

Your Flag and My Flag

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your Flag and my Flag! And oh, how much it holds—
 Your land and my land—secure within its folds!
 Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight;
 Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, red and blue and white.
 The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
 Glorifies all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag! And how it flies today
 In your land and my land and half a world away!
 Rose-red and blood-red the stripes forever gleam;
 Snow-white and soul-white—the good forefathers' dream;
 Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aghast
 The glories guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your Flag and my Flag! To every star and stripe
 The drums beat as hearts beat and fifers shrilly pipe!
 Your Flag and my Flag—a blessing in the sky,
 Your hope and my hope—It never hid a lie!
 Home land and far land and half the world around,
 Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

HAD TO WAIT FORTY DAYS Long Time Before England Got News of the Battle of Lexington

IT SEEMS strange in these days when news of the battles in far-away Europe is cabled to America within a few minutes after they occur—when flying machines equipped with machine guns are fighting each other in the clouds—when advocates of preparedness are arguing that the ocean is no barrier to a foreign foe because of the swiftness of their steam cruisers—to hark back to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, and try to realize the length of time it required for the news of that conflict to reach England.

There were no telegraph wires, no telephone, no dispatch boats or "special correspondents" with each regiment. A steam vessel had not then been dreamed of. There were no cables, no flying machines, no machine guns. Only sailing vessels, of small size, were available to cross the ocean, and as a consequence it took a long, long time for the shot to be "heard around the world."

Dependent on Sailing Ships. Journalism in America was then in its swaddling clothes. The race of the enterprising journalist to outfoot feet-footed Time had not then begun. There was not the intense rivalry of today between metropolitan papers, with their specials and war extras—to say nothing of baseball extras. There was, too, a similar lack of activity on the part of editors in London.

The newspapers in Boston and other nearby towns at that time were published weekly, usually on Monday. News of sanguinary events, if they occurred during the week, was necessarily held for publication until the following Monday. It was not surprising, therefore, that the news of the battles of Lexington and Concord was not printed in Boston until April 25—for the idea of issuing an "extra" in such emergencies was not then in vogue.

In the Essex Gazette. The Essex Gazette, published at Salem, had by far the best report of the events of the day, with an almost complete list of the killed and wounded. The news of this first encounter between the provincials and his majesty's troops was many hours in reaching the other colonies, although post

WERE PRACTICAL IDEALISTS

Signers of the Declaration of Independence Were Statesmen With a Vision.

Those signers of the Declaration of 140 years ago were practical idealists. They were statesmen with a vision. The immortal document to which they attached their names was no mere statement of provincial or even national purposes and principles. It was as broad as all humanity. It set forth not merely the aspirations of a nation but the ideals of mankind. Taking their stand on "the laws of nature and of nature's God," they asserted as self-evident that not only the people of the thirteen United States of America, but all men, are "endowed with the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And chief among the purposes of that government deriving its authority from the consent of the governed they held to be the powers "most likely to affect their safety and happiness." This reiteration of the pursuit of happiness shows that it was no mere

riders and expresses were started immediately for Hartford, New York, Philadelphia and the South.

In two days nearly all the scattered peoples of the young nation had been informed of the result, and the spirit of the hour had inspired the raising of troops.

To the king, the parliament and the people of Great Britain the days had been filled with anxiety. The main question discussed was "How far dare the colonists carry their resistance?" "Will the provincials stand before the British regulars?" was also a mooted question.

Didn't Anticipate War. In the face of the steady pouring of grenadiers, dragoons and infantry from the mother country, and the rapidly increasing fleet of vessels of war, all heavily manned, it was believed that the Americans would be cowed and the whole attention of Great Britain was centered upon her rebellious children across the seas.

Day succeeded day. March became April, and April in turn was left behind in the rush of time. May grew old, with no word of decisive action from the colonists.

Not a single word from the conflict of April 19, 1775, had reached England until the bright, clean page, labeled "June," was about to be brought into view and king and subjects were leaving London to escape the summer heat.

Forty Days to Reach England. It was on May 29, 1775, when the first sailing vessel to arrive from the colonies after the skirmish at Lexington reached Bristol, England. Even at this early day journalism had shown its superiority over government methods, for the vessel brought copies of the Essex Gazette of April 25, containing the brief account of the engagement.

Post haste, they were carried to London, and on the following day the news was printed in the London Chronicle. Thus, 41 days after the shot was fired, its reverberations were heard in distant Britain.

