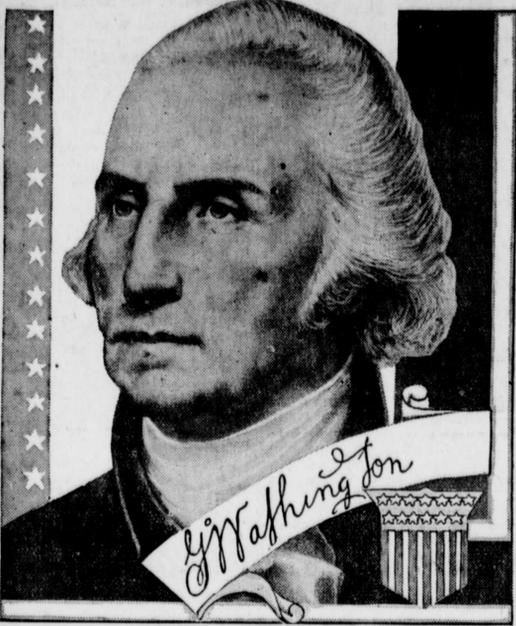


# Our First Leader



## Early Washington Birthdays



GEORGE WASHINGTON never occupied the White House. His executive mansions were temporary, and shifted from New York to Philadelphia while the White House was still a dream, observes a writer in the New York Times. Only his name, plus that dream, which was his, went to the city on the Potomac.

But in the stress of the formative years he was remembered with widespread festivities at his first birthday after his inauguration. Indeed, the anniversary had been hailed even earlier, since the first President was a national hero long before he grasped the reins of government.

Ragged soldiers had piped him a pathetic birthday tune at Valley Forge on the bitter February day that closed his forty-sixth year. Fellow Virginians had trod a birthday measure at Richmond in 1781. Maryland and New York had toasted him when he was forty-nine and already in sight of success for his arms and for his country. Frenchmen who had served by his side seized the opportunity of rejoicing convivially over the anniversary of his birth in 1784, when the hostilities and the British evacuation were both in the past. Young men who had been privileged to visit him in his famous campaign tent organized birthday honors fit for a hero; and in that first February of the new era, the celebrations first began to resemble real occasions.

In Alexandria, Va., the town nearest to the General's stately mansion, the birthday ball was inaugurated an annual affair. In Philadelphia patriots celebrated "with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom." In New York there met "a select club of Whigs," and drank to Washington, and hailed him with song and sonnet and declamation.

The date thus far widely honored was February 11. Washington was born on February 11, 1732, according to the British calendar usages then officially in vogue. Nineteen years later Britain adopted the Julian calendar in place of the Julian calendar. But the ancient dates often stuck, and it is not until 1790 that we find Washington's birthday—his first as President—being celebrated on the twenty-second of February instead of the eleventh by the Tammany society of New York.

Tammany in 1790 was patriotic, anti-aristocratic, charitable and ambitious. As yet it did not differentiate between President Washington, its adopted "Great Grand Sachem," and the second of those characteristics. In this, the initial year of government under the new Constitution, New York strove to honor the Chief Executive and also to persuade the congress that had come to reside in its midst that New York city was the logical choice for a permanent capital.

Washington himself was busy in

New York on that February 22. He was moving from the Franklin house, at the corner of Cherry and Pearl streets, to the McComb mansion on Broadway, near the newly rebuilt Trinity church. His diary for the day reveals him as an active superintendent of the disposal of his furniture. On the twenty-third he transferred his family to the new abode, while understanding citizens kindly stayed away from that day's regular levee.

Meanwhile in all 13 states, birthday balls had been held, not only by the cities with their higher social circles, but also in hamlets that could only muster a barn for a ballroom and a fiddle and flute for an orchestra. Soldiers had paraded. Guns had boomed, and church bells rung. Banners and armlets and headbands had blazoned forth the name and often the lineaments of Washington.

In 1791, the Society of the Cincinnati held its first Washington's birthday celebration in New York, having followed Tammany's example by resolving to mark the date each year. The President and the congress (and also the capital of the United States), had meanwhile removed temporarily to Philadelphia. But even New York's disappointment did not prevent Tammany from vying with the exclusive organization of Revolutionary officers to do honor to the day.

Alas, the good feeling did not endure. By 1796, after John Jay had come back from England with his hated treaty, Tammany was fiercely for revolutionary France; Jefferson was its god; George Washington was actually being dubbed, in public, a pro-English aristocrat; and those who celebrated his birthday were coldly accused of being (among other things) bootlickers, idolaters, Royalists and sycophants. The country-wide birthday honors of that year, though even more lavish and vociferous than usual, presented for the first time the ogre of party, grinning at the feast.

By 1797, however, the Jay treaty was being regarded much more tolerantly, and certain French proceedings were being looked at a little askance. Those who refused to salute Washington became a private citizen in that year, and was with his Alexandria neighbors at their birthday ball of February 22, 1798—an onlooker, though in his younger days he had excelled in the minuet.

