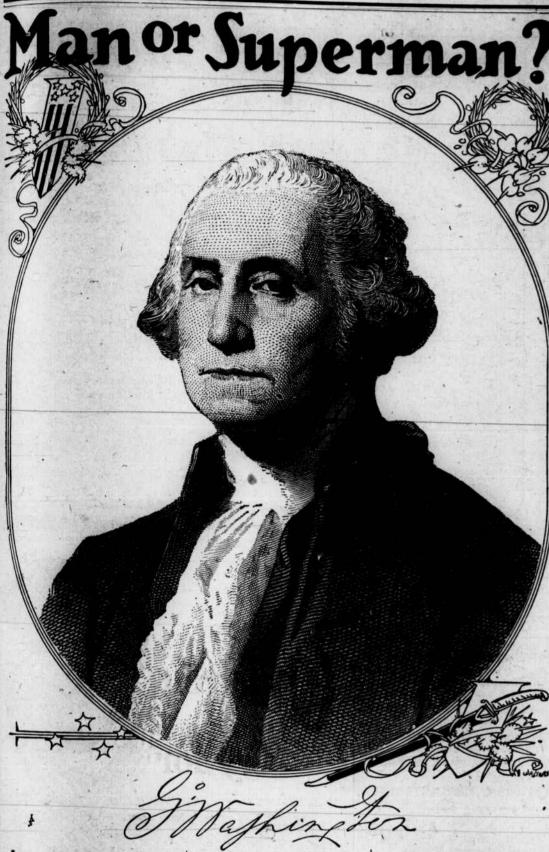
GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY FEBRUARY 17, 1927.



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



HAT will the final verdict of history on George Washington be: Man or Superman?

If we are to believe the early day biographers of the Father of

His Country, It will be Superman, a paragon of all the virtues, who was not only first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen but first in faultless living. Such is the model which Parson Weems, who invented the cherry tree story, established, and it has been industriously copied by many later biogour school histories.

If we are to believe a later generation of historians, it will be Man. a man of his times with the habits of a man of his times, including its faults as well as its virtues-in short, George Washington the human being. For more than a century George Washington has based the historians in the effort to present the "real Washir on." Forty years ago one Prof. John Bach McMaster, of them. it the difficulties which confront the biographer of Washington

"General Washington is known to us, and President Washington. But George Washington is an unknown man. When at last he is set before us as he lived we shall read less cherry tree and more of the man. Naught surely that is heroic mitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is commonplace. We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvelous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers and calming the passions of his mutinous But we shall also hear his caths and see him in the terrible out-

son has silluded and lear has described. "We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by congress, yet expecting from the family of the Poor mason the shilling that was due. We shall know of him as the cold and forbidding character with whom no fellow man ever ventured to live on dose and respect and honor him for being not the greatest of generals, not the most familiar terms. We shall ect and honor him for being not

bursts of passion to which Mr. Jeffer-

siluded and one of which Mr.

many human frailties and much common sense, who rose in the fullness of time to be the political deliverer of our country."

Those words, written nearly half i century ago, long before any effort had been made to dispel the mytha which had grown up around Wash ington, are strangely prophetic of the events of the past year which have brought up again the question of the real Washington and focused public attention upon it more sharply than it has ever been focused before. Outstanding among those events was the criticism which met the attempt by ists to write the sort of Washington biography, of which McMaster speaks. The novelist was Rupert Hughes and his biography was "George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero," published by William Morrow & Com-

pany of New York. In fact, looking back upon the year just past it is curious to note how many times the two names "Rupert Hughes" and "George Washington" have appeared in the news dispatcher together. It began in January when Hughes made a speech at a banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution in Washington, D. C., in which he was described as having pictured Washington as a "profane, irreligious and pleasure-loving man." Although it was afterword learned that he had been misquoted, the mischief was done as soon as the story went out.

