

# THE SURRENDER OF VIRGINIA.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

VIRGINIA ROSWELL surveyed the garments laid upon her pretty bed with manifest approval in her brown eyes.

There were a quilted satin petticoat of white, a panned oredress of blue brocade with lace trimmed half sleeves, a pair of high heeled red slippers and a small red fan.

"I wonder if that dreadful Howard man will be there," she mused, with dancing eyes, as she brushed her golden brown locks into a lofty pile on her stately little head. "I hope not, for I could not recognize him en masque and I might dance with him. That would be horrible!" Miss Roswell shuddered at this awful possibility.

When the civil war had drawn all southerners together to fight for a common cause the Roswell-Howard feud grew less fierce. Since the war the depleted families had died out, and now in the year of our Lord 1905 there remained but one representative of each family to perpetuate the feud.

High spirited Virginia Roswell hugged the traditions of her family with



INTO THE BRIER HEDGE.

Royal affection. Twice had she been introduced to the hated Howard and twice had she afterward cut him dead on the highway. She remembered the look of mingled anger and admiration on his face when she had last met him, and she remembered with a sense of discomfiture the sweeping courtesy of his manner as he backed his horse into the briar hedge to permit her to pass.

How Virginia hated the enemy of the house of Roswell! Cousin Emmeline Vernet, with whom Virginia lived, was not a Roswell and had not that bitterness toward the Howard faction. If Mrs. Vernet had been permitted to have her way young Howard would have met a warm welcome within her hospitable doors when he returned from his long sojourn at a northern university.

It was the 23d of February, and it was the occasion of the masked ball at the Oaks, where all the guests were to appear in colonial garb and for which Virginia Roswell was now preparing. She powdered her hair and pinned a red rose in the snowy pile. She donned the white satin petticoat and pale blue oredress. She tied a black velvet ribbon about her pretty throat, and the pearl pendant nestled in the sweet hollow just below. When she had drawn on a pair of long gloves she caught up her fan and took a few steps of the stately minuet.

There was a tap at the door, and a young mulatto girl entered. "Fo' de lan," Miss G'inia, I didn't low you'd be dressed so soon. I comed jes' 'd." "Never mind, Hannah," returned Miss Roswell amiably. "I got along very nicely indeed. Is Mrs. Vernet ready?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mis' Emmeline she 'ben down in de drawin' room fo' de las' ha' hour."

"Bring my carriage shoes, then, Hannah, and my cloak."

Five minutes later Mrs. Vernet, arrayed in a sumptuous gown of purple brocade and yellow lace, hid her magnificence beneath a long cloak and joined her niece in the wide hall.

"Am I not gorgeous, Emmeline?" cried Virginia gayly, with a deep courtesy to the elder woman.

"You are very lovely, my dear," re-



"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE?"

plied Mrs. Vernet affectionately. "I reckon you'll dance yourself to death as usual before morning."

At the Oaks the long drawing rooms were a mass of brilliant color, the men arrayed in the buff and blue of the colonial army or in the gay brocades of the beaux of the same period, the women in every ravishing conceit of color that taste could contrive. One and all were masked, and as Virginia Roswell entered the brilliantly lighted room in the wake of her cousin her

eager eyes sought for familiar faces or forms.

"May I have the pleasure?" The speaker was dressed in the uniform of a general in the Continental army. His powdered wig was tied back with a black ribbon, and through the black mask that hid his features black eyes flashed inquiringly. His skin was bronzed from exposure, and the fine, well muscled hand he extended was brown and capable.

For once Virginia was voiceless. She extended her card, and the stranger deliberately filled in all the vacant spaces. Then he returned it with a low bow and a murmured word of thanks and disappeared.

"How impertinent!" muttered Miss Roswell as she scanned the card indignantly.

She waltzed and rested and waltzed again several times before the stranger came to claim her. The waltz that the harp and violin were throbbing was an old, old one, a familiar melody that the dancers caught up and hummed in tuneful unison as they danced, and Virginia in the very ecstasy of her happiness and glow of youth forgot all about the impertinence of the stranger and sang in a low, rich contralto as they glided around.

"You are very happy," remarked the man suddenly, with a wistful emphasis to his tone.

The song stopped on Virginia's lips. "Why should I not be?" she asked, looking at him out of eyes suddenly grave.

