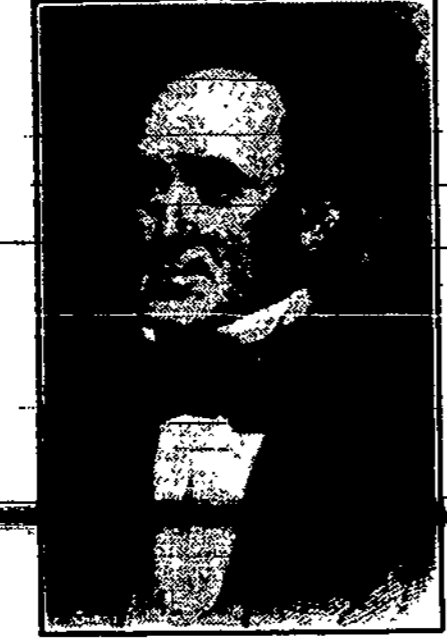


**AFTER NINETY YEARS  
FLAG FLOATS OVER  
ITS LAUREATE'S GRAVE**

By ARTHUR JAMES.  
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WITH all due respect to "The Star-Spangled Banner" and James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Glory," the one banner poem that continues to float to the breeze above all is "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake. I cannot read that poem to this day without wanting to shoot firecrackers and deliver a Fourth of July oration. Of course I do neither, since shooting firecrackers is against the law and delivering Fourth of July orations ought to be. In these days we must seek milder and more humane ways of showing our patriotism. But the cutting out of plitudes and noise does not detract from Drake's performance. His is really the noblest flag poem ever written. It is so filled with freedom, stars, milky buldrick—whatever that is—red streaks and eagles that on perusing it we can scarcely restrain ourselves from giving three cheers and going out to march our legs off in defense of the country.

It was fitting, therefore, that when Joseph Rodman Drake park was opened in New York city something more than a year ago—on Memorial day, 1910, to be exact—a fine American flag was unfurled over the poet's grave. The operator of the occasion was Charles De



STY-OHENE HALLICK, CLOSEST FRIEND OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE AND AUTHOR OF THE EULOGY "NONE KNOWS THIS BUT TO LOVE THEE," ETC.

Kay, Drake's only grandson. De Kay is also a poet, likewise an art critic and a founder of clubs. To get at the matter at first hand I hunted him up not long ago, finding him in the National Arts Club, one of those he was instrumental in starting.

"So you have the spring fever to write a story about the neglect of Joseph Rodman Drake's grave?" he said when I had explained my errand. "Every spring, when the news is scarce," he went on, "some editor discovers that Drake's tomb needs attention and proceeds to bestow it, at least to the extent of a story."

Later on Mr. De Kay explained that the descendants of Drake and of others buried in the same little cemetery near Hunt's Point provided a watchman who looked after the graves. As for the wild scene, the tangle of vines and the apparent neglect, that was the sort of place Drake loved and in which he would wish to rest.

But now all is changed. The little cemetery is a park, the tangled vines are cleared away, the knoll is rounded and all in apple pie order.

Drake was born in 1795 and died at the age of twenty-five from consumption. His best known poem other than "The American Flag" is "The Culprit Fay," the scene of which is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson. There is nothing like this poem in American literature. Only in an earlier school of the English poets is found anything approaching it. The "Fay" was written as the result of an argument between Drake and some of his friends, the poet contending that American poets lent themselves to romance and romantic treatment. Despite its artistic finish, the poem was written with great haste. When I was in the Highlands a few years ago the natives pointed out the very mountain said to be the scene of the poem. It was old "Cro'nest," just above West Point, which also inspired some of the songs of George P. Morris. Drake was passionately fond of nature and spent most of his time with a relative at Hunt's Point, overlooking Long Island sound, some of the scenes of which were also woven into the "Fay."

The young poet studied medicine and in due time annexed the resultant title to his name, as is indicated by the inscription on his monument.

For a time he collaborated with Hallick in stilt for the New York Evening Post over the signature of "The Croakers." The "Flag" did not appear until 1819, one year before Drake's death. It is said that Hallick had a hand in this writing the last few lines. That one poem made Joseph Rodman Drake immortal. As long as the American flag floats the author of this his noblest panegyric will be remembered, and it is indeed a fitting tribute to his memory that after he has slept ninety years in an obscure and lonely little graveyard that flag has been raised at least over his tomb.

**The Girl Whom  
Nobody Knew**

By EDWARD D. ROGERS  
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"Where did you meet your wife, Campbell?" I asked.

