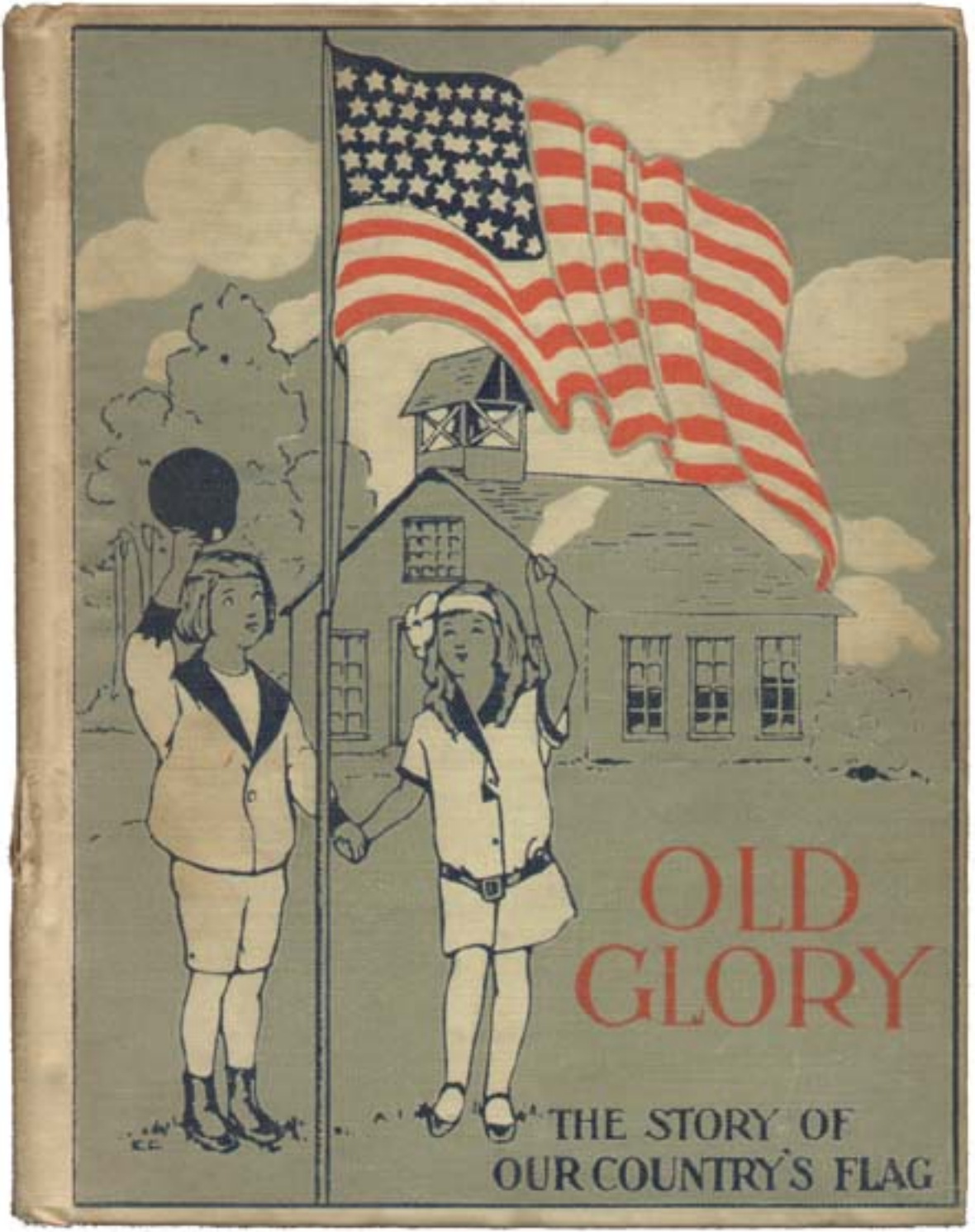
OLD
GLORY
THE STORY OF
OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

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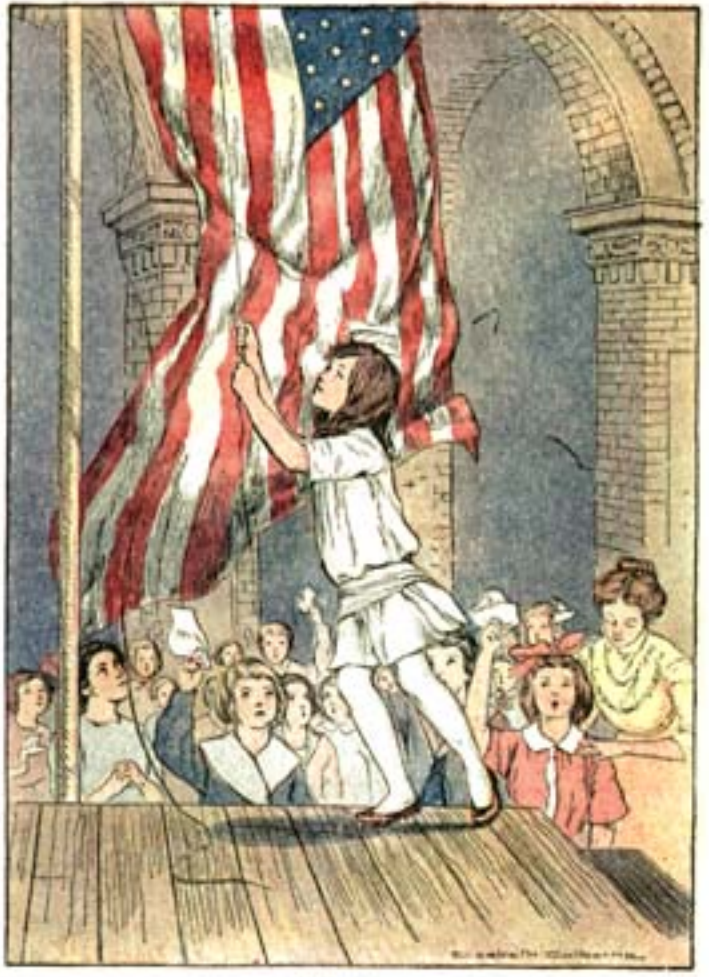
OLD GLORY



Flag Day.

OLD GLORY

THE STORY OF OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER ROSS

New York
THE PLATT & NOURSE COMPANY

TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF
AMERICA
THE FUTURE UPHOLDERS OF
OLD GLORY

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WHY DO WE HAVE A FLAG?

ONCE upon a time there was no flag of the stars and stripes.

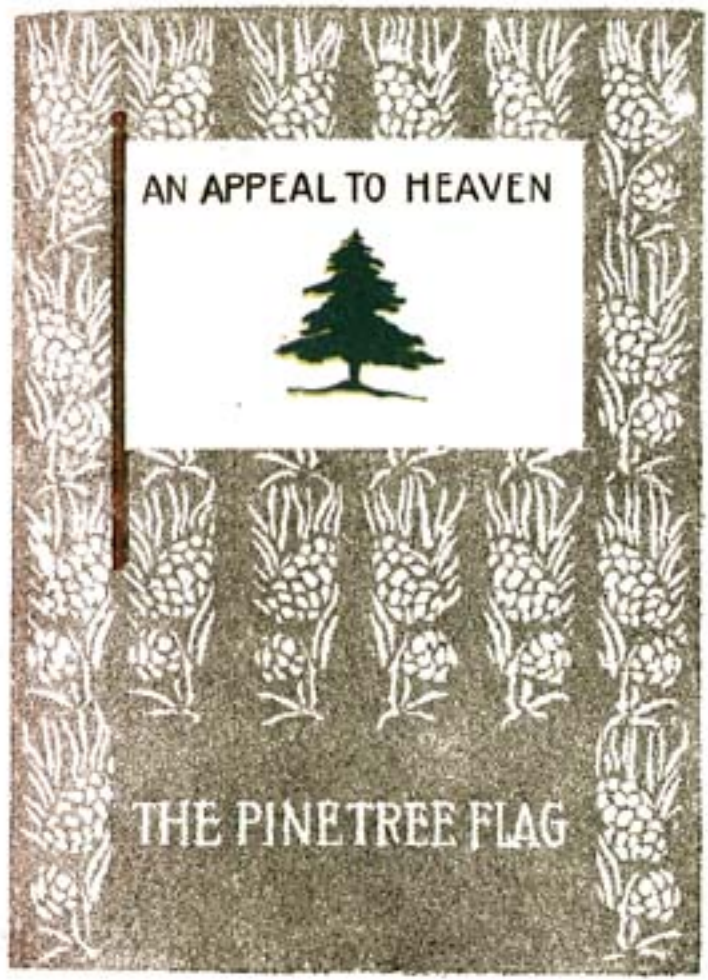
When George Washington was a little boy, he, and all the children of his time, saluted the flag of England, for America was then an English colony.

