

## I Don't Know What You Mean

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

THE courtship of Mary and Niles was one that conformed nicely to the conventionalities of the community. She was twenty and he was twenty-nine they met at the home of a mutual friend, became engaged three months later and married that same spring.

In the large industrial eastern city where Niles was already making his way, they began their married life on a scale commensurate with his income and at the end of the second year were occupying a small apartment in one of the up-to-date apartment houses on one of the exclusive streets in town.

They were happy, formative years of gathering friends and furnishings. An inveterate shopper, Mary had the faculty of making a dollar seem to stretch twice its usual resiliency. Their little four-room apartment, in Bradford Arms, an address the young housewife gloried in giving to trades and sales people, was so unusually caparisoned that a magazine called Interior and Exterior had sent a photographer to take pictures of the living and bedrooms for inclusion in the publication.

Mary, and justly so, was proud of her achievement of this home. Busy, constructive years went into its making. Niles took his pride in it too. It was pleasant to be able to invite a client into the really distinguished atmosphere of his surroundings. The charming, well-bred Mary, in her smooth good-looking clothes, the pleasant lamp-lit living room of Sheraton, good old prints, dim-toned rugs, books, firelight, pewter, grand piano with its invariable luster vase containing yellow roses, gave forth an odor of success that never failed to register instantly.

Clever woman, Mary! Clever as the dickens.

From that point on, the advancement of the Niles Gregorlys was consistent and always a little ahead of itself. That is, when Niles was earning twenty thousand a year, they seemed to be living at the rate of thirty; when he was earning thirty, it was as if his income must be at least fifty. And so on, due of course to Mary's unceasing attention to every detail.

At the conclusion of the tenth year of their marriage, while Niles was steering ahead to greater and greater success in his work, their country place, thirty miles from town, was the most pretentious and luxurious estate thereabouts. A far more luxurious place, Mary took pride in explaining, than Niles normally could afford.

She not only had the gift of taste and selection, but she had the indomitable energy for shopping. It might be said that the first ten years of their married life was one exhaustive shopping tour in Europe and America. Not, mind you, that it was drudgery to Mary.

All this made the busy years of growth seem filled with the sense of creating the setting for the kind of life they wished to live.

As Mary's friends put it, she worked like a stage designer, bent on accomplishing the proper dramatic setting for their background. With the country place called Wildmere, she achieved it. On the outskirts of town, adjoining the most select country club in the state, representing an actual outlay of several hundred thousand dollars and giving the effect of having cost much more, the beautiful home of Mary and Niles reared its turreted head.

It gave you a sense of repose just to enter these doors, to sink into its restful chairs and divans, to look out over its meticulous expanses of garden and terrace, to browse in its libraries, relax in its music room, stretch out in its luxurious sleeping suites.

The home was finished. Well, for another year or two, there was the pastime, the excitement, and always the pleasure, of bringing into this home the friends and acquaintances who would exclaim at its perfection and revel in its comfort. It was a source of perennial thrill to walk with them through the beautiful avenue of poplar trees, the geometric perfection of the sunken gardens and point out to them the vistas and scenic delights from almost every window.

Then one day, something seemed to drop like a lead plummet to the bottom of Mary's being. Now that the house was finished, what next? What then? There were the usual diversions. Cards. Friends. Theaters. Travel. No children of her own, but a deep-seated interest in a local child welfare charity to which she gave time and thought. There were apparently as many interests as there had ever been. No particular reason, so far as casual diagnosis could make out, why suddenly and completely the sense of finish had written itself across all of Mary's life.

For a year, with this crack across her being, but with no ostensible let-down, life moved along at Wildmere. Consultations with gardeners, motor troubles, week-end parties, dinners to clients of Niles, guests of inspection with admiring tours through the grounds and then gradually even Niles began to notice.

"What's the matter, Mary? Fagged? Look is if you might need a trip or change."

