

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER HONORED IN BALTIMORE CITY

Honor Francis Scott Key at Big Centennial.

"OLD GLORY" 100 YEARS OLD

September 12, 1814, Marked Opening of Three-Day Engagement in the War Which Gave Nation Most Stirring Anthem.

Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore opened wide her gates to guests from all over the United States when the national Star-Spangled Banner centennial was opened there for a week's duration. Sunday, September 6, was designated as patriots' day, and was featured by a music festival by a massed orchestra and a chorus of 5,000 voices. September 7 was featured as industrial day with a parade of 500 floats. The middle states regatta was rowed on that day.

Francis Scott Key day, on September 8, was observed with a floral automobile parade, a reception on battle-ships in the harbor, a night carnival and tournament and colonial lawn fests. On September 10, fraternal day, a parade with 60,000 fraternal men in line, accompanied by 50 bands and 60 floats, was followed in the evening by a fraternal ball.

September 11 was celebrated as army and navy day. In the evening there was a military ball to the president, the cabinet, state governors and other distinguished guests. September 12, Star-Spangled Banner day, saw the original flag of Stars and Stripes borne through the city to Fort Mc-

To aid in these operations of defense was Fort McHenry, at the mouth of the Patapsco river, just outside of the city, by no means a formidable fortress. It was not bomb-proof, and its armament, even for that day, was woefully inadequate. On the opposite side of the river earthworks had been hastily thrown up under the direction of General Smith, and behind these were mounted 100 small cannon. This was at a place then known as "Hampstead Hill," and it still bears that name, although it is included in what is now Patterson park, one of Baltimore's pleasure grounds. Guns were also posted at North Point, some distance away, and at Lazaretto Point, directly opposite Fort McHenry.

To the hurried erecting of these fortifications practically the entire population of Baltimore—men, women and children—devoted itself as soon as it was learned that the British purposed an attack upon the city.

On September 11 the dread news that the enemy's fleet was off the harbor was made known. This fleet consisted of 50 ships, an extremely powerful armada for that day, carrying 9,000 veteran troops.

Troops were landed from the fleet on Monday, September 12, and on that day began the first fight, known as "the battle of North Point." For the number of men engaged, it was an exceedingly sanguinary affair. It began by an untoward happening to the British and ended with the Americans in possession of the field, after a hot fight of doubtful issue.

Riding at the head of his troops, General Ross was the first man to fall. A few American skirmishers posted along the line of march of the British saw their approach. Tradition has it that two young sharpshooters, Daniel Wells and Henry C. McComas, selected General Ross as their target in the hope of halting the British advance, and fired at him with unerring aim. These two boys, respectively eighteen and nineteen years old, were secreted in a clump of bushes and immediately after they had mortally wounded the British commander they were killed, as they were certain to be, by a tremendous volley fired into their shelter. A monument to those two lads stands today in Alsquith square, at the conjunction of Gay, Monument and Alsquith streets, in the city of Baltimore, being one of the several structures of the kind which give it the name of the "Monumental city."

But this disaster only meant a temporary check to the British. Under the direction of Admiral Cockburn and Colonel Brooke, they continued to advance, and in the early afternoon began the real battle of North Point. The Americans were short of ammunition, but determinedly poured a fire of shot, slugs, old nails and scrap iron into their foes. Fearful execution was done during the hour and a half of this fight's duration, after which General Strickler fell back in good order to his base, near Hampstead Hill. The American loss was 150 killed and the British 600.

A heavy rainstorm halted further fighting for the day, and at night, leaving their campfires burning, the British withdrew to the cover of their ships, defeated in their attempt to carry the defending works, and trusting to their fleet to reduce Fort McHenry and thus give them an easier entrance into the city.

And in the meantime what of the fort? During the day of the battle of

to this end sent a storming party of 1,250 picked men in small boats to essay the ramparts of the fort. The intense darkness of the night aided this project, but as the party was about to land it was discovered. A terrible fire came from the fort, and although the British behaved with great valor, they were beaten off, two of their vessels were sunk and many men were killed.

This storming attempt was not repeated, although the bombardment continued, not ceasing until seven o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth, after a night of fire and terror in which 1,800 shells were thrown into the fort by its assailants. But the attack was frustrated, and, daunted by their heavy losses, the stern re-



Mrs. Mary Pattersgill, Who Made the Flag.

istance they had encountered and the death of their general, the British drew off and the fleet, with the army aboard, sailed away.