This little book tells the story of the stars and stripes. It also tells how George Washington, and many others with him, fought for the independence of what is now the United States, and made it necessary that a new flag should wave to tell the world of a new nation. The first step was this:

On October 20th, 1775, Washington's secretary, Colonel Joseph Reed of Philadelphia, wrote to Colonel Glover and Colonel Moylan,

two officers who had been appointed to command cruisers: "Please fix upon some flag by which our vessels may know each other. What do you think of a flag with a white ground, a tree in the middle, the motto, 'An appeal to Heaven'?"

Evidently Colonel Glover and Colonel Moylan thought well of this suggestion, and lost no time in saying so, for the cruisers ordered by the Continental Congress went to sea that year flying the Pine Tree Flag.



LOYALTY AND THE FLAG

ENGLAND was still the mother country, but the thirteen colonies were no longer as weak little children, unable to do anything for themselves.

For more than two hundred years they had been faithful to England. Their clothing had been made in England; their saws, axes, hammers, needles, pins, tacks and a hundred other things had come from England. Their ships had been built in England. Their governors had been appointed by England. Forts and frontiers had been protected by English soldiers. And all the while the Colonies had been quite contented.

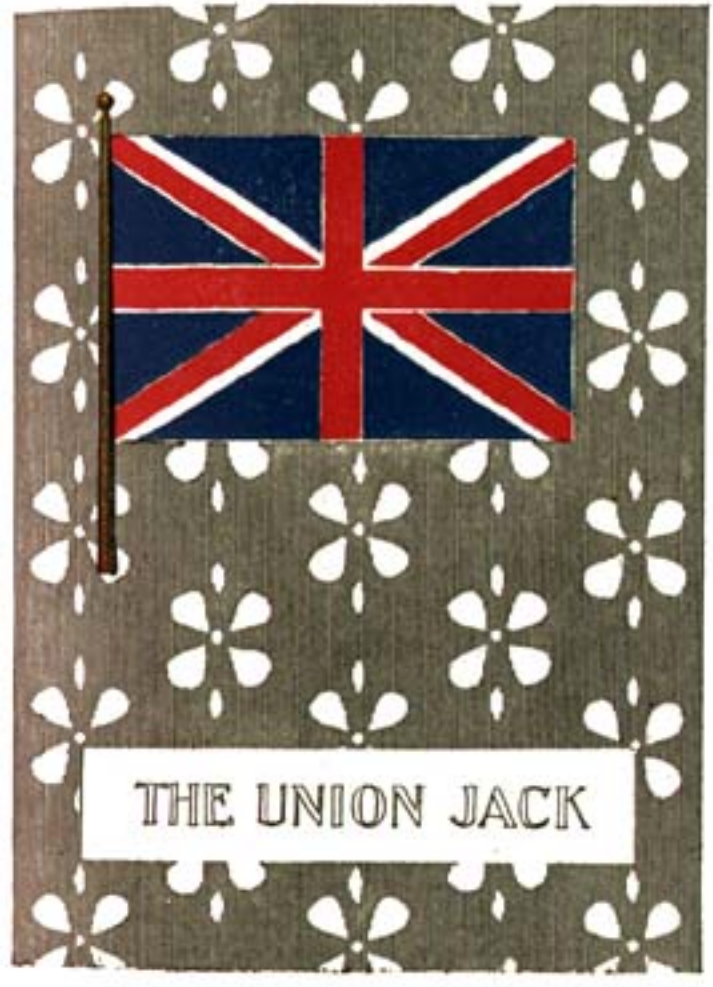
But there came a day when the Colonies found themselves like a grown-up boy. They

were strong and able to take care of themselves.

It was not that they wished to disown England. As children of the mother country they were English, and they were proud of the fact. The Union Jack of old England was their flag, and they loved it. But they wanted to do and to act for themselves: to take part in family discussions and in the direction of family affairs. This they thought to be their right, as Englishmen.

King George III, however, and his parliament, felt otherwise. They were unwilling to admit that the Colonies had any rights. For claiming these rights, they claimed that the Colonies were "rebellious and seditious," by which they meant that they were disobedient.

Then Benjamin Franklin was sent to England to plead the cause of America. He decided that public feeling in England was



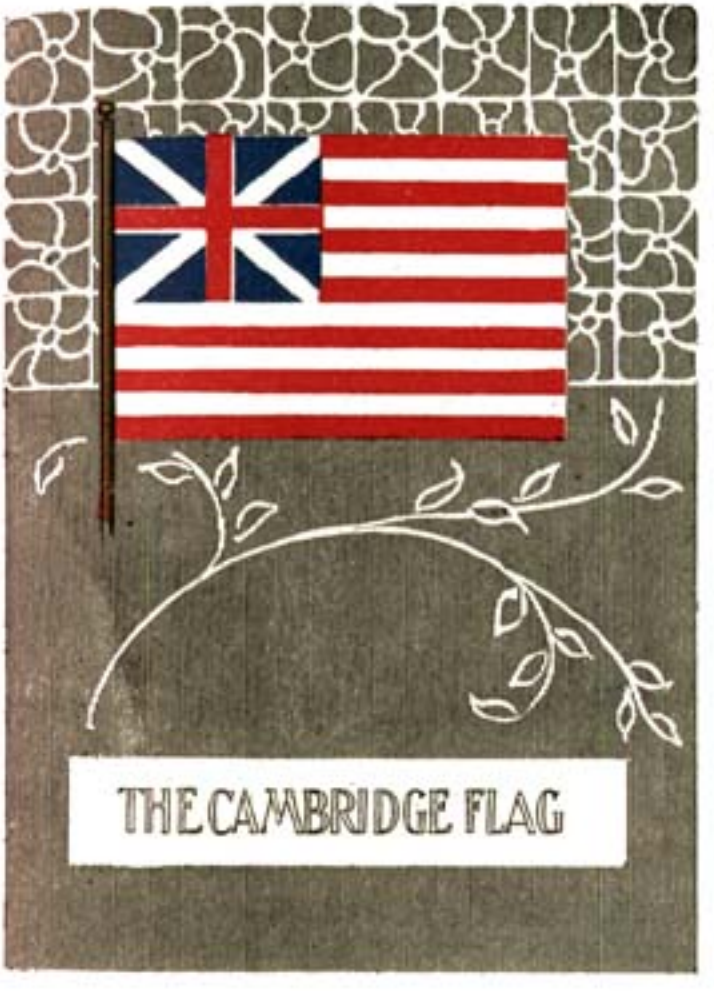
against the Colonies. Then the Colonies decided to fight.

So there came the need of an army. With the new army came the need for a new flag. On the day the new army came into being, the new flag was unfurled. This was the Grand Union, known as the Cambridge flag because it was at Cambridge, Massachusetts, that it first floated in the breeze.

THE CAMBRIDGE FLAG

THE flag, sometimes called the Grand Union, which was unfurled at Cambridge, on the second of January, 1776, was partly English, but largely American. The combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the canton expressed the allegiance of the Colonies to the mother country; the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, represented the thirteen colonies. These thirteen stripes said plainly enough: "We must have our rights—peaceably, if possible; forcibly, if needs be."

This flag which, we are told, was hoisted by Washington's own hands, meant much to the colonies. Our fathers had sailed in the *Mayflower* under the English flag, and they had lived under it for more than one hundred and



fifty years. They had seen it victorious in battle; seen it extend the dominion of England to all parts of the world. They were proud of it, and they loved it. The message of the Cambridge flag to England, was: "We love the mother country, but we must have the right to govern our own affairs."

If the message of the Cambridge flag had been understood by the English, the history of our country since 1776 would have been different. But, as it happened, the English saw in the unfurling of the flag—that was greeted by ringing cheers and the booming of cannon—only a sign of submission. This, they thought, had been brought about by the reading of the King's letter, sent the day previous by Lord Howe to General Washington, under a flag of truce.

As a matter of fact, the reading of the King's speech produced quite an opposite effect.

At that time, although nearly all the people in the Colonies felt that they ought to be free, there were many who were not sure that it would be right to fight the mother country. But when they heard what the King said in his speech, they knew that without fighting they could not hope to be free. And they decided to fight.

Thus, the new flag united the people and marked the beginning of a new order of things.

THE PINE TREE FLAG OF NEW ENGLAND

RATTLESNAKE FLAG

THE FLAG OF THE BEDFORD MINUTEMEN

THE MOULTRIE FLAG

THE FLAG OF NEW YORK

OTHER COLONIAL FLAGS

THE Cambridge flag is known in history as the Grand Union Flag, the Great Union Flag; or, simply as the Union Flag. But, by whatever name it was known, it announced to the English the union of the Colonies.

It proclaimed their loyalty to England and to the King, and at the same time, their intention to struggle unitedly for their rights. The English, however, after their first mistake, forgot about the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew and remembered only the stripes, to which they referred as "the thirteen rebellious stripes."