Immediately he was attacked and defended all over the world. Sermons were delivered on his speech, his name was heard in congress and put in the Congressional Record, senators denounced him and he received clippings of newspaper comment on his speech in almost every language. French, German, Datch, Spanish and Italian.

Interest in the controversy was re vived in September when the Hughes book appeared. Even though it did not arouse such a storm as did his speech, it, too, was met with divided opinion, both censure and praise. Reviewers-for the most part historians themselves-were far from unanimous in their verdicts. Where one praised the biographer for his painstaking care in minute documenting of his statements and refraining from mak- extremes,

saintly of his race, but a man with ing a statement without backing it up with authority, another criticized him for "fatal illogic and false romance of the movies." A Harvard professor, Albert Bushnell Hart, announced that he had found 297 errors of fact in the book. Another reviewer declared "Mr. Hughes walks on all the eggs without breaking a single one. Even the most rabid biographical fundamentalist will find little to com-

plain about in this book." So there you are! The case of Rupert Hughes, the biographer, is proof writer that George Washington is an criticism which met the attempt by "clusive" person, for although "for one of America's best-known novelthe time of his death he was increasingly in the public eye, the real man, high on his pedestal of official and personal reserve, has been hard to come at." A part of this is no doubt due to the early biographers, such as up the myths about him, and the increasing years only served to give them an increasing firmness of fixity in the popular mind.

Hughes has well expressed it when he wrote, "No other man in history has suffered so much from malfeas ance in office by historians. Nearly all of Washington's biographers have felt it their duty not only to correct his writings, but to blue-pencil, prettify and falsify his character. In their frantic zeal for denaturing this hig blundering, bewildered giant they have done a further injustice to all his contemporaries, of whom they have made either dwarfs or acolytes, and of his sincere adversaries demons of malice and envy. It is poor patri-otism, ridiculous idolatry and rank dishonesty to rob the host of other strugglers for liberty and progress of their just deserts and to perpetuate old slanders against his enemies at home and abroad in order to turn Washington into a god. As a god, Washington was a woeful figure; as a

Washington" is yet to be delineated. One type of mind would make him a Superman; another a Man. But the inal verdict of history probably will decide that he was a bit of both and the picture which it will draw of him will be somewhere in between the two

SENT BY RURAL DELIVERY

By EMMA W. BROSS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

HE good-looking but modest post man on Rural Route 21, Dis trict K. experienced a token of interest and a flutter of expectation as he neared the half-tubular zinc receptacle labeled "Adam Foster."

Beyond, at the end of a leafy-roofed arcade two hundred feet long, was the substantial, inviting-looking old farmhouse. It held three daughters and two sons. In one of them young Worth Merrill was especially interested. A shy, blushing, fluttering young crea the morning previous she had flitted down the shady lane to the side of the mail cart, light and graceful as some fairy.

He had handed her some letters addressed to her father and a couple of magazines. She had smiled upon him in a way that set his nerves tingling. In her embarrassment she had dropped letters and bundles. Their heads had bumped together as they stooped mutually to recover them. Then both

"Could you-would you-that is, I must get a small package to Nellie Blake—you know?--the next farm-

"Surely," assented Merrill eagerly. "I can't go there and I can't wait to have it mailed."

"As a private individual I am at

your service," bowed Merrill. "Oh, thank you!" and Pearl Foster handed him a neat parcel, smiled bewitchingly and flitted away like a frightened fawn.

The Blake home was the last farm louse on Merrill's route. He delivered the package to Miss Blake and went on his way, dreaming fondly of the lovely girl who had broken the ice mutual acquaintance.

Merrill looked eagerly for his charming ideal the next day, but it was raining, so she did not come down to the mail box at the road. The next afternoon was fair, but the farm path leading up to the house was muddy. From the porch, however, Pearl made urgent gestures, apparently directing the attention of Merrill to a package on top of the letter box.

