberately, calmly, and it seemed that each word had the weight of a mountain:

"Benedict Arnold, you are an illustration of the adage, 'Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil.' When the colonies called her sons to arms you were mixing pills in a Conscientious shop. It was ambition rather than patriotism that caused your response. You wished to take advantage of war to carve out a career for yourself. You did this. Your remarkable march through the Maine wilderness upon Quebec showed that you possess the energy essential to a successful commander. It is due to you chiefly that Burgoyne's surrender was achieved."

"When you went to Philadelphia with the reputation of a successful general and married into one of the principal Tory families there, you were still the New Haven apothecary transformed. You were not satisfied with your laurels. You wished congress to give you the command of the Continental army. Not obtaining it, you asked for the command of the main military position between the north and south colonies, with a view to taking revenge upon your fellow countrymen by surrendering it to Clinton. Had you succeeded you would have broken your country into two parts with the enemy between them."

"This young man will die a death which you will only too often wish that you had died. He will have paid the penalty of having been allied with a traitor, and his death will end his connection with this lamentable affair. You will live to be execrated not only by your countrymen and by successive generations of Americans, but by the world. Punishment for your crime will be visited on the heads of your children and your children's children for centuries to come."

The figures faded before me, but I was not returned to possession of my faculties for some hours later. After this interval of oblivion there was a sound as of something falling. I opened my eyes, and the day was just breaking. It seemed to me that the sound I had heard was the dropping of the trap under one who was being hanged.

During that day I took up a news paper and read a secret which had been only recently divulged. Papers of General Charles Lee, whose incompetency, it was supposed, cost Washington the battle of Trenton, were published showing him to have entered the American army for the purpose of performing some such act of treachery. He was a traitor from the start; Arnold became one during the struggle.

Had General Washington had proof that Lee was in the American army for treachery doubtless there would have been another hanging much more deserved than that of Andre.

ABOUT YOUR RUGS

A Short History of Their Early Origins and Kinds.

RAG ONES ARE AMERICAN.

A Word About the Two Methods Which Give Woven and Tufted Carpets Before You Buy Prime Yourself About the Different Kinds.

Most rugs are made according to one of two methods, which gives us woven and tufted carpetings. The latter is distinctly oriental and is made upon a foundation warp composed of hemp or woolen or silk threads. The number of threads depends upon the breadth of the rug and its desired fineness or coarseness. Lengths of colored wool or the hair of a camel or goat of soft threads are knotted on to the warp threads, with the two ends of the individual twist standing up. What is called a weft thread is then run across the warp and another line of tufts made. The whole is brought securely together by means of a hand instrument, the ends of the tufts clipped to an equal length by expert fingers, and thus a tufted rug is completed.

Writing in 1632, Pierre Dupont, a master carpet maker of Paris, said he was convinced that rug weaving was taught to the French by the Saracens after the latter had suffered defeat at the hands of Charles Martel in 732. The middle ages found the art flourishing all over Europe and especially in France and Flanders. Colbert, minister of Louis XIV., so did so much to aid the birth of industrial France, established the Hotel des Gobellins in 1667 as a state manufactory, and the enterprise grew to be one of the notable institutions of the realm.

In 1701 William III of England granted royal charters to weavers in Wilton and Axminster, towns which were to give their names to types of carpeting that have come down to the present day. The fating of the Wilton rug was largely due to Henry, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who brought two Frenchmen, Antoine Dupossy and Pierre Jemiale, to England, and put them in charge of operations at Wilton. Their skill and enterprise won fame for the establishment in a little while. Other French and Flemish weavers followed, and the industry was fairly launched.