This flag did not come into general use. It may have been due to the fact that only a few

of all the Colonists knew of it, for news traveled slowly in those days. Or, it may have been that the several colonies who joined in the Revolution, clung to the flags which they themselves had adopted. Of these there were many.

There was the Pine Tree Flag of New England—a red flag with the cross of St. George forming the union, and a green pine tree in the first quarter. This was the banner at Bunker Hill, and the naval ensign suggested by Washington was like it.

There was the handsome flag of the Bedford Minutemen. The field, which was a dull, brownish red, was emblazoned with a mailed arm and hand, in which was an uplifted sword. Embroidered on a gold scroll was the Latin legend: *Vince aut Morire.* These words mean, "Conquer or Die." The Minutemen, roused by Paul Revere on his famous midnight

ride, carried this flag at the battle of Concord when "the shot heard round the world" was fired.

The Rattlesnake Flags were used perhaps more than others. Some showed the snake coiled, and bore the legend: "Don't Tread on Me." Others, borrowing the idea from a picture printed twenty years earlier in Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*, showed the reptile divided into parts, and bore the inscription, "Unite or Die."

Rhode Island's flag was a white field with a blue anchor, over which was the single word "Hope."

New York's flag showed a black beaver in a white field.

But whatever the device, or the color, or the motto, these flags meant the same thing: to work, to fight, and to die for liberty.

THE MOULTRIE FLAG

MEN will risk life and liberty for the honor of the flag.

The earliest flag of the South was an ensign of blue with a silver crescent in the upper corner, and the word "Liberty" written large across the field.

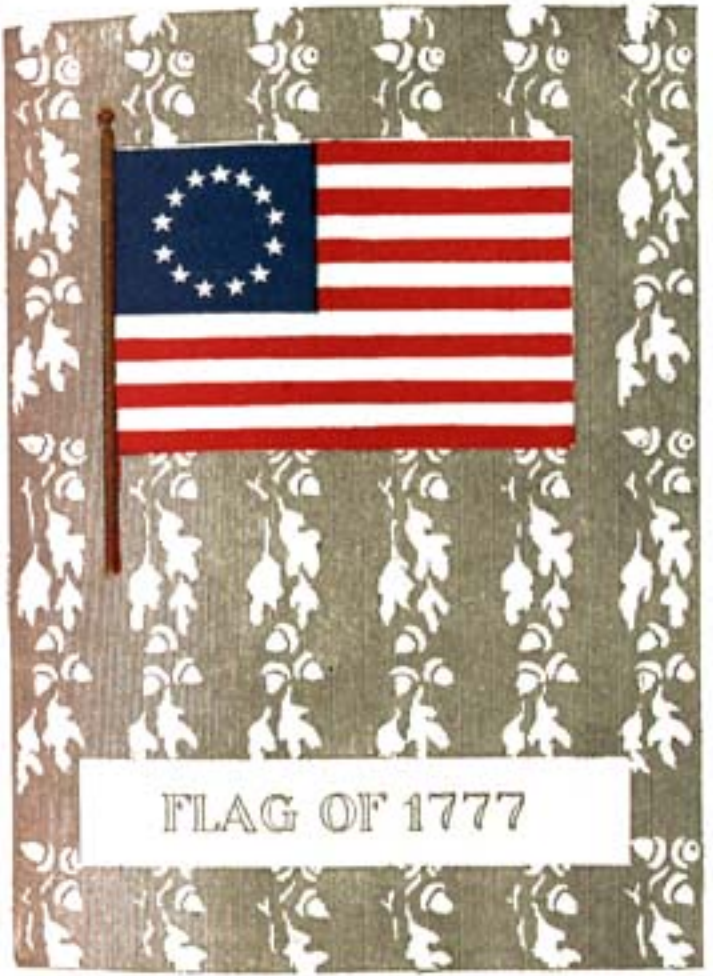
This flag was designed by Colonel William Moultrie of South Carolina. On the 28th of June, 1776, it inspired the patriots to hold the fort of Charleston and drive the British out of the harbor. It so inspired Sergeant William Jasper of the Second South Carolina regiment, that he became a hero. There is a statue in his honor in Charleston, South Carolina, and his name was given to Jasper Square, Savannah, and to Jasper County, Georgia.

The Heroism of Sergeant Jasper.

During the hottest part of the fight at Charleston, the pole was shot away and the flag fell beyond the ramparts. With shot and shell coming thick and fast from the British fleet in the harbor, Sergeant Jasper leaped through an opening and rescued the colors. The pole was splintered and useless, but ready to hand was a gun swab. Jasper attached the colors to this, and held them on high in full sight of the enemy.

Thus the sponge rod, used to cleanse and cool the bore of the cannon, became the staff from which flew the ensign. This act cheered the Americans and encouraged them to still greater deeds.

This banner was presented to Jasper's regiment. Three years later, at the siege of Savannah, the gallant Sergeant fell, mortally wounded, and died grasping the colors he loved so well.



THE ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES

INDEPENDENCE had been declared. No longer was there reason or excuse for a flag that told of loyalty to England. Yet the Colonies were in no haste to set aside the old standard. The Declaration of Independence was made July 4, 1776, but it was not until June 14, 1777—nearly a year later—that Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, passed the resolution:

"That the flag of the thirteen united states be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white, in blue field, representing a new constellation."

With the passage of this resolution, the stars and stripes became the emblem of freedom. Under it the struggles for independence were carried on, the battles fought, and the victories won.

I'LL TRY

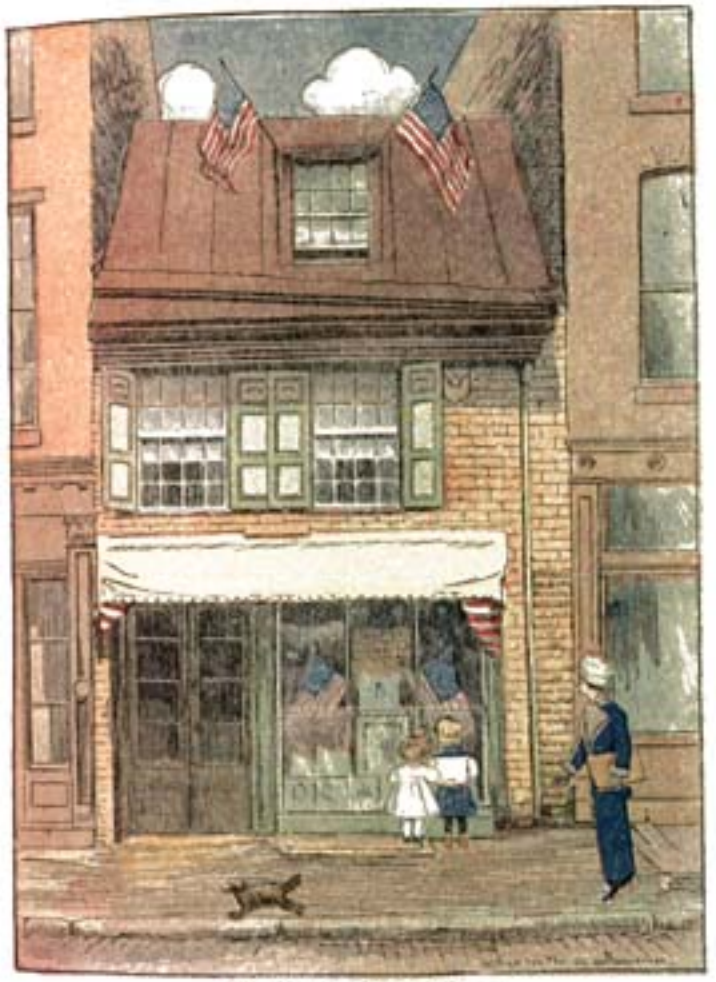
THERE are many stories about the origin of the Stars and Stripes.

It is said that in May, 1777, a committee consisting of General Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross, was named to design a new flag.

According to the story, a rough pencil drawing, made by Washington himself, was taken to Mrs. Betsy Ross, who kept an upholsterer's shop in Philadelphia. She was asked whether she could make a flag. Her answer was: "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try."

And, in this spirit, "I'll try," she stitched the seams of every stripe, and sewed in the stars in the circle.

It was this glorious flag that made the patriots try, and keep on trying until they overcame every difficulty and were victorious.



The Home of Betsy Ross.

THE EUTAW FLAG

IT is not the material of which a flag is made that gives it its value or its beauty. It is not the design after which it is fashioned that gives it its importance. A flag is something to rally round, something to strive for, something to fight for, something to die for.

The red damask curtain of a parlor window, with a yard or two of fringe, furnished the standard known to history as the Eutaw Flag; and the curtain-pole served as its staff. This was the only flag carried by Colonel William A. Washington at the battle of Cowpens, January 17, 1781. But, simple as it was, it was enough. It led his half-clothed, half-starved men to victory.

