

The Birthday of Old Glory, June 14, should bring a responsive thrill to every patriotic American.

Especially should the citizens of North and South Carolina take a pardonable pride in the celebration of the day when it is remembered that they were among the original Thirteen States.

Flags of the Carolinas

The famous Gadsden Flag of South Carolina, showing the coiled rattlesnake and the words, "Don't Tread on Me," mounted on a yellow banner, was used by Commodore Hopkins as his flag when he led the first American Expedition to the Bahamas, where U. S. Marines and sailors captured the forts at New Providence in March, 1776.

Another flag, conspicuous in early American History, is the "Grand Union" flag or Navy design, of thirteen stripes and bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, where the stars in the blue field now appear. It also was carried on the expedition to the Bahamas.

The earliest perfect representation of the grand Union Ensign appears on North Carolina currency of 1776. That State was the first to authorize the delegates in Congress to vote for independence in the same year, and later troops from North Carolina took part in many battles of the Revolutionary War.

Delvers into the flag lore of the country will find no more conspicuous samples of colonial banners than the rattlesnake and Grand Union designs. Some of the early flags had beavers, pine trees, anchors and a score of other insignia, but it was the "Grand Union" flag that was the immediate predecessor of the Stars and Stripes, which we so often call Old Glory.

romance has trailed Old Glory from the beginning. It harks back to the days of Betsy Ross, whose nimble fingers wrought with loving care the first sam-

ple of the national flag, which was almost identical with the flag as we know it today.

Story of Betsy Ross

Mrs. Ross was a widow. Late in the spring of 1776, her little shop on Arch street, Philadelphia, was visited by some distinguished persons. A committee headed by George Washington, called on Mrs. Ross and submitted a rough design of a new type of flag which they asked her to make. Stars in the blue field had been substituted for the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

Descendants of Betsy have vouched for the authenticity of the historic visit, and it is known that not long afterward Congress made an order on the treasury to pay Mrs. Ross a sum of seventy dollars in the British currency then used "for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River."

June 14, 1777, more than a year after Washington's visit to the little flag shop, is now recognized as the flag's official birthday. On that date Congress resolved "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Thereafter numerous incidents relative to the new flag began to make their appearance in history. Less than three weeks after Congress had authorized the flag, John Paul Jones was at Portsmouth, N. H., preparing to sail aboard the "Ranger." "At Portsmouth," writes one naval authority, "Paul Jones attracted about him a bevy of girls who formed a so-called 'flag-bee' who with much patriotic enthusiasm and many heart thrills wrought out of their own and their mother's gowns a beautiful Star Spangled Banner which was thrown on the Portsmouth Harbor on August 3, 1777."

Avery's history records August 3, Colonel C

with a command of 800 men were defending Fort Stanwix, near the present site of Rome, N. Y., when word was received of the new flag design. The garrison was searched for material to manufacture the new flag, presumably the Stars and Stripes, which was displayed the same afternoon from a flagstaff on a bastion nearest the enemy. There is, however, no authentic record of either the Grand Union or the Stars and Stripes, as national colors ever having been carried into battle.

A Shot for Each Stripe

Captain Thomas Thompson of the American ship "Raleigh" fired, on a British ship he was pursuing on September 4. "We up sails, out guns (hoisted the Continental colors and bid them strike the Thirteen States," wrote the captain. "Sudden surprise threw them into confusion and their sails flew all back upon which we complimented them with a broadside gun for each state, a whole broadside into their hull." This was the new flags first encounter at sea.

The Stars and Stripes first floated over a fortress of the Old World when Lieutenant O'Bannon of the Marines and Midshipman Mann of the Navy raised the flag over the fortress at Derr, Tripoli, where it was 1805.

"By the dawn's early light" on September 14, 1814, Francis Banner still waving over Fort McHenry, and composed the Scott Key saw the Star-Spangled song which his now the national anthem.

Both the flags raised at Tripoli and at Fort McHenry had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, a flag design that remained in vogue from 1795 until 1818. Then Congress authorized the return

job: here and there among them are the worth-while few who want the better job.

And the millions wonder why the few move on, while they stand stationary year after year.

You must, first of all, pick out the better job—some particular job that is better than yours. Then train your guns on that and capture it.

You tell me that you are a bookkeeper and that you earn \$25 a week.

I know certified accountant's who earn \$10,000 a year and more.

If I were a bookkeeper earning \$25 a week, I should go out for a public accountant's job. I might die on the road, but whoever found my body would notice that my face was towards the summit.

Second: You can never make anybody pay you more money until you have more to sell.

I can advertise in a newspaper to-morrow morning and have a hundred bright young men here at the office at eight o'clock. Each one will have just as much as you have; the same two years of high school; the same experience in keeping books, the same good record. Everyone of them will be willing to work for \$25 and some of them for \$18.

The only way you can lift yourself out of that \$25 class is by giving yourself an equipment that the rest of the fellows in that class do not have. In other words by study—by education—by specialized training.

Third: When you have picked out the one particular better job that you want, when you have fitted yourself for it then be careful of your letter of application.

Your letter is your representative. For heavens sake, if you have in you any spark of originality that other men have not, make your letter a tiny bit different from the letters that the

other men will write.

Fourth: I receive many letters of application. In one form or another, they usually say something like this: "I want a better job; I am thinking of getting married"; or, "I have a mother to support"; or, "I have been in this place three years without raising and see no future."

All of which interests me not at all.

The only letter that I read with interest is the letter is the letter of the young man who has studied my business and who points out to me how I can make more money for my employer by employing him.

Idea is the key that unlocks big men's doors.

When you have fitted yourself for the better job, let your letter of application contain an idea.

IN PRAISE OF EARTHWORMS

If the earthworms were to publish a magazine, some dramatic success stories would be recorded.