"All right, try a trip or change." Three months in England, browsing about among the shops for ideas for a certain addition of a Tudor suite she had in mind, then a bit of Basque country, and home by way of Naples and the Mediterranean. But strangely enough, the home-coming of a Mary a little more lusterless and a little more difficult to bestir out of her lethargy than the Mary who had gone hunting diversions three months before.

"Matter, Mary?" It was not easy to tell Niles the matter. That is, it was not even easy to attempt to tell him. There were not the words to convey to him what he could not understand. Better to wait. Better to try somehow, some way, to jerk out of this leaden agony that was gripping her more and more. Another year then of the week-end parties, the personally conducted tours through the grounds, the adding here and there to the perfection of the establishment.

"What in heaven's name is over you these days, Mary? You haven't been yourself in months." Well, here she was trying to tell the untellable. Somehow it had to be told—it had to be told. . . .

"We're so finished, Niles."  
"Meaning what?"  
"You. Me."  
"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. There is nothing we are expectant about. You take me for granted. I suppose I take you that way. Nothing around the corner for us. Nothing to build, because we've already built. No excitement left—no joy of creating—no imagination between us. Just husband taking wife for granted; wife taking husband. Stale. I need something to do. I want a spontaneous compliment from a spontaneous impulse to pay one. I want the impulse to say complimentary things to my husband and I haven't that impulse any more than he has. You're a failure as a husband to me, Niles. I'm a failure as a wife, to you. We've gone along on the momentum of inanimate things, and now that we have finished with them, we've nothing left."

"I don't know what you're talking about."  
"You wouldn't."  
"You mean—"

"I mean, I'm dissatisfied Niles. Horribly. Irrevocably. I'm finished here. I'm bored. There isn't enough between us. We're polite boarders under the same roof. Life is swift, life is passing, and we're missing it."

"I don't know what you mean."  
"I know you don't, or I wouldn't be saying what I'm saying."  
"Take a trip."

This Mary did, but it was a trip which struck incredulity and amazement into the heart of Niles.

"I need to be free, Niles. I cannot regard my life as the snug completed thing it seems to be with you. Emotionally, we are finished; materially we can only be repetitious. I need to be fed, stirred, moved intellectually and inspired to do."

"I don't know what you mean."  
"I know you don't, Niles."

That was four years ago. The new Mary lives in a three-room farm house in Connecticut that she had constructed out of an old barn. She is married to a student of bee culture. Everywhere throughout the simple and sparsely furnished household is evidence of the study of this intricate and subtle form of life, to which they both devote their days.

Some day, Mary hopes to find time to furnish their home in a quaint and charming manner. But in the meanwhile the days are too crowded, too busy, too happy.

### Jackals Described as "Foxes" in Scripture

The ancient Roman writer Ovid let us know that it was not an uncommon thing to fasten firebrands to foxes' tails to do damage in an enemy's country and that at one of the state festivals it was a custom to tie a number of foxes together by their tails, affix firebrands among them and let them run wild.