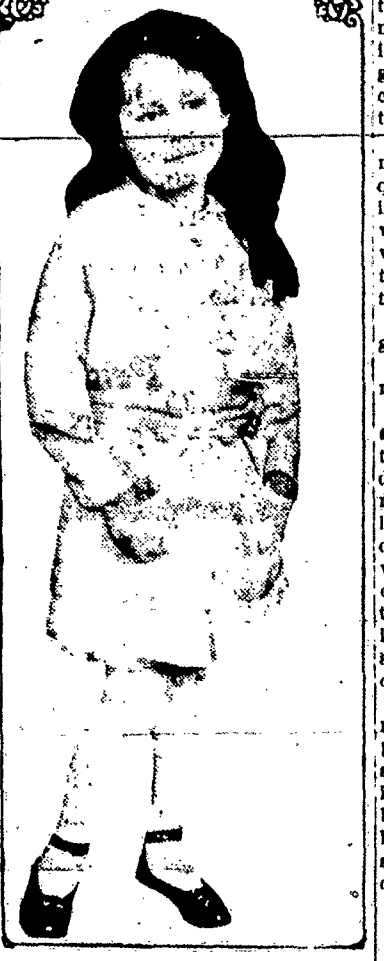
The opening of the nineteenth century saw much experimentation in the effort to produce a satisfactory machine-made carpet. Erasmus B. Bige, an American, and William Wood, an Englishman, were the first to produce a machine-made carpet. The Jacquard loom, to which a great many improvements have since been added, is the product of 2000 quality. The passing years have witnessed further improvement and development, and results are now accomplished by mechanical process which will stand the test of comparison with the hand made article.

Not until 1850 did the French turn to machinery for carpet weaving, and they at first adopted English machinery to a great extent. So it was that the art first crossed the channel and then came back in a different form after the lapse of centuries.

In America we have produced at least one kind of floor covering which may claim as our own—the rag rug. In colonial times rag rugs were made in considerable numbers, and it was deemed a fine accomplishment for a woman. Much ingenuity was shown in the matching of colors.

JUST LIKE MOTHER'S.

A Silk Sweater That Promises Wide Popularity. This interesting garment is of pink spun silk, cut with a deep detachable collar.



NO BLANK collar that fastens with four snap buttons, a wide belt and patch pockets. Small persons find these awfully a joy.

FOR AFTERNOONS.

A House Gown For Wintry Days and Also Matinee.

The fabric is gingsnap brown crepe de chine set off with fur bands. Beneath the skirt tucks fall georgette



MODISHLY CUT

grape to take the banding, while crepe ball buttons trim the waist and cuffs. The girdle is corded three times.

FAMILY SEWING.

How to Economize Labor For the Seamstress or Mother.

The mother of a family of little ones, who must be housekeeper, cook, nurse, maid and seamstress as well as mother often wishes that she had two pairs of hands and four eyes. Sometimes she wishes that the days might be longer or the hours less fleeting.

There is only one solution of the busy mother's problem, and that is to systematize all the branches of her work so that the very smallest amount of time and labor will be consumed in the various tasks, and there is no work whose system is more generally misunderstood or to which it may be more readily applied than the family sewing. By family sewing is meant the making of practical clothes for both mother and children, such as under wear, dresses, gumpes, aprons and campers, which are changed every day and for that reason must be simple of construction and durable enough to look well after many trips to the wash tub.

A word about materials is important, for here is where the real saving of labor and time is to be gained. There is absolutely no economy in buying cheap materials for small children's clothes, yet it is not necessary to spend large sums for them. There are excellent materials made especially for children's clothes and designed to withstand the wear and washing that will be given these garments. Frequently on remnant counters one can procure excellent goods that have been greatly reduced in price, but it never pays to buy cheap calico. Well made garments of durable materials are an asset in a family of small children, for such garments may be passed along as one child outgrows them, thus lessening the labor of sewing.

After carefully selecting the various materials with a view to their wearing qualities and fastness of color, make an intelligent selection of patterns by which each garment is to be cut. It will be well to consider what constitutes an intelligent selection of patterns.

First.—The purpose for which the garment is to be used.

Second.—The actual work required in making.

Remember that straight seams are easier to stitch than curved ones, that tucks and plaits require time and are difficult to iron, that excessive fullness makes both washing and ironing more laborious and, like tucks and plaits, requires extra material; that garments which may be adjusted by slipping on over the head eliminate the need of time for making buttonholes and sewing on buttons and that patterns with a small number of pieces save time in cutting and sewing.

Two or three buttonholes to a garment are not much of a task to a woman with nimble fingers, who picks up such work between times while cooking or watching the little ones at play, but where a number are needed it is best to buy buttonhole and button strips by the yard, ready to stitch under the laps of dresses and campers.

Wing Effects Graceful.

Wing effects at the back of evening dresses are distinctive. They are generally produced by tulle draperies, and these are often garnished with metal threads. They float gracefully about the arms and also fall over the train at the back.