Merrill saw that it exactly resembled the one he had delivered to Miss Blake two days previous. It felt soft and fluffy and he decided it was some article of feminine adornment, a lace collar, an embroidered handkerchief, or the like. Merrill had heard that the elder sister of Miss Blake was about to be married. This new parcel, he theorized, might be a contribution to a prospective linen shower.

At all events he took it up, waved stood, and his pulse heightened as she vigorously bobbed her pretty head and smiled radiantly.

At the last delivery point Merrill had picked a spray of forget-me-nots. He released the tiny thing of beauty from his buttonhole and placed it be tween two letters directed to Pearl.

Then he went on his way. The next afternoon he sighted Pearl again on the porch. He hoped she would come to the road in person for the mail. Merrill even waved the letters intended for the house invitingly.

But coy Pearl betrayed an inexplicahalf hid behind a post. On top of the mail box was a fine bouquet of red

"Ah, another errand to Miss Blake?" soliloquized Merrill, taking up the pretty flowers. He raised them to inhale their delicate perfume. Then his heart beat fast. Was it fancy? Could it be reality? Pearl had wafted him a light kiss with a lighter cooing laugh, and had flown into the house as if hiding some conscious guilt in a breach of decorum.

Misa Blake stared strangely at Merrill as he handed her the bouquet. She looked at him as if misunder standing. Then she smiled quietly, but she took the flowers and thanked

By this time Merrill was head over heels in love with Pearl. His heart fluttered as he hoped that she was interested in him. But the next morning she did not even appear on the porch. The second morning she passed across the lawn, her chin high in the air. She actually turned her back upon him.

The third morning there was a sheet of paper across the mail box. It bore

"Stupid!" Merrill went his way, pondering. When his route was finished he dropped the reins of the old horse, sat in the gig listlessly and saw life and all its hopes and motives drop into a sea of despairing gloom.

"What does it mean?" he murmured delectedly. "'Stupid'-surely! It was meant for me, but why? why?"

The horse, left guideless, had strayed from the road into a thicket. In his Pathfinder Magazine.

him to graze. His day's labors were over and he was in a frame of mind where solitude was a boon. Suddenly, however, Merrill was startled by the echo of a vivid scream.

"That is a woman's voice!" he decided, and leaped from the gig and dashed through the underbrush in the direction from which the cry had sounded. He came to an abrupt halt where a path intersected the wildwood

Miss Blake stood rigid with fear, confronted by a brawny tramp, who, cudgel in hand, menaced her.

"Out with your purse and off with your jewelry, my pretty!" ordered the man, and then he went sprawling at a well-directed blow from the strong fist of Merrill and made off baffled, as Merrill eaught the half-fainting girl in his arms.

Miss Blake was hysterical with gratitude, but in a few moments had some what regained her composure.

"I had just left Pearl-that is, Miss Foster," she explained, "when that horrid man came along." "Then perhaps that fellow has

started after her-began Merrill in au anxious tone. "Oh, she is surely home by this time," interrupted Miss Blake. Then

she paused. There seemed to be some thing on her mind. She finally placed a pleading hand on his own.

"You have been so good to me," she spoke falteringly, "I think I should tell you something about—about Pearl. "Anything about Miss Foster will

be of infinite importance to me," assured Merrill ardently. "But-but it is a breach of confidence, perhaps." She hesitated. Then

she burst out. "It was about those flowers." "Oh, the roses Miss Foster sent

"She did not mean them for me." "Indeed?" questioned Merrill puz-

"No. They were intended for

"For me? Oh, I understand now!" cried Merrill in a quick, comprehensive gasp. "Why, I never dreamed of such a thing!" "Your forget-me-nots-"

"I fancied she would scarcely notice

"Was it not a floral message?" intimated Miss Blake archly.

