THE FLAG PLEDGE

Origin of This Sublime Salute to the Stars and Stripes.

IT HAD ITS BIRTH IN KANSAS.

The Tribute Our School Children Pay to Old Glory Was Written by a Kansas Boy Who Was Inspired by the Patriotism of a Kansas Woman.

I pledge allegiance to my flag
And to the republic for which it stands
One nation indivisible
With liberty and justice for all

Half a hundred boys and girls, eyes glistening and voices thrilling, chant the flag pledge in unison and at the close half a hundred right arms are thrust forward and upward, the better to wave half a hundred little American flags.

That is the scene presented to the visitor in any public schoolroom in America on Washington's birthday or flag day or any other occasion of a patriotic program.

America owes its flag pledge to Kansas. It was written by a Kansas boy and inspired by a Kansas woman. Here is the story:

A little more than twenty years ago Mrs. Lillian A. Hendricks of Cherryvale, Kan., was an untiring worker in the Women's Relief corps, an auxiliary of the G. A. R., and held the office of patriotic instructor in the Cherryvale organization. The mother of two boys, she wanted them to grow up with the spirit of her ancestry, which led back to John Cary of Revolutionary war fame, and she entered upon her duties as patriotic instructor with enthusiasm. She followed the custom of her official predecessors in visiting the schools and talking to the pupils about the glories of the country and its traditions. But she went farther. She induced the principal of the high school to set aside a recitation hour, during which the sixteen members of the class of 1896 wrote their ideas of their debt to their country and their duty to its government.

One member of the class was Frank E. Bellamy. His tribute impressed Mrs. Hendricks so much, when it was gathered up with the others and sent to her for inspection, that she preserved it.

With 1898 came the Spanish-American war, and one of the first to volunteer his services to the country was Frank Bellamy, then twenty-one years old. He joined the Twentieth Kansas infantry as a member of the regimental band and went to the Philippines, where he remained until the Kansas fighting force returned to the United States and was mustered out.

But in the meantime, in 1898, with the fervor of patriotism which the war with Spain aroused, came the decision of a conference of representatives of the patriotic organizations of the country that a pledge of allegiance was necessary to inculcate a love of country in the generations to come. Through out the states the submission of suitable sentiments was invited, and the W. R. C., through its state departments and they through local corps like the one at Cherryvale, took it up. Mrs. Hendricks, whose love of the Stars and Stripes was something very much like worship, thought at once of the pledge of allegiance written by the high school boy who now was with Uncle Sam's fighting men across the Pacific, and she submitted it to the national committee which was to make the selection. Out of thousands upon thousands of manuscripts which reached the committee and were read and passed on, the pledge of Frank Bellamy was chosen as the one expressing in fewest words and strongest phrases the loyalty of an American to his flag and to the land of his birth or adoption. So it came to pass that the Kansas boy author of the "flag pledge" is numbered with Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "The American Flag," Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," and others from whose pens have come undying expressions of fealty to our country.

Frank Bellamy returned from the Philippines shattered in health by his stay in the tropics. It is an interesting fact that he knew nothing of the adoption of his pledge of allegiance by the patriotic societies of America until Mrs. Hendricks told him when he arrived in his home town.

"We are proud of you, Frank," she said, "and the national W. R. C. has passed a resolution thanking you for writing it."

The boy flushed. "It didn't express half what I tried to write," he said.

The physicians who examined him on his arrival home found that the white plague already had him in its grip and ordered him to the mountains. He went to Colorado, and since he could no longer follow music as a vocation, he took up art, for which he also had a talent, and, his own mother having died, he looked to Mrs. Hendricks for advice and corresponded with her throughout his residence in the west.

Mr. Bellamy never recovered his health, but his last days were made easy because of the fact that through Mrs. Hendricks' efforts he obtained a liberal pension as a Spanish-American war veteran. He died in Denver March 31, 1915. His body was taken to Cherryvale and rests in Fairview cemetery there, not far from the shaft which marks the grave of Mrs. Hendricks.—Kansas City Star.

Ill patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules.—Locke.

SUCCESS AT THE BAT.

