

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER DID NOT WANT HIM TO BE FAMOUS



In the portrait of Washington's mother, the only known likeness of her in existence, there is abundant proof of the assertion that he owed his personal appearance to the maternal side of the family. Mary Ball's facial characteristics were impressed not only upon her son George, but upon her daughter Betty. When the brother had become commander in chief of the Continental Army Betty, then the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis, used to amuse her friends by "dressing up" in the great man's military hat and cloak, and it was the general verdict that when she was so disguised nobody could tell her from George.

How much of his character was derived from the same source is in doubt, because so little is known of his mother and her family.

Mary Ball was the granddaughter of a soldier who sought his fortune in Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled at the mouth of the River Corotoman, in Lancaster county. This Col. William Ball may have been a good soldier, but was an indifferent farmer. He left two sons, William and Joseph, and the latter was the father of Mary.

When her son's fame attracted attention to her, and inquiries began to be made about her youth, most of those who could testify about it had passed away, and those who remained could tell little. But upon one point there was unanimous agreement, and that was that in her girlhood she was celebrated for her beauty—was even styled "the bell of Northern Neck." But it was mainly her character which had impressed them, and they described her as "high-spirited, yet of great simplicity of manners, uncommon strength of mind and decision of character." That remained a good description of her to the end of her days, and these traits were her gifts to her son.

She was an awe-inspiring person, as was her son later in life, though probably neither of them had the least idea of the fact that most of those with whom they came in contact stood somewhat in fear of them. This fear did not prevent people from liking Mrs. Washington any more than it afterward prevented them from liking her son.

Yet a contemporary called her course with her son George "fond and unthinking." He was her favorite child. All through her life she struggled desperately to keep him from the dangerous path of glory. She cared nothing for his achievements and probably did not understand their importance; certainly she did not understand his fame. Each time he entered upon a new venture she saw only, as she heart-brokenly expressed it, "more fighting, more bloodshed." Whether or not her course with him as a boy was "fond and unthinking," it surely merited that description in his manhood.

But the first manifestation of this spirit resulted in her rendering an inestimable service to mankind. When George was fourteen he wanted to enter the navy, and his half-brothers and their friends, men of the world and Lawrence, a man of naval experience, were eager for him to do so.

The mother opposed it, but the arguments of her seasoned and experienced friends overcame her



THE HOODON STATUE OF WASHINGTON

doubts. However, she yielded, and Lawrence obtained a midshipman's warrant for his half-brother. The boy's luggage was already stored on a man-of-war lying in the Potomac, when along came the only thing needed to make her change her mind—a letter from her brother Joseph in England.

Joseph Ball, who had settled in the old country and was practicing law there, was full to the brim of the prejudices of a middle-class Englishman. He knew nothing of the navy, and had an idea that his nephew as a midshipman would meet the same kind of treatment accorded to the unfortunates captured by the press gangs.

That settled it. Her consent was recalled, and Washington remained to tear King George's colonies away from him and found a new nation.

But she never succeeded again in staying his steps in that great career, though she always tried. When Capt. Robert Orme, one of Braddock's aide-de-camp, wrote by the general's orders offering Washington a place on his staff, the brilliant opportunity offered him aroused only consternation in her. She hurried to Mount Vernon and tried to prevent him from accepting it.

Washington was a man now, and his own master. He refused to be dissuaded, and went on that campaign from which he was to reap so much renown.

The last straw was when she learned that her eldest son was not only going to be a rebel, but was to be the chief rebel of all.

She expressed herself so bitterly that Washington dared not approach her. He had made arrangements to have her move into the town, and finally had to see her about it; but when he went to Fredericksburg for the purpose he was so doubtful about the kind of reception he would get that his heart misgave him. He decided to put up at a little inn called the Indian Queen instead of going to the house, and making inquiries.

The negroes could not conceal their excitement and consternation over this unprecedented event. "One of the family" was actually stopping at an inn! Mrs. Washington noticed the commotion and demanded an explanation. When the truth came out she ordered: "Tell George to come instantly—Instantly!"

The scapegrace obeyed the summons, and she embraced him and gave

him her blessing. She had given up her tory predilections of necessity.

