

THE OLD FLAG.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips—
Aye, the lump just then in your throat that
rose
Spoke more than your parted lips!

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset
sky
If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with death has lain
This twenty years and more;
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray,
But look at his eye fire young and bold
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air
And strikes right into the heart—
If ever it calls for you, boy, be there!
Be there and ready to start!

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head;
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred dead.
—Henry Cuyler Banner.

MICKEY EMMETT'S FOURTH OF JULY.

He's a man now, and a good one, but July 4, 1872, he was a freckled-faced, barefooted school boy in Elwood, Kan. He's a division superintendent on the Illinois Central railroad now, and he writes his name "M. R. Emmett, Supt.," but in those days he was known at the village school as Mickey Emmett. Of course Michael Robert Emmett would have been more distinguished and deferential, but in those days he didn't go in much for style, and with the memory of his dead father's fine Irish brogue yet ringing in his ears, "Mickey" sounded all right.

Mickey's widowed mother "kept cows." Nobody called her little establishment a "dairy" except herself, but she managed to eke out a decent living for herself and Mickey, and she was proud of her ambition to give him an education and prouder of the fact that he always was first at his studies.

But when the glorious Fourth of 1872 drew near, Mickey made an eloquent plea for some fireworks. He wanted to show his patriotism. He had an ambition to make as much noise as the other boys, and his heart rebelled at the suggestion that "twas a waste of money." The widow promised him a flag.

"O'll giv yez a two-bit flag," said she, "an' take yez over t' the picnic at Lake Contrary. They's t' be a balloon ascension and free fair wurricks, and 'twill cost us both only four-bits."

Mickey preferred to make bedlam in his own yard, but the widow was bent on the picnic, and the boy agreed to go.

It was the balloon that fascinated the lad. He was no sooner on the picnic grounds than he sought out the cord-netted bag of yellow, with its wicker basket, its anchor and its gaping mouth. When the great charcoal fire was kindled and the pipe inserted into the big balloon, Mickey was the busiest lad in the neighborhood. His good mother watched him and cautioned him a hundred times, but he hovered about the balloon like a bee at an alfalfa blossom.

Finally, the aeronaut, Prof. Winball, came forth with a bath robe flowing gracefully from his shoulders. His spangled tights gleamed in the hot sunlight, and he superintended the inflation of his balloon with the careless confidence of a master. Mickey redoubled his efforts to help so great a man. He helped to lift the sand bags into the car, and as the yellow bulb, like a monstrous orange, bobbed upward in its efforts to be free, the little Irish boy was beside himself with delight. He hopped into the basket a dozen times. The professor smiled beamingly upon him and asked:

"Will you go up with me, little man?"

Mickey glanced at his mother, who shook her head fiercely, and then he dodged away again into the crowd.

Fifty stout arms were now holding the guy ropes which confined the balloon. The day was perfect. Not a breath of wind disturbed the air. The smoke from the little steamer in the lake curled straight upward in a widening cone of gray. The trees were motionless. No cloud specked the blue sky, the water lay flat and shining like a mirror in the sun.

"Now, my friends," thundered Prof. Winball, casting aside his robe and standing resplendent in the sunlight, "when I shout 'Let go!' you must all loose hold upon the ropes."

The volunteer assistants chorused "All right." Then there was a wait while the professor looked after some carrier pigeons that were to accompany him in the ascent. Somebody shouted "Let go!" The restraining ropes were dropped with one accord, and the balloon, tenantless and like a rayless planet, rose upward from the ground.

Then the round, brown, freckled face of a small boy peeped over the rim of the basket. A woman screamed and fainted, and Mickey Emmett, the small boy of Elwood, Kan., went sailing toward the zenith alone in a slender basket, swinging by four taut cords, with the upward sweeping bulb of yellow silk lifting him beyond the sound of voices and into the measureless space where the winds are free and the world is but a silver-striped ball of green and yellow.

