

# The Girl With the Flag.

BY MRS. GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.

The long lines of infantry had swept up through the green valleys of Southern Pennsylvania and were weariedly marching northward to a battlefield somewhere, no man of them could have told where. They only knew that they were tired and footsore and hungry, and the rich green fields they had passed had brought no comfort.

A young soldier took off his ragged cap, wiped the perspiration from his face and looked over a little cottage with its encircling vines. It made him think of another little cottage across the river, where the vines had embraced his childhood.

As the head of the column came opposite the house a girl ran out from the open doorway to the front of the portico. She had a United States flag tied around her waist for an apron and she stepped upon a chair that the whole army might see it and waved it defiantly at the approaching troops.

The leader looked around apprehensively. Some of his men had come from the South. They would take the sudden defiant presentation of the banner under which that ruin had been wrought. With a swift, graceful movement he wheeled his black battle horse out of line, lifted his cap, bowed to the warlike maid and saluted the flag she bore. He turned on to the advancing men, waved his hand and every tattered cap was lifted and each man as he passed saluted the colors. The leader rode forward to his place and the long line moved on.

"She is a little fighter," thought the boy who had waved his cap to her. "I should like to have her for a sister. Only if she were my sister she would wave but one flag."

He sighed, remembering the lonely cottage under the magnolias. "In love again, by Jove," said the older soldier, who marched beside him. "Hi, boys! What do you think? Shivers is in love with the little Pennsylvania Amazon."

"Shivers is always in love," said another. "He's the victim of a queer infatuation. Do you remember how he fell in love with the guerilla's daughter and came near being shot for a spy? Some day Shivers will have to quit being awake nights trying to keep at the head of the army in the light of Shivers' increasing military fame, indeed!"

"Military fame, indeed!" growled a rugged veteran. "All the fame Jack Shivers will ever get will be for apron waving and singing love songs with guitar accompaniment."

All the while they were marching on they who dreamed of home and love; they who possessed a lofty scorn for sentimentalities, and they who went silently to their beds to dream of the girl who waved the flag. On the morning of the third poor Jack Shivers was one of those who lay behind the low, long hill and looked on at the field of Gettysburg is inscribed on the page of history.

In the beginning of the retreat Jack Shivers was wounded. The overwhelming force of the enemy were closing in from every point.

"He is dead," thought the man. He scarce noticed the shower of balls that fell about him nor marveled over the apparent miracle that not one of them touched him as he bore the unconscious boy to a spot of greater security. Under the grove of oaks and beneath the grass that had been untouched by the storm of war, with his untiring skill he dressed the wound and sat looking at the still face and trying to tug with the fingers of hope against the weight of despair that filled his heart.

The boy moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

"Are we dead?"

"Unfortunately—we are lonelinessly alive. We'd have more company if we were dead."

"Did we win the battle?"

"Did we win? Boy, I am too heart-weary and dazed to know anything but pain. I can't be thankful that you are alive."

"But tell me something—where are we and where are the others?"

"I don't know, but I can't go on but you— you must leave me or you will be taken prisoner or killed."

"Get up, you man, here, open your mouth and take a swig of this."

The sun, which had risen so brightly upon our hopes, went down sadly on the feet and darkness closed around the grove, and still the man sat there, watching over the helpless boy. After a long time he saw the whiteness of the day stealing gradually through the leaves, lying in shafts of light across the green carpet of grass. He remembered dully that it was the Fourth of July. He felt as if the world were dead and no one would care if he were dead or no one would care if he were alive.

Over beyond the western hills the roll of the old division was being called and only a thousand voices made answer. The others had responded to the last roll call. Thus the dawn of Independence Day bloomed over the deserted army in 1863.

Jim went to the edge of the woods and looked up and down the white sand road. He heard the crunch of wheels and presently a man whistling. The sound seemed to bring him out of his isolation. He was still in a world where men

could whistle. He stepped out into the road as the wagon drew up. The driver stopped his horses suddenly and said in a gruff, but not unfriendly tone: "Morning."

"Good morning,"

"What do you want, comin' round skeerin' my horses so early in the morning? A ride in your wagon and something to eat."

The man took from under the wagon seat some pieces of bread and meat and a bottle of coffee.

"I keep a perambulating house of entertainment, Breakers' for two of you wan' to bring a friend, an' trained waiters. Furrin languages spoke. Guests requested not to ter fee the waiters. All perquisites belong ter the boss. All you want now is a fire ter warm it by an' somebody ter per side at the bar, which I'm him."

"There was a girl of honesty in the world."

"When he came back to the world the soft eyes still looked compassionately at him. His thought went back, groping for a memory of her."

"You are the girl who waved the flag at the portico."

"How dare you call him names? Maybe he was that when he fought. When he is wounded he is a southern soldier."

"She has brown eyes," thought Shivers, looking at her with a long, slow glance through half-shut eyes. She was not defiant now, but gentle and sympathetic, and Shivers thought she had tears in her eyes when she looked at him. He could not see well. He was dazed by fatigue and the pain of his wound. Even as he looked at her he drifted off into unconsciousness.

