

# OLD GLORY

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE COLORS	1
II. THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES	67
III. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	101

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## **THE COLORS**

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## THE COLORS

**I**T comes as a surprise to reasonable people to observe that in the last analysis it is not reason which makes history. A vital question involving peace or war came up in the American Congress at Washington the other day; the pros and cons were debated exhaustively; but when the day of the vote arrived hundreds of responsible lawmakers were seen swayed by a power not born of argument, a passion not known since the Spanish war. It was not pros and cons which turned the scales; a cry of "Stand by the President" swept the representatives into line with an unashamed whirlwind of loyalty to country and the country's leader. Logic is the careful hewing of steps up a mountain; emotion sums years of hewing. It is attainment, whether reached by steps or by a flight of inspiration. The sights and sounds

## OLD GLORY

which stand for things loved in childhood have a hold well-nigh undying on later life. Millions of men march to death knowing little or nothing of the reason why—knowing that they follow their country's flag; it is enough. An appeal to honor, and armies rush to the guns; a catchword of patriotism, and stately legislative bodies toss away formulas and arrive, white-hot, at certainty. One must, indeed, look to it that the rudder is made of the oak of the brain, yet the breeze which fills the sails and drives the ship is forever the rushing, mighty wind of the spirit.

There are officers of the United States navy to-day, stately captains, well girthed, and more than one admiral, who, meeting each other in China or at a club in Washington, shake their heads reminiscently and drop their voices as one speaks of "The night when Jerry Vane took hashish." It was of a 22d of February, that historic night thirty years back, and the U. S. S. *John Paul Jones* was celebrating the Truth Teller's birth in



## THE COLORS

Caribbean waters. The event which made the night memorable had been preparing for two days. Two days back the junior officer of the ship had picked up a book on narcotics in the doctor's cabin; the book was well written and told tales to fire a young daredevil.

"I want to stimulate my imagination; I want to see what it's like," urged Jerrold Vane.

The doctor had happened to find some hashish. Vane had a winning way, and the doctor was young and careless, too, and, very wrongly, the small phial of thickish brown liquid was carried off in Vane's pocket when he said good night. The next day experiments were not in order, but early in the afternoon of the 22d he measured what the unwise doctor had told him was a dose, and then a drop or two, and swallowed it.

There were doings in Vane's cabin that afternoon. The story goes that he set his alarm-clock at intervals of half an hour and took naps with it under his ear. Between naps many fellow officers called on him, and there

## OLD GLORY

was unholy mirth heard through his door. In any case, he appeared at dinner in a state of excitement, from which he dropped to sleep at intervals, waking, flamboyant, to delight the table with cheerful madness. Every one on the ship knew what had happened, and, moreover, the lad was the spoiled child of the ward-room. They filled him up, finally, with black coffee and stood him on his feet. He was a Virginian, and most Southern boys are born speech-makers; this one noticeably so.

Slight and small, he stood swaying, smiling, and rubbed his knuckles into eyes brilliant with the drug. Then he caught sight, on the wall at the far end of the ward-room, of a photograph of Washington draped in the American flag. He shot out an arm.

“Old Glory!” he shouted. “The colors of our country—our n-nation’s f-flag! The red lines are dripping blood of soldiers and sailors, the stars of the States are s-set in the blue of hope everlasting, eternal—f’rever—’n’ ever—’n’ ever.”

## THE COLORS

The two rows of uniformed men looked up at the lad doubtfully. Yet these sentiments, if not too new, were right; in fact, there was something in the abandon of the young voice which thrilled one, thrilled and mystified. It was interesting to know what this nice boy was going to say under the influence of hashish. Jerry Vane had a knack of keeping one interested as to what he was going to say; he was going to bare his soul now, apparently; well, let it come; it was a perfectly good young soul, and a little banal spread-eagleism on Washington's birthday was not reprehensible.

“You've stuck me up here to make a speech,” young Vane went on jovially, “and what you expect is a few remarks about our refined Christian homes, far, far away, and those who love us and miss us, and a gabby talk like that leading up to hip, hip, hooray for the star-spangled banner and the glorious land of freedom. Isn't that the size of it? Well, gentlemen, I can keep on talking that way as long's you like—jus' as long's you

## OLD GLORY

like. I don't think my genius would ever get smitten with locomotor ataxia down that road. Long's—you like——”

The flashing black eyes roved with an invitation to laughter which met with instant answer; to a man the officers chuckled indulgently; to a man they glanced at the captain sitting with his elbows on the table, staring inscrutably at the boy. The boy bent forward, tossed out a hand.

“Let's get to the point. Get to the point—cheers. On your feet, gentlemen, and swing her out for the nation and the father of it—America—George Washington—let her go—three times three!”

There was that in his manner which, although much cheering had been already done, sent the chairs flying backward and the long tableful of officers springing to their feet. Jerrold Vane was modest, as became his youth, on ordinary occasions; that he should take command in this manner, being accounted for by the drug, was amusing. In any case, it was the captain's affair; as long

## THE COLORS

as the captain let him run on—and the captain, watching, let him run on. The captain stood and cheered with the rest. And with that, before the deep, ordered baying was fairly over, the boy's head flung back and a scream of laughter astounded the table. His arms swung like a windmill; his lithe body swayed to the limit of this side and that.

“A joke!” the boy roared. “One gigantic, international joke—the whole shooting-match—the American nation!”

Lieutenant Armstrong, sitting next, caught Vane's arm. “Control yourself, Mr. Vane.”

Vane, as if frozen by the touch, was as still as a statue; he turned his head slowly, glared down. Then a radiant smile broke; he bent and lifted the big hand on his sleeve, kissed it reverently, and replaced it before its owner.

“Oh, damn control, dearie!” he threw at Armstrong. “Can't you let a fellow enjoy himself?”

Armstrong, through the laughter, looked

## OLD GLORY

at the captain. "Let him alone. I'm interested to see how this stuff affects the brain," the captain spoke down the table.

The boy sped straight past the jog of the interruption. "Anybody who'll stop and think," he announced, "will know that this in-intensive enthusiasm about G. Washington and our country is the colossal joke of history. G. Washington was a good old top and a Briton, and that's why he had the sand in his gizzard to kick up a row. He caught England when her hands were t-tied with France and Spain, and he whipped her with a few rag-tags and bobtails, who thereafter made a high-sounding composition and called themselves a nation! For the love of the board of health! Think about that! We were a handful of colonists, and we're just a bigger handful now. What about a land where whole communities—political parties—of foreigners speak, read newspapers in a foreign tongue, live with foreign customs? That's us! Is that a nation? Could there be an Italian party in France, do you think?

## THE COLORS

Can you picture a Russian party in Germany? There's no common blood, no inheritance, no history——”

A deep murmur interrupted the carrying young tones which rolled out these words with rapidity. The captain's voice reached across the hubbub.

“Let him go on,” the captain ordered.

Fluent words poured on the heels of the captain's sentence. “They call us the melting-pot of the nations. More like a rubbish heap; we're a crazy-quilt, a hash, an historic witticism. There's no such thing as an American nation. I'm no American—I'm an Englishman five times removed, and I've got the ginger to stand up and say it. I've got the truthfulness to own that the flag yonder means nothing to me, and I've got the courage to——”

A full glass of Burgundy stood at his plate; he had touched nothing to drink during dinner. With a swift movement he caught up the globe of crimson light and poised it for a shot, his eyes blazing at the Washing-

## OLD GLORY

ton and the flag. But Armstrong gripped his wrist. Vane slued about, stared down at Armstrong, and then—suddenly vague, laughing foolishly—he turned the red wine upside down into a finger-bowl, where it spread and colored the water as bright as blood. With that he broke out sobbing; he fell into his chair, a dead weight, and, with a crashing of china, flung his arms out over the table, dropped his head on them, and was still.

In the captain's cabin the next morning Vane reported, a bit pale, but in his right mind. "You sent for me, sir."

The captain wrote on, not lifting his head; the boy stood and waited. Outside, seas rolled heavily up from across the world and flung themselves on the ship's sides with an air of finality, unendingly. The captain looked up. "Mr. Vane," he said, "do you remember anything of your speech at dinner last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"



## THE COLORS

Vane considered. "All of it, I think."

"You do," reflected the captain. "You were under the influence of a drug, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And not responsible?"

Vane hesitated. "I knew what I was saying. I remember. But I shouldn't have talked as I did except for the hashish. There seemed to be—a lack of power—to inhibit the—the boiling over of thought into speech. It was as if the engine worked at full speed and the steering-gear was broken."

The captain smiled. "Not much steering, I imagine. It was partly my fault. I had been reading the same article which, the doctor tells me, set you off, and I was interested to see how the stuff would affect you. I let you go on out of curiosity. I'll admit you surpassed my expectations. I've sent for you to say that I'd like you, to-night at dinner, to explain. Just a word. Of course, everybody understands, but things like that spoken publicly should be withdrawn pub-

## OLD GLORY

licly. I'd like you to withdraw them tonight."

Vane stood tense.

"Well?" demanded the captain.

"I can't do it, sir."

"What?" the captain threw at him.

"I can't withdraw what I said, sir," Vane repeated.

"What do you mean? You can't withdraw disloyal words? What do you mean, Mr. Vane?"

"I believed it." The boy spoke in a low voice. "I didn't mean to say it in that way. But I can't take it back because I still believe it. I don't take any stock in the American nation or, of course, in the colors."

Outside the ship seas rolled heavily up from across the world and broke on the steel sides with a sound of finality—unendingly. The boy stood, breathless, steady. If the captain had been thumped in the lungs he would not have gasped with more violence. Words seemed beyond him at first; once he found them they came flooding. Plenty of

## THE COLORS

words. He poured them out on the boy, words of indignation, of scorn, of counsel, of reason; varieties of words; and the boy stood respectful, firm.

“You are right, sir; the navy is no place for me,” after a while he answered quietly. “I’ll resign my commission, of course. I’ve been coming to it for a while. I didn’t realize how near I was to the—jumping-off place till that stuff yesterday—precipitated things.” Once more the captain raged; once more the boy, not arguing, stood firm.

The outcome was that a promising career in the United States navy was swiftly ended. There was a short sensation about the affair in the papers, editorials were written, with the young officer as a text, as a horrible warning against Anglophobia; it was noted that Vane had gone into the business world under his uncle, a successful steel man; sharp things were said as to the young man’s right to live in America at all; and then he was forgotten—forgotten until he emerged from oblivion in another rôle. Twenty years later

## OLD GLORY

Armstrong ran across him at the Cosmos Club in Washington.

“There’s sand in the chap,” Admiral Miller, late captain of the *John Paul Jones*, considered, talking it over with Armstrong. “It took sand for a lad like that to stand up to me and tell me with perfect respect that he had no opinion of the flag or the nation.”

“Sand, yes,” Armstrong threw back. “He couldn’t roll up a fortune at his present rate without qualities. They say he jumps a few millions a year.” Then Armstrong’s brows lowered.

There is a curious side-light on American patriotism in the attitude of Americans about changes of nationality. More than any nation on the globe, they are used to such, and they take it as a matter of course and honor the new citizen—if the change is to their own flag. But let a citizen of the United States shift his allegiance to any other government whatsoever, and a growl of resentment goes up across the continent. It argues a deep-set pride in the value of Americanism that no

## THE COLORS

excuse is accepted and that a whole nation takes it as a personal insult when an American surrenders his birthright.

Armstrong frowned. "There's a screw loose if a man can't be satisfied with his own country—especially this country. My word! And the story goes that Vane is using America as a workshop; that he will become an Englishman when he is rich enough."

"I don't know about that," doubted the admiral. "The papers have been full of his buying the old family place in Virginia. Did you see that? Spending a gold-mine on it, it's said. That doesn't look like living in England."

"Oh, that's merely a flier for a Croesus like Vane."

On the June afternoon when these officers of the navy, each living on a few thousand a year, discussed their former subaltern and his millions, a little girl in a riding-habit idled with her dogs down the long drive of a place outside a great steel city. A taxicab turned from the road into the stone gateway.

## OLD GLORY

The child watched. The taxi dashed by and she caught a glimpse in it of her father. With that, child and dogs scampered after the machine toward the house.

