VALLEY FORGE.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE

One hundred and fifty-hour years ago today, on December 19, 1777, George Washington led his ragged Revolutionary Army into winter quarters at Valley Forge, to set an everlasting example of devotion to country. Over and over the story has been told of those months of cold and starvation, of sickness and suffering, which Washington's soldiers cheerfully endured, in loyalty to him. As soon as American school-children are able to learn anything, they learn of Valley Forge, and never afterward forget it. As long as America itself endures, Valley Forge, with its classic example of patriotism will fire new generations of America to unselfish loyalty to their nation.

This year, as the Country perpares to celebrate in 1932 the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the story of Valley Forge will seem to use more real and poignant than ever, as we recall every incident in the Revolution in which Washington himeslf had a part, for the light each throws on his life and his character.

Nothing in the course of our struggle for Independence, we are told by the United State George Washington Bicentennial Commission, so tried the courage and the patience of George Washington as Valley Forge, for in addition to the sufferings of his soldiers he had nearly everything else to weigh down hs spirits. These alone would have been enough to try him to th utmost. Three thousand of his army perished in that single winter, from cold and exposure, from undernourshment and disease.

The living must often have envied their dead brothers in arm. Some of them were nearly naked. All went without food at times, and at times when food was available, it often consisted of rotting fish and meat. The wonder is that Washington's death roll was limited to these unknown 3,000. At one of the darkest moments at Valley Forge, Washington said, in one of his repeated appeals to Congress for aid, that his men were at last left but three choices; they could "starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can."

But the real tragedy of Valley Forge, a tragedy deeper than the sufferings of the patroit soldiers, was that their distress would have been needelss but for the bungling of Congress. It was that period during the Revolution when military affairs were worst mismanaged, and when Washington's influence was at its lowest ebb. Burgoyne had surrendered, but the fact that Washngton, Commander in Chief, backed up the campaign by sticking on Clinton's flank had been lost to sight. General Gates claimed full credit for the success, and made full use of his popularity with Congress in an attempt to oust Washington and win the chief command for himself. Congress was the more ready to fall in with his claims because Washington lost the battles of Brandywine and German town, and his military fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

In his scheme to wrest the chief command from Washngton, General Gates had the aid of a group of malcontents who formed what became known as the "Conway Cabel." It brought a personal hurt to Washington, and a worry on behalf of the Revolutonary cause itself. He feared the encouraging effect these dissensons in his own ranks would have on the enemy. Such was his freedom from arrogance, that at one time during the winter of Valley Forge, he was ready to resign and leave the direction of the war to Congress or to any man that Congress might prefer to hmself.

In the end, the intrigue against him defeated itself but, already the mischief had been done. Congress took over much of the military control—and the ragged and starving army at Valley Forge got the full benefit of its bunglings.

Before Valley Forge, the commissary of the Revoluntionary Army had been ably directed by Col. Trumbull. Congress ousted him and put in his place the inexperienced General Mifflin, a gangleader among Washington's enemies. Conway himself was made inspector general. Between them nearly wrecked the army organization that Washington had patiently built up, the supplies that his men were entitled to never reached them, and Washington had to stand by while they suffered, and see his army going to pieces.

Yet if Valley Forge tells this story of needless and shameful suffering, it is also the story of a triumph. No other stage of the Revolution offers so strange and violent a contrast. Only Washington's own remarkable personal influence kept his army together through these killing trials, but with the breaking of the Cabal against him, Congress swung back to his support and his influence became stronger than ever. Using that influence to the full, he employed the time in new endeavors to reorganize his force. He induced Congress to appoint and send to Valley Forge a "Committee of Arrangement," to look on while he worked out his reforms, and he so impressed them that he got from them many new needed "arrangements."

At this time, too, he was fortunate in being joined by Baron Von Steuben, a skilled officer trained under Frederick the Great, and a man of genius and remarkable personality. Part of the genius in von Steuben was to see at a glance the possibilities in soldiers willing to endure such hardships for the sake of an ideal, and upon them he set to work with a will. The Revolutionary officers themselves became fired with the German's zeal. The result was that Valley Forge became a most efficient training camp. Washington's army marched into Valley Forge a horde of ragged nondescripts; it emerged an army of heroes, disclined and drilled so that they could hold their own against any troops of the time on the field of battle.