"There is no reason that I know of," returned the stranger slowly. When one possesses youth, beauty, a clear conscience—I presume you have a clear conscience, Miss Roswell?"

"You know who I am?" cried Virginia eagerly. "It is only fair that I should know your name."

"You might not dance with me if you knew," returned the man lightly.

"Perhaps I will not unless you tell me!" cried Virginia, pausing breathlessly and facing her partner.

"And so you want to know who I am? It is only fair that you should know," he said with sudden resolution. "I am—"

"Don't please!" exclaimed Miss Roswell hastily. "I don't wish to know. We will unmask at midnight, and that will be time enough to unveil all mysteries."

"As you please," he returned in a relieved tone. "I believe the waltz is over. Let us go into the conservatory."

She went submissively. There was something in the air and manner of the man that attracted Virginia Roswell. He had a manner of authority that compelled her, who had never submitted to authority, to follow his lead meekly, yet rebelliously.

He found her a seat beneath a cunningly contrived arbor of jasmine and climbing roses. The distant music of the orchestra seemed to stir the quiet leaves. They were quite alone. The dancers had trooped to the supper room.

"Let me get you something to eat," he said when she was seated, and, in



"LET US BURY THE HATCHET."

spite of her protest, he went. He returned with a small tray, which he had supplied with several dainties.

"Here are favors," he said, lifting two tiny silver hatchets from the tray, "commemorative of the immortal Washington."

"Dear, dear George!" gushed Virginia enthusiastically. "What would we do without his memory to celebrate each year? I owe many a delightful dance to George Washington," she added, with assumed flippancy.

"The woman of it!" murmured the man ironically.

Virginia did not reply. She was looking at his well shaped head bent forward on his hand and thinking that she liked the way his straight, dark hair was cropped.

"My name is George," he murmured irrelevantly, gazing intently at a beautiful oleander, which he was likening to the color of Virginia's lips.

"Well—" Virginia blushed rosily. What was it she had said? "Dear, dear George!" Ugh! This man was detestable.

"Most people like my name," pursued the man pleasantly.

"I don't!" exclaimed Virginia hastily. "I know you don't!" he retorted.

"Do you believe in feuds?"

"Why, yes, of course I do!" returned Virginia, surprised into vehemence.

"Don't you?"

"Why, no," he said, with a slow emphasis which she found was one of his pleasant characteristics. She liked to hear him talk. She liked the low, modulated tones of his voice and his familiar southern accent. "Why, no," he repeated. "I can't say that I do. They're barbaric, don't you know?"

"I don't know!" retorted Virginia hotly.

"How many Roswells are there left?" he drawled irrelevantly.

"One," replied Virginia lamely. "And that one is"— He paused.

"That is myself!" returned Virginia proudly, lifting her chin with a sudden movement that shook a sparkling mist of diamond dust about them.

# When Washington Crossed the Ford.

By GERALD PRIME.

Will you ride with me, Betty, down to the ford? Dear, a hero is passing, so say but the word And White Eagle shall bear us both swiftly, my lass. To the spot which the patriot army must pass.



Yes; I'll ride with you, Ethan, down to the ford To see our brave leader in top boots and sword, A figure majestic, his great vict'ry won— My hero forever, the dear Washington!

The man gazed intently at the small black patch placed provocingly near the dimpled white chin. "And how many Howards are there left?" he asked presently.

"One."

"Ah! So you, Virginia Roswell, are still waging the feud with the last of the Howards?"

Virginia caught her breath. She could not make this man understand.

"And does this man Howard show a disposition to forget the—er—feud?" inquired the stranger, looking at her intently.

Virginia blushed again. She tried to be indignant and felt a strange helplessness. She found herself stammering meekly in reply, "I believe he does."

"And you will have none of it. You will carry it out to the bitter end until you both are old, and after you are gone there will be no more to carry on the old fight, and there will peace, but only after many years and much suffering and—"

"Don't, please," Virginia put one hand to her throat and rose to her feet. "Please do not say any more. Will you take me back to Mrs. Vernet?"

He rose slowly. "In a moment, Miss Roswell. First I would like to ask a favor of you."

"What is it?" she asked nervously.

He stepped to the huge tub which contained the oleander tree. He held out one hand. In its palm lay the two silver hatchets.

