

The Birch Rod

OF THE EDINBOROUGH NORMAL SCHOOL

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SPECIAL WASHINGTON-LINCOLN NUMBER

ALL CLASSES ENTER CONTEST

Many Interesting Stories About Greatest Americans Written for The Birch Rod

Anne Rutledge.

Anne Rutledge is a woman, who though little spoken of in history, yet was the heroine in the life romance of one of our greatest Americans.

She was a beautiful young girl with auburn hair, dreamy blue eyes and a fair complexion. Her father was the innkeeper at New Salem, her lover was John McNeil, and one of the boarders at her father's inn was Abe Lincoln.

When McNeil sold his store and left the town everyone wondered why he did not take Anne with him. She was the only one who knew for he had told her that he must go back to his home in the East, but that he would soon return and bring his parents with him, then they would be married.

As the weeks and months passed and he neither answered her letters nor returned, Anne began to be anxious. The color began to fade from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. Her friends thought he had deserted her but she would not believe that. Something must have happened to him.

In his awkward way, Abe tried to comfort her but it was hard work for he, too, loved Anne Rutledge, and he would not have been human had he enjoyed the task of pleading a rival's cause. As time passed and still no word came from McNeil, Lincoln began to plead his own cause and never in all his experience as a lawyer did he have such great difficulty in persuading the entire jury as he had now in persuading Anne Rutledge. Many times he uttered his pleas and each time he was given a negative answer for the "judge" was still faithful to McNeil.

At last, when she could endure the impotency of his love no longer, Anne consented to accept him, if after ample time had been given, she did not hear from McNeil.

Patience, Lincoln waited for her final answer, rejoicing, yet afraid. June came again and still

no word from McNeil. It was then that Lincoln made his last appeal and Anne did not have the heart to turn away.

Lincoln had the sympathy of all the town in his great happiness for he was a general favorite, but in his heart he knew that Anne was not happy. He could see that she was daily failing in health and it grieved him. Out of his great love, he tried to bring her back to health but it was no use. When he tried to amuse her, she smiled but did not laugh. Sometimes he talked of their future but his rose-colored pictures did not have the power to rouse her.

At last she took to her bed and when in her delirium she called for Lincoln, he hastened to her side and they were left alone. The same evening, someone saw the tall, bent form of Lincoln hastening away from the village and into the wilderness and they knew that Anne Rutledge was dead.

For months Lincoln walked the narrow ledge between reason and insanity. One of his old friends took him to his home and helped him fight the battle which finally resulted in victory. The people of New Salem were accustomed to many friendships and womanly strength and patience, but this love of Lincoln for Anne Rutledge surpassed their comprehension. At last Lincoln came to himself but the burden of his great sorrow never lifted from his life. We hear his face described as being the saddest ever looked upon by human eye.

One day one of his dear friends asked him to read the lines beginning:

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Several years afterwards he said to a friend, "Those lines celebrate a grief which lies with continual heaviness on my heart."

Two years after Anne's death, while a mem-

The Self Education of Lincoln.

By a Junior

Lincoln was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, in the region where the wild animals yet existed. In these surroundings it seems as though there would be nothing to incite him toward the development of his mind through books. There were no books that he could buy and few that he could borrow although he read through every book that he had ever heard of in that country for a circuit of fifty miles. On one occasion he borrowed Weem's "Life of Washington," from a man named Crawford. Late one night before going to bed he placed the book in his only book-case, the opening between two logs in the wall of the cabin, and retired to dream of its contents. During the night it rained and the water dropping over the mud mortar upon the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. He valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero and felt he owed the owner more than he could repay. It was with the greatest trepidation he took the book home, told the story and asked how he might make restitution. The farmer said, "Well, Abe, seein' as it's you, I won't be too hard on you." The book was accounted worth seventy-five cents, so Abe worked for twenty-five cents a day and was greatly relieved to be able to make amends so easily. The book became his then and he could read it as he would, fortunately he took this curious work seriously, which a wideawake boy would hardly be expected to do today.

His stock of books was small but he knew them thoroughly and they were good books to know. There are a few books in literature of such vitality, insight and comprehension of human experience that they are sufficient to educate the man who knows how to use them. It has been said that three books would make a library, the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. These books were his companions and there were others which he occasionally met with and from which he derived much. These books and others such as Aesop's

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THE BIRCH ROD

George Washington in Private Life.

We seldom think of George Washington as having once been a boy among other boys, and as being a home-loving man. We see only the general, the statesman, and the president.

