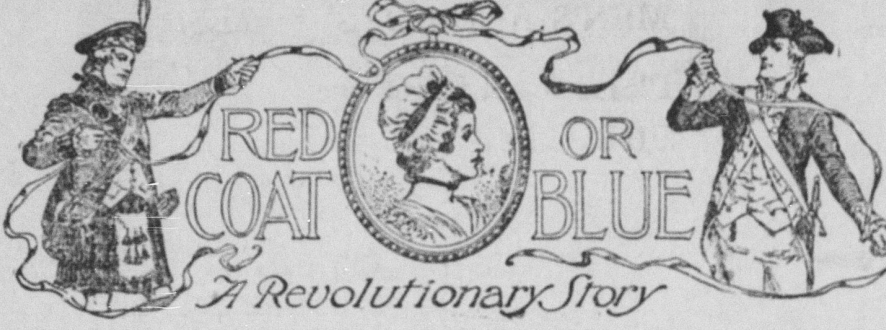


RED WHITE AND BLUE

It's said there's a charm in the magic three,
And one that forever is new,
However this is, we all will agree,
There's a charm in the Red, White and Blue.

Three cheers for our noble flag, they cry,
With an ardor that's heart-felt and true,
For its star-spangled folds we are willing to die,
There's a charm in the Red, White and Blue.

Its folds are binding every heart,
And love it, so truly we do,
And ere its form from us, with life we will part,
God bless the Red, White and Blue.



The gravel walk sounded crisply under the feet of the blue-coated Colonial Captain, as he strode with clinking spurs up the walk to the vine-covered cottage. He was a well-set-up young fellow, long-legged, broad-shouldered, and lithe as a panther of his own native woods; altogether a splendid type of the Colonial who had dared to bid defiance to an empire.

Bold he was and blunt; more confident of manner than of mind. What he wanted to know he asked roundly, with something of the placid, untroubled imperturbability of the mother-country self-containment. Goodfellow was neither to hold nor to bind until he had found an answer to the question which troubled him.

It had been three years since Captain Roger Goodfellow had trod that walk last time, three years of battle and marching and privation, of bitter cold and intolerable heat and gnawing hunger. The drums had beat the funeral march over many a lusty comrade, the while a great nation was being bulldied in toil and suffering.

"'Twas always you, Pol—never any but you with me," he told her quietly, much as if he were telling her of some military operation. "The fancies of the other lads wavered, but my love for you was firm as a rock. I always loved you from the first, even in the days when you played the golden-haired queen among us rough boys."

Perhaps Roger Goodfellow thought of these things as he knocked at the stout door, or perhaps he thought only of the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who had stood there three years before and waved a misty farewell to him, half proud and half tearful. He had been fighting his country's battles, and he wondered whether the Scotch Lieutenant Forbes had been winning the girl he left behind him. Stories had come to him of what assiduous court the young sprig of fashion had paid to Polly Ward, how he had singled her out as the mark of all his attentions, and by his persistent devotion had made her the fashion among his set. It was with something cold clutching at his heart that the Captain waited for the answer to his knock.

"You are not coming to a better understanding. You play at cross purpose. Why do you not stop laughing and make him believe you, Lieutenant Forbes? And you, Roger—you are quite wrong! The Lieutenant carried dispatches to Colonel Tarleton, and on

He heard a hurried whispering of voices from within, the scurry of feet along the floor, again the low-toned murmur, and after a time the sound of the light step he knew so well crossing to the door.

"Then, sir, you are at liberty to depart at once; and if I say the sooner the better, I hope you will not think me too frank."

It was a startled face he looked on when the door opened, one not devoid of lurking fear and apprehensions. When she recognized him her hands came out impulsively. The glad light flashed into her eyes—and then died out. It was as if the shadow of some unseen terror had gripped her.

Forbes offered Goodfellow his hand. "I'm no' a grand tongue at the thanks, Captain, but whiles I think mair than I say."

She was speaking with a hurried nervousness, and the catch in her voice was a little tremulous. The Captain, looking eagerly for the signals her eyes might float, thought her something less than candid. It was not that she was insincere—he read a welcome in the girl's manner not to be denied—but rather something divided and distraught, something a little embarrassed in her greeting, much as if his appearance were malapropos.

And the King's officer went out of the house whistling a blithe air. There was a long, awkward silence after the Highlander left, which Goodfellow was the first to break.

She had gathered confidence as she went on, and as she finished stamped her little foot imperiously.

"Do the officers of the British army disguise themselves while they are carrying dispatches?" asked the American, with irony.

"He discarded his uniform in the woods at a deserted hut some little way from here," explained Polly.

"Then answer a plain question plainly, sir," commanded the Colonial officer brusquely. "Will you give me your word of honor that you broke through our lines for the sole purpose of meeting Mistress Ward?"

"I will."