The taxi stopped under the porte-cochère, and out jumped Jerrold Vane and dived into his pockets. The little girl was surprised. Father in a taxicab! One of the cars went for father every afternoon. Something must have happened. With that Vane saw her.

“Anne!” he called.

Anne came running; the dogs barked excitedly, leaping about her. Vane seized her as dogs and girl arrived; then he held her off and gazed with an expression that seemed queer to Anne, as if he were gazing with other people’s eyes, appraising her. Little Anne summed up the look as “queer.” The new judgment did not find her wanting. He laughed aloud joyfully.

“You’ll do, Anne; you’ll fill the place,” he cried; and then, his eyes full of laughter, “Honorable Anne Vane!” he threw at her. “How does it sound, chicken?”

## THE COLORS

Anne rippled a giggle. "Funny father! What does it mean? Is it nonsense?" she asked happily.

There were wicker chairs with gay upholstery and tables and bright summer rugs on the porch. Anne's father caught her hand and ran with her around the corner. He dropped into a deep chair and drew the fifteen-year-old girl to his knee.

"Listen, darling," he began. "A great thing has happened; the greatest thing in our lives."

"Oh!" said Anne, wide-eyed. And then, delightedly: "Something about Wargrave? The horses—tell me, father!"

Vane laughed again. "You'll forget Wargrave now, baby. This is something so wonderful that all America doesn't count. We'll sell Wargrave now."

She clutched his arm. "Sell Wargrave! Father! And the horses—and the boats! Father! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Oh, well, we'll keep it if you care about it," agreed the millionaire easily. "But, frog-

## OLD GLORY

gie, a thing far more important than Wargrave has happened to us, to you and me, to-day."

"What, father?"

Vane considered, drew the child close, and patted her shoulder. "Listen, Anne dear; it's quite a long story." Then he explained. His great-great-grandfather, the younger son of an English county family, had come over and settled in Virginia, at Wargrave, a hundred and fifty years before. For three generations the Vanes had been rich and important in America. Sixty years ago the war had ruined them and the estate had been sold. His father had put the boy, born after the war, into the navy as a good calling for a poor gentleman. Vane touched lightly on his naval experience; Anne did not know that episode; in a few words he told her of his fortune, one of the colossal fortunes, now, of America. Then:

"All my life," Vane said, "I've thought of myself as an expatriated Englishman. All my life I've been sure that in going back



## THE COLORS

to England to live I'd find my real environment. I bought Wargrave on the James because it seemed the obvious thing to do and because it pleased my girl. But all the time I've thought that England would get us some day. And it's got us!" He turned his face, radiant, and looked at the fresh face close to him.

The girl's eyes met his with a look which surprised him. "Father! We're Americans! I'm an American!" spoke Anne vehemently.

Vane laughed and hugged her, but the slim figure was unyielding.

"Father, I don't understand. What else is it?" she demanded. Anne had a character of her own; Vane knew that and gloried in it.

"England's got us, you young Yankee," he threw at her. "The older branch of the Vanes has given out. The estates and the barony have come to me if I choose to take them. Baron Wargrave of Wargrave Abbey in England, I am."

He waited. There was a long silence. Then little Anne spoke tremblingly, deliberately:

## OLD GLORY

“I’ll have to go there if you take me. But I’ll never be English. I want our own War-grave on the James.”

With that her arms were around his neck and she was sobbing into his shoulder. Swiftly she flung away and stood before him, boyish in her riding-clothes, a flame of a child. Words seemed to come from the young thing like lava from a volcano. She lifted a finger sternly.

“Father, it’s awful,” she said. “It’s *awful*. A man that—that’s not loyal to his country—that’s terrible. You’re born to America just as I’m born to you, and you ought to want to do everything—everything for America. You ought to want to give all your money, and your life, too, if it’s needed, for your country.”

Vane laughed easily, pleased at this exhibition of spirit, quite unaffected by the substance of it. The child was like her Southern mother, a fire-eater. Beautiful, too, like Anne Carter. He stared at the fresh little face. Her skin was creamy; her eyes were

## THE COLORS

black light; her eyebrows were like one stroke each of a camel's-hair brush. He sighed; she was dear, dead Anne Carter's own child; then he smiled.

“My country, goose! All the world is his country to a cosmopolitan. Narrow patriotism is the hall-mark of the undeveloped. Moreover, if one must have a country, England's mine. My ancestors were English; my name is English; I choose to be English. A mere accident stranded the Vanes over here. And now we're going back!” he cried exultantly. “We're going to live in a great land, a finished, sophisticated land,” he went on, talking more to himself than to the child, “where the machinery is oiled and the engine doesn't rattle and the screws don't drop out; where there's a nation, a race—my race. Not a hodgepodge of the scrapings of the world. We'll shake the dust of this cheap-built conglomeration of States off our feet and we'll enter into our inheritance.” His eyes flashed into the sombre eyes of the child.

## OLD GLORY

“Father,” said Anne, “you make me hopping mad.”

Vane grinned. “You’re a saucy little baggage,” he threw at her. “Moreover, your language is unsatisfactory. ‘Mad,’ my young one, means mentally unbalanced. As you use it, it is an Americanism. What you mean is ‘angry.’ But you’ll lose that sort of thing when you hear only pure English speech.”

“Father,” Anne went on, paying no attention to the digression, “what would you think of me if a—man should want to adopt me as his child, and he was richer than you and—and had pleasanter manners and—lived in a nicer place. And—and I should want to go and be his daughter because of those things? Would you respect me?”

“Respect you?” Vane chuckled. “Respect you? No, I’d spank you,” he answered. “And how could anybody have pleasanter manners than mine?” he inquired. “Drop those lordly airs and come and sit on my lap, baby, and we’ll talk about what we’ll do in England. Come, my precious!”

## THE COLORS

But the boyish figure held aloof; the brown eyes glowered yet. And Anne broke forth again and made oration. "Father, I had a history lesson this morning. Mr. Wheelock made a sort of speech—just this morning. He said how much we had to be proud of and to be grateful for because we are Americans. We have the Revolution to be proud of, George Washington, and those others who dared to fight a strong nation and were able to whip them."

Vane sniffed. "England was tied up—continental wars," he murmured.

Anne went straight on. "*We whipped 'em,*" she stated. "Mr. Wheelock said we should never forget, we Americans, that we had Valley Forge and Yorktown and King's Mountain to be proud of. And the Civil War, and the soldiers on both sides, he said—Phil Kearny, and Grant, and Stonewall Jackson, and Lee. They were all Americans. He said we should be proud of 'em all. And our sailors—John Paul Jones, and Perry, and Farragut, and Dewey, and Clark of the *Oregon*—fa-

## OLD GLORY

ther!" The slim chest heaved with a thrill of patriotism; her eyes flamed. "And thousands and thousands, he said, whose names we don't know, good citizens who've loved the country and helped to build it just as really as the ones who died under the flag. He said we could, every one of us, do that, be good citizens—stand by the colors. That's loyalty, he said. And I want to—father—be an American citizen—stand by my colors. We've got to; Mr. Wheelock said so; because if we don't America can't grow to be as great as it could be. Everybody counts, he said. I can help—you can help a lot—father. And if we don't help we're—cowards—and renegades." The last words came difficultly, but Anne shot them like a shaft, her black gaze on her father's face.

The shaft went home. Vane sprang up as if the hit were physical. "Quite an indictment," he said, "from one's daughter! 'Coward and renegade!' Well, Anne," he addressed her, "you'll be good enough not to apply such words to me again. And you needn't

## THE COLORS

report any more of Mr. Wheelock's speeches. You are a child and don't understand, but you will later. I shall do what I think best for you." It came to him then, as it did always when he was severe, that this was Anne Carter's child. He bent and kissed her. "In two years from now your point of view will be the same as mine, baby." He swung away.

Wargrave on the James was not sold. Caretakers were put in and the buildings were repaired and kept in order, and the James River rolled past the sloping lawn and the mansion, built of bricks brought from England a hundred and fifty years ago, and the patient old house waited, sunlit, silent, while across the ocean the girl growing into womanhood thought of the place faithfully every day and said to herself often: "Some time!"

The Thames trickled, a tiny brook forever just starting on its historic way, through the park at Wargrave Abbey. The splendid

## OLD GLORY

terrace with its stone and brick balustrades, its stone peacocks guarding the entrance of the steps, the wide steps dropping down to the sunken garden in flights through silken lawn, these things were in view of the silvery baby Thames, tinkling through the trees, tinkling down to London. The gray, large old house lifted its complicated system of red-tiled roofs—"the most beautiful roofs in England"—into sunlight beyond the terrace. There were people all about, this afternoon of the 3d of July. Lord Wargrave had come down from London with a weekend party; the Abbey was kept full of people a large part of the year now, since the American baron had come into the estate five years back. Miss Vane, it was said, liked the country better than London at its gayest. In spite of her beauty and money and social success, her tastes were simple. If it had not been for her father and his ambitions, it was said, she would have been happier to live always at the Abbey, flashing about country roads on a horse, running down



## THE COLORS

lanes with a crowd of joyful dogs around her, flying into cottages with friendliness and presents and laughter. The young American lady of the manor was a popular person about Wargrave; not less popular, it seemed, because of her vehement Americanism; perhaps because of the presents, partly, but more likely because of the friendliness, the people liked her pretty faithfulness to her own land.

She had wandered down to the Thames after tea on the terrace this July day with an American, young John Grayson of the legation. "I knew you for a Virginian," she said, looking up at the big boy. "Your speech—and your name—and you look Southern. You know, I'm an American—Virginian, too, really? Do you think—you don't think I speak like an Englishwoman?"

Young Grayson smiled. "Nobody could talk to you five minutes without knowing you for sure-enough American," he pronounced heartily. And then: "Is Wargrave on the James any kin to you? It belongs to

## OLD GLORY

Vanes. I used to ride over there from home. It's only ten miles." He stopped at the radiance of the girl's face.

All England was forgotten; she was across the Atlantic, riding through quiet roads, sailing a sunshiny, broad river in the never-forgotten country of her love. This big young Virginian knew it better than she did. "I never was there but twice," she said after eager questions. "It about broke my heart when this place and the title dropped on father's shoulders and we had to give up going there to live. He was glad, yet I think he's homesick at times, though he never owns it. But it's the dream of my life to go home and live on the James River."

The boy's gray eyes darkened with feeling. "Mine, too," he said. "I'm pegging now for that. I've got it all scheduled—do my job here decently and get some small reputation; then home and a start there, and money enough before I'm forty, maybe, to go to Virginia and open the old place and specialize at something for a living and get

## THE COLORS

into the legislature, and then—" He hesitated. "I don't know why I should bore you with my career, especially as I haven't one yet."

"Do," pleaded Anne. "It doesn't bore me. It's an American career. I love America. Then—what?"

"You'll laugh," said the boy, "but the top notch of my dream is to be some day governor of Virginia. Three of my forebears were."

"Why not?" demanded Anne. "Has anybody a better right to hope for it? And then, maybe, I'll be living at Wargrave on the James, and I'll send a note beginning 'My dear Governor: Will you and Mrs. Governor—'" The girl stopped.

The brown young eyes stared at the gray young eyes and the gray eyes held the glance. Unphrased, yet recognized, there was a false note somewhere; it might not be just like that, the gray eyes said; then the deep, boyish voice went on:

"We'll plan to see a lot of each other on

## OLD GLORY

the James River. I'll put that in my schedule now."

"But things aren't looking very pleasant for dashing back and forth from England to America, are they?" Anne asked, hesitating a little.

And the young diplomat at once left off being a Virginia boy and became a young diplomat. "The mill-pond is in some respects a more lively mill-pond than it was," he smiled down with non-committal geniality, and the girl smiled back and said no more about England and America.

Up there on the terrace, however, around the tea-table, the subject had been brushed with a bit more reaction. Sir Everard Allen, the attorney-general, had motored down straight from Westminster and had arrived at Wargrave in a visibly surly temper, so that when Mrs. Northcote, who was pretty enough to carry off usually much flighty bromidity, made her ill-advised speech her prettiness for once did not save her.