"When I looked over the edge of that basket," said Superintendent Emmett, telling the story, "I didn't realize that I was going up. For five minutes or more it seemed to me that the earth had suddenly dropped downward into space. I heard my mother scream and was vaguely convinced that she had felt the earth dropping under her and was frightened. It didn't occur to me that I was in danger. I rather felt that I was lucky to be

THE FIFTH OF JULY—CALLING THE ROLL.

(Adapted from a famous old poem.)



"Benjamin Jones!" the father cried:
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear.
From the lips of a youngster standing
near:
And "here!" was the word the next re-
plied.
"Johnnie Jones!" and a silence fell:
This time, no answer followed the call:
Only his brother saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the morning light
On July the fifth, the present year,
And the roll was read in accents clear.
By the senior Jones, who was ghastly white,
"Charley Jones!" At the call there came
Two ambulance men and some doleful
groans
As they bore in the body of Charley
Jones,

greatly disfigured, to answer his name.
"Albert Jones!" and a voice said "here!"
"Chauncey Jones!" "He's down at St.
Luke's
With a couple of badly damaged 'dukes,'
The doctors say he'll be well next year."
"William Jones!"—then some one said:
"A small toy pistol went off and shot
him,
And the ambulance people hurried and
got him
To make some repairs on his injured head."
"Twas a gallant day, but it cost us dear:
For that family roll when called to-day,
Of a total of seven that entered the fray,
Numbered but four that answered "here!"
—Chicago Tribune.

in a balloon at the very moment when the world fell from its place. I speculated upon what would happen when the globe went crash against the moon, and selfishly chuckled at the thought that I, at least, wouldn't be in the smash-up.

"The only breeze I felt seemed to come straight down from above. I dropped my cap out and it fell like a pound of lead. Then, for the first time, I began to realize that I was going up and the earth was standing still, doing business in the same old place. For a quarter of an hour the ground below me looked like a concave basin. The horizon seemed like the high outer rim, and below me, so far that the people looked like small bugs, was the bottom of the hollow dish. To the west, like a yellow ribbon winding among green fields and forests and squares of golden harvest field, the Missouri river lay flashing in the sun. Lake Contrary, a sheet of water four miles

rotund and bulging, and now that its sides were dented and flabby. I found a package of cards in the basket, advertisements for the balloonist, and throwing them out saw that they sailed lazily upward.

"I'm falling!" I murmured, and for the first time became conscious of the most terrible fear. My hair was rather long, and stood on end partly with terror and partly from the upward draught through which I was descending more rapidly each second. The moon peeped over the eastern hills suddenly, and then I could see the earth again, luminous in a pale green glow and apparently soaring steadily toward me. Then I could see blotches of darker shadowy green, the river looked broader, and now I could see the lake as if coming up directly under me, silvery blue. Then I heard a murmur as of many distant voices which grew louder and louder. I heard cheers and looked over for the last time. I was falling so swiftly now that I prayed and thought of my mother by turns. Then I covered my face with my hands and waited for the crash.

"But suddenly the basket in which I crouched stopped with a sudden jerk, and then the big silken bag came softly rustling down over me. I felt another gentle bump, the voices were ringing in my ears, and I felt a hundred hands pulling away at the empty balloon. When I came to I was in a hammock on the porch of the little hotel near the lake. I wasn't hurt in the least, and my mother, laughing, crying and thanking God in her reverent old Irish way, was holding my hands. I had descended within a hundred yards of the place I had started from and had spent nearly three hours at a great altitude. Of course my mother was wild with fear, but Prof. Winball, who knew his business, reassured her somewhat by his own certainty that the absolute stillness of the air would insure my safe descent near by. His only worry was that I'd fall in the lake, and a score of boats were patrolling the waters watching for me. The balloon anchor was what caused the first jolt as I swept downward, but it broke the force of the fall and probably saved me from a broken limb at least. No, I never went near a balloon again, but I'm not sorry for the experience."—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.



SCREAMED AND FAINTED.

long, looked like the half-closed blue eye of a woman. St. Joe, smokeless and spangled with tin roofs and glass, seemed almost beneath me, like a toy village on a checkerboard, its hills flattened and its streets merely dotted with crawling specks.

