



HIS LABORS ENDED

People's Acclaim of Washington as Their Hero Journeyed to Annapolis to Lay Down His Sword.

(From written for the unveiling of the tablet at Severn Cross Roads, where Washington passed on his way to resign his commission at Annapolis.)

T HIS roadside sings again today—
Here where the barren branches sway
And keen December winds sweep by
Beneath a cold and azure sky—
The old road echoes to some tread
Of morning in a vanished hour
When here the red-checked courier sped,
And here the young land's pride and flower
Of glory and achievement came
To add fresh glory to his name.

The villages had all come out,
To hear the news, to watch about
To catch some glimpse far up the way
Of Washington—who from the fray,
And from the council and the crest,
Was riding down his sword to lay
Once more upon his country's breast—
While he stepped back to that sweet rest
He yearned for. Yonder sounds a call!
A bugle's note, mayhap the fall
Of horse-hoofs on the old State road—
From every hamlet and abode
Men, women, children, hurry forth:
The wind is sweet, though west by north,
And keen with that sharp chill that comes
When on the hill the partridge drums.

This way they look, this way and that!
They'll know him by his coat and hat;
They've seen his face in pictures, so
There won't be any doubt they'll know;
But deep within their hearts they sigh
They'll know him by his forthright eye,
His noble mien, his lofty frame,
His fitting in with road and sky
As nature fits all great forms in,
And signs the portrait with her name.

The young folk chatter, smile and grin,
The old are prone to be severe,

And stretch each cornice of the car
To catch that first sharp clicking sound
Of the stage coach thundering on its way,
The hoof-beat on the frozen ground
That knows the kind of tune to play.

Some in small groups together drawn
Wait on the green bench of a lawn
And these—in somewhat more seclusion—
The wisdom of his art debate.
One rises who defends the sire
Of his great land, and roars with ire
'Tis only a great man's way, indeed,
To give up lofty place, wealth,
From honors of such high degree,
Putting ambition aside, and fame,
Upon the altar whence they came—
His country's heart—and stepping down

From all the lure of high renown,
Take his old place in life again,
One with all kindred gentlemen!

Some tell the story of his trip,
While others hark with hanging lip—
That parting at old Fraunce's inn
With those who'd been his aids at war,
Tears in his eyes, and in his heart
That aching that they feel who part
With comrades and with friends
Who've spent

Hours with them in the battlement
Of life, of fate, of hopes and dreams,
And brave adventures long before,
Then to the barge they see him go
At Whitehall Ferry, bowing low
In all that stately form of grace
At each bowed head and tear-stained face.

And then that silent, sweet adieu
At Paulus Hook—sad words and few,
A silent waving of the hand
Back to his high and faithful band,
Then with his face set hither—strong

In the high purpose he had made
To heed no imploring of the throng
But lay at his country's feet his blade.

Then the triumphant jaunt begun—
Those days of journeying in the sun;
The plaudits of a nation's best
Poured round him at each stopping place,
And on the roads from mile to mile
Always some patriot in whose breast
Inviolable love had left its trace,
Coming to bow by the road he'd take
And kiss the cold ground for his dear sake.

Philadelphian's loud acclaim,
Then Baltimore—her royal bounty
Poured as 'twas never poured before,

By every county seat and county—
To pay due homage to his name,
And give him a welcome at this door
Of Maryland he'd remember long
As life should last or dreams prolong
Their memories in his noble soul,
Then once again the coach wheels roll.

He's coming—down the General's Way!
The old State road is God's today!
God's—and beneath his sparkling sun—
God's and the General Washington!

Ten miles beyond the cross roads lies
The capital; o'er yonder rise
The Severn smiles 'neath azure skies,
Where Indian Landing sleeps beside
The murmuring music of that tide,
Whose song—as light as beauty—cheers

The silvering romance of the years,
He'll pass here soon; and this way rings
The music of the morn! Had kings
Such love from those they rule as he—
Ah well, what kingdoms we should see!