There was to be only one more birthday for a living Washington to adorn. He spent that one at home at Mount Vernon, presiding over a particularly joyous occasion. His adopted daughter, her pet, Nelly Custis, was being married to his favorite nephew, Maj. Lawrence Lewis.

The radiance went out of Mount Vernon in December of 1799 and the birthday festivities the country over were turned into mourning processions when 1800 brought the anniversary around once more. This February 22 was a universal requiem. The armlets and headbands with Washington's picture were black where once they had been gayly hued.

Throughout the country business was suspended for 24 hours. Theaters, taverns, public halls, schoolrooms and college auditoriums, village greens and parks as well as churches were given over to exercises, meetings and processions expressive of the deepest grief.

# Floyd Gibbons



## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

### Hello, Everybody!

### "The Human Target"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter.

TODAY'S story, boys and girls, is from Norman Daly. But first I want to tell you about an exciting little adventure of my old friend Jed Kiley. Jed lived for many years in France. One night when he and a friend of his were slumming in a tough French cafe in the Apache quarter of Paris, they began to notice they were getting dirty looks from the motley group of thieves and pickpockets who crowded every table.

An "Apache" is a French gangster. The name, as you know, comes from a tribe of American Indians noted for their cruelty. The French Apache is not a gunman, however, like his American counterpart but he is adept in the use of a long bladed knife which he carries hidden in the folds of his baggy clothes. He can throw this heavy knife with uncanny skill and pierce a victim's heart at 20 feet. He is also noted for his intense hatred of all foreigners.

Jed knew all this and as the Apaches had been drinking heavily, he saw that he and his friend were in real danger. Their table was far in the rear of the smoke filled room and if they walked out they might feel a knife in their ribs at any moment. And no one would know who had thrown it.

One table of roughs in particular were concentrating their hate on the Americans. There were five of them and they amused themselves and the others by heaping insults on the "American Pigs." Jed pretended not to understand French and began doing a little heavy thinking. He knew the Apache character and the pride they took in their skill with knives and hit on an idea.

### Jed Gave the Boys a Target, Anyway.

Jed walked over to a door in the back of the cafe and taking out a one hundred franc bill, he plinned it to the door. Then, as 50 sullen eyes followed his every move, he announced in broken French that the bill would go to the man who pierced it first with a thrown knife.

Zowie! An avalanche of knives hit that wooden door with a splintering crash. Jed thinks many of them must have pierced the bill but he's not sure. He didn't wait to see. He and his friend went out the front door and up the street like a bat out of Hades! And with Jed still running, let's leave Paris and go down to Nicaragua with Norman Daly and see what happened to him.

### Pistol Shot Breaks Norman's Pleasant Reverie.

Norman spent five years as a member of the Chicago police force but, he says, it remained for the marines to give him his greatest thrill. He was a marine in Nicaragua in the summer of 1912 and one hot night as he lay



But Norman Knew It Wasn't a Bee—it Was a Bullet.

stretched on his back, puffing away on a glowing cigar, a sudden pistol shot disturbed his reverie. The shot was accompanied by an angry buzzing sound, as though a bee had quickly passed. But Norman knew it wasn't a bee—it was a bullet!

He started to straighten up when a voice growled at him to lie down and stay down and keep smoking. Another shot and a warning buzz made him obey. He recognized the voice as belonging to a rough Texan member of the outfit who was always quarreling with an equally tough pal of his about who was the best shot.

Norman also knew these two had been drinking. He quaked in his boots but he didn't dare move. He knew what it was all about now. His cigar was their target!

### This Was No Vaudeville Act—This Was Real!

Bang! Another shot! Then another and another! The bullets buzzed by so close that Norman says he could smell them. But still his cigar remained in his mouth. He pursed his lips to get that lighted end as far out as possible and hoped the boys would shoot high. Two more bullets came fast and furious and Norman winced at each blast. He started counting them to keep his nerves from breaking.

When 12 had passed and that fatal 13 was coming up, Norman nearly swallowed cigar and all. Bang! Thirteen came and passed. It was a lucky shot for Norman—he still wasn't hit—but neither was the cigar! The next shot just passed under Norman's nose and then a shower of friendly sparks sprayed his pale face.

The cigar had burst—like a Roman candle—on the fifteenth shot! Whew! Norman sat up and wiped the beads of perspiration off his furrowed brow. He felt like screaming with relief but he couldn't get his breath. He looked around. An anxious group of comrades stood around him, watching with bated breath. He swallowed his heart and then, true to the traditions of the Marine corps under fire, he grinned.

"Nice shooting, boys," he said.

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### "Mississippi Bubble" Was Disastrous Speculation

The "Mississippi Bubble" was a scheme devised by John Law, a famous Scotch financier who lived from 1671 to 1729. Under the patronage of the duke of Orleans, regent of France, he organized a project intended originally to liquidate the national debt of that country by developing, under an exclusive grant, the resources of the province of Louisiana and the commerce of the Mississippi, then claimed by the French.