THE HOMEMADE FLAG

IT was a homemade flag that waved over Fort Stanwix in August, 1777, but it was every bit as good as the finest silken banner ever made.

In the fort there were only a few men—not more than five or six hundred at the most—and they were surrounded by the English soldiers of Colonel St. Leger, and by the Mohawk Indians, led by Brant.

News of the resolution passed by Congress three weeks earlier had reached the soldiers in the fort, and they, too, determined to make a flag. The materials were a woman's red petticoat, a man's white shirt, and blue cloth from the coat of Captain Abraham Swartwout. It is probable that this flag when finished, was not

THE EUTAW FLAG

very beautiful. Possibly it did not flutter lightly in the breeze, nor hang in graceful folds, but it was the garrison's own flag, and they loved it. It put new hope and courage into their hearts, and, cheered by it, they not only held the fort but captured five of the enemy's colors.

This was the first time the Stars and Stripes were unfurled in battle.

It Was a Homemade Flag That Waved Over Fort Stanwix.

THE WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE

THERE were brave fighters at Bunker Hill and at Concord, but the men who wintered at Valley Forge in 1777 were heroes.

It is not easy to lag behind when lively tunes quicken the step, when the shrill piping of the fifes sends the blood tingling through the veins, and the roll and beat of the drums make right foot to follow left.

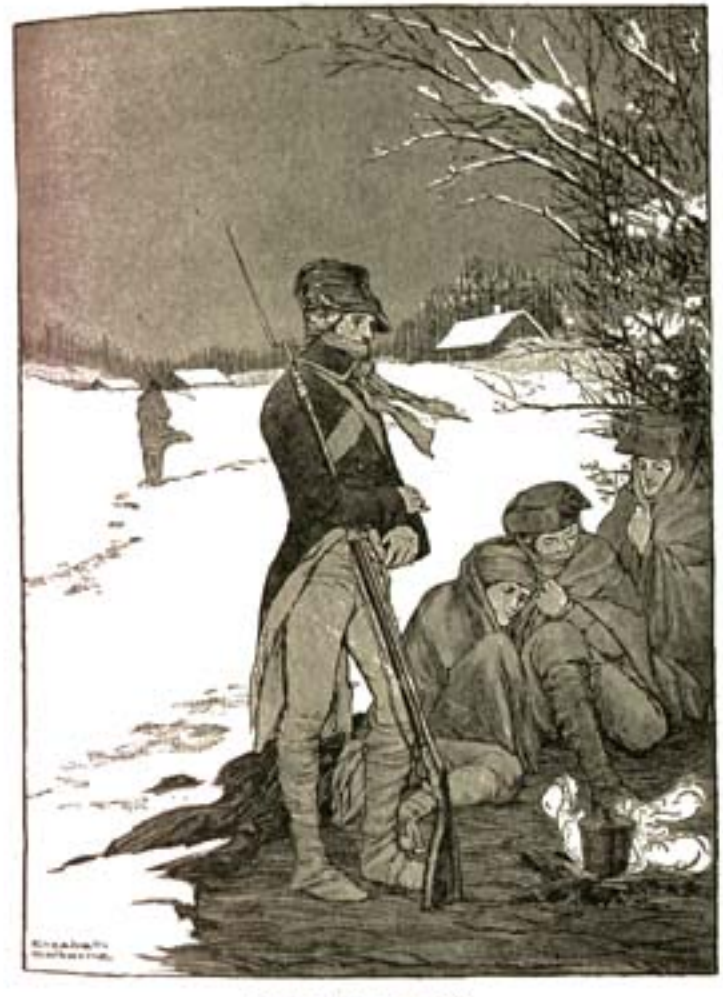
It is not hard to be brave when cannons roar, bullets fly, and swords flash in the air. When the fight is fiercest, fears are easiest forgotten.

But a soldier must have great courage, hardihood, and resolution to patiently endure suffering and want, to go hungry and cold for the good of a cause which may, or may not, prove successful.

Washington's ragged forces at Valley Forge shivered in log huts, without greatcoats or blankets. They had not even straw to sleep on. To keep from freezing they had to sit over camp-fires. There was neither meat nor bread to eat; nor shoes to wear.

Well might these soldiers have been forgiven if they had given up the fight and returned to their homes. But for the honor of the flag, and the independence of their country, they cheerfully endured all hardships. They drilled day after day, marking the frozen ground with the blood of their naked feet. When the winter was over they came forth as skilled soldiers, trained to warfare, and drilled in the discipline of the army.

And they carried the flag to victory at the battle of Monmouth.



Valley Forge in 1777.

THE STARS AND STRIPES AT SEA

ON land or sea the magic of the flag is the same. Whether it wave in the thick of the battle, flutter over the rampart, or fly from the masthead, its message is:

"Be ye faithful unto death."

Men are proud to die for the flag, and to be shrouded in its folds.

The fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, September 23, 1779, was one of the most glorious ever fought at sea. The English ship was new, with fifty guns. The *Bon Homme Richard* was a made-over merchant vessel, rotten and unseaworthy, carrying only forty guns. But it was not the *Bon Homme Richard* that hauled down her colors.

When the battle was at its height, and the *Richard* was in flames and sinking, John Paul

Jones was asked: "Has your ship struck?" and, without hesitation, came the answer: "I have not yet begun to fight."

When the battle was over, the brave commander, standing on the decks of the conquered *Serapis*, saw the *Bon Homme Richard* go down, bows first, with the Stars and Stripes flying from her ensign-gaff.

"No one," he wrote in his journal, "was left aboard the *Richard* but her dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. . . . The very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And, as I had given them the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended, for their winding sheet."

The Sinking of the Bon Homme Richard.

IN VICTORY AND DEFEAT

THE battles of the Revolutionary War were bravely fought. The campaigns were carried on with great energy and endurance. But the patriots were not always successful.

Beaten at Lexington, driven back at Bunker Hill, put to flight at Long Island, it was small wonder that the patriot cause seemed hopeless, and that people of wealth and influence went over to the British.

But the flag stayed with the Americans.

It was with them at Brandywine and at Germantown, and it went with them into winter quarters at Valley Forge; but it was never lowered, and it never surrendered. That is a wonderful fact to think upon.

It triumphed at Trenton and Bennington, and saw the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

There were setbacks at Savannah, at Brier Creek, at Stono Ferry, at Charleston, and at Camden, for the raw recruits of the Revolutionary army were far outmatched and outnumbered by the well-trained troops of the English. With the English government restored in Georgia, with the English soldiers in command in the entire South, the fight for independence seemed lost.

But the flag still waved hopefully in the breeze.

It reminded men of the independence to be won. It kindled afresh the spark of hope. It still encouraged them to try, and to try again.

And brilliant, radiant, and glorious, though tattered and torn, "the thirteen stripes with the thirteen stars" saw the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, and the recognition by the greatest old-world power of a new nation in the new world.

The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

CARRYING THE FLAG INTO THE WILDERNESS

"I AM not a Virginian, but an American," said Patrick Henry.

This was the animating spirit of the Revolution.

In the years between 1769 and 1775, under the leadership of Daniel Boone, extensive settlements were made in what afterwards became Kentucky. Boonesboro, Harrodsburg, and Lexington were founded, a government was set up, and application was made to Congress for admission to statehood.

But during the struggle for independence, the Kentuckians made no effort to press their claims: they were represented on the flag as Virginians, and they were satisfied to work and

fight as Virginians; or, better still, as Americans. That George Rogers Clark, without men or money, took the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes without sacrificing a life, and with scarcely a fight, was something of which they were proud, but they had no desire for personal glory. It was Kentucky's contribution to the common cause; to the people's flag.

But once the independence of the United States was won, individual claims asserted themselves. Brave frontiersmen like Boone, Clark, and others, with little else than their guns and their axes, pressed out into the wilderness, farther and farther to the southwest, planting the flag on new ground, and extending the dominion of the nation.

Where they blazed the path, others quickly followed. First, a clearing in the forest, then a log cabin or two for shelter, quickly followed

by block houses for protection, and the settlements thus made, grew and thrived. They were able to take care of themselves, and to give aid, when needed, to others less strong. It was natural that they should wish to form a new state and govern themselves. Kentucky was admitted, June 1, 1792, to the Union of the States.

As Vermont also had been admitted into the Union, Congress enacted that, from and after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field.