But he has struck down kings; his sword
Had fought for freedom and the Lord,
And now the cross roads teems with life,
The hour has come, the keen wind's knife
Is cutting under skin and bone,
But who cares for the cold—that lone,
Grave figure shall rewarm each heart!

An echo; see how sharp ears start.
It is the General—hooray!
And down the General's Highway
The yeomen who have seen him pass
Follow in cheering groups—one mass

Of burning and of patriot zeal
To be first followers at his heel.

It is the General—hooray!
This roadside sings again today,
This nation sings, its heart still bowed
Before him in those dreams that crowd.

The moving canvas of the years,
There, like a peer among his peers,
The vision looms again, and he
Stands in that room we still may see,
One hand behind his back, and one
Laying that sword his bravery won
Upon the table. A shaft of light
Across the senate chamber steals;
A prelate in the foreground kneels,
A consecrated hour, indeed,
That hour of high, exalted need,
That noble and immortal act—
Its spirit gleaming above its fact,
Its soul of beauty so made one
With the high soul of Washington!

Curtiss Hippodrome Theatre

This SATURDAY, March 2nd Matinee and Night
Dorothy Phillips in "The Rescue"



a Bluebird special feature photoplay and a
Max Sennet 2-reel comedy DeLuxe
That night-- a fashion bazaar and Beauty show, reflecting feminine loveliness and sartorial perfections to delight the eye and win admiration; also a selected entertainment of Vaudeville consisting of
PROF. BELL and his highly educated Pet Dogs; and
America's foremost singing trio

The Swedish Ladies Trio;
Positively the most attractive show yet offered at the Curtiss. Big time Vaudeville at small time prices. Matinee all seats 10c; night 11 and 17c.

CURTISS HIPPODROME THEATRE

This Tuesday, March 5th Downers Grove
An Evening's Entertainment Delightful. See the big feature Double Bill
Two Celebrated Stars on the Same Program

VIRGINIA PEARSON

in "A Royal Romance"
Clever Billy West in "DOUGHNUTS"

In the cast with Miss Pearson we have the Celebrated Actor Irving Cummings who finds milking a damp job.
The show you can't resist; it leaves only happy memories.
Seats 10 and 15c, tax included.

Curtiss Hippodrome Theatre

THIS THURSDAY MARCH 7th No Matinee
ANNOUNCEMENT DELIGHTFUL

Alice Brady in "Her Silent Sacrifice"

A select Selznick feature and
Current Events of Up-to-Date World's Doings.
See the U. S. Official War pictures and beautiful dainty Alice Brady in her new play Her Silent Sacrifice.



Egyptian Reed Pipes.
Specimens of Egyptian reed pipes, some of them more than 3,000 years old, have found their way into the museums. In them are, perhaps, to be found the secrets of those scales which are all that survive of a musical art too ancient for history. One writer assumes that the instinct for harmonious proportions and symmetry possessed by primitive man led him to place the holes at equal distances along his reed pipe. Thus a system of scales came into being quite naturally by purely mechanical means.

They Put Him in the Copper.
In the Tudor days the poisoner was liable to be condemned to death by boiling; while under another statute, the man convicted of theft "shall have his head shaved, melted pitch poured upon it, and the feathers from a pillow shaken over it, that he may be known." After all there are advantages in living in the twentieth century!

Winsome Childhood.
The growing child frankly finds himself the most interesting person in the world, and we forgive him to some extent and attempt to show him that he must conceal his personal liking for himself. Some of us may recall the story of the little boy who had been a delightful listener while his mother (real here) told the neighbors of his cute little manners and ways.

Daily Thought.
Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more.—Lemstra.

Muscular Activity and Heat.
Owls and other birds which are active at night show a rise of temperature during the hours of darkness and a fall during the day. This is a result of the well-known fact that muscular activity means an increased production of heat.

Better to Go Slow.
If you try to live two days at once, you divide up the strength with which you should be getting the very best out of the present. Every regretful lingering over past mistakes, every foreboding thought of what the future holds, diminishes your present efficiency by just so much.