It was a great victory, more important than it would have been from its direct effect, for it heartened Americans cast down by a succession of land defeats.

Still greater, however, was this victory, for its horrors were the birth pangs of a song which has since stirred Americans for a hundred years. During the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key, lawyer-soldier-poet, wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," actually, if not officially, the national anthem.

After the fight at Bladensburg, the British fleet had made its way down the Potomac river and up Chesapeake bay. Landings of troops were frequent and these often burned homes on the countryside. During one of these forays an aged physician, Dr. William Beanes of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had arrested some British soldiers for wanton destruction of his property. He was captured and held a prisoner upon the prison ship Minden.

Doctor Beanes was a close friend of the Key family, and to effect his release Francis Scott Key, under a flag of truce, made his way to the British admiral. He was courteously received and accomplished his purpose, but neither he nor Doctor Beanes was allowed to land immediately, because just at this time the bombardment of Fort McHenry had been resolved upon and it was feared that they might reveal the British plans.

During the terrible night of September 13, in all the horrors of the bombardment, Key and Doctor Beanes paced the deck of the Minden, fearful at every lull in the firing that the brave little fort had fallen. The fact that the fort's guns could not carry to the hostile ships and therefore early ceased firing until the ships came within range, lent apparent corroboration to their fears.

Morning broke, a fair, bright September morning, and in the soft haze the blushing sun revealed the great flag which had been especially made for the fortress by Mrs. Mary Pattersgill of Baltimore in her home at 69 Albenarle street, in a house which still stands. Key's joy was boundless. The words of the first stanza of his glorious song of freedom formed themselves in his mind. He and his companions were released a few hours afterward, and in a small boat, on their way to Baltimore, the song was written.

It was found to fit perfectly to a then popular English tune, "Anacreon in Heaven." The poem was finished that night—September 14, 1814. The next morning it was printed, and that evening September 15, it was sung with rejoicing in all the taverns and public places in Baltimore, for by that time the British fleet had sailed away and the city was safe.

The city of Baltimore, which was saved from an enemy a century ago, near which Francis Scott Key was born in 1770, and where he died in 1843, honored by a ration, has devoted a week to celebration of its deliverance which culminated September 14, a hundred years from the day of the birth of the national anthem and of the sailing away, defeated, of the menacing fleet of the invader.

To the Coast in a Wheelbarrow. Chicago.—Stephen Meyuhart, Alec Friez and John Janosky, newspaper men, are travelling from New York to the Panama exposition in a wheelbarrow, each taking turns riding, and have reached Chicago. They started on the journey on May 7 and expect to reach their destination on May 1, 1915. The party makes its expenses by addressing meetings and writing for Hungarian newspapers.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Uncle Sam Makes Fine Reputation as Architect

WASHINGTON—When the average citizen beholds the beautiful lines of the modern federal buildings in most of the principal cities of the United States, he probably does not realize that in addition to his many other vocations and professions, Uncle Sam is also an architect, represented at present by Oscar Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. Yet, Uncle Sam is making a wonderful reputation for himself in this capacity. Not only is he doing good work, but he is being widely copied, and those who are acquainted with the facts realize that he is doing more to set the fashion and elevate the standard of architecture in this country than any other agency.

For the first 75 years of our national existence the public buildings were put up in a sort of haphazard way. Commissioners appointed by the secretary of the treasury selected the architect of a building and attended to all the details of its construction. The result was that no fixed idea was carried out, and our earlier public buildings had no uniformity of design at all.

Today it is different. Uncle Sam has become an architect on his own account, and he is designing his own buildings. The result is that one may now recognize the new federal buildings of the country on sight by their uniformity of style. There is just enough diversity in detail to prevent too much similarity.

In times past the government roamed the whole world over to find new ideas in architecture, and in the older federal buildings one may see everything from the Gothic down to the Romanesque. But after trying them all, the classic style based on the best French and English influence as illustrated by the Senate office building in this city, has been decided upon as embodying the best that there is in beauty and utility in architecture.

An example of some of the failures of bygone days is the old Washington post office on Pennsylvania avenue and the Municipal building which Supervising Architect Wenderoth styles "an architectural nightmare." A Boston architect imported the Romanesque style along in the eighties, and made a great hit with it in Boston and Cincinnati. Then came along the supervising architect at that time with a determination to copy the style in the Washington post office. He did so, and the result speaks for itself.

