

MOUNT VERNON

SHRINE of AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

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WASHINGTON.—In the novel of "Ivanhoe," Isaac the Jew tells the knight that he knows it is the custom of the Christians to put on pilgrims' garb and to walk barefooted for miles to worship dead men's bones. There is something of a sneer in Isaac's tone and Ivanhoe rebukes him with a truly heroic, "Blasphemer, cease!" I don't know how many thousands of Americans go yearly to Mount Vernon to pay a visit to the repository of a dead man's bones, but the number is something enormous.

If George Washington never had lived at Mount Vernon, never had visited there, never had died there, and had been buried in the antipodes there would be excuse enough for the visits to the place of seventy times seven the number of the pilgrims who go yearly down the Potomac to stand on the towering hill and to look off down the valley.

It is with an utter shame that it is confessed that after four years' residence in Washington one man American born and with some lurking pride of patriotism in his make-up never until recently went to the place where the father of his country and the exponent of the American school teacher's ideal of truth lies buried.

Mount Vernon is the ultimate object of the voyage down the Potomac. There are other objects every paddle-wheel stroke of the way, for the hills on either side are hills of rare beauty crowned with trees that saw the revolution and that in the fall are wearing the raiment which belongs to the kings of the forest.

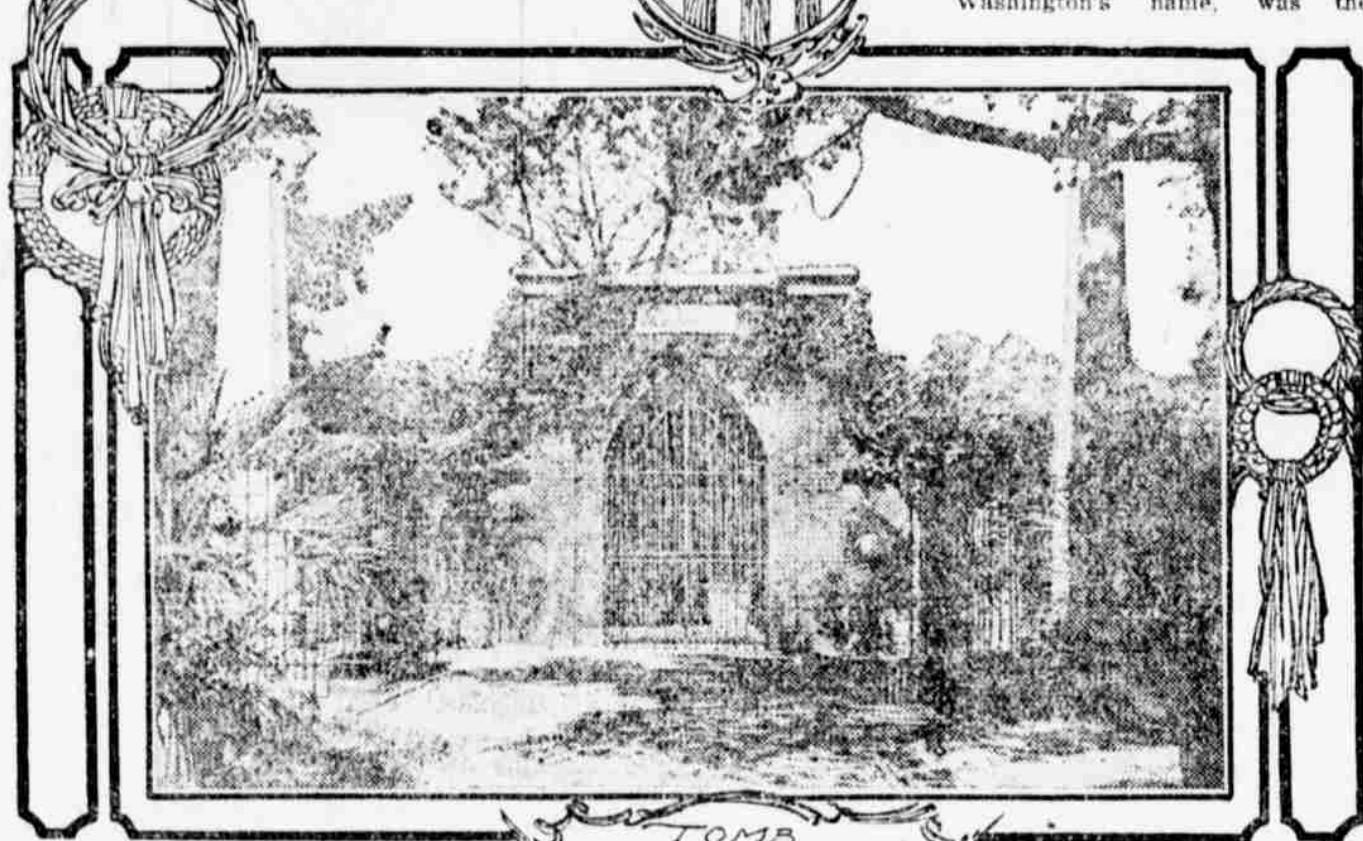
On the boat going down there was a young German gentleman, who had married an American wife. He was much more interested in the beauty of the Potomac's banks and in the history of the country beyond the banks and in the life history of George Washington than was she. The German asked his American wife if George Washington was born at Mount Vernon. She answered that he was; which he wasn't, not by many miles. He asked her many other questions, to each and every one of which, but with unerring incinceracy, she made answers. This was a traveled American girl. There is a fairly well-grounded belief that she met and captivated her German husband while she was doing Europe in an automobile or was rhapsodizing on the Rhine.