It Is Not Acquired by Striving to Outguess the Pitcher.

The batter who tries to outguess a pitcher is making a big mistake. He should try to figure out what the latter probably will do, but at the same time should be set and ready for anything and prepared to shift at short notice. Making up your mind in advance that you are going to hit a certain ball and then swinging at it regardless of where it may come will never get you into the .300 class.

Let me caution every young player against acquiring the bad habit of trying to kill the ball. Thousands of fellows who might otherwise have become good batters have been ruined because they wanted to knock a home run every time up. If you meet the ball squarely and get the right amount of snap in your swing you do not need to take a windup and lunge at it with all your might.

There is a lot of life in a baseball and when you hit it "on the nose" you don't need all your weight behind the bat. If you take care to apply your power at the right moment, so that you will get the ball well out in front of you at the point where your swing is fastest and most powerful, the distance and speed will take care of themselves.

There never was a great hitter yet that swung with all his might all the time. You may argue that the harder you poke the ball the longer distance you will get, but the trouble is that it is practically impossible to time your blow properly and hit the ball squarely when you take a "washerwoman's swing." Once in a hundred times you might happen to do so, but the other ninety-nine times you would just be making yourself ridiculous.

And no player is of much value to his team if he gets a home run once a year and either fans or sends up easy flies or rolls feeble grounders the rest of the time.

Every man must in a way be his own trainer in baseball.—Ty Cobb in American Boy.

WHERE DUTY CALLED.

He Was "at the Front" When the Crisis Came, and He Won.

In the spring of 1913 occurred the disastrous floods in Ohio. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, could not rest content with merely directing relief from his office in Baltimore. He rushed immediately to the scene of suffering and destruction, where he remained till the danger was past.

A New York banker, whose influence and friendship were much needed by the Baltimore and Ohio, ran down to Baltimore. He was a man to whom time is money—in capital letters—and he had a positive date with Daniel Willard. But when he reached the railroad offices the president was gone.

"He's at the front," said one of his secretaries and explained how the chief had gone out to Camden station on the preceding night. A message calling the engagement had been sent to New York. Willard is most punctilious in such matters—but it had failed to arrive.

The banker frowned.—He was not in the habit of hurrying to see railroaders who were seeking loans and then having them fail to keep appointments with him. But when he was back in his own office the next day and the newspaper extras were telling of the catastrophe that had swept over Ohio he sent a personal message to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio. It told him that he might draw for as much money as he needed to put his railroad on its feet again.

"He's at the front."

That was the thing that had hit the Wall street man clean between the eyes.—Everybody's.

Our Murder Record.

For every million inhabitants Canada has each year three murders; Germany, under five; Great Britain, ten; France, fourteen; Belgium, sixteen. In the United States there are every year 129 murders per million inhabitants. In one single year over 11,000 men, women and children are murdered. One murderer in seventy-five pays the death penalty, and for the rest an average imprisonment of seven years settles the score.—Exchange.

Seeds of Vegetable Plants.

Seeds may be saved from the best vegetable plants one year for the next season's planting. Lettuce and radish go to seed if permitted to do so. The best corn ears may be left on the plant to mature. The best potatoes from the biggest hills may also be saved if they can be kept safely. Peas and beans allowed to ripen on the plants will supply seed for next year.

Fireproof Paper.

Patents have been taken out at various times for paper which is claimed to be proof against fire and therefore particularly suitable for documentary records. Most of these papers contain asbestos or a similar mineral fiber, with or without the addition of clays or metallic salts.—London Standard.

His Idea.

"I never give a letter of recommendation."

"That so? Why?"

"Well, I figure that the fellow who is good enough to be given my hearty indorsement is good enough to keep on the payroll."—Detroit Free Press.

Warned.

Betty—Jack says he will stop drinking if I marry him. Mrs. Wyse—Well, be careful, dear. It's easier for him to begin again than it is for you to get unmarried.—Boston Transcript.

NAPS BETWEEN EDITIONS.

They Have a Nice, Easy Going Way on Newspapers in Japan.

