

OUR PATRIOTIC SONGS

We Are Not as Familiar With Them as We Should Be.

FEW OF US KNOW THE WORDS

How Many Americans, For Instance, Can Recite "The Star Spangled Banner" or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee?" "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland."

Proud as they are of their nation, it is a strange fact that Americans are not so familiar with their country's patriotic airs as are the people of the foreign lands.

Even when they are stirred to the point of singing by bands they find it hard to recollect the words. And it is doubtful whether many are aware of the bits of history attached to some of the land's patriotic airs.

Take "The Star Spangled Banner," for instance. How much can you sing of that song? Yet, if any can be called the national anthem, this is the one. Of course it is unfair to ourselves to say that we cannot sing it, but it must be admitted that we don't know it as generally as we should.

Its author, Francis Scott Key, now lies in a cemetery at Frederick, Md., where an American flag is always waving over his grave. Key wrote the song after an experience he had while a prisoner aboard a British war vessel. While he was aboard the boat Fort M'Henry, the sole protection of Baltimore, was bombarded, and the song tells of his satisfaction at finding the flag of his country still waving upon the dawn of the succeeding morning.

It is a hymn which all Americans can join in singing, because it breathes the spirit of the whole land and has not one suggestion of sectionalism in it.

Next as a national song comes "America," sometimes known as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Objection is frequently raised against this because the tune was not original. It is the property of the British empire as much as it is of the United States, and when it is heard from afar one cannot tell whether the band wants to feel the inspiration that is in the words of "America" or in "God Save the King."

The words of the song "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," were written by Samuel Francis Smith. The song was first sung at a Sunday school celebration of the Fourth of July at the Park Street Church in Boston. It is an interesting fact that one of the little boys who helped to sing "America" for the first time was the chaplain of the United States Army.

Then we have "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," which has something like an echo of "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean." The tune of "Yankee Doodle" is a good one, and we all like to whistle or hum it, but the words unfortunately are not very good and, furthermore, it has been said did not mean a great deal at the time they were written. At any rate, it has not the solemn grandeur that "The Star Spangled Banner" holds.

The origin of "Yankee Doodle" is shrouded in the mystery of a score of conflicting tales. It is generally agreed, however, that the tune came from England, and the words were invented by the British soldiers to be sung in derision of the American troops who fought the battle of the Clouds on the Hudson below Albany in 1755 during the French and Indian war. Twenty years later the rebellious patriots played "Yankee Doodle" at the battle of Lexington, and it became the first national song of the United States.

Philadelphia has considerable interest in "Hail Columbia." It was written by Joseph Hopkinson of this city, although the air was composed by a German who was conducting an orchestra in New York. Hopkinson wrote the words at the time when war was threatened with France in 1793, and for a long while it was the most popular of our patriotic songs.

As for sectional songs, there are some which have mighty good tunes, a case in point being "Dixie." Although this was the battle hymn of the Confederacy, Lincoln enjoyed it immensely and on the day of his death he asked a band to play it for him.

"Dixie," however, was written long before the civil war and was intended for the use of the Confederates. It was written in 1859 by Daniel D. Emmett, who was singing with Bryant's minstrels in New York. Bryant's show was disorganized and Emmett seemed impatient he asked Emmett to write a negro "walk around" which would stir up some feeling. "Dixie" was the result.

Its adaptation nearly two years later as the war song of the south was an accident. Mrs. John Wood was appearing at the New Orleans Varieties theater in "The Bohemians." On account of the rising tide of war a zouave drill was introduced into the show. The orchestra leader tried over several airs for the march and finally hit upon "Dixie." The war could burst the next week, and from New Orleans "Dixie" spread all over the south. At the north Fanny J. Crosby, the hymn writer, wrote a song for "Dixie" which was strongly Union in sentiment, but the other side had pre-empted the air.

Then it was that the north took up "John Brown's Body," which was first set out by a Boston company, and later Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote to this tune "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Another popular southern air is really an old German one. It had been used in America for many years as a vehicle for the old college song "Lau-

finger Horatius," but it is now universally associated with "Maryland, My Maryland."