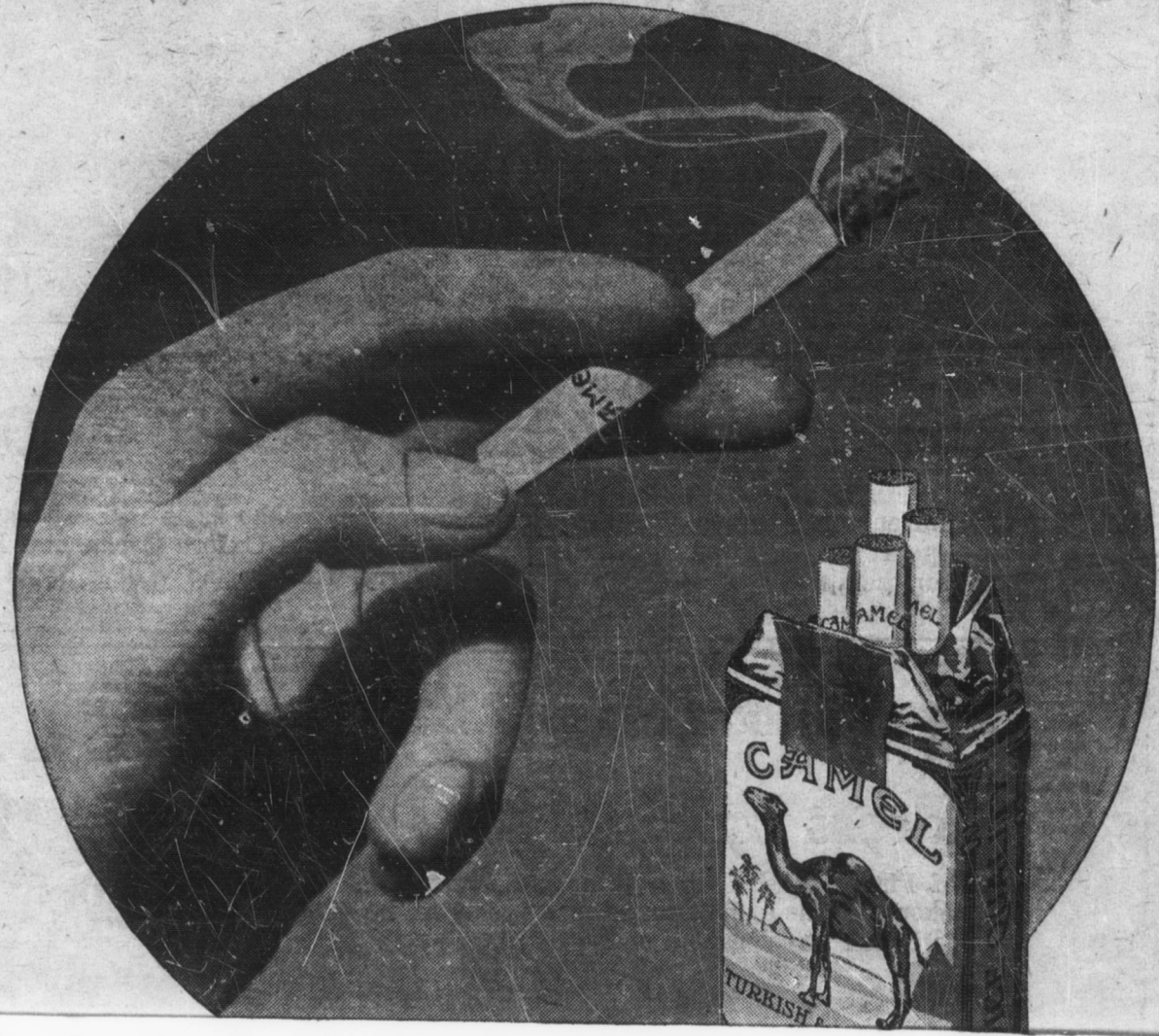
It would for example tell of the remarkable career of John G. Worm. Born to humble parents in dark surroundings, he managed by his own efforts to push himself up to the surface. There he was spied by Fortune in the form of a robin, which snatched him into the clouds. His moment of elevation was brief, but while it lasted the vision was splendid.

It would tell of Frederick L. Worm, who was working along quietly one day when an upheaval tossed him to fame and glory. Success was attended by pain, as is often the case. He was impaled upon the fishhook and carried away to be immersed in a strange element. There life ended, but not before he had done the biggest job ever achieved by any member of his family. The Fortune he landed devoured him, but it was a big

fortune. To the stories might be discouraging. "Fame is for few," they would say. "Nothing ever happens to us. We just stir around awhile and die." Beneath the surface life is car-

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The Way of Life by BRUCE BARTON

WE CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE When I was a small boy in the country we had a good old neighbor named Daniel Roe, who owned a cranberry meadow. He brought the water for flooding his meadow through a deep ditch from a lake about a quarter a mile away. Half of every summer of his life he spent digging out the dirt and stones which had fallen into that ditch. We kids used to go over and watch him dig. There was a big stone by the side of the ditch which was shaped roughly like an arm chair. There he would eat his lunch at noon, and smoke his pipe. We called the stone Mr. Roe's chair. In fullness of time he died. His son sold the meadow, and it was abandoned. My father brought the ditch, most of which ran through our woods, and every summer we fill a little piece of it up with junk and garbage

and cover it over with Last summer I through the woods and at Mr. Roe's chair. A ditch is half destroyed years more it will be All his sweat and for nothing. No trace work left! In a New York club with an eminent arch said that the glorious vanished from his The architects of G Rome left monument eternal. The modern has no such hope. I had designed three New York so magnific he expected them to name into future g All three have been to make way for buildings. I talked with a who had recently visited parish where he had successfully thirty

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