"Evidently," I added, "you met her in some singular way."

"Not at all. It is not any peculiarity of my meeting with her, but the multiplicity of my meetings before I was even introduced to her."

"Explain."

"I was one evening at a dance that followed a dinner at the house of a friend, there being many more at the dance than at the dinner. While dancing I saw a girl sitting by herself, not having any attention whatever I was surprised, for I was very much struck with her appearance. I staid get her out of that. I remarked inwardly, 'she's not a girl for a wallflower.' And, being acquainted with almost every one in the room, I asked one after another to introduce me. Not a person I applied to had any acquaintance with her. Every time I spoke to any one on the subject I was obliged to point her out, and it was not long before she noticed what I was about. She smiled, and every time she smiled I set off to find a new person to introduce me. Finally, after leaving the room in search of another possible go-between, on my return the lady was gone.

"I didn't even know her name. When I spoke to the host about her I could not even describe her sufficiently for him to recognize her by my description. He said she must be from out of town or a newcomer. In an eastern city those in the swim are cold to those not in it, and sometimes the most desirable persons to know are left to themselves.

"This girl whom nobody knew and my unsuccessful attempt to be introduced to her interested me. Possibly it was this attempt and failure that kept her in my mind. At any rate, I could not forget her. My endeavor was a compliment to her, and I was quite sure it would put me on a pleasant footing with her if I could find her."

"One day I was driving my automobile down an avenue when I met another machine, on the back seat of which sat a girl who I at once recognized. There was an amused smile on her face as we shot by each other. I determined to turn and follow her that I might see where she lived or, at any rate, get some clue to her identity. I slowed up and brought my auto about, then started back. I put on sufficient speed to overtake the other car and came so near that, happening to turn her head, she saw me.

"At that moment a policeman who had been chasing me overtook me and called on me to stop. Not daring to disobey the mandate of an officer of the law I was obliged to come to a halt. The girl I had been following saw the whole thing and laughed. The policeman took me to the station, and I paid a fine for speeding.

"Mad is the only word that describes my feelings. What could I do? I had lost my chance and might never have another.

"But I did. One day I was on a train. It was summer time, and every window was open. We came to a stop at a station. I was reading a newspaper. A train coming from the opposite direction steamed up to the station and stopped, the two trains remaining side by side for several minutes. Then I heard the other train begin to move. Looking up from my paper, there in a window directly opposite mine, slowly moving away from me, with an amused smile on her face—indeed, mischief in her eye—was the girl whom nobody knew.

"As soon as she had passed out of sight, snatching my belongings, I arose and ran out on the platform, intending to board her train, but she was in the last car. I saw it pulled away with accelerating rapidity. Nevertheless, I ran after it and so I did so.

"I saw the girl that nobody knew with her head out of the window laughing at me. For a few minutes I galloped on the train, then it pulled away from me and I gave up the race.

"Again I was plunged in the depths of despair, or, rather, I was all perturbed up at these misadventures, and somehow I seemed to be coming under a spell. Every time I saw that amused smile it drove me into a worse condition than before. I was simply being tantalized to madness. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"It was about six months after this that my friend Jimmy Dutton was married. We had been chums for years, and nothing would do but that I must be his best man. He made an engagement with me to take me to call on the young lady who was to be his bride's maid of honor. We called the evening before the wedding, but the young lady, Miss Pemberton, sent down word that she was sick in bed trying to brace herself up to be able to officiate the next day. This rendered it impossible for us to meet till just before the ceremony.

"The next day the groom, attended by his supports, I leading, marched down one aisle of the church, while the bride marched down another. When we all met at the chancel who do you suppose I met face to face at the altar of honor?"