The Runaway's Return

By ETHEL HOLMES

Ned Barringer ran away from home when he was fifteen and did not communicate with his father during an absence of ten years. His was a case of stepmother. The second Mrs. Barringer was one of those women who when they marry a man propose to appropriate him and everything that belongs to him to themselves. The only person, except herself, for whom her husband had any affection was his son, and on this account she hated the son. Ned who was of a rising generation, concluded to take himself away.

But there came a time when Ned, having made a strike, concluded to go back home and see his father. Possibly he might add to the old man's comfort, though he doubted his ability. If the second Mrs. Barringer were living. The homesteader reached at 10 o'clock at night the town where he had spent the first fifteen years of his life.

On reaching the house he saw lights within, but heard no sound. He rang, but received no answer. He tried the front door and found it locked. He walked around the house, looking through the windows, but saw no one. Standing below the window of what had been his own room, he looked up at it. There was the truth that he had so often descended at night and ascended in the small hours of the morning. Yielding to temptation, he put a foot on it and went up almost as spry as when a boy. There was no light in the room, so he could see nothing. He tried the sash, and it went up. Softly stepping inside, he was heading for the place where the gas fixture had been when suddenly there came a flood of electric light. A girl stood with a finger on a button beside the door, while in the other hand she held a revolver pointed at Ned's head.

"Come, lower that gun," he said. "I might go off. I'm no burglar. Why didn't you answer my ring?" The girl had no voice for reply, and Ned went on: "I'm Ned Barringer. Is my father alive or dead?"

The weapon dropped from the girl's hand, and she showed signs of keeling over. Ned started toward her, but she shrunk back. By an effort she controlled herself and finally said: "Your father is living."

"Where is he?"

"In a hospital. He has just submitted to a dangerous operation. He needs something to put him through. I hope your return will do it."

"I will go to him at once."

"Not tonight. I have just left him sleeping."

"Did you just come in?"

"Yes, by the front door."

"That's how I missed you. Is he at all living?"

"What eat?"

"The second Mrs. Barringer."

"She died three years ago."

"And you are—"

"Your cousin, Margaret Curtiss."

"Ah, my mother's sister, Aunt Margaret's child!"

"Yes. When Mrs. Barringer died Uncle asked mother if I might not come and live with him."

Ned approached the girl, put an arm around her, drew her gently to him and kissed her.

JUST A TROTTEUR.

Sensible Gown For Merely Everyday Wear.

Back we swing to just serviceable navy gaberdine attractively trimmed with an embroidered belt, satin collar



PLEASED WITH IT

and cuffs and two silk tassels instead of a tie. The hip fullness secures your minous pockets just for convenience.

ROAST GOOSE.

The Way Mother Used to Get The Remarkable Flavor.

A green goose from three to four months old is a great treat, and is cooked like a game bird without stuffing. Season inside and out with salt and pepper, put half a white onion inside to absorb any strong taste, divide the outside with flour and roast for a hot oven for about an hour. Serve with boiled white sauce and apple sauce.

For an older goose, and, even so, it should not be more than a year old, you may use the time honored stuffing of potatoes and sage. Having thoroughly cleaned and washed the bird in soda water, remove all the fat that can be reached from under the skin or inside. This may be saved and tried out to use later for goose grease. To make the stuffing boil for twenty minutes or half an hour a half dozen potatoes. Peel and mash, adding to them a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of powdered sage and two tablespoonfuls of white onions minced and fried yellow in butter. Mix these ingredients lightly together, then bind with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Season the goose on the inside with salt.

High Shoes Worn.

Last winter many women wore low shoes in the street throughout the worst weather. Now unless a woman steps from a limousine or a taxi she is seldom seen courting pneumonia. Those who are on their way to afternoon functions requiring elaborate gowns generally slip on a pair of silk dresses which are in keeping with the costume and may be slipped off on arrival at destination. There might be some question of correctness in wearing these spats with a crepe or chiffon afternoon dress if kept on after the coat was removed. Black patent afternoon pumps or slippers are worn with stockings which match the gown.

Fillet Lace Trimming.

New blouses show fillet lace used extensively as trimming. This fashion began in November, but was not widely taken up until the present month. The usual form the fillet lace takes is a wide turnover collar extending into a broad panel that runs to the waist in front and deep cuffs that fit the wrists and are fastened with small lace buttons. Although the lace is sometimes put on handkerchief linen blouses, the most fashionable combination is with crepe de chine and georgette crepe.

New Sport Hats.

