

THE FIRE REKINDLED

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY

BY
Claire Wallace Flynn



HE rat-a-tat of the drums and the dauntless voice of the fife began to awaken the quiet streets early in the morning. Adam Roth, brought to his window by the insistent call of the fife, raised his eyes to the cloudless blue of the spring sky and then let them shift back uneasily to his shabby room.

As the sounds died away, Adam went and stood beside the bed. On it was laid the full uniform of a Zouave, discolored with the smoke of many battles, ragged and worn with the stress of weary marches. Near one shoulder a faded stain spoke of a wound received at Alexandria.

Adam looked long on this uniform, and then, brushing away a mist before his eyes, he whispered the name "Dan!" Dan, the brave brother who had first donned them in '61, who had with unabated love and energy and pride worn them on every Memorial day since the first, had gone to the great "assembly," and only Adam was left.

And Adam! There was no part for him in all these half pleasant, half

was dead! The whole post had heard of it nearly a year ago. Who, then, was this silent, mysterious figure, springing suddenly from the crowd and joining them?

"Who are you?" asked the man. Adam wavered a moment before he answered. The simple query blotted out his cherished dream; perhaps it would make the continuance of his march impossible. But finally he turned and answered:

"Dan Roth's brother." Suddenly he felt the silent encouragement of a handshake. The veteran meant to be his friend. Then the command of "Forward march!" came to them, and they were off once more, this time flashing warm, triumphant, into Riverside drive. The long march was over.

Beside him stood the color-bearer, holding aloft the tattered glory of the regiment. The words of the orator floated on the quivering air, and the cannon boomed from the gunboat in the river; but all sounds now seemed to come to Adam from a great distance. He was aflame with the spirit of devotion; the darkened lamp of patriotism had been lighted anew in him, and in the whole world there was nothing else.

Presently Adam's kindling eyes fell upon a man among the crowd of spectators, a man whose haggard face and



"There Goes One of Those Grizzly Fighters, Boys."

sad, reunions, these enthusiastic parades through the great city, these glorious awakenings of memories of deeds well done in the past. That was what ate into his soul and blotted out the light in his face. He had been a coward—coward! In those days, when the uniform before him had been a bright red, and the gun, leaning against the foot of the bed, had sparkled and shone, he had failed to answer the bugle call of his country. The sounds in the street below grow louder, and the sun streamed into the room, sending a sudden riot to Adam's heart. The veins in his temples throbbled like ceaseless threshing machines, separating all the chaff of his long life of failure and cowardice from this strange, burning prayer that sprang up within him, that he might once, only once, go forth in the uniform of the country he loved, to march behind the flag he had failed to protect, to be an American soldier!

He found himself taking off his coat with shaking hands, and, almost before he realized it, he was hurrying into the uniform. He dusted the moth-eaten fez and put it on his head. The worn tassel fell over his ear, and he tossed it back with a new, free fling of his head. The mantle of Dan seemed truly to have fallen upon him, bringing with it the spirit of '61.

A man leading two little boys by the hand pointed him out to the children. "There goes one of those grizzly old fighters, boys. I tell you, they did great work!" The words reached Adam and sent a gleam to his eyes.

With one great throb of his heart Adam stepped into the street and swung into line. The man next to him glanced in his direction, and his face whitened.

Dan Roth! Surely old Dan Roth

twitching body marked him apart. Rage, wild, unreasoning rage at fate, cried out from all his features. With some fascination Adam noticed that his eyes were fastened upon the flag, or all that was left of it. But what a gaze. His glance was a menace, his look burnt with the hatred of one whose hand is forever set against the insignia of law and royalty.

The ceremonies were drawing to a close. A bugler stepped forward and played the first bar of the "Star Spangled Banner." From his higher place Adam saw the man whom he had been watching push his way to the edge of the crowd, directly facing the flag. The people were singing now.

The man's arm shot out. Something gleamed in the sunshine, something sang in the air above the words "in triumph shall wave," and an old Zouave stumbled and fell forward upon the white stones.

The commander of the post stooped over the fallen man and lifted his head. The man was a stranger to him. He looked at a Zouave standing near, silently questioning him.

"He pushed in front of Peterson, sir, just as that scoundrel fired. He tried to grasp the flag, sir. I guess he saw what the fellow aimed at."

"Who is he?" asked the officer. "And what is he doing here? He is not one of my men."

"He was Dan Roth's brother. We have all heard of him—he was the boy that wouldn't join in '61. But today—he—he—"

The old man knelt down beside Adam. Just below the dim stain on the shoulder of Dan's jacket, the stain which marked that day at Alexandria, there was a new, fresh one. The heart that lay beneath it was at peace.