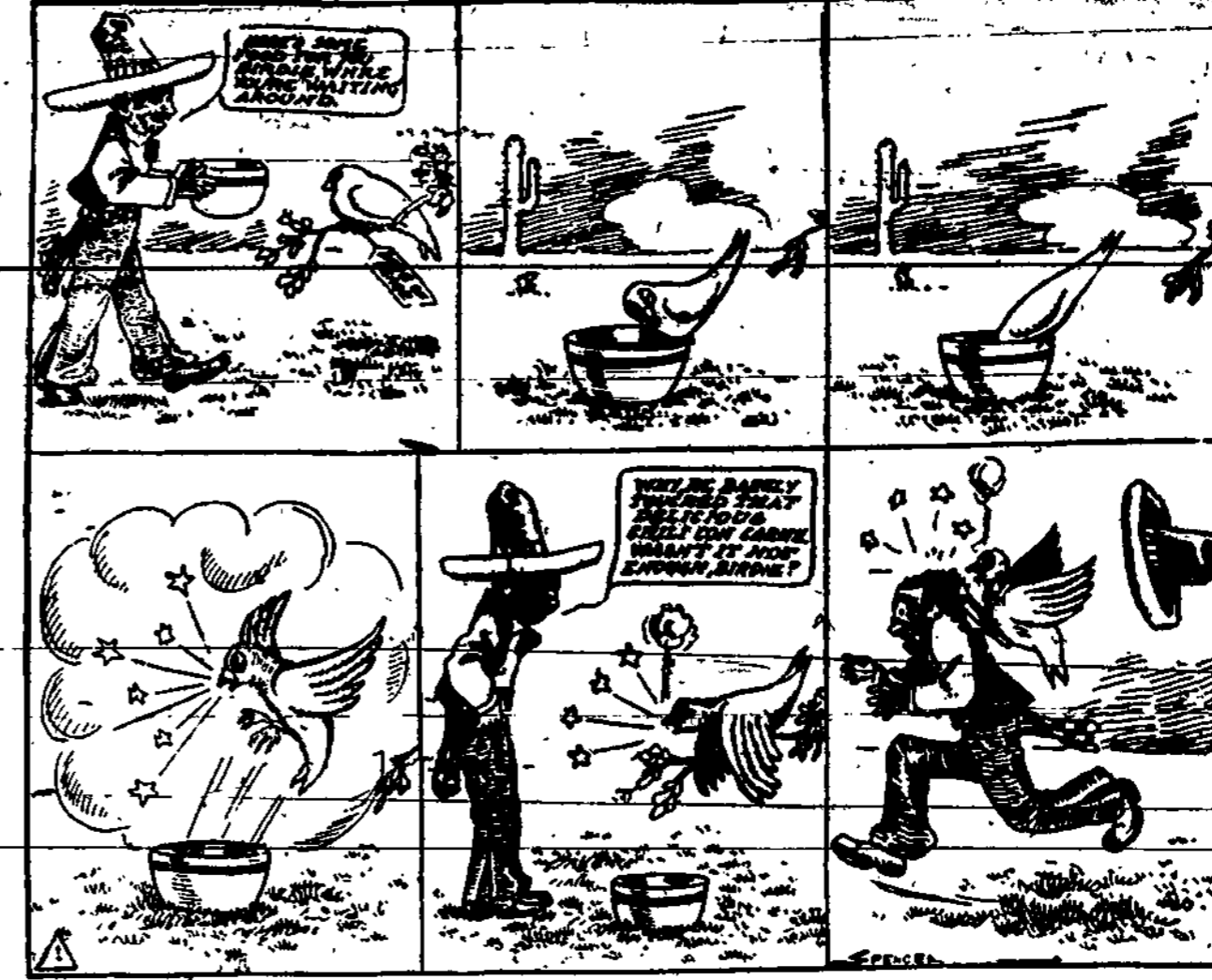
"The girl whom nobody knew?"

"Yes."

"What did she say? How did she meet you?"

"She laughed."

**THAT MEXICAN DIET IS NO FOOD WITH WHICH TO COAX A BIRD OF PARADISE**



—Spencer in Denver Republican.

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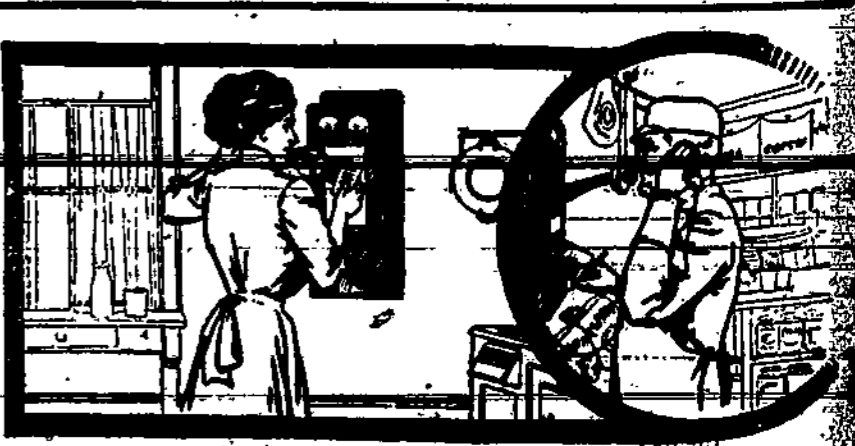
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