"And the roses were-"A reply. In the language of flow ers-you should feel honored." "And 'Stupid,' indeed, was I!" ex-

claimed Merrill, joyously. "Poor Pearl!" continued Mics Blake "She had been searching the woods for some gruesome plant that would

express her heartbreak.". "She need not, if the assurance that I read her good will aright at last and has made me!" orated Merrill in a riotous fervor of delight.

"Suppose suppose you come over to our house tonight?" gently suggested Miss Blake.

"Suppose I do?" submitted Merrill

"Pearl will be there. You can tell her all about your modest mistake,"

Which Merrili did, in a quiet corner of the pretty garden, amid sleeping roses, and the chiming crickets, and the sweet white moonlight and-love

Great Railway Tunnels

Notable railway tunnels of the world are the Simplon in the Alps, connecting Italy and Switzerland, length 12 miles; Mount St. Gothard, connecting Italy and Switzermiles: Mount Cenis, also in the Alps, connecting France and Italy, 8 miles; Arlberg, in Austria, 6 miles: the Connaught, on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway, under Mount Macdonald, of the Selkirk range of the Rocky mountains, in British Columbia, 5 miles in length, with two railway tracks; the Hoosac Mountain tunnel, in western Massa chusetts, 41/2 miles; the St. Clair tunnel, carrying the lines of the Canadian National railways under the St Clair river, between Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., 2 miles,

In the Modern Way

A pretty girl was courted by a man of great wealth and a fellow of small

The former showered her with all varieties of costly gifts and feted her in sumptuous fashion. The impecuni-ous one gave her only his devotion, for t was all he had to give, Still, devotion is a beautiful thing, even in these modern times.

So she fell in love with the poor fellow. But she married the rich one.

Andrew Jackson's Politics Andrew Jackson is popularly supposed to have started the modern

Democratic party. It was to a large extent the successor of the Jeffer-sonians. But Old Hickory himself did not apply the name "Democratic" to his followers. During his Presidency and after his retirement to the Her mitage, in all his correspondence he called himself a Republican and spoke of his party as the Republican party.



(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

ICARAGUA, scene of activity by American marines, is the largest of the Central American republics; many acclaim It the most beautiful. It has vast forests of precious woods, untold resources of valuable minerals and soil so fertile that it has been said, "If you tickle the ground with a hoe it

There is a darker side—few regions of its size anywhere in the world have been so beset by revolutions and volcanic eruptions. After a century of almost perpetual civil war Nicaragua settled down to comparative peace a few years ago and began to reap the dividends in progress toward prosper-Modern science can ameliorate the disasters from valcanoes by approximate predictions of their explosions, while it also has taught the Niciraguans that the eruptions of the past were blessings in disguise, be-cause they fertilized the land to a marvelous degree.

The country is about the area of New York state and its total population is only a little larger than that of Buffalo. It has two mountain ridges which inclose the "Great Lakes of Central America," Lakes Nicaragua and Managua.

A glance at a Central American map tells the story of Nicaragua's backwardness in bygone years. Costa Rica, to the south, and Honduras, to the north, are accessible from the Atlantic ocean; all of Nicaragua's important cities are on the Pacific side of her coastal mountains. To the east of the mountains lie her lakes, and she presents to the Caribbean a very unprepossessing "back- yard." with the world's worst real estate designation, the Mosquito coast.

Pacific Frontage Helps Her.

Today, with Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle to tap her markets Nicaragua's Pacific frontage is a bless ing. But yesterday, when the Atlantic ports of North America and Eu rope were doing the world's shipping.

she was severely handicapped. Curiously, too, her Mosquito coast was appropriately named by error. The appellation was not intended for the insect, which abounds there, but is a corruption of the name of the 6,000 Indians, the Misskits, who sur-

The country's northernmost Caribbean headland, Cape Gracias a Dios, on his last voyage and, cruising east from Cape Honduras, was compelled to take shelter from a storm at a point where the coast abruptly turns to the south. He named the cape "Thanks to God" and took possession of the country for Spain.

