



A RESTORED CAMP HUT

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE! Thousands of students of American history have been thrilled by the story. It has done more to instill a spirit of patriotism and love of country into youthful hearts than any other narrative. In the face of most trying hardships the patriots made Valley Forge the most wonderful military camp ever maintained in this land of the free and home of the brave.

The year 1777 was one of mingled victory and defeat for the cause of American freedom. In the north the splendid leadership of Arnold, Morgan and Stark, and the patriotism of the people of New York and New England foiled the British plan of cutting off the northeastern states from



AN ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE



HOSPITAL HUT RESTORED ON VALLEY FORGE CAMP GROUND

the other revolted provinces and forced the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. But in the middle states, Lord Howe, aided by the lukewarmness of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, defeated Washington at the Brandywine and firmly established himself in Philadelphia, the American metropolis and the rebel capital.

The continental congress fled to Lancaster and then to York. Washington hovered about Philadelphia, fought the brilliant but indecisive battle of Germantown, and late in December went into winter quarters in what, says the English historian, Trevelyan, "bids fair to be the most famous encampment in the world's history." Valley Forge, up the Schuylkill river about twenty miles from Philadelphia, strategically left little to be desired, for it enabled the Americans to restrict British raids and was, besides, well fitted for defense.

Many civilians insisted that the army ought not to go into winter quarters at all. The fugitive Pennsylvania assembly adopted a remonstrance to that effect. Harassed by a thousand cares and dangers, Washington tartly responded that "we have by a field return this day (December 23, 1777) no less than 2,898 men now in camp unfit for duty because they are barefooted and otherwise naked. . . Numbers have been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way," because of a lack of blankets.

"I can assure these gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fire-side than to occupy a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothes and blankets."

The troops were divided into squads of twelve, and to encourage the men Washington offered a reward of \$12 to the squad in each regiment that finished a log hut for quarters in the quickest and most workmanlike manner. Inside the huts bunks were to be built, and the farmers living near the camp were ordered to thrash their wheat in order that the straw could be used for bedding. In building many of the huts a considerable hole was first dug, and dozens of these "hut holes" or "cellars" can still be seen. Until a few years ago one of the more substantial huts still remained, but unfortunately it was destroyed by fire. The Daughters of the Revolution in 1905 constructed an excellent facsimile of a hut, over an old "hut hole," and this reproduction undoubtedly gives a fair idea of the structures.

Some of the officers found quarters in the scattered farmhouses that stood within or near the encampment. Those who lived in houses without the lines paid a heavy price for their comfort, for unceasing vigilance was required to guard against British attacks. Early one January morning a force of about two hundred British surrounded

the house in which Captain Lee (Light Horse Harry, the father of Robert E. Lee) was staying, but Lee and his guard manned the doors and windows and drove the enemy off with loss. Lee was the son of Washington's famed "Lowland Beauty," and the general was already deeply interested in the young man. For the deed of gallantry he obtained Lee's promotion.

Washington's own quarters were at first in a tent or marquee, which is at present in the Valley Forge museum in a good state of preservation, for Americans had not then forgotten how to make the things that would last.

To Washington's worries during this awful winter was added the miserable "Conway cabal," a plot to remove him in favor of Gates. Little wonder that strong man though he was, Washington despaired of earthly aid and turned to heaven for assistance. Isaac Potts was one day passing through a woods near headquarters when he heard a voice, and looking into a thicket discovered the general "on his knees in the act of devotion to the Ruler of the universe. At the moment when Friend Potts, concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country. . . He utterly disclaimed all ability of his own for this arduous conflict; he wept at the thought of that irretrievable ruin which his mistakes might bring on his country, and with the patriot's pathos spreading the interests of unborn millions before the eyes of Eternal Mercy, he implored the aid of that arm which guides the starry host. As soon as the general had finished his devotions and had retired, Friend Potts returned to his house and threw himself into a chair by the side of his wife.

"Isaac," she said with tenderness, "there seems agitated; what's the matter?"
"Indeed, my dear," quoth he, "if I appear agitated 'tis no more than what I am. I have seen this day what I shall never forget. Till now I have thought that a Christian and a soldier were characters incompatible; but if George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken, and still more shall I be disappointed if God do not through him perform some great thing for this country."

In all about three thousand men died in the camp, but the grave of only one is now known. Lieutenant John Waterman, a brigade commissary, died in April, and some one erected a rough stone and cut on it the inscription: "J. W., 1778." A marble shaft, 50 feet high, was erected, 11 years ago, by this grave, dedicated "To the Soldiers of Washington's Army Who Sleep at Valley Forge." Dozens of other graves have been discovered, but no others have been identified.