This song was considered by James Russell Lowell to be the best poem produced by the civil war, and Mr. Lowell could not have been partial to its sentiments. It was written by James Ryder Randall, a Marylander. At the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Randall was teaching in a small college in Louisiana. When he heard the news of the riots in the streets of Baltimore in April, 1861, he was fired by the intelligence and angry because his native state did not forsake the Union. Under these circumstances he wrote the poem. It was first published in the New Orleans Delta and copied in all the southern papers and, of course, became very popular among Maryland secessionists. One of these, Miss Jennie Cary, suggested adapting it to the air of the familiar college song. Miss Cary was in Virginia just after the first battle of Bull Run. She and a party of friends were serenaded at Fairfax Court House by the Washington Light artillery of New Orleans. Miss Cary responded by singing "Maryland, My Maryland."—Philadelphia Press.

RESTAURANT TIPS.

The Much Vexed Question From the Waiter's Point of View.

"I know by the way you nod your head you think it's pretty hard on the public. Suppose every waiter here got a regular salary, with no chance for extras. Do you suppose he'd be jumping hurdles for a lot of fussy people, all kicking about better things than they get at home? Do you think he'd present the glad smile to those he'd like to choke, break his neck making everybody comfortable and then listen to their hard luck stories or more painful jokes? No, sir; he'd serve the stuff just as he got it from the kitchen. He wouldn't go back and fight for tidbits and extra hot food. He'd be in no hurry to serve any one and pile up work for himself. The customer would wait because the waiter wouldn't, and probably he'd never come back, and that's where the owner would lose."

"It must take great ingenuity to make the system pay," I mused.

"It does," said Joseph. "The stupid waiter starves. Do you know that in order to hold good waiters the cheap hash slinging joints have to pay higher wages than the swell restaurants? There's not the opportunity for tips in the cheap places, and the waiter must follow opportunity like a bird of prey. He simply has to be clever enough to get tips, and he has no social standing to make him bashful. There are two methods—one is to get them spontaneously, the other to force them out. Most people tip only because they're ashamed not to. I make out better with the first method, especially in a place like this, where most of our patrons are regulars. It isn't the regular who does the complaining. He knows and saves the exertion."

"With strangers it's a gamble. It may be a little party, and the things they order gladden your heart with anticipation. You try to be a gentleman with the service, and then at the finish you get nothing—or maybe a dime. You can't complain; you'd be discharged. But there are ways. You can't blame a waiter who is bunked if he administers a rebuke in a dignified way, such as, 'Ah, sir, you've forgotten a dime of your change,' or he can call his helper and without a word point to the coin for him to remove."—Robert Sloss in Harper's Weekly.

Persevere.

I have often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because in a moment of weakness and discouragement they turned back. If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit and stamina it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says: "Don't see how foolish it is for you to do to do this thing? You have not the means or the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is best to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice a match." Whatever you do or be heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.—Success Magazine.

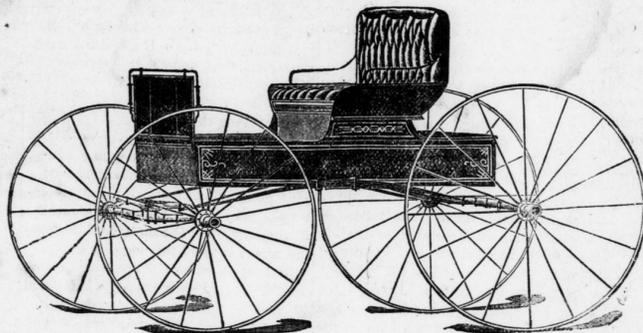
Customs of the Street.

In crowded city streets, especially in London and Paris, when a driver is halted by another driver ahead of him he throws up his hand or his whip perpendicularly as a warning to the man back of him. Thus warned, the next driver checks his team and then holds his hand or his whip as a warning to the man back of him. Thus there might be seen going up one after another in a line stretching back hands or whips to the number of half a dozen or more as the drivers were successively halted or slowed down by the blockade in front. So of drivers of horse drawn vehicles whose drivers commonly sit high where their hands or whips can be seen above their heads. This signaling is done somewhat differently by the drivers of automobiles, who sit low. So in such circumstances what the automobile driver does to signal to the man back of him that he is held up is to stretch his arm out outside of his vehicle horizontally to the right.—Washington Post.

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