That was in 1502. A century before the Mayflower touched at Plymouth rock the Spaniards were established along the lake region in far wester: Nicaregua, despite the unwelcome volcanic outbursts. Especially vigorous was the explosion of Masaya, in 1522 The most sensational single eruption however, occurred within a century from our day-when Coseguina blew off its head in 1835. For days a black pall obscured the sun, dust blanketed the fields and forests, animals died by the thousands from thirst and hunger

Tradition says that it was into the crater of the above-mentioned Masaya that Friar Blas of Castile lowered bucket in 1534 in the hope of drawing up molten gold. When he touched the lava the bucket melted and the good friar wrote home: "One cannot behold the volcano without fear, admiration, and repentance of his sins; for it can be surpassed only by eternal fire." the foot of Mount Masaya is a lake of that name, and near the lake is the

little town of Masaya.

Route of Proposed Canal.

be built is a question which only the future can answer; but it has been so continuously discussed and its pos sible site so thoroughly surveyed that the term "Nicaraguan canal route" is reawakened in this route by the recent trouble in Nicaragua.

The Panama canal, if one leaves its | gam.

locks and small artificial lake out of consideration, may be considered the short and direct., The Nicaragua route-again ignoring locks-must be it is relatively long, and has in its course a great natural inland sea. Jected.

A Nicaraguan canal would be less canal, where at every turn nature had to be thwarted and subdued by engineers. At Panama ships now move every foot of the interocean way through great ditches that were dug locks that were built, or a lake that was created by men. The Chagres river was turned aside to make a lake, and even its bed was discarded. If a Nicaraguan canal were built accord ing to existing plans, it would entail much excavation and lock building. but work that nature has already done

would be utilized to a marked degree. From the Atlantic end a canal would have to be excavated, largely through lowlands, for some 50 miles, for the lower reaches of the San Juan river are clogged with sand brought down from the uplands of Costa Rica. Locks would then raise the waterway to the 106-foot level of the lake. Ships would be transferred into the San Juan river, dammed at this point, and would move up its slack water for approximately 45 miles to Lake Nica

Lake Nicaragua Is Large.

This lake is a really large body of water. It is 100 miles long and 45 wide at the broadest point, and is the most extensive body of fresh water in North America south of Lake Michigan. For 70 miles ships would use the waters of Lake Nicaragua. Then would come the descent to the Pacific through a canal and locks covering the dozen miles or more of naristhmus that divides the lake from the ocean

The river and lake portion of the oute above the dam, however, would not all be in readiness for use without the expenditure of labor. Of the 45 miles of river 28 would require improvement, while a channel would have to be dredged through a score of miles of the lake near the river outlet where silt has accumulated.

The Pacific side of the canal would present relatively few difficulties. The narrow divide at the point crossed by the canal route rises only 44 feet is a headline of geography. Columbus above the lake level. Altogether the water, would be about 180 miles long The passage of ships would require more than 24 hours as against 12 or less at Panama. Such a canal could be reached, on the other hand, more quickly from ports of the United One other contrast exists between

the Panama canal and the Nicaraguan route. The former traverses a country of relatively little potential wealth. A canal through Nicaragus would doubtless be a strong factor in the development of that country, opening up its vast forests of both hard and soft woods and tapping its coffee and cacao plantations and its mines. Lake Nicaragua is already an important inland waterway, and near its

Knew What He Wanted

While a mother was looking for books for herself at the Shelby street branch library, her two small sons en-tertained themselves at the children's table looking at picture books.

They were especially interested in a book containing pictures of dogs. The older boy stroked the collie's picture over and over, while the younger one looked on.

Where the mother had ber boo charged at the desk she beckoned to the boys. The elder one obeyed, but the little fellow protested, "Please, mother, I want to spi dog."—Indianapolis News.

Yet It's Still Noticeable

We have enough science in hand to abolish poverty.—Albert Edward Wie