"Let us bury the hatchet," he said slowly, removing his mask and revealing himself.

Without a word she drew near to him and stood beside him while he dug a small hole in the soft earth. Tenderly he placed the little hatchets therein, and Virginia put in a sprig of jasmine. Then he covered them and extended his hand. Virginia placed hers in it.

# A NATION PAYS TRIBUTE

by Arthur J. Burdick

Here, standing on the pinnacle Success, Strong in our might and of achievement proud,

Leader in world affairs and hearing now The chorus of the nations' plaudits loud.

We, champion of liberty and right: We, pilot on the path to Progress' goal,

Pause on this day to proudly point to one Whose name is graven upon Fame's great scroll.

Son of the sacred land that he so blessed, Her needs he learned to know in early youth,

He drew the breath of freedom from her air And lived to make her free in very truth.

With faith in man and God, he faith inspired And led his armies by the bonds of love.

He drew his courage from a righteous cause, He owned no master save the King above.

Great he in war, but greater still in peace, He ruled with gentle, tender, guiding hand.

He firmly laid upon the rock of right Foundation of a mighty structure grand, And not alone this nation did he bless,

For not a nation bides beneath the sun That hath not more of hope and blessed cheer

Because he lived, our brave George Washington.

# WASHINGTON'S PHYSICAL ILLS.

By JOHN E. WALLACE.

WHILE Washington was president he was dangerously ill several times. In 1789 he had what in our day we

would call the grip. During a ceremonial visit to Cambridge, Mass., the president came down with this ailment, which came to be called "the Washington influenza" in the vicinity of Boston, where it raged for some time. Washington described this attack thus: "Myself much disordered by a cold and inflammation in the left eye."

In New York some months later the president caught another bad cold, which developed into "a case of anthrax so malignant as for several days to threaten mortification." His physician remained constantly with him. One day Washington looked the doctor squarely in the face and requested his opinion as to the outcome of the disease. The doctor expressed both hope and fear, and Washington replied: "Whether tonight or twenty years hence, it makes no difference."

One who visited the president at this time relates that his life was despaired of and every eye was full of tears. One feature of this attack was a very large and painful tumor on the protuberance of the president's thigh. It was necessary to operate upon this tumor, which had a happy effect in relieving the fever, but left the patient weak. He could not walk or sit up, so in order to obtain needed outdoor exercise he had his coach so extended that he could recline his full length of six feet three and a half inches therein.

An operation for cancer was performed on Washington in 1794. His mother also had suffered from this disorder. During the same year the president's back was severely wrenched in an effort to save himself and horse from falling among the rocks at the lower falls of the Potomac, near his Mount Vernon home. He was confined to his bed for some time on account of this injury.

After Washington retired from public life he suffered from a fever which reduced his weight by twenty pounds. He had frequent colds, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to take medicine. Washington's sight became impaired during the Revolution. He found it necessary to begin wearing spectacles in 1778, at the age of forty-six years. During his presidency he became hard of hearing. A guest at one of the president's dinners relates that "he was so deaf that I believe he heard little of the conversation."

Present day dentistry would have saved Washington much suffering and would have enhanced his good looks. The difference appears in other things: He freed the country from the rule of kings, While we have those, or so I have been told, Who foster trust kings worse than those of old.



AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF.

He drove the mercenaries from our shores, The hiring armies feeding on our stores.

We have a foe more fierce and ravenous— The army of the grafters feeds on us.

Great Washington, who lacked the gift of speech, In deeds, not words, his lessons sought to teach, But we, with floods of talk that know no bound, Draw our performance in a sea of sound.

His wisdom lay in knowing his defect, Which grows a virtue seen in retrospect, Our statesmen, who can speak no more than he, Are not restrained by his humility.

He spurned a crown. We make of wealth a king And crown not man, but an insensate thing.

He sought retirement when his work was through, But certain statesmen of the modern crew, Who heard their own and not their country's call, Have not the mercy to retire at all.

He farmed his farm like Cincinnatus old; They farm the people and the crop is gold.

They call him first in peace and first in war And first in the esteem his country bore.

We have some statesmen first, I understand, In making peace with those who rob the land,

First in the gains of buying war supplies, First in the hearts of those who victimize

Their countrymen and first to speculate On inside news that they themselves create.