With but a simple headline—"LONDON"—the Chronicle printed the important news, prefacing it with the statement:

"Tuesday, May 30, 1775. "Yesterday morning some dispatches arrived at Lord Dartmouth's office from General Gage, at Boston, brought by a ship arrived at Bistol, from that Province. They were forwarded by a messenger to his majesty at Kew."

These dispatches contained no news of the skirmish, being dated several days before it occurred.

Now Somebody'll Tell. First Fratter—"Why are you so anxious to kiss Tessie?" Second Fratter—"Well, everyone else in our set has and I don't want to appear snobbish." Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

Patriotic Hymn

Our father's God, from out whose hand
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,
 We meet today, united, free,
 And loyal to our land and thee,
 To thank thee for the era done,
 And trust thee for the opening one,
 Here where of old by thy design,
 The fathers spoke that word of thine,
 Whose echo is the glad refrain
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,
 To grace our festal time from all
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
 The old world thronging all its streets,
 Unveiling all the triumphs won,
 By art or toil beneath the sun;
 And unto common good ordain
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in Concord furled
 The war flags of a gathered world,
 Beneath our western skies fulfill
 The Orient's mission of good will,
 And freighted with love's golden fleece,
 Send back its argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
 For beauty made the bride of use,
 We thank thee; but withal we crave
 The austere virtues strong to save,
 The honor proof to place or gold,
 The manhood never bought nor sold.

Oh make thou us, through centuries lone
 In peace secure, in justice strong;
 Around our gift of freedom draw
 The safeguards of thy righteous law,
 And cast in some divine mold,
 Let the new cycle shame the old.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Portrait of the Signers. While the painting by Trumbull "The Declaration of Independence," shows forty-four actual life portraits, it is to be regretted that more were not secured, as the major portion were still living when the material for the capitol rotunda pictures was gathered.

In the Smithsonian collection at Washington there are fifty-three portraits of the signers, which will be used in due time by the government in a "Room of the Declaration Signers" in a new building already planned.

Much Still to Be Done. The thinking American is daily confronted with the fact that greater problems remain to be solved than those which the founders faced. They gave us independence. The work of establishing social and political justice, for which independence was decreed, remains to be done.

God's Hand Upheld Patriots. If the struggle for independence teaches anything it is that mysterious and mighty unseen forces co-operate with those who are working out God's plan. Had it not been for the help of such forces the result of that struggle would have been entirely different.—Christian Herald.

NEW WOODS TO BE USED

Uncle Sam Finds Materials From Which Paper Can Be Made.

Experiments Made by Government Experts, It is Believed, Will Aid in Stopping Rise in Prices.

Experiments made by Uncle Sam lead to the conclusion that satisfactory wood pulp can be made from a number of heretofore little known woods. A government publication just issued contains 70 samples of paper manufactured by different processes, chiefly from woods heretofore practically unused for this purpose.

It is pointed out that the spruce forests of the country are threatened with exhaustion and that the cost of spruce pulpwood has steadily increased. If the price of news print paper is to be kept at a reasonable figure, say the experts, more efficient methods of converting spruce into pulp must be developed or cheaper wood substituted for it.

The bulletin goes on to say that the method of manufacturing ground wood pulp has changed very little since its introduction into this country in 1867. It was with the idea of developing new methods and improving the old that tests were undertaken at the forest service laboratories at Wausau and Madison, Wis. As a result, the relation of the different steps in the manufacturing process to each other has been definitely established and the merits of each treatment determined. The paper made from new woods was given a practical tryout by two large newspapers with satisfactory results.

The tests showed that eleven new woods give promise of being suitable for the production of news print paper, while a number of others will produce manila paper and boxboards. Most of these woods are confined to the West, while the ground-wood industry now obtains the bulk of its raw material from the East. It is thought that pulp-making plants must eventually move to points where they can obtain a plentiful supply of wood and an abundance of cheap water power, two prime requisites in the business.

The experts say that because the national forests contain immense quantities of the suitable woods and abundant opportunities for power and development, they will undoubtedly play an important part in the future of the wood pulp industry.

FLOWERS IN GREAT VARIETY

Natural Gardens of Mount Ranier National Park Surpass Those of Any Other Alpine Region in World.

That the natural flower gardens of Mount Ranier National park surpass in beauty of color, number of species and luxuriance of growth those in any other alpine region of the world is a statement made by J. B. Flett in a pamphlet entitled "Features of the Flora of Mount Ranier National Park," recently issued by the department of the interior.