The scheme was launched in 1716 with the establishment of a bank. In 1717 the West India company was organized with a capital of 200,000 shares of 500 livres each. The company was at first successful, and in 1719 obtained exclusive control of the trade to the East Indies, China and the South Seas, and all the possessions of the French East India company. The holders of West India shares seemed likely all to profit tremendously.

An additional issue of 5,000 shares was created, and so wild was the speculative craze that more than 300,000 persons applied for them. In consequence all of the shares rose to twenty times their original value, and at the height of the excitement in 1719 were nominally worth more than eighty times the amount of all the currency in France.

The company could not hope to make a satisfactory profit for those who had paid the preposterous prices which speculative demand had put upon the shares. Before a year was out the "bubble" burst and the shares sank to a tenth of their face value.

The whole enterprise was thus discredited, and the company was wound up, while Law was obliged to flee; he died in poverty in Venice.

So great were the losses, which were in France rather than England, that the collapse of the Mississippi scheme nearly precipitated a revolution. It is usually regarded as the most disastrous speculation of modern times.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Keswick Movement

The Keswick movement originated in England in 1874 when Canon Hurlford-Battersby experienced a deep spiritual awakening and, returning to his parish church at Keswick, London, called the Keswick convention in 1875. The movement was organized for the promotion of practical holiness.

### Rubber Generates Electricity

Rubber is an excellent generator of electricity. An ordinary rubber band can be used to generate either a positive or negative charge.

## OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

If your cactus does not bloom pinch leaves and branches, leaving only branches that grow upward. Water whenever soil is dry.

To dice or cut marshmallows easily dip a dry scissors into powdered sugar.

Meat thawed quickly is likely to be tough. Keep frozen meat in warm place before cooking.

One teaspoon of chopped maraschino cherries and one tablespoon of orange juice added to boiled salad dressing makes a delicious dressing for fruit salads.

If an apple tree is broken by winter storms, pare off the splinters with a sharp knife or chisel and treat the wound with creosote, then give it a coat of linseed oil and lead paint. Do not let the creosote touch the live bark.

Chocolate cake scorches easily on the bottom and sides because of the large percentage of fat it contains. It is therefore necessary to bake it in a moderate oven.

Tie a cheese cloth or paper bag over the mouth of food chopper, when cutting bread, nuts, etc., through it. Every bit will then be saved.

Add one-eighth teaspoon of cream of tartar to cinnamon and sugar used in apple sauce. It gives it a delicious flavor.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

## Happiest Age to Marry Is 33 for Man, 27 for Bride

Contrary to a common idea, early marriages are allegedly not the happiest, at least for the American populations. A new chart showing the ages at which men and women should marry if they are to have the greatest chance of happiness has been prepared by Dr. Hornell Hart, professor of social ethics at the Hartford Theological seminary. According to this chart the ages at which the chance of marital happiness is mathematically greatest are thirty-three for the man and twenty-seven for the bride.

However, the chart shows a range of greatest chance of married happiness corresponding to groom's ages between twenty-nine and thirty-seven and the bride's ages between twenty-three and thirty-one.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## POWER WITHIN

The power for real achievement is within you. Where you are now is the place to do your best work and to translate your good intentions to do actual deeds. You can do it. Of course you can!



Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust—

## Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

## Worry Defined

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due.

## Cardui During Middle Life

Women who are entering middle life will be interested in the experience of Mrs. L. C. McDonald, of Paragould, Ark., who writes: "I took Cardui during change of life. I was so weak, so nervous, I could hardly go. I just dragged around. I had fainting spells and would just give down. My back and head hurt. I read of Cardui. I took about seven bottles. It gave me relief and strength. I am now 60 years past, and can do a pretty good day's work in the house and garden."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefits them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.



## HOW TO "ALKALIZE" YOUR STOMACH ALMOST INSTANTLY

Amazingly Fast Relief Now From "Acid Indigestion" Over-Indulgence, Nausea and Upsets



If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition—arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, mixtures of foods or stimulants—just try this:

Take—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water. OR—2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent of the liquid form.

This acts almost immediately to alkalize the excess acid in the stomach. Neutralizes the acids that cause headaches, nausea, and indigestion pains. You feel results at once.

Try it. AND—if you are a

## PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Great Knowledge To be a great man one must know how to profit by the whole of one's fortune.

Neither Commended The passions of youth are scarcely more opposed to safety than the lukewarmness of age.

## 5 p.m. is a test of how you FEEL

"How do I feel.... Rotten! why do you ask?"

"Because, you are not yourself!"

It is all so simple, too! That tired, run-down, exhausted feeling quite often is due to lack of a sufficiency of those precious red-blood-cells. Just build up these oxygen-carrying cells and the whole body takes on new life... food is really turned into energy and strength... you can't help but feel and look better. S.S.S. Tonic restores deficient red-blood-cells... it also improves the appetite and digestion. It has been the nation's standby for over 100 years... and unless your case is exceptional it should help you, too. Insist on S.S.S. Tonic in the blood-red cellophane-wrapped package. The big 20-oz. size is sufficient for two weeks' treatment... it's more economical.

S.S.S. TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again