"It must have been past 6 o'clock in the evening when the balloon let go. The sun was low, and yet before it set beyond the Kansas plains the world no longer looked flat. Just as the sun, monstrous in size and brazen with the dull color that you have seen at sunset, struck the horizon, the world suddenly assumed the appearance of a globe. The lake below me, now looking like a silver dime, seemed like the apex of the sphere, and then, as the sun dropped below the sky line, shadows crept about it. I saw, like stars reflected in the water, the city's lights shining dimly below. Soon the globe, down upon which I gazed with fascinating interest, lost all color. The pale lights seemed to be swimming round and round. But yet my balloon, still in the sun's half light, was luminous with a pale yellow glow.

"I became fascinated with the sparks of light and streaks of fiery red that then began to glimmer and flash in tiny lines and arcs upon the earth. Sometimes a muffled roar like that of thunder and then the crack of lesser noises would reach my ears, and I began to fancy that I was far above the clouds and was looking down upon a miniature thunder storm. But finally I remembered that it was the Fourth, and then I knew that the disturbed area upon which I saw so many little darting lights was St. Joe and its evening display of Roman candles, rockets and bombs. They all seemed very trifling and pitiful to me then, and I remembered conceiving a genuine contempt for so small a thing as a pack or even a box of fire-crackers.

"Then I noticed that the breeze no longer blew downward upon my bare head. I watched the bag which had been

Morning of the Fourth.



Uncle Rastus comes to town early to be on hand for the celebration.



The celebration begins.

An Epitaph.
Stop, traveler, and weep for him
Who's lying here below.
He filled his cannon to the brim—
That's all you'll ever know.
—New York World.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Prince Arsen ought to fill the bill as King of Servia.

The Kansas City Post speaks of "one William Allen White." Is there any other William Allen White?

Mr. Rockefeller doubtless sees considerable point in the ancient saw, "He laughs best who laughs last."

With all his millions, there's one baby delight Baby Rockefeller will never indulge in—pulling grandpa's hair.

A bride has made sofa cushions out of her courtship love letters. It would probably be difficult to find a softer filling.

The anti-study union at Annapolis seems to have succeeded in getting a lot of midshipmen out of the Naval Academy.

Those Russian prisoners who have declared a hunger strike are like the man who sat upon the limb he was sawing off.

Why is it that every Legislature in the country fools away the first half of the session and works itself to death the last half?

If a Russian spy really is in this country, he will have to guard against being caught and drafted upon the staff of some yellow paper.

The country will refuse to be surprised at the announcement that Wall street is said to be behind a scheme for supplying New York with water.

Statisticians may now figure on how much Greene and Gaynor would have saved if they had taken their medicine four years ago. Capt. Carter has had his.

John Burroughs, the celebrated poet and naturalist, says he would rather be cheated than cheat. Mr. Burroughs does not maintain an office in Wall street.

Prof. Jim Jeffries says he doesn't need to do any more fighting—he has "made his pile." There seems to be no reason, then, to fear that the professor ever will go on the stage again.

Ten Greeks were killed down in Tennessee because they couldn't agree with other Greeks as to the proper date for Easter. Perhaps the ten by this time know whether they were right or wrong.

A Frenchman has been awarded a prize of \$3,000 for discovering a new method of getting rid of house flies. Now if somebody will find out how to keep hairs from getting into the hash boarding house life will be still more like a grand sweet song.

New York is to have a statue of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, by Frederick MacMonnies. This will be a sculpture by an American representing an American actor in a character created by an American author. Shiftless old Rip has appealed to the affections of genius.

According to a magazine scientist, the world's visible supply of fertilizing material will be exhausted in twenty years, after the lapse of which time humanity will have to extract the nitrogen from the air or starve to death. In order to see its finish, then, humanity has only to ascertain how long the nitrogen in the air will last.

When more than a thousand French miners were killed by an explosion in a mine near the Belgium frontier recently, a Berlin newspaper opened a subscription for the relief of the bereaved families, and the Germans vied with the French in efforts to rescue the survivors. In spite of the national hostility, the French and Germans are brothers, after all.

