



The Name of Old Glory

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OLD GLORY, say, who,
By the ships and the crew
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same
And the honor and fame so becoming to you,
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead,
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue?
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted and, faltering, then
in vague lips and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
is what the plain facts of your christening were,
For your name, just to hear it,
Repeat it and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear,
And, seeing you fly and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat, and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die!
If dying we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the soars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow white and the living blood red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



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A Patriot's Ruse

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

WHEN the war of independence came on, New York's population had changed from a lot of pipe smoking Dutchmen to comprise many people of refinement. It was then that that society in which Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr shone ten or twenty years later was forming. People had begun to use silver on their tables instead of pewter, and social dinners were quite pretentious.

One Nicholas Van Schoonhoven, a wealthy citizen, built in his house in the village of Greenwich (long since a part of the city of New York) a vault in which to store his valuable tableware. It was located in the second story in a hallway running past his own bedroom. Van Schoonhoven was a patriot, and when in the struggle for independence the British occupied New York he moved to Westchester county, some fifteen or twenty miles up the Hudson river, within the American lines commanded by young Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Burr. Before the evacuation he returned to the city to be near his real estate, leaving his movable valuables in Westchester county.

Edith Van Schoonhoven while in Westchester met a young lieutenant in Burr's regiment, Charles Robertson, and the meeting had resulted in a love match. The separation when she went back to the city was very trying to a pair of lovers aged twenty-two and nineteen respectively. Though but a few miles apart, they were still very far. Robertson stood the separation a month, then, putting on a countryman's clothes and carrying a large basket containing butter, eggs and other farm produce, he set out for New York.

At King's bridge, a wooden structure spanning Spuyten Duyvil creek and connecting Manhattan Island with

the island, he found the British pickets. He produced produce passed him, and he walked to the southwestward, crossing diagonally what is now Central park and made toward the Hudson river down till he came to the village of Greenwich. As he was crossing a field where the Columbus monument now stands one Peter Oldershaw, a rabid Tory, saw and followed him. Unaware that he was watched, Lieutenant Robertson knocked at the door of Nicholas Van Schoonhoven, showed his basket of produce and was admitted. This Oldershaw saw and straightway walked down to Bowling green, where he found General Howe, to whom he reported the fact. The general sent a small troop commanded by a sergeant to capture the young patriot, whom he did not doubt had come into his lines for the purpose of spying.

Charles Robertson and Edith Van Schoonhoven were sitting together in the parlor, where they could look out on the broad Hudson, when they saw a dozen redcoat troopers dash up and surround the house. For a moment Edith was paralyzed; then, suddenly gathering her faculties, she seized her lover's hand, ran with him upstairs and, opening the vault door, thrust him in, closing the door after him, locking it and putting the key in her pocket. She was too excited to think of his being smothered, but fortunately a small ventilator had been left over the door.

When the sergeant entered Edith had recovered her equanimity so far as to meet him with a well feigned look of surprise on her face and invited him to search the house. Not finding any one, he left the premises guarded by his men and rode to General Howe, believing that the lieutenant was there, sent Captain Sawyer with his company to relieve the sergeant and to take up his quarters in the house, keeping it surrounded.

Sawyer, who was a young London swell, at once began to make love to Edith. She found it somewhat difficult to feed her lover, since she had no way to do so except through the ventilator, and, having to stand on a chair for the purpose, she dared not transmit

food when the captain was in the house for fear of his catching her at it.

One night when the bell on Trinity church, far away on the lower end of the island, struck 1 Edith arose from her bed, put on a dressing sack, went to the vault, unlocked it, let her lover out, took him up to the third story and locked him in an unused room. Then, going down to Captain Sawyer's room, she knocked at his door, calling to him that she had been frightened by a huge black cat that had got into the house and asking him to drive it out. "Don't trouble yourself to put on your clothes," she said; "use this." And, opening the door a few inches, she dropped a double gown of her father's into the room.

Sawyer arose, put on his boots and the double gown, seized the only weapon handy, his sword, and went out into the hall. There he found Edith, apparently very much frightened. She had lighted a candle and conducted him along the hall to the vault, whose door stood ajar.

"There—the horrid thing went in there!" she almost shrieked.

Sawyer boldly entered the vault. In a second he heard a click behind him. He was a prisoner.

Running to the room where she had left her lover, Edith released him and lighted him to Sawyer's apartment, where the Yankee put on the Britisher's uniform, went downstairs and after a parting kiss strode out and past the guard.

Sawyer, after taking in the situation, set up a terrific howl, hoping to make himself heard by the guard without, but he might as well have tried to make himself heard from the bowels of the earth. He was not used to rising early, so he was not missed in the morning by his men. Edith kept him confined as long as she dared, then let him out, and the saucy girl had the effrontery to ask if he had killed the cat.

Considering the ridiculous light the episode would place him in, Captain Sawyer never reported it.

When the evacuation of the city took place Robertson entered it and married the girl who had saved him from the fate of a spy.

The Patriotism of Peter A Little Love Story For the Fourth.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

"O H, my goodness!" said Annette. "I thought you had more patriotism, Peter."