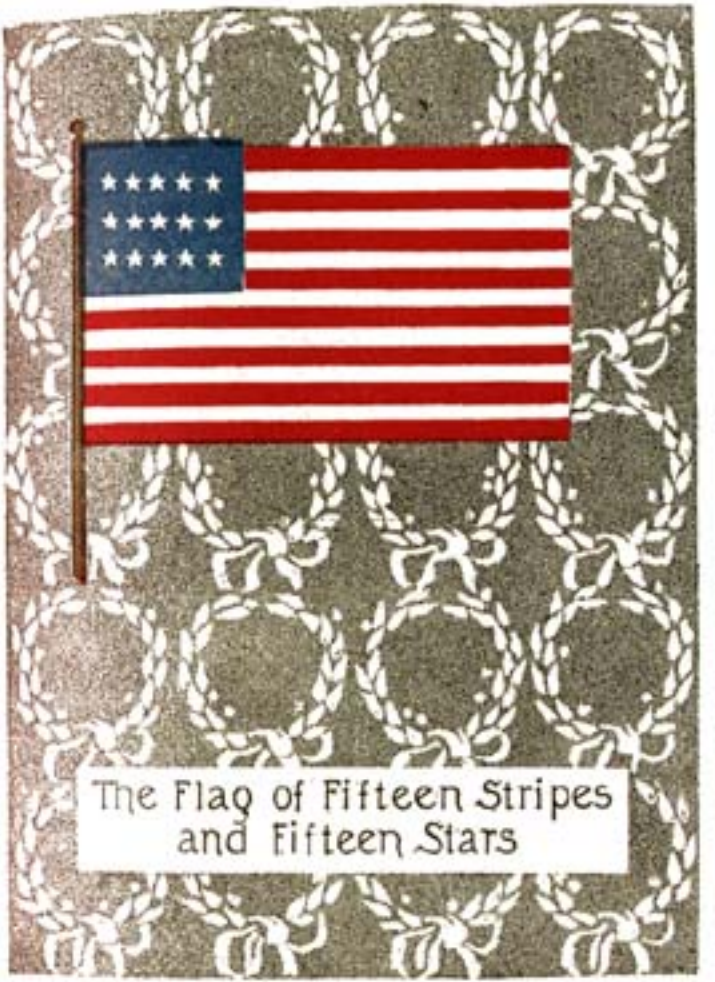
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

IN the presence of the flag it is easy to do great deeds; it is easy to think great thoughts. And the merest scrap of paper will serve to record them so that they may live in the hearts of men.

The little ships built out of green timber manned by untrained sailors, were all that young Oliver Hazard Perry had with which to attack the British squadron under its veteran commander, Commodore Barclay.

But these little ships carried the Stars and Stripes.

Perry attacked the two largest of the British ships, and his own ship, the *Lawrence*, was soon a wreck, with most of his men killed. But taking the few that were left, with the flag



over his arm, he jumped into a boat and rowed to the *Niagara*.

How successfully he carried on the fight is told in his famous dispatch to General Harrison:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

This was on September 10, 1813, and the dispatch was written on the back of a letter.

Just a year later, on an old envelope, was scribbled in pencil the most inspiring of American patriotic songs; the song which, morning and evening, is played in army and navy at the salute of the flag. This is the Star Spangled Banner.

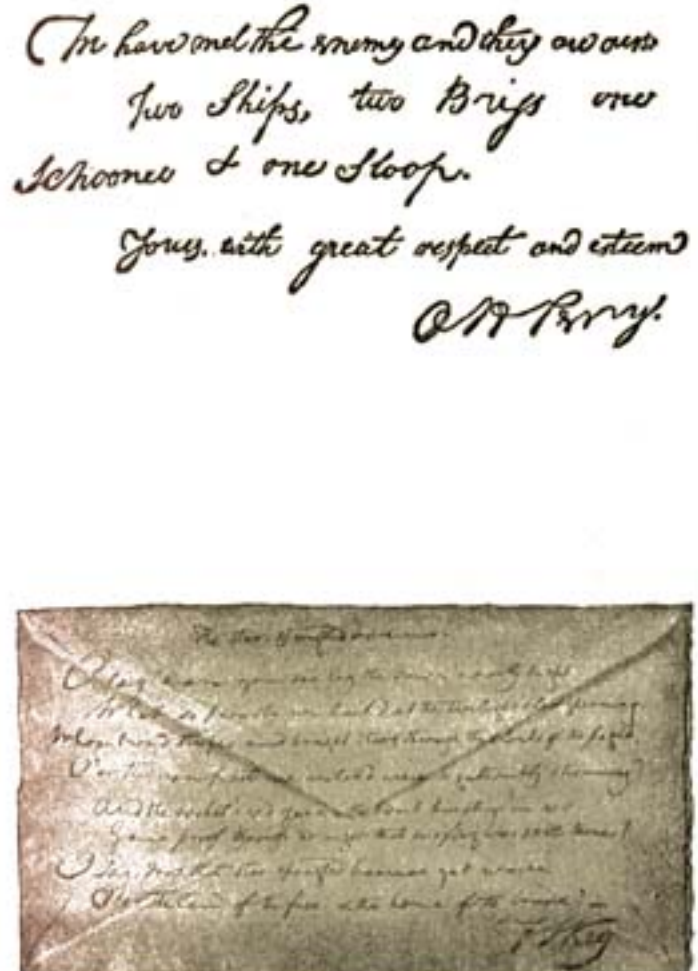
On September 13, 1814, the British having entered Washington and burned the Capitol, bombarded Fort McHenry, the main defense of Baltimore.

The bombardment, which lasted a day and a night, was watched by an American, Francis

Scott Key, from a British vessel on which he was a prisoner.

During the day the flag was often hidden by the smoke of the firing or the fog of the sea. As night came on, it could be seen only by the flash of the cannon and the flare of the rockets. But all through the night, Key watched every wave and flutter of its folds. When morning came it was still there, and the British were beating a retreat.

When we think of this good American watching and watching all night long, we can imagine his feelings when the morning came, and we know why we tingle with pride as we sing the famous song.



Immortal Words.

THE BIT OF STRIPED BUNTING

THE flag is dear to the heart of the sailor. Wherever it floats at sea, there is his country; where it flies, there is his home. Hoisted on any vessel, merchant or naval, it protects him.

It was to win these rights for American seamen that the War of 1812 was fought.

The powder-monkeys and the drummer-boys of the Revolution, grown to manhood, were eager to establish American independence on the seas, as their fathers had established it on land. And the flag carried by young America was the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

It was to this flag, flown from the masthead of the *Constitution*, that the British frigate, *Guerriere*, surrendered.

"Never before in the history of the world," said the London *Times*, "did an English frigate haul down her colors to an American."

But in less than a year another British frigate, the *Java*, and two other British vessels, the *Hornet* and the *Peacock*, had hauled down their colors to the same ship and the same flag.

At the beginning of the war we had only sixteen ships—"fir-built things," the English called them, "with a bit of striped bunting at their mastheads."

But the bit of striped bunting had won against the greatest navy in the world, and secured forever the rights of American sailors.

The Constitution and the Guerriere.

THIRTEEN STRIPES AGAIN

NO flag in the world is so easily recognized as the Stars and Stripes. This is the most necessary quality in a flag.

The flag stands for something. It stands for home, for country, and for protection. It asserts the rights of the people, and bids defiance to those who would question them.

"Fix upon some flag," said Washington, "by which our vessels may know each other." And the flag must be clear and distinct as a signpost that there may be no mistaking it. It must be brilliant as a beacon fire that it may be seen from afar. It must arouse, cheer, encourage, and inspire.

It was more than twenty years before the question of changing the flag again came up. Within a year after the adoption of the fifteen

stars and fifteen stripes, Tennessee came into the Union. Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi followed, and it was clear that if a star and a stripe were added for each new state, it would be necessary to increase the size of the flag indefinitely.

Congress debated the question for more than a year, and many suggestions were offered, none of which were accepted. Finally, Captain Samuel C. Reid, who had done good service in the War of 1812, and who had a sailor's love for the flag, conceived the idea of a flag of thirteen stripes, and a star for every state then in the Union, *and an additional star for every new state admitted*.

Peter H. Wendover of New York City, who was Chairman of the Flag Committee, thought this a good idea, and embodied it in a bill. The bill did not pass without opposition, but Mr. Wendover, who was not less interested than

Captain Reid, nor less earnest, made an eloquent speech in its behalf. "The subject," he said in conclusion, "is worthy the attention of the representatives of a people whose flag will never be insulted for want of protection, and which, I hope and believe, will never be struck to an inferior or an equal force."