Investigations made by the agricultural college at Guelph, Ontario, disprove the proverb that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Of course the same building does not usually get struck twice, for it is not there to be hit a second time, but observations show that a number of buildings built successively upon the same spot have been struck. Indeed, some places are especially exposed to lightning, and where two barns in turn have been fired by lightning on the same ground, it is very unwise to build a third. Lightning is not like some disease germs, which, having run their course in a person, make him for a given period uninhabitable to other germs of the same kind.

Occasionally some foreign publications assert that there is such an unworthy thing as an "American language." Our slang phrases and our

dialect stories worry them no little. So far as dialect is concerned, we have no advantage over our British brethren. They have novels written in a jargon which no one not initiated into the mysteries can understand. It is not denied that the United States have contributed many "Americanisms" to the language of John Bull. We are a resourceful people, much given to invention, and if we want a word that is not in the dictionary we do not hesitate to coin one. This may be in very bad taste, but we have a great country and are entitled to make occasional innovations.

Recently a popular magazine interviewed a hundred representative women, in town and country, concerning husbands. What kind of a man should a woman marry? was the question. And what qualities in a husband, do you fancy, were named in the answers? Wealth? Good looks? Good dressing? Social qualities? Taking the world by and large, you would suppose that these things would be chief in a woman's demand for a husband. No one of them was so much as mentioned by a single woman! What then? Seventy-five of the one hundred put honesty and honor first of all. These women, some of whom are married and some single, understand that neither money nor brilliancy nor handsome features—alone or united—can make up a desirable husband. Character is absolutely essential. A woman cannot love a man whom she cannot respect. And something beside outside appearance is necessary for respect. Only the surface woman is caught by externals. These women—58 per cent of them—put love of home as the second essential of a good husband. They did not believe a man could go the pace of a social favorite and do his duty as a husband. And that was about all these women asked of a husband—that he be honorable and high-minded and a home lover. Modest, is it not? A reasonable wife asks only ordinary manliness in a husband, not heroism. She asks only the love of an ordinary man who is true to her and to her home. If her husband has brains and large ability so much the better, but above all else he must have strength of character. The American woman is the most sensible woman in the world.

A professor in one of the universities at the national capital, who traveled extensively on the Continent of Europe last summer, had an experience in London on his way back which must be almost unique. Seeking rest and a chance to study before returning to America, he decided to hire lodgings at the modest house near Russell Square where he had lived when a student twenty years ago. Its keeper, a woman well along in years, did not remember him among the long line of young clerks and others of small means for whom she had made a home at that one spot during more than forty years. But as their acquaintance was renewed, it developed that one regret clouded this woman's horizon as she looked toward the setting sun of life—she could never again see her old home in Norfolk. It was less than a hundred miles away, yet she had had no money for traveling, there had been no one with whom she could leave her house, and accordingly more than a quarter of a century had elapsed since she had seen the hedgerows and lanes familiar in her youth. In the little garden back of her London house she had planted Norfolk trees and bushes, in an endeavor to keep near her something associated with the precious country of her parents and near relatives, all long ago dead. Her one wish was once more to see the Norfolk of her fond recollections, and such of her more distant kinsfolk and friends as survived. The professor undertook not only to pay her traveling expenses, but to take care of her house during the four days which she thought sufficient. He employed a servant to come in each morning to make up the beds, but he himself answered the door bell, collected the rents, paid the landlord, and saw that the house lost none of its lodgers through inattention. The woman came back with a new light in her life and much to think about in the years that remained to her. The professor modestly remarked, in talking with an intimate friend on his return, who had quizzed him about Swiss mountains and French villas, that this was "the best thing about his trip." The story is true to the letter.

Masculine Courage.
"Do you think, Tommy, that thing moving over in the corner can be a ghost?"
"Of course not, you silly; but if you're 'fraid you keep still and I'll go and 'call mamma.'"—Baltimore American.

Not Much There.
"Oh, no, I'd never credit him with having much in him."
"Indeed? I can't understand that."
"Well, he and I board at the same place."—Philadelphia Press.

You have probably noticed that militiamen usually think they know a great deal about war.