The house in which Washington was born occupied an elevated position overlooking the Potomac river and its valley. It was an old house with four rooms on the ground floor and with immense chimneys at each end. The roof was high and pointed. Nothing but a stone tablet now marks the birthplace of our first president.

While George was still a small boy, the Washington family moved to an estate somewhat similar to their former home, but overlooking the Rappahannock. In front of the house was a large meadow which afforded an excellent playground for the Washington children. George was very fond of out-door sports and grew into a tall, active, robust boy, the leader among his playmates.

His brother, Lawrence, of whom he was very fond, had been sent to England to acquire an education. He returned a polished, well educated young man. He became the companion and the ideal of his young half-brother and exerted a great influence over him.

The first great sorrow to enter the life of George Washington was the death of his father. Both of his older brothers were married and thus George and his young brothers and sisters were left entirely to the care of their mother.

Mrs. Washington often called her children about her in front of the fireplace and read to them stories of heroes and heroic sacrifices which left a deep impression upon the mind and character of her thoughtful son. As George was the eldest of her children at home, Mrs. Washington often consulted with him about the affairs of the estate and concerning the education and discipline of the younger children. Thus he, early in life, learned valuable lessons in care, responsibility and consideration of others. Washington received but a rudimentary education in books but he received a profound education in the school of life.

From his earliest boyhood, Washington kept a journal in which he wrote the events of his daily life, his reflections, and his plans for self-improvement as well as rules for his conduct. Washington was a methodical, order-loving youth with a fondness for mathematics. All his accounts were neatly and accurately kept.

Young Washington was in the midst of preparations for a military expedition against the Indians, when his brother, Lawrence, was ordered to the West Indies by his physicians.

Abraham Lincoln.

It is not for us to write anything that has not been written many times before, to tell some anecdote about the immortal Lincoln, to sing his praise any louder than it has been sung, is being sung and will be sung as long as time exists.

The question, "Who was the greater man, Lincoln or Washington?" has been worn threadbare in debates, both sides have offered strong arguments, yet all in all, not meaning to detract any glory from the mighty Washington, Lincoln was the greatest, most uncomely and most universally beloved President this United States have ever had.

We all have read more or less of his lowly birth place, the log cabin, of his early life as a rail splitter, clerk and soldier, and his ultimate ascendancy to the highest and most honorable office the United States has to give, hence we will speak briefly of his home life.

Lincoln was a great lover of home, and his son, Tad, was the idol of the household. Lincoln was always interceding in Tad's behalf, and no task was so important that he could not leave it if Tad had something to say.

One night in the summer of 1864 President Lincoln was seated in a room of the White House privately interviewing, behind locked doors, a reporter going over field maps and discussing the details of an important battle which General Grant was soon to begin. Suddenly there came a gentle tapping on the door, but the President paid no attention to it. The tapping was repeated, then the door knob was

rattled and a boy's voice called coaxingly, "Papa, unfasten the door."

Evidently the boy was not afraid of the President of the United States. President Lincoln at once rose and drew the bolts, and Tad, then about eight years old, ran into the room, climbed upon his father's lap and threw his arms about his father's neck. Tad was in the habit, if he awoke in the night, of creeping into his father's bed, but that night, not finding him, the boy came to the office, which was on the same floor.

Aside from the many familiar objects, documents, and the disturbed throngs of the outer world, there was the lively little Tad, the one creature above all others the comfort and joy of his father. How much little Tad had to do with great battles, how much that lively boy playing at his father's knee had to do with the Proclamation, how much he had to do with saving the lives of unfortunate soldiers, no one will ever know. In that young, happy boy, Mr. Lincoln saw every soldier's boy, and thought of the homes far away, and the bleeding hearts as some boy, alone on the battle field breathed his life out to his maker. In that innocent child Mr. Lincoln saw what freed humanity might be. So little Tad, unknowingly, helped to write the greatest history of the world.

Though long-legged, lank and uncomely, Abraham Lincoln was the most beautiful man the world has ever seen. Potter Society.

First Student—"Well, this is Lincoln's birthday, isn't it?"

Second Student—"Well! Well! I wondered why everything on the Chapel program this morning was about Lincoln."

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The Birch Rod

Address the Principal

Edinboro, Pa.

Lincoln's Most Striking Characteristics

A recent magazine article about Abraham Lincoln ended with these words: "He was characterized by a strong sense of duty and great firmness." That is true, but to these two characteristics we must add five others if we are to give any clear idea of his wonderful nature. These five are: His humor, humility, faith, ability to judge human nature, and his kindness.