Among the plants illustrated and discussed are the Indian pipe or ghost plant, which is nowhere more at home than in the woods of Washington; the barber's pole, a beautiful red-and-white striped plant confined to the Pacific coast; the Canada dogwood, which is known in the East as the berry bush; the anemone, which forms beautiful spots here and there; the white rhododendron, whose creamy white flowers are conspicuous in the woods; the twin flower, a dainty and graceful trailing vine; the squaw grass, used by the Indians in basket making; the avalanche lily, which thrusts its leaves and flowers through the snow; the valerian, which grows in great beds of brilliant color; the mountain phlox, arrayed in large masses of lavender flowers, and the heather, with its bell-shaped drooping flowers.

SUBMARINE SCHOOL OPENED

Great Increase in Fleet of Undersea Boats Makes It Necessary to Have New Training Institution.

Because of the great increase that is being made in the number of submarines in the United States navy, Uncle Sam has established a new school for navy officers. In this school, which is located at New London, Conn., officers will be given instruction in the theoretical and practical working of submarines.

There are only 18 submarines in active service in the United States navy in 1913 and assigned to these boats there were only 19 officers, 13 of whom were ensigns, who had been out of the naval academy less than three years.

It is planned that officers, when they graduate from the submarine school, shall be appointed to subordinate positions on board boats and be placed in command only after they have been trained and have proved their aptitude for submarine work in subordinate positions. It is believed that this arrangement will assure the best handling of the submarine engines and batteries now existing and perhaps aid in the development of the machinery which is far from perfect.

BEST FOOD FOR THE CHILD

Uncle Sam Issues Bulletin Showing Mothers Proper Diet and Way to Prepare Dishes Suggested.

Uncle Sam has done much for the farmers, the business men and other classes of citizens and he is now paying considerable attention to the children of the country. He is now telling the mothers what they should feed their children after they have outgrown the baby diet.

A bulletin on this subject, which has just been issued, avoids everything in the way of scientific terms and tells plainly what should be included in a child's meals for each day, with illustrations showing these foods upon the table. The bulletin suggests bills of fare for the children and contains recipes for making the dishes suggested.

TIMBER WASTE GREAT

Amounts to 36,000,000 Cords Annually It is Estimated.

Refuse of Sawmills Each Year Would Make Block of Wood Quarter of Mile on Each Edge.

Uncle Sam's statisticians have compiled some interesting figures regarding the extent of the timber waste that results from the operation of the sawmills of the United States.

There are more than 48,000 sawmills in the country, and their output of waste in the form of sawdust, shavings, slabs and other wood refuse is estimated as 36,000,000 cords per year. This is equal to over four and one-half billion cubic feet of waste, which is the capacity of a bin one-half mile high with a base covering a 40-acre lot. Or, considering each cord to contain 80 cubic feet of solid wood with all the cracks and air spaces taken out, these 36,000,000 cords would make a block of wood more than a quarter of a mile on each edge.

Perhaps one-half of this so-called waste product is not strictly speaking wasted, but serves a useful purpose as fuel under the boilers. Much of the remaining 18,000,000 cords not so serving no useful purpose, but in most cases is a source of inconvenience and danger, and costs the mill time and money.

Sawmill waste is disposed of in various ways. Some goes to the local fuel markets, some to pulp mills or to wood distillation plants. Shavings and hog cuttings, as well as other mill waste, are sometimes used to fill low places in the yard. However, the most common method of getting rid of waste is by burning either in a firepit having an open fire which sometimes has a protecting wall on the side toward the mill, or in a burner inclosed on all sides and having a spark-arresting screen at the top and a fire grate near the bottom.

A closed burner and conveyor costs about \$12,000 for a mill of a hundred thousand feet daily capacity. Forty per cent of the larger mills, cutting more than 55,000 board feet daily, are equipped with closed burners. Forty-five per cent have firepits. The remainder have neither and dispose of their waste in some other way.

It is estimated that for a mill of 100,000 feet capacity the cost of conveying the waste from the machine where it is made and destroying it in a closed burner is 42 cents per cord or \$10.05 per day. Burners seldom bring in any revenue, although in a few cases ashes are sold for fertilizer, and in a number of others the burner furnishes hot feed water for the boilers.

No well managed mill would produce waste if it could be avoided. This, however, is not possible, so the next best thing is to seek out some method of utilization of the waste so it will pay for its disposition. The forest service is working on this problem, but has not yet found a satisfactory solution.

DID YOU HAVE YOUR FIVE?

That Many Boots and Shoes Manufactured for Every Inhabitant of United States in 1914.

Two and a half pairs of shoes were manufactured in the United States in 1914 for every inhabitant of the country, according to Uncle Sam's statistics, as contained in a report of the bureau of the census.