"Have you read the American note?" in-

## THE COLORS

quired Mrs. Northcote kittenishly. "Don't you think they are rather right about it, don't you know?" Mrs. Northcote had a suitor from Pittsburgh and thought gently of things transoceanic.

Sir Everard, teacup in hand, wheeled a slow gaze toward the bunch of frills. He turned livid. Everybody stopped talking. Everybody coincidentally moved his or her neck and stared where Mrs. Northcote fluttered before that gaze of an angry lion.

"Have I read the American note?" the attorney-general fulminated into the hush, and Mrs. Northcote gave a frightened giggle. "Yes, madam, I have read the American note. I have read the American note a number of times since last night. Do I think they are rather right? 'Rather right!' That an Englishwoman can utter such a sentiment in a company of English people, in an English house—an English house"—emphasized Sir Everard, who was fast working himself into ugliness—"is, to my mind, profanity—blasphemy—treachery to England," elab-

## OLD GLORY

orated Sir Everard. "The Americans, who care for nothing but dirty money—who are dirty money incarnate, taken as a whole—this yellow-skinned race of millionaires have seized the time when England is in mortal stress and fighting for her life to quibble about etiquette. It's not much more than that, international law, etiquette. But, by Heaven"—the teacup went crashing to the floor and not a spellbound footman stirred. Sir Everard's fist came down on the stone table—"by Heaven, if they think England is to be bullied because she is at war, America will find out that we have more arms than one. An octopus will emerge."

The host of this gay tea-party, standing back of the circle of people who faced the attorney-general, had been listening to the thunder. If an observer had happened to look at Lord Wargrave he might have been astonished to see a face well-nigh as livid as that of the speaker himself. But at this point Lord Wargrave broke in with tones detached enough.

## THE COLORS

“Sir Everard, the groom has that hunter of mine at the door.” He spoke quickly. “Come and see him—do; he’s a wonderful animal.”

And with that everybody talked at once and people began to move about feverishly, and the tactful host was to be seen conducting the late cyclone, and engaging him in rapid-fire conversation, around the corner of the terrace.

The horse was a good horse and was duly admired. “You must try him,” Lord Wargrave said. “He’s well up to your weight.”

“Thanks.” Sir Everard’s mind seemed not to be on the horse. He turned toward Lord Wargrave. “You’re going up to London to-morrow?”

“Yes.”

“That’s right. I hope you’ll speak about this American affair. Your speeches tell. You’re a born talker, and as an ex-American you’re a marked man about this. It will be helpful to have you come out for our point of view.”

## OLD GLORY

Wargrave, standing with his face set, stared at the dancing horse. "Take him away, Mullins," he ordered. Then he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a folded white paper. "I just got this telegram from the prime minister," he said. The attorney-general opened it, read the few words aloud:

"I shall want you to talk Monday. As an ex-American you will have particular influence about the question."

"Ah! My idea," said Sir Everard. "Then, of course, you'll not fail."

"I'll not fail to be there," Vane answered slowly, and it was he in turn who seemed absent-minded.

When the two parted to dress for dinner Vane took the turn at the head of the stairs which led to his daughter's quarters. The door into her morning-room stood ajar, and he knocked. No one answered. He pushed the door and it swung wide. The summer breeze rushed from a window opposite, and from over the girl's writing-desk a big silk American flag, always there, flowed toward



## THE COLORS

Vane on eager air. It was as if it would wrap its vivid folds about him. Though he had seen it there a thousand times, the man sprang back. He put a hand out to the door as if he needed steadying. He was aware of a flood of feeling which choked him, something in him reaching out for the colors there, not his colors. It struck him like a blow. What decency was there in such an impulse in an English subject? Was he twice a "renegade," as the child had called him on that day years ago? With that he shrugged his shoulders. Midsummer madness, an early association, which had caught him unawares, had taken hold because of the uneasiness of his mind over the political situation; he flung off the obsession with an effort, and at the moment Anne came into the room.

"I wanted to warn you, darling, about young Grayson."

Anne's look was startled. "About Mr. Grayson?"

Vane, as he bent to kiss her, stopped and regarded consideringly. Then: "Simply to

## OLD GLORY

keep him away from Sir Everard. Sir Everard's in an ugly temper and might make things uncomfortable."

"He will have uncommonly bad manners if he does, in this house, where I am hostess," spoke Anne aggressively. And then: "I'll wear Old Glory"—she looked up at the flag—"down to dinner as a scarf if he isn't careful. Just to remind him where I stand. And we'll have eagles for decoration and lions for soup. I'll teach Sir Everard some diplomacy," said Anne, and nodded her head fiercely.

"Silly baby! You talk plenty of nonsense," her father answered absent-mindedly, not smiling. "I only wished to drop a word to the wise about Grayson. You'll be late for dinner if you don't dress, froggie." And he was gone.

Late that night when the great houseful of people was asleep the master of the house swung up and down the gravelled path under the trees, and the little tinkling river ran by his side and murmured unendingly. For

## THE COLORS

a week now, since the American ship had been stopped and the three men taken off, since the uproar that had followed the event in the two countries, Wargrave had been aware of a growing unrest in himself. Up to now, for these five years, he had considered himself heartily English in view-point and sympathy. But the editorials in the papers, all anti-American, had irritated him unaccountably; he had found increasing discomfort in discussing the situation with Englishmen, had been conscious of a barrier between himself and his friends, and to-day, when the attorney-general had flung out black ferocity over Mrs. Northcote's frivolous shoulder at all America, Vane for a second had seen red. All this had been controlled, certainly, but all this was an impossible attitude for an Englishman, for a man who was due to-morrow to throw his special gift of speaking, his special experience, into the scale against America. A sick distaste of his affair crept over him as he thought how he must stand in the House

## OLD GLORY

of Lords and talk as a Briton for British interests. Up and down the gravel, by the whispering little Thames, he flung; back and forth, back and forth, and found no peace. Yet some physical exhaustion he found, and that served for a few hours of troubled sleep.

Next day he motored to London, but the calm of the English country did not rest him as usual. His mind was seething with a premonition of a personal crisis to be faced, with a fierce rebellion against facing the crisis; all this was unformulated, yet settling inevitably into definite shape in the boiling caldron of his thoughts. He was a British peer; it was his duty as such to make a speech within a few hours advocating a course which might well mean war with America; it would be his duty to support strongly the policy of a quick blow while the unprepared government of the United States lay helpless. This he saw. And what he felt under the vision was longing to save, to help, to throw his life away for the country of his birth. He had not contemplated this

## THE COLORS

situation when he came across the water light-heartedly and laid down his American allegiance and took up allegiance to Great Britain. England and America had been friends for a hundred years, squabbling at times, as families do, but in all great things friends. Both were strong, prosperous; neither needed his millions or himself. He was free to choose where life seemed most interesting; he had chosen England. In a vague way he saw now that his scheme of life had never been to apply his powers where they could do work for the world, but only where they could evolve pleasure for himself. Glimmeringly he caught the shadow of an idea that this was a false theory; that satisfaction comes only from pulling at least one's weight on the oars of the ship of progress.

Vaguely he sighted these things, but the ocean that was slowly engulfing him was not of these things. It is not reason in the end that decides a crisis; it is character, inheritance, the breaths we have breathed and the loves, the thoughts and memories

## OLD GLORY

and sunsets and spring smells and familiar faces and city streets and autumn woods which have woven the fibre that is soul, the soul of us and of our people for generations back. A yearning for his own land, his own flag, swept down Jerrold Vane as a gale sweeps down a wood. America was in trouble; to a personality of the right stuff trouble is a trumpet-call; Vane, under many flimflams, was of the right stuff. On America in prosperity and safety one might turn one's back cheerfully. America in danger—how was she to be resisted? As he sped, alone in his car, over smooth English roads, between clipped hedges, through thatch-roofed, picturesque villages, past old, lovely manor-houses set back from stately stone gateways, past a castle or two looming in gray beauty, these things seethed in his mind. Other things were there in force also; the reverse of the question. This ordered charm of the English countryside meant much to him: it meant friends, splendid Englishmen, delightful women whom he liked; it meant interests,

## THE COLORS

a sophisticated society which satisfied him, a finished environment not to be got in America. That point of view had, up to to-day, dropped the balance for Vane; to-day that point of view seemed, surprisingly, to have lost weight. Coming back again and again, like a seizure of pain, was a primitive human grip at his heart, the thought of a mother country across the water in distress, needing her sons, needing him. The grip wiped out in one throe towers of castles, sweep of smooth lawns, the groomed loveliness of England, the gay and large-horizoned and fascinating life which had seemed to him what was best worth while on earth. When the grip that was loyalty caught him it was as if all this little cosmos of his was nothing; perhaps as one goes through the gates of death some such thing happens. Some such grip of reality may strip off layers on layers of worrying about stocks and automobiles and political honors and social and domestic responsibilities, and leave the bare soul conscious of just two or three big

## OLD GLORY

facts—love, say, and faith, and eternal life.

Vane, motoring to London, left by the wayside his world of jubilant detail and came to his town house floundering. There were two alternatives sticking out of an ocean—loyalty to England; loyalty to America. What was he to do to win through? He had to find a foundation to set his feet on before he could speak—if he could speak—in the House of Lords. What was he to do? Was this merely an access of sentiment? Was he English or was he American? It was important to know.

He walked down through hot London—for this was the Fourth of July—thinking to steady his mind with physical effort. It was impossible, he said to himself as he started across Hyde Park, that he should so stultify his own career as to fail now at the first real test to stand by the country of his adoption. England had taken him in, given him of her best; moreover, as the boy officer had said on a memorable night twenty-five years be-



## THE COLORS

fore, was he not really an Englishman five times removed? And the heaviness of the man's heart gave the boy's theory the lie.

With that, as he walked, there was a pond and children sailing boats; he halted to watch the pretty sight; boats and water had a charm for Vane always. He was conscious of a sudden thrill; one little white-winged schooner flew an American flag. And the English boats were outsailing her; the boy captain was scarlet, near tears; the young Britons jeered him cheerfully. Vane saw how the sails were wrongly set.

“Look here, my boy,” he said, and together they fished the craft to shore and sat down on the white stone steps and rearranged.

He waited a moment till a breeze came and the toy fleet set to sea, and, behold, the American won the race! Vane laughed consumedly and the white-clad five-year-old came running.

“Thank you,” he called. “Thank you a fousand times, sir. You and I are Americans, aren't we, sir? Hurrah for America!”

## OLD GLORY

“Bless your heart,” answered Vane, and walked on, and his heart was warm at the boy’s assumption.

On the Fourth of July, in foreign countries, there is a reception for Americans at the house of the ambassador. Vane, walking down to Westminster, came to a great mansion and saw streams of cars speeding into the wide drive, caught a glimpse of young Grayson, the secretary, the Virginian, jumping out of one of them. He looked up and saw a large banner of crude, bright colors floating above the house. Stronger than himself a feeling surged—that was his flag; these were his people; his place was with them. Why not cut this knot by turning into the hospitable door and telling his friend Gaunt, the ambassador, that he had come back to his own. He knew well what a welcome he would have. Ah!—that was not the way; he knew that, too. He walked on, and as he walked the fog in his mind was clearing, the pressure was lightening. Yet even now he did not know that a decision was taking

## THE COLORS

form. "Odd how those colors catch me at every turn," he spoke aloud, and wheeled, and looked again before he turned the corner at the flag flying over the embassy.

Five minutes later, as he came into Curzon Street, a barrel organ, half-way down the block, stood silent. As the grinder looked up and saw Vane on the hot, empty sidewalk he scrutinized him for a moment and turned to his organ and with that began to play. Something inside Vane jumped. He halted, listening to the rasping, alluring music. As he listened, words came, fitting their rhythm to each bar—words that his mother had taught him forty-five years ago:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light——"

The barrel organ seemed to grind out the words, seemed to bring back his mother's voice. Vane stood, hearing that sound, long still. And the organ went on:

"And the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

## OLD GLORY

The barrel organ ended with a mad squeak:

“The Star-spangled Banner—the land of the free.”