Lincoln's sense of duty and great firmness is well summed up in the portrait of him drawn by Mr. Herndon, at one time his partner. "Lincoln is a man of heart, ay, as gentle as a woman, but he has a will as strong as iron, if any question comes up which is doubtful, questionable, which no man can demonstrate, then perhaps, his friends can rule him; but on justice, right, liberty, the government, the constitution, and the Union, then you may all stand aside; he will rule then, and no man can rule him—no set of men can do it."

Every man, woman and child who has heard the name, Abraham Lincoln, associates the word "humor" with that name. His humor was always of a kindly nature, with a humane influence bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble.

It has been said that the first test of a truly great man is his humility, and that humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly light. Lincoln was a son of the common people, and of that fact he was not ashamed. He never tried to imitate others, but was always his natural self, which is the keynote of good manners. People who ridiculed Abraham Lincoln were ready, when they came to know the man, to apologize for their mistake in judging him.

His faith in a higher power was shown in his every action. When first called to the Presidency in the midst of so many national troubles, he said: "A duty devolves on me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him."

Lincoln's ability to judge human nature was one of the most remarkable things about this remarkable man. This is shown in many instances, but perhaps none more striking than in his selection of his cabinet officers.

But after all, his patience and extreme kindness toward all people are the characteristics which most endeared him to the nation. There are so many, many instances of this kindness that it is not necessary to bring any special one to notice. In fact, his whole life was one entire and complete illustration of these two beautiful characteristics, patience and kindness.

Of all his sayings, this one most accurately portrays his own life: "After all, the one meaning of life is simply to be kind."

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THE BIRCH ROD

THE BIRCH ROD



A fortnightly newspaper edited by the students of The Edinboro State Normal School, and published at the print shop of the Edinboro Independent.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The streets in Washington, D. C., are crowded with soldiers and other people, some of high station, others of low station, some rich, some poor, some hurrying about their business, all wearing a hurried, worried expression on their faces. But look, passing from group to group, speaking to all, a tall gentleman is coming down the street. The great Abraham Lincoln! Look at him! Look at his ungainly height of six feet, three and three-fourths inches; at his broad shoulders which stoop and which are surmounted by a head ridiculously small for his height. Look at the rough, shaggy, coarse black hair, his old-fashioned hat, the greenish grey eyes, the unsightly hollows and lines in his face, his yellowish-brown shriveled skin, his large hands and feet. Notice his ill-fitting clothes, his whole air of awkwardness and lack of refinement, even of education. Indeed he looks what he is or rather what he was, a rail splitter, a country lawyer. An uncultured person. Is this a man to lead a nation through the greatest crisis in all its history?

But look, he has stopped. One of the army ambulances is coming up the street bearing some wounded soldiers to one of the hospitals. When he sees it coming he stops, takes off his hat, and with bowed head, stands until it has passed by. When he lifts his head he is smiling, a tender, pitying smile, while there are tears

in his eyes. What now of his ungainly height? He is not too tall to bear other people's burdens, to help others to the best of his ability. And his stooping shoulders? Ah, but they are stooping because he is bearing the sorrow of a nation, the great sorrow of a divided nation, alone, and the burden is nearly too heavy for him, or would be if he did not trust to God to give him strength to bear it, and wisdom to lead his country through her great struggle. And look at his eyes now. A soft, sweet sadness has filled them and the tears are almost overflowing. It is like gazing at a man's soul laid bare, or down into the very depths of his heart, to look into those eyes. Now we know the line's care, the hollows, the sallow complexion, are all the result of his wearying work, his anxiety for us and for our country. His hands and feet are not too large. His big hands will enable him to work more for others; with his big feet he can walk and carry comfort to many who need it—and not grow tired. His clothes do not fit, we know, but there is not a tailor in all the land who is worthy or who is capable of making a suit of clothes good enough for him. And now, as he passes by, smiling, shaking hands, or speaking a sympathetic word we see that he is not awkward. No, he is filled with a grace far beyond physical grace, with refinement far beyond any the best of educations could give him, and as he smiles, we forget his physical homeliness, only remembering the kindness, the sympathy, and the loving tenderness, the great sorrow and anxiety for us, his people, that is behind that smile and in the heart of Abraham Lincoln, our great Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, he was the only man who—like Moses with the children of Israel—was capable of leading his nation through trial and tribulation into the promised land of peace and prosperity.

A Sophomore.

Lawyer Lincoln Beaten In a Horse Trade.