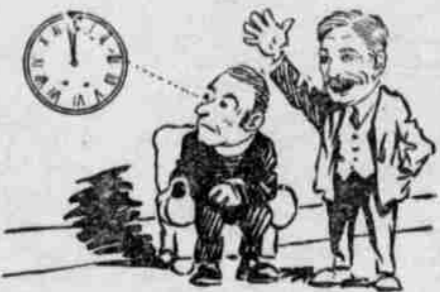
Eleventh-Hour Stories of the Vice-President

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers he is apt to have a half-suppressed smile on his face, and the Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. A few minutes before noon the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice-president into the chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous and the sergeant-at-arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice-president is going to reach his seat in due season.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point to his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would perhaps be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.



Francis Scott Key.

Henry, the escort consisting of President Wilson, state governors and a picked guard of 100 men from each of the states of the union in 1814.

President Wilson addressed the guests at the dedication of Fort McHenry as a city park. But perhaps greatest of all spectacles was the formation of a living Star-Spangled Banner by 10,000 school children, who sang the national anthem to the accompaniment of massed bands numbering 1,500 musicians. The final day was peace day, when universal peace was the theme in all Baltimore churches.

The summer of 1814 was not a bright one for the arms of the United States. On land it was marked by constant defeat, culminating in the burning of Washington August 23. But the end of that summer, nevertheless, witnessed a glorious event, celebrated in deathless verse wrung from the heart of a burning patriot, who had witnessed the night bombardment of the fortress which protected his native shores and knew not until morning whether the brave little fort had successfully withstood the assault or not.

There was no telegraph in 1814, few and sparse means of communication, but after the skirmish of August 23, sometimes called "battle" of Bladensburg, a little Maryland town, six miles from Washington, where about three thousand raw militia, mostly farmers, were quickly routed by the trained veterans of Gen. Robert Ross, the British commander, the air about Baltimore was alive with news and rumors of disaster.

The British fleet, which had left Bermuda a month before, was sailing along the Chesapeake bay and its tributary rivers, burning and destroying; Washington was in ruins, owing to a disgraceful act of vandalism perpetrated mainly through the agency of Admiral George Cockburn, who afterwards conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena.

Baltimore seemed irretrievably doomed. An its defense it could only marshal a "home guard," principally consisting of boys and old men of Baltimore, a few country companies of militia, hastily recruited from surrounding Maryland towns and from York and Hanover in Pennsylvania, and about one thousand real soldiers spared to the defense of the city, in all about ten thousand men, under the command of Gen. Samuel Smith, a Revolutionary veteran, and General Strickler, the former as commander-in-chief of the defense of the city and the latter an active head of the defensive operations.



View of Old Fort McHenry.

North Point it was idle, its defenders, under the intrepid Major George Armistead, awaiting the inevitable attack. It came the next morning.

In order to prevent the passage of the British fleet into the mouth of the river and thus render it able directly to bombard Baltimore, a line of hulks was sunk across the river. This acted as an effectual barrier and the bombardment of the ships was from off the mouth of the stream.

The British ships had better offensive weapons than the fort. Their cannon carried farther and sent a veritable rain of bombs and shot into the fort all that day and the following night.

Major Armistead at first replied sturdily, but he found that his cannon had not sufficient range to reach the enemy's ships. Wisely, then, he held his fire and awaited events. As a hostile vessel essayed to creep closer to the fort the defenders' fire drove it off. One ship was quickly disabled and was towed out of range by smaller boats. The fort, although inflicting little damage, was sturdily holding its own.

Admiral Cockburn, in charge of the fleet, determined upon an assault, and

Small Boy Finds Red Flag; Nearly Wrecks Train

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy came near causing a disastrous rear-end collision on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near the scene of the Terra Cotta wreck, the other morning, when he flagged the Frederick local due here from Frederick, Md., at 8:30 o'clock.

As usual, the train was crowded, as was the Hagerstown train, following it. The engineer of the Frederick local jammed on his emergency brakes, when he saw Robert Shipley, who lives at Stott's, near the district line, frantically waving a red flag on the track ahead, not far from the Stott station.