Some day, perhaps—very likely, in fact—she will go back to her husband's land and will listen to his telling of his American trip, and in the enthusiasm of the nature which he made manifest on the Potomac he will tell the "historic truths" concerning George Washington which he learned from his American wife.

It may be that some of the Germans who know something of the life of the American general who was the friend and fellow soldier of Steuben will come to think, as some Americans have come to think before this, that a little American history might be included in the course of study of the average American girl, and that not a dollar should be spent on her passage money to Europe until she knows without stopping to think whether it was George Washington or Abraham Lincoln who crossed the Delaware, and who, something later, forced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. This may seem to be a matter that is beside the mark, but, while the listener had none too thorough a knowledge of American history, there were some things said on the boat plying down the Potomac that if they had been said by an eighth-grade school-boy ought to have brought him a flogging.

Mount Vernon has been written about by pretty nearly everybody who has seen the place. It hasn't fallen to the lot of everybody to see it a fall. It is a noble place, a fitting resting ground for the first American.

It seldom falls to man's lot to see such heroic trees. There is a giant oak which stands sentinel over the first burial place of Washing-



ton. The body was removed from the base of the oak about 75 years ago. It never should have been removed.

It is said that Washington selected the place where his body now lies and left instructions that one day the change of sepulcher should be made. The oak which guarded the first grave must have been standing for three centuries. The view from the place is inspiring enough to enrapture the eyes of a dead man. The view from the new tomb is fine in its way, but it is as nothing to the grand sweep of river, hilltops and forests which moves before the eye from the place where Washington slept for 20 years.

Hundreds of visitors go to Mount Vernon daily. They peer into the tomb and then straightway go to the house. There is an interest, of course, which must attach to any of the belongings of Washington, but it seems to be a legitimate matter of regret that of the thousands who go to Mount Vernon the interest in the mirror which Washington used when he shaved and in the spoon with which he ate his porridge, if he ate porridge, is far greater than in the forest trees under which he walked and in the garden whose hedges of formal cut were planted with his own hand.

Indoors at Mount Vernon everything is dead; outdoors everything is alive. The forest and garden are instinct with Washington; the contents of the house are as dust.

There is a real interest, however, in the library of the old house. In the main the books are simply copies of those which were on the shelves in Washington's time. The originals, as I understand it, are in several libraries of the country. There are two originals, however, which are open at the title page, so that if the light be good, one may read Washington's name written in his own hand and the title of the book

which he thought worthy enough to buy.

The light wasn't good on the afternoon in mind and all that one pilgrim could make out of a book's title, above which was written Washington's name, was the

word "Sentimental." The wonder was, and the poor light was responsible for its remaining a wonder, if the father of his country had not in his quiet hours been reading "A Sentimental Journey." If the gentle Martha had peeped into the pages and had reproved George because of what she saw there one can imagine his ready answer that the book was written by a holy priest of her own chosen church.

The man with the megaphone on the Washington "rubberneck" wagons tells his audience of passengers as they roll by the Metropolitan club house: "This is the club of the nobles." In another minute, as the big sight-seeing bus passes another clubhouse the megaphone man says: "And this is the club of the cranks."

"The club of the cranks," as this information howler calls it, is the Cosmos club, and a most interesting organization it is. Its membership is composed of scientists, some physicians and clergymen, a few lawyers and two or three newspaper men. The scientists are in the great majority.

It costs a pretty penny to join the Metropolitan club and to pay the dues and to live the life of the organization. The initiation fee at the Cosmos club is rather small, and the dues are light, but there are scores of members of the Metropolitan club, "the club of the nobles," who willingly would pay twice or thrice the Metropolitan initiation fee and the Metropolitan dues if the expenditure could gain them admission to the club where the "cranks" foregather.

Every Monday night is called "social night" at the Cosmos club. Of course the clubhouse is open at all times, but on Monday evening the members make a special effort to be present and there is always a large gathering in the great, sweeping rooms of the house where once lived Dolly Madison.