Fearful as was the suffering at Valley Forge the time spent there proved fruitful, thanks, in large measure, to the arrival in camp of Frederick Augustus Henry Ferdinand von Steuben. The

newcomer's merits were in proportion to the length of his name. He had been an aide-camp to Frederick the Great, the ablest soldier of the day, and was thoroughly versed in the science of war. He had proposed to congress that he enter the service as a volunteer, with the understanding that congress should defray his expenses. If the revolt failed, or his services proved unsatisfactory, he was to receive nothing more; otherwise, he was to be refunded the income he had given up (about three thousand dollars a year) and properly remunerated. His offer was accepted, and Steuben reached Valley Forge on February 23.

The suffering of the troops and their lack of discipline and proper organization astonished Steuben greatly. "I have seen," he wrote long afterward, "a regiment consisting of 30 men, and a company of one corporal. . . We had more commissaries and quartermasters at that time than all the armies of Europe together."

Hitherto five to eight thousand muskets had been lost yearly through discharged soldiers carrying them home as souvenirs. The loss of bayonets was still greater. The American soldier, never having used this arm, had no faith in it, and never used it only to roast his beefsteak, and, indeed, often left it at home. With regard to their military discipline Steuben found no such thing existed.

In spite of jealousy on the part of some of the other officers, Steuben accomplished wonders. The next year not more than a score of muskets were lost instead of thousands. Steuben turned drill sergeant and introduced a discipline such as the troops had never known. Rising at three in the morning, he would drink a cup of coffee, smoke a pipe, and then ride to the parade ground for a hard day's labor. His enthusiasm proved contagious, and the whole camp fell to drilling.

The army was greatly cheered in April by the news that France, long America's secret ally, had at last decided openly to enter the lists in her favor.

"I believe no event was ever received with more heartfelt joy," wrote Washington. May 8 was set apart "for gratefully acknowledging the Divine Goodness, and celebrating the important event, which we owe to His benign interposition." By Washington's orders the whole army paraded, salutes were fired from both artillery and small arms, and the troops cheered lustily for "the king of France," "the friendly European power," and "the American states."

Not less joyful to the waiting army was the news brought to Valley Forge on June 8 that the British had evacuated Philadelphia. The long months of suffering and discouragement had at last borne fruit. By their patriotic devotion Washington and his men had held the enemy in check until better days dawned. By holding together during those awful winter days they had preserved the revolution.

A large part of the land upon which Washington's troops shivered, starved, and died, is owned today by the state of Pennsylvania, and pious care is devoted to preserving the fortifications, the old bake ovens, and other relics of that memorable winter.

REFUGE OF A KING

Famous Hiding Place of Charles II. of England.

Celebrated Boscobel House and Oak Tree Where the Merry Monarch Retired, After the Battle of Worcester, to Be Sold.

London.—The famous Boscobel house, with its estate of 700 acres where King Charles II. of England hid after the battle of Worcester and where there still grows the historic oak tree in which he concealed himself, is to be sold at auction.

Situated on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire, the house was built about the year 1540 in the center of Brewood forest, and had been used for many years before King Charles' time as a hiding place for Roman Catholic priests and political refugees.

But its principal interest is wrapped in the time when it sheltered King Charles in September, 1651, after the battle of Worcester. Here he lay hid for several days, and in the paddock adjoining, protected by iron palisading, is the oak tree in which he took refuge when surprised by horsemen. It is said there is no doubt about this being the identical tree.

The principal part of the house remains now as it was then, and in the garden is a curious mound surmounted by an arbor much as it was at the time of King Charles' sojourn.

Prince Charles, the eldest son of King Charles I. of England, was nineteen at the time of his father's beheading by the victorious parliamentarians, in 1649. He was then at The Hague, and immediately assumed the title of king. The colony of Virginia in North America invited him to set up his kingdom among them, but, in 1650, the Scots offered him their crown, so he went to Scotland and was crowned at Scone in the beginning of 1651. After the defeat of the Scots at Dunbar he put himself at the head of their army of 10,000 men and dashed into England. But it was then that Cromwell put forth his supreme military genius and, with his Ironsides, crushed the royal troops at Worcester.