So Valley Forge remains one of the paradoxes of Revolutionary history, a story of unparalleled suffering, but touched with this happy ending, which must have gladdened Washington and compensated every man under his command for the ordeal so nobly endured.

Dr. James Wallace Pays Visit Here

Dr. James Wallace, field Director for the United States Chamber of Commerce which is sponsoring the annual Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest in which the local Chamber has entered Chestertown, spent the day in Chestertown on January 21st.

Dr. Wallace met with members of the local Chamber's committee on Public Health of which Dr. R. G. Beachley is chairman and went over with them in detail the report to be made out in connection with the contest.

This Inter-Chamber contest began in 1929 with 140 cities. In 1931, the year Chestertown won in cities of its class, (20,000 population and under), 208 cities enrolled. This year the enrollment has increased to 264. This fact indicates an increasing interest in various communities of all sizes in their public health programs aiming toward the reduction of epidemics and preventable illness.

Last year at this same time Dr. Wallace made definite recommendations to the Kent County Committee for improving its health work. Two of the major recommendations concerned the disposal of sewage and the need of a proper milk ordinance. The first matter has been investigated, plans drawn and data gathered concerning a proper sewage disposal plant for the town. The second matter was attended to when the Town Commissioners passed a satisfactory milk ordinance. Dr. Wallace complimented the community on behalf of the National Chamber and the American Public Health Association on its remarkably good showing in standing first in its class last year and upon the progress which has been made as shown in the tentative report for 1931. During 1931 toxin-antitoxin was given to an unusual large number of school and pre-school age children and a full-time dentist was added to the corps of public health workers.

The objective of the United States Chamber in sponsoring this annual contest is to interest business men in the economics of health matters; to show communities just how they stand and to point out how their weak spots may be improved and strengthened.

The entire committee representing the Kent County Chamber of Commerce is as follows: Dr. R. G. Beachley, Chairman; Mrs. Nell C. Westcott, Dr. H. B. Simmons, C. C. Jones, Dr. H. Childs Hughes, Wilbur Ross Hubbard and Dr. Paul E. Titsworth.

HURL ROTTEN EGGS

A BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN DENTON AND GREENSBORO YOUTHS

A dispatch from Denton says: "Sectional warfare that broke out here a week ago between Denton and Greensboro youths of the courting age might have gone on indefinitely if Mrs. Clifton Morris, wife of the bailiff of Greensboro, had not stepped into the line of fire last night.

"Mrs. Morris was caught by one of the five hundred and four over-ripe eggs which are said to have been hurled in the course of the conflict. As a result, Sheriff Guerney Tarbutton, of Caroline couny, arrested three Greensboro youths and today Bailiff Clifton Morris swore out warrants for thirteen more.

Rotten-Egged Out Of Town

"The trouble began last Tuesday night a week ago when a Denton youth motored to Greensboro to call on a young lady. Greensboro is seven miles north of Denton and the swains of Greensboro resent the swains of Denton coming to Greensboro to call on young ladies.

"In this instance, the story goes, the Dentonian was "rotten-egged," in good old country parlance, and returned home hastily, his automobile plastered with raw egged omelet.

"Thoroughly aroused by this attack, the youth of Denton laid an ambuscade for the youth of Greensboro near the hotel here Sunday night. And the folk who live in that vicinity have been picking up egg shells ever since.

Five Denton Girls Victims

"A lot of people got downright sore about it and demanded that Sheriff Tarbutton take action. He locked up a jailful of young Dentonians, but their parents descended on him and forced their release.

"A few nights later five young ladies from Denton are said to have gone to Greensboro. But either their identity was mistaken or Eastern Shore chivalry is dead. Because the five ladies retreated hastily to their homes to remove egg stains and shells from their hair.

"The climax came last night, when a battle royal occurred in Greensboro between the home boys and an invading party from Denton. Forty-two dozen eggs—bad ones—are said to have been hurled.

Mrs. Morris Stops First One

At the height of the battle Mrs. Morris stepped out in her front yard to see how the tide was running—when—

"Slock!

"She had stepped right into a fast one, and none too soon, or rather, much too late. Her nose knew.

"She called her husband.

"The hearing is set for next Monday at 4.30 p. m. in the office of Magistrate Henry R. Lewis, at Denton.

Stones Mixed With Eggs, Claim

"Those already under arrest are Robert Riddleberger, Thomas Clark and James Holland, all of Greensboro. The other thirteen names will be added to the docket just as fast as Bailiff Morris can catch up with them."