Hats introduced for Palm Beach, Avon and the spring sporting events are which crowned, pot shaped, made of fuzzy felt. They are done in brilliant yellow more than any other color, and the novelty is that they are cross-stitched in black worsted threads in a loose, negligent manner. In the front at the side the two edges of the materials are brought together and faced with the black thread.

Block Print Trimming.

The newest sport suits for the south are over by Callot show a block design in colors used as a border for skirt and jacket. Large blocks of Indian red will be used on a cream colored silk jersey suit.

When the Sleeper Walked

By M. QUAD

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Mr. Samuel White kept a general store in the village of Hasleton. It was a small village, and the trade was mostly with the farmers around it. Mr. White was an energetic, pushing sort of man, and there came a time when he overdid it. His nerves gave way, and there was fear among his friends that he was going to break down.

Mr. White's only clerk was an old bachelor named Penfold. He had been in the store since its opening and could be trusted to the utmost limit. He had a room at the back of the store, and it was his custom after the doors were locked to sit and read for a couple of hours.

Mr. White's nervous strain had not bettered itself when, one night as the clerk sat reading, he heard a key rattle in the front door, and a moment later a man walked in. Penfold's door was open, and his light was so placed that he could see the length of the store very plainly. The man stood for a moment looking around him. His figure was that of Mr. White, but he had a mask over his face and false whiskers. He stood for a minute as if studying himself in a strange place and then walked toward Penfold's room, turned to the right and passed around the counter.

The man was behind the counter for perhaps two minutes, and then he reappeared and, without a look toward Penfold, walked to the front door and out of it, turning the key after him. The clerk had heard him moving the jar in which the money was kept and at once investigated. The money it contained amounted to about \$300, for there had been some heavy sales during the last three days. It was gone! Not a bill remained!

As soon as daylight broke Mr. White was notified, and he at once flew into a violent temper. He charged his old and trusted clerk with having taken the money and would not hear the story of a strange man.

Mr. White was alone in the store that day, and he made no explanations to any one except his brother-in-law, named Carson. Mr. Carson at once volunteered to take Penfold's place at night until he had solved the mystery. He did not believe Penfold guilty, but there was a mystery to be solved. When night came he was on hand, and he had a shotgun for a weapon. He did not pass his time in reading, but in listening, and about midnight he heard some one approach the front door. Then the key was turned in the lock and the door opened. There stood the stranger. He had the figure of Mr. White, but he also had the mask and whiskers that Penfold had told about. He acted just as the man had done on the previous night. He walked to the counter and around it, and he had about \$375. He came within ten feet of Carson, but did not seem to notice him.

"Well," said the latter to himself when the stranger had passed out and departed, "if I think I have solved this mystery, but I want another night to make sure of it."

Mr. White was told of the second robbery, and he related a little toward Penfold. The affair was as great a mystery to him as to the two others. It was proposed to him that Penfold should pass the next night with Carson, and he readily consented.

On this day the place in the jar, \$320. It was placed in the jar. Penfold was on hand when the store was locked up that night, and he, too, had brought a gun. If the stranger came again he was to be captured at all costs. The time wore away until about midnight, and, lo! the stranger appeared just as he had twice before. His actions were the same. He was allowed to pass behind the counter and get possession of the money before he was interfered with. He was leaving the store when the men grabbed him. To their surprise, he made no resistance whatever. One of them seized his whiskers and the other his mask and pulled them off, and Mr. White stood there before them. He was very much dazed, and it was half a minute before he could say:

"Why, men, what is this? What are we all doing here? This is the store, isn't it?"

"You have been robbing yourself, Sam White," replied the brother-in-law. "You were at the money jar five minutes ago, and I bet the roll is in your pocket."

He inserted his hand into a pocket and pulled out the money. At the same moment his wife arrived and gave her explanation.

"You see," she said, "that I have suspected for a week past that Sam walked in his sleep, and I remained awake tonight to convince myself. I know that he was sound asleep when he got out of bed and dressed himself. I followed him downstairs and saw him head this way. Then it came to me that he was the robber, and I hurried after him."

"But what have I done with the money I took from the jar?"

The two men accompanied her home, and a search was made, and in a bureau drawer where he kept his shirts and cuffs was found every cent of it. Mr. Penfold went back to his situation. The brother-in-law had a hearty fit of laughter, and Mr. White went west for a vacation that lasted a month, and up to date the old jar has done duty as a fire and burglar proof safe.