Vane stood still in the street; he heard his mother's voice; he saw visions. He came up to the man when the music was done. “That's a queer tune to be playing in London to-day,” said Vane. The organ-grinder squinted up at him—a very sordid, dirty organ-grinder, hot and tired, but cheerful.

“Me tak-a look at you, signor; you sure America-man,” said the fellow.

“I American? Guess again, my friend. I'm an English subject,” said Vane.

“Me no think-a,” nodded the Italian confidently. “Me tell-a America-man, signor.”

“Well, you're a fine guesser,” said Vane.

“O Marona!” brought out the organ-grinder. The thing that he was looking at in his hand, as Vane passed on, was not a shilling; it was yellow—a golden guinea.

The street music gone like wine to his head, Lord Wargrave came to the abbey. He smiled absently at the men who spoke

## THE COLORS

to him; that to which he was listening was not their greeting; reeling with the consciousness of a crisis, what he heard over and over, as if shouted at him, was sometimes the rhythm only, sometimes the words of Francis Scott Key's song, the song which sweeps hats off American heads and brings flippant crowds to reverent silence:

“Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming?”

Over and over the chorus shook him like a bugle-cry:

“And the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!”

What a fool he had been! A cheap fool! How if two thousand years ago Cæsar had given up his chance to save Rome because Rome was in dire need of saving? If William of Orange had failed the Netherlands? How if all along history the great men, or the lesser citizens only, had deserted fatherlands in the making for an easier way? As he had,

## OLD GLORY

the Lord forgive him, as he had. Where would be the proud memories of half of the nations of the world? He had had the chance to help to weld a glorious, strong young nation, to do his bit of the trial and hardship and so be forever in the glory. He had thrown away his chance, but here was another; and he would take it. Good God! would he take it? He trembled with eagerness. Humanity is so made that no matter if one loves all humanity one must esteem more the hills and the rivers, the big cities and the country towns lying under some one flag. He realized that now. The colors which he had repudiated—they were his colors from now on. They had followed him like a pillar of fire last night, all to-day; they had gone before and led him. With a catch in his breath he remembered the great, bright flag flying over the embassy. He would follow the colors hereafter. So, the Stars and Stripes burning ventilation through and through him, Lord Wargrave, a British baron, walked into Westminster.

In the House of Lords the American war-

## THE COLORS

cloud had filled the vast chamber. The lord chancellor was in his seat; the clerks were in front of him; the peers on either side on benches; the government at the right. Vane saw faces of friends everywhere. Among the spiritual lords sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he knew; there was a ruddy, well-upholstered bishop near, whose blue ribbon made Vane think vaguely of a prize ox. The rows of fresh-colored faces appeared to have a significance not before realized. "The last time; that's it," Vane explained to himself. His eye wandered on—dukes, viscounts, marquises. He knew numbers of them; he had cared about knowing them, about their titles; he had arranged that with himself by a theory that, being of fine clay, he had liked the finest. He looked about now—that was the Duke of Buccleugh, a good-looking name in print, historic, picturesque; the duke was a stiff manner of Scotchman, dry and dull, with a wen on his forehead. There was the Duke of Argyle—what a short little chap with red hair! The

## OLD GLORY

Earl of Barford—an average Harvard student by his looks; and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos—all that title, and the man himself a picture of a successful New England country grocer! Were these really finer clay than men whom he knew in the United States? Many were of the best—he acknowledged that with a throb of pleasure as he thought of his friends, of the straight, clean Britons whom he knew. Yet—better than many at home? Something in him said no, vehemently. Be that as it might, he was about to toss away all this hereditary paraphernalia for the sake of a square of bunting against the sky. He was thinking of it a moment since as rather a magnificent bit of surrender; now—was this the tremendousness he had dreaded? It was nothing; he did not care; he did not want titles, even the one he bore; he wanted his own land, the right to fight under his own colors; this foreign dignity and power might go with a turn of the hand. The situation was suddenly simple and easy. So a hill, lifting as a preci-



## THE COLORS

pice far down the road, flattens out and becomes a mere pleasant slope as one comes close and sets his feet to climb the grade with a stout heart.

Lord Wargrave, slight and boyish at fifty, dark and vivid, with eyes of swift intelligence, a man radiating the indescribable, unmistakable quality known as charm, listened from his seat to speeches on the American situation. A member of the government was speaking, a forcible, grave man, not witty or quick, but of weight. An effort was visible in his words to treat the situation fairly. Wargrave realized it with swift gratitude. Yet, at the end, the stuff within him stiffened into iron; these were heart and soul Britishers. This earl was heart and soul ready, if need came, to conquer America! In his seat of a British baron the reborn American set his teeth hard. Another nobleman was on his feet now, and there was no effort at control in this man's words, only vindictiveness for an enemy. Vane, listening, felt his blood hot to his toes, saw the scene

## OLD GLORY

in a mist for a second, then laid hands on himself with strength. This was no time to lose one's temper.

Shortly after that access he found himself standing. He looked about the dignified array with an exhilaration at which, in a flash of introspection, he marvelled. It had never been difficult to Jerrold Vane to make speeches; always the act of getting on his feet had brought a rush of high spirits, of confidence in the friendliness of his audience. And his audiences had been friendly. He had talked to them as to sympathetic comrades; they had responded, understood. He had influenced these very dukes and marquises and earls to his opinion more than once. But here was another affair; the thought of what he was about to say to these stately personages and the thought of his unfitting cheerfulness in saying it suddenly jolted together in his brain, and before he had spoken a word he laughed. There had been contagion in Vane's ready laughter all his life; a smile sped like a sunbeam in

## THE COLORS

winter across the rows of grave faces; the American Lord Wargrave was odd, of course, as Americans are, but a well-liked man.

“My lords,” the American Lord Wargrave began, “I came to-day to this chamber to make a speech of a sort; I am about to make a speech of an entirely different sort. In consideration of my position as an ex-citizen of another country, I hope that you will grant me forgiveness if I speak for a moment of myself. All my life long I have revered Great Britain; I still reverence her.”

There was a comfortable settling into seats all over the place at this point; it was going to be agreeable enough to hear this clever ex-American eulogize England and show up that insulting upstart, the United States. The carrying, pleasant voice, with its allure of differing intonation, went on.

“My lords, it is now five years since I came to this country of a lifelong admiration as one of its citizens. England has been good to me in these years. It has given me

## OLD GLORY

home, friends, work, and play, an experience which will hold my eternal gratitude. I believe that, like Queen Mary and Calais, if one might read the writing on my heart when I die one would find spelled there 'England.' This gratitude, that word, and the love of this country are engraved in my being. It is largely for that reason, then, that a prospect of England's going to war with any country appears to me proper to be avoided at every cost except honor. The prospect of this war impending with America seems peculiarly dreadful. The two great English-speaking nations have been at peace for a hundred years; they are linked by friendship, business, blood. There is no hatred between them; there is inspiring competition, willing honor to variant good qualities, the play of imitation, that sincere flattery, back and forth. The interests of Great Britain and America are closely bound. There is some jealousy, some impatience with the faults of unlike temperaments, but of bad blood, none. It would be a black

## THE COLORS

crime against history if those in power sent out their bright lads to murder and mangle other bright lads, friendly lads all, with no wish to hurt each other. Every one here knows this view as well as I, yet it is possible that it looms higher in my scale of proportion than in another's. Allow me to review what has happened."

For five minutes the affair of the *Christopher Columbus* was stated in concise sentences, fairly, dispassionately, so that one listening might not have said if the narrator were English or American; yet to those listening it seemed at the end of the statement that the affair was less crucial than it had before appeared.

"I want no dishonor to England," went on Lord Wargrave, "but I want no war. This affair can and should be settled by diplomacy, not fighting. But when I have done, you, my lords, may say that I have trespassed beyond forgiveness in setting before you my views."

He stopped a moment and turned and

## OLD GLORY

gazed about the great room with a strange look, affectionate, sad, scrutinizing.

“For I have come,” Lord Wargrave went on, “to a parting of the ways. This day, if I would keep my self-respect, I must give up much that I hold dear.”

A slight movement all about, a puzzled, intensified gaze of the eyes fixed on the speaker punctuated this sentence. The speaker went on:

“I said just now that I had loved England; that its name will be found carved in my heart when I die; that I owe it undying gratitude. All that is true. In addition to all that, I have of late years held myself to be a loyal English subject. But—” There was a stir of surprise, of shock, at that “but.” “But,” the easy tones continued, “within the last days I have gone through deep waters and have come to clear vision. Up to Wednesday, when the news of the *Christopher Columbus* affair reached us, I held myself, as I just now said, a loyal British subject.”

## THE COLORS

Throughout the Lords, at this, rippled a sensation. It was almost audible. The stir of stiffening bodies, of bristling heads of England's aristocracy was audible. But they listened intently. The small, dark man, Lord Wargrave, spoke on.

"I am not that. I am not a loyal British subject," were the astonishing words he spoke.

And now an angry murmur met him; yet every man wanted to hear, too much to interrupt. Tense interest cut the murmur short. The tones of the first man who had ever, from a seat in the Lords, dared to make such an announcement flowed on.

"I am at heart an American," Lord Wargrave stated. "I cannot help but be an American. At the first news that three citizens of the United States had been taken off the *Christopher Columbus*, at the first editorials in the papers attacking the United States, at the first rumors of a possible war between the two countries, that fact, totally unsuspected by me, began to assert itself

## OLD GLORY

within me. I was incredulous, horrified. I kept faith with my adopted country by a strain, against a force which I cannot translate into words. I have so kept faith until to-day, until this afternoon, until half an hour ago, until I was swept to the allegiance which I once disowned. It seems to me that then, within an hour, it happened as it happened long ago to Saul of Tarsus. A light shone from heaven, as real a light as shone for him, so that I, as he, may not be disobedient to the vision. I have no better account to give," he said with simplicity, "of my rebirth than that I heard a patriotic tune which I was taught to reverence by my mother, and I saw the American flag. I knew, so, that I was American. Come what may, I am American. I shall let go the pleasant life in England which I have loved to the full, the associations of this House which have been a pride to me, a number of things desirable I shall let go with infinite regret, with entire certainty, because when a man sees right and honor before him he must follow,



## THE COLORS

through ice and flame he must follow, or lose the way."

The voice, less calm, shaken a bit, yet carrying and assured, stopped. There was deep silence in the House of Lords. An old marquis near Vane, bent and wrinkled, blinked up and sighed. One heard that heavy sigh through the great place. Vane stood. There was something yet to say, it appeared. He smiled now, the charming smile which had won him friends. His tone became colloquial.

"There is no news to tell England," he said, "about American unpreparedness. Every schoolboy in London knows, likely, that the army of the United States is about twice the size of the police force in New York City, an army negligible as armies go to-day. The ammunition for coast defense would last a full half-hour. The British Government is doubtless informed with exactness how much the American navy lacks of strength and equipment and whether it stands third or fourth among the navies of the world. Without question there is no secret about the

## OLD GLORY

stretches of our shore which lie open to an invader. Everybody is aware that New York is, as some one said lately, 'as unprotected as a soft-shell crab, and as succulent.'"

Vane's fist shot out for the first time in the restrained course of his speech.

"I know all about that, too," he flung at his stately audience. "I know it, and in it I see my job. I am going—home." He stopped and caught a hard breath as he brought out the word. "I'm going to throw every pound of every power I have, body, brain, and substance, into the work of arousing and preparing my country so that she may be ready to meet—not England—God forbid!—but any power on earth. So ready that no power will be found to think it worth while to try the lists. I have a vision of my country"—his eyes gazed over the audience of hypnotized listeners, eyes dark, shining, yet keen—"as of a beautiful young mother going out in a gauzy costume into a hail-storm, confident and gay and foolish." He straightened, flashed about a glance like a

## THE COLORS

blow. "Her sons will arm her and clothe her. They are to see to it. Now. Not later. One is not to risk—America. That's my—job, as Americans say."

He looked once again, turning about to see farther, around the silent ranks of men.

"My lords, I bid you a grateful farewell," he said. "I am reluctant to go from you, but I have my orders. There will be no war with the United States," he flung out so decisively that it was like a jolt. "And I am going where I belong, to the Fourth-of-July reception for Americans at the American ambassador's."