Eleven o'clock at night in an American morning paper is the rush hour. Typewriters click frantically, and copy boys haven't a minute to sit down and digest the baseball scores. It's the time of night when the editors are widest awake.

I chose that time, therefore, to visit the office of the Nichi Nichi, in Tokyo, says Archie Bell in the World Outlook. I wanted to find things moving at their height. The Nichi Nichi is a big morning daily, popular with the masses.

Presenting myself at the sidewalk entrance of the big building in which it is published, I roused a couple of sleeping porters, who allowed me to pass. Every one I encountered in the anterooms was asleep, with the exception of some office boys, who were preparing tea. It was like walking through the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where every one had been sent to sleep in the midst of his task.

I was taken to the office of the telegraph editor. Fortunately, he was awake.

"The first edition has gone to press, so virtually every one has gone to sleep," he said to me, "but we will take a look around."

And what he said was true. We went to editorial sanctums, one after another, and when we didn't nearly stumble over an editor asleep on the floor we found him stretched out asleep on his desk.

Japanese editors do not believe in keeping awake at night when waiting for the late news to come in. If they do not publish it today or tomorrow they may be able to get it in the next day. What is the use of killing an article because something of greater importance arrives later in the evening? The newer stuff will make good "copy" for another day.

TALE OF A MIGHTY WARSHIP.

And the Wreck of Her Armor Plated Turret and Twelve Inch Gun.

Captain Haddock, who succeeded Captain Smith of the Titanic as commodore of the White Star line, was made commander of Great Britain's dummy fleet. The dummy fleet was an auxiliary that had an important duty in the North sea in the early days of the great world war.

The fleet consisted of converted merchantmen. In most cases the conversion was superficial. The vessels included liners, tramps and fast channel steamers. Papier mache made an important substitution for armor plate and armament which helped the deception. Guns of all kinds were mounted, the big ones, however, being more awe inspiring at a distance than effective as weapons.

With this armament the dummy fleet kept up a steady patrol and at a distance deceived many a German observer into reporting the presence of warships.

Admiral Haddock's flagship looked an imposing vessel in her low visibility gray with twelve inch guns fore and aft. Naval discipline in the dummy fleet was an innovation that had not worked into the souls of the erstwhile merchant mariners; otherwise this story tonight have had a sadder sequel in a court martial.

One of the tars was having his "time off." The air was good, the sea was calm and he sought to beguile the hours with a comfortable smoke on the promenade deck (she was a converted liner). He sat on the stern rail dangling his legs. His teeth lost the grip on his pipe. The pipe fell. The tar made a wild grasp into space. He, too, fell and crashed through the armor plated turret and smashed one of the twelve inch guns.—Wall Street Journal.

A Cheerful Mind.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The correctness of this latter statement is seen in the fact that it is much easier for a person to recover from an attack of illness if he is cheerful and hopeful than when he is either indifferent as to his recovery or despairs of it. This is also altogether aside from the strength of purpose which often helps one to throw off an illness by sheer force of will.

Just as the bodily health is improved by cheerfulness so the mental condition is equally benefited by it.

Enlarged Veins.

A physician says that continuous drinking of alcoholic beverages is a common cause of the distension of minute blood vessels, particularly about the face and nose. These blood vessels are influenced each time alcohol in any quantity is taken into the system, and finally the elasticity of the walls is destroyed, and the veins become permanently enlarged, and "red nose" and "red face" result.

Colony Convicts.

Virginia was the only colony which ever received convicts, and very few were sent there and most of those sent were political prisoners. The aristocratic element predominated. In 1676 parliament forbade the transportation of convicts to English colonies in America.

Seizing the Opportunity.

Crabshaw—If you insist on this new gown I'll have to get it on credit. Mrs. Crabshaw—As long as it's going to be charged, dear, I may as well get a more expensive one.—Life.

Train the Child.

A child should not only be taught, but trained. Training is drilling him in what he does until he has acquired the habit of doing it.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Keep up and you will never have to catch up.—Youth's Companion.

A VARNISH PUZZLE

The Lost Secret of the Old Time Makers of Violins.

IT MAY NEVER BE DISCLOSED

This Amazing Mystery, That Defies the Modern Experts, Is the One Thing That Keeps Them From Surpassing the Work of the Ancient Masters.