The total output of boots and shoes in 1914 amounted to 252,516,603 pairs. Of this total, men used the greatest proportion, getting 38.8 per cent of the entire output. Women's boots and shoes came second with 32 per cent of the total. Misses' and children's boots and shoes represented 19.1 per cent of the entire output while boys' and youths' footwear was only 9.1 per cent of the total.

Census returns showed that 1,355 establishments were engaged in the manufacture of footwear, exclusive of rubber, in 1914 and the total value of boots, shoes and slippers manufactured was \$501,707,937, an increase of 13.3 per cent over 1909.

\$2,713,782 IN "PIN MONEY"

Factories in United States Report Big Output—Few Hand Sewing Needles Are Now Placed on Market.

American women spent \$2,713,782 in "pin money" in 1914. At least that was the value of the output of pins of all varieties from factories engaged in their production in the United States, according to Uncle Sam's statisticians. Common or toilet pins formed the principal variety, the production of which was valued at \$1,248,757.

The total output of pins, needles and hooks and eyes for the year was valued at \$8,962,037, an increase of 25.9 per cent in five years.

The production of needles in the United States now consists almost entirely of knitting machine and sewing machine needles. Of 168,644,000 needles manufactured in 1914, 94,099,000, or 55.8 per cent, were knitting machine needles and 74,545,000, or 44.2 per cent, were sewing machine needles. Only 90,000 hand-sewing needles were manufactured in 1914.

OUTPUT OF PAPER IS LARGE

Production in United States in 1914 Valued at \$294,355,875, Increase of 25 Per Cent.

The United States produced \$294,355,875 worth of paper in 1914, according to statistics of the census bureau, which have just been made public. This represented an increase of 25.1 per cent in a period of five years. The production of news print paper alone in 1914 amounted to 1,313,284 tons, valued at \$52,942,774. There were manufactured in the same year 934,979 tons of book paper, valued at \$78,499,514, an increase of 34.5 per cent in quantity over the production in 1909.

What the Wind Did

By ROY BURDICK PEASE

Plain David Brown was used to plain and homely things. He was repressed and homely himself, except when his great soul spoke forth. There were occasions where, in his lectures at the town college where he was a professor of metaphysics, the plain simple face was transformed under the influence of eloquence and enthusiasm.

It was a windy day—in fact, taking his customary stroll and forced to hold on his broad brimmed hat, David cast his weather-wise eyes across the sky and discerned hurricane conditions.

"I'll get back to the college," decided David, but just then he noticed that the Dale place, a cottage that had been for some time without a tenant, showed signs of life and activity. He had heard that a widow with two small children, a Mrs. Briggs, had purchased the place.

"That must be Mrs. Briggs now," ruminated the professor, who took note of everything going on usually.

She was hanging up her washing and it was a big one. She was young-looking, handsome and alert as she moved among the fluttering garments.

"Oh, dear me!" challenged the professor as he turned to regain shelter.

There was a roar, a ripping, tearing sound. Down to earth swooped a mighty wind. The lady grasped at a string of clothes torn loose at both ends. Then, holding the grouped mass in her arms, petrified she saw the second line of clothes wrenched from place and go sailing aloft and then make a dive.

The tangled rope caught the professor about the shoulders, just escaping a plunge into the mud and mire of the street. In fact, caught in a vortex, they wound round and round him.

"Extraordinary!" he uttered.

"Oh, you grand man!" cried the hurried woman, hastening to the spot. "You've just saved the clothes from

being utterly ruined. That's it—you hold them tight until I remove them, one by one."

"I declare!" muttered the professor, and not displeased. Never had a bonny female face been so close to his. Their hands touched at times and it gave him a tingle and a thrill.

Finally the lady had the clothes in her arms, tightly held. Her animated face regarded him over the top of the white fluttering barrier.

"Are they all safe?" he asked in an embarrassed, hesitating way.

"All but one sheet," was the reply. "I saw that go over the tops of those trees yonder toward the woods."

"I will look for it," began the professor.

"No, no," objected the lady. "It was old. It may have been caught way up in some branches. It has probably been riddled by this time."

But, consciously flustered by the bright, smiling eyes of the woman, the professor jammed his hat down over his head and started on his self-appointed quest.

He kept looking aloft as he went down the road, but there was no sign of the missing sheet. Before he realized it he was in the woods. It began to rain, but the professor was a persevering man.

A beetle-browed individual occupied the apartment. He had just pried open an escritoire and had taken thence a small lacquered and ivory box. He tucked it under his arm, picked up from the table a big revolver and started to leave the house by the side door.