While Lincoln was a lawyer traveling the eighth circuit of Illinois, he and a certain judge got to bantering each other about their success in trading horses. It was finally agreed that they were to trade horses with each other the next morning at nine o'clock. If either backed out he was to pay a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

Promptly at nine o'clock next day Lincoln appeared with a sawhorse on his shoulder, but when he saw the judge's horse—the boniest, spavinedest, stringhaltedest old nag he ever beheld, he set down his sawhorse and sat on it. Finally he gasped out: "Well, boys, this is the first time I was ever beaten in a horse trade." The bystanders cheered and shouted themselves hoarse, while Abe led the flea-bitten old "crowbait" away.

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THE BIRCH ROD

AMERICA'S GREATEST.

He sleeps beneath an honored mound,
A nation weeps before the scene,
Returned to dust but lives still on,
A hero great, steadfast, serene.
The drenching storms of passing time,
His noble deeds cannot efface,
They only make him more sublime,
The Father of our new-born race.

The mellow rays of southern sun,
Reflected from his kingly life;
His valiant deeds and fervent hope,
Awakened courage for the strife.
He nobly viewed the tyrants laws,
Inspected them in freedoms light,
Ignored the threats from England's pen,
Made tyranny bow before the right.

Long years have passed and zephyr brings
A message from the western main,
"Out of my virtuous heart I mold
My choicest clay, Right to sustain,
My breath a loftier thought inspires,
Exhaled against your rising storm,
Oh, wounded nation, breathe again!
From out my breast, a man is born."

His kindly eye looked out upon
Our struggling nations bitter woe,
"I'll pluck the thistle from your soil,
And plant a flower where it will grow."
The darkened clouds of war hung round,
He felt the bondmens' stifled breath;
He grasped the only hope for peace,
Let not his hold relax till death.

Oh, Knights of Freedom, honor streams
From out your quarried marble tow'r;
An echo clear, through time resounds
A hero's name, a nation's dow'r
A tribute we would offer thee,
A voice of praise, who will deny?
Your stainless records live above
A hist'ry's zealous, glaring eye.

Upon your life masks we can see,
Beneath a grave and constant care,
Around a country's shrine of hope,
A living peace established there;
Peace, that one established for us,
Peace, the other saved from stranding,
A living nation's revered peace,
Such as passeth understanding.

Class '13.

THE SHAME AND PITY OF IT.

Our country mourned a heart that loved her well,
And small the soul that light regards such loss,
Whose shadow shall fall dark the years across.
Sad looks, half-mast flags and tolling bell
To the wide world a peoples sorrow tell.
We with his record fitly may emboss
The nation's shield. Ah! treason none may gloss—
The stroke by which our chief so honored fell.
The pity of it! He so glad to give
That hand-clasp as a sign of brotherhood,
Trusting men's aims because his own were pure—
The shame of it! that dastard could receive
Such gentle courtesy and in vile mood
Make of his own response, Death's grisly lure.

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PHONE YOUR ORDERS.

The Self-Education of Lincoln.

[Concluded from Page One]

Fables, Robinson Crusoe, and Pilgrim's Progress brought to him all that was noblest and best in human experience and gave him high ideals of life.

One of his companions reports that when he and Lincoln returned to the house from work, Lincoln would go at once to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. "We grubbed, plowed, weeded and worked together barefooted in the field." Every lull in his daily labor he used for reading, rarely going to his work without a book. When plowing or cultivating the rough fields he frequently found a half hour for reading for at the end of every long row the horse was allowed to rest and Lincoln had his book out and was perched on a stump or fence almost as soon as the plow had come to a standstill. One of the few people left in Gentryville who remembers Lincoln, Capt. John Lamar, tells to this day of riding to mill with his father, and seeing, as they drove along, a boy sitting on the top rail on an old-fashioned stake-and-ride worm fence, reading so intently that he did not notice their approach. His father turning to him said, "John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true." That boy was Abe Lincoln.

In his habits of reading and study he had little encouragement from his father but his stepmother did all she could for him. His own mother had taught him to read and write, and he had gone to school as he said by "littles," for in all it did not amount to more than a year. From everything he read he made extracts with his turkey-buzzard pen and brier root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copybook. The wooden fire shovel was his usual slate on which he wrote, with a charred stick, while lying at full length before the fireplace. When the fire shovel became too grimy for use, he shaved off the charred portion, leaving his "slate" clean again. The logs and boards in his vicinity he covered with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in the loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. Occasionally newspapers came into his hands and from these he learned Henry Clay's speeches by heart.