There must be thousands who wonder why modern manufacturers cannot reproduce the valuable old violins we read so much about, says the Musical Courier. When Ysaye recently inspected the wonderful collection of violins owned by Rudolph Wurlitzer and played on a Ruggiero, a Stradivarius, a Guarnerius, an Amati, and so on, some of our readers may have asked why American makers do not copy those old masters. We reply that every detail of the great Italian makers has been studied for more than 100 years.

We have discovered every secret of the old masters except the recipe for their varnish. That is the mystery. "Surely," claim some of our readers, "this is a secondary consideration. If you have good wood well put together you must have a good violin, no matter what the varnish is!" We shall see. Hills of London, the well known violin experts and makers, in the book "Antonio Stradivari His Life and Works," say:

"Though the wood and also construction and dimensions be perfect, the result will be astonishingly bad if the instrument be badly varnished. Hence we are disposed to classify the relative importance of material, dimensions and constructions and varnish as follows: First, varnish; second, construction and dimensions; third, material."

So here we have an acknowledged authority stating that the most important factor in the tone of a good violin is the varnish. And does the quality of the lost varnish mean that the old makers were men of genius? Not a bit of it. Apparently they were just good workmen whose product could be equaled today in any civilized country if the varnish could be discovered.

That this secret should be lost is one of the amazing facts of history. It is inconceivable to us that 200 years hence no one will be able to supply the shellac varnish that can be found in any painters' supply shop today. And yet this is what has happened to the varnish used by the Cremona makers. It has simply been forgotten; that is all. It was no secret a few hundred years ago. We find chairs, tables, cabinets and bedsteads of the period covered with the golden, lustrous varnish of Amati and Stradivari.

The old violin makers used it because it was cheap and easy to procure. It began to go out of general use in the sixteenth century because it was found to be too soft for the wear and tear of furniture. It was still used by the violin makers, however, none of whom seems to have left the recipe. Perhaps they did not know it. The average cabinetmaker today need not know how to make the varnish he buys by the gallon. Thus the varnish which was used by the whole Italian nation for two centuries is now an unknown mixture of mysteries.

Whence came the gums and oils of the old Italian varnish? We have reason for believing that they were not indigenous to the Italian soil. We know that much of the maple used by the violin makers of the day came from Turkey. Stradivari often used the straight grained maple of the Italian Alps for his cheaper instruments. For his wealthy patrons he used a beautiful curly maple that came from Turkey. Why from Turkey? The reason is obvious. Venice and Genoa held command of the eastern trade of Italy. It was cheaper to import maple to Venice by sea than to carry it over land from northern Italy. But when the Venetian car makers came across a piece of maple too curly to be strong enough they sold it to the violin makers. The beautiful backs of the best Stradivarius violins, therefore, are made from wood that the car makers rejected.

Now, if the gums and oils of the old varnish came from the orient it would become more and more difficult to procure them in proportion as the Venetian trade diminished. History confirms this theory. The Turks waged a war against the opulent and powerful republic of Venice from 1645 to 1669. For the first thirteen years of the eighteenth century Venice had a certain amount of peace. But in 1718 Venice, by the peace of Passarowitz, abdicated her rank in Europe, became a nonentity in politics and saw her trade begin to dwindle. Venice, the former mighty queen of the Adriatic, lost her great oriental trade.

Is it any wonder that the oriental gums should disappear from her imports when the cabinetmakers no longer used them? The little that the violin makers needed was too small to keep the trade alive. Then in 1750 a patent was given by the king of France to Simon Martin for a period of twenty-five years for the newly discovered process of making the much more durable and glossy copal varnish. That was the finish of the old Italian varnish, wrongly called "Cremona" varnish.

If the secret or lost process of the old varnish makers could be discovered we believe that Guarnerius and Stradivarius and all the rest of them would lose the title of geniuses they have so long enjoyed and be considered merely good workmen. It is as difficult today to make a chair and cover it with the mysterious varnish as it is to reproduce the famous old violins.

WOULD YOU WIN SUCCESS?

