



HERE ain't much patriotism left in these here modern days. Leastwise it doesn't show itsself with all its old-time blaze.

There's twice as many people now as when I was a lad. 'Nd not a half as many flags a-floatin' as we had: 'Nd on the streets there's no parades one-tenth as fine as we.

When we was boys, was wont to come down here to town to see.

Why, in them days July the third was hardly more than done. Before the boys was out o' bed to fire the signal gun.

'Nd all the time that passed from that until the day was o'er. You'd talk and couldn't hear yourself; the boomin' and the roar o' cannons stuffed with powder 'till you'd think the things would bust.

Was sich it even coaxed the rain to come and lay the dust.

Upon the village green the boys would gather just at noon: The village band would wrastle with some patriotic tune;

'Nd then the declaration by the men that made us free.

The justice of the peace would read straight through from A to Z;

And then some clever man that could use language just a bit,

He'd take the stand and tell us all the good that came of it.

When this was done, the minister would read some piece of verse, And then invoke a blessin' and request us to disperse.

Them exercises over, we would have a barbecue—

The gals all dressed in Sunday best, and all the fellers too;

'Nd when the night came over all, we'd set off colored lights

'Nd wheels 'nd bombs in honor of the men as gave us rights.

But now the Fourth it ain't the same as 'twas in days of yore. The boys all say they've heard the declaration "read before."

They do not care for lofty speech—"high-sounding phrases"—and

They git more chills from cooling drinks than from the village band;

'Nd in the cities boys with squibs is guilty of a sin

That warrants cops from over-seas in runnin' 'em in.

"Spread-eagle gab" is what they call the talk of old timers. 'Nd patriotic poetry is only "fudge and rhymes."

I'm sorry for to see it so. It sort o' makes me fear

There's much more Tory blood about than we have need for here;

But, after all, I'm satisfied if these folks git too fly,

They'll find the true American to-day is pretty spry.

There never was a time in all our country's history, As I have read it, and I've read it mighty thoroughly.

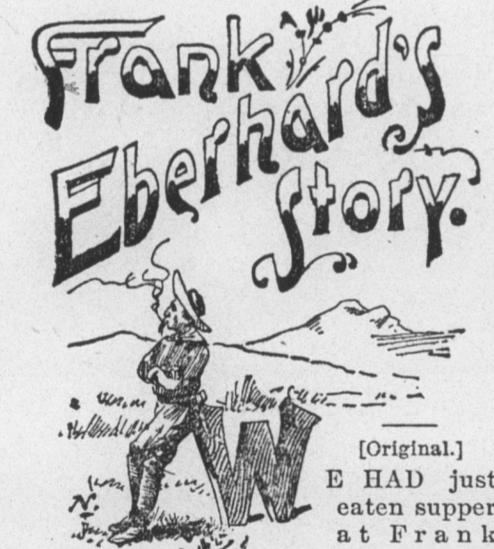
When one good health straight-out man—the sort as loves his land—

Warn't able sittin' down to lick ten toiles with one hand.

And even if there ain't much show in patriotic ways,

Till bet this country's bound to last forever and some days.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.



[Original.] E HAD just eaten supper at Frank Eberhard's ranch on the Rio Bonito, in New Mexico, and were seated on the veranda which ran in front of the low adobe ranch house, enjoying a smoke and a chat. At the table I had been greatly impressed with the rare beauty and modest demeanor of Eberhard's young Mexican wife. It seemed strange that she, yet but little more than a child, and of a race regarded by western people as inferior in the social scale to the whiter-skinned Americans, should be the mistress of the greatest ranch and the wife of the most wealthy cattle king in all that region. She had not taken a prominent part in our conversation at the table, her knowledge of the English language being somewhat limited, yet when she did venture a remark or respond to an inquiry I could not but note the soft music of her voice, and when at some witty remark she joined in our laughter the room seemed filled with ripples of silvery sound.

As Eberhard and myself sat on the veranda, enjoying our cigars and the delightful coolness which always follows as a sort of an apology for the heat of a New Mexican summer day, I said to him:

"I was not aware until this evening, Frank, that you had married a Mexican girl. Could you not find one of your own race good enough for you?"

He smiled good-naturedly, and, knocking the ashes from his cigar, replied:

"Plenty of them, no doubt, but I never felt in a marrying mood until I fell captive to Marita's dark eyes. There is a bit of romance connected with our marriage, and I don't mind telling you the story if you care to listen."

"You are no doubt aware of the fact that by my father's death in Denver, a few years ago, I inherited a very comfortable fortune. I tried to fill his place in the business world for a time, but somehow I always seemed out of my

element in busy city life, and the desire grew upon me to secure a great ranch and establish myself in a more quiet life.

"Nearly three years ago I severed the last business bond, and started out to seek for such a ranch as my day dreams had pictured. I looked all over Arizona and northern Texas, and finally drifted up to Las Cruces, on the Rio Grande. I reached that town on the third day of July, and found the people in a flutter of excitement over the celebration of the following day. There were to be races and other sports so dear to the western heart, and men of gambling disposition were backing their favorites with a reckless liberality characteristic of the far west.