With a smile as of a happy boy who has done his work and runs to play, he wheeled toward the doors. For half a minute he passed in absolute stillness; then an Irish peer sprang up.

"Man, dear," cried Lord Killara, "'tis a brave deed ye've done, and ye're right, and I honor ye. 'Tis loath to lose ye I am."

And with that they were crowding to him, speaking half sentences, laying strong arms

## OLD GLORY

about his shoulders, clutching his hands. Little like a reserved English gathering it seemed, but the difference in races is mostly the difference in the armor-plate. Pierce that, and in the best specimens of all races one uncovers forever certain fundamentals, among them the love for a gallant renunciation. Jerrold Vane, who had made a speech once stating that there was no American nation and that the colors of America were a joke, who had just now made a speech tossing away all worldly advantages which he cared for, with no stronger motive than those same colors, stood in the midst of these Englishmen, behaving so un-Englishly, touched to the heart.

“No credit to me,” he threw at one. “I couldn’t help it—it was bigger than me”; and “You are wonderful people, you English, you understand the cannon-sized feelings even when they fire from the other side”; and “By Jove, if you talk this way, you men, I’ll be coming back to British allegiance again.”

## THE COLORS

And then he had broken away and was plunging past Saint Margaret's, through London, up to the embassy. He walked fast, thinking hard, seeing nothing and no one, till at last around a corner he came in sight of a lordly house and over it a bright flag billowing. Vane stopped short; in his memory rose a picture of five years ago, of a little girl with burning eyes standing stern amid the gay furnishings of a porch back in America, reading her father a lecture. He smiled as he remembered Mr. Wheelock's rehashed patriotism delivered hot and straight by Anne. He remembered very well most of what she had said; he was aware suddenly that the words had been in his mind many a time since.

“‘A coward and a renegade,’ she called me. You got in your subliminal work, little Anne, didn't you?” he considered. “The shot took five years, but it has hit the bull's-eye.” And with that there wandered across his mental vision, unaccountably, as it might be, a tall young man, John Grayson.

## OLD GLORY

And he sighed. "The mills of God grind slowly," said Jerrold Vane, staring at the embassy flag, "but, by Jove, they grind small. I'd picked Lord Sonning for her; he's a nice boy, and mad about her; but it's better this way. She's Anne Carter's child, and Anne was all American. America first!"

Suddenly words of little Anne's on that long-ago day flashed to him. His hat swept off, and, bareheaded in the streets of conventional London, his eyes, black and vivid, flamed up at the moving spot on the English sky.

"I want to be a good citizen—I want to stand by my colors," said Jerrold Vane, and he stood with his head bent as if he said a prayer.

# **THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES**

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## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

**T**HE Lady of the House was doing a siesta on her sleeping-porch. May air touched her cheeks; country stillness laid a balmy hand on her nervous system; leaves rustled; squirrels rippled, brown and silver, up tree trunks; peace sifted over the earth. But her mind worked anxiously. Bill was still weak from typhoid, dependent on her; she did not want to go to New York. Yet how in this butlerless land could she replace Collins?

Grantchester grew no butlers—New York was the nearest hotbed for those exotics, and of the common or garden waitress of the country city she would no more. Still—Bill hated to be alone; he needed her; also she herself was tired with the siege of his illness, unfit for an effort like New York. With that she heard Bill in the garden, and listened to

## OLD GLORY

know if his voice sounded as if he had rested since luncheon.

“These are weeds, this sort,” he was explaining. “Pull ’em up. But this little pointed leaf—that’s a flower. See?”

“Tha’s aw right-a. I see-a, Mr. Boss,” another voice answered, a confident, fresh young voice.

“Good,” said Bill, and his tone sounded relieved. “You’re a great chap, Giulio; you do everything ‘aw right-a.’”

To the Lady of the House a vision rose of Giulio’s grin; Giulio would walk a mile for a compliment. Then Bill’s words appeared to repeat themselves: “You do everything ‘aw right-a.’” It was true; the young Italian, strong, quick-witted, willing, seemed able to turn an efficient hand to any work. He had entered their social circle as a hod-carrier on the new garage. The foreman had set him to casting cement blocks, and he had done it like an expert. Then he built stone steps down to the wild garden; then helped Bill transplant shrubs; on a day she had

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

haled him into the house and set him to oiling floors; he had reeled off those floors like a dance.

So here was the hod-carrier still on the place, doing odd jobs, so good at each that Bill would not let him go. Also his young strength seemed to buoy up Bill's weakness; he was a manner of tonic; Bill liked him about.

"You do everything 'aw right-a.'" A thought sprang at her—the butler. Why not Giulio? The Lady of the House had often trained servants; it was her boast that she could make a good one out of poor material; here was good material. She slid her feet into slippers and pulled the rope of the green-and-white awning. "Bill!"

He looked up—how white he was! No, she would not go to New York.

"Tell Giulio to wait while you come inside and speak to me." She was down-stairs, pushing Bill into a chair. "Listen," and she told him.

Bill smiled broadly. "Why, it's crazy; but

## OLD GLORY

I don't know. He's a bright little cuss; he might do. If it isn't too much bother for you."

"I can do it; anyhow I can try. You like him about; he's mad about you; I'll tell in two days." She dragged him up, pushed him at the door. "Go and ask him—quick."

A day later a compact, trim figure appeared in the dining-room and proceeded to put the whole of a good-sized intelligence on butler-ing. He learned in leaps and bounds, yet it was all of a week before he could be persuaded, for the love of Bill, not to serve the master before the mistress. And though, what time he was not circling the table with noiseless swiftness, he stood, arms at his sides, with the petrified correctness of a Britisher, yet there were incidents.

"I believe he's making you well, Bill," the Lady of the House considered delightedly when the invalid fell into a chair speechless and purple at the last incident that she had related to him.

"Or else he'll kill me," Bill amended. "Tell that over."

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

“Why, you see,” she started in all over again gladly, “Alice Rice drove out for Jessica with her horse and trap. And she wanted to come in. So I rang for Giulio and he instantly stood in the door, solemn and stylish, with his little foreign bow and his feet tight together, and I told him to hold the horse, but to put on a heavy coat because it was cold. And he reappeared with that insane, full-skirted, swashbuckling cheap overcoat, and on his head a little round knitted cap for a child of ten, with a little round button on top like the Grand Panjandrum. Well, they gasped, but I reserved my fire and went inside. Then, when they went off, he came and stood close beside me, and snatched off that mad little cap and waved it, and shouted ‘Goo’-by!’ cheerily in chorus with me. Oh, my!” finished the Lady of the House.

“What did you do?”

“Do? I had to take his most sacred feelings and trample on them. I had to tell him. It nearly killed me,” mourned the Lady of

## OLD GLORY

the House. "But you can't have your butler butler-ing in a panjandrum cap and waving farewells to your guests. They were flabbergasted."

Bill patted his chest in appreciation of good laughter. "Raise his wages," advised Bill. "We never had anything like this. I don't care who's flabbergasted. He makes me laugh."

Next morning, when the two were starting into town in the roadster, Giulio, after tucking them in like an efficient mother, shut the car door with a gentle snap and tossed up his hand fraternally.

"Goo'-by!" called Giulio brightly, as man to man.

And the car slid off, and the Lady of the House groaned. "I didn't make a dent in him," she said. "I'll have to teach him manners some more. I loathe teaching manners."

Bill grinned. "Don't bother," he said. "He's quick. He'll get the idea by his own road."

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

But the road of Giulio seemed devious. He did his work wonderfully; but the theory that he was, including some agreeable duties, on a pleasant visit to the family—that theory, when pushed in at one point, popped out at another.

The Lady of the House on a day instructed him in the doctrine that one may without sin be in the house and yet reported at the front door as “not at home.” Giulio’s keen face smiled broadly. “You see what I mean?”

“Oh, tha’s aw right-a. That-a no hard-a see. I tell-a lie myself some-a time,” Giulio responded with comradeship.

It seemed useless to go into ethics. “There comes a car up the drive now; I’m just going out; I can’t see anybody. Remember I’m ‘not at home’”; and the Lady of the House fled.

Giulio regarded the flight sarcastically. If one was not at home, why hide? Then the bell buzzed, and he flashed the door wide open with delightful correctness of manner;

## OLD GLORY

the Lady of the House, from cover, rejoiced in that finished manner.

“Is Mrs. Abercrombie at home?” a voice inquired.

She listened for the result of her training.

“Well-a,” answered Giulio in social and democratic tones, “she claim-a she ain’t.”

And well the Lady of the House knew that the voice she had heard would repeat that tale down a far-flung battle-line.

“Bill,” she announced, repeating it herself, “I’ve got to let him go. He breaks out somewhere unexpected each time. He’s so darned versatile.”

“But he’s a corking servant!” remonstrated Bill. “Quick and quiet; forgets nothing. Try him again, dearie.”

And “dearie” tried him. And one afternoon Mr. Shepherd came, a learned professor of a madman’s beard, of shocking bad clothes.

The Lady of the House, in dressing-gown and cap, listened at the top of the stairs as Giulio tripped to the door. Was it a book



## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

agent? The painters? She had planned a ride. Giulio was half-way up-stairs. Whoever it was must be safe in the library, out of hearing. "Who is it, Giulio?" Giulio shook his head. "Is it a gentleman?" inquired the Lady of the House, lifting her voice a trifle in her interest.

Giulio turned and regarded carefully below, turned back. "No," shaking his head firmly; "no gentlaman."

And from the hall beneath rose offended, deep accents: "It's Mr. Shepherd, Mrs. Abercrombie."

"Bill, if he does anything awful once more, he goes."

"He's useful to me," reflected Bill. "Never forgets my milk punch; gives me my tonic after every meal; sees that I have the right overcoat mornings. He's been a perfect nurse. Don't settle it quite yet," pleaded Bill.

And it was Giulio himself, unexpected as always, who settled it next day. "I'm-a ver' sorry," he explained. "I got-a go."

## OLD GLORY

“Why, Giulio?” His virtues rose in a phalanx and stood before her. Blessings certainly do brighten.

Giulio made a graceful alien gesture. “I don’t-a know how say-a. I can no be happy inside-a house. I get-a sick. I need-a my pick; hard-a work—out-a-side. No right for me, eas’ work. I too strong-a. I get-a sick.”

And the Lady of the House, regarding the deep, broad shoulders, regarding also his color, which had lost brightness, realized that wild creatures need their environment.

The next they heard of Giulio was six months later. A strange-looking letter was brought into the library by the supercilious gentleman from Merry England then reigning. It looked worn and humble on the silver tray, presented disapprovingly.

Bill opened it gingerly. “What the deuce!” and then he let loose a shout of laughter and passed the paper across.

““Dear sir,”” the Lady of the House read, ““with pleasure, will you lend me \$4.90 to pay my own rent?””

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

“Who brought it?” Bill demanded of Merry England.

“A sort of—a common working man, sir. I hunderstood ’im to say ’is name was”—a discreet pause, a slight cough—“Julia, sir.”

Bill caught the laugh. “Bring him in.”

Judge Carlisle had been dining at the house, and to him they gave a quick résumé of the case.

Then Giulio, a bit pale and underfed, in the same old swashbuckling, thin overcoat, twirling the panjandrum cap, swaggered smiling in, stopping at the threshold to make his low, foreign bow. “Glad-a see-a you,” he greeted them, and shook hands uninvited.

He told his hard-luck story quite simply. “Work hard-a get. I get-a job on house,” he stated. “Then house finished; I get-a job on dig park. Boss lay off all men on that-a job. Then I go peddl-a fruit.” He shook his head. “No mon’ that-a job. Something bad-a wrong. I want-a work; no get-a work; boss no pay too enough anyhow.”

## OLD GLORY

“Sorry you didn’t stay as our butler?” inquired Bill.

Giulio showed his white teeth. “No, Mr. Boss. Not-a sorry. I couldn’ be bottela again, any house, not for one hundred dol’ a month. Not-a right for me inside-a house.”