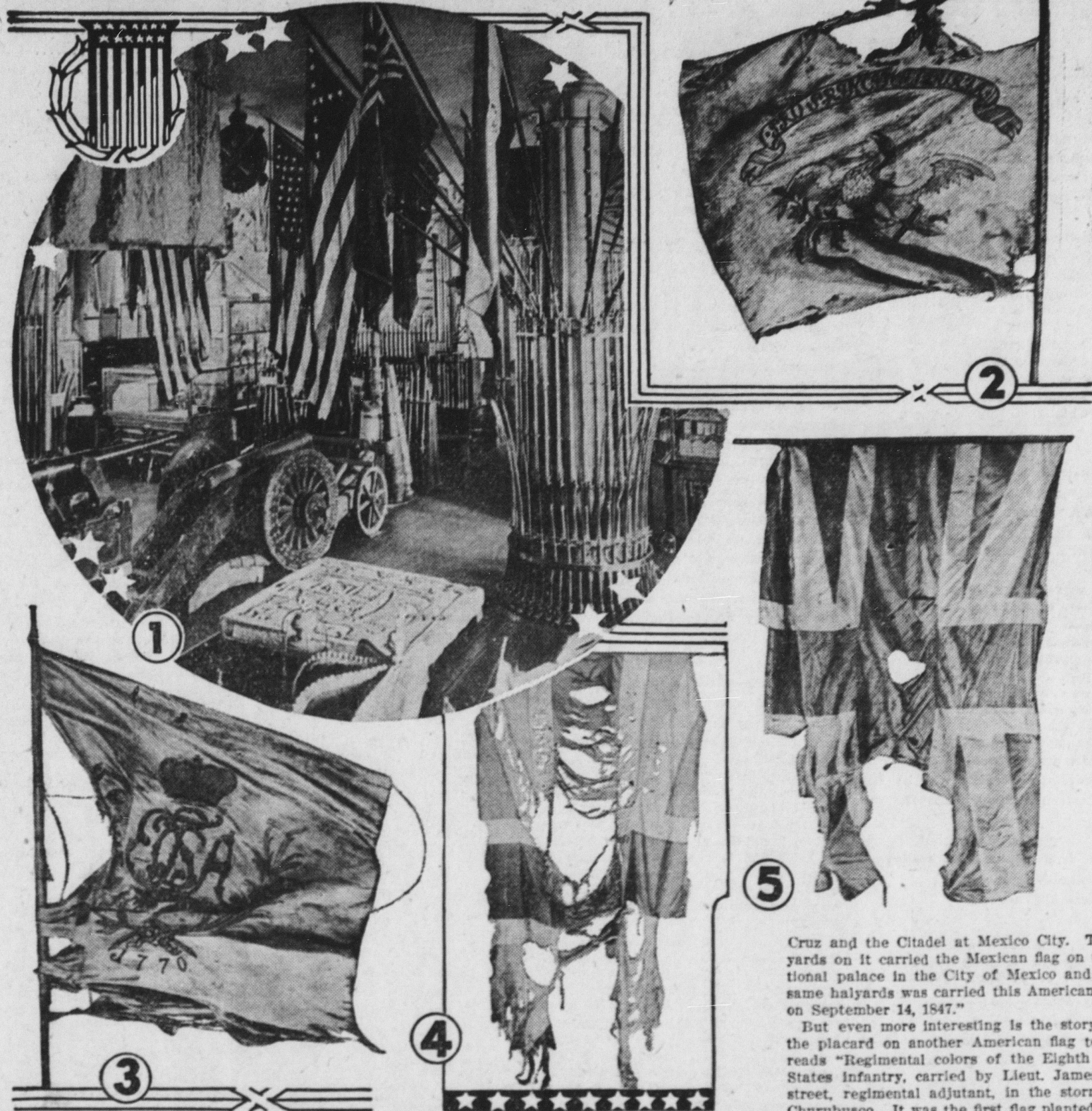
This was apparently a well-known trick in olden times and is referred to in Judges 15:4, where we read that Samson incensed against the Philistines, the most warlike and most greatly dreaded of the enemies of their settlement in the Land of Promise—"went and caught three hundred foxes and took firebrands and turned tail to tail and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails, and when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines and burnt up both the shocks and also the standing corn with the vineyards and olives."

Now, even in those early days it would have been a tremendous task for even the clever Samson to catch three hundred specimens of the fox, which has always been a solitary hunter. But jackals traveled then as now in large packs and by pits or cleverly constructed driveways into enclosures it would not have been a very trying task to take three hundred of them alive. And so in this passage we shall almost certainly be right in reading "three hundred jackals," instead of foxes, as a marginal reading of the authorized version of the Bible suggests.—Montreal Herald.

### World's Largest

The fish aquaria of the United States bureau of fisheries, just opened to the public, consist of 40 tanks. When fully stocked, they will constitute the largest fresh water fish exhibit in the United States. The total population of 400 fish will cost Uncle Sam more than \$2,000 for food alone.