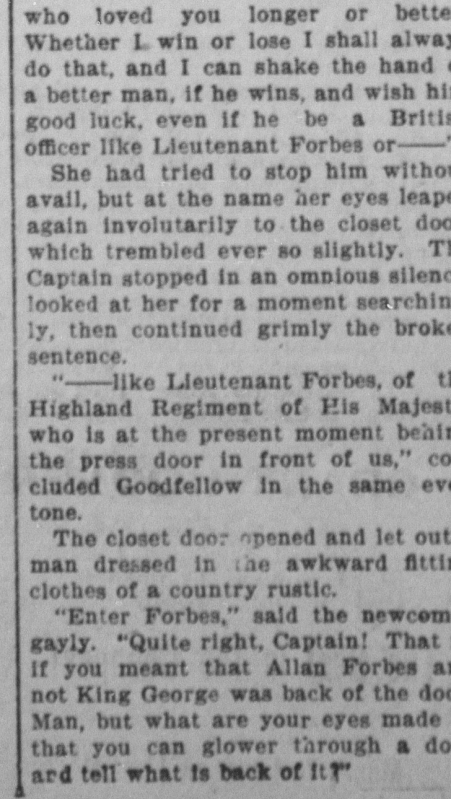
"And that you will remain absolutely silent regarding anything you may have seen here after you are again without our lines?"

She had tried to stop him without avail, but at the name her eyes leaped again involuntarily to the closet door, which trembled ever so slightly. The Captain stopped in an omnibus silence, looked at her for a moment searchingly, then continued grimly the broken sentence.

"—like Lieutenant Forbes, of the Highland Regiment of His Majesty, who is at the present moment behind the press door in front of us," concluded Goodfellow in the same even tone.

The closet door opened and let out a man dressed in the awkward fitting clothes of a country rustic.

"Enter Forbes," said the newcomer gayly. "Quite right, Captain! That is, if you meant that Allan Forbes and not King George was back of the door. Man, but what are your eyes made of that you can glower through a door and tell what is back of it?"



"My eyes are good, Lieutenant Forbes," returned the other gravely. "They can see not far away a galloway waiting for a spy."

"Of seeing Mistress Polly Ward," corrected the British officer. "Just for the chance of a two-handed crack wi' her, and at all events there wasna muckle chance of being taken. I ken the woods about here like a rabbit. But I'm no' askin' you to believe, Captain. Leave or tak it, not a bit of differ it makes to Allan," concluded the young man jauntily.

A daffing answer was on the lips of Alan Forbes, but the girl could not stand by any longer and see him play shuttlecock with life and death. She had been swithering in an agony of fear, white with fear, looking from one to the other with appealing eyes. Now she interposed.

"You are not coming to a better understanding. You play at cross purpose. Why do you not stop laughing and make him believe you, Lieutenant Forbes? And you, Roger—you are quite wrong! The Lieutenant carried dispatches to Colonel Tarleton, and on

"I give you the word of a Forbes, and swear it on my father's sword hilt. May the curse of all my ancestors light on me gin I break it!"

The American looked him through and through with an eye that would reveal the secrets of the soul—and he loved him.



THE LITTLE CONTINENTAL

"Then, sir, you are at liberty to depart at once; and if I say the sooner the better, I hope you will not think me too frank."

Forbes offered Goodfellow his hand. "I'm no' a grand tongue at the thanks, Captain, but whiles I think mair than I say."

And the King's officer went out of the house whistling a blithe air.

There was a long, awkward silence after the Highlander left, which Goodfellow was the first to break.

"And now, Polly, since we have disposed of Lieutenant Forbes for the present, has Roger Goodfellow a future—so far as you are concerned?"

"They say there is no tense in love—neither present, past, nor future. It is eternal. Isn't that what the poets say?" she parried.

The Captain took his hesitation by the throat, and the lady in his arms.

"Come, Polly! A plain answer to a plain man. Is it yes, or no, lass?"

From deep within the folds of his coat he heard a faint "Yes."—The Delinquent.

Souvenir of the Fourth.

Another souvenir of the great day is a square box daintily decorated with bow of red, white and blue ribbon and an American flag. The contents of the box prove to be chocolate wafers, which are much appreciated by the women and children of the family.

Fourth of July Remarks.
Jones—Noise isn't patriotism.
Brown—Oh, I don't know; lots of apparent patriotism is largely noise.



Ready for the Fourth.

We're ready now to celebrate—
We have a lot of splinters,
A bucketful of arnica.
Two dozen kinds of lints—
So let the noble eagle scream
And rockets split the sky,
For now we have the gladsome day—
The Fourth day of July.

The sticking-plaster's close at hand,
The soda's in the box,
We also have some liniment
That's good for sudden shocks.
Then let the speaker cleave the air
And shout in accents high—
Now comes the day we celebrate—
The Fourth day of July.

We have some ice already cracked,
Stored in a shade spot;
The bandages are neatly rolled
Near a convenient cot.
We're ready for 'most anything,
From wounded toe to eye,
So prod the eagle—we salute
The Fourth day of July.