On April 4, 1819, Congress enacted:

"That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

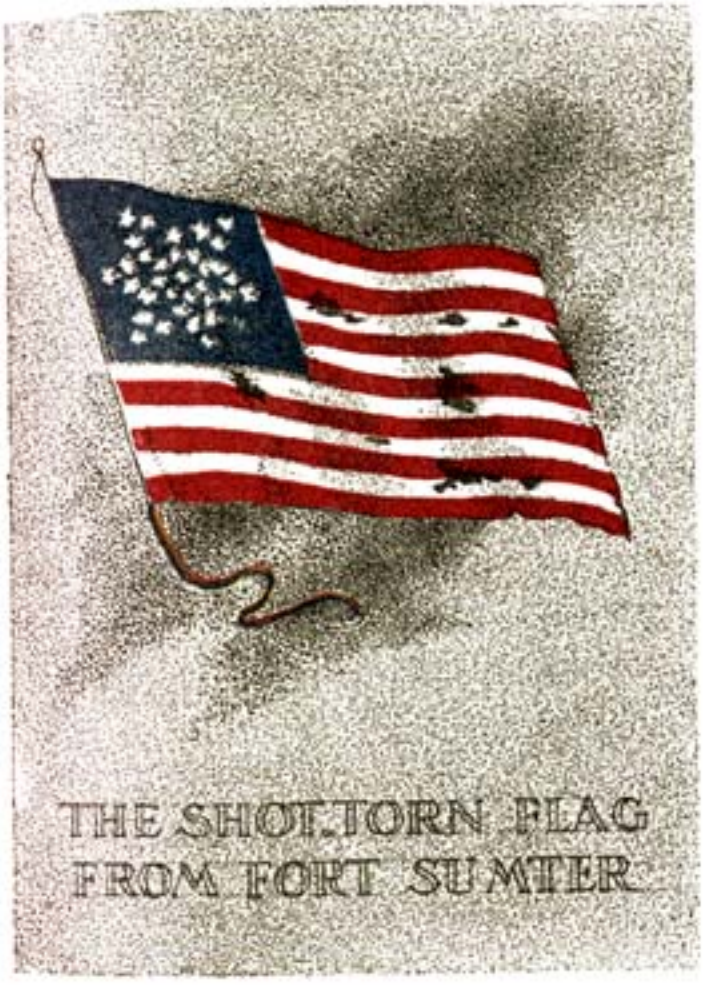
And thus was adopted the flag of to-day, and its form permanently fixed.

FORT SUMTER

A SOLDIER, whether he be friend or foe, understands the soldier's affection for his flag, and respects it.

Fort Sumter was the storm center. The war clouds which had been gathering for months burst suddenly, and the first shot of the Civil War was fired. The bombardment which commenced April 12, 1861, was terrific. Nineteen Confederate batteries directed their fire on the fort. The walls were riddled by shot, bursting shells set fire to the barracks, and the little garrison found itself threatened from without and within.

When the fight was hottest, a shot from one of the batteries shattered the flag pole, and the flag itself fell into the flames. It was quickly rescued and nailed to the pole, by



THE SHOT-TORN FLAG FROM FORT SUMTER

Sergeant Peter Hart, within sight of Fort Moultrie, where, eighty-five years earlier, Sergeant Jasper had performed a similar act of heroism. For more than thirty hours the Stars and Stripes waved defiance.

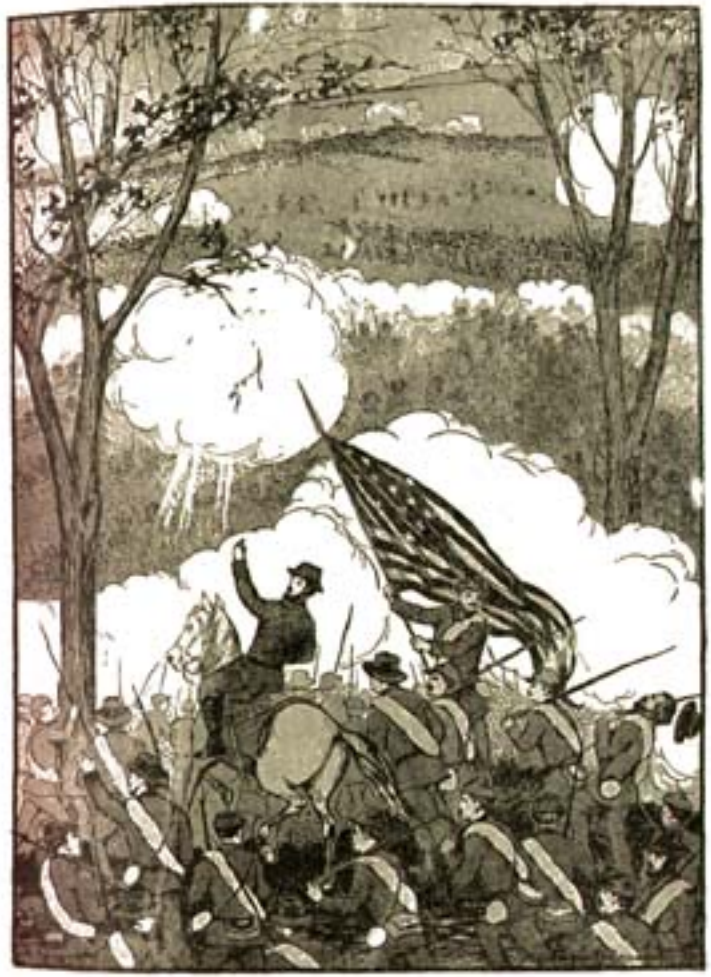
At length, with provisions and ammunition exhausted, with the walls broken down, and the barracks in flames, suffocated and half blinded, the garrison commanded by Major Robert Anderson, was compelled to evacuate.

But the Confederates permitted the firing of a salute of fifty guns to the shot-torn Stars and Stripes.

THE SOLDIERS WHO WOULD NOT HALT

TO the soldier the flag was all in all. The causes that led to the war the soldier left to the statesmen. He felt that the honor of the flag was at stake; that was enough. And in life and death, his thought was of its safety.

The war had hardly begun, and the seizure of Arlington Heights and Alexandria, by Federal Troops, was little more than an affray. Yet a bullet quickly found its mark. A Union soldier was shot. Only a few heart beats were left to him; only enough breath for the briefest words. But turning, he saluted the flag, and exclaimed, "All hail the Stars and Stripes." Then he sank to the ground and died.



The Battle of Missionary Ridge.

It was the flag that gained the victory of Missionary Ridge. Duty ended with the taking of the rifle-pits at its foot, when the command was given to halt. But to plant the flag on the top of the hill meant success. So the soldiers disobeyed orders and bravely charged up the slope. Although shots came like hail, they captured batteries, guns, and men. Neither orders nor bullets could stop them. Up and up they went until they raised the Stars and Stripes on the summit of the ridge.

And no officer found fault with them for their disobedience.

THE CALL OF THE FLAG

IN war time the flag was everywhere. There was the one flag for the men who fought the battles and for the men who stayed at home and worked.

And every one who looked at it felt that it was his own flag and that he must do something for it.

The soldier saw it on his marches and in his camp, and said, "That's my flag. I'll fight for it."

As it streamed from the mastheads of warships, the sailor looked at it and said, "That's my flag. I'll defend it."

"That's our flag," said the servants of the government from the President down to the little page in Congress, when they saw it

Flying from Church Steeples.

hoisted on the White House and on other public buildings, "and we'll work for it."

And the mothers and fathers who could not leave home, and the little boys and little girls who could not fight, said as they watched it flying from church steeples and hanging from house windows, or raised on poles in village greens, "That's our flag. We will be true to it, and hope that it may be victorious."

Every one did something for the flag, and did it willingly and gladly.

No one felt that the best he could do was too much or too good.

BEHOLD OUR FLAG

THE war was fought for the flag. And the war was over.

Each side shared equally in the victory; for there was the one flag for both, and each could look at it and say, "That's our flag. We love it."

And so, on the 14th of April, 1865, over the ruins of Fort Sumter, the selfsame flag which had been lowered just four years earlier, was raised again.

This simple ceremony celebrated the ending of the war.

THE FLAG IN THE SOUTH

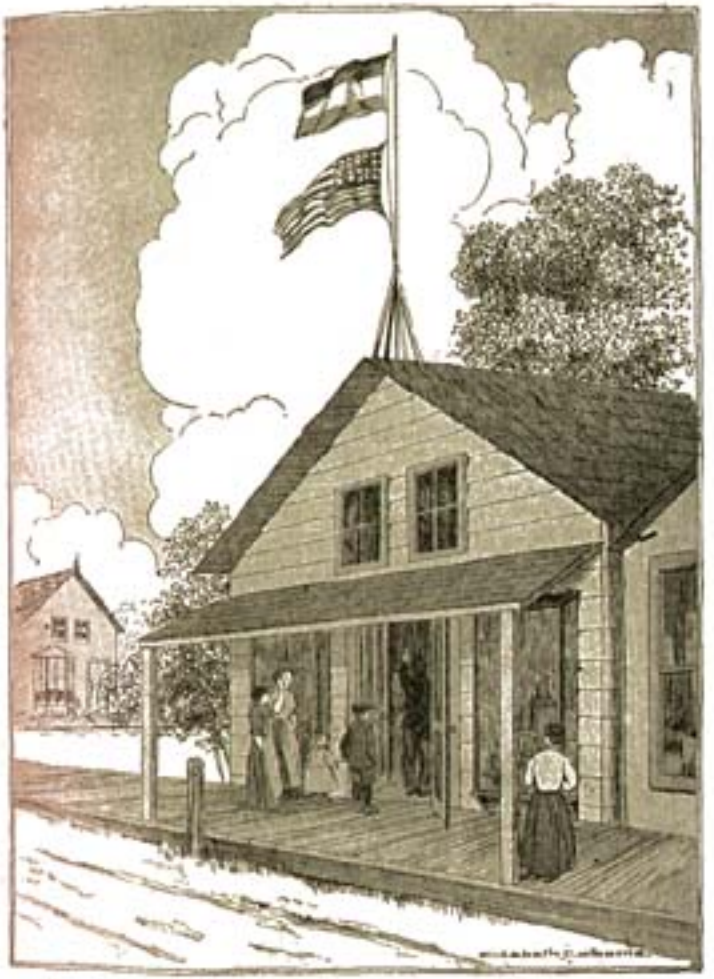
AFTER the Civil War was over, one million two hundred thousand soldiers returned to their homes. They were no longer needed for fighting. The flag had been upheld and firmly established: to its magic influence the mighty work of the future could safely be entrusted.