"I soon learned that the greater interest centered in a foot race which was to take place between three young girls, an American, a Mexican and an Indian who had won several such contests in the towns further north and who had been brought down to enter the contest by sporting members of her tribe. The American girl was the daughter of a bullying fellow named Matt Parker, who ran a saloon and whose reputation was not exactly that of a saint. I was told by a merchant friend, a gentleman with whom my house had long sustained the most agreeable business relations, that during our civil war Parker was one of Quantrell's band of cut-throat guerrillas, took a prominent part in the sack-

eyes, and her voice trembled as she replied to the half angry words of those about her.

"A great big fine-looking cowboy stood near me, (there he is now out by the branding chute, God bless him—Big Tom, my foreman, and he will be my foreman as long as I run a ranch), and turning to him I asked the trouble. He understood the Mexican tongue, and with a somewhat dangerous light in his eyes he replied:

"Some o' Matt Parker's speakin' dogs have been a threatnin' the gal, an' have got her so skeered up she's afraid to run. There's crooked work agoin' on here, an' if I wasn't afraid it'd bring on a row an' that somebody that didn't deserve it'd git hurt I'd pull my gun an' claim fair play if I got down for it."

"The horse and donkey races were soon over, and Parker's winnings were so small that he was in a decidedly bad humor. The girls were then called to the scratch for the foot race. By this time I had become deeply interested in the contest, and I want to say right here, Jack, that it has always been my nature to take the part of the under dog in the fight, no matter what odds may be against it. I felt my whole soul go out in sympathy to that frightened little Mexican jewel, and when I heard Parker and his followers decrying her sprinting merits and doing all they could to

create a feeling against her and so em-



SHE STUMBLED AND FELL ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

ing of Lawrence, Kan., and often boasted of his deeds of murder while a member of that organization. Unlike the very large majority of regularly enlisted confederate soldiers who accepted defeat, and who are now on terms of brotherly friendship with their late foes and are unwavering in their devotion to the grand old flag of our fathers, he was yet an uncompromising rebel and would use the stars and stripes as a dishcloth rather than allow them to float over his house. After the war he engaged in the horse and cattle stealing business, smuggled whisky onto the Indian reservation, and rumor linked his name with a daring stage robbery down in Texas in the early 70's. He held no regard for the Fourth of July as a patriotic holiday, and took part in arranging the festivities of the day only for what he could make out of them by staking money on the various races. The foot race between the girls was an idea originated by himself, for he believed that the bluffers and thugs who hung about his place, drank his aguardiente and bowed to his will in everything, could by some skulduggery retard the progress of the other two contestants and allow his girl to win the race, and himself to win the heavy stakes which would be placed upon the result of the contest.

"I learned, too, that there were grave suspicions that the Indian girl and her people had been 'fixed' with cash, and that she would purposely drop behind, leaving but the Mexican and American girls as the real contestants. The backers of the Mexican girl were mostly from among her own people, though a few Americans had backed their belief that she would win with pretty heavy stakes. However, the friends of the Montezuma fairies were largely in the minority, and greatly feared there would be foul play which they would be unable to prevent.

"I went to the grounds the following afternoon with no intention to take any part in the festivities except as an onlooker. The track was a straight one, half a mile long, just outside the town, and when I reached it I found a great crowd assembled there, Mexicans, cowboys, Indians and the entire American population of the town, at that time small. Matt Parker was there, flourishing a roll of greenbacks and loudly soliciting bets on the horse races, but more particularly challenging anyone to post money against his man in the foot race.

"Noting a crowd collecting near by where I stood I stepped forward through curiosity to see what was attracting it and learned that the Mexican girl was there with her friends, who seemed to be expostulating with her. When I had elbowed my way through the motley crowd near to her, I could not but stare in amazement. I had expected to see a rough-looking, dark-skinned, ill-clad girl such as we so often see in the Mexican towns, but instead I found her a rarely beautiful young creature with large tender eyes, and evidently of a very timid disposition. There were tears in her pretty

barrass her that she could not run as she would under more favorable circumstances, I felt the Old Nick spirit that's in me struggling to the surface.

"The girls came onto the track, the Parker girl an ill-looking, ungainly creature, brazen and defiant, the Mexican timid and casting appealing glances into the faces of the great crowd, and the Indian maiden quite unconcerned and seemingly without interest in the contest. The Parker girl was dressed in a skirt of flaming red, scarcely reaching her knees, and beneath it wore white stockings and a pair of gaudily ornamented dancing slippers. Marita, the Mexican, was clad in plain gray of neat and modest cut, and was barefooted. The Indian girl, after she had thrown off her blanket, wore but little more than the look of unconcern which I have described. The distance to be run was two hundred yards, and there were to be three heats should two not be won by one contestant, the party distanced in the first heat to drop out and leave the other two to finish the race.

"At the usual western signal, the crack of a pistol, they were off, and for quite a distance it was 'neck and neck,' and then Marita took the lead. The Indian girl, as I could now see, by a preconcerted arrangement was several yards in the rear. On they came, Marita with a half-scared look of triumph on her face; the Parker girl wearing an ugly frown and straining every muscle to overtake her. When but a few yards from the outcome a heavy cowboy sombrero sailed out of the crowd, and Marita's feet struck against it. She stumbled, fell on her hands and knees, and although she had but a moment later regained her feet the Parker girl had passed her and won the heat.