His playmate and cousin, Dennis Hanks, relates the following concerning Lincoln: "Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book inside his

shirt and had filled his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' gone off to plow or hoe. When noon came he'd set under a tree an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read. Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantle tree piece fur him, if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything she'd give him that he could gnaw at an' read at the same time. I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin' anybody was 'round, an' sneak out agin like a cat, an' say: 'Well, I'll be darned.' It dind't seem natural, nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the children pester him. She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hindered."

Lincoln had acquired the habit of clear thinking, he had the statesman's instinct for clear thought. He was a man of simple, sincere and beautiful speech. His public speaking was free from exaggeration, from high-sounding phrases, and from the spread-eagleism which was the fad of the time, he was separated by leagues from the type of political orator whom he once described as "mouning the rostrum, throwing back his head, shining his eyes, opening his mouth and leaving the rest to God."

The roses Miss Parker received from the West by express three weeks ago, have withered. The petals have all fallen off, but their sweet fragrance remains and awakens loving memories. The bare stalks have been put in water and we hope will root and grow. May we have more roses in the future.

Anna Rutledge

[Concluded from Page One]

ber of the Legislature, he said to a fellow member:

"I seem to others to enjoy life raptuously, yet when I am alone I am so overcome by mentle depression that I never dare carry a pocket knife."

One day, about a week after the funeral, John McNiel, true to his promise to Anne Rutledge, drove into New Salem, bringing with him his parents and brothers and sisters, having come all the way from New York in a wagon. Let us leave him alone in his grief, except to say that he had been taken ill before he reached his destination and had never received any of Anne's letters.

One cold November day a stranger was seen walking through Concord. He entered the graveyard and presently came to a newly-made grave. As he knelt above it he saw the figure of Abe Lincoln emerging from a thicket and coming toward him. Lincoln hesitated a moment.

"John!"

"Abe!"

With clasped hands the two men knelt above the grave and mingled their tears in a common sorrow.

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George Washington's Private Life.

[Concluded from Page Two.]

George left his preparations and accompanied his brother in his search for health. Soon after their arrival in the West Indies, George contracted smallpox.

The following spring they returned to Virginia, and young Washington took a prominent part in the French and Indian war. Toward the close of the war he started out on a journey to Williamsburg. While crossing the Pamunkey river he met with a Mr. Chamberlayne, who insisted, with true Virginia hospitality, that Washington should dine with him. Among the company who dined there that day was a young widow, Martha Custis. She was a small, slight, youthful woman with a charming personality and engaging manners. Washington's haste to reach Williamsburg was forgotten and he spent the afternoon and the evening in the genial company of his new friends.

Washington had not long to stay in Williamsburg. But he made such good use of that time that before he left he had persuaded Martha Custis to become Martha Washington.

When peace was again restored to the colonies, he returned to Williamsburg; and on the 6th of January, 1759, was married to Martha Custis. The wedding took place amidst a joyous company of mutual friends.

For three months following the wedding the young people lived at the White House, Mrs. Washington's home. From there they moved to Mount Vernon, which had recently come into his possession. Washington himself described the estate in the following words: "No estate in America is more pleasantly situated. It is a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world; a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in spring with shad, herring, bass, carp and sturgeon in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore in fact, is one entire fishery.

On this rich estate George and Martha Washington lived in old Virginia style, with many colored domestics, and in the midst of care, plenty and hospitality. Among the slaves were men of all trades and nearly everything needed was produced on the estate.

Washington loved this life of retirement with all its care and responsibility. It was his ideal life. He loved nothing better than the calm and quiet of domestic life. He loved the independence, the dignity and plenty of the planter's life.

Washington was very fond of young people

and was always very gracious and gentle toward them. He had no children of his own but he grew very fond of his wife's son and daughter. He was deeply grieved at the death of his stepdaughter which occurred in 1773.

George and Martha Washington gave many pleasant entertainments at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Washington made her visits in a handsome carriage drawn by four splendid horses. Washington himself rarely drove but rode on horseback.

During clear weather he rode about his plantation overseeing the work of his men, and in stormy weather he occupied himself with sorting papers and writing up his accounts.

Only the call of public duty could draw him from his retirement and he turned in relief to his plantation at the close of the Revolution. But he was again called forth to take his position at the helm of the new Ship of State and set it out safely on its voyage into the world of nations.

Philo Society.

It is told of Washington that during the Revolutionary war a flag of truce coming in at New York, brought a letter from General Howe addressed to

"Mr. Washington."