Ammonia's on the lower shelf
To soothe each sigh or groan,
That number on the placard is
The doctor's telephone.
Cut loose! The ambulance is here,
The nurse is standing by,
And we're prepared to celebrate
The Fourth day of July.
—Baltimore American.



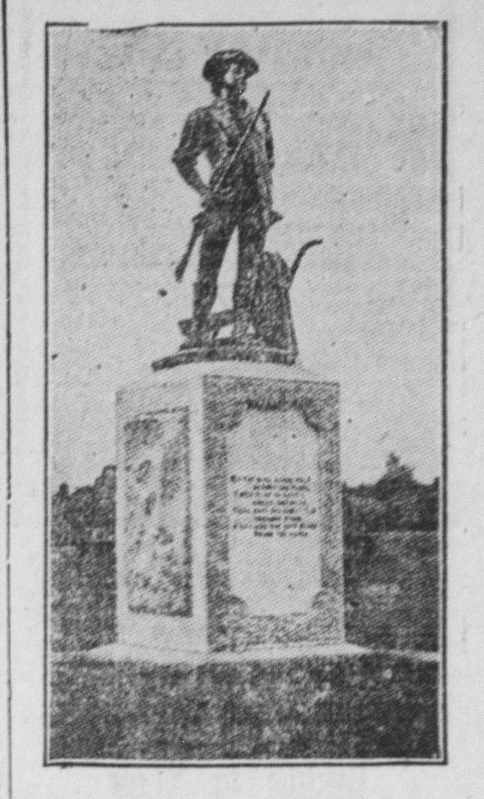
The Fourth of July Picnic Lunch.

Biscuit Sandwiches—Split light, soft milk biscuits and butter them. Put six hard boiled eggs through a potato ricer; mince a dozen small, sweet cucumber pickles very fine and add to the eggs; season with salt, pepper and melted butter; spread this filling on the lower half of each biscuit, put on the upper half and wrap in tissue paper.

Raspberry Sandwiches—Work well together one-half pound of sifted sugar, one-half pound of butter, two beaten eggs and two ounces of ground rice; add seven ounces of flour; spread half this mixture upon buttered writing paper in a shallow tin, then a layer of mashed and sweetened raspberries; cover with the remaining half of the paste, and bake in a quick oven. When cold cut into thick pieces like sandwiches, and wrap in tissue paper.

Virginia Fried Chicken—Into a hot skillet put equal parts of butter and lard; when hot lay in the pieces of chicken, giving each ample space, and first seasoning them with salt and pepper and dredging them with flour. Remove the skillet to that part of the range which is but moderately hot; when the under side is delicately browned turn the chicken and cook slowly until done. When packing for the lunch basket wrap each piece separately in oiled paper.

Liberty Bell.
In chocolate, a hue quite as dark but rather different from that of the Liberty Bell hanging in Independence Hall, is the toothsome bell, sold as a holiday sweetmeat. How carefully the crack has been imitated! The crack will spread as soon as the children take a bite from the glossy little chocolate ball.



FRENCH'S STATUE OF "THE MINUTE MAN," AT CONCORD, MASS.

Fourth of July Drums.
Pretty toy drums, duly corded and prettily painted, with silver ribbons and metal sides, are sold as bonbonnieres for Fourth of July fireworks.



Columbus Eggs—Take hard boiled eggs, remove the shells, cut the eggs into halves and remove a little slice from each of the ends, to enable them to stand alone in the form of cups. Mince the yolks and mix with grated ham or tongue; moisten the mixture with cream or drawn butter and season with powdered mace or nutmeg; fill the empty whites, being careful not to break them, then put the two halves together; serve on a flat dish, standing them upright, so as to look like whole eggs. When packing for the basket wrap in oiled paper and arrange in rows in a pasteboard box.

American Chutney—Chop one-half peck of green tomatoes, four green peppers and two large onions; drain in a colander for one hour, then turn into a kettle, and add one gill of salt, one-half pint of lemon juice, one and one-half pints of vinegar, one pint of sugar, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice; heat slowly and cook one hour. This is a most palatable relish. It should be made several days before using.

Washington Cake—One pound of flour, one pound of white sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, eight eggs, two nutmegs, one pound of seeded raisins and one pound of currants. Bake in a moderate oven.

Disobedience.



"And I told Jimmie to stay in the yard!"—New York Journal.

Mercantile Patriotism.



"I wisht I 'todd buy dat daisy frag but I on'y dot five cents. Tan't you sell it for dat?"
"My dear little sir, I'll never lo' the Stars and Stripes."



The cat had daily grows for punk for little boys like you, but wouldn't it be splendid now, if firecrackers grew!

Chocolate Fireworks.
Packages of scarlet-colored Fourth of July fireworks offered for sale in the confectioners' windows turn out to be chocolate "works" of superior delicacy. The packages are arranged as follows: Small firecrackers, three in a bunch, or six in a bunch, costing respectively five and ten cents.