“Well, Giulio,” said Bill, “I’ll have to lend you \$4.90.” He took out a ten-dollar bill.

“This much-a more,” Giulio pointed out, with one of his sharp looks.

“That’s all right; you’ll pay me back some day when you’re rich. And look here: come into my office and I’ll see about getting you a job.”

Suddenly they saw a new Giulio. Color crawled up his thin cheeks; the dark, keen eyes filled and a tear rolled suddenly. “I not-a forget,” he brought out. “I poor man, but I find-a way do something for Mr. Boss. I get-a my papers; be American citizen. When I get-a that I get-a good place. I pay back.”

“When do you come up for naturalization?”

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

Giulio turned and made the judge a respectful bow. "Next-a June, Mr. Sir."

"That's before me," said Judge Carlisle.

"This is the judge," explained Bill, "who will make you an American if he thinks you'll be a good citizen."

This time the bow was reverential. "I be splendid-a citizen, Mr. Judge," Giulio assured the Power earnestly.

"Good," commented the judge. "Send in your name to me and I'll try to take care of you."

For a time one heard no more of Giulio. Then in the spring came a period of trouble for employers of day-laborers. A strike of hod-carriers was threatened; contractors were nervous; there were columns about it in the papers; there were groups of foreign men on street corners. Workmen repairing trolley tracks were guarded; a negro laboring on a barn was chased and ran for his life; the town was distinctly uncomfortable. With that the strike was on; building was held up, and one morning there was a riot in Cathe-

## OLD GLORY

dral Square. Policemen used clubs, a shot was fired, an officer hit. The police, maddened, whipped out revolvers, and when the battle was over one Italian lay dead and two were wounded.

Bill telephoned from town sheepishly: "I can't be home for luncheon; nor yet dinner. The mayor has called out the troop. All tommyrot; but, being troopers, we have to go."

The Lady of the House jeered: "That's the joy of your old National Guard. Go on and ride horseback down Main Street for your country, my hero." Then she hurried off to the Country Club to play in a golf sweepstakes. There was plenty of excitement for three hours. But, as the thirty women trooped in to tea, Margaret Abercrombie was aware of her complete seizure by a feeling which had been nibbling at her soul for at least two hours. It was easy to jeer at Bill, but where was he? In danger, maybe?

The women laughed over the joke it was on the men to leave offices and homes and

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

camp out at the armory. They laughed; but which of them owned a Bill? Nobody. That was her unique privilege, bringing its drawbacks—this maddening anxiety for one thing. He might be in danger; the women would laugh; it was the pose to pooh-pooh the strike. But an Italian lay dead; a policeman was at the point of death. There might have been another fight while she was knocking balls into bunkers. And the club telephone out of order—of all days!

“No; no tea; I’ve got to get home.” She hurried to the little roadster, buried in a double line of cars, and backed, and whirled, and spun off, whining on second, up the hill from the club. In twelve minutes she was in town—and, behold! Harold Anderson sauntering.

She put on the brake and slid into neutral. “Want a lift?” Then, as he climbed in: “I’ve been out at the club and the telephone’s broken. Any news about the strike?” she asked casually. “The troop doing anything? Or Company F?” Not that she cared

## OLD GLORY

a whoop as to Company F, only one must include the infantry if one is posing as patriotic.

Harold smiled sarcastically, and she gathered that she might exactly as well have shrieked at him "How's my Bill?" and let it go at that. "Don't be anxious," reassured Harold. "Bill's hearty and the country is saved. The cavalry have been eating sandwiches in the police station all the afternoon, and the infantry are dashing through town in taxicabs; so everything's all right."

"And you won't be home to-morrow?" (Bill was telephoning from the armory that night.)

"Not by several yards," came back. "The mayor's crazy about us; going to keep us to play with—a year maybe. Did you see us parade? Well, you ought. We're some soldiers, and we're having a moral effect, don't you know—the 'Man on Horseback' and that stuff. The joke of it is the strikers like us; they wave their hands and grin; got an idea we're with them against the police.



## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

Oh!"—Bill could be felt to jump, through the telephone—"Gosh! I forgot to tell you; who do you suppose is the king-pin? Giulio. You'll see his name in the papers. He's an orator; handles the whole bunch. He didn't begin the game, but he's come to the front, and now they'll do anything he says."

"Huh!" responded the Lady of the House absent-mindedly. "How queer! What kind of a room have you?"

Bill was to be heard laughing gently three miles away. "Room? A1; the main room up-stairs."

"What? Not all to—" she stopped.

"Possibly not; a matter of fifty others. I've reserved a luxurious corner behind the piano."

"*Behind the piano,*" in a manner of squeal. "You—sleeping behind a piano! What sort of a bed?"

"A bag filled with straw by my lily-white hands."

"Oh, Bill!" mourned the widowed one. "And you not strong from typhoid! You

## OLD GLORY

that have to have things exactly right, or you can't sleep a wink! You'll be ill, Bill; you'll——”

“Heavings, child!” cut in an irritated voice, “do you take me for a wax doll? I'm all right and perfectly comfortable. I've got to go and rub down my horse now, and then seek my downy, because we're up at four-forty-five. Good night.”

One got an hour's furlough or so at times. Coming out of the armory on such an occasion there rose up Giulio.

“Good-a morning, Mr. Boss.”

“Hello, Giulio! How's business? Why don't you call off your strike and let us go home? I'm tired of sleeping under a piano.”

The beaming face turned serious. “What-a say, Mr. Boss? You sleep under pian'? That-a joke?”

“Not much, it isn't a joke.” Bill stuck his hands in his pockets and enjoyed Giulio's expression.

“You got-a nice bed, eh?” inquired Giulio further.

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

“If you call a bag of straw on the floor a nice bed, I’ve got that.”

The aquiline dark face was shot with lightnings. “Mr. Boss, I no have-a you got-a do like that. You get-a sick. All right-a my sort of man. I do like that-a much time. But you got-a always pink cov’ out-a silk. You no can sleep on straw bag. No. All right-a me maybe, but you education boy; you get-a sick.”

“Hope not,” opined Bill, and was going on when Giulio halted him:

“Mr. Boss, I want-a see capitan-man.”

“Can’t be done.”

Giulio stuck a confident tongue into his cheek and nodded. “Tha’s aw right. I guess-a can be done. I guess-a I do it.”

“All right, then. Do it.”

Giulio was right. In his bright lexicon there was no such word as “can’t.” He saw the captain; not, indeed, at the armory, but by efficient trailing he saw him. Sunday morning the captain went to church, glorious in uniform, according to regulations, and es-

## OLD GLORY

corted by six troopers, also glorious. Across the street a short, dark man watched the congregation pour out. He bided his time while the captain talked, a bit eagerly, with the prettiest girl in town, whom he had not seen, lo! this week. Then, as she gave him a last flash of friendly eyes and dimples, Giulio seized the psychological moment and was touching his hat in his most respectful and winning and Giulioesque manner. Few resisted that quaint charm when Giulio turned it on.

The radiant captain smiled benevolently. A swift river of broken English; a bewildered look and a question from the captain; more fluent language; then the captain threw back his head and roared with laughter and wheeled and went away down the street, while Giulio set his white teeth in a snarl and clinched his fists.

With that he whirled. The girl with the dimples was visible two blocks away; Giulio set off at a lope. The girl turned at a touch. The panjandrum cap swept off.

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

“Missis,” spoke Giulio, “you capitan’s woman?”

“No.” The girl flushed indignantly.

“You his girl?” persisted Giulio.

“No.” But there was a deeper flush.

Giulio was no fool. Immediately he made oration, complicated, excited oration, but intelligible. He informed the girl with dimples that she was on no account to marry the captain; that he was a bad man; that he ground the face of his troopers, especially such as were ill; that he, Giulio, was going to be revenged on that captain and very likely kill him.

To all of which the girl listened, petrified. And she went home shivering, and forced an unwilling brother to telephone the captain to guard against a short, broad-shouldered Italian.

“A darn-fool message,” commented brother. “No wonder he laughed at me.”

“Abercrombie,” spoke the captain when he got back to the armory, “the strikers have got a new clause. Not only a raise of

## OLD GLORY

twenty-eight cents per, but now they demand a pink silk quilt for you and a brass bedstead behind the piano.”

“What?” growled Bill; and then: “Giulio?”

“Is that his name? He threatened me with trouble right away quick if I didn’t stop persecuting you with the lack of a pink quilt. He said you’d ‘get-a sick.’”

The trouble came in an unexpected and childish shape. Bunty Southern, doing sentry duty that afternoon, observed an Italian in the small park facing the armory. He watched. The short, powerful fellow tore open a package and unfolded a good-sized American flag. Bunty watched more earnestly. The Italian opened it on the ground, and with that sprang into the middle of the Stars and Stripes and began a mad dance of insult embellished with shouts and varied with spitting. It did not take Bunty long to decide the law as to such practises. With a howl he was on the man and had dragged him from the colors before two

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

other troopers who had seen the performance arrived to help hand the sullen Giulio over to the police.

“Judge, do you remember a little Italian at our house in the winter?” inquired Bill, meeting Judge Carlisle in the street next day.

“Surely,” said the judge, “a winning little chap with a fine head. Was due to come before me at the June naturalization court.” Bill told the flag episode. “It bothers me,” said he. “It happened because of me. He got sore because he thought the captain was handing me undue hard treatment. He was with us when I was getting over typhoid and was pampered. And the captain laughed at him. None of those wops can stand being laughed at, and I don’t blame them much. They don’t get our curves, and they’re bewildered and insulted. I suppose there’s nothing a man could do about it?”

The judge reflected. “It’s a pity to turn a good citizen into a firebrand for lack of straight talk,” reflected the judge. “I’ll have him brought to me and see if I can handle it.”

## OLD GLORY

Next morning a pallid Giulio with a set face was shown into Judge Carlisle's private office, and the door was shut.

"Sit down," commanded the judge, not glancing up, and went on writing.

Giulio sat meekly on the edge of a chair in a remote spot. The great desk was covered with papers; the room was large; there were thick, bright rugs, deep chairs, pictures; to Giulio it was a place of splendor and awe. The judge snapped together his fountain pen, looked up, smiled.

"Take this chair," ordered the judge with friendliness, and Giulio, humble, threadbare, defiant, approached the throne. "Giulio," began the judge, "do you remember me?"

"Yess, Mr. Judge." Giulio was on guard.

"You trust Mr. Abercrombie?" One had to explain here what "trust" meant; Giulio nodded emphatically. "Well, I'm his friend. I'm talking to you for him."

"He know-a?" inquired Giulio.

"Yes. Now, tell me why you did that to the flag."



## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

And Giulio, in impassioned gibberish, told why; the desire to "make-a something bad" to the "capitan-man" was the main point. "He laugh-a at me. I afraid Mr. Boss get-a sick. He been-a sick, Mr. Judge. I try tell capitan-man take care him. I ver' polite, but capitan-man laugh. I poor man; I Italia fella; I talk-a not ver' good the English. He laugh. Then I get ver' mad and I think what to make-a capitan-man crazy. So I jump on flag."

"You forgot it was Mr. Abercrombie's flag, too, didn't you?" Giulio wriggled. The judge went on, trying to put things at their simplest. "You are coming before me in June to become an American. If I let you in that flag will be yours. What do you think a man ought to do for his flag?"

"Die for it," Giulio stated quite simply.

"Yes." The judge caught a quick breath. "And if he doesn't have to die for it he ought to take care that everybody treats it with respect."

Judge Carlisle swung about in his swivelled

## OLD GLORY

chair, moved a volume which lay open on his desk, and proceeded to read from it. ““Penal Law, Section 1425, subsection 16,”” the judge read. ““Any person . . . who shall publicly mutilate, deface, defile or defy, trample upon or cast contempt, either by words or act, upon any such flag’—that’s the American flag,” the judge explained, lifting grave eyes—““shall be . . . punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or both, in the discretion of the court.’ Do you understand what I have been reading to you?””

Roughly Giulio did; his eyes bulged.

“Do you understand that Americans protect their flag?”