Then Play the Game of Safety First, and Play It Well.

All the world loves a winner when the contest has been fairly played. The local baseball team receives far greater enthusiasm and support when it is winning than when it is repeatedly losing. We praise the accomplishment of a difficult feat. Each one of us hails the skill and tenacity of purpose that puts over any great achievement. Things requiring the clear head, the watchful eye, the skillful hand and the bulldog grip of determination get our hearty commendation.

Said Abraham Lincoln, "I don't think much of the man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday." No truer words could be written of the safety first game. If you would be a winner, each day must find you wiser, keener and more alert than the day before. It is a contest in which we match our determination to have no suffering from accidents to ourselves and fellowmen against little acts of thoughtlessness and carelessness that bring these results.

Nor is this game ever ended. Each new day calls for a better score. New conditions surround us, and all of our faculties, the best that is in us, are challenged to increased effort. To have our work really well done it must be safely done, and none of us wants any less than the best.

For your own sake, for the sake of the family at home, the wife and children, the mother or sister, play the game, and play it well. Play it with the interest, the spirit, the enthusiasm, that will make you win. It will take all your skill and ability to play it right.

Yesterday is gone—forget it.

Tomorrow is yet to come—plan for it.

Today—is here—use it.—Commonwealther.

ACTORS OUT OF A JOB.

No Matter How Discouraged, They Must Smile and Look Prosperous.

In the American Magazine Walter Prichard Eaton says:

"Did you ever hunt for a job—any job? It isn't a form of indoor or outdoor sport that you would naturally choose, is it? It doesn't add greatly to your self esteem, your self confidence, the development of your powers, to come home tired and discouraged night after night. And players folk are peculiarly sensitive to such influences, or they would not be players. It is bad enough to rust in idleness, but it is worse to feel that you are not wanted or that you are forgotten or that you have to be hailed by ignorant men, even by office boys, your chance even to earn a living depending on the tastes of these youths.

"Yet the actor or the actress must show none of this feeling. He or she must keep up a smiling front; must look prosperous and well dressed; youthful and charming, for the shabby actor has no chance at all. Walk along Broadway in July when the casts are being selected for the following season and observe the players on the sidewalks, conversing on the corners, coming out of the office buildings. The men are jaunty; they swing sticks; they look just a shade too "fashionable." The women wear their prettiest frocks and always silk stockings. But sometimes you catch a worried look on their faces, a look even of apprehension. Alone, and a mask seems to drop. Not all of them go to the Knickerbocker for luncheon—far from it. There are little cubbyhole lunchrooms where you will find these cane swinging and silk stockinged bearers of the banner of romance. They are hunting jobs, and some of them in vain."

A Link With Primitive Times.

All ceremonial maces at court, in parliament, of learned societies and municipal bodies, field marshals' batons, gold and silver sticks, etc., are descended from the heavy fighting sticks and clubs of primitive savages. The chiefs always had the best carved clubs, which were the symbols of prowess and authority. The Australian boomerang and the Irish shillalah are both maces.—London Standard.

Birds Weigh Themselves.

An ingenious naturalist has been making the tomtits record their weight. In order to obtain the food which he places for them they have to alight upon what appears to be a twig, but is in reality the beam of a tiny scale. As they rest upon it so they register their weight, which averages about one-third of an ounce per bird—forty-eight tomtits to the pound.—Little Paper, London.

Frequent Colds In the Heads.

Recent investigations show that disease of the sinuses may be suspected when persons suffer from recurrent headaches and neuralgia incident to a cold in the head. An X ray plate of the sinuses is advised, and autogenous vaccine, say the experts, should be used in the treatment.—Exchange.

Watch Your Every Act.

The fool act of today goes to make the regret of tomorrow. And all along the path that finally leads to the cemetery we encounter more of them than telephone posts.—Florida Times-Union.

Advantages of Travel.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortunes carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

Millet's Angelus.

Millett's famous picture, "The Angelus," sold for the munificent sum of $150,000.

OUR MILITARY SYMBOLS.

Insignia That Tell a Man's Branch of Service and Rank.