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## STRONG BILL AT THE BIJOU

With this week the summer season will be inaugurated. The Academy, indeed, will close its doors, and will not be opened again until the regular season, while the Bijou will open to-morrow night with the Harrison-Adams Company. For the first three days of the week, "Captain Rickett" will be the bill, and for the remainder of the week, "Arabian Nights." The usual performances will be given every night with matinee on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The house will be cooled with ice and electric fans, while the exhaust fans will carry the hot air out into the electric cool breeze through the theatre across large blocks of ice.

Residents of this city will have an opportunity of witnessing what can be seen in no city in America. The day-to-day rendition of all the successful plays of the day. This is what Mr. M. Adams, manager of the Harrison-Adams Theatre Company has promised, and judging from his past performances there is no reason to doubt that he will fulfill what he has set for himself to do.

There is little need of expatiating upon Ralph Cummings, who heads the company. He is known from one end of the country to the other. He is finished, artistic and above everything versatile. No living actor to-day has been so successful in so wide a range of parts. He plays the light-hearted, readily embarrassed, the dignified, the charmingly witty and the infinitely charming and at the next performance will thrill his audience with the horror, intense drama of Baron Chrysalis in the "Prisoner of Zenda" and as artistic in the "Prisoner of the Desert" and as the polished English gentleman, better still, he is one of the very finest English actors ever seen in this country. "Peace-never seen" he has made a greater success than Sol Smith Russell, for whom he was written.

The company, which Harrison and Adams will bring to this city is the best they have ever had under their control. Mr. Adams has engaged several new people who will materially strengthen the ensemble work.

The history of the Harrison-Adams Stock Company is of great interest, because it is the father of the countless numbers of stock companies now playing throughout the country. The days of the old-time actors, old-time managers, bawled the "good old days of the stock system," the days when there were actors, sir. It was unquestionably true. There were no stock companies. A few of the New York theatres had companies of their own, which in courtesy were called stock. But they were not. If a play was successful it was played until it could not be played longer. This was not the stock system.

Managers said that never again would stock companies play. They were old-fashioned, the people were tired of them. And the public reiterated what the managers said, and believed it to be true. The idea of public approval, given in his belief in himself, in his knowledge of the stock company in Omaha, The Bijou Theatre was secured. From the first performance success awaited on the company. For ten weeks the theatre was crowded at every performance. This is a town technically known as a three-night stand. Such a thing had never before been done. The season in Omaha was brought to an abrupt close by the destruction of the Bijou Theatre by fire.

The Theatre Francaise in Montreal, was the next home of the company. In Montreal a new stock company was organized, and the public reiterated what the managers said, and believed it to be true. The idea of public approval, given in his belief in himself, in his knowledge of the stock company in Omaha, The Bijou Theatre was secured. From the first performance success awaited on the company. For ten weeks the theatre was crowded at every performance. This is a town technically known as a three-night stand. Such a thing had never before been done. The season in Omaha was brought to an abrupt close by the destruction of the Bijou Theatre by fire.

In Louisville, the company's next home, the theatres were considered, and the company opened its season at the Bijou. The company played there for twenty weeks. On no single night of the engagement was a seat to be had after 8 o'clock. The "standing-room-only" sign was in use every night.

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**Exact.**

You can't make a photograph tell a lie. Figures may easily deceive, appearances are deceitful, so are drawings; but a photograph is exact. Now in designing the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe I have not trusted to appearances, figures, or drawings, but have used "X-ray" photographs of the human foot as my guide.

I have taken the flesh and bones as my Last, and shaped the Shoe around them. This is the true explanation of the wonderful "Fit of a 'Dorothy Dodd.'" It fits because it is the foot itself which was taken as the model and not tape measurements which are so inaccurate. If you want to know just for once what a perfect fit is like, try a pair of these shoes.

Sincerely yours,

Oxfords \$2.50. Boots \$3.00.  
Specials 50c more.

Fast color eyelets used exclusively.

**Dorothy Dodd**

**Dabney & Johnston**  
SHOEISTERS



MISS EDYTHA KETCHENER.  
(Leading Woman of The Harrison-Adams Theatre Company.)

ruined face and frank tone in the voice that inspired confidence, and Jim led the way to where his wounded friend lay. "Purry as a picture, I'd like ter set him up on the mantel piece ter look at, but in a storm I'd rather ter look at you."

**FULL VALUE GIVERS** **ROBERT & CO.** **EASY TO PAY STORE**

There is little use repeating what has long been a well-known fact, that no store in this city gives the values this one does.

**Monarch Refrigerators**  
Keep Your Provisions Fresh and Sweet and Require Less Ice Than any Other.

**An Honest Up-to-Date Refrigerator**  
Always Satisfactory, Cleanable, Odorless and Low Priced.

**MATTINGS: The latest and best always in stock. Go-Carts that are Comfortable, Stylish and Cheap. Wickless Oil Stoves and Gas Ranges.**

**ROBERT & COMPANY, FOURTH AND BROAD STREETS.**  
WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME.

for three consecutive years played in Toronto. The season lasted continuously from August 27th, 1897, to May 26, 1899, a run of one hundred and forty weeks in one city. This is briefly the record of the company which comes here in support of Mr. Cummings. It can certainly need no further recommendation.