On one occasion, at a time when a battle was imminent, a courier named George Kiger, came riding hard to deliver her a letter from the front. She was busy with her work; she dropped the packet in one of her capacious pockets and went on with what she was doing. "It is all right," she remarked placidly; "I am well assured of that."

Kiger breathlessly explained to her that there was a crowd at the gate waiting for the news. "There may have been a battle," he said; "the neighbors would like to know."

Mrs. Washington fished the letter out, glanced over it, and dropped it back. "There has been a victory," she said, and added complacently, "George generally carries through whatever he undertakes."

Lafayette, who had met her before, visited her after the battle of Yorktown, and came upon her working in her garden in a homespun dress and a straw hat. She did not change her dress in honor of the young nobleman. She listened to his enthusiasm over his idol, Washington, and merely said: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Washington came with his suite of French and American officers to Fredericksburg after the decisive battle. An orderly preceded him. "Madam," announced the orderly, "his excellency will be here within an hour."

"His excellency!" repeated Mrs. Washington. "Tell George I shall be glad to see him," and then, to her maid servant, "Patsy, I shall need another apron."

The conqueror of Cornwallis arrived and was affectionately greeted. But during the conversation that followed she made no reference whatever to his military exploits. There was a ball that night in the town in Washington's honor, and she appeared leaning on his arm and danced a minuet with him.

In these later years their relations were not pleasant, to tell the truth. She spread reports that he was not treating her well in money matters, and he suffered a great deal of pain on this account. Her statements were not true, but they were believed nevertheless, and were so widely spread that strangers undertook the work of providing for her supposed wants, to the intense mortification of her son.

But worse was to come. He found that she was borrowing and accepting gifts from neighbors. He wrote that he had learned "that she has, upon all occasions and in all companies, complained . . . of her wants and difficulties; and if not in direct terms, at least by strong innuendos, endeavors to excite a belief that times are much altered, &c., &c., which not only makes her appear in an unfavorable point of view, but those who are connected with her."

He asked a relative to find out if there was any basis for her talk and "see what is necessary to make her comfortable." "While I have anything," he wrote, "I will part with it to make her easy." He also asked his correspondent "to represent to her in delicate terms the impropriety of her complaints and acceptance of favors, even when they are voluntarily offered, from any but relations."

But at last he was provoked into giving up the renting of her plantation, not because, as he explained, "I mean to withhold any aid or support I can give you, for while I have a shilling you shall have part," but because "what I shall then give I shall have credit for," and not be "viewed as a delinquent, and considered perhaps before the world as an unjust and ungrateful son."

She died of cancer on August 25, 1789, at the age of eighty-three.

ADD TO WINTER MENU

APPETIZING PREPARATIONS FOR THE COLD DAYS.

All Are Recipes of Recognized Worth and Are Sure to Be Appreciated by the Family or the Household Guests.

Celery Fritters.—Beat one egg until very light; add one-half cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one saltspoonful of salt and enough flour to make almost a drop batter. Beat it thoroughly and let it stand an hour or more to swell the flour. Beat again before using. Cut the celery into inch pieces and cook in boiling water (salted) until tender. Drain and stir it into a fritter batter. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat.

Honey Gingerbread.—Four cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, half a cupful of Sultana raisins, half a cupful of preserved cherries, a quarter of a cupful of chopped citron peel, half a cupful of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of honey, two eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a cupful of milk. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and ginger into a basin, add the raisins, the peel and cherries cut in halves. Melt the butter, honey and milk together in a saucepan, then cool and add to the flour with the eggs well beaten. Mix, turn into a buttered and floured cake tin and bake.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut and joint a large chicken, cover with water and let it boil gently until tender; season with salt and pepper and thicken the gravy with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed smooth in a piece of butter the size of an egg. Have ready nice light bread dough, cut with a biscuit cutter an inch thick; drop this into the boiling gravy, having previously removed the chicken to a hot platter; cover and let them boil for half to three-quarters of an hour. Ascertain they are done, lay them on platter with the chicken, pour over the gravy and serve.

Clams on Toast.—Chop a dozen clams and boil them five minutes in their liquor; drain and add to them two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a gill of milk in which one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch has been dissolved. Stir constantly over the fire until the mixture boils, then add a gill of cream; stir for a moment longer and pour upon the toast.