Our general took the letter from the red-coated soldier and, glancing at the address said: "Why, this letter is not for me. It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I'll keep it and give it to him at the end of the war."

While speaking he thrust the letter into his pocket, ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. Before another hour the redcoat returned with another letter addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington."

General Howe had taken the hint.

—Commercial.

Mabel—"Of all things I'd hate the very worst to be a dentist."

Verna—"But you took the very words out of my month this morning in psychology,"

Harry Thompson

9 E. 9th ST., ERIE, PA.

See our line of Fire Arms,
Fishing Tackle, Cutlery,
Athletic Goods, Mechanical
and Electrical Toys, &c

Clean Sweep Sale

Now in Progress

The Greatest Aggregation of Desirable Merchandise Ever Gathered Together Under One Roof in Erie will be found in this Sale.

The thousands of people who look forward each six months to the matchless money saving opportunities this store offers will have cause to remember this clean sweep sale with keener joy than any sale they have ever attended. The stocks are larger, the values are greater. Those two brief sentences coming from this store should be sufficient of themselves to send hundreds hurrying here for this sale, and every day of the sale, keeping the store in a turmoil of enthusiasm from the moment of the commencement of the sale until its close.

Our business the past few years has been growing—growing—growing—and at a pace which warranted us last spring in placing orders for fall delivery simply tremendous. But we could not foretell the weather, and despite a magnificent fall trade—yes, a record breaking one, our stocks are heavier than good judgment or business requires, and with the end of the season right here we will unload, sweep end of the season odds and ends and heavy merchandise from the store. New brooms have been bought especially for this event, and they will sweep clean. It's a matchless chance to save, so be sure and visit the store during the next few days.

**Trask
Prescott &
Richardson Co.**

9th and State Streets
ERIE, PA.

THE BIRCH ROD

Washington's First Public Service.

George Washington's first public service is probably not so well known by the American people, as is his later service during the Revolutionary war, and his service as first President of the United States.

While a boy, Washington received a fair English education, but not more. He liked better a military life and most of his sports were of a military character. He excelled all of his companions in athletic sports.

He also became a skillful surveyor and found the work highly profitable for in this way he became accustomed to the wilderness.

Washington first came into public notice about 1753, shortly before the breaking out of the French and Indian war. He was at this time about twenty-one years of age. The Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, sent by him a message to the commanders of the French forts, Venango and LeBoeuf.

This journey through the wilderness, a distance of about four hundred miles, was full of peril. He was attacked by an Indian at one time and barely escaped being killed. At another time when he was crossing the Allegheny river on a rude raft, between large masses of floating ice, he was thrown out into the water but swam to the shore and was saved.

It was not for such a man as Washington to be lost in this way; one who was to be invaluable to his country in after years.

He proved a very skillful leader in the French and Indian war, and is said to have fired the first shot of the war.

Although the English generals did not appreciate him at the time, he proved a valuable aid to them. He, with other American leaders, was pushed aside to give a place for British officers.

At the battle of Fort Duquesne had it not been for Washington, who knew how to fight the Indians in Indian fashion, the entire army would have been lost. General Braddock knew nothing of Indian customs and had his army in regular array when they were attacked.

Braddock was mortally wounded and was carried from the field. Washington covered the flight and saved the wreck of the army from pursuit.

In this battle Washington seemed everywhere present. An Indian chief with his braves, singled him out and shot at him; four balls passed through his clothes, and two horses were shot from under him.

In spite of all the difficulties that beset him Washington received the training in this war which enabled him to fight even British regulars when the proper time came.

A Freshman.

*A Dashing Array of
New
Spring
Headgear
Is Now on Display*



The "Derby" Hats

Bear inspection and you are Cordially invited. The Swellest New Things in Hats for Spring. A \$2 Hat with a \$3 look.

A beautiful selection of Fancy Bands and Class Colors at 25c.

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*It's a store that was founded
in 1852 on such principles
that have built for Erie
a great store.*



THESE PRINCIPLES ARE:

*Recommending nothing which is
not a true value; if found other-
wise, a return of goods and re-
fund of money.*

*Always on the lookout for the new
things, and when such things
are created in the fashion cen-
ters of the world that co-operate
with good style and good judg-
ment, they're brought forth and
recommended to you, and noth-
ing that represents an exhorbit-
ant profit.*

*A force of intelligent sales people
striving to be of service to you.*

*A store where visitors are welcome
the same as customers to stroll
about and feel at the same ease
as they would in their own
homes.*

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