In regard to the class of plays to be produced here it is only fair to judge by the past. Harrison and Adams have never considered the cost of production. They frequently pay as much as \$500 a week



MR. RALPH E. CUMMINGS,  
(Leading Man of The Harrison-Adams Theatre Company.)

season in Louisville lasted thirty-eight weeks. The company next went to Washington, D. C., and played throughout the season. The following two seasons were spent at the Bijou Theatre, in Detroit, Mich. The company was next sent to Cleveland for one season, to Rochester for 23 weeks, Grand Rapids, Mich., for 12 weeks, Toledo, Ohio, for 10 weeks, and 10 weeks at the Grand Opera House in Ottawa.

The following year began the largest theatrical run on record. The company was booked to play their season with four weeks at the Princess Theatre, Toronto. The business was so good that the following four weeks the company remained in Toronto. This was the beginning. No one could possibly have predicted the end. The company cancelled all its time, and

for the use of a play. They will give Hitchcock a series of plays of the very highest class. Only plays of known strength and merit will be produced.

Get Even. The Williamsburg Gazette offers this advice: Never before have the products of the farm commanded better prices than they are doing now. Those who have facilities to support feed the advance sharply. Now is the farmer's chance and he should manage to lay away some money, or pay off the mortgage. Remember, these times are not going to last always.

## For the Boys and Girls.

(Continued from Children's Page in Section C.)

**A Charade.**  
Dear Editor:  
I want to join the T. D. C. C. Please send my badge as soon as you can. I send a charade.

Yours truly,  
ALICE OTIS BIRD,  
P. O. Box 52, Petersburg, Va.  
A CHARADE.  
My first is in rabbit, but not in chair;  
My second is in bench, but not in chair;  
My third is in aunt, but not in uncle;  
My fourth is in vessel, but not in boat;  
My fifth is in stream, but not in moat;  
My sixth is in reign, but not in king;  
My whole is an industrious animal.

**Alphabet Song.**  
Editor Children's Page:  
I send you an alphabet song, and wish to join the T. D. C. C.  
Yours truly,  
WILLIAM E. HOGGE,  
Tampico, Va.

A—was for Adam, he was the first man;  
B—was for Balaam, who mischief did  
plan;  
C—was for Cain, whom his brother did  
kill;  
D—was for Daniel, who did the Lord's  
will.  
E—was for Elijah, whom the ravens did  
feed;  
F—was for Felix, of his conduct take  
heed.  
G—was for Goliath, whom David did slay;  
H—was for Haman, who minded the fray.  
I—was for Isaac, a dutiful son;  
J—was for Jonah, who from God tried  
to run.  
K—was for Korah, a rebel did fall;  
L—was for Lydia, who listened unto Paul.  
M—was for Mary, Christ's word she did  
mark;  
N—was for Noah who was saved in the  
ark;  
O—was for Obediah, for the prophets he  
did care;  
P—was for Peter, mark his fall and be-  
ware;  
Q—was for Queen, who came wisdom to  
find;  
R—was for Ruth, the daughter so kind.  
S—was for Stephen, who suffering, was  
stoned;  
T—was for Timothy, the Bible he loved;  
U—was for Uriah, of Judah a king brave;  
V—was for Wisdom, all her money she  
gave;  
X—was for Cross, where Christ died to  
save;  
Y—was the Youth, who while Paul  
preached slept;  
Z—was for Zaccheus, who up the tree  
crept.

**Can You Fill Them Out?**  
Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
I send several puzzles, which I entitle "Some Clives" (notice the "trvs" in clives), and I hope you will think them acceptable for the children's page of your paper

----- city, presumption.  
----- city, greediness.  
----- city, power of containing.  
----- city, disposition to fight.  
----- city, notoriety.  
----- city, wickedness.  
The answers will be sent in time to go in next Sunday's paper. Very truly yours,  
FREDRIC BOATWRIGHT,  
Gold Hill, Va.

**The Weather.**  
When it ain't mettin' it's rainin'—  
(When it ain't rainin', it hot;  
An' so, we are mostly complainin'  
And rainin' a row with our lot;  
When a little storm blows  
Brings a deluge of woes  
And you can't see the rainbow, an' won't  
see the rose!

When we ain't fryin', we're freezin'—  
When we ain't freezin', we're fryin';  
An' so, there is nothin' like plainin'  
(The people here—under the sky)  
When a little storm blow  
Makes a world full of woes  
And you can't find the rainbow, an' won't  
find the rose!—Atlanta Constitution.

**Answers to Riddles.**  
Editor Children's Page, Times-Dispatch:  
Sir—Here are the answers to last Sunday's riddle:  
1—A walking toad.  
2—Mandy.  
3—Handy.  
4—A

**Minnie Burkett**