Candied Potato.—Peel and slice thin two or three medium sized potatoes or one large one. Put in a stewpan with enough water to cover. Cook until potatoes can be pierced with a straw, then pour in one cupful of sugar and cook until a thick sirup is formed and the potatoes have a clear look. Do not stir while cooking.

Tongue Fingers.—Fine to use up cold tongue after it has been served hot braised for dinner and then cold sliced, etc. Grate nearly a cupful (over a half) of the remains of a cold tongue very fine and mix it with the yolk of an egg, a large spoonful of cream and finely chopped parsley, dash of salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly and pour on some prepared narrow strips of buttered toast. Then sprinkle thickly with fine bread crumbs stirred in a little melted butter, with a shake of paprika, and brown quickly in a hot oven.

Worth Knowing.

If a joint of meat should be too underdone to eat and several slices have been carved out it can be cooked again and served as a fresh joint if the hole is filled up with mashed potatoes and it is cooked in a brisk oven for an hour. The browned potatoes will be much appreciated and the fact that it is the second time of sending it to table will not be noticed.

Consomme Neapolitan.

Cut into pieces one tablespoonful boiled macaroni, and the same quantity of ham or chicken, cut in dice, with three tablespoonfuls cooked mushrooms, also cut in dice. Add to well-flavored consomme.

Mince Pie.

Line pie plate with rich crust, put in mince meat and cover with lattice work of crust. Just before serving, pour a little brandy over the top, light, and send to table while blazing.

For Wine Stains.

Wine stains which have dried on the table cloth or napkins should be touched with a few drops of whisky before the linen is sent to the laundry.

When You Spill Paint.

Should fresh paint be spilled on the floor, pour some vinegar on it at once and wipe up with a soft cloth.

When Washing Overalls.

All the paint marks can be removed from overalls by letting them soak for a day in turpentine.

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles sour gassy stomachs in Five minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unerring action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

No Voice for Singing.

Vivian, age three, and Marion, age two, were doing the street car tango. Accompanied by their mamas, they were on their way to town. They were standing on the car seats, and, of course found added motion to their terpsichorean endeavors in the swaying of the car. Then they turned to a song and dance turn.

Suddenly the car stopped, but the singing continued, and, of course, the attention of the passengers in the car was directed to the children.

Vivian stopped singing, but Marion continued.

Vivian frowned, but Marion did not stop.

"Marion," she finally said, rather sternly, "you must not sing; you haven't a good voice for singing."

And the concert came to an end with the laughing of the crowd.—Indianapolis News.

Views of Little Folks.

In the spelling class Nona was asked to define "animals."

"Anything that has fur or hair, or walks on four legs," she said.

"Not necessarily," corrected the teacher. "There are two-legged animals, which have feathers or smooth skins. Birds are animals, and so are people; you are an animal."

"Well," remarked Nona, "I always knew that boys were animals, but I didn't think girls were, too."

Only Two Sides to It.

"De man dat thinks he knows more dan other folks," said Uncle Eben, "is a useful citizen if he kin prove it an' a loafer if he can't."

Bahia, Brazil, yearly imports \$30,000 bushels of potatoes.

Japan is exporting violins to the United States.

KNOW NOW

And Will Never Forget the Experience.

The coffee drinker who has suffered and then been completely relieved by changing from coffee to Postum knows something valuable. There's no doubt about it.

"I learned the truth about coffee in a peculiar way," says a California woman. "My husband who has, for years, been of a bilious temperament decided to leave off coffee and give Postum a trial, and as I did not want the trouble of making two beverages for meals I concluded to try Postum, too. The results have been that while my husband has been greatly benefited, I have myself received even greater benefit."

"When I began to drink Postum I was thin in flesh and very nervous. Now I actually weigh 16 pounds more than I did at that time and I am stronger physically and in my nerves, while husband is free from all his ills."

"We have learned our little lesson about coffee and we know something about Postum, too, for we have used Postum now steadily for the last three years and we shall continue to do so."

"We have no more use for coffee—the drug drink. We prefer Postum and health."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.