Giulio nodded with emphasis. “Tha’s aw right,” he agreed; “when I get-a American citizen I maul a fella good if he touch it; like”—a slow grin permeated—“soldier-man maul me. I understan’ now. Nobody ever talk-a me that way before. Bad thing jump on flag. Anyhow, flag no laugh at-a me because I poor Italia fella.”

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

“The captain”—Giulio’s face set—“did not laugh at you because you were Italian. He would have laughed at Mr. Abercrombie just the same.” With that the judge explained deftly how soldiers must rough it; how Mr. Abercrombie, though of the nobility, was a private in the troop. He made Giulio laugh with the captain at Giulio’s suggestions about a bed. He drew the sting.

Then there was something yet on the judge’s mind. “When you come before me in June,” he said, “if you show that you mean to respect the flag and”—the judge cleared his throat—“are ready to die for it, then I shall probably let you in. But—you know this is a large country?”

“Yess, Mr. Judge.” The keen, dark eyes were attentive.

The judge felt a responsibility, as if for a thronging multitude of new citizens clambering to gates which he guarded. “You know that it’s hard to manage a large farm?”

“Yess, Mr. Judge,” a bit bewildered.

“Sometimes the workmen are lazy, or make mistakes?”

## OLD GLORY

“Yess, Mr. Judge.”

“Then it’s much harder to manage a large country. Things go wrong sometimes. We have to be patient, and wait, and try to help our country by obeying the laws. It’s a new country yet, and big, and we all must help—you and I—everybody. Do you see?”

“*Yess, Mr. Judge,*” with emphasis.

But the judge was not through yet. “You are a leader in the strike?”

Giulio was wary again. “Yess, Mr. Judge.”

“They say you are their best speaker?”

“I make-a splendid speech, Mr. Judge.”

“You do, eh? Well, Giulio, I’m going to have you let out of jail. I don’t think you’ll ever insult the American flag again, eh?”

“No, Mr. Judge. I, no, never. I mash-a any fella face in what touch-a that-a flag.”

“Oh! all right,” agreed the judge. “And now”—impressively—“when you get back to your friends, remember that this is going to be your country, and that you must try to take care of it and be patient and not make trouble, so that you may feel some

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

day that you, Giulio Bianchi, have done your part to make it the greatest country in the world.”

Giulio grinned cheerfully, then rose, shook hands—unmasked—cordially with the judge, and was a free man.

The strike went on. The troop and Company F were still on duty; Bill still slept under the piano. Giulio Bianchi, the papers reported, had made no incendiary speeches since his arrest; it was thought that he was preparing a *coup*; it was certain that he was yet the young Napoleon of the movement.

Suddenly, on a morning, the troop was called to arms, and trotted, businesslike, to Cathedral Square. A contractor had unwisely set men to work on a building, and the strikers had gathered. Above the horses' hoofs one heard, two blocks away, the sibilant, low threatening of the angry crowd. The police, menacing, remembering their dead comrade, tried, roughly enough, to scatter them.

The troop arrived. An order or two barked

## OLD GLORY

out. They stood in still ranks, men on horseback, the most quieting sight in the world to a mob. A hush came suddenly on the dense ferment; the angry, rapid talking was all still at once. And with that, ten feet from him in the shifting crowd, Bill saw Giulio. He caught one flash of the keen, brilliant eyes smiling into his, and then he saw the broad shoulders shooting through the pack; Giulio was making for the court-house steps.

A wide wall ran out at the side of the steps; ran into the heart of the mob pushing up the steps. Giulio was out on that platform with incredible quickness, yet only just in time, for the mob was growing restless again.

The Italian tossed out an arm and a shout went up. The police, frowning, loosened pistols in their holsters. He stood a second, smiling, cock-sure, holding the mob in the hollow of his hand; his quick eyes flashed triumphantly to where Bill sat his horse, staring open-mouthed at his ex-butler. Then,

## THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

in a strong, sharp-edged voice, in his own tongue, he made a speech. The crowd swayed, gasped, under the pouring words.

At the end he put a swift question; waited; then dived under his shabby coat, and out from his hand rippled gay colors: the flag of America, over the mob of aliens; the colors that work the magic of assimilation; the Stars and Stripes. And up from the crowd came a great, hoarse roar.

With that Giulio turned to face the judge standing bareheaded behind him. Off swept the panjandrum cap; he made his pretty, foreign, low bow, and smiled—confident, vainglorious, the flag yet in his hand—into the judge's face. "They all-a good boy now," he stated. "We talk-a contractor this afternoon. We get-a togeth'. I tell 'em we all got be patient with our countree; we be good citizens for our flag. I get-a my people here to-day just show you and Mr. Boss what I can make do. Giulio big man. We all go be American. Tha's aw right. You tell me I be good citizen, Mr. Judge. You pretty wise-a

## OLD GLORY

guy. I tell 'em my peopl-a. I show 'em our flag."

With an impetuous movement he whirled to the cheering crowd, and flung out the flag, and the two stood together under the, beloved colors, living symbols—the judge, the law of the land, and the land's vital problem, the Stranger Within the Gates.



**THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER**

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## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

**W**HEN Roger Shelby, of Kentucky, died in London, his son, little Roger, was two-and-a-half years old. It amused the young man mightily to hear his American baby lisp his words, English fashion, chattering to his British nurse about the "lift" and the "luggage." The shock of the alien accent never failed to provoke him to laughter; soon they would all go home, and little Roger would grow up in God's country, an American citizen. Such was his sure belief.

And then, in two days, the youth and strength of him were mowed down, and he lay dead in London. He had to be buried in England, and his young wife could not bear to leave his grave. So she took an old manor-house by Lynton, near the place where a gray stone cross bore the name,

## OLD GLORY

among other Shelbys, of this American one; for she had had the thought of laying him with his ancient kindred. And little Roger, in the west country, continued to talk like an Englishman, and his mother, remembering the big young laughter of the child's father, liked it.

Years sped on, till the child was fifteen. Then one day, when the house was full of boys, from the next room she heard them chattering over their game of billiards.

"It's your giddy shot, you American bargee," said Tom Cecil.

"Chuck it," Roger responded in kind. "I'm no more American than you." This to the grandson of a British earl.

"You jolly well are," retorted young Cecil. "Wouldn't he own to his giddy country, then? Oh, shame!" And the others joined in the chorus—"Oh, shame!"

The big, fresh young voice which she knew best flung back an answer: "By gum, I'm as English as you are. My people simply lived a few generations across the ocean—that's all.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Why, the churchyard up there is full of my name. My hat! I'm an Englishman," he concluded defiantly.

The boy's mother stood for an instant in the shadows. Then she turned quickly and ran up-stairs and locked her door and sat down, staring from the window. She remembered a hot Fourth of July when her father had taught her to repeat Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; she remembered her husband's upward shining look as they had caught sight, one day, of the Stars and Stripes over an embassy. Such memories flooded her. She had thrown away all that. She had done what an obscure woman could to betray her country. She had brought up her son to deny his flag.

Suddenly she laughed. "Why, he's a baby," she said. "There's plenty of time. When he gets to New York, when he breathes the air of the States, when he sails up the Hudson, sees the autumn colors"—and with that she was homesick. For the first time in thirteen years, homesick. But she said noth-

## OLD GLORY

ing, and the perfectly oiled life at Whele went on while she made and remade plans.

And all the time Fate, with a psychological moment in her fingers, was steaming across the Atlantic, and on a day in the fulness of time Evelyn Shelby, still young and a pleasant thing to look at in Paris clothes, went to a dinner and met an American army officer. Fate smiled, and let the psychological moment fly.

Colonel Barron had to go home in two months. Over this Roger was rebellious, and because of his passionate protest Whele was not sold but leased.

“I’m coming back,” he defied the powers. “I may be young now, but I’ll grow up, and I’m not going to stay where I don’t belong. I’m an Englishman.” His mother, thinking that the boy was going to stronger influence than he knew, smiled and did not speak. But the colonel, not so big as Roger, with a sunshiny laugh which seemed to win all the world, made answer:

“All right, old chap. If your mother tries

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

to bully you the way she does me, we'll unite against her, won't we?" Yet he winced sometimes when Roger made that too frequent statement that he was an Englishman.

It was not in boy-nature to fail to enjoy the post. It was a very desirable post, with mountain roads to gallop over and the great lake to swim in and sail on.

The boy wasted none of his out-of-door opportunities, but continued as objectionable as a lad strong and manly and sound at the core might be to a military stepfather. His attitude about parade of an afternoon was typical. He would not uncover when the flag was lowered, and when admonished that he had better stay away, lurked in the background, grinning and hatted and conspicuous. His stepfather, eager to love him, felt the effort to do so more of a strain every day.

"My sufferin' aunt," Roger made oration at lunch. It was a warm day at the very end of February, and the boy had been out for a ride over snowy hills. "My sufferin' aunt," he began in his British tone and diction;

## OLD GLORY

“old Wilkins, that first sergeant, is an amazin’ old pig-head, isn’t he?”

“Is he?” Colonel Barron caught his wife’s nervous glance, and smiled. “He’s valuable, you know, Roger. Been in the army forty years. What’s he pig-headed about?”

“Ridin’, sir,” said Roger. “I was at the stables to-day after I came in, and I was showin’ him the advantages of risin’ to the trot as we do in our army. He didn’t say much. But he growled out something about an infant tryin’ to instruct the American army.”

Colonel Barron bit his lip. “The sergeant was right, Roger. It’s wrong of you to criticise our army with the men. If you want to talk things over with me, we’ll have a debate on that riding question. I believe the American army is in the right.”

“The American army!” The boy laughed.

“I said ‘The American Army’!” Colonel Barron repeated hotly. “In which I am proud to be an officer.”

Roger laid down his knife and fork and



## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

stared. "By gum! I'm awfully sorry I made you sore, sir. But, you see, the American army is funny—to an Englishman. Army! There isn't any. Nor navy. No history, nor record. Just a few thousand men, don't you know."

The colonel rose and pushed back his chair.

"Jack!" His wife went to him and slipped an arm around his neck, and he put up his hand and held hers. Yes, he would remember.

"My lad," the American said, "an army's like a man; it doesn't have to be big to have a soul. It is little—too little—our army, but it has a full-sized soul; yes, and a history, too, and traditions, and loyalty, and a great country that would pour blood for it." The colonel was on his feet, and his eyes flamed. "Good Lord! Have you never read of Washington and his ragged, frozen-footed mob at Valley Forge? That was a hundred years ago—that was an American army—then. And it's come down straight, unbroken, that tradition. The War of 1812, the Civil War: Grant, Phil Kearny, Stonewall Jackson,

## OLD GLORY

Lee—Lee, with his ragged, starved heroes, beaten by inches. We beat them, but they were Americans, those men who died for the Lost Cause.

“The first thing our army ever did, those ‘old Continentals, in their ragged regimentals,’ the same old chaps I spoke of before, who didn’t have food or clothes or a government, even, was to whip England. That was the take-off. Any navy! Did you ever hear of John Paul Jones? You haven’t run across mention of one Perry on Lake Erie; or an old tub called the *Constitution*, which fought the *Guerrière* and others? Do you know anything, by chance, of a man called George Dewey, who with a few middle-sized ships, steamed quietly one bright Sunday morning down Manila Bay, twenty-six miles over waters said to be sown with he didn’t know what of torpedoes and mines? The American army—navy—a thing for a child to laugh at——”

The colonel stopped suddenly, turned his head and kissed his wife’s hand, which he

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

still held on his shoulder, and smiled his sunshiny smile. "Now, that's just it," he said. "He's a child. He's trying to throw away his birthright. But I think he's too fine a fellow to be a renegade. We'll get him to understand, some time. We want big, strong, fighting men for Americans. We want you, Roger—and you're ours."

The boy, flushed to his fair hair, dumb, turned without a word and stumbled from the room.

As the days passed after that, Roger went about work and play with a noticeable lack of words, and his mother, pondering his peculiarities, knew it was best to let the deeps work and not stir them. So she asked no questions, even when she wondered where the boy spent hours unaccounted for of afternoons. And one day she found out. She went into the town library, and across the room by a window she caught sight of a well-known yellow head over a table littered with books.