Peter stretched his languid length in the great wicker chair on the other side of the tea table from which Annette dispensed afternoon hospitality in her rose garden.

"Dear girl," he asked, "who can measure patriotism? Because I won't march in a parade with a lot of buff and blue idiots you choose to say that I do not love my country."

"Arnold Adams is not an idiot," Annette interrupted.

Peter's eyes narrowed. "Then Arnold Adams parades, does he, and makes a speech to the accompaniment of appropriate fireworks?"

"He makes his speech in the afternoon," Annette vouchsafed. "Every one seems eager to help me out with my Fourth of July garden party but you."

"Dear girl, I'll come and pass cake and listen to the Declaration, but I can't parade in costume."

"Well, the men all look lovely in their new uniforms," Annette informed him.

"Somehow," said Peter, "a uniform is associated in my mind with service. There are the old regimentals of my great-grandfather, all stained with mud, and the faded blue cape that my father keeps in memory of Gettysburg is blotched with red." He shrugged his shoulders. "But it's too hot this weather to dress up for nothing."

"Nothing—oh!" Annette flung out her hands. "I don't believe you'd fight if there was a war, Peter."

Peter leaned across the table. "Considering my ancestry," he said slowly, "is there any reason you should think that?"

"Modern men haven't any backbone," she taunted.

"Don't go too far," he told her. "My idea of love of country is something deeper than mere shouting for freedom."

"Love of country is courage," she said.

"You mean?" he demanded.

"That I'm disappointed in you, Peter." Her eyes blazed. "I believe you're too lazy to carry a gun."

"Stop!" he thundered and stood up. Annette stood up too. She slipped from her finger a wonderful hoop of diamonds.

"There," she said, "take it. If you loved me you would see my point of view. It isn't that I want you to wear blue and buff; I want you to show your patriotism."

"Ah—patriotism!" Peter picked up the ring. "If you ever want this again you must ask for it, Annette. I am afraid that otherwise I can never forgive the woman who has called me coward."

"I shall never ask for it!" she blazed as Peter turned on his heel and left her.

When the great day came Annette tried to interest herself in the decorations, the refreshments, in Arnold Adams, who, looking very handsome in his colonial uniform, hung over her, and when he made his speech his eyes were on her.

Annette didn't like his speech. It smacked of artificiality. There was in it so much of stars and stripes and

was crouched in a heap as Adams brought the big machine to a stop.

"Oh, I thought you would be killed, Peter!"

Peter, with the screaming child in his arms, smiled at her. "It was nothing," he said.

"I should have thought you would have been afraid," Annette began.

Peter stiffened. "You seem to think that I am always afraid," he said, and before she could answer he lifted his hat and was gone.

All that evening she watched for her lover, but he did not come. At last she could stand it no longer. She sat down at the lemonade table and talked it over with her most intimate girl friend.

"Lucy," she said, "I've been hateful to Peter. What shall I do?"

"Eat humble pie," advised Lucy. "Peter's worth it."

"I know," Annette admitted, "but I don't know where he is."

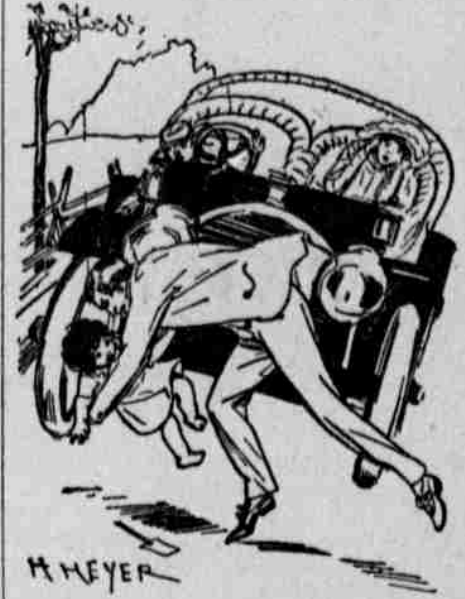
"Wait till he shows up," said Lucy, "and in the meantime we'll make Arnold Adams take us down the river road in his car."

They passed the big canneries, where many Italians were employed; passed, too, the squalid little settlement where in a big open space a crowd of swarthy men and women and children were gathered about a big man in white flannels.

Annette caught her breath. "Why, it's Peter!" she gasped. "Stop a minute and see what he's doing."

As the big motor stood in the shadow of the trees Peter's voice came to them. He was speaking in Italian, and Annette, thanks to three winters in Rome, understood all that he said.

As she listened she felt herself growing smaller and smaller. This was the Peter whom she had accused of lack of patriotism, this man who was speaking so eloquently to these newcomers to his native soil, telling them what it meant to be an American.



IT TOOK ONLY A MOMENT what it meant to be a good citizen, what it meant to live for his country as well as to die for it.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" her heart cried, although her lips were silent.

But when the speech was ended she spoke: "I'm going to get out a minute. I want to see Peter."

Swiftly she walked straight over to the astonished Peter.

"Oh, you wonderful man!" she said, with shining eyes. "I never heard such a speech!"