They don't intrude "shop" upon you in the Cosmos club. The members are a genial body of men and they have many guests from all parts of the world. They find out what the guest likes to talk about and then some one who knows the subject is promptly introduced to him. There are few world subjects upon which you cannot get an expert opinion in the Cosmos club.

The members, of course, have their hobbies and they ride them. In one corner of a room there will be an astronomical group, and there will be another corner with a fish group and another corner with a bird group and another corner with, it may be, a mushroom group. It isn't all science, however, in the Cosmos club. The members play billiards and pool and bridge, and they have a fine time of it generally and at no great expense, for it is one of the hard facts of earth that men devoted to science have little money. Learning doesn't bring high pay in the market.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.



Mrs. Bauer—Tell my son-in-law that I think him for his invitation, but am unable to accept it.

Servant—Good. He promised me half a dollar if you weren't able to come.

The Steady Man.

We'd like to write a little rhyme about the steady man, who keeps on pegging all the time and does the best he can; the man who early goes to work and doesn't get home till late; nor ever try to shirk in order to be great. There are some fellows who will try to do their business tricks and have a finger in the pie of city politics; they try to put on lots of style and play a heavy role, and in a little bit of while you find them in a hole! I like the man of steady pace, his system I admire; he has no wild desire to place more irons in the fire! —Los Angeles Express.

Government Sanatoria.

The United States government operates three tuberculosis sanatoria, one for soldiers and officers of the regular army at Fort Bayard, N. M., one for seamen in the merchant marine, and others employed in coast service of the government, not in the navy, located at Fort Stanton, N. M., and one for officers and enlisted men in the navy at Las Animas, Col. The first hospital is conducted by the department of war, the second by the United States public health and marine hospital service and the latter by the navy department.

Never Opened His Mouth.

"Not infrequent rays of unconscious humor illumine the otherwise impossible stories that come to my desk from amateurs," says a reader for one of the magazines. Recently I chanced upon this choice bit:

"John, the husband, and Grace, the wife, ate on together in silence. There was indubitably an ill feeling between them. The husband devoured a plate of soup, half a fish, an entree or two, a piece of roast beef, together with a sweet, without ever once opening his mouth."

A Resemblance.

Canon Hensley Henson, at a dinner in New Haven during his Yale lectures, condemned the ugliness of the English archbishop's attire.

"One of our archbishops," he said, "preached in a Kansas church in his panoply of knee breeches, gaiters and apron, and the leading paper of the town concluded an admirable report of his sermon with the words:

"The archbishop wore Highland dress."

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails. Always use it to break in new shoes. At all Drugists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package, FREE, by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

Nature helps every man to become that which he desires to become. If he put forth no effort Nature assumes he wishes to be a nobody, and grants his prayer.—Elbert Hubbard.

The U. S. Government has bought 25 Gross (3,000 boxes) of Rough on Itals to send to the Panama Canal Zone, because it does the work. The old reliable that never fails. The unbeatable exterminator. 15c, 25c, 75c.

The Reason Why.

"I wonder why men don't take more interest in the primary?"

"Possibly because it is a secondary consideration."—Baltimore American

Stop guessing! Try the best and most certain remedy for all painful ailments—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The way it relieves all soreness from sprains, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc., is wonderful.

Do You Know Him?

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Well, he's one of those fellows who think that anything mean is a joke if it isn't on him."

Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Only a mis-interested third party is able to realize that there are two sides to a question.

LOSE NO SLEEP.

through a nagging cough or irritated throat. Allen's Lung Balm will ease the affection quickly and painlessly. All druggists, 25c. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

The bravery of some men is like that of bulldogs; they haven't sense enough to be afraid of anything.

HAD A BETTER SUGGESTION

And, Coupled with the Unchaining of the Dog, It Was Carried Unanimously.

"Well!" demanded the stern-faced woman as she leaned over the red-handled broom, "what do you want?"

"Lady," said the wayfarer, with the long beard and matted hair, "I'm an actor by profession and in hard luck."

"Well, what have I to do with that?"

"Why—er—I was thinking if you could spare me a quarter to get a shave and a hair cut I could get a job in the role of Virgilius."

"Oh, that's a poor excuse," she said, with a curl of her thin lip. "Go up to the town without a shave and a hair cut and get a job in the role of Rip Van Winkle."

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog.

Experienced.

Non-Com. (to recruit)—I don't suppose you ever smelt powder, have you?

Recruit—Oh, yes. I was in a drug store before I enlisted.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." —Mrs. EMMA LIME, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dropsy, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Stomach Trouble, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Brewster* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FREE

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer restores original color to faded, bleached, or gray hair. It is different from any hair restorer. It does not contain any harmful chemicals. It is safe and reliable. It is the only hair restorer that will restore the original color of your hair. Full size bottle for sale by druggists.

The Modern Razor NO STROPPING NO HONING

TRADE-MARK *Gillette*

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. **THE ONE REMEDY** which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