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VAN BUREN MEMORIAL

MONUMENT AT KINDERHOOK



MARTIN VAN BUREN

The New York state legislature has passed the measure appropriating \$10,000 for the erection of a suitable monument in Kinderhook in memory of Martin Van Buren, eighth president of the United States, and the first president of the nation chosen from New York state. He was also the first of the presidents born after the United States became an independent nation. If the bill becomes a law, as seems probable, the governor will appoint a commission of five residents of Columbia county to select a site in the village of Kinderhook, probably in the village park, choose the design and superintend the erection of the memorial.

President Van Buren was born in Kinderhook December 5, 1782, made his home there during a major part of his life, being familiarly denoted in his later years as the "Sage of Kinderhook," and died there July 24, 1862, almost an octogenarian. His grave in the village cemetery is marked only by a small monument.

Many evidences of his life in the staid old Dutch village still remain. At the side of the village street stands a remodeled dwelling pointed out as the birthplace of Van Buren, although what remains of the original building is an addition to the present main structure, the old hand-hewn timbers and the walls bearing every evidence of their antiquity. "Lindenwald," the estate just south of the village, where Van Buren lived in dignified retirement during the declining years of his life, is more closely associated, perhaps, with the man whose memory the state now seeks to honor. The hospitable residence, fronted by great trees, and surrounded by a fertile farm, remains to-day very much as it was when Van Buren died there. The property is now occupied by Adam Wagoner, the present owner.

The life history of Martin Van Buren is one of rapid progress to a place of prominence in his state and in the nation. The son of a farmer, he attended the academy at Kinderhook in his youth, and at 14 years of age began the study of law, finishing in the office of William P. Van Ness in New York. Before reaching his majority he was active in political affairs, and in 1808 was made surrogate of Columbia county, the youngest surrogate that county has ever had. He was elected to the state senate in 1812, from 1815 to 1819 served as attorney-general, and was again sent to the senate. The reorganization of the Democratic party in 1818 was directed by him, and he was a leading member of the Albany regency. In 1821 he was chosen United States senator from New York, and in the same year was a member of the convention for revision of the state constitution. In 1827 he was re-elected as United States senator, but resigned in 1828 on being elected governor of New York state. In March, 1829, he was appointed secretary of state in President Jackson's cabinet, and resigned in April, 1831. In September of that year he went as minister to England, but in December the United States senate refused to ratify the appointment chiefly on the ground that the chief secretary of state had introduced domestic party matters into foreign diplomacy. This petty action made Van Buren more popular than ever, and in May, 1832, he was nominated by the Democratic party for vice-president, and elected in November. In 1836 he was elected president, receiving 170 to 73 electoral

votes for William Henry Harrison, his chief opponent, and a majority of the popular vote as well. At the time of his inauguration the country had suffered from financial difficulties, and in 1837-9, following the suspension of specie payments by the banks, the crisis came which is yet remembered among the greatest panics in American history. President Van Buren established an independent treasury system for the care and disbursement of public money, and for this, which was at length permanently adopted, his administration was chiefly distinguished.

MACHINE THAT BLOWS GLASS

American Engineer Said to Have Invented Really Practical Labor-Saving Device.

Common, ordinary window glass is one of the few industrial products of which the method of making has practically remained stationary.

From time to time attempts have been made to use mechanical apparatus for blowing the glass, but the results have been unsatisfactory and the old method has persisted.

The workman blows a cylinder of glass, which is then split open lengthwise and carried to a furnace, where it opens out under the influence of the heat. A slow process, consequently expensive, and above all injurious to the health of the blowers.

Now an American engineer has just invented a simple machine for which, when certain difficulties are overcome, great success is hoped. The glass is made like paper, then a sheet of the paste is drawn vertically from the tub, and this a horizontal cylinder carries over an endless table, then into an annealing furnace, from which comes forth an uninterrupted band of glass, that can be cut off in desired lengths.

One of the greatest difficulties in this method is to prevent the glass paste from growing thinner by its own weight as it is drawn from the tub. This problem has been solved by placing in the tub two balls that rotate rapidly from the bottom to the top, which has the effect of continually drawing masses of glass towards the top, thus counteracting the tendency to string down and contract.

With this new method a single furnace can produce 12 tons of glass every 24 hours, and all its service requires is a watchman, a cutter and two boys to take away the panes.

By the present method of blowing, it would take 24 men to produce the same result.

Economic Move of Railroads.