"Not even Arnold's?" he asked as he led her through the smiling crowd.

"Not even anybody's. Oh, Peter, I want my ring!"

"Dear heart," he murmured as he bent tenderly over her.

The Making of the Flag

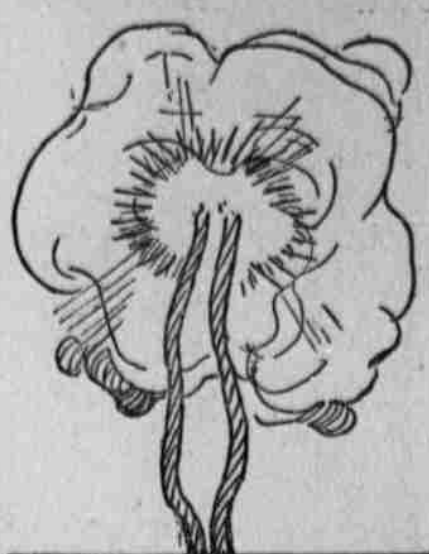
HOW did we make the flag?
By compass and square and line?
With pattern and thread and the sampler's tool,
To follow the plain design?
Was it only the lore that the draftsman knew
That gave us the red and the white and blue?

How did we make the flag?
Not all
By measuring stitch and seam,
For part of it came from a country call
And part of it is a dream—
Is a vision that led brave souls afloat
And gave us the red and the blue and white.

How did we make the flag?
In peace
We fashioned it fold on fold;
In war it was blent with a grim caprice
The drums in their summons rolled.
'Twas the courage alike of the quick and dead
That gave us the blue and the white and red.

How did we make the flag?
'Twas thus
It came to its grace and worth;
Through all that is good in the souls of us
The banner has had its birth.
'Twas the holier strength of the purpose true
That gave us the red and the white and blue.

Thus have we made the flag—
Ah, no!
By colors that will not fade,
By sinuous sweep and by deathless glow,
'Tis us that the flag has made!
And it whispers today to each star told state,
'You must hold me high and must keep me great!'
—Chicago Tribune.



The Occasion

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

HURRAH.
'Tis drawing near,
The day
We celebrate
And there
Is warning ample,
We won't
Have long to wait
No need
To tell
The children—
They know it,
I should say—
For what
Have they
Been doing
But waiting
For the day?
And it
Is an occasion
To stir
The sluggish breast,
The birthday
Of a nation
That seems
To stand the test.
The day
Our sturdy fathers
Rose up
And signed
The pact,
The famous
Declaration
That made
This land
A fact,
So let
The small boy
Holler
And fill the air
With sound;
It's only once
A twelvemonth
The glorious
Day comes round.

THE FOURTH IN HISTORY.

Many Famous Events That Have Happened on Independence Date.

The Fourth of July is peculiarly an American holiday, but in searching history we find some important events that have occurred on this day. The majority are of more than passing interest to citizens of the United States, but a few affected the world. History includes the following:

July 4, 1187—Sultan Saladin, the hero of Moslem romances, defeated the crusaders at Tiberias, Holy Land. This led to the capture of Jerusalem and the third crusade.

July 4, 1591—The laws of oppression under which the Huguenots were persecuted revoked by an edict of Henry IV. of France.

July 4, 1594—Nova Zembla was discovered.

July 4, 1648—Indian massacre. The Huron village of St. Joseph was wiped out by the Mohawks. Father Daniel baptized all who desired before he was killed.

July 4, 1653—The meeting of Cromwell's parliament, when Cromwell was crowned "lord protector of England."

July 4, 1776—Declaration of Independence. Birth of United States as a nation.

July 4, 1778—Colonel Clarke, American army officer, surprised and captured Kaskaskia and Fort George, Ill.

July 4, 1793—John Quincy Adams' wonderful speech, which marked the commencement of his public life.

July 4, 1804—Nathaniel Hawthorne was born.

July 4, 1817—Erie canal commenced.

July 4, 1825—Semecentenary of independence day. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, ex-presidents and signers of the Declaration of Independence, died. Stephen Foster, author of "The Swannee River," was born.

July 4, 1828—Charles Carroll, only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, laid cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio, the first railway in the United States.

July 4, 1831—Death of James Monroe, third president to die on this date.

July 4, 1846—Americans at Sonoma, Cal., led by Fremont, raised flag of revolution and declared for America, being the first coast town to desert Mexico.

July 4, 1848—Cornerstone of the Washington monument was laid.

July 4, 1850—President Taylor stricken with fatal illness while sitting near Washington monument. Died July 9.

July 4, 1863—Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg to Grant, and General Holmes was defeated at Helena, Ark.

July 4, 1866—Ten million dollar fire at Portland, Me., caused by firecrackers.

July 4, 1870—Election of Prince Hohenzollern to the throne by the provisional government; led to Franco-Prussian war.

July 4, 1874—Eads bridge, costing \$6,000,000, completed at St. Louis.

July 4, 1880—Statue of Liberty formally presented to the United States by France.

July 4, 1894—Hawaiian republic declared after bloodless revolution.

July 4, 1898—News received of Cervera's defeat off Santiago July 3.