The librarian smiled. "He's here every

## OLD GLORY

day," she said. "He's eating up American history. He'll hardly grow up an Englishman at this rate, Mrs. Barron." And Evelyn Barron fled, anxious not to know her son's secrets till he should tell them to her.

The evenings and the mornings continued to come and go till it was the middle of March and, at this northern post, still winter. And then on a day after mild weather and winds, a snap of sharp cold came, and the half-thawed lake was frozen smoothly and the skating perfect.

"I'm going up to Pontiac this afternoon to get real Indian moccasins for my snowshoes," Roger announced. "They're beastly things down here."

They saw him, with skate-sails spread, float out on the shining lake. An hour later it began to snow, and when Roger's mother came in at seven the air was thickly white. But she did not think of the boy till she came down to dinner.

"Where's Roger?" she demanded of her husband.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

“You don’t mean he isn’t home from Pontiac yet?”

“I don’t know. I’ve been at the Krebs’s tea, and stayed late. Jack—” she looked at him.

“Oh, no. He’s likely about the town somewhere and has forgotten it’s dinner-time. Don’t worry, Evelyn. I’ll telephone—let me think where.” But telephoning to many places failed to bring information.

It was five miles to Pontiac; not much of a trip for a hardy boy with skate-sails. But the snow would have made the skating hard. There might have been holes hidden by the snow—Evelyn Barron pounded her hand fiercely on a table. Holes—in the ice—holes! Her yellow-headed Roger—her little boy, for all of his six feet three! She looked at her husband, standing by his untouched dinner. He had been standing there, frowning, biting his lip, for three minutes now.

Then, “Don’t be frightened,” he said. “It’s probably all right. But we can’t take risks. I’m going to call out the regiment and

## OLD GLORY

ask for volunteers for a search-party." He took down the telephone and gave a number.

"Captain Barker?" he asked. In a dozen words he explained the situation. "Have the bugler sound the assembly," he said. "The men will come to the riding-hall.

"We'll bring back the young devil safe and sound from some wild-goose chase," he assured his wife. "And if you don't thrash him, I will."

But his face was grave as he hurried across the parade-ground to the riding-hall. The bugle-call of the assembly still rang in the cold air; soldiers were pouring by. Within an incredibly short time six hundred men, all of the regiment, stood in silent ranks.

"Men," spoke the colonel, "I called you together to ask for volunteers for a search-party. A boy has been lost. When last seen he was skating on the lake. It's probable that he has missed his direction in the storm, and if so he is in danger of freezing to death. The boy is my stepson. Those who are will-

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

ing to join a search-party will take one pace forward.”

There was silence for a space of two long breaths, and then with an even swing the whole regiment advanced a pace. Something caught in the colonel's throat.

There was rapid consultation then, and the order was given to fall out, to meet again at the landing in ten minutes, with torches, of which there happened to be a supply in town from a late political festival. That was the quick thought of Sergeant Wilkins. In less than half an hour a strange and gorgeous spectacle was forming out across the steely lake, through the ever-coming, all-pervading snow.

Meanwhile, up the lake a boy had been fighting alone for his life for two hours. In spite of warnings he had started back, unconcernedly, at five o'clock. It was fairly light till six-thirty, and he had no doubt of making port in spite of a snow-storm. Also, the wind was with him; the sails would take him along “rippingly.” Then, a mile from

## OLD GLORY

Pontiac, a sail broke and it took time to patch it; in another half-mile it broke again. The snow was steady now; it was growing colder; twilight was coming on. A fellow's fingers were stiff; the strings were poorly tied this time, so shortly the apparatus came to pieces again, and with that the lad decided that it was safer to take to plain skating.

Already snow lay thick on the ice, and skating was impeded, yet there was nothing else for it. Falling once or twice, for it was impossible to tell good from bad going, he pushed ahead. All at once he was aware with a shock that he did not know which way to go.

The boy whistled. "My sainted Sam! What a bore!" he adjured the situation aloud, and then pulled his fur cap farther down over his ears and buttoned up his jacket.

He peered through the white-falling clouds, soft, unhurried, pitiless. "I'm hanged if I know," he whispered, yet realized that



## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

wherever he went, he must move. Not to go was to be frozen.

He skated ahead; and time went, and slowly the cold was conquering, despite efforts and young blood. Yet he did not consider being afraid. There was indeed something horrible which came near to his mind and gripped at it, now and again, but he grunted aloud at that something; a fellow might, of course, have to curl up and die, but it was not necessary for a fellow to whine.

At or about the time of that argument he became conscious of a slight dizziness. He had been going, though he did not know it, as lost men mostly do, in a narrowing circle. Shortly after, a tired foot tripped.

“Never mind—don’t bother—just want to think—to thi—to——”

His voice aroused him. “Golly!” This was no game, to go to sleep on the lake; one must get home. But his muscles were slow to answer. And then his left ankle balked! Something broken or sprained. That settled

## OLD GLORY

it; he rather preferred it this way; he would lie down and think for a few minutes—think—th— His eyes were closing.

Then a curious business occurred. He was roused suddenly. He had an idea that he was in church, and that it was Christmas or Easter. There were all sorts of lights—a choir carrying lights, probably. What a gorgeous spectacle! Millions and millions of lights coming—up the aisle—all over the cathedral. Golly! This was the right sort of service, worth while, this was. His mind slipped onward—end of the world, this must be—good old world. Armies of the Lord. Words that he had heard all his life surged above consciousness, took form as if flashing through blackness, like the lights there.

“Terrible as an army with banners,” he muttered, staring. And then, “Light to them—in darkness—the shadow of death—shadow. And to guide our feet”—the words flamed; the lights flamed; for the dim, submerged mind it was hard to tell which were lights and which were words.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

The mystic array drew nearer, up the black lake, blurred by storm into hazy circles of orange, yards and yards across; an endless light of glory, an army, a dream. People who have come out of an anæsthetic, through the reeling mid-ocean where a small human consciousness tosses and struggles toward its own little back creek, know where the boy's brain stood at this moment.

The lights were close now; on the edge of consciousness he knew that, yet was too far gone to wonder, to adjust. Then suddenly a great hoarse challenge, shouts, a roar of voices, things springing to him through the lights—devils—angels—angels? Heaven—hell? He had fainted. A nasty taste—for the boy did not like whiskey—waked him, coughing and sputtering.

“Stop that beastly chokin’ me,” he ordered, and it was Sergeant Wilkins’s voice that answered. Roger looked up, astonished, into the old Indian fighter’s face. Sergeant Wilkins was holding him like a baby, kneeling there on the ice.

## OLD GLORY

“There, there, sonny-boy,” crooned the sergeant. “It’s all right. You lay back on my shoulder and the old man will take care of ye. Thank the Lord you’re alive. Lay back. Thank the Lord!”

And Roger dropped his head comfortably on that war-hardened pillow and was glad. Torches were flaring and reeking up around him; men crowded on each other to see him; then a voice from the general universe said: “Here’s the colonel,” and the men fell back, the torches were held high, and Roger beheld his stepfather bending to him, speaking a broken word. With the whiskey making a long, hot streak inside of him, sending blood to the numb brain, he blinked up into the colonel’s face, and then beyond—to the men, the lines of brown army coats, snowy under the waving lights, the men standing there in the bitter cold, smiling.

With that the colonel, wheeling, gave a swift order, and the bugler, who was one of the first behind Sergeant Wilkins, lifted his instrument and sent out over the frozen

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

lake the assembly, and far-away lights whirled and danced and came trooping.

Roger lifted his head from Sergeant Wilkins's shoulder as the clear call rang through the icy darkness, and suddenly, to his infinite amazement, a rush of feeling caught him. They had saved him, these men in khaki—he belonged to them. What better thing was there than to be one of them, to be—American? His head fell back.

“We'll get him home as fast as possible, sergeant,” the colonel said. “He's fainted again.”

There was grave question for a long time whether the boy would live. The broken ankle was a small thing, but pneumonia developed next day, and for weeks he lay between two worlds. And all the time in his delirium he talked. His inmost, shy boy-heart was uncovered, and the colonel, standing by his bed, turned away often with wet eyes.

“I didn't know I was a renegade, mummy,” the boy babbled. “I meant it square.

## OLD GLORY

I thought I had a right to be an Englishman. It's ripping, old England—old history—fighting men." Then he would lie quiet, staring at the ceiling. "Fighting men—oh, yes—not mine. It's not my country; I see that, sir. I suppose I'm a renegade."

Then slowly, in a carrying, crazy whisper: "A man called George Dewey, who steamed down Manila Bay one Sunday morning—a few middle-sized war-ships." And then: "Washington at Valley Forge—poor old chaps; no shoes; frozen. It's beastly to be frozen. *I* know." Then, crushing his mother's hand in his, "Why didn't you tell me I was an ass, mummy? A fellow ought to keep to—his own flag."

And with that he would fall asleep—to wake up in half an hour, going over and over the same trouble.

"If the child's mind isn't relieved in some way it will be brain fever, too," the doctor said; and with that Colonel Barron had an inspiration.

Sergeant Wilkins crept up the stairs,

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

creaking small thunderbolts in a laborious effort to be quiet. The tossing skeleton on the bed lay still for a moment as the door opened, and then Mrs. Barron was startled, for a hoarse, weak shout rang out. The cavernous eyes flamed at the sergeant.

“Oh, bully!” cried Roger. “I want him; I want to apologize.”

The colonel’s arms came around his wife and closed the door softly from outside. “Let them fight it out,” he whispered. “I’ve an idea the sergeant will prove a good doctor.”

From that time on, the boy got well. He spoke little and seemed to be always thinking, thinking; but strength came. One bright day in May, when the weather was unreasonably hot, he was well enough to be downstairs for lunch.

“I want you to go to parade this afternoon,” the colonel said to his wife. “The general is here, you know, and there’s to be a short review and drill. There are lots of visitors and it’s a fine day, and everybody’s

## OLD GLORY

coming, so it will be a function. You've been tied to that bag of bones long enough."

"Yes, mummy, you must go. I'm all right. In fact, I don't want you about; I want to sleep in peace." So she went.

The general sat his horse like a soldierly statue, his staff, rigid and impressive, lined up behind him, mounted also, in the glory of much gold braid, while the regiment went through its evolutions.

The drill ended with a charge in which the long line of horses swept across the parade-ground, the men, with sabres raised, riding as only American cavalymen ride. Mrs. Barron was aware of a slight stir around her; that people were looking at her and then away at some one who approached. Her eyes followed their eyes.

Through the gala crowd, towering above everybody, stalked a form which made her pulse stop. What everybody was looking at, to the neglect of the regiment, was a very tall boy—abnormally tall in his lank thinness. His last summer's white flannel clothes



## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

hung on his bones in folds; the fur cap of the perilous expedition was on his head. He made his way slowly, swaying a little—for he was weak—till he had wandered down into the field itself, close to the stakes which marked it off and well forward of the general and his staff.

With that, as he stood there, the eyes of all the gay crowd fixed on him, the parade ended, and the afternoon's doings were over, and from the fort on the hill the sunset gun boomed. Then the soldiers by the great flag-staff were seen to be pulling ropes, and swiftly the flag, the Stars and Stripes of America, began to slip down. The band struck sharply into the "Star-Spangled Banner." It was a good band, and the martial music came out with a swing; perhaps every one there fitted the stirring words to the melody:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light."

The proud words sang themselves to the bold air, and ended triumphantly:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

## OLD GLORY

Every one was standing; every man's hat was off, and there was a moment of hushed silence, of reverence for the descending colors. Roger's mother, breathing quickly, her eyes on her boy, saw him standing alone far in front of every one, unconscious of any one. A scarlet line ran across his hollow cheeks, the fur cap was lifted high over his shining young head, the head was thrown back and his burning eyes were fixed on the flag—his flag—with a look of worship.

It was suddenly all over. The boy turned, his face solemn and bright. Every one fell back as he came to her, for the look in his eyes and in hers.

“Mummy,” said the boy, battling for breath, for he was very tired—holding to a chair with one hand, his other hand on his mother's shoulder, his eyes brilliant—“mummy,” said Roger Shelby, “I'm an American !”