"A burglar!" gasped the professor. "And I am unarmed! He is coming! Ah! a thought!"

Quick as lightning the professor tore open the package containing the sheet. He grabbed up from the ground a piece of stick. He entwined himself in the ample folds of the sheet. Holding the fragment of wood, against the light contrast of the sheet resembling the barrel of a pistol, as the burglar opened the door he extended his hand:

"Drop everything, or your doom is sealed!" he voiced in a deep, sepulchral tone.

"Ghosts!" yelled the burglar in a wild scream, dropped both pistol and box, and took to his heels. The professor rushed forward and secured both. Then, not knowing why, he pulled the trigger.

"Bang, bang, bang—bang—bang, bang!" The side door of the next house opened. Its owner, a brawny fellow, alarmed by the pistol shots, stood peering all about. Following him was his wife and Mrs. Briggs and her two children.

"There's something white moving about the house!" chattered the man's wife.

"Hey! what's all this?" challenged her husband, advancing.

"Your sheet," spoke the excited professor, removing it from his shoulders.

"Your box," he added, tendering the object indicated.

"My jewels, my bonds, all safe, but, oh, how careless I was to leave them almost open to anybody!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "But what does it all mean? Come in, come in, all of you!" and she actually pulled the blushing professor by the arm. Her bright eyes viewed him approvingly as he stumbled through his story.

"Oh, what is a lonely woman without a strong, brave man to protect her?" uttered Mrs. Briggs, and then flushed rosy red at the bold intimation, and the professor experienced new thrills.

What came of it all? What could—and did! Widowlike, Mrs. Laura Briggs read the innocent, transparent mind of the professor clearly, and was glad that she had interested him.

Ten years later it became a regular event stormy evenings, to have the two children nestle up to their adopted father and beg of him to tell them the sheet story.

Then Laura, his wife, would go to the clothes-press and bring out the cherished sheet. Then the professor would dramatically don the sheet, and take up from the mantel the captured weapon, and begin his weird story.

And after that he would say, with a quizzical glance at his happy wife, "I had to stay here ever since for fear the burglar might come back again!"

OPPOSES ONE MAN'S VIEW
 Writer Tells of Danger in Allowing Nobody to Work but Father.

Kindly disposed persons who are interested in the prevention of eternal consequences should take note of the fact that our most prized institution, the family, has gone far enough in its exploitation of father's earning ability. Only within the last half century or so has it been the practice for one lone member of the family to grab enough of the world's goods to support all the others in idleness and social hilarity. It hasn't been long since mother and the boys regularly took a hand in getting, and occasionally even the girls helped out a little.

Attention is also called to the fact that the one-man system of support is only an experiment. It is subject to change without notice, and without quarter. Honest, simple-minded folk, and all others, are warned that there will doubtless be a little weeping and gnashing of teeth when the break comes. If we don't take care there may be considerably more than a little, dreams may have to be resorted to, says a writer in *Judge*.

Some of the more excitable friends of man say that it is high time that our sons and daughters be provided with something other than advantages, and that they be taught to expect something besides allowances and pamperies. Alarmists are foreseeing all sorts of dire conditions—a race of spineless dependents, trying to collect the living that some fool has said the world owes them not being the least of such conditions. Although it will not be so bad as that, we may with propriety start a modest preparation, by making it a felony for parents to provide their children with nothing but advantages. We may thus in some measure alleviate the misery of tomorrow.

Garden Statuary. The day when we came unexpectedly on stark and staring iron deer of no particular artistic value in our own and our neighbors' gardens has, fortunately, almost passed. But garden statuary is not amiss if it be of the right sort. A charming fountain in one of the small parks of New York city is of just the sort that a bit of garden statuary should be. It is just at the edge of one of the park paths and yet it possesses an unexpected, fairylike charm. A child fawn crouches comfortably under a bowler and over the edge of the bowler appears the friendly face of a sprawling bear cub, clinging flat with all fours to the rock's surface and looking down on this strange little playfellow. There is true beauty in the modeling of this fountain, and it has, moreover, just the sentiment and feeling to make it suitable to the out-of-doors.

Sure Thing. "Money doesn't bring happiness." "Maybe not. But it will help you greatly in going after it."

Some men have no use for the bonds of friendship unless they pay a dividend.—Kansas City Journal

"Place de Leon looked in vain for the stir of youth." "Seems strange."

"Orations!" he uttered and shook



A Beetle-Browed Individual Occupied the Apartment.