DEAN OF WOMEN

Two Sides to Every Question

By FANNIE HURST

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MOST people in summing up the subject of the Studdiford sisters were inclined to agree that of the two, Marion had the better mind. Luella had simply used hers to better advantage.

As a matter of fact, compared with the erudition of her twin, Marion was sorely lacking. Life had turned out that way for her. In the beginning, the two sisters, hand in hand, neck to neck, so to speak, had begun what was to be their four years' course at the state university for which they had both qualified with honors.

Of the two, it is probably true that during the first year, Marion's college standing was a peg ahead of her sister's. Not that it was scarcely worth recording. Marion would have been the last to encourage that. For all practical purposes, the two sisters ranked about on a level. Super intelligent girls, carrying on the fine intellectual traditions of their father, whose geographical textbooks were in use throughout the country.

It was at the beginning of her sophomore year that Marion, suddenly, and like a bolt out of the blue, threw over her academic career without so much as an ounce of apparent compunction, and returned one evening to the modest flat she shared with her sister, married to a young automobile salesman she had met at a charity function.

For the first, the incongruity of this marriage seemed apparent to every one but the young pair most concerned. Pale, thoughtful, studious, and even precious Marion Studdiford, married to the ruddy young man Tom Ford, whose shoes were so glossy, whose hair was so glossy, whose linen shone with even a separate splendor and whose use of English in a man with whom she was not in love, would have caused the erstwhile Marion Studdiford's ears to shudder.

It was a matter, however, of a full three years, before the veils of illusion began to tear themselves from the eyes of Marion, and she began to awake gradually, terrifyingly, to the strange truth that in marriage, this vigorous, boyish, refreshing young man of her ideals, had become no more than the too corpulent, slightly vulgar, blatant young salesman whose horizon was bounded by rubber tires.

It was not the kind of realization that came over night. Slowly, like a reluctant tide, it crept upon her, washing misery into her soul, drenching her waking, and even her sleeping hours, in a jumble of regrets. Regrets for what might have been. Regrets for a freedom that was gone. Regrets for the birthright which she had forfeited so blindly, and into which Luella had meanwhile come in full prime.

Not that she would have exchanged with Luella. After all, to be dean of women in a large college, portentious as it might seem, was scarcely the destiny that even Luella, at thirty, must have planned for herself.

Marion wanted more than that. And yet—had it been in her power to choose, over and over again she would have selected for herself the destiny that was Luella's, rather than her own as the stagnating wife of her ruddy vulgarian.

At least to Luella's life there was a dignity of achievement and congeniality of environment.

From her own kind, almost overnight, as it were, Marion, after her marriage became outcast. The friends who had known her, university colleagues, the members of her social group, simply did not speak Tom's idiom.

Fool! Fool! Nature had trapped Marion. At twenty-three, the entire course of her life had shifted away from the fine true course of her sister's. At thirty, Luella, all on her own, mind you, and with a mind no better than Marion's, had achieved position.

Not, as she told herself again and again, that she would yearn for the rather frigid dignity that went with Luella's position as dean of women, but just the same, life could be no more barren for Luella, unmarried, than it was for Marion, married to Tom.

On the contrary, for the freedom that was Luella's it seemed to Marion that she would be willing to sacrifice actual years of her life. And the horrible part of it was Tom's innocence of all this dismay. He was like a small boy, content with his lot; content with his wife; content with his playtoys of cheap automobile and expensive radio. Life was good; Marion was good; automobile tires were lucrative. All was well in his world.

He was killed outright while demonstrating, to a customer, the performance of a set of his own tires.

To Marion, who had repeatedly, throughout the years of her life with him, contemplated the hour when she must destroy his house of cards, by revealing her state of mind, his death came as release, and yet, at the same time filled her with a sense of rectitude that took away stings of conscience.

Tom had died without knowing. Tom had died believing her to be as uncomplex and happy in their marriage as he had been.

Marion was grateful for that. It made everything subsequent come easier.

What actually happened, as her friends put it, was the return of the fish to its water. Two months after Tom's death, Marion matriculated in the university from which she had married as a sophomore and took her first degree two years later, cum laude.