# A Shrine of Flags at West Point



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

JUNE 14 is Flag day and on that day patriotic Americans will pay tribute to the emblem which symbolizes the freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which our forefathers sacrificed their lives and personal fortunes and which "represents a nation of over 100,000,000 free people, its constitution and institutions, its achievements, and aspirations." Everywhere—over homes, business offices and public buildings—the Red, White and Blue will be displayed in celebration of the anniversary of the day when the Continental congress in session in Philadelphia "Resolved, That the Flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

There are several places in the United States which have become "flag shrines" because of their association with the history of our flag and there could be no more appropriate celebration of Flag day than a visit to one of these shrines on that day.

One of them is the little house at 230 Arch street in Philadelphia, where once lived Elizabeth Griscom Ross, famous in American legend as "Betsy Ross," who, even though she may not have been, as the legend has it, "the maker of the first American flag," was certainly one of the early ones. Another is the reconstructed Fort Mifflin in Maryland where was displayed the flag which provided the inspiration for Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner." Still another is the case in the National museum in Washington where is displayed the very flag which Key saw "by the dawn's early light." It was this flag which gave him the inspiration for the immortal poem that has become our national anthem—"The Star-Spangled Banner." Then, too, there is the monument in Old City cemetery in Nashville, Tenn., which marks the last resting place of Capt. William Driver, the New England sea captain, who first called the flag "Old Glory."

Interesting as all of these are because of their individual parts in the history of our national emblem, there is no place, perhaps, where so much flag history can be found in one place as in the museum at the United States Military academy at West Point. In its cases are displayed colors which not only cover more than a century of American history but which, as individual flags, played their part in stirring events in all of our wars from the Revolution to the Spanish-American war.

One group of flags which has a special appeal during this, the Washington bicentennial year, is composed of British and Hessian colors which were once the property of Gen. George Washington, having probably been surrendered at Yorktown in 1781 with the command of Lord Cornwallis. These flags were bequeathed to George Washington Parke Custis, son of Washington's adopted son and grandson of Martha Washington. Custis bequeathed them to the War department, who received them in 1858, whereupon Secretary Floyd sent them to West Point.

Meager as are the records for these flags, the labels on them suggest innumerable thrilling stories of the days when Washington and his Continentals were fighting what so often seemed to be a hopeless fight for American liberties. Here is one described as "British king's colors

1.—The museum at the United States Military academy at West Point. Note X-arrangement of the stars on the American flag in the middle.

2.—One of the Hessian flags, captured at Trenton and once the property of George Washington.

3.—Ansbach-Bayreuth, German mercenaries' colors, captured at Yorktown.

4.—A battle-torn British flag, which became the property of the Americans when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

5.—British king's colors or regimental Union Jack of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers. Probably the first British flag captured during the Revolution.

or regimental Union Jack of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers. Probably captured at Fort Chambly, October 18, 1775, and was therefore the first British flag captured in the Revolution." What memories of the brilliant exploits of "Mad Anthony" Wayne or of the stubborn fighting in the redoubts at Yorktown are called up by the label on this one near by: "British king's colors or Union Jack, Queen Anne pattern, 1707. History not known, but this may be the flag of the Seventeenth regiment, lost at Stony Point, or the Forty-third, Seventy-sixth or Eighty-third regiments, lost at Yorktown."

There are half a dozen or more flags described as "Ansbach-Bayreuth, German mercenaries' colors, bearing the date of 1770, captured at Yorktown" and "Flags captured from the Hessians, one taken at Trenton, and two others either captured at Trenton or at Yorktown." No doubt Washington often looked upon these colors, while they were in his possession, with particular pride for they were relics of the two high points in his career as a soldier.