"The Parker crowd yelled themselves hoarse and old Matt caught his girl and hugged her to his breast. A hideous toad hopped a no less hideous snake. I can think of no better simile. The cry of fraud was raised by the backers of the Mexican girl, but the cowboy swore that his hat had blown off by accident, and the bullying majority ruled that it was a square heat.

"I walked down to where Marita was standing, and such a change I never saw. Her Spanish blood was thoroughly aroused, her great lustrous eyes flashed defiance at the crowd, and as the big cowboy who had remained near me informed me, she had seen the man purposely throw the hat and was denouncing such rascality and was offering to give the American girl ten feet the start in the coming heats if assured of fair play.

"I could control myself no longer. Calling loudly for attention I attracted the crowd around me, and in my indignation said:

"Men, I am ashamed of you! You claim to be American citizens who love fair play; you are celebrating the proudest day in American history, yet you lend encouragement to an act which should cause any honest man to blush with shame!"

"Who are you?" a dozen voices yelled.

"I am an American, and I assure you I have nothing but disgust for those in this crowd who are disgracing that name. I came among you seeking a home, came with a desire to help build up your business interests, but I'd rather locate in a nest of rattlesnakes than among men who would plot against a young, defenseless girl. Now, I am worth half a million dollars, your merchants here will tell you that my checks are good for any amount, and I will beat any man in this crowd five thousand to one hundred dollars that the Mexican girl will win the next two heats, for I am going to see fair play, and I believe there are enough honest Americans and natives here to back me in doing so."

"You bet your life that is big Tom yelled. The curs that's a backin' in' of Matt Parker are cowards, an' every square cowboy in the crowd will stay with you, stranger. Won't you, boys?"

"Tom seemed to be a great favorite, for at his words a ringing cheer went up and a hundred voices yelled for a square deal. Marita ran to me, and, taking my hand, said in her cute broken English:

"O, senior, I thank you. You good man. You mucho bueno Americano. Me win. Me win. Bad man Parker no laugh some more. Mucho gracias, mia amigo."

"I assured her that she should have fair play, and that if her enemies desired to place any more money on their brazen favorite I would meet every wager."

"I will back you for all I am worth," I said to her, "for I know you can win."

"It was a wild, foolish assertion, but I was thoroughly aroused, and was determined to down the Parker faction even should I meet with defeat by their rascality and lose heavily. But no one evinced the least desire to accept my challenge. Parker came to where I was standing in a crowd of cowboys who were assuring me that they would stay with me and said angrily:

"Look here, old man, I don't know that you've got any business to interfere with our celebration, seein' you don't belong here. You'd better pull in an' ride a little slower, fur yer a gittin' onto dangerous ground."

"Big Tom laid a heavy hand on the bully's shoulder, and in a low but determined voice said:

"He's not headed towards no bog as I kin see, Matt Parker, an' he's a goin' to hold his gait. 'Stead o' pullin' in' on the reins, he'll work his spurs an' keep a hittin' the ground in his own way. This are the Fo' th o' July an' we're square American citizens, an' fair play's the fust rule o' patriotism wherever that yonder flag is a flittin' in the air. The race is goin' on an' it's a goin' on square, an' I'll hop onto the trail o' the fust sneakin' coyote that interferes with the Mexican gal an' run him down, an' if you or any o' yer pizen whisky suckers happens to git in the way that's a goin' to be a purification in this community. Eh, boys?"

"A cheer was the reply, and the bully saw that a champion having arisen on the other side his power was gone. He realized that if his girl won the race she must do it fairly, and trembling with rage and with fear that he would lose the money he had wagered he went to his scowling offspring and offered her clothes fit for a princess if she would put forth her very best efforts and win another heat.

"I need not dwell on the result. Marita won the two remaining heats easily, and when she came to me with her beautiful face aglow with smiles of triumph and gratitude, her expressive eyes done some effective work in my susceptible breast.

"The crowd called on me for a speech, nor would it be silenced until I had mounted a goods box rolled to me to be used as a platform. It was no new business for me, Jack, for I was a famous debater at college and had since often taken part in political campaigns, speaking to large audiences. I warmed up after talking a few moments, and before I knew it I was reciting off a patriotic Fourth of July speech that set those people wild. Lord, how they cheered every patriotic utterance. Matt Parker stood out in the edge of the crowd and wore a sneer on his repulsive face as I talked union principles and advocated reverence and love for our glorious old flag. After a time he seemed to become interested, and once he clapped his hands and nodded approval as the crowd cheered some loyal sentiment. I seemed inspired, and eloquence rolled from my lips as I rained heavy blows at those who seemed not yet aware that the war was over, and that the former foes were now friends and brothers.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columbia, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

"And Marita?" I asked.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columbia, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

"And Marita?" I asked.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columbia, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

"And Marita?" I asked.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columbia, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

"And Marita?" I asked.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columbia, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."