And quietly but surely the flag did its work. The flag had preserved the Union, and the flag now united the people.

A northern schoolmaster who was teaching in the South feared to affront his neighbors by a display of the flag on Independence Day. But his fears proved groundless for, when the day opened, the National emblem floated from every public building in the town.

In another city, still further south, a German shopkeeper ran up the German and the American flags, with the German flag uppermost. An ex-Confederate captain gave him "just five minutes in which to place the Stars and Stripes on top."

After all, it was the same flag which Southern patriots had carried to victory at King's Mountain, at Cowpens, and at Yorktown. A Southerner might have some feeling against his opponents in the Civil War, but he could have none against the flag.



Five Minutes in Which to Place the Stars and Stripes on Top.

WHEN Spain gave the American Minister in Madrid his passports, the United States was wholly unprepared for war.

This was on April 22nd, 1898.

The regular army numbered only twenty-six thousand men, and Spain had nearly twice that number at Havana. The National Guard had not seen active service, nor were they ready for military duty. They were armed with old-fashioned Springfield rifles. Regulars and volunteers all told, the little force which, under General Shafter, landed in Cuba, did not number more than seventeen thousand men. They were clad in heavy uniforms entirely unsuited for campaigning in a tropical country. Their food was poor in quality, and scanty. They had few tents, and

but little medical supplies. And they were in a strange country.

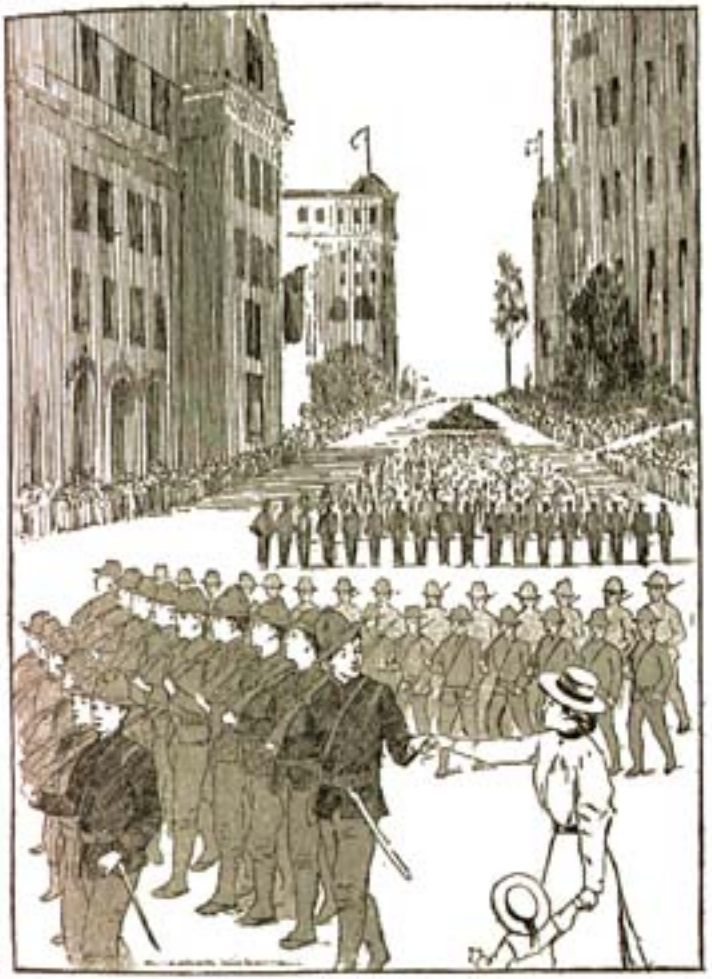
But they had the flag—the flag which had never known defeat—and that was enough.

It made the nation one at home, and concentrated the aim of the army on foreign soil.

It was a southern Senator who moved the resolution placing at the disposal of President McKinley, fifty million dollars to uphold the honor of our country and of our flag, and the men from the South were among the first to rally at the call for volunteers.

Two hundred thousand were asked for, and a million men offered themselves. Millionaire and cowboy, employer and employee, artist and artisan, marched shoulder to shoulder, and cheerfully endured all hardships.

Every American, native or naturalized, burned with a desire to see the Stars and Stripes supreme.



A Million Men Offered Themselves.

This desire had given purpose to the target practice in times of peace and it now sighted the guns in Manila Bay, handled the ships off Santiago, and inspired the charge at San Juan Hill.

And again the flag was triumphant—it could not be otherwise.

The war which had found us all unprepared, lasted only one hundred and fourteen days, but at its close Cuba was free, and the dominion of the flag was extended to Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines.

THE FLAG IS ADOPTED

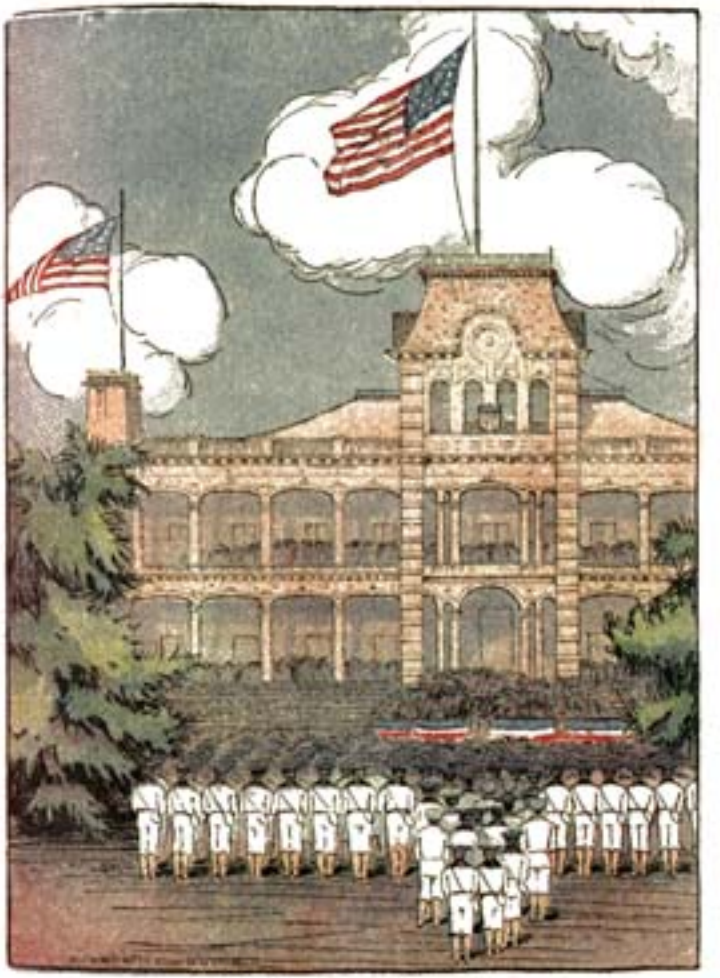
NO stain mars the American flag; no cloud dims its stars. Its mission is to champion the cause of the weak and the oppressed, and to spread liberty, enlightenment, and happiness.

This is what the flag stood for on June 14, 1777. This is what the flag stands for to-day.

Wherever the flag is, it is there by right, or it would not be there.

The flag hoisted over the Government building at Honolulu, February 1, 1893, was hauled down, April 1, 1893. And there was good reason.

It mattered not that Minister Stevens cabled: "The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it." It mattered not that



Raising the Flag in Honolulu.

Prince Kunniakea, the last of the royal line, said: "I am with you heart and soul for annexation. My name will be added to the Annexation Club at once, and in case of trouble I will join your forces with a rifle." The United States was not at war with Hawaii, and could not afford to be charged with promoting the overthrow of the monarchy.

And so the flag was lowered.