They were to her the happiest years of her life. It was as if her mind, demoralized by the long period of inactivity and intellectual sunlessness, had suddenly found capacity of expansion again. Sometimes it actually seemed to her that under the congeniality of the old environment that she could actually feel her mentality reviving, lifting itself, warming itself in stimulating contacts.

It was considered remarkable that at the conclusion of her college course she had gone beyond that point, and was halfway qualified for a second degree.

The return of the native, said Luella, smiling upon her with a large indulgence.

The indulgence of Luella meant more to Marion than she would admit, even to herself. It was not that she craved a position similar to that of Luella's, but—well—it had to be faced at last, more than anything she could think of, Marion wanted to prove to herself, and to the world, that her mind, if not better, was at least as good as her erudite sister's.

The eye of Marion was fixed resolutely upon a difficult goal, similar to sister's.

Marion wanted to be invited to hold the position of dean of women in one of the country's large universities.

The opportunity came sooner than she dreamed.

Within a month after her second degree had been conferred upon her, Marion was called to accept the position of dean of women in the place vacated by Miss Luella Studdiford, who had eloped suddenly with a chauffeur in a neighboring town.

High Praise Coming to Mothers of Invention

Whitney, Howe, Morse, McCormick, Bell, Edison—run down the list. There is not a woman inventor from the cotton gin to the talking movie, if we are to believe the school histories. That such a one-sided version could be the whole story we have always doubted, but now a display of women's inventions in New York supports our contention. Not only do feminine inventions go back to 1843, when Nancy Johnson devised the first ice cream freezer, and before, but, according to government records, no less than 15,000 patents have been issued to women. At the recent exhibition, Beulah Louise Henry, known as "Lady Edison" and credited with 42 inventions, showed her latest, a typewriting ribbon which makes five copies without use of carbon paper. Her other benefits to mankind include a collapsible umbrella and an electric fan shield. That not all inventions of women are of the detachable collar kind was pointed out by the exhibition chairman, who attributed the Coston pyrotechnic signal light to a member of her sex. Adopted by the United States coast guard more than a half-century ago, its variously colored flares are now used by mariners all over the world. It is a pleasure to correct the record. A belated hats-off to these mothers of invention.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

First American Astronomer

David Rittenhouse was an expert clockmaker in Philadelphia and became a maker of astronomical instruments and because of his work and observations, he was famed in the New world and the Old. In 1770 he built a brick octagonal observatory which was the first and for a long time the only observatory in this country.

Rittenhouse is probably most famous for his construction of several planetariums or orreries, which were so made that they could determine the time, duration and path of eclipses, extending over a period of 5,000 years before and after 1767. Even the great Zeiss planetarium does not attempt to do this.

Mammals That Lay Eggs

The echidna, pronounced e-kid-na, accented on the second syllable, is found in Australia, Tasmania and New Guinea, is sometimes called a porcupine anteater. It resembles the hedgehog, through it is somewhat larger. The hair of the skin is mingled with spines on the upper part of the body. Its egg is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with a leathery shell, and is placed, as soon as laid, in the mammary pouch of the mother.

The echidna and the duck-billed platypus of Australia are the only warm-blooded animals that lay eggs and also suckle their young.

Explaining Gulf Stream

The Gulf stream owes its origin to the northeast trade winds, which blow constantly toward the American shore from the direction of the Canary and Cape Verde islands. The wind sets in motion a broad, shallow film of water upon the surface of the ocean and this, when it encounters the sloping northeast coast of South America, trends northward, passes by the Lesser Antilles into the Caribbean sea. Being constantly driven on from the east and gaining in depth as its area becomes restricted, it is driven through the Yucatan channel to the gulf of Mexico.

Eat Things That Agree With You, Says Expert

When a husband comes home, he doesn't want to know whether vitamins A, B, C and D are in his meal, or whether it has the right number of calories, he wants his dinner.

This is the opinion of Ivan Kriens, headmaster of the London (England) county school of cookery, who has turned out hundreds of first-class cooks of both sexes.

He says, however, that foreign cookery is a mistake, adding:

"My own view is that cooking is a matter of climate. Foreign foods are all very well in their own country, but my theory is they lose their value when imported.

"The scientific meal is an illusion, I could produce you a perfectly balanced meal where everything would be just right, but if you sit down to it and leave the items you don't like, where is the balance? As likely as not you would leave out the scientific portions.

"The only sensible thing to do is to eat the things you know agree with you. That is the way to the best nutrition."

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