Reminiscent of the fierce border wars in New York during the Revolution, when green-coated Tory and black-painted Iroquois carried the tomahawk and the torch against the Patriot cause, are two flags close by those previously described. One is labeled "Captured English colors, probably Revolutionary war or War of 1812. Imitation British king's colors or Union Jack, Queen Anne pattern, 1707. Probably a Tory or renegade flag and believed to be the flag of Colonel Butler's Rangers carried in the Susquehanna region during the Revolution and at the Wyoming massacre, also believed to have been taken at Fort George in Upper Canada, May 27, 1813." The other is even more historic if the following inscription is correct: "Captured British colors, Revolution or War of 1812. Imitation British king's colors or Union Jack, Queen Anne pattern, 1707. A Tory flag which has an olive green St. George's Cross. May be either Sir John Johnson's 'Royal Greens' flag captured at Fort George in Upper Canada May 27, 1813. Or it is possible that this flag was captured by Colonel Willett at Fort Stanwix, New York, August 6, 1777."

Close by the British and Hessian colors captured during the Revolution are the colors of another foreign enemy captured in a later war—Mexican flags taken by the troops of Scott and Taylor below the Rio Grande. And there are American flags there, too, which played an important part in that conflict. One of them is designated as "The first flag hoisted over Vera

Cruz and the Citadel at Mexico City. The halyards on it carried the Mexican flag on the National palace in the City of Mexico and by the same halyards was carried this American ensign on September 14, 1847."

But even more interesting is the story which the placard on another American flag tells. It reads "Regimental colors of the Eighth United States Infantry, carried by Lieut. James Longstreet, regimental adjutant, in the storming of Churubusco. It was the first flag planted on the fortifications by Capt. J. V. Bonford and Lieutenant Longstreet and it was the second flag planted on the battlements of Chapultepec by Lieut. George E. Pickett. It was claimed by the regiment to be the first American flag to enter the city of Mexico." Such is the record of this flag in the Mexican war. Is it necessary to remind any American that these same men who carried it then rose to greater fame in a greater conflict later—Longstreet as a general in the Confederate army on many a hard-fought field from 1861 to 1865 and Pickett as the leader of that immortal charge up the slope at Gettysburg?

The Civil war flags in the museum are legion, including such notable colors as General Sheridan's headquarters flag for the Cavalry Reserve Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, with its record of 55 battles and the colors of the Fifth cavalry, the "Fighting Fifth" of later Indian fighter fame, with 61 battles on its record. But perhaps the most historic Civil war flag there is one which is labeled thus: "Flag of the First New York Zouaves (Col. Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth's Zouaves). It is claimed that this flag was placed on the staff of the Marshall house in Alexandria, Va., May 24, 1861, by Colonel Ellsworth after he had pulled down the Stars and Bars. He was shot dead by the hotel proprietor while descending the stairs. There is some doubt as to whether or not this is really the flag since it has 30 stars on it and the American flag did not have that number of stars until between October 31, 1894, and March 1, 1897."

Not so historic, perhaps, as the Ellsworth flag (if it is indeed the Ellsworth flag) but having connected with it a remarkable story is another carried by the Thirteenth United States Missouri Volunteer Infantry regiment. Here is the story: On Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, at the Battle of Shiloh the Confederates attacked soon after sunrise. The regiment advanced to a bridge near Shiloh, leaving its camp flag flying and only a few sick men to protect it. One, a boy named Beem, was a member of the color guard. The regiment was forced to retreat through its own camp. Cannon balls were flying through the air and one of them passed through the flag. Beem hauled down the flag, undressed wrapped the flag around his body and dressed in larger garments made his way safely through the thick of the fight in time to save the regimental flag. For this he was commissioned as an officer. This flag was presented to Professor Church of the military academy faculty in 1874 by Col. Crafts J. Wright of Glendale, Ohio, who commanded the Thirteenth Missouri during that historic Sunday battle. "It was not such a peaceful Sunday morning," wrote Colonel Wright, "My regiment lost 89 killed and wounded in about an hour, among them all of my field and staff officers."

The story of the improvised flag at Fort Stanwix is somewhat paralleled by another improvised flag which is on display in the West Point museum, described as follows: "Handkerchief flag, made of a colored handkerchief, eight stars in a blue field. Used by United States troops in an expedition in the Philippines. Above is the official record but it is probable that a small number of men were detached from the main body and sent on an expedition during the Insurrection of 1890-1902. Not wishing to be without a flag wherever they went, they made this one from the material available."

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