A novel move has been made by railroads in New England in the transportation of the potato crop from Maine to the west. The refrigerator cars which reach Boston with beef are not returned empty now, but are sent to Maine, where they are loaded with potatoes. A new plan of heating the cars is used so that the products reach their destination without any ill effects of the weather. Instead of stoves and men to handle the fires while the cars are traveling, the cars are now heated with a charcoal fire shortly after being loaded. When a certain temperature is reached the fire is removed and the cars are closed and sealed, retaining the heat to the end of their journey.

Earthquakes and Bridges.

The damage to bridges by earthquakes is due generally to the banks of valleys being drawn together, according to W. H. Mobbs, whose conclusions are based on a study of earthquakes in the United States, India and Japan, extending back to 1886. Moreover, it seems to be the general rule that a fissure or a series of parallel fissures opens during an earthquake along the banks of rivers parallel to their courses.

Wants No Undeserved Fame.

The man who was accused in court of spending \$100,000 for drink continuously corrected the statement.

"It was but \$80,000," he modestly explained.

This shows that no true gentleman will ever accept fame that is based upon a flagrant misstatement.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COLONY HOUSE FOR POULTRY IS MUCH BEST

Far Ahead of Other Buildings for Shelter and Handling the Stock and Convenience—By J. W. Griffin.

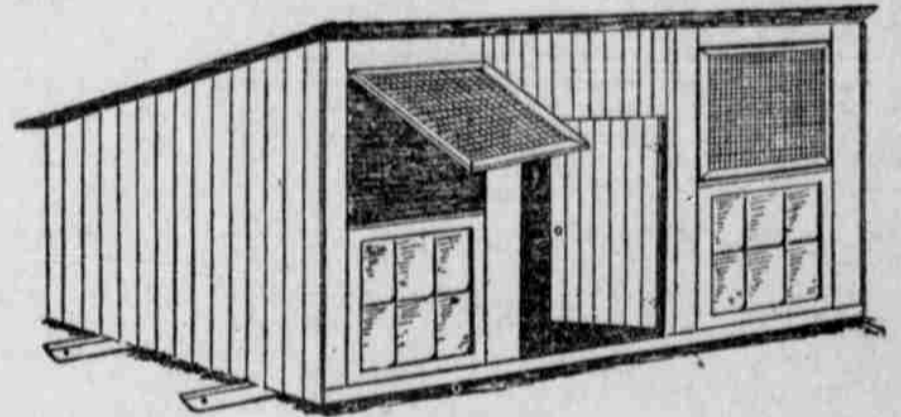
The best thing I have seen lately in the colony poultry house line is illustrated in the accompanying pen sketch. All will admit that have used them that the colony house for poultry or hogs is far ahead of the general run of large houses as far as convenience of handling the stock and the general conditions are concerned. To have the best when it costs but a very little more should be our aim, says J. Wesley Griffin in "Farmers' Review." From the time the chicks are put with the mother hen until each individual pullet is ready to start out in the world upon the duty of mother hens, this house may be altered to suit each period of her existence without the least expense over first cost.

The building is 8x12 feet square, 7 feet high in front and 5 feet high in the rear, inside measure. This gives 96 square feet floor space in the house. We will start a hen with 20 chicks. It is much better to start a hen with 20 chicks, give them careful attention and raise them all than to start her with 28 or 30, expecting her to lose a part or enough to dwindle down to 20. Ninety-six feet of floor space is plenty of room at first for a

fresh air. When laying time comes, cracker and canned good boxes from the grocer's are set around the wall for nests.

This house is easy to build, easy to keep clean and free from mice, and easy to move from place to place, it being built upon runners. The bill of material for the house is as follows:

- Two pieces 2x6-inch sills, 12 feet long.
 - Two pieces 2x6-inch runners, 14 feet long.
 - Seven pieces 2x6-inch joists, 8 feet long.
 - Seven pieces 2x4-inch rafters, 10 feet long.
 - Two pieces 2x4-inch platts, 14 feet long.
 - Siding, 300 feet.
 - Common flooring for sheeting, 146 feet.
 - Good flooring for floor, 96 feet.
 - Two sash for glass, 3x3 feet.
 - Four sash for cloth, 3x3.
 - Four pair small hinges for sash.
 - One pair hinges for door.
 - Twenty-five pounds assorted nails.
 - One and one-half squares roofing.
- The cost of the material at present prices will be in the neighborhood of



A Colony House.

hen and 20 chicks, but later on they will utilize it all. The coop sets before one window, the dust box before the other. At the rear of the room is a perch pole one foot from the floor. By the time the chicks are seven or eight weeks old they are roosting on this. Then the coop is taken away, which gives more floor space. As the weather becomes warmer the glass sash are taken out during the day and cloth sash put in their place, the glass being returned at night. Later on the glass may be left out entirely. The cloth sash at the bottom are hung like those at the top, which, when raised, and held in position as shown in cut, gives a shade for each window and allow free circulation in the house of

\$20. The carpenter's work will cost about \$10, making a total cost for the house about \$40. It may be cheaper in some cases, especially if the farmer can do his own building.