We need such contrasts to appreciate How purely, loftily and nobly great Was this unselfish statesman, Washington.

He grows in stature by comparison, When measured by the standards we maintain

He serves a being of another plane. He served mankind, and so it is, I say, The nation needs some Washingtons today.

**Facts About Washington.**

George Washington never was much of a speechmaker. Thomas Jefferson, who served with him in the Virginia house of burgesses, stated that he never heard Washington speak for more than ten minutes at a time.

Washington had a high temper, but he usually kept it under excellent control. Several notable occasions are on record, however, when he became "raging mad."

Washington served on a grand jury after his retirement from the presidency. Before he became president he had been a petit juror several times.

**Cornwallis' Surrender.**

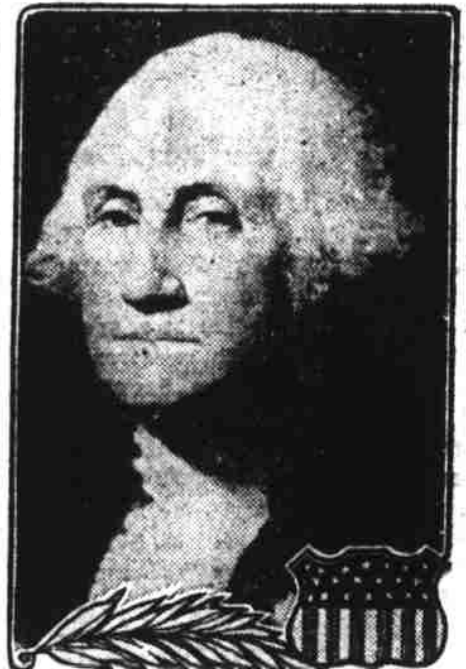
Many thousands of Virginia citizens were gathered to watch the scene, all eager to get a glimpse of Lord Cornwallis. But they were disappointed in that. Cornwallis pleaded indisposition and stayed in his quarters. He sent his sword by one of his officers, General O'Hara, to be delivered to Washington. General O'Hara offered the sword to Washington, who directed him to General Lincoln, the officer whom Washington had appointed to conduct the surrender. Lincoln took the sword from O'Hara's hand and then politely handed it back, to be returned to Cornwallis.

**WASHINGTON BY OUR STANDARDS**  
by James A. Edgerton

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

G. WASHINGTON, a name you may recall, Whose owner was the father of us all, Had such a wealth of titles unto fame I have not time to catalogue the same; But, looked at from this distance, it would seem The chief of all his claims to our esteem Lies in the marked and gratifying way He differed from some statements of today.

As an example, history records That he refused all offers of rewards For his long years of toil and sacrifice, But gave them without money, without price. In these our times the process is reversed— Where he placed service of his country first And took no wage, our patriots today Omit the service and accept the pay.



The difference appears in other things: He freed the country from the rule of kings, While we have those, or so I have been told, Who foster trust kings worse than those of old.

He drove the mercenaries from our shores, The hiring armies feeding on our stores. We have a foe more fierce and ravenous— The army of the grafters feeds on us.

Great Washington, who lacked the gift of speech, In deeds, not words, his lessons sought to teach, But we, with floods of talk that know no bound, Draw our performance in a sea of sound.

His wisdom lay in knowing his defect, Which grows a virtue seen in retrospect, Our statesmen, who can speak no more than he, Are not restrained by his humility.

He spurned a crown. We make of wealth a king And crown not man, but an insensate thing. He sought retirement when his work was through, But certain statesmen of the modern crew, Who heard their own and not their country's call, Have not the mercy to retire at all.

He farmed his farm like Cincinnatus old; They farm the people and the crop is gold. They call him first in peace and first in war And first in the esteem his country bore.

We have some statesmen first, I understand, In making peace with those who rob the land, First in the gains of buying war supplies, First in the hearts of those who victimize

Their countrymen and first to speculate On inside news that they themselves create. We need such contrasts to appreciate How purely, loftily and nobly great Was this unselfish statesman, Washington.

He grows in stature by comparison, When measured by the standards we maintain He serves a being of another plane. He served mankind, and so it is, I say, The nation needs some Washingtons today.

## Closing Paragraph of Washington's Farewell Address

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest. Relying on its kindness in this as in other things and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.