In all branches of our military service—infantry, cavalry and artillery—the same symbols or insignia of rank are used. The corporal, at the bottom of the scale of officers, is distinguished from the private by the chevron, consisting of two bars on the right sleeve. In the case of the sergeant, next highest in rank, the chevron is of three inverted V shaped bars. All enlisted men, including these noncommissioned officers, wear on one side of their coat or blouses a bronze button with the number of their organization, and in relief crossed rifles for the infantry, crossed sabers for the cavalry and and crossed cannon for the artillery. Coast and field artillerymen may be distinguished by the fact that in the case of the former in addition to the cannon there is a shell at the point of intersection of the cannon.

The second lieutenant, lowest in rank of the commissioned officers, may be distinguished from the enlisted man, despite the fact that he wears no insignia on his shoulder straps, by the gold marking on his collar. This symbol, as in the case of the enlisted men, is of crossed rifles, sabers or cannon, according to the branch of the service, and is worn by all regimental officers. On the other side of the collar are the letters "U. S." in gold. Infantry officers may be distinguished from the enlisted men by the fact that the latter wear canvas leggins, while the officers have tan leather leggins.

First lieutenants have a silver bar on their shoulder straps, while captains have two bars. Of the field officers the major wears a gold leaf, the lieutenant colonel a silver leaf and the colonel a silver spread eagle. The brigadier general has one silver star, and the major general, the highest officer in our army at present, has two silver stars.

The campaign hats—broad brimmed felt hats with stiff brims—afford another clew to the arm to which the wearer belongs. The hats of all enlisted men are alike, but the hat cord around the crown reveals by its color the branch of the service to which the man belongs. A blue cord signifies infantry, a yellow cord cavalry and a red cord artillery, either coast or field. The men of the quartermaster's corps have buff, the engineering corps red and white, the signal corps orange and white and the hospital corps maroon and white hat cords. Officers of all branches wear gold and black hat cords, the insignia on their collars being the only indications of rank.

The insignia of the quartermaster's corps is a winged wheel crossed by a key and sword, of the engineering corps three turrets and of the signal corps crossed flags. There are a few other emblems, but these are the most important.—New York Sun.

Perfect Physical Poise.

For the perfect physical poise we don't need to study pictures in the modern magazines. The ideal form is well expressed in sculpture dating back to 500 to 600 B. C., when the Spartans were masters of Greece. These ancients, says Popular Science Monthly, carried themselves in such a way that the muscles, organs, circulation and even the brain and nervous system were braced in harmonious relationship. How can we attain the same poise in walking? Briefly, by setting the shoulders back and squaring them evenly, by carrying the chest high and well arched forward, by keeping the stomach in and the neck perpendicular, like a column, and by forcing the chin in.

Right From the Heart.

A little boy in the city followed the suggestions of his father (who somehow in the midst of "the turmoil" has managed to live for the good things of life and let the banalities which take up the popular attention alone) that he keep a diary.

The little fellow found it rather difficult to make records, not understanding that the human document must be beautifully simple. But one day he struck the keynote of life with just one bold, unconscious stroke.

"This has been a fine day. Mother did not go anywhere all day."—Indianapolis News.

Canes of Rhinoceros Horn.

Probably some of the most expensive canes to manufacture are those from rhinoceros horns. Such a cane, when made of one piece of horn, often costs as high as $500. The high price is due to the expert treatment which the rhinoceros horn requires immediately after the beast has been slain.

Birds Will Come Back.

The strongly developed homing instincts of birds can be relied on to attach them to the neighborhood where they first saw the light, and the identical pairs which nest in the houses provided for them one year will often return the next season to enjoy the same bounty and protection.

Turmeric Dye.

The turmeric, which yields a yellow powder, grows wild over a considerable portion of Porto Rico and is fairly abundant. It is used by natives as a dye for the fibers from which hammocks are woven, for ribbons, cloths and the like.

Diplomacy.

Mrs. Brown—These lovely flowers from your husband? Mrs. Jones—Yes. I let him have the last word this morning, and it scared him.—Boston Globe.

Dangers are light if they once seem light, and more dangers have deceived men than forced them.—Bacon.