But the monarchy was destined to become a republic. On August 12, 1898, the same flag hauled down in 1893 was raised over the Executive Building, with impressive ceremonies.

Raised by the request of a free people, it is there to stay. Its title is clear, and none dare question it.

THE FLAG OF MANY CHILDREN

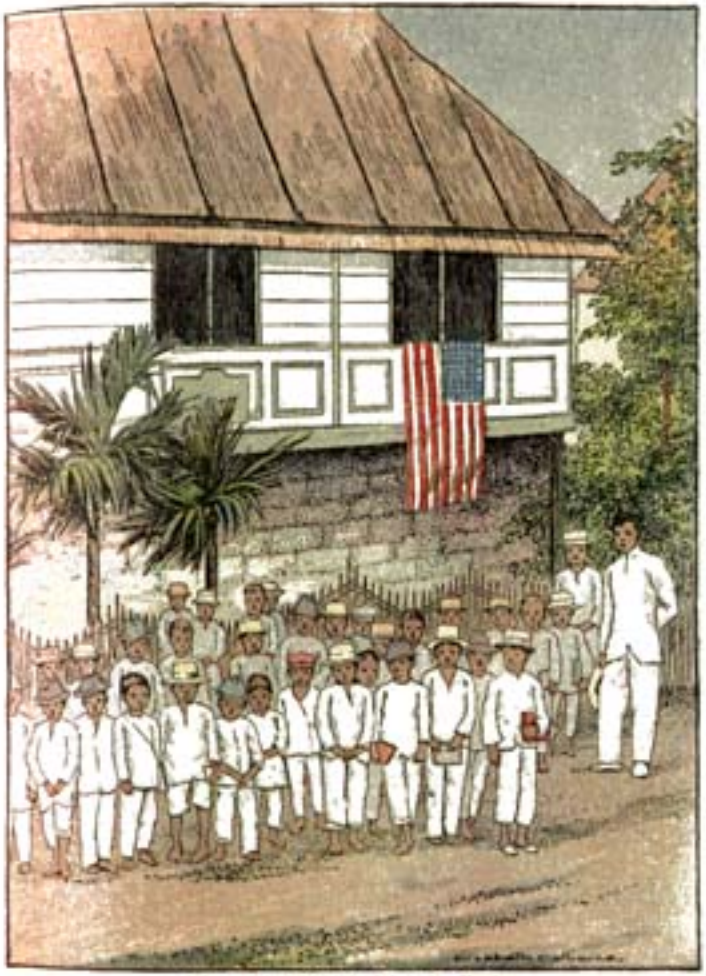
THE schoolhouse follows the flag.

No longer confined to continental America, the dominion of the Stars and Stripes now extends to Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines.

The flag flies not only from government buildings, from the forts, the arsenals, and the coaling stations—but from the thousands of schoolhouses in these distant islands.

It flies, also, from the schoolhouses in all the forty-eight States of the Union; from the finely equipped high school in the cities; and from the little red schoolhouse in the country towns.

And devoted teachers in the United States and in the remote insular dependencies, are



Municipal School, Manila, P. I.

teaching, day by day, the lesson of the flag; the lesson of loyalty, fidelity, and devotion; teaching it to the descendants of the Plymouth Rock Puritans, to colored children whom the flag made free, and to the little brown brothers whom the flag saved from a bondage worse than slavery.

It is the same salute for all; and the same flag for all:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

ON THE WALL OF PEKING

OUR flag of red, white, and blue was the first foreign flag planted on the walls of Peking—that far-away walled city in distant China.

It is something of which we may be proud.

But there is something else of which we may be still prouder.

In the year 1900, a certain class of Chinese known as Boxers set out to murder all the foreigners in Peking. They stole everything of value in the foreign buildings, the churches, and the mission houses. Then they burnt them. They tore up the railway tracks, and set fire to the stations. Besides killing hundreds of native Christians and many of the missionaries, they murdered Baron von Kettler, the Minister from the German Government. No foreigner was safe.

The Stars and Stripes on the Walls of Peking.

Many of the women and children at last took refuge in the Pe-tang Cathedral and in the buildings of the foreign governments. But even there they were in danger.

The "Boxers" fired shots and shells and firepots and heavy iron rockets. Those who were not killed by the bullets, were injured by pieces of bursting shells. The heavy iron rockets made holes in the roofs of buildings and the firepots set fire to them.

Then the "Boxers" prevented the foreigners from getting anything to eat, and women and little children and even strong men died for want of food.

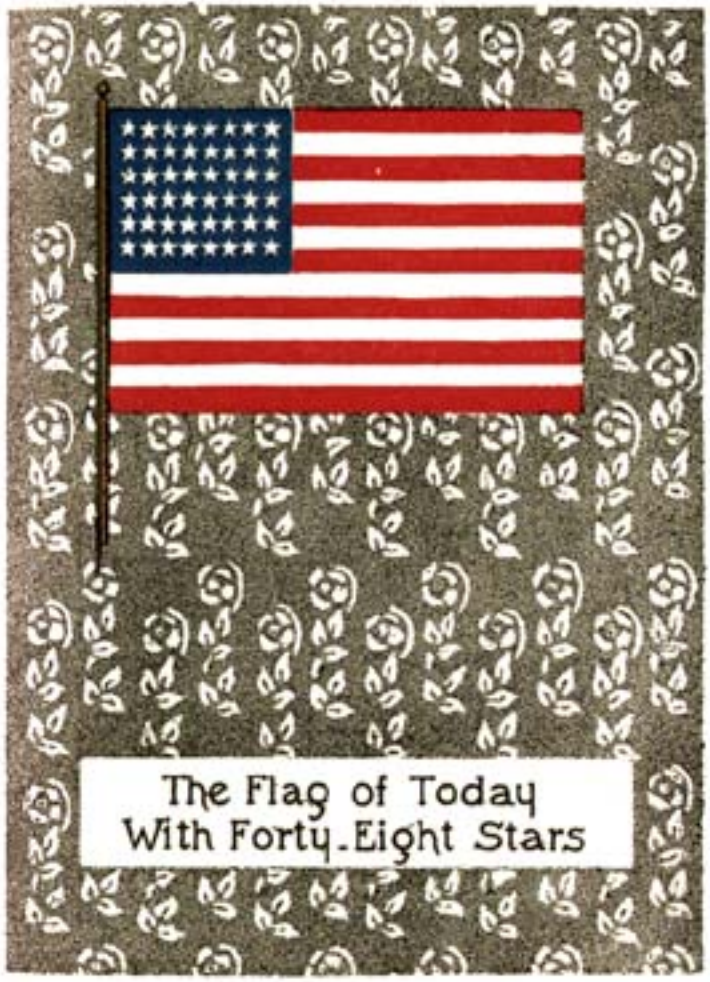
But help came at last.

The United States, England, Germany and other countries ordered their sailors and soldiers to go to the rescue, and on the 13th of August, fighting all together as one army, they captured the city. When they heard how

their people had suffered, some of the soldiers felt that the "Boxers" ought to be made to suffer in the same way. So they carried away their treasures, and what they could not carry away, they burned.

But two wrongs do not make one right.

When the American sailors and marines under Major-General Chaffee planted the Stars and Stripes on the walls of far-off Peking, they could be proud as they looked at it, for it is recorded that their conduct was blameless in almost every detail.



THE FLAG OF MANY PEOPLES

THE flag has made us a great nation, and love for the flag has made our nation great.

Our country has grown from thirteen thinly settled colonies in 1777 to forty-eight States and nearly one hundred million people.

From the countries of the old world millions have come. They heard about the flag and what it stands for, and they found themselves drawn to it like steel to a magnet.

One in every three persons now in the United States was either born in a foreign land, or is the child of foreign-born parents; and one in every nine is a negro; but, black or white, Portuguese or Pole, Swede or Swiss, French or Finn, Egyptian or English, Irish or

Italian, German or Greek—they rally round one flag.

It gives to all, alike, freedom and an equal chance.

The flag binds us all together as Americans, and when we do anything which brings glory to our country the flag shares the glory just as it shares the victory of a battle won.

With good Americans the thought of flag and country always comes first. This is patriotism.

Wilbur Wright conquered the air, and from the first practical biplane flew the Stars and Stripes.

Years of untiring labor and perseverance brought Robert Peary to the North Pole, and his first act was to unfurl the Stars and Stripes.

The last rivet had been driven in the highest building in the world, and full five hundred and twenty feet above the streets, the

Stars and Stripes proclaimed another victory for American enterprise.

The nations of the earth sent their athletes to the Olympic Games at Stockholm. The American boys led all the rest at their chosen sports, and as the Stars and Stripes fluttered to the top of the pole of victory, the great crowds that had watched the games in the stadium stood up and shouted. American flags flashed everywhere, and, when the shouting ceased, royal bands could be heard echoing "cheers for the Red, White, and Blue."

THE END

The End.