In buying material for several houses, say ten or twelve, the cost of the individual house is reduced about ten per cent.

In a field of twenty-five or thirty acres that is in meadow or pasture, with plenty of nice shade trees, ten or twelve of these houses scattered over it look very pretty. But still prettier are the little chicks when about grown, each flock at feeding time picking around its home. And yet prettier, the swell in the bank account at selling time.

INDIAN CORN IS GREATEST CROP

Total Value Exceeds That of Cotton, Hay and Wheat.

Greatest of all crops is Indian corn, the priceless gift of the Indian, who freely gave to the white man information which led to the production of 2,643,000,000 bushels this year. The crops of three years have exceeded this, but only the crop of one year—1906—exceeded it very much.

The value of this crop almost surpasses belief. It is \$1,615,000,000. This wealth that has grown out of the soil in four months of rain and sunshine, and some drought, too, is enough to cancel the interest-bearing debt of the United States and to pay for the Panama canal and 50 battleships.

The price of corn is exceptionally high. There are only two years in the record of this department in which the farm price of this crop was as high as it is for this year. In 1881 the price was 63.5 cents; in 1901, when there was only two-thirds of an ordinary crop, the price was 60.5 cents.

The total value of this crop is by far the highest ever reached. The crop of 1902 was worth \$1,000,000,000, and the crops of 1904, 1905 and 1906 were worth \$100,000,000 more; the great increase of \$300,000,000 over the crop of 1902 was made in 1907, and now the increase is \$600,000, equal to the gold in the treasury of a rich nation.

The corn crop far exceeds in value the prominent farm crops next below. It is worth nearly as much this year as the great crops of cotton, hay and wheat combined.

In comparison with the averages of the preceding five years, the quantity of the corn crop of this year is 2.1 per cent. higher and the value 42.6 per cent. higher.

The Culture of Asparagus.

One of the best and easiest grown of our garden perennials is the asparagus plant. It can be started either from seed or from plants. If one wishes to raise plants to sell it is better, of course, to plant the seeds, but if asparagus is wanted for home or market use, in the shortest time possible, it is better to set out yearling seedlings. It is important in laying out the asparagus plantation to select a place where it can remain permanently, for if taken proper care of the plantation will last 20 years. The land selected should be deep, rich, fertile, moist and cool soil, having a warm exposure, a gradual southern slope being preferred.

Care of Garden Acquired.—There are certain general laws and principles underlying all garden work. It is necessary for the gardener to master these in order to become successful and always meet the unexpected. It is not enough to know simply what plant foods are good for corn, but what plant foods all crops require. It is well to know how to kill cabbage caterpillars, but it is better to know how to kill all biting insect pests.

But when one has learned the general principles of growing plants, it is then essential to acquire special knowledge of special crops. There are a dozen, and sometimes a hundred, small special facts, peculiar to each garden plant. A knowledge of these special facts makes possible success in growing special crops. Some of these may be acquired by reading or listening to what others say, yet they can never be fully mastered till one has had several years of actual experience. They must be absorbed at first hand to be fully appreciated.

Skim Milk for Pigs.—The usefulness of fresh, warm skim milk from the farm separator is by no means confined to the raising of young calves. Young pigs, if anything, thrive and grow even better on it than young calves do.

A series of experiments conducted at the Storrs agricultural experiment station in Connecticut shows conclusively that the skim milk produced better results than rich milk or even poor whole milk. One lot of pigs were fed all of the skim milk they would drink. The second lot was fed on ordinary whole milk, and the third lot was fed on rich milk. At the end of 40 days the pigs receiving the skim milk made an average gain of 31 pounds. The pigs receiving the ordinary milk made an average of 27.4 pounds and the lot receiving the rich milk made an average gain of 21.1 pounds. As the trial progressed this rate of gain was maintained.

Chickens Feed Themselves.—The profit in the farm flock of chickens comes largely from the fact that the birds make their living on scattering grains and feeds that could not be utilized by any other domestic animals. The larger the farm the more crops are grown, and the greater number of stables and feed lots the more waste feeds the chickens can pick up. Under certain conditions and at certain times, however, there is very little feed for the birds to glean. At such times, then poultry must be fed as other animals are if they are expected to thrive and produce. This point is often overlooked with the farm flock, and the farmer begins to complain that there is no money in poultry.