Quick work was necessary to flag and halt the Hagerstown train booming down the line behind. A rear-end collision was narrowly averted through the agility of the flagman, who put sufficient space between himself and the Frederick train to give the second engineer stopping room.

In the meantime, the engineer, conductor and many passengers piled out and surrounded young Shipley, demanding to know the danger. Unabashed, the boy explained that he had found a red flag on the track and wanted to return it. He was questioned closely, but to no further effect.

The conductor took the flag, and trainmen unanimously admitted that they had encountered a remarkable case of an honest boy. They added with some show of bitterness, however, that there are times when too much honesty is not the best policy.

Sightseeing Indians Amused at Boys' Warfare

TWO Indians were sightseeing up Capitol Hill way. Both were civilized to the extent of cheap clothes that didn't fit, and, as small concessions to a tribal past, each wore a single quill in his gray sombrero. Also, one wore gold hoop earrings, and the other displayed on his breast a Catholic medal and cross. They shuffled along listlessly until, as they came to the library, each stopped with sudden alertness to watch two tiny boys playing on the grass. Each small chap had on an Indian suit of brown cambric with a war bonnet of turkey quills.

And each waved a tinsel steel tomahawk and danced exactly as real Indians don't do and never did. And when one boy put his hatchet between his teeth and crawled over the grass to attack a portly black nurse who made believe she didn't know what was coming to her, the two who were the real thing looked at each other and chuckled.

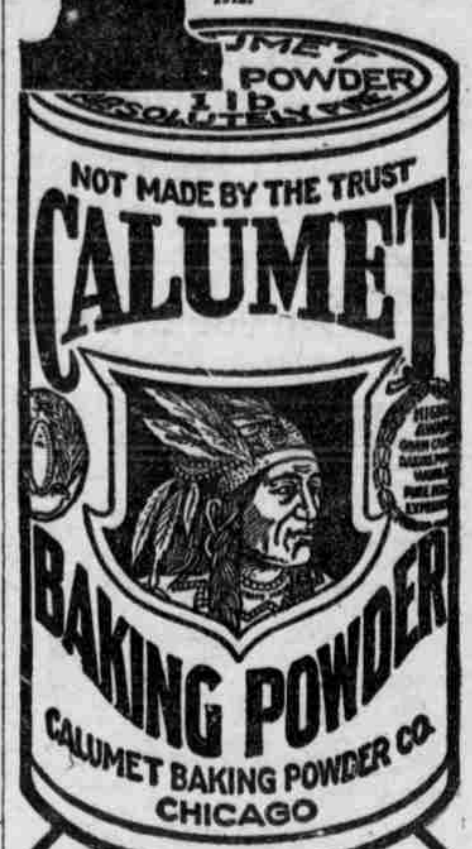
And inside the library there are doubtless many books beautifully bound and illustrated to prove that the red man is a stoic who has never been known to smile.



1st First in Everything

First in Quality
First in Results
First in Purity
First in Economy

and for these reasons Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-name baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Popular Gift.
"So you are married, Sam?"
"Oh, yes, sah."
"Did you get any wedding gifts, Sam?"
"Oh, yes, sah."
"Any duplicates, Sam?"
"Oh, yes, sah. I got eight razors, sah."

Correct.
"Love levels all things," quoted the sage.
"Yes, everything but heads," corrected the fool.

Many a woman regrets that she didn't change her mind before she changed her name.

It is well to be able to talk, but there are times when silence is more valuable.

There is a turning point in every man's career—even if he isn't a crank.

W. L. DOUGLAS



YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. For 31 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and the high grade leather used, you would then understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price. If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere. Postage free in the U. S. Write for illustrated catalogue showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 230 Sparks St., Brockton, Mass.

FRESH PECANS

"THE NUT SUPREME"
Only the largest and best varieties.
By insured parcel post 10 pounds \$3.00
Return if not satisfied.
Southwestern Bee Co., Dept. G, San Antonio, Tex.

Nebraska Directory

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

BLISS & WELLMAN
Live Stock Commission Merchants
254-256 Exchange Building, South Omaha
All stock consigned to us is sold by members of the firm, and all employees have been selected and trained for the work which they do. Write—show—ship—

THE PAXTON HOTEL

Omaha, Nebraska
Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double.
CAFÉ PRICES REASONABLE
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 39-1914.