Charles knew that for the present all was lost. He showed courage and address in covering the flight of his beaten soldiers and afterwards turned his steps to Boscobel house, where he was assured of a secure retreat from the pursuing Roundheads. At White Ladies the king had his long hair cut, his hands and face smeared with soot; and for his royal dress he substituted the green and greasy suit of a countryman and a leather doublet. He next endeavored to reach Wales, but on account of the vigilance of the Puritans was obliged to return to Boscobel wood. With Major Carlis, who



Boscobel House and Royal Oak.

had led the forlorn hope at Worcester, he ascended a thick pollard oak, from which they watched at intervals during the day the Roundheads in search of them, passing by unaware of their near presence. In the evening they descended, and made their way to the manor house, where the king remained hidden two days.

After many dangers Charles escaped to France, where he maintained a royal court, such as it was. He had little money, except what was provided by his devoted followers and his adherents in Great Britain and Ireland. He was content to wait. Time would fight for him more surely than infantry and horse.

The old cavaliers who accompanied their master in exile were like Napoleon's veterans in Elba. With their tall, powerful forms, they stalked about the courtyards, longing grimly for the time when they could once more smell the pungent powder of the red field of war. But the change was coming. The English people were tiring of Puritanism and praying in secret for their king. So it came about that one morning in May, 1660, the king came into his own, landing at Dover and being escorted to London by frenzied, adoring crowds of his people. The Merry Monarch was at home again and, although that early popularity was at times strained, he never wholly lost the good will of his people.

Could Not Balk Constable. Farrell, Pa.—When Constable George Bird called at the home of "Big Annie" Long—weighing about 550 pounds—with a warrant charging disorderly conduct, he found her wearing only a broad smile. She declared her clothes were hidden. Bird seized several lace curtains, wrapped them around her form, and assisted by a brother officer bundled her into a dray and carried her off to jail.

Lee's Farewell Brings \$425. Philadelphia.—The original copy of Gen. Robert E. Lee's farewell to his army after his surrender to Grant at Appomattox, was sold for \$425 at a sale here.

IS IT RIGHT TO ADVERTISE COCA COLA?

Men who play the wily game of politics have discovered that the best way to distract the attention of the public from their own shortcomings is to make a loud-mouthed sensational attack upon someone else. As the cuttle-fish eludes its pursuer by clouding the surrounding water with the contents of its ink sac, so the political adventurer takes advantage of the ignorance and prejudices of the people to escape from his indefensible position by muddying the waters of public opinion.

.. case in point is the recent attack made upon the religious press for carrying Coca-Cola advertising. This attack was made by a politician who was supposed to be an expert in chemistry but who, having brought a suit against the Coca-Cola Company, was humiliated by having to acknowledge that he could not qualify as an expert. The court decided in favor of the Coca-Cola Company. It was clearly shown that the only essential difference between Coca-Cola and coffee or tea is that the former contains only about half as much caffeine as the latter and that the flavor is different.

The question as to whether it is right to advertise Coca-Cola seems to resolve itself therefore into the question as to whether it is right to advertise coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and other beverages of the caffeine group.—Adv.

Wireless Lighthouse Stations.

We have the horseless carriage, wireless telegraph, smokeless powder, etc., and now we are having the lightless lighthouse. Should the wireless lighthouse stations installed at Brest, France, which automatically send out warning messages to ships every few seconds without the help of man, prove a success, as they are reported to be, it will mean that the old system of lights, bells, horns and other danger warnings at sea will be rendered unnecessary. The lighthouse in each case would act as an aerial mast. By a simple clockwork arrangement, which only needs attention once a week or so, distinctive messages are sent out by each station every few seconds. One set of signals are sent out by each station every few seconds. One set of signals are sent out every ten seconds and another set every 30 seconds, so that ships may positively identify the lighthouse that is "talking."—Pathfinder.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

"Tango." A student looked up the word tango in a Latin dictionary. This is what he found: "To take in hand, carry off, to be contiguous to, to strike beat, smear."

His Mental Status. "That young reformer who is running for office promises some sweeping reforms." "With the vacuum system?"

It isn't always hard work that sends a man to the rest cure.

When a man gets full he is apt to use a lot of empty words.

Who Put "U" in Blues?

YOURSELF! In other words, your lazy liver. You have been overloading the stomach, and thus clogging the bowels. You can easily stir these organs to healthy activity by the daily use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD. IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'S BEEN PROVED BY THE MOST EXPERTS TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE. IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'S BEEN PROVED BY THE MOST EXPERTS TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE. IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'S BEEN PROVED BY THE MOST EXPERTS TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE.

W. N. U., LONDON, ENGLAND, No. 26-1913.